



Swing

25c

AUGUST, 1951

Rivers in a Rage

By John Thornberry

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Baseball's Big Little League

By Jack Burlington

Red-blooded American youngsters have built their league into the biggest thing in baseball *Page 322*

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They are more revealing than either speech or actions *Page 349*

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SWING SHOTS

1. **W. AVERILL HARRIMAN**, special assistant to the President spoke to the graduating class and the radio audience at the University of Kansas City graduation ceremonies.
2. **LOVELY PATTI PAGE** clowned with disc jockey Bill Arbogast on "Club 710" during her recent visit to Kansas City. Her recording of "Tennessee Waltz" is now a classic. Her latest, "Mr. and Mississippi," has soared on best seller lists. Arbogast discusses records on page 378.
3. **KANSAS CITY'S MAYOR** William E. Kemp formally opened eight new Sinclair service stations in Greater Kansas City. The ceremonies were broadcast over WHB.
4. **SWING MAGAZINE** was not new to Clyde McCoy, a regular on WHB's "Saturday Swing Session." McCoy began his career in 1913 and became famous through his recording "Sugar Blues."
5. **JOE REICHMAN**, the Pagliacci of the Piano, at the WHB organ.



Kansas City has "lots of bounce to the ounce."*

The floods came . . . biggest in history. Damage to farms, stores, homes and factories in Kansas and the Kansas City area is estimated at $\frac{1}{2}$ billion, $\frac{3}{4}$ billion, a billion. Nobody, of course, knows just how much—yet.

In Kansas City, Missouri, a tremendous fire burned four days through a 12-block area containing oil tanks, industrial buildings, a lumber yard—spreading toward the state line and Kansas City, Kansas.

Thousands were evacuated from their homes; some of them people whose houses were inundated—others were evacuated in fear of floods that didn't materialize.

An acute water shortage developed on the Missouri side, resulting from flooded pumping stations.

Seventeen people—but only seventeen—lost their lives. (This in itself is something of a new "low" record for such a major disaster.)

Through it all, Kansas City remained amazingly calm . . . fought the flood, fought the fire, saved the Municipal Airport, saved the important industrial districts of the North End, North Kansas City, Blue Valley, the Northeast Industrial District—saved the power and water supply of Kansas City, Kansas. Missouri's power and light supply was never in danger. Had the Missouri River been on a rampage simultaneously with the Kansas (Kaw) River, the results could have been chaos.

But the light and power supply didn't fail. Telephone service was interrupted at times; but not severely. Folks learned to boil their drinking water; but only as a precaution—the city water never became contaminated. Railroad service was interrupted and spasmodic for a few days; but soon the trains were on schedule again.

And the town has bounce!

Saturday night, while the flood waters raged and fire sirens screamed, 5,800 people witnessed a performance of "Song of Norway" at the Starlight Theatre. The Blues Fan Club planned a "Boost the Blues" campaign for our winning ball club. Citizens voluntarily rode street cars and busses to work to keep their cars off the downtown streets and leave the fire lanes open. They didn't smoke in stores or public buildings. Result: no more fires. Disaster Corps, Inc., was formed by the city administration on a non-profit basis for the "clean up" process—contractors renting their equipment at half-price, union A.F.L. and C.I.O. labor agreeing to work for half the union scale. And the town digs out!

Business was "off" for awhile in the downtown area, because fewer people were downtown. But by Tuesday after that "Friday the Thirteenth," life in Kansas City had resumed almost a normal pace. All the big stores and office buildings of the downtown business district were unharmed. And at the Stock Yards, the Central Industrial District, and in Fairfax, the livestock men, grain men, oil men, packers and industrialists who had suffered severe damage faced the future with courage. They'll come through, somehow!

Kansas City has "lots of bounce to the ounce!"*

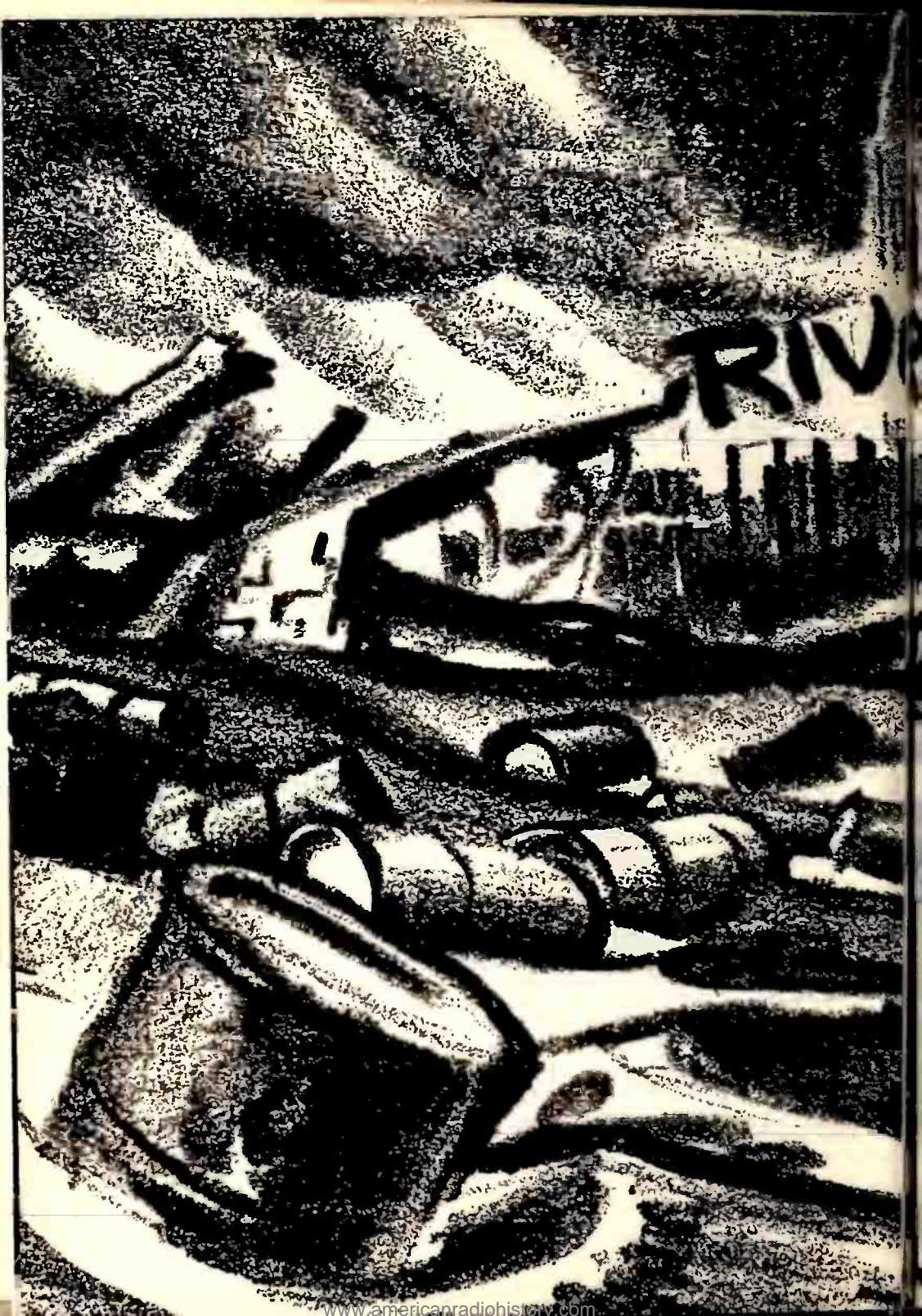
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WHB • KANSAS CITY

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The logo for "Swing" is written in a large, elegant, cursive script. The letter "S" is particularly large and loops around the "w". A registered trademark symbol (®) is located at the end of the word.

August, 1951 • Vol. 7 • No. 4





S IN A RAGE

“Destructive . . . Vicious . . . Immoral—”

**JOHN THORNBERRY'S FLOOD BROADCAST
WHB — JULY 16, 1951**

Announcer:

At 3 o'clock, Monday, July 16, Mayor William E. Kemp of Kansas City, Missouri, with members of the City Council and press-radio representatives, made an aerial survey of the flood-stricken areas of Kansas City, Kansas, and Kansas City, Missouri—and the territory immediately surrounding these twin cities where the Kansas (Kaw) River flows into the Missouri River.

John Collings, vice-president in charge of operations for Trans World Airlines, had offered the plane to city officials—to make the survey prior to Monday's City Council meeting.

Among those aboard the plane was John Thornberry, a member of the WHB Newsbureau Staff. Here is Mr. Thornberry's report.

YOU have heard the reason for our flight. I can say emphatically that we truly had an "overall" look—a view which, I feel now, will never pass from my memory.

Like most people in America, my personal life has been such that I have never before witnessed Havoc—such unbelievable devastation and ruin! In these past four days of continual news broadcasting about the flood, I think maybe I had become a bit calloused about it. At this moment, I'm surely a different person than I was at three o'clock this afternoon when we were taken to Kansas City, Missouri's, Municipal Airport.

We were met with the sight of Brigadier General D. G. Shingler's personal DC-3 bogged down in the soft earth just off one runway. His pilot had flown in from Grandview to meet the General and Colonel Lincoln. The plane had insufficient braking capacity; and in turning to avoid a broken place on an unused runway, went off into the soft field and settled down to await a large caterpillar tractor sent to pull the plane out. No one was injured.

At 3:40 we boarded a Trans World Airlines DC-3—eighteen passengers and a crew of two: Pilot D. L. Mesker, chief pilot for the central area based in Kansas City, and check pilot, Captain Earl Fleet.

At 3:45 we taxied to the north end of the large—now very lonely—Municipal Airport, over runways thoroughly dry, as though rain hadn't fallen for weeks. The main levee, running from the northwest corner of the field southward, then east, to the southeast corner of the airport—had protected the field from the on-

rushing flood waters of the Missouri River. But it took the added heroic efforts of hundreds of men, working continuously since Friday, hauling huge truck loads of rock and dumping it—first into two, then three places that were being eaten away by the current and eddies created where the surging Kaw joined the "Missouri" and turned eastward toward St. Louis.

Few people can know or may never realize just how heroic has been the dull but persistent work to protect the levee and keep abreast of the river's determined effort to break through.

In spite of the hope to protect the levee on Saturday, July 14, Lt. Inwood, Director of Aviation for Kansas City, Missouri, grew more and more apprehensive that air traffic could not safely be continued at Municipal Airport. He moved all airline operations to the large Grandview Airport south of Kansas City, high and dry, far from flood hazard.

John Collings took the controls and at 3:50 o'clock we were in the air rising over the raging, angry Missouri River, headed southward. We could see the repaired airport levee and to our right, to the west, the great Fairfax District in Kansas City, Kansas. Water to the tops of railroad box cars—up to the second stories of buildings. Stories, yes hundreds of human interest stories would come out of this tragedy.

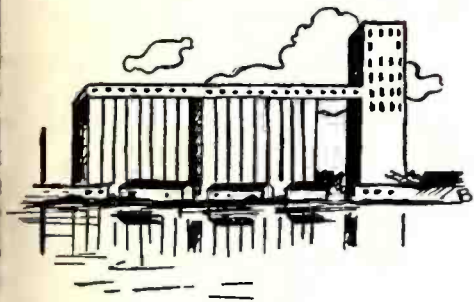
Cattle pens in the huge Kansas City Stockyards were flooded.

Then I suddenly realized that I was looking down on the aftermath of that holocaust that destroyed twelve square blocks of business buildings in the vicinity of 31st and

Roanoke and along Southwest Boulevard—a property loss of more than one million dollars in one great fire!

WE turned back again. I looked out the plane and saw those two wild barges, now sullenly and stubbornly holding the Hannibal Bridge open, right where they lodged after they tore loose from moorings at the Municipal Barge Lines Docks.

Further south I saw again the roof pens at the Stockyards. Approximately 6,000 dead hogs and 3,500 head of heavy, fat cattle of top grade, already purchased (said Councilman Nolan) by Kansas City packers before they were caught and drowned in the pens. Now a complete loss.



Many times in the past fifteen years I have flown out of and into the wonderful airport of Kansas City, each time seeing our beautiful city as it spread out in all its magnificent grandeur—the river so properly laced in its corset of protective levees—the hills of the city covered with green tree tops.

Now—the river was fat and broad—and angry, acting like a drunken harlot, destructive, vicious and immoral.

As I looked at the horrible destruction, I reflected upon the certain suffering and loss; I realized how little man is, when he meets Mother Nature in her angriest mood.

We flew on up the Kaw River beyond Bonner Springs, Kansas—and saw at close view the whole valley covered with water, but now several feet below crest. The first evidences of the clean-up job ahead could be seen where the water had receded.

At Turner, Kansas, the Santa Fe hump yards were completely covered. Thousands of railroad cars were strewn zig-zag by the force of the rising waters.

Homes nearby—along with all other property in the sweep of the high waters—were now only a shambles. Large oil storage tanks—trains of oil tank cars—lay twisted like a black-sectioned snake—drowned and silent.

Bridges were destroyed. The railroads wrecked. We were soon back again for a closer look at the fire area: twelve blocks destroyed, neighboring roofs caved in, and the firemen still playing a stream of water on the smouldering ruins. Still at it, after starting the fight last Friday noon—a continuous battle for more than 75 hours. An unheard-of fire battle in Kansas City, I surely believe.

Now we could see the Fairfax Industrial District again—we were headed north.

Literally hundreds upon hundreds of 50-gallon metal drums were floating on the water. I do not know if they contained anything. We could plainly see the break in the dike on the Kansas side of the Missouri River

which resulted in the flooding of the wealthy Fairfax industrial area, containing major industries such as General Motors, a Phillips Petroleum refinery with many huge storage tanks—and the flood water around them covered with an oil slick.

NEXT, the Kansas City, Kansas, water and light plant—saved by heroic effort. Thousands of box and tank cars off the rails—lying in crazy design. Then we went east with the Missouri River.

North Kansas City was dry. Mayor Cheek had withdrawn his evacuation orders and permitted the citizens to return to their homes and jobs.

The Milwaukee Railroad Bridge, recently purchased by Kansas City, Missouri, to be used for another highway development crossing the Missouri River, seemed unharmed and free of debris—although much trash and debris was all along the surface of the river.

The Sugar Creek Refinery (Standard Oil) on the south side of the river was unharmed.

At Liberty Bend cut-off—which was created a few years ago to straighten the river channel and create a large recreational lake—I could see that the “Mighty Mo”—the mad woman—went back to her old habits—back into the old channel, tearing out a full section of the new Highway No. 71 Bridge in her mad fit of destruction. Part of U. S. Highway No. 71 at Liberty Bend is under water. There is unbelievable destruction. A section of the highway approach to the bridge—maybe a hundred yards long—has been washed away, as it meets the bridge from the north side.

We flew at a height of 1,000 to 1,500 feet and could have an excellent chance to observe.

Today the water is still lower than yesterday on both the Mo and the Kaw, and we can only hope the fall will continue.

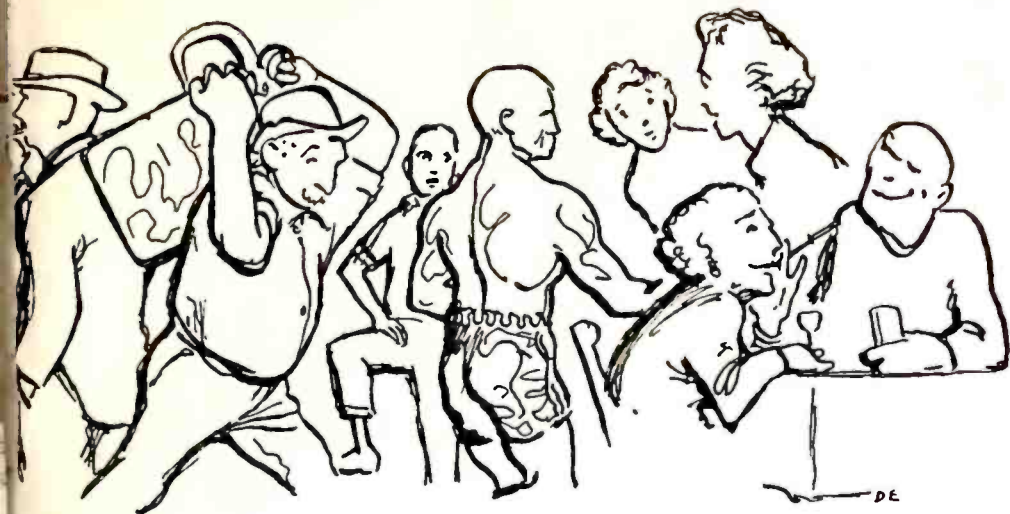
As I began the flight and saw the effects of the two uncontrolled rivers I was sick at heart for those who were homeless. And I felt helpless to give aid to those who had suffered such huge financial loss. I saw insurmountable difficulties ahead—a first.

But finally I realized I also saw more than a billion dollars of reconstruction work ahead of us, needed to recondition our great industrial community. I could start to feel again the strength of men when faced with disaster. Their courage grows—their determination is unlimited.

And I knew that Kansas City and its ruined neighbors would soon be at the task of rebuilding—creating a greater industrial facility than we have heretofore known; but no doubt with more—yes, much more!—assurance that this flood situation cannot repeat itself, ever again, if data and history can guide men to fashion stern controls for the now uncontrolled rivers.

What all mankind needs—water . . . what all mankind knows I cannot live without—*water* . . . we have learned we cannot live with in this form. Vicious and uncontrolled!

You can be sure that the “Mighty Mo” and the “Kantankerous Kaw” will be properly controlled—and surely the start cannot be delayed further.



Words . . . Made In America

The English language is enlivened by pungent American phrases.

by ED SACHS

ON August 6th, 1890 a gentleman named William Kemmler was executed in an electric chair at Auburn, New York with the not unexpected unpleasant results, at least for Mr. Kemmler. He became the first American to die in an electric chair.

This event was noted with varying degrees of interest by several groups of his fellow citizens. Those members of the gentry whose occupations placed them in frequent contact with the underworld—strong arm men, burglars and other craftsmen of the underworld—were quick to observe that the electric chair was indeed here to stay. Mr. Kemmler was just as dead as he would have been by hanging, shooting or any of the other old fashioned methods.

The death of William Kemmler also touched off quite a bit of discussion

in legal circles. One group said that the new method of dispatching wrongdoers constituted cruel and unusual punishment in violation of our Constitution. Others were quick to point out that the new method was a great improvement, showed progress and was not without humane aspects.

Still another group of Americans was involved in a debate connected with the passing of William. They were worried about what we should call the process by which Kemmler had been eliminated.

Some of the suggestions of these intellectual heavyweights included electrophone, electrothanatos, electrophony, and electrotony. Prof. F. A. March of Lafayette College suggested a combination, electric-execute. This seemed to satisfy everybody, except Mr. Kemmler whose pre-chair statements showed an unconcern about the problems of the lexicographers but stressed his desire to be excused from the entire matter.

However, when the authorities set about to have electric-execute christened, they found that the American people had gone ahead and adopted electrocute.

Electrocute became another member of the English language, a member in good standing . . . made in America. The story behind the birth of electrocute is just one of many uncovered by Dr. Mitford M. Mathews, a word detective who has been "sleuthing" English and American words for 28 of his 60 years and is the editor of "A Dictionary of Americanisms," published recently by the University of Chicago Press.

THE Americans had to have a new word for it. The new and expanding nation forced the people of this country to new experiences and new sensations and the language of the old world proved too limited to describe what was commonplace here.

One of the oldest Americanisms noted by Dr. Mathews is turkey, one of the few words included because the object denoted is found only in North America. While the British first believed that the bird had come out of Turkey and thereby named it for the Turks, the species is distinctly North American.

Captain John Smith, the old warrior of Virginia, made one of the first printed mentions of the bird when he wrote in 1610, "We found an Ilet, on which were many Turkels."

The good captain was not the only famous American who helped originate words in common usage today. Dr. Mathews and his staff found that many men whose lives are of historical and literary importance originated

many of our most expressive and succinct figures of speech.

Among the famous men who have left Americans a heritage of their expressions are: Washington Irving, who coined the almighty dollar; Ben Franklin who first said don't pay too much for your whistle, and in a moment of weakness, invented and named the harmonica; Harlan P. Halsey, dime novelist who reduced the fourteenth century sleuth-hound to sleuth for detective in 1872; James Fenimore Cooper, the Pathfinder; Sinclair Lewis, Babbitt, Main Street; Thomas Paine, times that try men's souls; Gelett Burgess who gave us blurb and bromide; and Noah Webster, father of the American dictionary whose contribution was demoralize.

Dr. Mathews' work credits H. L. Mencken with "Bible Belt," first used in 1925 to designate those places where the literal accuracy of the Bible is accepted without question.

"Tularemia," an all-American word for an American-discovered disease, was coined in 1921 by Dr. Edward Francis, retired medical director of the U. S. Public Health Service. "Appendicitis" was the contribution of the late Reginald H. Fritz, professor of pathological anatomy at Harvard.

Of course, famous Americans were not the only contributors to the language. A small tribe of Indians who during the gold rush days brewed a potent whisky from molasses was responsible for the American expression, "hooch." These Redskins lived on the Admiralty Islands near Alaska and were named Hutsnuwu, a word that even the sober palefaces had difficulty

in pronouncing. So the palefaces came as close as they could, "hooch" resulted, and that's how hangovers were born, at least among the customers of the Hutsnuwu.

DR. MATHEWS' research revealed that other terms, akin to hooch, also have honorable histories of usage by Americans. Gin sling dates back to 1800; eye opener to 1818; drunk as a fiddler to 1848; straight whisky, 1862; moonshine, 1892; hangover, 1912; bathtub gin, 1932; cocktail lounge, 1940; old fashioned, 1943; and pixilated, 1949.

Sports-loving Americans have added many terms and expressions to the language. Night baseball, for example, came into use as an Americanism at the turn of the century. Its first-known printed use was December 1, 1910 in Morrison's *Chicago Weekly*. Baseball was first mentioned in London in 1744.

Strikeout dates back to 1853; foul ball, 1860; batter, 1879; double header, 1896; hit and run, 1899; squeeze, 1905; and blooper, 1937.

Other sports terms originating in the United States include back stretch, 1839; bleacher, 1889; basket, 1892; All-America, 1904; birdie, 1922; athlete's foot, 1928; and photo finish, 1944.

Dr. Mathews, a native of Alabama, first became interested in his work in 1925. That year, Sir William Craigie, British dictionary maker and scholar, came to this country and the University of Chicago to edit the four volume "Dictionary of American English," published by the University of Chicago Press in 1944.

Mathews was a member of Sir William's first class at Chicago and eight years later became an assistant editor of the "Dictionary of American English." When Sir Craigie's work was finished, Dr. Mathews embarked on his compilation of Americanisms.

For the first-known printed evidence for each word made in the U.S.A., the staff of the project was assisted by lexicographers, country editors, business men, scholars, and even a prisoner. A lifer gave the derivation for "phony" and a Dutch agriculture professor gave the history of "bee"—spelling bees, apple bees, and husking bees.

Mathews and his staff catalogued on citation slips dated quotations of the use and meanings of the 50,000 Americanisms. These citations were culled from a variety of sources, including old books, newspapers, mail-order catalogues and official documents.

No claim is made that first-known citation in the dictionary is the earliest that might be found. Such definitive checking to the ultimate source would be a task beyond practical possibility and the possibility that the entire work from "A," an abbreviation first used by the Plymouth colonists for adultery through "zwieback," twice baked bread, will be read by users who will send evidence of earlier usage for some of the terms. These volunteer efforts will be of aid to editors of dictionaries in the future.

Why, the comments alone from customers who find that the two-volume set is priced at \$50 should bring Dr. Mathews, a world of material—and some of it may be printable.

BASEBALL'S BIG LITTLE LEAGUE



*He dreamed a small boy's dream
and made it the biggest thing in
baseball.*

by JACK BURLINGTON

ON a summer day back in 1938, Carl Stotz of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, stood watching a group of neighborhood youngsters playing a game of sandlot baseball. His eyes had a wistful expression, for he remembered his own boyhood, his sandlot days when he had dreamed of becoming another Tyrus Cobb.

He realized that the chance to play big league ball had long been the burning ambition of millions of American boys. But he knew also that the overwhelming majority would never make the grade. Carl Stotz saw the unfairness of the situation. Kids should be allowed to play big league baseball while they were young and didn't have to worry about making a living!

As he walked home, each step fanned enthusiasm for the idea. He didn't know whether such a plan could be worked out, but Stotz was determined to take a crack at organizing a big league for youngsters.

That evening he discussed the matter with several fathers in the neighborhood. The fire of his vision quickly set their imaginations aflame, and they agreed to help organize two teams as a starter.

For a while it looked as though any large scale enterprise were doomed. No sponsor could be found willing to furnish money and equipment. Finally, the Lycoming Dairy Company of Williamsport offered the needed funds. During the rest of that year, Stotz and his friends worked like beavers securing uniforms and equipment and developing plans. In 1939, the original "Little League" was put into operation on a lot near an aviation plant. At first it amounted only to supervised vacant lot play; but as the boys learned the game, the twilight contests began to capture the fancies of grownups. Before the season's end, hundreds were attending the games.

Success for the boys' league was assured when Thomas H. Richardson, president of the professional Eastern League, staged a banquet in honor of the young players. In 1940, Stotz was able to secure enough sponsors to finance a regular four-team league, and move the playing field to a better location.

Gradually, national attention was focused on the league by newspaper and magazine articles carrying vivid accounts of the Williamsport youngsters' games. Inquiries began to pour in from communities all over the East from people wanting to form their own leagues. Little leagues began to pop up everywhere.

World War II checked the budding movement, but Stotz' original league continued to operate successfully

throughout the war. When peace came, interest revived. There are now nine leagues in Williamsport, and the movement is spreading like a prairie fire. In 1949, eleven states were supporting more than 300 leagues. By 1950 there were 2,034 teams throughout the nation. This year, the number of teams has soared to 2,588. Never has pressure of any kind been exerted to get teams started; the idea is a natural that speaks for itself wherever introduced.

LITTLE League baseball is nothing less than Big League baseball seen through the wrong end of the telescope. The game is set up for boys between the ages of 8 and 12. A normal sized baseball is standard equipment for the kids, but everything else is tailored to their physical requirements. Bases are 60 feet apart instead of the regulation 90. It is only 40 feet, 4 inches from pitcher's mound to home plate. A home run must clear a wall only 180 feet from the batter's box. This enables future Babe Ruths to swing for the distance and get genuine results. Special light bats have been turned out for the bantamweights to handle in true big league fashion. Rubber soled shoes stand in for the spikes of the professionals.

The league is the smallest unit of organization. It is governed by men active in the program: team managers, agents, umpires, coaches, scorekeepers and elected officials. Each league is composed of four teams which use the same playing field for two games per team each week. The over-all league headquarters is at Williamsport, but the connection from top to bottom in the organization structure is loose.

About the only requirements for franchising a new league are a ten-dollar deposit, and observance of League rules.

Each team is sponsored by a business firm, fraternal organization, service club or individual. Emphasis is placed on teaching the ideals of good sportsmanship rather than the mere act of winning. Each sponsor puts up \$200 to finance its team. This makes \$800 with which the league buys uniforms, balls, base sacks, bats, and the like. The sponsors expect to get nothing in return, except that they may, if they wish, have their names lettered across the shirts of the players.

Democracy and building of character are stressed in the little leagues. Candidates for positions on the various teams are pooled during spring training and later distributed according to a regular selection system. Managers and coaches are chosen with an eye to character and correct living as well as to baseball wisdom. The players are chosen without regard to race, creed or economic standing in the community.

As is the case with all other competitive sports, there must be a selection of a champion. Thus there are district, state, regional and national championship playoffs in boys' baseball.

THE first national tournament was held at Williamsport in 1948. At that time, Carl Stotz, who had been appointed national commissioner of boys' baseball, decided that the movement was growing so large that the resources of some big organization were needed. He secured the backing of the United States Rubber Com-

pany, which financed the Little League Tournament. It contained all the glamour, excitement and fanfare of a World's Series.

The company paid all traveling expenses of the competing teams, putting them up at Williamsport's most expensive hotel. It also awarded prizes, gold medals and statuettes to each member of the winning team; silver medals to the runners-up; and bronze medals to the also-rans.

Over 10,000 fans cheered at the 1949 final game in which the all-star team from Hammonton, New Jersey, defeated the team from Pensacola, Florida, to win the title of boys' baseball champions of America. Ted Husing broadcast the event over a nation-wide hook-up. Governor James H. Duff of Pennsylvania tossed out the first ball.

In the 1950 championship series, the Southwest swatted and fast-balled its way into the picture for the first time. The team from Houston, Texas, captured the gold trophy. Bridgeport, Connecticut, was second; Kankakee, Illinois, took third; Pensacola, fourth.

As more and more little leagues are mushrooming into existence, responsible citizens are coming to realize that this movement is one of the finest things that could happen to American youth. Not only is it the perfect training field for the baseball stars of tomorrow, but, more important, it is the crucible for tomorrow's citizens. The United States will derive immense benefit from Little League Baseball, which teaches thousands of young citizens the principles of poise, tolerance, leadership, fair play and applied democracy.



FULL MOON

"He will die in six months . . ."

by GEORGE GLOVER

DR. TED CLARK looked down from his six-foot, broad shouldered height, smoothed back brown wavy hair with an easy gesture, smiled at the departing patient's back and closed his office door. He walked back to his desk, sat down and picked up an envelope. "Ted" was all that was written on the face of it.

The inter-office communication broke in. "Dr. Clark, there are no more appointments. I think I'll go to lunch."

"All right, Sarah," Dr. Clark said quietly.

Ted picked up the envelope again. The handwriting was familiar. It belonged to Penny, his wife; the curlicues, the circles that made up the capital "T" spelled Penny.

He opened the letter and read it again. It was brief, but it had been carefully written—Ted knew from

the way Penny had dotted her "i's" with tiny circles.

"Dear Ted:

I just couldn't tell you last night, before Charlene and I left for mother's, but you have to know.

