KANSAS CITY CENTENNIAL

Swing

1850 • 1950

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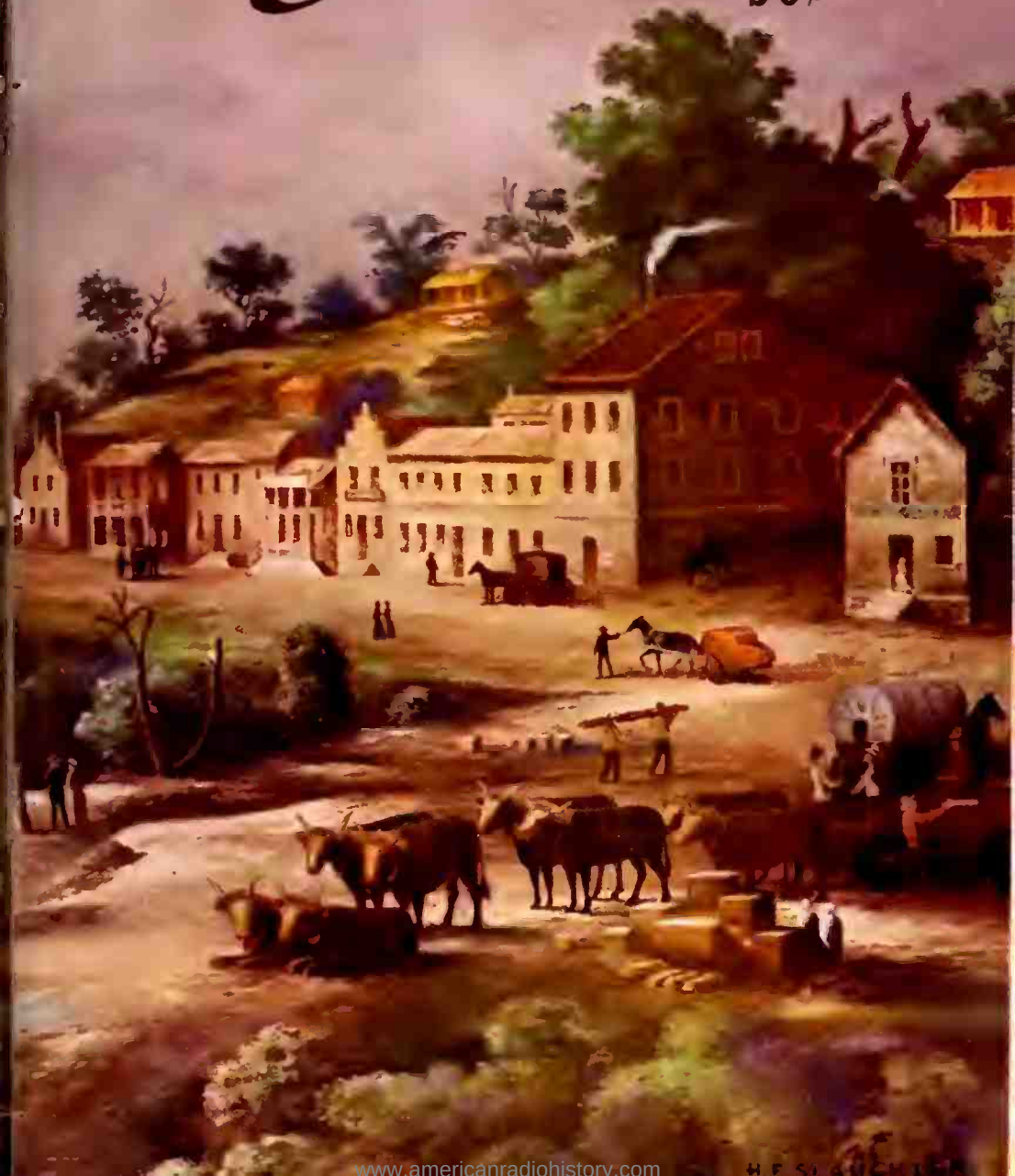

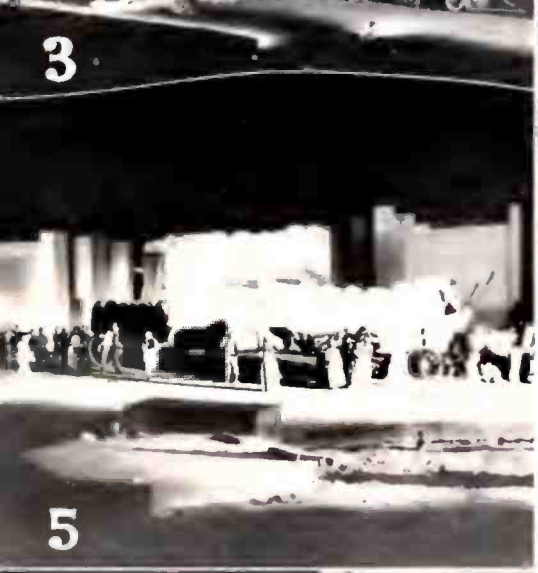

1. "Thrills of a Century" on stage in the Starlight Theater at Swope Park.
2. The Centennial "Fiesta Square Dance" proves a popular success.
3. This was a crack passenger train—100 years ago!
4. Parade-hungry fans watch the colorful procession—350,000 returned to see the night-illuminated spectacle!
5. A covered wagon train gets underway in a staged trek to Oregon.
6. Clara Belle Smith is officially acclaimed Queen of the Centennial by Contest Chairman John Hilburn.
7. Gloria Swanson, in Kansas City to lend charm to the Centennial atmosphere, chats with Mayor Kemp before a WHB "mike."

KANSAS CITY CENTENNIAL SOUVENIR

Midsummer Issue of

Swing®

Volume 6 • Number 4 • 1950

CONTENTS

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This edition of Swing commemorates the 100th Anniversary of Kansas City . . . the town where WHB had its beginning in 1922.

It brings to all readers an intimate picture of the "Kansas City Story" that is of course a story of *men*—men in whom you will recognize the counterparts of your city. For indeed the story of *one* city is the story of *every* city because the pattern is universal . . . a pioneering spirit, opportunity, struggle, growth! And, the end of the story is not yet written.

To *you* Kansas City can be even more than the echo of your own community's forward surge . . . it is also a source and a market. So wherever you who read may be, may you profit from knowing better our *home town*.

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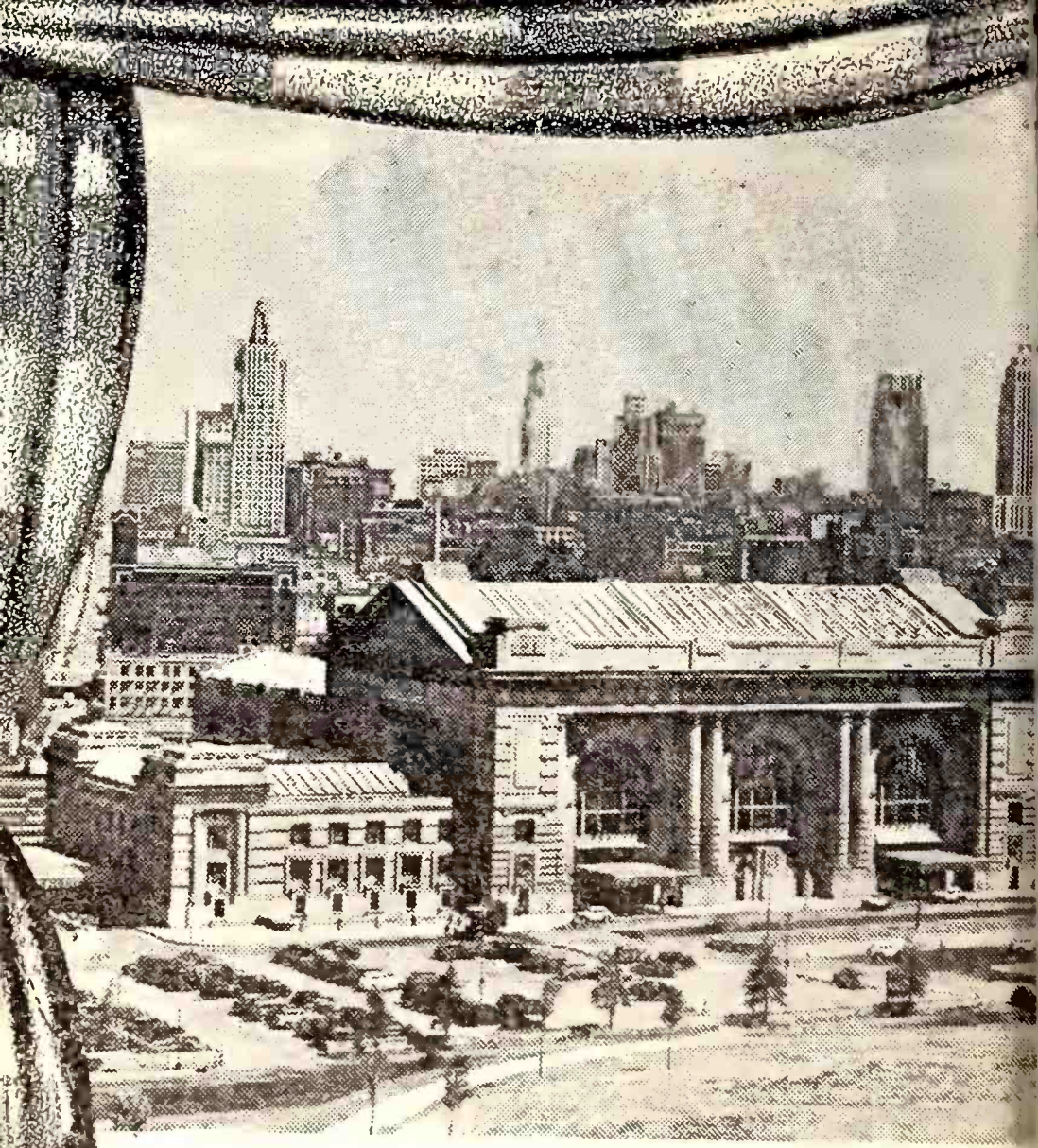
WHB • *Your Favorite Neighbor* • KANSAS CITY



KANSAS CITY

The Most **American** of all ☆ ☆ ☆ CITIES ☆ ☆ ☆

Kansas City, in the Allegorical Springtime of Its Life, Is a Good Place to Live, Despite Upsetting Contradictions and Violent Contrasts.

by BILL VAUGHAN

AN Easterner in the West, a Southerner in the North, a Yankee in Dixie and a cowboy in Manhattan, the Kansas Citian lives in a city which is as much a contradiction as he is himself. It bears, throughout the world, two reputations. One is as the typical American city, the pulsing heart of the nation, everybody's home town, where elms arch over the streets and screen doors slam in the summer evenings and people sit on their porches, a young city, optimistic and growing.

Its other reputation is as a center of gangsterism and political corruption, where life is cheap and votes are cheaper, where the dice click and shadowy bosses pull the strings and sprawled bodies in a political club symbolize a city that has never outgrown its frontier lawlessness.

With all its contradictions, and perhaps because of them, Kansas City may well be the most American of cities. Others of our great metropolises owe their essential flavor

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June 4, 1950

to foreign inheritances. New Orleans is set apart by the stamp, avidly publicized, of its French origins. In a hundred ways, the German tradition is still strong in St. Louis, Cincinnati or Milwaukee. But Kansas City is unmistakably American. It is a town for steak, instead of crepes suzette or sauerbraten.

This does not mean, of course, that it has not had its leaders of foreign origin, or that good citizens of many racial backgrounds have not contributed to its growth. No city could be truly American unless it were a blend of many strains.

HERE IS PURE AMERICA

But Kansas City, in its outstanding characteristics, is pure America. It is American in its newness—so new that a century seems to it a measure of vast age. Its slums—and it has them along with some of the world's finest residential areas—are not old enough to be quaint. They are just ugly.

It is American in its great drug stores, gleaming in glass and tile, with everything on sale from penicillin to refrigerators. To much of the world the drug store symbolizes America—her opulence, her gaudiness, her preoccupation with gadgets. And in Kansas City the drug store has reached its finest flowering.

It is American in its friendliness, which amazes those who know only the East. Its people take time to be courteous.

It is American in its desire for culture, a desire which produced a symphony orchestra, a university and a great art gallery in the depths of the depression.

Kansas City is American in its restlessness, in its signs of change. Tl grand old mansard-roofed mansions Quality Hill stand like seedy strange among the chrome and streamlinir of the modern city, but retain their a of more spacious days. On Armou boulevard the palaces of the lat packing house artistocracy are yiel ing to used car lots, schools and bus nesses. And as the wheel turns son of the residential areas which dege erated into slums are being revive with apartment buildings and play grounds.

Not only physically, but sociall and economically, Kansas City chang from year to year. There is virtuall no "society" of family or birth. Ir stead, there is a society, not nece sarily of wealth, but of accomplish ment and economic power. It has it two or three generation dynastie but it also has its names that com and go in a brief decade, and it leaders are judged by what they ac complish, rather than by the age o their money or their lineal distinctior

America is spelled out day afte day in Kansas City in a thousand littl signs and happenings and picture America is in the proud flesh of th nyloned legs as the girls from th shops and the offices whisk dow Petticoat lane at lunchtime; in th women's clubs where the housewive meet and debate earnestly the prob lems of the world and eat the ric food and wonder about their waist lines. It is in the generosity wit which his neighbor will build a hom for a legless veteran and in the com placency with which, for saving a fe dollars in taxes, they will almost ruin their school system.

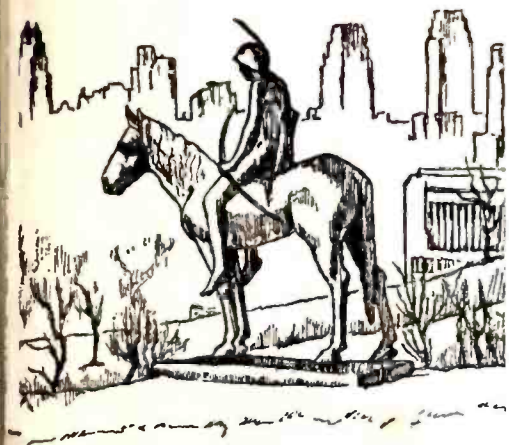
AND HERE IS DRAMA

There is nothing, anywhere, so dramatically American as the way in which the Kansas City skyline seems to shoot up from the very wheatfields. The skyscrapers are very close to their economic foundations, their roots are in the stockyards and the grain elevators and the oil refineries which crowd the bottom lands below the city.

Look down Baltimore avenue at night when the neon lights glow outside the sleek cocktail lounges, or walk along Twelfth street, which gave birth to the "Twelfth Street Rag," and read America in the orange juice stands, the novelty stores, the jumble of gimcrackery, beer and solid businesses.

Twelfth street once meant Kansas City, but it has changed. It still pulses feverishly, but its "mayor," Tom Finnegan, moved away from it sadly before he died. It was not, he explained, that he had left Twelfth street; Twelfth street had left him.

That was when the town went pure and the gamblers and the boys with the smart, cold eyes drifted on somewhere else—to Las Vegas or, providentially, into the war plants which were just beginning to spring up on the prairies.



Now, some say, they are coming back again. The correspondents for the big magazines come to town for a few days and listen to some whispers and double lock their hotel room doors at night and write that Kansas City is on its way back to the Bad Old Days. The Kansas Citian reads the stories with wonder and looks out at his neighbor spraying the elm trees and thinks about how long it has been since he has seen the dice roll. He isn't blind to the threat, but he doesn't get hysterical. He remembers that the grip of the gangs on Kansas City was broken not by hysteria, but by years of hard and patient work by many men of different kinds.

He doesn't think his city has turned again to corruption, but he does get a sense, hard to define, of a city holding its breath, awaiting a decision which it may have to make some day soon.

WHAT WRITER DOES IT JUSTICE?

As a matter of fact, there isn't much that a Kansas Citian can read about his city that seems to him really to do it justice. Most of it is the same old story of the bad, bad town which delivered itself into the hands of the boss, and was led out again by whichever of the many Messiahs happens to have gotten the writer's ear. Almost all the stories of Kansas City oversimplify the tangled decades of

municipal shame, they all drag out the same old anecdotes and they all add up, in the mind of the Kansas Citian, to a colossal bore.

Kansas City is a good place to live. It is that simple fact that lies behind its growth, that holds people here who could live anywhere they wanted. It is what brings wandering Kansas Citians back here when they retire and that prompts its most capable men to say no to glittering jobs and more money elsewhere.

The modern city is probably one of the most complex societies ever devised by man, and this complexity means that the Kansas Citian must be a varied person. He may dine at the Kansas City Club or at the back door of a North Side saloon; he may greet the day through the picture window of a $75,000 "ranch house" or from a nest of newspapers in a doorway; he may dress up like a cowboy for a Saddle and Sirloin club outing or to herd cattle in the stockyards; he may follow a thousand occupations and ways of life.

THE TYPICAL KANSAS CITIAN

And yet it may be possible to distill from all these types a figure of a man to represent Kansas City. He is a man to whom a home looms large in the scheme of things. And he is more typically to be found in his own house, whether it is in one of the swelling white suburbs over the Kansas border or in Clay or Platte county or on one of the older streets, rather than in an apartment. His is not a city of row houses or, in the main, of flats or apartments. He likes a yard and he and his wife worry about their flowers and their vegetable gardens and the lawn.

The two dominant strains which have produced the Kansas Citian are diverse, yet complementary. He is half Kansan, aggressive, somewhat puritanical, with a humor that bites and a gift for criticism; and half Missourian, holding to the best in traditions of the past, mellow, understanding, full of the capacity to enjoy the good things of the world.

And from both of these backgrounds he has received this interest in his home and its surroundings, an interest which at this time of year makes it one of the most beautiful places in America to live. The whole town seems to bloom. Fountains of spirea spray the yards. Iris and tulips line the walks. The spotless Plaza, which emphasizes the city's link with the Southwest, sparkles in the sun, and the parks are full of people who have never quite come to like the feel of a sidewalk under foot.

Spring and autumn are the Kansas City seasons. They make it worth while to bear the searing summer and the slushy winter.

And it is interesting that these seasons are the ones which are most important to a man who is close to the soil and its products, whether in his back-yard plot or in the stretching acres of wheat and pasture lands. Spring and autumn are the seasons of growth and harvest, of promise and fruition.

Kansas City, like everything that lives, has its great life cycle. It is still, for all its history, in its springtime. What the harvest will be only its citizens can decide.

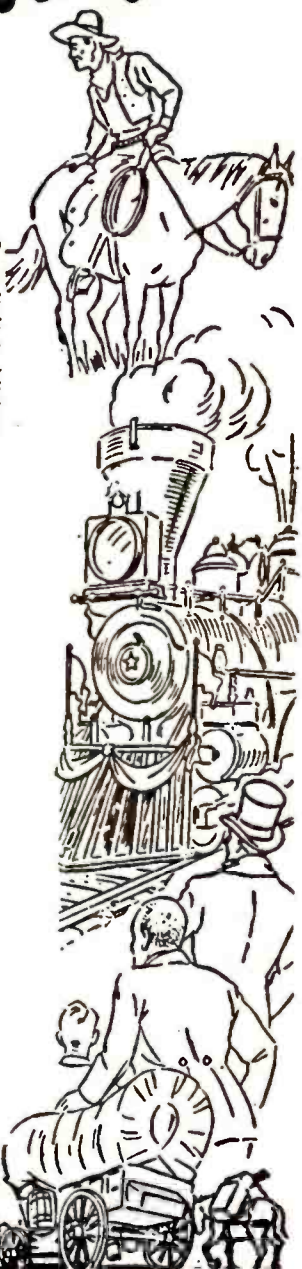
KANSAS CITY'S CENTENNIAL PAGEANT

Thrills of a Century

By HERBERT O. BRAYER

Presented nightly on the great stage of Kansas City's new Starlight Theatre in Swope Park, June 3 through July 10, 1950. Four casts of 1,000 persons each—participating for the fun of it!—presented the nightly spectacle, assisted by the Civic Chorus and a large orchestra. What evidence of community spirit!—4,000 men, women and children of Kansas City, giving their time, effort and talents to presentation of this historical pageant, under the able direction of the Pageant Committee headed by Dan L. Fennell.

WHB staff members who participated as narrators: Bob Kennedy and Jack Layton.



PROLOGUE—"KANSAS CITY GREETS THE NATION"

PYLON PLATFORM LIGHTS UP

Trumpeters disclosed standing with raised Golden Trumpets.

Fanfare of Trumpets.

Narrator: The Kansas City Centennial Association proudly presents the Historical Spectacle—"THRILLS OF A CENTURY."

ALL LIGHTS FULL UP

Picture of Kansas City Skyline back of Center Stage. Forty-eight Ladies representing the United States enter with their Flag Bearers. Twenty-four Guards for the Queen of The Centennial join the picture. As all come to assigned position on Field Stage, Centennial Queen and Miss United States are brought in from right and left center stage on moving Platforms on which are mounted their thrones.

Twenty-four attendants in the Court of The Centennial Queen enter the picture.

Narrator: Her Majesty, Clara Belle Smith, The Centennial Queen!

Narrator: Her Royal Highness—Mrs. Juanita Huppe, as Miss United States!

FANFARE OF TRUMPETS

The Centennial Queen and Miss United States are joined by their escorts at the foot of the throne and the Royal Procession proceeds to the front of the Stage. The Royal Party is accompanied by the Queen's Attendants, Pages and Guards. When they arrive at the front of the Stage—Coronation Ceremony or some speech of welcome will be given. This will vary with the visiting Queens on the nights they appear. After ceremony a carriage with Coachma and Footman and four mounted outrider will enter and stop by the Royal Party Centennial Queen, Miss United States wi enter the carriage. As the carriage move out all other participants will leave th Stage in colorful procession. Carriage wi proceed to Left end of stage and tur around—route will take same along th front of entire Stage so that Queen ca greet entire audience. As the carriage turn Stage lights will go out and the carriag will be picked up in Spotlights onl until Exit.

EPISODE I—"INTRODUCTION"

Narrator: Hear that! (LOW INCREASING-DECREASING ROAR OF AIRPLANE MOTORS.) There is the song of progress, of a modern age, of speed and power, of faith and courage. A song symbolizing a city, a great city with a hundred years of achievement. It carries a message not only of the past and the present but also of the future, for progress is never static. Sometimes dramatic, frequently colorful, but always dynamic, the history of Kansas City is reflected in that steady roar of surging power from above.

Narrator: It is but five hours to New York.

Narrator: Five hours to San Francisco.

Narrator: Twenty hours to London and Paris.

Narrator: Twenty-two to Rome, Stockholm, Helsinki or Moscow, and nineteen to Tokyo.

Narrator: The whole world is at ou door.

Narrator: And only yesterday it wa two long months to the ancient abod of the Pueblos of Santa Fe.

Narrator: Or three dangerous month to the rich farm lands of Oregon o the beckoning Gold Fields of Cali fornia.

Narrator: That is how it has always been at the bend of the Missouri; the only change is in time and destination.

Narrator: Today it is minutes and hours.

Narrator: Yesterday it was days, weeks and months.

Narrator: But always it has been "to Somewhere" for KANSAS CITY is today, as it has been for a century, at the "Crossroads of a Nation."

EPISODE II—"THE FRENCH—1712-1723"

SCENE 1—"Estienne Veniard de Bourgmont views the Bend of the Missouri"

Narrator: It all began one warm summer day in 1712, when an adventurous son of France stood on the high bluffs and surveyed the curious meanderings of the broad Missouri.

LIGHTS UP ON PLATFORM STAGE

Narrator: Etienne Veniard de Bourgmont with two companions looks down on the big Lazy "S" bend of the River.

Narrator: The brush lodges of the Osage Indians and other tribes amaze them.

