Swing

25c

DECEMBER, 1951

Your Place In the Sun

By Louise Price Bell

Try Arizona for that winter vacation! A land of sunshine, and of warm, cloudless days. It *could* be just what the doctor ordered! *Page* 514

Class In Glass

By Jules Archer

Modern artists and craftsmen combine a 12th Century glass-making process with superb design to produce Steuben Glass —unique form of fine art that is distinctly American *Page* 519

Miracles of Modern Medicine

By Pearl P. Puckett

ACTH and Cortisone have brought hope to millions — but are scarce. Are yams the answer to quantity production of these precious drugs? *Page* 608

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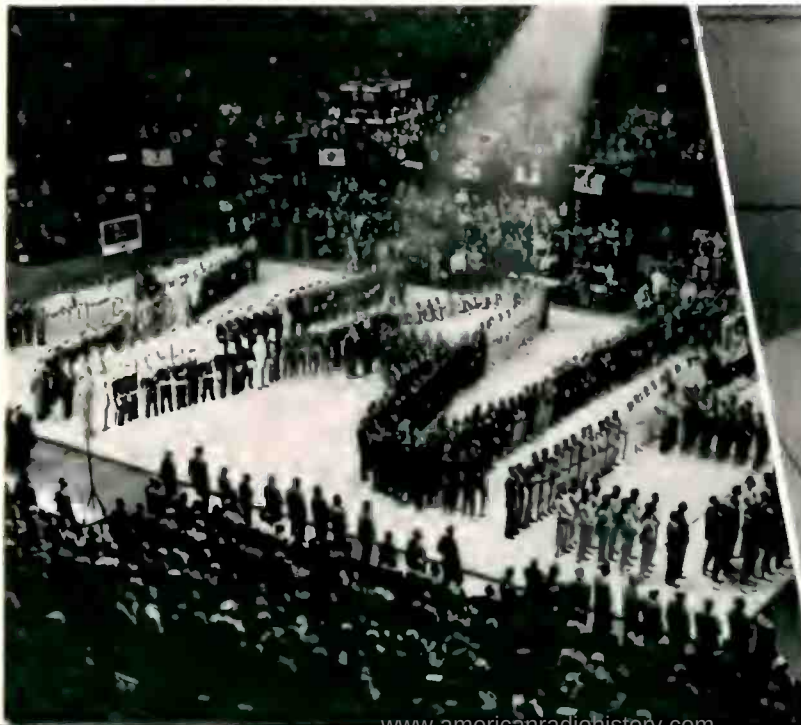
WHB NEWSREEL

Elephant-men trumpeted in Kansas City last month, but f different purposes. Sen. Robert Taft, aspirant to the Republica presidential nomination, took ai at and issue with the Administr tion, in an address before 1,500 pe sons attending a dinner in his hono

Clyde Beatty, world famous wi animal trainer and hunter, is r slouch at handling elephants hir self. In Kansas City he appeared star of the annual Shrine Circu His "Clyde Beatty Show" is hea over WHB every Monday, Wedne day and Friday at 5:30 p.m.

At lower left is a reminder of tl basketball season which starts ov WHB on Dec. 13—a view of la year's NAIB Tournament in Kans City's magnificent Municipal Auc torium. Larry Ray will broadca a colorful play-by-play account all the major tournaments and B Seven conference games over WH including the NAIB and NCA Tournaments in Kansas City.



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foreword

YOU say to yourself it's not worth it. It's too much wear and tear, too commercial, too frantic, too sentimental. You can't be bothered with it this year. Besides, eggs and taxes just went up again, and Junior's braces haven't been paid for, and there isn't any peace on earth anyway. Why don't they stop ringing those bells?

And then the chimes begin to ring a little louder and you begin to recognize the tune. You smell Christmas trees. Your own child looks up at you as if at Santa Claus and God, and you fall completely apart and buy a whole block of Christmas seals. The wood fire makes a soft uproar on the hearth, and you remember sleds and grandparents. Every church becomes a Christmas card. Your face begins to thaw. You find yourself patting backs and dropping quarters in cups. To hell with the budget! You shove your way into the glittering shops and snatch at stockings and ties with the rest of the mob, and puzzle over perfumes and maribou, and buy candy with sinful abandon!

What of the guns booming in Korea? What are the United Nations diplomats saying at the Paris conference? What of the need, just for food and medicine, in Israel, India . . . and Indiana? How much actual help was given the flood sufferers in Kansas? Well, things may get a *little* better next year . . . Winnie's back on the job in England . . . and we can all do *our* part to make things better *here*.

Meanwhile, Christmas is at hand and no denial of it will make the world any happier. For Christmas is fundamentally a tribute to an ideology—to the supreme example of human kindness and love. There. You have it all figured out! So deck the hall and sing of the angels. Practice peace for the moment at least. Christmas has come and you're glad. God *rest ye merry, gentlemen!*

YOUR PLACE in the SUN

4—PERSONAL

GIVE YOURSELF a Christmas present . . a winter in Arizona . . . during th coming cold, hard, snowy months . . Arizona, where the sun is warm, the da breezy and cloudless and dry . . . whe your health goes up and your worries dro

by LOUISE PRICE BELL

WHEN bookshop windows d played Pitkin's book, "L Begins At Forty", thousands of peo seemed to get a new lease on life fr merely seeing the book jacket . and many more after reading optimistic pages. Nobody knows h many "tightened their belts" for fresh sprint down the road of li re-joined the golf club, and actua felt younger and more alive! Tha what psychology will do for the hum race.

Regardless of Pitkin, or any oth helpful optimist, we do develop ach and pains and sleepless nights as grow older. Many young people w slight traces of asthma or bronch and nasal trouble find that it accel ates as the years go by. When th is a chronic physical defect prese it is likely to become more annoyi at just about the time that life

upposed to "begin". But life, in its est sense, means pleasant, comfortable iving and no one can enjoy life ham-ered by illness or chronic ailments. Certainly, if we ever want to feel vell, it is when we are on the sunset ide of forty! Why not try Arizona?

HUNDREDS—perhaps thousands —of people throughout the Jnited States think of Arizona as a eritable Utopia where Hygeia, the oddess of health, rules supreme, and llness is non-existent!

This is, of course, an exaggera-ion.

It is a fact, however, that thousands f people from all over the country ave found in Arizona dramatic and appy relief from respiratory ail-nents and other diseases. Increasing umbers have been heading for Ari-ona where there are no chill winds lowing, snows piling high nor rac-ng to fire furnaces against the drop-ing mercury. If one has a physical ilment that dry, warm, sunny air vill help; if he needs a climate which elps people with arthritis, sinus, sthma and allied diseases, Arizona ay be the answer.

Not only will the winter season be hat way, but the spring, summer and utumn seasons as well. In fact, many hysicians, in suggesting that their atients go to Arizona for arthritis, ay that one summer is worth two vinters. The sun is almost constant . . there is no fog, smog nor smoke . . . there are no dark and gloomy days. Not only is this condition a healthy one, but it is a morale booster. For those who like heat, the mercury hoists itself above the hundred-mark during June, July and August. The rest of the year is fine. Annual rainfall is only slightly over eleven inches so that Asheville residents with their thirty-inch rainfall . . . Chicagoans with thirty-three inches per year . . . San Antonio natives with twenty-seven inches of rainfall, notice the difference in humidity immediately. In many parts of the state, especially around Tucson and Phoenix, the 2,400-foot altitude is beneficial to certain types of chronic heart diseases.

An Indiana woman was so crippled with arthritis that she was confined to a chair that had been custom-made for her, and had to have special bathroom fixtures for her use. She lived anything but a normal life, was miserable and terribly discouraged. Urged by her physician to "try a winter in Arizona", she was later graduated from her chair, still later from crutches. At last report she was dancing, driving a car, and a confirmed Arizona resident.

Fourteen-year-old Betty had wheezed since her first birthday and was allergic to several common foods, and to horse dander, orris root and wool. After twenty-four hours in Arizona she started to eat wheat bread, a food she had not been able to eat for years because she had had

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ouise Price Bell lives in Tucson, Arizona, and has written eight books, the latest of hich is Parties on a Budget, published by Prentice-Hall. She also writes for Better Homes and Gardens, American Home, Country Gentleman, Farm Journal, Good Housekeeping and House Beautiful.

violent asthmatic attacks from anything containing wheat flour. Yet there were no ill effects. Nearing middle age, Betty now is as staunch and hale as can be . . . and lives in Arizona.

Thirty-two-year-old Mary had taught school in Ohio from the time she graduated from college, yet had suffered with asthma from childhood. As the asthma grew worse, it was a question of a lengthy hospitalization or "trying Arizona", a trip her physician had been urging for years. After a four-day train trip she arrived in southern Arizona. After a week she was breathing with comfort. Her nights turned from nightmares to restful respites and when the city's college opened that fall she enrolled for work on her master's degree. Later she accepted a teaching position, with a marked contrast to the job back east.

But . . . she did a foolish thing . . . she trekked back to Ohio to visit her relatives. In one day the asthma was bad, in a week it demanded hospitalization, and in three weeks she returned to Arizona on a stretcher. Needless to say, she hasn't left the region again.

EVERY case isn't like this, of course. Some people are slightly improved . . . some greatly . . . some are cured. Allergies prevalent in other parts of the country often lose their potency in Arizona. Bob, for instance, was allergic to wheat, peanuts, oranges, and egg whites in New York. In Arizona he eats those foods without a resultant wheeze or rattle. Yet if he goes to the west coast where humidity plays an important part the climate, he breathes like an ag drayhorse before he has been the a day.

It is inevitable that when we ha some physical disability we hear others with the same, or simil trouble. Since our family moved Arizona from the east, hoping f improvement in asthma, arthritis a pulmonary tuberculosis, we have hea many tales—some of which seem fa tastic. And we have seen many "cure that were hard to believe — ev though we saw them with our ov eyes. Anyone who has experienc the things we have will tell y the same thing: *There's no oth place in the United States where y can see so much improved health about you.* Those who travel aw from the southwest health spot a likely to find themselves the center a climate and health pow-wow. Su loving people from other sections the country deluge you with questic on all the things they have hea about the "health-giving climate". answer all the queries, the trave would have to be a composite A.A. representative, Duncan Hines, grac ate doctor and ace meteorologist, l sides having a complete knowledge every ailment and allergy that "cured" in Arizona. Most of t questions, of course, boil down some particular health angle, beca upon this rests Arizona's fabul prestige.

THE cases mentioned above extreme but tangible proof what climate can do for some peo Many health stories are so drama

hat they sound fictitious, or at best ighly exaggerated. But they are acked up by medical men who have ase histories on file—figures, charts, nd the persons themselves as "ex- ibits". Only one factor is misleading bout such data. It is natural for eople in ill health to grasp at straws —when they read of or listen to the onderful health improvements, they eel confident that they, too, will have ne same success. This is not true. All ealth-seekers aren't that fortunate.

All Arizona physicians, and most f them are top-ranking men and omen, emphasize one point when riting or talking to prospective visi- ors: *No one can predict, promise or uarantee physical results.* Chances re that most people with respiratory iseases and arthritis will be helped a degree. But there can be no as- rance. Scores of people, however, ave traveled to the state on this basis nd are now the biggest boosters on the health bandwagon.

In many instances one or more of a family needs just what this health spot offers in the way of outdoor liv- ing and healthful climate; but have to delay the move because of their circumstances. Others take the pro- verbial bull by the horns, load the family in the car and start out. One thing is certain. The people who know that the chances for better health are in their favor by moving to Arizona, do so at the first opportunity. That is, as soon as financial circumstances will permit it, or their invalid aunt dies, or they retire. Once located in the sunshine center of the nation, they soon begin to feel like different people . . . that life, in truth, does "begin" at forty or fifty or sixty! In retrospect they wish that they had managed, somehow, to make the move sooner. They realize that if they had it would have meant better health for them all . . . in Arizona!

▲

A tall cowboy, 10-gallon hat and all, was sauntering around a large department store. The salesgirl asked if she could be of assistance.

"No, ma'am," he replied, "I reckon not. I ain't never seen so many things I could do without."

▲

Old Batch Stafford, the thrifty mountaineer, had long been dividing his attention between skinny Elviry and buxom Matilda, the village spinsters. One day a tipsy loafer said: "When are you going to make your mind up between them two gals, Batch?"

"Cain't say," replied the thrifty bachelor. "Matilda's bigger and stouter and can do more work. Still, on the other hand, it only takes three yards of calico to make Elviry a dress."

Disaster on the Horizon

I HAVE great confidence in America's future, but that does not prevent me from being deeply concerned over the present socialistic trend.

Right now the nation is in the midst of a great crisis—in fact, it is facing an internal danger much more destructive than any A-Bomb attack or invasion by a hostile power. The danger is more acute because the average man does not seem to be aware of it and hence he is doing nothing to prevent it.

We are feverishly working to prepare ourselves to meet any attempted attacks from without, but we are overlooking almost entirely the danger of complete internal collapse, which will be bound to take place unless we prepare to meet and defeat this new enemy—INFLATION.

INFLATION is growing by leaps and bounds and is affecting every American family. It is destroying the value of their insurance policies, of their savings accounts, of everything else they have strived for to protect them and their families as they grow older.

Few incomes have kept pace with the increase in the cost of living, and as inflation continues to grow, it is only a question of a short time before it begins to reach the same proportions it did in Germany in the disastrous years following World War I. At that time the mark lost its value so rapidly that workers were paid daily at noontime in order that they might attempt to buy needed food and clothing before prices became prohibitive that same day. In spite of the fact that wages were increased almost daily, the income never kept up with the increased prices. Finally, as many of you will recall laborers collected millions of marks for pay for a single day's work and actually used wheel barrows to carry the necessary marks—in paper money—to have enough to pay for ordinary purchases. There were not enough printing presses in Germany to print new marks fast enough to keep pace with the drop in purchasing power. The result was that the entire economic structure of Germany was destroyed, and she entered the most disastrous period in her history.

Keen students who have no interest in either political party are agreed that we are going down the same road that Germany did, and unless something is done promptly, we may find ourselves in that same tragic situation that Germany did following the other World War. SO LET AMERICA BEWARE!

So the important question now is how can inflation be stopped. You, as an individual, can do your share in this fight. Here are some suggestions:

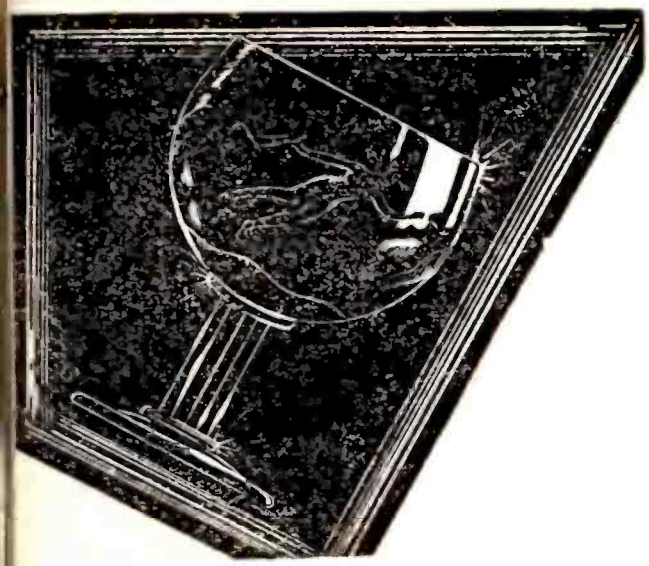
Watch your purchases carefully, weighing the merits of each, buying only what you need, and, above all, avoid "scare buying." Don't be stampeded into buying something you do not need, at too high a price, because there is going to be a shortage of it.

Write to your Congressmen. Tell them of your fears about inflation —let them know that they are accountable to you for their actions in Congress—that you do not intend to be represented by anyone who votes against the Nation's welfare by voting for extravagance. Elected officials pay attention to the people whose vote put them in office, and if you and enough other good citizens will cry out against governmental extravagance, it will be corrected!

Buy Defense Bonds. Every dollar invested wisely in savings is a dollar enlisted against inflation. Inflation, in its most simplified form, is a case of too many dollars in circulation. If you help keep more and more money circulating, you speed the pace of inflation.

Join the fight against INFLATION. Remember, no matter how difficult or painful the cure, the final stages of the disease itself mean the end of everything worthwhile for which America has always stood.

—Nathaniel Leverone in "Canteen" Quarterly



CLASS IN GLASS

Steuben Glass is hand-blown and hand-fashioned by craftsmen using a process developed in the 12th Century.

by JULES ARCHER

IF you need a glass flower vase, Woolworth's will be happy to sell you one for about a quarter. If you prefer to buy it from Steuben Glass, the price may run anywhere from $12.50 to $1,250, depending on how fancy you want to get. What makes anyone in his right mind shell out that kind of money for glass—when a glass soda bottle is valued at a two cent deposit?

The answer, of course, is that Steuben Glass is designed by artists, hand-blown and hand-fashioned by craftsmen, and sold as crystal works of art. Even the inexperienced eye can tell the difference between Steuben and ordinary glassware. Steuben Glass gives the impression of having been boldly outlined in space by a skillful artist with a thick crayon. It seems heavy and solid, with firm, robust curves. Most Steuben pieces have the thick fluidity of form reminiscent of the smooth crest of water pouring over a dam.

Exhibitions of Steuben Glass, as a unique form of American fine art, have been held in London's Fine Arts Society Gallery, New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, and art museums in every major American city. Famous artists who have created decorative designs for Steuben Glass include Manship, Tchelitchew, Dali, O'Keefe, Derain, Benton and Lauren-

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Jules Archer is a graduate of the City College of New York — but says he was actually educated during a four-month bicycle jaunt through Europe. He writes slick fiction, pulp drama, romantic stories and serious articles. This article on Steuben Glass is serious.

cin. If you're a little careless with your elbow in the Steuben "Room" on Fifth Avenue, you can send $1,000 crashing to the floor by nudging just one *objet d'art* in Steuben Glass by Henri Matisse.

Among the nation's well-to-do, it is recognized that what Cartier's is to silver, Steuben is to glass. A dry-cleaning firm recently got into the act by taking large ads to proclaim, "What Steuben means to glass, Blank Dry-Cleaning Service means to dry-cleaning!" Steuben actually has no American competition in the glass field. Its sole rivalry is with firms producing art objects in silver and other metals.

The principal clientele of Steuben Glass is strictly upper crust. There are Steuben pieces in the White House, as well as aboard the Presidential yacht. The White House frequently orders special Steuben Glass pieces as American art gifts for foreign V.I.P.'s. When Princess Elizabeth was married, President Truman sent her an engraved Steuben piece called *The Merry-Go-Round Bowl*, designed by Sidney Waugh.

Steuben executives wince on occasion when called upon to provide specimens of their art for unaesthetic purposes. An orchestra leader tested all the Steuben Glass in the New York showroom to select tumblers which gave out different pitches when struck, so that he could use a dozen for a stunt musical number. The radio program, *Truth and Consequences*, wanted to use Steuben Glass to demonstrate that the human voice could crack glass. But even a radio commercial, delivered in a shrill scream couldn't agitate thick Steuben Glass

THE principal objects on display in a Steuben showroom include cock tail shakers, ash-trays, table glass, or naments, dinner bells, perfume bottles tableware, vases, bowls, candlesticks drinking and smoking accessories dishes and pitchers. Steuben has als offered communion vessels, crysta crosses and other religious items. In credibly beautiful trophy cups of glas are designed on order, and copper wheel-engraved with crests.

There are twelve other Steuber Rooms in the United States, in addition to the one of Fifth Avenue. They are located in the more exclusive stores of Chicago, Washington, D. C., Cleveland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Clayton, Dallas and Atlanta. In the New York shop, at Fifth Avenue and 56th Street, each piece on display is assigned to its position in the showroom by art designers, in the manner of an art exhibit.

When Steuben announced a flower show for spring, 1950, in its New York showroom, the firm expected sales to nose-dive for the week. "We did it simply because we like flowers and we like spring," explained John M. Gates, Steuben's director of design. This touching devotion to nature cost the firm a small fortune in fees paid to interior designer Charles Lin Tissot, and to Judith Garden, who kept the flower show supplied with fresh and beautiful blooms.

In twelve days, 37,000 visitors had filed through the Steuben flower

show. Although most of the glass was invisible, overshadowed by Miss Garden's floral arrangements, enough visitors were impressed by the use of flowers in glass candlesticks, candy dishes and perfume bottles to elbow through the crowds in search of Steuben personnel. Sales during the flower show resembled the Christmas and June gift rushes.

THE prestige of Steuben Glass is so well-established that most people imagine it has a century or so of tradition behind it. Actually, Steuben Glass as we know it today is an upstart born as late as 1933. It has very little in common with the "art glass" produced by the original Steuben Glass Works of Corning, New York, between 1903 and 1918. And it is a complete departure from the later glass produced from 1918 to 1932 by the Steuben Division of the Corning Glass Works, which bought out the Steuben Glass Works during World War I.

As a subsidiary of the Corning Glass Works, the Steuben Division was not too successful for fourteen years. Corning's Board of Directors decided to junk it. But Arthur Amory Houghton, Jr., great-grandson of the man who founded the Corning Company in 1851, begged for a chance to reorganize the Steuben venture and make it pay off in both prestige and profits. He had a new conception of what Steuben Glass ought to be, and could be, given imaginative direction.

The Board agreed reluctantly. A new company called Steuben Glass, Incorporated, was formed in 1933, with Houghton as President, architect John Monteith Gates as Director of Design, glassmaker Robert J. Leavy as Production Manager, and sculptor Sidney Waugh as Chief Designer. Far from being wise old graybeards, each of these men was a stripling in his twenties. But together their daring ideas made Steuben Glass a synonym for fine crystal in less than two decades. Now in their forties, they are still intact as the team that guides Steuben.

Houghton's original hunch as to what Steuben Glass should be was a revolutionary break from the centuries-old tradition of glassmaking. Up to 1933, the glassmaker was a one-man show. He blew the glass, shaped it, designed it. Houghton felt that this procedure was all wrong. Glassmakers were expert craftsmen, unquestionably—but not artists and designers. Why not have genuine artists do the planning and creation, and then turn over their designs to the glassmakers for skilled execution?

Houghton had other fresh ideas. The Corning Glass Works employed a large number of scientists to do pure research in glass. This research had given the nation "Pyrex", as well as the 200-inch Palomar giant telescope. Houghton knew that the scientists had

been working on formulas for a new type of optical glass. One of the formulas they had hit upon was too soft for optical glass, because of a high lead content, but it produced glass with great clarity, purity and weight. The formula was discovered in 1932—and one year later Houghton claimed it for the new Steuben Glass.

The first six glass designers hired by the youthful new Steuben executives were all graduate architects, rather than artists. John Gates believed that glass design called for architectural know-how in the problems of balance, proportion, profile and scale, plus a facility for working in three dimensions. A second group of artist-designers were employed to create artwork decorations, which are translated onto Steuben Glass by means of copper wheel engraving.

All Steuben designers work in New York City, in order to draw inspiration from exhibitions of painting, sculpture and architecture. But they are first sent to Corning to study the craft of glassmaking. Thereafter they spend two or three days of every month at the factory, working with the glassmakers.

DESPITE this modern approach to an ancient art, Steuben Glass still relies on a handcraft glassmaking process the precepts for which were laid down by the Monk Theophilus in the 12th Century. The tools used in the Corning factory are few and primitive. The glassmakers are divided into small units, or "shops", of six men each—one master "gaffer", and five assistants. Each gaffer has full responsibility for the quality of work turne out by his shop.

Although the exact formula c Steuben Glass is a tight secret, th ingredients are not. Sand, potash an lead oxide are mixed, along with som powdered glass for smoothness, an placed in a clay crucible, or pot. Th: is then placed in a huge furnac where the mixture melts and fuses. I is cooled to a thick, bright-red, stick fluid.

A worker known as a "gatherer" dips a blow-pipe into the pot anc draws off as much of the glass taffy as he judges is precisely needed fo: the size and density of the art object being created. He alternately blow: air into the taffy to form a hollow bubble, and turns it on a flat slat at the mouth of the furnace to give it its basic shape. A "servitor" con tinues and develops this activity, using a cherrywood paddle and a two pronged cherrywood fork for more precise shaping. At the same time he must keep blowing through and twirling his blow-pipe to keep the soft glass from losing its shape and falling off.

The gaffer takes over at this point. He carefully guides the laying-on of additional glass taffy over the basic shape for ornamentation. He shapes, cuts (with metal shears), and meas

ures the work in progress as he goes, to make certain that it conforms within a hair to the designer's specifications. He, too, must keep the glass revolving constantly so that it does not lose its shape.

At various intervals as he works, the gaffer inserts the glass object attached to his steel rod (where it has been transferred from the blow-pipe) into a small furnace called the "glory-hole." This is to prevent the glass from becoming too cool during the process of blowing, joining, shaping and measuring. Only through long experience does a gaffer obtain the mastery of timing, judgment and skillful movements — comparable to the deftness of a fencer—necessary for his precision work.

When the gaffer considers the now-formed Steuben Glass ready, he breaks it away from his steel rod with a forked stick which is used to carry it to the annealing oven that slowly cools it. The mark of the steel rod remains on the glass, even though it is subsequently ground away, in the form of a small, circular depression which most people have come to learn as the insignia of handblown glass. Cooling of the glass requires from five to eight hours for ordinary objects, one to three days for more complicated pieces.

From the blowing room, the glass goes to a "finishing" room. Here it is given the minimum amount of cutting necessary to completion of the design, such as the squaring of a vase foot or exact fitting of a bottle stopper. The cutting is done by holding the glass against a revolving wheel of sandstone or iron. Transparence and luster are restored to cut surfaces by polishing with felt wheels fed with putty powder.

The copper wheel engravers in the finishing room work at small lathes which require, for the most simple design, some fifty interchangeable copper wheels of varying thickness and diameter. The glass is pressed against the revolving wheel, which produces a shallow intaglio. The engraver must be a superb craftsman to reproduce in glass, using his wheels as brushes, the delicate designs of the Steuben artist.

All in all, some one hundred and twenty-five craftsmen are kept busy at the Steuben Glass plant in Corning. Half are employed in the blowing room, half in the finishing room. The production rate is highly irregular, depending on the intricacy of the work being done. Ten simple ash-trays, with no ornament, might be turned out in an hour—while a large exhibition piece might require five hours of blowing, three months of engraving.

THE public never sees some 90 per cent of the Steuben Glass which is designed. The Steuben people reject 97 per cent of their designers' creations in the paper stage, and set aside some 80 per cent of the experimental pieces turned out at Corning for further study. This is the price of perfection. The Steuben firm is wary of risking its reputation by placing in any of its showrooms a single piece which doesn't have the enthusiastic approval of every Steuben executive.

When Steuben is planning a new season's line of glass, their designers will turn out some 400 designs, out of which about 75 will be selected and taken to Corning. There John Gates and Robert J. Leavy, the Production Manager, mull over them and reject about 25. After the 50 new designs have been executed in glass, Gates will probably scrap about 13. The remaining 37 are shipped to New York, where an executive conference may eliminate all but 22. These are sales-tested for three months, after which a dozen or more which do not make their sales quota are dropped. While about 10 new designs are thus retained (out of the original 400 planned on paper), approximately the same number of old designs are withdrawn from stock. Thus, each new piece of Steuben Glass which survives from its inception does so with the odds 40 to 1 against its being honored in a Steuben catalogue or showroom.

About one in four Steuben pieces is created as the result of customer demand. Every request is relayed on a written report by the salesgirl who receives it to the executive offices of the firm. If there seems to be enough demand for a certain type of piece, the designers will be asked to create it. But 75 per cent of all Steuben pieces are the result of independent inspiration on the part of the designers. The total line of Steuben Glass in stock at any one time seldom exceeds 150 pieces. Approximately 40 new pieces are introduced each year, and an equal number of old pieces are withdrawn.

When Steuben Glass is packed for shipment, it is first wrapped in a gray flannel bag, in the manner of a silver piece, to avoid any scratches. Tissue and shredded paper are used plentifully, and the box is protected by a white plastic coat. When a presentation piece—such as the *Kentucky Bowl* designed for the State of Kentucky—must be delivered, it is often flown to its destination in the Corning company plane.

WHETHER you buy Steuben Glass or any other glass, Steuben executives explain that you can test the purity of the glass by holding your hand behind it, and looking at your hand through the glass. The absence of any tint of color is your guarantee that the crystal is pure and flawless.

When Arthur Houghton was pleading with the Corning Board of Directors to give him and his three young co-workers a chance to make Steuben Glass into an American tradition, he told the Board in 1933: "We have a small group of skillful and experienced workmen. We have an extraordinarily pure crystal glass. Let us take these, let us have a small amount of capital and a reasonable amount of time. Give us a completely free rein, and we will attempt to make the finest glass the world has ever seen."

It was this youthful, bold speech which led America, according to the view of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to "a commanding place in the production of glass." A spokesman for the Museum summarized the achievement of Steuben Glass by evaluating it as "thoroughly American

in feeling, yet comparable to the best abroad."

It took Europe almost seventeen centuries to develop its tradition of fine crystal. It took Steuben seventeen years.

There's a moral there somewhere.

▲

An American golfer was playing at St. Andrews. Standing on the tee at a short hole, he surveyed the green and then asked the Scottish caddie for his No. 5 iron.