John and I are in love. It isn't something that happened suddenly. It took time; we didn't know what to do about it. John wants me to marry him.

Because I know you so well, Ted, I know you'll understand. I thought I might file for a divorce in Reno, it will only take six weeks. But perhaps that might hurt your practice. If you want me to, I'll file here and wait a year.

I'm sure that we can make some arrangements about Charlene because she loves both of us and you and I both love her.

I respect you, Ted, but I guess I never was intended for a doc-

tor's wife. I just can't stand sitting around alone, or with another doctor's wife. I guess I want my fun *now* and not later, like you said we would when you were established.

Ted, you'll always be high in my heart, but John has taken the top place. I hope you try to understand. Write and tell me you do, please.

Love, Penny."

Ted raised his head and glanced at a leather covered picture frame on his desk. Penny and Charlene stared back at him from the photograph. He looked closer at the picture. Penny was holding her right hand thumb and forefinger in a circle. He smiled. She had been convinced that a full moon was their lucky sign, and she always made the circle with her fingers when she was happy.

Ted reminisced. There had been a full moon the night they met; the night they got married and the night he started his own medical practice. Each sign had brought happiness. Now it looked like the full moons in the future would be meaningless symbols.

TED roused himself. He gathered up his stethoscope, shoved it in his suit pocket, then sheepishly took it out again. Penny always said his pockets bulged just like a kid's.

On the way to St. Luke's Hospital he thought about John.

One afternoon, a year ago, he had been called into consultation about a new clinic for St. Luke's. There had been a tall good looking guy in the group. Ted soon found he was the architect. In discussing the plans,

they discovered they were hungry. Ted took John Russell home with him.

When John saw Penny he let out a low whistle. Penny blushed. John said:

"Doc, you've certainly done all right by yourself both in the medical and marriage departments."

From that first day Penny had liked John. He was a bachelor, free and easy, with a good sense of humor. In the matter of romance, though, John had failed. He couldn't interest himself in a girl for more than three months.

"It's the chase I like, Ted," John once said in confidence. "When it ceases to be a chase I want out."

There had been many evenings of fun for the three of them. Barbecue parties on Sunday; horseback riding on Thursday. Ted hadn't always been able to make it, but "a date's a date," Penny always said, "and one of the Clark family ought to make it."

About two weeks ago the regular dates had stopped. Ted wondered and asked Penny about it.

"Oh, John has probably found a new flame and doesn't have time for us fuddy-duddies."

The letter explained everything now. If Penny went to Reno the whole thing would be over quickly.

In the hospital the receptionist was waiting for him.

"Dr. Clark, Dr. Frome would like to see you as soon as possible."

"Right-ho," Ted acknowledged somberly.

DR. FROME was staring into a microscope on the corner of his desk when Ted walked in.

"Hello, Ted. I want your opinion on something. Look at those two X-rays over on the wall and tell me what you think."

Ted walked over and carefully peered at the X-rays. Then he walked back and looked into the microscope.

"It's cancer."

"I knew it," Dr. Frome said abruptly. "And in an advanced stage. How long would you give him to live?"

Dr. Clark stared through the microscope again. "Without an exploratory, I'd say . . . six months."

Dr. Frome nodded. "Six months, or less. Well I'll call him in tomorrow. You know him, Ted. It's John Russell."

Ted straightened up, then slumped back in the chair.

Frome rushed around the desk. "You all right, Ted?"

Ted straightened up. "I'm okay."

Dr. Frome stared at Ted a minute longer. "Well, I also have some good news. The board has named you medical director. You'll be officially notified tomorrow. Run along home now and tell Penny, she'll be glad to hear it. Congratulations!"

Ted walked out of the hospital in a daze. Instead of going to the office he drove home.

THE house was quiet. Ted wandered upstairs. These were rooms that Penny had decorated. He wan-

dered farther. Charlene's room was white and sanitary, except for the painted row of Bunny Rabbits around the wall. Under her single twin bed was a pair of slippers. Ted sat down, picked one up and rubbed it gently against his chin. He sat there for a long time.

If he wrote and told her to go to Reno she'd jump at the chance. She had made the decision to marry John. He could make the really final one.

He went back downstairs to the library, sat down at his desk, picked up his pen and started writing.

"Dear Penny:

Your happiness is very important, and I do want you happy. However, I hope you will see fit to file for divorce here. I know it will take a year but perhaps during that time you will be able to think things over.

You know how much you'll always mean to me. I won't say more. If you want your divorce at the end of a year, you may have it. If you decide you still want me, I'll be waiting.

Love, Ted."

Ted reread the letter, picked it up and addressed it.

He walked out into the street and saw the first glow of a new moon coming over the roof tops. He smiled, made a circle with his thumb and forefinger, and then hurried toward the corner mail box.

▲
What a lot of people need right now is more horsepower and less exhaust.

▲
What we all need occasionally is a good kick in the seat of the can'ts.

▲
There are two sides to every question—her side and the wrong side.



The CREAM of CROSBY

The New York HERALD-TRIBUNE'S sometimes acid radio and television critic often steps on tender toes. SWING presents more excerpts from his syndicated column on the subjects: The Serviceman, The French Language, TV Color, Tap Dancers, The New Type Cowboy, TV Style Shows, and a Consistent Lady.

by JOHN CROSBY

Crosby In Europe— and Home Again

"When this gets into print," John Crosby wrote, "I shall be in Paris, strenuously avoiding all contact with radio and television—a delightful interval."

Avoiding *all* contact?

You be the judge. Here are some of Monsieur Crosby's more pungent essays—written from Paris, London and Rome. Along with excerpts from his "normal" columns, written upon his return, wherein he estimates the quality of current American television and radio programs.

Happy Birthday, Paris!

THE American people have been cordially invited—by poster, by advertisement, by all the marvelous resources of the American press agent—to visit Paris on its 2,000th anniversary. We have always been sentimental about birthdays and are more than ordinarily susceptible to antiquity, having so little of our own.

The combination of a birthday and 2,000 years is a powerful and a very clever one. However, if I were you, I wouldn't fall into discussion with a Frenchman on the subject. I never met one who ever heard of this 2,000th anniversary. Parisiens are not only unaware of their city's birthday but inclined—when told about it—to be a little skeptical. Paris is a very old town, all right, but it'd be awfully hard to put your finger on the exact date when it was founded. It was first a Gallic town, then a Roman town called Lutetia for a couple of centuries, and it didn't acquire the name Paris until the third century.

The designation of 1951 as the 2,000th anniversary of Paris is completely arbitrary but I'll play along. Perhaps it was exactly 2,000 years ago that Paris was founded. If Rome can have a Holy Year, Paris can have a 2,000th birthday. Let's spread the tourist dollar around. Happy birthday, Paris! Next year it will be somebody else's turn. I suggest my own home town of Oconomowoc, Wis. It was exactly 2,500 years ago next year that an Indian named Okeboje fell to fishing in the Oconomowoc River, decided it was a nice place to stay and built a tepee there, thus founding the town, which has not grown much bigger since. Drop in on

us next year, fellows. The fishing is still pretty good.

To pass on to other matters, let us discuss the French child whom I found fascinating. We are all aware of television's grip on our own young and it is, I think, instructive to inspect the whelps of another nation where a television set is so mercifully expensive that few French children have ever seen one. It'd be just as well if they never did.

The French child, I notice, is a very imaginative child. He is not overladen with toys as our own are (or if he is he doesn't carry them into a public park). Three or four French children with only a stick to draw circles on the ground can invent their own games and play for hours. They don't need the blessings of a Hopalong Cassidy suit, a pair of revolvers, a bicycle or wooden dogs that bark when you pull them. The play, in other words, is provided by the child, not by toys or machines. He is a very active participant.

This applies to his entertainment. In one of the parks on the Champs Elysees you'll find a Punch and Judy show known as *Vrai Guignolet*. You'll have no trouble finding it because the shrieks from the children will guide you to it. Here, small children from two to five watch the puppets spell out the misadventures of *M. Guignol*. Most of the children have seen each show ten or twenty times, know the plots by heart, and shout advice, lamentations and encouragement to the hero and the villains.

For the children, the show is *M. Guignol*. For the adults, the show is the children. If you have ever watched a bunch of kids sitting passive as dolls in front of a television set for hours, it is refreshing to see some youngsters enter into the game personally, become a part of it and draw some faint intellectual stimulation from it.

Maybe television can give a child the same emotional and intellectual release. But I doubt it.

The French Language

FRENCH is an eloquent language which must be seen to be fully understood or sometimes even to be comprehended at

all. That is why the telephone has always defeated the French. The shrugs, the gestures, the rolling eyes, the expressive hands are missing on the telephone which means the nuances—the essence of the message to be conveyed—are missing, too. Sometimes two Frenchmen can't understand each other on le telephone.

That means that radio is not for the French. The machine talks, yes, but it doesn't really talk. About 30 per cent of the French language cannot be conveyed by a box which simply stands there motionless. The box has no soul. The French, therefore, have simply walked away from radio as we know it and employ it largely as an instrument for the diffusion—which is the French way of saying broadcasting—of music.

The three national French networks—*Programme Nationale*, *Programme Parisienne*, and *Paris-Inter* (Only God and the French know what *Paris-Inter* means)—sound to these untrained American ears pretty much like *WNEW* and *WQXR* in New York. You get a mixture of popular and classical music on all three, though *Programme Nationale* is likely to be a little heavier in density than the other two. Apart from news, you won't hear much talk which is all right with me.

Turn a radio on in a French hotel and you'll think you're home again. In comes *Mademoiselle Judy Garland* singing "I'm Tired of the City" *dans cette language barbare, Anglais*. American popular music is just as popular here as it is in America. Of course, it's not always sung in English. One of the most exquisite experiences I had in Paris was listening to "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered" sung in French. (I'm going to learn how to sing "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered" in French if it kills me.)

The great thing about "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered" sung in French is that the mood of the song is completely transformed. It becomes un *chanson Parisien*—haunting, delicate and somehow more elegant than the love song *Rogers and Hart* had in mind when they wrote it. I might add that this applies equally well to American songs sung in English—if sung by the French. A French chanteuse

singing "The Lady is a Tramp" in English—or what she thinks is English—is as French as the Rue de la Paix. In fact, it would be more comprehensive if she sang it in French.

As for the Voice of America, it is, according to all evidence, not heard in Paris. That does not mean it is not broadcast in Paris. It is broadcast here but, as I say, not heard. An acquaintance of mine expressed it aptly: "You can always tell when the Voice of America is on the air by leaning out the windows. You'll hear the click of radios being turned off all over Paris."

The French simply don't understand what the hell the Voice of America is talking about. They find the Voice not only bewildering but faintly ludicrous. I'm inclined to agree. One program for example, is called "Ici New York" which is roughly comparable to "And now—we give you San Francisco." Or in this case, New York.

This is likely to start out with some such vital message from the American people as this: "Nous voila au Stork Club. Monsieur Billingsley nous dit bon soir et puis voila une franchise. On l'a reconnait comme chic Parisienne de son chapeau. Je vous presente Morton Downey. Il est un fameux chanteur de ballades Irlandaises."

The average Parisian doesn't know what the Stork Club is and couldn't care less about Monsieur Sherman Billingsley. Much of the Voice's message here consists of records and the French complain bitterly about the quality of the records. They are very old records, many of them Negro spirituals. The French have a great fondness for our spirituals, know a great deal about them and feel that the Voice's selections couldn't be worse. One Frenchwoman told me that every time she turned on the Voice, all she got was "Old Man River."

"As for the rest of it—discussion programs," she said. "A bunch of people sitting around a table discussing what goes in Arkansas. You know, Monsieur Crosby, I don't care what goes in Arkansas."

One American Conquest

THE most successful export we have made to Europe and one of our best ambassadors in every country is our dance music. It's rather odd when you think about it a bit. The world's great music sprang from Europe but the Europeans, at least the current crop, don't seem to understand how to compose a popular song.

You can wander all over Europe and never get out of hearing distance of "Old Man River," "Begin The Beguine," "Night and Day" and "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" which are conceivably the four most international songs in the world. The French, the Italians, the Danes—well, name anybody—prefer our old popular songs, the older the better. At Grosvenor House in London you will find the English, a sober race, jiggling up and down sedately to "Bye Bye Blues." And at that football field of a dance floor in the Grande Hotel in Stockholm, you'll find a different crowd but the same tune.

Move over to Helsinki, which has been aptly described as the Tim Costello's of the north—there's only one nightclub there—or at the Wunderbar in Copenhagen you'll hear an awful lot of "After You've Gone." In Berlin at the Golden Horseshoe, where the customers ride horses around a sanded ring for reasons which were never made clear to me, you'll encounter that old-time tune, "Avalon."

In Vienna, at the Moulin Rouge, at this very moment I bet anything you'll find a couple of professional entertainers tap dancing to "Tea For Two" which, of course, is the tune people have been tap dancing to all over the world ever since it was written. In Rome, there is a wonderful restaurant and nightclub called the Hosteria dell Orso in an edifice that was standing there in Dante's day. And the tune we danced to there—"Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" which came along only a few years after Dante.

In Paris—this paragraph may just confuse you a bit at first but stick with me here—the Metro, the subway, contains some of the most glamorous names in France as station stops. One line con-

tains in order the following subway stops—Louvre, Palais Royal, Tuileries, Place de la Concorde, and Champs Elysees. I took this line once, stopped off at the Lido on the Champs Elysees and got there just in time to hear a girl sing "Take The A Train" which can hardly mean anything to the French. You'd think the French would write songs about their own subways. But no.

I was in that enchantingly beautiful city, Bruges, during the Whitsun holiday, which is strenuously celebrated in Belgium. There were carnivals in all the city squares. Blaring from one of the merry-go-rounds, competing with and almost drowning out the thirteenth century bells of the Cathedral of St. Sauveur, was Hoagy Carmichael, old gravel-voice himself, croaking "Am I Blue?"

"Stardust," "Penthouse Serenade," "Time On My Hands," "September Song"—they'll ring in your ears everywhere this side of the Iron Curtain and conceivably on the other side, too. We Americans have not succeeded very well in exporting ideas. We are not very well understood anywhere and neither is democracy or capitalism. It has occurred to me that one device for selling our ideas might be the popular song. Let's get Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, Rogers and Hammerstein and the rest of them to wrap up a few American ideas in good popular dance tunes. They'll be sung all over Europe.

The G. I.'s took the jitterbug, which has pretty well passed out of the picture in America, to Europe during the war. It's still there, though not just everywhere. At the Vieux Colombier in Montparnasse, where the Sorbonne students hang out, you'll hear some of the best American jazz in the world and also see some of the most amazing jitterbugging and Big Apple—a dance which has completely died back home. In both cases, the French have formalized the dances. There is less abandon, less improvisation, and more precision and formal movement, though they are still danced at the speed of light.

In Our Defense

THE following is a condensation of an article I wrote for "The Manchester

Guardian" in an attempt to explain and defend commercial broadcasting to the British whose own broadcasting is a government monopoly. Bear in mind that it was written for a nation which harbors some profound misconceptions about American broadcasting.

A great many touring Englishmen have clattered through our broadcasting studios in the last few years in an attempt to assess, pro or con, American radio. What opinions they took back to Britain I have no way of knowing but I rather suspect they were reinforcements of the opinions they brought over in the first place.

The B. B. C. and the Beveridge Committee have dispatched some very competent witnesses to our shores but, I should say, they have prowled around in the wrong places. They have lunched with the best people. They have dined. They have banqueted. They have been subjected to torrents of argument. I strongly suspect that few of them had time left to listen to our radio and form their own opinions.

The fact is that American radio is very difficult to appraise in a hurry. Our most popular programs have been on the air so long that a single "hmm" from Jack Benny, possibly our most popular radio entertainer, means volumes to us and absolutely nothing to the uninitiate. At the same time, our commercial plugs, our broadcast advertising matter, are so loud, repetitive, offensive and silly that it drives most Englishmen out of their wits. It does not quite affect all of us that way because we are more used to it. Through long practice we have acquired selective deafness; we simply turn off our ears as people living on a streetcar track learn to ignore the racket of the wheels while remaining fully sensitive to the slightest cough from the baby upstairs. Actually, this gift of selective deafness is largely responsible for the worst excesses of our commercials. We have become so immune to commercials that the dosage has to be steadily increased like addiction to heroin if it is to be at all effective.

While the advertiser has committed some grave offenses, he has a good many

things to recommend him, too. For one thing he pours roughly \$500,000,000 a year into radio and television which means the broadcaster can afford and does provide an opulence and variety on our air which is not possible anywhere else in the world. Much of this money goes into the wrong pockets; much of it spent on programs which are monstrosities of vulgarity.

But the Briton should bear in mind that this flow of gold from the advertiser makes it possible for the National Broadcasting Company to pay out \$400,000 a year for Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony which is on the air fifty-two weeks a year. This orchestra would not have existed, Toscanini might never have been lured back to America but for the advertiser. The Metropolitan Opera, whose annual deficit is one of our permanent national headaches, would have had an even more terrible time of it without the large checks it gets from the Texas Company for broadcasting its Saturday afternoon operas.

America is a very large country with greater divergencies in temperament, racial origin and local custom among its people than in Great Britain. Our radio reflects this by providing enormous variety in the big cities. In New York, a good radio set can pick up about thirty-five different stations and the listener has the choice of most everything from soap opera to concert music.

Our soap operas in which an endless succession of heroines are afflicted with blindness, bankruptcy, unrequited love and about a million other tribulations have a terrible reputation and deserve every bit of it. But they are not nearly so popular as many people believe. In the summer the soap heroines can't begin to compete in popularity with WMGM which broadcasts the Brooklyn Dodger baseball games.

The greatest sin of our broadcaster is not that he allowed the advertiser to support his medium—after all, we in the newspaper business are supported by him, too—but that he allowed him to control it completely, to dictate the content of the programs as well as the content of the advertising.

The second great flaw in the makeup of our broadcaster is his lack of leadership. The broadcaster has consistently followed popular tastes rather than attempted to lead them to higher ground. With all its faults, I believe commercial radio is the best type of radio for a country as big, as populous and as diverse as ours. It is more practicable in my opinion to eliminate the faults of the system than to eliminate the system itself.

Hopeful Note

WALKING along the Thames embankment I saw a huge sign. McClean's Toothpaste. "Did you McClean your teeth today?" Britain will pull through all right if she has advertising men who can write copy like that.

Home Again

IN MOST European countries—on our side of the Iron Curtain, at least—the customs, a highly developed form of international confusion, are reasonably perfunctory. Fifteen minutes in London. About ten in Paris. Possibly seventeen in Rome. Then you arrive back in New York and the situation changes radically. The Europeans of tourist lands welcome travelers with money in their pockets. The United States Immigration Service is hostile to the idea of letting anyone into this country whether he lives here or not.

The way I understand it, an immigration official gets ten points if he can delay a traveler an hour, twenty points if he can hold him up two hours and 100 points or jackpot if he can deflect you to Ellis Island. My man did his best. He scowled at my passport for a minute or so, turned all the leaves, then said:

"What were you doing in Belgium?"

"Well," I said. Then I stopped. I did a lot of things in Belgium, not all of which I'd like spread around even to Immigration officials. "I played roulette," I told him. I added hastily: "I know Senator Kefauver wouldn't approve but it's quite all right over there, you know. It's legal."

"What else did you do in Belgium? Why exactly were you in Belgium? Where were you in Belgium?"

I explained that I was in a little seaside resort called Knokke, a sort of Flemish Fire Island, that a good deal of my activities were shrouded in a sort of haze that envelopes me from time to time and that my demeanor, while not entirely above reproach, was hardly subversive.

"You weren't in Czechoslovakia? Poland?"

"Why would anyone want to be in Czechoslovakia? Who in his right mind would want to go to Poland?"

"You're sure?"

I said I was absolutely positive. There was an occasion when, to my very great surprise, I woke up in Providence, R. I. But I have never wakened up in Czechoslovakia or Poland and I hope to God I never do. My man appeared unconvinced. He ruffled through the passport—there are pathetically few stamps in it—and then gave up. I was released into the protective custody of the Customs people.

The Customs officials have all your luggage neatly arranged alphabetically. I found my bags under Q, removed them to the C counter and waited. An hour passed. Customs officials passed. No one tarried except the passengers—the Cs, the Bs, and one lone Q whom I suspect of being a misplaced C. Finally a man appeared before the woman next to me—a B girl—and gave her a bad time over a watch she had procured in Switzerland. I had better luck. The Customs man took one look at the dirty shirts, decided not to soil his hands on such alien filth and shot me through.

Well, I suppose it's a good system. We can't go letting American citizens back into the country indiscriminately. They might come back harboring germs or conceivably even opinions. But don't look at me. I tossed all my opinions overboard at the three mile limit. They sank like stones.

In a bar that night, I had my first look at American television in a month. Bert Parks in "Stop The Music." A long-legged girl was tap-dancing. This gave me an excellent opportunity to compare European culture with our own. In Paris the showgirls are in general draped handsomely from the waist down to the toes, undraped from the waist up. Here we

draped them topside, undrape them extensively from there down.

Bert Parks, I'm happy to report, is still draped all over except for his teeth, which appear to be in wonderful condition except for a slight discoloration on the ulterior bicuspid. Anyhow, it's nice to be home!

The Serviceman

IF ANYONE should ask me what I find most conspicuously new on American television after a month's vacation from it, I should say it is the serviceman. The Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, the Air Force are as ubiquitous on television now as they were on radio during the war.

You find the gob on the quiz program, handily winning the jackpot to the accompaniment of tumultuous applause. On the interview programs you come upon the generals issuing their carefully prepared ad libs about our prospects for victory in Korea, or ultimately in World War III. Each week Vaughn Monroe salutes different camps with the favorite melodies, determined by poll, of the recruits.

The serviceman is all over the place—winning things, telling the true story for the first time anywhere on how he won the Medal of Honor, or just appearing gracefully and modestly on the screen while the emcee tells him and us how grateful the nation is to him. In many ways, this is as it should be. The nation's debt to its fighting man, the popular interest in looking at him, the world situation all demand that we pay not only deference but respectful attention to our soldiers and sailors.

I just hope our serviceman doesn't get exploited or misrepresented. There are evidences already of both. A couple of weeks ago on the Stork Club show, a woman was talking to the noted innkeeper, Sherman Billingsley, about a lovely party given at the Stork the night before for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Wasn't it splendid, asked Mr. Billingsley, the way the Duke went over to the two Medal of Honor winners and spoke to them?

Said the lady: "He's so good with people like that. Right down to their level."

This lofty attitude requires no further comment beyond pointing out that the bandying about of heroes' names or faces is not always to their advantage and doesn't contribute much to the enlightenment of the rest of us. There is great competition among the programs for Medal of Honor winners. There aren't really enough to go around, more's the pity, and the available ones are likely to bob up all over the place, venting sentiments which would greatly surprise their comrades in a prose style which greatly surprises me.

The other night three Medal of Honor winners who had been shipped back from Korea were on "We, The People" and were asked by Dan Seymour, the proprietor of that show, to say a few words about their exploits. One of them, in lines that had obviously been written for him, said that the real heroes were still in Korea:

"A lot of guys who didn't get medals, who didn't get to meet the President of the United States, who didn't get to Washington, who didn't even get to be alive—they're the ones who paid my ticket to Washington," he declared with reasonable conviction.

"And mine," said Medal of Honor No.

2.

"And mine," said Medal of Honor No.

3.

It sounded like a commercial for a floor wax—a little too neat, much too contrived, and entirely lacking in the essential dignity of their hazardous profession. Our mission in Korea, our mission in the world cannot be explained in the terms used to sell soup. The issues are too grave and far too complicated for that.

Earlier on the same program, a good deal of space was devoted to the function of the Navy's frogmen, the fighting men who swim in to enemy territory and destroy mines and other obstacles to landing parties. One genuine frogman described his occupation in words of such sweeping grandeur that I completely lost sight of the fact that his was one of the world's

most dangerous and difficult and valuable jobs. That's hardly the idea.

If this stuff has to be written and rehearsed, let's get it down in the boy's own words, scrub it up a little and present it unadorned.

And Now—Color

PERHAPS the most pregnant words issued in the Supreme Court decision which made the C.B.S. color system the law of the land were those contained in the dubitante handed down by Justice Felix Frankfurter. A dubitante, I'm told, is not a dissent but an expression of doubt. In other words, a Supreme Court Justice, while playing along with the rest of the mob, is dragging one foot; he is venting skepticism, just talking aloud, while still grudgingly signing his name on the proper line.

Frankly, I'm enchanted that Supreme Justices are permitted the privilege of saying well, yes and, on the other hand no. Supreme Court decisions have always been a little too black and white (take your hands off that pun, brother; I'm permitted one pun a year and that's it) to suit me. Dubitante is almost exactly the right word to sum up my feelings about C.B.S. color. I have always been dubitante as hell about C.B.S. color. No outright dissent, you understand, but no outright assent either.

To put it another way, I'm just plain exasperated by the whole thing and I think I sum up the attitude of millions. To thrust color upon us after we have just got the confounded black and white sets to operate with reasonable reliability is a bloody nuisance.

"The enthusiasm which both the public and important national advertisers have shown for color television gives great encouragement that this exciting new medium will grow rapidly," said Frank Stanton, president of C.B.S.

Well, I have kept my ear pretty close to the ground for years. In fact, my friends say I'd better get that ear off the ground very soon or I'll catch cold down there. Anyhow, the popular clamor for color television somehow eluded that ear

—or perhaps it just got drowned out by the uproar over Gen. MacArthur and whatever came over the New York Giants.

C.B.S.'s assertion that the public tongue is hanging halfway to its knees in anticipation of color is based on a lot of little white cards which it has passed out at its color demonstrations, after the populace has got drunk on color TV. Well, I admit, you can get drunk as a goat on an hour of C.B.S. color which, I must admit, is a gorgeous thing. After two hours of it you pass out cold. In this condition of insobriety, the folks eagerly attest that they would instantly rush out and buy either a color converter or a whole new set. Then they go home and sleep it off.

Actually, the nuisance of color at this time has not yet been fully realized. Color converters will cost from \$100 to \$150 apiece, will never be as satisfactory as a color set and will clutter up the living room even more than it now is. In spite of optimistic assertions to the contrary, there will be very little color broadcast outside New York—and not too much inside New York—for some time to come.

My chief objection to color at this time is that it may temporarily confuse an already confused industry which is just five years old, and may retard what some optimists consider its progress. To get back to Justice Frankfurter's *dubitante*, it "may well make the commission reluctant to sanction new and better standards for color pictures" and the result would be "economic waste on a vast scale."

The reception by the newscasters of the two networks was instructive. Each news item sounded as if it had been cleared by the State Department. Doug Edwards of C.B.S. put it in the middle of the program and went on about it for minutes, explaining in considerable detail just what you could do to get C.B.S. color. He spoke also of "the enthusiasm of the public and the important national advertisers," carefully avoiding any mention of the lack of enthusiasm of the set manufacturers.

John Cameron Swayze, over at N.B.C., saved the big news for the end of his program, a little feature called "Hopscotching the World for Headlines." He referred to C.B.S. color as "the non-com-

patible system which cannot be received even in black and white without modification of present sets." He added grimly that R.C.A., N.B.C.'s parent, would continue "with its public demonstrations of its improved, compatible, all-electronic system of color TV," a lot of adjectives which would not ordinarily occur to a man writing a news story.

Most jubilant of all was Arthur Godfrey, C.B.S.'s water boy, who got his head bitten off by publicly endorsing C.B.S. color last time the controversy arose. To all those who had written that he was out of bounds in getting into the controversy, he gave a Bronx cheer.

Tap Dancers

BETWEEN the tap dancers and the private eyes which are clattering up both radio and television, things are getting monotonous. All tap dancers, I'm told, are not exactly alike. There are small differences in technique and execution but I'm afraid these slight variations are too subtle for me. I divide tap dancers into two general classes—the ones who wear pants and the ones who wear skirts.

Point of Satiety

WE ARE reaching a point of satiety in the matter of horror which will be rather difficult for the authors of horror plays to cope with. The television audience has been exposed to the gruesome so extensively that we simply don't grue any more. A while ago on "Suspense," a blind woman was tortured with lighted cigarettes, the actual deed being concealed from the cameras, which permitted your imagination to make it that much worse.

The net effect on my nerves, where this interesting by-play was aimed, was about one-third what it would have been five years ago, one-tenth what it would have been twenty years ago. This follows the graph of Crosby's Law, which, briefly stated, is simply: enough is enough. Quite a lot of mail reaches this desk, expressing dismay at the growth of horror stuff on radio and television. What, these people ask, will this do for our young? Recently, I was told, a youngster of three was gently

informed that his grandfather was dead. The boy's response: "Who shot him?"

That's hardly the attitude of reverence and grief that grandfather would have expected, but it's a natural one. We're all getting a little jaded with homicide; we're so accustomed to the violent end that it's inconceivable anyone could die in bed of simple old age. The medicine has to be stronger and stronger to hold our interest at all, much less horrify us, and eventually people will be driven to Morey Amsterdam out of sheer desperation and, believe me, that's desperation.

The other night the Robert Montgomery show (N.B.C.-TV) was devoted to the tale of a man who wanted to kill his wife, a thought that must have passed through everyone's mind from time to time. The gentleman rigged up a time bomb in his cellar, one big enough to blow the house to bits, and was about to tiptoe out the door when a couple of burglars, intent on robbing the joint, put the slug on him and tied him to a post in the cellar. And there he was with his own bomb and lots of time (an hour and ten minutes before the thing went off) to think things over.

Mr. Montgomery, who acted as narrator, plunged in at this point to describe what was passing through the tormented man's mind. ("Please, God, I'll never do it again—if I can get out of this.") All sorts of people happened along. Man's wife came home with the man he had thought was her lover but who turned out to be her scapegrace brother. They went to a movie. A little girl saw him through the cellar window but couldn't call her mother's attention to him. The gas man stopped by, rang the doorbell and went away. People telephoned.

