

Swing



25¢

Should a Gentleman Sock a Lady?

Do women really prefer rough treatment? Page 223
by R. R. McCollum

Full-Length Articles

Victory, America	Bill Shehan	211
Beware the Bouncing Check	James L. Harte	215
Paris Bubbles Over	E. Fosdick	219
Uncle Sam Sees Stars	Jay Aitch	229
Farinelli the Great	William J. Murdoch	233
Science Scores Again	Joseph Bernstein	237
Four-Legged Cowboy	Ross Phares	241
Business Buys Into the Fourth Estate	Ted Peterson	243
Low Man on a Pyramid	Betty and William Waller	247
Is Nothing Secret?	H. L. Walsh	251
Glamour by the Mile	Favins Friedman and Maxine Block	255
Landlord of Outer Space	Irv Leiberman	273
Gold Is Where You Find It	Edward W. Ludwig	277
The Fabulous Fisk	Chalmers H. Marquis	281
Come Go My Bail	Stanley S. Jacobs	285
They Wheel Their Way Through College	Derek Carter	289
The Case of the Uneasy Ghost	Robert Slayman	293
Lucre and the Ladies	Lynne Svec	295
S. S. Remembrance	Robert D. Sayles	301
Adventuring With a Hobby	George Glover	305

Special Features

Man of the Month	269	Current Programs on WHB	310
Tom Collins Says	300	Swinging the Dial	313
Swing Session	308	Ports of Call in Kansas City	315



1. Grand Ole Opry stars Jam Up and Honey inspect the studio display of a WHB sponsor.

2. Novelist-agriculturist Louis Bromfield calls crop subsidies dangerous to both farmers and taxpayers.

3. Marilyn Maxwell and Bob Hope make a special WHB appearance.

4. Rear Admiral E. M. Zacharius, Ret., shares wartime naval intelligence experiences with WHB listeners.



Swing[®]

May-June • Vol. 6 • No. 3

Editor

MORI GREINER

Publisher

DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS

Circulation Manager

JOHN T. SCHILLING

Art Editor

DON FITZGERALD

Chicago Editor

NORTON H. JONATHAN

Humor Editor

TOM COLLINS

New York Editor

LUCIE BRION

Music Editor

BOB KENNEDY

Associate Editors

JASON JONES

VERNA DEAN FERRILL

Photography: Hahn-Millard, Ray Farnaa, Studna-Millard, Murray Malaney, Howdy Williams.

Art: Don Fitzgerald, Rachael Weber, Rannie Miller, F. E. Warren, Robert Wilson, Frank Hensley, Hugh Broadley, James Gantt, John Whalen, Flaucey Pearson.

Swing is published bi-monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1121 Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Phone Harrison 1161. Price 25c in United States and Canada. Annual subscription, United States, \$1.50 a year; everywhere else, \$2. Copyright 1950 by WHB Broadcasting Co.

All rights of pictorial or text content reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, Chile, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention. Reproduction for use without express permission of any matter herein is forbidden. Swing is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. Printed in U. S. A.



foreword

AMERICA is now in the middle of the biggest giveaway program in history.

Politicians have long since learned that they can buy votes with promises, and they're promising us right into the poorhouse. They promise subsidies to the farmer, discounts to the consumer, guaranteed wages to the worker, compensation to the unemployed, bonuses to the veteran, pensions to the over-age, "free" medical care to all.

When they think of something else that sounds attractive, they'll promise that, too.

They promise to take away the money we earn, and return it to us in the form of various "welfare benefits"—saving out only enough to defray the costs of bureaucratic government.

Actually, it's insulting. The average citizen knows a dentist who will pull a tooth for five dollars, and he can deal directly with him, instead of going through the nearest regional office of the U. S. Bureau of Dentistry. He knows a man who will be happy to sell him an annuity, or insurance against accident, disability, or death. His boss is willing to pay him in proportion to the amount of work he turns out. Why bring a middleman into the act?

We can't remove the source of our present economic and political difficulties, but we can explain it easily enough. The basic trouble with Americans is that they are human beings; and the basic trouble with human beings is that they persist in believing that somehow, someday, they're going to get something for nothing.

Mori

Tom Davenport's Magic Power

IF THERE had been hot-rods in 1832, there's every reason to believe that Tom Davenport would have been one of the leading enthusiasts. Tom was a blacksmith, a good Vermont workman with a hankering for—and a tinkering knowledge of—gadgets of a mechanical nature. He especially liked any contraction which ran by some sort of "magic power."

That's why Tom stopped and listened to a fast-talking salesman at Crown Point, Vermont, one day. The glib salesman had something different. It was a large horseshoe wrapped in coils of wire which extended to a tub filled with an acid solution and other coils of wire.

Tom was awed by what he saw. The wire-wrapped horseshoe had a magic ability to stick to an anvil and hold fast, capable of lifting the anvil right into the air with it.

"What is it?" asked Tom.

The salesman knew he had found a buyer. "An electro-magnet," he said. "It's got electricity in it."

Tom Davenport bought it. He paid for it with money meant to finance a shopping list his pretty wife, Emily, had given him. But Tom's mind wasn't on threads and cloth and kitchen utensils.

When she saw it, Emily knew she should have gone on the shopping trip with Tom. "What's it for, Tom?" she asked.

Tom didn't have a ready answer for that. "Well," he stammered, "well it holds an anvil between Heaven and earth." He demonstrated the power in their small kitchen. The magnet attracted the metal anvil and Tom lifted both up. Then, suddenly, he jerked the magnet away and the anvil crashed to the floor. Emily was impressed. She said no more about the shopping list.

From that day on, Tom Davenport's smithy business began to decline. He was too busy to shoe horses, too busy with his electro-magnet. He experimented from sun-up until sun-down—while the family savings dwindled. Emily Davenport was so engrossed in the experiments that she didn't seem to mind the lowering cash.

One day, Tom found he could spin an iron bar by putting it on a shaft and attaching the wires to it. Next, he applied the same principle to the wheel on an axle. The wheel turned once every two seconds.

"The time will come," Tom told Emily, "when a tub of acid and a magnet will have enough power to do the work that men now do by hand. We're going to patent this!" They hitched up the horse and rode happily to Crown Point to enter U. S. Patent No. 132.

Neither lived to see the importance of the discovery, and Tom Davenport didn't win fame enough to claim mention in history books. He died a few years after filing the patent. Emily, even in her poverty and sadness, didn't lose faith in his discovery. They didn't realize they were 50 years too early.

Tom Davenport was right when he predicted the "magic power" would do the work men were doing by hand. His patent—No. 132—was on an electric motor!



Bobby came to school loaded with bubble gum which he passed out to classmates and a surprised teacher.

"You see," he explained, "I just became a brother last night."



Despite ludicrous odds, a game bunch of American college athletes wrote Olympic history.

by BILL SHEHAN

WHEN THE Roman Emperor Theodosius abolished the then 1100-year-old Olympic Games in 392 A.D., he probably had no idea how well his orders would be kept. The Games were shelved for more than 15 centuries. Then finally in 1896 the Olympics were revived.

To the amazement of the world, the first champion to be crowned was an American college boy. In fact, nearly all of the champions honored in the Games that year were Americans. Of the 12 events featured in what was considered to be strictly a European affair, an improvised squad from the United States entered eleven and took the victor's wreath in nine of these. This record still stands as one of the most remarkable in the history of the Olympics, but it is even more unusual considering the fact that, officially,

the United States had no Olympic squad that year.

Lack of official recognition was not the only obstacle the American team had to overcome. They had no pre-conditioning or training for the Games. They had to pay their own expenses for the entire trip. And they came within a few minutes of missing the Olympics entirely.

Very little publicity was given the revival of the Olympics by the newspapers in the United States, since only European countries were expected to enter. But a small group of Princeton athletes became interested and talked eagerly of participating. Financing the trip was the big problem, since there was no American Olympic Committee at that time to pay expenses. They were about to give up the idea when Robert Garrett, a Princeton student, announced that he would supply the funds to transport himself and three

fellow students—Francis Lane, Herbert Jamison and Albert Tyler—to Athens. This gesture started things moving. A Harvard freshman, James Connolly, offered to pay his own way. The Boston Athletic Club raised money to send the rest of the group: Thomas Curtis, Thomas Burke, Ellery Clark, William Hoyt and Arthur Blake. John Graham, trainer for the Boston Athletic Club, was named to accompany the squad as coach and manager.

The collegians sailed from New York on March 20, 1896, in the cramped quarters of a small tramp steamer which did not usually carry passengers. When they arrived at Naples, Italy, on April 1, they were startled to hear that the Games started April 6, not on the 18th as they had thought. The American newspapers unwittingly had published the date of the Games according to the Greek calendar, which was different from the American.

With less than five days left to journey from Naples to Athens, the already miserable athletes were forced to take an even smaller boat, which was ready to sail from Naples to Patras, Greece. They arrived at Patras late on the night of April 5, with only ten hours remaining before Game time. The weary travelers entrained immediately and arrived in Athens the next morning just in time for the call of athletes for the first events—the trial heats for the 100-meter sprint.

The Americans were all in wretched physical condition. The two boat voyages were grueling enough; the all-night trip to Athens had made things worse. Despite the handicap of stiff

muscles and lack of sleep, the young men from the States qualified for ten of the twelve events.

The first final event was the hop-step-and-jump. James Connolly was entered in this event, and as the contestants moved to the starting point, he tagged along uncertainly. When questioned, he informed the judges that he was Connolly, of the United States. With the best that Europe could offer in that event as competition, the Harvard lad took the championship with a hop-step-and-jump mark of 45 feet.

After Connolly's victory, Garrett won the shot put and the discus. His victory in the discus was the most spectacular triumph of the entire Games. At that time the discus was little known in the United States, nor was it popular in many European nations. It was common only in Greece, where for ages the winner in the discus had been considered the champion of champions. The Greeks were confident of victory.

After Garrett had won the shot put, he was asked if he cared to throw the discus. He replied that he had never seen one. One of the Greek athletes who understood a little English picked up a discus and demonstrated the technique of throwing it. Garrett, intrigued, took several practice throws and asked the officials to enter him in the event.

Garrett later explained, "I wanted as much action as I could get, since it meant fun. I got into the discus thing never figuring I'd do anything but finish an absolute last. The technique of throwing was all new to me. The discus contest was on the opening—

MEN FURNISHINGS

SALE SUMMER SUITS



25
WILSON

day's program. I had to toss it a certain distance to qualify, and I made it. Then they called us into action. I threw the thing 95 feet, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which was high school distance later on. But it was better than anybody else, so I won, and nobody was more surprised than I was when they gave me the prize."

Hoyt gave the United States its fourth straight victory in the pole vault. European eyebrows began to lift. Clark won both the high jump and the broad jump. Burke won easily in the 100-meter run and also in the 400-meter. Curtis took the 110-meter hurdles.

Lack of conditioning made it impossible for the Americans to score in the distance events. Blake entered the 800-meter run and held the lead until 100 meters from the finish. His poor

physical condition forced him to slow his pace; and E. H. Flack, of England, passed the exhausted Yank in the stretch.

Realizing their physical handicap, the Americans did not enter the 1500-meter event. Blake entered the marathon, but collapsed after 15 miles. In spite of these defeats, the record compiled by the 1896 Olympic squad is still one of the brightest spots in the athletic annals of this country.

So the American collegians defeated the best athletes Europe could offer, even at their own game. They set a precedent for the thousands of American athletes who were to participate in the Olympics in the years to come. And it is very likely that the remarkable record of America's "pick up" Olympic squad of 1896 will never be equalled.

The Boy Who Learned to Laugh at Himself

LIVING in a modest walk-up on New York's East Side, the boy had a homely, out-of-proportion face that only a mother could love. Now, dressed in a Buster Brown suit with flaring collar and flowing tie, he plumbed the nethermost regions of despair. Warily he crept along in the shadows of the dilapidated houses that lined the street. If the neighborhood gang caught him in this sissified garb he was lost.

Idly he paused to stare at his reflection in the grocery store window. Some chord of hidden humor and gallantry caused him to smile at the ridiculous apparition. A moment later he was laughing. Suddenly the boy heard a slight shuffle on the pavement and turning, discovered several bellicose-looking youngsters standing behind him. The gang had found him!

"Hey, you," one of them challenged, "whatcher laughing at?"

"Look!" replied the homely boy in the Buster Brown suit, pointing to his reflection in the glass. "Pipe the horse-faced guy in the monkey suit!"

There was an uncomfortable pause, and then one of the gang demanded, "Let's beat him up."

"Naw," objected the leader, "he's a good guy — leave him alone."

In that moment the homely little boy in the Sunday finery learned the greatest lesson of his life — that as long as he could laugh at himself the world was with him and would never stand against him! He has never forgotten it, and to prove it is true the world has made him wealthy and famous.

His name? Jimmy Durante, the man who learned to laugh at himself!

—Adrian Anderson in *Your Life*.

Daily, the elastic money-draft is increasing its toll.

BEWARE *the BOUNCING* Check

by JAMES L. HARTE

THE affable, well-dressed department store customer took his checkbook from his coat pocket. "I don't know why I'm writing this," he quipped. "It's no good." And the store clerk laughed heartily with him.

But the check wasn't any good. It bounced, right into the hands of the police, to become another in the rapidly mounting number of bad-check cases that is causing officials concern the nation over.

For in 1949, according to statistics gleaned from police records, credit bureau reports in various cities and similar Better Business Bureau reports, bad-check cases increased in the United States by *more than 200 per cent* over the previous year. And, unless there is an unexpected boom in business, the outlook for 1950 is for an even greater increase.

It is when business is good that there is less check trouble. In 1944, 1945 and 1946, bad-check and fraud cases

declined and remained rather static through 1947 and into 1948. Then the increase began, with 1948 up over the year before by approximately 70 per cent, and last year with its nearly incredible jump. The reason apparently lies in the fact that with the postwar bloom of business fading, merchants are taking bigger chances, cashing customers' checks they would not have cashed in busier times. And the check artists, both professional and amateur, are well aware of the situation and are vigorously at work.

A consensus of police opinion from ten metropolitan cities places these criminals in three main categories. First, there are the weak, foolish people who live only for the present and don't care much how that living is gained. If they think at all, it is only to assure themselves that they can get away with it.

In the next class are the generally honest plodders who suddenly, for one

reason or another, go "off the beam." Such is the housewife who finally grows "sick and tired" of having nothing and determines that for once she'll have some of the things she has long desired but never could afford. So she cashes a bad check.

Last, and most important in police annals, are the smart, skillful professional bad-check artists who, as one New York police official stated, undoubtedly would make super-salesmen if they went straight. Tales of their trickery are fascinating.

One of these experts gave the city of Philadelphia a lesson in style. Fat, jolly, well-dressed, cigar clutched importantly between his lips, he would enter a bank, first making sure of the absence of a particular bank official, probably by a telephone inquiry. Then he would approach a teller's window, exclaiming, "Congratulate me, son, I'm the proud father of a baby boy. I just dropped in to tell my old friend Jones (the absent bank official) about it."

"Sorry, sir," would be the usual reply, "but Mr. Jones is not at his desk today."

"Oh, that's a shame! But, you know, come to think of it, the boys at the office will need something to help me celebrate. I'd better cash a check while I'm here."

And the teller, anxious to be of good service to the "old friend" of the vice-president of the bank, would quickly extend the cash along with the bank's good wishes for the new son.

The fat man got a total of \$600 from four banks in one day and then departed Philadelphia to take up operations elsewhere.

In Washington, D. C., one such expert impersonated a well-known senator and succeeded in fleecing a number of merchants to the tune of better than \$500. Another preyed upon banks and got \$80 each from six banks in the capital by opening, in each, a new account with a large check drawn upon a bank in another city, then cashing a small check a short time later against his new account in each institution. In every instance, the "new account" checks bounced.

A New Yorker was one of the shrewdest operators of the year. He invented a bogus business, had special checks printed—complete with spaces for Social Security numbers and payroll statistics—and issued identification cards with matching statistics to a group of "employees" who cashed the worthless checks. He wrote them with a special check-writing machine he had purchased with a bad check!

Among the amateurs there is the case of the Washington man who suddenly decided he wanted to spend more money than he had. He wrote himself a check for \$200 and used it to pay a \$5 deposit on an instrument at a music store. The store, anxious to make the sale in this year of 1949 when business had fallen off appreciably, cashed the check without ado, handing out \$195 in good American currency. "So foolish," said the police when it was brought to the Check and Fraud Squad.

In another Eastern city, a woman found a checkbook in a theatre. The sight of it stirred something in her, and she went on a two-week clothes-buying spree, using bad checks. When

apprehended, tearful, filled with remorse, she could not explain why she had acted so.

Another such "don't know why" case was that of an illiterate who succeeded in fleecing a Richmond bank of several hundred dollars before his checks began to bounce. Paid by check for some work he had done, he visited the bank to cash the check and was apparently impressed with the ceremony of making a painstaking X on the back of the check while bank officials obligingly endorsed this as "his mark." Soon he returned with other checks which he had pilfered and had had a confederate make out to him. Bank officials continued to oblige, until the rubber in the checks became evident.

Some of the checks that may be seen in police files are of themselves amazing. A prize exhibit of the District of Columbia's Metropolitan Police is a check with a completely illegible signature and no payee's name at all. Where the writer's name should be is a scrawled signature that resembles nothing more than "Diddledee-dee." Yet a merchant accepted and cashed this check.

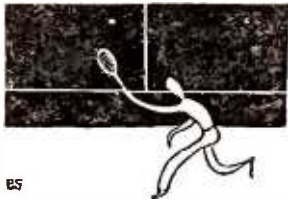
Files in Allentown, Pennsylvania, show checks almost as bad as the prize Washington exhibit; checks illegibly written in pencil and accepted and cashed that way. And here, as in almost every other city, more and more checks are being brought in for police action. Not only recent bad checks, but crumpled old checks that bounced several years ago when business was better and no-

body cared, returned now because the business men feel the pinch and want something done about it.

And something invariably is done, for the check artist—amateur or professional—very rarely goes unapprehended for any great length of time. The police network across the country is efficient and eventually gets the crook. The Philadelphia "bank official's friend" played out his string in Boston. New York's bogus employer did not for long fool the New York police. And at the end of each year the police record for the United States shows about 85 per cent of reported cases cleared.

Despite the tenacity and efficiency of the police, these fraud crimes continue to mount. It's a sign of the times, of course, as storekeepers take more chances in an honest desire to keep up sales. In the nation's capital, the city's Credit Bureau has initiated new steps to safeguard the merchants. The Bureau recently got merchants and police together to outline a system whereby hundreds of merchants throughout the city are immediately flashed a warning when a rubber check artist starts to work. Then the police move in.

According to Washington police, as well as detectives of other cities supplying similar statistics, the forger is seldom a dangerous criminal; that is, from the standpoint of violence. Arrest is all in the game to him, and when he is caught, he comes quietly. If any disturbance is recorded, it is usually through the



apprehension of the amateur who sets up a howl to protest his innocence or, conscience-stricken, tries to get away from the police—even to the extent of doing bodily harm to himself.

Yet even with alerted police forces

the game goes on and the trend is upward. And unless the merchants and tradesmen of the country from coast to coast show a little more common sense in place of a gamble on dollars, bad-check cases in 1950 are expected to be double those shown on police blotters in 1949.

Flowers That Live Forever

SCIENCE has finally come to the rescue of those sentimental souls who preserve pleasant memories by pressing flowers between the pages of a book. Two part-time inventors—Drs. Philip and Sidney Joffe, twin physicians of Paterson, New Jersey—have perfected a tissue preservation process that will hold the shape and color of flowers intact for years, possibly forever.

Inspired by an uncle who had conducted years of research on the preservation of paper, the Joffe brothers began experimenting in the same field while they were still medical students at New York University. One day, the brothers accidentally dropped a rose into the paper preservative during an experiment. Casually, they picked it out and put it aside.

Several days later, the Joffees discovered the rose in a trash pile—still in perfect shape!

It was then that the Joffe brothers realized the potential importance of their discovery. Eagerly, they set to work and soon found that they could preserve small animals, insects and birds in exactly the same way. But there was still one serious drawback: the loss of color. During the embalming process, white would turn yellow, red became brown.

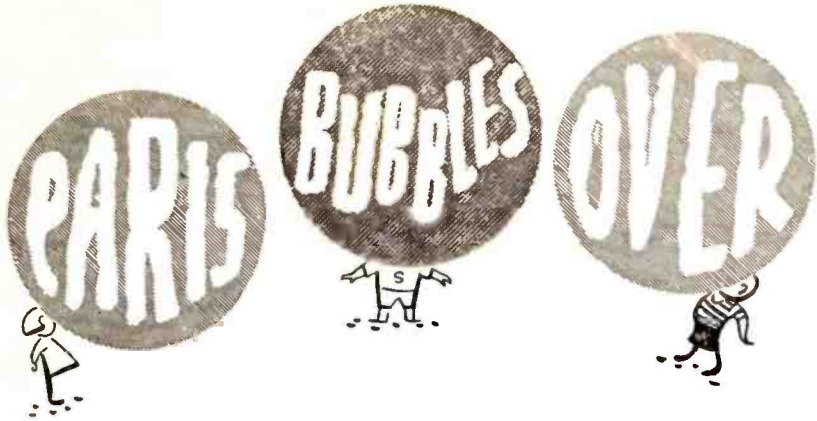
After graduation from medical school, the twins continued to work on the problem in their spare time. Recently, after almost 20 years of experimenting, the Joffes unearthed the secret of preserving color as well as form.

Actually, the process itself is a simple three-step dipping operation. The first and second solutions wrap up color and form, respectively. In the third dipping, the surface of the flower is closed off to bacteria and moisture.

As one unlooked-for result of their experimentation, the Joffes have discovered that their newly patented process may some day help conquer certain types of plant disease. By preserving flowers in various stages of disease, the mummifying method will allow scientists to study the problem more closely than ever before. Another practical application of the Joffes' discovery is being investigated by the American Museum of Natural History, which hopes to utilize the process for preserving exhibits of floral life.

In spite of its remarkable achievements, the Joffe preservation process won't be putting any florists out of business. For even though it holds a flower's color and form indefinitely, the process can't seal off the most important property of all—fragrance. And even modern science won't dare advise the young swain of the future to woo his lady with a bouquet of flowers that have no scent.—Robert Stein.

▲
A fellow in Washington was investigated when someone heard him say he'd rather work for 500 Communists than one American, but he got a complete apology when they learned he was a gravedigger.



For better or worse, Andy Paris of McAllen, Texas, has cornered the bubble gum market.

by E. FOSDICK

BACK IN June, 1946, Andrew J. Paris slipped under the glass cover of his desk a memo on which he had jotted "a stick of bubble gum for every kid in the United States." Less than four years later, Paris not only has fulfilled that dream, but has placed bubble gum in the pockets of small fry in Europe and Africa and the Philippines.

In the business world, Paris is becoming an international figure. He is known in two hemispheres as the bubble gum king—head of a multi-million-dollar-a-year business. His climb to affluence is patterned on the modern concept of the rising young tycoon: he is neither grasping nor self-effacing. The modern industrial

princes must never grind down employees or hoard profits for perpetuation of their own memories after death; they must court publicity, exude good will, help the underdog and hand out free samples like Santa Claus. Andrew J. Paris models this pattern to perfection.

In his high school days back in Detroit, Andy won a scholarship to Wayne University, where he studied languages and diplomacy. He couldn't have chosen a better course of study.

For today, Paris is a super-producer and goodwill man partly because of his knowledge of foreign languages. He does business with Mexicans, Frenchmen and Americans with equal aplomb. His long sporty car, silk shirts, and ability to dance the samba appeal to both Latin and French temperaments. Americans like his efficiency and openhandedness.

The Paris Gum Corporation of America is located on the East Highway of McAllen, Texas, 227 miles south of San Antonio, near the Mexican border. It is a thriving little city

in the Rio Grande Valley with a climate so salubrious that it often delays travelers en route to Mexico. Until the new bubble gum plant zoomed into being, McAllen's chief businesses were oil and the packing of citrus fruit. Today, however, McAllen is famous as our bubble gum capital.

A few years ago, Andrew J. Paris had an unpretentious office on the second floor of a building on McAllen's main street. The sign on his door read "Andrew J. Paris, Importer." At that time, Paris functioned as a filler of youth's sweet tooth via mints, caramels and chewing gum brought in from Mexico. He shipped exclusively to a wholesale candy business in Detroit operated by Andy, his father and his brothers. Then, in the early '40's when our sugar supply was scant and Mexico had plenty, Andy teamed up with some Mexican business men and became a candy importer. That is, until he got a better idea.

The idea struck Paris one day in 1946 on the streets of San Antonio when he came upon the machinations of a bubble gum black market operated by kids. A few enterprising sprouts had sweated out the bubble gum lines and cornered the neighborhood's quota of gum. They asked—and got—35 cents for a one-cent stick of bubble gum. But in times of shortages, the possession of luxury items always invites violence. One plutocrat lost his 35-cent stick of bubble gum to a bully who swung a fierce uppercut.

Paris watched the scene with absorbed interest. He knew that big gum manufacturers turned out thousands of sticks of chewing gum. But that was chicle gum. The kids wanted bubble

gum. As one boy put it, "I'd rather have one stick of bubble gum than a hot dog or a chocolate malt."

Kids willingly fought, bled and sacrificed their allowances for bubble gum. So Paris scribbled that memo about "a stick of bubble gum for every kid in the United States." In 48 hours, he'd made a big stride toward that goal.

The principal ingredient of bubble gum is latex, the white, milky fluid of pure rubber before any processing has taken place. Mexico had trees rich in latex, so Paris skipped down to Mexico, bought up its latex supply and cornered the bubble gum market.

There were some gigantic manufacturers firmly established in gum. Wrigley, Fleet, Bowman and Cramer all had a mammoth head start on Paris. But they all concentrated on ordinary chicle gum. Paris alone had the makings of bubble gum.

He persuaded 14 Mexican chicle gum manufacturers to change their processes and make bubble gum. They were to sell only to Paris. The Mexican business men got security, and Paris got a toe hold in the gum market.

A year later, Paris was ready to set up his own business. After three months of hectic readying, the Paris Gum Corporation of America opened its doors on October 1, 1947. A trim yellow brick building contains the factory, offices and warehouses. Today, in addition to this main plant, the Company maintains general offices in Detroit and has warehouses in such far-flung cities as Portland, Boston, Atlanta, Chicago, New York, Denver and St. Louis.

