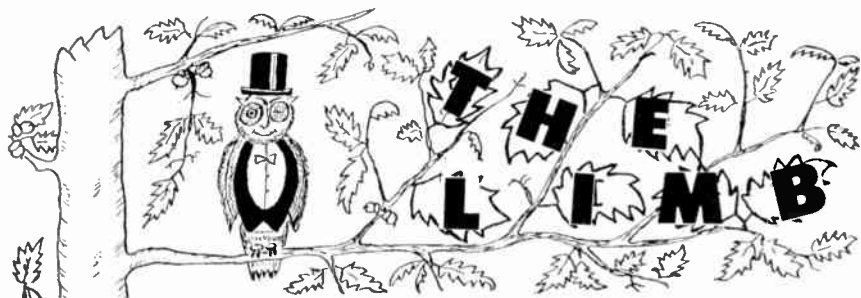


World Radio History

ART
PETERSON



"Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh"—Matthew

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H. R. H. OFFICIAL NOW

Miss Holly Ruth Hunter was baptised on August 7th, 1955, during your editor's vacation.

The ceremony took place at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Addis H. Downing, of Newport Beach.

Rev. James Seth Stewart, pastor of the St. Andrews Presbyterian church of Newport Beach performed the ceremony in the presence of Holly's family and a few close friends.

Her christening dress is a special creation of the Miss Muffet Shops of Laguna and Corona del Mar. After the dress had been ordered, it was happily discovered that Mrs. Murphy (owner-manager of the Miss Muffet shops) was a regular Nightowl! So much so, in fact, that she designed Miss Hunter's christening chap-
 eau (see picture) especially for her and presented it to her as a christening present!

Miss Hunter's father is pleased to announce that—after much coaching—Miss Hunter now says, quite distinctly: "Da-da."

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OUR COVER PICTURE

This child's name could be Jimmy, Judy, Bobby, or (for all we know) Fignewton or Algernon. The point is, this baby is one of thousands who will be helped by your "vote" for Ben Hunter in the Honorary Mayor of Hollywood contest. Don't let Jimmy, Judy, Bobby, or (for all we know) Fignewton or Algernon down. For details of the contest, see page 9.

OUT ON THE LIMB *With Ben Hunter*

PERRIN'S PART

The Limbmaster gave me a phone call just before leaving on vacation and asked if I would keep a daily log of the three weeks activities I would preside over while he vacationed. Upon accepting, I didn't realize that shorthand would practically be necessary to keep up with names and subjects that go flying by!

Thus the account to follow is not as complete as I would wish it to be. Anyway, here's what I remember of July 26th to August 13th.

SKUNK NONSCENTS

One of my first mornings started out with a bang when I innocently asked how one deoderized a skunk. *Norman Money*, *Mrs. Reed*, *Jean Howell* of Whittier, *Bill Williamson* of Alhambra, *Lyle Banks*, and *Nancy Johnston* were among those adding enlightening bits of information.

Miss Johnston was quite the authority as she works in the Sonora Desert Museum in Tucson, and they had six or eight there at the time.

A battle raged for quite some time as to whether one could ever completely get rid of the odor and how to do it when you meet up with one that's never been "unstunk." Mr. Williamson suggested smoke from green pine boughs.

But the cutest idea of all came from *Belle Rachoff* who told of a dead skunk in a movie star's swimming pool. The solution there was to drain the pool and bathe it (the pool not the skunk) in tomato juice!!

ON FURRED FISH

I also happened to mention that I had seen a "furred fish" on (please pardon the expression) television. This furred fish got a going over by *Mr. Money*, who told of Barhum's deception by grafting the tail of a fish on the body of a monkey.

David Burnham called from Great Falls, Montana, to tell us the fish were mounted in Browning, Montana.

Gladys Poggi gave what seemed to me the most logical story—which follows.

Seems back in 1920 a railroad dispatcher name of James L. Higgin dreamed up the idea in Whitefish, Montana, to advertise Iceberg Lake in Glacier Park.

Higgin's idea was of course that the waters were so cold the fish had to grow fur in order to survive!

I finally received a picture of the "furred fish" from *Hugh Black* who substantiated the Browning, Montana story and added:

"If the fur is made into a neck piece it has been found to be a cure for goiter and tonsilitis, the fur stimulating circulation

to such an extent that all impurities are removed!"

SHUT UP AND DEAL

Ethyl Taylor of Abilene, Texas (*this state is also known as Baja, Oklaboma, according to Phil Little—Ed.*) said she wanted as much information as she could get on playing cards. In answer, *Andy Furlong* made himself heard from Reno, Nevada (where else would they know more about playing cards). They originated back in 450 B.C., he said.

In the 13th or 14th century, playing cards were brought to Europe and artists were commissioned to make cards out of blocks of wood and parchment paper.

PERRIN PLUS ONE

The morning of the 12th was an especially exciting one for me as I found many people aiding me in celebrating my 33rd birthday.

Margaret Newcomb and *Mom Weidlein* had appeared with a pre-birthday cake a week before; and then came *Cary*



Ben (Mayor-candidate type) Hunter

Hart of Topeka with some knit hot pads for my wife; *Opal Gunnel* sent some fine candy; *Uncle Matt* appeared at 3 AM with two beautiful pens and an ash tray from *My Girl Saturday Darlene*; still later Phil brought in a cupcake with a candle on it and a package beautifully wrapped. The package contained a sport shirt from an old friend of mine who listens to the program, *Barbara Kook*.

Were I to list all those who sent cards and best wishes, it would take much too much space, so in one word I'd like to say to all THANKS.

CASE OF THE GLOWING PARAKEET

Roger Fowler, an artist, gave us a scoop upon discovering his parakeet glowed in the dark after he had used some florescent

paint in his work. (*We're glad to see that Lloyd Perrin refrained from jokes*

I recommend a quick note by them to the "Burlington Liars' Club!" about parakeets with a glow on.—Ed.)

This was never satisfactorily explained, but Woody Yarnell claimed that parakeets won't talk if they are banded.

Charley Durham of Pasadena stated laws in 7 states require bands, and the battle was on.

HUNTER FOR MAYOR

Came the morning of the 4th and the move was started to get one Ben Hunter into the Honorary Mayorship of Hollywood. *Nevel E. Neves* of South Pasadena was the instigator and a studio vote of Phil and yours truly was heartily seconded, thirded, and all nighted from then on, and we all hope to a successful conclusion this month.

GIVING THE OWLS THE BIRD

My final week on the O.S.O.T.D. may well have been national ostrich week for the Tuesday morning session was all ostrich. I had seen one on (here we go again) television earlier, and my curiosity was rewarded.

Call number one from *Helen Miller* of Arcadia told of the Cawston Ostrich Farm in South Pasadena dating back 22 or 23 years ago. Others contributing were *Mrs. King* of Temple City, *Dr. Trauger*, *Nellie Perry*, *Nina Miller*, *Forrest McAdams*, *Betty Burton*, and *Betty Mahan*.

The sum total was that ostriches were used chiefly for the feathers in making fans, hat decorations, and plumes for the Knight of Templars. The price now is as high as \$50 per feather.

Though being able to kill a person with a well directed kick, they are tame enough on the farms in this area that children ride not only in carts drawn by them, but on their backs.

The African birds have two toes, the South American birds three toes. They go as fast as 60 miles per hour. They're good to eat with the thigh being the "real good part and tasting like strong turkey.

The ostrich has the largest eye of any land animal. They have a lion-like roar that can be very threatening to those who have heard it.

One ostrich egg is equal to 2¼ dozen hen eggs; weighs as much as three pounds; takes as long as 40 minutes to hard boil; and when served as an egg nog can serve as many as 50 people!

DIANE

Hurricane Diane was traveling heavy on the morning of August 10th and we decided to see who among our audience

Continued on Page 4

Out on the Limb . . .

Continued From Page 3

had been through any such experience.

Mr. McGee told of being in convoy during the war on the Destroyer USS Strong on the way to Casablanca when a hurricane struck. He aptly described the fear on board at that time.

Pierce Artran told of being on a banana boat in 1925 on the way from New Orleans to the Bahamas. They had 80 mules on deck and thought there would be none left after the blow. However all the people got sick and the mules came through in good shape.

THE AWFUL EIFFEL

One morning Phil's mention of the Eiffel Tower caused a ringing sensation in my ears—namely telephones! This took up the better part of two mornings, so I'll try to integrate the discussion.

Vic Houser told of the Gallery of Machines which was the original sightseers delight in Paris around 1855.

In this gallery they had exhibitions of modern ironwork (modern for 1855, that is). There were heavy stamping machines on exhibition and huge cranes that took the viewers over the floor, carrying from 100 to 150 people in them. It is said as many as 100,000 people a day went through the Gallery.

The Eiffel Tower was built to help people to the sight, and as a secondary feature to the gallery. It was completed in 1889 and soon took over as the chief attraction. The gallery of machines then disappeared.

AND MISS LIBERTY

The Eiffel proved less intriguing to most listeners than the Statue of Liberty and we discovered *Lonella Case* of Huntington Park had been in the statue as far back as 1909.

Chuck Johnston "beeped" in from Fernley, Nevada, while Ray Smith, Chris Ronk, Nina Miller, Mrs. Marino, and Mrs. Bender were other contributors to the following facts and figures.

Bartholdi of Italy created the statue as the gift from France to the U.S. on its 100th Anniversary of Independence. It was unveiled on October 28, 1886.

The people of France subscribed to the statue while Americans subscribed to its base. It was cast in sections over in France, bolted to frames and shipped over. Alexander Gustav Eiffel was the French engineer.

It is composed of 200,000 lbs. of copper sheathing on a steel frame. The base is about 150 feet high in a star shape and you can take an elevator to that point. Beyond—it's walk.

There are 154 steps from the pedestal to the head. That, in case you haven't tried it lately, is a lot of steps. As many as 40

people can get into the head at one time.

The walls on the trip are covered with initials from all over the world. You used to be able to get up into the arm and torch by ladder, but due to danger it is no longer allowed. Twelve people can, or could get in the torch when it was open.

Other statistics included the hands 16½ feet in length; index finger 8 feet long, and fingernails 13 x 10 inches (wow—what a manicure job!).

GLENNA KAY SWAVELY

Finale night for L. P. and I told of a little girl I know, Glenna Kay Swavely of 7021 Louise Ave., Van Nuys, California, who has had a streak of unfortunate luck for several years. Her bad luck has ranged from polio to two years in a body cast and now—her latest—a fall which broke her good ankle and four toes.

I requested mail for her and was gratified when I heard of the result. My personal thanks go to all who answered my request and especially to Walt Carter of Montebello whose idea it was to send Doc Vaughan's book to her.

I have visited Glenna since, and your cards and letters could not have been more deeply appreciated.

AND SO FAREWELL

Ben, that just about covers the majority of things that happened in the three weeks you were gone. I am deeply thankful for the great help Phil gave me and as I have said before, the fine reception from all the Nightowls.

It was a pleasure and a privilege and I felt deeply honored to participate in the show. May I wish you luck on the Honorary Mayorship of Hollywood. I'll do my best on the Saturday night all-night to spread the word.

The very best to all the fine listeners you have and yourself.

LLOYD

* * * * *

VACATION'S RETURN

Thanks again to Lloyd Perrin for a good job in the Nightowl seat and a peach of a job of reporting. Not only that—he left us a subject to start the new "physical" year! Floating bridges. Particularly the one across Lake Washington in Tacoma.

Bob Kellog started it when Lloyd was doing the show. He said he wanted information on it and information he got!

Art Pronse broke the phone barrier to supply the fact that the bridge was designed without any precedence.

"It looks like a chain of shoe boxes end to end" he said.

It is constructed of concrete and draws about seven feet of water, we learned, and goes from the edge of Seattle across Lake Washington to Mercer Islands.

All of the time this discussion was going on, Leo McNutt was striving valiantly to break the phone barrier. After two days he made it.

"I lived up there and know all about that bridge," he shouted triumphantly.

"Such as?" said I.

Leo then supplied the information that this bridge is a hunk of four-lane highway 1.3 miles long actually floating on Lake Washington. It cost around eight million dollars to construct, and floats on pontoons made of steel reinforced concrete weighing about 5,000 tons.

"Five thousand tons!" I said.

"It's not possible!" Phil cried through the glass partition.

But Leo McNutt stuck to his figures. He added that each pontoon is 59 feet wide, 14½ feet deep, and varies in length from 117 to 378 feet.

"Each pontoon is divided into cells like a honeycomb, and they're all water-tight" he said.

"Did you say five thousand TONS?" I asked.

"Yup" said he.

Well I must admit that it sounds like an awful lot of avoirdupois to me, and Phil kept saying "Tain't so." For three days.

Then all doubts were resolved.

At the behest of Nightowl *William A. Johnson*, we received a letter from Mr. H. W. McCurdy, president and general manager of the Puget Sound Bridge and Dredging Co., sponsors of the group that built the floating section of the bridge.

The letter from Mr. McCurdy, and the pamphlet he enclosed completely verified all statements made by Nightowl McNutt.

Leo McNutt is hereby appointed vice-president in charge of all information on the floating bridge of Tacoma, Wash.

ABSOLUTELY MR. GALLAGER?

Helen Spindler phoned in this cute story about Irish "jaunting" carts. It seems the Irish drivers of these carts will never quote the price of the ride. They simply leave it up to your generosity and—chances are—end up with the best of the deal!

Helen said that when *Monsignor Sheen* was visiting Ireland one time, he engaged one of these carts. Knowing the accepted custom, he waited until the end of the ride to pay, and then gave the driver what he felt was a fair stipend for the journey.

He was quite puzzled when—without a word—the driver of the jaunting cart walked solemnly around the cart, took off his hat, and placed it over the horse's head.

"Why did you do that?" asked *Monsignor Sheen*.

"Beggin' yer pardon, Sar," the man said, "Sure and I don't want the pore beast t' see how little you're givin' me."

And thanks also to the dozens of others of you, not mentioned here, who battered down the phone barrier all month to prove once again that *the darndest things happen on our show!*



AS I SEE IT *By Doc Vaughan*

The long fingers of fast approaching night were searching the dark velvet canyons of Pine Mountain across the verdant valley that Santa Ysabel Mission calls its home.

The shade of the very aged weeping willow and pepper trees offered succor from the heat of a long and tiring drive as I had been following the Butterfield Trail of 1858 to recapture in some small part the romance of our glorious California.