And Mr. Montgomery droned on and on with what seemed unnecessary relish about the irony of it all. (Irony is getting a heavy play these days.) It should have been suspenseful; it succeeded only in being interminable. An hour and ten minutes—and it seemed at least that long—is a long time to wait to see some one blown to bits, especially since the same story has been on TV before and I knew

the man wasn't going to be. The infernal machine never went off; the man went mad, instead. Irony, you know.

Edgar Allan Poe would have a rough time of it today. He stood alone, or almost alone, in this particular field. Today the audience is a little too wise and much too callous to give a damn. This is driving the writers to greater and greater flights of ingenuity to raise the hair on the back of my neck. They'll find it a tough job.

The last time I was properly horrified was when the mental patients at the Boston Psychopathic Hospital voted Milton Berle their favorite television star. Then I looked at the ratings and found that the rest of the country voted him the same honor, and I fell to wondering about the sanity of the rest of us, about who belongs up in that hospital and who should be permitted to roam the streets. Don't get to thinking about it. That way lies madness.

Interview Programs

IN MY experience before the microphone and the cameras, I have been asked a lot of searching questions which brought forth from me a lot of tiresome and, in some cases, embarrassing answers. What I want is a man who can ask the questions and supply the answers. I can nod as well as the next man.

Noble Experiment

THERE has been a lot of front page fuss and feathers, sound and fury, and one thing and another over the theater televising of the Joe Louis-Lee Savold fight. This noble experiment—and everyone will hastily explain that is just an experiment—signifies something. Just what it signifies is hard to say.

It has always seemed to me that theater television is a throwback to the neolithic or pre-Milton Berle era, sometimes called the Golden Age, before television. The fundamental revolution of television is that it brings the picture right into your home. Man can go to the Polo Grounds and see the actual fight, which has its own special flavor, or he can pull a beer out of the icebox, light his pipe and watch it at home. In a theater he doesn't get the real fight nor the beer. He has to procure

a sitter, drive to town, find a parking place, and pay his way in. There he gets, not a fight, but a picture of one, though a pretty good one.

Years ago Mike Jacobs dreamed of some day piping pictures of his fights to theaters around the country and gathering in \$25,000,000 or \$25,000,000,000, or some such sum. But that was in the great days of Joe Louis and also it came before television, before a man got used to the beer, the pipe and his own chair. The theory now, if I catch the drift correctly, is that our appetites have been so whetted by the spectacle of a couple of men belting each other that we will beat down the doors of a theater if deprived of the sight of blood in our homes.

If I owned a theater or a prizefighter, I might conceivably be won over to this wildly optimistic assumption. Not possessing either, I have grave doubts. Both radio and television have always increased by millions the audience for sporting events, but have not always had such a happy effect on the gate receipts. But never before has anyone attempted to create a new sports fan, then deprive the drug addict of his needle and drive the maddened creature to the berserk length of parting with a buck and a half.

That's why this thing is an experiment. Just possibly it might work out that way. But it might backfire entirely. It might cure him of the terrible habit entirely, restore him to sanity and socially constructive diversions like Faye Emerson.

Another noble experiment, that of the National Collegiate Athletic Association in banning live telecasts of football games, has already sprung a serious leak with the decision by the University of Pennsylvania to abstain. Franny Murray, athletic director at Penn, put his finger squarely on the nature of the problem with the statement that the university "cannot agree that it is wise in either athletic policy or university policy to prevent millions from seeing inter-collegiate football on television in a vain attempt to force more thousands to pay admission at the stadium gate."

That's the crux of it. If this Pandora's box hadn't been opened in the first place,

there wouldn't be any problem. Now that the evils have flown out, it's going to be awfully hard to recapture them and slam the lid again. A lot of people bought television sets for no other purpose than to see sports events. They now consider sports on home television a constitutional right like free speech, and the I.B.C. and the N.C.A.A. are going to have a terrible time abridging it.

The New Type Cowboy

THE COWBOY came out of the chuck house, bearing a plate of biscuits which he passed around to the rest of the boys. "Best biscuits I ever tasted. Howja make 'em, Joe?" inquired one of the tougher hombres, a man who looked real fast on the draw. "Bisquick," said the cowboy briskly. "I just follows Betty Crocker's instructions."

So it's come to this. The cowboy has been going downhill for a long time now, ever since they took off his chaps and bandana and started dressing him in skin-tight pants like a ballet dancer. Now, he's taking cooking instructions from Betty Crocker when he should be out on the range shooting it out with the rustlers or maybe sitting in on a hand of five-card stud in Dead Man's Gulch Saloon. Not that the old-time cowpokes couldn't rustle up some pretty good grub but they sure didn't get their cooking lore from Betty Crocker.

Next thing you know they'll be smoking Old Golds instead of rolling their own, chasing down the canyons in Dodges in place of the old-fashioned horse and in general softening up physically and spiritually. William S. Hart must be spinning in his grave.

Farewell! Farewell!

IT HAS been a season of farewells, an exhausting experience for you and me. Farewell to Jimmy Durante. Goodbye, Frankie Sinatra. Au revoir, Uncle Miltie. See you in the Fall, Eddie Cantor. They're all gone now, like city folk moving to the country, leaving the air fairly empty except for the shrill unsponsored cries of the second team.

This annual Summer hibernation of the great names has been done for years in radio and is now being done in television. But there is considerable difference. In radio, the date of departure, the date of return, were fixed and changeless like the tides. We knew to the second when "Amos 'n' Andy" or Jack Benny or the rest of them were coming back. With television, a vast uncertainty hovers over each departing entertainer. "We'll be back in the fall," said Frank Sinatra on his last show. "We don't know just when. But we'll be back." We'll wait, Frankie.

A sea of doubt exists as to when these people will come back, or whether—and this is the thought that makes me toss in my bed at night—they'll ever return. And, if they do return, what sort of show will they return in? In radio we knew not only when, but we knew also there'd be no change in Mr. Benny's inflections, or in George's exasperation at Gracie, or in de Kingfish's speculations.

But in television, the nature of the vehicle, the identity of the entertainer, the length and expense of the show are shrouded in the hesitancies which exist in the sponsor's mind. In radio it was almost a bookkeeping operation. You invested a certain amount of dough in a certain entertainer and you got fairly measurable results. Television, though, is show business with all its uncertainties, its quixotic human elements, its surprises.

This is as it should be. The creative impulse cannot exist alongside the slide rule. If a formula works too well—as it did in radio—the inventor and the experimenter are stifled. I devoutly hope that doubts grow like weeds in the minds of both entertainers and sponsors over the Summer. It'll set the boys to thinking, which wouldn't do a bit of harm.

So long, Jimmy, Frankie, Miltie, Eddie. Have a good Summer and don't get too fat with complacency.

Incidentally, the farewells were at least as fervid as those in radio, and you know how passionate those are. Or perhaps poignant is the word I'm groping for. Durante faded into the N.B.C. darkness, waving goodbye (a trick he's done several times), like Charlie Chaplin walking off

into the sunset, or like Gen. MacArthur's old soldier. This proved so effective that Sinatra did it too, and, in his case, they even struck the set in front of our very eyes. Frank, abandoned by his cast and even by the electricians, then turned his back, a forlorn figure with a suitcase and no place to go, and walked off into the C.B.S. darkness. (The C.B.S. darkness is darker than the N.B.C. darkness, which makes it twice as poignant.)

Berle's finale was a little different. He has never found darkness especially inviting. The spotlight never sets on Milton Berle. He doesn't like to go wandering any great distance from the footlights, either. This left him a little short in the poignance department, but, as recompense, he surrounded himself with a horde of small children and they all sang "In The Good Old Summertime" together. It didn't raise a large lump in my throat like Durante and Sinatra, but it raised a small welt which will carry me through the Summer.

Actually, Berle didn't, as did the others, disappear altogether. He's been bobbing up all over the place, most recently on Eddie Cantor's farewell show. Mr. Cantor had been laid low by germs. Not entirely prostrated by them, you understand. Nothing has ever succeeded in entirely prostrating Eddie. He was in and out of his own farewell performance, but he got a lot of assistance from Mr. Berle, Jerry Lewis, Dagmar and Jack E. Leonard.

It all ended with Berle vilifying to Berle's mother on one phone, Eddie casting aspersions on Berle to Ida on the other. Now if they'd just had Georgie Jessel in there on a third phone to his mother . . . well, you can't have everything.

Those TV Style Shows

OF COURSE we got the style show with which the afternoon air is studded. (Keep your pocketbooks buttoned, men. They're after us again.)

This one was a showing of bathing suits enveloping some very pretty girls, and right here my notes are a little scrambled. I can't follow fashion language

any better than the next man. One of these bathing suits, according to the fashion announcer, was—it says here—"a lastex impossible girdled by a very fine shade of turquoise which (it says here) is a leprous shade of yellow." It was also shirred, scalloped, appliqued and was covered with what I gathered was unpicked fruit in unabashed sharkskin. So much for fashion.

Consistent Lady

ONE OF the grimmer aspects of fame is the newspaper interview which, through unfortunate technological advances, is preserved forever in the files. This is nice for the interviewer but rather hard on the interviewee who is frequently transfixed by a statement he made in 1902 and is stuck with forever after. Most interviewers are far better informed on a celebrity's state of mind and opinion ten years ago than the celebrity himself and can confound, contradict and in general louse him up with his own prior declarations.

Well, I was browsing through the files of Miss Dorothy Gish, the first woman I ever loved—I must have been about eight years old—and discovered that for about a decade she had been saying that the making of movies isn't any fun any more, that the pioneer excitement had long since been abandoned for spit and polish. This seemed like a long time for a lady not to have changed her mind on a subject so I conducted an investigation to see if she still felt the same way.

She does. Miss Gish—it seems hardly possible—is now fifty-three years old, looks a little like something out of Louisa May Alcott, is sprightly as ever, and is pioneering again in the new medium television, her fourth (stage, films, radio, TV.) "Television is exciting and it's great fun to do. It's very much like the pioneering we did in the early days of the movies. I'd much rather be in at the beginning of any medium than at the end when it's all on an assembly line."

Miss Gish thinks television has vastly improved in three years, a highly debata-

ble proposition, but she is not at all a "I-think-it's-all-too-wonderful" girl. She thinks a lot of things on TV are not only not wonderful, but downright silly. However she harbors what I consider unwarranted faith that TV will outgrow the silly phase, will some day be an important educational medium.

As for its resemblance to early movie days: "We have to improvise so much in television. In television it's lack of space. We had to improvise in the silent movie days because we didn't have any money which sometimes, I think, is a big help." (I agree.) "There's great excitement working with these young directors like Fred Coe, Martin Ritt, Frank Shaffner and Donald Davis. I should think stage people would be better in television if they were brought up in the theater as we (Dorothy and Lillian) were. There's a tempo you learn on stage that you don't learn in pictures. But there's one thing in television you haven't any training for. If you blow up in your lines, you have to get out of it yourself. You can't be prompted. There's that microphone hanging there and the prompter's whisper sometimes sounds louder than the actor's lines. Nobody's going to help you then but God. Rely on Him completely."

Movies made Dorothy Gish one of the world's most famous women in the '20s but she takes a dim view of pictures now. When she quit the movies, she didn't see a picture for two years. She still worships her early director, the late great D. W. Griffith, and has for years been vainly trying to get the picture people to do the story of his life. The Griffith story was done recently on television with Lillian Gish as narrator, was altogether a splendid production and was also almost an outspoken declaration of war by TV on movies. The contemporary film producers were pictured as tough, uncreative business men who were interested only in when the Cadillac convertible was to be delivered. That's a little harsh on the modern film producer who has a great many headaches besides Cadillacs, including a bad slump at the box office, a lot of it due to television.

She has done five television plays—"The Story of Mary Surratt," "It's Spring Again," "The Bishop Misbehaves," "The Magnificent Fake" and "Detour," and has turned down a great many others. She doesn't like what she calls "droopy drawers" roles which are those potty old ladies who sprout like weeds over so much dramatic television drama.

Television demands a lot of agility from a lady of fifty-three. A girl has to be prepared to show up on a different

There was a professor of law who said to his students:

"When you're fighting a case, if you have the facts on your side, hammer them into the jury, and if you have the law on your side, hammer it into the judge."

"But if you have neither the facts nor the law?" asked one of his listeners.

"Then hammer on the table," answered the professor.

—Woodmen.

Mrs. Jones was sitting in the breakfast nook shelling peas when she heard a knock at the back door. Thinking it was her young son, she called, "Here I am, darling."

Silence. Then a deep voice boomed, "This is not the regular iceman."

The best way to balance the family budget and avoid financial worries is to have enough money in the bank to pay your bills and a little reserve for emergencies. That's not high financing—that's just day dreaming.

He was out with the boys one evening and before he realized it the morning of the next day dawned. He hesitated to call home but finally hit on an idea.

He rang his house and when his wife answered the phone, he shouted: "Don't pay the ransom, honey, I escaped."

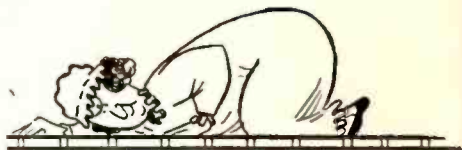
—Sunnen Snooper.

set in a different costume in a matter of minutes. But Dorothy is still fast on her feet and is also, she explained, held together entirely by zippers which so far have worked almost too well. Once she stepped behind a bit of scenery, unzipped from head to toe and suddenly found herself staring into the entranced eyes of a lot of people who were on a studio tour. They haven't stopped talking about it in Des Moines to this day.

"I don't understand how you came to marry her," a man remarked to a friend whose marriage had failed. "You admit that you didn't particularly care for her—how then did she get you?"

"Well," came the dry rejoinder, "it's not something you can explain very easily, but I suppose it must have been because she wanted me worse than I didn't want her."

Nine times out of ten what a man yelling his head off for justice really wants is revenge.



—N. J. Wilson

"Don't shout, you'll wake up Mother."

Simple Ventriloquism

WANT to try your hand at ventriloquism? It isn't difficult, but it does require practice.

First of all—there's no secret about it. A few ventriloquists do use a device called a "Ventrilo."

Others perform with a leaf from a bush held between the tongue and the roof of the mouth, but the majority use nothing at all and are just as successful.

If you have a rather high natural voice, it will be easy for you to cultivate a higher, parrot-like voice. If your voice is low, a guttural puppet voice is best for you. Try to visualize a puppet. Imagine what his voice sounds like.

As a ventriloquist, you and your natural voice must be colorless. This will direct attention to your puppet. It will be easy to imagine, with your help, that the puppet is doing the talking.

Cultivate a poker face, holding the facial muscles as stiff as possible. Keep your eyes expressionless. Roll your tongue around and around while your lips remain nearly closed. Now try some grunting sounds, imitating a pig. Try, "Ugh-ah. Muggah. Emphy. Memby."

You are now trying to speak with your stomach instead of your lips and teeth. Don't worry if your first attempts sound like mumbo jumbo. Practice will work wonders. Experiment with different words, eliminating those which you find too hard to pronounce. Simple words are best.

Use "duggle—you" for "w," "fee" for "p." Try saying, "babies on our block." It will sound like "vavies on our vlock", but no one is going to be critical. Try "hello" which will sound like "allo." "What's your name?" (lots sur lame). Say words such as Ally, mally, olly, oily.

Strain a little from the chest as you speak. Say a few words in your natural voice. Then take a deep breath, and, letting it out gradually, answer yourself in your puppet voice. While pressing your tongue against your teeth, try circumscribing a cavity between the left cheek and the teeth. Fill this with air before your puppet speaks.

A good experiment for a beginner is to get a box with a lid and imagine his puppet concealed in it. (Before an audience you will tell them someone's hidden in the box.) Place the box some distance away from you and make your puppet voice faint, yet distinct enough to be heard well.

Say, in your own voice, "Hello. Are you in there?"

Puppet's voice answers. " 'Es. Let me out. It's hot in here!"

You may then approach the box, kicking it as if accidentally. Voice says. "Ow . . . ah!" groaning loudly.

"Are you hurt?"

"Let me out! I'm nearly dead."

Continue the conversation. When you have written out a few simple lines, practice them until you begin to get the "feel" of your dummy's personality.

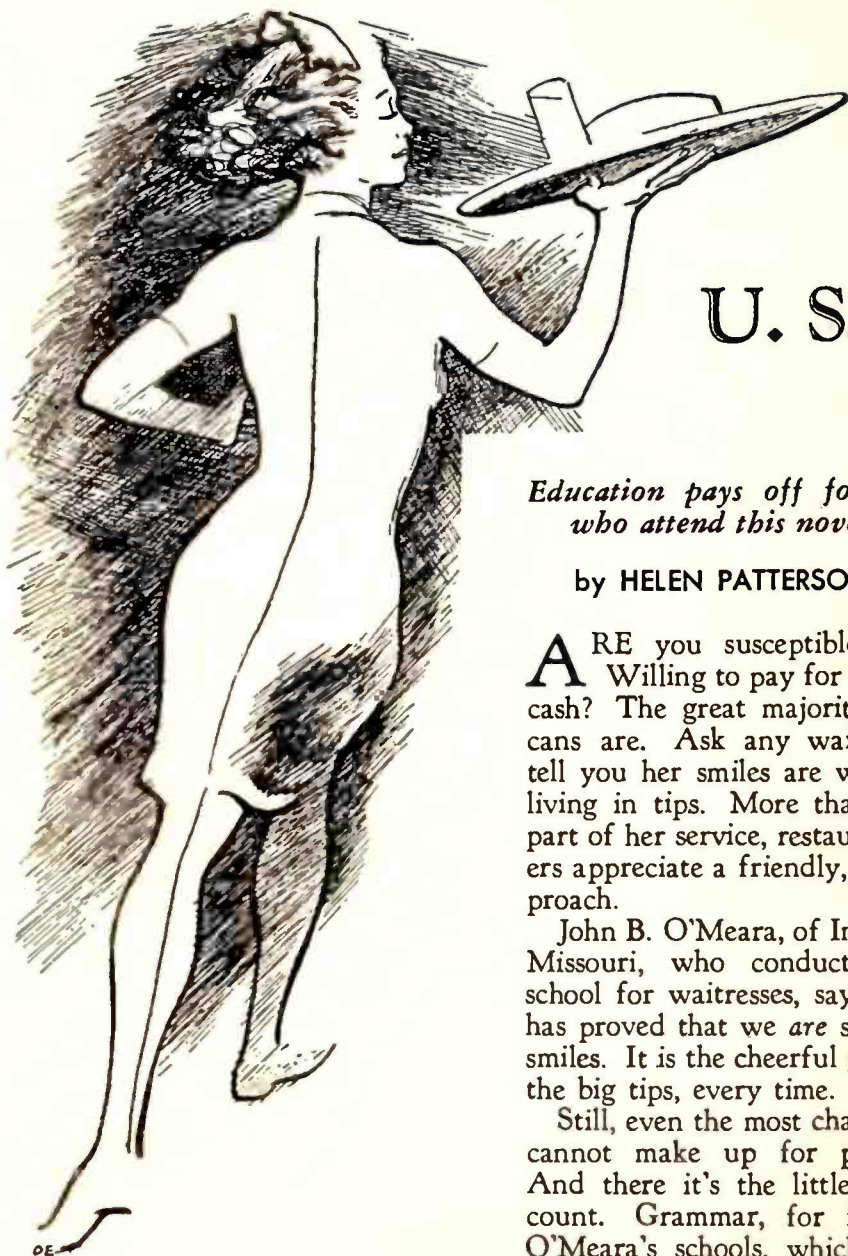
Good ventriloquists have found that some of the easiest words are in lines like the following: "Are you up there? Where? Here. Come down. I want you here. Are you ill? Hello, hello. What color are you?"

It is helpful to imitate voices of people you know, or radio voices. It is good to try animal imitations . . . the cackle of a hen, the croaking of a frog, the chirping of a cricket.

When you have practiced alone for two or three weeks, try your trick voice on a friend. You'll be surprised at how readily you can deceive him. And if you want to go on with your hobby, the Fine Arts Department of your public library will furnish all sorts of fascinating books on the subject.

You'll have lots of fun and the possibilities are unlimited.—*Helen Janney*

Restaurant College



U. S. A.

*Education pays off for waitresses
who attend this novel school.*

by HELEN PATTERSON HINDE

ARE you susceptible to smiles? Willing to pay for them in hard cash? The great majority of Americans are. Ask any waitress! She'll tell you her smiles are worth a good living in tips. More than any other part of her service, restaurant customers appreciate a friendly, cheerful approach.

John B. O'Meara, of Independence, Missouri, who conducts a unique school for waitresses, says experience has proved that we *are* susceptible to smiles. It is the cheerful girls who get the big tips, every time.

Still, even the most charming smiles cannot make up for poor service. And there it's the little things that count. Grammar, for instance. In O'Meara's schools, which have been

conducted in twenty different states and in Canada and Puerto Rico, a lot of time is spent on grammar. The old time restaurant lingo may have been picturesque, but it did not improve the appetite. Many a customer has lost his desire for frankfurters and sauerkraut, upon hearing his order relayed to the kitchen as "dogs in the grass." And after ordering stew, he does not like to hear himself described as "a man who wants to take a chance."

Another popular expression among the waitresses of yesterday was "stew for a stiff," which was restaurantese for milk toast. An order for two scrambled eggs became "mistreat two." A small thing, but waitresses tell O'Meara they have fewer dissatisfied customers when they use more conventional language.

Then, there is the matter of poise. A good O'Meara graduate accepts the most improbable request calmly. If you want mustard on your ice cream, or catsup on your mince pie, she provides it without questioning your taste.

That means a lot to people with a liking for peculiar combinations of food, according to O'Meara, and it is the kind of thing which is likely to increase the size of the tips they leave behind.

THE school, which usually is sponsored by restaurant owners and operators, even includes classes in good grooming. Neat manicures, straight stocking seams, and sleekly combed hair all are specified in the instruction.

Now, all of this may seem incidental to the actual serving of food, but O'Meara believes that waitresses are saleswomen, as surely as are the members of a department store sales force. So, they must first present an attractive personality and appearance, and then deliver the merchandise, in this case food, properly and efficiently.

And here again, small details are important. Although the course includes training in the fine art of balancing heavy trays, emphasis is placed on polishing the Emily Post brand of etiquette.

"I often lecture for an hour on the right and wrong ways to serve a cup of coffee," O'Meara explains. "The waitress should notice whether the customer is right- or left-handed. The cup should be placed on the most convenient side, with the handle at the outside." There is instruction on the proper method of serving a piece of pie, with the point of the wedge aimed at the diner, not into space.

O'Meara himself began working as a waiter as a young man, and was personnel manager of a cafeteria before he began teaching. Restaurant work, once a field almost sacred to men, has been taken over almost entirely by women in recent years, he points out, and now it is up to the girls to make the most of the opportunity.

Many of them have. There is the classic example of an Oklahoma school teacher who decided she wanted to enter a more lucrative field. After some preliminary investigation, she concluded she could make the best money working as a waitress. She

studied the right and wrong ways to merchandise food—and grossed \$7,000 during the first year.

O'Meara's schools have been attended by former graduate nurses and secretaries, as well as school teachers. They agree, he says, that there is more financial opportunity in restaurant work than in their former careers.

They receive an average of from \$25.00 to \$60.00 a week in wages, depending on the location and type of restaurant, plus substantial sums in tips. In New York, Chicago, and other comparable cities, many waitresses average from \$50.00 to \$75.00 weekly in tips.

One recent development has been the return of the five-cent tip. During the war, few diners left an amount that small. Right now, according to O'Meara, there are more five-cent tips than there have been in the past two years. He considers this a sort of barometer to financial conditions in general.

BEING a waitress, however, is not so simple as it seems. It requires a great deal of skill and experience to reach the high-tip brackets. Above all, the girls must be versatile. They are likely to come across many an awkward situation in the course of a day's work.

Consequently, O'Meara teaches his students how to handle amorous male customers. That's one time when the smiles disappear. Girls are instructed to have a ready-made story which concerns a father or brother who calls for them every night after work, but

to keep their refusals of dates polite as well as firm. There is no point in antagonizing a customer who is, of course, a potential tipper.

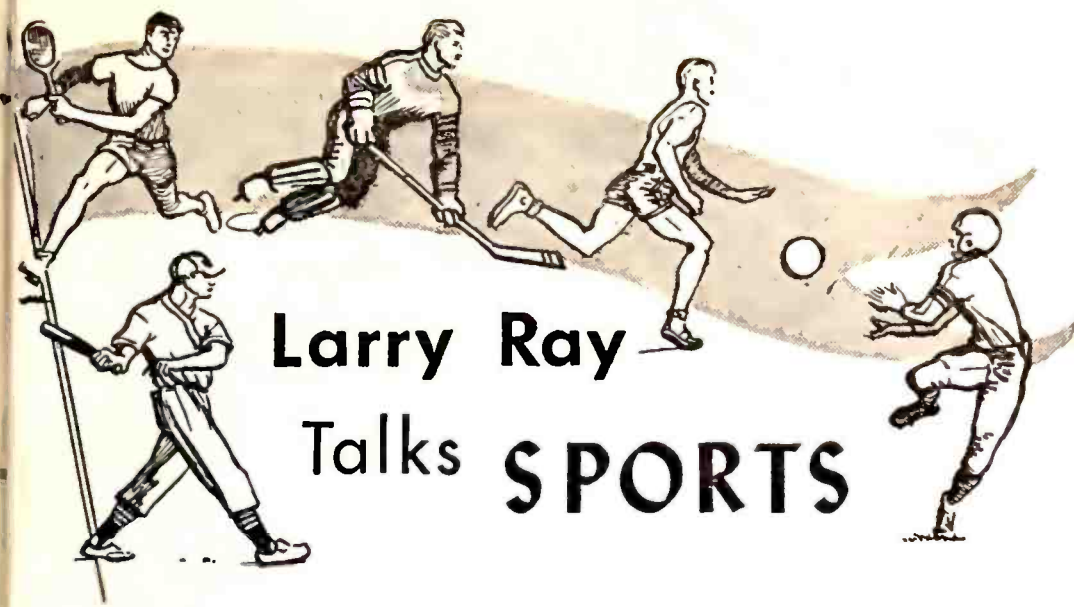
There is also a brief lecture on the care and feeding of babies. Proper dishes and utensils are important, and graduates learn, among other things, to knot a corner of a napkin so it can be tucked inside Junior's collar to serve as a bib.

One of these days O'Meara would like to approach the situation from the opposite side of the table, and conduct some schools for customers. There are a few rules diners should follow if they want the best service, just as there are rules for waitresses who want big tips.

One of the most common complaints from waitresses is that customers "hiss" at them when they want attention, or call them "girlie." Neither is good policy. A simple "waitress" or "miss" gets better results.

As for tipping habits, O'Meara maintains that the public wants the right to tip according to service received. He says most people do not resent the custom of tipping, but are willing to pay for the extra little attentions and the smiles. He cites as an example a Midwestern restaurant which inaugurated a policy of prohibiting tips. It went out of business soon afterward, partly, he says, because the customers resented being told they could not tip. And with that attitude prevalent, restaurant work can become one of the most lucrative fields open to young women.

Some drivers speed up so as to get in front of you so that they can slow down.



Larry Ray Talks SPORTS

THE world of baseball is still talking about the way the National League All-Stars manhandled the American Leaguers in the 18th annual battle in Detroit. The win, second in a row for the Nationals, was still only the sixth win in 18 games played; but the way it was done brought joy to the hearts of National fans. The new crop of senior all-stars had no fear of the Amerc's and battered them silly in an American League bailiwick. Perhaps the fact that only three Yankees appeared in the lineup did the trick. Yes, times have changed when the White Sox dominate the lineup of All-Stars instead of the fabulous Yankees!

The trend is swinging. Boston fans no longer boo Ted Williams in the field nor at bat; and the Red Sox seem to be unified for the first time in recent years. The American League race is one of the closest, with any

one of four leading teams capable of winning the pennant. However, it appears to be all over but the shouting in the National League as Chuck Dressen has pulled his Brooklyn Bums almost out of sight while the Philllies are still trying to rest on last year's press clippings.

Critics believe that Paul Richards is one of the best young managers to come along in many a year. A shrewd strategist, Richards demands and gets hustle every second. His minor league record is tops.

Some time ago Lefty Gomez told this writer that George Selkirk of the Kansas City Blues would be the next manager of the New York Yankees. Since then the story has popped up in several places. Selkirk has done a marvelous job on his own and has welded a bunch of green kids into a colorful winning combine without any help from the parent Yankees.

Harry Geisel, who umpired in the American League for 18 years and now is supervisor of the arbiters in the American Association, tells this one on himself. When Lefty Gomez first came to the Yankees from the Coast League, he was warned that a player didn't take many liberties with Umpire Geisel. The first time Goofy came to bat with Harry behind the plate, he missed the first pitch for strike one and the second was a hair-line called strike two. Gomez stepped back, measured the ump with his eye, but said nothing. The third pitch was a called strike three on another close one. Gomez turned red, and then with dignity said, "How do you spell your name?" The umpire said, "G-E-I-S-E-L." "One I?" asked Gomez. "Yes," replied the ump. That brought the climax as Gomez walked to the bench muttering, "That's what I thought!"

UNPREDICTABLE Sam Snead put together some of the most amazing golf in years to win the PGA. It was played over one of America's longest and toughest courses—over 7,000 yards and 115 deep traps. Snead, in the 166 holes of play, was an unbelievable 22 strokes under par. It's the old story. Snead can beat any other human; but it's a different story when he is playing medal against par.

When Gene Sarazen entered the tourney it reminded me of a story about the Germantown farmer. Some years ago he won a \$1,500 tourney. His wife wanted a new fur coat and he wanted a prize bull for the farm. His wife was sure she would have

her way until a commotion was heard outside one afternoon and the Sarazen's little daughter said, "Mommie, Daddy is bringing your new fur coat into the barn!"

Ben Hogan's third win of the National Open was sensational but not surprising. Hogan for 72 holes is still the best.

What has happened to tennis? There are fewer players coming along each year and the youngsters now are grabbing golf clubs instead.