In manufacture, Paris makes use of the latest mechanical methods. Ma-

chines blend, shape, cut and wrap his untouched-by-human-hands bubble gum. The entire plant is air-conditioned with varying temperature levels in individual rooms to meet the needs of different mixing and packaging operations. Several hundred employees in spotless white uniforms turn out one million sticks of bubble gum a day.

Chewing gum production in the United States is big business. From a four-million-dollar-a-year business in 1940, it had jumped to 31 million in 1947 and is still climbing. During his first year of operation, Paris managed to snag nearly one-fifth of this harvest.

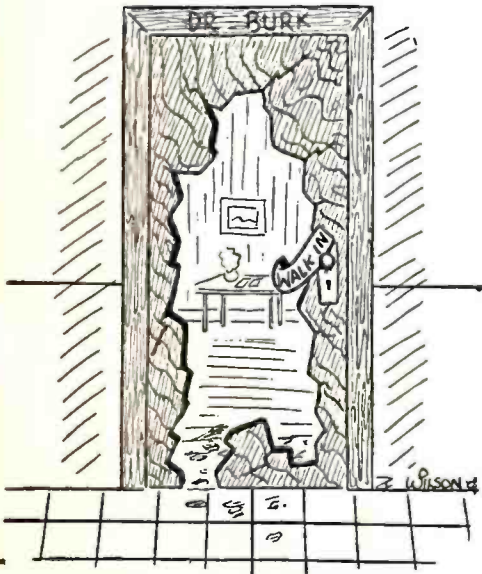
Though the Lone Star State does everything in a big way, Andy Paris' open house celebration in 1947 was an event to remember. On October 1st, his plant was thrown open to public inspection and about 2,000 people streamed through, munching free samples of bubble gum. Fifteen hundred guests attended the afternoon cocktail party at the Casa de Palmas Hotel.

That night, 2,000 came to Paris' banquet at the swank Monte Carlo Garden Night Club in Reynosa, Mexico. Flowers for the banquet were flown from Monterey, and entertainers came up from Mexico City with an 18-piece orchestra. It was an international event.

The guest of honor at the feast was Mary Louise Anset—a teenager from Kansas City, Missouri. When Mary Louise was afflicted with paralysis of the throat, her doctor prescribed bubble gum to strengthen her throat muscles. Paris heard of her plight and furnished Mary Louise with an unlimited supply of bubble gum, which probably saved her life. As an additional gesture, Paris footed the bill for a pleasure trip to Mexico for Mary Louise and her mother.

Paris likes to give youngsters a boost. He has established a \$5,000 Youth Scholarship Foundation that each year provides for a \$1,000 trade school or college scholarship and 15 \$200 awards. This foundation recognizes children under 16 who have performed outstanding tasks or who have attained excellent records in traffic, school, home or farm safety. They are judged by local safety groups in cooperation with the National Safety Council.

Paris likes to help grown-ups, too. There was the case of Clarence Jordan, a plumber who lost his sight while injured on a job in Houston. When Clarence, led by his seeing-eye dog, Rex, dropped in to beg for a job, Paris promptly made Jordan his Houston distributor. As Jordan made a place for himself, his morale soared. Paris reaped a double profit himself:



he sold more gum and had the satisfaction of helping a man out of his hard luck.

Paris is popular with newspaper reporters and photographers because he enjoys interviews and loves to be photographed with his pint-sized admirers. He feels that his product fills a need in children's lives by taking the place of the old soap bubble paste that has always enchanted youngsters. Paris is quick to champion publicity stunts like the bubble gum contest in Long View, Texas, where expert blowers vied in conjuring up big, messy bubbles to the delight of a Bubble Gum Queen.

Paris' bubble gum has created a new title for youth groups. Yesterday's nickname of "bobby soxers" gradually is giving way to "the bubble gum set." Movies have been disturbed by the sucking, snapping noises of rubbery bubbles. But youthful concert audiences, blissfully unconscious of fervent bubble gum blowing, have been photographed listening with absorbed attention to classical music.

During the war, our servicemen and women introduced chewing gum to the world. European children looked with admiration at their liberators with chomping jaws. Consequently, gum, that had persistently chewed its way into our American picture, today has caught the world.

Our troops spread the gum-gospel with chicle gum, but it was Andrew J. Paris who made the world aware of bubble gum. Paris moved into the European market in December, 1947. He hopped a plane to the city in France with the same name as his.

With him were cases of his product dressed up in rainbow colors as gay as the new mosaic pavements at the Place de l'Opera and the Arc de Triomphe.

Paris, his own best salesman, went about handing out bubble gum with the freedom of a breeze. The French liked this generous demonstration. Too, they liked Paris, himself, whom they thought as suave and handsome as an American movie star. And the French kids clamored for the technicolored bubbles. It didn't take Mr. Paris long to sell Paris on bubble gum.

Encouraged by this start, Andy Paris started bubble gum ballooning all over the world. Today, Andy's playground includes not only every state of our 48 and almost all Europe, but areas of the Caribbean and the Pacific. The children in Costa Rica, Panama, Puerto Rico and Peru blow Paris' gum bubbles, as do youngsters in Hawaii and the Philippines.

On September 27, 1948, the *Valley Evening Monitor*—McAllen's daily paper—reported an order of 32 tons of bubble gum to be shipped to Johannesburg, South Africa. By the end of its first anniversary in business, the Paris Gum Corporation of America had turned out enough sticks of gum to reach (unchewed and unstretched) from McAllen to New York City and back.

But even this feat didn't satisfy Paris. Lately he has added something new. Now every stick of his bubble gum has a tin foil jacket hugging a strip of comics. Andrew J. Paris is making sure there is a laugh and a blow in every purchase.

Should a Gentleman

★ S O C K ★

a L a d y ?



The sages of the ages define successful courtship as offering a lady your hand—right across the mouth!

by R. R. McCOLLUM

THE increasing neuroticism of American women, one psychiatrist has observed, is the bitter fruit of their own successful fight to achieve equality with the opposite sex. Before this dubious victory, he points out, women were more stable emotionally because their inner craving to be dominated was satisfied.

When Noel Coward suggested that women should be beaten regularly, like a gong, he was considered facetious. But Coward was seriously expressing a popular European tenet. "You American men treat all women like your mothers," a Frenchman once observed. "In Europe we have always made them mothers and treated them like women."

It would surprise most Americans to learn the extent to which women were once rough-housed by our ancestors, and how much the ladies of those times enjoyed it. A review of

our heritage suggests that Emily Post doesn't know all the answers.

Love, old-fashioned style, has always been lethal. Archeologists who unearthed the first skeletal remains of primitive man found the skeleton of a Cro-Magnon beauty. They noticed the astonishingly large brain—bigger than the modern woman's—of this lady cliffdweller. Significantly, it had been smashed in by a heavy blow. It was impossible to determine, however, just how much she enjoyed this token of violent affection.

The Romans didn't change the custom much. When out of Rome, it was fashionable to do as the Romans did—make love with a powerful wallop. According to Lycurgus, the males with amatory urges carried off females of their choice by a "sort of force." Plutarch tells us that it was a habit of the Spartan, after mopping up a Greek burg, to stake his claim on the gal he wanted by jamming his helmet over her ears.

"Often violence ended in regard," Livy reports in his *History of Rome*. "The men added the flattering excuses of desire and love in excuse for

their (brutal) behaviour, appeals very effective with the feminine mode of thinking."

An interesting side light on man's privileges was shed by Cato the Censor, who ordained, "If you catch your wife in an act of infidelity, you would kill her with impunity without a trial, but if she were to catch you, she would not venture to touch you with a finger, and indeed she has no right."

Pre-Christian men had a peculiar and special reason for advocating male brutality. Apart from the hairy-chested appeal this seemed to have for women, it was found that wherever women were treated with kid gloves, the males had a tendency to lapse into effeminacy, and the ladies actually took over.

There are an astonishing number of cases recorded where whole communities and cities fell under the control of women, who ruled with Amazonian vigor. The males reverted to home duties, needlework and child-care, and actually took over the world's oldest profession from its time-honored practitioners.

The women of ancient Lydia, for example, selected their lovers and wooed them with lavish gifts. They pampered male pets with extravagant entertainment, clothed and housed them, and—on more than one occasion—fought over them. Male mistresses have almost always figured prominently in the lives of later queens—Catherine of Russia and Christine of Sweden, to name two particularly flagrant examples.

It was probably to preserve male hegemony that the sacred Koran incorporated a holy sanction of wife-

beating. A big-time Islam theologian of the 11th Century, Al Ghazzali, explained, "Marriage is a kind of slavery, for the wife becomes the slave of the husband, and it is her duty, absolutely, to obey him in everything he requires of her." So even as you read this, some 105,000,000 Mohammedan women are getting their lumps and liking it.

For instance, in the unexpurgated *Arabian Nights* you'll find this passage: "She entered with him, and he locked the door and came down upon her with so sound a beating of back and shoulders, ribs, arms and legs. . . . Then she kissed his hands and feet and he led her out of the room submissive as a wife should be."

The Islam brand of gallantry has always thrilled occidental women. Remember E. M. Hull's classic novel, *The Sheik*? Women adored it into a best-seller, and Rudolph Valentino rode to fame as *un homme fatal* in a bed-sheet and turban. For a long while *The Sheik* set the style of passionate love, consisting of face slaps, violent shoves and an occasional bone-melting kiss.

Chaucer's outspoken Wife of Bath ripped aside the veil of hypocrisy which shrouds women's desires when she confessed of her fifth husband: "Though he'd beaten me on every bone, he could easily regain my love. I guess I loved him best of all, for he gave of his love most sparingly to me."

Shakespeare's iron-jawed lover, Petruchio, regarded his shrew Kate with caustic realism. "I will be master of what is my own," he declared. "She is my goods, my chattels . . . my-

horse, my ox, my ass, my anything." And when he proved he meant it, Kate meekly advised another wife: "Thy husband is thy lord. . . . Place your hands below your husband's foot: in token of which duty, if he



please, my hand is ready, may it do him ease."

MANY of history's top-drawer philosophers are lined up solidly with the treat-'em-rough boys. Even the soft-spoken Plato firmly approved the subjection of women. Aristotle said flatly, "The courage of a man is shown in commanding; that of a woman in obeying." Crab-faced Schopenhauer snarled, "Woman needs a lord and master."

Voltaire knew his women, too. In *Zadig*, the hero rushes to the aid of a woman who cries out for help as she is being banged around by a man. In the fight, he kills her attacker. "What further, madam," he pants, "wouldst thou have me do for thee?"

"Die, villian! For thou hast killed my lover!"

Even poets were two-fisted in earlier days. Writing of Ferdinand Lasalle, Emil Ludwig reveals, "He fell in love in a few moments, carried the woman of his choice down exactly three flights of stairs—and then,

as though his intellect had interfered to dampen his emotions, he let the whole matter drop." This bruised the lady's feelings considerably—but not her adoration for Lasalle.

Byron, whose contempt for women was no less palpitating than his profile, sneered at non-pugilistic swains in *Childe Harold*:

"Not much he ken, I ween, of
Woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is
won by sighs;
What careth she for hearts when
once possessed?"

John Lyly, in his *Anatomy of Wit*, taunted weak-kneed males by asking, "Dost thou not know that women deem none valiant unless he be too venturous?"

Women's idols of yesteryear shed considerable light on their boudoir ideals of today. What kind of guys do women elevate to stardom and fortune—the men they select to make vicarious love to them as they sit in darkened orchestras? While it's true that marshmallow males like Sinatra and Van Johnson occasionally get the nod, they are exceptions that prove the rule.

Jimmy Cagney became a ladies' favorite when he pushed a grapefruit into his girl friend's face in *The Public Enemy*. George Raft, Clark Gable and Alan Ladd made feminine hearts flutter by slamming screen lovelies around the sets. And now England's James Mason is on top of the heap by having at the creatures with knuckles, palm, riding crop and cane.

One woman confessed for her sex when she explained to a woman's magazine why Jean Gabin gives her

goose pimples. "Because he is the Lawless Lover—sometimes hero, sometimes heel—moments of ecstasy, not a chance of abiding happiness—you glory in the loss of your friends . . . and you are too far gone to care—his tenderness is as desperate as his cruelty when he wounds you, you can't leave him because no one knows about the hurt little boy hidden deep within him."

David L. Cohn acknowledges this phenomenon in his book, *Love In America*, when he refers to "this gallery of fascinating foreigners by whom women apparently like to be kicked around."

Cohn also tells of a woman who got on a bus with him in Virginia. She had a beautiful black eye. Falling into conversation with her, he discovered that this decoration was the *casus belli* for which she was leaving her husband. "But," she told him proudly, "he's the best-looking man in town, I can tell you that!"

And two stops later, she suddenly bolted off the bus to walk home in the rain. Proving once again that the way to a woman's heart is through a well-aimed slam in the eye.

The average American gets off on the wrong foot when he is pushed out as a kid to play with the visitor's daughter. "Now, don't be rough with Gwendolyn," he is warned. "Remember, she's a *Little Girl*." Which, come to think of it, must inevitably be one hell of a disappointment to Gwendolyn.

This highly artificial taboo against mauling the opposite sex becomes ingrained in his thinking. As an adult he considers it manly to clout a male

for so little reason as an accidentally trod toe. But strike a lady, for even the worst provocation? Uh-uh!

Which is why most American men are shocked to the core when they discover that this noble code of ethics is secretly despised by most women. Men strongly resent, and cannot understand, why women persist in admiring males with an Apache outlook, rather than the Clean, Wholesome Type Who Respects American Womanhood.

The answer is, of course, that women are—and always have been—masochists at heart. They love men to do things to them—not *for* them. That's why they jump at the chance to be operated on, or thumped by a doctor. That's why they adore being mangled by a masseuse. That's why they go in for horseback riding and shimmy belts. That's why they prefer to be tortured by male hairdressers.

The trouble with American males is that, while properly predatory, few of them have what it takes to be sadists. They are further intimidated by the hypocritical cant that ladies are too delicate to be horsed around. And since almost no female will openly admit that she adores being battered, the average man goes through life in a rut, sorely dismayed at the triumph of the brute and the failure of the gentleman.

An odd man here and there may be courageous enough to defy the conventions, and give his love the affectionate drubbing she adores. But nothing less than a nationwide revolution in moral values can restore to America the male virility and supremacy of our ancestors.

Primitive man caught or captured this woman. Semi-civilized man grew refined and bought her. Modern man woos her, wins her—and bores her. Not only that, but modern man is vaguely aware that he himself is responsible for the Frankenstein's monster he has created in the modern woman. In a poll conducted by the *Ladies Home Journal*, 55 per cent of men interviewed declared they considered American women "spoiled." Well, who spoiled them?

STRONG masculine pressure must be brought to bear on Emily Post to declare it good taste to rap a lady in the jaw. This move would have the enthusiastic, if secret, support of almost every woman in the land—even those who browbeat their men out of sheer ennui, and despair of ever being subdued with delicious violence.

Unless American males act now, with iron determination, the time is not far off when they will elect a woman President, work for woman bosses exclusively, put on aprons and

even—if women scientists ever get to work in earnest—give birth. Don't laugh. All of that, except the last item, has happened to more advanced, and only slightly more effete, civilizations than our own.

You can start doing your share for the cause immediately.

Don't ever be so busy (or so inhibited) that you can't spare the time to mop the floor with the little woman at least once a week, and to prove your affection with an ardent kick where she sits.

Show her that you love her enough to be a first-class heel. You'll achieve an heroic stature in her eyes—or the one she can see out of. Best of all, you'll never have to torture yourself any more about possible bacchanalias when the iceman cometh.

Then one of these days we'll achieve a decent social order, where a woman seeking a divorce can get it if she tells the judge the simple truth, "Your Honor, I can't stand it any longer—my husband always behaves like a *perfect gentleman!*"

An Eye for an Eye

TO MADAME CURIE, discoverer of radium, life's greatest vexation was an autograph collector. During her last years she refused to give her much sought-after signature to anyone. Once a zealous autograph hound resorted to a trick to obtain Madame's coveted signature. He sent Madame Curie his private check for 25 dollars, asking that she donate the money to any charity she might choose. The ruse was that the unsuspecting Madame would endorse the check, which would then, of course, come back to the collector with her signature.

The collector's feelings can be imagined when in a few days he received from Madame's private secretary the following note:

"Madame Curie has asked me to thank you most kindly for your check, which, however, she is not going to cash. It so happens that she is an autograph collector and therefore will add your signature to her collection."—*Cecil de Vada.*

Airplane Sleuths

THE LOST-AND-FOUND offices of the various airlines in Miami, Florida, might very easily be mistaken for glorified junk shops. Their weird assortment of unclaimed items ranges from false teeth to wooden legs, from tom-toms to tombstones. Pan American Airways alone has some 7,000 articles left on its planes each year.

In spite of the fact that the lost item may be several thousand miles away before it is missed, it is a rare occasion when it is not found. The airplane sleuths, working with a methodical thoroughness that would have given Sherlock Holmes an inferiority complex, practically always recover the missing article.

Most commonly left behind by absent-minded air travelers are coats, hats, glasses, wallets, and jewelry. During the winter months, planes from the snowy north give up a large collection of raincoats, overshoes, and umbrellas. These are seldom claimed. It seems that most Northerners are ashamed to be seen lugging such articles out into the Florida sunshine. Most airlines donate such unclaimed items to various charities.

Every once in a while an article will turn up which causes a great deal of head scratching among the sleuths. The officials of Delta Air Lines are still bewildered by the passenger who left his crutches on board one of their planes and never returned to claim them.

Another Delta passenger, obviously a cautious man, carried a Mae West life preserver along on a trip over the Gulf of Mexico. He left it on board when his feet touched solid ground again.

Once the sleuths of Pan American Airways found a tombstone on one of their planes. They never learned why the traveler had such an odd piece of luggage with him, but they assumed that he was a careful person who went about prepared for any eventuality.

Then there was the woman who left a plane at Miami minus one shoe. She did not miss it until two days later when she returned and demanded her lost footwear. The sleuths finally found it wedged between the seat and the wall of the plane.

Some travelers attach an amazing significance to seemingly unimportant items. One day a man in Hollywood, California, put in a long distance call to the Pan American Airways lost-and-found department in Miami to ask that they locate a button lost from his wife's suit.

Another patron frantically demanded that they recover a lost copy of a 25c magazine. Still another insisted that a radiogram be sent in an effort to find a missing handkerchief.

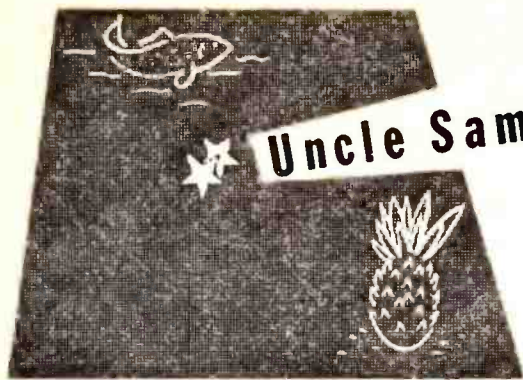
But perhaps the most unusual case which the airplane sleuths have had to cope with to date was that of a young mother who boarded a clipper in Miami and was almost to Havana before she discovered that she had left her baby at the Miami terminal. The infant was found where she had left it and was speedily returned to her, howling but intact.—*Frank Rose.*



A golfing clergyman had been badly beaten on the links by a parishioner 30 years his senior, and had returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," said his opponent. "Remember you win at the finish—you'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," said the preacher, "it will be your hole!"



Uncle Sam Sees Stars

The problem is astronomical.

by JAY AITCH

THE LAW of the land dictates that when a Territory is granted the full partnership of statehood in the United States, its signifying star must be added to Old Glory the following July Fourth. Lawmakers in the nation's capital, whose duty it is to grant or refuse such partnership, freely predict that at least one, and possibly two such additions will be made in 1950.

The first big step was taken early this year when the House of Representatives passed measures granting statehood to both Alaska and Hawaii. There is no certain barometer to indicate what action, if any, the Senate may take. However, even the die-hard opponents of the Territories as states privately admit that such partnership will not be long coming.

Flagmakers, therefore, are contemplating new designs and anxiously watching both the Congress and the Chief Executive for indications of

what the official pattern may be. The addition of one new state would present no difficulty, for it would be a simple matter to arrange 49 stars in rows of seven—a perfect square. But with the addition of two new states, the problem of arranging 50 stars becomes acute. A great variety of changes has been suggested, from circles of stars in the flag's blue field to geometric patterns of lines and squares.

The present Stars and Stripes has been in existence since 1912, when the 48th star was added. President William Howard Taft established by executive order the precise proportions of the flag and made the first official arrangement of its stars. Any new change can be made again by Presidential order, or the Congress can by separate measure, or by language in any bill or bills granting statehood, set by law just how many stars are to appear and how.



"... and another canasta is 300, 200 for your red threes and 100 for going out, your two jokers are worth 100 and 150 for your..."

Uncle Sam has received from citizens an avalanche of suggested designs, far greater in number than the proposals offered by the flagmaking industry. Thousands of schoolchildren have offered designs to the Division of Territories and Island Possessions, Department of the Interior. Thousands of housewives also have sent in suggestions to this department, to members of Congress, and to the President. Veterans and citizens of every type have bombarded the heraldic branch of the military planning division, Quartermaster General's Office, Department of Defense. And these spontaneous submissions range in scope of idea from setting the stars in constellations to outlining the form of an eagle, featuring one large star in the center. This latter suggestion, of course, came from a Texan, who designated the large star as Texas' place in the blue firmament.

No one can estimate with any degree of accuracy the number of flags that, over all the nation, would be affected by any change. The figure is astronomical. But it is interesting to note what the effect would be in the nation's capital, which is the flag-flyingest community in these United States. With a minimum of 60,000 flags always flying in the Washington area, the seat of our Federal government officially sets flag etiquette for the Union. Therefore, Washington would be the first to follow any new standard and set the style for the rest of the country.

The number one flag in the nation, of course, is the banner over the White House. Next are those on Capitol Hill, one each over the Capitol, the House

and Senate office buildings, and the Supreme Court. The Library of Congress flies two. Then there are 55,000 graveside flags for Arlington National Cemetery. By law, these must be placed beside the graves each Memorial Day.

Military installations in the Washington area, beginning with the top Pentagon headquarters of the Department of Defense, fly a total of 50 flags. The Army, incidentally, annually purchases 12,540 flags for continental use. The Post Office Department, the next largest buyer, purchased 11,396 in the fiscal year of 1949, with 40 of these for use in the District of Columbia.

The Veterans Administration is an important flag customer as it annually gives, in number difficult to estimate, flags to next of kin for use at veterans' funerals. It flies Old Glory over all the hospitals and veterans' homes under its jurisdiction. About a half dozen VA flags are flown in Washington. The National Capital Park Service has 60 flags flying regularly in its domain, with an additional 100 in storage for special occasions. The Federal Courts in the area have the Red, White and Blue waving above them, and the District of Columbia municipal government installations take a total of 325 flags.

General Services, a semi-official agency which offers catering and other allied services to many government departments, uses about 100 flags. This agency, concerned about the short life of the average cotton flag, was the first to adopt the more expensive but longer-wearing nylon flags. General Services spends ap-

proximately \$10,000 a year for the flags it displays in Washington and the additional 600 it places in other government buildings throughout the country.

The great majority of Washington officialdom — members of Congress, Cabinet officers and executives in various departments—maintain flags in their offices. It is impossible to estimate just how many are used for this purpose. In addition are the thou-

sands of flags in the private homes throughout the country.

But Uncle Sam is counting stars, and the known minimum of 60,000 flags officially flying in our Uncle's home town will be the first to jump to 49 or 50 stars, whatever and whenever the case may be. And say, be it 49 or 50, don't you think they'll still look pretty good in the greatest Star-Spangled Banner of all?

Toast for Madame Melba

IT HAPPENED in a small London restaurant, not far from the Covent Garden Opera House where *Helene* had been presented earlier that evening. Madame Nellie Melba and her party entered, and she acknowledged the round of applause which greeted her.

The English were proud that this operatic soprano had chosen to stay in their country for an unlimited engagement. She was a product of the Empire, a native of Australia. She had made her debut at Covent Garden in 1888.

An obsequious waiter attended her.

"The usual," she said, "toast and tea." It was her regular fare at that late hour. "Quickly, please, because I must catch my train."

When the order was repeated in the kitchen, the chef called to a young boy, a new employee there, to put slices of bread in the oven.

The oven was hot, and the boy was inexperienced. Before he realized it, he had left the bread in too long. It was very brown and extremely crisp. Nevertheless, he put the slices on a plate.

When the waiter saw it, he stopped in anger, "I can't serve this! It is for Madame Melba!"

"We'll make more," the chef replied.

"There isn't time," the waiter snapped, envisioning the loss of a generous tip, "and I won't give her this!"

The chef turned to the boy. "You've done it! Madame Melba is our most celebrated customer. You will take the ruined toast to her and apologize for your clumsiness!"

The lad swallowed hard. He knew he would lose his job afterwards, and he was awed by the prospect of speaking to such a celebrity.

Obediently, his hands shaking, he followed the waiter to the table. "Madame," he said slowly, "it is my fault that this toast is too hard and too brown." The eyes of every patron in the establishment were on him.

The singer, noting his nervousness, took up one piece of toast and tasted it. "Indeed," she exclaimed, with a smile on her face, "this is exactly how I like my toast!"

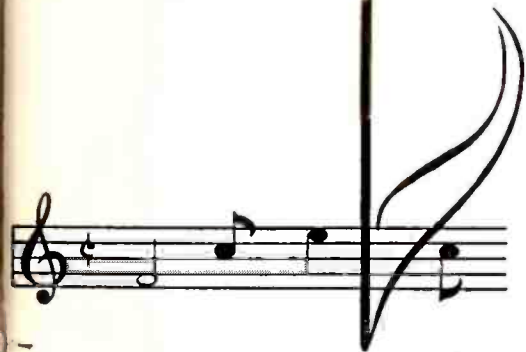
The boy blushed. He knew she was being gracious. He bowed and returned to his duties in the kitchen, sure now that his job was secure.

It was, too. That same night, many orders for the kind of toast Madame Melba ate came to the kitchen. It became popular immediately. Since then it has been known as *Melba toast*.—Barney Schwartz.