The Order of Franciscan Monks chose their mission sites with keenness of foresight that quite amazes us of this day and age. Beauty was one of the important desires for the priests wished for solitude and a view that would lend itself to deep and respectful meditation. They chose this lovely valley and built on the softly rising shoulder of the mountains that guarded the valley, their mission.

Many times I had passed this beautiful mission and each time I promised myself to some day make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Guadalupe and rest for a spell under those age old trees where the choir of feathered friends greets the weary traveller. This was the time and with a deep feeling of reverence I turned the feverish car into the gravelled driveway that led to the shade and the fountain where I slaked my thirst with clear, cool, sparkling mountain water.

Soft organ music was being played within the Mission and the lovely softness of the darkened interior gave me a feeling of awe as I sat in meditation watching the tiny flickering lights around the altar.

Like all Missions this one had its well kept cemetery which was fenced with a modern steel post and woven wire protection. The gate was not locked and I entered and wandered among the headstones and crosses and read,—and learned many things. There were graves made so long ago that nothing remained but the mouldering mounds heaped with desert-sun burned rocks gathered by loving and patient hands; no doubt also long ago gathered unto their Father's care.

There were new mounds wherein rested the weary body now freed of worldly cares. These graves were not excavated as one would imagine for the terrain is too rocky. The caskets are placed upon the ground much the same as we do in the frozen tundra lands of the far north.

The newer graves were higher and covered with sea shells and faded paper wreaths and here and there an American

flag was feebly flying from the cairn. On closer approach I read that the flags marked the final resting place of men who had died in battle to preserve for us our way of life. These were men whose veins were alive with Indian blood. Whose forebears had roamed as free men thru these valleys before the white man was out of the caves in Europe. These men had intermingled with their Indian heritage, the bold and valiant blood of the Spanish conquistadores.

No visiting dignitaries came to lay upon their inanimate tombs a wreath and have his picture taken in so doing. Just Ol' Doc Vaughan standing there in deep thought, in reverence and meditation, trying in my humble way to send forth into the realm where the Creator lives a prayer for the repose of this and these gallant men's souls. It was just a simple prayer offered by an old fisherman. It did not thunder thru cathedral halls and flash over wires and thru radio; NO, it was just between the Creator and myself and the DUST that is returning to God Who gave it.

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WESTERN AIRLINES

OF SHOES AND SHIPS . . .

By John Hickey

OH, I LOVE THE NEWSPAPERS!

Are you, too, a paper clipper? Do you run across things that stir you to comment—if only someone were around to comment at? And you save things anyway, just in case.



JOHN HICKEY

You got company.

I love the love-lorn columns, die at the doctors' doctrines, sigh on the society pages, and just plain revel in stories of just plain people. And can't resist cutting them out. Although later, sometimes, I wonder why.

So, shuffling through a stack dating back several months, I came across a few which I'll bet you'll recognize. And wonder if you reacted as I.

* * * * *

Let's take this . . .

LETTER TO A COUNSELLOR: "Every year we have promised the children a vacation, but we do not have a car so we stay home. I hoped some of your readers might have an old car which they would let us have."

ANSWER: "There are many things to be considered if you have a car. In the first place you would need liability insurance. Then you must have a little money ahead to cover such things as breakage and punctures. There is the matter of gasoline. Then there is the expense of oil.

"I dislike to be a 'spoil sport' but even if you did get a car you might be taking a great many troubles on yourself. Besides, I do not know where you could get a car."

Happy vacation!

* * * * *

Then we have . . .

JUST PLAIN PEOPLE

Don't know whether you remember—it's been some little time back—but there was a story in the papers about a man whose wife hit him in the head with a lampshade. And certain little items sort of stuck out as I read. The following is taken at random, out of context, and the italics are mine.

But look:

The man says, "This was just a *little* family argument . . ." BUT! The article states that he had a "*deep laceration . . .*" which took 31 *stitches* to close."

"We argued—she won," is a picture caption. Well, I guess!

The wife, it goes on, "admitted having

hit her husband '*in self-defense*.'" BUT! Previously we learn that he was hit "on the *back* of the head."

The husband states further: "And I didn't have a drink until after I started bleeding." Well, I've heard of twisting a guy's arm, but-d-d-d how much persuasion do you need!

This enlightening story ends with a reference to "the rubbish scandal."

No further comment.

* * * * *

And here the doctor is talking about

THUMB-SUCKING

"The familiar old bugbear of thumb-sucking," he states, "is popping up again, and it really does require thought and attention—sometimes!"

"There's no need to become alarmed because a baby or child on occasion jams his thumb in his mouth. It comes natural—like little girls batting their eyes, and little boys making noise."

Well now, doctor, I don't think you've quite carried this far enough. My observation has been that little girls bat their eyes at little boys. And then when the little boys respond—as comes natural—the little girls bat the little boys.

And THAT's why little boys make noise.

* * * * *

Which leads us, somehow, to vagaries in **ADVERTISING:**

Was watching a recent TV talent show, and the m.c. was extolling the merits of a particular model of a well-known make of TV set. (A network name, if you remember.) "Biggest 21-inch screen on the market," he said. I was about ready for a double-take when he cleared it all up. "It's **EXPANDED!**" he explained.

Whew! Had me confused there for a minute.

* * * * *

Then

Ran across an ad in the paper as follows: "LIQUIDATION SALE—Ice Cube Machines—(While They Last!)" Anybody want to make something out of that?

* * * * *

And now may I close tenderly with my **THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH** (with apologies to Marie of Upland):

Bobby sox cover a multitude of shins.

RENEWALS

There are nearly 5,000 faithful Night-owls who subscribed to this magazine—sight unseen—in its very first issue. We have discovered from your cards and letters that the great majority of you have enjoyed your magazine during the past 10 months.

We have also discovered the things you enjoyed the most; and we have found out what changes—if any—you would like to see.

Some changes have been made. Others will be made during the coming months to give you an even better magazine.

We hope to have a big surprise for you in the November issue.

In the meantime, it will save a great deal of time and expense to The Limb and its staff if you original subscribers could send in your renewals without a notice from us.

Some of you have already done so. To you, our undying thanks.

If you are enjoying your Limb magazine, and would like to see it continue for another year. Send your renewal (\$3) by cash, check, or money order to: The Limb, Box 1870, Hollywood 28, Calif.

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING

BY

GRANTLAND RICE

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K.F. ITIS

BY
RON MANDERS

One day last month was the birthday of one of the "father's" of radio Mr. Lee deForest, and Ben thought it might be nice if some of you "Nightowls" were to send him a birthday card.

A few days after Ben made the suggestion he received the following letter:

"Dear Nightowl Hunter:

"I can't begin to thank you for what you said on my behalf last Thursday or Friday night. In response to your suggestion, I have been deluged with birthday cards from your 'Nightowls,' many of whom expressed their deep indebtedness for the pleasure they have received from radio.

"I confess that I did not know of your program, being always sound asleep long before 1 A.M., but there is no doubt that thousands of good people are listening and find their lives enriched by your Night Owl program.

"I can judge what satisfaction their responses bring to you from the deep joy I experienced when I read their birthday cards. I had not realized what a genuine blessing to so many people the radio broadcast can be and is.

"You might state to your listeners, if you will, that their cards have very deeply impressed me and that I shall, so far as possible, acknowledge every one of them.

Cordially yours,"

Lee deForest

Thank you Nightowls one and all for sending the birthday cards and for putting a big spark of thank you into the latter years of one of the men to whom we owe so very much.

Radio has come a very long way since 640 B.C. when Thales of Miletus observed that after rubbing pieces of amber together they acquired electric property enough to attract straws.

Radio has been in the process of developing for 2,595 or more years. It hasn't all been easy sailing, and the development of radio isn't over yet! All this is by way of trying to subtly lead into a subject that comes across the desks of radio people once in a while, which is usually summed up simply by saying "the program has gotten too commercial!"

The chances are that every once in a while you may easily feel that a show you like very much has gotten a "little" too

Continued on Page 8

a fun-filled day's outing **FREE!**

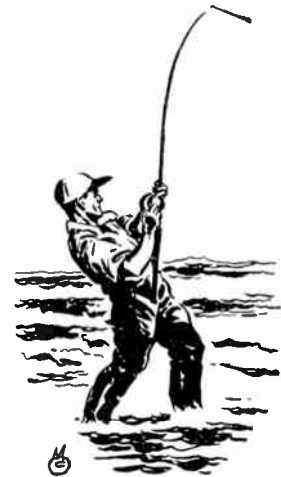
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INTERESTED IN HESPERIA*

(*A planned community of 36 square miles known as the gateway to Apple Valley.)



This is your invitation to be our guest. Bring a friend, a lunch if you wish, and a great big Nightowl-type smile. The rest is up to us.

You will travel to Hesperia by bus. (There'll probably be some community singing on the way.) We'll see you get a hearty breakfast, then escort you on a complete tour of Victorville, Apple Valley, Stoddard Jess Trout Farm (and even let you try to hook trout yourself), and back to Hesperia.



We'll leave our main office in Pasadena (that's 3505 East Colorado Boulevard) on Sunday, Oct. 1 at 7:30 in the morning.

For free maps, information or reservations for free trip and breakfast, write or call:

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DAVE SHAW

"THE 5:45 FINAL"

The young man (born 1920) who delivers Southern California's most listened to radio show, "The 5:45 Final" each week day, and a natural born Nightowler, as he knew Ben Hunter when they worked together at another local radio station, is none other than Dave Shaw. It was Ben Hunter who suggested that Dave arrange for an audition at KFI, and we are forever grateful to Ben for having made this very excellent suggestion.



DAVE SHAW

Dave always has his birthday on the 24 of each October. Since starting life in Kansas City, Missouri he has seen a very great deal of this old world. He was raised in Cleveland, Ohio and attended high school there and even went so far as to enter Ohio State University.

Coming to California in 1939, our boy with the waggish and very colorful speech, found himself employment in the Toy Department of The May Company. He gave up this very remunerative job (\$17 per week) and his social standing as a young, carefree man about town, to answer the call of the wild sea.

Shaw teamed up with a Standard Oil tanker as an Ordinary Seaman (there's really nothing "ordinary" about this boy though) and shipped out to Dutch Harbor, Alaska in January of 1940. During the entire trip he worked on deck and was kept busy painting. Upon his return to San Francisco he decided he didn't like the cold weather, so he switched to the engine room as a "wiper."

Luck, as usual, was with Dave, as a "wiper" in the engine room his trip took

him to Balikpapan, Borneo. Dave continued in his career as a seaman until 1947. During this seven year period he managed to go to every port, of any consequence, in the world. He made his last trip to Holland as Chief Engineer on a Liberty ship.

How Dave made the rapid switch from sea to air is not quite clear. Nevertheless he started his radio career in 1947 on Station KWRB in Oakland, California.

He then switched to Southern California and to KRNO and KITO in San Bernardino before moving into the "big city" and taking a job at KFVD (where he met Ben Hunter) and over to KIEV in Glendale. He came to work at KFI on June 30, 1953.

Shaw had done freelance work and has been seen on all of the Los Angeles television stations and on two stations in San Francisco.

Although he is recognized as an excellent newscaster, and has the confidence of his sponsors, he claims that his long suit is broadcasting play by play sports as well as his newscasting.

Dixieland music and contemporary jazz are his favorites as far as music is concerned and out doors he's top man in golf and swimming.

Dave, his wife Jackie, and their 8-year-old son, Davey Jr., live in Canoga Park, and he advises that his four-bedroom house is for sale . . . he drives a "Chevy concertagle" and has a "gasser" of a tan, but it is not for sale!

There's one thing upon which all his co-workers agree and that is "Dave Shaw is a real nice guy!" He has a very quick wit and a very picturesque way of describing things, and although he describes his liking for music to be "contemporary jazz" KFI's music library staff simply say that he likes "that real wierd kind of new jazz music!"

Winter Skiing . . . Summer Seeing
Hub of Holiday Land

SNOW SUMMIT

Swimming, Golfing, Fishing, Boating,
Water Skiing, Horseback Riding
Music, Dancing, Picnicking

DOUBLE CHAIRLIFT OPEN ALL YEAR

For Further Information
Write Box 77 Big Bear Lake, Calif.

K. F. ITIS . . .

Continued From Page 7

commercial. The vast majority of you radio listeners accept the situation that commercials on a program are necessary and you make it a point to patronize these advertisers to show your thanks for the show and for the advertiser's having taken the trouble to bring his product to your attention.

I say the vast majority of radio listeners do this. However, once in a while some one sings out in no uncertain terms that he "ain't gon'na listen no more; ain't gon'na buy the stuff advertised, etc." Naturally, this is your prerogative and by all means exercise it—BUT DON'T let everyone know what a selfish person you really are. Don't try rationalizing it in your thinking that because you paid for your radio set (s) you don't owe anything to radio advertisers and to the great engineers who work making radio a better product, because you do! However, if you have no use or need for the product being advertised, at the moment, then just have the patience to consider for the moment that the commercial is being given that if someone weren't footing the bills we wouldn't be as far along as we are today in many fields other than just radio!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Breath-Taking
Scenic Views
Of Big Bear
Taken During
Ben Hunter Days

Now Available
At Special Rate
If Order Postmarked
Before October 31st

ONE DOZEN

35 mm COLOR SLIDES

\$3.00

Regularly Priced at \$3.95

General Flight Service

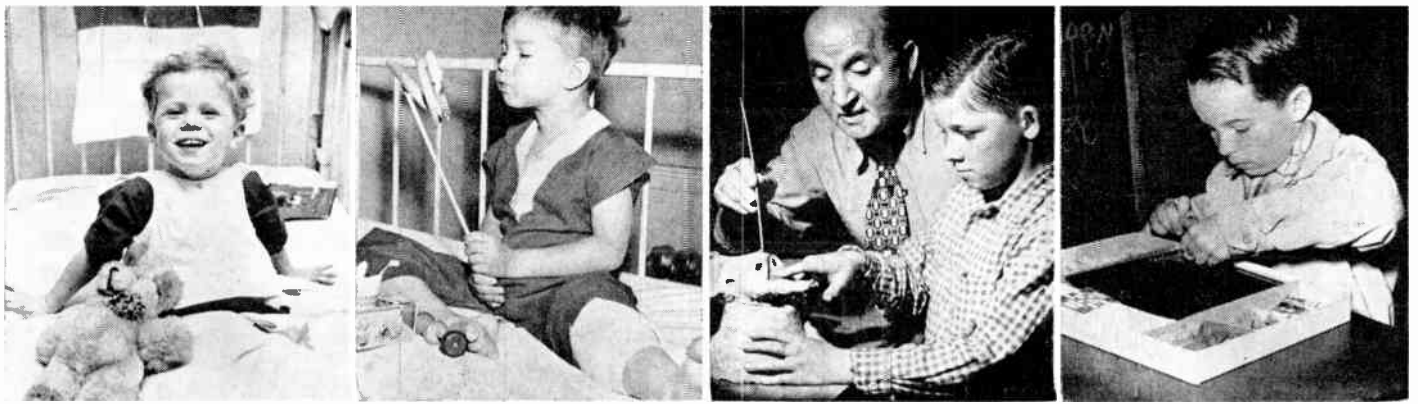
1712 WEST FLORENCE
LOS ANGELES 47

Comfort and Cleanliness **AAA** Adjoining Garages

LOS NIDOS HOTEL
1 MILE WEST OF REDLANDS
ON HIGHWAY 99 & 70

NIGHT OWL
GRETA C. SMAILES
Owner-Manager

Phone 4-7104
Route 1, Box 152 Redlands, Calif.