Teen age bowling leagues for the summer and as a school activity have become the latest way to help combat idle-time problems in the grade and high schools of many cities. The sport is co-sponsored by the schools, bowling proprietors and civic groups.

IT WON'T be long until football hits the nation again. The Midwest, with strong Oklahoma and Nebraska, will give the fans something to think about. The dark horses in the Big Seven will be Kansas and Missouri. It could be a great individual season for two juniors, Bob Reynolds of Nebraska, already an All-American, and Charlie Hoag of Kansas. I'll be there to bring you a full eleven-game schedule over WHB this year.

We're going back a long way for this one. It's said to have happened in 1913 when Ray Eichenlaub was the line-ramming fullback on the Notre Dame team.

Notre Dame had given a midwestern school a terrific going-over, with Eichenlaub starring, and after the game the losing team climbed on a street car for the ride back to its hotel.

The trolley was jam-packed but it stopped for one more passenger, a big woman, arms filled with packages, who rumbled through the players, stepping on feet and belting them in the ribs with her elbows.

As she headed for the rear of the car, one leather-lunged wit up front sang out: "Look out, fellows. Here come's Eichenlaub's mother."

FOLKS, if you want to see some fun get out to Blues Stadium, Friday, August 17 for "Radio Night." All year people have been telling me how much fun they had last year watching blindfolded ball players pushing wheelbarrows around the diamond. Or laughing as they saw players, who usually peg the ball with lightning speed, playing catch gin-

gerly with fresh eggs—ever so daintily and gently! Those are two of the "fun features" for Radio Night again this year—along with a Catchers' Accuracy Contest in which the rival catchers attempt to peg the ball from home into a barrel on second base. And a Home Run Hitting Contest in which the best batters will swat the ball clear out of the park!

Two free trips to Havana, Cuba, via Braniff International Airways, with hotel rooms furnished at the world-famous Hotel Nacional, will be prizes in the Blues Baseball Puzzle Contest, now in progress. Pick up a puzzle at Blues Stadium (it has pictures of all the players, and compete for these fine vacation trips to be awarded Radio Night.

That's all for now. See you Radio Night!

▲
Jack Gilford recalls a husband-wife duel in which the husband, about to lose his temper, warned, "Careful, you'll bring out the beast in me!"
"Go ahead!" sneered his wife. "Who's afraid of mice?"



—Alfred Rosenberg

"What dramatic school did you attend?"

▲
A man who had a fabulous fortune returned to his home town and called on an old buddy. The old buddy was determined, though, that he wasn't going to give the other the satisfaction of being impressed by his wealth.

"I got a limousine now with a chauffeur," the returning native said.

"So what? Quite a few people got limousines with chauffeurs."

"You should see my house. It has fifty rooms and I have an 18-hole golf course."

"I heard of houses with 18-hole golf courses, too," said his buddy.

"Inside the house?"

Castle In Canada

IT'S not necessary to go to Europe to see a feudal castle. There is one in Canada's second largest city. On a hill overlooking Toronto, stands Casa Loma, a turreted baronial castle with everything but a moat and drawbridge to send the visitor right back to the fifteenth century. During the summer months a thousand tourists a day are guided in fascination through the castle, and come away with thoughts of chivalry and intrigue. There are secret staircases, and passages between the floors and underground.

Casa Loma was built between 1911 and 1913 by the late Sir Henry Pellatt. As a small boy he had dreamed of feudal castles, and while growing up had held the ownership of one as a goal in life. After wealth came from the sale of western Canadian land, he built his castle.

There probably is no other building like Casa Loma in North America. Built to entertain royalty, the castle has 100 rooms, with servants' quarters for a staff of fifty. While Sir Henry lived, the sixteen master bedrooms had silver-plated bath fixtures; the fixtures of Lady Pellatt's bathroom were of gold. The walls and floors of all baths were of imported marble. Each bedroom has a fireplace transplanted from a castle in Europe. Sir Henry's bedroom, now on view, is forty by sixty feet, with a high ceiling. The push of a button near the canopied bed opens a secret panel to reveal a hidden staircase leading to the ground floor.

The visitor to Casa Loma is shown the Great Hall, the main living room, eighty feet square and seventy feet from carpet to ornamented ceiling. The library is eighty feet long and twenty-seven feet wide; the dining room could comfortably seat a hundred guests. "The kitchen," Sir Henry once said, "is large enough to feed a regiment."

In the cellar there is a large tiled swimming pool, a number of billiard rooms, a bowling alley, and a 200-foot rifle range. An elevator runs from the cellar to the uppermost story. The highest turret juts 300 feet above the street, and from its south crenels, you can, on a clear day, see Niagara Falls thirty miles across Lake Ontario.

Each floor is an eight-inch slab of concrete beneath hardwood boards. A three-foot drop separates each floor from the ceiling below. These cavities are entered through trap doors, and no one knows for sure all their ramifications. From the cellars there is a 600-foot-long tunnel leading to the red-tiled stables, garages and greenhouses of the estate. The castle occupies seven acres in a residential section of Toronto. It is a landmark to a man whose dream castle came to life. Since Sir Henry's death in 1939, the castle has been operated by a Toronto business men's service club for charitable affairs, dances and sightseeing. The proceeds, after maintenance and taxes, go to charity.

—James Montagnes.

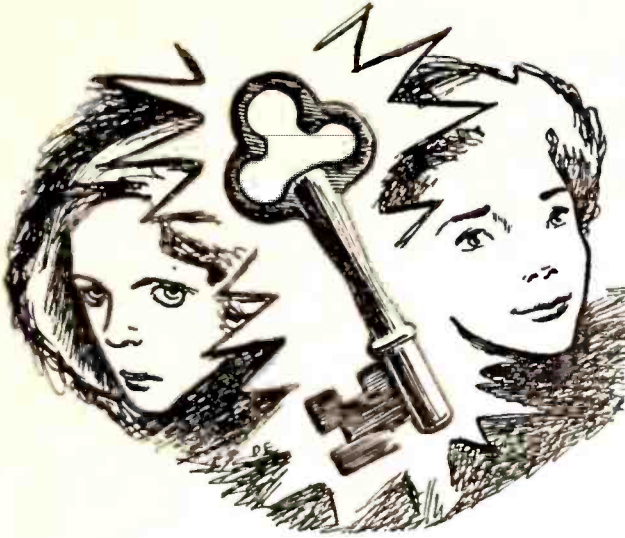


Government is like a stomach: if it's doing its work right, you will hardly realize you've got one.



Legally, the husband is the head of the house and the pedestrian has the right of way. Both husband and pedestrian are fairly safe unless they try to exercise their rights.

DON'T IGNORE YOUR DREAMS



They are the key to worry and irritation, reflecting your wishes and desires.

by FRANK ROSE

IF a friend of yours possessed a magic key to success, happiness and health, you would most certainly consider him foolish if he didn't use it. Yet you have such a key, and, chances are, it has long ago grown rusty from lack of use. That key is the intelligent study and interpretation of your dreams.

Modern psychologists are convinced that no one dreams unless he is facing a problem; that each dream expresses an unfulfilled wish, a repressed desire. So, by unraveling the meaning behind each dream, you may eliminate the causes of mental conflict, and might even uncover unsuspected talents and tendencies. You will learn more about your true self, your hid-

den motives and characteristics, than ever before. You will be in a position to eradicate those social, personal and business maladjustments that are shared to some extent by all of us. As a result, you will be able to lead a richer and more balanced life.

Until fairly recently, dreams were considered outside the scope of orthodox science. The majority of people scoffed at them as mere playthings of the sleeping mind, or they were ignored altogether as sheer nonsense. Even Shakespeare shared this opinion when he wrote: "I talk of dreams, which are the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain fantasy."

But, today, modern psychology has recalled the dream from exile by demonstrating that every one is significant to the dreamer. It is now known that, although these weird mind pictures may seem incoherent, wild or sketchy, they are, nevertheless, definite attempts by the dream-

er's subconscious mind to bring matters of importance to the conscious attention.

The study and interpretation of dreams has become one of the psychoanalyst's most effective tools in helping him straighten out personality kinks. But you need not go to an expert to have this done; you can do it yourself. All that is required is patience and a consuming desire to know your real self.

BEFORE attempting to interpret your dreams, consider just what dreams are. Everything you have ever done, thought, seen, heard, felt, wished for or feared is carefully preserved in the rich storehouse of your subconscious. This accumulated record is vastly important to you as an individual; yet only a tiny fraction is consciously remembered. All the ghosts of the past are deeply and intricately interwoven with your present personality. These ghosts continue to worry, to hope and desire just as they formerly did, but it seldom comes to your attention except when the conscious mind is at rest—or asleep.

Most of us are ignorant of our true motives and feelings. We delude ourselves with words and rationalizations. But during sleep the censors in our conscious minds slumber. Then our subconscious minds speak of those things which are ordinarily repressed due to social, moral or religious grounds. At that time, hate, fear, sex and anger reveal themselves without disguise or subterfuge.

These are the emotions which make up basic character. They come from

within, not from without as the ancients believed. You, the dreamer, are responsible for the strange drama being enacted within your head. You are author, director and cast; and there is always definite reason behind the dream. Your subconscious is trying to give constructive advice, to make you realize the truth about yourself without prejudice.

You may learn many scandalous things about yourself by studying your dreams, but don't worry. Everyone has primitive instincts—no matter how securely hidden. St. Augustine once observed that he was glad he was not to be judged by what he dreamed. Self-analysis, and not aimless concern, is the right way to approach dreams. Study them thoroughly and be completely honest about your findings.



No one else can fully understand your dreams for you. It is an individual responsibility. A word or dream symbol which means something to one person might mean something altogether different to another. Dr. Adler said: "It is not the dream itself which is important but the underlying thought of the dream."

The first step is to write down your dream as exactly as you can remember

it, and the best time for this is right after you wake up. Dreams are ephemeral, losing most of their substance when the conscious mind shifts into high gear for the day's activity; so get them down on paper as quickly as possible.

Then pick out the words or symbols that seemed most important in your dream and try to link them up with some incident or impression of the previous day. Many such incidents will seem too trivial to bother with, but write them down anyway. They may open an important room in your mental storehouse.

YOU will soon discover an interesting fact about dreams. They are puckish fellows, exceedingly fond of strange twists and turns and puns. They love disguises and circumlocutions. It is as though they had handed you a map to a buried treasure but had written it in code so that the whole thing wouldn't be too easy. However, if you persevere, you can always find the real reason behind the dream.

For example, one night Frank dreamed that he handed his young nephew a cauliflower. The lad seemed depressed until given the strange present, but then his eyes shone with joy and he danced around in merriment. This dream had Frank puzzled, but during breakfast the answer flashed into his mind. He recalled hearing a radio account of a boxing match the night before. The announcer had quipped that one of the athletes had formerly been in the vegetable business and now was growing cauliflowers on his ears.

Thinking of boxing led Frank to remember that during the previous week his nephew had brought over a new pair of boxing gloves and begged him to spar a round or so. At the moment Frank had been too busy working in the garden and had refused. Subconsciously he must have been acutely aware of the boy's disappointment, and must have felt a sense of guilt. So in his dream he tried to make amends by handing him a cauliflower.

Since his conscious mind was now aware of what had been bothering it, he boxed with his nephew the next time he came over and thus removed an unnecessary source of mental strain. Probably no one else in the world could have interpreted this dream, for no one else knew he'd been impressed by the radio gag.

YOUR technique will improve with practice, and most dreams will practically solve themselves by the foregoing method. But should some parts of them still remain a mystery, you might resort to the free association process. Merely think of the word or dream symbol, then permit your thoughts to drift aimlessly. You will find your mind traveling lightly from one symbol to another until finally it will reach a dead end. The thought at this point will explain the symbol in your dream.

Dr. Louis E. Bisch tells how he unravelled one of his dreams in this manner. He had dreamed of Santa Claus, and, letting his mind wander, he thought of snow, then cold, then winter, and finally coal. At this point his mind went blank, and he realized

that subconsciously he had been worrying about his empty coal bin. He had it filled and promptly relieved his mind of a needless worry.

Many of the sources of irritation which you will uncover by these methods will seem trivial and unimportant, but if left to fester and multiply, they can grow into a regular colossus of mental conflict which eventually will transform the most sunny disposition into gloom. Many of our mental and physical ills are rooted in the details of our daily lives; and the overwhelming majority can

be eradicated before causing any real harm by the intelligent study and interpretation of dreams.

If you would realize that dreams are more revealing than either speech or actions, you would not be so eager to share them with others. Instead, study your dreams by yourself. Find out what your subconscious is trying to convey. Apply this knowledge to the problems of your daily life and you'll remove the greatest obstacles to health, happiness and success. The answers to your dreams lie, not at the end of some far away rainbow, but within you—hidden in themselves.



William Busch, the German humorist, went to his doctor for a heart check-up. "Do you smoke much?" inquired the doctor.

"About 15 cigars a day."

"You'll have to cut down. It will be hard but you'll have to be satisfied with one after dinner."

A few weeks later Busch returned for a check-up. The doctor commented on his improvement in health. "You see, that's what happens when patients follow their doctor's orders!"

"Well it isn't always easy to do," answered Busch. "It was hard to eat 15 dinners a day."



The late William Lyon Phelps, famous educator, once felt that too many of his students were not giving the time or attention to his courses which he felt they deserved. In order to reprimand such scholars, Phelps prepared an unusually stiff examination for one of his classes just before the Christmas holidays.

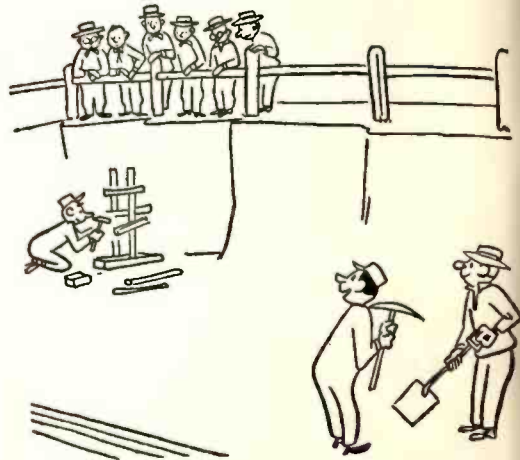
One of the students who looked upon the course as a "snap" wrote across his follows: "God gets an 'A.' You get an questions. Merry Christmas!"

Phelps returned the paper marked as follow: "God gets an 'A.' You get an 'F.' Happy New Year!"

As the man stepped into the elevator with his wife the pretty elevator girl turned to him and said, "Hello, darling."

The wife was quiet but her eyes burned and her lips quivered.

When they left the elevator, the man turned to his wife and said, "Now don't start anything. I'm going to have enough trouble explaining you to her."



—Filchock

"He's not building a thing. We use him as a decoy to keep the crowd from annoying us!"



Missouri
State Fair
August
18-26

State fairs play to packed crowds because there's something to interest Dad, Mom, the Kids, Uncle Jake, everyone. That of the great State of Missouri is no exception!

by CARL McINTIRE

FROM the happy land of speeding thoroughbreds and stolid perch-
erons, grandma's strawberry preserves
and ice cream-bolting children, county
displays and band music, carnivals
and hot dogs, comes the annual call,
"Meet me at the Fair!"

This month, August 18th through
the 26th, one-half million Missourians
and their neighbors will rally to that
clarion, tumbling into peaceful Se-
dalia by train, bus, auto and wagon
on a nine-day splurge at the great
Missouri State Fair.

Missouri is an agricultural state.
Its cities hum to the tune of indus-
tries handling the products of the
farm or producing the means for bet-

ter agriculture. The Missouri State
Fair is the show place for the raw
materials and the finished products
of agriculture.

If any two things could be said
to stand above the rest at the Fair, it
would be the folks who throng the
276-acre grounds, and the horses. The
plain people stand out because they
are the Fair, as they are the State.
The horses are at the top because they
exemplify the cream of man's efforts
in science, patience and training. The
49th Missouri State Fair is going to
be sprayed with highlights, and a good
share of the glare will fall on these
two, the people and the horses.

People judging people will make
perhaps the biggest sparkle of the
highlight spray. People from the quiet
dirt cross roads will mingle with peo-
ple from the teeming city intersec-
tions. The Presbyterian ladies' auxil-
iary will meet the gamblers and their
shills face to face; and neither will

regret the encounter. Up and down the midway, along the broad fair ground streets, in and out of the livestock barns, in grandstand and arena, day and night thousands of people will be strolling. They will be looking at each other, judging each other; their emotions will be many. Most will look through eyes of friendliness and fraternity, and, for the uninitiated, curiosity and adventure.

Presiding over the great human circus will be a favorite Mutual Broadcasting System emcee, Tom Moore. Tom got his radio start in Missouri, and he's bringing his famous Mutual show, "Ladies Fair" (not heard on WHB), to Sedalia for two mornings. Never before has a morning program been scheduled at the Fair. The big show will be presented in front of the spacious racing grandstand, and will be aired over Mutual.

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, John Snyder, has accepted an invitation to return to his home state in order that he may be speaker at the First Annual Missouri State Fair Country-Cured Ham Breakfast. Governors of all adjoining states have been invited by Governor Forrest Smith to be his guests at this breakfast. The feast will climax the biggest show of old fashioned, country-cured hams the state has ever seen. Every county in Missouri is to have at least one entry of the tastiest morsels into which teeth can be set. Governor Smith will cap the spectacular Governor's Day program by presenting awards to the healthiest babies, and to the 9-point health winners.

Grand Circuit harness races, bringing to the Fair's mile and half-mile tracks the finest pacers and trotters of the nation, highlight the horse events. The famous Missouri State Fair Horse Show runs five nights in the Arena. The best saddle horses in the world, in all gaits and classes, will be on display. Kansas City's Saddle and Siroloin Club is sending its colorful mounted patrol to captivate the huge crowds on Kansas City Day.

These features barely begin the list of special events crammed into the nine day Fair. For many, the auto races, big racers and stock cars, will provide the keenest thrills of the week. Motorcycle racing is an added feature this year.

The Cavalcade of Stars stage show, featuring dozens of acts and a spectacular water carnival, will be presented five nights. A circus will give a one-night performance and an auto thrill show will be another nighttime feature. Giant fireworks displays are set for every night.

Children's Day will have special concessions for the youngsters at the rides of Cetlin and Wilson's World-on-Parade Shows. And the youngsters may see their first old-fashioned balloon ascension Aviation Day.

The St. Louis Chamber of Commerce is arranging a special train to bring 350 people for St. Louis Day. War Dads of Missouri will be hosts to the Gold Star widows and orphans of World War II at the fair on Veterans' Day. A tractor rodeo, with winners from county fairs of the state taking part, will be held Missouri Fairs' Day.

ALL these events and many more will be taking place while exhibits of quilts, pies, roosters, stamps and a thousand other things, will be attracting teeming crowds every day. Judging of cattle, horses, mules, swine, sheep, goats and asses continues right on through the fair. Commercial exhibits, farm machinery, home appliances and other farm and home products are always magnificently displayed. The 4-H clubs, Future Farm-

ers, Missouri College of Agriculture and the 114 Missouri counties have outstanding exhibits every year. The shows put on by the Wild Life Commission and the Highway Department are perennial favorites.

Yes, "Meet me at the Fair" is going to be the slogan this summer for all Missourians interested in seeing, hearing and learning what makes their state a great state . . . and having the time of their lives while finding out!

A visitor asked several people in a small town if they knew the mayor.

"He's a bum!" said the filling station attendant.

"He's no good," said the druggist.

"Never voted for him in my life," said the barber.

Meeting the much maligned mayor, the curious visitor asked how much his salary was.

"Good heavens, I don't get any pay," the official answered. "I took this job for the honor of it."

A new army recruit was placed on guard duty. Posted on the early morning relief, he did his best, but in the end went to sleep on his feet. He was awakened by a slight noise and, raising only his eyes, saw the Officer of the Day standing in front of him. Remembering the heavy penalty for sleeping on post, the recruit stood for another moment with his head bowed. Then, raising his head slowly he looked piously into the sky and reverently murmured, "Amen."



"Don't give me that 'nothing to fear but fear itself' routine. I want the lights left on."

William P. Thorne was one of several Kentuckians who shared a dream of building a railroad from New Castle to Eminence.

While the road was still in the blueprint stage, Thorne provided himself with stationery and, as self-appointed President, wrote to the President of the L & N system concerning the exchange of annual passes.

The L & N executive pointed out a certain inequity: while his system extended for more than 1,000 miles, Thorne's road, if and when built, would be less than four miles.

"True," replied the persistent Thorne. "the L & N is somewhat longer than my road, but mine is just as wide!" He got the annual pass.

The Fruitful Combination

A NICKEL, an apple and a prayer are a strange combination. They were the only assets of the Rev. John Larkin, when he arrived in New York City on a sunny, summer afternoon in 1847. With these three items his superiors expected him to procure a building for a parochial school.

Even then a nickel wouldn't buy much, so Father Larkin carried the apple. The nickel was all that remained of his train fare, and unless he made a contact in the strange city, the apple would serve as his dinner.

His frugal possessions didn't dampen his spirits. As he swung off the train platform he glanced over the skyline until he saw a church steeple in the distance.

Half an hour later he was kneeling in the church. When he had finished a short prayer, he went to the parish house and rapped on the front door.

He explained his mission to the pastor. Right from the start luck was with him. Not only did the pastor tell him to remain as long as he wished, but told him of a vacant meeting house for sale.

Jubilantly Father Larkin rushed to the owner and asked the sale price. Only \$18,000 he was told. "But don't let that frighten you," the owner said. "You only need a down payment of \$5,000."

Father Larkin fingered the nickel in his pocket. "I'll be back as soon as I raise a little more capital—\$4,999.95 to be exact."

There the matter stood for several days with the priest unable to raise anything like the amount he needed. Then one evening someone knocked on the front door. It was a young man. "I need some advice."

"I'm an artist," said the visitor, "and I've made a little money that I'd like to invest. I don't know anybody in New York that I can trust, so I decided to stop at the first parish house."

Father Larkin was interested. "Is it a lot of money you have?" he asked hopefully.

The young man shook his head. "Not too much."

Father Larkin was disappointed. "How much do you have?" he asked.

"Five thousand dollars."

"Did you say five thousand?" asked the priest. The young man nodded.

"Then let me tell you a story." He told the man of his search. "The only drawback" he explained, "is the down payment. Your five thousand dollars would turn the trick. Would you invest your money with me?"

For several seconds the artist sat in deep thought. Finally he said, "I hadn't exactly figured on investing it that way, but I guess it couldn't be used for a better cause."

So Father Larkin made the down payment and a school was opened. Years passed, and the artist was repaid, and more property purchased. Eventually a high school was added, and then a college.

Today St. Francis Xavier College of New York City stands on the spot, the only college in America to ascend from such a humble beginning as a nickel, an apple and a prayer.

—Stanley J. Meyer.



Cats In Clover

Ah, for the life of a cat!

by JULES ARCHER

A FEW years ago in Dedham, Mass., nine relatives of the late Woodbury Rand gathered at the reading of his will. How had he distributed his \$100,000 estate? After a hush, the dead man's decision was read aloud.

Nine outraged gasps filled the room. Not one relative had been left a dime. Woodbury Rand's reason? "Their contemptuous attitude and cruelty toward my cat."

The sole heir to \$100,000 was Buster, a tom-cat.

A dog's life may be nothing to envy, but you'd enjoy leading many a cat's life. If you were Tommy Tucker, white Persian, you wouldn't even have to meow for your supper. Tommy inherited \$5,000 upon the death of his owner. He lives on Riverside Drive in a private room, enjoys

sirloin steak on toast four days a week, and sleeps in a large wicker basket on a soft baby mattress.

Few children receive the lavish care awarded a white Angora named Baby. Owned by a childless woman, Baby is dressed in spotless infants' wear, including a winsome bonnet. She has never learned to walk because her doting mother-by-adoption carries Baby around both inside the house and out.

A cat named Lilly proved you don't need a pedigree to make good in the world. She was just a garbage can variety black alley cat. But one day neighborhood wives, who used to chase Lilly with brooms, began to stroke her fur lovingly. Over 330 Californians begged to take care of her. This sudden affection was explained by a \$5,000 (\$50 a month) legacy bequeathed the ex-scavenger by an 84-year-old Sacramento spinster.

Nothing was too good for Mr. White, a snowy tabby owned by a

Washington newspaperman. When the cat developed a foot infection, Jesse Jones talked a leading Johns Hopkins urologist into taking the case. For seven weeks Mr. White regularly made the 40-mile trip to John Hopkins in a taxi, as a patient of the famous specialist.

Tommy Clark, an ex-alley resident of Seneca Falls, N. Y., had a bank account of \$300 when he turned up his paws. This was the hoarding of gift money presented to him at four birthday parties. It bought him a handsome tombstone. History is silent as to what Dinah, a tortoise-shell from Albany, N. Y., did with the \$100 windfall she won in the Irish sweepstakes.

In England, humans born on the wrong side of the tracks have social standing definitely inferior to blue-blooded tabbies. The pusses' social register, *Cats and Kittens*, carries dignified announcements of feline visits, birth and deaths. A typical birth notice: "Mrs. Wilson Burrasford's Booful—7 kittens: 1 blue, 2 black, 4 torties—by Miss Cadell's Sinakululo."

In aristocratic circles, especially designed cat combs and brushes are available to keep that kittenish complexion. A study of Napoleonic times reveals it was commonplace for French dandies to carry cat combs in their pockets to curry their ladies' pets.

Of an estimated 20,000,000 cats in the United States, about 40% board with families, 10% try luck-of-the-road, 50% earn a living as rat-catchers in barns, factories, restaurants, prisons, churches, ships, etc.

Highest-salaried felines are found in Hollywood, where cat thespians earn between \$15 and \$20 a day.

Until her demise, Minnie Esso, a tiger-colored tabby employed by Standard Oil of New Jersey to keep rats out of their laboratory, earned \$4.40 a month, itemized on the payroll as "fish for Minnie." Starting as an apprentice at \$3.20 a month, Minnie soon won a raise when it was discovered she had over 100 dependents.

Foreign cats have a somewhat lower standard of living. Argentina's United River Plate Telephone Company pays its tabbies only 50 centavos a day liver money. Even less generous is France's national library, *Bibliothèque Nationale*, which protected book bindings from being gnawed for only 60c a year per cat.

Puss has his day in court. A Cleveland judge recently ruled that a cat has a perfect right to bite any person who steps on his tail. Two Pennsylvania miners were convicted of disorderly conduct when caught eating cats. In a suit for \$50 veterinary expenses, a Boston judge decreed that cats could not be convicted of rape.

THE tabby will probably never again reach the godly status he enjoyed in ancient Egypt, where temples were built to him, jewels hung in his ears, and cat holidays celebrated publicly.

But through the ages he never lacked distinguished worshippers, like Mohammed, who cut off the sleeve of his gown rather than disturb a cat sleeping upon it. Dr. Johnson used

to feed his cat oysters from fish stalls. Gray wrote an elegy to his cat, which had drowned in a fishbowl. Victor Hugo enthroned his cat on a red velvet dais in his drawing room, to which all visitors had to pay homage.

The cat has its enemies, too, such as Chicago banker Rockwell Jayre, who paid 10c for every dead cat brought to his door, and the International Cat Society, which urged that the species be made extinct. But against these it has had the protection of the Allied Cat Lovers International, the Miaou Club of England, Cats' Protection League, American Feline Society and the S. P. C. A.

The devotion of man to his dog

The conductor saw clouds of smoke coming from a train coach meant for non-smokers, and found six travelers trying in vain to hide their cigarettes. He calmly remarked, "We have two rules here at this railroad company which are continually being broken. The first is not to smoke in non-smokers and the second is not to tip or bribe train personnel. You've already broken one."



"... and you needn't pretend you're asleep!"

is a celebrated cliché. Less familiar is the equally intense loyalty of a man to his cat. One Peter Nicastro, to feed his four pets, robbed food stores for them until he was caught and jailed. When a St. Louis merchant's cat was kidnapped, he paid \$5 ransom for her return, no questions asked. And in Bishopstoke, England, when a man discovered his cat stranded on a church steeple, he climbed up after it, got stuck there himself, and had to be rescued by the fire department.

A cat, it is obvious, may not only look at a king, but would be justified if it chose to spit in his eye and purr, "Step down, bud, and make room for some *real* royalty."

Once while at the height of his great singing career, Enrico Caruso had the misfortune to have his car break down in a small country town. His knowledge of mechanics was extremely limited and, since there was no garage in the community, the celebrated tenor was at his wit's end.

Finally, a farmer noticed Caruso's plight and offered to fix the car. After he had done so, he invited the singer to dinner. Caruso accepted, and when the meal was finished, he sang for the farmer and his wife as a gesture of thanks. The farm couple was delighted, and the farmer asked the name of his guest.

"Caruso," replied the world famous singer a trifle smugly.

A broad smile of joy lit up the farmer's face. "Why, I've read about you for years," he exclaimed. "You're a famous man."

"Yes," agreed Caruso with a self-satisfied smile.

"Just think," continued the farmer glancing at his wife, "We've heard Caruso sing right here in our dining room. The famous traveler—Robinson Caruso!"

The American Seen

HE has only three wants: 1951 wages, 1931 prices, and 1911 taxes . . . The pioneering urge kept his great-grandfather forever moving, but "15 Minute Parking" signs do it for him today . . . He curses complex tax reports, then turns to puzzles for recreation . . . He feels affection for shapeless old hats, his wife feels it for shapeless new ones . . . His everlasting problem is to make money first, then make it last . . . You can make him believe practically anything but the words "Wet Paint." . . . When he really begins serving others, he finds he is serving himself as well . . . By the time he's forty, he knows happiness and women are alike: both sidle up after you quit chasing them . . . All in all, he lives a good life, mostly because he possesses such a good Constitution.

—Roscoe A. Poland.