*A male soprano has been acclaimed
the greatest singer of all time.*

Farinelli

the GREAT



by WILLIAM J. MURDOCH

CARUSO, Jenny Lind, great singers beyond number have come and gone since his day, but not one has thus far equalled the artistry or the popularity of a man whom surgery endowed with what has been described as the most beautiful voice of all time—the great Farinelli.

A soprano to the day of his death at age 77, Farinelli had concert audiences from Rome to London at his feet until he decided to abandon a public career to become soothsinger to a demented prince. He then developed into a power behind the throne, a

prime minister without portfolio. When finally he was dismissed, he took his princely salary into exile with him, along with his memories.

All this was his because of a voice that authorities described only in superlatives, "It is a marvel, so perfect, so powerful, so sonorous, so rich in its extent in both high and low registers." And they said, "He was endowed with a creative genius which inspired him with embellishments so new and astounding that no one could imitate them."

There are innumerable more glowing phrases about Farinelli, but all are most easily summed up in these words, "There was no branch of the art which he did not carry to the highest pitch of his perfection."

Farinelli was born Carlo Broschi in Naples in 1705, right in the midst of an extravagant era in which excesses were carried to almost incredible extremes. One of these was the use of surgery to retain the treble voice in boys who displayed operatic promise.

Some writers say that young Broschi was not intentionally maimed in this manner. An injury sustained in riding necessitated his castration, they report, with the result that the boy's unchanged voice was forever pitched beyond the influence of puberty.

The boy studied under Porpora, the singing master who later participated in the attempt to topple Handel from London favor. He suggested that Carlo adopt the name Farinelli from an illustrious uncle, a composer and violinist of accomplishment. Then Porpora, an exponent of the technique of brilliance and bravura, took the boy into the provinces. Astounded audiences made southern Italy fairly

tremble from heel to toe with their thundering acclaim of *Il Ragazzo*, "the boy."

This success was duplicated in Rome when the boy made his metropolitan debut at the age of 17. At this time a German trumpet player was dazzling concert-goers with his musical pyrotechnics. But Farinelli, singing some of his master's own music in which passages had been interpolated in obbligato to the trumpet, treated his auditors to *sostenuti*, *fortissimi* and *crescendi* that made them wonder what they had found so marvelous about the trumpet player. And when the boy threw in variations, they dismissed the German from their minds.

Farinelli was an unqualified sensation in Naples and Vienna for the next few years. His one reverse came in Bologna in 1727 when he matched his voice against that of Bernacchi, so-called "King of the Singers." He, too, was a man surgically prepared early in life for soprano work. Trills, cadenzas and roulades were hurled back and forth between the two. Each time Farinelli came up with a scintillating variation, Bernacchi responded with one that glittered even more. Farinelli generously admitted his defeat and promptly commenced to perfect his art by learning what he could from the man who triumphed over him.

The next important event in Farinelli's career occurred in Vienna a few years later. Upon the suggestion of Emperor Charles VI, it is said, he decided to modify his technique. Where Porpora had drawn all the brilliance possible from his voice, Farinelli introduced a note of pathos and

simplicity. This change was to work its major effect in the singer's life in a few years.

Porpora had gone to London to oppose Handel. Farinelli was enlisted, too. When he appeared at the Lincoln's Inn Theatre and sang the first note of one of his brother's compositions, taking it firmly, swelling it to tremendous volume, then compacting it to a gleaming pin point of tone, he was interrupted by applause that lasted a full five minutes. During one of his concerts, an ecstatic woman in a box uttered one of the best-known remarks in musical history, "Only one God, and one Farinelli!"

Some writers suggest that the success of Farinelli, although it did not permanently unseat Handel from favor, did persuade the composer to abandon writing operas in favor of oratorios. Be that as it may, Farinelli left England after three prodigiously successful years. He intended to visit Spain for a few months. En route, he sang in France for Louis XV, who was not noted as a music-lover. The king astounded his court by presenting the singer with a fat purse and a diamond-encrusted portrait of himself.

An intimate little concert in Spain had perhaps the greatest effect of any in Farinelli's life. The queen arranged the program in a room next to the chambers of the brooding prince, Philip V. Mired in melancholia, Philip refused to concern himself with affairs of state and neglected his social obligations. A few soothing melodies from the throat of Farinelli, the queen believed, would inspire the morose one from his lassitude.

And they did. Philip was delighted with what he heard, so much so that he consented to have the court barber shave him for the first time in weeks. He sent for Farinelli and asked the great one to name his price for his services. Farinelli replied, with perhaps more social acumen than truth, that he wanted only to see his majesty happy and well at his duties and among his friends.

On the spot, Farinelli was engaged to sing for Philip at a salary of 50,000 francs. And thus Farinelli sang his swan song to a public career. From then on, his voice was heard only by royal ears.

For ten years, night after night, Farinelli sang Philip four songs. They were always the same four, never any other. Meantime, he grew in royal favor and exerted a great influence over the prince. This influence was continued when Ferdinand VI ascended the throne. Farinelli never actually was made prime minister, but he represented the king in many negotiations. It was through Farinelli's persuasion that Ferdinand established the Italian opera. In 1750 he was

decorated with the order of Calatrava, one of the highest in Spain.

Farinelli's tenure of royal favor ceased in 1759, after 25 years, when Charles II was installed as ruler. For years, Farinelli had opposed a treaty with Naples. Charles favored such a diplomatic move, and to make it possible he eased Farinelli out of the country. In consideration of the singer's extended service to the court, the new king agreed to continue his salary for life upon condition that Farinelli live at Bologna and not in Naples, where he might prove troublesome. To this Farinelli agreed.

Farinelli spent the remaining years of his life in luxurious retirement, hospitably welcoming visitors whom he plied with stories, not of his vocal achievements, but of his political career in the court of Spain. He rarely sang. Instead, he found musical outlet in the viola and harpsichord, both of which he played reasonably well. He wrote music for each instrument.

Quietly, Farinelli died in 1780. And in succeeding years no one yet has taken from him the title, "The Greatest Singer of All Time."

Did You Know . . .

. . . That if all the people in the entire world started counting the number of atoms in a single drop of water, it would take them about 10,000 years to complete the task?

. . . That if all the bakers in this country were to place all the bread they produce in a single day end to end, the bread line would reach from Seattle, Washington, to Miami, Florida, and back again?

. . . That if a person in New York could shout loudly enough to be heard in London, it would still take well over four hours for the sound of his voice to reach there?

. . . That if all the ice in Antarctica were spread out evenly over the world, the entire globe's surface would be covered with a layer of ice over 100 feet thick?—Joseph C. Stacey.

Paul Revere's Helper

THE MAN slipped quietly out the door of his modest home in the North Square of Boston and walked toward the Charles River, bringing his booted feet down as softly as possible. He kept in the shadows and occasionally stopped to listen.

Once he heard a soft noise behind him. He quickly darted into a doorway and waited. He couldn't help smiling at what he saw. His own faithful dog was following him. He kneeled, patted the dog affectionately and whispered, "You cannot come with me this night."

The dog merely cocked his head to one side and looked up at his master. He didn't move away. After all, his master hadn't given him a sharp order to go home.

It was the night of April 18, in 1775, and Paul Revere had a job before him. Even now, as he stroked the dog, he was in danger of being detected by British soldiers. He could not tarry, nor could he take time to see this well-trained dog on its way home. "Come along then for awhile," Revere whispered.

Cautiously, with the happy animal at his heels, Revere continued to the Charles River where two men waited to row him across. Upon arrival there, he suddenly realized he had forgotten something of major importance this night — his spurs!

His broad shoulders drooped. He was at a loss for words. A man must use spurs to outdistance pursuers. He must have them!

The dog, of course! Paul Revere smiled. "You have a mission this night, too," he whispered. He wrote a note on a small piece of paper and attached it to the dog's collar. "Now speed to your mistress!"

No order was really necessary. The dog had carried messages before. When a note was fastened to his collar, he knew there was only one place to run — straight home. He disappeared into the darkness.

While Revere and the two men waited anxiously on the shore, the dog sped through Boston's cobbled streets. Somehow, he sensed the tenseness of the night and didn't bark when he reached home. He pawed the door. Mrs. Revere knew the signal, hastily read the message, and tied the spurs to the collar. She fixed them so they wouldn't rattle.

"Now," she instructed, "take them quickly to your master." She watched the dog race away.

Several minutes later, Paul Revere had the spurs in his pocket. He didn't attach them to his boots until the two men had rowed him safely to the opposite shore. It was a perilous trip, past a British frigate on guard on the Charles River. The least noise might alert the watch.

On the Boston shore, the faithful dog watched. His master couldn't take him along, but he didn't bark. Then, slowly, he returned home, to wait.

Without the spurs, Paul Revere might not have carried the vital warning to Lexington. He was chased by two British officers, but, when those same spurs were dug into the sides of Mr. Larkins' horse, the pursuers were left far behind.

Paul Revere never forgot the dog's performance that night. Later, when he retold the story of his ride, he always mentioned the fetching of the spurs. "Indeed," he said, "the dog had a most important part in starting the nation on its way to freedom!"

Science



SCORES AGAIN

One out of every three victims may be spared and cancer eventually may be cured, if today's best guesses are correct.

by JOSEPH BERNSTEIN

ONE OF the greatest advances in medical science in this century has been an understanding of the important role of the vitamins in health and disease. But as a result of recent discoveries by physiologists and biochemists, we are entering a new phase of vitamin research that may even outstrip what has already been accomplished.

The exciting new developments have taken place with substances best known as antivitamins. They also have been called inhibitors, vitamin analogues, metabolic antagonists and biological antagonists. Actually, they are first cousins of vitamins, because of their striking resemblance to them in chemical structure. And so remarkable is this similarity in molecular makeup, that living cells, with all their fastidious sensitivity, are actually unable to detect the difference between them. They try to assimilate both the true vitamin and its imitator into their life processes.

But through such lack of discrimination they may exclude the urgently needed vitamin and allow ingress to

the impostor. This may result in a fouling of the cells' meticulously precise chemical machinery, since the resemblance between the vitamin and the antivitamin is only superficial and not based on similarity in basic molecular architecture.

So the antivitamin is really like the proverbial dog in the manger. It keeps out of the cell a vitally required substance that belongs there and forces its own way into a tightly balanced chemical setup on which it wreaks havoc.

It did not take long for several alert scientists to realize that they had an unusually powerful research tool in these vitamin antagonists. By exploiting this curious competition between vitamins and antivitamins researchers have developed ingenious techniques for analyzing what goes on in living cells. Furthermore, this chemical antagonism already has found dramatic practical application in the treatment of a diverse array of diseases, such as pellagra, cancer, tuberculosis, coronary thrombosis and virus infections.

The man who first saw the dazzling

vistas opened up by the antivitamin was a British scientist, Dr. D. D. Woods. This investigator wanted to find out how sulfanilamide, one of the early sulfa drugs, went about destroying certain kinds of germs. What he found was very startling: sulfanilamide actually turned out to be an antivitamin! It competed for admission into the germ's interior with a vitamin needed by the microorganism in order to live—para-amino-benzoic acid, or PABA, for short. When the bacteria absorbed the sulfa drug, they actually committed suicide, because they could not get enough PABA.

This work came to the attention of one of the most brilliant young biochemists in this country, Dr. D. W. Woolley, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. This amazing investigator is totally blind, but in spite of this fearful handicap conducts a full-fledged research program that has excited the admiration of the scientific world. Dr. Woolley plans the experiments which are performed under his direction by his assistants. When they describe their results, he evaluates the findings, and maps out areas for further exploration. He received his training with one of the world's foremost vitamin researchers, Professor C. A. Elvehjem of the University of Wisconsin.

Dr. Woolley not only has discovered an elaborate number of antivitamin to several important vitamins and analyzed the way they act in living organisms, but recently found the solution to one of the mysteries of science—why corn-eaters get pellagra.

It used to be thought that pellagra was caused only by a deficiency of

niacin, one of the vitamins in the "B complex." And since people subsisting mainly on corn were believed to be getting insufficient niacin, this was at first considered the complete answer. But then a couple of investigators performed some experiments on human beings which seemed to knock this theory into the corner of a cocked hat.

One group was given a diet containing five milligrams of niacin but no corn. They did not get pellagra. The other group was given three times as much niacin as the control group—but their diet contained corn. In spite of this seeming abundance of niacin, they developed pellagra.

Dr. Woolley found that corn contained a pyridine substance that was an antivitamin to niacin, and this was what developed the severe vitamin deficiency that brought on the disease. Of course, this can happen only when corn is practically the only food consumed, as has been the case among the poor people in the South.

Since germs, like other living things, require certain vitamins, bacteriologists have been seeking antivitamin that might act as powerful killing agents. Malarial germs, for instance, must have pantothenic acid, a "B" vitamin, in order to survive. Dr. Woolley and his associates recently announced their discovery of an antivitamin to this substance, phenyl pantothenone. This has been found to be a potent antimalarial agent, and chemicals closely related to it are even more effective than quinine against malarial parasites.

Antivitamin are now being used in war against the tubercle bacillus. Such

chemicals as promin and para-aminosalicylic interfere with the bacteria use of vitamins, and when these antivitamins are combined with streptomycin, they make a formidable weapon against the germs.

And even PABA, the vitamin required by certain bacteria, is itself an antivitamin to a substance needed by virus-like organisms known as rickettsias. These organisms cause illnesses such as typhus, spotted fever, Q fever, rickettsial-pox, and other ailments. Beneficial results have already been obtained in the treatment of typhus with PABA. This has given hope that antivitamins probably exist that could destroy deadly viruses such as those responsible for polio. Right now such investigations are being vigorously pursued in several laboratories, and it is possible that they may lead to a



definitive weapon against infantile paralysis.

One of the major fields of antivitamin research at present is cancer. It has now been established that cancer cells require large quantities of a "B" vitamin called folic acid. This particular vitamin is needed to help build the nucleic acid content of the all-con-

trolling cell nucleus. Responsible investigators have already expressed their belief that this inordinate demand of cancer cells for folic acid is probably the fundamental difference between them and normal cells.

Recently, antivitamins to folic acid have been discovered that have remarkable cancer-destroying properties. One of these vitamin antagonists, teropterin, was actually used in the treatment of the late Babe Ruth's cancer. It caused spectacular improvement in his condition for a long time, and even though it did not cure him, it showed that here was a promising new angle of attack well worth exploring. Another folic acid antagonist, aminopterin, has recently made its debut and has been shown to cause striking betterment in cases of breast cancer.

Folic acid antagonists, as well as other antivitamins, are now being investigated at such outstanding research centers as the Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York. Some authorities have even expressed the cautious opinion that right now antivitamins offer the greatest hope for the eventual conquest of cancer.

Coronary thrombosis is one of the major slayers of people in the prime of life. It is caused by a clot in the artery supplying the heart, which chokes off the flow of blood to this vital organ. This is what produces the lightning-swift death of the victims of this disease.

The clotting of blood is controlled by vitamin K. The more there is of this vitamin in the body, the greater the amount of clotting. But there is an antivitamin that competes with vitamin K for the attention of the cells.

This is a chemical derived from spoiled sweet clover. It is called dicumarol, and has already found a secure niche for itself in the treatment of thrombotic patients.

Dicumarol works through a squeeze-play on vitamin K, preventing it from getting into the body's cells. In this way, there is a decreased tendency for the dangerous blood-clots to form. Combined with heparin, another anti-clotting agent, dicumarol has already worked wonders in saving lives. Dr. Irving S. Wright, a well-known

authority on heart disease, recently declared that as a result of this new therapy, "one person in three who would be expected to die from a specific attack of coronary thrombosis will survive that attack."

In the antivitamin, science now has more than a tool for fighting various diseases. By using them to interfere with the intricate chemical activities of living cells, we can at last get a few more inklings as to the various steps in that elaborate chemical meshwork of reactions we call life.

Strange Fever Strikes Canada

A STRANGE FEVER, starting on the Canadian west coast, has been pursuing a swift but erratic course eastward and may soon spread across the border into the United States. Its chief symptom is an abnormal craving for eggs.

The weird fever first appeared in Vancouver when G. R. Wilson, the city's poultry inspector, was stricken. He consumed 36 soft-boiled eggs in 35 minutes, after which the fever rapidly abated. A few days later the malady was reported in Toronto, Ontario, where it attacked Jack Kuehner, a mattress-maker. Kuehner had just read of the attack on Wilson when he himself was seized. Under the strange compulsion he swallowed 18 eggs in 15 minutes, and the next day, still feverish, he put away two dozen in less than three minutes.

Shortly thereafter, the fever claimed its second Vancouver victim, city detective Jack Whelan, who devoured 30 three-minute eggs in 20 minutes. The next outbreak occurred in Sudbury, Ontario, where G. Bloeman, an employee of the International Nickel plant there, succumbed. Bloeman swallowed 32 raw eggs in 17 minutes before getting relief. About the same time, a case was reported in London, Ontario, when Fred Little, a poultryman, put down 40 raw eggs in 29 minutes flat. Another Vancouver victim of the strange egg fever is George Howell, an encyclopedia salesman, said to have consumed 72 eggs in 6 minutes and 37 seconds.

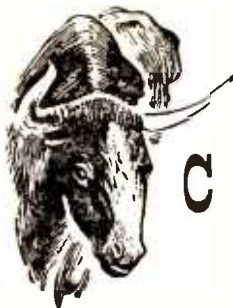
Medical men watching the progress of the peculiar disease are in disagreement over the effects which the huge intake of eggs may have on the human system. But poultrymen throughout Canada, more familiar with the barnyard product, insist there is no reason for alarm and believe it may even be a good thing. People don't eat nearly enough eggs anyway, they say.

Meanwhile, some light has been thrown on the nature of the outbreak by G. R. Wilson, the first Vancouver victim. Mr. Wilson thinks his attack may have been brought on by his cooperation with the British Columbia Poultry Industries Council in promoting an "Eat More Eggs" campaign.

—H. L. Conner.

▲
Math experts may not agree, but it's been proved that many a triangle has been made with curves.

Four-Legged



C O W B O Y

Old Blue was strictly on the hoof—and aimed to stay that way!

ONE of the top cowhands of Texas was a longhorn steer named Old Blue. For eight years he led over 10,000 cattle from the Charles Goodnight ranch in the Texas Panhandle to the shipping yards of Kansas. He knew the route to Dodge City better than most cowmen and was often worth a dozen of them on the drives.

Blue was born in South Texas in the shade of the mesquite during the spring of 1870. At an early age he was driven over the trails to the northern plains. And once in the northern clime he traveled for the rest of his life in fast company—the elite Cattleland society of his day. He was owned in succession by the two outstanding cattlemen of that day, John Chisum and Charles Goodnight.

Even in that remote era, before the day of “baby beef,” a steer had to show his talents early to stay on the hoof. Old Blue convinced Goodnight that he was worth more than his weight in steaks. He was broken to

the yoke. And when he was run into a herd for a drive he promptly horned his way to the lead and no herd from then on disputed his leadership.

When the long drives from Palo Duro to Dodge City began, Charles Goodnight strapped a bell on Blue's neck; and compass straight across the wide plains the procession followed the rhythmic ring of the bell timed to his long, steady stride. At night a leather strap was placed around the bell's clapper, or the bell was stuffed with grass and the herd bedded down in peace. So well was Blue's leadership recognized that if the clapper should by any chance come loose in the night the herd immediately would be on its feet ready to travel.

If there was an icy river to cross, Blue was the first to shoulder in. Moreover, he was a reliable Indian alarm. In his early days the Apaches stuck an arrow between his ribs, and from that moment on no savage ever slipped up on the Indian-hating old

steer. If the herd stampeded, the wizened old ox saw no point in ram-paging around like mad through the night. He would step aside and bawl loudly, as if to shout, "You fools!" If a blizzard blew down on the drive, Blue could be depended on to stand fast and prevent the herd from drifting.

Old Blue was the aristocrat of the trail, conscious of his importance. He did not spend his leisure hours with the common herd. At night he pushed his way to the campfire to enjoy the companionship of the other cowhands. And he grazed with the privilege becoming his position—among the pots and pans on biscuits, fruit, and other chuck wagon specialties.

Inside the shipping corrals, Blue would step aside to a corner and rest while the cowboys pushed the beeves upon the chutes and into the railway cars.

The old steer had his celebration at the end of the trail along with the boys. He was treated with special

hospitality at the livery stable, where he indulged his taste on such rare delicacies as red and blue corn.

Once the return trip started he seemed as eager as the cowboys to get back home in Texas. He trotted alongside the horses, sometimes traveling 30 miles a day.

Blue had homework to do during the season between drives. Unruly stock that balked at the idea of being rounded up were easily convinced of the futility of their ways once necked to Blue's solid 1,400 pounds. This task wasn't popular with the old veteran, but once he was yoked with an outlaw he hit a beeline for the corral gate—and his charge might as well come along quietly.

The old steer's last days were spent in retirement at Palo Duro, enjoying the attention and admiration due a patriarch.

And at Palo Duro Old Blue died of age and idleness, after 20 years of adventure such as few men have experienced—and no other steer.

Temper, Temper!

IN MISSOULA, Montana, a man, furious after failing to get his call completed on a pay telephone, yanked out a gun and riddled Alexander Graham Bell's wonderful invention with bullets!

In Seattle, Washington, a driver got so upset when his automobile refused to start that he took matches in hand and set fire to the car.

In Oklahoma City, when the driver failed to stop at his corner, an irate bus rider kicked out the door and jumped from the moving vehicle.

In Boston, Massachusetts, a diner got so irritated when food was not cooked to his exact instructions that he leaped up and bit the waiter twice on the chest!



Paste this in your hat if you're worried and impatient. If you regarded all the time ($1\frac{1}{2}$ billion years) since the earth began as a full year from January 1st to December 31st, then the period covered by history would begin at one minute, 12 seconds before midnight December 31st.

Industrial America has arranged a concerto for pen and house organ.



by TED PETERSON

THE smudgy-faced fellow raking steel chips in the factory didn't look much like an editor serving his apprenticeship. He didn't feel much like an editor, either. That was just what his boss wanted.

For a month the young fellow tried a fair sampling of the jobs in his firm to catch the worker's viewpoint. Then, hanging up his dungarees, he was ready to edit a magazine for the plant's employees.

There are about 6,000 editors in the United States somewhat like that young man, and they boss a press that has sprung up without the knowledge of the average American—a press that is paid for and operated by big and little business. Whether their understanding has come from a hitch in the plant, executive conferences or bitter experience, the editors have to know their company, its workers, its problems. For since World War II, more and more business firms have reached

the realization that one of the best ways to get their story to the public is in their own publications.

No matter what you do for a living, at least one publication from a private business firm likely turns up on your library table or desk each month. Factory hands, executives, farmers, homemakers, bobby-soxers—there are company publications edited for all of them and for others, too.

The Fourth Estate's little brother, already just about grown out of short pants, is the house organ, a newspaper or magazine issued by a private business or association to present its case to the public.

The 6,000 or so company publications range from small mimeographed sheets to slick four-color jobs that stack up pretty well with regular commercial magazines. For these periodicals, most of which cost the reader nothing, industry spends an estimated \$108,849,752 a year. Each month, ap-

proximately 50,000,000 readers linger over their pages, attracted by professional photograph layouts and by the articles, some of them contributed by top-flight writers. Nearly as many Americans read these business-sponsored periodicals as read the 35 general magazines leading in newsstand sales.

The publications are roughly of two kinds: those intended for the sponsoring firm's own employees ("internals," the trade calls them) and those for outsiders ("externals"). They take the shape of newspapers, bulletins and regular or pocket-sized magazines.

Circulations of some of the magazines would make many a big-time editor gleefully rub his hands. For example, the circulation of *Friends*—published by Chevrolet—was 1,400,000 when it resumed publication a while back after a wartime suspension. A few other magazines have comparable circulations. Some of them, however, aim at a class, not mass, group of readers. The *Lamp of Standard Oil* goes to about 255,000 professional men, educators and community leaders who turn its slick pages every other month and "ah!" at its original oil painting cover and especially commissioned section of artwork, flanked by meaty articles. International Business Machines' *Think*, too, goes to a relatively small group of business and community leaders. It treats them to sober, sound articles on such topics as "Ships and Our National Economy" and "Choice Examples of Ancient Roman Art."

A good cross section of America learns what business is thinking from these publications, and gets practical

information about its own affairs to boot. When the busy homemaker wants a recipe for a dinner dish or tips for redecorating her living room, she can turn to *Hearth and Home*, edited for her in Kansas City by the Skelgas Division of the Skelly Oil Company. She'll find much the same thing in *Home Desirable* of the Crane Plumbing Company, Chicago. The farmer's wife has her own magazine, *Farm Home Desirable*, another Crane publication. Her husband probably gets tips on farming from John Deere's *Furrow*, or one of the other externals that business edits for him.

Some of the magazines are accepted sources of technical information. The men who build and maintain the nation's highways—engineers, county road superintendents and others like them, some 60,000 in all—get fresh ideas in a highly technical field from the *Highway Magazine*, sponsored by the Armco Drainage and Metal Products Company. Specialists in excavation by modern power equipment read the *Excavating Engineer* of the Bucyrus-Erie Company, which uses stories about other manufacturers' equipment and warns writers against giving the "puff" treatment to stories about its own products.

Nor is the general reader overlooked. Whether he wants articles on travel, science, hobbies, inspiration or general interest, some business is publishing a magazine that will give him pleasant hours in his armchair. Grimy plant workers and Ph.D.'s probably take almost equal delight in the *Montanto Magazine*, a colored eyeful with its stories of research told in simple language. The *Ford Times*, the *Buick*—

Magazine and Greyhound's *Highway Traveler* offer illustrated articles about scenic and vacation spots. From Harley Davidson's *Enthusiast*, motorcycle fans can get the vicarious thrill of cross-country treks, hints for planning their own, and news of bike club activities.

That's by no means all the publications in the house organ field. The total group would keep an alert librarian more than busy classifying them. To reach the readers in whom they're interested, many corporations have virtually become chain publishers. Thus DuPont has more than 40 publications; the Borden Company about 35; Ford some 20-odd, including a couple of comic books; International Harvester more than 20. About 30 General Electric publications throughout the United States, each with its own staff, go to press each Thursday to tell some 180,000 readers what the company is doing.

Not all house organ readers are Americans. The Chrysler Company has about 20,500 foreign readers of its magazine beamed at an overseas reading group. To workers in 70 countries, the export division of the Coca-Cola Company distributes a house organ written in English but so lavishly illustrated that non-English-speaking workers can understand it. And on one island, the only local paper is an Esso Company house organ.