"Against this wind," observed the caddie, "yon's a spoon shot."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the golfer, holding out his hand. "No. 5."

"Tak'ma tip," persisted the caddie doggedly, "an' tak' yer spoon."

Somewhat irritated, the American snatched his No. 5 from his bag, dropped a ball and smote it crisply. Alighting on the green it rolled lazily towards the hole and dropped into the tin.

"Well," cried the American, "what do you know about that?"

"Na' so bad," said the caddie unemotionally, "but ye'd hae done it be'er wi' a spoon!"

▲

"It's so badly sagged and beat-up we were about to throw it out, when people began to mistake it for modern furniture."

An Englishman returned to his home from a trip to America and was telling his friends of the odd American games.

"And they have the queerest game in the movie houses. It is called 'Ohhell' I think."

"Ohhell?" they asked. "How do they play it?"

"Well, when you go in they give you a card with a lot of numbers and during the intermission a man yells out the numbers. Then someone yells 'Bingo!' and everyone else yells, 'Ohhell'!"

▲

Two motorists met on a bridge too narrow for two cars to pass.

"I never back up for an idiot," shouted one driver.

"That's all right," replied the other quietly, as he shifted into reverse, "I always do."

▲

A man stood on the street corner waiting to cross. After autos whizzed by for a long time, he spied a pedestrian across the street.

"How did you get over there?" he shouted.

The other yelled back, "I was born over here."

▲

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the after-dinner speaker, "before I begin my address I have something important to say."

▲

Two women chatted pleasantly as they started off on a shopping tour one afternoon.

"That neighbor of yours," said one, "she's a bit of gossip, isn't she?"

"I wouldn't really like to say," replied the other woman, "but I know that when she came home from her vacation last summer, her tongue was sunburned."

Rough-And-Ready's 100-Year War

THE onetime "Republic of Rough-And-Ready" has made peace at last with the U.S.A., ending a century-long "Cold war" that had its spectacular beginning in the rip-roaring days of 1849 when the lust for gold and political empire gripped the builders of the old west.

The mining camp of Rough-And-Ready, in California's Mother Lode country, was named for General Zachary (Old-Rough-And-Ready) Taylor. Gold was found there in '49, and soon a bristling clapboard town of 500 sprang up. It quickly became a political center for workers in the Mother Lode, and zealots even boomed it for the capital of California when statehood came.

Rough-And-Ready's only territorial rival in size was Nevada City ten miles south. The trouble started when this up-start mining community, in a political coup, snatched the county government right out from under the noses of ambitious Rough-And-Readians. The male residents of the outraged jewel of the Mother Lode met in angry and sullen council at Jim Dunlavy's saloon. Then Dunlavy touched off the powder keg by breaking open a barrel of red-eye on the house. Before the cask was emptied, the miners in roaring unanimity had voted to secede from California territory and from the United States.

For three days a drunken rebellion continued unabated. The three Federal employees in town streaked for the hills in fear of their lives. Government records were seized and burned. The post office was stormed. Mail was flung into the street and trampled, and government-owned furniture was smashed to kindling.

The fourth day dawned on silence, with the brawlers nursing king-sized hangovers. The women had taken over, confiscating every drop of liquor left in town.

The Post Office Department sought indemnity, but could find no one on whom to fix liability. So from that week-end in 1849 until recent months, Rough-And-Ready remained in the official doghouse. The Department couldn't balance its accounts on the camp's postal business. Records showed repair costs amounting to several hundred dollars, and the Department never stopped trying to collect.

During the passing century, Rough-And-Ready's population dropped to fewer than 100 persons, giving the Post Office an excuse to close the local office; in 1942, it finally was shut down.

Present-day residents, petitioning for reopening the office discovered the historic reason for the grudge against their community. The town capitulated and agreed to reimburse the government for damages and disruption of service so that the Department could at last close its books on the incident.

In return, a new fourth-class post office was opened recently with a paid postmaster in charge. All is forgiven and the U.S.A. is once more living at peace with the Republic of Rough-And-Ready.

—*Douglas Nelson Rhodes*

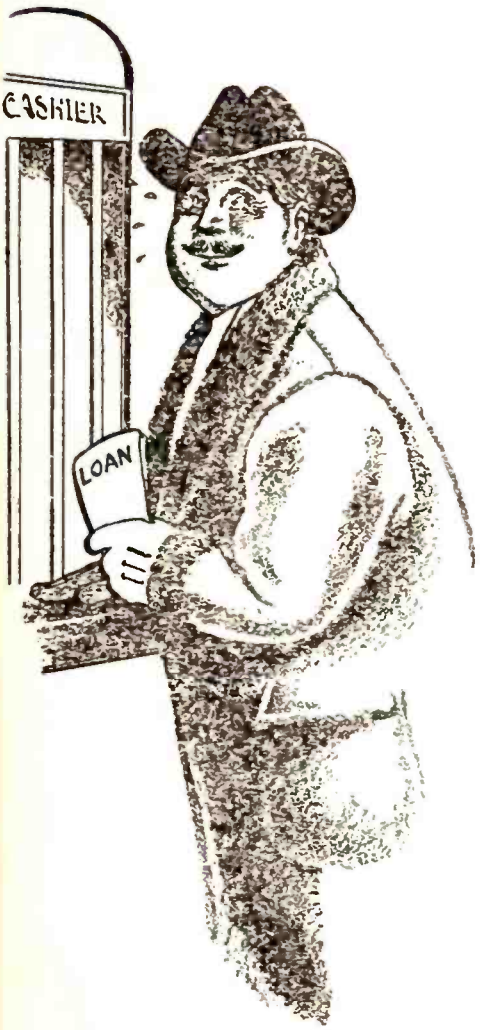
▲

"Are you going to hang any mistletoe in your house this year, Mandy?" asked the mistress.

Mandy sniffed in disdain. "No ma'am! I got too much pride to advertise for the ordinary courtesies a lady's got a right to expect."

An American arriving at the St. Lazar station in Paris asked a clerk where h could find the American Quarter. Th clerk thought it over and replied, "If yo want to know, it's the first five rows o the Follies-Bergere."

HANDLE CREDIT with CARE



It's a magic force—and a symbol of integrity. Rightly used, it puts the good things of life within your reach.

by DORIS E. TULL

THINK what life would be like today if we had to pay cash for everything. These are the days of high prices, high taxes . . . and charge accounts. It would take months, maybe years, for many of us to save enough to pay cash for a refrigerator, piano, automobile, or furniture. The dress or suit you want today might have to wait until next week or next month. Lacking the cash, you might even put off that necessary visit to the doctor or dentist.

Suppose you were to need money tomorrow? Could you walk into a bank and borrow the needed sum without difficulty? If you should decide to buy a home or new car, could you finance the deal easily? And if calamity should strike tomorrow in the form of a sudden illness or accident requiring hospitalization, could you raise the necessary money?

Nobody likes to borrow money, charge furniture or other household

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Doris E. Tull is a Watsonville, Calif., resident in the fruit-and-vegetable-growing Pajaro Valley. Mother of five, and recently a grandmother, her interest in people is reflected in her writings for the San Francisco Chronicle, Christian Science Monitor, Nature, Fortnight.

effects, buy groceries on time, or go into debt for any reason whatever. But it happens every day to thousands of people in these United States. According to the law of averages, it can and probably will happen to you before the year is out.

Whether your credit is good depends solely upon you and your past conduct. The Credit Bureau in your city is the all-seeing eye for the bank or merchant, and determines your credit standing from your past actions.

There are some 1,800 Credit Bureaus scattered over the nation, each run by a board of directors comprised of the heads of the city's big retail stores. Its expenses are paid by those stores according to the number of inquiries handled. The purpose of the Credit Bureaus is not merely to keep people from buying things for which they cannot or will not pay, but to encourage the sound use of credit as an indispensable part of the modern business system. Thus, while Credit Bureau records often prevent irresponsible people from abusing the credit privilege, they also serve as a favorable reference and recommendation for those with sound credit habits.

TWO examples will illustrate how important a good credit rating can be to you, and the importance of the Credit Bureau.

Jim Morgan had never made a bank loan of any kind. Until the night he came home to find his young son's temperature mounting into delirium, the very mention of "borrowing money" would have scared him. He had had a few charge accounts, but only on small items. A physician diagnosed his child's case as acute appendicitis and an ambulance screamed to the hospital with the emergency patient.

The money question hit Jim between the eyes with the impact of a sledge hammer. How could a man save anything in these times, with a wife and four kids to support? The doctor, he knew, would wait, but the hospital required immediate payment. There was no alternative but to try to borrow money from a bank.

At the bank where he made the application for his loan, Jim had a moment of sheer panic. Suppose he should be refused? His hand shook as he began to fill in the form. Name, it said . . . occupation . . . where employed . . . length of time in present occupation . . . give four credit references. That stopped him for a moment. Then he wrote in his landlord's name, his grocery store, the hardware store where he'd paid out a washing machine almost four years ago, and a radio shop that had given him credit in the past. The rest of the application was soon completed . . . names of business houses to whom he now owed money, and if so, what amounts? None, thank goodness!

With fear in his heart, Jim handed the paper to the bank officer, who read it over and put in a call to the Credit Bureau. After a few minutes' conversation, he cradled the instrument, typed in some words an another document, and gave it to Jim. "Your loan is granted," he said pleasantly. "Take this home for your wife's signature, turn it in at the second window, and get your money."

Tom Phelps had an entirely dif

ferent experience. Tom was restless and dissatisfied, spending over and above his salary. He had several clothing accounts scattered around town, carelessly neglecting to finish payments on one of them. He bought an expensive wristwatch at a jewelry store on credit, and forgot about it. Later he moved to another town, leaving his creditors wondering what had become of him. When he found himself short of cash in his new location, he tried for credit, but found himself up against a blank wall. The Credit Bureau had checked his file, reported their findings, and merchants everywhere turned thumbs down.

Would you like to know your credit standing, Mr. and Mrs. Average Shopper? Here are your characteristics in a nutshell summary, according to the Bureau:

On the whole you are honest. You don't buy unnecessary things, and ordinarily, pay your bills when due. When you move to another locality, you do not allow unpaid bills to remain behind you. So say the Credit Bureaus, who have many ways of checking on you.

THE methods of finding out are both thorough and comprehensive, for your credit starts whenever you make your first credit purchase. As soon as you say "Charge it", a call goes into the Bureau and within three minutes your file is checked and all information regarding your credit habits relayed to the inquirer. The Bureau does not blackball you, nor ask that credit be withheld if those habits aren't good. It merely reports its findings. The final decision is up to the store itself as to whether to go on with the sale or show you the nearest door.

Some of the sources upon which your credit standing is based are:

1. Your employer. He can usually furnish a fair estimate of your honesty and dependability.

2. Your bank. if you've had dealings with one. The bank will state whether you've had a loan, the amount and the promptness with which it was repaid, and give your approximate balance.

3. Other retail stores. If you've given another charge account as a reference, investigation will reveal what you did on this one; its amount, last purchase made, and its present status.

4. Out-of-town Credit Bureaus. These provide information about your affairs if you have lived in other cities.

In addition to these, the Bureau has various other ways of checking up on you. It combs daily newspapers for data which is recorded in its extensive files. If you were married or divorced, were in trouble with the

police, were involved in a damage suit or went into bankruptcy, the newspaper clippings are available for instant reference and have a direct bearing on your credit standing.

A good credit standing is one of your most valuable possessions; is much more than a temporary substitute for cash. It is a very practical convenience, and when used properly, a symbol of integrity and a source of personal prestige. If the time ever does come when you need money for an emergency, you yourself can best predict what the outcome will be. One general manager for the Bureau explains it like this. "Credit habits," he says, "are pretty much like your own shadow . . . they seldom change, and they follow you about. Each customer makes his own credit record. All we do is keep track of it."

It's up to you! Since American business thrives on its credit customers, go ahead and charge items you can't do without. But remember, credit is the magic force that puts the good things of life within your reach. Don't abuse it!

▲

A psychiatrist was walking along the street in Tel Aviv when a man leaned out of an upper story window and called out to him: "Would you mind coming up here and helping me with this elephant?"

No psychiatrist worth his salt could withstand such a request, and ours, anxious to oblige, hurriedly ascended the stairs. At the apartment door he was met by the man who had hailed him, and was promptly escorted into the living room. The place looked perfectly proper, except that in one corner stood an elephant, medium in size, lustily waving his trunk at the visitor.

The doctor didn't try to conceal his surprise. "I thought you were just imagining this elephant," he gasped.

"What elephant?" asked the other. "There's no elephant here. I did it for a bet."

▲

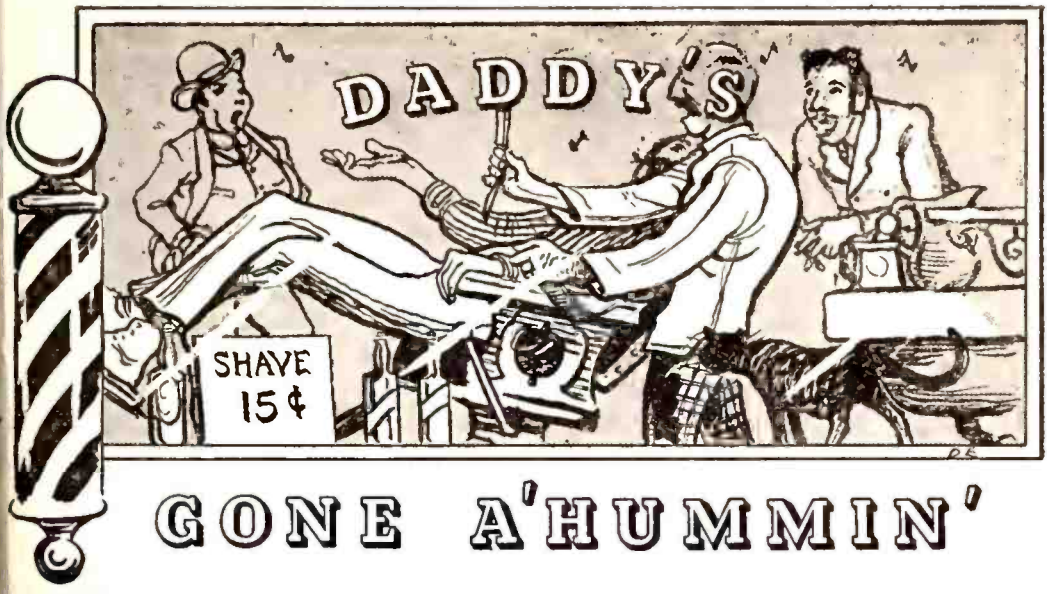
The man came home, bringing with him a new wife, some 40 years his junior. He introduced her to his servants, and afterwards asked the oldest one of his employees what he thought of his new mistress. The man said, "She's a beautiful young lady, boss, but I hate to see a man start out on a day's work so late in the afternoon."

A mother gave her seven year old son an expensive wrist watch; so he could time himself when he practiced his violin lessons.

Asked how he liked his watch, he replied enthusiastically, "Oh, fine! When I wind it up real tight it does an hour in 50 minutes!"

▲

"That's no fire siren you heard. It's m wife down the next block yelling for n to come home."



GONE A'HUMMIN'

Fifty thousand harmony-hungry husbands have a night out to do some good old-fashioned "woodshedding."

by GEORGE E. JONES

FIFTY thousand harmony-hungry husbands would not now have a legitimate excuse for a night out to do some good old-fashioned "woodshedding"* had it not been for two Oklahomans, tax lawyer O. C. Cash and investment man Rupert I. Hall. If they had not met accidentally in a Kansas City hotel one spring night in 1938, the world might have lost forever the nostalgic songs of the sweet long ago. Nor would the world have learned of the SPEBSQSA—Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America.

The Society is the direct result of the general movement by congenial Cash and his friend Hall to revive and revitalize the almost extinct art of quartet singing in America—as it was done in the days of our fathers when every man's ambition was to own a team of spanking bays and a wire-wheeled, rubber-tired buggy.

Hall arranged for the original meeting at the Tulsa Club. Cash drafted the invitation. His concept was entirely a local club, singing to itself as an audience. It never occurred to him that anyone outside of Tulsa would be interested. But chain reactions were inevitable and the third

*Woodshedding, as any barber shopper will tell you, is sweet harmonizing on such chord-busters as Coney Island Baby, Mary's a Grand Old Name, or a tear-strainer like Honest Working Girl.

meeting really got the Society off to some musical history making. About 150 men showed up at the meeting in a downtown Tulsa hotel. While the gang was doing some "catch-as-catch-can" vocalizing, someone happened to look out the window and called attention to the traffic jam in the street below. When a reporter from a local newspaper happened by and inquired of the officer about the wreck, the indignant officer replied, "That's no wreck! It's just some damn fools up there, singing."

The next morning the newspapers carried a report on the affair. The mighty sounds of the night before had caused one staid and settled taxpayer to voice the concensus of the whole group. "Hell", he muttered in a tone compounded equal parts of alarm, astonishment and admiration, "has broke loose in the henhouse!"

The account of the meeting was such a colorful handling of the fourth human need, music—the other three being food, clothing and shelter—that the various wire services picked it up, sent it around the country, and the Society was on its way!

THE Society was incorporated in the state of Oklahoma on July 6, 1938. Bing Crosby, invited to attend the first official meeting, had wired his regrets but dedicated a song on his radio program to the Society. Winchell and other columnists had mentioned the new organization, some with tongue-in-cheek attitude, others with a sincere hope that it would become national in scope.

At the first "National" meeting, at which Cash presided, in 1939, seven states and seventeen cities were represented. Rupert Hall was elected the first national President, O. P. Strickland, Secretary-Treasurer, and S. M. Blevens was Master of Ceremonies. Cash kept his title of Permanent Third Assistant Temporary Vice Chairman, the same title he has today. The first "Advisory Board" included Bing Crosby and Pat O'Brien representing the west coast, Sigmund Spaeth, Tommy Gibbons of St. Paul, and the late Sam Breadon, owner of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Rules for the first National Open singing contest stated that only amateurs (male) were eligible, and competition could be with or without accompaniment. Women have no official status in the Society, man's last bulwark against the distaff side.

The Bartlesville, Oklahoma Barflies were winners of the Society's World Championship prize of $50, by rendering "My Own Cabin Among the Hills". An insurance man, an interior decorator, a bank cashier and a purchasing agent for an oil company teamed up to make the prize-winning quartet.

The SPEBSQSA rarely mixes liquor with lyrics, explaining simply "A drunk can't sing". Just as proud is the Society of its songs, not one of which "you couldn't sing i

George E. Jones lives in Glendale, Calif., in the lush San Fernando Valley, but he wants to settle in Orlando, Florida, after his two children finish one more school term; and in Florida raise and race greyhounds while he writes mystery novels. His material has appeared in Motion Picture, Movieland, The Farm Quarterly, and Big Book Western

church". Any man who can sing, and any man who can't, may become a member of this great international brotherhood. Bankers, attorneys, commercial engineers, executives — and barbers—all gang up where the Society flourishes, and they sing side by side. The Society accepts for membership only congenial men of good character who love harmony in music, good fellowship toward all members, with an endeavor to spread the spirit of harmony throughout the world. The code of ethics adds a note of caution: Members shall refrain from forcing their songs upon unsympathetic ears.

Hotels seem to be the most popular meeting places at which old-fashioned, small town neighborliness and a good

time rate above such non-essentials as accredited musical ability. Next come halls of non-fraternal organizations, then American Legion halls, followed by fraternal clubhouses.

BARBERSHOP members are reluctant to say how far back the urge to sing goes before the birth of the Society. It must be close to racial beginnings, for savage tribes used chants, some in a sort of harmony. The desire to put two or more notes together to produce more than mere melody is old, but it is impossible to assign a date to the beginning of "Barber Shop" harmony.

Samuel Pepys, in his dairy during the early 1600's of Elizabethan England, wrote: "My Lord called for the Lieutenant's cittern (ghittern or lute, daddy of today's guitar), and with our candlesticks and money for symbols (cimbals) we made barber's music with which my Lord was well pleased."

In Percy A. Sholes' Oxford Companion to Music, there is this mention: "One of the regular haunts of music in the 16th, 17th and early 18th centuries was the barber's shop. Here customers waiting their turns found simple instruments (apparently always the cittern) on which they could strum. The barbers themselves in their waiting time between customers, took up the instruments and thus acquired some skill as performers."

Steinert, the piano manufacturer of Boston, said concerning a man with whom he lodged in 1860: "As once upon a time he had been a barber, he knew how to play the guitar." The great Oscar Hammerstein in 1908 cancelled plans for a Spanish opera because the score called for many guitars, "more than I could get together readily; I should have been obliged to engage all the barbers in New York."

This "barber's music" came to our shores along with other old world customs and, like nearly all of them, gradually took on a distinctive American flavor. There is little record of this evolution, but in the 1880's and

'90's "Barber Shop" was recognized as a form of harmony, and definitely as a part of small town life in the mid-west.

The small town barber shop was a clubby sort of place. It was a hang-out and gathering place for the gay blades and the hot sports dressed to kill. For every visitor who could tickle the guitar, which usually reposed with a hair tonic display card and a cat on the broad inner ledge of the street level window, many more could contribute vocally, and did. Someone would start singing a melody, somebody else would chime in on tenor, usually a bass was available, and sometimes a "fill-in". In those days the baritone part was often called "fill-in". Often the porter filled in one of the spots.

Then, as now, who the singer was mattered less than his ability to carry "a lead you can chin yourself on" or a harmony part. In the barber's shop, village church choir tenors and basses could utilize harmony which hymn writers may have felt but could only hint at, and which convention barred from their singing. Also, the barber shop gave those without church affiliations a place to congregate and sing. Local saints could worship "Mandy Lee" on the same level as local sinners, and even the worst was entitled to his opinion about holding that bass straight where "my broken heart" begins calling in "Dear Old Girl".

THE four voices in barber shop are the lead or second tenor, who carries the melody; first tenor, who sings above the lead consistently; the baritone, who may go above the lead at times; and the bass, the guy who sounds like a tug boat in a busy harbor. Barber shop harmony is produced by these four voices unaccompanied—when the rules of time, expression, and word theme are sacrificed to obtain blending harmony satisfaction—and usually with at least one harmonized chord on each melody note.

A classic example of what "Barber Shop" really is comes from a barber shopper himself. "You know", he said, "when you're out on the shore of a lake on a summer evening and the moon is shining, and everything's quiet, and some people across the lake start to sing some old-timer, in harmony, and it sounds good, Brother, that's barber shop harmony!"

A judge at one of the Society's contests would sum up barber shopping this way: "If you cannot distinguish which individual is singing bass, baritone, lead or tenor at fifty paces, that's an indication that the blending is good."

In contests — or Parades, as the Society prefers to call them—judging is based on harmony accuracy 25 per cent, song arrangement 25 per cent voice expression 30 per cent, song

selection 10 per cent, and stage presence, including costume 10 per cent. Costumes may be anything from impressive handlebar mustaches, to saucy black bow ties perched on boiled shirts, checked blazers, caps at rakish angles, flowing knickers, or striped knee-length hose, all reminiscent of the gay '90's.

In regional and district contests one judge is assigned to each category. Judges are always selected from outside that particular district. In an International contest two judges and an alternate handle each of the four classifications. The alternate's score is used when a quartet is from the same area as one of the regular judges.

Four minutes minimum and six minutes maximum is the time bracket in which a quartet must present its two numbers in competition. Religious and patriotic numbers are not used in competition. All members of competing quartets must be non-professionals as a quartet. A professional is defined as one who derives more than one-half of his income from an occupation in the field of music. Only one such member is allowed in a quartet.

The more visionary members of the Society foresee a chapter in every village, town and city of 1,500 population or over. Conservatives are inclined to disagree. They say there are not enough bloodhounds in America to track down the dearth of really good tenors needed for quartets.

On only one thing are all barbershoppers in accord—the old songs are the best.

▲

"Yowl your head off if you want to—nobody can afford to throw anything at you nowadays!"

A small boy with a penny tightly clutched in his hand entered the toy shop and drove the proprietor to distraction asking to see this and that and everything without making up his mind.

"Look here, my boy," the proprietor said finally. "What do you want for a penny—the world with a fence around it?"

The boy replied without hesitation, "Let's see it."—*Forest Echoes.*

▲

The worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. Tiptoeing up the aisle, he whispered:

"What's the matter, Jock? Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," blurted out the unhappy Jock, "the ring's safe eno'. But, mon, I've lost mae enthusiasm."

Mountain Monument in Marble

The "crazy man on Crazy Horse" is slowly and painfully realizing a great dream—a time-defying memorial to the American Indian.

by ROGER P. HANSEN

UP IN the Black Hills of South Dakota, a man is carving out a mountain. Some people call him the "crazy man on Crazy Horse." But he is slowly and painfully realizing a great dream—a dream of a time-defying memorial to the American Indian.

Ten miles southwest of Mount Rushmore, famous as the "shrine of democracy", Korczak Ziolkowski is blasting and chipping a four-hundred foot high memorial out of Mount Thunderhead. In another thirty years, the figure of Chief Crazy Horse, astride a rearing Indian pony, will loom against the sky—preserved forever in marble.

History books tell about the Sioux and their great Chiefs, Red Cloud and Sitting Bull. But they almost never mention Chief Crazy Horse, the brilliant Sioux field general who wiped out General George Custer and two-hundred sixty-four troopers of the Seventh Cavalry at Little Big Horn in 1876.

It was an old Indian, Chief Henry Standing Bear, who first proposed the idea of carving a memorial to the Red man. He wanted a sculptor to carve a mountain so that "the White people may know that the Red men had great heroes also." In 1939, he approached Ziolkowski with the idea, the plans were laid, but then the war came along.

Following his discharge in 1947, Korczak Ziolkowski, forty-two-year-old sculptor of Polish descent, moved to the Black Hills and purchased a small ranch at the foot of Mount Thunderhead. He planned that, by mining beryl and feldspar from the mountain and selling souvenirs to tourists, he could chip out the moun-

tain in thirty years with five million dollars.

In the last ten years, Ziolkowski has invested $85,000, his entire fortune, in this work. He has built a log cabin home and studio with seventy-foot logs that he cut with an ax. In 1948, he set up an outdoor gallery in back of his home in which are exhibited many of his sculptural works. And since the mining project failed due to difficulties in getting equipment, he has developed the small ranch near his studio to assist him through the leaner years.

UNDOUBTEDLY, the Crazy Horse project was inspired by the Mount Rushmore memorial. In fact, Ziolkowski assisted Gutzon Borglum for a short time before the latter's death. But Crazy Horse is a more gigantic undertaking than even Rushmore, for the mountain is being carved "in the round" so that it may be seen from all directions. Crazy Horse is so much larger that, when completed, the four heads on Rushmore could be placed inside the horse's head!

Carving a mountain takes time and money and a lot of sweat. In the winter of 1948, Ziolkowski built, single-handedly, a seven-hundred foot staircase up the east side of Mount Thunderhead. The work was tedius and the sculptor almost lost his life several times due to broken ropes, rotten timbers, and falling rock. Since much of the carpenter work had to be done while he was lying on his back, the construction of the staircase was a feat in itself.

In the summer of 1949, the sculptor, with the aid of two men, started blasting 97,000 tons of rock from the mountain. A twenty-six-year-old air compressor that looked more like a steam engine was installed at the foot of the mountain. Pipe and hoses were laid to the top and everything from string to baling wires was used to keep the couplings in place so that air pressure could be maintained for drilling.

KORCZAK ZIOLKOWSKI doesn't give the impression, at first, of being a man especially adapted to carving mountains. Physically, he is not a big man—five feet, eleven inches tall and one-hundred seventy pounds—but he has a tremendous, seemingly inexhaustible energy. He is well adapted to a rugged life, having served overseas for four years as a combat sergeant with an artillery outfit.

His qualifications as a sculptor are many and varied. Beginning a career as a wood carver in New England, Ziolkowski became interested in marble and carved the thirteen-foot statue of Noah Webster that stands in West Hartford, Connecticut. In 1939, he won the First Sculptural Award at the New York World's Fair for his bust of Paderewski. His most recent work was a two-ton marble statue of Wild Bill Hickok,

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Roger Page Hansen is executive secretary of the Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, Chamber of Commerce. Graduated in 1951 from the University of Illinois with a B.S. in Journalism, his hobbies are hunting, camping, winter sports, music and writing.

unveiled last summer in Deadwood, S. Dak. After his experience on Mount Rushmore, he said, "I dared to hope that someday I might put hand to a monument that would defy time and the destructive hand of man."

Toward that end, he follows a daily routine something like this:

He rises at four o'clock every morning, steps out into the snappy mountain air, and starts his chores. These consist of feeding and watering his beautiful palomino stallion, "Thunder", and milking four cows. After a five-thirty breakfast, he goes back to work around his ranch—building fences, making hog pens, rebuilding old ranch buildings, or going up the side of the mountain to cut fence posts.

Then at about ten o'clock in the morning, he and his hired man "go up on the mountain" to start loading dynamite into the holes that have been drilled the day before. At twelve noon, a tourist will draw a lucky number out of a hat, push a button, and set off a blast that will remove three hundred tons of rock from the top of the mountain. The process is repeated in the afternoon and another blast is set off at 5 p. m. The sculptor usually doesn't get around to his evening chores until past 9 p. m. and by that time he has done a day's work in any man's language.