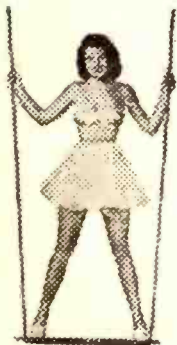
"Take Me Out To The Ball Game"

(Center Spread Photo)

On a hot summer night, few places are as cool as Blues Stadium in Kansas City, where the Kansas City "Blues" are fighting for the pennant in the American Association. Our center pages show a vociferous crowd such as will assemble on Radio Night, August 17th.

Swing's August Man-Of-The-Month, Henry J. Haskell, became interested in baseball when he was nine years old and introduced the game to Bulgaria. His family taught at the Bulgarian Mission School, which later became the American College of Sofia. For this story, see page 365. For additional information on WHB's Blues Baseball broadcasts, see Larry Ray Talks Sports on page 345 and Swinging The Dial, on page 376.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



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FRANKLIN P. MURPHY, (LEFT) NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS, INTERVIEWED BY DICK SMITH ON "WHY AMERICA NEEDS MORE DOCTORS."

Following publication of his *Saturday Evening Post* article May 26, Dr. Murphy, at that time Dean of the School of Medicine at K. U., was named Chancellor of the University to succeed Deane W. Malott, who resigned to become president of Cornell University. At 35, Dr. Murphy is said to be the youngest chief executive of any state university. He was the "Man-of-the-Month" in *Swing's* December, 1950 issue.

FULTON LEWIS, JR., KANSAS CITY VISITOR, ORIGINATES HIS MUTUAL NETWORK BROADCAST FROM WHB

In a personal appearance later, at a dinner meeting of Clay County livestock farmers, Mr. Lewis predicted a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats in the 1952 national elections. His nightly "Top of the News As It Looks from Washington" is heard on Mutual and WHB at 6 p. m., Mondays through Fridays, Kansas City time.









Swing Presents
HENRY J. HASKELL
The Man of the Month

by "Her Royal Highness H. R. H."
of the "Starbeams" Column and the University of Kansas.
HELEN RHODA HOOPES

WHEN Paul B. Lawson (Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences at the University of Kansas) presents a panic-stricken candidate for chairman of the department or such, he follows a little formula designed to conceal certain facts from the group gathered to pass judgment on the candidate. He is, says the Dean affably, so and so many years younger than I am. And as no one knows just how old the Dean is, and as computation is difficult without an abacus or counting on your fingers, the candidate's age is an unsolved problem except that you presume he is pushing forty or fifty or—no, that's as far as we dare go.

Now, I shall use this same confusing method in discussing Mr. Haskell's age. He is a few years older than I am, and I am just a year older than the *Kansas City Star*. And that fixes things nicely, unless you go and look it up and find that the *Star* was born in 1880.

Right here is where I jumped the gun on Mr. Haskell. When I was a year old I took my mother back to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, so that she

could show me off to admiring relatives and friends, and tell all about Kansas City and the mule cars and Independence Avenue and the attractive cottage at 5th and Holmes, away out at the edge of town, which they had rented so I could be born there on the first of August. And I was, too. And when, just after my first birthday, we came back to Kansas City, to its rivers and its hills and its muddy streets and wooden sidewalks, my beautiful young aunt would take me out in my elegant baby carriage with the fringe on top; and on the 18th of September, the *Kansas City Star* was, as it were, dropped in my lap.

Nowadays, a man in a car scoots past my house and hurls a wad of newsprint in the general direction of my front door and I go out and retrieve it. But it is still the *Star*, and I am still I, though much improved by all these years of associating with the paper.

Indeed, the *Kansas City Star* was my first teacher. It was a dear little sheet in those far-off days; I know, because all of us subscribers received

a replica of it on its fiftieth birthday. But when I was four and the *Star* was three, I would take the paper to my mother and say, "Teach me my letters; I'm determined to learn to read." I can truthfully say, with Bernard Shaw, that "I cannot remember any time when a page of print was unintelligible to me."

And where was Mr. Haskell all this time? Just fooling around. Getting himself born in a little town in Ohio that failed to realize its importance to the *Kansas City Star*, and faded away. Nor will you find the little cottage at 5th and Holmes. Not enough of either of these important areas to support bronze tablets.

THE teaching strain is strong both in Mr. Haskell's family and mine. Some of us taught schools—small country schools, high schools, and universities; some just taught wherever they happened to be—in Sunday School, in editorial offices, garden clubs, the Athenaeum. In Mr. Haskell's family, teaching took a definite religious bent. Their work began in a Bulgarian Mission school, which later became the American College of Sofia. To this mission school, the Haskell family returned. There were now three children: a brother, who later became head of the school; a sister who spent her whole life in Bulgarian mission work until her expulsion, only a year or so ago, by the communist regime; and young Henry.

Henry's teaching proclivities, from the very beginning, took the form of newspaper work. At the age of nine, he established his own newspaper, *The Weekly Visitor*. Subscriptions, 2 cts. a week.

It would have been easier for me, in adopting Plutarch's method of comparative lives, if Mr. Haskell hadn't got himself born five years ahead of me. I'm getting mixed up. Here he is at nine, with his own newspaper, and me at four just learning my letters from the *Kansas City Star*, to which he was giving no thought. He was learning Bulgarian, and getting interested in baseball, in order that he could introduce the game in Bulgaria.

Here he found himself in the midst of conditions which Kipling put into the phrase "trouble in the Balkans." It was the best schooling for someone who was later to possess expert knowledge of European politics and international affairs. Not a word of such doings penetrated the quiet kindergarten and private school at 14th and Tracy, where Miss Morgan and Miss Bayha taught little boys and girls, many of whom were to grow up to be people of importance in the growing development of Kansas City, Missouri.

Trouble in the Balkans there might be; but in May, 1886, we had a terrific cyclone in Kansas City and Mr. Haskell missed it. That's what he gets for going to school in Bulgaria. Not long ago, I wrote an awfully good report of that cyclone, and sent it to the *Star* and they rejected it. Their loss, sez I.

Henry's early trip to Bulgaria meant that later he would have to return to the States for further education. And "States" really meant Ohio. Calmly ignoring the ivy league, Henry returned to Oberlin; first the Academy, then the College, with a degree in

1896; and three years later, when a chapter was established at Oberlin, Phi Beta Kappa. I didn't get my diploma and key till 1913, but that was because I was busy at other things.

Both Mr. Haskell and I, during our college years, were interested in newspaper work and teaching. We were editors, and we were tutors; and then, suddenly, one was an editor and the other was a teacher.

IN writing about Mr. Haskell, I find myself in sympathy with Ben Jonson, who had known his friend Shakespeare for years and yet knew no definite details of his life (unless, like the Rosicrucians and some others, you believe it was Bacon he knew—but leave us not enter that maelstrom). I was compelled to ask for material—material for an appreciation of the man who through his writings has for years guided my thinking and helped form my opinions. In this “material,” so kindly furnished me, I found a delightful sentence, beginning thus: “The family were more or less poor.” Of course they were; so were we all. And of course we all took the good magazines of the day. My mother sat in a walnut rocking chair and read Scribner's (later the Century), as she put me to sleep. I still have the chair and the magazine. We had books and magazines. We could read print. It must seem strange now to Young Moderns that people in those benighted ages of the 70's and 80's and 90's could content themselves—could even be gay—with only a printed page between themselves and boredom. My father's first Christ-

mas present to his young bride was *The Scarlet Letter*; and if I were to draw a conclusion from subsequent Christmas gifts, the bride had told him to get it—nay, she may even have bought it at Cramer's or Bullene's, if they had a book department then. He wrote her name in it, and added proudly “from her husband.” Better perhaps than a TV set, where all she could see would be Dagmar and Milton Berle.

I don't know what books the Haskell's had in their household, but it goes without saying that books they had. Like Erasmus, all book lovers, when they get a little extra money, first buy Greek authors (or New England ones) and then they buy clothes. It is the accepted order. If they are ladies, they buy navy blue or brown. The gentlemen dress in what the high-class magazines call “muted masculine colors.” I know the outfit well, for the head of my household dressed thus for a long lifetime. They order a suit made on conservative lines of the best material in a good gray. With it they wear a gray necktie. None of this Countess Mara stuff, nor purple cactus painted on Nile green crepe; but a gray silk of the best quality, with a tiny fleck of red, or a narrow red diagonal stripe.

The pattern of one's life is often established very early. In addition to that first trip, I had been from coast to coast by the time I was ten, always heading back to Kansas City like a homing pigeon. These journeys endowed me with a fondness for buttercup meadows, old stone houses and lustre pitchers; for fields of California poppies, Greek Revival houses,

and Chinese embroidery and jade. These early jaunts taught me that trains and, by 1930, planes were merely things to take you where you wanted to go. But, except for a timid trip or two, I drew the line at the ocean.

No so, Mr. Haskell. His early trips made a ship for him a home away from home. I once dined with the Haskells on a Friday night, a few years ago. The house was in its usual serene order. The guest was seated where the view of the fountain was best. As usual, the dinner was perfect, the talk pluperfect. During the course of the evening, someone said casually that the Haskells were leaving for Stockholm on Tuesday. Just another trip abroad.

ALL this foreign travel, and careful schooling, and much apprentice work did not save Mr. Haskell from starting his life work some distance from the top. After his graduation, he came to Kansas City and hung out his newspaper shingle for two years, until a promotion caused a vacancy on the *Star*, and Mr. Haskell was finally given the job. Monday morning, 7 February, 1898, is the important date. I wonder what the weather was like. There can be few worse stretches of weather than we usually experience along towards the last of January and the first of February. Kansas' birthday, Ground Hog Day, Mr. Haskell's first day on the *Star*, Lincoln's birthday, Valentine's Day—my goodness, it's Washington's birthday before we get things really in order and can open our gates for the Lion and the Lamb.

Mr. Haskell secured his job from

T. W. Johnston, managing editor. In 1898, I was busy getting ready to graduate from Central High School; but a few years later, I decided on a journalistic career, and made an appointment with Mr. Johnston. I asked him for a job as editor of the woman's club page, because, I assured him, women's clubs were as important as sports. He smiled benignly at me and gave me to understand that I was wrong. I once asked a high school principal if I could teach in his school, and he said I didn't know enough unless I had a college degree. Only twice in my life have I asked for a job and both times I was turned down. It's enough to thwart anybody. Fortunately for us and for the *Kansas City Star*, Mr. Haskell was more successful.

Thus began the gradual building up of a great life-work. These were the days of Wm. R. Nelson's career as owner-editor. It took Mr. Haskell two years to catch the attention of the great man; but by 1900 he was promoted to editorial writing.

For the next decade Mr. Haskell did post-graduate work under the benevolent despotism of Mr. Nelson. The editorial page became in effect Mr. Haskell's daily section of his master's thesis; and, as well as we were able, we readers followed his progress. To me, the *Star* was a liberal education, never ceasing from the moment I was a-terminated to learn to read. We still had the *Century Magazine* and others, but the *Star* was our daily diet. In it, we learned to know our own city. We knew from the *Star's* pages the old favorites and the newcomers in art, music and

the drama. Mr. Nelson's collection of reproductions of great masterpieces taught us what to look for in great pictures. It was like old home week to find the originals of those paintings on the walls of the great galleries in Florence, in Paris, and in London. We made no mistake in choosing the best plays, the best operas, the best concerts. I sometimes regret that I do not belong to K. U.'s class of 1902, my chronological niche, instead of marching in the procession with my juniors of 1913. But had I left Kan-



sas City in the fall of 1898, I might have found myself teaching miles away, and so have missed those years of following the gentle direction of the *Star*: See this; hear this; like that.

When T. W. Johnston retired, in 1910, Mr. Haskell was moved up to director of the editorial page, a position he has held ever since. Perhaps he no longer directs; but he told me himself not long ago that—no, I will quote him exactly. He said, "I am still editor." He became editor in 1928, when, after the death of Mr.

Nelson and of other members of his family, the *Star's* ownership and management was reorganized.

I never had the courage to approach Mr. Johnston again, after his amused refusal of my proffered services; but I did manage to earn a small place in the *Star's* affections by writing *Starbeams*. As I had also acquired a degree or two and a teaching job of sorts, I had material at hand for quips. Politics and affairs at Washington I could safely leave to Mr. Haskell, who has always done right well with those difficult subjects. But the equally difficult subjects of college life were an open book; and for a score of years, I peppered the *Starbeams* column with my H. R. H., earning the goodwill of Ye Ed, the inestimable privilege of retaining my initials during a visit of the then Prince of Wales; and the approval of Mr. Haskell: a royal accolade. Mr. Haskell writes me that he still remembers with pleasure the riotous party Pip (Ye Ed) had for the contribs to *Starbeams*.

It was a grand party; the seating arrangements were particularly effective. Through the column, I had given them my personal supervision. All was as I had ordered—myself at the head and Ye Ed at the foot of the table, with other lesser lights, such as Mr. Haskell, seated below the salt. As we took our places, it gradually dawned on me that a *Starbeams* contrib, even one with royal initials, could be too funny. But to this day, Mr. Haskell kindly remembers it with pleasure. Bless the man.

MR. HASKELL'S home life has had elements of beauty and of sadness. His promotion to more important work on the *Star* enabled him to marry Miss Isabel Cummings of Clinton, Iowa. She was greatly esteemed by the women of Kansas City who were quietly beginning the new century by initiating improvements in many directions. The Haskell home was open to friends, who came away admiring the quiet taste of the furnishings and the hospitality of the host and hostess. A long illness kept Mrs. Haskell from active participation in club work and social work; but her influence was felt. Her son, Henry C. Haskell, told me of his mother's extensive charities for the children of the city. Her death occurred in 1923. I wish she might have lived to see her granddaughters, and that they might have known their grandmother. A second marriage brought to Kansas City Katherine Wright, sister of two famous brothers, Orville and Wilbur, and a charming woman, whose death, three years later, left husband and friends forlorn. Mr. Clad Thompson wrote of her, after her death, that she was much interested in the *Star* beams writers, and knew all of us not only by our initials but by our names; and she followed our cavortings with amusement. She was a friendly little person. I met her one day in Kansas City; and, after a gay exchange of ideas, she said, "You must come out and have dinner with us." But before we could become hostess and guest, she had died.

In 1931, Mr. Haskell married Mrs. Agnes Lee Hadley, widow of Herbert

S. Hadley, first Republican governor of Missouri. She was known to me from our high school days. That is, in my freshman year, I knew her as one of a group of brilliant and handsome senior girls. As I trotted diligently from class to class, I could watch these girls behaving with dignity and decorum and charm. I could admire, but for the life of me I couldn't emulate. There was nothing for me to do but to study my Latin and my Greek, my English Grammar and my Shakespeare, to satisfy the demands of Mr. Minckwitz, Miss Fox, and Miss Jones. I could behave with decorum, but I could not be handsome. These girls, Agnes Lee and her group, could be everything.

By the time I was a senior, they were gone about their various grown-up affairs, thus giving a dozen of us a chance to ride in the *Star's* float in the Priests of Pallas Flower Parade. There was glory for you! Tulle hats, capes of yellow and white (paper) chrysanthemums, white silk parasols, and a coach and four, with supper afterwards at Bullene's new tea-room; a rose and a box of candy for each girl, and the dignitaries of the *Star* as our hosts and their wives as chaperones. Great day! And 30 years later, I learned that they picked the pretty ones. Agnes Lee and the other handsome girls had left just in time to give us a chance to parade.

Many years later, when Agnes Lee Hadley had become Mrs. Haskell, she and I attended a grand banquet given by the Theta Sigma Phi Alumnae of Kansas City. Mrs. Haskell was seated with the other V.I.P.'s at the long table on the dais. I was at

one of the many round tables on the floor, but near the speaker (wasn't it Mary Margaret McBride?) and within winking distance of Mrs. Haskell. We were all dressed in our best bib-and-tucker. Curls were rampant and lipstick was prevalent.

At the close of the affair, Mrs. Haskell said to me, "You and I have something in common, and only we can say that." I gave up at once—I always do—so she told me that we were the only women present with straight hair. It's a comfortable distinction, and a great saver of time and money. Also, we liked straight hair. Mrs. Haskell was a very handsome woman; and I had, for one afternoon, been the 1897 version of a pin-up girl. Earth holds not anything more delightful.

THE young people of Kansas City who studied the classics under Professor Minckwitz had something on their minds other than their hair. If you thought about your looks, it was only after you were quite certain that you knew your lesson. That simple statement made demands on his students that no modern child could compass. We were hardy, and could take what he gave us. Once our lessons were learned, it was for keeps. College work, even under A. T. Walker, was half-learned before we began. Agnes Lee continued her study at the University of Kansas; nine years later I followed her. We could agree with Norman Douglas that Latin was a scholar's language, for the meanings of Latin words are irrevocably fixed by authority. The results of such training are of course

carried over into the use of one's own language.

This early and late study of Mrs. Haskell's was to prove of immense value to her husband in the writing of two books. To her, Mr. Haskell dedicated the books; she once said, aside to me, "his latest love." It was a perfect example of team work, each contributing to the final success of their endeavors.

The first of these Roman books is *The New Deal in Old Rome*, Knopf, 1939, in which Mr. Haskell writes of "Times Transhifting" (as Herrick called his own age, the first half of the 17th century) in terms of the present day. To read the chapter headings is to fancy oneself with the evening paper before one's eyes. All Mr. Haskell's life work was really a preparation for the writing of this book. It is fascinating and illuminating reading for anyone; but a student of Mr. Minckwitz' days at Central High School or a toiler in the classes of Professor Walker of the University of Kansas has a distinct advantage over the reader who took Spanish for one semester. It takes more than that to understand even the device on the cover of Mr. Haskell's book: the eagle, *Semper Eadem*, and S P Q R.

After having successfully analyzed the *New Deal in Old Rome* (and, incidentally, taken care of the *New Deal in the USA* so thoroughly that today one reads the book as one does the Hebrew prophets), Mr. Haskell dealt with Cicero as the great figure of his second book, published in 1942 by Knopf. *This Was Cicero* is authentic, because it is written by a

(Continued on Page 380)

THE 1951 FLOOD is one they'll talk about in Kansas City for years to come—and WHB talked about it almost continuously for 91½ consecutive hours, July 13-14-15-16th.

From the moment the onrushing waters of the Kansas (Kaw) River threatened to surround and top the dikes on that memorable morning, July 13th, until 1 a. m. Tuesday, July 17th, WHB's transmitter remained on the air continuously to bring listeners news of the flood, the great fire, and the water shortage; and to broadcast emergency bulletins and instructions from all the agencies which co-operated in magnificent fashion to handle the situation, prevent panic and direct the city in orderly effort to confront disaster.

The task was complicated because of the several municipalities involved, as well as surrounding suburban regions: Flood Headquarters at City Hall, and Fire and Police Headquarters, Kansas City, Missouri. Civil Defense Headquarters, Kansas City, Kansas, through which all Kansas bulletins were cleared. The Jackson County Sheriff's Office. The Red Cross. The various Reserve units: Navy, Army, Engineers. The Civil Air Patrol. Almost everybody was in the act!

Total air time devoted to "flood programs"—in newscasts, interviews, on-the-scene reports, emergency bulletins, instructions and announcements consumed 23 hours and 55 minutes in the four days and three nights of continuous broadcasting.

WHB Newsbureau was caught with Dick Smith, director, on vacation. Ken Hartley, Genii Willock and John Thornberry organized our emergency reporting and flood coverage under the leadership of general manager John T. Schilling—with capable assists from Lou Kemper, Owen Bush, Earl Wells, Bruce Grant, Phyl Birr (Sandra Lea), Larry Ray, Peter Robinson, Bob Arbogast and Paul Sully.

With the eyes of the nation on Kansas City, Mutual wanted flood news coverage with "on the spot" authenticity. WHB originated and fed its network four programs:

| TIME | SUNDAY | MONDAY |
|-----------|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| 6 | 00 Mysterious Traveler | Fulton Lewis, Jr. |
| | 15 Mysterious Traveler | Larry Ray, Sports |
| | 30 Wild Bill Hickok | Gabriel Heatter |
| | 45 Wild Bill Hickok | Guy Lombardo |
| 7 | 00 Murder by Experts | Hashknife Hartley |
| | 15 Murder by Experts | Hashknife Hartley |
| | 30 The Shadow | Crime Fighters |
| | 45 The Shadow | Crime Fighters |
| 8 | 00 The Shadow | Bill Henry, News |
| | 15 Air Force Hour | Today's Hits |
| | 30 Air Force Hour | K. C. Blues Baseball |
| | 45 Lombardo-Land, U.S.A. | K. C. Blues Baseball |
| 9 | 00 Lombardo-Land, U.S.A. | K. C. Blues Baseball |
| | 15 J. Steele, Adventurer | K. C. Blues Baseball |
| | 30 J. Steele, Adventurer | K. C. Blues Baseball |
| | 45 Dance Orch. | K. C. Blues Baseball |
| 10 | 00 Dance Orch. | K. C. Blues Baseball |
| | 15 Serenade in the Night | K. C. Blues Baseball |
| | 30 Serenade in the Night | Frank Edwards, News |
| | 45 Serenade—News | Serenade in the Night |
| 11 | 00 Swing Session | Arbogast Show |
| | 15 Swing Session | Arbogast Show |
| | 30 Swing Session | Arbogast Show |
| | 45 Midnight News | Arbogast Show |
| 12 | 00 Arbogast Show | Arbogast Show |
| | 15 Swing Session | Arbogast Show |
| | 30 Swing Session | Arbogast Show |
| | 45 Swing Session | Arbogast Show |
| 1 | 00 WHB SIGNS OFF | WHB SIGNS OFF |
| TIME | SUNDAY | MONDAY |

July 13—Lou Kemper in an on-the-scene report of flood conditions, including "Operation Pig" and the actual sound effects as hundreds of hogs were removed alive from the Kansas City Stockyards.

July 16—Ken Hartley's summary of flood conditions and review of incidents. (These two originations were used on Mutual's "News Reel.")

July 17—President Truman's statement at Grandview Airport following his trip by air over the devastated area.

July 18—John Thornberry's aerial observations of the devastated area were broadcast on Mutual's "News Reel."

ONE bit of WHB reporting turned into a minor classic of the flood broadcasts: John Thornberry's account, and his "editorial comment," regarding a flight over the city with the Mayor and City Council. Hundreds of requests were received for the script; and a number

PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

EVENING

| TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY | TIME |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|
| Fulton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Guy Lombarda | Fulton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Guy Lombarda | Fulton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Guy Lombarda | Fulton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Guy Lombarda | Natl. Guard Show Twin Views of the News Comedy of Errors Cecil Brown—News | 6 00 15 30 45 |
| Count of Monte Cristo Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective Official Detective Bill Henry, News | Hidden Truth Hidden Truth International Airport International Airport Bill Henry, News | California Caravan California Caravan Proudly We Hail Proudly We Hail Bill Henry, News | Magazine Theatre Magazine Theatre Xavier Cugat's Orch. Xavier Cugat's Orch. Bill Henry, News | Twenty Questions Twenty Questions Take a Number Take a Number Take a Number | 7 00 15 30 45 55 |
| Today's Hits K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball | "2,000 Plus" "2,000 Plus" Family Theatre Family Theatre | Today's Hits K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball | Today's Hits K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball | Hawaii Calls Hawaii Calls Cowntown Jubilee Cowntown Jubileo | 8 00 15 30 45 |
| K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball | Frank Edwards, News Dance Orch. Dance Orch. Dance Orch. | K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball | K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball | Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air | 9 00 15 30 45 |
| K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball Frank Edwards, News Serenade in the Night | Serenade in the Night Serenade in the Night Serenade in the Night Serenade—News | K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball Frank Edwards, News Serenade in the Night | K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball Frank Edwards, News Serenade in the Night | Serenade in the Night Serenade in the Night Serenade in the Night Serenade—News | 10 00 15 30 45 |
| Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show | Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show | Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show | Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show | Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show | 11 00 15 30 45 |
| Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show | Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show | Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show | Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show | Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show | 12 00 15 30 45 |
| WHB SIGNS OFF | WHB SIGNS OFF | WHB SIGNS OFF | WHB SIGNS OFF | WHB SIGNS OFF | 1 00 |
| TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY | TIME |

Morning and Afternoon Schedules on Next Page

of requests for a recording of Thornberry's delivery. ("I want to send one to X . . . X . . .," wrote a listener, "and show those network commentators how a broadcast should be done." Note: If you want a record of the Thornberry broadcast as a souvenir, or for some other purpose, write WHB).

Chief Engineer Henry (Goldie) Goldenberg was thankful there were no power failures; but his technicians were ready with a standby power supply for any emergency. They covered remote originations with efficiency and dispatch; performed as a well-trained, disciplined team should perform! Merely to keep a 10,000-watt transmitter continuously on the air for 9 1/2 hours is no small feat in itself. Hats off to "Goldie," Lew Baird, Ray Brophy, Bob Eansom, Fred Fuenfstueck, Ed Hall, Warren McFadden, Roy

Nonemaker, BoBo Pike, Ed Shepherd and Paul Todd!

The switchboard "went crazy" for five consecutive days and nights—and the calls continue as this issue of *Swing* goes to press. With the flood waters subsiding, and a stricken community returning dazedly to work—or not returning to work, in those plants still under water—more than 550 bulletins were broadcast from employers. Instructions to their employees about when and where to report for work . . . whether to bring their own lunches and drinking water . . . or whether to take an enforced "holiday." Locations of temporary offices were announced, and information about when and where to pick up pay checks. Such instructions were broadcast by WHB as a public service

(Continued on Page 375)

CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

MORNING

| TIME | SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY |
|-------|------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 5:30 | | Town & Country Time | Town & Country Time | Town & Country Time | Town & Country Time |
| 6:00 | <i>Silent</i> | News, W'ther, Livestock | News, W'ther, Livestock | News, W'ther, Livestock | News, W'ther, Livestock |
| 6:15 | | Don Sullivan, Songs | Don Sullivan, Songs | Don Sullivan, Songs | Don Sullivan, Songs |
| 6:30 | | Hank Williams Show | Hank Williams Show | Hank Williams Show | Hank Williams Show |
| 6:45 | | Cowtown Wranglers | Cowtown Wranglers | Cowtown Wranglers | Cowtown Wranglers |
| 7:00 | Sun. Sun Dial Serenade | AP News—Ken Hartley | AP News—Ken Hartley | AP News—Ken Hartley | AP News—Ken Hartley |
| 7:15 | Sun. Sun Dial Serenade | Musical Clock | Musical Clock | Musical Clock | Musical Clock |
| 7:30 | Sun. Sun Dial Serenade | Musical Clock | Musical Clock | Musical Clock | Musical Clock |
| 8:00 | News—Lou Kemper | AP News—Ken Hartley | AP News—Ken Hartley | AP News—Ken Hartley | AP News—Ken Hartley |
| 8:05 | Weather | Weatherman in Person | Weatherman in Person | Weatherman in Person | Weatherman in Person |
| 8:10 | Wings Over K. C. | Fruit & Veg. Report | Fruit & Veg. Report | Fruit & Veg. Report | Fruit & Veg. Report |
| 8:15 | Our Church Youth | Musical Clock | Musical Clock | Musical Clock | Musical Clock |
| 8:30 | Bible Study Hour | Crosby Croons | Crosby Croons | Crosby Croons | Crosby Croons |
| 8:45 | Bible Study Hour | Musical Clock | Musical Clock | Musical Clock | Musical Clock |
| 8:55 | Bible Study Hour | Les Higbie—News | Les Higbie—News | Les Higbie—News | Les Higbie—News |
| 9:00 | Sunday Serenade | Unity Viewpoint | Unity Viewpoint | Unity Viewpoint | Unity Viewpoint |
| 9:15 | Sunday Serenade | Wells Calling—News | Wells Calling—News | Wells Calling—News | Wells Calling—News |
| 9:30 | Sunday Serenade | Plaza Program | Plaza Program | Plaza Program | Plaza Program |
| 9:45 | Guest Star | Wells Calling | Wells Calling | Wells Calling | Wells Calling |
| 9:55 | Guest Star | "Talk Back"—Felton | "Talk Back"—Felton | "Talk Back"—Felton | "Talk Back"—Felton |
| 10:00 | News—Piano Spotlight | Wells Calling | Breakfast at DeWilde's | Wells Calling | Wells Calling |
| 10:15 | Spotlight on Piano | Wells Calling—News | Breakfast at DeWilde's | Wells Calling—News | Wells Calling—News |
| 10:30 | NW. Univ. Review Stand | Queen For A Day | Queen For A Day | Queen For A Day | Queen For A Day |
| 10:45 | NW. Univ. Review Stand | Queen For A Day | Queen For A Day | Queen For A Day | Queen For A Day |
| 11:00 | Guy Lombardo Hour | Curt Massey Time | Curt Massey Time | Curt Massey Time | Curt Massey Time |
| 11:15 | Guy Lombardo Hour | Evelyn Knight Show | Evelyn Knight Show | Evelyn Knight Show | Evelyn Knight Show |
| 11:30 | Guy Lombardo Hour | Sandra Lea, Shopper | Sandra Lea, Shopper | Sandra Lea, Shopper | Sandra Lea, Shopper |
| 11:45 | Guy Lombardo Hour | Freddy Martin's Orch. | Freddy Martin's Orch. | Freddy Martin's Orch. | Freddy Martin's Orch. |