As big-time publishing ventures, some house organs have impressively large staffs. The Texas Company's *Texaco Topics* has a staff of 250 correspondents, enabling it to claim an equal wordage with "one *Saturday Evening Post* or two copies of *Time*." But most house organs are the baby

of just one, maybe two, hard-working employees. Nearly two out of three editors do the entire job of getting out their publications, according to one recent survey, although most of



them have a secretary to help with details.

As company spokesmen and interpreters, house organs have a long history, authorities will tell you. They'll tell you that the Chinese had them years ago, that Lloyds of London has had one for some 200 years. In the United States, though, the house organ is mainly a product of the past quarter-century. A few United States house organs have been published continuously for a half-century; still, those with 25 years' service are looked on as graybeards. In a limited way, World War I gave house organs a boost, but most of the war-born babies died with the peace. House organs had their really big growth during World War II, which shot their number from 1,000 in 1941 to about 6,000 today.

Observers who noted the phenomenal rise of house organs during the war insisted that the boom couldn't last. Most firms could afford them

in the lush war years, they said, especially since the publications had a big job in keeping up employee morale, "But wait until after the war," the skeptics said.

Since war's end, however, house organs have more than held their own. Those that have dropped out have been more than replaced by new ones.

While the war certainly helped the house organ to blossom, the house organ seems part of a larger picture than the war. The growth of labor unions, for one thing, has brought them about. One labor editor puts it this way, "The magazines all died out after World War I, but they won't die out now because the unions are doing too good a job with their papers. They pull no punches and straddle no fences, and management wants a chance to present its own side."

The very trend of government seems to have made the house organ a necessity in the eyes of some business leaders. Business leaders, complaining of government interference with pri-

vate industry, have concluded that public relations begin at home, and that house organs are "one way of developing an informed public." And they are perhaps even more important in the development of an employee force that is well-informed on company business, happy, and loyal.

Many house organ editors are confident that even a business setback wouldn't bring about a wholesale killing-off of house organs. Historically, of course, there is no basis for this view; in the 1930s, the number of house organs was negligible compared with the number today. But should business come upon hard times, the editors point out, the house organ would have an even more important job than it has now. More than ever, they say, it would be used to bolster confidence in the free enterprise system, to maintain employee efficiency, to retain the confidence of stockholders. The house organ proved itself in war, and can tackle a good many problems of the peace.

Slight Misunderstanding

DURING a vacation in England, an American lumberman became involved in an argument with an Englishman as to which country had the larger trees. Both men proceeded to stretch the truth a bit in the interest of national pride.

"Back home," said the American, "they're so big that it takes only ten of them to keep the largest lumber yard in business for a full year."

"Humph!" snorted the Englishman in derision, "During the war we built sixteen complete army barracks out of just two trees."

"Trees?" gasped the American quickly, "Why I thought we were talking about the knots!"



A Hollywood producer was filming a Biblical scene. Things were not going too well, and he stormed and raved about the studio.

"Listen to me, you guys!" he shouted. "I'm paying \$1,000 a day for this sound apparatus, and I mean to get my money's worth. When those Ten Commandments are broken I want to hear 'em break! Do you get me?"

*Hamid had to work his way down,
in order to work his way up.*

LOW MAN ON A PYRAMID



by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

IF YOU met a man who seemed to be an improbable combination of Billy Rose, Orson Welles, and Buffalo Bill, with sawdust in his hair and Egyptian sand in his shoes, who would it be?

Along Broadway and a hundred other entertainment strips, that's hardly a riddle. Quicker than a pea disappears in a shell game, those in the know can spot that astounding personality with the thick black mustache, flashing white teeth, and square, bunched-muscled body who took a lot of tumbles—and fell into a million dollars.

George Hamid, once an immigrant boy performer in a circus for \$5 a month plus board, is now a modern Barnum who provides entertainment for about 100 million persons in the United States and Canada every year.

Owner of two of Atlantic City's most famous attractions (the Million

Dollar and Steel Piers), operator of an amusement park in Worcester, Massachusetts, president of the New Jersey State Fair, spectacle-producer for the Canadian National Exhibition—Hamid's theme song well could be *In the Good Old Summer Time*. Most Broadway showmen moan and groan when hot weather dries up business along the main stem. But to Hamid, and the more than 400 performers he books into summer shows, it's the spotlight season. From Toronto to Tallahassee, Maine to Winnipeg, Hamid's acts are packing them in.

From June to November, a sizable part of the North American population thrills to men being shot from cannons, trapeze artists, juggling wizards, talking seals, dog-faced boys, leather-skinned ladies, dancing girls, conjurers—all sorts of entertainment in its most spectacular, colorful forms. And Hamid supplies most of it.

Hamid has covered a lot of ground and filled many a purse since his peanut-paying circus days. He arrived in the United States 40 years ago from his native Lebanon, Egypt, where the art of tumbling is widely practiced. Born into a bouncy family, George could tumble a bit even before he could walk. When he was nine years old, he showed rare aptitude for the ancient art, so an uncle, Ameen Ben Hamid, began to toss him about and show him some of the neater tricks to the tumbling business.

His uncle had just returned from an American tour as head of the Abou Ben Hamid Tumbling Arabs with the Buffalo Bill show, with which he had been billed as the "Champion Under-stander of the World." An under-stander is the much-muscled gent who quivers under a pyramid of bodies in those tableaux that tumblers display.

George progressed rapidly, and was made part of his uncle's traveling troupe. The next two years he appeared with the Tumbling Arabs before the crowned heads of Europe, and many uncrowned heads, too. Actually, the Hamid family was Christian, no more Arabian than a Cecil B. DeMille stage set, but the billing seemed to lend enchantment to the show for the customers.

In 1907, Uncle Ameen received a bid to join the circus at Madison Square Garden, and he took young George with him as top mounter for the act. The boy wasn't satisfied with this unglorified task and was constantly trying to improve his ability. He added European, or forward, tumbling and Irish back flip-flops to his act. Major Gordon W. Lillie—"Paw-

nee Bill" to the showfolk—liked the youngster's talent and ambition, and got him a job with Buffalo Bill's show.

Although he was of slight stature, Hamid wanted to become an under-stander immediately. Buffalo Bill told him to wait, he wasn't yet strong enough for that prestige spot. It wasn't until he'd reached the doddering age, of 19 that Hamid attained the coveted position, becoming the youngest under-stander in circus business at the time. He also served as the unit's equestrian director and supervised all the ring acts.

When the show closed in Denver several years later, Hamid decided it was time for a solo act. Despite his youth, he had acquired an enormous knowledge of show business from his more than a decade of experience. He set himself up as booking agent for his own tumbling troupe and managed nine other acts at the same time.

Since then, Hamid has tried practically everything in show business except acting in a legitimate play. For some years he was part of Eva Tanguay's vaudeville act, and then he joined Howard Thurston, the magician. Later he launched his own "Hamid's Oriental Circus," which quickly flopped.

Disgusted with his failure, Hamid took his first and last flyer outside of the entertainment world. He went to Texas to become an oil driller and protect an investment he had made in a drilling company. He put more money into the venture, sunk one well, struck salt water and quit.

Hamid has never since strayed into such foreign fields. He started a book-

ing agency with two other vaudeville managers. At that time, committees from county fairs shopped around the various vaudeville agencies for acts to line their midways. Most performers disliked long treks over the countryside during the hot spell, so the farmers seldom got an act that could be called top entertainment. Hamid figured that the county fair market could be a bonanza if properly developed. He set about to convince performers that they could share the wealth and Eastern fair promoters that he could supply them with decent acts.

Hamid proved to be as good a convincer as he was an under-stander. He traveled to every state capital and many county seats in the territory, and garnered fat contracts for hundreds of acts. With the exception of one turkey, a Long Island theatre he built in 1927 that resulted in a \$330,000 loss, Hamid has been collecting golden eggs ever since.

In 1924 he leased Rendezvous Park in Atlantic City. He lost money the first year, but improved his plant and made a profit of \$30,000 the next year. He then became associated with the owner of the Steel Pier. In 1938, he added the Million Dollar Pier to his holdings, and now uses the two piers as show windows for the acts which his agency books into jobs throughout the country.

Always extending his entertainment empire, Hamid also books amusement features for the annual Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto. This represents one of the most stupendous

entertainment projects in the world, a show which covers practically the whole city area and lasts for two weeks.

Hamid says his ambition in life is to carry Broadway to the county fair, and he's well on the way towards attaining it. He books attractions into more than 17 state fairs and 45 county and city fairs in the United States alone. His gross take for a season is the biggest in the entertainment world. For the past 25 years he has supplied fairs, carnivals, amusement parks, circuses and expositions with automobile races, harness racing, freak acts, sensational stunts, water shows, ice spectacles. Anything anyone calls entertainment, Hamid has.

He maintains an office in Radio City, spends much of the summer season on the road personally inspecting his shows, and makes his home at the unusual address of No. 1 Atlantic Ocean. That happens to be a mansion situated on his Million Dollar Pier. Located a quarter of a mile out over the ocean, the 14-room house is as fabulous as its owner. Hamid and his family love the place.

"Of course the house rocks a little at times," he admits, "but the motion is just as soothing as that of a cradle, and our guests get used to it."

Once, 40 years ago, Hamid slept under the Atlantic City boardwalk. He was then a broke, unemployed acrobat. Now he can afford the most luxurious dwelling in that mecca of millions of vacationers.

George Hamid really tumbled into a fortune.

▲
Successful men act on their hunches instead of sitting on their haunches.



Here's Your Application for

MEMBERSHIP

in the

Kansas City Restaurant Club

**DINNER FOR TWO AT THREE FINE RESTAURANTS
FOR THE PRICE OF ONE PERSON!**

AMAZING OPPORTUNITY! For just one dollar you, too, can join the Kansas City Restaurant Club! That dollar opens the door to three of Kansas City's most intriguing restaurants, where you may dine with one guest at *half-price*. For a discriminating clientele these top-flight restaurants offer enticing Continental specialties as well as your favorite American dishes — thick juicy filets, rich seafood, expertly flavored foreign foods, unusual pastry desserts. You and your guest make selections from the regular bill-of-fare, and enjoy the quiet, elegant service. You needn't show your membership card until the bill arrives. Then, divide the total — pay only half.

ENTIRELY DIFFERENT! As a member, you will receive a complete set of menus from the three restaurants chosen for their distinction. Attached to each is a membership stub, your key to one-half payment of the total bill for two persons, exclusive of liquor and tax. Pick any or all of the three restaurants! This is your opportunity to dine in elegance where the cuisine is the finest — and you actually *save money*.

DEADLINE AHEAD! Club membership this month is limited by the capacity of the restaurants selected. When this has been reached we will be unable to accept further applications—but we will make you a member for next month if you wish. Otherwise, your fee will be refunded.

IT'S EASY! Simply fill out this coupon today:

DINNER AT HALF-PRICE

Kansas City Restaurant Club

1121 SCARRITT BUILDING, KANSAS CITY 6, MISSOURI

I am enclosing \$1 for membership in the Kansas City Restaurant Club. If capacity has been reached:

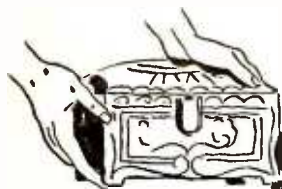
- Refund my fee at once.
 Begin my membership next month.

(Please check one)

Name..... Phone.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Is Nothing**SECRET?**

IF YOU wanted to hide something where no one—not even the F.B.I.—could find it, where would you put it? You could look to fiction for ideas of baffling hiding places, but probably your best bet would be to consider famous examples of concealment that have been tried in real life. You might learn something from Whittaker Chambers, who scooped the seeds from a pumpkin in a field and inserted tiny rolls of microfilm inside. No one thought of looking for highly confidential State Department documents in a growing vegetable, and the film remained undiscovered until Chambers confessed.

Far-sighted Herman Goering, Hitler's number one gangster, took pains to conceal his most precious possession when Germany fell. Under the surface layer of his skin, he secreted the minute vial of poison which he later used to cheat the hangman.

Another resourceful prisoner, this one a G.I. of the last war in confinement for peddling dope among his

buddies, surprised guards by becoming "hopped up" periodically in his cell. They removed him to solitary confinement, but he still showed signs of taking "the powder." While his superiors puzzled over his constant supply of dope, a guard became suspicious of the prisoner's insistence on keeping the floor of his cellroom swabbed clean. Further investigation solved the mystery. The G.I. had stuffed a supply of heroin in the socket of the floor mop at the place where the wooden handle screws on.

Pressed by a nationwide dragnet spread to ensnare the Lindbergh baby kidnapper, Bruno Hauptmann was forced to find a hiding place for the ransom money in his own home. So he climbed to the attic, bored holes in the rafters, stuck in the rolled bills and plugged the holes. Discovery of the ransom money in the Hauptmann home was one of the important facts that led to his execution.

Hauptmann's scheme was curiously similar to a trick used by the British

June Days



ship, *Fortuna*, during the War of 1812. "Out of the Havana with sugar and Campechy wood," as a report of the day ran, the *Fortuna* was overhauled by the schooner *Roger*, one of our privateers. The privateer captain thought, at first, that he had accosted a neutral ship; for ostensibly the *Fortuna* was Russian with Riga as her home port. But a careful search uncovered the real papers showing her cargo to be British-owned. The telltale papers were found in a metal canister concealed in a forward frame of the ship. British sailors had carved a pocket in the timber, inserted the canister and disguised the hole with a neat mortise trim.

A practical hiding place for the forbidden Bible was devised by Benjamin Franklin's family in England. In his *Autobiography*, Franklin tells how his grandfather taped the Bible underneath the seat of the kitchen stool. The reader up-ended the stool on his knees and studied the Gospel in safety. At an alarm, the stool was quickly returned to its normal position.

History records that sometimes it is necessary to hide something as large as a human body. DeSoto's men, at the death of their leader, placed his body in a hollowed-out log and sunk it deep in the brown waters of the Mississippi. These precautions assured them that Indians would not dig up the body and discover that he was only mortal. For DeSoto in his teachings had always impressed on the Indians that all Christians are immortal.

When Alaric, the fierce leader of the Vandals, died on a march west-

ward to overthrow the Iberians of Spain, his soldiers had to devise a hiding place for his grave that their enemies would never find. They succeeded in doing so by shifting a small river, the Busentius, from its course and constructing a tomb in the old river bed. There they laid Alaric with his trophies and weapons, then turned the Busentius back into its original channel over the tomb. One small detail was left to perfect the secret. The prisoners who had been forced to do the work were put to death so that there was no chance that word of the river tomb would reach the enemy.

Smugglers have always been masters at devising ingenious hiding places. Once a spot check on a carload of over 800 cases of eggs crossing into Mexico yielded a small fortune in silk goods—stockings, shawls and odd pieces. Inspectors conducting a box-by-box inspection of the eggs uncovered 184 cases crammed with silk products. And silks and other high-duty goods have been found packed, of all places, about the engine boilers of locomotives entering Mexico.

A few years ago, Will Irwin told a story of an amateur smuggler bringing in a bar of platinum from Europe. Every second of the Atlantic crossing was excruciatingly suspenseful for the would-be smuggler, and just before the ship reached New York he lost his nerve. He slipped the platinum in the luggage of a fellow passenger, then stood nearby as the customs man went through the other man's belongings on the pier. Sure enough, the inspector uncovered the bar, but he only looked at it a minute and put it back.

"Okay," he said, "no duty on un-manufactured platinum."

During prohibition, thirsty incoming travelers from Mexico and Canada used to secrete their bottles along the under-frames and chassis of their automobiles. They got away with it for a while because customs officers looked only behind the cushions and in the compartments. But when inspectors on the Canadian border got wind of the bottle caches, they devised a new inspection technique. Cars were ordered out of line and driven over a metal mirror sunk in a driveway. Foot pressure on a hidden electric switch floodlighted the entire underbody of the car, and the illegal bottles were reflected in the mirror.

One frequent prohibition border-crosser between Mexico and California once went through customs like a breeze. Grinning broadly, he held aloft a two-gallon jug. "Look," he called jovially to the customs man, "finest stuff in the world!"

The busy inspector was not to be taken in by a joke. "Go 'long," he laughed, "and have a drink for me."

The smuggler passed through untouched and made a tidy profit on the jug which, as advertised, held liquor.

This open policy of hiding in plain

sight has often proved successful—especially in the field of fiction. The elusive gem which villain Charles Boyer sought so tenaciously and fruitlessly in the movie, *Gaslight*, was often right before his eyes. The jewel was sewn on Ingrid Bergman's gown among thousands of cheap glass beads and paste ornaments. In *The Purloined Letter*, Poe casually hid the vital letter exactly where you would expect to find a letter—in the letter case. But no one thought of looking in such an obvious place. Following the theory that there is no better place to hide a dead body than on a battlefield, the colonel-murderer in Chesterton's *The Broken Sword* instigated a battle skirmish in which to kill his enemy. These fictional incidents are all variations of the old maxim, "Hide a pebble on the seashore, a leaf in the forest."

But no matter how carefully you hide something, there is always the chance that it may be found. Perhaps the best way, after all, is to follow the example of the seven dwarfs in Walt Disney's *Snow White*. As the little men march merrily off to work in the forest, the last dwarf out meticulously locks the door behind him, then carefully hangs the big brass key on a nail beside the doorframe.

Our colored helper came in one morning singing gaily. "My goodness, Liza, are you really that happy?" asked my husband.

"No, Mr. Bill, I ain't. But the doctor done told Miss Mary that it's her bad disposition that causes her stomach ulcers. And with this misery in mah back and this bad knee and a smashed finger, I just ain't in no position to have ulcers, too."

The Government may be working for posterity, but it insists on being paid by our generation.

See the sights of fabulous Hollywood—through a slowly moving window.

Glamour by the



M I L E

by FAVIUS FRIEDMAN and MAXINE BLOCK

RUBBER-NECKING is Hollywood's fourth largest industry. Nearly two million tourists a year (summer and winter) descend on the "most exciting and improbable city on earth" crying "Show me the town!"

Satisfying the yen of these hordes of visiting firemen is the pleasurable and profitable function of Hollywood's organized sight-seeing companies, who have made rubber-necking in the City of the Angels a multi-million dollar business.

Less than three dollars will buy you a conducted half-day tour of "Beverly Hills, Hollywood, the beaches, homes of movie stars and celebrities, and millionaires' homes among the beach sands."

For \$3.25 and three hours of your time a huge, specially equipped white and gray bus will take you—and some 40 other pilgrims—inside the grounds of Warner Brothers Studio (where you may catch a glimpse of Lauren Bacall or Errol Flynn, if they happen to be on the lot), past the Walt Disney Studio, the Columbia Pictures Ranch, the late Aimee Semple Mc-

Pherson's Angelus Temple, Griffith Park, the San Fernando Valley and other shrines of interest.

If it's night life and fun you're after, a mere \$12.50 will finance a Hollywood night spot tour. It won't be riotous but it will be fairly complete. You'll see the floor show at a well-known night club, ramble through the streets of Hollywood, drop in at the Biltmore Bowl for midnight supper, and sip two "selected" drinks during the evening. The \$12.50 covers all charges, taxes, and tips up to—but not including—insurance against a hangover the next morning.

For similar sums, many other escorted tours are available—the races, Chinatown, Pasadena and the Huntington Library, Palm Springs and the Coachella Valley (the vegetable bowl of the nation), Lake Arrowhead and Death Valley. They're all part of the unusual service rendered by the sight-seeing companies of Hollywood.

Of these, the undisputed kingpin is the Tanner Gray Line Motor Tours Company. Tanner is the world's largest, and for some 40 years has been

the most active in carting around sight-seers, once by horse-drawn surreys, now by limousines, giant busses, taxicabs, and even airplanes. This million-dollar organization offers goggle-eyed tourists some 200 different sight-seeing tours, all under the guidance of experienced drivers and cicerones who are as adept with a wisecrack as a road-map.

Tanner today operates 55 busses, 150 Packard and Cadillac limousines, 255 rental cars and 190 taxicabs. Some 15,000 travel agents throughout the country sell Tanner tours. Seventy big and little magazines and newspapers carry Tanner advertising, and even motion picture trailers are employed in Tanner's over-all public relations job. Mr. Tanner, himself, has an annual income that runs into six figures.

But back in 1906 it was all a peanut business. That was when Charles Curtis Tanner, a one-time Texas rancher, opened a livery stable in Pasadena, using perfectly matched geld-

ings to draw the surreys of wealthy visitors. Later, when automobiles made their appearance, Tanner gave space to several of the new-fangled contraptions in his livery stable. Then he began operating a taxicab fleet in Los Angeles, and in 1921 organized the first real sight-seeing tours. In 1928 he inaugurated an air livery service; later extended his operations to Arizona and Nevada, and joined the national Gray Line Sight-seeing Association.

Hollywood's rubber-neck business has boomed and is still booming. Certainly the visitors, lured by the heady blandishments of the All-Year Club and a tireless Chamber of Commerce, are continuing to descend by the millions on Los Angeles—that strange American mixture of “Naples, Utopia, Coney Island and Never-Never Land.” Tanner, like a gargantuan spieler, shows them the place, all 451 square miles of it, then sends them back home again, happy with their \$2.75 glimpse of Mecca.

Record Traveling

IF YOU wish to travel through four states in the time it takes you to read this, hurry to Four Corners Monument at the junction of Arizona, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico.

This plain monument is a square rock at the exact point where the four states join, and on each side of it is an initial indicating which state is which.

Before the rock was placed there, surveyors made sure of its correct position and even figured their work so that each state had an equal portion under the monument.

This is the only place in the nation where you can walk through four states in ten seconds!

Centerpiece

MICHAEL MAUREE, the blonde lovely on *Swing's* center pages, has a voice, too. She is a popular radio star regularly heard on the two top Mutual mystery shows, *Official Detective* and *True Detective Mysteries*.



SHIRLEY HARGISS
"Miss Kansas"
1949



JANE STONE
"Miss Missouri"
1949



Kansas-Missouri Finals of the 'MISS AMERICA PAGEANT'

Blues Stadium, Kansas City . . . May 23

Sponsored jointly by the Kansas City "Blues" Fan Club and the Advertising and Sales Executives Club, the annual "Miss America Pageant" finals for the states of Kansas and Missouri will be held in Kansas City again this year. The Pageant will be staged as an outdoor event at Blues Stadium, with the state title contenders appearing in evening gown, bathing suit and talent competition. Miss Jacque Mercer of Phoenix, Arizona, "Miss America-1949" (shown at right), will make personal appearances in Kansas City prior to the event.

Spark-plugging enthusiasm for the "Blues", Kansas City's N. Y. Yankee farm club baseball team, are the members of the Fan Club pictured below as they appeared on a recent WHB program, "Welcome Back, Baseball." Left to right: Parke Carrall, general manager of the Blues; Fred W. Pierson, president, Blues Fan Club; Jay W. Wilson, Kansas City's "Mr. Baseball", chairman of the Fan Club; Charles A. "Kid" Nichols, only Kansas Citizen in Baseball's Hall of Fame; and Larry Ray, WHB sports director.





Salute to the King
Louise Putman



Sunset on Brush Creek
Kirk W. Phaling



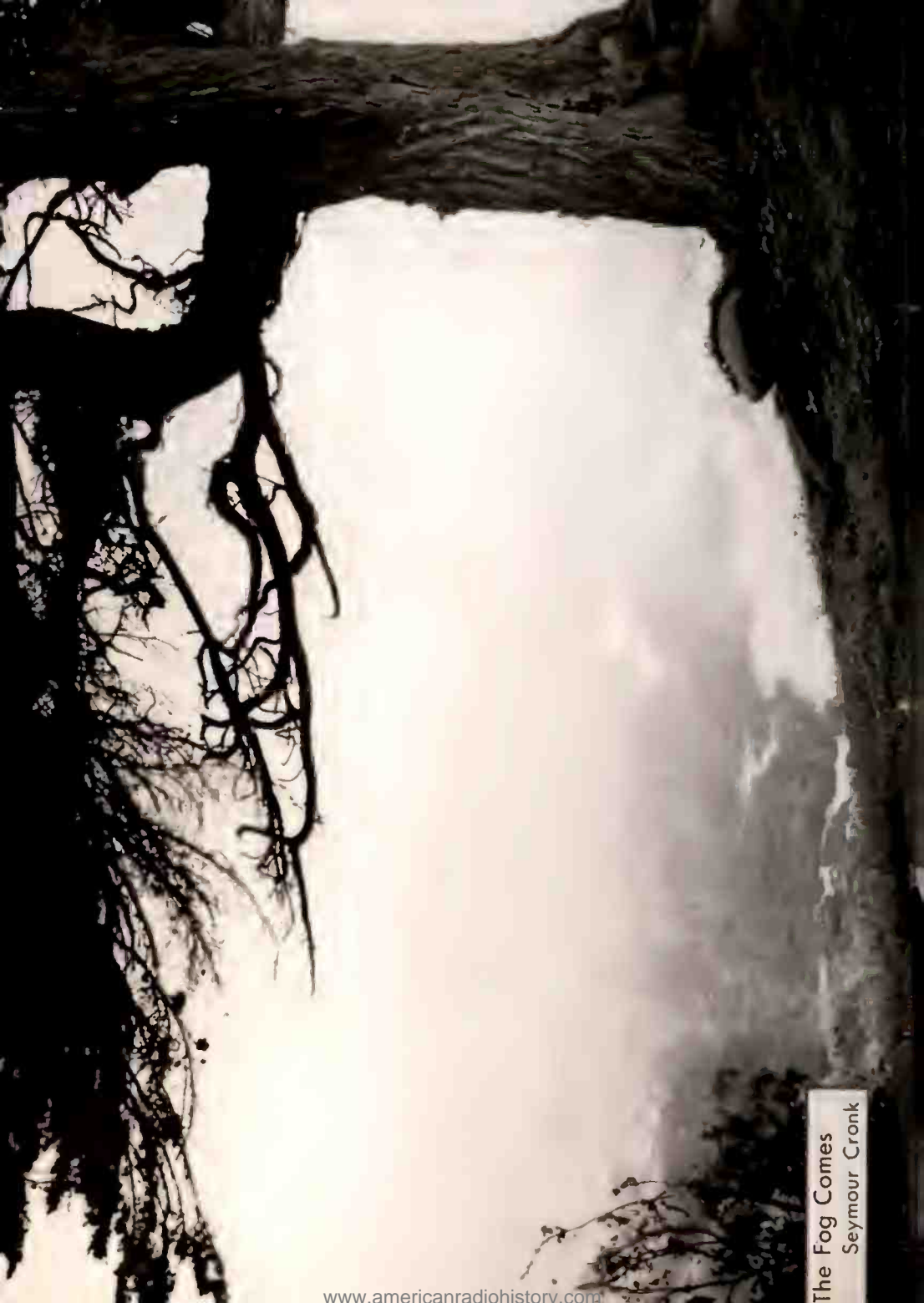
The Story Teller
Elmer Schanzer



Nature's Mirror
J. C. Turney







The Fog Comes
Seymour Cronk

HONOR OF THOSE WHO SERVED IN IN DEFENSE OF LIBERTY AND OUT

DEDICATED NOVEMBER 1, 1978



Beginning of Patriotism
Bernadotte Anderson



Chaperoned
Maurine Jones



Dreamin'
Sam Gilham



... presenting ALBERT R. WATERS

Swing's nominee for ...