Narrator: It is an inspiring view but the young Frenchman is sorely disappointed that he has not found the half legendary mountains of silver he is seeking.

(DIALOGUE for 3 Male Voices.)

Soldier: A fertile valley watered by a great River but NO towering mountains of Silver.

Etienne: No mountains of silver but a land broader and richer than imagination.

2nd Soldier: The Indians relate that the source of the river is in the high mountains. Let us journey on.

Etienne: No—I must be in France ten months hence—we must hasten Eastward. But I shall return.

LIGHTS OUT

Narrator: He returned again in 1723 as Commander on the Missouri with instructions from France's imperial Louis XV to establish a fort and to prevent the encroaching Spanish Conquistadores from establishing a foothold on the Missouri.

Narrator: Upon his return to France after a successful tour of duty he took with him a group of young Indian Chieftains and a beautiful Indian maid soon known as the "Princess of the Missouri."

SCENE 2—"The Princess of the Missouri at the Court of Louis XV—France"

LIGHTS UP—CENTER STAGE

Narrator: At historic Fontainebleau the American Tribesmen were wined and dined by the King.

Narrator: Pointing and bowing, the bewigged and powdered Courtiers and their gracious ladies dance the Minuet.

Narrator (Hold until Entrance): A Soldier arrives with an important message.

Narrator (Hold until Entrance): Ah, it is the adventurous Captain de Bourgmont. He has just arrived from

America with the natives from the "River of the West."

Narrator: The Court is entranced with the lovely Indian Princess and amazed by the stalwart Braves.

Narrator (Suit with action): The Princess of the Missouri is presented to their Majesties. She has brought gifts for the Monarch which the Chieftains present.

Narrator (Suit with action): His Majesty signifies that the dancing be resumed.

Narrator (SWA): The dancers take their places. His Majesty orders one of the Gentlemen to invite the Princess to dance with him.

Narrator (SWA): Bewildered and reluctant, she accepts.

(DIALOGUE for 1 Female and 1 Mal Voice.)

Narrator (As Princess stops befor King): Sire, I know not the dances o your strange and beautiful land— beg your Majesty to permit me t show you the dances of my people.

Narrator: We find the idea most ex citing. We grant the permission.

INDIAN DANCE—CHIEFTAINS & PRINCESS.

After final position of dance.

LIGHTS OUT

Narrator: Laden with presents, the Chieftains returned to America. For years after, no doubt, many an Indian campfire was regaled with tales of the incredible luxury of the French Court, and the astonishing experiences in France.

EPISODE III—"THE COMING OF THE AMERICANS"

SCENE 1—"The First American—Daniel Morgan Boone"

LIGHTS UP—LEFT INSERT STAGE

Narrator: Others were interested in the Missouri besides the French.

Narrator: Alone in the wilderness is Daniel Morgan Boone, son of the intrepid pioneer of the Kentucky-Tennessee country. He is a trapper of renown and has been plying his trade along the Blue.

Narrator: The time is shortly before 1800 and Boone was possibly the first American to set foot in what is now Kansas City.

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE 2—"Transfer of the Upper Louisiana Purchase"

Narrator: As a pawn in the international checker game France transferred the trans-Mississippi country to Spain and Spain transferred it back to France.

LIGHTS UP—RIGHT INSERT STAGE

Narrator: It is the morning of March 9, 1804, at old St. Louis. The documents being signed by French and United States Army Officers are the Transfer of the Upper Louisiana Purchase. With a few strokes of the quill pen the trans-Mississippi-West becomes a part of the United States of America.

Narrator (SWA): The French Commandant orders the lowering of the tricolor of France.

Narrator (SWA): Proudly he takes it from the Sergeant and folds it over his arm.

Narrator (SWA): An American soldier advances smartly and raises the flag of the United States.

Narrator (When the flag reaches the top of the pole and the stage lights go down): THE STARS AND THE STRIPES FLY FOR THE FIRST TIME WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

LIGHTS OUT

Narrator: Within a few days Captain William Clark and Merriwether Lewis set out to explore the new territory and in passing up the Missouri River camped at the mouth of the Kaw before going on to the Pacific. Four years later Captain Clark returned to erect Fort Osage—twenty-four miles downstream.

LIGHTS UP—LEFT INSERT STAGE

SCENE 3—"The Treaty of Fort Osage"

Narrator: Here at Fort Osage the Osage Chiefs have gathered to listen to the terms of the famous treaty. It is a scene of far-reaching consequence. The date, November 10, 1808, will be long remembered.

Narrator: In silence the Chiefs of the Osage listen to fur trader Pierre Chouteau explain the terms of a new treaty by which the Great White Father in Washington promises to build a Fort and a Trading Post among them in return for the cessation of all their lands between the Missouri and the Arkansas Rivers.

(DIALOGUE for Male Voice.)

Chouteau: You have heard this treaty explained to you; those who come forward and sign it shall be considered the friends of the United States, and will be treated accordingly; those who refuse to come forward and sign it shall be considered the enemies of the United States and treated accordingly . . .

Narrator (SWA): After some discussion one of the Chiefs comes forward to sign. Others follow. Now the land is open for settlement. THE FRONTIER SWEPT WESTWARD!

LIGHTS OUT

Narrator: Up and past the great bend in the Missouri in the year 1819 came the United States Army's scientific expedition under Major Stephen H. Long.

LIGHTS UP

SCENE 4—"Major Long's Great Western Engineer" (CENTER & FIELD STAGE)

Narrator: To carry his command the Army constructed a serpent-like craft from the mouth of which came terrifying snorts of steam.

As the Boat comes into the Dock at Center Stage.

Narrator: The peaceful, even mode of life in the little Osage Indian Village is thrown into tumult with the arrival of this strange apparition. Some of the Indians are impressed. The Squaws and children flee in fear.

Narrator: "To the eye of ignorance the illusion is complete—that a monster of the deep carries a ship on its back, smoking with fatigue and lashing the waves in violent exertion."

Narrator (SWA): The soldiers disembark and are dispatched to explore the Country.

Narrator (SWA): Major Long joins the Indian Chiefs.

Smoking of the Peace Pipe. Indian Medicine Dance.

Narrator (SWA): The Exploring parties return tired and dejected.

Narrator (SWA): The Major listens to their discouraging reports and makes notes for his survey to Federal Authorities. The party makes preparations to embark.

Narrator (SWA): Major Long starts to prepare the report which will be of profound importance. From this and other explorations he reports that the region West of the River is unfit for cultivation and uninhabitable by a people dependent upon agriculture. THUS is born the legend of the GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

LIGHTS OUT

Narrator: The Western country became Indian Territory and was closed to settlement.

Narrator: Not until 1854 was this barrier to the commercial development of Kansas City removed by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act and the formation of the Territory of Kansas.

EPISODE IV—"FOUNDING OF THE COMMUNITY OF KANSAS"

Narrator: Fur now became King of the Western Traffic. Trading Expeditions roved the Indian country and swapped blankets and trinkets for luxurious beaver pelts. Licensed trading posts were established among the tribes. Francois Chouteau established a trading post in 1821 on the south bank of the Missouri three miles below the great bend. With the arrival of the bearded, buckskin-clad traders from up the Kaw and Missouri a brisk fur trade developed; soon a dozen French families raised cabins in the area. Thus was founded the first permanent settlement within the present limits of Kansas City.

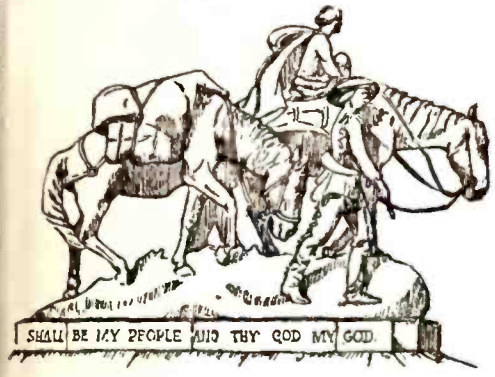
LIGHTS UP

SCENE 1—"Chouteau's Trading Post"

Narrator: Here is Chouteau's Landing —the year is 1821. Francois Chouteau has established a little trading post. The American Fur Company, owned by John Jacob Astor, has authorized him to establish this trading center near the sources of supply. Already

there are a number of French families —settled in their Log Cabins, and bravely carrying on the life of a typical French village in so far as the climate and the primitive conditions will permit.

Today there is much excitement, for the Jesuit Missionary Priest is making



a visit to the Landing. Young couples have been waiting weary months to be married and little babies born since the good Father's last visit are to be baptized. All are gathered to meet the Priest.

Narrator: Fur trappers land at the little dock or have come overland with their rich burdens. Pack trains make ready for the long journey to the West. There is the Missionary Father now in his robes. Everyone greets him and he finds it difficult to make his way down the street to the little outdoor Altar where the ceremonies are to take place. I believe—yes, that tall dark-haired woman accompanying the Father is Berenice Chouteau, wife of Francois. She is the recognized leader of this little community as far as its social life and customs are concerned.

Narrator: The good Father looks around, no doubt wondering just where to begin. Of course the baptisms will come first so that the grown folks can enjoy the festivities after the weddings.

Baptisms—Hymn by Choir. Record of a baby crying.

Narrator: The Pack Train is leaving for far-off Santa Fe.

Narrator: Father DeSmet is busy on the Dock preparing for his long trip to Idaho. He hurries to the warehouse for some forgotten item.

Narrator: While everyone is admiring the beautiful babies the couples anxiously waiting to be married line up near the altar. Each of the brides is accompanied by her mother. In French society chaperonage is close. No young man ever escorts a girl anywhere without her mother. Yes—even on the wedding day. The ceremonies begin. (First marriage.)

Narrator (After the first wedding): Father DeSmet is mounted and ready to leave. The marriage services are postponed while everyone wishes him God-speed.

Narrator: Now for the next happy couple. (During the next two weddings.)

Narrator: That very, very tall man, with the white hair piled on top of his head is Chief Long-Hair of the Crow tribe. It is said that if he let his hair fall loose, it would drag on the ground.

One trapper's tale is that the Chief's hair is ten feet long. Those two young lads seem interested in finding out if this is true. (When Indian turns on boys and they run.) Their curiosity is greater than their courage.

Narrator (SWA): The weddings are over and the festivities begin. Dances of their homeland in far away France are next in order. (Music.)

Narrator (SWA): Old and young dance to the lively tunes of the Rivard Brothers. (After Dance.)

Narrator: Captain John C. Fremont and his men have been busy assembling their supplies and equipment at the landing and are now ready to leave —amid showers of good wishes he strikes out for the Rockies.

Narrator (SWA): The Missionary Father blesses the Villagers and sets out on the river. The hardy pioneers will return to their daily tasks—with happy memories of friendships renewed, old customs revived and giving us a picture of a happy day in the village that is now KANSAS CITY.

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE 2—"The Sale of Kansas Town Lots"

Narrator: On the afternoon of November 14, 1838, at Peter Roy's ferry landing at the foot of Grand Avenue, west of Chouteau's Warehouse, Squire Tate of Westport proceeded to auction off the estate of Gabriel Prudhomme.

LIGHTS UP—RIGHT INSERT STAGE

Narrator (SWA): Squire Tate mounts the fence. *(SWA)* Adjusts his spectacles. *(SWA)* Takes a fresh "chaw" of tobaccee—AND WHAT A CHAW.

Narrator: The Squire surveys the motley gathering before him and . . .

(DIALOGUE for Four Men.)

Narrator (Strong Southern accent): By oddah o' the County Court ah am directed to sell this estate to the highest biddah! What am ah offa'd for this fine 256 accas (acres)? You all know the value of this fine bottom land. Let me heah your bids, gentlemen! (Spits tobacco juice—one man jumps to dodge it.)

Narrator: Four thousand dollars!

Narrator: Forty-one hundred and fifty dollars!

Tate: Ah have forty-one hundred and fifty bid. Do ah heah forty-two? Come, come, sirs, surely this land is worth more than forty-one hundred and fifty dollahs!

Sublette: Sir, the Kansas Town Company bids forty-two hundred and twenty dollars!

Tate: Do ah heah forty-three hundred? $4250 once — $4250 twice — $4250 for the third and last time. Sold to Mr. William Sublette, representing the Kansas Town Company!

Takes another chaw.

LIGHTS OUT

Narrator: Believing the report of Major Stephen H. Long sent to Washington after his expedition, the Federal authorities moved thousands of Indians to special reservations west of the Missouri.

LIGHTS UP—SPOTLIGHTS PICK UP INDIANS MOVING TO RIGHT STAGE

SCENE 3—"The Indians Moved to the West"

Narrator: The peaceful little Osage village escorted by United States soldiers moves slowly towards the West with all their possessions. It is but a small portion of the thousands of Indians being brought from the East to be located on reservations beyond the Missouri. The trail leads West through the village at the bend of the

river. The Indian name for it will go down through the years as "THE TRAIL OF TEARS."

SPOTLIGHTS OUT

Narrator: By 1850 business at Kansas reached a high mark and the seven-hundred-odd inhabitants decided it was time to incorporate. The settlement now became the Town of Kansas.

Narrator: Events moved rapidly. The Town of Kansas reincorporated in 1853 as the City of Kansas.

LIGHTS UP—CENTER STAGE

SCENE 4—"Benton's Prophecy"

Narrator: Standing on the bluff, Senator Thomas Hart Benton surveyed the busy river port below:

Benton: "There, gentlemen, where the rocky bluff meets and turns aside the sweeping current of this mighty river; here where the Missouri, after running its southward course for nearly two thousand miles, turns eastward to the Mississippi, a large commercial and manufacturing community will congregate, and less than a generation will see a great city on these hills."

"Less than a generation will see a great city on these hills."

Narrator: Meanwhile, some four miles south, other events were being enacted which were destined to shape the history of the nation.

Narrator: The lucrative Santa Fe Trail trade opened by William Becknell in 1821 grew to astounding proportions. Heavily loaded ox-drawn trains carved

a broad, dusty trail from Franklin, Wayne City and Independence across the plains to the Rockies and Rio Grande Valley.

Narrator: Noting that the route to the west could be further shortened and at the same time avoid the irritating delays caused by periodic floods on the Blue River, John C. McCoy purchased in 1833, a tract of land and built a supply store at what is now Westport and Pennsylvania Avenues.

Narrator: Here, just four miles from the community at the bend of the river, he could tap the overland Santa Fe trail traffic as well as trade with the Indians from neighboring reservations. With the filing of his plat in 1835 the town of Westport was born.

LIGHTS UP

EPISODE V—"WESTPORT—1833-1853"

SCENE 1—"An Early Street Scene in Westport"

Narrator: We find ourselves on a busy little street in Westport. It is about 1845 and the bustling little village has supplanted Independence as the principal terminus of the Santa Fe Trail.

Narrator: And it has acquired most of the business of the Oregon Trail to boot.

Narrator: The Harris Hotel is considered the epitome of luxury by travellers journeying East or West.

Narrator: It is a motley throng—English Lords mingle with richly clad Caballeros from New Mexico.

Narrator: Gamblers, Fur Traders, mountain men, soldiers and politicians mix without thought of the social scale. Such is the life in a Frontier town.

Narrator: The wagon train pulling out is bound for Oregon. Its departure creates no excitement in the village street. Outfitting these western-bound families is routine in the daily program.

Narrator: The gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen are the senoritas and senors from New Mexico and the Rio Grande Valley. Their families have journeyed those long weary miles to establish trading headquarters for imports and exports between the two nations.

Narrator: It would seem that those handsome Mexican lads are trying to flirt with the pretty senoritas. But the young ladies are being very demure because the sedate lady walking behind them is their Duenna—a most vigilant chaperone.

Narrator: But the ardent senors are not discouraged—they try a little impromptu serenade.

MEXICAN SONG & DANCE.

SPOTLIGHT PICKS UP MAN ON HORSE & MAN WRITING NOTES

Narrator: The man on horseback is John C. McCoy who purchased this site and shortened the route to the West. He is talking with Francis Parkman, famed historian. Parkman is taking notes from his most authentic source on the founding of Westport.

SPOTLIGHT MOVES TO TWO MEN HOLDING THEIR HORSES

Narrator: Nearby are Jim Bridger and Kit Carson, two famous scouts and guides. They have been discussing Indian trouble in the mountains to the West and the possibility of a war on the Southwestern border. They have dismounted while Bridger draws a map in the dirt of the street to show

Carson the exact location of the threatened troubles.

STAGE LIGHTS UP

Narrator: Then came the War with Mexico.

Narrator: And through the alternately dusty and muddy streets pour the men who will join General Stephen Watts Kearny.

Narrator: The Army recruiting station is the busiest place in Westport.

Narrator: The townfolk cheer as our own Major Doniphan and his men are off to the conquest of Mexico and California.

LIGHTS OUT

Narrator: Within a few months after the discovery of gold in California in 1848 the streets of Westport and the Town of Kansas were filled with enthusiastic fortune hunters en route to the new El Dorado. Thousands of eager, impatient argonauts came up the river by the steamboat landing of the bustling city at the bend of the river

LIGHTS UP

SCENE 2—"The California Gold Rush"

Narrator: The news of the gold strike at Sutter's Mill on the American River in California has hit Westport with a terrific impact. This is only one day in its busy life when the Pacific bound wagon trains prepare for the long journey.

Narrator: It is difficult to decide just what to take. There is only room for bare necessities.

Narrator: This good wife with a trunk filled with things dear to the heart of a woman who must make a home in the raw new country, has a problem.

(DIALOGUE for Man and Woman.)

Narrator: But I'm telling you, Mary, it is too heavy—think of the horses and the mountains.

Narrator: Sam—there must be room for all the keepsakes of our life together (Weeps).

Narrator: It will do no good to weep. The trunk cannot go.

Narrator (Lady seats herself on the trunk): SAM BENJAMIN—Either the trunk goes with me or I stay right here with the trunk.

Narrator: Oh! You were ever the stubborn one.

Four men lift the trunk rapidly—woman is carried up with trunk—slides off hastily and skirts come way above knees.

Narrator: Uh—uh—

All men narrators give "wolf whistle."

Mary: Gentlemen—this is 1849.

Narrator: Everything is ready—last goodbyes have been said. The elected leader calls them all together for last instructions.

(DIALOGUE for 2 Men.)

Narrator: There is no use of me a-tellin' what we're facin'. Stick close together—Save your horses and stock by a-walkin' as much as you can. You'll larn soon 'nuff. Reverend, do you have a word?

Reverend: NO — not a word — a prayer.

Narrator: Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy Kingdom come—Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and deliver us from evil, for thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory Forever —Amen. God be with you all.

Narrator: Let's be a-goin'.

Music by Choir—"Oh, Susanna"—Wagons start rolling.

When man falls from horse—time with end of Chorus.

Wife: John, John, what's the matter?

John: I'm just a bit dizzy and my foot slipped. I'll be all right.

Wife: You're sick. You're in a cold sweat.

Leader: What's the matter, man?

Wife: He's ailin' an' bad. We can't go on—you leave without us.

John: No, no—We must go—I tell you I'm all right. (Rises — Faints — Men catch him.)

Wife: We cannot go.

John: Come here, Son—You must take my place for a few days. You're a man now. Promise me you'll carry on.

Son: We'll carry on — won't we, Mother?

Wife: Anna, fix a comfortable place in the wagon for your Father. Carry him careful, men. Son—take your Father's horse.

Man is placed in Wagon—She climbs on Driver's Seat—Boy has business with Hat —Two men toss him on horse—Train moves out.

MUSIC — Suggest "ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS."

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE 3—"A Show Boat Highlight"

RECORD OF STEAMBOAT WHISTLE AND ENGINES.

Narrator: What would history have been without the colorful steamboat era! HERE COMES THE SHOW-BOAT.

MUSICAL NUMBER.
(DIALOGUE.)

Narrator: Come up closer, Ladies and Gentlemen. The melody you have just heard is only one of a hundred song numbers that will tickle your ears during our stay in your beautiful town —er-er City. And as the supreme feature of each and every performance, we will present one of our tremendous repertoire of Dramatic Hits straight from the best theaters in the East.

Narrator: For example—

MELODRAMA DIALOGUE for 2 Women and 2 Men.

Narrator: My dear Madam, I have come to inform you that the mortgage is due. Tomorrow at noon, have the money for me—or the girl is mine—all mine.

LEERS AT GIRL. LEAVES STAGE. GIRL & MOTHER CLING TOGETHER.

Girl: Mother, if dear Willie does not find the buried treasure by tomorrow noon I must marry that CAD. There is no other way.

Mother: Oh! My darling daughter, I would rather go to the poor farm than see you accept his hand. That is fate worse than death.

ENTER WILLIE.

Willie: I have searched and searched, but I can not find the buried treasure.

GIRL RUNS TO WILLIE.

Girl: Oh! Willie, Willie, all is lost. Tomorrow, Montague will be here for

the mortgage money. Now I can never marry you.

WILLIE STRAIGHTENS UP BRAVELY. *Willie:* Do not despair, my darling. Strong arms and a brave heart will conquer all.

EXITS—OTHERS HOLD POSE.

Narrator: Soul stirring drama, Ladies and Gentlemen, each and every night. Reserved seat 20c—General Admission 10c—6 admissions for a bushel of potatoes—Families of eight admitted for a bushel of corn—2 Reserved seats at each and every performance for a smoked ham — Every night at 6:30 sharp—Ladies must remove their hats —NO POPCORN WILL BE SOLD. Thank you—

EPISODE VI—"GROWTH AND WAR"

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE 1—"Kansas City—Slavery Proponents and Abolitionists"

Narrator: But these were days, too, for weightier matters.

Narrator: Outfitting the Pacific bound wagon trains became the major industry of both the Town of Kansas and of Westport.

Narrator: Banks were founded.

Narrator: Newspapers were established.

Narrator: And in Kansas City, everyone turned out to see the spluttering, clacking little gadget which meant that telegraph service had been inaugurated.

Narrator: Plans for railroads were drawn.

Narrator: Bond issues were enthusiastically approved.

Narrator: And in Kansas City, an ambitious group of businessmen founded the forerunner of our Chamber of Commerce.

Narrator: Clay banks were removed.

Narrator: Hills were levelled.

Narrator: The alternating muddy morass and suffocating dust bin that had been the main street was now a smooth macadam thoroughfare.

Narrator: In 1854, Congress acted, and the "Little Giant's" Kansas-Nebraska Bill became law.

Narrator: The barrier to westward settlement which the Indian problem had posed was finally removed.

Narrator: Through Kansas City and Westport new immigrants poured into the Kansas territory.

LIGHTS UP ON STREET SCENE

But, beneath this surging pean of

progress can be heard faintly disquieting rumbles.

(SWA to Man in Wagon) Some walk with an easy, loose-jointed amble; and speak in the liquid-smooth, slurred cadences that are the unmistakable stamp of the South.

Narrator (Southern — Laughing): Why, man, y'all don' think we'ah goin' pay any attention to thet damn yankee nonsense about a "Free Kansas" do yah? *(Soberly)* Lookee heah, theh ain't no two ways about it. Theh's moah at stake heah than jes' the futuah of Kansas. It's the whole futuah of the South that's at stake!

BUSINESS: More rushing about; then wagon again.

Narrator: Some have the quick, nervous pace—the zealous eye—the nasal twang that bespeak the Yankee.

Narrator (New England): Brothers, this is the time and place. Here, now, at the American Hotel of this growing young metropolis of the west we must throw down our gauge. This vile, insidious reptile that is slavery must be trampled underfoot—Kansas must be free, if ever the Union is to be free!

Cut to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Sign.

Narrator (SWA): A little northern lady named Harriet Beecher Stowe publishes a book.

Men throwing mud at sign.

Narrator: It isn't any great shakes as a work of art, and some of the critics are particularly harsh.