Since the project has been financed entirely by voluntary contributions and a fifty-cent admission fee for tourists, money has always been a major problem at Crazy Horse. That is why such inferior equipment has had to be employed in the work. Every stick of dynamite that is used to remove rock is precious and each hole in the rock must be drilled carefully so as to use the precious powder with maximum efficiency. At the present time, the sculptor can afford to employ only one man on the project. Occasionally, interested tourists will volunteer a few days' labor.

There have never been any federal or state funds appropriated for the work, as Ziolkowski wishes Crazy Horse to remain an individual project. However, the U. S. Treasury department has made the memorial project tax exempt and contributions made to it are deductible from the donor's income tax.

In these days when we think so much of living memorials, Ziolkowski believes that "a piece of sculpture put on view that has for its sole purpose naught but a figurement of attraction as its goal, is not sufficient." Therefore, the ultimate purpose of Crazy Horse memorial is to create a university, museum, and medical center for the benefit of the Indian people.

Never again do we want the Indian people to reply to us as Crazy Horse did. When asked by a white man, "Where are your lands now?" the old Chief replied, "My lands are where my dead lie buried."

▲

Education is a debt due from the present to future generations.

It is impossible to defeat an ignorant man in an argument.

Everybody Loves Gerard

Arnold Stang steals the show from stellar comedians; and his eventual triumph as a top-rank comic in his own right is predicted.

by JAY ARROW

HE HAS fan clubs in Detroit, Hollywood, Chicago and New York—but millions of Americans never heard of him. Bobbysoxers chase him in the streets, but in his own words, "I look like a scared chipmunk who forgot to come out of the rain."

He is the world's greatest exponent of "Brooklynese"—and a native son of Chelsea, Massachusetts. Famous as being one of the best, if not the top, comedy stooge in the business, he hates being considered a stooge. Because he is often funnier than the stars he works with, he sometimes finds it tough to get a job.

That's Arnold Stang—better known to Henry Morgan fans as "Gerard", whose cracked-voice "Hi-ya!" is a signal for mirth from coast to coast. Television fans are also getting to know Stang through his frequent guest shots on the Milton Berle show. Stang, who commands higher pay than many stars, was until recently relatively unknown. Yet he's appeared with all the yuk masters—Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Fred Allen, Kay Kyser, Eddie Cantor, Groucho Marx, Ed Gardner and the late Al Jolson.

There are two kinds of comics, according to Stang. Those that can pay him, and those that can't. There are two other kinds, those who will risk

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Jay Arrow lives in Pine Plains, N. Y., in the foothills of the Taconic Mountain Range, and skis "when there is snow." He is prolific — writes mysteries, and serious books. He and his wife have three sons, aged 1, 2 and 3.

hiring him, and those who won't. Stang is a show stealer. Not deliberately, perhaps, but too many top comics have complained, "This boy is too funny." One frankly told Stang's agent he wouldn't hire him for that reason.

Like the platypus, Stang seems born to be laughed at. Nature endowed him with a ridiculous appearance, and added the "insult" of a comical voice. Stang improved on Nature by using a bow tie and horn-rimmed glasses as his trade mark. Added to his solemn face and stunted toothpick figure, these help him resemble nothing so much as a starved baby owl.

Stang was very much upset when the director of "Sailor, Beware", which hit Broadway in 1944, refused to allow him to wear glasses in the featured role he was playing. Before the show opened, Stang went to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to play in a benefit. Having a late supper with the C. O., Stang demanded, "Are sailors allowed to wear glasses?"

"Over three hundred of them at this base do," acknowledged the Commander.

"Put that in writing", Stang ordered. He bore the Commander's note triumphantly to the director of "Sailor, Beware". When the show opened, Stang was wearing glasses.

The glasses he wears have empty rims. His prize pair are the specs Harold Lloyd used in making his famous silent, "The Freshman". Lloyd gave them to him when a deal was pending for Stang to play Lloyd's old part in a remake of the film. Though the movie was never made, Stang kept his treasured gift. The veteran Lloyd's glasses have symbolic importance to the little comic, because Lloyd was his ideal from the start of his career, and unquestionably influenced Stang's concept of comedy.

Apart from Harold Lloyd's artistry, one of the great comedian's attributes which appeals strongly to Stang was his ability to parlay laughs into a million dollars. "I asked myself", Stang recalls, "how did all those other actors get rich—Lloyd, Chaplin, Hope and so on? You know how? Each built up a popular character in the public mind, a character everybody can identify—a simple little guy, very appealing, who gets kicked in the teeth, but who always comes out on top because he doesn't know when he's licked!"

In "Gerard", Stang has perfected his theatrical alter ego. He is a little guy against the whole world. His greatest defense against society is his refusal to be impressed by anything or anybody. If Henry Morgan boasts of having shaken the President's hand, Gerard answers, "Big deal". If someone explains something that is obviously over his head, Gerard mutters darkly, "Whassamatta, y'a wise guy?" If another character reacts with surprise at something he has said, Gerard explodes, "I tell him yes; he tells me no!" And in those eight words, his scratchy voice ranges up and down the entire musical scale.

STANG considers himself first and foremost an actor playing comedy. He emphasizes that his approach to comedy is through characterization, not gags. For that reason he likes to

sit in on the writing of all shows in which he is scheduled to appear; so that his role, as written, will be consistent with the character, Gerard.

Although Stang's appearance by itself can provoke belly laughs, the secret of his success is his voice. He uses it as Heifetz uses a violin. Stang is a master of mimicry, speech rhythm, intonation, pronunciation and voice curve.

Stang's Brooklynese is considerably toned down from the Kings County English. "Nobody could understand it otherwise," he explains. "Furthermore, it isn't a Brooklyn dialect. You can hear exactly the same kind of speech in Jersey City, Chicago and a dozen other cities. The dialect really represents the slovenly speech of the average tenament district."

Stang didn't know he was a born comedian until he tried out for a serious role in a school play. "I walked on stage", he recalls, "burning with an artist's desire to emote. Inside of two seconds, I was just burning. I didn't even get a chance to open my mouth, and the faculty dramatic coach was laughing. I ignored him and read the role with real intensity. By the time I finished, the coach and everybody else was rolling in the aisles. So that's how I got the lead. The comedy lead, that is, in another play."

Realizing that comedy was his forte, Stang decided to try for an audition on Horn and Hardart's "Children's Hour." He won a nod simply by sending a postcard to the New York radio station airing the show. Money he had saved for his mother's anniversary gift bought him a ticket from Chelsea, Mass., to New York. The year was 1934; Stang was twelve.

At the audition he felt extremely nervous, probably because the audience was composed of hostile mothers and their equally hostile progeny. He delivered a soliloquy in dialect, and won laughter in all the wrong places. He left the station discouraged, sure he'd lost out. But he received word to report back for comedy roles.

Stang stayed on the "Children's Hour" for three years. He was paid ten dollars a week, less his agent's 10 per cent. For this net take of nine he was required to rehearse Fridays and Saturdays, and broadcast on Sundays. But the show gave him an opportunity to branch out as a radio type on other programs. Any director with a script calling for a horrible brat with a satanic sense of humor put a call in for Stang. He was "That Brewster Boy", and Seymour in "Rise of the Goldbergs". There was only one voice like his in all radio.

Stang soon found himself tapped for Broadway. After "Sailor Beware", he was cast as a little guy from the Bronx in "All in Favor". After that he was featured in "Same Time Next Week", a first-class flop which proved expensive to the show's

angel, Milton Berle. For a long while afterward Berle complained, "It cost me $25,000 just to get to know Arnold."

Stang recalls that on opening night of the Berle show, the prop phone in the stage set booth didn't ring on cue for an important bit of exposition. After stalling desperately, Stang ad libbed, "I think I'll call So-and-So." Finding himself without a nickel, he dialed anyhow. Whereupon the earpiece fell apart. Struggling with it, Stang managed to stammer his necessary lines into the mouthpiece. During which the phone bell suddenly rang shrilly. Shaken, Stang hung up, and the earpiece promptly fell apart again.

"It's a wonder Berle didn't lose $50,000", Stang sighs.

WHEN the little comedian's stage work won him a movie contract, in true Gerard fashion he refused to be impressed by Hollywood. On the first day, a pompous producer took him in hand and taught him technique for a solid half-hour while everyone on the set waited. "I mean it was solid", Stang recalls. "He didn't even give me a chance to say yes, no, or even what. Just kept telling me to look through the camera at this, look through the camera at that, and sounding off nonstop like a very big wheel".

Finally he ran out of breath and snapped, "Well, is it all clear now?"

It was the first chance Stang had had to open his mouth. So he said, "Wait till I get my glasses, and you can explain it again. I couldn't see a thing". The producer didn't talk to him again for three weeks.

Stang worked with Rosalind Russell in "My Sister Eileen", and Bob Hope in "They Got Me Covered". While appearing in "Seven Days Leave" with Victor Mature and Lucille Ball, he and Mature toured the local cafes as a team. He would step out from behind the shadow of Mature, who bulked approximately one hundred pounds heavier than Stang. The act was introduced, understandably, as "Mature and Immature".

During the war, Stang toured Army camps with the Kay Kyser show as a replacement for Ish Kabibble. The unit flew around the country in beat-up Army planes, whose engines had a disconcerting habit of catching fire. "As Gerard would say", Stang recalls with a shudder, "'Oooo, I'm dyin'!" The little comic, who doesn't smoke, kept his grateful father supplied with cigarettes during the tour.

In 1949, Stang married an ex-girl-reporter from the *Brooklyn Eagle*, JoAnne Taggart, who had once interviewed him four years before. JoAnne had switched to publicity when they met again. She acquired Stang as a client, and he took her as his wife. They were married between rehearsals for the Henry Morgan show, with Stang insisting on time out because

he "had to have it". Morgan only found out why during the broadcast, and the news almost broke up the show.

Recently JoAnne visited her doctor for a "rabbit" pregnancy test. She phoned Stang at their apartment to tell him that they were going to have a "little rabbit". Stang chatted casually with her, hung up, then went in to take a shower. It was while standing under the water that his eyes suddenly glazed and he fainted. When he came to, he had a tremendous bump over one eye, plus a severe headache, and had to go to bed.

"Probably the longest double-take on record", he muses with a pardonable touch of professional pride.

Stang's greatest source of annoyance is the fact that every time he switches his allegiance to a new comedy star, he wins a fresh burst of enthusiasm as a talented "newcomer". Until recently nobody ever seemed to know his real name . . . or care. Arnold Stang is a relative unknown compared to his creation, Gerard. And few radio or television fans identify Gerard with any of Stang's other comedy characters in his sixteen-year career.

Still, Stang gets comfort from the fact that his fame is beginning to take root. There is a definite boom of Stang fan clubs, to whom he is a figure as heroic as Sinatra to *his* coterie. Little-girl squeals of adoration follow Stang's appearance on any stage, and teen-agers trail him for blocks after the show, begging him to part with tie, handkerchief or shorts.

Stang's eventual triumph as a top-rank comic is taken for granted by most of show business. Not willing to trust to luck, he continually perfects his talents as "an actor playing comedy". For the time being, he is content to let the stars twinkle in their firmament—as long as they remember to reward him handsomely for his help in keeping them there.

▲

"Mama," inquired the little girl, "what is propaganda?"

"Propaganda? Well, think of the compliments Papa gives me on my old dresses when he thinks I want a new one."

▲

Puffing and blowing, the sailor just managed to jump into a carriage as the train left the station.

The middle-aged man in the corner eyed him with scorn.

"When I was your age, my lad," he said, "I could run a half mile, catch a train by the skin of my teeth, and still be fresh as a daisy."

"Yes," gasped the young fellow, "but I missed this one at the last station."

The school orchestra was rehearsing a composition by the director to be played at the fall concert. After going over the composition six times the director seemed satisfied. "Thank you," he said to the weary musicians, "at last you have given me a true interpretation of my work."

"Gee!" whispered the boy with the trombone, "that's funny, I've got two pages to play yet."

▲

The long-winded lecturer had been holding forth for over an hour, except for brief pauses from time to time to gulp a hasty drink of water. Finally during one such pause, an old farmer in the audience leaned toward his neighbor and announced in a loud whisper: "First time I ever saw a windmill run by water."

The Burns of America

SOME say it'll be a hundred years ago this past 7th of October that James Whitcomb Riley was born. Others guess a few years earlier. It doesn't really matter, for the Indiana poet is among the immortals . . . forever young.

In tender, amusing, pathetic lines Riley embalmed the enchantment of childhood in the amber of his verse. The children of all the world claimed him as their own. Their joys, their sorrows, glee, work and play were all happily expressed in his rhymes. He knew real children—what they loved and how they felt. No child-saints for him. His youngsters were rough-and-tumble urchins with dirty, laughing faces. His thoughts on the small fry were best summed up in the foreword to "Little Orphant Annie":

"Inscribed with all faith and affection
To all the little children; the happy ones; and sad ones;
The sober and silent ones; the boisterous and glad ones;
The good ones—yes, the good ones, too; and all the lovely bad ones."

James Whitcomb Riley was born in Greenfield, about twenty miles from Indianapolis. Just sixteen when he left school, Riley couldn't make up his mind what career to pursue. The life of an actor intrigued him, but the way was difficult and the rewards were mostly of the spirit. He became a sign painter! For ten years he roamed the countryside, happy and carefree, painting commercial signs on barns and fences in Indiana and Ohio.

Then, fortunately, came an opportunity to work in a newspaper office in Anderson, Indiana. There he began to write poems in his spare time, diffidently signing the name "Benj. F. Johnson of Boone" to some of his verses. Most of the poems were written in the Hoosier dialect, a new departure, and readers began to look for them eagerly. Riley's style was peculiarly his own, simple and completely Middle West America. With homely, salty idioms, the picturesque and apt figures of speech, his philosophy was that of the people and countryside Riley knew. His readers were well acquainted with the prototypes of Old Aunt Mary, Squire Hawkins, Tradin' Joe and others.

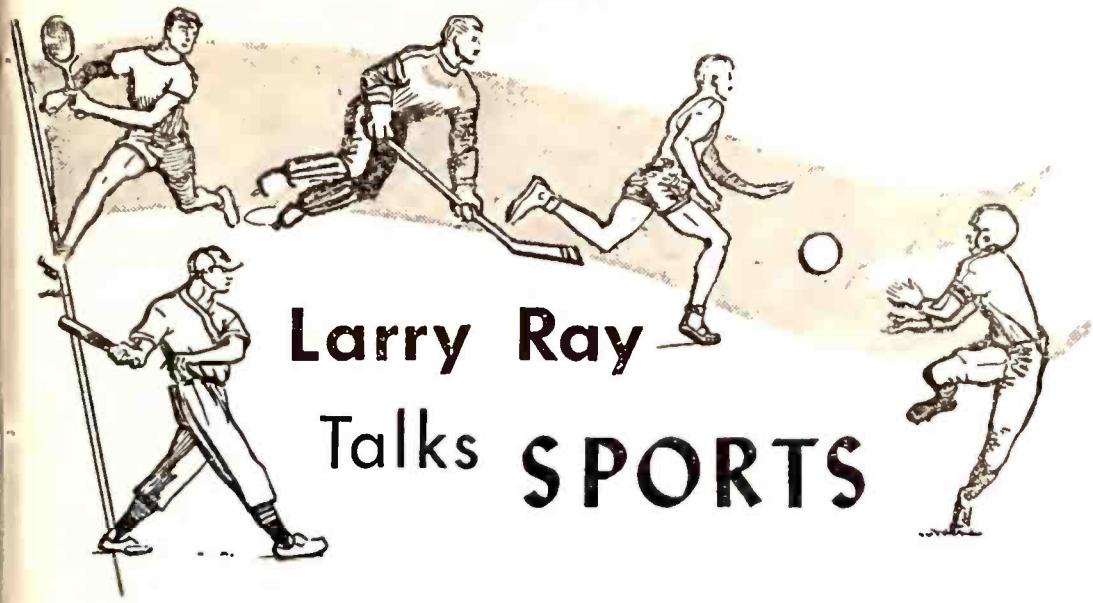
From 1877 to 1885, Riley was on the *Indianapolis Journal* and the fame of his poetry was spreading beyond his native state. He began giving public readings, and with his natural gift for mimicry, made his characters live for his audiences. He found a companion in Bill Nye, the humorist, and together, they went on tour, delighting crowds wherever they appeared.

Riley's poems were brought out in book form and the center table in many a parlor held a copy of "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Riley had caught the true American spirit and flavor. In his lines, "Noon time and June time down along the river . . .", he enclosed all June unforgettably. Quietly he slips into the hand of the reader the essence of an hour and a month.

He died on the 22nd of July, 1916. His own verse might well constitute his epitaph:

"With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand
He has wondered into an unknown land . . .
"Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here."

—*Mabel-Ruth Jackson*



Larry Ray Talks SPORTS

TIME really flies . . . football is over, except for the bowl games, and basketball has already knocked on the door to claim the attention of sport fans. The great roundball game has been hurt by the scandals involving college stars this past year, but just how much remains to be seen. The Big Seven schools have stayed clear of scandal thus far; and the only midwestern team to gain the spotlight of infamy was the Bradley team from Peoria, Ill. There will be some great teams in the land this winter and competition will be sharp and feverish. Remember, the 1952 Olympics is the national prize!

In the Big Seven it should narrow down to a battle between the Kansas State Wildcats and the University of Kansas Jayhawkers. Kansas State was the national runner-up last year and, although Coach Gardner lost a lot of players, he has developed several outstanding men for replacements. Phog Allen at Kansas has a veteran team with size, speed and shooting ability led by All-American Clyde Lovellette and braced by three seniors, junior Charlie Hoag and tree-topper C. H. Born. With these, Kansas is in its best striking position in many years.

Sparky Stalcup at Missouri University has little showing on paper but he is sure to be in the thick of it with a scrapping team of better-than-average size for Missouri. Oklahoma and Colorado should be a strong threat on given nights, but from where I sit right now, it looks like Kansas or Kansas State for the Big Seven title.

The Oklahoma Aggies under the great Iron Duke, Hank Iba, will be the Missouri Valley champs. They might even win the national title since this may be one of Iba's all-time great clubs. Even in the early season rank-

ings, they are rated next to Kentucky in the national picture.

But no matter how it comes out, basketball promises a season of thrills for the fans in Kansas City and the Midwest. I'll be broadcasting the NAIB Pre-Season Tournament from Dec. 13 to 15; five Big Seven non-conference games from Dec. 14 to 22; the Big Seven Pre-Season Tournament from Dec. 26 to 29; and the Big Seven conference games beginning Jan. 5. And after the conference games are over, I'll do the NAIB and NCAA Tournaments here in Kansas City. It will be a terrific season!

WHEN the football season ends it is always in order to name an All-Star team. The team I have picked from the Big Seven this year would rank high against any club:

Ends: Bill Schaake of Kansas and Mal Schmidt of Iowa State.

Tackles: Jim Weatherall of Oklahoma and Jack Jorgenson of Colorado.

Guards: J. D. Roberts and Jim Nelson, both of Oklahoma.

Center: Tom Catlin of Oklahoma.

Backfield: Ed Crowder of Oklahoma would fill the spot at quarterback on any club; Bob Brandeberry of Kansas and Woody Shelton of Colorado are the halfbacks; and the fullback slot can only be filled by Buck McPhail of Oklahoma.

In the realm of touch and go for All-Star honors are:

Missouri: Paul Fuchs, Junior Wren, Tony Scardino.

Kansas: John Konek, Charlie Hoag, Bob Hantala, George Mrkonic, Bud Laughlin.

Kansas State: Verl Switzer.

Iowa State: Dick Mann, Frank Congiardo.

Oklahoma: John Reddell, Bert Clark.

Nebraska: Ray Novak, Bob Mullen, George Prochaska.

Colorado: Dave Hill, Zack Jordan, Merwin Hodel.

As usual the Oklahoma University powerhouse dominated football in the Big Seven Conference, and fans witnessed only a battle for second place. But next fall may see the biggest improvement in Big Seven history, since each team is loaded with capable freshmen who lack only experience. That is, of course, if Uncle Sam doesn't raid the corral!

NOW for story time. Every great All-American has a thousand tales and legends told about him. At Nebraska they tell the story of the game with Missouri in 1950 . . . and of Bobby Reynolds who ran wild. On one play Bobby took the ball on the Missouri thirty and moved to the left. After finding his path barred he circled a couple of times and moved back over the fifty, picked up his blockers and began moving down the sideline for a touchdown.

The next time the Huskers got the ball Reynolds ran the end of Missouri's Dale Portman. Portman was taken out of the play and pinned down by a blocker. After a couple of seconds Portman said, "Hey, get off me. The play has gone past." "Not

on your life," said the blocker. "You never know when Reynolds might circle back past here!"

THE lid on the hot stove league is about to blow off with diehard baseball fans eyeing the winter baseball meetings to be held in December. Arguments on swaps, trades, deals, and sales are flying through the air, and anybody could be right! So, with a bow to the hot stovers, here are a couple of stories on the Great American Pastime.

Some years back, the Detroit Tigers had a pitcher named Eldon Auker, whose chief claim to fame was an unorthodox delivery. Auker pitched under-handed.

One day Auker fanned Babe Ruth. The Babe looked rather disturbed until the next time up, when he slammed a home run.

After the game, someone said to the Babe, "You looked sore before you hit that homer."

"I was," replied Ruth. "I didn't want to get struck out by no girl!"

"Hm . . . I see you still have your 10-inch screen."

MOST major league baseball players detest day games in St. Louis during mid-summer because of the terrific heat. This is particularly true of outfielders assigned to the sun field, where a temperature of more than 100 degrees in the sun is not unusual.

Years ago, the St. Louis Cardinals had an outfielder who was quite capable, but was often accused of not taking his baseball seriously enough. His name was Steve Evans.

One day, during a heat wave, Evans played his position as deeply as possible; so that he could stand in the shade of the grandstand. As a result, a number of pop flies to his territory fell safely. When the crowd began to ride him, he resorted to other tactics.

The next time he walked out to his position, Evans was carrying an umbrella. When umpire Hank O'Day ordered Evans to dispose of the umbrella, the outfielder argued, "Well, you try playing the sun field in this heat without an umbrella. See how *you* like it!"

That's all for now, folks! From me to you, a very Merry Christmas and a swell New Year!

▲

A new congressman flung down several typewritten sheets before his secretary. "Don't use such long words in my speeches," he said. "I want to know what I'm talking about."

▲

Mr. Jones had recently become a father of triplets. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him. "Well, Mr. Jones, I hear the stork has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me," repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud."

Give The Generous Toast

by MARCIA YOUNG

WHETHER the air is filled with salvos and bravos at a major festivity, or mere social droning at a small gathering, it's always a gracious gift to be able to offer a toast most appropriate to the occasion.

A master stroke of wordplay and wit was evinced many times by Benjamin Franklin—for example, his famous toast at a dinner of the foreign ministers, following the American Revolutionary War. The British ambassador gave: "England—the sun, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth." The French ambassador followed with: "France—the moon, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, controlling them in the darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful." Benjamin Franklin then rose, and, with his usual dignity and customary simplicity, said: "George Washington—the Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

Be the event enjoyed by two, twenty, or two hundred, sparkling fellowship can penetrate strangeness by a few right words spoken with sincerity. These well-chosen words, however—be they simple, brilliant, humorous, or loving—require the spark of spontaneity. Since this spark is not always "on tap," the next best thing for any occasion requiring a toast, is to develop a backlog of ideas.

Drawn from far and near, from ages past, from vagabond and friend, from the philosophers and the poets, are these toasts for a diversity of events:

May we never speak to deceive nor listen to betray.

▲

I have known many,
Liked a few,
Loved one—
Here's to you!

▲

Drink to life and the passing show,
And the eyes of the prettiest girl you know.

▲

Here's to the bride and the bridegroom,
We'll ask their success in our prayers,
And through life's dark shadows and sunshine
That good luck may ever be theirs.

▲

May we have the good fortune to win a true heart, and the merit to keep it.

▲

Woman—the fairest work of creation; the edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy.

▲

May all your labors be in vein.—*Mining Toast in Yorkshire.*

▲

And to you all good health.—*Shakespeare.*

▲

May we kiss those we please, and please those we kiss.

▲

To Our Hosts: Happiness, Health and Prosperity.

▲

Here's to our absent friends—God bless them.

Here's to all the world—for fear some darn fool may take offense.

▲

May we live to learn well, and learn to live well.

▲

Here's to love, the only fire against which there is no insurance.

▲

Let's drink to our friend and host,
May his generous heart, like his good wine, only grow mellower with the years.

▲

May we have the wit to discover what is true—the fortitude to practice what is good.

▲

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table.—*Shakespeare.*

▲

Here's to mine and here's to thine!
Now's the time to clink it.
Here's a flagon of old wine,
And here we are to drink it.

▲

May our pleasures be free from the stings of remorse.

▲

Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read.—*Bacon.*

▲

May the tide of fortune float us into the harbor of content.

▲

Love to one, Friendship to a few, and Good-Will to all.

▲

Here's to us all—God bless us everyone.—*Dickens.*

▲

Here's to man from morning till night!
Here's to the man with courage to fight—
The courage to fight and the courage to live—
The courage to learn, and to love, and forgive.

▲

Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all, and make good cheer,
Welcome all, another year.

▲

May you live as long as you like,
And have what you like as long as you live.

▲

I drink to the days that are!—*William Morris.*

▲

May we never feel want or ever want feeling.

▲

May we travel through the world and sow it thick with friendship.

▲

Happy are we met, Happy have we been,
Happy may we part, and Happy meet again.

▲

Friendship's the wine of life. Let's drink of it and to it.

▲

Here's a health to the future, a sigh for the past;
We can love and remember, and hope to the last;
And for all the base lies
That the almanacs hold,
While there's love in the heart, we can never grow old.

▲

To mercy, pity, peace and love.—*William Blake.*

For an affair, solemn or jubilant, or for good wishes for the New Year, select the phrases you like best, and offer the "generous toast" with feeling and sincerity!

Marcia Young is WHB's continuity chief and an associate editor of Swing. Prior to this she wrote a syndicated program service for department stores in New York; and was associated with the Scripps-Howard television station, WEWS, in Cleveland.

The Night the Mothers Marched

Polio donations? Two men proved that "it's the people who make things happen"—all in one hour!

by JOSEPH STOCKER

HAD you been a casual visitor drifting into Phoenix early in the evening of Jan. 16, 1950, you would have noticed nothing out of the ordinary. It had been an average Monday in the life of Arizona's sprawling, boom-swollen capital city. Now dusk had fallen, and the beneficient warmth of an Arizona winter's sun fled before the desert's sharp chill. Nothing ruffled the serenity of the evening save the throaty murmur of traffic, an automobile's occasional "beep."

At 6:59 p.m., all was quiet.

At the stroke of 7, Phoenix suddenly became like a city possessed.

Every fire engine was rolled out to its apron in front of the station-house and the sirens turned up to full shriek, blasting the silence of the night. Simultaneously huge searchlights came on. They probed for a moment through the dark well of the sky and then joined their beams to form a cone of light over the city. And, almost at the same instant, tens of thousands of porch lights flicked on to sponge the whole city in a soft golden glow.

To the casual visitor this must have seemed like very strange behavior on the part of a normally decorous and well-ordered city. But there was a reason for it—and a story behind it. The story is one of a community responding *en masse* to a great host of aroused mothers and opening its heart in a way in which few communities

ever had before. It is also the story of an idea born out of the desperation of the moment.

THE story began some three months before that strangely luminous night in mid-January. For the Maricopa County chapter of the Infantile Paralysis Foundation, the situation seemed hopelessly bleak. The 1949 polio epidemic had wrought human devastation — and financial devastation as well. So great had been the drain on polio funds that the chapter was nearly $19,000 in the red.

Nor were prospects hopeful. The annual March of Dimes campaign was coming up, but fund-raising drives in Phoenix had been failing one after the other. In fact, not a single drive had reached its quota in five years.

Little wonder, then, that Charlie Hoover and Dick Fitzpatrick felt pretty grim one morning in October when they met over a cup of coffee in a downtown restaurant. Fitzpatrick, the local agent for a transcontinental airline, was March of Dimes director for the county. Hoover, the display advertising manager of Phoenix' two daily newspapers, was campaign adviser. He was also a man with a personal stake in the polio effort, for his own son, Tommy, had contracted the disease a few years before.

Both Hoover and Fitzpatrick had been wracking their brains for a way out of the dilemma. More than that, the two men had a feeling that fund-raising efforts in Phoenix somehow had begun to veer in the wrong direction.

Subtly and gradually the burden of supporting communal endeavors had been shifted to the shoulders of the business element and away from the community at large. Hoover and Fitzpatrick felt that it ought to be shifted back, because, as one of them put it, "it's the people who make things happen." And something *had* to happen if, during the year ahead, the scourge of polio was to be challenged and checked.

Fitzpatrick had just returned from a polio meeting in Los Angeles. Something was said there that piqued his imagination. A speaker told of a city in the East which had conducted a drive for a charity and urged its people to turn on their porch lights as a signal to solicitors that they were willing to give.

Over their coffee, the two men began to play with the idea: A Mothers' March on Polio. Thousands of marching women swarming through the city to collect money for the war on infantile paralysis. Porch lights turned on as a signal of welcome and waiting cash.