These are all youngsters presently receiving help and guidance as a result of the money donated last year in the Kiwanis Club Honorary Mayor of Hollywood. Campaign.

SEND TEN FOR BEN!

A rather corny slogan, we admit, but the best we can do on short notice. The idea is, that one dollar equals ten votes in the Honorary Mayor of Hollywood campaign.

If each subscriber to this magazine could spare one buck for the cause, it would raise \$8,000 the greatest sum of money ever raised by any one candidate in this race. We'd probably win!

Of course it's understood that there are some among the Nightowls who just can't afford to part with a dollar. It is therefore hoped that the more fortunate of the Nightowls will send in more to make up the difference.

After all, it's deductible.

A GOOD CAUSE

One hundred percent of the money raised in this campaign is donated by the Kiwanis Club of Hollywood to aid needy children. Often, in such campaigns the sponsor of the campaign will take expenses out of the money raised for himself. *Not so in this case.*

WHO CAN VOTE

You do not have to be a resident of Hollywood to vote. You don't have to be a resident of California to vote. In fact you don't even have to be a resident to vote.

We just want your loot. That's all.

HOW TO VOTE

Send all the money you can spare to: Kiwanis, Box 567, Hollywood 28, Calif. Or you can send it to Ben Hunter, KFI, Los Angeles if you prefer and we will forward it to them. **But be sure to specify that you are voting for Ben Hunter!**

LENGTH OF CONTEST

Contest runs from September 6th to October 15th. Only those votes will be counted that are received by Midnight, October 15th.

The Kiwanis Club will announce the winner on Sunday, October 23rd, allow-

ing ample time to count the last minute votes.

Votes will be picked up and counted by CPA's, Arthur Young & Company who are not associated with any candidate; are not members of the Kiwanis Club, and have no personal axe to grind.

COMPETITION ROUGH

Other candidates for the coveted office of Honorary Mayor of Hollywood include: Mala Powers, Del Moore, Bill Guinn, Lawrence Welk, Frank Veloz (Veloz & Yolanda), Peter Potter, and others. These candidates have thousands of loyal fans, so we will surely need your support.

So please "Send Ten For Ben" and remember—no matter who is elected, it's the needy kids who win.



We appointed Carolina Cotton as our campaign manager. Carolina who suffered a serious illness some months ago is now fully recovered and returning to her chores as recording artist and femece of her own tevey show. Not only that . . . she's purty.

Going Places?

Travel light . . .

Travel fresh . . .

with

trav



New
one-wash
tuckaway
packets of

trav

Seasoned travelers travel fresh and clean with TRAV—the gentle, wonder detergent conveniently packaged for wash-basin laundering when traveling or at home.

TRAV creates thick, bubbly, cleansing suds even in hard, cold waters! So economical—each packet contains just the right amount for a wash basin laundering.

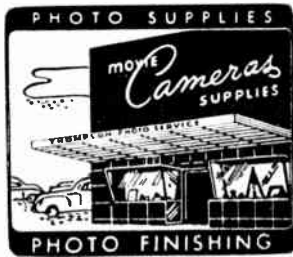
21 packet gift box \$1.00

66 packet gift box \$2.75

Available at your favorite store or,
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THOMPSON PHOTO SERVICE

1355 Sixth Ave. Son Diego 1, Calif.
Telephone: BElmont 9-9391

BY GEORGE!

I'm Tired . . . from Listening To Ben
All Night Long.
INCIDENTALLY
While Listening, I Hand-Pack Delicious
Ice Cream with . . .
HOMEMADE
Taste & Texture for San Diego
NIGHTOWLS
COME IN AND SAY "HOOT!"

LYNN'S ICE CREAM
3825 El Cajon Boulevard
Son Diego

**KIRK & NORA'S
DONUT SHOP**

Ben Hunter and All Nite Owls . . .
More Than Welcome!!!

135 No. Wilmington Avenue
Compton, California

Champion Brothers Oranges

Also 40 other fruits, vegetables and dried
fruits, grown without chemicals or
poisonous spray.

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4207 West 3rd Street, Los Angeles 5
Open Daily Except Saturdays
Sunday thru Thursday till 8 p.m.

Radio Doc

Established 1922
M. N. HARRIS

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RENTALS - SALES - SERVICE**

PHONE SY. 6-2683

Night Owls Lose Some Sleep and Like It,
By Seeing Us 9 a.m. - 6 p.m.
(Closed Sundays)

1581 EAST WALNUT STREET
Pasadena 4, California

OLLIE THE NIGHT OWL

By DAVE DETIEGE



(Nightowls are invited to attend Poet's Haven Poetry Day luncheon Sunday, Oct. 16, at 1 p.m. at the Hollywood Plaza Hotel in Hollywood. This is a memorial to Cecile Bonham, founder of Poet's Haven and former editor of the Poet's Corner.) For reservations please write Zelma Dennis, 6200 Haas Ave., Los Angeles, California. Price of luncheon \$2.50. Good-bye until next month . . . BPW.

Many a middle-aged woman is thick and tired of it. — *Marie of Upland*
It's easy for a man to stay a gentleman when out with a girl that's a lady.
— *Marie of Upland*

We have received special permission to make pictures of Holly Ruth Hunter (Ben's Delightful Daughter) available to Nightowls only.

5 x 7 — 50c :-: 8 x 10 — \$1.00

Write—**MORPHIS STUDIO**

3405 W. Magnolia
Burbank
TH. 2-6568

SIDE BY SIDE—MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

MILDRED'S & HARVEY'S

BEAUTY SALON

Shop of The Plants

LIQUOR STORE

Sign of The Barrel

ON THE RIGHT AS YOU ENTER THE VILLAGE

PHONE 5166

BIG BEAR LAKE, CALIF.

PHONE 5166

ATTENTION GOURMETS!



Your Budget Pack Treats Await You!

Imagine White Beans with a real Hickory Smoke Flavor, Split Pea Soup seasoned by a famous Dutch Chef—scads of other enticing dishes! Prepared quickly from a handy Budget Pack! All ingredients included.

Nothing to Add! Nothing Left Over.

29c Serves 4 Gourmets!

BUDGET PACK

**ASK FOR IT AT YOUR
MARKET**

**GIVE US THEIR
NAME**

**WE'LL
STOCK IT**

Write Budget Pack, c/o The Limb, Box 1870, Hollywood 28, California

RACHEL from DOWN STATE

Dear Ben: Oh, sure, this is Rachel again. You remember I told you about the penchant our town has for strange happenings? Well, they aren't always ghastly and gory. Take, for instance, the history of Franklin, unexplainable if you don't happen to be a leprechaun fan or seance artist, but non the less true. To give a little background we'll have to go back and skip forward through a few years so we can find out why Franklin was the way he was.

Franklin was, well, just Franklin, the neurotic ghost. He was alright when he first came here. We can all vouch for that, having seen him at his best. He was a fine picture of a ghost if there ever was one and from his first appearance before the town council drew the highest wages ever paid any ghost for haunting derelict houses. The fellow really had talent and could draw on an active imagination in a way none of us had thought possible, for a ghost, that is. His handling of his are commanded respect and as more and more people came to be acquainted with him, he, finding their appreciation of his fine abilities heady, went all out to give performances worthy of his salary.

He got so popular that he became a jobber-distributor of ghost tricks, clanking chains and blue lights, together with all the myriad special effects he could think up or import. His fame became world wide to such an extent that ghosts from other countries sent him their tricks to try out and then market for them if they were worthy. Franklin became a big time operator in the real sense but always kept his earthly touch with his first friends, the people in the town he'd made famous in the ghost world. He was a hard, shrewd business ghost but to us he was always the sprightly and sometimes precocious Franklin.

Until the sad day when a certain family in town had a freckled towheaded seven year old visitor who, on hearing about Franklin, snorted through his stub of a nose, marched into Franklin's office one midnight and quite boldly, scornfully, kicked Franklin's spotless sheet in the shins and derisively sneered, "Nyanh-h-h, Franklin, *I don't believe in you!*"

That was the beginning. Once little freckle face had done it the other small

fry around town took up the cry and made Franklin's existance thoroughly miserable, especially so since he was very, very sensitive.

He became a nervous wreck, quailing at the sight of every youngster in the street, hurt because they wouldn't believe in him. His sheet began to show a lack of care, sometimes going a week before he washed the dirty little foot smudges from around the area of his shins. Things became worse when the next age group woke up to the fact that they, too, thought they didn't believe in Franklin.

His ghosting performances began to fall off in quality. He couldn't put his heart into something he couldn't make folks believe, for now he had the idea that even we grownups had failed him, that we didn't believe in him either. He developed a gargoyle sized neurosis about it and finally his performances grew very erratic and sporadic, eventually stopping entirely. He was sorrowfully dropped from the city's payroll and an ad was run in the paper for another ghost. His business dwindled away until he had nothing. His sheet was always untidy now and more than once I saw him weaving very slightly under the influence of the fresh beams of a new moon. Franklin went entirely to seed and one dark night disappeared from human view to be lost from sight for many months.

But Franklin is back now, happier and much, much wiser. In a private interview he told me how he'd gone to see some of his foreign contacts in the hope of landing a job. They shunted him around until one day he was told by a kindly old ghost to leave Europe and go to England where there was sure to be a spot for him in one of the old castles. He'd have to work himself up again but at least he'd have a job.

Well, it was in England that he met Ann Bolin, fell flat on his sheet in love with her, wooed and won her. They spent their honeymoon in an isolated old castle on the moors where she explained some of the facts about people to him. He came to see the error of his former neurotic beliefs and again grew in stature and confidence. He is still a trifle sensitive about some subjects but on the whole well covered.

His sheet is gleaming once more and his

love for Ann is touching. One has but to see him tenderly carrying her head for her while they walk contentedly down a moonlit path together. Ann, you see, became a ghost at King Henry's order and incidently has one tiny neurosis of her own. She shies from pictures or mention of anything resembling a guillotine. But still she was the best thing for Franklin. She taught him that he was a part of people and their way of life the same as was Saint Nick. Nobody believed in him either but his spirit would never die because the people themselves lived Saint Nick.

So Franklin is wisely reconciled and quite busy rebuilding his ghost business. He's back on the city's payroll and rapidly becoming a settled, complacent family ghost. We don't see much of Ann Bolin any more but Franklin frequently takes little Ann with him to the office. It's amusing to watch her playing catch with her little head.

'Till next time then,
Rachel from Down State

DORA MORGAN DIES

It was with a great deal of sorrow that Nightowls learned this month of the passing of Mrs. Hal Morgan.

To those who visited Morgan's Smokehouse in Banning, California, Dora Morgan's smiling face behind the counter was a familiar sight. It was also Dora who was responsible for those delicious home-baked pies and bread.

Of recent months we received periodic reports from Hal Morgan on Mrs. Morgan's condition which seemed—at times—to improve, so the sad announcement this month came somewhat as a shock.

The prayers and best wishes of the Nightowls go out to Hal Morgan and his little daughter Carla.

OH MY HEAVENS RHUBARB

In answer to several requests, we print herewith the recipe for "Oh My Heavens Rhubarb" exactly as given over the beeper by Carlotta Marx.

"You use rhubarb, peaches, and cherries, stewing them separately. Add a teaspoon of cinnamon, a bit of sugar, and a teaspoon of vanilla.

Slush it together, cool it off, and eat it."

Lloyd Perrin reports that he tried this dish at home and gives it the unqualified *Lloyd Perrin Seal of Approval*.

Incidentally, when Carlotta Marx was asked the name of this appealing dish, she said:

"*Oh my heavens!*"

Hence its name.



NEST NOTES



FRESNO

Dear Friend Ben:

You gave us and our planned picnic a very good call to come. We all are pleased. Yes we had a fine picnic. It was a lovely evening and the food was sure the best we knew how to prepare.

As the first friends get better acquainted, the visiting becomes more and more fun. We are all enjoying new found friends.

Plans are in the making for another picnic in a month. We'll write you again about it later.

We nominated you for Mayor of Hollywood (*Honorary Mayor—Ed.*) and will watch with interest and with 10c to help you win. Hooray for Ben!

ALMA PERRY

WHITTIER

Dear Ben & Fellow Nightowls:

To begin with, we would like to welcome you back from your vacation. Hope you had lots of fun, and it sure is nice to have you back again. Lloyd Perrin did a wonderful job while you were gone. We'd like to extend our thanks to him for a job well done.

We dood it, Ben!! We done had our first Nightowl meeting! The response wasn't quite up to par—but we that were here, had a very enjoyable time. Got acquainted, and discussed the show. Yes, I'd say a good time was had by one and all.

We decided to hold our next meeting on September 10th, from 4 to 8 PM at Penn Park. Our pet project is for every member present at the first meeting to bring someone else along to the second.

And remember, it's not only Whittier, but all surrounding areas: Pico, La Habra, Bellflower, Norwalk, Santa Fe Springs, etc.

GLORIA A. EDMONDSON

POMONA

Dear Ben:

Pomona Roost had a very nice time August 11th—Greeting some new Owls (22 in all) and missing the absentees very much at Ganestia Park here in Pomona.