LIGHTS OUT IN SCENE
LIGHTS UP—STEAMBOAT ARRIVES.
PASSENGERS DEBARK

Narrator: Another boat arrives—a rather special boat, for it carries a sizable abolitionist delegation under the imposing title of the "New England Immigration Society."

Narrator: The rumblings grow more distinct—and more disquieting.

Narrator: The tinder is neatly laid—all that's needed is the spark!

BUSINESS: Groups of men riding, shots.

Narrator: It is not long forthcoming. The stage is set and here on the border of Missouri and Kansas is played the prologue to the tragedy that in only a very few years will grip the entire nation.

BUSINESS: More rushing about of men on horseback: Gunfire.

Narrator (SWA): Overshadowing everything is the chaos and terror of the border war when the slavery proponents and abolitionists alike resort to physical force in the contention for Kansas.

Narrator (Northern): We want a free Kansas!

Narrator (Southern): Death to all the damned abolitionists!

Narrator (Northern): Kansas Free! No slavery in Kansas! Burn 'em out!

Narrator (Southern): Kansas Slave! No abolitionists in Kansas! Get 'em, boys!

BUSINESS: Riding around, shots.

LIGHTS OUT

Narrator: Though fire and death touched the land and divided families all along the border, Kansas City remained an "island of order in a lawless sea."

Narrator: The abolitionists carried Kansas.

Narrator: The prologue was over.

Narrator: The prologue was over—and there was to be an intermission of a few years before the first act began.

SCENE 2—"The Civil War"—"Order No. 11: Quantrill's Raid"

Narrator: News of a rich lode strike at the Gregory Diggings reached the Missouri. The business of the outfitting establishments zoomed once more.

Narrator: Again the wagons rolled west.

Narrator: This time the slogans read "Pike's Peak or Bust."

LIGHTS UP

BUSINESS: Wagons leaving: People rushing around: Crowd gathers near Telegraph Office.

Narrator: But the interlude is almost over.

Narrator: The rift between North and South widens daily.

Narrator: Anxious crowds gather at telegraph offices to await the latest news.

Man bursts from Office waving wire.

Narrator (SWA): And then one day it happens! With dramatic suddenness the curtains part, and the great drama begins.

Narrator: What is it?

Narrator: What's it say?

Narrator: What's happened?

Narrator: The answers are easy to relate, but difficult to absorb.

Narrator: It's a wire from the East!

Narrator: It says the Rebels have fired on Fort Sumter!

Narrator: What's happened? *(Pause)* It's what's *going* to happen, that's the question.

Narrator: The great, tragically inevitable war has come at last, and "what's goin' to happen" is indeed the question on every lip.

Narrator: A Unionist mayor is elected in Kansas City in 1861 with strong support from less rabid citizens of southern origin.

Narrator (SWA): An already critical situation is made more tense by the raising of a Confederate Flag.

Narrator (SWA): Mayor Van Horn sends for Union Troops from Fort Leavenworth.

Narrator: He directs the organization of a Home Guard.

Narrator (SWA): By night and day contending factions range the countryside.

Narrator: (Northern—Angry): Confederate "bushwhackers!"

Narrator: (Southern—Angry): Union "red-legs!"

Narrator: The citizenry is terrified—confused—victimized by both.

BUSINESS: Crowd mills around Newspaper Office.

Narrator (SWA): And again, people gather, waiting for the latest news. *(SWA)* Editors post the bulletins outside their offices. The crowd surges forward eagerly.

Narrator: What's it say?

Narrator: Says Quantrill's boys have

sacked Lawrence, and shot a lot of people.

Narrator: They're hidin' out somewhere up in the Sni Mills. The Yankees are out after them.

Narrator: They'll never catch 'em up there, though.

BUSINESS: Soldier rushes up with new Bulletin, posts it. Boy climbs down from buggy, rushes over to read it. Old Man calls from buggy.

Old Man: What's it say, son?

Boy: It's an Army order, Dad. General Order No. 11 by General Ewing.

(Pause)

Old Man: Well, go on, boy, what does it say?

Boy: It . . . It says that everyone who lives in the country 'round here has got to get out 'cause they took in "bushwhackers." It . . . It says they're goin' to burn the corn 'n' fodder. Can they do that, Dad?

Old Man: I dunno, boy . . . I dunno.

Boy: But, Dad, 'tain't fair, 'tain't fair at all.

Old Man: Come on, boy. Hurry it up! We've got to get your mother. A lot of people are goin' to be homeless, and there'll be many comin' here. Ewing's goin' to be in trouble over this!

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE 3—"The Battle of Westport"

Narrator: Amid this confusion, the Confederacy struck! General Sterling Price and nine thousand seasoned Rebel troops invaded Missouri.

Narrator (Southern): The objectives of this campaign!

Narrator: The capture of Kansas City.

Narrator: The capture of the vital Union supply post at Ft. Leavenworth.

Narrator (Southern): The strategic advantages of the success of this campaign!

Narrator: Control of the Western trade routes to New Mexico.

Narrator: The Pike's Peak gold fields.

Narrator: The approaches to California and Oregon.

Narrator: To meet this challenge, Union forces—many green and poorly led—were mobilized under General Samuel R. Curtis. The issue was joined, and for three days the fate of Kansas City hung in the balance *(Sound: Distant gunfire)* while the battle of Westport raged less than three miles to the south.

LIGHTS UP—STREET SCENE—WOUNDED SOLDIERS, ETC.

Narrator: Residents of Kansas City and Westport care for the wounded.

Narrator: They bury the nearly thousand dead who have fallen in the early fighting.

Narrator: In spite of overwhelming superiority in numbers, the Union

forces are badly shaken and outflanked in the second day of the battle. The high ground south of Brush Creek is held by the Confederate forces.

BUSINESS: Soldiers gathered around Gen. Curtis—Staff Meeting.

Narrator (SWA): General Curtis calls a special staff meeting to seek some way out of the hopeless situation.

Gen. Curtis: Gentlemen, our present position is untenable. If we don't do something, and do something fast, Price's men will slice through us like butter. By tomorrow evening Kansas City will be lost!

(Aide): General, my men are on what was our right flank. Our supplies are low. We're pinned in a murderous crossfire. It's only a matter of time, sir, till my whole battalion is wiped out.

Gen. Curtis: I know, Major, I . . .

Second Aide: Sir, my company has lost half its members, if . . .

Third Aide: We need food . . .

First Aide: We need ammunition . . .

Second Aide: We need replacements . . .

Gen. Curtis: Gentlemen, if you please . . . I know how desperate are your needs. I know how many men we've already lost. But there is no choice—we must storm that ridge!

First Aide: Storm the ridge!

Second Aide: But sir . . . it's sheer suicide!

Gen. Curtis: Gentlemen, the choice is storming that ridge or retiring from the field and giving up Kansas City—and with it the whole West—into the hands of the Confederacy. That, gentlemen, is a sacrifice from which the Union could never recover—and one which I shall never make!

BUSINESS: Aide leads an old man, in mufti, up to the group.

Narrator (SWA): And then it is that there occurs one of those minor miracles which so often have altered the course of history.

Another Aide: Begging your pardon, sir, but this old man would speak with you. He says it's important.

Gen. Curtis: What's the meaning of this, Lieutenant? I've no time to waste on the problems of civilians. There's a battle in progress—a battle that might well . . .

Old Man: Excuse me, General, but it's about that battle I would speak. And about the high ground the Confederates now hold.

Gen. Curtis: The high ground! What about the high ground?

Old Man: To storm that ridge directly is plain murder, General. You'd be thrown back, sartin' sure. But if there were a way of gettin' up there without the Johnny Rebs knowin' what you was about . . .

Gen. Curtis: A way of . . . what are you talking about? There's no way of getting up there but those paths the Confederates already have covered.

Old Man: But there is, General, thet's what I'm tryin' to tell you. There's another path—one there ain't nobody knows much about 'ceptin us old timers. But it's passable, Gen'l—you can move your hull army up there without anybody knowin' what you're about. And once yer there, if you can't give Price and his Confederates their come-uppance, you're not the scrapper I think you are, no siree. Now *(Fading)* if you'll just look at this here map . . .

Narrator: And look the General does . . . and can hardly believe his eyes.

BUSINESS: Meeting breaks up. Bugles, Dispatch Riders, etc.

BLACKOUT

Narrator (SWA): Quickly the orders are given.

Narrator: Silently the march begins.

Narrator: Brush Creek is forded, and the forces of General Curtis make their way up the devious hidden trail. The maneuver is successful, and the Confederate forces of Price are completely outflanked at what is now Jacob Loose Park.

BATTLE SOUNDS

Woman: Jacob Loose Park? Why, it's lovely there. I've been there when the grounds were literally red with roses!

Narrator: The ground is red today.

Man: Jacob Loose Park, ah? Many's the hot night I've spent there listening to the summer concerts.

Narrator: There's music today—the clarion bugles, the moans of the wounded, the startled neigh of spurred horses, the rhythmic rattle of musket fire, welded in the cacophony that is battle.

Narrator: But the maneuver is a military success.

Narrator: Price is forced to withdraw.

BATTLE SOUNDS OUT

Narrator: The rejuvenated Union troops pursue the fleeing Confederates, destroy their wagon trains, and in forty-eight hours the withdrawal is a disorganized, frantic rout.

Narrator: Kansas City—Leavenworth—indeed, the whole West has been saved.

Narrator: The Gettysburg of the West is Ended.

LIGHTS OUT

Narrator: Peace found the city in a sad state. Supplies were scarce and prices were exorbitant. Leavenworth, Atchison and St. Joseph were threatening the commercial position which Kansas City coveted.

Narrator: The River was no longer the key to transportation for the railroad age had dawned.

Narrator: On September 21, 1865, the wildly enthusiastic citizens celebrated the arrival of the first train to Kansas City—The Pacific Railroad of Missouri—soon to be named the Missouri Pacific, opened the door to eastern markets.

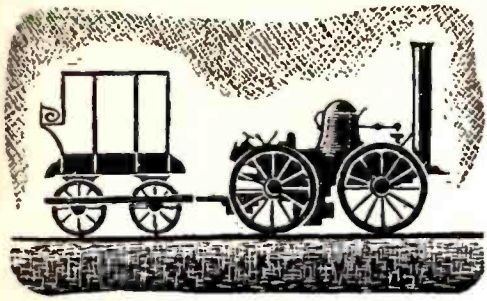
Narrator: A Board of Education was organized.

Narrator: Gas lights were installed.

Narrator: The first Public School was built.

Narrator: A paid, well equipped fire department replaced the volunteer company.

Narrator: Kansas City acquired a horse drawn Street Car and a Public Library.



Narrator: But the key to the future was Railroads—to maintain its position it MUST become the railroad center of the region.

Narrator: The most important link was with the Hannibal & St. Joseph at Cameron. This would give access to Chicago, New York and Boston.

Narrator: Kansas City's Kersey Coates, Charles E. Kearney and R. T. Van Horn went to work.

They convinced the railroad directors they meant business.

Narrator: Congress passed a bill authorizing the bridge.

Narrator: Octave Chanute completed the bridge in two and one half years.

Narrator: It was the first permanent structure across the broad Missouri.

LIGHTS UP

EPISODE VII—"RAILROADS AND CATTLE"

SCENE 1—"Opening of the Hannibal Bridge"

Narrator: July 3, 1869 will be a day to be long remembered by these holiday-minded Citizens who have gathered to witness the first train pull across the Hannibal Bridge.

Song number by all on stage and the chorus.

At end of song.

DIALOGUE for 4 People—2 Ladies—2 Men.

Old Lady: Do you mean to tell me that great big steam engine contraption runs on these skinny little pieces of iron? 'Tain't safe. How fast does it go?

Her Daughter: The paper said 20 miles per hour.

Old Lady: Lan' Sakes Alive—I'll say it again—'TAIN'T SAFE!

Old Man: How fast does she go?

Old Lady (Yells in his ear trumpet): TWENTY MILES AN HOUR. AIN'T THAT TURRIBLE?

Old Man: Don't know what this world is a-comin' to—hurry in an' hurry out—'Taint civilized.

BAND MARCHES IN PLAYING A LIVELY TUNE. AFTER BAND NUMBER.

(DIALOGUE for Old Man and Old Lady.)

Old Man: What time is it?

Old Lady (Yelling into ear trumpet): It's high time that train got here if it's so blamed fast.

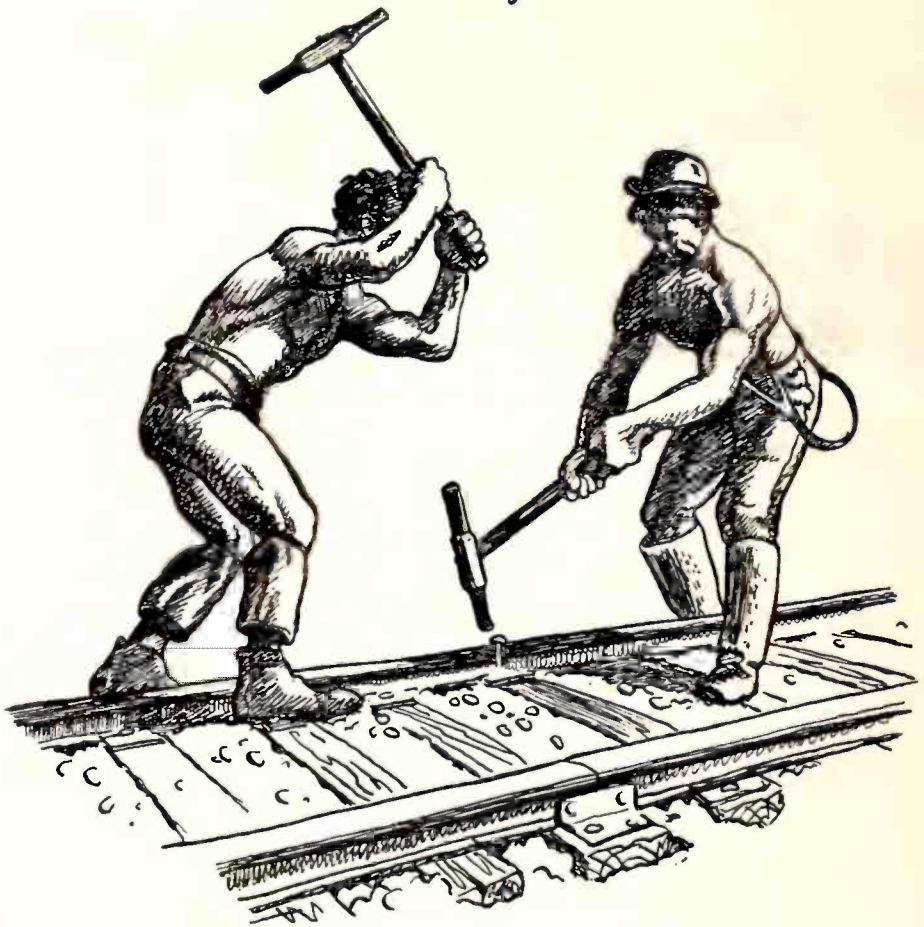
Narrator (Shouts): HEY! LOOK! THERE SHE COMES!

TRAIN WHISTLES. BAND STRIKES UP A MARCH. CROWD CHEERS. TRAIN STOPS AT END OF BRIDGE.

(DIALOGUE for ———.)

Narrator: Ain't that a purty sight?

Narrator: There's Octave Chanute—Don't he look happy?



Narrator: He has a right to look happy —he sure did a bang up job.

Narrator: There's Kersey Coates and Congressman Van Horn.

Narrator: And Charles E. Kearney is standing right there with the Mayor.

Narrator: Mayor James H. Jones is greeting the Railroad Officials. This is sure a great day for Kansas City.

OFFICIALS CLIMB ON ENGINE AND CAR STEPS AND TRAIN COMES ON IN.

CROWD CHEERS — OFFICIALS AND CROWD LINE UP BEHIND BAND AND PARADE AROUND TRAIN. TRAIN BACKS OUT.

Caller for Dance: Come on, Folks— Let's join the dance!

Square Dance.

LIGHTS OUT AFTER DANCE

Narrator: Indeed it was a portentous occasion. The bridge assured the eventual entrance of the Burlington, Rock Island and Wabash Railroads. Kansas City was still the "CROSSROADS OF THE NATION."

SCENE 2—"The Cattle Industry"

LIGHTS UP

Cattle start across. Cowboy music from band.

Narrator: From the west came thousands of long horned cattle driven by lean, hard, weatherbeaten cowboys from the Texas ranches.

Narrator: As the eye watches the cattle on their way from the West to our Kansas City Stock Yards and the ear is soothed with the soft cadence of Cowboy rhythms—our minds wander and paint the picture of this great industry.

Narrator: Trainloads of cattle were forwarded to St. Louis over the Missouri Pacific and to Chicago over the Hannibal & St. Joseph. With the extension of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, the trail herds to Kansas City stopped and in their place trainload after trainload of cattle arrived from the Kansas "Cow Towns" of Abilene, Ellsworth, Hays and Dodge City.

Narrator: A Stockyards company was organized in 1871 and thirteen and a half acres in the West Bottoms soon became yards, pens and loading chutes. At the hub of a rail system with eleven radiating spokes, Kansas City became the major packing center with most of the nation's largest packers represented.

Narrator: The clink of spurs and the black wide brim "Stetson" became familiar trademarks along with choice Kansas City Steaks.

Cowboy music and dance at Corral.

LIGHTS OUT AFTER DANCE

Narrator: The city was growing up. It was the largest between St. Louis and San Francisco. It had an Opera House, an exposition and fair, and a new Union Depot in the West Bottoms. But it remained a "crossroads" —essentially a meeting place.

LIGHTS UP—RIGHT INSERT

EPISODE VIII—"THE EIGHTIES"

SCENE 1—"The Office of Marshal Tom Spears"

Narrator: Here is just such a gathering in the office of Marshal Tom Spears, which is a favorite meeting place for some of the greatest of Western Peace Officers — men whose names are known and discussed all over the West.

Narrator: Wyatt Earp of Dodge City and Tombstone fame. Wild Bill Hickok who is giving the boys a shooting lesson.

Narrator: Jack Gallagher is having a quiet game of solitaire.

Narrator: Billy Dixon and Jim Hanrahan are the two kibitzers about to ruin Gallagher's Game.

Narrator: Tom O'Keefe is the one getting tips from Wild Bill.

Narrator: Kirk Jordan takes it easy with his feet up on the table and swaps stories with Marshal Tom Spears.

Narrator: The stories this group could relate of their experiences would color every chapter of Western history.

LIGHTS OUT

Narrator: In spite of the efficient efforts of Marshal Tom Spears there were many in Kansas City who lived on the other side of the law. History prominently records the late afternoon of September 26, 1872 . . .

SCENE 2—"Jesse James Robs the Industrial Exposition Box Office"

LIGHTS UP

Sounds of crowd cheering.

Narrator: The afternoon card of Horse races at the Industrial Exposition is coming to a close.

Narrator: Behind the ticket window Benjamin Wallace and his staff have just finished totalling the day's receipts.

Narrator: The assistant cashier is starting for the First National Bank with the little tin box and—

BUSINESS OF ROBBERY: Robbers dash away on horseback. Man riding by sees the robbery and gallops off right stage. Posse comes riding in at a gallop and follows robbers.

LIGHTS OUT

Narrator: Within an hour the news was all over town. Jesse James accompanied by his brother, Frank, and the Cole Brothers had robbed the Exposition Box Office of the entire day's receipts—the stories varied that there were from two to seven men in the party and the amounts ranged from various sums up to $10,000. One thing was certain, Jesse James had committed one of his bold robberies.

Narrator: The prosperity which began in the "seventies" swept unchecked into the "eighties." Western settlement made Kansas City, with its many railroads, a marketing center.

Narrator: Industry and Commerce made it a Financial Center.

Narrator: William Rockhill Nelson migrated from Indiana and founded the Kansas City Star.

Narrator: Speculative money poured into the city.

Narrator: Beginning in 1865 a wild real estate boom brought land values to dizzy levels. At the height of the boom . . .

LIGHTS UP

SCENE 3—"President and Mrs. Grover Cleveland"

Narrator: October, 1887, two honored visitors are being feted throughout the city.

Narrator (SWA): President and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, after a royal welcome, arrive at the Reviewing Stand to witness the annual Mardi Gras—the spectacular Priests of Pallas Parade.

Narrator: This is a formal visit and Kansas City is greatly honored.

PRIESTS OF PALLAS PARADE.

LIGHTS OUT

Narrator: It was a tired presidential party that departed late that night for Memphis.

Narrator: One year later in 1888 the "bust" came and the speculators awoke one morning with a very bad headache.

Narrator: In spite of the depression that followed the Panic of 1893, the Gay 90's was an era of accomplishment. The new East-side residential was replacing Quality Hill; electric lights were now fairly common, though gas jets were still kept ready for use. There was a modern telephone system with over 500 subscribers. The trolley was invented in Kansas City and replaced the cable car. Of all the improvements, by far the most imposing was the newly completed Convention Hall.

EPISODE IX—"THE NINETIES"

SCENE 1—"A Picture of the Gay 90's"

LIGHTS UP

Frozen Picture—Picnickers on Bicycles—Playing Croquet — Badminton — Children skipping rope and rolling hoops. Picnickers sitting on blankets. Bathing Beauties and Life Guards standing in different poses on Terrace Stage. Firemen holding poses in Fire Department.

Narrator: Yes sir: There you are with your hair slicked down and your mustache waxed. You just had to go to that picnic to sample your best girl's lunch. Friends from all around, some even coming all the way from Independence, gathered together with old acquaintances.

ALL THE ABOVE ACTIVITIES START AT ONCE—MAN APPROACHES TERRACE STAGE.

Narrator: Ladies and Gentlemen: This afternoon, we are presenting the annual bathing beauty contest. At this time, it gives me great pleasure to introduce the Mayor of Kansas City who will act as the presiding judge of this contest.

Mayor: Thank you, very much, kind people of Kansas City. I am not here to make a speech but to perform a much pleasanter task—but a difficult one. Deciding who is the loveliest among so many lovelies. Permit me to present these charming Bathing Beauties.

BATHING BEAUTIES APPEAR ON THE TERRACE STAGE.

Narrator: That's it, girlies, look pretty for the Judges . . . cute, aren't they? They're wearing the very latest in bathing suits. Goodness—How daring can you get?

Narrator: "Twenty-three Skidoo — Kiddo!"

Narrator: "I Love My Wife But Oh! You Kid!"

Narrator: Ladies and Gentlemen, The Mayor has just handed me the name of the WINNER — The successful Bathing Beauty is Miss Winnie Clinklebuck!

CROWD CHEERS.

Winnie: OH, I am so thrilled *(she hugs Mayor)*. Thank you ever so much, dear Mr. Mayor.

CAMERAMAN TAKES PICTURE OF WINNIE AND THE MAYOR.

MEDICINE MAN APPROACHES AND SETS UP MEDICINE STAND.

Narrator: Step right this way, step right this way, Ladies and Gentlemen. Greetings and salutations—my good friends. If you will give me your undivided attention for a few moments, I will explain to you the unbelievable healing qualities of Chief Feather In The Nose's Snake Oil. That's fine. This famous Elixir of Life is guaranteed to cure all ailments including frostbite, colds, neuritis, rheumatism, and worms in little children. But before I give you an opportunity of investing one quarter of a dollar in a bottle of this great remedy, we wish to entertain you. Direct from France, I give you those darlings of Gay Paree, the Internationally famous Can Can Girls! What do you say, folks, give the little ladies a great big welcome.

CAN CAN DANCE.

As the dance proceeds, bride and groom enter in an old model car—when auto reaches center of stage it stalls. Driver gets out and begins to crank car.

Narrator: Well, look at the Newlyweds . . . Oh! Oh!—looks like trouble.

Narrator: NOT MOTOR TROUBLE at a time LIKE THIS—and to think that I paid good money for this contraption.