Why the mothers? The reason was obvious. When polio strikes, it strikes the home, and the mothers are the defenders of their homes.

It would have to be done quickly, for the average mother has little

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Joseph Stocker lives in Phoenix, Arizona. An A.B. in Journalism from the University of Oklahoma in 1935, he was Phi Beta Kappa and a member of Sigma Delta Chi. His articles have appeared in 35 different magazines, including Coronet, Pageant, Nation's Business, Country Gentleman, Magazine Digest, The Rotarian, Survey, Holiday, Boys' Life, Saga, and Frontier.

THE Jackson County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis (which includes Kansas City, Missouri) will use the "Mother's March" as a part of its 1952 fund drive. On the night of January 30, volunteers will canvass all homes in the county in an all-out, one-hour effort to raise the money necessary to carry on polio work for the year. James J. Rick, chairman of the local chapter and *Swing's* Man-of-the-Month in January, 1946, says: "Jackson County's expenditures in behalf of polio patients during and following the epidemic of 1951 amounted to more than $150,000. Our local funds are already exhausted and the National emergency fund has advanced this Chapter $25,000. Another $50,000 will be required before the end of the year. In view of this situation, the 1952 campaign must not fail if we are to carry on our work. Send contributions to Infantile Paralysis Fund, Kansas City, Missouri."

time to spare for extra-curricular activities. Hoover and Fitzpatrick decided to risk everything on a single hour. One short and mighty push and it would be all over.

This meant that there would be no time for sales talks, arguments, marshalling of statistics. The porch light idea fitted perfectly. Where a porch light was on, a marching mother would know that a home already had been "sold" and a contribution was ready. That way, no fear of a slammed door. A light not on? Pass it up and go to the next house.

It would have to be done simply and economically, too. No expensive kick-off dinners. No fancy materials and containers. Let the marching mothers travel light, the way a mobile army travels.

M-Day was set for Jan. 16, the opening date of the 1950 March of Dimes campaign.

M-Hour: 7 to 8 p. m.

THE job of organization and promotion was appalling. Although the time was short, the polio people spent two weeks hunting for just the right mother to head up the march. They finally found her in Mrs. Spurling Saunders, a widely-known and respected P.-T. A. leader. Then Mrs. Saunders in turn scoured the city and came up with four extremely able women to serve as area leaders and organize the march in the four quarters of the city.

The school system offered a logical structure for grassroots organization. A leader was named for each school district. (One of the district leaders was the mother of a little girl who had spent 13 months in an iron lung.) Then the district leaders named a leader for each block, and the block leaders organized the mothers who would do the marching.

No smallest part of the city was overlooked. The march cut cleanly across lines of class, economics, race and color. For the first time in the history of communal endeavors, the call for help went out to poor as well as rich. And from the poorer sections the response came back overwhelmingly. The folks "south of the tracks" were pleased and proud to be called upon. They thought it was about time that the folks "north of the tracks" recognized them as fellow members of the community, with an

equal share in the responsibilities of the community.

"People think we're poor," said a Mexican-American lady. "Well, we are. But we're civic-minded, too."

The schools themselves swung in. Every pupil was given a coin card in the shape of a schoolhouse and asked to fill it with his candy-and-gum money, forsaking his weekly confections so that some other child might walk again. Then, when a marching mother called at his home, he was to turn in the card and coins along with his parents' contribution.

An attack requires an advance barrage, and the barrage was forthcoming. Day after day the newspapers and radio stations drummed the message home to the quarter-million people living in Phoenix and 21 valley towns surrounding it: "Turn on your light — fight polio!" Department

stores bought half-page and full-page ads solely to alert the community and promote the Mothers' March.

A radio announcer carrying a wire-recorder went into the polio ward of one of the hospitals. There he recorded the appeals of children encased in iron lungs. And the appeals, punctuated with long pauses while the iron lungs beat out their slow, desperate rhythm, poured forth from every radio station in town: "Won't you—turn on your light—and help—children like me?"

On M-Day the build-up reached its climax. Newspapers splashed front-page stories. Radio stations sounded the alert every few minutes. Boy Scouts went from door to door, reminding householders to be sure to turn on their porch lights.

At 7 p. m. the sirens hurled their warning cacophony to the far corners of the city and the searchlights rendezvoused overhead. "It's 7 o'clock!" cried the radio stations in chorus. "Turn on your lights!" And all over the city the lights went on, almost as from a single switch pressed by a single finger.

The Mothers' March was under way.

IN PHOENIX and its neighbor towns, 2,371 pairs of feminine feet went clicking along residential sidewalks or picking careful paths across washboard roads. Doors opened. A torrent of pennies, nickels, quarters, half-dollars and dollars came gushing out of cigar boxes, piggy banks, sugar bowls and purses. Doors closed again. More clicking of feminine feet . . .

Seventy-five per cent of the porch lights in the city, it was later esti-

mated by the power company, were on that night. And where a home was too poor for a porch light, something was contrived in its stead. Lighted candles were placed in windows, kerosene lamps hung from fenceposts, flashlights were propped on door stops. One family put out a can of cooking oil with a rag in it for a wick!

On the south side a little girl stood on the porch of her ramshackle house with a package of paper matches. Patiently she lighted one match after another, waiting for a marching mother to see her beacon and come to get the few pennies clutched in her hand.

In the Mexican section, a little old lady with her mantilla on her head stood in the middle of her bare front yard with a candle held aloft.

The suspense was almost like that of a melodrama. Children kept vigil at front windows, peering through parted curtains minute after minute, until finally — "Mommy, Mommy! Here she comes!"

Polio victims themselves were among the marchers. A father pushed his paralyzed 20-year-old daughter from home to home in a wheelchair. A 40-year-old mother, crippled by polio, toured her block on crutches. (Her little girl also had been afflicted with polio. "You simply can't put this drive on without me!" the mother told campaign leaders.)

And as the mothers marched, police and sheriff's squad cars patrolled the entire city, keeping watch over them and their precious burdens.

The mothers did indeed travel light. Each carried only a purse, a pencil and a scroll. Every contributor signed his name to the scroll—but not the amount of his contribution. Nobody was to feel forced to give by what his neighbors gave.

But no compulsion, subtle or otherwise, was necessary that night. From every section of the city and the surrounding valley, as the hour wore on, came warm and wondrous tales of human goodness at its very best.

Two blind men, living together in a small house without electricity (since they couldn't see, they didn't need light), placed a kerosene lamp in their window. When a marching mother called, they gave the largest donation in their district.

Dick Fitzpatrick and his wife, who had had a baby only three weeks before, called at a lighted porch and were greeted by an 11-year-old girl. Her parents were away for the evening, but she wanted to be in on the march. She held out her hand. It contained seven cents.

A mother working a south-of-the-tracks district thought at first she wouldn't visit the shanties down by the river. Then she decided that

nobody must be skipped. When she reached the shanties, each one had a light on and each family had its contribution ready.

Another mother found an isolated house trailer with its light on. No one was home, but on the door was pinned a note—and an envelope with money.

In the nearby town of Chandler, hundreds of citizens came out on the streets to watch the mothers march. And the Lions Club adjourned early to canvass the tougher section of town.

In Glendale the fathers decided they could collect more cash for polio than the mothers. So they took over the march—lock, stock and money.

In Phoenix the mothers had decided not to call at the motor courts and trailer courts. It seemed hardly fair to solicit from people who were merely visitors. But angry calls came pouring in from proprietors of the courts. "We've had our lights on all evening," said one, "and not a single marcher has come to take our money. We've got some hurt people here."

In certain sections of the city the Mothers' March was a big social doing —the biggest in years. Parties were given to celebrate the event and honor the mothers who did the marching.

At 8 o'clock it was all over. The mothers turned their money in to the schools, where it was gathered up by squad cars to be hauled to a downtown bank.

Each school had been given two sacks for its money. But two sacks only began to accommodate the avalanche of cash tumbling in. By 9 o'clock the police radio could be heard crackling with such curious messages as this: "Calling car 68. Proceed to nearest grocery store. Pick up several large cardboard cartons and take to school in your district. That is all."

Throughout the next day and the next night, adding machines manned by volunteers chewed their way through the mountains of cash. When the last total had been rung up, the polio people found that their most optimistic expectation had been exceeded.

THE marching mothers had collected $44,890.63 during that single hour! When the March of Dimes campaign ended two weeks later, this sum turned out to be almost exactly the margin by which the 1950 drive exceeded 1949, a gain of nearly 2-to-1. Now a vigorous defense could be mounted against the evil enemy, polio.

There were some other interesting figures, too. More people participated in the Mothers' March, as givers and workers, than had taken part in any single event in the state's history. More people, in fact, than there were on the tax rolls of Arizona.

Three months later Dick Fitzpatrick and Charlie Hoover traveled to Baltimore to report on the Mothers' March at a polio directors' meeting. The national foundation acclaimed it as the first new idea in polio campaigning since the March of Dimes began many years ago. Shortly afterward the foundation sent a Hollywood crew into Phoenix to recreate the march on film. It has since been shown before thousands of in-

fantile paralysis chapters all over the country. Many of them adapted the idea to their own communities. This year the event was repeated in Phoenix, with even greater success. Collections totalled nearly $65,000.

The Mothers' March did more than set a new pattern for polio fund-raising. It stirred a whole city out of its apathy. In many of Phoenix' school districts there had been a notable lack of parental interest in school affairs. But, in the wake of the march and with the marchers themselves as a nucleus, mothers' clubs and P.-T. A. groups sprang up where none had existed before.

In the hospital polio ward where the children had spoken their halting prayers for help, and had them answered, the massive iron lungs continued their slow, heavy pulsations. Now, however, the rhythm seems to have taken on a new note—less of desperation and more of hope.

If you were there and listened closely, you might have imagined that the machines were telling a story. It had a happy ending, too, for it was the story of the night the mothers marched.

▲

Feminine Trickery: After a visit to the dancing school, a mother advised her small daughter to start a conversation with her dancing partners instead of dancing without a word.

The next time she visited the school, the mother was pleased to see that each time when the music started the same little boy streaked across the floor, bowed to her daughter, and swept her away to the music.

On the way home, the mother asked why the same lad had chosen her for every dance.

"Oh, him!" her small daughter explained. "I'm telling him a continued murder mystery."

▲

A doctor wrote out a prescription in the usual illegible hand. The patient recovered however and did not get it filled. In due time he forgot what the little piece of paper in his card case was.

The patient used it for two years as a railroad pass. Twice it got him into Radio Music Hall and once into Ebbetts Field for a ball game. It came in handy as a letter from his employer to the cashier to increase his salary. Then, to top it all, his daughter played it on the piano and won a scholarship to a conservatory of music.

An old timer is a fellow who thought the two evils were bobbed hair and short skirts.

▲

"Fifth Floor . . . *complaint department* . . ."

The Christmas Stockings

A gift brought frustration—but washed away hate and greed and ambition.

by ANNIE J. TALABERE

JIM had just been told about the inheritance. $60,000. All his—now. He always figured she had a few thousand, she never spent anything. But $60,000! And now, it was his. *Now.*

He remembered when money would have meant so much to him. He remembered Miss Sally when he first knew her. She was their rather unsocial neighbor, who, when his parents were killed in the wreck, alone offered him a home. Offered him a home for the help he could give her around her old rooming house. He was only eight when she took him in—only eight when he offered her all the love of a hurt, bewildered orphan.

Eight—and full of the rebellious desires so common to boys. But he soon learned that he did not have time to play baseball or football. He didn't even roller skate. He just went to school and worked for Miss Sally—and there wasn't anyone who cared, anyone to love.

The kids laughed at his clothes. They *were* funny. Miss Sally didn't know how a boy should look, and anyway, she bought all his clothes—her own too—at the second-hand store down the street. Always fearful of his outgrowing anything, she bought his things so large that usually she had to make them smaller. She wasn't good at sewing—or patching either.

When he finally got the paper route and earned a little money, out of which Miss Sally required payment

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Annie J. Talabere lives in the Walla Walla Valley, a "place they liked so well they named it twice." Her hobbies are her 14-year-old son, her garden, her son's activities—including ball games. Several years ago her writing won a $1,000 True Story award.

for board, he saved by pennies until he had enough to wear his first *new* cords since losing his parents. They gave him such a normal feeling, a feeling of being like other kids.

HE REMEMBERED, too, the time he saved and saved for her Christmas present. He was thirteen then and had been noticing what women wore. He wanted Miss Sally to wear pretty, thin stockings too. So, recklessly, he bought a pair for her. Miss Sally was always cold and distant, but she was the only living person he had to love; and while she had never shown him much affection, all the craving for love in his starved life reached out to her. He wished she dressed more like other kids' mothers.

"Merry Christmas, Miss Sally," he offered in a tight little voice. He was bursting with excited happiness. "I —I bought you a present." Other boys took Christmas trees for granted. Christmas hopes and laughter. Christmas fun and fellowship.

"You shouldn't have," she scolded. "You must learn to save every penny you get your fingers on. You'll need 'em."

But she took the box and opened it. He hoped desperately that his offering would remind her to give him something, too. When the kids at school related what they had received for Christmas, he just couldn't admit that she had not given him even one little gift.

His heart thumped wildly as he watched her carefully untie and fold the pretty ribbon which the understanding clerk had wrapped around the box. His eager, expectant smile waited hopefully—needlessly.

"Jim!" she stormed then. "I won't let you waste your money on these thin, sleezy things. Take them back. I won't wear them!"

Later, his face buried in his bed to smother the heart-searing sobs, his angry fists beating the pillow as his soul beat at life, he heard her slip into his room.

"Don't cry—Jim," she said stiffly and touched his shoulder. "I'll keep them—and—thank you, Jim. But you should have saved your money!"

He hated her then. Money. That was all she cared about, all she wanted. Mean, stingy old fool! Hated her! Hated her as he would hate her forever and ever. That first day of school after the Christmas vacation, he played hookey. Better that than to hear the kids tell about their presents.

AFTER awhile, he was fifteen—sixteen—seventeen. There were the fellows and girls who could not see him for his funny, second-hand clothes. There was the gang that did not care what he wore. He went with them. Through all those love-hungry, lonesome years surged the deeply-buried yearning for affection and the determination some day to have the money he imagined would buy happiness. Surged, too, the hatred for the woman he really wanted to love —stingy old Miss Sally.

If only she had given him a little along the way and enjoyed it with him, instead of giving him so much when he really did not need it. Now, he had more than he could ever spend,

for her stinginess had blasted ambition into his very soul, filled him with a driving urge to acquire money at any cost, by any means. It seemed crazy now to think how much that first fifty had meant to him. Crazy to want money so madly. That first fifty had been a wild, satisfying start which led on and on to a new world of bigger and bigger enterprises. How he had piled it up!

Now, at fifty-two, Miss Sally's gift meant added frustration, because even with it, he could not buy the one thing he desired most—*freedom*. Couldn't undo that last "enterprise" with its deadly climax which had made him a "lifer".

"Her instructions were to give you this box," the warden's voice broke into Jim's musings.

So he untied the faded ribbon, while slowly, all the tight bands of hate and ambition loosened. Without looking, he knew that the box contained a pair of ancient silk stockings. No—more than that. It contained peace and understanding. He realized at last that Miss Sally, in her way, had loved him. He was eight again and filled with the love and gratitude that had flooded his heart when she took him into her life. It was a good feeling.

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Journalist: A newspaper man who takes off his hat while typing.

"You can have your gun just as soon as I finish dampening the clothes."

Mrs. B. was one of those community-conscious individuals, participating in an endless number of civic and social activities. Recently she paused on a street corner to talk with a matron who had a local reputation as a gossip. When Mrs. B. rejoined her husband he inquired, "Well, what was Mrs. G. talking about?"

"Oh, just business," Mrs. B. replied off-handedly.

"Yes, I know," said her husband, "but whose?"

▲

At the boarding school where Calvin Coolidge lived while attending Amherst, another resident was a very large and black cat whose favorite sleeping place was on a window-seat in the dining room.

One evening the waitress deposited a plate of hash in front of each student. Coolidge eyed his portion, then turned deliberately to the window. The seat was empty. Eying the waitress speculatively, he commanded, "Bring me the cat."

The bewildered girl went in search of the animal. When finally it was found and duly presented, Coolidge turned contentedly to his hash.

The Time and The Place

HAVE you ever wondered why a circle has 360 degrees? The number is unusual in our system of measurement. Being thoroughly decimalized, we might expect a circle to have a hundred degrees, or perhaps a thousand. But 360 proves a convenient figure. The commonly used angles are ½, ¼, 1/6, 1/8 and 1/12 of a circle, or 180°, 90°, 60°, 45°, and 30°, all easy figures to work with.

How would you like to work problems with a circle 365°? A right angle then would be 91.25°. We can thank the ancient Babylonians for giving a simple 30° angle to work with instead of a difficult 30.41667°.

The Babylonians were not particularly accurate scientists. Unlike other ancient peoples who scanned the skies to guide their ships and caravans, the Babylonians lifted their eyes merely to ascertain the fate of man, which they believed was foretold in the position of the stars. However, even under this misapprehension, they couldn't help learning that after a calculable length of time the stars returned to earlier positions. It was only a step to the conclusion that either the sky or Earth had moved in a circle. They erred in computing the period of this cycle, considering it to be 360 days instead of the more correct 365.

With this figure as a basis, the Babylonians then divided each of the 360 degrees in the circle into sixty minutes, and these into sixty seconds each. At this point they made one of their few scientific inventions, the sun dial. The sun dial is circular, and represents one complete day of time, so the figure 360 came to be associated with the length of the day.

The day is one-thirtieth of a lunar month, and was divided into twelve hours, so that each hour became 1/360 of a month. The Babylonian hour, which was two of ours, was further divided into 30 minutes, so that a Babylonian minute made four of ours. Here again, 12 hours of 30 minutes gives the magic number 360, the minutes in a Babylonian day, the time required for the earth to circle on its axis. Today our clocks have only twelve hours marked on them because of this system introduced almost 4000 years ago.

So, today, when the mariner checks his compass to determine his course, and then looks at his watch, he is not making isolated measurements, rather he is using the gift of the Babylonians who looked into the heavens to learn the destiny of man, and found our basis for the time and place.

—*Carl Pacifico*

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Swing's Center Pages

TWO reasons for cheerful holidays are Ann Miller and Betty Grable, who grace this Christmas issue of *Swing*. Ann, a Columbia Pictures' dancing star, is ready to welcome Santa with her best foot forward. She is currently seen in "Texas Carnival." Betty joins in a toast to the New Year . . . and to you! Her latest film is the 20th Century Fox technicolor musical, "Meet Me After The Show."

Background arrangement of "Deck The Halls" is courtesy of Boston Music Company, Boston, Mass.

1. "DEVINE" NECKTIES were worn by some of Andy's WHB friends when Guy Madison, who plays the title role in "Wild Bill Hickok," and Andy Devine, who is "Jingles," visited the WHB studio and staff. In photo, left to right front row, are Dick Smith, Guy Madison, Roch Ulmer, Andy Devine, Hoby Schepp, Earl Wells. In back, left to right, are John T. Schilling, Don Sullivan, Bruce Grant. Madison and Devine headed the great American Royal Parade in Kansas City. "Wild Bill Hickok," the frontier marshal who tamed the West, is heard every Sunday at 3:30 p.m. over WHB.

2. Cliff "Ukulele Ike" Edwards returned to WHB recently for a visit with long-time friends on the staff. The singer and comedian is now a featured performer on the nightclub circuit.

3. LARRY RAY, WHB Sports Director, and D. R. "Dynamite" Alexander, Union Pacific Railroad executive, show mutual smiles after U. P. signed to sponsor the "Larry Ray Sports Round-Up," Monday through Friday at 6:15 p.m.

4. WHB BROADCAST the impressive ceremony when Notre Mere Marie Irene de Sion, Mother Superior of the French Institute of Notre Dame de Sion in Kansas City, received the Cross of a Knight of the Legion of Honor from Francois Briere, French Consul, of Chicago, for her distinguished service in furthering French culture in the United States over a period of 25 years.

5. BRODERICK CRAWFORD, Columbia Pictures' star, appeared on WHB's "Club 710" during a personal appearance tour.

Swing Presents
TOM VEATCH
The Man of the Month

by DON DAVIS

FLICK a light switch. Turn up the gas. Open a water tap. Drain your bath tub.

Chances are, Tom Veatch had something to do with making it work.

In Albuquerque, Akron, Abilene—or Anchorage, Alaska. In Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. In Dallas, Denver, the District of Columbia or Dubuque. In Los Alamos; or Fairbanks, Alaska; or in Wahiawa, Hawaii.

And in some 773 other cities, all over America!

You think *Kilroy* got around? Tom Veatch was there, too!

If your electric lights glow brightly and steadily . . . if your gas flames briskly and evenly, in assured supply . . . if you've plenty of water, soft, mineral-free and in constant pressure . . . and if your sewage is recovered by your community government and sold on a cash market as grease, or as sludge digester gas, or as air-dried sludge for fertilizer ingredient, or for irrigation water . . . Veatch and his associates could be the men responsible.

As a professional housekeeper for industry, government, cities, towns and hamlets, Tom Veatch's work as an engineer encompasses the development, purification, transmission and distribution of water supplies; together with the correlated function of sewerage, sewage and waste treatment. His firm engineers the generation, transmission and distribution of electricity. They create gas distribution systems for both natural and artificial gas. And the ever-necessary systems for the collection and disposal of garbage and industrial waste.

His firm makes financial studies and reports, appraisals and valuations —for private and public organizations on all sorts of properties.

And it conducts rate investigations for utility service, to indicate the fair return on capital invested in utilities properties . . . and to assure consumers of equitable rates for their water, their gas, their electric light and power.

Don Davis, WHB president, comes from Downs, Kansas; attended K. U.; and therefore could be accused of partiality to Kansas and Kansans. But WHB's 1951 football schedule reported six Missouri U. games—only five games in which Kansas played. Well, don't forget Davis lived in Jefferson City for two years . . .

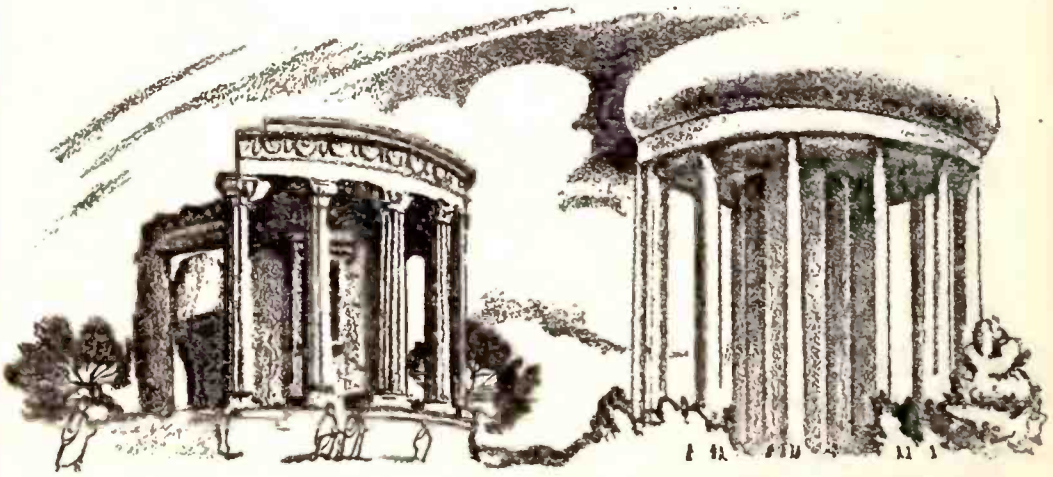
HISTORY records the spectacular aqueducts built by the Romans to convey water *above* the ground—in Italy, in France at Nimes, in Germany at Mainz, in Spain at Segovia. Here at home, in Cincinnati, Tom Veatch's engineers designed and supervised construction of an eight-foot tunnel two-and-a-half miles long, constructed in rock, *160 feet below ground level,* to carry 150 million gallons of water daily.

We herald the Romans as remarkable because they built their aqueducts to avoid the hills and carry water by the force of gravity. Veatch's men on the $15,000,000 Cincinnati project built their water transmission conduit from a treatment plant across the Little Miami River and the flood plain of the Ohio River to a pumping station in town. Then they built two elevated storage tanks as handsome as any Roman temple. With 2½ million gallons storage capacity, one of these tanks is probably the largest structure of its type ever constructed.

Consider a few diversified projects such as these:

Does your company or your community want to develop an adequate and safe water supply? Or make a 70,000 kilowatt turbogenerator installation? Do you need a municipally-owned incinerator to prevent air pollution? Want someone to design and supervise the construction of roads, streets or an air base? Require an accurate appraisal of the street railway system? Of a toll bridge? Of a college, about the size of Oklahoma A & M? Would you have occasion to use a river front interceptor sewer? Or have you need for a trickling filter plant of the fixed nozzle type?

If so, Tom Veatch of Kansas City is your man! He and his 425 technical associates in the firm of Black & Veatch through 36 years have processed nearly 2100 such commissions—many of which are "repeat engagements." They make studies, investiga-



Temple of the Sibyl
Tivoli, Italy

Veatch-designed Water Storage Tank
Cincinnati, Ohio

tions and reports; draw up detailed designs and specifications; supervise construction.

And to the science of the consulting engineer, they add the artistry of the architect! Out in Johnson County, Kansas, at Belinder and State Park Road, is a two-story brick Colonial house, with garage attached, standing in perfect harmony among the other Colonial homes of the neighborhood. But who lives there? Nobody! The house is a camouflaged waste disposal pumping station. But it is so "real," door to door salesmen continually leave samples of breakfast food, soap coupons and circulars at the front door. Tom Veatch gives credit to Edward Tanner, who assisted the architects of his organization in the design of the structure.

That's Tom Veatch.

In Lincoln, Nebraska, the water supply (underflow of the Platte River) was unsatisfactory because of two undesirable minerals: "the iron and manganese content caused noticeable discoloration and appreciable deposition." (It left stains on the wash bowls and clogged up the pipes.) Veatch's engineers constructed a filtration plant designed to eliminate the manganese and iron, and permit lime softening to be added. Now Lincoln gets 20 million gallons of fine water daily, transmitted to the city through a 28 mile transmission main. "The processes employed were chlorination at the wells for crenothrix control followed by aeration through enclosed coke tray aerators, chlorination, high rate upward flow contact filters, sedimentation and rapid sand filtration."

Whew!

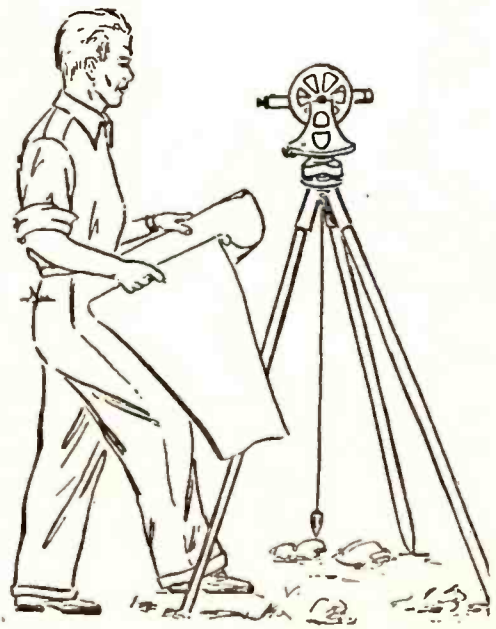
Put this down for certain: A potable water supply in adequate quantity with satisfactory pressure to combat fire makes possible modern American civilization and urban development. To find the water, to develop the water supply and process it for distribution is *part* (but *only* part) of the vast engineering service rendered by Tom Veatch and his associates. Water-system construction alone calls for six kinds of engineering skills: geologic, hydraulic, electrical, mechanical, chemical and structural.

Federal government engagements constitute a large part of the firm's work. During World War I, they engineered Camp Pike, Camp Doniphan and Camp Cody. In World War II, Camp Chaffee, Ft. Knox, Ft. Sill, Camp Forrest, Camp Hale and Camp Robinson. They designed and built all of the utilities at the great Navy Air Base at Olathe, Kansas. At Los Alamos, for the Atomic Energy Commission, they lifted water 2,000 feet from river valley wells to the city which they designed—utilities, water system, sewers and streets. At this moment, engineers at Black & Veatch offices are working quietly and secretly on another vast government project of city-building magnitude.

AND this fellow Veatch, who directs all this—what's *he* like? He's a *big* man: tall in stature, big in ideas, big in friendship. He's hearty, inspiring, human, lovable. His friends all comment on his loyalty, his comradeship, his enthusiasm, his trustworthiness, his very exacting professional standards and the intense moral

responsibility he feels toward his clients—his insistence that the firm *deliver* on every promise made. This reflects the serious-minded strain beneath his jovial, congenial exterior. A benevolent, convivial, poker-playing back-slapper and hand-shaker, he is the sort who is always organizing a quartette at conventions and meetings. Yet he is a rare combination of extroverted salesman and astute, careful business man of great executive ability. He works long hours, day and night; keeps in touch with every project; personally visits all of them; and checks up continually to make sure that every job is proceeding as planned.