AFTERNOON

| TIME | SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY |
|-------|-----------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 12:00 | Washington Whirl | AP News—Dick Smith | AP News—Dick Smith | AP News—Dick Smith | AP News—Dick Smith |
| 12:15 | Bill Cunningham, News | Don Sullivan, Songs | Don Sullivan, Songs | Don Sullivan, Songs | Don Sullivan, Songs |
| 12:30 | Storlight Theatre | Boogie Woogie Cowboys | Boogie Woogie Cowboys | Boogie Woogie Cowboys | Boogie Woogie Cowboys |
| 12:45 | Storlight Theatre | Missouri-Kansas News | Missouri-Kansas News | Missouri-Kansas News | Missouri-Kansas News |
| 1:00 | Damon Runyon Theatre | Eddy Arnold Show | Eddy Arnold Show | Eddy Arnold Show | Eddy Arnold Show |
| 1:15 | Damon Runyon Theatre | Don Sullivan, Songs | Don Sullivan, Songs | Don Sullivan, Songs | Don Sullivan, Songs |
| 1:30 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Boogie Woogie Cowboys | Boogie Woogie Cowboys | Boogie Woogie Cowboys | Boogie Woogie Cowboys |
| 1:45 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Boogie Woogie Cowboys | Boogie Woogie Cowboys | Music Till Game Time | Boogie Woogie Cowboys |
| 2:00 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast | Club 710, Arbogast | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast |
| 2:15 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast | Where'd You Get Hat? | K. C. Blues Baseball | Where'd You Get Hat? |
| 2:30 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast | Club 710, Arbogast | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast |
| 2:45 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast | Club 710, Arbogast | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast |
| 3:00 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast | Club 710, Arbogast | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast |
| 3:15 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast | Club 710, Arbogast | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast |
| 3:30 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast | Club 710, Arbogast | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast |
| 4:00 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast | Club 710, Arbogast | K. C. Blues Baseball | Club 710, Arbogast |
| 4:15 | K. C. Blues Baseball | The Lou Kemper Show | The Lou Kemper Show | The Lou Kemper Show | The Lou Kemper Show |
| 4:30 | K. C. Blues Baseball | The Lou Kemper Show | The Lou Kemper Show | The Lou Kemper Show | The Lou Kemper Show |
| 4:45 | K. C. Blues Baseball | AP and Sports News | AP and Sports News | AP and Sports News | AP and Sports News |
| 5:00 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Mert's Record Adven. | Challenge of the Yukon | Mert's Record Adven. | Challenge of the Yukon |
| 5:15 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Mert's Record Adven. | Challenge of the Yukon | Mert's Record Adven. | Challenge of the Yukon |
| 5:30 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Singing Marshall | Bobby Benson | Singing Marshall | Bobby Benson |
| 5:45 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Singing Marshall | Bobby Benson | Singing Marshall | Bobby Benson |
| 5:55 | K. C. Blues Baseball | Popsicle Clubhouse | Bobby Benson | Popsicle Clubhouse | Bobby Benson |

WHB — 710

MORNING

| FRIDAY | SATURDAY | TIME |
|--|--|--|
| Town & Country Time | Town & Country Time | 5:30 |
| News, W'ther, Livestock Don Sullivan, Songs Honk Williams Show Cowtown Wranglers | News, W'ther, Livestock Don Sullivan, Songs Honk Williams Show Cowtown Wranglers | 6:00 15 30 45 |
| AP News—Ken Hartley Musical Clock Musical Clock | AP News—Ken Hartley Musical Clock Musical Clock | 7:00 15 30 |
| AP News—Ken Hartley Weathermon in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Cresby Croons Musical Clock Les Higbie—News | AP News—Ken Hartley Weathermon in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock Musical Clock | 8:00 05 10 15 30 45 55 |
| Unity Viewpoint Wells Calling—News Plaza Program Wells Calling "Talk Back"—Felton | Unity Viewpoint Wells Calling Wells Calling Wells Calling Wells Calling | 9:00 15 30 45 55 |
| Wells Calling Wells Calling—News Queen For a Day Queen For a Day | Gene Autry, Songs Jimmy Wakely Songs Cowtown Carnival Cowtown Carnival | 10:00 15 30 45 |
| Curt Massey Time Evelyn Knight Show Sandra Leo, Shopper Freddy Martin's Orch. | News—Don Sullivan Cowtown Carnival Roy Rogers Roy Rogers | 11:00 15 30 45 |

AFTERNOON

| FRIDAY | SATURDAY | TIME |
|--|--|------------------------------|
| AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News | AP News—Dick Smith Boogie Woogie Cowboys Cowtown Wranglers Cowtown Wranglers | 12:00 15 30 45 |
| Eddy Arnold Show Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys | Soluto to Reservists Soluto to Reservists Red Nichols Show Music Till Game Time | 1:00 15 30 45 |
| Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast | K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball | 2:00 15 30 45 |
| Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast | K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball | 3:00 15 30 |
| Club 710, Arbogast The Lou Kemper Show The Lou Kemper Show AP and Sports News | K. C. Blues Baseball Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session | 4:00 15 30 45 |
| Mert's Record Adven. Mert's Record Adven. Singing Marshall Singing Marshall Popsicle Clubhouse | Dancing by the Sea Dancing by the Sea Dancing by the Sea Dancing by the Sea Dancing by the Sea | 5:00 15 30 45 55 |

(which means there was no charge for it to the business firms concerned). Emergency announcements reunited members of families who had become separated. There was pathos in much of this—but humor, sentiment and excitement, too! We hope that none of our beautiful, courteous and efficient girls on the staff have any permanent grey hair as a result of their virgil and their effort! Kudos to Betty Orendorff, Vivian Smith, Lorraine Learnard, Barbara King, Millie Cain, Jean Torrey, Marcia Young, Barbara Thurlow, Ednalee Crouch, Dolores Bear, Liz Henderson, Dorothy Fox—and to those pinch-hitting Thornberry girls, Johne and Ann!

All this activity and strain proceeded in an atmosphere accentuated by the News-bureau's instructions to "Get it First, but First Get It Right!" The flood was no time for mis-information!

THINGS hummed, even in the sales department. Ed Dennis, Ed Birr, Win Johnston and Jack Sampson were continuously on the job to revise "copy" in commercial announcements—to bring listeners the emergency angles of commercial copy broadcast by grateful sponsors who found radio the immediate and effective way to reach their customers and potential customers, *right now!*

And one of the nice things about the whole experience was a series of calls from our "alumni"—former staff members—who volunteered their services if needed in the emergency.

Nobody has yet added up the amount of sleep lost by WHB staff members from Friday through Tuesday—but it would be an interesting statistic!

You can chalk this job up as another victory for free enterprise operating under the competitive system.

WITH the return to "normal," WHB offers the following top features.

The All-Star Football Game between the College All-Stars and the Cleveland Browns, champions of the National Football Professional League, will be heard over WHB on Friday, August 17 at 7:30 p. m., direct from Soldiers' Field in Chicago.

(Continued on Page 376)

Swinging the Dial 710

The Kansas City Open Golf Tournament will be held in Kansas the middle of September. The Midwest's favorite sportscaster, Larry Ray, will be on hand to bring WHB listeners the main matches and finish of this great tournament.

September means school, school means football, football means WHB, ready with an eleven game schedule of Big Seven games. Larry Ray will do the play-by-play of the games, sponsored by Hallicrafters Television. The first game is scheduled for September 22, between Kansas and T.C.U. at Fort Worth. Broadcast time is 8 p. m. For the full schedule, see the inside back cover of this issue.

The Kansas City Blues baseball games are, of course, aired nightly over WHB with Larry Ray at the mike; and on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Kansas City is near the top; and the race for the American Association pennant promises to continue "hot." On August 17, WHB and the Blues will be host in Kansas City for "Radio Night," with Larry Ray as master of ceremonies. The entertainment includes a fresh egg catching contest; home run hitting contest; catchers' accuracy contest; throwing from home plate into a barrel on second base; and a wheelbarrow contest blindfolded, racing from second base to home plate in 90 seconds! Two free trips to Havana, Cuba, via Braniff International Airways, with accommodations at the Hotel Nacional, will be awarded winners of the Blues Baseball Puzzle Contest now in progress.

WHB will also carry the finals of the National Tennis Championships from Forest Hills, Long Island, on September 2 at 4 p. m., and September 3 at 7 p. m.

NOW, let's recap the new shows on WHB this summer. Some are replacements for the regular shows; many are permanently settled; all of them are tops!

Les Higbie is now heard on the 8:55 a. m. news in place of Frank Singiser. This veteran Mutual commentator brings the headlines and news into your living room in capsule form. Another Washington commentator, but of a different category, is Hazel Markel with her "Washington Whirl" every Sunday at 12 noon. Not only does she bring you the inside of Washington's fabulous life, but prominent statesmen and citizens appear for interviews on her program.

At 9:55 a. m., Monday through Friday, WHB airs "Talk Back With Happy Felton." A funny show, but one that often has a serious side, Happy Felton invites questions from listeners, then gets an expert in the field to answer them. You can imagine the wide variety of questions he receives!

Newest in local audience participation shows is "Breakfast Free With Mr. D.," broadcast every Tuesday at 10 a. m. Each week 100 women receive a free breakfast, compete for prizes, and attend a free cooking school after the show. Women fight to get on this program!

There are three new programs on the musical side. Curt Massey and lovely, liltin' Martha Tilton combine with Country Washburn's orchestra to present "Curt Massey Time" at 11 a. m., Monday through Friday. Songstress Evelyn Knight follows at 11:15 a.m. with her own distinctive brand of singing on the "Evelyn Knight Show." And at 5 p. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, "Mert's Record Adventures" is presented, featuring unusual recordings with Mert's novel dialogue. The kids will get a kick out of this!

Mel Allen, Mutual's "Sports Voice," presents a five minute sports program, "Popsicle Clubhouse," every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:55 p. m. Allen, one of the smoothest sportscasters on the air, has a prominent sports figure as a guest each night.

An old favorite of the kids, "Challenge of the Yukon," has been shifted on the WHB program schedule and is now heard every Tuesday and Thursday at 5 p. m.

Nothing thrills like adventure, and this program keeps the youngsters on the edge of their seats, featuring Sgt. Preston of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and his wonder dog, Yukon King, in stories about the taming of the wild Northwest during gold rush days.

In cooperation with the Starlight Theatre Association, and to aid in this worthy civic project, WHB broadcasts a "Starlight Theatre Preview" every Sunday at 12:30 p. m. Each program highlights the musical show to be presented the following week, including a brief resume of the story, the outstanding songs from the production, and comments from civic lead-

ers. Still to come are "The Chocolate Soldier," "Brigadoon," "Bittersweet," "Babes In Toyland," and "Naughty Marietta."

The "Damon Runyon Theatre" replaces Allan Ladd in "Box 13" for the rest of the summer on Sundays at 1 p. m. These witty stories from the pen of one of the world's great authors will make you laugh and make you sad. They are plucked out of the heart of New York—don't miss them.

Don't forget. When you want music sports, comedy, drama, news—you get it on WHB, Your Favorite Neighbor in Kansas City!

Four-year-old Maurice was so quiet his mother became suspicious of his whereabouts. Finally she found him sitting on the floor, perfectly still, doing nothing.

"Maurice, what are you doing?" she asked.

"Can't you see? I'm only living."



"It is especially gratifying that we are now able to bring our services a little closer to the shut-ins. . . ."

An English poultry dealer has found a way to sell at high prices without getting into trouble with the authorities.

He published the following ad: "Lost, at Charing Cross, an envelope containing five pound notes held together with a rubber band. I will gladly send a turkey as a reward to the person who returns it to me."

The next day the dealer had received 62 envelopes each containing 5 pound notes, all complete with rubber band.

A big oil man in an expansive mood decided to spend some money. As he sauntered down the street, he spied three ragged youngsters. Shepherding them into a clothing store he ordered new suits all round.

As the clerk was finishing the youngest began to howl. This upset the benefactor, a bachelor who knew nothing about children.

"What's the matter?" he demanded; but there was no response from the crying child. Turning to the oldest, he asked, "What's his name?"

"Please, sir," was the response, "his name is Alice."



with ARBOGAST

TO TAKE the mind (water on the brain is actually what it is) off the floods, we'll launch our pocket-size Kon-Tiki, with portable typewriter askance, ball-point head jutting above the turbulent torrents, and bat out something good about phonograph records.

And, as we write this, it is watery in the five state area around the WHB studios in Kansas City, Missouri—but very.

When you read this (Mom) it'll be sumpin' like 101 degrees in this area; so this'll serve as a reminder that such inundays (that's a Winchellism) did exist in mid-July of 1951.

But let's forget all that now and speak of prettier things. There's nothing better than good music for a starter and we have plenty for this issue. We're thankful to the Columbia and Decca recording people that there is this good stuff to talk about—and to the Savoy recording directors, too.

THE LOUIS ARMSTRONG STORY (Columbia). There was a time, not long ago, when avid Armstrong fans paid as much as \$25 and \$50 for one scratchy, breakable record of the great Satchmo's. Now, but for some completely unobtainable sides, those mad-spending days are over.

Thanks to George Avakian, one of this country's foremost jazz experts, and to the progressive go-getters who people the Columbia Record Corporation, we are able to bring frantic tidings to Louis' followers everywhere. For Columbia has released a musical anthology, compiled and annotated by the Mr. Avakian, that should leave all us lovers of the fine things jumping glee-wise. This gem, called "The Louis Armstrong Story," is an anthology consisting of 48 Armstrong recordings on either four 12-inch Long Playing Records, or forty-eight 45-rpm records in four volumes.

The sides contained in "The Armstrong Story" series feature trumpet and vocals by Louis on things he has cut with various groups (The Hot Five, The Hot Seven, The Orchestra, etc.) from 1925 through the very recent past.

On record with Armstrong in this set are such top-notch individual performers as trombonists Kid Ory and Jack Teagarden, and piano-master Earl "Fathah" Hines. Even Louis' wife, Lil, comes in for an ivory-lick on some of these.

We can't be too enthusiastic about this Armstrong music as set up by Columbia, for it is jazz at its wonderful best by Satchmo and friends as they lived it and loved it during this fifteen year period.

Titles? "Potato Head Blues," "Heebie Jeebies," "Muskrat Ramble," "Weather Bird," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," among others . . . but that should tip you off that it's a "Don't Miss." And if that doesn't do it, wait'll you check out on Louis' scat vocals. 'Nuff said.

1947 JAZZ CONCERT (Symphony Hall, Boston . . . Decca). In answer to the Armstrong smash from Columbia, the live-wires at the Decca recording studios have done a good thing, too. Prior to 1947, a cat name of Serge Koussevitsky reigned at Boston's Symphony Hall. In one night, it's said, Louis Armstrong lifted Serge's crown (albeit momentarily, but I betcha Louis'd win in a return go).

As we understand it, Satchmo and some of the boys got together in the B.S.H. to do this show they called a jazz concert. Not having been in Boston at the time we might never have known about this

had not the Decca people been on their collective toes. It seems they had a man there to record the goings-on for posterity. Well, anyway, to make a long story, Mr. Posterity was a long hair and would have nothing to do with the music. So the Deccans have brought the results inexpensively to the musically thoughtful public, and a nice job they've done, too.

This "1947 Jazz Concert" is available currently on LP and once again features Louis and friends at their best, which is apparently the only way they know how to be.

Armstrong (now under contract to these same Decca folk, by the way) comes in for some fine trumpeting and vocalizing plus a fine trombone by Jack Teagarden. Louis and Jack and the boys do some nice backing for songstress Velma Middleton.

It might be said about these jazz concert sides that, although there is not as much originality to the stuff as contained in the previously reviewed set from the "Story," Armstrong is still the Armstrong of old, which is another way of saying that the spark is still very much there and that Louis and friends are *great*.

And to Decca's credit it should be noted that they've brought on-the-spot recordings a long way since the days of such things as the 1938 Benny Goodman jazz concert at Carnegie Hall. These diskings from '47 are standouts for good balance and, consequently, for good music. Yet another "must."

And what of the Savoyans? (Not to be confused with Saroyan, William, who wrote, among other things, a song called "C'mon A My House.") Let's look.

BOYD RAEBURN'S BAND (Savoy). The Savoy moguls know a good thing when they see it, so they bought up some old Raeburn masters from the Jewel record company and have tossed 'em out for what should be a tidy profit for themselves as well as the buyers of these Savoy Raeburn re-issues. (An aesthetic profit for the consumers, if nothing else.)

Sixteen or more of these Raeburn things are available and they are all quite good, if you like Raeburn. I do, but the decision is yours (the subject is controver-

sial among fans, if you get what I mean). We've always been of the opinion that, although this Raeburn man may go a little overboard and wind up over-arranging once in awhile, he's still generally more listenable than Stan Kenton, who is more often than not on the same sort of kick as Boyd and the boys. For Raeburn is, to us, somewhat of a pre-Kenton Kenton, that is to say the heyday Kenton without the present day overly-gaudy feathers and frills.

Put it this way. Raeburn seems to know where he's going when he starts a song and, although he sometimes doesn't get there, you get the idea that he might if given a couple of extra musical bars. And then there's Kenton. Understand? Aw, never mind.

Anyway, this is fun to hear (the Raeburn stuff from Savoy, I mean) and I would suggest you try it.

Among the sides are "Tonsillectomy," "Dalvatore Sally," "Yerxa" (all instrumentals), and "I Only Have Eyes For You," "Blue Echoes," and "Forgetful" (all vocals). Ginny Powell is the girl and David Allyn the guy singer, and they're both very capable. Allyn, we suspect, might be the same chap of whom we spoke pleasantly in a recent issue. The other one (if it's not the same man) spelled his with an "e," but they sound so much alike we're confused.

Anyway, it's all good, so, if they're twins, more power to 'em.

THAT should catch it for this edition, men. Look for us again in October when we'll offer you words about music on the schoolyard kick. And, in the event you don't remember, it's back to the campus in September!

So, (all this to be read with an Alma Mater background) until we again walk the hallowed grounds of ivy-covered professors and bearded walls, let us pause a moment to bemoan the fate of Mario Lasagna, songster and pizza-dispenser, who was inadvertently wrapped in a ravioli and devoured by Louis Prima and the band at the 171st annual meeting of the Music Lovers Society of America, Atwater Branch.

MAN OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 371)

man who, as Elmer Davis said, "had seen politics, and politicians, in action." Mr. Haskell knew all the tricks of the trade, as no ivory-tower scholar could ever know them.

I'm glad that Agnes Lee Haskell traveled every step of the way with her editor-husband, from their first glimpse of the Pont du Gard at Nimes, where the adventure began, through the presentation of "modern politics in a Roman Toga." It was a noteworthy companionship. Mrs. Haskell's death occurred in 1946.

I CALLED on Mr. Haskell, one evening in June, thinking it would help me in the writing of this article. I did not consider this an interview. I knew better. You would get about as far as in those verses the Knave of Hearts said he didn't write. Mr. Haskell "gave me a good character, but said I couldn't swim;" or words to that effect.

My escorts were two young men, friends since their days in the Navy. We sat a while in the living-room, waiting for the return of Mr. Haskell and his out-of-town guests. We admired the Siamese gold and black cabinet in one corner of the room, the 18th century breakfront in another; and identified from a safe distance some of the Spode and Lowestoft. We enjoyed the photographs on the piano; a large one of Mr. Nelson and a slightly smaller one of Andy, the Scottie, who romps through paragraphs of Mr. Haskell's *Random Thoughts*, which since 1932 have been our Sunday morning treat. (Aside to

Mr. Haskell: It was Tom Masson who told the story which ended with the comforting words, "No, young man, you have done quite enough." I'll recite it, next time we meet.)

"Let us go into the library," said Mr. Haskell, on his return; and we entered that friendly room. We saw pictures of the editors who have been Mr. Haskell's friends. We were shown treasures and possessions. The Swiss typewriter, on which he wrote *The New Deal in Old Rome*. (I picked out for my own private enjoyment four tiny Roman soldiers, each horse and rider mounted on a little block; the letters spelled ROME.) An early 19th century silhouette of a Haskell grand-uncle (I think). A scholarly working library for the book on Cicero, including the 17 biographies of Cicero which preceded Mr. Haskell's: a row of volumes collected with something of the toil Virgil claimed for the founding of the Roman line. The two massive volumes of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, each one adorned with the postage-stamp Haskell bookplate. A quick turning of pages gave us a chance to read the famous definition of "oats."

Mr. Haskell wore his usual muted gray; his necktie had a narrow diagonal stripe of red. Books were everywhere. Our host moved about his special domain, with me wondering how I could remember all the delightful details and knowing that I couldn't; and my escorts silently absorbing as much as they could.

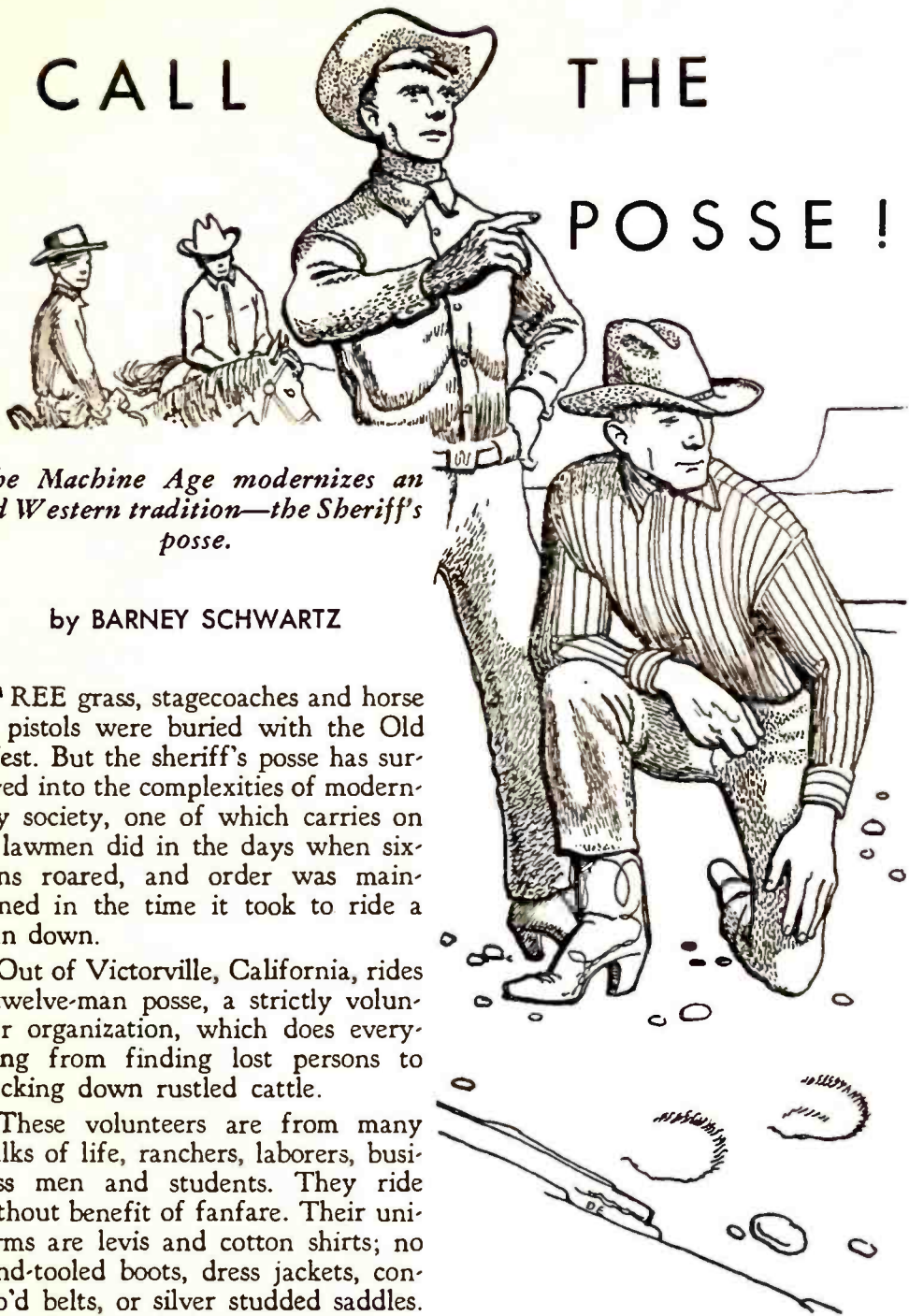
None of the things we saw (except the 17 biographies of Cicero, cherished like a string of matched pearls)

(Continued on Page 384)

CALL

THE

POSSE!



The Machine Age modernizes an old Western tradition—the Sheriff's posse.

by BARNEY SCHWARTZ

FREE grass, stagecoaches and horse pistols were buried with the Old West. But the sheriff's posse has survived into the complexities of modern-day society, one of which carries on as lawmen did in the days when six-guns roared, and order was maintained in the time it took to ride a man down.

Out of Victorville, California, rides a twelve-man posse, a strictly volunteer organization, which does everything from finding lost persons to tracking down rustled cattle.

These volunteers are from many walks of life, ranchers, laborers, business men and students. They ride without benefit of fanfare. Their uniforms are levis and cotton shirts; no hand-tooled boots, dress jackets, concho'd belts, or silver studded saddles. They furnish their own equipment, ride their own horses, trained for dan-

ger and endurance, and their territory is the deceptive expanse of the Mojave desert.

NOT long ago, an 84-year-old woman was lost in the wastes of the Mojave not far from Apple Valley. The desert sun was a ball of fire, and there was no water. If the woman was on the desert, certain death was in the offing unless she were found quickly.

"Call the Posse!" the word went around. In a matter of minutes the members had ridden into the rendezvous point. Action began. No maps were needed; these men knew the desert as you know your back-yard flower garden. Under orders from Capt. L. L. Eblen, who leads the posse, they fanned out to meet at a phase line. In a short while, the woman was found and brought back to her home.

Five-year-old twins wandered off recently and were swallowed up by the frightening desert expanse where wild animals, Gila monsters and venomous rattlers lurk. Any delay courted disaster; unsuspecting children are easy prey for vicious wildlife.

The posse made systematic haste. It was estimated how much ground the children could cover in a given time, taking into account the nature of the terrain, the heat of the day, probable resting points and direction of travel. Then by a careful cross-check, the posse decided the children would reach one of several places at a certain time.

The men rode out, found the twins at one of the spots discussed, and de-

livered them to the anxious arms of their parents.

One of the most difficult cases was that of capturing a suspected murderer during a big snow. The woman, wanted for questioning in the slaying of her husband, had a long start on the posse. The wind worked with her, too, driving snow over her tracks. But the posse members read the trail-signs and caught the woman after a four-day search.

NOR did cattle rustling go out with the Old West. There's still an aggravating amount of it. When the posse rides for thieves following a report from the ranchers in the area, the old methods of the plainsmen are replaced.

Instead of riding all the way on horseback, the members of the group put their horses in trailers and tow them to a specified point. Thus, when the actual search begins, the horses are fresh. In the strange and rugged country, much depends on the stamina and surefootedness of the horses.

Often, cattle thieves have gained valuable time before the posse is called and have had a chance to get the livestock out of the area. In that case, Capt. Eblen takes over the investigation on a fulltime basis. When he's not riding at the head of the posse, he's deputy sheriff of San Bernardino County.

Don't wait for a parade to get a glimpse of this stalwart volunteer group. Parades aren't a part of the program. The horses have been trained for work on the desert and do not

march in cadence when a band plays. Their principal step is that of hoofs against stone and sand. They're graceful, but that gracefulness is employed to pick out footing on the desert floor.

"Frankly," reports Capt. Eblen, "these men don't have time for parades. All of them are in private businesses, and occupations must be carried on."

IF you do visit Victorville, don't miss seeing the posse's headquarters. It's a small green house on the east

end of town, built by an oldtime homesteader. Thirty years ago, it was moved into town with many marks of its history as an office for dynamite permits, brand inspections and marriage parlor.

When Victorville was much younger, the little house was put to work as a sheriff's office. Only fitting and proper then that its present duty should be as headquarters and rallying place for a hard-riding group of volunteers.

An inebriated man walked down a corridor of a large office building, found the elevator door open, stepped into the shaft, fell four floors to the bottom, stood up, brushed himself off, and shouted indignantly: "I said UP!"—*Between Calls*.



—R. J. Wilson

"Please turn around, Mr. Martin. At these prices I want to see what's going on!"

Soon after they arrived in the theatre the young lady excused herself to repair her make-up. After looking around she found the place she wanted, although there was no one else there except the attendant. The young lady made up her face carefully, arranged her coiffure, straightened the seams of her stockings, and returned to her escort. The play had already begun.

"What happened?" she asked in a low voice.

"You ought to know," he replied coldly. "You were right there on the stage."

A man had a cello with one string and used to play on it for hours on end, always holding his finger in the same place. For months his wife had to listen to his excruciating noises. Finally, in desperation, she said, "You know, I've noticed that other cellos have four strings, and the players move their fingers about all the time."

The man stopped his playing for a moment and said, impatiently: "Of course the others have four strings and move their fingers about all the time. They are looking for the place. I've found it!"—*Forest Echoes*.

Ida: "I hear that you have accepted Jim. Did he happen to mention that he'd proposed to me?"

Ina: "Not specifically. He did say that he'd done a lot of foolish things before he met me."—*Life & Casualty Mirror*.

MAN OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 380)

was more interesting than the photographs of the memorial fountain for Mr. Wm. Volker. This, for the last three years, has been Mr. Haskell's chief outside activity. He is chairman of the committee to select the memorial, which promises to be a thing of beauty. Carl Milles, eminent Swedish sculptor, is the artist selected by the committee. His design for the fountain will center about an equestrian statue of St. Martin cutting his cloak in half to give to a mendicant. The work, to be completed next year, will be an object of beauty in the projected new Plaza south of the Nelson Gallery.

We watched the clock, as the hands drew on inexorably toward 9. There was a 9:30 train to Lawrence to be caught; and, for the Navy, a plane to San Francisco. We made ready to depart, meeting on the way Mr. Haskell's cousin, the gracious lady who now acts as hostess for him.

As befitted one who shares photographic honors with Mr. Nelson, Andy lay in the doorway on one of the best rugs. I spoke to him in dulcet tones, but was ignored.

As we went down the walk toward our car, one of my Navy escorts said, "Was that Dictionary an original?" Their ears were attuned to detonations on Saipan; but the great Doctor's thunderings, even on oats, had rather deafened them.

The Navy said the visit was something to be remembered; and I agreed,

OATS—A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.

(Dr. Johnson owned to Boswell that by his definition of OATS, he meant to vex the Scotch.)

even though the only help I got toward this article was to be told to do as I pleased. And so I have.