Girl: Oh! Honey—I do wish you would get this thing started. Of all the times for this to happen—on our Wedding Day.

Narrator: Get a horse—Get a Horse!

ALL THE PICNICKERS HELP PUSH THE AUTO.

Narrator: That's right, folks—give them a push. Come on, everybody. Ha, Ha, Ha—they're certainly getting a start in life with the whole town behind them—Well—half of it.

LIGHTS OUT

Narrator: April 4, 1900, the streets suddenly rang with the sound of Fire Bells. The Convention Hall was burning. Within fifteen minutes a mass of flames engulfed the bright new structure.

LIGHTS UP

SCENE 2—"Convention Hall Burns"

MUCH ACTIVITY ON THE STAGE—FIRE TRUCKS & ENGINES ACROSS.

Narrator: Fire! Fire! The Convention Hall is burning!

Narrator: At the rate it is burning it will soon be just twisted metal and ashes.

Narrator: What about the Democratic National Convention? It's only ninety days away! They'll take it somewhere else!

Narrator: They'll not take it anywhere else! We'll rebuild. We'll rebuild in ninety days and show the world! This is Kansas City! We'll make up a subscription list right now! Walter S. Dickey and Eugene Rust, will you start the subscription list right here and now?

Narrator: That's impossible! We can't get the money or the materials!

Narrator: We can and we WILL! Nothing is IMPOSSIBLE in Kansas City!

LIGHTS OUT

Narrator: On the night of July 3, with the city wrapped in bunting and filled to overflowing with cheering delegates, the tired workmen moved out of the new building. When the gavel fell the next morning the cheering crowd had visible testimony to the faith and the ability of the citizens of Kansas City. To some the nomination of the great commoner, William Jennings Bryan, was something of an anti-climax. The "Century of People's Movements" had begun.

EPISODE X—"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY"

SCENE I—"The American Royal Live Stock and Horse Show"

Narrator: And there were other changes.

Narrator: For years, Kansas Citians had thrilled to the annual fair.

Narrator: Now, the old fair was replaced by the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show.

LIGHTS UP—BAND MUSIC

Narrator (SWA): There were purebred cattle.

Narrator (SWA): There were fine-blooded horses.

BLACKOUT

Narrator: The event grew, and attracted visitors from literally all over the world.

SCENE 2—"The First Automobile Show"

SOUND: Two-cylinder gas engine sputtering along, then wheezing to a stop.

Narrator: You hear that sound?

Narrator: For several years, now, men had been hearing it and learning to love and respect the power it represented.

Narrator: They were inquisitive, grease-stained men working late into the night.

Narrator: In basements.

Narrator: In carriage houses.

Narrator: In blacksmith shops.

Narrator: In bicycle stores.

Narrator: They could be found all over this land, working to prove there was a more efficient means of transportation than the horse.

Narrator: In New York.

Narrator: In Cleveland.

Narrator: In Detroit.

Narrator: In Kansas City there was a man named Capps. He'd been through it all.

Narrator: The weary hours late into the morning.

Narrator: The disappointment of good ideas grudgingly rejected because they just didn't work.

Narrator: The thrill of driving a horseless buggy made with your own hands down Main Street right under the very startled noses of the disbelievers.

Narrator: Yes, Capps—and Kansas City—had been through it all.

Narrator: And now they were over the hump.

Narrator: You didn't have to look quite so far to see one of those newfangled contraptions.

Narrator: Yes, the automobile was over the hump.

Narrator: So much so, in fact, that in 1907 the Convention Hall's doors were opened on Kansas City's first Automobile Show.

LIGHTS UP

BUSINESS: Crowds moving through doors in building facade. Sound of motor. Car drives up, stops, man and woman get out, enter building. Some of crowd surround car, appraise it admiringly.

Narrator: It looked, indeed, as if the automobile had come to Kansas City to stay.

(Continued on Page 381)

CENTENNIAL SUMMER

in Kansas City —

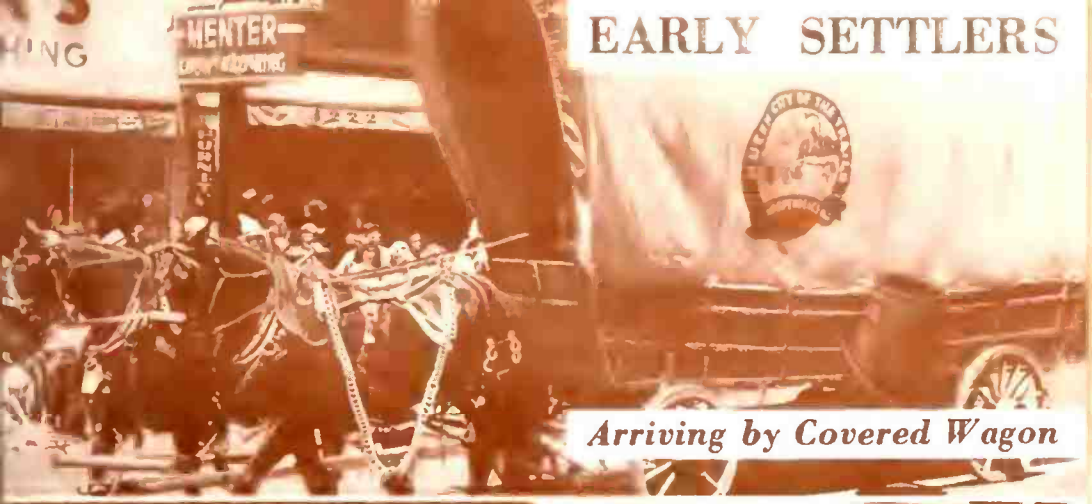
A Time to Look Backward . . .

. . . and Forward!

CROWDS CAME FROM EVERYWHERE

Here's how they massed on Grand Avenue after the Centennial Daylight Parade

EARLY SETTLERS

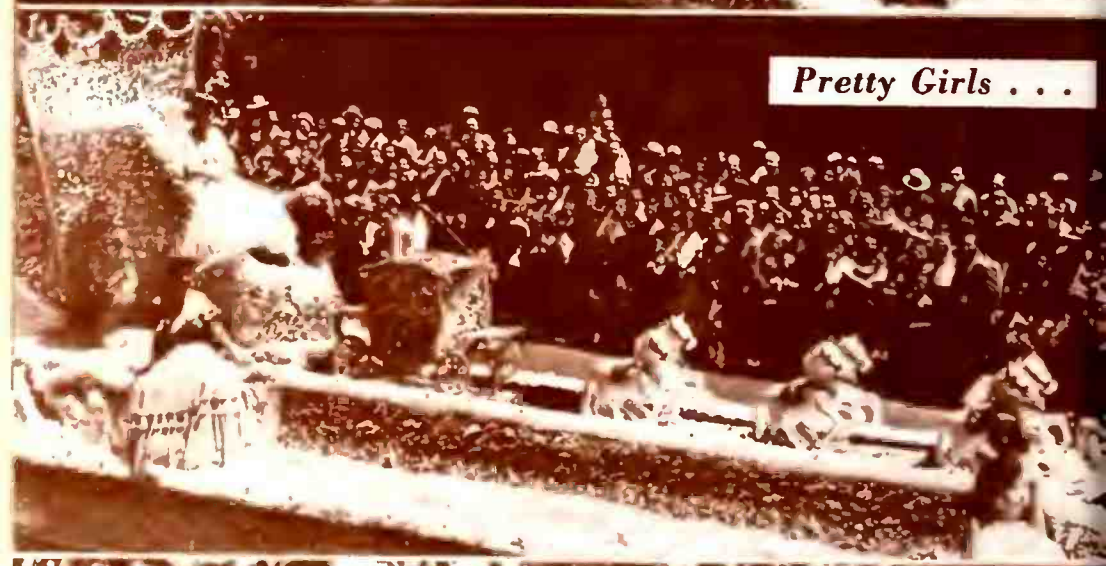


Arriving by Covered Wagon

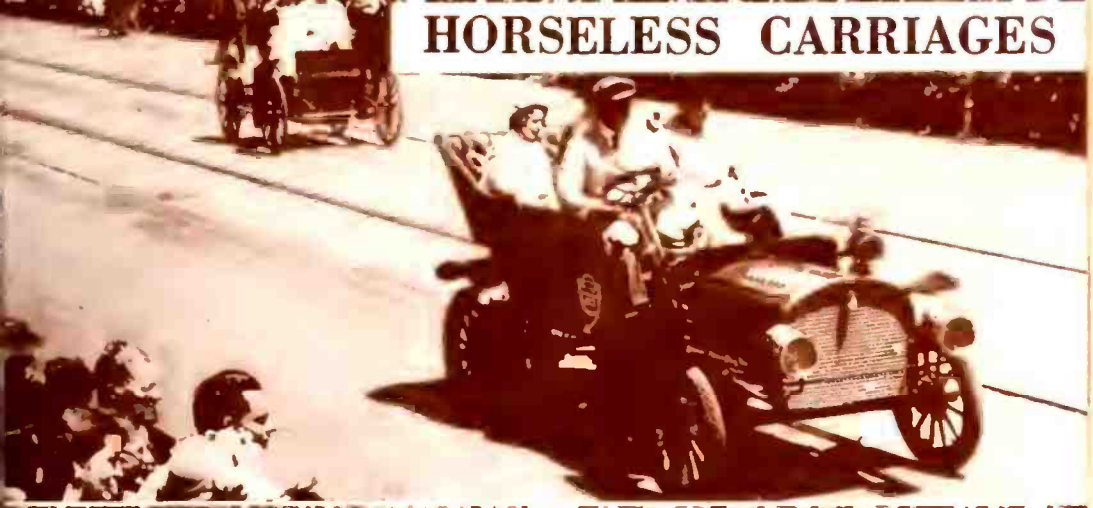
Square Dancing in the Streets

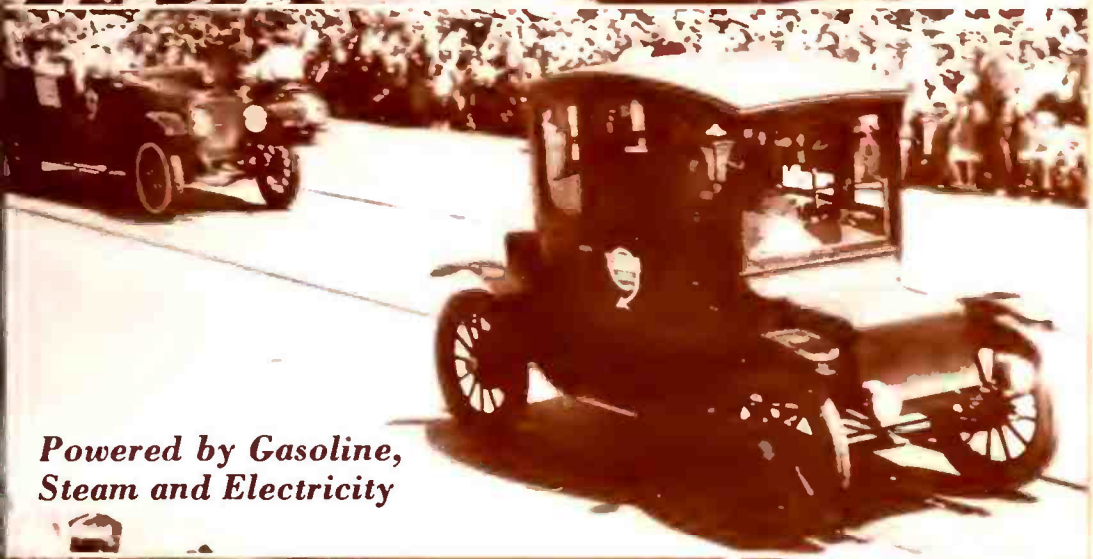
Remembering the Early Days!

THE CENTENNIAL QUEEN



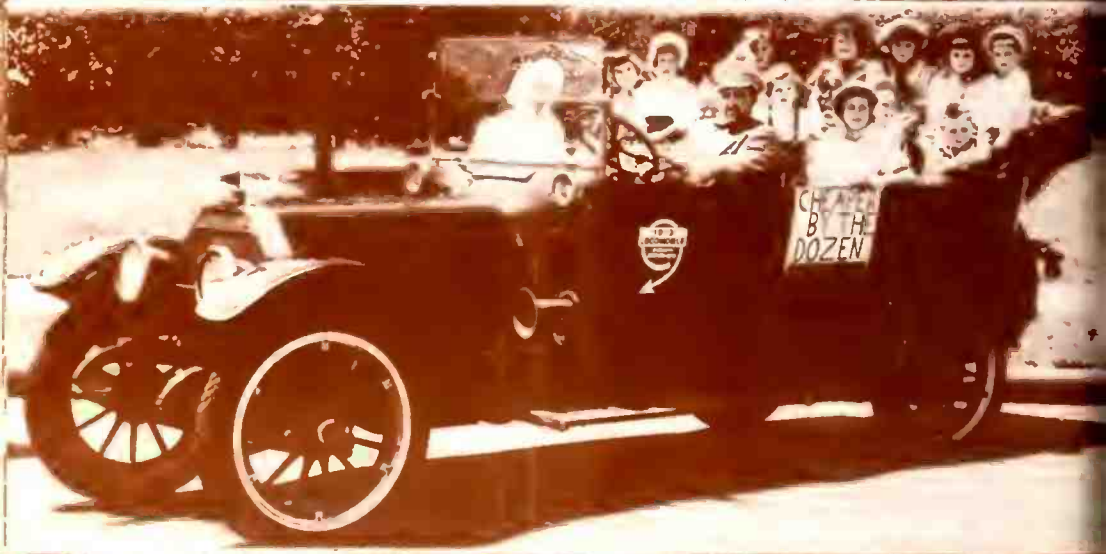
HORSELESS CARRIAGES





Powered by Gasoline, Steam and Electricity

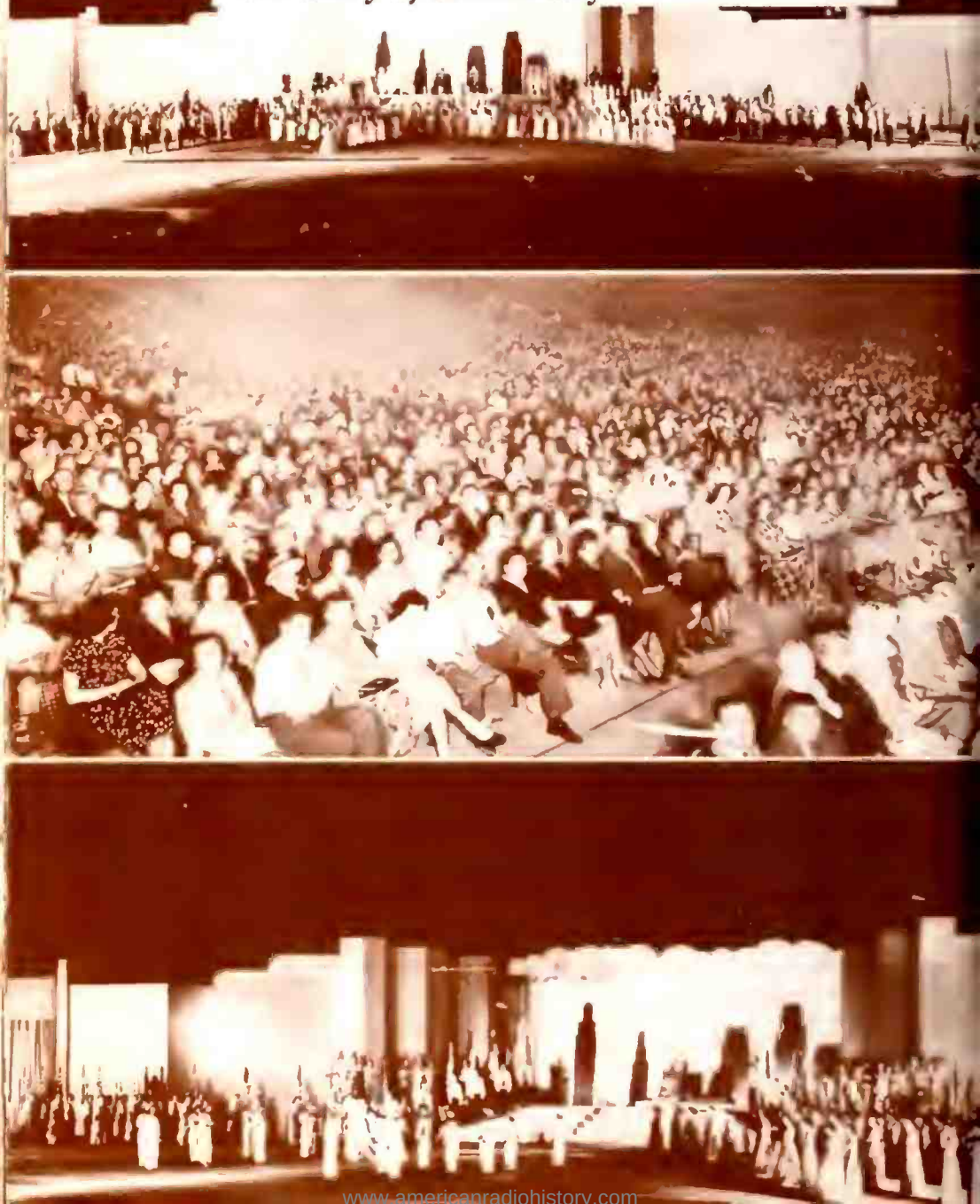
BEAUTY, LAUGHS, THRILLS . .COWGIRLS,

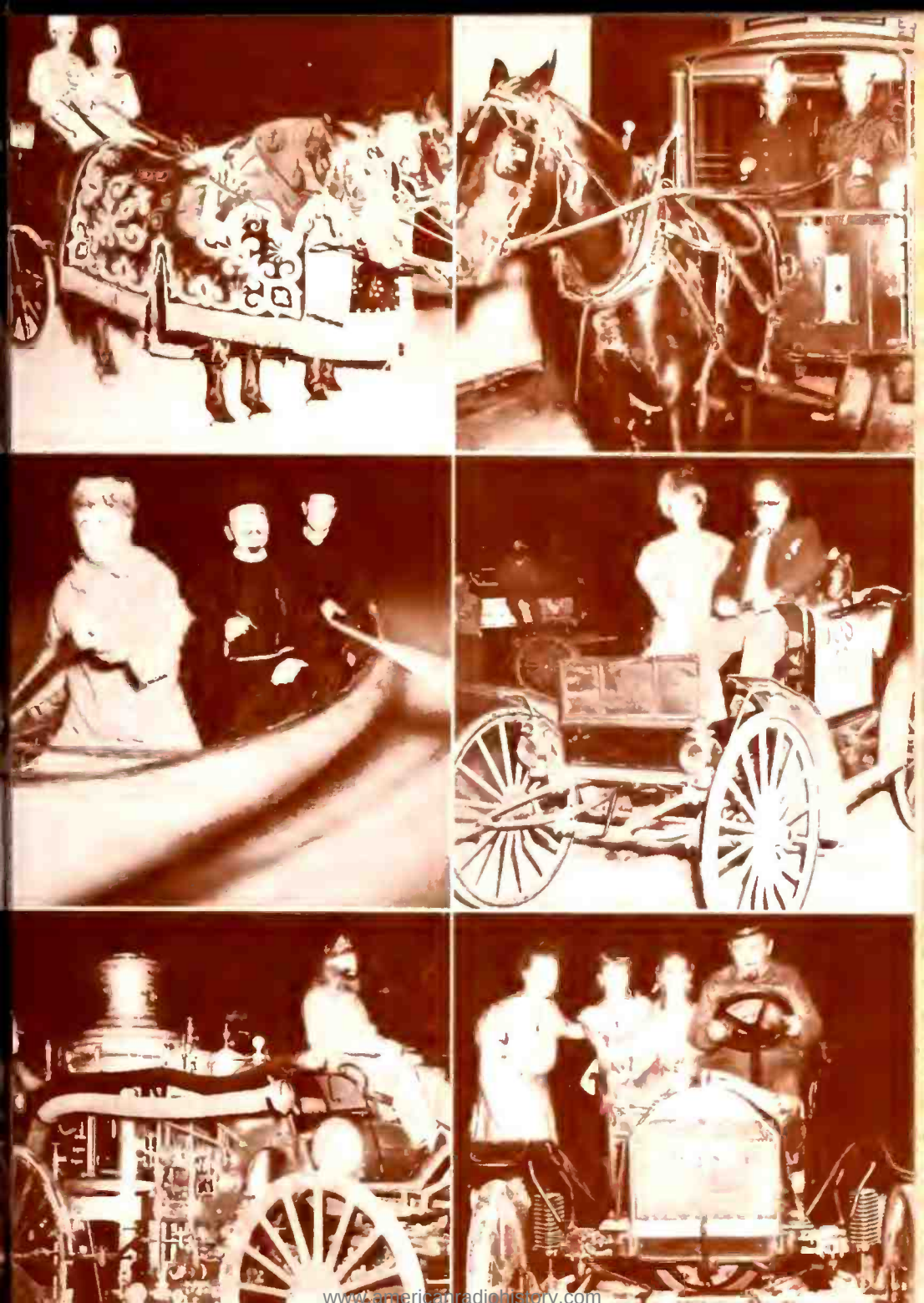


RANCHERS, PLANTATION BELLES . .

AND PAGEANTRY!

On a Mammoth Stage at Starlight Theatre
Thousands Come to See and Hear
The Story of Kansas City





HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

The Battle of Westport Is Fought Again

And Jesse James Plans a Robbery

"LITTLE MO" WAS HERE

With Lieutenant-Governor James Blair (left), Ed Gallinaugh (who hiked from Santa Fe to Kansas City) and Dan L. Fennell, Chairman of the Pageant Committee.

Plus Some Wild Westerners

Travelin' the Santa Fe Trail

Count 'Em! — Not One, But Two, Daniel Boones!

"THRILLS OF A CENTURY"

As the First Train Comes to Town!

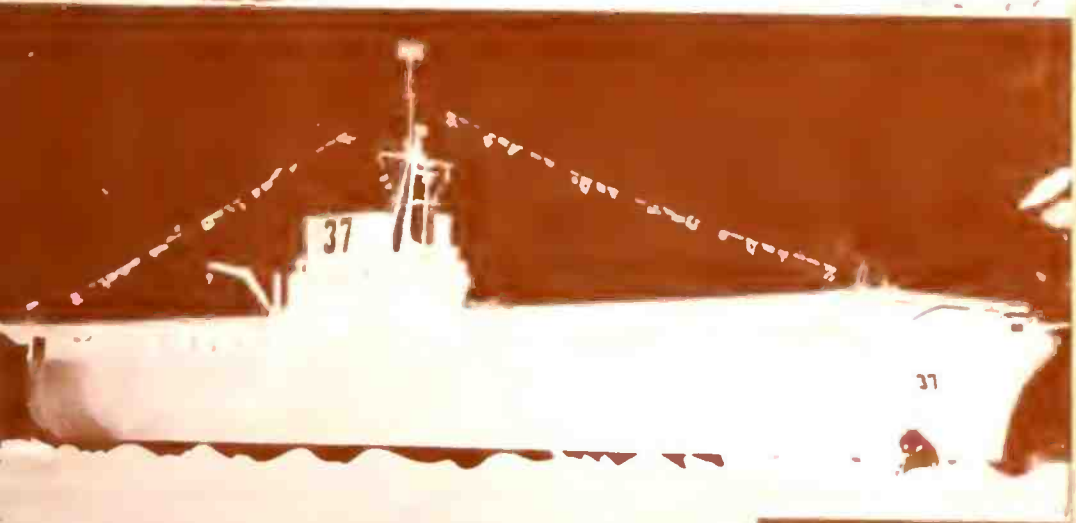
The "Priests of Pallas" Re-Lived!