That's why he lives with his suitcase packed, ready to depart for a Black & Veatch job anywhere on an hour's notice—or less. That's why he gave up pipe-smoking three years ago —ulcers, you know! Before that, he always seemed to have a pipe in his mouth! Tom prefers to travel by train, reading and working en route; but he flies quite a lot, when speedy arrival is essential. At least half of his time is spent "on the job" away from the headquarters offices in Kansas City. When he is home, he is inclined to start leisurely in the mornings . . . take a group of six or eight younger men from the office to lunch (careful always to pick up the check) . . . and work nights to keep abreast of everything.



He's a big, rugged outdoor man; and if he could have his wish he'd probably like best to be a full-time cowboy. The combination of those traits led him, in 1933, to buy a farm where he could invest money as a hedge against the inflation he correctly warned was sure to come. The farm he chose consists of 900 acres in Douglas County, seventeen miles southwest of Lawrence, Kansas. He watched with amazement, and dismay at the cost, as 200 young men from a CCC camp spent two years creating what is now Lone Star Lake. But Tom gave thirty acres of land as part of the site, because neighboring farmers and Lawrence fishermen were promoting the 200-acre area as a state fish and game preserve, and as a county recreational project.

Now he has a fine hilltop view from the rustic farm cabin designed for him by Edward Tanner—with an open porch on top and a covered deck from which to admire the lake and the countryside. In the pastures, 150 Hereford steers munch the succulent grass.

But one development on the farm —the fight against soil erosion—is long past the experimental stage. Which brings us to ecology, or biology dealing with the mutual relations between organisms and their environment. If you've read William Vogt's *Road to Survival*, you know that "most soils in the United States are so subject to erosion that slopes more than 5 per cent—a vertical rise of five feet for every hundred feet advanced —cannot safely be cultivated without special cultural practices that are often costly in terms of money and labor; slopes of more than 15 per cent cannot in general be cultivated."

With Tom Veatch, erosion is a fighting word—erosion is cancer of the land. How well he knows that as bare ground becomes waterlogged, rainfall flows down gullies, brooks and rivers, carries the rich topsoil with it—and the productivity of that land is lost, perhaps forever! "Minerals that make man's bone and sinew wash away with top soil," says Tom. "Poor land produces weak races. Why can't more people see what is happening to their country?"

That's why Tom personally carried the rod when he and some of his engineers surveyed his farm to decide where to construct terraces—building them carefully to break the incline and hold on the land as much water as possible. That's why he feels as he does about contour plowing and all other modern farming methods that retain life-giving minerals in upper layers of the soil. On his farm, where he relaxes as a "part-time cowboy," he is still the scientist and the engineer!

Is Tom a Joiner? Well---

American Waterworks Association
Vice President—1947
President—1948
Missouri Valley Waterworks Association—past president
Fellow—American Society of Mechanical Engineers
American Society of Civil Engineers
American Institute of Consulting Engineers
Member—President's Water Pollution Control Advisory Board
National Society of Professional Engineers
Kansas City Engineers Club—past president
Gas and Oil Association
Trustee—Midwest Research Institute
Honorary Scientific and Engineering Fraternities:
Sigma Tau
Sigma Xi
Tau Beta Pi
Kappa Eta Kappa
Beta Theta Pi
Mercury Club
Rotary Club
Kansas City Club
Mission Hills Country Club
Saddle & Sirloin Club
Director, Business Men's Assurance Company
Second Presbyterian Church
Country Club Lodge, AF&AM
Ararat Shrine
Director, Plaza Bank of Commerce

And that cowboy business is no pose! Tom loves to work outdoors, to sleep outdoors and to think of himself as a cowboy! He is always talking about the "good old Chisholm Trail" —about adventure, fun and hardship

in the saddle—fording or swimming the droves of cattle across dangerous streams, braving storms and thieves, and finally bringing the herd safely to the trunk line railway. Some of Tom's eastern friends probably think he actually did ride on the "good old Chisholm Trail"—until they reflect that the last of such great cattle drives was before Tom's birth. But when they see him in a poker game with the one-eyed Jacks wild, they figger he's a western man for sure!

And he *is* of the west—the middle-west of Rushville, Illinois, where he was born August 25, 1886—the middle-west of Atchison and Wichita, Kansas, where he lived from the ages of 15 to 20—and the middle-west of Mount Oread, which means the University of Kansas at Lawrence, where he studied engineering.

NATHAN THOMAS VEATCH was his father's name (Tom is "Junior," signed "N. T. Veatch"). His mother was Elizabeth Montgomery. Both parents were school teachers; and the family moved from Illinois to Atchison in 1901, where Tom's father became superintendent of schools. There young Tom played in the backfield on the high school football team—quit school to work in a lumber yard—then moved to Wichita to live with his Aunt Helen. In Wichita he attended Lewis Academy, a Presbyterian school, where he was a hammer thrower, broad jumper, baseball captain for a year and football captain for three years. These years he spent dreaming of a career as an engineer, for which purpose he enrolled at the K. U. School of Engineering in 1905.

Those four years at K. U. are summed up in two excerpts from the 1909 "Jayhawker," the senior annual, in which Tom is listed as a Bachelor of Science in engineering, "The Man With No Bad Habits". The girl with whom he "went steady" for three college years and married in 1912 is pictured as Amarette "Rette" Weaver, A.B.

TOM VEATCH—Atchison

Beta Theta Pi, Manager Senior Play, Class Football and Baseball, President Civil Engineers' Society, Fall, '08, Secretary and Treasurer Civil Engineers' Society, Spring, '08, Treasurer Y.M.C.A. '08, '09, Junior Prom Manager, Y.M.C.A. Cabinet '07, '08, Sophomore Prom Committee, Captain Freshman Football Team.

Tom, as a politician, knows no equal, but his propensities along that line are honest ones and not the usual kind. Tom and "Pleas"*, side-kickers, will be heard from yet in the engineering world, and we'll be glad to say, "They were classmates of mine." Tom is perhaps more widely known as the possessor of one of the fiercest "cases" on the Hill. In fact, his class in "Textile" engineering absorbs by far the greater part of his time. He is always happy, has a pleasant word for everyone and used to attend classes before he learned better.

AMARETTE WEAVER—Lawrence

Pi Beta Phi, Quill Club, Associate Editor, '09 Javhawker, Senior Play Committee, Chairman Junior Farce Committee, Sophomore Prom Committee, Senior Play.

*"Pleas" was Carl Pleasant, now deceased, his close personal friend and associate who was captain of the K. U. football team in 1909, and later became a very successful contractor.

"Rette" has worked hard for the glory of '09 ever since she came up from Lawrence high school four years ago as a meek little freshman (imagine her as a meek little freshman!). Look at the above record and see for yourself. The picture in last year's Annual is a little misleading, as Tom was one step lower down when it was taken. Unless she comes back for an A.M., we fear the corner at the south end of the check stand will be rather lonesome next year. Seriously speaking, though, Amarette is one of the nicest girls in the class; brilliant, a good student, an earnest worker, and a good dancer. Just look at the picture and we feel sure you won't blame Tom in the least.

K. U. connections led to Tom's professional career in Kansas City, after W. C. Hoad, professor of sanitary engineering, referred the likeable young student to his Kansas City acquaintance, J. S. Worley, of the firm which later became Worley & Black, and eventually, Black & Veatch. The late E. B. Black, who died in 1949, had known Tom at K. U., and employed him for the Worley firm.

Later Tom left to spend a year in inspection work for the Kansas State Board of Health and in part-time teaching at K. U. Then he went with the American Water Works & Guarantee Co. of Pittsburgh, Pa. In 1913, a year after his marriage, he was manager of the Keokuk, Iowa, water system. J. S. Worley, at this time, was called by the Interstate Commerce Commission to conduct the monumental job of evaluating the nation's railroads. A letter from E. B. Black to Tom brought the Veatches back to Kansas City, where began the partnership which resulted in Black & Veatch. Tom's brother, Francis, who is known as "Andy," joined the organization in 1923.

CONSIDERING Tom's well-known Republicanism, his friendship with President Harry S. Truman is one for the books. It began as an outgrowth of the efforts by Albert I. Beach, mayor of Kansas City, to have bipartisan engineering control of the large Goose Neck and Blue River sewer projects constructed in 1925-26. General (then Colonel) E. M. Stayton (Democrat) and Veatch (Republican) of the firm of Black & Veatch were employed by Mayor Beach for this work; and Stayton and Veatch personally handled the jobs.

Meanwhile Harry S. Truman had become presiding judge of the Jackson County Court. A bond election was held to provide funds for a county road system. Judge Truman pledged that if the bonds were approved, the County road construction would be handled on the basis of bipartisan control, as were the Goose Neck and Blue River sewer projects. Mr. Truman, in accordance with his promise to the voters, appointed Colonel Stayton and Tom Veatch as a bipartisan commission to build the Jackson County roads system. The job (in progress from 1928 to 1933) is a major achievement in road design and construction—a model followed by many counties throughout the nation.

Both Stayton and Veatch gave it their very closest attention, personally awarding all contracts and supervising

the construction work to the most minute detail. The result was that when Harry S. Truman outfitted his office as a Missouri Senator in Washington, three photographs adorned the walls: those of President Roosevelt, Boss Pendergast, and Tom Veatch. Similarly, in Tom's office today, a photograph of President Truman hangs among those of Tom's other friends. And Tom serves on the President's Water Pollution Control Advisory Board, to deal with the problem of the nation's polluted streams.

Tom and Amarette Veatch live simply in a four-bedroom house in Kansas City. They never miss a K.U. football game—which indicates their intense loyalty to "Old K.U.," a loyalty shown in many other ways, also.

The Veatches have two daughters and four grandchildren. Daughter Jane married Robert M. Murray, who is with Keeling & Co., Incorporated, in Indianapolis; their son Tommy is four; daughter Stephanie is two. Daughter Aileen married Redman Callaway of the Laboratory Construction Company, Kansas City — and their two daughters are Amarette, three-and-a-half, and Kathleen, one-and-a-half.

Summer is gathering time for the clan at Waterford, Connecticut, out on Niantic Bay of Long Island Sound —near New London, not more than eighteen or twenty miles northward across the Sound from Montauck Point. This was the summer home established years ago by the father of "the Weaver girls," A. D. Weaver of New England, a pioneer merchant in Lawrence, Kansas. His son, Art Weaver, carries on the family business in Lawrence today. Art, the children of Aileen (the late Mrs. David Robinson) and Amarette and their families share the cottage colony on the shore at Waterford. By marriage to Art, Nell DeHart became one of "the Weaver girls" too—just as Tom Veatch, as Amarette's husband and a Weaver son-in-law, is part of the clan.

"Men-of-the-Month" who have appeared in SWING *have their own Fraternity. They themselves nominate and elect each new "Man-of-the-Month." The organization, in six years, has become a civic "honor society" similar to those in a college or university. It is a Fraternity without membership fees or dues, sponsored by WHB and* SWING. *Six new members are elected annually from civic leaders in Greater Kansas City.*

Waterford has the charm of all New England shore villages—plus golf and tennis, swimming and boating, fishing, dancing, clam bakes and beach picnics. There are snug little inlets and strips of cozy white-sand beach, and an endless stretch of water that leads clear across the Atlantic! Here, all summer long, the clan gathers in relays to relax and play, with a cabin cruiser to provide the pleasures of deep-sea boating and deep-sea fishing.

Considering their loyalty to "Old K. U."—considering the Kansas background—and considering the fact that

all of them are proud and even a bit insistent on letting their shore neighbors know about Kansas, can you guess what they named the boat? You're right, it's the "JAYHAWK."

Swing salutes serious-minded, cheerful, friendly Tom Veatch as Man-of-the-Month . . . and extends a Christmas wish for continued "Good Sailing!"

▲

The doctor left the patient's bedroom and joined the anxious husband. "I don't like the way your wife looks," he announced.

"Well, doctor," said the husband, "to be perfectly honest with you, I don't care much for her looks either, but she sure takes good care of me and the kids."

▲

To hate is to be buried alive in a hell of one's own imagining.

The little woman had been converted to a diet made up exclusively of raw fruit and vegetables, and when she asked dad to call the children to dinner, he'd always shout: "Hurry up, kids, supper's wilting!"

▲

Man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once.

▲

The average man is proof that the average woman can take a joke.

▲

The shoe dealer was hiring a clerk. "Suppose," he said, "a lady customer asked, 'Don't you think one of my feet is bigger than the other?' What would you say?"

The clerk promptly replied, "I'd say, on the contrary, Madam, one is smaller than the other."

The clerk was hired.

Two salesgirls were watching the new window-dresser decorate the window. One of them remarked, "That goodlooking chap is married."

"How do you know?" her friend asked.

"He's posing the models with their palms up."

"His mother answered. Should I hang up?"

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

In the course of a sanity trial the lawyer was cross-examining a witness. "And would you say," he asked, "that it was the defendant's habit to talk to himself when alone?"

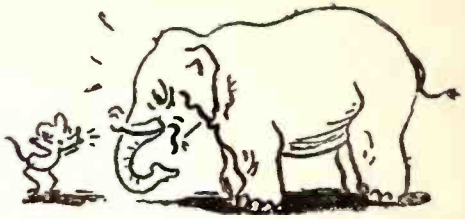
The witness pondered this for a moment, and then answered with due caution, "That's hard to say. You see, I can't recall ever being with him when he was alone."

▲

Selectee: "They can't make me fight."

Draft Board: "Maybe not—but they can take you where the fight is and let you use your own judgment."

Did You Know Elephants . . .



—Have EYELASHES 4-5 inches long (primarily to combat jungle insects) that must be kept greased with a good brand of petroleum jelly?

—Have WHISKERS and must be shaved semi-annually? The "razor" is an acetylene blow torch which, if used right, only tickles the thick hide and does not injure it.

—Must be SHAVED because the whiskers are wire-like and will injure the tender skin of the riders?

—May be considered the QUEEN OF THE BEASTS? That is, the she-elephant. The male is occasionally unmanageable and temperamental.

—Are always called "BULLS", whether male or female?

—Have a democratic SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT? They select their "Queen" because of personality and power and her rule is obeyed unquestionably. She is sought by others of the herd for counsel and protection.

—In the circuses are always of INDIAN ORIGIN? African elephants are undependable and difficult to train.

—Must obey immediately the COMMAND TO LIE DOWN? This position is necessary so they may be brushed off twice daily with a very stiff street cleaners broom.

—Must be SCRUBBED once a week to keep the hide in condition?

—Must be oiled with several quarts of linseed oil twice a year to keep the tough hide flexible? This requires about 30 gallons per animal.

—Would have a six-inch coat of SURPLUS HAIR all over its body unless it was removed? In the jungle it is scraped off against trees and bushes.

—Must have pedicures rather often? Callouses and toenails must be trimmed. This takes a fast worker six hours to complete. A keen-edged carpenter's drawknife is used to pare down the callouses. A rasp is used for ingrown toenails (which occur too frequently) and a wash tub with an antiseptic solution furnishes an excellent foot bath to treat infection.

—Are all LAZY? The leader of the herd will punish an animal for failure to keep in trunk-to-tail formation or for fighting unnecessarily, but she will never correct or condemn cheating in the act, such as cutting corners, simplifying waltz steps, etc.

—Always greet fellow animals with a loud trumpet when they leave or return to the picket line? However, if an elephant has "sneaked out", all the other animals know it and do not make a sound.

—Have simple HUMAN NAMES like "Sister", "Babe", "Mom", "Rose", "John"? Few fancy names like "Sultan" or "Rajah" are used for elephants, but are reserved for cats.

—Have BLANKETS which are sometimes fashioned from real Oriental rugs, studded with glass jewels for brilliance?

—TALK? There are about 15 different tones and variations of trumpeting, bawling, squeaks, whines and chirrups by which elephants communicate.

—Have COLIC? Their stomachs seem blessed with eternal youth and they will eat anything. However, after a circus day in a town where crowds are heavy, several of the hearty eaters will develop colic from peanuts, candy, chewing gum, popcorn, gumdrops, hay, fruits, any sweets. The remedy is whiskey, Jamaica ginger and paregoric.

—Must OBEY implicitly or they will prove troublesome? A herd leader obeys the bull boss, in turn transmits the message to her subjects and browbeats them into obedience if necessary.

—Have a strange sense of INTUITION? Old Mom trumpeted in fear, warning the keepers of trouble. They discovered a fire in the menagerie, which they promptly put out with the only available fluid—pink lemonade.

—Have a strange sense of POSSESSION? They pick up old pipes, bits of colored papers, cigar stubs, pieces of gum tinfoil and take them into the hay in bull cars and bury them.

—Are NOT ALL AGELESS ANIMALS that people think they are? In captivity the age development almost duplicates the human. Childhood lasts through the teens; maturity is complete by 25; they are considered settled from 25-35, in their prime from 35-45, decline up to 60 and then grow old. Very few live beyond the human life span of 70-80 years.

—Are given GUNNY SACKS with which to beat off flies, mosquitoes, or gnats, and do the work themselves?

—FEAR MICE AND RATS because they might unexpectedly run into the sensitive end of the trunk or might gnaw on their feet?

—Are valued at about $10,000 each? That is, a good working-performing animal?

—Each EAT 1 bale of hay a day, ½ bushel of oats, 7 pounds bran and anything else generous customers will give her? She will consume 50 gallons of water.

Information supplied by Clyde Beatty, famous animal trainer, whose "Clyde Beatty Show" is heard over WHB at 5:30 p.m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

▲

Former King Carol of Rumania once told a newsman that he had selected fourteen of his brightest young men in Rumania for training in government service. Half were sent to England and the other half to the United States.

Said Carol: "The seven who went to England were very smart, and each of them now has an important position in our government here in Rumania."

"How about those who went to America?" he was asked.

"They were even smarter," His Majesty replied. "They stayed there."

The two women were talking about a friend's gown. Said one: "She says it's imported, doesn't she?"

"Well, not exactly in those words," came the reply. "It's last season's dress. The dressmaker has turned it inside out and now she says it's from the other side."

▲

"Is it true that the wild beasts of the jungle will not harm you if you carry a torch?"

"It all depends," answered the practical explorer, "on how fast you carry it."

Swinging the Dial 710

CHRISTMAS greetings to all you WHB listeners! Snow, cold winds and the rapid disappearance of "shopping days before Christmas" point to one thing: the biggest and best holiday of the year! Soon, too, it will be time to greet a New Year packed with good radio listening.

Real enthusiasm for the chilling, spine-tingling "who-dun-its" in the mystery department has marked listener approval of our winter schedules. Two and a quarter hours of mysteries and adventure for *every night*, Monday through Friday, from 7 to 9:15 p.m. Think of it . . . 2¼ hours *every night!* Get out your pipe or your knitting, settle in that comfortable chair and let suspense, thrills and excitement invade your living room. Note the Evening Schedule in an adjoining column.

Then, to make stupendous out of colossal, WHB has four hours of great mysteries on the air every Sunday afternoon:

2:00—Affairs of Peter Salem
2:30—Danger Dr. Danfield
3:00—Box 13 with Alan Ladd
3:30—Wild Bill Hickok
4:00—The Shadow
4:30—True Detective Mysteries
5:00—Challenge of the Yukon
5:30—Nick Carter

Good chills, good thrills with these exciting shows!

WHB is rated the outstanding "Sports Station of the Midwest" not only because we broadcast all major sports; but because our sports director, Larry Ray, delivers clear, concise, rapid and graphic play-by-play reports of football, baseball, basketball, tennis, boxing and golf. Basketball, the nation's top winter sport, is about to bow in for the 1951-52 season with Larry Ray at the mike. The NAIB Pre-Season Tournament broadcasts open the season in Kansas City on Dec. 13, 14 and 15, along with these Big Seven non-conference games:

Dec. 14—S.M.U. vs. Kansas
Dec. 15—S.M.U. vs. Kansas
Dec. 17—Hamline vs. Kansas State
Dec. 18—Rice vs. Kansas
Dec. 22—U.S.C. vs. Kansas

CURRENT

EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6 00	Armed Forces Review	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
6 15	Armed Forces Review	Lorry Ray, Sports
6 30	This is Europe	Gabriel Heatter
6 45	This is Europe	The Weather and You
6 50	This is Europe	Good News Tonight
6 55	This is Europe	News—Robert Hurleigh
7 00	S. Levin Opera Concert	Hashknife Hartley
7 15	S. Levin Opera Concert	Hashknife Hartley
7 30	Enchanted Hour	Crime Fighters
7 45	Enchanted Hour	Crime Fighters
7 55	Enchanted Hour	Bill Henry, News
8 00	Chicago Theatre of Air	Murder by Experts
8 15	Chicago Theatre of Air	Murder by Experts
8 30	Chicago Theatre of Air	The Sealed Book
8 45	Chicago Theatre of Air	The Sealed Book
9 00	Okla. City Symphony	I Love a Mystery
9 15	Okla. City Symphony	News—J. Thornberry
9 30	Okla. City Symphony	News—Frank Edwards
9 45	Okla. City Symphony	Mutual Newsreel
10 00	Mutual News	Baukhage Talking
10 15	Weather Report	Weather Report
10 20	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night
10 30	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night
10 45	Serenade—News	Serenade in the Night
11 00	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
11 15	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
11 30	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
11 45	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
12 00	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
12 15	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
12 30	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
12 45	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
1 00	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY

PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

EVENING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Natl. Guard Show	6 00
Larry Roy, Sports	Larry Roy, Sports	Larry Roy, Sports	Larry Roy, Sports	Twin Views of the News	15
Gabriel Heatter	Gabriel Heatter	Gabriel Heatter	Gabriel Heatter	Comedy of Errors	30
The Weather and You	The Weather and You	The Weather and You	The Weather and You	Comedy of Errors	45
Good News Tonight	Good News Tonight	Good News Tonight	Good News Tonight	Comedy of Errors	60
News—Robert Hurleigh	News—Robert Hurleigh	News—Robert Hurleigh	News—Robert Hurleigh	Cecil Brown—News	65
Count of Monte Cristo	Hidden Truth	California Caravan	Magazine Theatre	Twenty Questions	7 00
Count of Monte Cristo	Hidden Truth	California Caravan	Magazine Theatre	Twenty Questions	15
Official Detective	International Airport	The Avenger	Harvey Desmond, Atty.	Take a Number	30
Official Detective	International Airport	The Avenger	Harvey Desmond, Atty.	Take a Number	45
Bill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Take a Number	55
Who Ya Laffin' At?	2000 Plus	Proudly We Hail	Damon Runyon Theatre	Cowtown Jubilee	8 00
Who Ya Laffin' At?	2000 Plus	Proudly We Hail	Damon Runyon Theatre	Cowtown Jubilee	15
Mysterious Traveler	Family Theater	Strange Wills	Under Arrest	Cowtown Jubilee	30
Mysterious Traveler	Family Theater	Strange Wills	Under Arrest	Missouri Hayride	45
I Love a Mystery	I Love a Mystery	I Love a Mystery	I Love a Mystery	Hawaii Calls	9 00
News—J. Thornberry	News—J. Thornberry	News—J. Thornberry	News—J. Thornberry	Hawaii Calls	15
News—Frank Edwards	News—Frank Edwards	News—Frank Edwards	News—Frank Edwards	Lombardoland, U.S.A.	30
Mutual Newsreel	Mutual Newsreel	Mutual Newsreel	Mutual Newsreel	Lombardoland, U.S.A.	45
Boukhoge Talking	Boukhoge Talking	Boukhoge Talking	Boukhoge Talking	Mutual News	10 00
Weather Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	15
Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	20
Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	30
Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade—News	45
Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	11 00
Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	15
Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	30
Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	45
Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	12 00
Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	15
Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	30
Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	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

WHB will then carry the Big Seven Pre-Season Tournament, Dec. 26 through 29; and on Jan. 5, the first game of the Big Seven Conference will be broadcast, between Oklahoma and Kansas. Other Big Seven games over WHB in January include:

Jan. 12—Kansas vs. Missouri

Jan. 14—Kansas vs. Nebraska or Kansas State vs. Oklahoma

Jan. 19—Colorado vs. Missouri or Iowa State vs. Kansas State

Jan. 21—Missouri vs. Oklahoma

Jan. 26—Kansas vs. Kansas State or S. Dakota vs. Nebraska

Jan. 30—Kansas vs. Okla. A & M

More conference games will be broadcast in February and March, with the regular season ending March 10. To wind things up, WHB will broadcast the NAIB Tournament in Kansas City from Mar. 10 to 15 and the NCAA Tournament in Kansas City's magnificent Municipal Audi-

CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
5:30		Town & Country Time	Iowa & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Iown & Country Time
6 00	Silent	News, W'ther, Livestock	News, W'ther, Livestock	News, W'ther, Livestock	News, W'ther, Livestock
15		Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
30		Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers
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
15	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock
30	Son. 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
05	Weather	Weathermon in Person	Weathermon in Person	Weathermon in Person	Weathermon in Person
10	Wings Over K. C.	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report
15	Land of the Free	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock
30	Bible Study Hour	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons
45	Bible Study Hour	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock
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
15	Sunday Serenade	Wells Calling—News	Wells Calling—News	Wells Calling—News	Wells Calling—News
30	Sunday Serenade	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Plaza Program
45	Guest Star	Wells Calling	Wells Calling	Wells Calling	Wells Calling
55	Guest Star	"Talk Back"—Felton	"Talk Back"—Felton	"Talk Back"—Felton	"Talk Back"—Felton
10 00	News—Piano Spotlight	Ladies Fair	Ladies Fair	Ladies Fair	Ladies Fair
15	Spotlight on Piano	Ladies Fair—News	Ladies Fair—News	Ladies Fair—News	Ladies Fair—News
30	NW. Univ. Review Stand	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day
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
15	Guy Lombardo Hour	Evelyn Knight Show	Evelyn Knight Show	Evelyn Knight Show	Evelyn Knight Show
30	Guy Lombardo Hour	Sandro Leo, Shopper	Sandro Leo, Shopper	Sandro Leo, Shopper	Sandra Leo, Shopper
45	Guy Lombardo Hour	Freddy Martin's Orch.	Sandro Leo, Shopper	Freddy Martin's Orch.	Freddy Martin's Orch.

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
12 00	News, F. Van Deventer	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith
15	Magic of Believing	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
30	Operation Drama	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
45	Serenade in Blue	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
1 00	Top Tunes with Trendler	News—Eddy Arnold	News—Eddy Arnold	News—Eddy Arnold	News—Eddy Arnold
15	Top Tunes with Trendler	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
30	Bill Cunningham	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
45	Pentagon Report	Strange Facts	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Strange Facts
2 00	Peter Salem	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
15	Peter Salem	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
30	Danger, Dr. Danfield	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
45	Danger, Dr. Danfield	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
3 00	Box 13—Alan Ladd	News—Club 710	News—Club 710	News—Club 710	News—Club 710
15	Box 13—Alan Ladd	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
30	Wild Bill Hickok	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
45	Wild Bill Hickok	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
4 00	The Shadow	News—Club 710	News—Club 710	News—Club 710	News—Club 710
15	The Shadow	The Showcase	The Showcase	The Showcase	The Showcase
30	True Detective Mysteries	The Showcase	The Showcase	The Showcase	Tho Showcase
45	True Detective Mysteries	AP and Sport News	AP and Sport News	AP and Sport News	AP and Sport News
5 00	Challenge of the Yukon	Bobby Benson Show	Challenge of Yukon	Green Hornet	Challenge of Yukon
15	Challenge of the Yukon	Bobby Benson Show	Challenge of Yukon	Green Hornet	Challeage of Yukon
30	Nick Carter	Clyde Beatty Show	Sky King	Clyde Beatty Show	Sky King
45	Nick Carter	Clyde Beatty Show	Sky King	Clyde Beatty Show	Sky King
55	News—Cedric Foster	Tex Fletcher	Tex Fletcher	Tex Fletcher	Tex Fletcher

WHB — 710

MORNING

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	5:30
News, W'ther, Livestock	News, W'ther, Livestock	6 00
Don Sullivan, Songs	Town & Country Time	15
Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	30
Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	45
AP News—Ken Hartley	AP News—Ken Hartley	7 00
Musical Clock	Musical Clock	15
Musical Clock	Musical Clock	30
AP News—Ken Hartley	AP News—Ken Hartley	8 00
Weathermen in Person	Weathermen in Person	05
Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	10
Musical Clock	Musical Clock	15
Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	30
Musical Clock	Musical Clock	45
Les Higbie—News	Musical Clock	55
Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	9 00
Wells Colling—News	Wells Colling	15
Plaza Program	Wells Colling	30
Wells Colling	Wells Colling	45
"Talk Back"—Felton	Wells Colling	55
Ladies Fair	Gene Autry, Songs	10 00
Ladies Fair—News	Jimmy Wakely Sings	15
Queen For a Day	Rex Allen Show	30
Queen For a Day	Red Foley & Co.	45
Curt Massey Time	News—Don Sullivan	11 00
Evelyn Knight Show	Cowtown Carnival	15
Sandra Lee, Shopper	Roy Rogers' Show	30
Sandra Lee, Shopper	News—Dick Smith	45

AFTERNOON

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
AP News—Dick Smith	Man on the Farm	12 00
Don Sullivan, Songs	Man on the Farm	15
Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Cowtown Wranglers	30
Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Cowtown Wranglers	45
News—Eddy Arnold	Salute to Reservists	1 00
Don Sullivan, Songs	Salute to Reservists	15
Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Freddy Martin's Orch.	30
Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Freddy Martin's Orch.	45
Club 710	Swing Session	2 00
Club 710	Swing Session	15
Club 710	Swing Session	30
Club 710	Swing Session	45
News—Club 710	Swing Session	3 00
Club 710	Swing Session	15
Club 710	Swing Session	30
Club 710	Swing Session	45
News—Club 710	Swing Session	4 00
The Showcase	Swing Session	15
The Showcase	Caribbean Crossroads	30
AP and Sport News	Caribbean Crossroads	45
Green Hornet	Mat. at Meadowbrook	5 00
Green Hornet	Mat. at Meadowbrook	15
Clyde Beatty Show	Mat. at Meadowbrook	30
Clyde Beatty Show	Mat. at Meadowbrook	45
Tex Fletcher	Mat. at Meadowbrook	55

torium on Mar. 21 and 22. Both tournaments attract national attention, and Kansas City basketball fans go into a frenzy.