MAN OF THE MONTH

By BOB DOROTHY

AROUND Kansas City, Albert R. Waters is recognized as a man of forceful ideas who says what he thinks. That's why no one was surprised when he stood at the speaker's rostrum in the ballroom of Hotel Muehlebach and said:

"Kansas City must find some way to expand its hotel facilities. Our continued growth is going to be stifled if we do not have more hotels. The Chamber of Commerce will give every encouragement to private capital wishing to invest in additional hotel facilities here."

Bert made the speech the day he was installed as 1950 President of the Chamber of Commerce. And, for the first time, a Chamber of Commerce president said: "When I took the job, I promised myself one thing: the Chamber will come first and my firm's business second—all year."

There's a story behind that statement.

Bert's friend and associate, E. Kemper Carter, suffered a heart attack last fall and was recovering in the St. Joseph hospital. One day Bert visited him. Kemper knew immediately that something was wrong. His partner's face showed grave concern.

Kemper asked, "What's the matter, Bert?"

"Kemp, they want me to be president of the Chamber of Commerce."

Carter relaxed. "Fine. What's wrong with that?"

"Well, you know me, Kemp. You know that when I go into something, I go all the way."

Kemper was puzzled. "I know that, Bert. I found that out long ago. What's that got to do with the job?"

"Kemp, the job will take me away from our business for a solid year. Is that fair to you and our associates?"

Kemp Carter thought a moment. How many men in this modern business world would act so unselfishly? He said, "Bert, such a change might be a good thing for you and might be helpful to the business interests of Kansas City. Go ahead, and the best of luck."

Bert accepted the presidency. In his inauguration speech, he pledged himself to "full support of slum clearance and a limited public housing program in the slum areas."

"Kansas City ought to be ashamed of its slum area," he said. "The slums and the totally inadequate financing of our public school system are foremost among the problems to which the Chamber of Commerce will

devote every effort in 1950."

The problem of school support has since been partially solved. Slum clearance has not. However, some large, Urban Redevelopment Housing projects have gotten under way since Waters assumed duties as President.

BERT'S regard for the "other fellow" and his willingness to help those who are not able to help themselves comes about in a very natural way. He grew up in an environment that constantly demanded initiative and aggressiveness. Bert had both. He held down all sorts of jobs as a boy, moving from one to another only when he had fully expanded the possibilities of the old job, and could see fuller advantages in the new one. He worked in a canning factory, delivered groceries, swept out stores, and carried spring water to Carthage, Missouri housewives for two dollars a month.

A close observer of his background sees traits in his boyish behavior akin

to those of Tom Sawyer.

When Bert was twelve, a neighborhood chum decided one day to run away from home. According to the boy, his folks no longer appreciated him. Always sympathetic to pals, Bert agreed to promote and publicize the plot. They wanted to scare the boy's parents, but actually running away was a little too fearsome. So it was decided that the boy's attic would do as a hiding place, and they would just pretend that the chum ran off. Bert sent food and water up on a string to an outside window, and the plan proceeded smoothly. Bert's publicity made a great stir in Carthage, and some people even suggested dragging the river. The boy's parents were frantic. For two days and nights the "run-away" stuck it out in the hot, dark attic, under the same roof with his distraught mother and father. Then complications arose. It became difficult for Bert to sneak food out of his house. Finally, it was a jar of canned cherries or nothing. Bert sent the cherries up on the string. The boy ate the entire quart and immediately began to suffer the consequences. That ended the escapade and also the boy's desire to run away. He decided, and Bert seconded, that a boy is pretty important to his mother and dad, and vice versa, when he has a stomach ache.

Waters still recalls these vivid stories of his boyhood days. Today, when business conversations get a little over-stimulated and tension begins to mount, Bert weaves in one of the stories in his typically dry, humorous style. Those Mark Twainish tales invariably relax everybody!



ONE of the outstanding characteristics of Bert Waters is his determination. Friends say that "once he makes up his mind to do something, it gets done."

In his youth, Bert made up his mind he would get a college education. His father, Judge Wm. H. Waters of the county court, frowned on the idea from the beginning. When Bert graduated from high school and was awarded a scholarship at Brown University, the Judge was impressed, but not swayed. Later, a friend of the Judge cautioned, "Judge, I'm afraid if Bert goes to college, he'll waste a lot of time and money."

Bert didn't get to enter Brown University because he lacked enough money for the train fare to Providence, R. I. But despite criticism, he enrolled at the University of Missouri, determined to pay his own way.

He "wasted" his time in college by becoming a top student in his class. He was elected a member of Tau Beta Pi, the engineering equivalent of Phi Beta Kappa, which is the highest scholastic honor attainable. He was also a member of Pi Kappa Alpha. As for wasting money, that problem took care of itself. There was none to waste.

At M. U. he took his degree in engineering. Recently he was given an honorary citation, *summa cum laude*, as a Knight of St. Patrick's.

Bert's roommate in school was Jim Taylor, who later became a political figure and collector of licenses in Kansas City. The other day Taylor was asked to stop at Bert's house in Drury Lane. There he was presented

with a bundle of old checks, souvenirs of Bert's money-lending days at M. U. Almost every check was made out for a dollar—a huge sum of money in those days.

"Why was it you would never give me more than a dollar at a time, Bert?" inquired Taylor. And Bert replied sagely, "That was your top credit rating."

Financial matters during those school years were important to the two men. Many times they ran out of money just when the board bill came due.

Bert remembers one novel way he had of making money. He formed a "rain insurance" company. The unfortunate Romeo who couldn't afford a "glass wagon" (covered buggy), seldom enjoyed his evening for fear that it would rain and he'd be short of enough cash to take his girl home in a glass wagon. That is, until Bert went into the rain insurance business. He charged a fee of twenty-five cents per night, and if it rained, he paid the cab fare. The business was progressing nicely until one evening a terrific rainstorm caught all of Bert's policy-holders out at once, and the company went bankrupt overnight.

Bert and Jim owned almost one decent outfit of clothes by pooling their articles of apparel. Once, Taylor was dressed and ready to leave on a social engagement. He was wearing Bert's striped trousers and another roommate's coat. At the last minute it was discovered that the only clean socks available had white polka dots. Taylor was delayed only for a few minutes while the resourceful Waters

and the roommate dyed the white dots with black ink!

IN COLLEGE Bert made up his mind to be a surveyor. He dropped out of school twice to practice his skill and also make a little money surveying on the Mississippi, Tennessee, and Missouri rivers. Today, he considers that practical experience an important part of his college education.

After graduation, he acquired a job on the Panama Canal. There he gained invaluable experience along with one hundred thousand men by participating in a great engineering feat. During his first, long vacation he returned to his home town of Carthage. One person who was on hand to greet him warmly was Maude Thompson, later to become Mrs. Waters.

When he and she were ten years old, Maude had played the piano and sung for Bert. It was then that Bert made up his mind to marry Maude—and even at that age, his determination was a driving force of his personality. About ten years after they were married, two post cards came to the Carthage post office, post-marked the “North Pole.” One was addressed to Mrs. Albert R. Waters, and the other to Albert R. Waters, Jr. The postmaster called Bert’s brother on the phone. “I got a couple of crazy post cards down here for Bert’s wife and son,” he said.

“What’s crazy about that?” asked Bert’s brother.

“Why, they were postmarked long before Bert and Maude were married. I don’t understand.”

Neither did Bert’s brother understand, so Bert was compelled to confess. Capt. Roald Amundsen, Arctic explorer, partially financed his trip to the North Pole in 1913 by selling post cards for a dollar each. When he reached his destination, the cards were to be postmarked “North Pole—from the good ship Fram,” and mailed. Bert’s cards reached home almost twelve years later! Another side of his character had been revealed—his self confidence!

Bert and Maude Waters will have been married thirty-six years June 8th. Such a long, happy marriage has proved that Maude’s father erred when he told her in 1912:

“Bert’s a nice boy, and I like him. But he’s a dreamer! He’ll never pay the bills.”

The Chamber of Commerce head has another important role—as grandfather! His daughter, Mrs. John W. Hoffman, has two children, Johnny W., III, and Margaret. The boy is ten, the little girl, three. Bert tries hard not to spoil them, but according to their mother, his affection wins out in the end. He uses the “dollar matching” system with them. When they want something badly enough to work and pay for it, he puts in a dollar for every one of theirs. This gives the children an incentive to work for what they want, and thereby learn the value of money.

In the class of 1912 at M. U., Carter was a classmate of Bert’s. Kemper started up a business in Kansas City where he became an authority on oils and asphalts. Bert was a skillful designer and engineer of reinforced con-

(Continued on Page 310)



★ LANDLORD of Outer Space ★

For sale: attractive suburban lots; cheap; large; 10,000 miles up.

by IRV LEIBERMAN

EARLY this year, 74 envelopes, each addressed to "The Honorable Secretary of State" of 74 different nations were dumped into a Chicago mailbox. Within the envelopes was the announcement that a new nation had been formed and was asking for recognition. The intruder into world politics was a thing called Nation of Celestial Space, the brainchild and property of a Chicago publicity man and industrial designer, James T. Mangan.

The idea of a nation encompassing all of outer space smote Mangan a little more than a year ago when he and Ernest Eckland, his partner, were idly talking about "stuff."

Eckland pointed out the window and remarked that there was "plenty of stuff out there." That did it. On the stroke of midnight, December 20, 1948, Mangan declared the Nation of Celestial Space into existence. Then he carefully waited nine minutes for earth to vacate the space it had occupied and also seized that. Mangan explains this by saying, "I felt that

the new state should have an absolutely flawless territory to start with."

A well-known printing type designer, Robert Hunter Middleton, was hurriedly pressed into service to letter a declaration written and signed by Mangan as "First Representative" of the new nation. To insure its legality, Mangan recorded the declaration with the Cook County, Illinois, Recorder—who agreed to accept it only after a frantic and embarrassed consultation with the State Attorney.

Right now Mangan is more determined than ever, but quite bitter about people's reactions. "They are interested to an over-degree," he complains, "but their interest is completely unintelligent. Only my wife, my son and my new partner see the depth of it. This is a new, bold, immodest idea."

He is also disappointed because none of the 74 different Secretaries of State has so much as acknowledged his request for recognition. To get around this snub, he has applied to the United Nations for a place in that body. They seem to be ignoring him, too. Despite

this, Mangan insists that "before I die, I'll get at least one nation to recognize me." At the present time, Mangan is 52 years old.

Undaunted, he has announced that eventually he will sell chunks of space the size of the earth for a dollar apiece. Although he refuses to sell any of his territory yet, already he has received 800 applications for space lots.

He feels the impetus for this came from a government official's recent announcement of a project to build a space station far above earth. Incidentally, it may come as a severe shock to the official and all the generals and admirals to discover their project is a direct violation of the territorial integrity of the Nation of Celestial Space. Mangan also lists as "trespassers" radio, television and wireless—all of whom are "violating the law right now."

Mangan intends to be very strict with space ships and space stations which he feels will be actualities in 20 years and, if unchecked, will be zooming all over his nation. He has flatly declared that under no conditions does he want his space violated by any kind of war craft. If they come near it, he threatens, they will be treated as trespassers.

Before Mangan sells space lots he wants to draft a constitution, and before he can do that he wants to get a good definition of space. He says that the most widely used phrase—"it undulates"—is inadequate. He leans to his own definition, "Space is the great servant of the Universe . . . it is a great muscle loaded with magnetism."

Mangan has very definite ideas of what kind of a country Celestial Space will be. He says the new nation will not be a democracy, "as I don't like voting." There will be no taxes because, "I don't like taxes." It will have no citizens, only Participants—people who buy a dollar's worth of space. The rights of Participants are limited to "suggestion rights or thinking rights," nothing more. Mangan is inclined to view his country as a kind of intellectual tyranny, but he thinks it will be very popular.

In addition to the revenue that will come from the sale of space, he is toying with the idea of issuing stamps and selling them to collectors. He is influenced in this by the example of Lichtenstein, a small country in Europe that derives a large part of its national income from the sale of the incredible number of stamps it puts out. Mangan is now trying to persuade some small United States town to change its name to Celestia and act as headquarters and post office for his nation.

An obstacle to Mangan's claim to all outer space may come from land owners who feel that they own the land below them and the air above. That concept has been breached time and again by airlines and the Civil Aeronautics Authority, which maintain that the air is free.

But even if people's property rights extend straight up and down, he believes it is not too important. He points out that space is curved, and once you leave the limits of the earth the distance between the boundary lines grows more and more huge. The concept of owning property upward and

downward "is the biggest oversight in history."

Mangan also believes that Celestial Space will serve as a bulwark of international peace. "Look at it philosophically," he says. "If you yourself owned something 8,000 miles in diameter and 25,000 miles in circumference, you might realize that war is something to be laughed at. My nation

might even give people enough bigness of thinking, enough bigness of disdain, to make them feel international squabbles are petty."

To make certain his nation doesn't go astray, Mangan is about to change his will and leave all his property rights to his children. He is sure they will carry on the struggle after he leaves this planet forever.

The Forgotten State

REMEMBERED only occasionally by historians and used chiefly as documentary links bridging one period of the Revolution, are the records of Franklin, the forgotten state of the United States.

It is spelled both *Franklin* and *Franklan* in its official papers which are locked deep in the archives in Washington. The state lived only three years after its founding in 1785, but it might have become one of the 48. Instead, it is now a part of Tennessee.

Franklin began as the Watauga Association before the Revolutionary War, when settlers on the Watauga River set up a community governed by codified laws signed by every male member of the organization. The members were mostly immigrants who moved from North Carolina in objection to the tyranny of the royal governors.

At that time, the territory claimed by North Carolina included all of what is now Tennessee.

After the war, the Watauga Association held conventions at Jonesboro on August 23 and December 14, 1784, with the express purpose of forming a separate state government.

John Sevier, one of the instigators of the mountain commonwealth, was elected governor unanimously. The Legislature began its sessions in 1785, marking the legal inception of the state.

However, North Carolina objected, and a sharp political battle followed. At one time, it looked like an actual civil war might break out, but the dispute was settled peaceably by ballots. The North Carolina party won, and Franklin's statehood died in 1788. Sevier was admitted to the North Carolina Senate to represent his citizens.

A year later, North Carolina ceded the area of Franklin to the Federal government, and, in 1790, the Territory of Tennessee was organized to include it. Tennessee became a state in 1796. Franklin already was on its way to being forgotten.

Supposedly of Moorish descent, the original Franklanders called themselves *Malungeons*. Their life was one of isolation, and they enjoyed being self-dependent. They were free men who claimed their name from the African word *Malungo*, which means "comrade, mate or companion."

Some of their descendants, who probably, too, have forgotten Franklin, still live in the East Tennessee mountains.



A misunderstood wife is one who telephones her husband to bring home a bottle of lacquer.

Superstitions of Sport

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE to get Vic Raschi, big New York Yankee star, to pose for a picture on the day he is to pitch. And Joe Wilman, one of the nation's best bowlers, is unable to maintain his form unless he's chewing a wad of gum. Willie Hoppe, king in the three-cushion billiard circles, has been using the same cue butt for more than 40 years.

Those are just three of the pet superstitions that are so much a part of the American sports scene. Hundreds of individuals and teams in a score of different sports have their favorite ways of avoiding a jinx and getting Lady Luck on their side.

George Kell, Detroit Tiger third baseman and the leading bitter in the American League in 1949, uses the same weight bat as long as he is hitting the ball squarely. And Clint Hartung, pitcher-outfielder of the New York Giants, is like Raschi; he will not be interviewed or photographed on the day he is to take the mound. It's only courting bad luck, he maintains.

Boxers are perhaps more superstitious than most of their athletic brethren, for nearly every fighter in the country has his own notion of how to eliminate bad luck.

Jersey Joe Wolcott, for example, will not enter a ring, even for a workout, unless a four-leaf clover encased in a tiny cellophane envelope is placed in each of his boxing gloves.

Johnny Dundee always chewed on a match stick before a fight and it was the duty of one of his seconds to keep him supplied.

A dish of black-eyed peas is regarded lucky by Joe Louis, who insisted on a serving of them on the day of a fight. The former heavyweight champ's great record suggests that peas are indeed a good luck charm—for him, at least.

Old John L. Sullivan had a favorite corner and never would he enter the ring before his opponent.

Football has its superstitions, too. Ray Morrison, coach at Temple University, never attends a practice session without wearing a battered gray felt hat that is at least 16 years old; while Frank Leahy, coach of mighty Notre Dame, always skips a prediction on the Fighting Irish when making his weekly football forecast for a newspaper syndicate.

Hockey star Max Bentley, of the Chicago Blackhawks, tapes his hockey stick in the same manner before every game, working from the heel of the stick up to the handle. And Goalie Frank Brimsek, regarded as the best in the National Hockey League, always leads the Boston Bruins onto the ice and takes the first shot in net practice.

The midshipmen of the United States Naval Academy are also a superstitious lot, practicing the same ritual before every football game. At Annapolis, the future admirals toss pennies at the statue of Ol' Tecumseh in hopes of wooing Lady Luck. And on their way to a game, the Navy players lower the Pullman car shades when passing through Baltimore. It hasn't helped the Middies lately, but they keep it up just the same.

It is axiomatic in sporting circles that a team is bound to win if it adheres to superstition and scores the greater number of points.—C. J. Papara.



Usage makes the language. It has always been that way. When someone complained to Victor Hugo that something he had written "wasn't French," he replied, "It is now."

GOLD Is Where You Find It

In the center of a city or the bottom of a lake, you've a chance to strike it rich!

by EDWARD W. LUDWIG

WEARILY, two prospectors entered a Nevada ghost town. A shrill wind swept down from the mountains, whipping little whirlpools of dust into their grizzled features and hurling tumbleweeds down the hot, dusty street.

Here and there a broken-paned window rattled or a door creaked on rusted hinges, but nowhere was there a sign of life. The town had been constructed by miners during the Gold Rush of '49. A few years later when the mines were emptied, the miners left. The once-prosperous community became a ghost town.

"Three months," sighed one of the prospectors, "three months of searching and not a single nugget, not a single ounce of gold."

The other didn't answer. He was staring intently at a weather-beaten

sign, "Assayer's Office," that was still attached to one of the crumbling buildings. At last he murmured, "A lot of gold was weighed in there. I've got an idea. It may seem silly, but . . ."

They entered the building and wrenched off the boards of the rotting floor. The dirt beneath the building, they discovered, held a high portion of gold dust which, during the days of the town's prosperity, had slipped particle by particle through cracks in the floor. They left the ghost town richer by several thousand dollars.

Contrary to popular opinion, much of the gold in the West has never been touched. As in the case of the Nevada ghost town, early-day miners were careless in the handling and mining of gold. They lived in a state of almost continuous excitement, and

many abandoned their well-paying mines in the hope of finding even more profitable diggings. Also, lack of training prevented them from recognizing gold in its cruder forms. Only high-grade ores were saved. The rest were discarded.

Today, many of these old mines are still being worked. Modern methods have increased efficiency, and with the price of gold at its highest in history, even discarded ores can be worked profitably.

MAN'S search for gold began long before the Days of '49. In Exodus, we are told how the Hebrew men and women, leaving Egypt, "brought bracelets and earrings, and rings and tablets, all jewels of gold; and every man that offered, offered an offering of gold unto the Lord." And King Solomon once traded 20 cities to Hiram, king of Tyre, for cedar and fir and 120 talents of gold, each talent weighing between 110 and 114 pounds.

From 1492 to the present, approximately a billion and a half ounces have been mined, more than half of which has been produced in the last 40 years. But if all this were gathered together, it would make only a 60-foot cube.

Most miners today work on the theory that gold is everywhere. A prospector near Dutch Flat, California, was washing his hands in a stream when he spied a large shiny stone. The stone proved to be a nugget worth over \$12,000.

Near Sacramento, California, not far from the spot where John Marshall first discovered gold in 1848,

two college students took literally the advice that gold might be in their own backyards. They panned the soil in their yards, and while they didn't discover enough gold dust to justify opening a mine, they did find enough to pay for their college textbooks.

In case you feel adventurous, you might wish to search for a lost mine. Along the border between the United States and Mexico are some of the richest lost mines in the world, waiting to be rediscovered. These were once owned by wealthy Spanish families who mined them only when they were in need of money, making no attempt to remove all the gold. The families died or were overthrown, and their mines were forgotten. Prospectors still look for them and—occasionally—find them. But it would be wise to think twice before setting out on an expedition. Your chances of stumbling on such a mine, say the experts, are about one in two thousand.

Probably the greatest source of gold is ordinary sea water which, besides small traces of gold, contains salt, aluminum, bromine, iron, strontium, iodine, silver, and copper. Near Wilmington, North Carolina, a plant has extracted bromine in considerable quantities. It is possible that in the future gold, too, may be extracted.

It is estimated that there is one grain of gold to a ton of water. If all this could be obtained to sell for \$35 an ounce, it would be worth thirty-five quadrillion dollars—or, if you prefer to look at zeros, \$35,000,000,000,000,000!

Near Fairplay, Colorado, at an elevation of 11,000 feet, a 2,500-ton steel boat is moving slowly across a

tiny lake by digging out the earth ahead of it, and filling in the lake behind it. This weird monster-like boat is not manned by seamen, but by a crew of 24 gold miners.

Every cubic yard of earth scooped up ahead is screened and "panned" through sluices inside the boat, just as the old-time prospectors in the area used to pan it in mountain streams. Waste dirt and gravel is disposed from the back end, the stern.

Some weeks the take is enough to clear expenses. Other weeks it is not. Working 24 hours around the clock, in a single week this dredge boat eats its way through three-fifths of an acre to a depth of 40 feet in gold-bearing glacial deposit. To operate its 800 h.p. motor generator, the dredge uses over a half-million kilowatt hours of electricity every month. This is enough electricity to meet the domestic requirements of the nearby metropolis of Denver for nearly two weeks, and more than enough to supply its home town, Fairplay, for three years!

The ore-bearing deposit the boat is digging comes from a glacier which formed in Horseshoe mountain on the continental divide. As the river of ice moved down from the mountain, it cut away other mountains, grinding up a mother lode of gold. This with the other rock in the area was pulverized into sand and mixed with jagged gravel. When the glacier melted, it left a "terminal moraine deposit" bearing free gold.

While it is in operation, the dredge screeches, screams, and wails like a banshee as rocks scrape against steel.

The noise can be heard for miles up and down the valley. Two women tourists travelling a nearby highway one night heard these weird noises and looking across the flat land, saw what appeared to be a well-lit building. They speeded into town and made an emergency report to the sheriff. "You'd better get out to that roadhouse as fast as you can. The way those women are screaming, there's sure to be someone killed."

Special heavy steel cables made by Jones & Laughlin are used to operate the dredging ladder and winch the boat into position on its own, ever-moving lake. It's a complicated way to mine gold, but it pays off.

MANY miners have used ingenious tricks to find gold. At Gold Run, Nevada, in the old days, Chinese miners made quite a sum simply by washing their socks each night. As gold-bearing ore was washed down long, trough-like sluice boxes, the gold would sink to the bottom. The Chinese fastened their socks to the lips of these boxes, and the gold sank into them while the mud was



washed on. The metal was recovered by washing out the socks in a pan of clear water.

The famed Western writer, Bret Harte, performed a unique trick of mining gold in the very center of San Francisco. He owned the mining rights to the roof of a building which was near the United States Mint. Large quantities of gold were smelted in the mint, and the wind often carried fumes from its chimney toward Harte's building. The fumes, in turn, carried tiny particles of gold which were deposited upon the roof. Harte's

mining equipment consisted of a broom, with which he swept up the gold dust.

Although men have long searched for gold, it is perhaps well to remember a scene from Defoe's great classic, *Robinson Crusoe*. The lonely sailor brought countless gold coins from his wrecked ship. He stood looking at them, sadly, for he could neither eat them nor wear them. They were worthless.

"I would give them all," he said, "for a handful of beans and a bottle of ink."

The Cracked Knee

"WHAT a shame!" remarked the woman viewing Michelangelo's statue of Moses. "The knee is cracked."

"Perhaps it was done at some time when the statue was moved," answered her companion.

The first woman clucked her tongue. "Something ought to be done about taking better care of such masterpieces," she said earnestly.

That, of course, is always a good policy, but the damage in the statue of Moses was not inflicted by workmen. It was done by Michelangelo himself.

One day, when the master sculptor entered the room where the statue was placed, it appeared so lifelike to him that he walked to it, tapped it on the knee with a hammer and said, "Speak to me."

It was that hammer blow which cracked the knee.



An expert cook, the mother had spent hours in the kitchen preparing a dinner that was a gourmet's nightmare. The biscuits tasted of baking powder, the mashed potatoes were lumpy, and no amount of apologizing could make up for the coffee or pie.

"Never in my life have I fussed so much in order to have a meal exactly right," commented the lady of the house after her newly married son and his wife left. "There goes one bride whose husband will never rave about his mother's cooking. He wouldn't dare — now that I've made a liar out of him." She winked at the rest of the guests. "And now that they've gone, would anyone care for some real coffee and pie?"—*Your Life*.



The way some motorists drive, you'd think they didn't have a minute to live, and some of them don't.



A farmer put up this sign at the entrance to his pasture, "Hunters, please don't shoot anything on my place that isn't moving. It might be my new hired man."

Big Jim was partial to just three things—money, money, money . . .

The Fabulous

FISK



by CHALMERS H. MARQUIS

HAVE you ever wanted to make ten million dollars in one month, and spend it the next? Or own a railroad, a fleet of ships, an opera house, and all the gold in the United States? Fabulous Jim Fisk did all these things and more.