And Kids Dance the Charleston!

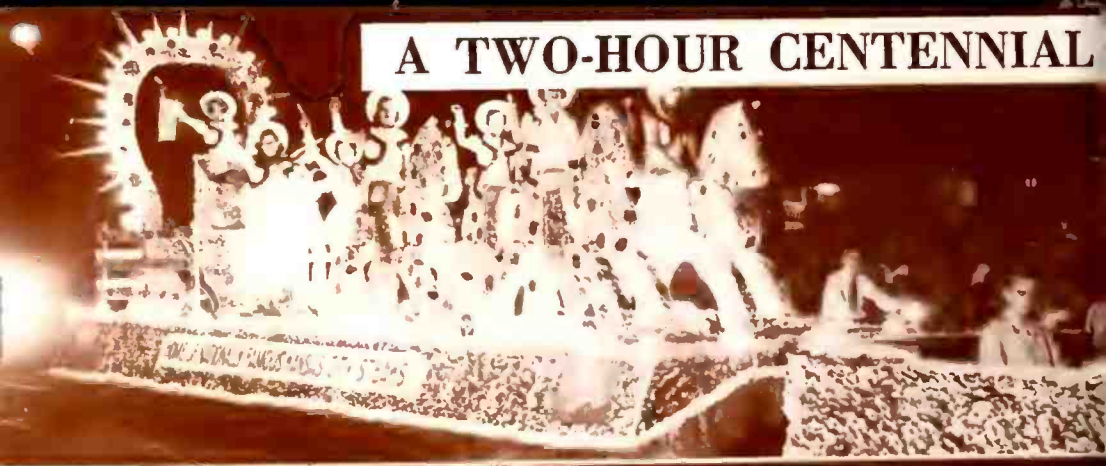
350,000 PEOPLE SAW THE NIGHT PARADE

WITH ITS

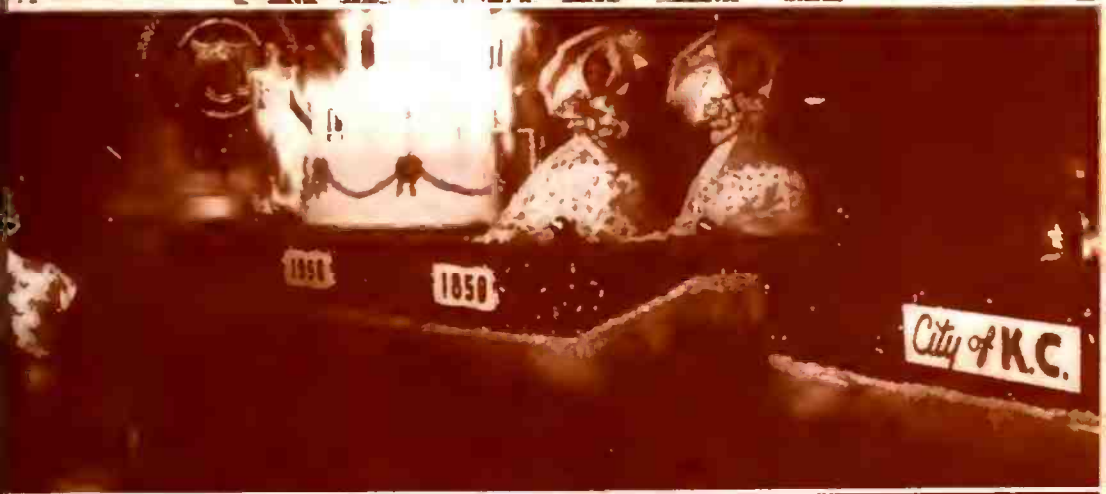
MEMORIES OF PEACE AND WAR

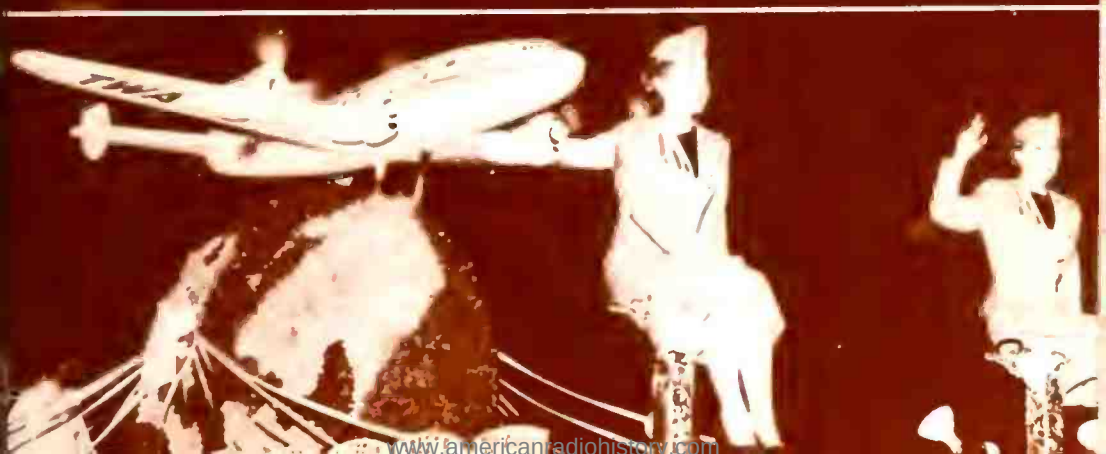


A TWO-HOUR CENTENNIAL



PROCESSION





. . .AT THE ARENA, THE CENTENNIAL

Mayor William E. Kemp, Gloria Swanson and Postmaster General Jesse Donaldson cut ribbon, open doors . . .

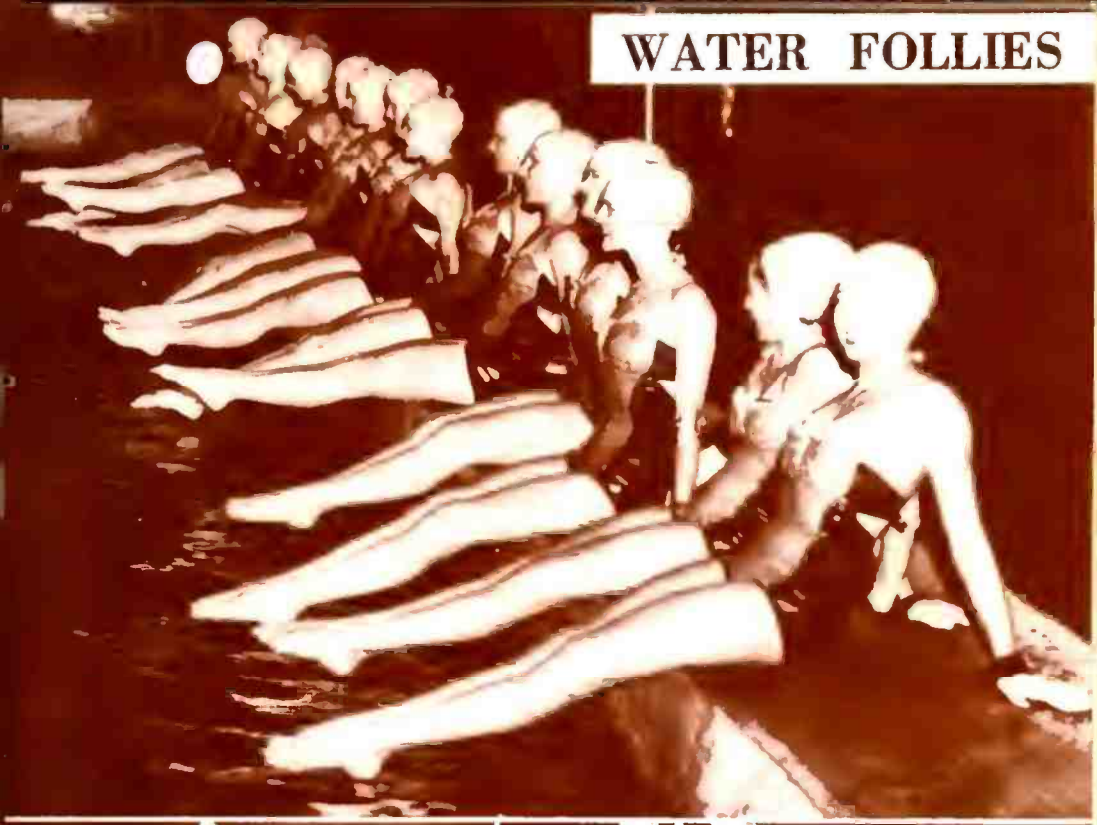
Displays and Fu

...ty Products

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION

HOLIDAY ON ICE

WATER FOLLIES



BIG MINSTREL SHOW!

The Epperson Megaphone Minstrels Perform Once More!

Garment Industry Revue, "Big Birthday". Stars Frances Langford

"BIG BIRTHDAY"

BIG BROADCAST

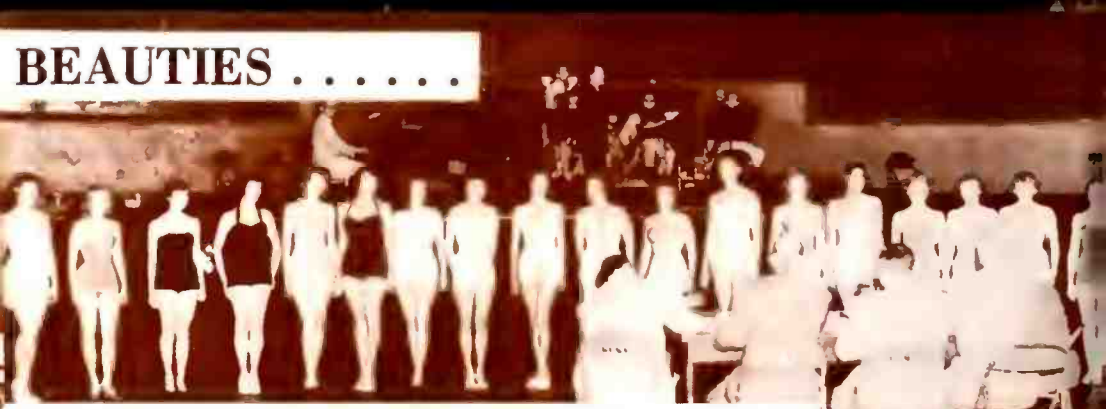
James Hilton, Jane Wyman, Joyce Hall and Robert Young present "City of the Future" coast-to-coast on

. . . PLUS BASEBALL!

Mrs. Harry Truman is Guest-of-Honor Centennial Night at Blues Stadium. With her are Oscar King, A. J. Stephens, Mrs. Fred Bellmere and former Blues baseball stars.

A. J. Stephens presents plaques to former Blue Stars Eddie Pick, Pat Collins and Bunny Brief.

BEAUTIES . . . . . .



"Miss Missouri" and "Miss Kansas" Are Chosen for the "Miss America Pageant"

"Miss Missouri"
Judge Landon Laird

Annabe' Baker
Wichita,
Kansas

Beverly Retroff
Kansas City,
Missouri

CELEBRITIES

Gloria Swanson and Her Daughter
With Centennial Chairman Herbert H. Wilson

BEARDS

Winners of the Centennial Beard Contest

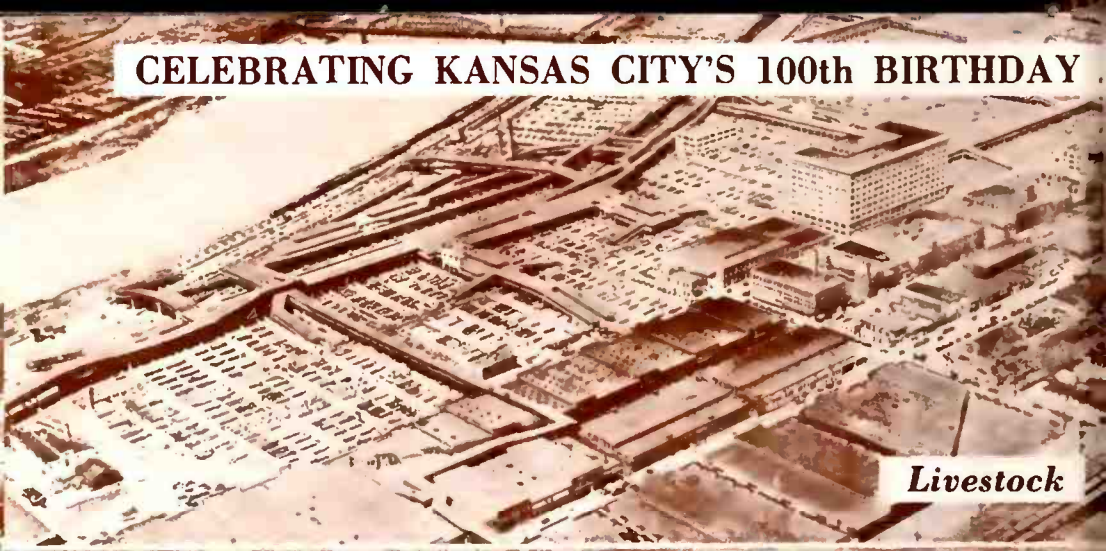
"Mellerdrama" at the Show Boat

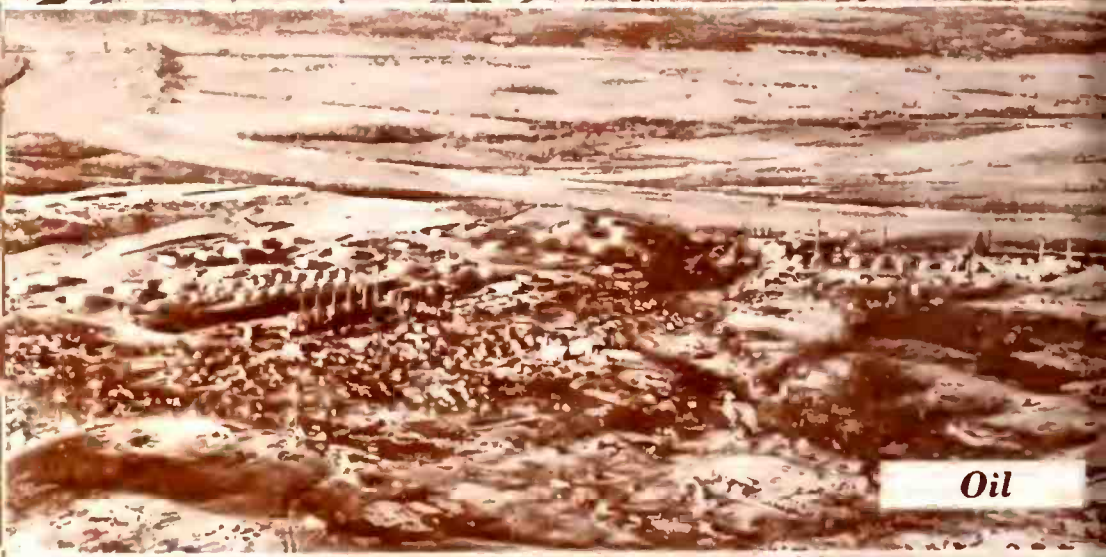
Square Dance Fiesta

INDIANS CAMPED AMONG THE SKYSCRAPERS. . .

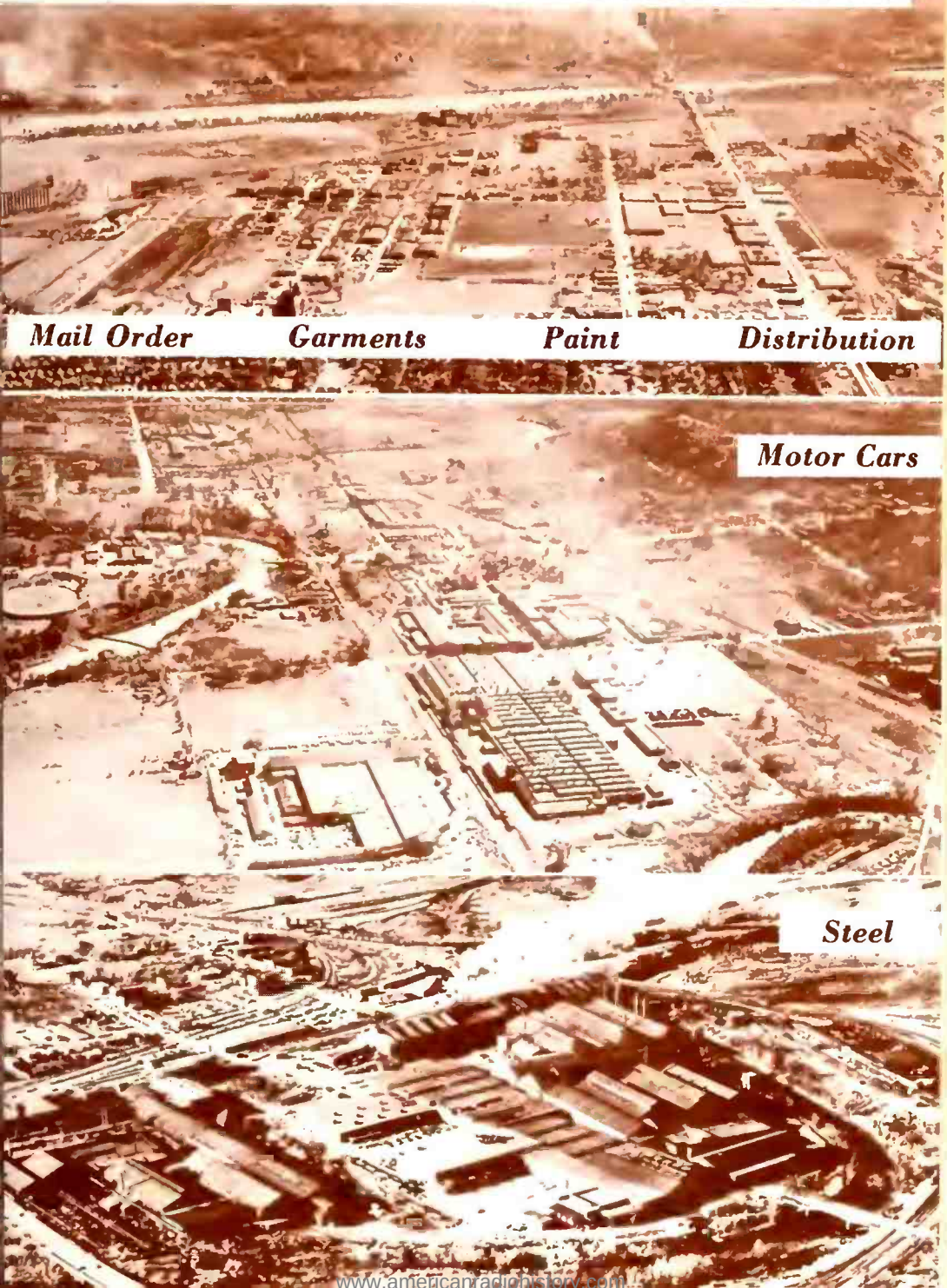
. . DANCED, PLAYED AND WORKED

CELEBRATING KANSAS CITY'S 100th BIRTHDAY

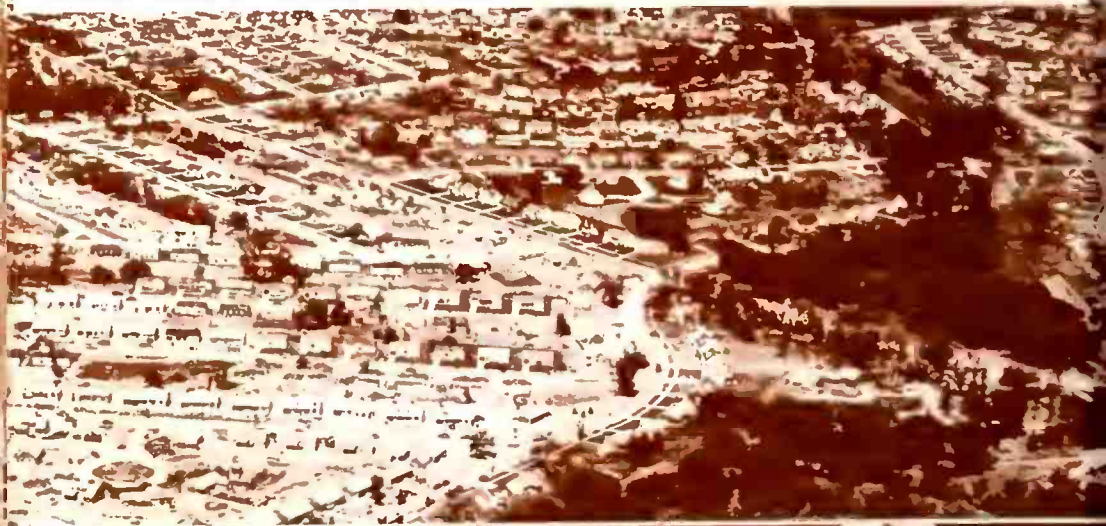




AND THE GROWTH OF INDUSTRIES LIKE THESE . . .



THE CITY GROWS AND HER PEOPLE PROSPER



Centennial Flag at Valley Forge Boy Scout Encampment

Thrills of a Century

Kansas City's Centennial Pageant

(*Continued from Page 348*)

Historical Spectacle Committee

Dan L. Fennell, Chairman
Karl Koerper, Co-Chairman
James Anderson
W. G. Austin
Thomas Hart Benton
Berl T. Berry
Charles W. Carter
George W. Catts
L. P. Cookingham
W. N. Deramus
B. J. Duffy
Harry M. Gambrel
E. B. Garnett
Ward C. Gifford
Geo. Fuller Green
Ernest E. Howard
Henry W. Johnson
W. J. Krebs
Perrin D. McElroy
Henry J. Massman, Sr.
Jo Zach Miller III
H. B. Munsell
Sheriff J. A. Purdome
Roland Record
Elmer Rhoden
A. J. Stephens
R. Carter Tucker
N. T. Veatch
George E. Wilson
Albert H. Wood

SCENE 3—"A Famous Kansas City Memory"

Narrator: Searching through the years, by far the most popular events of the era were the annual appearances of the Epperson's Megaphone Minstrels, whose performances attracted audiences numbering 10,000 people.

EPISODE XI—"WORLD WAR I"

LIGHTS UP

Narrator: Songs and patter of their times — EPPERSON'S MEGAPHONE MINSTRELS.

Narrator: The year was now 1914, and again the people of Kansas City heard the troubling sounds of war in the making.

Narrator: But this time it was in Europe.

Narrator: Three thousand miles in good old Atlantic Ocean away!

Narrator: In Kansas City, a new union station was opened with all the high ceremony befitting the solemnity of such an occasion.

Narrator: In Europe, an obscure archduke was assassinated by an even more obscure fanatic with an unpronounceable name.

Narrator: And Kansas Citians read in their papers one day that war had begun in Europe.

Narrator: And they watched the headlines of the Star chart the progress of that war.

LOBSTERSCOPE

Narrator (SWA): "Woodrow Wilson Protests Unrestricted Submarine Warfare."

Narrator (SWA): "Big Bertha Shells Paris."

Narrator (SWA): "British Introduce Tanks to Modern Warfare."

Narrator (SWA): "Allies Defeated in Russia."

Narrator (SWA): "Germans Stand Before Paris." (FULL PAUSE)

Narrator (SWA): "Lusitania Torpedoed."

Narrator (After Pause): "The Lusitania Torpedoed"—and in the time it takes to read those three words, Kansas Citians watched that "Three thousand miles of good old Atlantic Ocean" waste away to the barest of trickles.

BAND: MARTIAL MUSIC.

Narrator: The year is 1917, and America is going to War.

Narrator: Kansas City watched her volunteers enlist.

Narrator: The "doughboy" became a familiar sight.

Narrator: And the newspapers and "Minute Men" whipped up enthusiasm for the Liberty Loan drives.