Arbogast In Chicago

For those of you who missed his farewell interview over WHB, Bob Arbogast and his engineer-producer-pal, Pete Robinson, are now heard on WMAQ, 50,000-watt N.B.C. station in Chicago—at 670 on your radio dial. Paul Sully left the show when the Arbo crew departed from WHB, and is now in Hollywood.

WMAQ heralded Arbo's arrival with an effective "teaser" campaign in Chicago dailies. "Is he from sunny Spain?" read an ad showing Arbo in a matador's hat. "Is he from the chilly North?" asked an ad showing Arbo in a fur cap. "Is he from Old Rome?" asked an ad showing Arbo in a Roman helmet. "Is he from the wild and woolly west?" showed Arbo in a cowboy hat. By this time, half of Chicago was asking: "Who *is* Arbogast?" The answer was revealed Sunday, Oct. 14—with Arbo smiling naturally in sport shirt and cap, and an invitation to hear his first Chicago broadcast the following night . . . "the funniest guy this side of a microphone."

"There's madness in the air, Cherie," puffed WMAQ. "It's Arbogast! Twice each day, Mondays through Fridays, Robert Arbogast, youthful comedian with a fresh approach to this business of entertainment, fills the WMAQ air with zany goings-on. From 12:45 to 1:00 p.m.; and 10:30 to 11 p.m. Arbo mixes chuckle-provokers and recorded music in a new

Swinging the Dial 710

Chicago program that already has created quite a stir among listeners."

WHB sends best wishes, Arbo—best wishes for the most of the best! Tickle their ribs to stardom! We hope you help convince folks that WHB means "Where Headliners Begin."

Those M-G-M Shows on Mutual . . .

POSTPONED from November 19 to December 31 is Mutual's premiere of its newly-signed Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent to be featured on the network's magnificent new night-time shows throughout 1952.

Bette Davis, Orson Welles, Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Errol Flynn, Gracie Fields, Ann Sothern, Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone are to be presented in weekly dramatic shows. There will be a full-hour *M-G-M Musical Comedy Theatre of the Air*, and a weekly sixty-minute *M-G-M Theatre of the Air* (dramatic) with famous guest stars.

It all sounds highly interesting from here, at press time—so, stand by for announcements of time and station.

▲

The late Calvin Coolidge was being interviewed by a reporter during his Presidency.

"Do you wish to say anything about prohibition?" the reporter asked.

"No."

"About the Farm Bloc?"

"No."

"About the World Court?"

"No."

The reporter started to leave.

"By the way," said Coolidge. "Don't quote me."

▲

A struggling author had called upon a publisher to inquire about a manuscript he had submitted.

"This is quite well written," admitted the publisher, 'but my firm only publishes work by writers with well-known names."

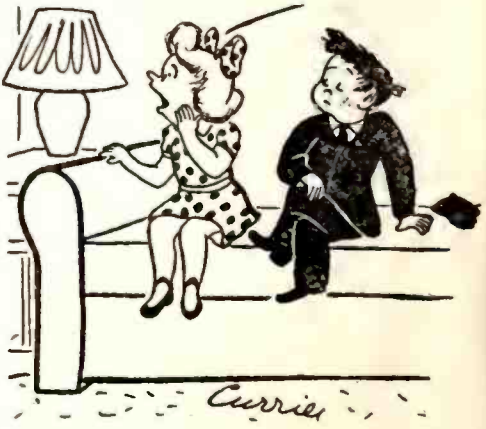
"Splendid," exclaimed the author. "My name is Smith."

▲

"You'll not find me difficult to suit," said the woman to her new maid, who replied: "I'm sure you're not, Ma'am. I saw your husband when I came in."

▲

A shadow in your life is needed at times to temper the glare of the sun.



"Mother, was I ever married before?"

The Cream of Crosby

In the John Crosby household, they use a TV set for a fireplace. Warming himself before its uncertain glow, Mr. Crosby comes up with these comments, criticisms and occasional items of praise. Heady stuff to ponder, these cold, winter nights!

by JOHN CROSBY

We're Masters at Advertising, Children at Propaganda

STEWART ALSOP, writing from Paris, reiterated what we should all now know —but don't. The Russian propaganda line —the Russians want nothing but peace— has bitten into the minds of Europeans far more deeply than we believe possible. It's a great word, an overpowering slogan and a radiant hope the Russians have got hold of —peace. The fact that we Americans don't believe a word of it doesn't do much to countermand it in the minds of people overseas.

What are we doing to counteract it? The NBC television network with a great show of pride recently unveiled for the first time anywhere in America a State Department official documentary film called "In Defense of Peace," one of our own propaganda efforts, which has been shown to 40,000,000 people in seventy-one countries. If this is the best we can do in the propaganda line, we ought to save our money.

"In Defense of Peace" is little more than a collection of newsreel shots, and I'll bet there isn't a single one you haven't seen at least fifteen times. The Russians fighting in the suburbs of Berlin. The great motion picture portraits at Yalta—Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin — smiling, triumphant, and—in the light of subsequent events—a little futile. On and on it went —the German surrender in the schoolhouse, the flag being raised at Iwo, MacArthur on the Missouri ("Let us pray that peace be now restored to the world and that God will preserve it always"), the birth of the United Nations at San Francisco—great scenes, all of them.

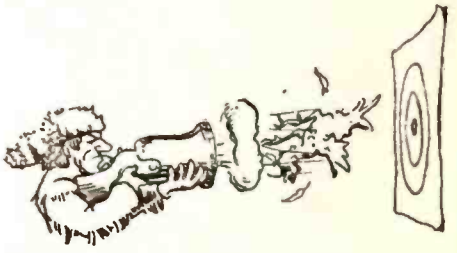
But also familiar ones and ones that mean different things to different people all over the world. They were knit together by a narration which was as factual as a Latin textbook and about as inspiring. You gathered that these things had occurred—is there anyone around who doesn't know that?—and that we had had some part in them. That's about all.

But it is in the aftermath of war, that period when the Russians and the free world ceased to be friends and became enemies, wherein our message to the rest of the world—if we have one—should lie. Well, the film showed innumerable shots of great shipboard cranes lifting those boxes into the holds of ships (the Marshall plan), of tractors happily run by French farmers, of piles of grain unloaded in Greece. We showed how our vastly wealthy country blew up its warplanes, beat its cannon into ploughshares and then beat the ploughshares back into cannon again. It was a demonstration of our native opulence and productive abundance sufficiently impressive to embitter a Balkan peasant against those rich Americans for decades to come.

This is propaganda? For whom—the Russians or us? When I was in Rome a man in the Italian Foreign Ministry told my traveling companion, Les Midgley, foreign editor of *Look*, something I've never quite forgotten: "We Italians deeply appreciate everything America has done for us since the war. We know very well that without your tremendous Marshall Plan there would have been nothing here but anarchy. But sometimes we wonder why you don't come forth with something like Wilson's Fourteen Points or the Atlantic Charter, something men can have faith in. And they didn't cost one cent."

In other words, we are exporting everything except ideas, which require nothing more elaborate than a pencil and paper. (And a brain. And a conviction.) The Russians have very effectively labeled us as warmongers all over the world. We retaliate by showing films showing 40,000,000 people overseas how many tanks, planes and guns we are producing. This is reassuring to us and possibly to the heads of foreign states and foreign armies. But hardly to the people who have clutched to their breasts the word that Russia has made its own—peace.

A basket of grain is a very effective bit of propaganda when someone hands it to you—but that's the task of the Marshall Plan, not the Voice of America which produced this film. A picture of a basket of grain won't do anything for a hungry man except make him hungrier. Propaganda is



the dissemination of ideas—preferably the dissemination of a single overpowering idea. The Russians have embraced "peace" so effectively we'll never get it away from them (at least in the minds of most Europeans). But we've got a word of our own, "freedom"—"something," as the Italian remarked, "men can have faith in"—and the Russians will never get that one away from us.

If we could become in the minds of the outside world the exponents of freedom, if we could show them how free men live, if we could, in short, take over freedom as the Russians have taken over peace, we'd be in the propaganda business. As it is, we're just sending out stale newsreels.

Tallulah in London

"BLESS YOU, darlings," intoned that famous foghorn which resounded on the British stage for so many years. "Now let's see—what was I saying when I left London sixteen years ago—oh, yes—make mine a double."

TV Broadcasters Take a Stand on the Man-Eating Shark

THERE is nothing like a code of ethics for broadcasting to make everyone's conscience feel better. Bad taste eludes codes. Good taste is baffled by codes. Creative effort is frustrated by codes. Genius is stifled by codes. Still codes keep the dirty words off the air; they have the effect of mollifying the parent-teacher societies and you can have them impressively printed, bound in red leather and keep them around the office as a constant reminder that the broadcaster is unalterably opposed to incest.

Bearing all this in mind, the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters met in Chicago and endorsed another code which, as an old scholar of codes, I should say is fully as pious and ineffective and altogether worthwhile as all the other codes I have ever read. In addition to incest, the broadcasters came out, foursquare, against the advertising of phrenology, palm-reading and race track tip sheets—three of the livest issues confronting our time.

This sweeping curtailment so moved Harold Fellows, the president of NARTB, that he issued a proclamation which brought tears to my eyes. "They (the broadcasters) have displayed a determination to visit American families as they would visit their neighbor's hearthstone," he declared, ringing like a gong. I have no intention of going into the rest of the prohibitory or restrictive aspects of the code in detail beyond reassuring all of you that the sanctity of matrimony is suitably upheld and the evils of drug addiction are suitably condemned.

Let's pass on to the positive aspects of the code, where lie the weaknesses of all codes. There are a few positive declarations. The broadcaster is abjured to keep in mind that his community has cultural and educational needs and to feed it these commodities along with Hopalong Cassidy. He is reminded that children's moral, ethical and social ideals should be kept in mind while selling them corn flakes. They are urged to air public events, controversial issues and religion. That sums up the "thou-shalls" which are outnumbered by the "thou-shall-nots" about forty to one. These sectors are expected to stimulate as much cultural and educational activity on the air as have all prior codes, which is to say, none at all.

The code was quite frankly passed to head off Sen. William Benton's bill before Congress, which would set up a Citizens Advisory Board to keep an eye on what is and—more especially—what isn't on television. The moment the bill made an appearance the broadcasters set up an organized hue and holler that this constituted government censorship of the air which it most certainly does not. Benton's got much more sense than that. Recognizing the deep native American repugnance toward any hint of government censorship or interference, Benton proposed merely a board of eleven respected private citizens who would report to Congress and the Federal Communications Commission what television was doing and, more importantly, what it *wasn't* doing.

The board would have no powers. It could only advise. But the broadcasters don't even want that. Eleven citizens, probably all famous names, if duly appointed and blessed by Congress, could cause a terrible ruckus among the rest of the citizens simply by pointing out that television was devoting about 1 per cent of its efforts toward anything resembling culture or education or religion or ethics or good music. The advisory board, heaven forfend, could point out innumerable deficiencies in the television diet which the broadcaster, always sensitive to public opinion, would have to fill.

The issue, in brief, is not how to keep phrenology off the air—a little phrenology never hurt anyone—but how to put something worthwhile on the air, not as a replacement for Milton Berle but as an addition to him, how (to use Benton's own

phrase) "to save TV from the road to trivialization." An official advisory board set up by Congress, shorn of powers and therefore immune from the cry that it is abusing its powers, would act as a community conscience for the broadcaster and a powerful creative rather than negative force.

Picture a Song of Sixpence

OBVIOUSLY a lot of profound thinking is being done these days on the picturization of the popular song, if you know what I mean and I doubt it. There was a time when a girl could stand in front of a curtain, suitably spotlighted in amber, and sing about the terrible agonies of love and why did it have to happen to her and especially why did that particular man have to happen to her and whatever became of him anyhow. A simple rendition of these plaints in something approximating a singing voice used to fulfill our inner needs.

But not any more. Not since television. Now, they make a three-act play out of it —girl meets boy, girl gets boy, girl loses boy—with fourteen ballet dancers leaping about in some sort of symbolic representation of her sexual frustration. Then they superimpose the singer's face over this production orgy, and by the time it's all over you're emotionally tuckered, which isn't the idea of a popular song exactly. Most popular songs can't stand all this overelaboration; a great many lyrics can't stand any sort of scrutiny at all, much less all this—I can't think of a better word—picturization.

Foreign Import

"FOREIGN INTRIGUE," a new television film series shot in Sweden by a bright young and rather staggeringly energetic young twenty-six-year-old named Sheldon Reynolds, was not primarily intended as a poke in the nose for Hollywood. But that's what it amounts to.

"Foreign Intrigue" is written, directed and produced—Mr. Reynolds takes care of all these chores personally—with taste, intelligence and an almost total absence of cliche. In other words, it resembles the normal Hollywood-produced TV films about as closely as "The Third Man" resembles a bad Charlie Chan movie. I tossed "The Third Man" in there deliberately because "Foreign Intrigue" has a good deal of "The Third Man" in its bloodstream.

As its title implies it is terribly continental, overpoweringly suave and aswarm with spies, black market operators, and other European scum intent on enriching themselves or gaining mastery over the rest of us. In the middle of all this is a young American reporter named Cannon who unseats the blackguards and then reports it in a blaze of glory to something called the Associated News. In that respect, "Foreign Intrigue" has a slight aroma of "Crime Photographer", "Boston Blackie" and the rest of them.

However, if you can manage to swallow this basically improbable story line, you'll find the rest of "Foreign Intrigue" rewarding. Its characters, while villainous, resemble people. Its dialogue is crisp and pointed and sounds, of all things, as if someone had taken the trouble of writing it rather than (as is the case in Hollywood-produced films), of pulling it out of the filing cabinet.

Reynolds chose Europe to shoot his stories in because it can be done there for about one-fifth the cost of the same thing in Hollywood, and landed specifically in Sweden because a Swedish accent is sufficiently generalized to resemble all the other accents in Europe. Apart from the two permanent members of the cast, the reporter Cannon played by Jerome Thor, and his wife played by Sydna Scott, both Americans, the cast is entirely Swedish (and, incidentally, contains names which, I imagine, only another Swede could pronounce, much less spell.)

This European casting is another fortunate and welcome inspiration on the part of Mr. Reynolds because—as I've

remarked on other occasions—Hollywood faces are cliches in their own right, each villain resembling all the other villains, each pretty, nubile lass bearing the same markings and conformation of all the other pretty, nubile lasses. In "Foreign Intrigue", the faces are arrestingly original; the acting, with a few glaring exceptions, is extremely competent; and the characters they are asked to play behave strangely like adults rather than grown up children as do so many of the Hollywood-operated products.

Right here I would like to make a clear distinction between Hollywood films made for theaters which, people keep telling me, are better than ever, and films made for television which, as any fool can plainly see, are worse than ever. There's no doubt in my mind that Hollywood can produce reasonably intelligent and mature pictures for television as it does for theaters. But it doesn't. The reason it doesn't, I firmly believe, lies simply in an attitude, a state of mind, which can be summed up very simply. "People will look at anything on television so why bother to make it good."

People will not look at just anything on television and, if Hollywood had a shred of respect for its own reputation, it would not put its fancy label on all these little filmed horrors that are being shown on television stations all over the country. Shoddy bits of acting, direction, writing, even scene construction which, heaven knows, they ought to know all about, are permitted to slip into Hollywood-produced shows. They wouldn't be tolerated in even the flimsiest whodunit emanating from New York.

The Hollywood know-how is celebrated the world over. But, unless you have the price of admission to the nearest movie house, you can't find anything approximating professional theatrical competence in anything made in Hollywood. Not in your own parlor, you can't.

Kudos for McCleery

IT HAS long been my notion that television direction at its best is closer to still photography than to movies. Albert McCleery, as producer-director of "The Lottery," demonstrated that a television screen can be as curt, concise and powerful as a line drawing by Toulouse-Lautrec. Using no scenery and only the minimum of props, McCleery concentrates his cameras on faces, hands, sometimes on masses of people who are as carefully arranged and as meaningful as ballet. Some of his camera shots are just fragments of faces, sculpturesque in composition, poetic in their intensity of feeling. Acting takes second place—well, fourth place—to the director, the cameramen and the man who controls the lights.

What McCleery is doing is restoring in some measure radio's inherent virtue as a spur to the imagination of the audience. Where most television stifles and stupifies imagination, McCleery demands it of his audience, requires of them something besides passive absorption.

Hollywood—at least that part of it dedicated to TV— has yet to learn anything at all about television direction, about the size of a home screen, about the emotional atmosphere of a home group, about the depth and power of a human head, about the significance of small suggestive detail, about the mounting of mood and atmosphere by subtle lighting or about any of the techniques so splendidly demonstrated by Mr. McCleery in "The Lottery."

The Export of Ideas

SOME time ago, grave dissatisfaction was expressed here at the efforts of the Voice of America. I felt then and still feel that the Voice is overly concerned with appeasing—or, at very least, not offending—members of Congress rather than with spreading abroad a message that a Balkan peasant could take to his heart, believe in and fight for.

Privately, some Voice officials concur in this view. "You can't really blame Congressmen for the impotence of the Voice of America either," one Voice official said recently. "The fact is the American people don't understand propaganda and are rather resentful of the fact that we're engaged in it. Congress simply reflects this misunderstanding and resentment. Before we can sell an idea to the Europeans

we've got to sell the American public on the idea of propaganda."

On the other hand Radio Free Europe, a private outfit which hasn't got Congress breathing down its neck, is approaching the true aim of propaganda, the export of ideas—simple, powerful, and emotional ideas. Robert E. Lang, director of Radio Free Europe, concedes that "Communism gives people a real idea to fight for. Whether it breaks down in actual practice or not—and it does—it's an idea that makes people overreach themselves."

Lang likes to quote a statesman from Lebanon on the challenge and meaning of freedom: "A man, no matter how weak or poor or ignorant, will be exceedingly strong and rich and wise if only he has an idea for which he can die, and therefore for which he can live."

Communism, says Lang, does provide such an idea. Our own propagandists haven't. But RFE is about to launch its own battle for men's minds with two ideas, both taken from the American revolution. The first is the equality of the individual, the second the federation of European states. "The idea, or religion, we want to preach," says Lang, "to give Communism the final push—and I believe a final push is all it needs—is the fundamental revolution of the American people. You won't do it rationally or logically but with the same fanaticism that brought forth the Declaration of Independence."

Lang likes to point out that the closing words of the Declaration of Independence —"And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortune and our sacred honor"—are about as fanatic as any statement of policy can get. This same flame of emotion must illuminate our propaganda abroad and Lang thinks it will be as forceful in Europe now as it was in America 175 years ago.

The Hungarian, he says, had no equality under centuries of feudal capitalism, under years of Nazi domination or under the current Communist regime. Equality is an idea "for which he can die and therefore for which he can live." As for the federation of European states (something the Voice of America could hardly advance without incurring the wrath of half the governments of Europe), Lang says its biggest selling point is that such an arrangement will raise everybody's standard of living by eliminating tax barriers.

Here's how RFE sells federation. A waiter in Stamford, Conn., a former Warsaw lawyer, explains on the air that he earns $70 a week, works very hard for it, but his children have oranges all year round. The oranges come from Florida and California, both a long way from Stamford, but he can afford them because there are no tax barriers in America.

The idea of equality, so foreign and yet so inviting to most of Europe, can be reduced to the simplicity of an orange, too. RFE, Lang admits, is just starting its export of those twin ideas, having devoted most of its efforts up to now to licking technical problems. It now has three stations, two on short wave, one on regular broadcast wave, operating in Frankfort and Munich and is campaigning in the United States for funds to build two more standard wave stations.

The effectiveness of these broadcasts has already been demonstrated. The Czech government has officially protested to the State Department about the RFE broadcasts. Even more convincing was a work stoppage in a Czech factory which was inspired by RFE broadcasts and which, according to the British Foreign Office, came off on schedule. This rather dangerous experiment, Lang says, was conducted simply to find out whether a foreign broadcast could cause any turmoil at all in a Communist-occupied country and RFE was enormously gratified to discover that it could.

The Turnover Is Terrific

WAITRESSES, it has occured to me, are the most popular heroines on television these days. I have seen at least a dozen of these girls behind the counter, dreaming their lonely dreams while ladling out coffee and doughnuts. Then along comes the truck driver or the kid with the cops at his heels or the man who is disappointed in life and is contemplating suicide but who changes his mind after

meeting her. Anyhow, she gets out from behind that counter. The turnover in counter girls is terrific in TV.

The Big Show from Frisco

THE surprising thing about the big show from San Francisco is that it got under way at about the speed of *Battlefield* and maintained the pace pretty well throughout. Scarcely had Secretary of State Acheson rapped for order when Andrei Gromyko was away and running.

This master obstructionist, who may easily have irritated more human beings than any man in history, would be an imposing television personality with or without portfolio. Urbane, brilliant and —even in Russian—witty, Gromyko is a great performer and the director and cameramen paid him a deference which, considering that he is the symbol of our mortal enemy, may have outraged a great many million Americans but could hardly have been avoided.

But he was not the only good actor. All diplomats are expected to be urbane, but the quality of American urbanity as exemplified by Secretary Acheson is entirely different from that of Gromyko—more flexible, warmer and infinitely more human.

That is television's great advantage as a journalistic medium. It presents the personalities as well as the utterances and the personalities are at least as revelatory as the declamations. The British delegate, Kenneth Younger, who looks much too young to bear so impressive a title as British Minister of State, is a personification not only of Great Britain but of a way of life which we are at war to preserve.

He is also a reminder that the age of reason, which is certainly not the one we're living in, must have been a very nice age, and it would be fun to have it back. Mr. Younger's brief remarks were sensible and, above all, moderate. Moderation is as foreign to the Iron Curtain countries as Yorkshire pudding and was in this contest far more illuminating than the procedural question at issue.

Standing next to Mr. Younger, arguing shrilly to preserve his place at the microphone, was the Polish delegate, Stefan Wierblowski, as prime an example of totalitarian man as you can find outside central casting. Come to think of it, both Mr. Wierblowski and his strident Czech counterpart, Gertrude Sekaninova, both ran to type a little *too* closely and would be considered stereotypes if encountered in fiction. Both as speaker and as a person, Mr. Wierblowski gave a pretty bad show and I have a hunch he got a little private spanking when he got home that night. (You can't mark that down as personal favoritism either because, after all, Mr. Gromyko got a good notice and he plays on the same team.)

I will concede Mr. Wierblowski one of the great comedy lines of the show. "Giving us only five minutes to speak, violates our essential rights." Coming from his side of the Iron Curtain this spirited advocacy of the right to speak one's mind at any length is heart-warming and I hope he keeps it up when he gets back to Poland. His was a display of bad manners which would hardly be countenanced at any well-run sorority meeting and served to illustrate that international conferences can be as childish as any other conflict of wills between human beings.

There were some great shots. One of Gromyko on the podium more or less surrounded by and, in a way, the central figure of a composition of stairs and blocks looked like something out of Elmer Rice's experimental drama "The Adding Machine." And the closeups of Mr. Acheson putting on his headphones and digesting totalitarian procedural arguments, something he's drearily familiar with, were the most eloquent portraits of an incisive mind at work that I have yet seen.

The opening of the Far West to the

blessings of Milton Berle (The live Miltie, that is. They've been getting him out there in cans.), is an event of great significance in itself, of course. Regular network service began Sept. 28, a great day all the way around. Because kiddies, not only is the West exposed to Milton Berle; we here in the East are wide open to the charms of Louella Parsons. That is something I've always held against the telephone. It's a two-edge blade.

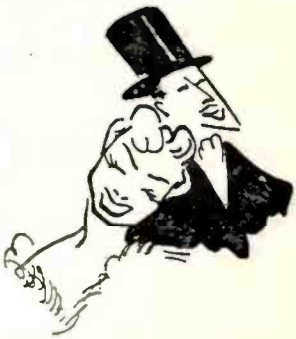
You've Got to Start Somewhere

I HAVE harped at various times about the wonderful job opportunities television offers to people of low ambition and small talents—the girl who hands out the money on "Break The Bank," the girl who helps the man into a barrel on "Truth Or Consequences"—but there are other jobs which, while small, require, special gifts and sometimes no mean ability.

Take the guy on the "Hit Parade," for example, who loans a shoulder to Dorothy Collins to nestle in while she sings "Sin." ("Is it a sin to love you so?") He not only has to stand there, supporting about a third of her poundage; he has also to register some sort of response to this question. Is it a sin? Or isn't it? And what's he going to do about it? This is a tough bit of emotion when you consider the poor guy didn't have a line of dialogue and wasn't even permitted a gesture and the actor, I thought, acquitted himself very creditably. Small role, of course, but a man has to start somewhere.

You youngsters who want to break into television ought to look into the possibilities of being sung at. Lots of people are being sung at on television and in some cases it's harder than to do the actual singing. The other night Miss Collins again was lamenting—at the top of her lungs—why couldn't she melt his cold, cold heart at another actor. He just looked her up and down disdainfully, rolled his sleeves down, lit a cigarette, and strolled away, clearly unmelted. It's a somewhat larger role than the one I spoke of before, more expressively and incisively written and the actor made the most of it. He'll go far. If he keeps up this pace, he may even grow up to be sung at by Dinah Shore.

One of the most difficult and demanding feats of being sung at was the role of an astronomer, also on the "Hit Parade." Eileen Wilson was singing "The Loveliest Night Of The Year" in his observatory. He was doing logarithms. Or something. Anyhow, he was computing, trying to keep his mind on astronomy, while she was making all that racket, looking through his telescope and mussing his hair. Probably had to do the logarithms all over again in the morning.



And speaking of spreading the work around, there's a new wrinkle in commercials which should increase employment considerably. One man introduces another man who, we are informed, has something of interest to tell us. The second man says he has indeed something of enormous interest to tell us. Then comes a filmed commercial in which a man who *hasn't* got a Benrus misses an appointment, almost ruins his career and preserves his life from unqualified disaster only by buying a Benrus. It seems to me that one or conceivably both of those man could be eliminated but if Benrus wants to keep them on the payroll, I'm not going to complain. Let's all of us get on television and then no one will have to look at it.

While passing along this friendly advice to sponsors—something I do only on rare occasions—it seems to me the Schlitz people set a dangerous precedent the other night on "Playhouse of the Stars." At the end of the first act, a couple was discovered staring at their TV set, exclaiming how much they liked the play

and then dashing to the icebox for some Schlitz. This is a terrible idea to plant in people's minds, that they should vanish into the kitchen the minute the commercial comes on. How would they know which beer to take out of the icebox? They might stumble on to some Blatz' "Milwaukee's Favorite Beer" rather than Schlitz, "The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous"—and it simply isn't cricket to drink Blatz and look at something Schlitz paid for.

Just one more small note about commercials. World Broadcasting System, producers of transcribed programs, has announced that it will produce a special half hour Christmas show called "The Miracle at Christmas," starring Thomas Mitchell. "The Miracle at Christmas" will have open spots left for the insertion of the local sponsor's message. There was a time, of course, when "The Miracle" was message enough for the folks, when miracles didn't require local sponsorship, but that was long, long ago.

Opportunities in Television

JOE RANSON and Richard Pack have just written a book called "Opportunities In Television" which pretty thoroughly explores the training and qualifications for actors, writers, directors, engineers and people like that. But it doesn't cover any of the jobs I'm curious about.

How about that pretty girl who hands out $100 bills on "Break The Bank?" Where—Mr. Ranson, Mr. Pack—did she get her training for that job and how, exactly, did she break into that line of work? Or how about the Old Gold girl, the one who is covered by an Old Gold package from her head to her hips? Where did she study and *what* did she study before she broke into the big time?

Then there's the lovely young lady on "Beat The Clock" who helps the contestants pour water all over themselves, trying to fill milk bottles while standing on their heads. I know a girl who is looking for that kind of work and who has all the qualifications—pretty legs, a nice smile and an intimate acquaintanceship with milk bottles. But she doesn't know where the job opportunities are.

As a matter of fact, I have a whole list of applicants for similar jobs—the girl on the Vaughan Monroe show who pushes a button which lights up the favorite song of the troops at Fort Dix; the girl who holds up placards for the panel members on "It's News To Me"; the girl who helped Ralph Edwards propel a man called Nash through a mechanized automatic car-washing line. One babe I know wants even more specialized work. She wants to be the girl on the Arthur Murray show who tells Mrs. Arthur Murray how her personality changed, how she won a raise, a husband and illimitable happiness after she learned how to dance.