Delicious ham, salads, green beans, to name a few of the goodies served, topped off with peaches and cream for dessert.

My personal thanks to Mrs. Garner (new member) who spotted the paper for the tables for me, to Doug Fox for the flash pictures and to Floyd Lovett for the table pieces. They were six in black paper replicas of our Limb Owls perched on real little branches.

Our best to all.

LENA E. LOVETT

LONG BEACH

Dear Ben:

Welcome back from your vacation! On behalf of the long Beach Roost of the Nightowls, I wish to thank you for another year of fine entertainment, and to wish you many, many more years of health, happiness, and prosperity. May you and your kind never cease to exist.

Ben I haven't got the vocabulary to express the sentiments of the members of our roost, but—as their leader—I've been told to do so. So just what I've said at the start of this letter is all I know how to say.

We had a swell picnic at Bixby Park yesterday. We just sort of hoped you'd show up but really we didn't expect you.

Anyway we made a badge for you just in case you did. Here it is. You can stick it in your scrapbook, or do whatever you want to with it.

(It's in the scrapbook, and many thanks—Ed.)

Getting back to the picnic, there were way over three-hundred people there, counting us and the guests. Imogene Ross

Bend was there with quite a few of the owls from the Pasadena Roost. By Golly, she sure looked stunning in her owl print dress with big yellow rhinestones for the owl's eyes and small clear rhinestones stuck all over it for stars.

Helen Stevens was there too, representing the San Diego Roost (and I notice that there were three others registered from San Diego. Helen was a house guest of Mardi Sharp over the weekend.

Howard Brooks and Gordon Collings were there too, representing the Los Angeles Roost and Gordon took some pictures for the Limb (*see cut*). Howard Brooks spoke quite a bit getting people to renew their subscription to the Limb.

And the Munson's were there too, God Bless 'em, and they brought twenty sacks of Munson Magic which were given away as door prizes. The Munsons also led us in a community sing.

Jimmy Son and his Junior Concert Band gave out with a lot of pretty music for the Nightowls, concluding with "America The Beautiful" and we all joined in.

Sonya Myhre, a 13-year-old girl entertained by playing an accordion and accompanying herself on the xylophone or piano. She sure was good.

And Ben you should have seen the two huge cakes that David Wresch and his wife Dorothy brought from David's Bakery, 2611 E. Carson St. They were so big that everyone there got a piece of each, and some of the small fry got a couple of pieces!

Particularly we want to thank Delia Monroe, Marion Ramsey, Gordon Cospier, and Ethel Johnson who spent hours in the kitchen. They were the refreshment committee. Ida Clayton presided over the registration table and gave out the badges and numbers of the drawing.

Eleanor Clendenon, also dressed in an owl print skirt, whomped up the show and did a very commendable job.

Must stop this, but there's much more I could say. Suffice to say that everyone pitched in to make the picnic a great success. FRED PHLAFF

A portion of the 300 Nightowls attending Long Beach meeting. The young . . . and the young in heart.



A few familiar faces at the Long Beach Roost. Front row, left to right: Rose McMahan, Fred Munson, Dorothy Munson, Mardi Sharp, Helen Stevens.



CLASSIFIED ADS

Miscellaneous For Sale (cont'd) 28

TRICKS — TRICKS — TRICKS & party suggestions. DE VAIL, 2409 W. 54th St., off 2nd Ave., L. A. 43. Cal.

EXCELLENT Giberalterized wardrobe trunk — practically new — \$35.00. Call FLorida 3-1514 or HOLLYWOOD 9-6572.

Personals 32

WANTED—Middle-aged woman as companion and for light housework in exchange for private room and bath—in a nice Hollywood home. Thursdays off. Must stay in evenings. Call HOLLYWOOD 5-0667.

TEXAS BRAGS. I am a collector. If you know one please send it to Bill Chancellor, P.O. Box 15, Midland, Tex.

DO YOU KNOW A SHUT-IN



Night Owl will send Greeting Cards and Letters. Across the miles, pen and ink visits can make the hours of the Shutins and Lonely more pleasurable and happy

WOULD YOU LIKE PEN PALS?

Kind thoughts and deeds bridge time and distance and in God's Afterwhile reveal a benediction. See Matt. 25:40. Address to Mrs. Maud LaFleur, 1139 Broadway, Chico, California.

WANTED: Night Owls to stop by when going through Upland. Who knows, you might see something you would like. We have a variety of dress fabrics and lots of accessories—jewelry, "stretchy" gloves and "stretchy" hoisery. Besides I would love to stretch out a hand to a Night Owl. Lily H. Harnish, Harnish Dry Goods Co., 247 Second Ave, Upland, California.

KNOW Friends, Enemies, and Self, By Handwriting. Develop your personality and chances. Avoid costly mistakes and heart breaks. Guaranteed Service...\$4 Analysis—\$2. Send script, fee, stamped envelope to Conel, 1406 Manzanita, Los Angeles 27, California.

NIGHTOWLS—Now is the time for all good nightowls to come to the aid of their disc jockey. RENEW your subscriptions or get new ones for your friends and relatives. DON'T FORGET to send your ballots electing Ben for honorary mayor to Box 567, Hollywood 28. They are 10c each. DO IT NOW—Herbert VanDyke

Learn ESPERANTO. Correspond world wide. Free details. Write: Adrian Hughes, Hillsboro, Oregon.

Antiques 2

ANTIQUES For Sale. Private collection. Ten pieces copper lustre, consisting pair vases, three large pitchers, bread-and-milk set, etc. Also an Egyptian Scarab in perfect condition. Shown at "Baldwins Antiques," 310 N. Greenleaf Ave., Whittier, California.

FOR SALE—Antiques—Victrola, large mahogany cabinet, hand-wind. Also 100 records, 1920's classical and popular, in excellent condition. All records kept in cabinet. Two—Schumann Heinke, one in German, Two Black Crows (Amos & Andy originals), etc. Phone MUTual 1452 evenings or Sundays.

Automobiles For Sale 3

FOR SALE—'37 Packard Coupe—\$50 cash takes it. Call FLorida 3-1514.

Business Opportunities 9

"PHIL'S foghorn was the final straw! I'm going back to San Francisco, so who will buy the Hi Hi Knit & Gift Shop, 3702½ Foothill Blvd., La Crescenta? I still do custom knitting. Time now to order Christmas stockings. CHurchill 9-7873 — Margaret Clarke."

Food Items 18

RUTH'S PURE COCONUT OIL

For baking, cooking, candy, salads and popcorn. Also massage and sunburn. 1 lb. 14 oz. for \$1.25 postpaid. Pure coconut flakes, 1 lb. 4 oz. \$1.00 postpaid. Pan American Tea Co. 2704 S. Vermont Ave., L.A. 7, Calif.

THE ORANGE OF THE CHAMPIONS NAVEL ORANGES from California are considered the finest eating orange in the world. Available February through May. Write for a free brochure and prices.

CHAMPION BROTHERS
Route 1, Box 215 Redlands, Calif.

Gift Suggestions 22

NIGHT OWLS WHO READ: Limited number autographed copies my new book, GLORY ROAD. Collector's item edition. Love, romance, laughs, exciting situations. Clean family reading—special gifts. Jacketed Cloth—205 pps. \$3.00 pp. Print name of recipient. Auvergne Meredith, c/o The Limb, Box 1870, Hollywood 28, California.

Gift Suggestions (continued) 22

IMPORTED Shuttle Lace runners, etc. Tracy's Gift Shop, 9072 Westminster Boulevard, Garden Grove, California.

CALIFORNIA CORSAGES. Wear over and over, yet each time they look like fresh flowers! Unbelievably real camellia or carnations in red, white, pink, or yellow. \$2.50. Violets—\$3.50. 26 Saddleback, Rolling Hills, California.

Help Wanted — Women 24

SPARE Time sales people wanted. Address all mail orders to Nubian Lash Magic, P.O. Box 75695 Los Angeles 5.

Miscellaneous 27

MYRTLES CAFE
2649 No. San Gabriel Blvd.
So. San Gabriel, California

THE Fishing's always good at San Clemente. San Clemente Boat Club, a non-profit corporation. At the pier, San Clemente, Calif. — Night Owl Charlie Sharpe.

Miscellaneous Rentals 27-A

LADY Nite Owl wishes medium priced room in private home, close in—Los Angeles or Hollywood. January first for two months. Box 202, Rupert, Idaho.

NITE OWL wishes to rent place suitable for living and where home made pies can be sold. Rent must be low due to limited finances. Please write Mrs. Jessie Clark, Miss Harker's School, Palo Alto, California.

Miscellaneous For Sale 28

PAIR of heavy brass electric "under sea" lanterns, used for trying to salvage gold cargo on old "Rio de Janerio" off San Francisco coast. Phone MUTual 1452, evenings or Sundays.

FOR SALE — Pigskin English Saddle, Bridle, Spurs, Bags, Good condition. Horse blanket, surcingles, Ladies breeches, Flannel khaki shirts, unused. Ladies Crash side saddle costume, boots, breeches. 6-inch, 1-inch wooden boxes. 39-inch square water-proof camp bed sacks. WEBster 8-1558.

NEW RCA Record Player — 45 R.P.M. \$15.00—L. S. Clark—Hollywood 9-6572.

PRIMITIVE Water Color Paintings by "Grandma Eason" 2889 Adams, San Diego.

Pets and Supplies 34

YOUNG PARAKEETS—Banded. Tamed for handling. Will make wonderful pets. All colors. Mrs. I. Dempsey, 508 Ashland Ave., Ocean Park, California. Tele. EXbrook 6-5303.

Real Estate 36

BANNING, the 'Health City'-Meet with your retired neighbors in the friendly atmosphere of Banning's cool & shady park—Let us help to establish you in a cosy permanent home in a climate second to NONE—Doc Peterson or Lena B. Klein, Realtors, 40 N. 1st St., Banning, California.

FOR SALE—Big Bear Cabin, furnished Five rooms & Knotty Pine interior, half log exterior, Near Ski lift, riding, fishing, hunting. Large lot & pine trees. Corner No. 31659 Florida St., Redlands, California. Phone 29279.

Exchange Stamps 38

Postage Stamps Wanted
Cash for United States and Foreign stamps, collections and accumulations, also old envelopes and postal cards with stamps. DU. 2-6296 or (CR. 5-8778 eve.)

Travel 40

CAYUCOS, Come to CAYUCOS for fishing and relaxation. SAXBY'S MOTEL—round the corner from Cheerio Helen.

Serve the Lord in truth, and seek to do the things that please Him. —*Job. 14:10*

A jet that flies at twice the swiftness of sound begins to approach the speed of rumor. —*Marie of Upland*

All wisdom is from the Lord God and hath been always with Him. —*Ecc. vsv*

Disc Jockey: One who earns his living by putting on airs. —*Marie of Upland*

**OVER 40 VARIETIES
FRUITS and VEGETABLES**
Grown Without Chemical Fertilizers
Or Poisonous Sprays
HAZELTINES ORGANICVILLE
4207 W. 3rd Street Los Angeles

**NEARLY ONE-HALF PRICE!
2 — 1955 AUTOETTES***
Model 700 Cruise-About
Foot Controls
Driven Only A Few Miles Each
Completely Equipped
\$450.00 EACH
Write: **PAT BISHOP**
Box 1870
Hollywood 28, California
*Original Price \$724.15

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Modern Housekeeping Cottages
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Big Bear Lake, California
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EPIPHYLLUM HYBRIDS
Special Post-Paid - 3 young plants \$1.25
Large flowered, named, separate colors
Free illustrated catalogue No. 12
FLOWERING SEASON IS ABOUT OVER
BEAUM GARDENS
2686 Paloma St. Pasadena, Dept. TL, Calif.
"We Sell Munson Magic"

**HARRY & TONI'S
PINE CONE &
SPORTSMAN'S TAVERN**
Dining - Dancing - Cocktails - Music
Welcome to the Village
Night Owls
Phone 5816 Phone 4571