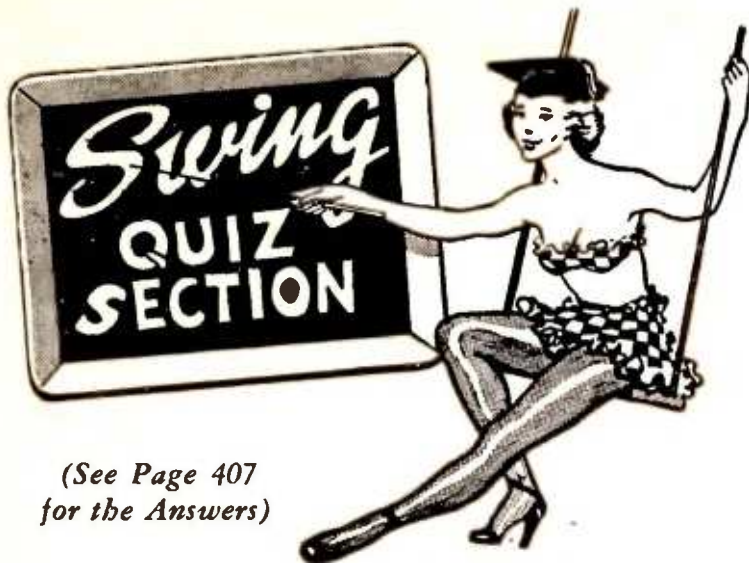
Really my method has been more modern than that of Plutarch. It seems to derive from that used by Sir Osbert Sitwell, in his latest book, "Noble Essences," in which you get a modicum of subject and a large dose of Sir Osbert. You may think that the title of this article should be "Me and Mr. Haskell." Well, I've been afraid of that. But remember that, if knowing the *Kansas City Star* is a liberal education, I am much better educated than Mr. Haskell. I was almost a founder in the 80's; Mr. Haskell a late arrival in the 90's. Still, he has done his best to catch up; and I am willing to give him all the credit he deserves; but if I did, I should exceed my limitation. I should have to write a book and call it "This is Mr. Haskell."

Then I could have added a partial listing of his directorships, such as that of the *Kansas City Star* Company, and trustee of the *Kansas City Art Institute* and *School of Design*. And I could have listed his memberships in the *Kansas City Club*, the *University Club*, the *Kansas City Country Club*, the *Cosmos Club*, the *National Press Club* (Washington).

I have tried to give you a taste of his quality, the "noble essence" of Henry J. Haskell, editor of the *Kansas City Star*. I hope he likes what I have said.

And I am sorry that Andy wouldn't speak to me. I like Scotties.

—Dr. Johnson's Dictionary (1755)



(See Page 407
for the Answers)

WHO SAID SO?

by William J. Murdoch

Who was the first to say each of the statements given below? Take your choice of the names after each quotation, and take a low bow if you get more than three correct.

1. "Go West, young man." John Lane Soule, Horace Greeley, William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody.
2. "Remember the Alamo!" General Sam Houston, Colonel Sidney Sherman, Davy Crocket.
3. "Necessity is the mother of invention." Benjamin Franklin, William Shakespeare, Richard Franck.
4. "Fifty-four forty or fight!" President John Tyler, General Douglas MacArthur, William Allen.
5. "LaFayette, we are here." General John Pershing, Charles Stanton, Sergeant Alvin York.
6. "The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance." George Washington, John Quincy Adams, John Philpot Curran.
7. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Robert Burns, Abraham Lincoln, Alexander Pope.
8. "A man's house is his castle." Oscar Wilde, William Jennings Bryan, Edward Coke.
9. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Felix Mendelsohn, James C. Petrillo, William Congreve.

MERCHANDISING

by Norman Daly

The twenty-five names on the opposite page are those of well-known, nationally advertised brands. Perhaps all of them are familiar to you, but can you name the product they represent? In answering, consider the question being put this way: If every one of the following manufacturers sent you a sample of their merchandise what items would you be likely to receive?

NUMBER, PLEASE

By Stewart Schenley

Let's phone some people! Here are the numbers of some famous ones. They are composed of dates, expressions, quotes and other significances. Read them until they make sense. All parties concerned are real or slightly legendary characters, and the central telephone exchange is *Eternity*. Examples: *Dreamland* 100 would be the Sleeping Beauty, *Discovery* 1492 would be Columbus.

Who will answer at:

- | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Hemlock 13 | 10. Pacific 1513 | 19. Mecca 570 |
| 2. Conquest 1066 | 11. Philistine 10,000 | 20. Musketeer 14341 |
| 3. Matrimony 1500 | 12. Macedonia 1111 | 21. Talkathon 1001 |
| 4. Locomotive 9722 | 13. Vinland 1000 | 22. Buffalo 4862 |
| 5. Longevity 969 | 14. Election 14 | 23. Lucky Strike 1849 |
| 6. Treasury 120 | 15. Domremy 1412 | 24. Camelot 1 |
| 7. Eire 317 | 16. Waterloo 0000 | 25. Emancipation 1863 |
| 8. Ararat 2222 | 17. Giaconda 1503 | |
| 9. Society 400 | 18. Kimberly 19 | |

IN SHORT

By George O. Pommer, Jr.

We've always had abbreviations but, in recent years, the crop has been particularly bountiful. Here's a collection to test your wits. If more than one answer applies, pick the most common one.

- | | | |
|-------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. A.A.A. | 10. F.C.C. | 19. N.R.A. |
| 2. A.A.U. | 11. F.D.I.C. | 20. F.F.C. |
| 3. A.L. | 12. F.H.A. | 21. R.O.A. |
| 4. A.O.H. | 13. G.A.R. | 22. S.E.C. |
| 5. B.P.O.E. | 14. I.C.C. | 23. S.P.C.A. |
| 6. C.A.B. | 15. I.O.O.F. | 24. W.A.C. |
| 7. C.I.O. | 16. K.C. | 25. W.C.T.U. |
| 8. D.A.R. | 17. N.A.M. | |
| 9. F.A.M. | 18. N.L.R.B. | |

Bug-a-boo

CAT'S PAW

Libby's

1 _____ 9 _____ 18 _____

Teel

NUCOA

JERIS

2 _____ 10 _____ 19 _____

MAZOLA

Martex

WINDEX

3 _____ 11 _____ 20 _____

TANGEE

EVEREADY

Etiquet

12 _____

4 _____ **MOVADO** 21 _____

OAKITE

13 _____

Dr. Scholl's

5 _____ **MUM** 22 _____

Yardley

14 _____

Hotpoint

6 _____ **CHEN YU** 23 _____

DURA-GLOSS

15 _____

GAINES

7 _____ **SONOTONE** 24 _____

THE HOOVER

ZENITH

SINGER

8 _____ 16 _____ 25 _____

17 _____

DOING A DAILY DOZEN

by William C. Boland

In our daily living, we wear and use many common objects, such as the twelve listed below. If you are really observant, you will know the answers to the questions below. A score of 5 or below means you're just going through the motions.

1. How many prongs has a table fork?
2. How long is a dollar bill?
3. Does a man's shirt button left on right, or vice versa?
4. What is the diameter of a silver quarter?
5. Whose head is on a penny postage stamp?
6. What is a common Federal Reserve note?
7. Where do you always see "E Pluribus Unum?"
8. Whose home appears on the back of a Jefferson nickel?
9. How long is the average new pencil?
10. Is the hot water spigot on the right or left hand side of your water basin?
11. Is Jackson's picture on the \$10 or \$20 bill?
12. What is the size of a piece of type-writer paper?

FIGURING THE FIGURES

by Harold Helfer

Nobody expects you to hit these figures right on the nose. But how good an idea do you have about them? One of the three figures listed under each sentence is the correct one.

1. There are.....hotels in the United States.
a. 7,850 b. 29,650 c. 82,450
2. The President of the United States directly appoints.....officials.
a. 440 b. 16,000 c. 55,100
3. New York City has.....traffic lights.
a. 12,000 b. 45,000 c. 100,000
4. The FBI has.....fingerprints on file.
a. 135,000 b. 65,750,000 c. 112,000,000
5. The people in the United States ownautomobiles.
a. 8,450,000 b. 17,000,000 c. 30,500,000
6. Albinos appear at the rate of one inpersons.
a. 10,000 b. 25,000,000 c. 500,000
7. There are.....oil wells in the United States.
a. 35,100 b. 182,000 c. 435,000
8. There are.....islands in the Mississippi River.
a. 18 b. 102 c. 747
9. The U. S. Postoffice has.....mailbags in service.
a. 1,320,000 b. 10,111,500 c. 28,690,000
10. Out of every five Americans,.....live in cities.
a. two b. three c. four
11. The average per capita income in this country is.....
a. \$500 b. \$1,450 c. \$3,350
12. An expensive watch may have up toparts.
a. 75 b. 225 c. 800
13. The United States, with 7 per cent of the world's acreage, harvestsper cent of the world's food.
a. 12 b. 25 c. 50
14. Every year in this country,.....greeting cards are mailed.
a. 10,000,000 b. 50,000,000 c. 3,000,000,000



Capers by Capp

Schmoos, kigmies—figments of a wild imagination. What next?

by GEORGE E. JONES

DESPITE the handicap of only one leg, and after repeated failures, Al Capp, creator of the comic strip *Li'l Abner*, has become one of America's top cartoonists. Modestly, he believes himself to be one of the two greatest contemporary comic strip artists in the world, the other being Milton Caniff. Caniff is the creator of the strip *Steve Canyon*, and was once a colleague of Capp's in the same office. Dark, heavy-set, brash, exuberant, witty, rowdy Capp makes, roughly, \$250,000 a year before taxes, on the *Li'l Abner* strip. He also does the plotting and writes the dialogue for *Abbie & Slats*, which appears in 130 daily and 80 Sunday papers. He receives \$20,000 a year for this stint, although he's never mentioned as the author. Raeburn Van Buren is the artist.

The antics of *Li'l Abner*, and his hillbilly family, Mammy and Pappy Yokum, Daisy Mae, his girl-friend, and all the citizens of Dogpatch, Kentucky—a figment of Capp's imagination—the *shmoos*, the *kigmies* and the citizens of Lower Slobovia, are followed by 27 million readers in more than 600 newspapers throughout the United States and the world. The strip is a friendly—sometimes caustic—satire on people, customs and events in American life.

Capp's *shmoo*, which he declares is a cross between a pool ball and 20 shares of National Dairy Common Stock, is a quick-breeding animal, shaped like a bowling pin, which yields milk, eggs, cheesecake, and tastes like chicken or steak, depending on whether it is fried or broiled. Five million *shmoo* balloons have been sold; Capp's book, "The Life and Times of the *Shmoo*," was a best seller. There are *shmoo* pencils and pencil boxes, key rings, ties, ash trays—altogether some 75 other *shmoo* items. Some critics, like Gilbert Seldes, for instance,

have called Capp's shmoos revolting creatures. Revolting or not, the shmoo's by-products alone are a \$25 million bonanza, with Capp's cut 5 to 15 per cent.

There have been few crazes like the shmoo. But there sprang still another character—the kigmy—from the fertile mind of the cartoonist. The kigmy is similar in shape to the shmoo; it talks, swims like a fish, is part homing pigeon, part bloodhound, and likes to be kicked.

So popular is Capp's strip that his ideas often overflow into real life. "Sadie Hawkin's Day," in which each eligible male of Dogpatch and vicinity is forced to marry the woman who catches him, is celebrated in schools, colleges and universities the first Saturday of November. The festivities include the race, a mock marriage, and usually ends in a dance with everyone dressed either as Li'l Abner, Daisy Mae, or one of the other fabulous characters of the comic strip.

AL CAPP was born Alfred Gerald Caplin on September 28, 1909, in New Haven, Connecticut, to Otto Philip and Matilda (Davidson) Caplin. Capp shortened his name in 1934, when his comic strip made its first appearance. Shortly after his birth, the family moved to Bridgeport, Connecticut, where Al attended the town's public schools. Capp came by his cartooning ability partly through inheritance, but mostly through perseverance and study. Capp's talent was inherited from his father, an industrial-oil salesman, who was an accomplished, though amateur, cartoonist. Capp, the oldest of four children,

began turning out comic strips at the age of 11, when his brothers and sisters would sell them to the kids in the block, for two and three cents a strip. It was while Al was visiting in New Haven, when he was 12, that he lost his right leg in a street car accident.

As a kid, no member of Capp's family was allowed to mention that he had only one leg. Young Capp had all the fears and despair. He hated that wooden leg. He was afraid to drive a car, or dance, or go out with the girls, even meet his own friends. In his spare time he studied art.

All through grammar school, at Hillhouse High School in New Haven, and at Central High in Bridgeport, Al kept at his drawing. At Central High, Al set what he calls, "The world's record in flunking geometry—nine straight times."

One summer vacation, when Al was 15, he and a friend, Donald Munson, went hiking through the southern states. Like any other two



fellows bumming around the country, "We were unshaven and ragged, but having the time of our lives," relates Capp. "We slept in hay lofts, lived in the country, and borrowed the farmers' food."

It was a particularly hot day in southwest Kentucky and rides were

scarce. To put in the time, Capp started sketching the surrounding landscape.

A strange, young, hillbilly came plodding along the road. "Whatcha—a—a—doin'?" he asked.

"Embalming this landscape for posterity," replied Capp.

"That don't make sense," said the hillbilly.

Capp looked at the sketch. "I believe you're right," he agreed. "I'll tell you what. If you'll pose for a sketch, I'll give you one."

"Sounds like foolishness to me," said the Kentuckian. "But—all right."

Capp finished the drawing, handed it to the hillbilly, who disgustingly remarked, "It don't look nothin' like me."

Which was true. What Capp had done was substitute his own face and his own abundant crop of hair which he lets grow long, and used the body of the hillbilly.

"The body part is all right," drawled the youth, "but the rest is just plain ugly." He refused the sketch; Capp kept it.

CAPP returned north, to resume the training which was to lead him into profitable fields. After high school, he got a job in a gasoline station. Now 18, he definitely did something about his longing for studying art. He enrolled at The Academy of Fine Arts, The Designer's Art School, The Philadelphia Museum of Fine Arts, and Boston University, in quick succession. Capp earned money to pay registration fees by doing odd jobs.

"I stalled off paying tuition as long as I could," he relates, "until the bur-sar's patience was exhausted. Then I'd be forced to leave, and repeat the process at another school."

The temptation to follow classicism was great. Finally, Capp, with a portfolio of sketches and railroad fare, quit the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and boarded a train for New York. He arrived in Grand Central Station with exactly \$6 in his pockets. He got a job with United Press, doing all sorts of menial jobs, which meant everything from wiping the big boys' pens dry, to running out for their sandwiches and coffee.

Twenty-one-year-old Capp was almost resolved that he was doomed to failure. Catherine Wingate Cameron, a classmate in Boston, encouraged him. He married her in 1929, stayed in Boston, where they went broke together.

Shortly after being married, he and his wife went back to New York, where Al had an interview with Wilson Hicks, then editor of the Associated Press Feature Service. Hicks needed someone to take over Mr. Gilfeather, an already established cartoon strip. Hicks hired Capp, who thereby became the nation's youngest cartoonist. Capp was not a success.

"The strip was so awful," says Capp, "I couldn't even stand it myself." Capp, however, lasted nine months. There is some conjecture as to whether he was fired or quit. Back he went to the Museum School of Fine Arts, in Boston, for more study. He earned coffee and cakes by doing illustrations for the Boston Sunday Post and various magazines and news-

papers. In 1933, he became "ghost" artist for several cartoonists, at one time working on three major comic strips. Capp grew restless. Once more, he set out for New York.

HE looked up an old landlady of his, a Mrs. Ford, who had confidence in Capp's ability. She staked him to rent on the cuff, and slipped him a dollar a day, besides, for coffee and carfare. It was while Capp was walking along a New York street one day that his big break came. Under his arm he carried a package, wrapped in blue paper. A smartly dressed man and woman drove up alongside the dejected Capp and stopped him.

"I'd like to make a bet with you," said the man. "I'll bet you have rejected cartoons under your arm."

"I'm not fixed to pay off any bets," said Capp. "If it makes you feel any better, you're right." Capp walked on.

"Wait!" the man called after him. "Don't get angry. I'm Ham Fisher," he said. "I draw Joe Palooka. You look like you could use a ten spot."

"You kidding?" asked the astonished Capp.

"No," said Fisher. "Just finish a Sunday page for me."

Capp did. When that job was completed, he was offered a job as Fisher's assistant.

"To Ham Fisher I owe all my success," admits Capp, reflectively.

Capp did the lettering for Fisher's cartoons for five months. The experience proved valuable. Later, the association was to cause a permanent rift between the two cartoonists.

When Fisher went on a two weeks vacation, leaving Capp in charge, a new character appeared in the strip—an earthly, gangling rube called Big Leviticus. Capp said the idea was his; Fisher said the character belonged to him. Fisher fired Capp. Capp said, as long as he was fired, he had a right to take along his idea. Fisher says his ex-aide stole the idea for Li'l Abner from him. Capp maintains he got the idea from his hitch-hiking trip down south. The two cartoonists do not speak to each other.

Actually, neither Capp nor Fisher were over-original in introducing a hillbilly to the American public. George Luks was already sketching hillbilly comics for the late New York World in the early 1900's.

Capp went back to his room at Mrs. Ford's. He had the urge to do a feature of his own. But, at first, he could not think of anything to work on. It looked as though he would never get anywhere with his art. Then, one day, from the courtyard below, a radio started blaring out some hillbilly music.

"That's it!" Capp cried. "A hillbilly!"

Frantically, he dug into an old packing box and withdrew the sketch of the hillbilly he had drawn many years before. From this sketch the comic strip Li'l Abner was born. Li'l Abner is a handsome 19-year-old, precocious youth with an impressive physique, a shock of black hair, naive manner and honesty to a degree. There, also, was born Mammy Yokum with poke bonnet and pipe, calico dress with leg o' mutton sleeves, and high button shoes. And Pappy Yokum,

shiftless, cowardly, but with a heart of gold. There's Daisy Mae, blue-eyed, blonde, so much in love with Abner it's painful, and who has yet to learn what life is all about.

Capp completed 12 weeks of the Li'l Abner strip, then headed for the United Features Syndicate. He waited around for three days, until the editor finally noticed him. The executive soon discovered that Capp had something a little different—a natural. Capp was placed under contract. Li'l Abner made his debut in August, 1934, and Capp's rise from then on has been swift and sure.

CAPP lives with his wife and their three children—two daughters and a son—on his 65-acre farm near South Hampton, in New Hampshire, 65 miles from Boston. He has a studio apartment in Boston, on the top floor of a small three-story build-

The president of a western railroad once made a trip over a division with his private car coupled to the end of the train. After the trip was completed, he cornered the engineer.

"On that stretch of new track back there," he said, "the train orders specified your maximum speed to be 54 miles an hour."

"That's right," said the engineer, shuffling nervously.

"How fast did you go?" asked the president.

"45," replied the engineer, a little more nervously.

"I have a speedometer in my car," the president said, "and I was going 65 miles an hour."

All the embarrassed engineer could think of to say was, "Well, I'll be danged if I ever saw you go by us."

ing, where he thrives on disorder. Capp writes his ideas and his dialogue in pencil in a loose leaf notebook. He sketches most of his figures in pencil, and pays two assistants around \$18,000 a year. Li'l Abner requires an average of 100 words a day. Capp works two weeks in advance of schedule, and mails a week's material to New York at a time. He spends two weeks of every month in New York.

About his life as a cartoonist, Capp says, "My work is about like that of a day laborer. It takes me about four hours to do a daily strip, and ten for a Sunday page. I spend more time than I should with my drawings."

Next to his wife and children, Capp loves the Yokum family more than anything else in the world. His personal tastes runs to sleek convertibles, golf, football, and wrestling. His favorite pastime—doping out new and dramatic situations for the Yokums.



—R. J. Wilson

"Darling! We'll be the happiest . . . wipe your feet . . . couple in the world!"

This Is America

NO ONE who saw or heard General MacArthur deliver his talk to Congress April 19, 1951, could do other than admire his sincerity, lack of bitterness at the abrupt determination of his active military career, and his fortitude in presenting his opinion in solving the problems of our immediate future.

Historians of future ages may have more success judging in retrospect as to the relative merits of the divergent points of view. Certainly we attempt no appraisal at this time.

However, there are several things that we believe are typically American which should be registering with the world. We are a free nation. Even those in high authority may disagree in fundamentals without overthrow of our adopted form of government; without fanatical bloodshed; without throttling the individual's right of free speech; without fear of arrest.

Newspapers, news commentators, columnists, even you or I may agree or disagree with either side and may raise our voices in support or disagreement, to those willing to listen, without fear of secret police or curtailment of our freedom of action. These differences of opinion whether based on informed opinion, political bias, or just cantankerousness, which we as a people often seem to display, will go on until the majority indicate their approval or disapproval in no uncertain terms or some new happening supersedes the current controversy in interest and attention.

The world should know from past observation that, however heated these controversies may appear, we are still all for America with its freedom of speech, its freedom of opportunity, its freedom of religious worship, and its freedom to choose those who govern as provided by our Constitution. Any bitterness of debate does not change our unity of purpose to keep America "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Our differences of opinion do not prevent our millions of people from saluting and honoring General MacArthur who has given of himself without stints for more than fifty years to preserve the heritage of freedom in which he was born.

There are few in this nation who believe violence is the way to resolve differences of opinion whether such differences are between individuals, groups, or nations. However, we have demonstrated before and we will again that we stand ready to mobilize for freedom regardless of cost and without hope of profit.

Yes, we may grumble at the necessary restrictions, the high cost of taxes, the limitations an emergency places on our freedom of action, but we will each do our job. We would rather lend our skills to produce a better scale of living for our people and for others insofar as our means and natural generosity will permit. We would rather build roads than military air strips—harvesters than guns—toys than bullets—homes than camps—automobiles than tanks—ocean liners than warships—commercial planes than jet fighters—civilian clothes than uniforms—home kitchens than field kitchens—radios than army walkie talkies—television than radar—fireworks than gunpowder.

We would rather see our sons and daughters go to college than to camp—to see sports events instead of military parades—to see peace instead of war. However, regardless of cost, regardless of preference, and regardless of differences of opinion as to the best means of accomplishing our ideals, we will fight to preserve the rights and privileges that our forefathers fought to leave to us, for This is America.

—The American Appraisal Company



HOW LONG CAN YOU LIVE?

Gerontologists say you can live longer by controlling your diet.

by MORRISON COLLADAY

EVERYBODY who wants to live to be 100 will please raise his right hand! Fine! Now, those who want to live to 200 . . .! For every man, woman and child yearning to push on past the allotted three-score and ten, whether it be to finish a life's work, finance a world cruise, see the Red Sox win a pennant, or bury an old enemy, a group of scientists, working separately, have come up with some answers that may set hearts singing.

"Barring a major physical defect, you should be able to live as long as you desire!" This was the declaration of 78-year-old Dr. Maurice Ernest, British longevity expert, on his arrival in this country to instruct a group of aging millionaires.

It is not known how many scientists in the field would endorse completely the doctor's theory, but it is the considered opinion of most of them that old age is steadily being conquered. Discoveries are being made in nutrition and other areas influencing longevity that will enable us not only to live many years longer, but to stay young and virile to the end.

Whether you die at 57 or 97 depends upon many factors, some of them unknown, but the single greatest contributor to the downfall of most of us will be that we just haven't eaten right! Nutritional deficiencies, they are called, and the way to correct them is one of the most important phases of the investigation into longevity. The men who specialize in these problems agree that the vast majority of people do not eat the right things to assure long life. Dr. Robert R. Williams, director of the Research Corporation, submits, "Anyone who thinks his own diet is ade-

quate should try feeding it to rats. The experimenter is almost certain to find that the rats fail to reproduce in the second or third generations."

We are given more hope of perpetuating ourselves and our kind by Professor Henry Clapp Sherman, of Columbia University, who maintains that something like an extra decade can be inserted at the apex of life by the simple expedient of living in accordance with today's knowledge of nutrition. He recommends a "super-sufficient diet—high in vitamins, calcium and protein."

IT is a comparatively new subject—this science of old age—and it is known as geriatrics or gerontology. Geriatriest Henry S. Simms of the Columbia University School of Medicine says, "Ninety per cent of the deaths in the United States each year result from the progressive loss of resistance to disease with advancing age. The death of humans is at a minimum at the age of ten. If the death rate remained at this level throughout the whole life span, your life expectancy would be 550 years instead of about 63 . . ."

Resistance to disease is a chemical process, according to Dr. Simms, and the work of the geriatrist is to find out why the process is so efficient in children, and steadily decreases in efficiency as people grow older.

Professor Hornell Hart of Duke University is even more optimistic as to the prospects of a longer life. There will be no foreseeable limit to the number of years a man may live, he says, "when the reasons are discovered for aging in organisms made up

of cells which under favorable conditions remain immortally young."

Oxford scientist Dr. V. Korenchevsky, heads a staff whose purpose is to find out "Why one man dies at 50 while another lives to 100 . . . When we find the answer to this question it will be perfectly simple to insure normal life to well over 100 by administering the proper chemical compounds to help life run its normal course."

Death rates have been declining steadily during the past half century as a result of progress in medicine; but, according to the Census Bureaus, the rate for women is, for some unknown reason, declining faster than the rate for men. In the 45 to 54 age group, male deaths fell from 15.7 per 1,000 to 12.5, and female deaths from 14.2 to 8.6 between 1900 and 1940.

Some of the advice scientists beam our way may not be welcome to all of us. "It is better not to drink even moderately if you want to live long on this earth," asserts New York Life's Dr. Arthur Hunter. He states that records of sixty life insurance companies for over 2,000,000 people prove that every drink costs the moderate drinker 25 minutes of life.

Smoking will prevent your living as long as you otherwise would, according to the late Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins. "Smoking is associated with a definite impairment of longevity. This curtailment of life is proportional to the habitual amount of tobacco smoked, being great for the heavy, and less for the moderate smokers."

People live longer in some parts of the country than in others. You will

live longer if your home is in the central part of the country than if it is on the Atlantic, Gulf, or Pacific coasts, according to Dr. Harold Dorn, statistician of the U. S. Public Health Service. "The expectation of life is longest in the tier of eastern great plains states from North Dakota to Oklahoma," he says.

Many promising discoveries thought to enable us to live longer have proved dud. One of these was heavy water. When first produced a few years ago it was predicted that heavy water could be used to prolong lives of older people by slowing down the vital processes. But recent experiments on rats indicate that the deceleration is temporary and is more than offset by a speed-up reaction that follows.

NEW theories are tested on rats because they respond to nutrition in exactly the same way as humans, and their normal lifetime being so much shorter, it is possible to ascertain effects in weeks and months that might take years of observation in people. For example, Drs. Fay Morgan and Helen Davison Simms have pointed up the effect of the lack of certain vitamins in the diet in experiments on rats. They found they could produce all the symptoms of old age

in very young rats by withholding the Vitamin-B complex from their diet, and make them young again by restoring it.

Each geriatrist has his own particular theory as to the best way of lengthening life. However, practically all of them agree that other things being equal, how long you live depends upon what you eat. Dr. C. Ward Crampton, former chairman of the Committee on Preventive Medicine of the New York Medical Society, summed up the matter before a joint legislative committee in New York. He said, "Whether a man at 60 will be as vigorous as the average man of 40, or decrepit and miserable as the average octogenarian, depends largely on diet. Men and women who are growing old do not get enough calcium, iron and protein, and eat too much starch and sugar."

No one knows what the geriatrists and gerontologists will discover tomorrow or next week, so it's hard to say whether or not you'll double the lifespan of your grandparents. But your chances right now for a few extra years are excellent . . . even if you keep on smoking and drinking and eating what you want rather than what you should.

▲
If current best-selling authors do not achieve immortality, at least they only miss it by a "t."

▲
Many of us are at the "metallic" age—gold in our teeth, silver in our hair, and lead in our pants.

▲
Pedestrian: A car owner who found a parking space.

▲
With respect to the world at large, the American taxpayer is fast becoming his brother's keeper-upper.

Million Dollar Newsboy

WHEN a hall of fame for outstanding newspaper vendors is founded, Jimmy Widmeyer of Cincinnati, Ohio, will probably be given a special plaque. Not a boy now, Jimmy has been hawking headlines for 57 years, has made and lost a million dollars.

Until 1920, he was just an ordinary newsboy, putting in long hours on a city corner and saving as much as he could from his earnings. One day a stock broker-customer gave Jimmy a tip on the market. He invested his capital and made a killing.

He began to follow the market religiously, making investments whenever he got hold of a good tip. In an incredibly short time his holdings amounted to nearly a million dollars.

Through the lush days that followed, Jimmy kept his newsstand. He sold papers during the day and drank champagne at night. He rented a \$300 suite at the Hotel Gibson, which was just across the street from his corner; bought a Cadillac, and became the owner of 55 tailor-made suits. But he was always careful to enter the Gibson by the service entrance, afraid his customers might think he was going high hat.

When the market crashed in 1929, Jimmy was wiped out financially. Undaunted, he moved to cheaper quarters and worked harder and longer than ever at the newsstand. Once again he began to make investments and was soon on top once more.

Today, from a monetary standpoint, he is a successful man, the envy of most people who buy his papers. The average morning finds him driving to work in his Ford station wagon. He spends the day hawking papers and chatting with customers, some of them life-long friends.

Some mornings, Jimmy is driven to work by his wife in their Cadillac. On those days, he gets out a few blocks from his stand and appears at work on foot. He is still afraid his customers will think he is putting on airs.

—Jack Eicholz.

▲
The little man was pushing his cart through the crowded aisles of the big super-market.

"Coming through," he called merrily. No one moved.

"Gangway," he shouted. A few men stepped aside.

He ruefully surveyed the situation and then smiled as a bright idea struck him.

"Watch your nylons!" he warned. The women scattered like chaff in the wind.

▲
Reporters visiting a certain Senatorial office were startled when the gentleman burst out of his sanctum to demand of his secretaries:

"Where's that list of people I call by their first names?"



"Hey, Ma . . . here's your chance to get all your rugs swept again."