As for Music and Money . . .

FRANKLY, I find an oboe just as agreeable to look at as Morey Amsterdam and a great deal more agreeable to listen to.

God Bless Us Every One

"THE Kate Smith Evening Hour" struck me at the outset as being marked by a certain air of desperation. It occurs at a time which on NBC last year was sacred to comedians. However, NBC, I guess, just ran out of comics and somehow the full-throated and extensive Miss Smith was thrust in there to stem the flood of Arthur Godfrey who appears at the same hour on what is known as another network.

It's hard to tell what Miss Kate, one of the perennial glories of daytime or female radio, is doing on evening television when the men are home, presumably in search of relaxation. In fact this show is pretty hard for me to explain in any terms. Miss Kate is not a mistress of ceremonies, not even an Ed Sullivan or "What-On-Earth-Am-I-Doing-Here' type emcee; she's not, apart from her singing, an entertainer; she doesn't—as she does on radio—burden the air with profound reflections on the sanctity of matrimony (which she has never experienced).

She is above all that. She is presented as a sort of American institution like Thanksgiving, something that doesn't require explanation. Ted Collins, her personal Svengali who has guided her des-

tiny—if that's not too sweeping a word—for several generations, accords her a reverence which I found damned irritating. The confounded show even opens with a shot of waves breaking on our rock-encrusted shores, pans next to a shot of the American flag, concentrates briefly on the star-studded section of the flag and dwells finally on a single star—symbolizing, as I gather it, Miss Smith, America, motherhood, and the National Broadcasting Company.

"God bless everybody in no trump," I murmured as this majestic opening faded and Miss Smith herself hove into view to sing "Vampin' Till You're Ready." It's a rather odd selection to follow such a patriotic introduction—I half expected her to sing the Constitution in C sharp minor—and Miss Smith didn't improve matters much by jiggling like a kootch dancer and snapping her fingers. If Miss Kate wants to be an American institution, she ought to model herself a little more closely on the behavior of other American institutions like, say, the stone lions at the steps of the New York Public Library.

The rest of the show is a mish-mash. Olsen and Johnson, another American institution, came aboard to deliver that sketch wherein they are in a hotel room, just trying to get a little sleep, and everybody including an NBC guided tour conspires to get in the way. I first saw Olsen and Johnson do this bit in Milwaukee in—let's see now—about 1932 and I must admit they've rounded it, improved it and polished it a lot since then. It may be the most popular sketch on television, having pretty well done the rounds of all the shows. A classic, in short, which ought to be ready in another year or so for the Library of Congress. This is a real classic show.

Three guys and two dolls followed with a song number in which they bounded about without dropping a note, an impressive but exhausting mixture of athletics and vocalism. Miss Smith reappared to sing "Longing." This led into a big dance number in which several thousand yards of crinoline were unfurled. From time to time, Mr. Collins, dinner-jacketed and acting a little like the curator of the American wing at the Metropolitan, showed up to talk about Miss Smith. There was a brief, muddy dramatic sketch, starring Sylvia Sydney and Sidney Blackmer, which proved that crime doesn't pay. It was acted in almost total darkness without scenery.

None of this was very bad but nothing was very good either. In any case, it didn't add up to anything that resembled a television show and I can't figure out *what* Miss Smith is doing there. They're trying, I speculated, to make a female Arthur Godfrey out of her. But is there any great need for a female Arthur Godfrey, or for that matter, a male Arthur Godfrey? I just don't understand the thought processes that led to the construction of this show and I'm afraid I never will.

More About Kate . . .

IN OUR house we use the TV set like a hearth, a place to keep warm on cold fall afternoons. Well, I was dozing in front of this contemporary fireplace, warming my feet on Kate Smith, one afternoon, when I woke up to find myself in the middle of a fashion show. A bunch of models in beachware parading back and forth. Miss Smith's guest, a fashion expert, was saying: "In the privacy of your own pool or patio the outer garments may be removed."

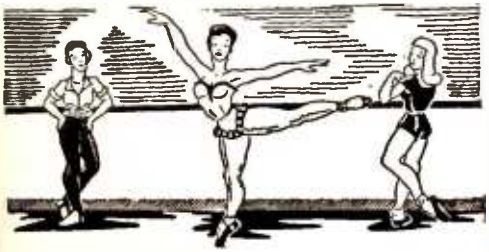
I fell right back asleep again and dreamed about Miss Kate's millions of devoted women listeners all over the country divesting themselves of their outer garments in the privacy of their own pools or patios. There must be two or three babes around who don't own a pool or even a patio and they're stuck with that outer garment till the right millionaire comes along. After all, television is for the masses, not for the unprivileged few who haven't got patios.

More Everything Than Ever

THERE'S a nasty little rumor running around, conceivably hatched and nurtured in Hollywood, that movies are better than ever which, when you examine it, is one of the dimmest compliments the movie people ever paid themselves. Anyhow, in an attempt to shoot down this canard be-

fore it took wing, I investigated a movie, the first I've seen since the days when movies were worse than ever, "An American in Paris."

The selection of "American in Paris" was not entirely arbitrary. I wanted to see it, partly because I'd just been to Paris and wanted to observe just what improvements Hollywood could make on it, partly to hear again George Gershwin's music and partly because I was drugged in a saloon and then dragged to the picture by a rapscallion of a press agent, one of whose aliases is Mitchell Rawson.



For a man who has spent the last five years chained in front of a fourteen-inch screen, it was quite an experience. Movies are not only better than ever but bigger than ever, more technicolored than ever and more—I can think of no other word for it—populous than ever. To us TV addicts, three is a crowd and six is a mob. In the movies—you'd never believe this, Mabel—they toss two or three hundred people at you at once, all extravagantly caparisoned. (Caparisons are odious, except in Hollywood where they are beautiful beyond description.)

Where Milton Berle is eight inches high, Gene Kelly is roughly fourteen feet straight up and terribly, terribly distinct—perhaps more visible than seems strictly necessary. I was more impressed by his size and his clarity than by his dancing which is technically superb but occasionally limited in range.

No doubt about it, though, "An American in Paris" is a perfectly gorgeous picture—full of magnificent shots of Paris (all, except a few process shots, filmed in Hollywood), of some fine Gershwin music and of eye-filling pageantry. It's also as good an example as any of the things Hollywood can do that television couldn't conceivably attempt and also, I'm afraid, of the weaknesses Hollywood can't seem to avoid.

After getting off to a fine heady start with a magnificently comic song and dance number in a Paris sidewalk cafe, Mr. Kelly, who plays the part of an American artist starving gallantly in a Montmartre garret, gets bogged down in love which Hollywood takes more seriously than it should, especially in a picture of this nature. I have nothing against love, you understand, but I'd rather have seen a good deal more of Oscar Levant, who was being funnier than he has ever been before, than of Leslie Caron, the cute little French dish Mr. Kelly was mooning over.

The picture ends with a ballet which may be the longest in picture history—a full twenty minutes—which must contain all the dancers in Hollywood, all the costumes they hadn't dragged into the rest of the picture, all the process shots left over from Paris and about twelve changes of costume for Mr. Kelly who leaps into the fountains in the Place de la Concorde roughly twenty-two times and emerges dry but, I expect, tired. It was a stupefying experience and also rather an interminable one. Sometimes I harbor the suspicion that Mr. Kelly should let someone else help out with his choreography. He has only so many ideas and when he runs through the collection, he's inclined to repeat them in different dress against different scenery.

Having got these carping comments off my mind, I'm forced to admit I had a wonderful time at the picture. Pictures are not only better than ever but bigger, costlier, more opulent, more colorful and more vivid than ever. Also milder, mellower and more satisfying. All right, Rawson, cut out the business with the rubber hose and get off my chest. I may even go back and see a picture of my own accord some time, clutching my own money in my damp little hand.

And now—back to Ed Sullivan, all nine inches of solid muscle. Nothing but black and white, verging around the chin into suitable shades of gray. Perhaps it's better that way. I don't think I'm emo-

tionally equipped to take Mr. Sullivan if they blew him up to fourteen feet and shot him along in four colors.

Tale of Old Hollywood . . .

THE other day Carmel Myers, the silent film star who now has her own TV show, was telling one of her guests about what fun they had on the set in the old days, which is to say, back when they kept the money. It was a nice little anecdote. A director had driven her to a restaurant in his Cadillac. When the doorman asked him what to with the car, the director said, "Keep it." No one ever saw the car again. Or the doorman either.

Three Ring Circus

THE Columbia Broadcasting System presented a fine series of radio documentaries on crime in a series of five broadcasts titled "The Nation's Nightmare." The country's criminals were given a thorough going-over which may or may not result in any very drastic action. This has been a great year for the exposure of crime. It has not yet been exactly sensational for the conviction of criminals. Perhaps next year, an imposing array of district attorneys with flashing smiles and telegenic personalities will spring up and send platoons of gamblers, narcotic salesmen and politcians to jail right in front of the leering cameras. Then the D. A.'s will all go on to become either governors or narrators on "Gangbusters."

While I still harbor some doubts as to the motives of those who are deploring the practice of murder with such great vehemence, CBS deserves great acclaim for the elaborate research and thorough workanship of its crime series. The most harrowing of them was "Crime on the Waterfront", a real shocker. CBS picked up a lot of their material for this one right on the New York and New Jersey waterfront and frequently faced physical danger in so doing. At one point a crowd of longshoremen threatened to throw a CBS truck in the river. While this particular broadcast was on the air, a man identifying himself as a longshoreman union official called the network and threatened all forms of retaliation.

That's no idle threat either. If you listened to the broadcast, you'd discover they play real rough along the waterfront. "The record of racketeering, exploitation, extortion, conspiracy and murder is so foul that it's hard to believe even when you have documented proof before you. But it's true, shamefully and unquestionably true," declared Bill Down, the narrator, at the outset of this program.

There follows a horrendous sightseeing tour around Manhattan Island. Each pier area and the men who control them, all men with long police records, were identified by name. "The waterfront from the Fulton Fish Market on the east to Pier 9 on the West Side, the famous tip of Manhattan Island, controlled by Socks Lanza, pal of Lucky Luciano—ten arrests, now out on parole after conviction for extortion."

The slave conditions of the longshoremen to their hiring boss has been told often before but it was retold in condensed, simple and dramatic form. The shipping interests as well as the unions have a marked preference for ex-convicts as hiring bosses because they keep the men in line. Once in power, the mobsters fleece the longshoremen through a dozen rackets—numbers, bookmaking, kick-backs, loan-sharking. The man who doesn't play along doesn't work.

But that is small potatoes next to the organized theft on the waterfront which costs the insurance companies $60,000,000 a year. As explained by one longshoreman: "Yer see, they work with the checker, the fellow who checks the cargo as it comes off the ship. The checker is supposed to get the longshoremen to put

the valuable cargo in certain spots on the dock. Let's say they want to steal $500,000 worth of watches from Switzerland. The hirin' boss tells the checker and the checker has it put somewhere else. The checker never marks it as coming off the ship, see. It never did arrive in this country, so it's lost somewhere between here and France or wherever the ship came from."

Supporting the appalling conditions on the waterfront, CBS declared, were a united front of shipping interests, unions, influential businessmen and the police, a tough bunch to fight. As summed up by one longshoreman, no one wanted to monkey with the system because everyone profited by it.

"The big boys (both business and political) need the tough guys. They need the tough guys to keep me in line so I don't get too brazen, upset their way of runnin' things. They also need the police department to keep the tough guys in line. If the tough guys go too far the police cut 'em down and then they got the politicians to see that the police don't go too far and they've got the politicians 'cause—well, he kin use the musclemen to line up the vote for him. It's a three-ring circus. The legitimate guy is in the middle."

Red's Back on Radio . . .

"MR. SKELTON can prattle along indefinitely, spitting out unrelated jokes with an air of such vigorous humor that, I'm forced to admit, he carries a large part of his audience along with him by sheer determination. It's a gift not to be taken lightly," I wrote once upon a time, long, long ago. (If Mr. Skelton can repeat the jokes, I ought to be permitted to repeat the observations.) Well, he's back on radio again and the jokes—as Mr. Skelton himself confessed—haven't changed.

"You got any stewed chicken"—"Yes"—"Well, give 'em black coffee. That'll sober 'em up."

"Have you always been in this condition?" No, I was single once."

The Righteousness of a Reformed Sinner

RAYMOND RUBICAM, one of the giants of the advertising rack—uh—business, founded Young & Rubicam, now one of the largest advertising agencies in the world, retired in 1948 and now basks in the warm sun of Arizona where apparently he has done a certain amount of brooding about the sins of his youth. At any rate, he recently wrote a letter to Sen. William Benton who read it on the Senate floor where it attracted absolutely no attention at all.

It's a forceful letter and, while most of the complaints in it have been made before, they are particularly pertinent and especially damning because they come from a man who did more than his share in committing the sins he now deplores. "Radio broadcasting," Mr. Rubicam wrote, "has come nowhere near serving the American people as well as it ought to have served them. I am convinced that a large part of the reason lies in the domination of radio by the advertiser. Since I am no longer in the advertising business these views will be called, by many of my former associates, the newly acquired righteousness of a reformed sinner, but the fact remains that even when I was most active in advertising and in radio I held the same views and would have welcomed a reduction of the percentage of radio time available to advertisers and an enlargement of the public's opportunity to hear programs which have little worth for the advertiser but great worth for the public . . ."

"What I am opposed to," Mr. Rubicam continued, "is what amounts practically to a monopoly of radio and television by advertisers to the point where the public's freedom of choice in programs is more of a theory than a fact and to the point where public service of the two media is only a shadow of what it could be . . . Radio programming in the United States has been comparable to a school system in which everything stopped at the elementary grades . . . and which consequently had no colleges, universities or post-graduate schools to serve the rest of the population.

"In the field of print, people have a lot better chance of escaping the worst than they have in radio. There are printed publications specializing in almost every field of human interest, inquiry, thought, activity. Even those newspapers and magazines which typically take the low road to popularity often do more to serve minority interests than radio does.

"The infinite variety permitted by printed publication has helped bring men a long way in civilization. We, nevertheless, face an age in which a higher and higher percentage of what our minds take in will be taken in through radio and television. Their danger is that if misconducted they will make for a population standardized on a narrow base and a low level of preoccupation. In the end they are certain to overpower the printed word as an influence on people and we are fools if we do not set them up to serve as much of our lives and to throw light on as many of our problems as we can.

"Television broadcasting might eventually cover a range of subject matter almost as wide as the printed word now does. In entertainment, instead of radio's relatively invariable menu of crooning, crime and gag-making, we might have not only current plays and movies but everything else from the classics to wood-working-as-a-weekend-hobby. Subscription broadcasting of television programs would create a new field for the free enterprise system and would further the healthy competition we know we must have in business to keep it free and to keep it from not serving us well. How can this proposal be seen in any other light? Except for military defense, what question is there before this country which is half as important as the question of the uses that will be made of television?

"In asking for the creation of a National Citizens Advisory Commission to aid the public, the Congress and the FCC in thinking through the problems of this new force, you are certainly on as sane and reasonable ground as any man could be. You do not pretend to know all the answers, nor do you ask that the government dictate the answers. What you ask (in the Benton bill) is that the problems and possibilities be given the respect and study they deserve by a group of qualified citizens so that the best answers can be found. How can we afford to do less?"

In other words, one enormously successful ex-advertising man is telling another enormously successful ex-advertising man (Sen. Benton was once partner in Benton and Bowles which controlled most of the soap operas on the air), that the power of the advertisers should be curbed in the public interest. Both ex-ad men are in favor of subscription television which would compete directly with the sponsored broadcasting they both did so much to promote. It's a remarkable document and I'm sorry I had to condense it so drastically. The full text was printed in the November 3 issue of "The Saturday Review of Literature," in case you're interested.

That Way Lies Cannibalism . . .

THE confounded experts are sitting—panel after panel of them—all over television, and somewhere a line has got to be drawn and drawn soon. First thing you know we'll have one panel sitting in judgment on another panel, the "What's My Line" crowd evaluating the "It Pays To Be Ignorant" mob. That way lies cannibalism, fellows. Let's cut it out.

Mr. Murray Salutes the Esquire Girls

KEN MURRAY is a square-faced, larger-mouthed, crew-cutted, square-rigged comedian who flourishes an enormous cigar and frequently wears a smile that stretches clear across a fourteen-inch screen. Everything about this refugee from California is generously proportioned and, consequently, it comes only as a mild surprise to hear he is to be extended to two and a half hours. This makes him the most extensive entertainer anywhere on evening television, over-reaching even Arthur Godfrey by a full hour.

There seems to be no question that he has the stamina to spread himself over this time allotment, having presided over a sort of continuous vaudeville show on the West Coast known as "Blackouts" for seven long years without visible wear

and tear on his health. The whole thing then boils down to whether the rest of us have the stamina to endure Ken Murray for two and a half hours every week.

Well, he's an engaging low-pressure fellow who wears well. When he first started on CBS-TV, he was all over the place—trading badinage with other comedians, working strenuously in all the sketches and even drinking Budweiser with great zest during the commercial. Over the years he has become less obtrusive. That's the new or anti-Milton Berle trend. Stay out of the animal acts. You'll live longer.

The contemporary Ken Murray trades a few jokes, generally of a rather special wolfish nature, with his guests and leers at the pretty girls. There is quite a lot of leering going on in television, but Murray, with his vast countenance, has a leer that outreaches anyone else's and could in a pinch throw a shudder into a girl in the second balcony.

On a recent Murray program, there were more girls to leer at than ever before. Virtually the whole show was given over to sounding the klaxon for *Esquire* magazine, especially *Esquire's* calendar girls. I expect everyone now knows what the *Esquire* calendar is and that each month is adorned by a long-legged lass in various attitudes of abandon. Well, they had all twelve of them there—some of them the originals, others reproductions of the originals—and each one simpered her way through a little poesy to the effect that she adored men, especially men who bought her diamonds.

"This," said a young lady who happened to be watching the same exhibit at the time, "is going to set women back 400 years."

It sounded like one of the most elaborate magazine tie-ins of all time. The magazine-television tie-in; you give a comedian a full page spread in color; he responds with wild praise over the air for your magazine. But it wasn't. At least, *Esquire* claims that Mr. Murray's enthusiasm for the magazine, especially its calendar girls, was entirely spontaneous and that the magazine's retort to this hour-long tribute would be only a small plug for Mr. Murray on the editorial page: "Nobody reads the editorial page," said the managing editor of that magazine glumly, "except my mother."

Apart from all the pulchritude—and, believe me, unrelieved pulchritude can get awfully monotonous — the Murray show was and usually is a relaxed and expert operation which never pounds at your ears as do so many of the others. One unique feature is a weekly serious dramatic sketch plopped right in the middle of the buffoonery, an idea that has stood up well. In last week's, a young lady running away from life and men, takes refuge with Josephine Hull, who had locked the door against such intrusions nineteen years earlier. After a session together full of psychiatric allusions to their childhoods, the two girls decided they were being silly and returned to the bearpit to face Life and Men. Well, there have been more sensible ones and hereafter the sketches will be written by three of radio's top writers—Arch Oboler, Norman Corwin and Jean Holloway.

While the *Esquire* salute was not a tie-in, Mr. Murray is not above tie-ins here and there. During the commercial, Sherman Billingsley dropped by to scratch the back of Mr. Murray's sponsor, Budweiser, while Mr. Murray scratched the back of Mr. Billingsley's sponsor, Fatima —both of them puffing, sipping and scratching as if they had three arms. As commercials go, it wasn't bad, but I still prefer the Budweiser horses—massive, august animals who are easily the most dignified and impressive things ever to appear on my television set.

"Talk Back" with Happy Felton . . .

HAPPY FELTON played host one day to a lady author whose books bears my favorite title for 1951. The author:

Mrs. Kirsten Sergel. The book: "I Just Like To Kill Things." What sort of things, Mrs. Sergel—ideals, hopes, illusions? Or just people?

The New Vitamized Cotton Mather

THE closest thing around to Cotton Mather these days is Charles D. Kasher, a pitchman. His eye, I should say, is at least as formidable as Mather's; his upraised finger is almost as disapproving and his fanaticism for N. H. A. Vitamin compound approaches that of Mather for soul-saving. The boys had rather different articles to sell but I feel they would have gotten along well.

Kasher's pitch is delivered on a half-hour film which belted around the country long before it hit New York. I know because we got letters from people who were overcome with astonishment for two reasons: (a) that there was such a thing as a half-hour commercial; (b) that they sat through it. After experiencing Mr. Kasher—you don't just look at him, you sort of suffer him like an electric shock—I see what they mean. I was paralyzed from the waist down. Some sort of hypnosis which I thought, was a violation of the Federal Communications Commission rules.

Kasher's pitch is a straight half-hour scolding without any trimmings, props, pictures, charts, diagrams, movies. Nothing. Just Kasher, a rather scrawny piece of goods with receding hair and a small mustache. Other advertisers may woo you, flatter you, frighten you, or turn on the big bright smile. Not Kasher. He just gives a half-hour of unterrupted hell for the way we eat, the way we sleep and even—so help me hannah—the way we make love. We make love too fast, says Kasher. Take your time.

Come to think of it, we do everything too fast (says Kasher) especially eating and even—if my ears weren't playing me tricks—sleeping. Me, I'm a slow sleeper and always have been. I sleep along at about four knots. But I suppose there are fast sleepers who go screaming down nyctitropism eighty miles an hour, taking the curves on one elbow.

While belaboring the rest of us, Kasher takes an occasional poke at some really sacred American institutions. The comic strip advertisement, for example. John doesn't love me any more, says the weeping girl. Next cartoon: a babe whispering in her ear about Bathseba soap. So she bathes. So they get married. I don't know how the soap people, who underwrite so much of our broadcasting, are going to take this attack on fundamental American principles. If the right soap isn't the answer to all our problems, what is?

Well, Mr. K. supplies the answer to that, too. N. H. A. complex. Incidentally, his lecture on food and our bad habits seems to my laymen's ear very sound. We do overcook vegetables, rely too heavily on sandwiches, eat too fast, drink too many cold liquids. But in the payoff Mr. Kasher, if I understood him correctly, condones all those malpractices—provided we take his vitamin complex, a rather startling deviation from his original premise and one which Cotton Mather would never have committed. That's the trouble with your contemporary fanatic. He has to wrestle with the sponsor where Mather hal only his conscience to quell. Of the two, the sponsor is infinitely more menacing.

There is another more fundamental defect in the hypnotic approach. When I was invited to go out and buy the stuff, I was still rooted to the chair. Couldn't move for three days and by that time I'd done a bit of thinking. Kasher took the complex, didn't he? Kept saying he never missed. And—to paraphrase a line written by George Kaufman and Moss Hart—three days after I'm dead I expect to look better than he does now.

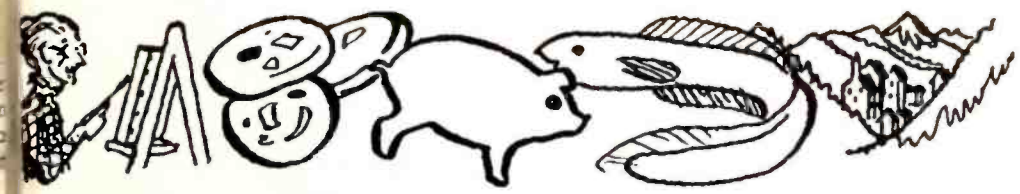
There are a lot of pitchmen on television these days, Kasher being only an example of the evangelical or God-help-you-if-you don't variety. There's one fifteen minute spot for Vitamix. A pitchman demonstrates a mixer which reduces egg shells, apple cores and all sorts of things to liquids and does it very entertainingly. I keep wishing he'd sort of accidentally drop Kasher in there sometime. After all those years of vitamin pills, Kasher, I bet, would reduce to a liquid more powerful than the atom bomb.

Swing's CHRISTMAS QUIZ

by Marilyn Wissmiller

Swing's first quiz this issue is based on past and present Christmas customs. Those such as plum pudding, carols and our Babe in the Manger began long, long ago. But there are modern customs, too, as you will see below. If you get nine right, excellent. As low as four—well, you just don't feel Christmasy inside!

1. The California State Flower personifies Christmas. Can you name it?
2. Plum pudding is especially identified with Christmas festivities in which country?
3. Can you name Clement Moore's Yuletide classic poem?
4. Swedish Christmas cookies are many times cut to resemble what important farm animal of that nation?
5. In a valley in the Austrian Alps, Franz Gruber and Father Mohr composed a famous Christmas carol. Can you name it?
6. In what European country will you have an abundant Christmas Eve dinner, but a meatless one?
7. This lady is called the "Grandmother of the Nation," and her primitive paintings are popular on Christmas cards. Who is she?
8. Which state has a town named Santa Claus, from which each year people send cards and letters to be mailed at Christmas time?
9. What Mediterranean nation has an elaborate Christmas Eve dinner that keeps the wife busy for days beforehand? Preperations of eel are favorite dishes.
0. Lebkuchen and pfeffernuesse are Christmas favorites in Germany. What are they?



WAITER, I'LL HAVE . . .

by Virginia D. Randall

Our first quiz mentioned food several times; now let's concentrate on it. Foreign foods are among the most important things brought into this country, whether by tourists or immigrants. Many dishes are unusual; but they can be found on the menu of any good restaurant. If you were to eat out during the coming holidays and found the following list of foods offered, do you know what you would get if you ordered them? A Christmas tip—some are in a liquid state!

1. Wiener Schnitzel	a. Meat with beans
2. Schnapps	b. Sponge cake covered with jam and cream
3. Capon	c. Beer
4. Crepes Suzette	d. Veal cutlet
5. Ragout	e. Cheese
6. Cerveza	f. Holland gin
7. Treacle	g. Stomach of a ruminating animal
8. Moselle	h. Wine
9. Kelp	i. A cock-chicken
10. Trifle	j. Mexican alcohol
11. Pulque	k. Pancakes
12. Gruyere	l. Stew with highly seasoned meat
13. Chili con Carne	m. Seaweed
14. Tripe	n. Goose liver
15. Pate de fois gras	o. Molasses
16. Les buches de Noel	p. Christmas Yule Log, chocolate-coated sponge rolls filled with *creme au beurre.*
17. Le reveillon	q. Headcheese and sausage eaten after Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve.

PARTNERS FOREVER

by Ada B. Turner

Now, this may not seem Christmasy, but don't you think couples should be together during the holiday season? We think so and want you to supply the missing names of the couples who have gone down in history together They may be Biblical, professional or fictional.

1. Punch and	11. Cain and .....
2. David and	12. Blondie and .....
3. The Prince and	13. Napoleon and .....
4. Marquette and	14. Jack and .....
5. Ginger Rogers and	15. Leah and .....
6. Jacob and	16. Amos and .....
7. Gilbert and	17. Jeanette McDonald and .....
8. Beauty and	18. Samson and .....
9. Penrod and	19. Jack Benny and .....
10. Lewis and	20. Porgy and .....

KITCHEN COMMODITIES

by Norman Daly

We move to the kitchen and its tantalizing aromas for this quiz. It's almost a safe bet that the cook in your family has these well-known products on the shelves right now—and that all of them will be used during the holidays! Your chore is to identify the twelve trademarks of these nationally advertised products. Score 10 points for each correct solution.

120 Points: You "know your groceries."

80 Points: Very good—if you're a man.
Just fair if you're a woman.

Below 60 Points: That shouldn't happen—even to a bachelor!


1


2


3


4


5


6


7


8


9

10


11


12

ARE THESE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS?

by Helen L. Renshaw

Yes, Christmas is a wonderful time. Its beauty, its spirit, its friendship all add up to one thing—presents. Everyone loves to receive them, but hardly anyone escapes without receiving one that leaves a big question mark in his mind—what is it? If you do receive some of the gifts listed below, what are you going to do with them?

1. A scallion
   a. Play with it.
   b. Eat it.
   c. Hang your coat on it.
2. A tambourine
   a. Hit it rythmically.
   b. Make punch with it.
   c. Put it in the stew.
3. An auger
   a. Turn it over to the police.
   b. Cut glass with it.
   c. Bore holes with it.
4. Palanquin
   a. Ride in it.
   b. Play a tune on it.
   c. Slice it for breakfast.
5. A distaff
   a. Use as an aid in climbing.
   b. Hang a gate on it.
   c. Put wool or flax on it.
6. Pirogue
   a. Paddle it.
   b. Wrap it around your head.
   c. Drink out of it.
7. Noria
   a. Fly it.
   b. Raise water with it.
   c. Play a game with it.
8. Tartan
   a. Put it on baked fish.
   b. Sleep on it.
   c. Wear it.
9. Brazier
   a. Heat coals in it.
   b. Wear it around the neck.
   c. Cut diamonds with it.
10. A wombat
    a. Play hockey with it.
    b. Take it to the zoo.
    c. Cut wood with it.