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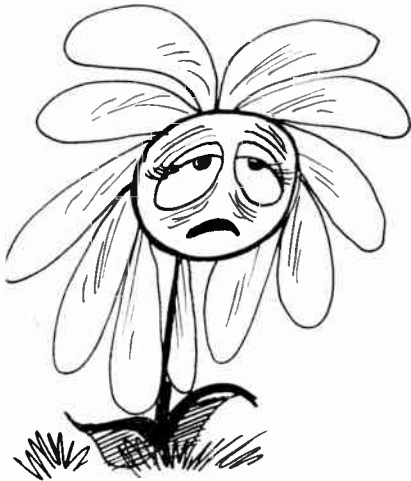
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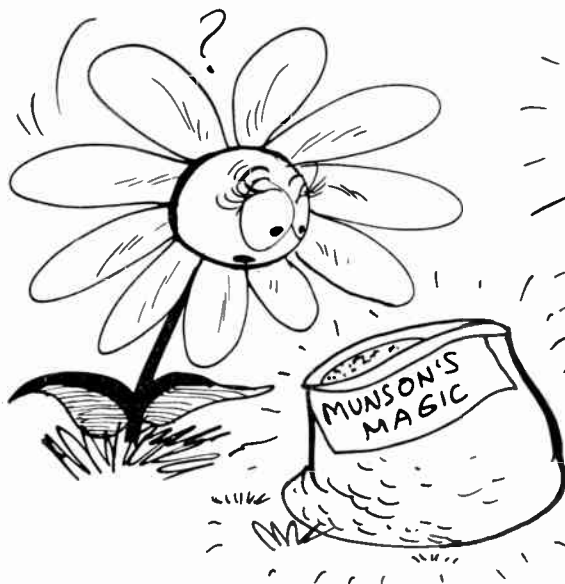
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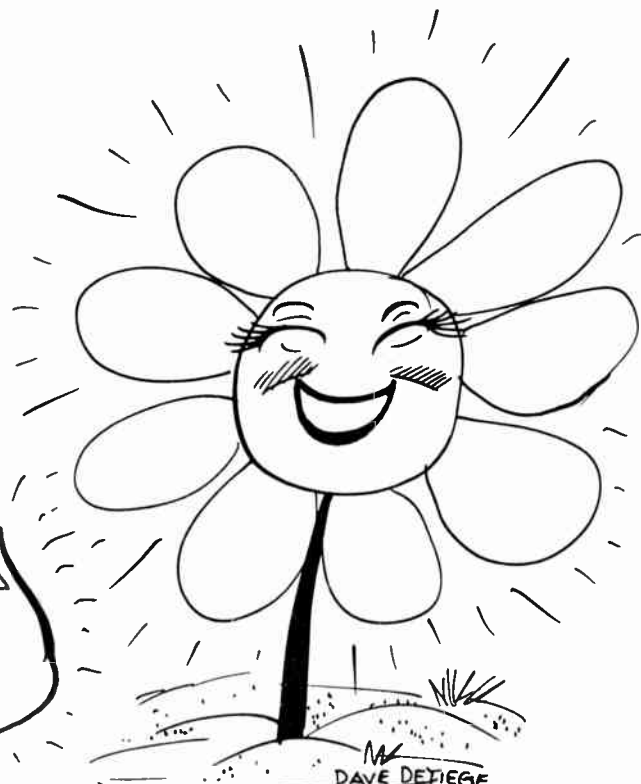
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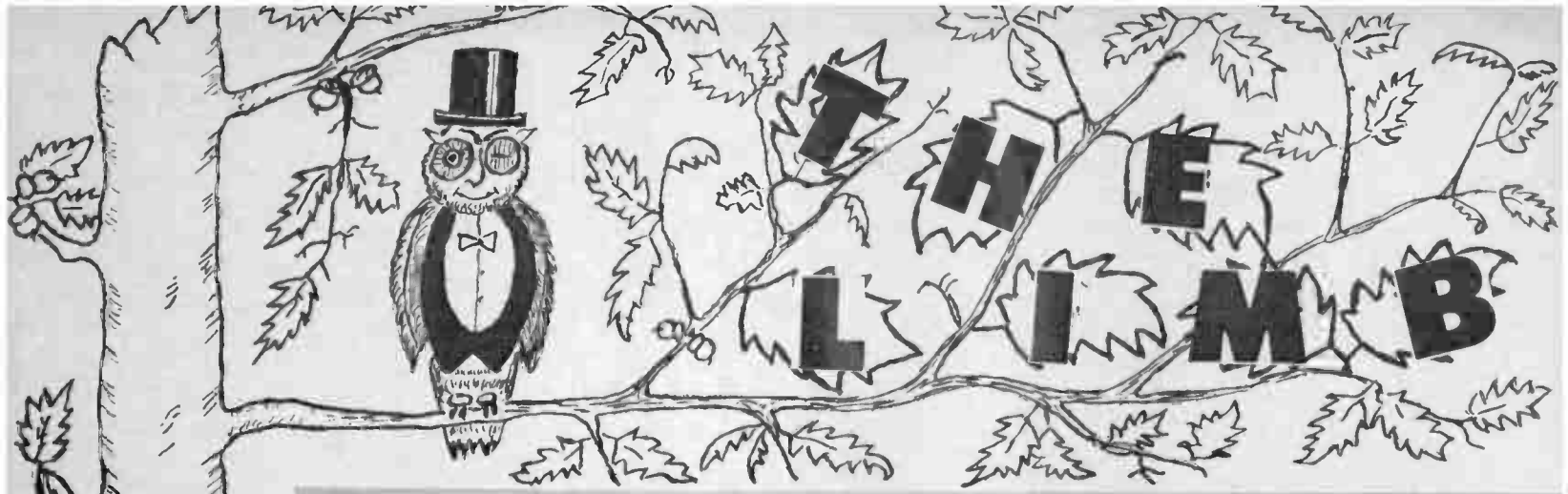
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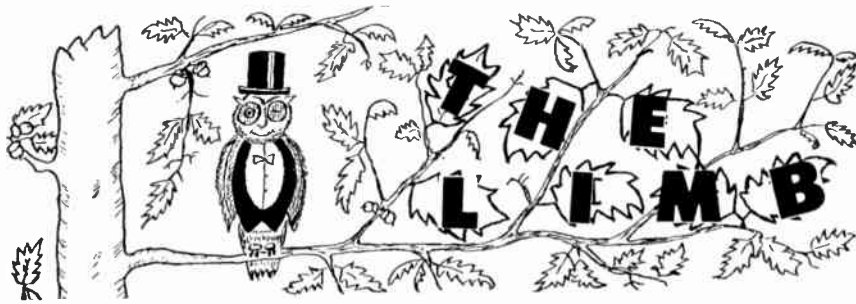
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NIGHTOWL PIC PARADE

Herewith is commenced a column we hope to continue—Pics of our Nightowls. Each month hereafter we will continue to print two or more snapshots.



After many requests, we print this snapshot of Helen Snyder ("Cherrio Helen"). She says the picture was taken on a windy day in her beloved Cayuccas.



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Verna Wales in Fort Bragg, Calif. She and Hubby Bill are long time Nightowls.

OUR COVER PICTURE

Mayor Candidate Hunter surveys mop in preparation for "Slave-For-A-Day" campaign. Note the "pail" expression on his face.

As we go to press we are happy to report the enterprise was a success. Details will be in the next issue.

OUT ON THE LIMB *With Ben Hunter*

The biggest news in Los Angeles this past month was of course the heat and resultant forest fires. Nightowlish conversations seemed to reflect it also. Most Nightowls agreed it was

HOT AS - - - -

A toy pistol; the hinges of hades; a baker's apron; seventeen boiled owls; Topheth; a depot stove; a cowboy's pistol on the 4th of July; a firecracker lit at both ends; blue blazes; a blowtorch, and many others.

Most colorful simile came from "The Gabby Cabby" who submitted damply: "Hot as jailhouse coffee."

"You can put a wet towel in the window, or you can go five miles out of Los Angeles where the temperature is zero."

"Where's that?" I asked.

"Straight up" he said.

CONEY A PHONEY

It might have been the heat that got Al Munch thinking about Coney Island. At any rate, he wondered in a letter—how it got its name.

First Nightowl to beeper in was Edna Dvorak, a displaced New Yorker now residing in Santa Cruz. She said coney rabbits. They used to frequent that area in large numbers, years ago, hence the name.

As for the "Island" part of the name, Edna said it never was an island. It was just an area of sand dunes near the beach, populated with coney rabbits.

Hal Secknika—a fast man with the telephone—beepered in quickly to add that the coney is not really a rabbit, either.

The coney, it seems, is a strange beastie that sort of started out to be a rhinoceros, and never made the grade!

"It has the same tooth structure and hooves of a rhino," Hal said, "and is one of the many beasties often mistaken for a rabbit—but it is not a rabbit."

So it would seem Coney Island is a phony island (*good song title there!—Ed.*), and coney rabbits!

And we learned all about it on the telephony. What a world!

HOT AIR FROM TEXAS

A dry hot wind seems to be the cause of California's hot spells. Some people call it a "Santa Ana Wind" and some call it a "Santana."

Nightowls debated this subject through the warm evening of September 2nd.

One school of thought favored Santa Ana, named they said, after the famous Mexican of that name. He was said to be "full of hot air," which certainly does describe the youknowwhat wind.

Another Nightowl supplied that the Texans had tried to name a town after the

Mexican presidente, and had mispronounced and misspelled it to "Santana." We then named the wind after Santana, Texas where—it seems—the hot air blows.

It took "Sunshine Bess" to set us straight. She said that Santana was an Indian word meaning "devil wind." The wind is therefore properly called "Santana."

MGM (whose wife makes the greatest tacos I've ever sunk a tooth in) agreed vehemently, and added that the Indians pronounced the word Shan-tan-hah.

Majority of the Nightowls agreed with the Santana explanation, but a day later



BEN (Keeping Cool Type) HUNTER

we received the following postcard:

"Mr. Hunter: What's this I hear about hot air from Texas? Explain yourself, sir!" "TEX"

ADAMSKI DEFENDER

One of the most interesting "beeps" this past month was from Mrs. Charlotte Blodget. She—as you probably know—is the writer of George Adamski's latest book *Inside A Space Ship*.

In addition, Mrs. Blodget is a Nightowl, a subscriber to *The Limb*, and a most personable and articulate woman.

She called in answer to my question: "How do Rafe Harridine's science-fiction letters (based on known scientific knowledge) compare with Adamski's supposed experiences?"

"Not at all," she said.

She explained that whereas Rafe Harridine describes the surface of Venus as being beset with devastating sand storms, it is "in reality" a most beautiful place. There is much vegetation due to the heavy moisture content of the air, she said. There is also a greater incidence of water on the planet itself than there is on Earth.

"How did you first meet George Adamski?" I asked.

She replied that her regular home is in the Bahamas, and she had observed "flying saucers" from the veranda of her house on several different occasions. She thus became interested in the subject and read all books available at the time—including *Adamski's Flying Saucers Have Landed*.

She then made it a point to contact Mr. Adamski on her next trip to California.

"I did so with my fingers crossed," she said, "I wasn't sure he was telling the truth."

"What changed your mind?" I asked.

"Several things," she said.

After more questioning, Mrs. Blodget said that one of the things "is a secret—I can't tell it now."

The other convincing evidence of Adamski's sincerity, she said, was that Mr. Adamski dictates his manuscripts to a secretary as the inspiration comes to him; and although the manuscripts he dictated were helter-skelter and full of repetitions, there never was an error in the facts. A man just inventing these stories, Mrs. Blodget said, would be apt to get his stories twisted under those circumstances.

"If these men from outer space really exist," I asked, "why haven't they contacted our heads of government—as we would do if the situation were reversed?"

"They have," she said, "Why do you think the president stepped up the program for launching a U.S. space platform?"

"Then why don't our heads of government tell us about it?"

"We aren't ready for it yet. Any time the Venusians or Martians have tried to contact us, the results have been disastrous for them."

"I have guaranteed them police protection," I said, "and even offered a reward to any person who could bring a spaceman into the studio for an interview. Why haven't they contacted me?"

"They don't work that way," she said.

I said: "Scientists tell us that there is no atmosphere on the other planets that would support life as we know it. If these beings come from other planets, wouldn't they have to wear some kind of breathing apparatus on Earth?"

Mrs. Blodget replied that our scientists are finding that their original concepts of the conditions on other planets were wrong.

I asked, "Is George Adamski the one who used to have a 'temple' in Laguna in the early thirties where he conducted seances?" (*I had heard that at these se-*

Continued on Page 4

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Out on A Limb . . .

Continued From Page 3

ances, a Venusian world materialize and supposedly cure people's physical ailments.)

Mrs. Blodget laughed. "Oh heavens no," she said, "He was a lecturer."

"On what subject?"

"On 'The Universal Laws,'" she said.

Mrs. Blodget concluded with: "Whether you believe in flying saucers or not, Mr. Adamski's books are awfully good for the American public."

With this, I wholeheartedly agreed.

TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE STAR

How I wonder where Polaris are.

Mrs. Dahl started it by asking if we'd discuss the magnetic pole getting closer to true magnetic North.

Phil Little made his first beeper call (it was a Monday night). He said that magnetic North seemed to move about with—so far as he knew—no particular regularity.

Ten minutes later, Bill Stewart (not the disc jockey) set us straight.

It seems that the wobbling of the Earth on its axis makes the North star, Polaris, seem to move back and forth around true North, occasionally hitting it right on the noggin.

"The North star was right on true North in the year 24,000 BC and it will be there again in the year 28,000 AD" Bill said.

"Until then," he went on, "we can expect Polaris to wobble about, or seem to, to as much as 47 degrees off. At this time, the North star will be Vega instead of Polaris."

"When will this be?" I asked.

"Twelve-thousand years from now," he said.

Boy! I can hardly wait!

THISA AND THATA

Nightowls got "all choked up," when anonymous phoned in to say that he was 48 years old and wanted to take music lessons. His family told him he was too old to start.

Thelma Barth of Lynwood said Brahms didn't publish his first symphony until he was 43; Elizabeth Sherman said her husband took up hammond organ at 50 and plays very well; Eddie Bracket beeped in to say that in 23 years he has taught over 2,000 people over 45 years old how to play piano; and there were numerous other calls.

Conclusion: Go ahead, Anonymous, take those lessons! And Godspeed!

Leo Diamond (speaking of older musicians), related how he went skin diving in Marineland to "get the feeling" for writing his Skindiver's Suite—which is a

beauty, incidently.

And did you notice that the sky in Hawthorne tended to be "cobalt blue" all month?

Walter Arndt gave us an eye-witness description of the Santa Barbara fire; "Mossy Rock" Phifer called in to say Big Bear's 100 percent behind me in the race for Hollywood Mayor; and some excellent painless commercials for our sponsor were added by Mrs. Al Hesse, Sid Williams, and Jean Howell.

EVEN HIS BEST FRIENDS

A beautiful poem entitled "Nostalgia," written by Nightowl Mrs. Arthur Bullos touched off the subject of fog horns (which were mentioned in the poem).

We got to speculating as to whether fog horns were in different keys in different places; and as to how they decided what key to put them in in the first place.

Perry Fuller came to the rescue.

He said the Clackson Company makes most of them. They have been manufacturing horns for years, including the old fashioned auto horn that went "ah-OOG-ah."

"Horns on the East coast have a different sound than those on the West coast," he said.

"The reason they choose low notes is because they carry best through the atmospheric conditions surrounding fog."

"What about the particular choice of sounds?" I asked.

"I think that's because the eerie sound suggests 'Be-ware' to the sailors," Perry said.

"It makes me think of soap," I said, "plain old soap."

FROM FOG TO CLOUDS

Phil remarked that it must have been dangerous to get in a cloud (in an airplane) in the days before flying instruments, because you couldn't tell whether you were upside down or not.

Gil Peers phoned in with a story about a cantankerous old Navy officer who used to go flying back in the old days, just to get his flight pay.

"Some of the jokers at the field played a weird one on him," Gil said, "as he entered a cloud, several of the boys flew in with him, upside down. The old Navy gent thought HE was upside down. He was a pretty mixed up guy for awhile!"

TO PLANES . . .

Bob Whiteside beeped in quickly to add that when he was flying jennys during World War I, they were stationed in Florida.

"No trouble telling if you were upside down there," he said.

"The prop would wash that fine beach

Continued on Page 11

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Poet's Corner

By Bettie Payne Welles



From the poetry file comes another word picture.