Narrator: Troop trains pulled out from the new depot to the tune of . . .

BAND: "OVER THERE."

Narrator: Gold star flags began to appear, and vaudeville performers drew tears with . . .

BAND: "TIPPERARY."

Narrator: And then—then it was all over and a measure of peace returned.

PAUSE—BUGLE—"IN FLANDERS' FIELDS."

SCENE 1—"Liberty Memorial—November 1, 1921"

Narrator: November 1, 1921, was a tumultuous day.

Narrator: The streets were filled with a surging throng.

Narrator: A stranger coming out of the Union Station asked what was happening, pointing to the people gathered on the plaza across the way.

Narrator: "It's the ceremonies for the Liberty Memorial," he was told.

LIGHTS UP

Reviewing Stand fully lit. Few spectators seem fully lit, but mostly in silhouette to convey impression of large crowd. Cannon booming. Bands playing.

Narrator: Sixty thousand legionnaires march smartly past the reviewing stand.

Narrator (SWA): The salute is taken by Marshal Ferdinand Foch, Supreme Commander of the victorious Allied Forces. With him on the stand are:

Narrator: Lt. Gen. Baron Jacques of Belgium.

Narrator: General Armando Diaz, of Italy.

Narrator: Almost lost amidst the gold braid and medals stands the Vice-President of the United States—Calvin Collidge.

Narrator: There's David Lord Beatty—hero of the Battle of Jutland, and Admiral of the British Fleet.

Narrator: And, of course, old "Black Jack"—General John J. Pershing.

BAND SWELLS UP. CANNON. BLACKOUT.

Narrator: All in all it was a glorious day and Kansas City's emotions poured out in pride, gratitude, and generosity.

Narrator: Just a minute—aren't you forgetting something?

Narrator: Oh yes, that's right. Among the marching veterans were the men of Battery D who fought under a Captain Harry S. Truman, from Independence.

EPISODE XII—"TRUMAN AND WAR"

SCENE 1—"The News of Pearl Harbor"

LIGHTS UP AND MUSIC OF PHILHARMONIC FADE IN

Two living room scenes, one Negro, one white. Family in each seated listening to radio. Music establishes about 30 seconds, then is abruptly cut out.

Narrator: We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin. The White House has announced that naval and air forces of Japan have attacked American installations and shipping at Pearl Harbor, on Oahu in the Philippine Islands. No informa-

tion has been received here as to the extent of the damage, but we will bring you further information as soon as it is made available to us. We return you now to the broadcast of the Philharmonic.

Music cuts back in. Hold for reactions on stage, then goes out with lights.

Narrator: You were pretty certain right there that you wouldn't forget that day.

Narrator: The next day you were sure of it.

SCENE 2—"Declaration of War" (recording)

ROOSEVELT'S DECLARATION OF WAR ADDRESS.

SCENE 3—"Kansas City Girds for War"

Narrator: Once again the United States was at war.

Narrator: Once again Kansas Citians rolled up their sleeves.

Lights up. Processional Tableau. Set against K. C. Skyline. Laborers, Armed Forces, Military equipment, some effect depicting steady stream of supplies.

Woman: Women join forces with the men in the factories to produce:

Here, Narrators alternate naming products of which K. C. was a leading war-time supplier.

Small Arms Ammunition!
Bombers!
Aircraft Engines!
Amphibious Assault Vessels!
Rocket Powder!
Airplane Landing Strips!
Wire Cable for the Navy!
Bomb Shells!
Gas Transport Trucks!
Paint!
Meat, Flour, Eggs for the Armed Forces!
Vegetables!
Radar Equipment!
Life-Saving Equipment!
Radio Sets and Transmitters!

Narrator: Labor and management together join the fight in a great outpouring of strength.

Narrator: The city at the bend of the Missouri becomes a key link in the "Arsenal of Democracy."

Here various Representatives of the Armed Forces appear. Band music.

Narrator (SWA): And its citizens go to war! Once again men in uniform march down the streets.

Woman (SWA): Women join the military services.

Narrator: The totals are amazing.

Narrator: Fifty thousand Jackson County men and women don uniforms.

BUGLE LAST FEW BARS OF "TAPS."

Narrator: Twelve hundred and fifty never returned.

SCENE 4—"The Presidential Election"

Narrator: When it was over, there hadn't been much change.

Narrator: Letters addressed to the President of the United States still reached Franklin Roosevelt.

SCENE 5—"The President Is Dead" or "Truman—32nd President of the United States"

LIGHTS UP

Same two living room scenes. Service Flags in window, etc. Radio playing some then current popular tune. Music established about 30 seconds, then cuts out sharp.

Narrator: We interrupt this program for a special bulletin. A press association has just announced that the president is dead. According to the release, the president died at Warm Springs, Georgia, of a cerebral hemorrhage. No official word has come as yet from Washington, but we shall bring you any further bulletins as soon as they reach us.

Music cuts back in sharp. Hold for reactions, then cut out sound and lights.

Narrator: Within an hour of the tragic news, while the shock and sorrow was felt in all but a few corners of the world, Harry S. Truman hurried to the White House.

Narrator: The oath was administered, and America had its thirty-second president.

Narrator: Kansas City rushed to reconvert its war-time industry to peace-time production. Business expanded and there was talk again of the future city of a million persons. High speed modern highways linked the city with all parts of the country; bright streamlined diesel trains flashed through the Union Station to all parts of the Nation. Barges carried freight to the Municipal Wharf. Overhead roared huge planes linking the city with the entire World.

FINALE—"KANSAS CITY FACES THE SECOND CENTURY"

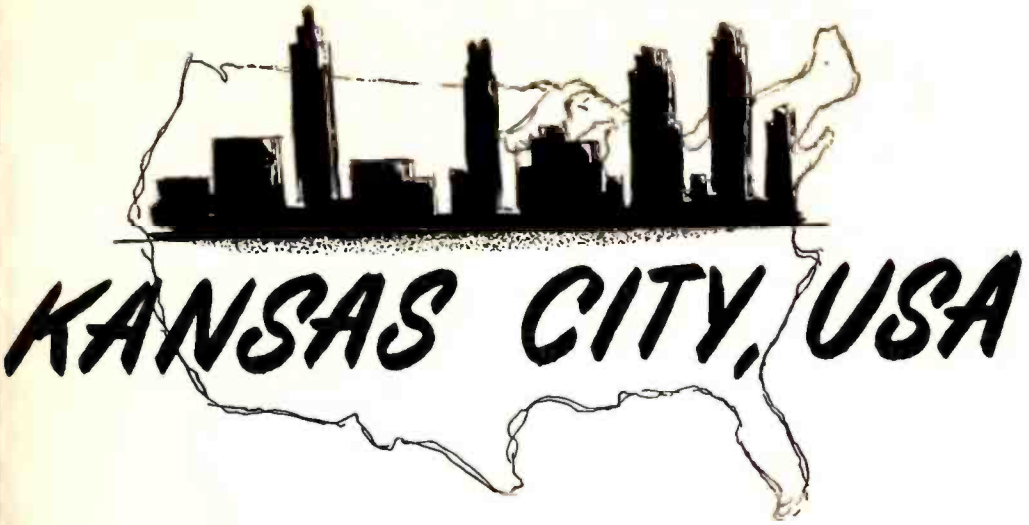
LIGHTS UP

Narrator: A restless, troubled world searching for freedom, peace, and security through the cooperative action in the United Nations who now gather before you.

A huge picture is formed of the 50 United Nations each accompanied by the Flag of that Nation carried by a uniformed attendant, the Forty-eight States with a like number of Flag Bearers, the tanks and other implements of defense lined up on the sides of the stage. Groups of four people each representing the various branches of the Armed Forces and auxiliary service units, The Royal Party, Centennial Queen and Miss United States with their attendants grouped about the thrones. This picture is backed by the Modern Skyline in Kansas City. When the picture is complete:

Narrator: With her hope in the cooperative action of the United Nations, her strength in supporting a strong National Defense and her faith in the youth of today who will carry on as her citizens of tomorrow—Kansas City gallantly faces her Second Century.

The Star Spangled Banner. Fireworks on Hill will show The Stars and Stripes.



by GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

IN a nation studded with such variegated clots of men and motion as Detroit with its production-line veins, as Denver mid the magic mountains, as Hollywood wearing its chromium heart on its sleeve, as San Antonio daubed with khaki and flushed with sun, as New York with its fever of ideas, Kansas City is probably the most typical of America's big towns.

Kansas City is a kind of interior American crossroads and melting pot where the Southerner, the Northerner, the Easterner and the Westerner meet and become plain John American, with America unfolding, to use one old-timer's rapt expression, "in oceans of glory" in every direction. It got its start on the riches of Boston banks and Western lands and Northern furs. It is not only America's approximate geographical heart, but the center of gravity for her taste and emotion. The soap opera, movie or national magazine that doesn't "take" in Kansas City won't live long in the nation.

Kansas City is a bread-and-meat town. It is interested less in ideas than in things. It has a river and a region, a past, a present and a future, all of them alive and burgeoning and, at least the river and the past, turbulent in spectacular degree. For sheer vitality and bumptiousness, it's almost worse than Texas. In many ways they're much alike. Take size. Kansas City feels itself less a town than the center of the region it dominates: all of Kansas, western Missouri, northern Oklahoma, parts of Iowa, Colorado and Nebraska. Like Texas, it's bursting with "mosts" and "firsts." Its Union Station handles more through trains a day than any other in the United States. People wait for those trains in the biggest waiting room in the land. Kansas City stockyards handle

more stockers and feeders—that is, range cattle which are to be further fed and fattened—than any other American market. It is the biggest primary United States market for hard winter wheat, as well as for sorghum grains, and has the largest single grain elevator. And like Texas, its leaders are sluggers, though a few, just now, may point a little self-consciously at the hair on their chests. These days Kansas City people are like kids out of school. Because Tom Pendergast, who ran the political machine that made Kansas City eat out of its hand during the 'Thirties, is dead.

The machine still controls Jackson County, which contains the city, but the city itself is free. Its Uncle Sam came to its rescue after Tom Pendergast got too big for any local force to tackle. Until that time, Kansas City's slugging leaders called Tom Pendergast "Mister", and meant it. Pendergast was smart, decisive and full of the qualities of command and leadership. He could stuff a ballot box as deftly as a Midwest farm wife can stuff a hen. But his word was good enough for anybody. He went to Mass every morning and then went to his office, from where he ran Kansas City just as wide open as she would run, and the idea of conflict between his professed moral beliefs and his actions never seemed to enter his head.

There were crap games in every pool hall and bookie joint. Whisky was always fifty cents more a bottle in Kansas City than in St. Louis. One of Pendergast's companies sold ready-mixed concrete. You got along fine if you used enough concrete. And the time of his reign is often spoken of as "the concrete age" of Kansas City. One real estate development has a concrete-floored creek.

During these times, Kansas City's effort to show the visiting salesmen and buyers a good time reached its most florid heights. Under the leadership of Mayor John Gage, Kansas City has subsequently been thoroughly, even dramatically, cleaned up—at the expense, some feel, of the trade of certain gladtime farmers and cattlemen who now prefer Chicago's more frolicsome fleshpots. But back in the roaring 'Thirties there were businessmen's luncheon places in Kansas City where there were strip-tease acts between the shrimp cocktail and the roast beef, acts that went right on to their logical conclusion. In the west bottoms there were cafes with nude waitresses. The biggest crap games between the Missouri and the Rio Grande were roaring continuously—games in which herds of cattle, ranches, even oilfields changed hands.

Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker at timesgraced Kansas City's streets, and citizen John Kaplan attained the distinction in his profession of being nationally recognized as Public Enemy Number One. Pretty Boy Floyd moved to town from the Cookson Hills of Oklahoma. Thus Kansas City, located in the center of three penitentiaries,

became a kind of capital and haven for those with extra-legal vocations. Many of these hearties toted their tommy guns in golf bags, and, in those days, a machine-gun-conscious populace could be cleared from the streets instantly by turning on a riveting machine. This was especially true after the Union Station massacre, when five people were mowed down by gunmen seeking to rescue a pal from the clutches of the law.

Finally, the K. C. pickings looked so good that one of the Chicago mobs decided to move in. Soon it was upsetting Kansas City gambling tables and in other ways treating the native racketeers with disrespect, until, late one night, the Chicagoans found themselves let down on ropes and hanging by their feet from the A.S.B. Bridge high above the Missouri River. A conference was held by the K. C. crowd, as the visitors pleaded and as some of the more impetuous Missouri boys whittled on the ropes to pass the time away. Ultimately, however, they yielded to the entreaties of the Illinois delegation, hauled them up and let them retire from the scene with coattails flying. And that was the last invasion from the North.

But Mr. Pendergast, like so many others, entertained the belief that he could guess the outcome of horse races in advance. In fact, he was willing to bet that he could. And it is generally felt that it was a broom-tail-busted Pendergast who made the mistake of accepting a $430,000 bribe from a group of insurance companies and neglecting to give the Bureau of Internal Revenue its fair share of the take.

That was the oversight that sent him to the penitentiary for income tax evasion. Later, sick and broken, he died. One of the machine's most distinguished alumni, then Vice-President of the United States, flew home to help bury his old boss—a gesture of loyalty beyond Pendergast's politically bankrupt grave which set mighty well with many Kansas Citians, who knew how easily Mr. Truman could have been too busy with affairs of state.

But while Pendergast's shadow is still longer over Kansas City than that of either of those earlier inhabitants of Missouri, Daniel Boone and Jesse James, perhaps the longest shadow was cast by another of the potent individualists who have made Kansas City—William Rockhill Nelson, who, in 1880, founded the great Kansas City *Star*. Nelson had a neck the size of an ordinary man's thigh, and just as stiff. He died not long before Pendergast came into power, and it is a pity that a contest never took place between Pendergast and this rough-and-tumble editor for the heavyweight championship of the forks of the Missouri and the Kaw.

No issue affecting Kansas City ever came to light during Nelson's reign without feeling the impact of his editorial blasts. He carried on an unyielding campaign for improvement in Kansas City—better streets, better homes, better buildings, more parks, playgrounds, museums and civic adornment.

When Nelson died, he left his fortune of $11,000,000 for a Kansas City art gallery. The income from this fund was to be used for the purchase

of art objects. The rest of the family furnished the site and $3,500,000 for a building. The gallery is one of the handsomest in America. As usual, Mr. Nelson thought of everything, and provided that the trustees could spend endowment funds only for pictures by artists who had been dead thirty years or more. Consequently, while the gallery abounds with Chinese tomb and temple art and has a skeleton collection of paintings by the European great, there is not a Grant Wood in the place. To express the Midwest, there is a single Tom Benton and a single John Steuart Curry, which some private citizens gave to the gallery.

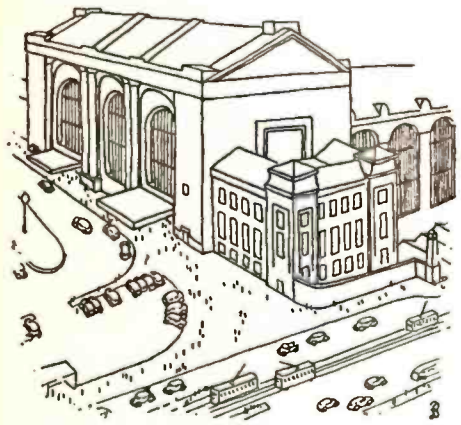
In his will, Mr. Nelson also directed that the *Star* be sold to the highest bidder on the death of his heirs. At that time, the staff raked and scraped enough money to make a sort of down payment on it. Now the paper is paid for and is virtually wallowing in the black, and the homes of the *Star* men who own it look more like bankers' houses than the usual drear diggings of the Fourth Estate. Among the alumni of the *Star* are editors of many of the nation's leading magazines and some of the best writers. For example, Ernest Hemingway was once a police reporter on the *Star,* and Roy Roberts, the present managing editor, recalls with a chuckle, "not a very good one either."

In the 'Thirties, the *Star* fought Pendergast on almost every issue that arose, just as, back at the turn of the century, it beat the drum for the young Kansas produce peddler who wanted to try to develop the vast and then farm-covered area south of Kansas City that was later to be known as the Country Club District. The young Kansan, J. C. Nichols, was full of ideas, and a go-getter in capital letters printed in red. Between that time and this, Nichols has built good housing around 50,000 Kansas Citians. He lays out and builds whole neighborhoods at a time, so that each house may complement the others, and each neighborhood the others. Shopping centers, schools, churches, and so on, are strategically located. Parking spaces are adequate, and sunken and landscaped around the edges to resemble parks. The streets are laid out to create esplanades and parks of every shape, on which Mr. Nichols has mounted art objects from all over Europe—wellheads, sets of columns and statuary, surrounded by pools and fountains and gardens. This long-range-planned 4,000-acre development, devoted almost entirely to one-family homes, is said to be the largest undertaking of its kind in the world. And Kansas City is immensely proud of the whole thing.

A municipally-planned but Nichols-boosted project is the creation of a vast cultural center that will tie together Kansas City University, the Nelson Gallery, Barstow School for Girls and Rockhurst College, the Midwest Research Institute, and the as yet unbuilt $6,000,000 Linda Hall Library, into a kind of Versailles of the Middle West, with reflecting pools and, in all probability if J. C. Nichols has anything to do with it, a lot of statuary.

Probably the most useful civic building in Kansas City is its block-square Municipal Auditorium, that is as tall

as a ten-story building. During one evening, all in the same Gargantuan structure, I saw thousands of yelling people watching a basketball game in the main arena while a delightful performance of *H.M.S. Pinafore* was going on in the beautiful maroon-and-gold Music Hall, which is also where Kansas City's Philharmonic gives its concerts. Some local organization was meeting in the Exhibition Hall, but this was an off night for the Little Theatre, which is tucked in one corner. In all, the auditorium can seat 24,000 people. Incidentally, the machine built it, and spent $6,500,000 in the process, but it provided a meeting place that does credit to one of the nation's most popular convention towns.



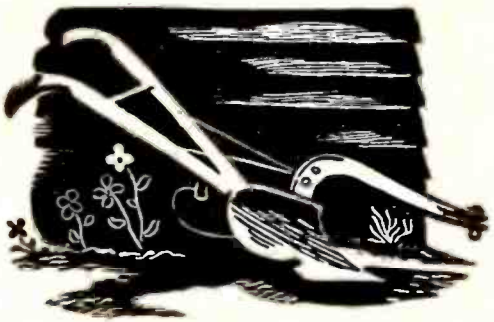
But Kansas City is more than any of its political factions, leaders or even its people in general. The keystone in the Kansas City story is geography. In the first place, it boxed St. Louis off from the West. And in the history of the American West the formula has been: population flows west; trade flows east. Once the site of Kansas City had been selected, the only way it could have failed to prosper would have been for the West to remain unpeopled.

In the early days, immigrants traveled as far as Kansas City on the Missouri. By 1836 as many as twenty steamboats were regularly making the trip from St. Louis. At Kansas City the pioneers transferred their baggage and persons to prairie schooners, then hit the Santa Fe Trail. From this time on, men were moving west through Kansas City and sending back their buffalo robes and wool and gold dust to be exchanged for Kansas City's whisky, groceries, prints and notions.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century, the railroads pushed out to Kansas City and kept on going until they extended their prongs to Abilene and Dodge City. And the market had met the range. Soon the great cattle drives up the Chisholm Trail to the railheads were at their height. Already, with transportation and so vast a market, Kansas City was becoming a big branch-house town and wholesaling center. Little by little, a garment industry would grow up to take advantage of the distribution channels of the wholesale system.

Until this time, the lands of Kansas and northern Oklahoma had served in Kansas City's scheme of things principally as pasture land. The homesteaders had tried raising wheat, but the experiment fizzled and farmers were abandoning their lands, when a party of Mennonites brought in thirty bushels of "Turkey red"—rust- and cold- and drought-resistant wheat from the Russian Crimea. It was the answer

to Kansas land and climate. Its yield was not only dependable but oceanic. And when Kansas became prosperous, her riches naturally gravitated east toward Kansas City's banks and merchants.



Now the century had turned and more light industries were finding their way to Kansas City. That Kansas wheat had to be milled. Milling was becoming almost as important as butchering and packing. Kansas City was also becoming an assembly and distributing point for all the big implement and, later still, automobile companies. Then, as those first plows and cultivators began to fall into disrepair and had to be junked, Kansas City got a steel mill which depended not upon ore, but which straightforwardly stewed up those old riding plows and cultivators and expiring Model T's and fashioned them into new steel shapes.

At every turn, Kansas City's blessed geography served her well. Then her bankers were called upon to bet on something besides cows and grain, to take a new and not so easily calculable kind of risk, and they dropped the ball. The great midcontinent oilfields were beginning to be discovered, and men with a light in their eyes were pouring into the Kansas City banks seeking financial backing to invade this new industry which offered such spectacular rewards. But the "show-me" bankers just couldn't bring themselves to take the plunge. While they hesitated and hemmed and hawed, less-cautious Eastern money poured into the fields and, incidentally, boomed Tulsa, which simply by being there has bit a nice slice out of Kansas City's wholesale-trade territory. Even so, the cross-country pipe lines had to pass through Kansas City, which was able to drain off enough oil to keep a refinery or two humming.

When the war came and Kansas City asked for war industry, Washington laughed out loud. Kansas City, Washington said, had neither skilled industrial labor nor management know-how. But such Kansas City dollar-a-year men as J. C. Nichols and Bob Mehornay spent their days fighting the enemy and their nights fighting the battle for Midwest war plants. They said that if Washington didn't want its war plants bombed, it had better bring them out on the Missouri's secluded banks, that the native ingenuity of Midwestern labor and management would see the projects through. Soon the plants began coming.

There had never been a single Kansas City plant that had handled or needed more than about 3,000 workers at a time. The Kansas City Chamber of Commerce beat the bushes seeking out labor. When Remington's small-arms plant opened and asked for 24,000 workers, it got 75,000 applica-

tions. Then North American and Pratt & Whitney came in and sopped up the rest of this manpower and more besides. Still other workers had to be found to build amphibious assault vessels out of Kansas City steel —vessels which were then launched in the Missouri to swim to the sea. Subsequent plants such as the huge Sunflower rocket-powder plant had to hustle mightily for labor.

But Kansas City seemed to remain about as far from the war as you could get in the United States, and showed the minimum signs of war hysteria. It's true that it was pretty nearly impossible to buy a K. C. steak in town, and the American Royal Fat Stock Show, the annual cow Mardi Gras, which is one of Kansas City's greatest social functions, was suspended for the duration. But business thrived on Petticoat Lane, the town's smartest shopping center, and the hospitality at its hostelries, particularly its famous and venerable Muehlebach, was, as far as was humanly possible with the shortage of labor and flood of guests, still genuine and old-fashioned.

One thing about Kansas City life that would strike a visiting New Yorker immediately is the virtual absence of delicatessens. Kansas Citians cook and eat at home, except when, on occasion, they dine out in their country clubs and restaurants.

Twelfth Street, where, in the minds of many a gladtime Oklahoman, Kansas City was always most "up to date," where many went broke and a few would like to be buried, is still one of the main stems, as it was in the days when it inspired *Twelfth Street Rag*. But, in actuality, Kansas City has no "Great White Way," no Fifth Avenue. It has a gridiron business district, built pretty much in the shape of a square, as if a hostile return of the Indians might be expected. Most of Kansas City's downtown streets, with the exception of Grand Avenue, are pinched and narrow. Grand is wider because, in the early days when it was laid out, Colonel James McGee insisted it be wide enough for him to turn his buggy around without having to drive all the way to the corner.

As you no doubt know, the state line slices through Kansas City. At least the Missouri part of town, which is a good four-fifths of it, feels that Kansas City, Kansas, has less eclat, generally speaking, than Kansas City, Missouri. Traveling Kansas Citians are alleged to say only "I'm from Kansas City" if from the Kansas side, and "I'm from Kansas City, Missouri," if from that ennobled community.