It was Friday, September 24, 1869. Wall Street brokers today remember it as "Black Friday." People woke up that morning to find that Big Jim Fisk and his partners owned all the gold there was in the whole country, except what the United States Treasury had buried. Thousands of ruined men roamed the streets as businesses stopped from coast to coast. Fabulous Fisk had cornered the gold market! Jim Fisk had title to 110 million dollars worth of gold. He was going to make a

real killing. But President Grant interfered to save everyone else from ruin, and released a lot of Treasury gold. That spoiled the plan, and Jim Fisk made only one million dollars profit.

His home was New York's Wall street. He was unknown in 1865, and murdered in 1872 when he was only 39 years old. But in the few years between, he earned well his title of the richest, wildest show-off ever to hog America's spotlight.

He was Fabulous Fisk. When he wanted to hear an opera, he bought a New York opera house. One of his ideas of art was to use three different stars for the same part in the same performance: one in each act. And he never used the same chorus girls two nights in a row. If there

was a blonde chorus one night, there'd be a brunette chorus the next.

Jim wanted to be an admiral. So he bought a fleet of ships which carried passengers up and down the Atlantic coast. Every day he'd put on his admiral's uniform and stand around yelling phony orders. The crowds could see it was Admiral Fisk. But he never left the harbor; a boat took him back to New York as soon as he was out of sight of the docks.

Of course Jim thought it would be nice to be a colonel, too. The Ninth Regiment of the New York State Militia needed some money, so Jim became colonel of the Ninth. He would march at the head of parades, meet visiting dignitaries, and look important. But one day New York's Irish were trying to stop a pro-British parade. The Ninth heard the call to arms, and it turned out to be a real fight. Colonel Fisk was chased far out of battle with a sprained ankle, and several hundred fighting-mad Irishmen after him. The militia and Jim didn't see much of each other after that.

Jim looked like anybody's butcher: big, fat, with tight blond curls. Son of a Vermont innkeeper, Jim Fisk quickly learned to make money. First he sold hardware to Vermont farmers. One day he saw a circus and decided that there was the place to learn showmanship, so he started traveling with the show.

Then came the Civil War. While everyone was marching off to battle, Jim sat down and thought for a while. Finally he told his friends,

"You know, somebody's going to make a lot of money in this war, and it might as well be me."

He sneaked behind Confederate lines and bought cotton that was selling for 12 cents a pound down South, and sold it to cotton-hungry New England mills for two dollars a pound.

Jim had another million-dollar idea. Confederate bonds were in great demand in England, even as the South was crumbling. When the Confederacy surrendered, Jim sent a man to England on a fast ship, getting him there five days before anyone else in England had gotten news of the war's end. Jim's man had orders to sell all the Confederate bonds he could, promising delivery in five days. Sure enough, Confederate bonds were lying in the gutters when news of the Yankee victory arrived five days later—just as Jim's agent was ready to make his deliveries. That deal alone netted Fisk five million dollars.

After the war, Jim had a crack at being a stock broker, but lost everything he had. Still only 31 years old, he teamed up with Dan Drew, Jay Gould, and the Erie Railroad. This time Jim didn't lose. The Erie in those days was just a brokers' football. Jim and his partners could make the value of Erie stocks go up or down. And playing that game is like knowing in advance which team is going to win. Another of their tricks was to issue new stock every time they needed money. That's not quite legal now, but it produced more than 23 million dollars for Jim and his friends in 1867.



"Here's today's lineup In Braille, of course!"

Of course some things weren't legal even then. But Jim didn't care. After all, anybody could be bought if the price was right. In his day, Jim owned most of the New York Legislature, the Governor, a couple of New York State judges, and the entire city government of New York. When a much-squeezed stockholder tried to protest in the courts, Jim's judge declared the angry stockholder in contempt of court, and fined him half a million dollars for his impudence.

Jim thought a lot of the Erie Railroad. So much, in fact, that he moved all its offices into his opera house. Never were offices in a more elegant setting. Ornate carvings and oriental rugs lined the rooms. Lush furniture and solid gold trimmings added to the Roman splendor.

But Jim's popularity with the people—more people knew him than knew President Grant—stemmed from more than pure show. Anyone in trouble could count on Jim for money or at least a railroad pass. Jim gave out tons of coal and food, and found jobs for Civil War veterans. He once gave a bank 40,000 dollars to keep it from closing. Shrugging his shoulders, he said, "Somebody has to do something; after all, lots of poor people have money in that bank!"

Jim was tough, though. "The only people that can hurt me are women," he used to brag. And he was right. Jim was happily married in Massachusetts. But he was just as happy with a vivacious brunette named Josie in New York. Everybody knew Josie. In fact, it was in her house that Jim entertained some of the nation's top leaders. Josie finally threw Jim over for tall, dark, and handsome Ed Stokes, one of Jim's former partners. That was too much for Jim Fisk to take lying down. After all, if he could corner the entire gold market, he should be able to corner one woman. Jim was jealous—plenty jealous. So he used the tactics he knew best: trumped-up legal procedure. It looked like Jim would win again. He charged Stokes with blackmail, and was just about ready to get him convicted. But Stokes was tough, too. Seeing the turn things were taking, the angry Stokes trailed Jim and shot him to death in a New York hotel.

Jim Fisk was buried at the age of 39 with full military honors. He'd packed more living into his 39 years than four generations of ordinary men. Nobody ever said he was a good man through and through. But the millions who saw him go never forgot free-spending, loose-living Fabulous Jim Fisk.

▲

Nine-year-old David hurried off to Sunday School one morning before his mother inspected his wash job. So, when he sat down in the classroom, breakfast was still visible on his face.

The teacher frowned and said reprovingly, "David, you didn't wash your face. What would you say if I came to school one Sunday with egg and jam around my mouth?"

"Nothing," he retorted smugly. "Nothing at all. I'd be too polite."

COME GO MY



\$ \$ \$ \$ \$

BAIL

*Don't look down your nose;
it could happen to you!*

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

THOUGH parking too near a fire plug may be the most horrible crime you ever commit, the chances still are one in three that some time in your life you will be hauled into court on one charge or another, justified or not.

If this happens, then you may need the services of a bail bondsman. But don't get excited—many respectable folks get snarled with the law and uncomfortably face the prospect of a night or longer in the clink unless they can rustle up enough cash to effect their release and to guarantee their appearance in court when their cases are called.

In such circumstances you'll be better off if you can, through some means, supply the bond yourself. That way you avoid the payment of interest to a professional bondsman. And you may save a lot more than mere interest rate in the long run. For among these lenders there are an unsavory money-

hungry few who fatten on trouble and are not above stirring up a little pother when business is bad.

Consider the case of Harold Barton, a sober and conscientious accountant, who dropped into a tavern for a quick beer while on a business trip in a strange city.

Barton didn't know that behind the green curtain at the end of the bar a lively poker game and a relentless roulette wheel were extracting money from the suckers. Nevertheless, the police chose this moment to raid the joint, and Barton was tossed into a paddy wagon with the gamblers, and booked at the station for frequenting a gambling place.

A bored judge set his bail at \$200 and Barton trembled. He had but \$50, was due at a client's office, and a stay in jail, once it became known, would damage his business and social reputation.

"Here, bud," said a cop. "This guy can help you." And he slipped a card into Barton's perspiring fingers. The policeman, who received \$20 a week as a "runner" for a crooked bondsman, had hooked another sucker.

Barton phoned the bondsman, who came right over. "I can't call my family or friends for cash. I'd have to tell them what happened to me and the story sounds hollow," Barton complained. When he explained who he was and the job he held, the bondsman purred.

"Don't worry, Mac, you're in good hands. Just sign this paper and I'll have you out of here in five minutes."

The grateful prisoner scrawled his name on a lengthy sheet without reading it, the bondsman paid the bail, and Barton departed. Later, the charge against him was dismissed, but the bondsman gave him a bad time.

The paper Barton had signed without reading it was a promissory note for \$400—twice the amount of the bail money. Still fearing scandal, he returned to his home city, withdrew the money from his bank, and paid off the leech because of fear that the bondsman might tell the story of his arrest.

Bail suppliers usually must conform to rigid state or municipal statutes which govern their activities. Interest rates for bail bond vary, but New York state has a sliding scale rate which is followed, more or less, by many states and cities. You pay a flat five per cent for bond money up to \$1000; the interest rate is lower on bonds in excess of that.

But some areas invite finagling by their lax regulations, and, as in any business, there are a few crooks.

One prosperous Midwestern bondsman has a judge on his payroll for \$50 a week. The magistrate has his bailiff pass out the bondsman's cards

to defendants, and any rival money-lender has a tough time getting near prospective customers.

Another bondsman paid \$1000 to have his brother appointed deputy sheriff. When business is dull, the deputy becomes overly strict at enforcing the law—and finding ready customers for his bondsman brother.

Oddly enough, only 10 to 12 per cent of a bondsman's clients are hardened criminals or repeat business. While this trade is profitable, it also is extremely risky from the lender's viewpoint. "Lammisters" — bond jumpers—can cost the luckless bondsman a large wad of cash. Known criminals, pickpockets, burglars, white slavers, and narcotic peddlers can usually get bondsmen to spring them, but the interest rates jump as high as 33 per cent for bad risks.

Even at those interest rates, a seasoned criminal has to put up excellent collateral before he can get someone to go his bail.

A notorious Chicago gambler is in the chips one week and flat broke the next. He always has to keep bail bond collateral immediately available, such is the frequency of his arrests. A wearer of dental plates, he carries a valuable diamond secreted in a molar. When Mike pulls out his uppers, any bondsman will come across with \$500 to \$1000.

Most bondsmen are as honest as yourself or the man next door. Their bad reputation stems from the characters they sometimes have to do business with and from the days before strict regulations were enforced.

But should you have to deal with

one, ordinary caution is advisable. You may be unlucky enough to choose the bad apple.

Let us say that you are involved in a serious auto accident and are booked on reckless driving charges. Don't let false pride keep you from asking your friends or relatives for a bond loan, if you can't pony up the sum yourself. You may save yourself a big chunk of interest.

If you think you are a victim of false arrest, and need bond money urgently, let your employer know your difficulty. He's a good bet for

bail, because he has the finest collateral of all—your job.

Lastly, if you must do business urgently with a bondsman, be certain that you know what you are signing before you let him put up the greenbacks which permit you to walk out of the police station or courtroom. If you become involved with the law—whether for cause or if you are innocent—keep your wits and go slowly. An extra half-hour in the police station spent reading your bail agreement may save you an extra hundred bucks or so when pay day comes for the bondsman.

Versatile River

GLAMOUR girls may come and go but the Sacramento River in California needn't worry about its role in motion pictures. The Sacramento, which rises near Mt. Shasta and courses its way to San Francisco Bay, has brought many rivers of the world within driving distance of the movie capital.

The Sacramento became the Yangtze for the picture *The Good Earth*, and the good river thereby provided employment for many Chinese farmers of the area. As extras for Pearl Buck's epic, they provided the numerous crowd scenes. And they liked it.

In fact, they liked the work and the pay that went with it so well that when the Sacramento doubled for the Mississippi in the screening of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, these farmers couldn't understand why they weren't called upon to be extras again.

They came in hordes to the producers and directors and wondered why Mark Twain had been so thoughtless as to leave out parts for Chinese extras. They refused to accept the explanations of casting directors—who finally were forced to give them jobs as laborers in the scenery department.

The Sacramento again represented the Yangtze for *Shanghai Bound*, then went back to its doubling as the Mississippi when *Huckleberry Finn* and *Steamboat Round the Bend* were filmed.

In each case, with the magic of scenic backdrops, it was suitable for the various locales.

Three times the Sacramento has played itself: in *Devil's Cargo*, *The Pony Express*, and *Gold Is Where You Find It*.



A Tory candidate during the recent English election campaign was speaking when he was interrupted by a Socialist in the audience.

"Why have we the finest generation of children ever known in this country?"

A Tory heckler retorted from the back of the hall, "Because they were produced by private enterprise!"

The End of Beau Brummell

IF SOMEBODY calls you a Beau Brummell, it is a question whether you ought to feel flattered or not.

Certainly, Beau Brummell was indisputably the most fashionably dressed person in the world for more than two decades, but what an end he had!

When George Bryan Brummell was a young man, his father died and left him a considerable fortune. Brummell promptly proceeded to live sumptuously. His bachelor's apartment was the most elegant suite of rooms in all of London. His parties were attended by young blades from the leading families of Britain. He wrote poetry to noble ladies and achieved quite a reputation as a master of repartee.

But his real fame rested on his sartorial fastidiousness. The Prince of Wales was among those who had found himself attracted to the immaculate dresser. They became such good friends that the man who was later to become King of England made Beau an officer in his personal regiment of Hussars.

But Brummell had little time or use for military matters. He sometimes even forgot what outfit he was in. A life of ease, complemented by elegant dress, was the life for him.

It was this life, but perhaps more particularly this expensive dress, that was to bring about his downfall. The Prince and Brummell had a falling out. It isn't known for sure what caused it, but it is generally assumed that the Prince became jealous of his friend, whom he could never match in sartorial verve. One account has it that when Brummell criticized the cut of a new coat the Prince had purchased, the king-to-be broke down and blubbered.

When the Prince severed his relations with Brummell, a bulwark that had been protecting the handsome dandy gave way. For some time he had been living beyond his means and creditors took the break as a signal to close in on him. He escaped them by fleeing to France.

But, even though he acquired a consular job in Caens, Brummell was not satisfied with anything but the most elegant attire—and the life that went with it. Soon he was head-over-heels in debt in France, too. He finally was taken to prison.

He came out a broken man. He amused himself by giving "parties" for the leading figures of society, setting up their plates and making conversation with them, but the trouble was they really weren't there. His mind had snapped.

He became more and more indifferent to his own personal dress and care of body, finally turning into such a loathsome, uncouth creature that it was hard to get anyone to attend him, even for pay.

And so Beau Brummell, once the darling of court society, died raving mad in an asylum for the poverty-stricken.—*Harold Helfer.*



A ham radio operator in Johannesburg, South Africa, sat at his transmitter, talking to a brother ham in Australia. Suddenly, the man in Australia cut in with, "I say, go unlock your door. Your wife is outside freezing."

It was true — the lady had locked herself out, and her husband was so engrossed in his hobby that he didn't hear her calls for help. She ran to the home of a neighbor and phoned another amateur radioman who promptly got in touch with the man in Australia, who in turn relayed the message back to her husband. In a few minutes, her plea for help traveled some 15,000 miles.

A small band of brave youngsters are pioneering a brighter day for the handicapped.

They Wheel Their Way Through



College

by DEREK CARTER

ON PAPER, Harry Sharper looks a lot like any other student at the University of Illinois. What he does every day is ordinary enough. After about eight hours of classes and studying, he manages to get in a couple of hours of bowling or basketball, maybe an hour of swimming, and if there's any time left, he checks over his duties as president of his fraternity. It's just an average day for a lot of college students.

But Harry Sharper has been in a wheelchair, unable to use his legs, ever since he was wounded on an Italian beachhead in 1944!

You see, Harry is one of 18 members of the new disabled students program at the University of Illinois. None of these 18 students can get about, except by wheelchair.

In a wheelchair, it's not easy to do everything you want to do: high steps and narrow doors rule out some build-

ings from the start; icy sidewalks are hard to navigate; and you get just plain tired from depending on your arms for everything. But the University of Illinois is solving more of these problems every day; it has set up the most complete program in the United States for wheelchair students in college.

Seven of the 18 students in wheelchairs are veterans like Harry, wounded while fighting the last war. The others, including two girls, were crippled by diseases, such as polio, or are grim reminders of the nation's tragic accident toll.

Still, you can call Harry and his friends lucky. New medical discoveries make it possible for them to live a normal number of years. And now, thanks to the new Illinois program, they'll be able to enjoy living those years, with a complete college education.

It all started back in 1947, when Harry Sharper came to the Galesburg campus of the University. It was actually a wartime hospital, converted into an emergency branch college for 5,000 returning veterans. But to Harry it was perfect. All the rooms were on the ground floor, and the buildings were connected by tunnels. Harry told his friends about the college, and in 1948, 15 more wheelchair students entered. The Veterans Administration liked the idea, too. Furthermore, the VA decided to help the University set up a complete program for the disabled students.

When the branch at Galesburg closed in 1949, the wheelchair students came to the main campus of the University of Illinois at Urbana. The campus at Urbana wasn't made to order for wheelchairs, as was the converted hospital. But the University was determined to go ahead with the program. Campus carpenters swung into action to adapt the campus for wheelchairs. They built ramps to school buildings, rebuilt veterans' prefabricated housing units, and built a special gym for the group. Then the students in wheelchairs took over.

Given a new, impressive name—the Department of Corrective Therapy and Rehabilitation—the program now covers every part of the students' lives. Although the department is responsible for all its students, the wheelchairites still have to follow the same rules as all the other University students. They go to regular classes, take the same tests, and eat with the other students. The whole program is an attempt to make a severely handicapped group meet and solve real life

problems—with few punches pulled.

The most important part of the program is the physical side where Harry and his friends try to learn how to use their paralyzed arms and legs. Spurring them on is the fact they all know and fear—without constant use, even now-active parts of their bodies may become paralyzed. So far, everyone in the group has more pep and can get around more easily than he could before he entered the program.

The exercise pays off in fun, too. The boys have a sports program that would run most coaches ragged. The wheelchair athletes bowl on regular alleys. Their scores probably would make you want to trade in your bowling shoes for a pair of bedroom slippers. Scores reached the 200 mark when the students bought uniforms and set up leagues. They learned football last year, too; and now it's one of their sports mainstays.

But basketball is really their sport. Flashy uniforms highlight a team that's won nine out of ten games they've played. With extra chairs for visiting teams, they play a full schedule. On the Illinois campus, they're known as the Illini Gizz Kids, named after the famed Illini Whiz Kids. They even have their own cheerleaders. One wheelchair cheerleader won a letter last year for her efforts. The group sponsored the first national wheelchair basketball tournament two years ago, when six teams from five states competed. Ticket sales for the games net real money for the students. But they don't save much of it. Instead, they donate their dollars to the National Polio Fund. "We can't think of

a better investment," says Harry, "and we know!"

Naturally, at first a wheelchair student feels helpless and self-conscious. Playing basketball or football seems like just too much extra effort. But when he sees another wheelchair athlete running up a big score, he usually doesn't waste much time getting in on the fun. And when the boys are playing a game, their fighting spirit would make any coach happy.

What about their social life? Well, Harry Sharper says, "We couldn't be happier!" The group has founded a national fraternity, complete with Greek letters and all. They call themselves Delta Sigma Omicron, standing for Disabled Students Organization. The fraternity accounts for most of their social events. Parties, banquets, and old-fashioned picnics round out a full social bill. Extras include, for example, the sports lectures last fall given by two Midwest newspaper sports editors—both of whom are confined to wheelchairs.

Still, a university should pass along some education, too. How do the wheelchair Joe Colleges do in their studies? "Exceptionally well," say instructors. Their grades clear up any

doubts: they're all above the University average. Instructors like to have them in class, because they really want to learn. After all, going to class in a wheelchair isn't easy; and the students who do it want to get their money's worth.

But perhaps you wonder what's in the future for the wheelchair program. Well, right now in the United States, non-veterans in wheelchairs outnumber the veterans. So there'll probably always be students in wheelchairs who want to get a college education. Last fall, more than 100 disabled students applied at Illinois. Only 18 got in. But plans call for expanding the program beyond the wildest dreams of two years ago. Of course, the biggest problem for a wheelchair student is the same as yours—his budget. It costs a lot to put a wheelchair student through college. So far the Veterans Administration has been carrying the bulk of the financial load. But University officials believe the program is here to stay.

At last a practical method has been worked out to help a number of handicapped boys and girls to a full slice of life—education and all!



Mr. Brown rushed to the telephone and called the doctor.

"Doctor, Doctor, come at once!" shouted Mr. Brown. "My wife was sleeping with her mouth open, and a mouse ran into her mouth."

"I'll be there as soon as possible," said the doctor. "While you're waiting try waving a piece of cheese in front of your wife's mouth. You may be able to coax the mouse out."

But when the doctor raced into the house, Mr. Brown was waving a black bass in front of Mrs. Brown's mouth.

"Good Heavens, man!" said the doctor. "I said cheese. No mouse is going to come out for a fish."

"All right, all right," said Mr. Brown, "but first we've got to get the cat out."

Something New Under the Sun

THE BOY read the advertisement in the New York Sun and thought a moment. It asked for men, but the job was just what he—and his family—needed. It was a chance to earn money for food and clothes, the bare necessities.

The ad, in the issue of September 4, 1833, read: "To the Unemployed—A number of steady men can find employment by vending this paper. A liberal discount is allowed those who buy and sell again." This was the idea of Benjamin Day, the energetic and enterprising publisher of the Sun. It was an entirely new plan, one which would increase the circulation of the newspaper.

"Do you think he would let me sell them?" the boy asked his mother.

"I hope so," she replied. Small as the earnings might be, they would help. Every little bit counted. Tears filled the mother's eyes. She was proud of him for his desire to be of assistance.

It was a long way to the newspaper office, but the boy walked it ungrudgingly. He realized, in his honest and courageous way, that the publisher might not hire him, that the job involved responsibility and dependability not generally accredited to one of his age.

Although he was impressed by this small applicant, Benjamin Day said, "But I advertised for grown men."

"I know," answered the lad, "but I'm sure I can handle it."

"How old are you?"

"Ten," the boy replied.

Day held a hand over his mouth to hide a grin. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Barney Flaherty."

"Tell me, Barney Flaherty, why do you want this job?"

The boy swallowed. "Because we need money at home." It was an unashamed answer, one which asked for a chance, not charity.

Day was so impressed by this frankness and sincerity that he said, "All right, the job is yours."

Little Barney smiled. "Thank you. May I start right now?"

"Indeed," Day agreed. "You may take a bundle home with you."

As Barney walked from the office with several newspapers under his arm, the streets of New York heard the first cry of, "New York Sun! Get your newspaper here!"

He sold a few copies that night to his neighbors. The next day he was at a street corner. It was strange to hear a boy's voice hawking a paper. People stopped and stared at him. They listened and then bought.

Later thousands of other boys were to shout the same way, and their cries were to increase the sales of other newspapers just as Barney Flaherty helped the Sun.

Barney was America's first newsboy. Little did he realize he was setting a pattern which would grow into an American institution.



Some folks have no respect for age unless it's bottled.



Sign in a purchasing director's office: "Public opinion pollsters say eight per cent of the public has no opinion. I have never met any of these charming people."



The Case of the **UNEASY** Ghost

The will was there, all right, but what about the way?

by ROBERT SLAYMAN

THE London Society for Psychological Research devotes much time and money to the study of such psychical phenomena as house-haunting and messages from the dead. And the curious tale of a North Carolina farm family has proved to be one of the Society's more interesting cases.

On a late June night in 1925 James Pinkney Chaffin, a Davie County, North Carolina, farmer, awoke to see an apparition of his dead father standing beside the bed. Several times during recent weeks Chaffin had dreamt vividly that his father had entered his room and stood beside the bed. But this time the ghost opened the familiar black overcoat he had so often worn and told his son, "You will find my will in my overcoat pocket." Then he disappeared.

The elder Chaffin had died nearly four years before, on September 7, 1921, from injuries suffered in a fall. He left a widow and four sons. His will, dated November 16, 1905, provided that the next to the youngest

son, Marshall, should receive the farm and be sole executor of the estate. Mrs. Chaffin and the other three sons were not provided for. But they didn't contest the will because they had no valid reasons for doing so.

The morning after the visitation James was convinced that his father had returned to right a wrong of four years' standing. He was so agitated that he set out at once in search of the now important black overcoat. He discovered the coat at the home of the eldest brother, who lived about 20 miles northwest in Yadkin County. He found nothing in the inside pocket, but noticed that the lining near the pocket had been sewed. He ripped it open, and inside the lining found not the will, but a rolled piece of paper which read, "Read the 27th chapter of Genesis in my Daddie's old Bible."

Then, Chaffin anxiously persuaded a neighbor, Thomas Blackwelder, to help him search his mother's house for the Bible, which had belonged to his grandfather, the Reverend Nathan

Chaffin. After rummaging through dusty closets and storage boxes, Chaffin found the tattered Bible in an unused bureau drawer. The skeptical neighbor and three other members of the Chaffin family saw the Bible fall apart and scatter on the floor when Chaffin nervously snatched it from the drawer. The neighbor retrieved the section containing the Book of Genesis. Turning to the 27th chapter, he found two pages folded into the shape of a pocket. The pocket contained the will.

This second will was dated January 16, 1919, and provided that each of the four sons, or their children, was to share equally in the estate. It also provided that the sons were to take care of their mother for as long as she lived.

The father apparently had written the later will after reading the 27th chapter of Genesis. This chapter tells how Jacob, the younger brother, supplanted Esau, the elder brother, and won his birthright of the family property and his father's blessing. Although no one witnessed the writing of the second will, the North Carolina law provided that a will is valid if the writing can be proved to be that of the testator.

Marshall, the son who was named executor of the first will, had died only two years after his father. But, his widow and son decided to contest the second will. So the case of Chaffin vs. Chaffin was entered in the December term of the Davie County Superior Court in 1925. Curious townspeople anticipated a bitter family battle and the courtroom filled

rapidly. However, the spectators were soon disappointed.

James Chaffin had assembled ten witnesses who were prepared to testify that the handwriting on the second will was that of the dead man. However, during the noon recess on the first day Marshall's widow examined the will and admitted the handwriting to be that of her dead father-in-law. When court reconvened one of the attorneys announced that an amicable adjustment would be made and the case was dismissed.

A member of the Society for Psychological Research retained Mr. J. Johnson, an Aberdeen, North Carolina, attorney, to study the case and determine its authenticity. Johnson examined the court records, talked with the people involved, and obtained sworn statements from the witnesses.

He concluded that the facts of the case were true. The second will was genuine, and neither James nor the others had any knowledge of the second will before the visit by the apparition. Johnson believed that the dead man had planned to reveal his second will when he was on his deathbed, but was unable to because of his accidental death. After his investigation in April of 1927, Johnson said that he was "much impressed with the evident sincerity of these people, who had the appearance of honest, honorable country people, in well-to-do circumstances."

Today, 25 years after Chaffin's ghost spoke to his son, all the facts of the case tend to support James' claim of seeing and hearing his father. The return of the uneasy ghost had led to the discovery of the second will.