FOR MY SON ON MT. WHITNEY

I saw you standing there against the sun,
Your precious camp-equipment on your back,
Wishing that words and kisses might be done
So you could start upon the upward track,
Through wilderness, to where a hut of stone
Would give your body shelter, and your mind
A sanctuary, where your soul might find
Some welcome that the city had not shown
To one who must be a stranger, always.
Shale
Lies close beneath those fields of crusted snow,
I dare not think! If ever strength should fail
As back across those canyon-depths you go—
Yet, more than ever, my heart's own you are
Poised there between a mountain and a star!
—Roberta Rinear

Can't you feel this lovely poem?

EERIE WEATHER

Tapping on the window pane,
Plum-tree's slender fingers
Shatter drops of gleaming rain.
How the echo lingers
In this shadow haunted room.
Sounding like a feather
Brushing through the pools of gloom
Mixing them together.
Strange that you and I should be
Silent while the rapping
Makes us both glance nervously
Where those boughs are tapping.
—Ceil Ransome

And this little verse adds humor to our collection.

ON DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

No offense
It's nonsense,
It's nonsense,
All this confusion
To push back time,
Now it's dusk when I dine!
—Margie Corey Curtis

Here is a poem with a more serious tone for the coming of autumn.

LAST LINKS

Days, slipping like a golden chain,
Through the blue haze of autumn,
Through the dry rustling of dead leaves,
Strewn far and lying deep!
Amber jewels, and blood-flecked
Heliotrope stud the chain,
Living lamps that marked a lonely road,
Long overgrown and lost in green,
green spears!
—Bessie Berg

How true this is.

SLEEP

Slumber approaches on velvet paws,
Gently encroaches with covered claws,
Silently smothering my conscious state
Under its comforting, furry weight!
—Esther Alwilda Cox

Here is another poem of contrast . . .

SUNRISE ON THE DESERT

Did you ever see a desert sunrise?
It's beautiful beyond compare.
Crimson rays first streak the skies,
Then brilliant light shines everywhere.
In the silence before the dawn,
The desert is so mysterious,
You feel that truly God has drawn
You there for some great purpose.
—L. Matthews

October brings color to our minds. Here is a poem to set our tempo.

SAN FRANCISCO

Old Luna rides the sky-trails thin and white;
I sit here with old loves that will not die;
Steep hillways climbing skyward in their flight,
Small chariots, cable-powered, rocketing by.
What high-flown terms, you cry? Well,
have your way.
I willingly admit my fervent bias.
They were chariot-cars for me, one long-gone day.
There was glory in the stars on Tamalpais.
Ah, there are names to set your old dreams glowing,
The Ferry Building tower, and foghorns blowing.

Dear landmarks look from dim fast-fading logs,

The old Pantages front on Turk, alight,
The china boys on Kearney in their clogs,
The vista down old Market Street at night,
Old Coffee Dan's, the welcoming chattering din,
The Fisher's Wharf, the chappies cutting bait,
The lonely Rock where man redeems his sin,
Apollo striding through the Golden Gate,
Ah, there are scenes to set your old dreams flying,
The Ferry Building tower, and foghorns sighing.

So many climes I've seen, so many known.
What is there in the City of the Bay,
That creeps into your being, flesh and bone?

To make you grieve to think you went away?
The breath perhaps of pounding sullen seas?
The ships at harbor from a hundred lands?
The spicy cargoes from far foreign keys?
And sailors' shoes still wet with foreign sands?
Perhaps, but these things give my old dreams meaning,
The Ferry Building tower, and foghorns keening.

One day when I have left the earth behind,
I'll linger for a while on some high cloud,
Before I take the unknown trails that wind,
And pause to toss aside my wornout shroud,
All other things I've known may fade away,
All other works of men be lost to me,
But I shall peer through mist-walls thin and gray,
One sight, one sound, to keep old dreams from failing.
The Ferry Building tower, and foghorns wailing. —Joseph Andrew Galabad

Here is a dear little poem for our Poet's Corner to little Miss Holly Ruth Hunter.

WHEN I GROW UP

My Grandma came the other day,
And that was fun indeed,
Until she said, "For goodness sake,
She's growing like a weed!"
In years to come when I'm grown up,
Now what do you suppose?
I'll never want to be a weed,
I'd rather be a rose!

—Elizabeth Pingree



K.F. ITIS

BY
RON MANDERS

Hope you all sent in your dollars—each dollar being worth 10 votes for Ben Hunter as Honorary Mayor of Hollywood—because it is mightily important to all of us. Naturally we want our boy Hunter to be the Mayor, however, even more important than that is the work that can be done with this money. One of the beautiful things about your donations is that 100 percent of the money goes to a good cause and regardless of who wins the title of Mayor of Hollywood, the children are really the winners in the long run.

We've heard a tremendous amount of chit-chat the past few years on juvenile delinquency and it is a subject worth a lot of consideration as is the care of all children and this yearly contest to select the Honorary Mayor of Hollywood is really one of the very best of its kind, because there are no overhead expenses to be deducted from the amount of funds that are taken in. It is a case where the funds are actually taken in and not the donor!

It is a wonderful thing to know that there are people who take an interest in youngsters and do everything within their power to curb delinquency. It is unfortunate that the angle of "juvenile delinquency" has been so over-played. Actually there isn't any such thing as a juvenile delinquent—but the woods are full of delinquent adults. We flatter them by calling them adults, actually I suppose they are really just delinquent parents of various physical ages.

The problem will never be settled, however, by any one person or any group of people putting words down on paper. It is a problem that will be settled by action on everyone's part.

We frequently wonder where a good starting place would be for an adult, to meet this problem. There are thousands of answers to such a question, but possibly one thing that everyone should come to realize is their inherited birth rights under the Constitution of the United States.

I'm of the opinion that one of the very finest organizations that should be heard—should be seen AND heard on both radio and television, and in the newspapers at least three times a week, and for at least five years, is the different Bar

Continued on Page 13

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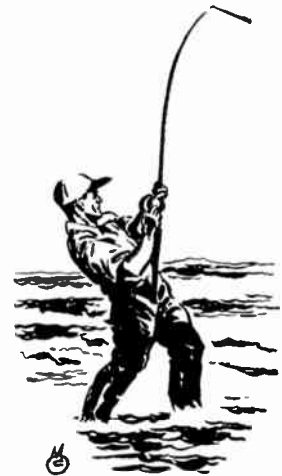
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AS I SEE IT *By Doc Vaughan*

Somewhere near Shiprock in the land of the Navajos a colt was born. His wine colored coat of burgundy red was dappled with fleecy white spots as though the clouds of dawn had kissed him and marked him for their own.

Thru the heat of summer and the cold of winter he lived by the hogans and ate of the flinty corn; some red, some purple and some yellow. Of the clear, cold water that quenched the thirst of the cornfields he sank his muzzle deep and enjoyed pawing the soft alluvial, sandy red soil.

While his mother toiled at pulling the ancient plow or carried some brave hunter into the Mogollon mountains for a deer hunt, or a pinyon (pine nut) gathering expedition he trotted alongside. When the years numbered four, he was wise to many things; of stinging sands carried on the desert storms while lightning flashed and thunder crashed. The musty odor of a coiled serpent armed with venom caused him to shy away from some bit of green herbage which housed this denizen of the desert waiting there for some small animal or bird.

Four years of desert dwelling had toughened his frame and strengthened his limbs. His heavy coat of pinto red and white was sleek with the fat of desert corn when the movie company came to Navajo land and gazed upon this beautiful horse. "Buck" Jones a star of that day bargained long and well and in the end took Cheewee away to Hollywood. There a new life began for this wonderful gelding. In the hands of capable trainers he developed into a movie star in his own right.

Even at this late date, after these long years, I can still visualize him as he raced like the wind down some street of the movie set and right up to the camera. "Buck" Jones was a heavy man and rode well. The two made a wonderfully inspiring pair as they raced over hills, down ravines and thru forest trails. Those were the days of silent movies and fifteen cents was the admission price, as a rule.

The years passed in review for me. The days of the westerns as portrayed by Buck Jones, Bill Hart and Tom Mix were forgotten. My life in the city had given way to residency on Santa Catalina Island with its hills and bays and caves. Fishing and goat hunting with occasional treasure seeking ventures in the very ancient caves or along the shoreline where Spanish galleons had gone down centuries before. Life was quite different from the pharmacy days of pills, powders and potions. Now it was fish and goats and wild boar

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and vast vistas of blue seas, high mountains where eagles nested and were king of the aerial domain later to be claimed by passenger carrying planes then undreamed of.

One day Mr. Wilian Wrigley, who often had me ride over the hills with him, asked me if I would like to use a new horse that was just given to him by a movie star. The horse was too old for work in pictures and the star wanted the horse to have a good home rather than be converted into dog food. He gave the horse to Mr. Wrigley to be turned out to graze and lead a peaceful life.

So it came to pass that I was given Cheewee to keep as my very own so long as Mr. Wrigley and I rode out over the hills in the early dawn to enjoy Santa Catalina as few have ever seen or enjoyed it.

Having been priviliged as a child to spend some years with the Sioux Indians in Montana, I rode the indian-jigger pony well, for Cheewee had a true indian-jigger gait which is typical of most indian trained horses. It is a fast stiff legged walk that is close to a trot and it is jarring to anyone not used to riding such a horse.

Living back in the hinterland of the island I had Cheewee right at hand all the time and we grew very near and dear to each other. He would remain by the lodge waiting for me to ride him or give him a bit of tobacco, a lump of sugar or just talk to him.

One day I mounted him without bridle, saddle or hackamore, as I had found him down the canyon below the

lodge and wanted to get back with little walking. I jumped onto his back and before I could grab a handful of mane to hang on to, he was away like the wind; thru the lodge grounds he raced and the visitors yelled and I whooped and hollered and on up the canyon we sped. At the corral he turned into the shed and I sat down in the wet straw pile as I slid off his rump, as he passed under the low doorway.

There comes a time in life when sorrow comes like a cloud over a silvery moon and blacks out the happiness that fills our souls. So it was one morning that the famous Dane, Tom Maersch of Howlands Landing, on the island, came to me with the news that Cheewee was down by the Torquamada Spring and needed me. I hurried from the lodge across Cottonwood Canyon and to the spring where the buffalo were kept. There was Cheewee standing by the water but unable to drink. His head was terribly swollen and he was blind. His condition was a pathetic one to witness. A rattlesnake had bitten him on the head and it was evident that he was sure to die.

After careful examination I made a decision that is hard for one friend to make to another. I placed my arm around his neck and told him of my deep love and asked to recall that I had been good to him during our years of brotherhood. He seemed to quiver—possibly to shake as with a deep feeling of resignation of what was to come.

There under the clouds that roll in from the western pacific; there where meadow larks were singing; there where great eagles were circling and watching me; there where the shades of long departed indians gathered around—I unfastened my forty-five and placed the muzzle to his forehead—I asked the Great Creator to wither my right hand if I were doing that which was wrong—there was no answer—except the explosion and the falling at my feet of my brother.

The ravens cawed and gathered closer. The eagles settled down on closeby crags. The red foxes barked from the cleft of rocks.

Summer's sun and winter's storms bleach the bones. Torquemada Peak wears its halo of fleecy sea born clouds all the while guarding the bones that began life's journey far away in the shadow of Shiprock, Arizona.

Even Ol' Doc is far away—

And the years are many. Sholom

Profile:

DAVID STARLING

David started out with the great idea of becoming a legal-eagle, and wound up being the favorite of the ladies—and the kiddies on KFI.

Among his various chores as a staff announcer on KFI is one particular job that he seems to enjoy more than all the others and that is the reading of the funnies on Sunday morning.

David (doesn't like to be called "Dave") joined the staff of KFI in 1940 where he has remained, except for the time, forty-seven months, that he gave to World War II.

Acting credits that Starling has been given show that he is not just a ham-at-heart. His favorite roles are those of old man characters and dialects of almost every conceivable type, which he has done on many programs, including "Lux Radio Theatre."

Tranquil, yet glibed-voiced Starling has been a favorite of the lady listeners to radio for quite some years on the various shows he has done on KFI. His "Hit the Road" at 7:15 each week-day morning is mostly devoted to music with just a small amount of talk, and is aimed at both the women and men who are making ready for work and the daily routine.

David has always believed that listeners wanted more to be entertained with music than with talk in the early morning programs. However, on his "Ladies Day" show he fills in the time with some music and some discussing of items with the ladies and what they find to be interesting, important and some items that are even unimportant.

David handles his program with a smoothness and yet with a touch of zest that only he is capable of. Between his two daily morning shows he is usually heard with Johnny Murray on "Johnny Murray Talks It Over," as well as his many other regular assignments.

It is difficult writing about Starling, for as one of his fellow-employee-fans put it: "... he has a quick sense of humor and everyone likes and enjoys him, but he is singularly different than the majority of our co-workers. He keeps his home life and his professional life as two different worlds."

David feels that he is fortunate being able to be home early almost every afternoon to be able to spend the time with his five-year-old daughter Nancy, and wife Rita.

In spite of being a quick and glib person, David shows no strain or tension, and his attitude almost seems to be that of letting tomorrow take care of itself. If tomorrow is as capable as David, none of us need have any fear of it taking care of itself.

One thing above all, Starling knows good radio and works hard at his job of delivering the kind of radio show that he



DAVID STARLING

knows will be accepted by his listeners—in their homes. He spends more time selecting the music that he will use than most.

When David is away on his vacations he is without a doubt the most missed employee on KFI's staff—and because of his quick wit he has become a regular "flab-jabbit" to everyone.

Many a man of letters is still trying to get them back. —Marie of Upland

BE STRONG — LIVE LONG

If you suffer from symptoms of asthma, arthritis, sinusitis, hay fever, ulcers, tumors, high blood pressure, or nervousness, YOU TOO CAN BE WELL.

Send One Dollar For Book
Complete Information

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GET WELL — STAY WELL
P.O. Box 4545
University Station Tucson 5, Arizona

THE END OF THE ROAD

We have reached it.

We have—with this issue—completed delivery of 12 (count 'em) copies of your Limb magazine and thus rounded out our first year.

There were times we never thought we'd make it.

We made mistakes, too, Lots of them.

For instance, we started out in a burst of glory—getting our first magazine out in six weeks; and being so proud of it we didn't date it ahead 'like most magazines. The result has been that many of you receive your October issue in November, November in December, and so on.

Oh we were green all right!