Look to Your Freezer

New and wonderful uses for this cold Horn of Plenty.

by JEANNE HOMM

ANN CARSON sank wearily into a chair, pushed an unruly shock of hair from her eyes and breathed an enormous sigh.

From behind half-closed lids she surveyed the bedlam—color books and blocks, toys and crayons, kitchen pans and playing cards littered the living room floor. Jimmy, her two-year-old, had spent the entire morning indoors. When he decided at last to frolic outside, Ann had seized the time to wash the stack of dishes from breakfast and lunch; managed, somehow, to clean upstairs, and had just finished hanging up a formidable washing.

"I'll have to straighten up this room before Charlie comes home," she mused dazedly. "Then there will just be supper, the dishes, and put Jimmy

to bed. Then I can relax—thanks to my freezer."

Before she got a home freezer, Ann couldn't have looked forward to the post-supper relaxation! A large bundle of clothes lay dampened for three days, and, without a freezer, they must be ironed tonight or run the risk of mildew. But now Ann could spend a restful evening with Charlie, read, sew, or just plain sleep. Her dampened clothes reposed in the freezer, and they could stay there for months—or until the family ran out of clean clothes—until she found time and energy to iron.

Storing clothes for future ironing is but one of many jobs Ann has learned can be done with a freezer that have little to do with food freezing. The homemaker *expects* her freezer to save *cooking time* because she can store prepared meals for months and have only to heat them when mealtime arrives. She *expects* her freezer to save *money* because she can buy food in quantity

Jeanne Homm is Director of Home Economics, International Harvester Company.

when prices are low and freeze it for use months later. She expects her freezer to save *work* because the process of preparing foods for freezing is far easier and less complicated than canning. But there are many more uses for the home freezer.

ANN CARSON, for instance, had been irritated because she could not keep cereal products and prepared mixes fresh during the summer. She was about to despair of ever getting more than one crisp helping from a package of corn or bran flakes, or potato chips, when she heard all could be kept perfectly fresh in her freezer. Furthermore, she found that storing them in the freezer guarded against contamination by insects, especially during the summer.

And Ann would never forget the look on Charlie's face the night of their first wedding anniversary. They had dined out in high style—roast duckling with cerise sauce, potatoes au gratin, buttered beans, chef's salad, and a bottle of wine with the entree. Charlie had his eye on a strawberry parfait for dessert, but she insisted they take dessert at home, where she was planning something special. . .

"What is this mysterious concoction you've prepared?" demanded Charlie.

"Wait and see," Ann teased.

When they reached home, Ann made Charlie sit in the living room while she busied herself in the dining room and kitchen. She set the table for dessert, with their best linen, china and silver. Then she lit two long tapers and turned out the lights. Intimacy . . . there was a soft, restful atmos-

phere where they could reminisce the past year.

"All right," she called. "Dessert is served."

When Charlie was seated, she disappeared quickly into the kitchen, then reappeared carrying half a cake on a silver platter. With a girlish little suggestion of ceremony, she placed it in front of her husband.

"Why, this looks like . . . It is . . . our wedding cake! But a year . . . It's still fresh! Darling, I'm glad you didn't let me have that parfait!"

Ann had learned quickly many of the capabilities of her home freezer. And one of them was that it could keep cake, rolls and bread fresh for months. She'd been planning this anniversary surprise for a year.

BUT Ann doesn't know all the tricks of home freezing. One of them could save her an enormous amount of time and work. About twice a year she airs the family furs and woolens on the clothes line. Then she goes over them meticulously with a brush, reversing the pockets, turning back lapels and collars, and brushing the garments thoroughly inside and out, searching for moths and larvae. But if she knew, she could save herself this drudgery. Furs and woolens left in a home freezer for 24 hours will emerge moth-free. There is no moth-proofing odor, and only the labor necessary to carry the clothing to the freezer and put them in!

Several months ago, Ann caught measles. In addition to a flood of wise-cracks, she was given enough candy by friends to satiate the sweet tooth

of a platoon of convalescents. For a time she was faced with gorging herself with the stuff or letting it grow stale. Then she discovered that freezing preserved candy. So into the freezer it went. She still has some today, and finds it as fresh and flavor-perfect as when it was stored.

Charlie has his own special use for the freezer. He buys his cigarettes 10 cartons at a time, along with a couple boxes of cigars to have on hand for guests. To keep them fresh, he pops them all into the freezer, where they stay fresh for months in their original cellophane.

Guthrie, Oklahoma, provides a testimonial on the use of the home freezer as a safe for storing valuables. During a flood, a freezer was under muddy water for 24 hours. When the water subsided, several inches of mud was found clinging to the sides. The freezer was hosed down and the lid raised. Not a drop of water had entered the cabinet, and the contents were in perfect condition!

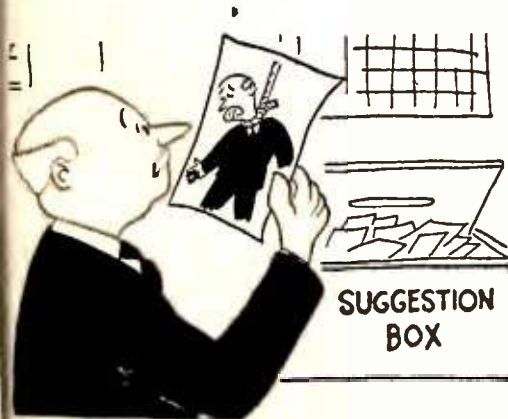
Many models are, in fact, equipped with locks, so that the freezer becomes

a veritable safe. Home freezers are fireproof, too. What a place to keep jewelry, insurance policies, income tax notes, deeds and other valuable papers and goods! The freezer becomes a safe deposit box right in the home.

Home freezers fit into the business picture. Many veterinarians use it to freeze small cans of water for ice packs in shipping biological specimens to testing laboratories. Hospitals frequently use the home freezer for storing crushed ice for packs and other medical purposes.

Bait salesmen have used it for storing fish bait. Kennels and farms freeze foods for dogs, mink, rabbits, and other small animals. Many stores use home freezers instead of commercial freezers for storing ice cream bars, popsicles, and other dairy products.

There are many other uses of the home freezer—both food and non-food uses. Homemakers the country over are learning new uses every day—uses that mean easier living, greater convenience, more economy and leisure. And these are uses that the homemaker doesn't even bargain for when she buys her home freezer.



▲ A woman posed for a picture in front of the fallen pillars of an ancient temple in Greece.

"Don't get the car into the picture," she instructed the photographer, "or my husband will think I ran into the place!"

▲ Driving in the business section of a city, a man tried to edge his car past one driven by a woman, who was trying to park in close quarters. Suddenly the woman's car crashed into his.

Flushed with exasperation, she leaned her head out of the car window. "You could see I was going to do something, stupid," she said. "Why didn't you wait to see what it was?"

—Carrier

The Sage of Swing Says —



Courtship is that period of a girl's life between lipstick and broomstick.

Courtship begins when a man whispers sweet nothings and ends when he says nothing sweet.

The penalty for a stolen kiss may be a life sentence.

Marriage is love parsonified.

The cooing stops when the honeymoon is over but the billing goes on forever.

The skillful application of face powder may catch a man, but it's the expert use of baking powder that keeps him.

What this country needs is less permanent waves and more permanent wives.
—Kay Ingram

In this age of unrest adolescence is the period of life between bottle and battle.

Sometimes a train of thought proves to be just a string of empties.

Never pick a quarrel even when it's ripe.

A man needs more than an aim in life: he has to have some ammunition to go with it.

Speak well of your enemies—after all, you made them.

Remember your tongue is in a wet spot and likely to slip.

Often a romance that begins by a waterfall ends by a leaky faucet.

Like vinegar, the man with too much mother in him has to be taken in small quantities.—Marceline Cox.

No man likes to come home to a supper of cold shoulder and hot tongue.

In matrimony, as in politics, truce is stronger than friction.

The bonds of matrimony are worthless unless interest is kept up.

Incompatibility sets in when the husband loses his income and his wife, her patibility.

Love is a quest; marriage a conquest; and divorce an inquest.

—Andrew Meredith

The ideal marriage is a three ring affair: engagement, wedding and teething.

—Shannon Fife

The great secret of successful marriage is to treat all the disasters as incidents and none of the incidents as disasters.

—Harold Nicholson

Democracy: Where the man at the bottom can blow his top.

The best years of a woman's life are figured in man-hours.

The popularity of radio give-away programs may be why this era is known as the *present* generation.

A chronic worrier is one who can't remember what to forget.

Children, like canoes, are more easily controlled if paddled from the rear.

Housewife's problem: having too much month left over at the end of the money.

Some people who think they are dreamers are just sleepers.

The man who is really a big wheel doesn't mind doing a good turn.

Time is the

Watchword

That watch in the conductor's hand is the most important thing on a railroad.

by J. R. HUBBARD

UNCLE WHISKERS, who begins all official consideration of military and naval personnel, written or oral, with "name, rank and serial number," keeps tabs on railroaders for whom he has a variation of the query so familiar to the G.I.

With the boys who make the wheels go 'round on the shining rails, the concern is not identification of the man, but of his watch, and the question is, "name, make and serial number."

Under Federal regulations, no conductor or engineman can leave a division point until he has filled out a government form which carries spaces for his name, the make of his watch, its serial number, and how many seconds deviation it shows from standard time.

Without any prompting from the government, railroad men are among the most time-conscious individuals on earth, and they wear out their watch pockets faster than any other part of their uniforms.

J. R. Hubbard is a Special Representative of the Santa Fe Railway.



It's not that they are "clock watchers" in the commonly accepted sense of the term. It is just that time still looms large on the railroad horizon in spite of the fact that safety measures and mechanical and electrical devices have eliminated much of the old-time dependence on the individual in the handling of trains.

The time element and the human factor still are so important in the routing of passenger and freight traffic over hundreds of thousands of miles of railroads in the United States that strict standards governing the kind, care and servicing of watches are laid down and enforced by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Although it has installed centralized traffic control on much of its system, the Santa Fe Railway regards watch accuracy with such respect it, like other railroads, maintains a time service operating department and sends frequently-revised rules governing the care and inspection of watches to all concerned.

A general watch inspector like Santa Fe's A. J. Strobel in Topeka, exercises authority over traveling inspectors, who regularly check local inspectors in all division and key points along the system.

A RAILROADER'S watch is his own property and he must pay for its upkeep, but it must conform to a set rule as to type, design and precision; must be registered and accompanied at all times by a registration card; must not vary from absolute accuracy by more than 30 seconds a week; must be checked by a local in-

spector at least once every two years; and must be compared daily with a standard mercury clock or with the watch of another employee who has made such a comparison recently.

Even the length of the hands of a railroader's watch is prescribed by regulation, and luminous, gold or fancy hands are forbidden.

A railroader's watch must have an open face, must be marked with heavy black Arabic numerals, and must be fitted with a glass crystal which is neither cracked, chipped nor badly scratched.

What's more, a railroader cannot yield to any romantic or sentimental impulses and carry a photograph pasted on the case, dial or crystal, such folderol being referred to as "obstructions," and prohibited specifically.

As inseparable as are the railroader and his watch are the watch and its accompanying Time Service Approval Card, issued by the general watch inspector when the timepiece is purchased and before it is put into service.

When a railroader takes his watch to a local inspector for regulation, cleaning or repairs, it is accompanied by its card until it returns to his possession. In its place he receives a "loaner" watch and a loaner Watch Certificate.

Before a train leaves a division point, the conductor compares his watch with that of the engineman at the same time they compare orders, the engineman compares his watch with that of the fireman, and the conductor compares time with the brakeman and any other member of the crew.

En route, if an engineman's watch is lost or broken, he can, under regulations, commandeer the fireman's watch until the end of the journey. Similarly, if the conductor's watch fails or disappears, he can take the brakeman's timepiece.

Enginemen, conductors, firemen, brakemen, engine foremen, yardmasters, signal maintenance employees and all other employees in the track and traffic departments who maintain traffic on a main line are required to own watches subject to all ICC regulations.

Trainmasters, superintendents and traffic supervisors are the railroad's "time detectives." They can, and do, examine watches at will, and may impose demerits if any of the many regulations governing the ownership and care of a timepiece have not been complied with.

Centralized traffic control makes reliance on a man and his watch less specific than was the case in the days when traffic was governed by train orders, but there still is the possibility of power failure or other emergencies which could shift the load back to personnel, a responsibility which is too great from the standpoint of lives and property to permit any error in time.

Time? Time? What is Time?
It's that stuff between paydays.

▲
A worker in a tin factory caught his coat in a revolving wheel and whizzed around in it until the foreman managed to cut off the machine. As the machine stopped, the foreman rushed up to the worker and pleaded.

"Speak to me, speak to me!" To which the half-conscious worker replied,

"Why should I? I passed you ten times and you never spoke to me."

THE importance of time is emphasized in division railroad offices where there is at least one standard mercury clock in every room and hallway. Each is checked daily with a report from the U. S. Naval Observatory and is marked with a prominently displayed card which indicates whether it is correct or whether there is a variation of even one second in its accuracy. Each daily time-check requires three minutes.

The Santa Fe maintains central records on the watches of all employees, and if a man fails to have his watch checked at least once during each two years, he is subject to penalty.

Even the man who directs the mechanical and electrical wizard which is the centralized traffic control board in a railroad division office sits in a room with a standard clock on the wall and a watch lying face up on the desk in front of him.

And of the thousands of miles of railroad where traffic still is moved under train orders, the little black indicators that travel around the faces of watches and clocks are the hands that mean the difference between life and death, safety and disaster.

▲ The reason some women are so magnetic is because their clothes are charged.

▲ Any astronomer can predict with absolute accuracy just where every star in the heavens will be at half past eleven tonight. He can make no such prediction about his young daughter.

▲ It is easy to dodge our responsibilities, but we cannot dodge the consequences of dodging our responsibilities.

Answers to Quiz Questions on Pages 385-388



WHO SAID SO?

- John Lane Soule, writing in a *Terre Haute, Ind.*, newspaper. It was read by Greeley who gave the phrase its greatest circulation.
- Sherman, at San Jacinto, 1836.
- Richard Franck in his "Northern Memoirs" in 1658.
- Allen, Democratic senator from Ohio.
- Stanton, AEF disbursing officer, in a speech at the tomb of the great Frenchman on July 4, 1917.
- Curran, a brilliant Irish politician and patriot.
- Burns, in his poem "Man Was Made to Mourn."
- Coke, one of the greatest English jurists.
- William Congreve, an 18th century dramatist, in his "The Mourning Bride."

NUMBER, PLEASE

- Socrates
- William the Conqueror
- Solomon
- Casey Jones
- Methuselah
- Alexander Hamilton
- Saint Patrick
- Noah
- Ward MacAllister
- Balboa
- Sampson
- Alexander the Great
- Leif Ericson
- Franklin D. Roosevelt
- Joan of Arc
- Napoleon
- Leonardo Da Vinci
- Cecil Rhodes
- Mohammed
- Alexander Dumas, pere
- Scheherazade
- William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill)
- John Sutter
- King Arthur
- Abraham Lincoln

FIGURING THE FIGURES

- | | | | | |
|------|------|------|-------|-------|
| 1. b | 4. c | 7. c | 10. b | 13. c |
| 2. b | 5. c | 8. c | 11. b | 14. c |
| 3. c | 6. a | 9. c | 12. c | |

MERCHANDISING

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Insecticide | 14. Deodorant |
| 2. Liquid dentifrice | 15. Nail polish |
| 3. Cooking oil | 16. Hearing device |
| 4. Lipstick | 17. Radio |
| 5. Soap powder | 18. Rubber heels |
| 6. Cosmetic | 19. Dandruff lotion |
| 7. Nail polish | 20. Glass cleaner |
| 8. Vacuum cleaner | 21. Deodorant |
| 9. Canned food | 22. Foot remedy |
| 10. Oleomargarine | 23. Electrical appliance |
| 11. Toweling | 24. Dog food |
| 12. Battery | 25. Sewing machine |
| 13. Watches | |

IN SHORT

- American Automobile Association
- Amateur Athletic Union
- American Legion
- Ancient Order of Hibernians
- Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
- Civil Aeronautics Board
- Congress of Industrial Organizations
- Daughters of the American Revolution
- Free and Accepted Masons
- Federal Communications Commission
- Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
- Federal Housing Administration
- Grand Army of the Republic
- Interstate Commerce Commission
- Independent Order of Odd Fellows
- Knights of Columbus
- National Association of Manufacturers
- National Labor Relations Board
- National Recovery Administration
- Reconstruction Finance Corporation
- Reserve Officers Association
- Securities and Exchange Commission
- Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
- Women's Army Corps
- Woman's Christian Temperance Union

DOING A DAILY DOZEN

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Four. | 7. U. S. silver money. |
| 2. 6½ inches. | 8. His own, Monticello. |
| 3. Left on right. | 9. 7½ inches. |
| 4. 1 inch. | 10. Left. |
| 5. Benjamin Franklin. | 11. \$20 bill. |
| 6. U. S. paper currency. | 12. 8½ x 11 inches. |

How Wrong Can You Be?

“MARRY YOU?” The pretty girl snickered in the face of the ardent young man. “I won’t throw myself away on anyone with so few prospects of success in life as you have, John!”

That’s the answer John D. Rockefeller received from his first proposal. In a similar manner, other people have passed faulty judgment on many of the most successful figures of our time. As a young man, F. W. Woolworth of five and ten fame became a delivery boy and janitor in a dry goods store. The manager considered him too ignorant to wait on customers.

When Walt Disney first applied for a cartoonist’s position on a newspaper, the editor examined his drawings and shook his head. “You don’t have any talent, my boy,” he said. “Why don’t you get into something where you have a chance to succeed?”

“He’s stupid, dull, and backward,” the teachers said of Albert Einstein when he was a schoolboy. Even his parents feared he was sub-normal.

When Louis Pasteur looked at his University diploma, he saw it marked “mediocre in chemistry.”

“He’s too stupid to learn, and is always at the foot of his class.” These were the words of his teachers concerning young Thomas Edison.

And so it goes . . . before you criticize your fellow men for errors in judgment today, remember, they’re a chronic human frailty!

—Frank L. Remington.

▲
Mark Twain was once the guest of honor at the Metropolitan Opera House. He was seated in the box of a wealthy woman, and to his dismay she chattered constantly throughout the performance.

When the opera ended, she thanked Twain for coming and invited him to be her guest again the following week. “I do hope you’ll come,” she pleaded. “The opera will be ‘Carmen.’”

“I’ll be looking forward to it,” replied the famed humorist. “I’ve never heard you in ‘Carmen.’”

▲
As Secretary of State, Cordell Hull was reputed to have never passed judgment on any matter until he had carefully examined all the evidence.

Once while he was taking a train trip with a friend, they saw a large flock of sheep.

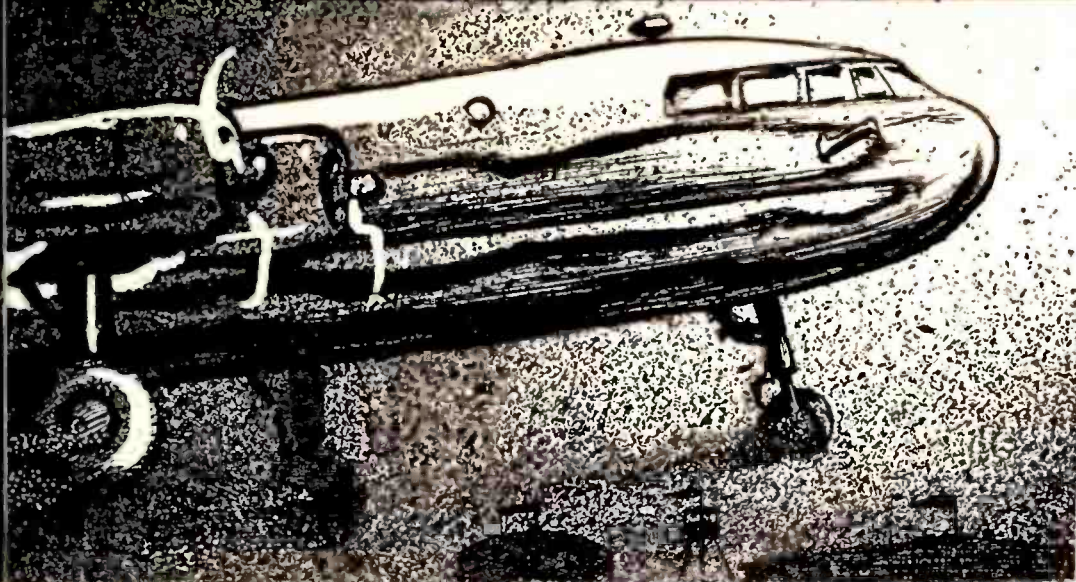
“Look,” said his friend, “those sheep have just been shorn.”

Hull looked at the sheep thoughtfully for several minutes. Then he turned to his friend and said: “Well, at least on this side.”



“On second thought I *will* have something to drink with it. A bicarbonate of soda, please!”

Clipper Ships of the Air



Buttons or bulls—these giant air transports will carry them.

by WILLIAM E. BREESE

IN the blistering heat of the oil fields near Barcelona, Venezuela, an American executive was inspecting his company's holdings. By mid-afternoon, nearly dehydrated, the party had worked around to the sun baked commissary. Entering, the American stopped before the glass panelled refrigerator and, indicating his thirst to the attendant, stared in wide-eyed amazement at row after row of bottled milk standing in the big cooler. The grade A caps bore the name of a Miami dairy—and Florida was 1,600 miles away!

"How in the world did that milk get here?" He asked the manager.

"By Clipper," was the reply. "We get more than a thousand quarts a week from Miami, along with cheese, butter, ice cream and fresh vegetables. These air shipments of food from the States are the best morale builder and home sickness cure we have down here for the American personnel."

The Miami-Venezuela "milk run" is only one of myriad jobs that are all in a day's work for the Pan American World Airways' cargo clipper fleet serving Latin America.

These aptly named aircraft are the modern counterpart of the clipper ships which a century ago established the United States as a maritime power and pushed its trade frontiers to the Orient and other corners of the globe.

Only a decade past, air cargo was regarded with skepticism. Businessmen viewed it as an emergency means, use-

Information supplied by Pan American World Airways.

ful alone for mail and small, high value packages.

That type of cargo is a natural for air transport, of course, but the gamut of commodities being flown today—constantly expanding in the battle for trade—amazes even the most enthusiastic boosters of air cargo.

Nowhere is air transport being utilized more extensively than on the Clipper routes linking the United States with Latin America.

Today, airlines carry more passengers in the southern hemisphere than do steamships, and air cargo tonnage is increasing rapidly.

Geography has had much to do with the phenomenal growth of air transport in Latin America. Rugged mountains and dense jungle have retarded railroads and highways. As a result, many countries have made the transition from oxcart to the air age in one swift leap.

A timely example of the advantage air cargo holds over surface transportation is found in Pan American's newly announced plan to fly an entire gold smelter from the United States to the South American interior. Hundreds of tons of heavy machinery—ore crushers, screens, power plants and electrical equipment—are included in the movement which will require scores of flights by big all-cargo Clippers.

Even so, shipment by air is the most practical and economic method, for it eliminates stevedoring from train to boat to train to truck, saves on crating costs, prevents corrosion from salt air, minimizes handling damage and will speed the entire construction project by months.

Time sometimes is the vital factor. Such was the case when PAA flew a 12,000 pound propeller shaft from Oakland, California, to a disabled steamship in the Panama Canal zone. One of the heaviest pieces of machinery ever carried commercially by air, it was needed in a hurry since the steamer was losing \$2,000 for each day it lay idle.

Then, of course, there are the "mercy flights," with Clippers rushing drugs, serums, plasma, oxygen tents and other emergency supplies and equipment to avert epidemics or save lives.

But these shipments, while they make headlines, are exceptional, not the rule in air transport. Let's follow one of these cargo Clippers on a routine flight and see what it hauls where and how!

MOST of the flights originate at PAA's spacious terminal at Miami International Airport, which handles almost as much international air cargo as all other airports of the nation combined.

Shipments arrive by domestic plane, train and truck. They are weighed and checked for the necessary export permits and import documents. Then they are spotted on the terminal floor, according to destination, to facilitate loading.

Cargo Clippers are generally loaded at night for a pre-dawn takeoff to take advantage of as much daylight as possible, since many Latin American airports are not equipped for night landings and takeoffs.

After the crates, boxes and cartons are stowed away, the two-man crew comes aboard, checks the manifest, sees that the cargo is securely lashed down and takes off.

The pilot and co-pilot are members of PAA's new "Cargo Corps," a picked group of experienced fliers, all voluntarily transferred from plush passenger runs. Most are college graduates. They average about 30 years in age, and chances are they won their wings in the U. S. Air Force.

These Clipper flight officers are not only skilled airmen, but versed in all phases of air cargo, from customs and import-export procedures to the proper methods of loading, stowing and unloading. They keep their eyes open for business and have the authority to change course and put in at any port of call to pick up cargo.



Number one man in Cargo Corps is Capt. Victor A. (Vic) Wright, from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and Tulane University, with more than 7,000 flight hours during his twenty years with PAA. Despite the pressure of supervisory duties, he's no desk pilot. Whenever there's a particularly

tough job of cargo flying to be done, chances are Vic will be at the controls.

But back to the flight out of Miami. . .

PERHAPS it is a special trip—a full load of gas ranges for Colombia, flour for Cuba or bubble gum for Venezuela. Generally however, the cargo fleet operates on regular schedules, and with manifests that read like a mail order catalogue. The big cargo clipper, which can hold as much as a box car, may carry on a routine flight an assortment like this:

Radios, automobile tires, penicillin, aspirin, men and women's clothing, nylon stockings, juke boxes, cigarettes (Venezuela alone imports about one million cigarettes a day by air), refrigerators, textile piece goods, pens and pencils and a dog. Chances are there'll also be a carton or two of baby chicks, for almost every Clipper leaving Miami has them aboard. Rounding out the cargo may be cosmetics, razor blades, magazines, newsreels and automobile and machine parts.

All this adds up to a total of about 13,000 pounds, and the fat bellied Clipper takes a long run before it lifts into the air and heads South.

Dawn is beginning to break as the Clipper comes into Camaguey, Cuba, the first stop. Next ports of call are Port-au-Prince, Haiti, and the neighboring capital of Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic. At each stop some cargo is unloaded, some taken aboard—mostly foodstuffs being interchanged between the Caribbean countries.

The flight continues to Curacao in the Netherlands West Indies, and to

Caracas, capital of wealthy Venezuela, whose oil resources have made it perhaps the best customer for U. S. goods in the southern hemisphere.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, is the end of the day's trip. The crew climbs down for a well-earned rest and another pilot and co-pilot take over as the Clipper, considerably lighter now, takes off down the east coast of South America—for Paramaribo, Surinam; Belem, Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo and Porto Alegre, Brazil; Montevideo, Uruguay, and Buenos Aires, Argentina, the end of the line.

The return trip is apt to find the Clipper carrying a half-dozen race horses for Caracas. At Belem, the live cargo may be increased by several cages of monkeys and an assortment of brilliantly colored jungle birds that will wind up in zoos and pet shops throughout the United States.

BECAUSE trade between Latin America and the United States right now is pretty much a one-way deal, PAA flies nearly ten times more goods south than north. The Clipper may make a wide detour on the way back. It may cut across the north coast to Panama and work its way up through Central America, putting in wherever a payload can be found.

On one such trip not long ago, the skipper was advised by radio to pick up 12,000 pounds of iced shrimp at Carmen on the Mexican Gulf Coast, and fly it to Brownsville, Texas.

The loading and takeoff at Carmen were uneventful, but when the Clipper was half way to Texas a radio message was received that Brownsville was weathered in and that the

plane should land at Vera Cruz.

It was one o'clock in the morning when the big craft taxied up to the deserted Vera Cruz terminal with its load of perishable shrimp. The pilot found a telephone and routed an ice plant operator out of bed. Using his Sunday-best Spanish, he cajoled the Mexican into bringing out a truck load of shaved ice. The shrimp were saved, and the next morning delivered fresh at Brownsville.

PAA pilots' logbooks are full of similar crises, especially apt to arise if animals are aboard. There was the cow being flown from Guatemala to San Jose, Costa Rica. When the Clipper reached San Jose at sundown, the skipper found there was no ramp nor hoist to disembark the cow.

The pilot hurriedly rolled up an engine work stand and led the cow out onto it. As he taxied out he could see the disconsolate creature outlined against the dimming sky, eight feet off the ground. He's often wondered how they got that cow down to earth.

Then there was the little spider monkey that escaped his cage aloft and startled the crew by leaping into the cockpit and disappearing behind the control panel. When the Clipper reached Miami, mechanics took the plane's nose almost apart before they were able to reach the little rascal.

Bites from nasty-tempered toucans, parrots and monkeys, and an occasional kick from a nervous horse are accepted hazards, and the cargo pilots take it all in stride. They enjoy it! You couldn't get them back on a passenger run, even if you dangled a passenger list full of Betty Grables and Hedy Lamarrs in front of them.

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| Sept. 22 | Kansas at T.C.U.* | Nov. 3 | Kansas at Nebraska |
| Sept. 29 | Iowa State at Kansas | Nov. 10 | Oklahoma at Missouri |
| Oct. 6 | Missouri at S.M.U.* | Nov. 17 | Kansas State at Missouri |
| Oct. 13 | Missouri at Colorado | Nov. 24 | Oklahoma at Nebraska |
| Oct. 20 | Kansas at Oklahoma | Dec. 1 | Missouri at Kansas |
| Oct. 27 | Nebraska at Missouri or Kansas State at Kansas | | |

* T.C.U. and S.M.U. games will be played at 8 p. m. All other games begin at 2 p. m.

Smiles for all as John G. Gaines & Co., distributors of Hallicrafters Television for Kansas and Western Missouri, sign for the 1951 Big Seven Football broadcasts over WHB. L to R: Jack Gaines, John G. Gaines, WHB Sports Director Larry Ray (seated), and Jack Sampson, WHB Sales.



RADIO NIGHT AT BLUES STADIUM

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 8 P.M.

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