Lucre and the

Ladies



by LYNNE SVEC

IF YOU told the average male that women are making a dent in finance, like as not he'd reach for his pants pocket to see how the wife made out last night while he was asleep. And if you pushed the subject of women and money further, you'd unleash a barrage of opinions that plainly smack of prejudice or possibly sad experience.

For his money (just an expression) women are "empty-headed," "scatter-brained" and "weasel-witted." What's more they're "spendthrift fliberty-gibbets whose money runs through their fingers like water," and "just try to get 'em to balance a check book!"

But as any lipstick advertisement can tell you, the ladies ain't what they seem to be. For not only have women

and filthy lucre been going steady and holding hands, they've been secretly married for years.

Look at the record. According to a report by the Institute of Life Insurance, today there are 17,000,000 women bringing home the bacon, an increase of half a million over the number of women who held jobs last year. They have an edge of five years over men to make or spend money, incidentally; their life span being 70 years as compared to a man's 65 years.

Women are the beneficiaries of more than 80 per cent of all privately owned life insurance, and they inherit 70 per cent of the estates left by men and 64 per cent of those left by other women.

A Miss or Mrs. precedes the name

on more than 65 per cent of all savings accounts; upwards of 40 per cent of the titles of the country's millions of homes are in women's names; and the ladies buy 85 per cent of all consumer goods.

To top it all, they control 70 per cent of the privately held wealth of the country. Securely clutched in their dainty hands is 52 per cent of the stock in General Motors, 47 per cent of all railroad shares, and they outnumber men as holders of stock in U. S. Steel, International Harvester, A T & T, General Electric, and Du Pont. In fact, women own a lion's share of most of the 200 companies which Congress calls the "concentration of power" in the United States. Although backseat drivers up to this time, at their present position on the end of America's purse strings women are riding high, wide and handsome. The stock market is putting even bigger and better bulges in their money bags.

And there's the rub. Women in the vegetable, fruit or meat markets—that's fine and as it should be. But women in the stock market! It's enough to make some men blanch and others quake when they think of the run-ins they've had with the weaker sex.

Traditionally a man's "game," the hurly-burly of the stock market is no place for a woman—take it from certain staunch habitues of stockbrokers' board rooms and other die-hards in "the Street."

The Wall Street canyon and its counterparts throughout the United States harbor many a man, either broker or customer, who can vouch

for the foibles and idiosyncrasies of womankind.

Give him half a chance and this board room buddy will bend your ear about the "conservative" female who wanted to invest \$100,000 in a string of stocks—on one condition. Every company president had to have a beard! Furthermore, she demanded pictures to prove it. And what about Sadie Glutz, who sold every last one of her stocks in March because her astrologer told her she was in for a bad time? "What my stars say, I obey," she said. Or Mrs. Van Amm; now there was a case. She bought four shares of stock in a fine upstanding bank. And the very next day, she waltzed into the executive offices and demanded to see the president. After the usual amenities were exchanged she told the man to go on about his business. "I've looked over the establishment, and as a stockholder I like the way you do things. Keep up the good work!"

Then there's the lady who's been coming into one large brokerage office for the past four years for sound stock advice without doing a nickel's worth of business. Winter or summer, she sports a moth-eaten fur coat, a fisherman's hat and a shopping bag crammed with stocks, bonds and other business papers. Inevitably, her daughter tags along to take down everything the broker says in shorthand. It turns out that the eccentric transacts all her business from a Mid-western bank, a spot which she considers "atom bombproof."

Some women mightn't have a head for figures, but they often have the last laugh. Take Mrs. R., who got it

straight from Mrs. J. over a bridge game that "airlines would do well." Needless to say, Mrs. R. plunged right in, and bought 100 shares of Seaboard Airline, not knowing it was a railroad. Did the wiseacres have a laugh over that one! They did, that is, until just four days later, when Seaboard published a financial report showing unexpectedly favorable earnings—and the stock spurted six points!

And of course anyone who's been within earshot of a ticker these past 20 years has heard the one about that good looking widow who didn't want to invest her \$250,000 in the allotment of bond issues recommended by the broker because "they're all pinks and greens, and I wanted something in light blue." It seems the young lady was going out of mourning shortly and preferred mauve or a light shade of blue. Summarily, some bonds were found in the color of her choice. She invested her entire inheritance in them and six months later it was found that she was the only client who had invested in bonds and made any money!

Along with the times, woman's status in financial circles has changed. Yesteryear's widows and other gullible women were often taken in by wildcat stock salesmen in the hope of a 500 per cent return on their money, but they have been supplanted by mares of a different color. Women clients today, whose numbers are still heavily weighted by widows handling inherited securities, are a healthy mixture of students practicing economics (a pool of six college girls recently trebled their original investment),

society women, business and professional women, and a very few like the matron whose husband gave her \$50,000 "to see what she could do with it in the market." In general, they are not hysterical, as witness the famous stage and screen actress who calmly asked "what are they getting excited about," while men in the brokerage office beat their palms, swore and tore their hair during a bad drop in the market. One broker tells the story of the woman who totted up a fortune of \$996,000 and vowed to stop "at the million mark." Just \$4,000 short of her aim, the market turned against her and she lost all but a few investments of the slow-but-sure school.

There are yet other women who can't be pried loose from a stock for sentimental reasons. For over nine years one woman investor has clung to 500 shares of Canadian Pacific "because it's been so good to me." Or rather it was, ten years ago. On the wane are the women who don't catch the significance of what they're doing, like Mrs. C. who bought 100 shares of United Fido at 19½. When it backed down to 18 points, and the broker called to ask if she wanted to sell, she said she had changed her mind and didn't want it any more. Since it wasn't hers (to her way of thinking), "how can I sell it?" "You'd think she was returning a dress to Macy's the way she carried on," the broker recalls. Finally forced to take the loss himself by selling at the market price, the broker was slightly nettled when the lady in question called the next day to chortle over United Fido's upward turn to 25

points. Needless to say she got it straight from the broker's mouth—someone else had snapped up her "dress" bargain.

The trend, however, is progressively away from this deadly species of female, and moving in the direction of women who are businesslike, curious about the workings of finance, and willing to listen to sound financial advice. Astute lady investors are wont to shy clear of "hot tips," get-rich-quick schemes, or any well-intentioned advice from sources other than established, licensed brokerage firms, the family lawyer or banker, and the financial section of a newspaper. Without upsetting the family's financial applectart, they dip into funds clearly labeled in their minds as an "extra" investment that will afford safety of principal as well as a source of income through the years.

In the main, they don't expect to match the acumen evidenced by Hetty Green, the fabulous woman who looked and acted for all the world like a miser—(she was)—but who parlayed an inherited one million dollars into an estimated fortune of 200 millions. However, when other little girls were reading about the Three Bears, Hetty busied herself with stock and bond quotations, and she opened her own substantial bank account in New Bedford, Massachusetts, at the tender age of eight years.

Nowadays, the lady with an investment gleam in her eye is the recipient of a helping hand from many sides. Guy Downs Plunkett, professor of finance at New York University, and teacher of a woman's course on the management of personal funds, be-

lieves that "women would give men a run for their money if, from childhood up, they had to think in terms of dollars and cents instead of butter and eggs, babies and mops. All women need is some education and training, and if men talked over money matters with their wives, it



would be an investment that would pay rich dividends to both of them."

On hearing of this course, a few husbands deposited their spouses on his doorstep with the words, "Here, see what you can do with her; I've tried for 20 years and haven't made any headway." When last heard from, those ladies could explain the difference between a "bull" and a "bear" better and more simply than their husbands ever could.

Yet another link in this recent chain of financial developments was the fantastic turnout at the first of eight lectures on investments "for ladies only" conducted by the San Francisco branch of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane. At first expecting a meager dozen, or at the most 50, women students to appear, they were forced at the last minute to switch to a hall seating 550. Mem-

bers of MLPF&B are still gasping from the shock, for 250 ladies had to be turned away after 563 had been packed into the hall. Similar courses have since been offered by some 60 other Merrill Lynch offices, and more than 55,000 women have crowded in for instruction in the elementary rules of investment. The firm is in receipt of numerous requests for return engagements, and of many other pleas for advanced training.

Moreover, other brokerage houses are not lagging behind in giving women every opportunity to learn their way around the investment field. As one of the customer relations executives with Bache & Company, Miss A. Quillitz answers inquiries ranging from, "What is a stock?" to, "What were the earnings of Amalgamated Monosodium in 1928?" "Most people don't want to wade through complicated balance sheets or financial statements," she says. "They want the facts, yes; but in terms that the average person can understand." Women account executives or customers' women in a good many brokerage offices are not so few and far between as they once were, either.

Perhaps one of the biggest movements, which had its genesis at a U. S. Steel stockholders' meeting on May 5th, 1947, is the Federation of Women Shareholders in American Business, founded and currently presided over by Mrs. Wilma Soss, a petite, blonde New Yorker.

As part of her crusade to encourage women to attend their corporations' meetings, to secure representa-

tion for women in business and to keep women informed about their rights, privileges and responsibilities as stockholders, she appeared at the 48th Annual Stockholders Meeting of U. S. Steel in Hoboken, New Jersey, decked out in a long trailing skirt, a waist with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and a large purple hat with purple feathers. When her proposal to change the address of the yearly meeting place so that more stockholders could attend was overwhelmingly defeated, she stated, "My costume matches the management's thinking on stockholder relations.

"In a world where money talks, and women have the most of it, they barely have a whisper," says Mrs. Soss, with a view toward getting the six million women stockholders (and half again as many by marriage) to speak up by using their proxy votes to improve the financial status of women.

Every time she looks at a cartoon she has framed in her office, she's surer than ever that women ought to be on the march for economic suffrage. In one panel is shown an Indian squaw laden down with tepee, a passel of papooses, cooking utensils and other paraphernalia. Her brave is striding in front, manly chest stuck out, encumbered with a mere bow and arrow.

Mrs. Soss executed the other panel of the cartoon which shows modern woman laden down with a vacuum cleaner, dishwasher, pressure cooker, a coterie of kids, a typewriter and a proxy vote clutched in her hand. But what of the brave? You guessed it—up in front with the bow and arrow!



Tom Collins Says...

The money the other fellow has is capital. Getting it away from him is labor.

▲
Communism: the cause that suppresses.

▲
Seldom has so little been worn by so many, for so much.

▲
Genius is not spontaneous fire. It's the spark trail from the grindstone.

▲
Happiness is only a by-product of successful living.

▲
Honesty isn't any policy at all; it's a state of mind or it isn't honesty.

▲
According to our estimates, 87 per cent of the world's troubles dealing with human relationships are caused by people trying to run each other's lives.

▲
Ideas are like rivets. They should be driven home and clinched while hot.

▲
You usually hear about the man who hit the jackpot, but the fellows who built up the pot are unknown.

▲
Every man is an influence for good or for evil, whether he intends to be or not. A blank he cannot be.

▲
Reality is the fact that when you leave dirty dishes in the sink, they're there when you come home.

▲
Sympathy is never wasted except when you give it to yourself.

▲
Kiss: a course of procedure cunningly devised for the mutual stoppage of speech at a moment when words are superfluous.

▲
Leaders are ordinary persons with extraordinary determinations.

▲
The way some people anticipate another war, you'd think they took real pleasure in the last one.

▲
Some girls go to college seeking an M.A. degree; others are looking for an MRS.

▲
When playing canasta, a good deal depends on a good deal.



*For 800 avid American hobbyists,
there's a steamboat 'round the bend!*

by ROBERT D. SAYLES

ON the night of April 7, 1845, the steamer *Swallow* was racing the *Express* on the Hudson River, south of Albany. More than 300 passengers were aboard the trailing *Swallow*. But not to be outdistanced at a time when a speed record was something novel and exciting, the *Swallow* churned her paddle wheels faster and faster through the blinding snow storm. Suddenly the vessel lurched as it rammed into a rock and broke in two. More than 40 persons lost their lives as the *Swallow's* stern sank rapidly.

What happened to her that night more than a century ago, is still the concern of about 800 Americans. They are members of the Steamship Historical Society of America. They carry on a tireless factual research into the chronological history of practically every American steamer from the time the scaffolding for the keel is laid until every whistle, bell, or stack is accounted for after the vessel is sunk or scrapped.

In the case of the *Swallow*, the SHSA knows that certain parts of the wreckage were rescued from the river and hauled to Valatie, a town seven miles from the Hudson. There a two-story building, called *Swallow House*, was erected from the scrap.

But the members of the SHSA are not content merely with tracing the histories of steamers. Many of them are avid collectors. One member has a complete stateroom from a defunct steamer. Another collects only stateroom plans. His goal, of course, is to locate a plan for every American steamer ever built.

A more realistic member of the Society assembled his own river steamer from the parts of scrapped vessels. Perhaps the largest collection is that of the member who has 40,000 photographs, picture post cards, and drawings of steam vessels.

Even though the member who has time-tables of defunct lines back to the turn of the century probably would not trade his rare copy of a

1904 schedule between Boston and Bar Harbor for a complete stateroom, there is a great spirit of coordination of activities between members.

Members of the SHSA are in constant touch with each other. If the lone member of the Society in Yankton, South Dakota, uncovers an item of particular interest to one of the two members in Alaska, she notifies him through the *Steamboat Bill of Facts*, now the official publication of the organization. And in that way all members know of the discovery.

The magazine was founded by Jay Allen, now a professor of music at the University of Illinois. As a boy, he took frequent trips on the steamer *J. T. Morse*. "That ship was my first love, and I've followed her ever since," Allen says as he points out on his scale model a portion of the deck that was altered after a change of ownership.

Allen has published a complete history of the *J. T. Morse*. Still, he carries on a constant search for unpublished photographs, hidden news stories or other items that might reveal an unknown incident in the steamer's history.

Allen has thousands of clippings and photographs of the *Morse*, name plates, time-tables, and a life preserver. Something of the proud look of a sea captain comes to his face when he points to the steam whistle which he located after 16 years' search. The *Bar Harbor Times* for November 21, 1914, said, "The steamer *J. T. Morse* surprised the townspeople when her whistle was

heard about 12 Saturday night." In somewhat the same way Allen plans to surprise his wife some foggy morning by rigging up the whistle to a steam pipe.

"I knew the glory of the Mississippi River steamer would live forever in the works of Mark Twain," Allen will tell you, "but who was to record the equally glorious history of the coastal steamer?" Allen looked around and sent out the first call in his initial issue of the *Steamboat Bill of Facts*, which was a mimeographed affair in 1940 when it went to only 26 interested persons.

"So some of us got together and formed the Society," says Allen, a quiet man, holding the first copy of the magazine in one hand and his pipe in the other. "I am still amazed at our growth." Today the Society has members in many foreign countries, all helping to coordinate the activities of collectors and historians of power-driven vessels.

The group often takes action when some nautical item of historic value is threatened with oblivion. Such an item was the *S. S. Wolverine*, formerly the *S. S. Michigan*, which in 1944 lay rotting because of a 20 year tie-up between the Navy and the city of Erie, Pennsylvania. The Navy refused to spend one cent on maintenance because the ship was loaned to the city, and the city refused to keep it in repair because she was owned by the Navy.

The Steamship Historical Society of America thought the *S. S. Wolverine* should be preserved because she was America's oldest and first iron-hulled

warship. She was also a symbol of peace. For nearly 100 years the vessel patrolled the waters between Canada and the United States without ever firing a shot.

But the death of the *Wolverine* was probably not so spectacular as her birth. She was perhaps the only warship that ever launched herself. At the official launching the vessel became stuck part way down the ways and efforts to free her were fruitless. Old timers had predicted the failure of an "iron ship," but morning proved them wrong. The ship had freed herself and was floating upright on Lake Erie.



Although the President approved a plan to turn the vessel over to an organization that would preserve her, the bill died in the House when the 78th Congress adjourned. The Society, however, along with other interested organizations, has not abandoned efforts to preserve our oldest warship.

Membership in the SHSA ranges all the way from railroad men who became interested because railroads often owned short steamer runs, to one member who became interested because of door knobs. In 1908 when he entered his stateroom on the Great Lakes liner *Georgia* he had the feeling of opening a familiar door.

"This is odd!" he murmured, and then he recognized the same door knobs he had turned ten years before

on the steamer *State of Michigan*. Curiosity aroused, the traveler started to trace the history of the *Michigan*. He naturally became a member of the SHSA when it was organized.

The late President Roosevelt expressed a personal interest in the aims and activities of the Society and was pleased to be elected an honorary member.

Although little-publicized in the United States, the work of the Society is well-known as far away as Finland, where a woman wrote asking for information on early American ice-breakers. The material was to be used in a book her husband was compiling.

The Society cooperates with organizations such as the Library of Congress, Mariner's Museum at Newport News, Virginia, Historisch Scheepvaart Museum of Amsterdam, Smithsonian Institute, New York Historical Society, Marine Museum at Mystic, Connecticut, and the Peabody Museum at Salem, Massachusetts. Although the Society is most closely affiliated with the latter and freely uses its collections, the SHSA hopes someday to have its own museum.

A photo bank of more than 2,000 negatives is maintained by the organization. Contributing members may order a print of any listed negative. For each picture there is a code number

that can be deciphered as to contributor, angle of picture, weight and type of ship. The photo bank is being constantly enlarged and a frequent bulletin informs members of additions.

A ride on a steamer making its last run, or an inspection of some vessel of particular interest to the Society, is usually part of the schedule when scores of members cross the gangplank two or three times each year on the

East Coast for a coordination of activities.

Dinners are held, speeches by authorities on obsolete paddle wheels are heard, museums and collections are visited, items are swapped. And after two interesting days of steamer lore, who knows, the Middle Westerner who has gone to New York only for a ride on a steamer's last run, may return home with a valuable entry for a defunct log he has been tracing.

Famous People

AT A BIG dinner one evening, the late John Barrymore found himself seated opposite a man with a curious purple-and-red mottled complexion. The actor stared, fascinated.

"Tell me," he remarked to the lady on his right, "who is that gentleman over there with the Italian-sunset complexion?"

"That's my husband!" came the shocked reply.

If the lady expected John Barrymore to drop dead with embarrassment, she didn't know her man.

Grinning impishly, John exclaimed, "How fortunate! You're just the person to tell me—is he that color all over?"

▲
Pat Van Wagoner, military governor of Bavaria for several years, tells about the effect of the concept of democracy on a certain Teuton. This German rushed up to his employer and said, "Boss, democracy is wonderful . . . and all the German dumb-bells who do not believe in it should be put in concentration camps!"

▲
William Allen White, famous editor, gave to his city of Emporia, Kansas, a 50-acre wooded plot for a park and agreed for five years to beautify it under the direction of the city landscape department. In delivering the deed, he said, "This is the last kick in a fistful of dollars I am getting rid of. I have tried to teach people there are three kicks in every dollar: one when you make it—and how I do love to make a dollar; one when you have it—and I have the Yankee lust for saving. The third kick is when you give it away—and the biggest kick of all is the last one."

▲
Dean Briggs, when asked if Charles Eliot, then president of Harvard, had a sense of humor, was hard put to it. "He has," Briggs replied after a short pause, then added quietly, "but it's unreliable."

▲
Irvin S. Cobb insisted that one of the saddest announcements he had ever seen was one posted before a Negro church saying, "Next Saturday night the annual Baptist strawberry festival will be held. On account of lack of funds, prunes will be served."

Connivance, death, and heroism are tales a stamp can tell.



with a Hobby

by JACK GLOVER

THE world at your fingertips—that's what stamp collecting means to some five million people throughout the world. The late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt called his stamp collection "adventuring with a hobby." Judging from some of the tales of high adventure that surround certain of the multi-colored bits of paper, the title is an apt one. Many stamp hobbyists experience vicarious thrills from the romance which surrounds their collections.

For instance, one of Mexico's best adventure stories concerns a very common example of the philatelic art issued by the Mexican State of Chihuahua during the turbulent 1900's. Some of the stamps of this issue have a "smear" cancellation across their faces which is either a dull reddish brown or a crusty black.

In the cancellation lies the story. It seems that the governor of Chihuahua decided to dispense with the

services of the Mexican federal government and secede from the Union. He announced his intention and began to print money and issue his own postage stamps. This displeased the president considerably, so he ordered federal troops to subdue the insurrection, taking suitable means to make the demise of the rebel a deterrent to other Mexican governors.

The troops were successful in capturing the errant governor right in his private printing plant. With a display of macabre humor, the commanding general ordered the governor shot and his life's blood used to pre-cancel the stamps that were then pouring out of the presses. The stamps were sold to the Mexican public as an ever-present reminder of what happens when a governor rebels against his president.

The United States also has a number of stamps that whisper of adventure, romance, and even skullduggery,

as exemplified in the case of the ten-cent "wreath," so-called because of a winding vine that encircles the central portrait. A 1914 issue of this stamp in a good used condition is worth about 19 cents. However, there's an odd variety of it with an ink smear in the corner that is a valuable rarity.

The story of the "Fake Wreath" starts in a tiny drugstore in Berkeley, California. This store had a post office in the rear, as was common in the early 1920's. But although the sub-station did a terrific post office business, it hardly ever sold a ten-cent stamp, which made it a subject of speculation at the Central Post Office Accounting Desk.

In the Postal Department, whenever anything happens that shouldn't, or doesn't happen that should, an inspector is assigned to look into the matter. This was done in the "Case of the Low Ten-Cent Sale."

A postal inspector visited the store. He audited the inventory and checked and re-checked the stamp sales. He couldn't find anything wrong. To the inspector it seemed there could be only one plausible explanation: whenever the customer called for a ten-cent stamp, the postmaster must be selling two five's, or five two's.

But the inspector was a thorough worker, so in order to check this story of substitution, he had another agent go into the store to purchase ten-cent stamps. Lo! He received ten-cent stamps! Thoughtfully, the two investigators sat down in front of the drugstore to try to reason the thing out. The inspector thumbed absently through the ten-cent stamps he held

in his hand. Suddenly he noticed that his thumb had ink on it, and that the edges of all the stamps were smeared.

It was as simple as that. The drugstore owner had been printing his own ten-cent stamps. When word got out, collectors hastened to run a dampened finger through their collection of ten-cent wreaths to see if the ink smeared on any of them. If they found one where it did, they gave that stamp a place of distinction in their albums.

Stamps mean independence, and herald the emergence of a new country.

The first act of the new state of Israel was to create a postal department. However, they found out that they didn't have any stamps, so they borrowed some from the English post office, and overprinted them with the name of Israel. The following day, the new printed postals of Israel were on sale, indicating the birth of a new nation and its entry into world commerce.

Stamps sometimes indicate death, too. Prior to World War II, stamps of the Chinese Republic were in the common small denominations, not unusual from our own one's and two's. But after the war, the Republic of China began collapsing economically. The Chinese post office department had to change stamp values to conform to the inflation spiral. Consequently it was necessary to overprint common three-cent stamps with figures representing as much as \$75 in American terms, although the American value of the stamp was still three cents. Collectors of the Far Eastern varieties now have page after

page devoted to overprinted Chinese stamps with astronomical figures on them.

Every financial change forces a change in stamp valuation. When England recently devaluated its pound, it forgot that it also had to change the value of its postage to compensate for the various charges by countries with which it enjoys uniform postal rates. Stamp collectors are rapidly readying pages to hold the new varieties of stamps necessary to complete the adjustment.

The latest American stamp to carry a tale of adventure and heroism is a special three-center which depicts the death of four chaplains aboard the torpedoed ship *Dorchester*.

Looking closely at the stamp you can easily recall the story.

On February 3, 1943, Chaplains George L. Fox and Clark V. Poling, Protestant; John P. Washington, Catholic; and Alexander D. Goode, Jewish, gave up their life preservers to soldiers on the stricken transport. Then these four men of different faiths joined hands, and—each intoning his own prayers—stood resolute until the waters swallowed them.

So if you have the idea that stamp collecting is a prosaic pastime, take a look at any stamp handy and think of the history behind it. In that little slip of colored paper is a story of high adventure.

▲

He went to the headquarters of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and announced his desire to join, in memory of a pigeon who had saved his life.

"Very well, sir, but tell me, at least, how your life was saved by a pigeon."

"That was simple enough. I was practically dying of hunger. The pigeon came along and I ate it."

▲

A Pueblo delegate to the recent National Congress of American Indians, at Denver, was eating lunch with another delegate when the restaurant proprietor became extremely inquisitive.

He asked many questions about Indians, some personal, some otherwise. The delegates offered no information, but the questions came just the same. After the food was brought the curious one redoubled his efforts, and then one of the Indians decided to talk. He turned to the proprietor and quietly declared, "First, white man take Indian's land! Next, white man take Indian's water. Now, white man take Indian's appetite!"

▲

Harp: a piano in the nude.

▲

Beauty shop: where men are rare and women are well done.

▲

A close-fisted farmer supplied to a local house three dozen eggs every week. One week he found that he had accidentally sent one egg too many. Determined not to lose on the deal, he called at the house. "Mr. Smith," he said, "I sent along one egg over three dozen this week."

"Surely you're not going to worry over a little thing like that," Mr. Smith said. "Let's settle it with a drink. What will you have?"

"Eggnog!"



Platter Chatter . . .

THE current lull at ballroom box offices has been blamed on everything from the war to the 20 per cent amusement tax. But according to many men in the music business, the responsibility should be nailed on the bands themselves. During our recent conversation with Erskine Hawkins, he remarked, "Unless the band-leaders themselves join in the present campaign to revive interest in dance music, they'll find themselves with empty schedules and empty pockets." We agreed wholeheartedly as he added, "When dance halls begin to echo with danceable music again, they'll begin to prosper." We remember that Ralph Flanagan, Dick Jurgens and a few others had that very idea several years ago. Today, they are influential in putting danceable rhythms into circulation. It's paying off, too. With his new band only six months old, Flanagan is booked up completely. Other band leaders are following suit—revamping and rearranging to give forth with music styled to please couples on the dance floor. If this trend continues, things will be looking up in the music business. The paying customers will love the smooth rhythms, the bands will make profits—and every-

body will be happy! . . . Here's some musical news from here and there . . . Benny Goodman's forthcoming European tour will extend through June . . . Guy Lombardo's recording of *Enjoy Yourself* has reached the 500,000 mark in sales . . . Jane Pickens finally has selected the six young men, all over six feet tall, who will accompany her on a tour coming up soon. They'll travel under the title, "Jane Pickens and her Excourtiers" . . . Bob Crosby was signed recently by Coral Records to revive his two-beat Bobcats . . . Charlie Ventura is rehearsing a new 17-piece band . . . Gene Krupa and Frankie Carle have been added to Victor's "Here Come the Dance Bands Again" series . . . That *Timtayshun* feller—Red Ingle—is reorganizing his small novelty crew . . . Three major disc companies are bidding for Ken Griffin, the *You Can't Be True Dear* organist . . . Danny Kaye has been signed for the leading role in the new Fox picture *On the Riviera* . . . Patti Page, Mercury recording star, is booked into the Roxy Theatre . . . New York University has a jazz history course in the curriculum. Guest lecturers include Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Eddie Condon, Benny Goodman and many other famous musical names . . . *The Third Man*

Theme has been traced to *Inka-Dinka-Doo* and the opening of the *Floradora Sextette* . . . Xavier Cugat accepted a \$32,000 home in Montevideo, Uruguay, instead of cash payment for his performance there recently.

Betcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . that Al Jolson's first commercial recording was on the Victor label in 1910 and was titled *Brass Band Ephraim Jones*. Jolson will celebrate his 64th birthday on May 26 . . . Ella Fitzgerald had an important anniversary in April—the end of her 17th successful year in show business. She got her start in an amateur contest at New York's Apollo Theatre.

Highly Recommended . . .

DECCA 24958—Ella Fitzgerald. *Solid as a Rock with Sugarfoot Rag*. Although it's Ella's 17th year in the music business, this latest platter finds her in fine voice. Singing easily, she rocks through the first side in solid rhythm. The flip appears to be a tune headed for hit ratings, and Ella's is one of the top arrangements. She is supported by a hand-picked group of musicians who back her capably but are definitely in the background to Ella's singing. This is a choice recording for swing fans.

COLUMBIA 38740—Eddy Duchin and his orchestra. *Let's Go West Again* and *I Never Knew I Loved You (Till I Lost You)*. Duchin is back on record with a distinctive pairing for Columbia. Tommy Mercer gives a smooth vocal rendition of the lyrics, but the brilliant Duchin piano styling dominates throughout. For Duchin collectors this is a must!

DECCA 24904—Russ Morgan and his orchestra. *Copper Canyon* plus *Sentimental Me*. Two wonderful sides of "music in the Morgan manner" are well worth the money. The *Canyon* side is reminiscent of *Buttons and Bows*, a Western hoe-down type that the public likes. The reverse is a beautiful ballad everyone will soon be humming. In this sentimental version by Morgan, vocals are handled by the maestro, himself, and the Morganaires.

COLUMBIA 38768—Harry James and his orchestra. *La Vie en Rose* with *Mona Lisa*. Harry James is on his way to win

back the masses; and his recent releases, including this one, merit increased popularity. The first side is a Continental-flavored number with exciting James trumpet work and top vocal by Dick Williams. You'll recognize the back as the tune from *Captain Carey, U. S. A.* This features another pleasing Dick Williams vocal. Try dancing to these!

VICTOR 20-3680—Sammy Kaye and his orchestra. *Wanderin' plus The Bicycle Song*. It's swing and sway with Sammy Kaye on this double feature for sure!

CAPITOL 959—Gordon MacRae with Paul Weston and his orchestra. *River of Smoke* and *This Is Heaven to Me*. Mr. MacRae, one of Capitol's most prized crooners, is up to his usual standard in this fine coupling. As the title hints, *River of Smoke* is a melody with an industrial background. Gordon puts plenty of zest into this bouncy number. The flip is one of those beautiful, dreamy ballads that have been hard to find lately. Gordon's rich baritone lends brilliance to the enchanting melody. You can't beat this for crooning!

VICTOR 20-3722—The Three Suns. *Blue Prelude* and *I May Hate Myself in the Morning*. Here are those three entertaining "suns" of Victor with a moody interpretation of the famed *Blue Prelude*. A clever blending of organ, accordion and guitar produces a haunting effect. The underside will brighten your blue mood with a catchy melody sung by the Honeydreamers. This pair provides an interesting contrast for variety lovers.

MERCURY 5396—Patti Page with D'Artega's orchestra. *I'm Gonna Paper All My Walls with Love Letters* plus *I Don't Care if the Sun Don't Shine*. The Dixieland rage has struck again. Hence this platter with strictly two-beat Dixie on both sides. The *Wallpaper* tune finds Patti telling her Romeo that she's tired of sweet words and no action. The backside is a happy-go-lucky, foot-tapping song convincingly sung by Miss Page. The combination makes a solid, rhythmic record designed to move!

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, Kansas City, Missouri, VI. 9430.

MAN OF THE MONTH (Continued)
crete. The two types of construction were in demand. Carter saw Waters on a downtown street corner one day and said:

"Bert, you and I ought to put our heads together. I can use a partner."

Bert went home and thought it over. Within a few days they had launched their famous "one-desk-two-man" combination. Today, the little, old, double desk is still in use at the company's Haydite plant in Platte County. They wouldn't take a fortune for it. Another plant is located at 5220 Winner Road, where Haydite blocks are made. Their main plant and offices are at 2440 Pennway.

Bert worked at the new business with added determination. Kemp Carter tells a story about the efficiency expert who was called in to make a survey of Carter-Waters. After every employee had been interviewed, and a complete analysis had been made of the firm's working order, the expert met in conference with Carter.

"Now, Mr. Carter, we find that your company should make some personnel adjustments. We believe that every employee should be given certain duties."

"All right," said Carter, willingly. "What are mine?"

"Your first duty, sir," answered the expert, "will be to get Mr. Waters out of his office and on the golf course at least once a week."

Kemp knew what a task that would be, but he undertook it with diligence. He and Bert both knew that

(Continued on Page 314)

CURRENT MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6	00	Cowtown Wranglers
	15	Weather Forecast, News
	25	Livestock Estimates
	30	Don Sullivan, Songs
	45	Don Sullivan, Songs
7	00	AP News—Ken Hartley
	15	Musical Clock
	30	Musical Clock
	30	Musical Clock
	45	Musical Clock
8	00	AP News—Ken Hartley
	05	Weatherman in Person
	10	Fruit & Veg. Report
	15	Musical Clock
	45	Musical Clock
9	00	Unity Viewpoint
	15	Martha Lagan's Kitchen
	30	Plaza Program
	30	Gabriel Heatter's Mail
	45	Gabriel Heatter's Mail
10	00	Melody Time
	05	Human Side Hollywood
	15	Melody Time
	30	Melody Time
	45	Melody Time
11	00	Kate Smith Speaks
	15	Shep Fields' Orch.
	30	Sandra Lea, Shopper
	30	Tune Teaser
	45	Tune Teaser

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
12	00	AP News—Dick Smith
	15	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
	20	Don Sullivan, Songs
	30	Baogie Waogie Cowboys
	45	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
	55	Ma. & Kans. News
1	00	Don Sullivan, Songs
	15	Eddy Arnold Show
	30	GAME OF THE DAY
	45	GAME OF THE DAY
2	00	Two top sport-
	15	casters, Al Helfer
	30	and Art Gleeson,
	45	will cover the American and National League circuits.
3	00	Ladies' Fair
	15	Ladies' Fair
	45	Ladies' Fair
4	00	Queen for a Day
	15	Queen for a Day
	45	AP News, Today's Safe Driver
5	00	Club 710
	15	Club 710
	30	Tom Mix
	45	Tom Mix

PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

MORNING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Cowtown Wranglers Weather Forecast, News Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Cowtown Wranglers Weather Forecast, News Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Cowtown Wranglers Weather Forecast, News Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Cowtown Wranglers Weather Forecast, News Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Cowtown Wranglers Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	6 00 15 25 30 45
AP News—Ken Hartley Musical Clock Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Ken Hartley Musical Clock Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Ken Hartley Musical Clock Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Ken Hartley Musical Clock Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Ken Hartley Musical Clock Musical Clock Musical Clock	7 00 15 30 45
AP News—Ken Hartley Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Ken Hartley Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Ken Hartley Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Ken Hartley Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Ken Hartley Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	8 00 05 10 15 30 45
Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitchen Plaza Program Gabriel Heatter's Mail	Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitchen Plaza Program Gabriel Heatter's Mail	Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitchen Plaza Program Gabriel Heatter's Mail	Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitchen Plaza Program Gabriel Heatter's Mail	Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitchen Library Lady Wyan. Radia Playhouse	9 00 15 30 45
Melody Time Melody Time Melody Time Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	Melody Time Melody Time Melody Time Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	Melody Time Melody Time Melody Time Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	Melody Time Melody Time Melody Time Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	Your Home Beautiful Your Home Beautiful Sammy Kaye's Orch. Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	10 00 05 15 30 45
Kate Smith Speaks Shep Fields' Orch. Sandra Lea, Shopper Sandra Lea, Shopper	Kate Smith Speaks Shep Fields' Orch. Sandra Lea, Shopper Tune Teaser	Kate Smith Speaks Shep Fields' Orch. Sandra Lea, Shopper Sandra Lea, Shopper	Kate Smith Speaks Shep Fields' Orch. Sandra Lea, Shopper Frankie Carle's Orch.	Freddie Martin's Orch. Freddie Martin's Orch. Mon on the Farm Mon on the Farm	11 00 15 30 45

AFTERNOON

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
AP News—Dick Smith Boogie Woogie Cowboys Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys Mo. & Kans. News	AP News—Dick Smith Boogie Woogie Cowboys Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys Mo. & Kans. News	AP News—Dick Smith Boogie Woogie Cowboys Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys Mo. & Kans. News	AP News—Dick Smith Boogie Woogie Cowboys Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys Mo. & Kans. News	Man on the Farm Man on the Farm Man on the Farm Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys Mo. & Kans. News	12 00 15 20 30 45 55
Don Sullivan, Songs Eddy Arnold Show GAME OF THE DAY	Don Sullivan, Songs Eddy Arnold Show GAME OF THE DAY	Don Sullivan, Songs Eddy Arnold Show GAME OF THE DAY	Don Sullivan, Songs Eddy Arnold Show GAME OF THE DAY	Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs Swing Session Swing Session	1 00 15 30 45
<p><i>They will bring you thrilling play-by-play baseball. Follow your major league team in action—all season long—over WHB! The competition in both the National and American Leagues promises to be the keenest in many a year. Mutual broadcasts the top game of the day direct from the Eastern park where it is played.</i></p>					2 00 15 30 45
Ladies' Fair Queen for a Day Queen for a Day AP News, Today's Safe Driver	Ladies' Fair Queen for a Day Queen for a Day AP News, Today's Safe Driver	Ladies' Fair Queen for a Day Queen for a Day AP News, Today's Safe Driver	Ladies' Fair Queen for a Day Queen for a Day AP News, Today's Safe Driver	Baseball—K.C. BLUES The big Saturday afternoon double- header with Lorry Ray. On single game days 'Swing Session' will pre- cede and follow baseball.	3 00 15 30 45
Ladies' Fair Queen for a Day Queen for a Day AP News, Today's Safe Driver	Ladies' Fair Queen for a Day Queen for a Day AP News, Today's Safe Driver	Ladies' Fair Queen for a Day Queen for a Day AP News, Today's Safe Driver	Ladies' Fair Queen for a Day Queen for a Day AP News, Today's Safe Driver	Swing Session Swing Session	4 00 15 30 45
Straight Arrow Club 710 Club 710 Tom Mix Tom Mix	Straight Arrow Club 710 Club 710 Tom Mix Tom Mix	Straight Arrow Club 710 Club 710 Tom Mix Tom Mix	Straight Arrow Club 710 Club 710 Tom Mix Tom Mix	Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session	5 00 15 30 45

CURRENT PROGRAMS OF EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
6	00 Juvenile Jury	Helzberg's Tello-Test	Helzberg's Tello-Test	Helzberg's Tello-Test	Helzberg's Tello-Test
	15 Juvenile Jury	Guy Lombordo's Orch.	Modeling School of Air	Guy Lombordo's Orch.	Guy Lombordo's Orch.
	30 Hopalong Cassidy	Gabriel Heotter	Gabriel Heotter	Gabriel Heotter	Gabriel Heotter
	45 Hopalong Cassidy	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
7	00 Mortin Kone, Pvt. Eye	Lorry Roy, Sports	Lorry Roy, Sports	Lorry Roy, Sports	Lorry Roy, Sports
	15 Mortin Kone, Pvt. Eye	Meredith Willson Show	Guy Lombordo's Orch.	Meredith Willson Show	Meredith Willson Show
	30 The Showdown	Affairs of Peter Solem	Official Detective	International Airport	International Airport
	45 The Showdown	Affairs of Peter Solem	Official Detective	International Airport	International Airport
55 The Showdown	Bill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News
8	00 True Detective Myst's	Take Me Out to the Ball Game	Take Me Out to the Ball Game	Take Me Out to the Ball Game	Take Me Out to the Ball Game
	15 True Detective Myst's	BASEBALL—THE BLUES 1950 PLAYING SCHEDULE—HOME	BASEBALL—THE BLUES 1950 PLAYING SCHEDULE—AWAY	BASEBALL—THE BLUES 1950 PLAYING SCHEDULE—AWAY	BASEBALL—THE BLUES 1950 PLAYING SCHEDULE—AWAY
	30 Roy Rogers	Moy 4,5,Milw.	June 5,6,7,St. P.	Apr. (30,30), Moy	June 1, 2, Minn.
	45 Roy Rogers	Moy 17,18, 19,Ind.	June 8,9,Min.	1, 2, Milw.	June 3, (4, 4), St. I
9	00 Nick Corter	Moy 20,(21,21),22,Lou.	June 29,30,St. P.	Moy (7,7.), 8, Ind.	June 10, (11, 11),
	15 Nick Corter	Moy 24,25,26,Tol.	July 1,(2,2),Minn.	Moy 9, 10, 11, Louis.	Minn.
	30 Mystery Is My Hobby	Moy 27,(28,28),Col.	July 4,4,5,Milw.	Moy 12, 13, Tol.	June 13, 14, Louis.
	45 Mystery Is My Hobby	Moy 29,(30,30),Mil.	July 7,8,(9,9),Col.	Moy (14, 14), 15, Col.	June 15, 16, 17, In
10	00 Wm. Hillmon, News	Frnk Edwards, News	Frnk Edwards, News	Frnk Edwards, News	Frnk Edwards, News
	15 Network Donce Bond	Poul Weston's Orch.	Poul Weston's Orch.	Poul Weston's Orch.	Poul Weston's Orch.
	30 Weather Forecast	Weather Forecast	Weather Forecast	Weather Forecast	Weather Forecast
	35 Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night
55 Mutuol News	Mutuol News	Mutuol News	Mutuol News	Mutuol News	
11	00 Deems Taylor Concert	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond
	15 Deems Taylor Concert	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond
	30 Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond
	55 Midnight News	Midnight News	Midnight News	Midnight News	Midnight News
12:00 Swing Session	Swing Session	Swing Session	Swing Session	Swing Session	
1:00 WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY



WHB — 710

EVENING



FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Helzberg's Tello-Test Guy Lombarda's Orch. Gabriel Heotter Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Hawaii Calls Hawaii Calls Comedy of Errors Jahn B. Kennedy	6:00 15 30 45
Lorry Ray, Sparts Meredith Willson Show Eddy Duchins' Orch. Eddy Duchins' Orch. Bill Henry, News	Twenty Questions Twenty Questions GAME OF THE DAY	7:00 15 30 45 55
Take Me Out to the Ball Game	Your Saturday night baseball party with the hot- test game in the National and American circuits.	8:00 15 30 45
1950 PLAYING SCHEDULE—AWAY June (18, 18), 19, Tol. June 20, 21, 22, Col. June 23, 24, (25, 25), Milw. June 26, Minn.	Cowtown Jamboree Cowtown Jamboree	9:00 15 30 45
Frank Edwards, News Poul Weston's Orch. Weather Forecast Serenade in the Night Mutual News	Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Weather Forecast Serenade in the Night Mutual News	10:00 15 30 35 55
Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Midnight News	Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Midnight News	11:00 15 30 55
Swing Session WHB Signs Off	Swing Session WHB Signs Off	12:00 1:00
FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME

SPRING is here and the cry of the day is, "Batter up!" When the famous home-run hitters of the big leagues step up to the plate, every sports fan will be able to hear the crack of the bat and the cheers of the crowd on Mutual's *Game of the Day* over WHB.

Each day, Monday through Friday at 1:30 p.m., the outstanding game of the National or American League—a game chosen for thrills and suspense—will be broadcast to WHB listeners by a crack sportscasting team. Al Helfer, whose sharp, accurate play-by-play descriptions have made him a national favorite, will carry listeners through every pitch, catch and run of nine innings. His teammate, Art Gleeson, will give able assistance by transmitting the background and color of the peanut-eating, shirt-sleeved crowd, plus intimate, behind-the-scenes comments on the big-name players.

In addition to this top coverage of the season's important National and American League games, WHB will present popular Larry Ray with an on-the-spot account of every one of the 154 games on the Kansas City Blues 1950 schedule. Baseball fans can do no better than to set their radio dials at 710 throughout the summer.

For relaxed entertainment, you can't top the music and whimsy of Meredith Willson, brought to you by the Falstaff Brewing Company at 7:15 p.m. every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday over WHB.



MAN OF THE MONTH (Continued)
 the latter was working too hard. Kemper reminded Bert of the fact, and Waters complied with his partner's wishes. In typical fashion, he handed his old tennis racket to his daughter, Margaret, and bought a set of golf clubs. He took lessons, played the game religiously, and before long was able occasionally to outdrive his friend, Jim Shepherd, executive vice-president of Sheffield Steel.

DESPITE his proclivity for golf, Bert Waters isn't a man to shirk his work for play. He is too busy taking active interest in countless civic groups throughout the area. One of his more important roles is Trustee of Park College, where he shows particular interest in the Student Work program. He has been president or vice-president of such organizations as the Builders' Association, the Rotary Club, the Helping Hand Institute, Associated Industries of Missouri, and the Board of Trustees of the Second Presbyterian Church. In 1945 he was General Chairman of the Community Chest Campaign. He was formerly a director of the Missouri Society of Engineers, and is now a director of the Marsh Steel Corporation, North Kansas City.

Bert is often called upon to exercise his mathematical skill. A few years ago, Jim Taylor's daughter brought home from school a particularly difficult problem in geometry. She informed her father that she was permitted to let anybody help her find the solution. Taylor sent her to Bert. The next day, Mrs. Waters telephoned Taylor.

"What did you send my husband

last night? He stayed up practically all night and scribbled on every piece of paper in the house."

Jim replied innocently, "I don't know, Maude. It had something to do with circles."

"Well, he worked it," she said. "But he had to write on the wall-paper to do it."

The next day Bert confided to Taylor, "You know, Jim, that's one of the toughest problems I ever worked! Our chief engineer down at the office is supposed to be our top man. I'm taking that problem down to him and if he can't work it, I'll fire him!"

Actually, Waters and Carter strive for loyalty and close cooperation at their plants and offices. They have what they call a "pink copy policy." Every employee affected by a company move is kept informed of the activity by receiving pink copies of all memoranda involved. The result is tighter, more confident working relationships.

Carter-Waters has a habit of placing lots of responsibility on its young men. Bert Waters has lots of faith in the generation that is at the crossroads of America's destiny. He believes that those young men who will succeed must have the following qualifications: A clean, alert mind, an aggressive spirit, determination, and, above all, absolute honesty.

In a section of his company's newspaper, Waters once wrote these words, "Our company endeavors to take the plain, honest, straightforward course, not solely because it is morally right, but also because it is absolutely impossible to build a business on any other policy."

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .



★ NANCE'S CAFE.

In one of its three spacious dining rooms, pictures of celebrities who have enjoyed the excellent food at Nance's line the walls. Duncan Hines is among them, for he has placed his stamp of approval here.

But for over 45 years Kansas Citians, too, have been familiar with the savory dishes offered at Nance's. Tender stuffed pigeon is a special delicacy, and the roast beef and steaks are equally good. You'll welcome the "Biscuit Girl," who is always nearby with a basket of flaky hot biscuits. Nance's wonderful coffee doesn't last long enough, but you'll find there's always more. The back room behind the grilled gate is reserved for private gatherings. For travelers, Nance's is conveniently located on the Union Station Plaza. 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.

★ SAVOY GRILL.

So that Kansas Citians will never forget the heritage that is theirs and the colorful early days of their town, everything at the Savoy is just as it was many decades ago. Above the old foot-rail bar, the same that was originally constructed in the Savoy, is a recently rejuvenated mural, saluting Kansas City's pioneers. As you cross over the shiny tiled floor to a deep, spongy leather booth, you will marvel at the high beamed ceiling and tiny, stained glass windows. Food at the Savoy is traditionally excellent. Rare delicacies, such as frog legs, fowl, oysters and unusual seafood, as well as those ever-popular steaks, are served by courteous old waiters who seem to be as old as the Savoy itself. For comparison, the Savoy has its modern Imperial Room, where abundant planting, mirrors and coral red walls produce an equally distinguished setting for the same good food. Look for the sign of the Lobster at 9th and Central. VI 3800.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.

When a gaudily attired doorman helps you out of your car on Baltimore Avenue, you've secured your first taste of the cosmopolitan atmosphere at Pusateri's New Yorker. Inside there's a splendid extra-dry martini waiting for you, a thick, juicy filet (roast beef or seafood, if you prefer), french fried onions and a special tossed salad with oil dressing. You'll relax under Daniel MacMorris's Manhattan skyline mural, and listen to the soft background music created by Muzak. And, of course, Gus and Jim Pusateri will be mingling with the congenial clientele, making sure that everyone is enjoying himself. 1114 Baltimore. VI 9711.



★ PUTSCH'S

210. The gay freshness of springtime mingles with the charm and elegance of the deep South to make Putsch's your first choice for leisurely dining. You are surrounded here by

cool, green walls and delightful oil paintings depicting life as it ought to be lived in the New Orleans French Quarter. Sunken overhead lighting weaves imaginative patterns through luxurious ferns and authentic wrought-iron grillwork. Rich lobster, tender filets, red snapper, and of course, those man-sized salads are prepared by veteran chefs who cater to discriminating palates. Business men and shoppers will find Putsch's 210, which is located on the Country Club Plaza, ideal for a hearty luncheon, and the theatre crowd always enjoys a late evening drink there. A back-lighted glass mural above the bar is a popular topic of conversation at the small glass-topped tables in the adjacent cocktail lounge. Don Tiff with his trio and Henry O'Neill are on the current entertainment agenda, each with his own unusual talent for pleasing patrons. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

Something Different . . .

★ **BRETTON'S RESTAURANT**—Gleaming copper and brass fixtures highlight the decor in the modern setting at Bretton's Restaurant and Copper Lounge. Kansas City is justly proud of this—its own unique Continental restaurant. With a distinguished clientele you will enjoy delicious appetizers and soups, fish, poultry, steak, and lobster. But Bretton's is noted especially for its European specialties, an unending variety of unusual foreign dishes. And you'll want to sample something from the gourmet's Nasch Table—sheer delight in exciting tastes and aromas. The salads and desserts at Bretton's excel any you may have tasted, and are surprisingly inexpensive. For luncheon or for dinner,

for a party or for two, you'll be taken care of graciously at Bretton's. 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

★ **KING JOY LO.** Alluring shades of Old China pervade this spacious restaurant, where heavily carved and inlaid tables, deep enclosed booths, handleless cups and chopsticks welcome the lover of food prepared by skilled Chinese cooks. The varied menu offers such Oriental delicacies as chow mein with tender bean sprouts, dry fried rice, baby shrimp, egg foo young, and rich almond cookies. However, strictly American food—broiled lobster, excellent steaks and chicken—can be found on a second menu. Don Toy supervises the attentive service in this Oriental setting located in the midst of Kansas City's downtown area. 8 West 12th Street (Second Floor). HA 8113.



When Paul Whiteman's father, Wilberforce Whiteman, was 78, but still sprightly as a gazelle, a radio agent invited him to appear with Paul on the air in a New York interview. The son met the train at Grand Central Station. "What kind of a trip did you have, Pop?" asked Paul.

Mr. Whiteman breathed fiercely through his nose. "A miserable time. Perfectly damnable."

"What happened?"

"Oh, all the way across the country I had to listen to the health troubles of some old coot, a Judge Somebody-or-other. Talked my arm off. Told me all about his operations, his sinus condition, his rheumatism. Can't those old horses ever talk of anything else?"

"How old was the judge?" Paul asked his 78-year-old parent.

"Old as the hills," said Wilberforce, "He must have been 60, at least."



The medical officer was testing the water supply.

"What precautions do you take against infection?" he asked the sergeant-in-charge.

"We boil it first, sir," said the sergeant.

"Good!"

"Then we filter it."

"Excellent!"

"And then," said the sergeant, "just for safety's sake, we drink beer."



George Jessel tells of a super-persuasive Hollywood talent scout who discovered Hitler was alive, signed him up, and tried to get studios to hire him as a picture star.

"What!" thundered the first mogul he approached. "This man incited a war, killed millions, ruined countries—you want me to hire him?"

The agent replied coaxingly, "So he made a little mistake . . ."



1. Orchestra leader Ston Kenton and Edno Lee Crouch, WHB music librorion, look over Kenton's newest Capitol recordings.
2. Sandra Lea, the WHB shapper, gets her jallies from the lawaspun humor of Meredith Willsan.
3. E. O. Cacke, vice-president of TWA, speaks on growing impartance of overseas travel.
4. Three Hamid-Norton Circus claws canvulse Earl Welles and Frank Wizarde at Luncheon at the Plaza.



The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

TAKE a cut, Doc, and swat the sales apple clean outa the ball park!

Get on the winning team with WHB—the station offering the most thorough baseball coverage in the Middle West.

Available — *now* — for partial-sponsorship are play-by-play broadcasts of all 154 games of the sizzling Kansas City Blues. Man-on-the-mike is Larry Ray, the Midwest's No. 1 sports announcer.

And — that's not all! Chalk up additional summer profits with Mutual's *Game of the Day* — an exciting, on-the-spot broadcast of the top game in the National or American League. WHB has this sports thriller every week-day afternoon.

Remember, baseball fans in 1,083,267 radio homes in the five-state WHB primary coverage area will be counting the score.

Batter up!



CLIENT SERVICE REPRESENTATIVES
Ed Dennis Win Johnston Ed Birr

10,000 WATTS IN KANSAS CITY

WHB **AM** **FM**

DON DAVIS
PRESIDENT

JOHN T. SCHILLING
GENERAL MANAGER

Represented by
JOHN BLAIR & CO.

MUTUAL NETWORK 5.000 WATTS NIGHT