We decided that 24 pages was a "nice" size for a magazine. And we held it to that, too, regardless of how much advertising we had! It never occurred to us that advertising should support the magazine.

But we learned.

And with the wonderful help of you Nightowls we finished out the year. And not too far in debt, either. As a matter of fact, if we get your renewals on time, we should have our little red nose out of the drink by the December issue.

Wouldn't that be something?

Hope you've sent your renewal in. If you haven't, you'll get a notice from us.

It is due in November, however, and prompt payment will surely help us to put out a better magazine for you.

Send three dollars by cash, check, or money order to: The Limb, Box 1870, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Bachelor: A man who may know the right question, but who hasn't found a girl who will give the right answer.

—Marie of Upland

Timber Wolf: Charlie McCarthy.

—Marie of Upland

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That Are "Typically Californian"
Same Location and Management Since 1927

Comfort and Cleanliness **AAA** Adjoining Garages
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an old firm to a new market, our first job is to acquaint you with the quality of our photo work.
12 Reprint Negatives . . .
Send 20c and this ad to the address below with a roll of black and white film or up to 12 reprint negatives and we will return our guaranteed prints with the promise you will be pleased with both our price and quality.
MARKET BASKET PHOTO CO. Box C National City California

OF SHOES AND SHIPS . . .

By John Hickey

COLD COFFEE:

Was in a hurry this morning, so headlined the paper and passed over and came back to this: *Famous Twins Awaited.*



JOHN HICKEY

(Good headline. Mademe nose.) So found that Cholly (Love that name! So rugged!) — Found that Cholly says, "The world's most famous twins . . . the Morgan sisters — Viscountess Thelma Furness and Gloria (Mrs. Reginald (Love that one too!) Vanderbilt—

Left them there. Didn't invite me last time. So, well, after all! I mean! Actually!

But got to thinking. First thing, this: **WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS TWINS.** World's most famous twins? Going to cause a stir in Siam. And enough of that already, if you ask me.

Then I bit a bite out of my Rye Crisp and pondered: "What about the Finn Twins? Who's important? And to whom?"

There's a comparison of values involved here. Are the Finn Twins more important to the Finns than the Morgans are to the Morgans? And how important is Cholly to Cholly?

Then I calmed down and got to wondering. About words that fall trippingly on the ear. And it seems to me that the Finn Twins should be grateful that Finn rhymes with twin. (We'll dispense with the ess.)

I'll venture that their plight wouldn't have impressed itself so on the public—and subsequent righteous wrath wouldn't have boiled so in their behalf—had their cause been presented as involving the Krautzenhorowitzschlutzenbagen Twins.

Or if, instead of "The Flying Finns," they had been billed as "The Privates Mudstink of Slogdown Battalion."

Understand, now, that I don't detract from their exploits. Nor do I seek to abnegate the justice I feel due them.

I feel they're lucky, that's all. In being twins. Named Finn.

* * * * *

OOPS!

Should have known this would happen. Here comes Mother, and . . .

"All RIGHT, Mother! Don't pour it out. Put ice in it, like they say in the ads.

"But . . ."
"Yes, but . . ."
"But what, son?"
"But I LIKE cold coffee!"

* * * * *

FLORAL TOUCH:

There is a lady down the street a piece who is a wonder. She is the best upside-down-across-the-desk reader you ever saw. She runs a flower shop, this lady. And nice flowers she has, too. Fact, she is somewhat like a flower herself. Tall, willowy—and pretty on top.

But what I started out to say, you go in and you buy some flowers for your girl (or your wife) and she gives you this little card to write down your sentiments on. And you sit down on this side of the desk. And she sits down on the other side. And you shield with your hand while you're inscribing: "To the dearest, darlingest, sweetest little Boo that ever was."

And you sign it, "Poopsie."

And then you quick stick it into the little envelope and write Boo's name on the outside.

You know?

And then the lady says, "Oh, how sweet. Boo! And Poopsie! That-will-be-three-and-a-half-plus-tax-please, thank-you."

(So all right. Three and a half buys a lot of chrysanthemums. And they LAST!)

* * * * *

EVERY MAN NEEDS A HOBBY:

A little child, female type, walked up to me this afternoon while I was watching the hose (draining), and glared at me and said, "Where is it?"

When you're confronted with something like that, you gotta think.

"Which way did he go?" I asked.

"He didn't go nowhere," answered my compatible companion.

I thought I had her. "He went thataway," I said.

"Whichaway?" queried my comrade.

I pointed, "That whichaway."

"Uh-blub-uh." (The blub was a finger in the mouth. "Uh-blub-uh." That's as close as I can get. YOU try it!)

I dropped the hose and cornered her with logic. "How do you know he didn't go that whichaway?"

"Be-blub-cause she's a he."

Kink! Went my hose.

* * * * *

Good month, all.

Out on A Limb . . .

Continued From Page 4

sand into the cockpit, so if you were flying upside down you got sand in your face!"

Bob added that they usually flew without parachutes in those days.

TO PARACHUTES . . .

"George" (our name for anonymous callers) beeped in to add that they were using 'chutes in observation balloons during World War I. A 36-foot chute was rigged around the basket and stuffed with newspapers. It was tied with a 20-lb. test string.

"When the boys had to get out fast," he said, "they'd buckle on the chute, break the string, dive over the side, and come down in a shower of newspapers!"

"And sometimes, in those early days, they'd forget to buckle the thing on before they jumped!" he added.

Which brought Vic Houser out of the night.

It seems Vic was one of the first to use a parachute during World War I.

He had just got overseas, when they sent him up in one of the first helium-filled balloons that the army tried to use.

"There were four other balloons aloft with us," Vic said, "when a Heinie peeled out of a cloud, knocked off the other four balloons with a couple of bursts, and then dove on us."

"We felt just like sitting ducks, the sergeant and I, watching him dive toward us. He was a good shot, too. He ripped our balloon neatly in half and we started to drop like a stone."

"The sergeant took a slug in the lungs, and was trying to tell me how to use the parachute, but every time he'd try to speak there'd just be bubbles of blood. I thought sure we were gonners."

"Well what did you do?" I asked breathlessly.

Vic continued. "Well I finally managed to understand what the sergeant was saying, so I buckled him on to the chute and dumped him over the side. We had dropped to about 250 feet by this time. Then I buckled on the other chute and followed the sergeant."

"I had time to swing sideways just once, before I hit the ground."

Vic said that he was pretty badly injured and had to be taken behind the lines to be patched up.

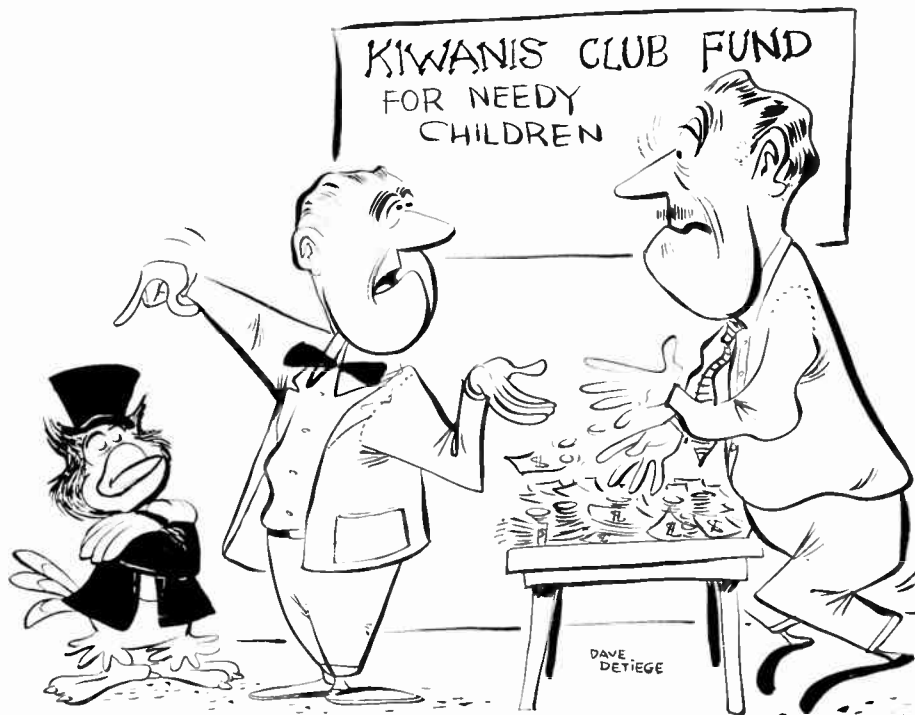
I was exhausted . . . just from listening to the story!

Incidentally, a post card from Jack McKinney concluded the subject with: "The first parachutist was a man named Blanchard in 1793."

Continued on Page 15

OLLIE THE NIGHT OWL

By DAVE DETIEGE



"He says if Hunter's NOT elected he wants his money back."

GOLDEN FRUIT CAKE

LADEN WITH NUTS AND FRUIT

Steeped in the festive flavor of old wine

Perfect gift for boys in military service
DEADLINE FOR OVERSEAS PACKAGES
IS NOVEMBER 15th

1 1/2-lb. Fruitcake \$3.00

2 1/2-lb. Fruitcake \$4.85

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A tasty remembrance for friends far away
Delicious addition to holiday entertaining

Save time, avoid delay, send complete information in your first letter. Give name and address of person to receive cake. Include your own name and address so we may acknowledge your order. At your request, a gift card will be attached.

WATKINS BAKE-SWEET SHOP

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LAKESIDE, CALIFORNIA



Chow line at Santa Cruz Roost, July. (L to R) Kee Too Wah, John Muegge, Mildred Low, Van Workum, and A. B. Muegge.



Mildred Low opens the meeting—Santa Cruz Roost. Group singing and a potluck feast were enjoyed at Pringle Grove.



NEST NOTES



SANTA CRUZ

Dear Ben:

To keep a promise here are some pictures of the Santa Cruz Roost and you may select the ones you like for the Limb. I am also enclosing a write-up of our last meeting.

I do wish this picture of our Goodwill Ambassador Kee Too Wah and Ted Olson could be used and credit given the Golden Gate Roost which we visited last week.

If at all possible we hope to visit the San Diego group soon. At any rate the Goodwill Ambassador will attend via air, so tell all the San Diego Owls to be on the lookout for him.

Our Santa Cruz Roost meets on the second Saturday of each month, and any local Owls wishing to attend may contact our Chief Hooter Mildred Low. We will furnish transportation and see no one leaves our meeting unfed.

We all get along beautifully together and are counting the days until you can join us. We are also stacking up votes for the final push in that contest to aid the kiddies, Bless 'em!

MRS. ADA BELLE MUEGGE

* * *

How about this Santa Cruz Roost! The following is an excerpt from a story appearing in the Santa Cruz Sentinel-News of Sept. 14, 1955.—Ed

"The Santa Cruz branch of the Night-Owl Roost conducted its regular monthly meeting in Pringle Grove, Soquel, with a potluck feast Saturday noon. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. C. Colyar and the business meeting was preceded by the group singing 'God Bless America.'

"Mrs. Mildred Low, Chief Hooter, pre-

sided and the Santa Cruz Roost voted to lend its support to Ben Hunter, one of the 12 candidates selected by the Kiwanis Club to vie for the office of Honorary Mayor of Hollywood.

"The constitution and by-laws of the Roost were read by Mrs. W. D. Snyder. Birthday recognition was given to Mrs. Emma Staples and Mrs. J. L. Kristensen.

"Words of cheer and a poem, 'I Know Something Good About You,' were given by Rev. Colyar. Dave Rountree of Los Gatos provided accordion music for the group and a sing song closed the meeting.

"Out-of-town guests and Nightowls present for the first time were Mrs. John McCullough, Mrs. Lucia Riege, Mrs. Lucile Schmidt, Jim T. Horton, Mrs. Neva Matiazot of Stockton, Dave Rountree of Los Gatos, Mrs. Lenore B. Batheny, Richmond, Va., Mrs. Cora Cooley of Sacramento, and John and Gale Greer.

"Mrs. Velva Moore was appointed chairman of the next meeting to be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kristensen, Monterey Bay Heights, October 8th at noon."

PURDY SPREADS THE WORD

Purdy Mosher, a long-time Nightowl in Seattle, has been in correspondence with Radio Australia for several years.

In the many letters he has written them, he has frequently mentioned the Night-owl Club and the Limb magazine. Finally last spring a subscription was taken out for Radio Australia. That they are enjoying their magazine is evident in these aerogrammes received by Purdy during the past months. (*Excerpts*)

February: "On December 16, we received the copy of *The Limb* which you so kindly air-mailed to us. This

has been read with great interest by the staff of Radio Australia."

April: "I hope that you are feeling better now. Your letter of March 6th was most interesting and I read the attached copy of *The Limb* and the open letter to the 'Nightowl.' Just as I write the February copy of *The Limb* has arrived and is being perused with much interest by the staff."

July: "We are looking forward to receiving our copy of *The Limb*, also the July issue with the photographs and article on the Nightowl's get-together."

All of these letters were signed, "Robin Wood, Director of Programmes, Overseas Service."

Congratulations Purdy! And a speedy recovery from your recent illness.

SACRAMENTO

Dear Ben:

Now you have a Sacramento branch of the Nightowls. We met for our first meeting in our home. There were eight present, including Mmes. Du Nann, Willis, Bombach, Dexter; Mr. & Mrs. Robinson, my mother, and myself.

We had many lively discussions from gophers to Alaska. All in all we just were getting acquainted, and that's what we did indeed. I'm very proud of this little branch of the Nightowl tree.

We decided to accept Mrs. Dexter's offer of using her home for the next meeting. Mrs. Dexter and Mrs. Robinson offered to sing for us at the next meeting, and Mrs. Du Nann offered to hula for us. So our next meeting should be pretty lively!

It will be held at Mrs. Ethel Dexter's

home at 2928 Highland Avenue, Sunday October 30, at 4 P.M. All interested Sacramento area Nightowls may phone me at WA 52013, or write to me at 4904 Dry Creek Road, Del Paso Heights, California, and I'll keep in touch with them.
NOLAN TUCKER

SAN FRANCISCO

From the Independent-Journal. Sept. 20, 1955.

"A comparatively new organization in the Bay Area is the Golden Gate Roost of Ben Hunter's Nightowls, which held its fall meeting in Marin County for the first time at the Mill Valley home of Mrs. Donna Baxter on Saturday.