Many firms, because of the state-line situation, pay taxes in both states. And back in the old days when Missouri was slave and Kansas anti-slave, John Brown used to raid across it, snatch slaves and free them. One of the principal properties that the state line divides is the stockyards.

Now the stockyards, in the first place, are nothing but a cow hotel. There is even room service—water and hay delivered to the pens. Commission men handle transactions between rancher and packer or feeder. The stockyards cover 350 brick-floored acres and, on the days when they handle fifty or sixty thousand animals,

there are cattle constantly moving in one direction on the ground and loping, clattering and mooing in the other direction on overhead runways as they are bought and sold by men on horseback. Here atop the stockyards companies' office building—although in a blindfold test the bottom two floors would cause you to guess Barnum and Bailey's—is the extremely pleasant Hoof and Horn Club, where the livestock elite meet to tipple and talk and nibble a rib.

To the east of the stockyards, more in the center of town, is the Grain Exchange, which has a nice, old-fashioned feeling, with grain samples spilled on the floor, with traders in the pit yelling as if a panther had them, and those not trading at the moment leaning, chatting, on old long-legged tables that have no stools. Most of this buying and selling is not gambling, but hedging to take the gamble out of the elevator and milling and baking businesses. And the importance of grain to Kansas City's life, the changing ownership of which flows through the exchange, can hardly be overstated. One of the yearly crises in the city's existence, since the coming of the combine has reduced the harvest season from ten weeks to six, is the Niagara-like influx of the wheat crop. Though Kansas City has twelve trunk railroads and elevator capacity of 64,000,000 bushels, there are times when 7,500 cars of wheat are coming in each week and her freight yards are swamped and there is twenty-four hour hell to pay until the grain is stored.

From the exchange, it's hardly more than the river's width to the municipal airport nestling in the bend of the Missouri, almost in the heart of the city. At the moment, the river is the subject of a dispute: Who shall cope with it, who undertake to deprive it of its notorious convulsions? The Army engineers or the Missouri Valley Authority? Kansas City knows what it wants. It wants dams built, floods controlled, electricity generated and the river level controlled for navigation—this last more as a club to use against high railroad rates than as a thing of vast importance in itself. But, by and large, Kansas City business interests want the Army engineers to handle the job of harnessing the river. They are content to let the government sell the electricity, but they are afraid of the collateral grants of power that would go to the River Authority people.

Yet though the river question is a facet of the future, it is only a facet. Kansas City has been worried about the future and wanted a panacea. It feared that when the war ended, it would have empty war plants and idle workers. That might also be true all over its realm. It figured further. Its industrial management would not be the same old management, but injected by war experience with the magic ingredient of know-how, in terms of larger operations and in terms of change and adjustment. Moreover, its idle workers would not be merely the practical, elementary mechanics who had trooped in off the farms. They would have become skilled workers. In addition,

the fighting men of the region would be bringing back with them many new skills and abilities. The problem was how to use them, this accruement of plant and skilled management and skilled labor.

Somebody hit upon the idea of industrial research. The open technological frontier. Would it be possible, with these new facilities, for the region, utilizing its own resources, to manufacture some of the things which had always been imported from the East—after the manufactured value had been added to Midwestern raw materials? Maybe this whole blurted one-word dream of research would cure the Midwest's ills of declining population due, among other things, to the mechanization of farming. In a region where industries were mostly too small to have their own research laboratories, perhaps a regional research body was the answer. If a man needed to make paint stick where it didn't want to stick, maybe the scientists could tell him how. If his cream became water-thin from pasteurization, maybe science could tell him how to make it thick again, so it would sell better. These and ten thousand other questions. Maybe science could pull the Midwest out of the hole.

That was the notion in the minds of real-estate men and merchants, newspapermen, bankers and railroad men. Abandoning the whole "show-me" policy, men like Mehornay and Nichols first sold themselves, then their neighbors over six states, and in all kittied in $500,000 to get the Midwest Research Institute started.

First they raided the Armour Institute in Chicago for some of its best talent and went to work, renting every kind of old building, including the old Westport police station, that would house test tubes and burners and mixers. The Midwest Research Institute is now a going concern. And industrialists are covering it up with projects. Since it is a non-profit organization, it pays no taxes, although it makes money on every project. That money goes not to stockholders, but for the acquisition of more equipment and brains.

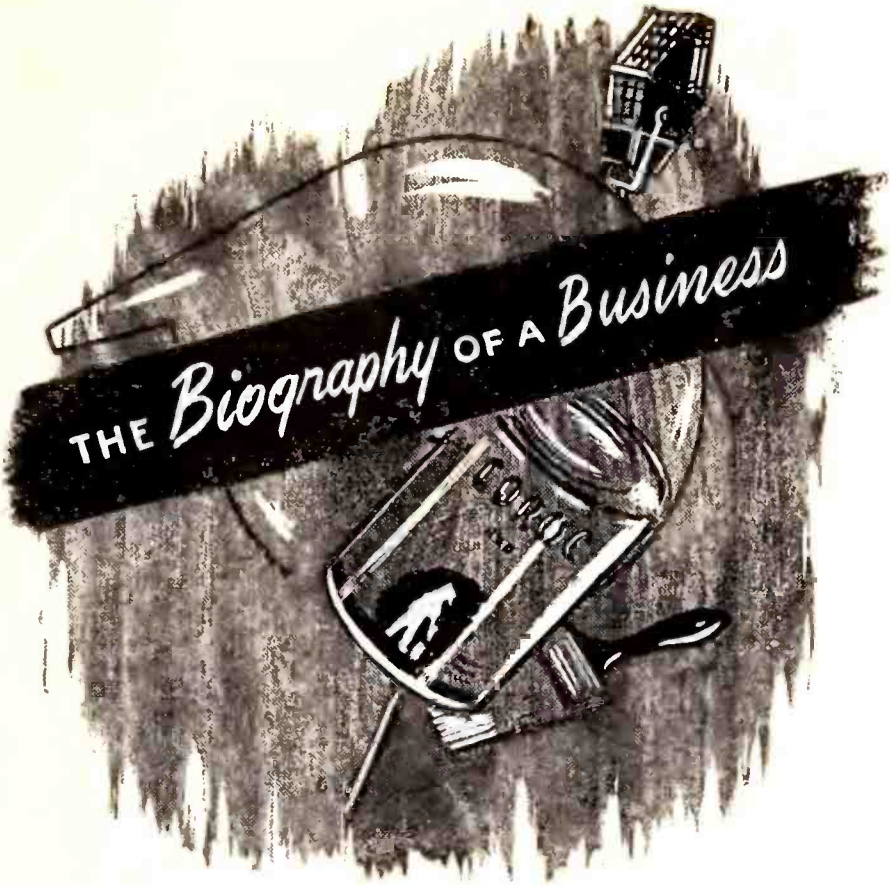
The Institute is supposed to keep the Midwest's technical industrial problems solved, on the one hand, and also to create new uses and processes for the area's mineral and vegetable resources. It likes to do liaison work between the producer and user of, say, wheat—the farmer and the baker. For while the farmer tries to make wheat drought-proof and rust-proof, he may also tend to make it, to some degree, bread-proof. The Institute is supposed to umpire that game.

In any case, Kansas City is proud of its new baby and anxiously awaits its miracles. It is also proud of its orderliness and civic virtue restored. But, down in its heart, it is just as proud of its turbulent, hell-roaring and remarkably happy past. And whatever industrial adventures await Kansas City, it is probable that alchemy will continue to be its main stock in trade—turning land and light and the wheeling seasons into the bread and meat that feed America.

COOK PAINT & VARNISH COMPANY
SYSTEM OF DISTRIBUTION

★ 3 Factories ▲ 10 Distributing Warehouses
● 112 Stores — 2,240 Dealers — 1 Radio Station

Note: 7 Stores in Kansas City, Mo.
9 Stores in St. Louis, Mo.
3 Stores in Detroit, Mich.
6 Stores in Minneapolis, Minn.
3 Stores in Omaha, Nebr.
5 Stores in Oklahoma City, Okla.
4 Stores in Dallas, Texas
5 Stores in Fort Worth, Texas
5 Stores in Houston, Texas
2 Stores in Corpus Christi, Texas
1 Store in All Other Locations



By JASON JONES

FEW things appeal to Americans like success. In the rich saga of life on this continent, a paramount theme is the growth of business, of industry ever-expanding, piling one triumph upon another. Business has built our cities, contributed to the development of our farms, shaped our national social and economic life. It is a part of each of us: an outlet for our individual energies, an inspiration for—and expression of—our ambitions.

The story of business is the story of materials and machines, but mostly it is the story of men. It is a biography of the leaders who have risen to wrest a scientific living from the wilderness. They have combined ability, skill, ambition and determination to join manpower and raw materials into specific productive combinations. Their efforts have consistently increased incomes and raised the standard of living. They are the foremost components of every industrial success.

That is why, to tell the story of one great business, we must begin in Ithaca, New York, forty years ago.

Cascadilla Gorge was rich with June foliage, and the breeze which filled sails on Lake Cayuga swept up the hill beyond to rustle tassels on the mortar-boards of a long line of graduation-gowned seniors. It was commencement at Cornell University, and in the group awaiting diplomas was an earnest, black-haired young man with piercing eyes—Charles R. Cook.

Charlie Cook was a Missourian. He had come to learn engineering, and he'd learned it well. In his four years on the hill he had worked hard in the labs, studied hard in the classrooms. He had established himself as a leader on the campus, and had acquired a sound formal education.

There were long speeches that morning. Cayuga was flecked with white, and rushing Falls Creek rumbled a dull accompaniment to the sonorous addresses on the meaning of "commencement." These young men and women were about to venture forth into the cold, uncompromising world of business. There was much talk designed to scare the wits out of the hopeful graduates.

But Charlie Cook was not disturbed by it. He had always more than held his own, and he viewed the future with definite confidence and a sense of eager anticipation. He fidgeted a little, and wished the speakers would hurry.

The ceremony over, young Cook put away his cap and gown, mailed his diploma home, and boarded an afternoon train for Milwaukee. There he became a junior engineer for Cutler-Hammer, manufacturers of electrical equipment.

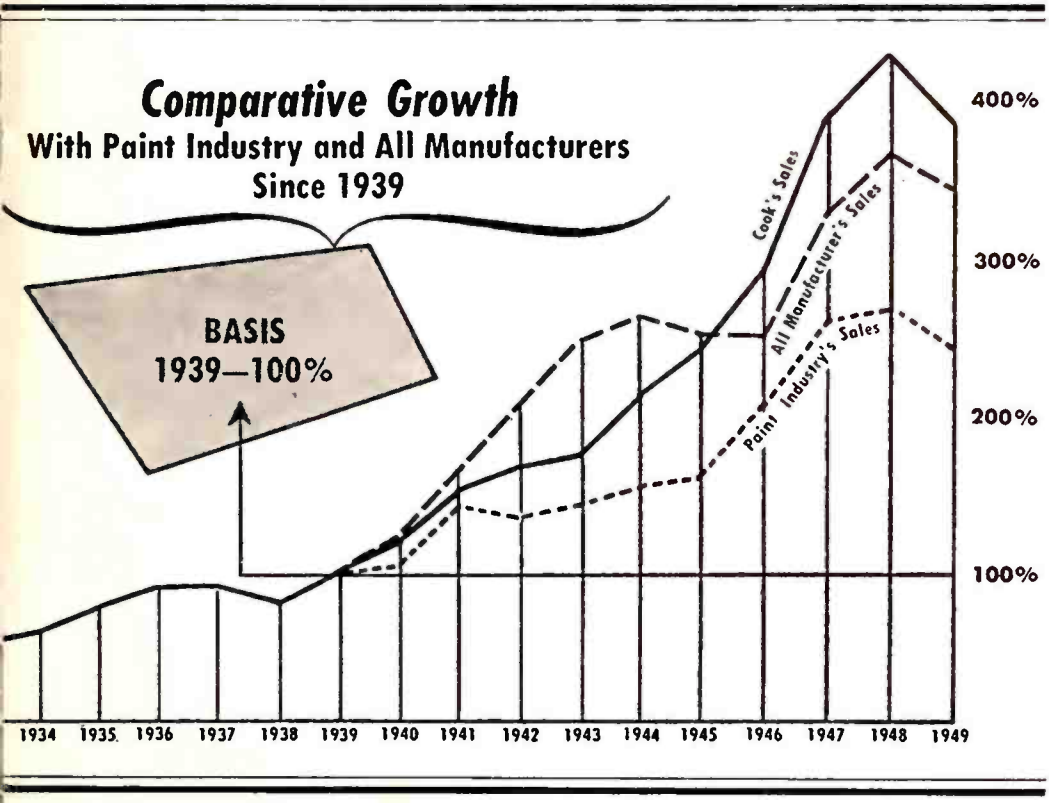
He was there six years, working quietly, advancing steadily. Then, in 1913, his father wrote that there was a sick paint company in Kansas City which needed new capital, new management, and complete financial reorganization. It presented a challenge and an opportunity for someone who knew manufacturing, sales and business management.

Charlie Cook made up his mind quickly. He resigned from Cutler-Hammer and went to Kansas City.

To his friends among bankers and supply men, young Cook talked earnestly. He believed in Kansas City as a location. He believed in his ability to win success where his predecessors had failed.

His salesmanship was effective. Other people had faith in his ability, and he succeeded in refinancing the business. December 8, 1913, it was re-incorporated as the "C. R. Cook Paint Company."

So, at the age of 29, Mr. Cook was in the paint business. He was at the head of a corporation destined to become the largest of its kind in the



Southwest, and one of the best-known in the nation.

But success was not immediate, and there were several things which required changing as soon as possible. The plant was located in a four-story brick building in many ways ill-adapted to paint manufacture. The output was largely "private label" merchandise: paint manufactured to order for wholesalers or retailers, packaged under their private brands, carrying the distributor's name instead of the manufacturer's. It was business built on price. Quality played no part. The manufacturer was at the mercy of his outlets.

Young Cook realized the faults in this type of business. He resolved to continue it only so long as it took him to build up a line of quality paints and enamels on which he would be proud to place his name.

There followed long discussions of materials and methods, careful training of workers, exacting tests of finished products. Then, proudly, in cans of flaming yellow, came the Co-Pa-Co line. It was a family of fine paints. One hurdle had been cleared.

But there was another.

The C. R. Cook Paint Company in 1914 was known to the industry as a "paint grinder"—its manufacturing processes being confined solely to grinding paints. Paints are pigments ground in oils and varnishes; and all of Cook's grinding liquids and varnishes were in those days purchased from outside sources. This was a handicap on two counts; it reduced the margin of profit; it made quality a variable factor, dependent upon sources beyond control of the company. The secret of making quality paints and enamels is to control absolutely the liquids which go into them. Mr. Cook resolved to build a varnish plant; to make his own grinding liquids, to sell his own varnishes to the trade.

By 1916, money was available for expansion. Sales had increased 110%, from $476,560 in 1914 to $1,000,000 in 1916. A two-stack varnish plant was planned for a site in North Kansas City, but before it was completed four more varnish "fires" were added.

Sales continued to increase. The volume for 1918 reached two million dollars. The following year a sales branch was established in Fort Worth, Texas. The company's working capital was enlarged; its corporate name became the "Cook Paint and Varnish Company."

During this period, a step was taken which was to prove to be all-important in the future development of the company. The United States was engaged in the first World War, and required a tremendous amount of special paints for various military purposes. Mr. Cook, striving to meet the need, decided to set up an industrial department within his organization. It was a unit equipped to create "made-to-order" paints and varnishes for any specifications. One of its first jobs was to produce 600,000 gallons of special finish for railroad cars—a tall order for a new department. But the men had been so carefully schooled in quality work that they were able to complete the contract successfully, proving that

the company could handle large volume orders from exacting users.

Through the years, this industrial department has been strengthened and expanded. In its efforts to develop finishes to perform definite tasks for various industrial users, it has made valuable contributions to the household field as well. Most improvements in the general line of Cook paint products have had their origin in the researches of the industrial department.

Rapidly, the Cook Paint & Varnish Company took a position of leadership in the development of new type finishes. Experiments were carried on apace, with one improvement paving a way for the next. By 1920, Cook's "Super-White" was the whitest, most durable, solid covering paint it was possible to manufacture.

As a pioneer with this type of finish, Charles Cook had stepped out years ahead of his immediate competitors, and had attracted attention from the entire industry. Soon he was elected president of the national Paint Manufacturers' Association, from which he retired after a year to become a member of the Educational Bureau, sponsors of the great "Save the Surface" and "Clean-Up—Paint Up" campaigns jointly through the Paint Manufacturers' Association of the United States, the National Varnish Manufacturers' Association, and the National Paint, Oil & Varnish Association.

The early growth of the Cook Paint and Varnish Company was traceable directly to the vision and the plain hard work of its founder. During all these years, Mr. Cook reached his office at a quarter to seven in the morning and went through his day's work file before the arrival of the office force at eight o'clock. A busy day followed: dictation, conferences with callers and department heads, frequent personal check-ups on the sales, production and technical staffs. His business expanded tremendously, but still his dynamic and tireless energy enabled him to keep up with every phase of it. Throughout the plants and offices he became known for his faculty of being able to glance at a sales sheet, a formula, or a long-winded formal report, immediately cutting through to the essence of its meaning.

At the outset, Mr. Cook promulgated a set of guiding principles for his company. At the top he placed intensive researching for new and better formulations for paint products, exclusive concentration in the field of finer finishes, and restriction of the company's geographic spread—in order to do an intensive job making paints especially suited to midwestern climatic conditions.

He carefully avoided the acquisition of any source of raw materials, realizing the importance of being able to purchase the most improved types

on the open market—whatever they might be. When a superior pigment for exterior paints came along, he was able to employ it immediately. Some of his oldest and largest competitors, however, had saddled themselves with lead mines and processing plants and in order to protect their investments, they were forced to continue the manufacture of lead base paints, antiquated as they were.

learn, and their ability to meet obstacles as they arose.

Whatever their scholastic backgrounds, all of them were schooled in factory method and in each phase of the business. They were given an intensive post-graduate course in the testing and manufacturing departments, until every salesman was qualified as a "service representative," competent to recommend particular

Seven Guiding Principles of the Cook Paint & Varnish Company

1. To restrict operations to the manufacture and distribution of products related to finishes and their uses.
2. To restrict activities geographically for the improvement of product, service, and efficiency of operation.
3. To avoid ownership of raw materials sources, so that it might remain unprejudiced in its formulations and free to select from the markets' newest and research-proved best.
4. To be guided in its operations, not by tradition, but by research.
5. To restrict manufacture to its own branded products and do no custom private-label manufacture.
6. To diversify its market among industrial, architectural, and household consumers to insure stability.
7. To strive to market its products as progressively as it manufactures them . . . research pointing the way.

Freedom from ownership of raw material sources has always proved wise policy for the Cook Company.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of this man, though, was his selection of other men. To work with him in his business, he chose the finest young men he could find. He recruited them largely from colleges. Some were chemists, some engineers, some had backgrounds in business or the arts. All of them he chose for their willingness to work and to

paints for a customer's individual and specific needs; until every plant executive knew all about his own department, and all about every other department as well!

Mr. Cook always believed in promoting from the ranks according to individual merit. It was a basic principle of his organization. He created opportunities: he wanted Cook-trained men to fill them. In the early days of the company, his own youth and amazing personal business

success combined to act as a magnet attracting other young men eager to succeed.

These young men advanced in years, experience and position with the company. New employees, selected and trained with the same care, were added as the company grew.

When Mr. Cook resigned as president in 1946 to become chairman of the board, one of his young executives, Lathrop G. Backstrom, succeeded him and, with the strong competent organization at hand, continued the company's expansion. Mr. Backstrom's steady climb through the accounting ranks of the company is, in itself, a story of inspiration. The son of an industrious Swedish immigrant he followed his father's example of industry and perfection of the work at hand, winning in return the success that is so typical of American democracy.

At Mr. Cook's death in April, 1949, Robert B. Caldwell, a director and legal counselor of the company from its inception, became chairman of the board.

Today there are 112 company-owned retail outlets in addition to the hundreds of dealers and a corps of industrial finishing specialists supplied from the three Cook factories.

Cook's has always led the field in

Directors of the Cook Paint & Varnish Company

ROBERT B. CALDWELL, Chairman of the Board

LATHROP G. BACKSTROM JOHN F. CASH EDWARD M. COX
DESMOND CURRAN, M.D. WILLIAM H. HOOVER HAROLD H. McLUCAS
DORMAN H. O'LEARY ANDREW T. SEYMOUR, JR.
ESTHMER H. SKINNER CHARLES H. STONER

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JOHN JORDAN
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J. E. KENNEDY
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J. R. MOSBY
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D. H. O'LEARY
Vice-President

A. T. SEYMOUR, JR.
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E. H. SKINNER
Vice-President

E. W. WADLOW
Vice-President

C. H. WHITELAW
Vice-President

H. H. McLUCAS
Treasurer and Ass't Secretary

W. S. ATKINSON
Ass't Vice-President

D. H. BALDWIN
Ass't Vice-President

F. G. FOSTER
Ass't Vice-President

E. N. RONNAU
Ass't Vice-President

H. ZMEK
Ass't Vice-President

M. D. BLACKWELL
Ass't Secretary

the development of new products. It was the first company to make extensive use of the new universally popular titanium base for house paints, the first to make a single floor enamel for all purposes, the first to promote exterior primers which made two-coat house painting possible. The sales volume has grown to over $27,000,000 in 1949!

Recently, one of the largest newspapers in the Midwest made a popularity survey of the use of various name-brand products. The tabulated results showed Cook's interior paints to be *twice* as popular as the closest competitor, and Cook's exterior paints were *three* times better liked than any other brand. Cook products had captured nearly a third of the entire market!

That popularity, which shows a steady increase, will not wane. It has a firm foundation in sound principles, hard work, fair dealings, and intelligent merchandising.

To the American saga, then, add this story—the biography of a business!

Acknowledgments—

Cook's and WHB wish to thank the following individuals and organizations for material appearing in this Kansas City Centennial Souvenir edition of Swing:

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WHB Listeners—who submitted photographs for the picture section. Responding to announcements made over WHB, hundreds of listeners submitted almost 2,000 photos and snapshots made during the Centennial.

Richard Buckner—whose collection of Centennial photographs is awarded "First Prize."

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Grimes-Joyce Printing Company—for printing the letterpress pages and color cover.

Your Favorite Neighbor...

by VERNA DEAN FERRIL

WHEN WHB's two pioneers—John T. Schilling and Henry E. Goldenberg, together with Sam Adair—built the transmitter for the radio station with Kansas City's oldest call letters, they didn't know they were making history. Back in 1922, broadcasting was considered a hobby—an interesting "experiment"—but few people, if any, visualized the radio and television industry as it is today.

Early in 1922, when Mr. Emory J. Sweeney decided to put a radio station on the tenth floor of the Sweeney Automotive and Electrical School, he wanted to use a new means of communication to promote good will for the Sweeney School by giving the people something "different."

The 250-watt composite transmitter was ready by April, 1922, and WHB went on the air with J. T. Schilling as general manager and Henry E. Goldenberg as chief engineer—the same positions they hold today. In the industry, John Schilling is known for having managed a single radio station longer than any man in the world, bar none!

By August of the year 1922, a 500-watt Western Electric transmitter had replaced the earlier home-made one and WHB was the finest and best equipped radio station in America — and probably the most elaborate! Its acoustically treated sound-proof studio, furnished in Italian Renaissance style, was large enough to accommodate a fifty piece orchestra.

Though WHB was built as a good-will ambassador for the Sweeney School, there were no radio "commercials" as we know them today. The first program that even approached radio commercialism didn't take place until 1923.