FOUND IN THE NEW YEAR

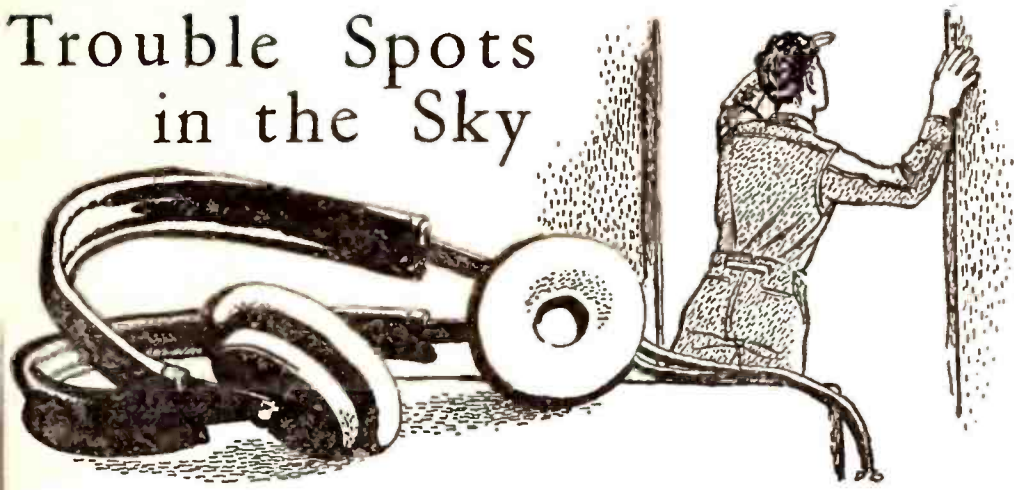
by Boris Randolph

For the windup, a few words about the New Year. Each of the words defined below can be made up from the letters contained in the words NEW YEAR. But—you can use a letter in any word *only* as often as it occurs in NEW YEAR.

1. A feeling of wonder — — —
2. A bright beam of sunshine — — —
3. A conflict between nations — — —
4. A watcher — — — —
5. Some whiskey — — —
6. Merchandise in general — — — —
7. An affirmative answer — — —
8. A negative answer — — —
9. A songbird — — — —
10. A means of doing things — — —
11. A sign of boredom — — — —
12. You and I — —
13. A story of adventure — — — —
14. A terrific longing — — —
15. A bump on the head — — —

(See Page 605 for the Answers)

Trouble Spots in the Sky



Sunspots are vital to radio communication, but are also one of its worst enemies. This article tells you why.

by DOROTHY FOWLE

THE radio operator bangs down on his transmitter key and strains o hear an answering signal through he roar and crackle of static coming ver his ear-phones. Across the coun-ry, a farmer twirls the dials of his adio, trying vainly to get a distant tation.

"Sunspots!" they both exclaim. Those sunspots are acting up again!"

Are the radio operator and the armer right? Can we blame the light-iving, life-giving sun for jinxing our njoyment of radio programs?

Scientists certainly have established relationship between sunspots and radio disturbances, but they won't say definitely that particular spots cause particular disturbances. There is no day-to-day relation between these solar blemishes and radio reception. All they will say for sure is that many severe, world-wide "storms" have been accompanied by displays of very large, spectacular sunspots. On the other hand, there have been bad radio disturbances at times when no sunspots were visible. There are nearly always some spots on the sun but they don't always give trouble.

Sunspots appear as dark patches on the surface of the sun. They may be round or irregular in shape. You can see sunspots with an ordinary two-inch telescope, or sometimes just by looking at the sun through a piece of smoked glass. At observatories in different parts of the world sunspots are counted, recorded and photographed regularly. They are small in

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orothy Fowle is a native of Ottawa, Canada, where she works as an analyst in a vernment radio research project studying the upper atmosphere. She has written for e Montreal Standard and the Ottawa Evening Citizen; and for several children's magazines.

comparison to the sun but the largest of them can be 18 times the diameter of the earth.

THE cause of sunspots is not known although they are almost certainly the result of disturbances in the interior of the gigantic ball of glowing gases we call the sun. Probably masses of the material in the sun become subjected to greatly increased pressure, their extreme temperatures become even higher, and as a result they break into a storm like an earthly cyclone.

From this solar storm streams of particles are shot out in a continuing jet, like a stream of water from a revolving garden hose. When these particles reach the earth's outer atmosphere, they behave like an electric current. They act upon the rarified gases in such a way as to ionize them, that is, to set electrons free from atoms. At night this excitation of the gases produces a glow which we know as the aurora borealis, or northern lights. The particles also cause magnetic disturbances in the earth.

Sunspots nearly always come in pairs. There will be an active, leading spot and another quiet, following spot. Sometimes they change over so that the quiet spot becomes active. If we watched them day by day, we would see the sunspots move across the face of the sun until they disappeared. New spots appear before the old ones have died out, and they appear at higher latitudes, that is, farther from the sun's equator. A peculiar and as yet unexplained fact is that while one spot rotates in a clockwise direction, its partner spot rotates the opposite way, counter-clockwise. From this it appears that the two spots are joined and are really two ends of one madly whirling column of solar material. The rotation of the spots, as seen by means of a telescope, leads scientists to believe that it is matter returning to the sun that we see as sunspots. Because it has gone some distance from the main body of the sun, it is cooler and therefore appears darker than the rest of the sun.

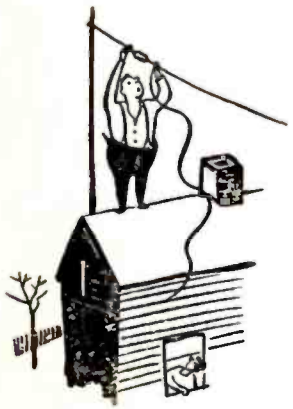
The sun rotates on its own axis, making a complete turn in approximately twenty-seven days. As it does so, the spots, of course, disappear from sight around the west limb of the sun, and return when the same surface of the sun faces us.

Perhaps the most spectacular display occurs when there is a solar prominence. It can be seen only on the edge of the sun and appears to be a great streamer of solar material shooting out thousands of miles into space, then sinking rapidly back into the sun. The birth of a sunspot is thought to be accompanied by a solar prominence. The prominences are often, though not always, near sunspots, and the exact relationship between the two is not known.

WHAT does all this mean to the scientist studying sunspots, the radio man trying to establish communications from some outpost of civilization? Both want to know what radio wave length (or frequency) can be used at a given time and what are the chances of a rad

disturbance coming along. To find the answers they depend on what is called the sunspot number.

At observatories throughout the world photographs are taken of the sun every clear day, and a number is assigned to each day according to the number of spots visible and the number of groups of spots. Records are kept of the daily numbers and at the end of the month an average figure is taken for the whole month. It is this monthly sunspot number that is the basis for predicting radio frequencies.



Sunspots have been the object of an's curiosity for thousands of ears. You can look up the sunspot umber of any month for any year nce 1749. The Chinese kept records f sunspots in 301 A.D. The highest unspot number ever known was 238, und in May, 1778. Another high umber was recorded as recently as 947; the number for May of that ar was 206.

The sunspot count has a very imrtant bearing on radio communicaons. Generally speaking, as the onthly sunspot number increases, higher radio frequencies can be used, and for months with a low number lower frequencies must be used. The radio operator wants to use as high a frequency as possible, because the lower frequencies, that is the ones with longer wave lengths, are more likely to have their energy absorbed between the time they are transmitted and the time they should be received.

A surprising and very handy discovery was the fact that the sunspot numbers follow an eleven year cycle. Once every eleven years, approximately, they reach a high peak and then gradually decline. 1947 was a peak year, when some of the highest sunspot numbers in history were recorded, but at present we are on the down trend of the cycle.

The next few years will not be favorable from the standpoint of shortwave or long distance air broadcasting, because many of the radio frequencies which are ordinarily usable, and which make for good reception, will now be too high to get through. But the research men welcome the unusual opportunity that will be given them to study sunspot effects, though from a negative viewpoint. By studying conditions in the *absence* of sunspots, they will have a better idea of what *not* to blame them for. Then, too, they can watch the changing effects when the spots re-appear.

By observing the trend of past sunspot cycles, the scientists can predict with reasonable accuracy what the sunspot number will be a month or more ahead of time. Knowing the sunspot number, they can determine

what radio frequencies it is advisable to use. They are not always right. The sun does not always behave as expected. Behind its bright and seemingly serene face are the answers to many still unsolved riddles.

Attempts have been made, with some success, to link the eleven year sunspot cycle with animal and vegetable behavior. The growth of tree rings fluctuates with the cycle, but some species show greater growth during years of high sunspot incidence, while other trees show more during years of low sunspot occurrence. Too, freeze-up time on rivers and lakes varies directly with the sunspot cycle, freezing occurring later in lean sunspot years.

WE grumble when the sun's antics interfere with our pleasure. Ironically, were it not for the action of the sun's ultraviolet light on the outer atmosphere of the earth creating a reflecting medium for radio waves, we wouldn't have long distance radio broadcasting at all. If it weren't for this medium, the ionosphere, the radio waves would pass on into outer space.

The ionosphere, which exists roughly between 60 miles and 240 miles above the earth's surface, is denser at some times than at others. This density is all important to radio communications, for it determines what frequencies can be used in radio broadcasting, and which ones will not get through to their intended destinations. The density is greatest in years of high sunspot activity, but it does no vary smoothly with the sunspot num bers. If it did, the work of the scien tist would be simplified a great deal It is also very difficult to determin just what are the effects of the sun spots because so many other thing affect the ionosphere. Its densit changes with the time of day, th season of the year, and even wit latitude and longitude. Only b studying masses of information an making innumerable observations ca any conclusions be drawn.

Another trouble maker on the su is the hydrogen flare, a sudden intens brightening of a portion of the sur It causes the disturbances familiar t all radio listeners, the fade-out, c sudden failure of all radio receptio The fade-out differs from other radi disturbance in its abrupt beginnin and in the fact that it lasts only fro fifteen minutes to an hour. It occu on the sunlit side of the earth. Fro the timing of these solar flares an fade-outs it has been found that bo begin and end at the same time. Th is the only radio effect that has bee definitely related to individual ha penings on the sun.

The scientist is still looking for a swers. Here he is not working in laboratory where exact quantities c be measured out, or working conc tions controlled to his own liking. H workshop is as vast as space, his e vironment whatever nature chooses hand out, his "specimens" 93,000,0 miles away on the inscrutable face the sun.

▲

There is a plumber who stamps his bills "pay the piper."

Who overcomes by force has overco but half his foe.

Answers to Quiz Questions on Pages 597-600

SWING'S CHRISTMAS QUIZ

1. Mistletoe
2. England
3. A Visit from St. Nicholas
4. The pig
5. Silent Night
6. Hungary
7. Grandma Moses
8. Indiana
9. Italy
10. Christmas cakes

WAITER, I'LL HAVE . . .

a-d, 2-f, 3-i, 4-k, 5-l, 6-c, 7-o, 8-h, 9-m, 10-b, 11-j, 12-e, 13-a, 14-g, 15-n, 16-p, 17-q.

PARTNERS FOREVER

1. Judy
2. Goliath
3. The Pauper
4. Joliet
5. Fred Astaire
6. Esau
7. Sullivan
8. The Beast
9. Sam
10. Clarke
11. Abel
12. Dagwood
13. Josephine
14. Jill
15. Rachel
16. Andy
17. Nelson Eddy
18. Delilah
19. Mary Livingstone
20. Bess

KITCHEN COMMODITIES

1. Old Dutch Cleanser
2. Frigidaire
3. Baker's Cocoa
4. Bon Ami
5. Arm & Hammer Baking Soda
6. Maxwell House Coffee
7. Bird's Eye Brand Frosted Foods
8. Colman's Mustard
9. Domino Sugar
10. Heinz Products
11. Quaker Oats
12. Uneeda Biscuit

FOUND IN THE NEW YEAR

AWE
RAY
WAR
EYER
RYE
WARE
AYE or YEA
NAY
WREN
WAY
YAWN
WE
YARN
YEN
WEN

YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS?

1. b—An onion.
2. a—A one-headed drum with loose metallic discs.
3. c—A carpenter's tool for boring or perforating rocks or soil.
4. a—An enclosed carriage or litter carried on the shoulders of two men by projecting poles.
5. c—Staff used to hold flax or wool from which the thread is drawn in spinning by hand.
6. a—A dug-out canoe.
7. b—A large water wheel for raising water by action of the stream against the float.
8. c—Woolen cloth with small checks, much worn in Scotland.
9. a—A vessel in which coals are heated.
10. b—Resembles a small bear and is found in Australia.

▲

"Let's have something different for a change—something edible."

The Sage of Swing Says—

Executive: A man who wears out several suits to every pair of shoes.

▲

Career Girl: One who prefers plots and plans to pots and pans.

▲

Accident: Where presence of mind is handy, but absence of body is more healthful.

▲

Candidate: A person who stands for what he thinks people will fall for.

▲

The thing most women dread about their past is its length.

▲

Historians may refer to the present as the "Age of Chiselry."

▲

The poor man is not he without a cent. It is he without a dream.

▲

Youth is young life, plus curiosity, minus understanding.

▲

English is the language that capitalizes I; most others capitalize You.

▲

An optimist laughs to forget, a pessimist forgets to laugh.

▲

If you look back too much, you'll soon be heading that way.

▲

An exclamation mark is a period that's blown its top.

Somehow it's hard to believe that only the fit in the world have survived.

▲

When history "repeats", it's often an unpleasant burp.

▲

A man seldom hits the bull's eye by shooting the bull.

▲

Procrastination: The art of keeping up with yesterday.

▲

If something goes wrong it is more important to talk about who is going to fix it than who is to blame.

▲

We don't need to fear fear, but fear the inability to master fear.

▲

If you were another person would you like to be a friend of yours?

▲

A job becomes work only when you worry about it.

▲

Some folks think they are bearing the cross when they are only putting up with themselves.

▲

Nobody is satisfied with his walk in life if he has to shovel it himself.

▲

A pickpocket is a man who general lives alone, but occasionaly goes out in the crowd for a little change.

▲

A good yawn is often more effective than a caustic remark.

▲

On the other hand it is still legal for lambs to gambol.

▲

What contradictions when we seek join in wedlock life and reason!

▲

Civilization is just a slow process learning to be kind.

▲

Common, average, everyday sense is the most uncertain, undependable thing in the world.

Culture is varnish that doesn't crack under heat.

▲

Democracy, like charity, should begin at home.

▲

Nobody ever got hurt on the corners of a square deal.

▲

Self control is the best way to prevent control by someone else.

▲

Socialism is like turning on a water faucet and expecting milk and honey to flow from it.

▲

Men are like wines; age souring the bad and bettering the good.

▲

There are two sides to every argument, but no end.

▲

It adds truth and dignity to everything you say if you plead guilty now and then to a slight doubt.

▲

Enthusiasm is the best shortening for any job. It makes heavy work lighter.

▲

Some men try to drive a hard bargain seven days a week; six with their fellow men and on Sunday with God.

▲

A man cannot lead if he is running behind.

▲

These trying times are the good old days we may be longing for a few years from now.

▲

A practical politician is one who believes in deals rather than ideals.

▲

The reason so many people refuse to face facts is that they would have to turn their backs on their prejudices if they did.

▲

Turning your back on one problem brings you face to face with another.

Take responsibility on your shoulders and it leaves no room for chips.

▲

Tact is that rare ability to think of things far enough in advance not to say them.

▲

The inventor of the alarm clock probably has done the most to arouse the working classes.

▲

An old timer is a fellow who remembers when it cost more to run a car than to park it.

▲

We're living in an age when our sins will find us out. We don't stay home long enough to have them find us in.

▲

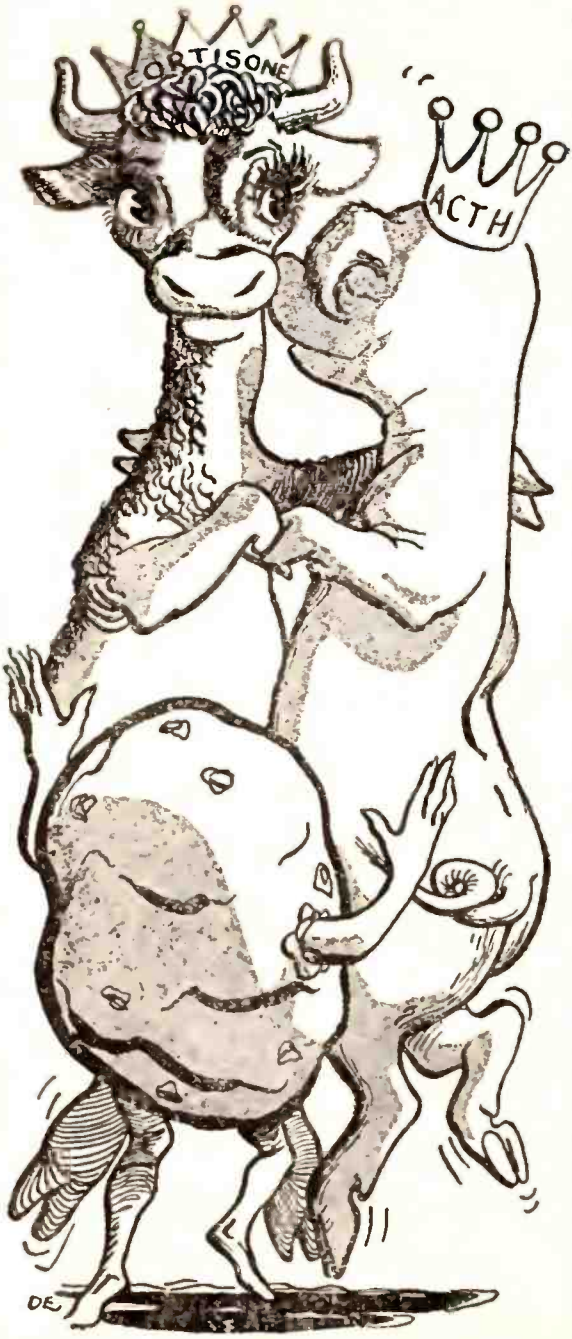
A child can ask a thousand questions that a wise man cannot answer.

▲

The highest function of conservation is to keep the progress progressiveness has accomplished.

". . . about the story you read to me last night. Where do you see 'to be continued'?"

MIRACLES of MODERN MEDICINE



Cortisone and ACTH—two scarce pain-relieving drugs—have brought new hope to millions. Can we get them in quantity from yams instead of hams?

by PEARL P. PUCKETT

MORE than a century ago men of medicine were agreed that there existed an important link between the adrenal cortex and rheumatoid arthritis. It had been observed that women in pregnancy, and patients suffering from jaundice, were somehow relieved of previous arthritic pain. But the connection was not clearly delineated until Dr. Philip Hench, of the Mayo clinic, had compiled a fascinating study of the hundreds of arthritis patients passing through the famous Rochester hospitals.

In 1935, Dr. Edward Kendall, associated with Dr. Hench at Mayo, isolated a hormone secreted by the adrenal glands of cattle, and named it cortisone. During World War II reports reached the United States Office of Scientific Research and Development that German aviators had been immunized against the effects of high altitude flying through inoculations of an adrenal gland extract. Spurred into action, the go-

ernment office sought to develop similar uses from Dr. Kendall's discovery, but the war ended before cortisone could be synthesized, and with this impetus gone, the Air Force and Navy, the driving forces behind the program, soon lost interest.

By late 1948, however, sufficient quantity of the hormone had been accumulated by Merck & Company, manufacturing druggists, to permit testing. Then it was that Dr. Hench and his associates began their clinical work with cortisone on rheumatoid arthritis. The first to be given cortisone was a young woman, bedridden from a four and a half year old case of rheumatoid arthritis. Her joints were swollen, stiff and painful. The characteristic joint destruction had commenced in one hip. She was given 00 milligrams of cortisone by injection daily. At the end of three days, she walked with only a slight limp, and continued to improve with each dosage until she was able to go into Rochester on an extended shopping tour. Thirteen other rheumatoid arthritis patients, all severe cases, were given cortisone in the same test. In all of them, swelling went down, rigid joints became supple, pain vanished and strength was restored in an amazingly short time.

Cortisone became front page news. Sensational stories were made of doses that had given relief within minutes, of bedfast persons who had risen to health and new freedom. The heartbreaking facts were, however, that even though relief was given, it lasted only so long as injections could be continued. And the supply of cortisone couldn't even begin to satisfy the demand for it. Cortisone was being made from cattle bile, requiring thirty-two operations for the conversion, and nine months of time to distill a little of it from a lot of cattle.

CONCURRENTLY, another group of scientists were working on another drug with bright possibilities. Armour & Company chemists in their new laboratory had discovered ACTH, which they believed to be a foot-in-the-door to the basic causes of disease. ACTH is the hormone governing the activity of the adrenal cortex; it is found in the pituitary gland, the "master gland" controlling the functions of other hormone secreting glands. Armour & Company took ACTH from the pituitary glands of hogs, and made a few grams of the precious substance available to Dr. Hench. Dr. Hench reasoned that doses of ACTH should stimulate the arthritis patient's adrenal glands into manufacturing the needed extra supply of cortisone. Injections caused results parallel in nearly every detail to those of cortisone, indicating that ACTH was, indeed, fostering production of the adrenal hormone.

Since 1948, ACTH and cortisone have performed "miracle cures" with various forms of arthritis, certain types of cancer, Hodgkin's disease, leukemia, rheumatic fever, acute inflammatory eye disorders, skin diseases, allergies, tuberculosis and pneu-

Pearl P. Puckett is a free-lance writer from Omaha, Neb., who has had published more than 500 articles in the SatEvePost, Redbook, American Legion Magazine, American Weekly, Glamour, Charm, Sea Power, Ford Times and Nation's Business.

monia, to mention a few. Pains of all kinds, regardless of cause, are quickly controlled by ACTH.

Cortisone is also valuable in treating chronic alcoholism, infections like tuberculosis and pneumonia, secondary shocks, burns, and scores of other illnesses.

Hospitals all over American are reporting miracles. One young lady with 80 per cent of her vision already gone was treated for five days with ACTH. In those five days a miracle happened—her vision was restored to less than 15 per cent below normal. Even after the ACTH was stopped, there was further improvement. Dozens and dozens of glaucoma patients have beaten blindness to the draw.

Recent research foreshadows even greater medical triumphs through the use of ACTH. Dr. C. H. Li, the discoverer of ACTH, has tripled the potency of the drug by boiling it in an acid solution, and by the same process has tripled the power of an ACTH extract chemically less complicated than ACTH and thus more suitable for mass production as a synthetic.

With the report of marvelous alleviation of suffering effected by cortisone and ACTH came tremendous public pressure upon Merck & Company and Armour & Company, manufacturers of cortisone and ACTH, to mass produce the drugs. An avalanche of requests had to be turned aside.

Wealthy people and opportunists bid thousands of dollars for whatever quantities they thought they could get. Political pressure to wheedle portions of the drugs was immense. Finally Merck & Company had to resort to large scale newspaper advertising to explain why cortisone was not generally available to the public. A perfect set-up for a fantastically profitable black market in drugs was at hand, but the two companies channelled the manufactured drugs to doctors and hospitals, and control has been kept by administering the supply only to patients under experimental care.

The public scramble for the hormones was heedless of some very grave warnings issued by the medical profession. ACTH and cortisone have the strange power to turn diseases of and on—much like controlling the flow of water by manipulating a faucet. Neither drug has completely cured a chronic ailment, however, and a termination of injections will, in most cases, bring on a recurrence of the same suffering as existed before. Rheumatoid arthritis patients responded miraculously, but when medication was withdrawn, the disease returned in full force. On the other hand, snake and black widow spider bites were cured promptly and permanently. This relief of symptoms of disease is interpreted to mean that it is only the host reaction to the cause of the disease that is modified by the hormones. They do not actually curb infection, rather they control the reaction of the host to those forces which initiate and sustain the disease. Control of this kind is tantamount to a cure in some instances, and in many others, not a cure.

NEITHER ACTH nor cortisone can be given indefinitely without fatal results to the patient from

Cushing's syndrome, which results from a tumerous overgrowth of the adrenal glands, and an oversupply in the system of cortical hormones. However, when injections are stopped, ll symptoms disappear. It has been urther determined that too much CTH may cause eclampsia, a poi- oning that kills more than 1200 merican women a year in preg- ancy. There are some conditions uch as diabetes, hypertension, melli- is, and congestive heart disease, mong others, to which the hormones hould never be applied.

The full usage of CTH and cortisone is till in an experimental tage. Each day's study nd experience brings to ght new developments nd refinement of applica- on. Meanwhile the large rmour plants all over merica are bending every effort to eep pace with medical demands by roducing more ACTH. Every plant as pituitary experts . . . young omen dressed in starchy, white uni- rms . . . who stand at the end of ssembly lines. Their implements are harp "U" shaped knives. Their nim- le fingers daily extract the precious ituitary glands from the hog carcasses at pass along the lines. The pituitary pert locates the tiny gland at the se of the skull of each carcass, clips deftly and places it immediately in dry-ice container. Speed is impera- ve in the operation, for exposure to r causes the hormones in the gland lose potency. The pituitaries are uick-frozen and packed in ice for ipment to the Chicago Armour & Company laboratory to be converted to ACTH.

It requires from 1200 to 1600 hogs to yield a single pound of ACTH. The hormone sells at the new reduced price of $45,350 per pound.

To expedite shipments of the drug to large hospitals and clinics throughout the nation, Armour & Company has recently been purchasing all the pituitary glands the other packing companies can supply at $25 per pound.

TWO recent announcements in the synthetic field are of interest. Merck & Company has discovered a vegetable source for cortisone which promises to replace cattle bile as the chief source, and be far more adaptable to large scale production. A manufacturer of drugs in Mexico City, Syntex, S. A., has made public its discovery of a relatively cheap and quick process for synthesizing cortisone. The new process uses the giant yam, an inedible root growing in Mexican jungles. Syntex estimates that by 1954 it will be able to satisfy much of the great demand for cortisone.

Physicians say that knowledge of the functions of the adrenal cortex is expanding rapidly, and indications are that it plays a far greater role in the management of body functions than there was reason to suspect previous to the use of the "miracle drugs." This role is so extensive that no one has been able to formulate a theory of cortex functions comprehensive enough to include all its effects in health and disease. It is anticipated

that by full exploitation of the adrenal cortex, the human life span can be increased beyond all previous expectation, and it is not unlikely that patients will eventually receive relief from nearly all chronic ills by application of just the right amount of a particular hormone to correct the deficiency without upsetting the body's hormone balance.

The future promises greater discoveries in the physiology of adrenal cortex; so that suffering in a great many individuals will not only be alleviated, but chronic and disabling diseases will be cured completely.

▲

In the early days a river steamer in the shallow Missouri was attempting to scrape its way over a treacherous sand bar. Her engines were straining, her paddle-wheels were churning, and every member of the crew was holding his breath as the vessel crept inch by inch over the bar.

A recluse living in a river-bank cabin chose this moment to come down to the water's edge for a pail of water. As he turned away with a brimming pail, his action caught the captain's eye.

"Hey!" roared the fuming skipper. "You put that water back!"

▲

New twins had come into little Johnny's family. The household was in a state of excitement.

"If you will tell your teacher about this great event," Johnny's father beamed, "I'm sure she will give you a holiday."

It worked. Johnny came home exulting with the news that he wouldn't have to go to school the following day.

"And what did your teacher say when you told her about the twins?" father asked.

"Oh," said Johnny, "I just told her I had a baby sister. I'm saving the other one for next week."

▲

Two explorers met in the virgin forest. In the course of their conversation, one said, "I came in order to become acquainted with new horizons, to experience an unviolated solitude, to appreciate the grandiose charms of savage nature. And you?"

"I," replied the second explorer, "came because my little girl has just started taking piano lessons."

Young Warren reveled in his participation in numerous juvenile secret societies, wherein he held a raft of offices with high-sounding titles.

"Well," his father asked recently, "what office did you draw in that latest society?"

"Something super special," the lad boasted. "This time I'm the member!"

▲

"Yoohoo, Mrs. Syble—you look a mess!"

So I handed him a contract.

"If you know all about WHB, Mr. Diehard, you'll want this. Here's my pen. Now, if you'll just sign right . . ."

"Not so fast," snapped Diehard. "I know all about WHB—and it costs me money!"

Maybe the acoustics were bad.

"*Costs* you money!"

"That's right."

"But look," I finally strangled out, "WHB wants to make money *for* you!"

"See here," Diehard growled, chewing his cigar like a Hollywood heavy and looking nasty, "my wife listens to WHB all the time. She hears about hats, breakfast food, cars, everything else. Then goes out and buys 'em. Costs me money."

"But suppose your product were advertised the same way, then . . ."

"God forbid! More than three million people would want to buy it. Know what that would mean?"

"More prosperity for you . . ."

"Bah!"

". . . . and the people who work for you."

"Bah!" Diehard had reached a near-stroke pitch. "More headaches, that's what it would mean. New plants, new machinery, hire new people. Then whaddya got? Personnel problems!"

Some people do die hard. There are a few (not many, thank goodness!) who *don't want* to progress, who simply aren't alert enough to swing in with the dynamic radio station that's really going places in the golden Kansas City Marketland. But if you are on the lookout for new business, for expansion through progressive radio advertising, join the Swing to WHB!

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

Merry Christmas! 1951

DON DAVIS, Presid

JOHN T. SCHILLIN
General Manager

MUTUAL BROADCAST
SYSTEM

Your Favorite
Neighbor
WHB

•

10,000 watts in
Kansas City

•

710 on your
RADIO dial

Client Service Representatives

ED DENNIS
WIN JOHNSTON

ED BIRR
JACK SAMP