Mr. Sweeney had a real estate tract called "Indian Village," located just outside the southern limits of Kansas City. WHB originated two programs daily by remote-control from the development. Nothing was mentioned about the lots to be sold or the prices asked, but radio listeners were invited to come out to see and hear a broadcast. Thousands came each night, as well as several hundred each afternoon. This turned

out to be one of the earliest known uses of broadcasting for commercial purposes.

A distinctive note on all broadcasts from the Sweeney School was the use of a siren at the opening and close of all broadcasting schedules. Its shrill noise became a familiar signal all over the United States.

In 1922, every state in the United States, Canada, Mexico, many points in South America, Hawaiian Islands, Samoa and faroff New Zealand had reported hearing the station.

At WHB, Mr. Sweeney was the first broadcasting pioneer to realize the necessity of outstanding entertainment programs to build up a radio audience. In August of 1922, he employed an eight-piece staff orchestra under the direction of Louis Forbstein. The orchestra made its initial appearance on August 15. So that everyone could hear the broadcast, a Sweeney radiophone and loudspeaker was installed in each park in Kansas City. This first concert was described as "an educational demonstration of what can be heard on the radio."

One of WHB's first musical programs was the *Ladies' Hour* with popular and classical music announced by WHB's head announcer and general manager, John T. Schilling.

In those early days, stations seldom broadcast more than four or five hours a day. These were intermittent broadcasts, ranging in length from five-minute market reports to full hour shows, consisting of music for the most part. Continuous broadcasting such as we now have was simply unknown.

Today, Sundays and holidays call for a concentration of the best available talent; but in the early days, they were an occasion to knock off for the day. Saturday night was always silent.

When President Warren G. Harding died in 1923, WHB remained silent the entire day of August 10th in respect to his memory. This is quite a contrast to the radio coverage of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's death in April of 1945. Appropriate music, interviews with prominent persons, biographical sketches and news bulletins replaced the regular shows for a period of three days; all commercial shows were cancelled; and even the funeral ceremonies at the White House were broadcast.

Thinking of the battles over frequencies which mark present-day broadcasting, it's interesting to note that WHB originally had two frequencies, or rather, as designated then, two wave-lengths. The market reports were broadcast on 485 meters, music and entertainment features on

360 meters. Since this first assignment, WHB has operated on no fewer than ten frequencies.

IN 1923, WHB gained nation-wide comment with America's first all-night broadcast. The station was on the air for twelve hours and twenty minutes, and the program included music by Ted Lewis and his orchestra.

Newspapers and magazines heralded the achievement. Some even weakly prophesied that someday broadcasting stations might stay on the air indefinitely!

WHB broadcast its second all-night program in 1924 in celebration of its second anniversary. The program started at 7:00 p.m. on Sunday, March 23rd, and lasted till 8:35 the following morning, at that time the longest period of continuous broadcasting ever undertaken by any station—more than 13 hours!

Over 500 persons took part in the program which was heard in most parts of the world. It consisted of every possible type of entertainment; educational and humorous talks, religious songs, church services, instrumental music, popular songs, and jazz. The program involved the use of 10 different points of broadcast origination—10 remote-control points, which was quite an accomplishment at that time.

In broadcasting's earlier years, stations had what they called "stunt nights." An original stunt was for WHB to pick up out-of-town stations on a good receiver and rebroadcast the program from the WHB transmitter, thus enabling crystal-set listeners to hear distant stations. In those days, comparatively few listeners had "tube" receivers which could pick up distant stations.

WHB approached its third year of broadcasting, and already Mr. Sweeney had spent $100,000 developing the station. He had paid the staff orchestra thousands from his own pocket, and he began to realize a definite, dependable system of financing was necessary.

George Hamilton Stone, general manager of the Sweeney School and director of WHB, devised a finance plan that was as ingenious then as it seems fantastic now. It was a subscription plan known as the "Invisible Theatre." Tickets were issued and sold voluntarily to the radio listeners. The tickets ranged in price from $1.00 for gallery seats to $10.00 for box seats. The purchase of any seat entitled the subscriber to receive a weekly program schedule by mail during the first year, and a copy of *The Microphone,* official monthly paper of the "Invisible Theatre." The money thus contributed was used for obtaining singers, musicians and public speakers.

Returns to the "Invisible Theatre" were surprisingly good, but such a plan would hardly foot the bill for modern radio. It is fortunate that advertising came along to sign on the dotted line!

One of the first big radio meetings in the country took place in Kansas City in 1925. Leo J. Fitzpatrick, then manager of WDAF, invited thousands to participate in Kansas City's "Radio and Electrical Show" held at Convention Hall where a special plate-glass "Crystal Studio" was set up.

Over 100,000 people went to see and hear such famous radio personalities of the day as Harold Hough, the Hired Hand from WBAP, Fort Worth; Bill Hay of KFKX, Hastings, Nebraska; George Hay, the "Solemn Old Judge" of WLS, Chicago; Lambdin Kay of WSB, Atlanta ("Covers Dixie Like the Dew"); Gene Rouse, WOAW, Omaha; Fitzpatrick himself; and John Schilling, WHB's "golden-voiced" announcer.

RADIO history was made on April 30, 1925, when Kansas City was the source of a program which connected the Pacific Northwest and the Middle West for the first time. The main portion of the program, which was in celebration of the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Long-Bell Lumber Company, was given over WHB from the home of M. B. Nelson in Kansas City. The program was fed to WFAA, Dallas, Texas; KGO, Oakland, California; and KGW, Portland, Oregon. During the program, circuits were reversed and Portland served as the origination point. This was probably the first instance in American radio where broadcasting circuits were reversed for transmission in the opposite direction.

The years 1925 to 1929 saw WHB become known as the place "where headliners begin." Its reputation as a training ground for radio talent was well founded. The station launched entertainer after entertainer, including Goodman Ace (who was later to create the "Easy Aces" in which Dick Smith was an original cast member); George Parrish, Paul Tremaine, Leath Stevens, Ramona and others.

And then, when the Sweeney fortunes ran into difficulty, WHB's pioneer air rights and full time license were revoked. For two months, WHB was off the air while its leaders fought to keep its license. In January, 1930, the studios moved to two small rooms in the Baltimore Hotel. The station operated daytime only—from sunrise to sunset—by Federal order, with 500 watts power on 860 kilocycles.

It was at this time that Charles R. Cook, president of the Cook Paint and Varnish Company, decided to buy WHB and make it a Cook subsidiary.

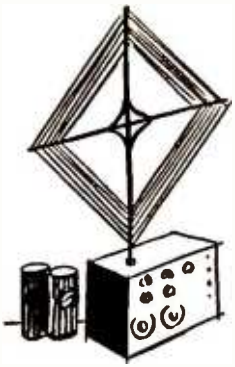
Equipment of a more recent design and greater power was purchased. A 1,000-watt crystal controlled transmitter was installed, although the station was allowed to operate on 500-watts only. The new owner applied to the Federal Radio Commission for permission to use 1,000-watts power.

THE entertainment and service features were also expanded and improved. In the summer of 1930, a new program idea was developed, an informal, unplanned get-together of artists for entertainment purposes only known as the WHB *Staff Frolic*. The first *Staff Frolics* were announced by Norvell Slater and Les Jarvies, who continued to emcee the show for a long while.

Later, there were the Ben Bernie *Staff Frolics*, presided over by the Old Maestro himself. Then the *Frolics* conducted by Dr. Pratt, and a stormy session during which Al Pearce and his gang took over the reins. Guest stars by the dozens joined WHB artists on the program, and WHB's own large talent staff provided ample variety!

IF you had been in Kansas City on May 4, 1931, you might have observed a young and smiling agency account executive emerging from the University Club after luncheon with Charles R. Cook and John F. Cash, of the Cook Paint and Varnish Co. Don Davis had just been made president of the WHB Broadcasting Co.

As a partner in Loomis, Baxter, Davis & Whalen Inc., Davis handled the Cook Paint and Varnish Co. account. Cook's wanted an advertising man to head WHB—and Davis was selected because since 1927 he had been experimenting with radio advertising.



His agency had *The Cook Painter Boys* on WDAF, with John Wahlstedt as "The Cook Tenor." Davis was writing European travelogues for The Travel Guild of Chicago, broadcast by Bill Hay on WMAQ when that station had its studios in Chicago's LaSalle Hotel. For Loose-Wiles candy bars, Davis had recorded in Hollywood one of the earliest transcription campaigns, with dance music by Earl Burnett's Orchestra and songs by the Burtnett Trio and Jess Kirkpatrick. And, for Bird's Drugs of Kansas City, Davis had an act on KMBC known as *The Easy Aces*.

Davis added feature after feature to the station's schedule. In the summer of 1931, the *Musical Clock* was launched. In February '32, "The Weatherman in Person" broadcasts were begun, the first such service of its kind on the air. The Northside Municipal Court broadcasts were

begun in the same year, a program later imitated in some 26 cities. The "Cook Tenor" moved from WDAF to WHB in June of '32. And the Kansas City Kiddies' Revue began its ten year run!

In the summer of 1932, WHB moved into its Penthouse Studios on the twelfth floor of the Scarritt Building. Meanwhile, the WHB staff grew from 12 to 50, and through the years it developed a group of artists and writers now nationally known: Louise Wilcher, CBS organist in New York; Jimmy Atkins, of the Fred Waring show; the "Three Little Words," with Phil Spitalny; Jess Kirkpatrick of WGN; Count Basie, whose *Harlem Harmonies* were a WHB feature for two years; Harl Smith's Sun Valley Lodge orchestra; and the late W. G. Moore, Royal Air Force flier in World War I and a U. S. Army Air Force captain, who wrote *The Air Adventures of Jimmie Allen* and *Howie Wing*. Davis was Moore's personal manager.

John Cameron Swayze, now a radio and television personality on NBC, became WHB's featured newscaster. Wauhillau LaHay, now of N. W. Ayer & Son, was a writer-broadcaster. Among the crooners was Jack Wilcher, later to emerge as a song-writer and creator of singing commercials for Badger and Browning & Hersey. Bob Bohannon became Bob Hannon and Barry Roberts on the networks. Eddie Dean landed in Hollywood. Jack Grogan graduated to WNEW, New York. Writers who list WHB as their Alma Mater include "Chuck" Gussman, "Mouse" Straight, Frank Barhydt, Reese Wade, Jetta Carleton, and Mori Greiner. From the sales staff, Al Stine joined the Associated Press—later to become Southwestern Manager. Jack Todd, Nelson Ruperd and John Fraser became station and sales executives. George Hogan freelances in New York. Don Fedderson manages KLAC-TV, Los Angeles. Vic Damon, who operated WHB's recording laboratory (the first in Kansas City) now has his own commercial studios. Lindsey Riddle is chief engineer of WDSU and WDSU-TV, New Orleans.

In 1935, the application for 1,000-watts was approved and WHB doubled its power. In 1936, WHB received the *Variety* Showmanship Award for the best part-time station in the country.

When the Mutual network expanded from coast to coast in December of 1936, WHB became its Kansas City outlet.

AND then—in 1937—WHB celebrated its fifteenth anniversary with probably the biggest publicity campaign ever attempted by any single radio station.

Downtown streets and stores were decorated with flags, bunting, and streamers. There were balloon ascensions daily, with prizes attached!

Throughout the week, there were special broadcasts and stunts, aired over WHB. The Mutual network saluted WHB on a schedule of sustaining shows. Between each program, there was a brief spot announcememnt, reminding listeners, "This is WHB, a fifteen-year-old friend of yours."

Climax of the celebration took place on Saturday, June 5th, in the

Municipal Auditorium. It was a grand birthday ball with fifteen thousand people jammed into the auditorium, and many others turned away. A 44-piece orchestra directed by Sol Bobrov furnished music for the dancers; and a full stage production provided entertainment for everyone. Mutual carried a half-hour show from the auditorium, the first coast-to-coast broadcast to originate from there.

In 1937, WHB inaugurated the Christmas Cupboard Party. In 1938, it helped fight infantile paralysis with a celebration of the President's birthday, producing a musical extravaganza entitled *Strike Up the*

Band, starring Ray Perkins. In that same year, it started its *Vine Street Varieties,* an all-Negro radio hour, broadcast each Saturday from the Lincoln Theatre. It featured the best Negro bands and all-colored talent: singers, dancers and musicians.

SOMETHING new in the way of equipment was added in 1939, when the "Magic Carpet" was built, a 100-watt mobile short-wave relay transmitter. In June of the same year, WHB established its own Newsbureau. Previous to this, newscasts had been given from the *Journal-Post* by John Cameron Swayze.

In 1940, over the muffled drumbeats of approaching war, the airlanes were crowded with the voices of F. D. R., Wendell Wilkie, Secretary Hull, Thomas Dewey, and a man who was waging a hot fight in the primary for nomination for the Senate—Harry Truman. The Kansas State Network was organized, with WHB as key station. On November 4, the first broadcast of *Martha Logan's Kitchen,* with Swift and Company as sponsor, took place. This program has been on the air continuously since.

A new Western Electric "Doherty" high fidelity transmitter was installed in 1941.

ON December 8th, one day after Pearl Harbor, WHB proclaimed: "From this day forward . . . until victory is won . . . WHB can best serve the public interest, convenience, and necessity by doing everything within our power to help win the war. We should do this not by the dedication of mere radio facilities to the war effort, but by devoting our hearts, our minds, and our especial skills as radio showmen to the war needs of our community and our nation. Specifically, it is our job to integrate a vital means of mass communication with the many-sided problem of winning the war."

Tense months followed, with visitors refused admittance to studios, guards on constant duty at the transmitter, voluntary censorship, discontinuance of weather report broadcasts and man-on-the-street interviews. There were enlistment campaigns for the armed services, civilian

defense and rationing to be explained, people urged to save fats and waste paper . . . to buy savings bonds and stamps. The *Kiddies Revue* became a war bond show, and the *Staff Frolic*—with orchestra, singers, and interviews—was staged daily at the Kansas City Canteen. In the Jones Store Victory Window, WHB helped sell more than a million dollars' worth of bonds. Then, on November 8, the invasion of Africa began!

THE frenzied tempo of a nation in its second year of war was reflected in the constant stream of broadcasts for morale building, gas rationing, conservation of tin cans and rags, support for the USO, war industry training, squelching of rumors, labor recruiting, victory gardens, housing information, price control, air raid blackouts . . . a hectic year indeed! Typical of the whole year's service was the eighteen solid hours of war bond selling which was a one-day service by WHB on April 12th, 1943. September saw the introduction of the station's promotion campaign "The Swing Is To WHB In Kansas City."

War Loan drives came fast in 1944. For each of them, WHB staged mammoth publicity campaigns. In the fifth loan campaign, the Magic Carpet was lashed to a Darby LCT, and rode down the ways with the ship. Other war effort broadcasts included the Red Cross fund-raising campaign, and a weekly series called *Front and Center*, originated to the Kansas State Network to emphasize the most urgent needs of the war effort.

For the Citizens' Manpower Committee, a campaign sought applicants for jobs in Kansas City war plants. To stimulate blood donor recruiting at the Red Cross, WHB announced every hour on the hour the number of donors still needed to fill that day's quota—and made the quotas every day! In October, the Firepower

Caravan was broadcast to recruit ordnance plant workers, and the annual War Chest Drive was a special events feature. To help servicemen's recreational funds, the station broadcast an all-star golf game from Hillcrest for the benefit of the "All Pacific Fund."

In addition to D-Day on June 6, and the tremendous job done by radio in war reporting, 1944 is remembered for the death of Raymond Clapper, after which WHB originated Roy Roberts of *The Kansas City Star* to Mutual, in a "tribute" program. This year, too, the WHB "Swing" campaign gained momentum, with ads in the trade press and a monthly blotter mailing to advertisers and their agencies.

For the Cook Paint and Varnish Company, Jack Wilcher, WHB alumnus, produced in New York and

Hollywood an outstanding series of minute transcriptions.

V-E Day in May and V-J Day in August of 1945 were occasions for world-wide celebration, and radio never performed a better coverage job! In Kansas City, the death of President Roosevelt on April 12 was an event of double significance because of the elevation of Truman to the Presidency. The following day, WHB originated to Mutual a special Truman home-town program, interviewing his old neighbors, associates, and friends.

Parades and celebrations for war heroes brought such men as General George C. Marshall, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, General Jonathan M. Wainwright, Lt. General Ennis C. Whitehead, and others before the WHB microphones.

WHB broadcast for the Seventh War Loan from the B'nai B'rith Bond Booth, chalking up a total of over ten million dollars in bond sales. WHB's John Schilling staged the annual show for the Infantile Paralysis Campaign. *Swing* magazine was launched; with Jetta Carleton as its first editor. (Watch for Jetta's new book: "*It's Better Than Beating Your Wife.*") Don Davis, "The Saga of Swing," was the subject of an article in *Tide*—indicating the continuing progress of the "Swing" campaign.

The year 1946 saw the innovation of several new programs, including one for youngsters, *It Pays To Be Smart;* and, for adults, *Our Town Forum.* As a service to civic groups, a special noon newscast was originated and sent by direct wire to luncheon clubs meeting at local hotels. WHB originated the *Queen For a Day* program from Kansas City, and chartered buses in eight Missouri and Kansas towns to bring in out-of-town visitors. Fifteen thousand people, the capacity attendance record for the Municipal Auditorium, packed the arena on each of the two days the show played there.

Late in the year word was flashed from Washington, D. C., that WHB's long-standing application before the Federal Communications Commission, requesting a license for full-time operation on 710 kilocycles, had been granted! The power grant was 10,000 watts daytime, 5,000 watts at night. Construction work on a new plant began immediately at a transmitter site not far from Liberty, Missouri; and on May 30, 1948, after eighteen long years of "daytime operation" only, WHB enjoyed again its pioneer air rights—and began "full time" operation once more. WHB is now heard daily from 5:30 a.m. until 1 a.m.—nineteen and a half hours daily.

In addition to Mutual's night time features, WHB greatly expanded its news, music and sports coverage—with John Thornberry and Ken Hartley as new members of its news staff, and, this year, Larry Ray as Sports Director. The Cook Tenor retired; and Don Sullivan, the "International Singing Cowboy" became a daily program headliner. New programs launched included the "WHB Boogie Woogie Cowboys" . . . an audience-participation show called "Luncheon on the Plaza," staged each morning at Sears' Plaza Store auditorium . . . "Club 710" for mid-afternoon women

listeners . . . and the nightly and Saturday afternoon "Swing Session" featuring Bob Kennedy as disc jockey. This fall Bob debuts with a new show, "Kennedy Calling."

Larry Ray, acknowledged to be one of the nation's finest play-by-play sportscasters, brings WHB listeners the 1950 Kansas City "Blues" baseball games—in addition to basketball, hockey, golf tournaments and the 1950 Big Seven football schedule this fall. Larry also gives a nightly quarter-hour sports round-up.

DURING this transition period, from daytime to fulltime operation, national sales representation of WHB was begun by John Blair & Company. New and important advertisers became WHB sponsors. WHB installed an FM station, operated it for many months; and then surrendered its FM license when it became apparent that FM service was not sufficiently popular with listeners.

Meanwhile, the "Man-of-the-Month" feature in WHB's Swing magazine led to formation of the "Man-of-the-Month Fraternity" composed of civic leaders. Each new member of the group is chosen for membership by the Fraternity; is saluted with an appropriate program on WHB; and is featured in a Swing article. To be chosen by the group as "Man-of-the-Month" is recognition of outstanding service to the community and distinguished leadership in civic affairs.

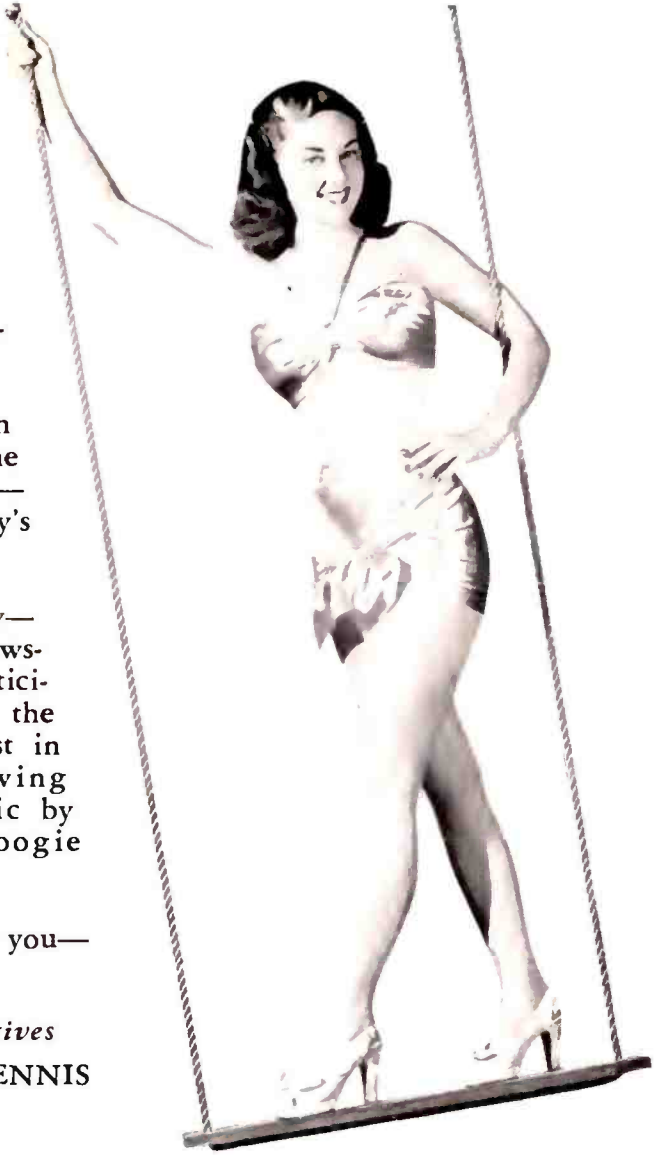
Another organization sponsored by WHB is its "Listeners' Council," composed of 7100 listeners, selected geographically and by income-groups, who express their opinions of WHB programming—as well as of products and services advertised over WHB. This is done through mail questionnaires. The Council awards "WHB Prize Winner" ribbons to the programs considered outstanding in service or entertainment value. For advertisers, the Council makes product-use surveys; gives progress reports on distribution problems; and pre-tests recipes, package designs, advertising copy appeals and merchandising methods.

At the beginning of Kansas City's second century, 28-year-old WHB thus emerges (after 18 of those years daytime only) as an increasingly important full-time station — bringing its listeners in five states a program service unduplicated and unparalleled in its market area.

A Centennial Celebration is fun . . . and for WHB it has certainly been true that the "first hundred years are the hardest."

With major program improvements projected for the 1950-51 season and television "just around the corner," Your Favorite Neighbor WHB, greets Kansas City's second century with optimism and well-conceived plans and facilities for greater service.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



For the last 28 years of Kansas City's first Century, the Heart of the Nation has enjoyed WHB broadcast service. Now it's time to swing into the next hundred years—to streamline industry for a new era of accomplishment!

The streamlined medium in advertising is radio—and in the Middlewest that means WHB—the station with Kansas City's oldest call letters!

First in Sports with Larry Ray—and in news with WHB's News-Bureau! First in listener participation with "Luncheon on the Plaza" and "Club 710!" First in popular music with "Swing Session" and western music by Don Sullivan and the Boogie Woogie Cowboys!

Let WHB start selling for you—NOW!

Client Service Representatives

ED BIRR ED DENNIS
WIN JOHNSTON

WHB

10,000 WATTS IN KANSAS CITY

DON DAVIS
PRESIDENT

JOHN T. SCHILLING
GENERAL MANAGER

Represented by
JOHN BLAIR & CO.

MUTUAL NETWORK