Membership in the Bay Area Roost takes in San Francisco, Walnut Creek, Alameda, Oakland, Berkeley, San Anselmo, San Rafael, Mill Valley, and Stinson Beach. It has grown since February from 17 charter members to over 60.

1955 chairman of the group is "Uncle Ted" Olsen of San Francisco; Elizabeth Price of San Francisco is recording Secretary; Mrs. Baxter of Mill Valley, treasurer; and Mrs. Margery Cory Curtis of Stinson Beach is corresponding secretary."

An added note from Margie Cory Curtis reads as follows:

"Many of us have been on the sick list, including Elizabeth Price. She is in a hospital in San Francisco.

"This actually was our fourth meeting. We were very proud of our four guests who popped in from Santa Cruz—including Kee Too Wah, Ambassador of Goodwill.

"Wish you could have had a piece of my homemade open-face cherry pie Ben!" *(So do I!—Ed.)*

MARGIE CORY CURTIS

FRESNO

Dear Ben:

We in Fresno had another picnic, and plenty of the best eats! There were fifteen present, and a good time was had by all.

Our picnic was held in the fine backyard of Nora Pike. It couldn't have been nicer.

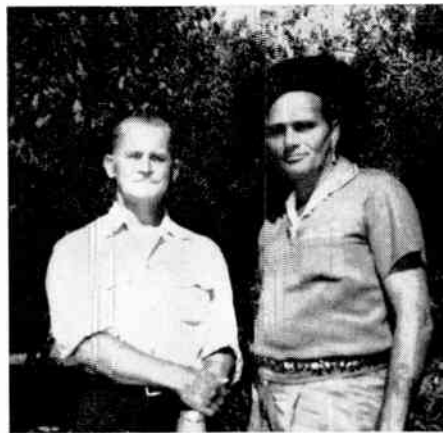
Several new members joined us this time. Miss Naomi, and Miss Sophie Steen, and Mrs. Longacer.

Last but not least, a collection was taken up for the Honorary Mayor candidacy. *(Seven dollars was enclosed, and thanks very much!—Ed)*

Hooting and hoping to give Hollywood a good Mayor.

**MRS. ALMA PERRY
 MRS. JESSIE CLEMENS**

Anybody who thinks chemical warfare is new doesn't know much about perfume.
—Marie of Upland



Ted Olsen (L), VP/chg. of Golden Gate Roost Nightowls, and Kee Too Wah (R), Ambassador of Goodwill, at Golden Gate Roost—Mills Valley, September 17th.

MAYORALITY

And incidentally that's pronounced MAYOR-ul-ty, not Mayor-AL-i-ty!

As we go to press, we do not know what the outcome of the election will be. If we get this magazine out on time (*you may laugh here—Ed.*), we won't even know by the time you receive the magazine. The winner will be announced by the Kiwanis Club on October 23rd.

But there are several things we do know.

The Kiwanis Club tells us that more money (i.e. more votes) has been donated in this election than any they have had previously. It has been a hotly contested race.

And despite that, as this is written, a disc jockey heard only on the radio between the hours of 1:00 A.M. and 5:30 A.M. is—and has been from the start—leading the race!

It is tremendous testimony to the wonderful—almost unbelievable—support we have received from the Nightowls.

Just to say "thanks" seems inadequate.

If we could magically crawl through the microphone and out along the radio waves into your homes, we would probably plant a large kiss right on your feathered jewels! But you're lucky. We can't.

So all we can say is by Golly you're a wonderful bunch. And whether we win or lose this election, we have proven that there's lots of power left in radio yet!

And most important of all—we can all feel the warm glow that goes with the sure knowledge that in casting these "votes"—we have helped immeasurably a lot of youngsters who needed our help badly.

K. F. ITIS . . .

Continued From Page 17

Associations throughout the country. It might take that long to get across all the important points about the law and how it effects you in daily life—even if it only took a month it could be repeated over and over again.

Every once in a while someone that you know darn well is not a communist will make a remark about our local "police state." If you are sure, without a doubt that this person is not a communist, then listen well to what he has to say about his experience—the chances are that he has probably had some kind of a brush with the law. Don't take what he may say too lightly—believe it or not, just because the local news papers have recently "laid-off" police brutality here doesn't mean that it still doesn't exist. Maybe it isn't going on right in your front yard, but there are many police stations and "tanks" AND guards that could well be done away with.

Co-operate with your policemen. Teach your children what a wonderful protective organization has been established for us—see that the teen age children meet and get acquainted with policemen (plural—you notice). YOU get acquainted with them—you certainly are not going to introduce anyone into your home that you wouldn't want your entire family to meet. Ask them to help you understand the laws and the *present-day* interpretations of them. Ask them how far an officer of the law CAN (not should) go before you can call on your constitutional rights.

Every good police officer knows what a tremendous mess a bad apple in the basket can be and how it hampers them from doing a good job. When you start to understand the law and the people YOU HIRE to enforce it, the sooner you are going to be able to assist in doing away with adult delinquency and the juvenile delinquency problem might well begin to fade from the picture.

MATE	
PARAGUAY TEA — Green or Black	
12 oz. (300 cup package)	\$1.00
PURE COCONUT FLAKES	
20 oz.	\$1.00
COCONUT--DATE or Coconut-fig flakes	
20 oz.	\$1.25
PEPPERMINT, Parsley or Sassafras	
6 oz.	\$1.00
All prices postpaid — Spices, all kinds	
27 varieties of coconut products. Call at	
store or order by mail. Herb teas, coffee	
substitutes.	
Pan American Tea Co.	
2704 S. Vermont — Los Angeles 7, Calif.	
Phone: RE. 1-4039	

RACHEL from DOWN STATE

Dear Ben: The best way to describe him is just plain old Johnny, an amiable, very slim and very unbelieving sort of cuss. His extreme ugliness was so striking as to render him nearly handsome and there was something about him that set many a young female heart flipping. But no matter what he was shown by whom he would never believe that the ghostly ones residing around the town were real. He even laughed at Franklin when he saw him and said some things about mass hallucination. And the trouble was we had nothing on which to go in order to effect a change of mind on him; no background. He just drifted into town one day, got a rewrite job with a local publisher and bingo!—he was as established as though he'd been born here. There are some fortunate few like that in this world.

The first person to notice the change in him was his editor. Johnny did his level best to hide his worry, unusual in him, without avail, and when it was suggested he come have a chat with me he waited many days before doing it, no doubt passing me off in his mind as the town crank. When finally he made it the poor fellow was almost completely distraught. Buggy. Clinkers in his grave. Stare eyed with desperation. He said but one word after I poured him a stiff one on the rocks and it made me understand perfectly. He jittered over the drink and whispered, "R-Ruby!"

When I didn't laugh he closed his eyes in a fatalistic acceptance of having his last hope jerked rudely away from him. Knowing all about his former attitude I blasted him, though gently, when he mutely appealed to me with those dark, somber eyes. "Johnny," I advised, "you'll have to accept her existence and then treat her as we do. She doesn't bother us any more. Besides, she doesn't mean any harm."

Johnny exploded. "No harm! She throws dishes at me, switches on the radio full blast at two in the morning, rips curtains, throws ink into my bath, somehow puts glue in my shaving cream, rattles the windows and writes her name in crayon across my manuscripts. I saw her do it once. It said, 'My name is Ruby, I'm Queen of the Poltergeists and I'm going to get you.' Harmless, eh?"

The whole thing was titillatingly Ruby, all right, except for the last part. That smacked faintly of an intangible threat. Johnny went home muttering and I didn't

see him for a week. This time he didn't need a drink. In fact his eyes looked strangely like—well, I didn't know—then.

"I've beaten her, I've beaten her," he shouted jubilantly, dancing me around the table. "She's eating out of my hand. And all I did was scold her, asked her what the heck I'd ever done to her to make her treat me like she was and went on in the same vein with the old malarkey about how I knew she was really a nice girl and all that rot. A half hour's steady talk and she was cleaning house for me and making the meals."

I didn't know what to say. Somehow that didn't sound like Ruby either. Something was in the air. When Johnny came to me the next day I could see by his astounded and maybe something else expression that he'd been hit hard and it could only have been Ruby.

It was.

"I kidded her last night," muttered Johnny. "I told her to show me how real she could be and so help me, she did." I began to see a faint light, worriedly I'll admit, for Ruby never showed herself but to people she liked. Her costume generally showed her degree of liking. I asked him about it.

"Dreamy," he sighed. "It was down to, I mean it was about up to, I mean—uh—well, if there was any less—uh—darn it, I've seen bigger necklaces! And just as I got over my surprise enough to get out of the chair she giggled and vanished. But," he sighed mournfully, "it's no use. She's a ghost."

Now I knew. Ruby was in love, hammer and tongs love with no holds barred. In truth, she was trying to "get" Johnny. He no longer seemed worried.

But Johnny's gone now. Ruby wasn't

Queen of the Poltergeists for nothing, we found. Through some close astral contacts of hers and no doubt with judicious use of a tiny bit of blackmail, she somehow got Johnny through the barrier. They come to see me once in a while when the moon is just starting to slip behind the mountain. Johnny still doesn't know quite what to think except that he's hooked solidly—the way he wants to be hooked. He never has seen the occasional wink Ruby gives me happily as they get ready to leave, though I don't think he'd even mind that.

'Till next time then,
Rachel from Down State

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PHONE 5166

Out on A Limb . . .

Continued From Page 11

THE ROYCROFTERS

Sid Williams started it by sending me an ad for Nash Ramblers . . . June 1908 version! Among other things, the ad stated: "these automobiles are truly Roycroftie in principle."

"What does 'Roycroftie' mean?" I asked, and we were off again!

We found out, for example that the Roycrofters was an organization founded by Elbert Hubbard sometime in the late eighties. It became particularly noteworthy around 1908-15.

The Roycrofters was a communal group occupying a large piece of New York real estate known as East Aurora. They made wine, furniture, books, and all kinds of handiwork.

So beautiful was their work that the name "Roycrofter" became synonymous with anything that was par excellence.

John Bair has made a hobby of collecting Hubbardiana. His most famous writing, John told us, was "Message to Garcia."

John Bair went on, "The mission furniture seen at the Mission Inn in Riverside is Roycrofter furniture. It was very revolutionary in its time, since—in those days—the furniture was full of curlycyucs and rococo stuff."

Our next call came from Mrs. Nichols, who reported that she performed with Elbert Hubbard in vaudeville years ago.

"What kind of an act did he have?" I asked.

"Oh he did a sort of monologue. He told the audience about the Roycrofters," Mrs. Nichols said. "I often dined with him after the show, and he was certainly a wonderful person."

Alice Greene, the well-known San Diego columnist and short story writer was christened by Elbert Hubbard!

Alice Greene went on to say that Hubbard and his wife were aboard the Lusitania when it sunk. The rescued passengers reported that Hubbard and his wife stood watching at the rail until each and every passenger was loaded safely into lifeboats.

"Then when the last lifeboat pulled away from the rapidly sinking ship, Hubbard and his wife turned from the rail, and—arm-in-arm—walked slowly back to their stateroom. They went down with the ship."

And I'll be sunk if I don't end this column before we run out of space. So I'll do so, with a huge hearty thanks to all of you (not mentioned here) who added to our fund of information and helped us prove again that "*the darndest things happen on our show.*"

THE LIMB—October, 1955

CLASSIFIED ADS

Antiques 2

ANTIQUES For Sale. Private collection. Ten pieces copper lustre, consisting pair vases, three large pitchers, bread-and-milk set, etc. Also an Egyptian Scarab in perfect condition. Shown at "Baldwins Antiques," 310 N. Greenleaf Ave., Whittier, California.

Food Items 18

THE ORANGE OF THE CHAMPIONS NAVEL ORANGES from California are considered the finest eating orange in the world. Available February through May. Write for a free brochure and prices.

CHAMPION BROTHERS
Route 1, Box 215 Redlands, Calif.

Furniture Household (Sale) 19

EARLY AMERICAN side chair and sofa for sale. Mrs. Wm. W. Thompson, 1900 Paloma St., Pasadena, California.

Gift Suggestions 22

CALIFORNIA CORSAGES. Wear over and over, yet each time they look like fresh flowers! Unbelievably real camellia or carnations in red, white, pink, or yellow. \$2.50. Violets—\$3.50. 26 Saddleback, Rolling Hills, California.

Miscellaneous 27

MYRTLES CAFE
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Miscellaneous For Sale 28

PRIMITIVE Water Color Paintings by "Grandma Eason" 2889 Adams, San Diego.

ATTENTION San Diego County Night-Owls. If you would like to be able to find any Bible reference quickly and easily, and learn a lot about the Bible with very little effort, write me for an appointment. I will show the prize winning Hertel Reference Bible any place in San Diego without obligation. It comes in regular, Mormon, and Masonic editions. I also sell the new Catholic Bible. Helen Stevens, P.O. Box 113, Lakeside, California.

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TRICKS — TRICKS — TRICKS & party suggestions. DE VAIL, 2409 W. 54th St., off 2nd Ave., L. A. 43. Cal.

Musical Instruments 30

WANTED — TUNED JINGLE BELLS, Cow Bells, Chimes or odd musical instruments. What have you? Write Joseph McDermott, P.O. Box 204. Salinas, Calif.

Personals 32

TEXAS BRAGS. I am a collector. If you know one please send it to Bill Chancellor, P.O. Box 15, Midland, Tex.

DO YOU KNOW A SHUT-IN



Night Owl will send Greeting Cards and Letters. Across the miles, pen and ink visits can make the hours of the Shutins and Lonely more pleasurable and happy

WOULD YOU LIKE PEN PALS?

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Real Estate 36

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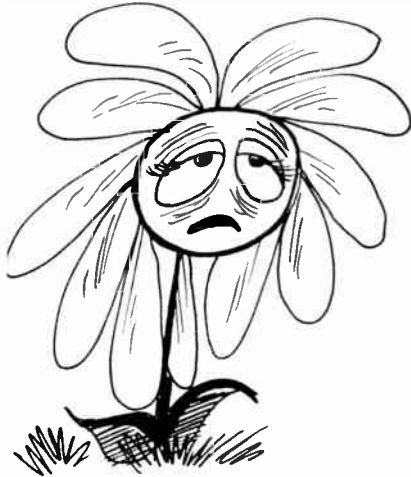
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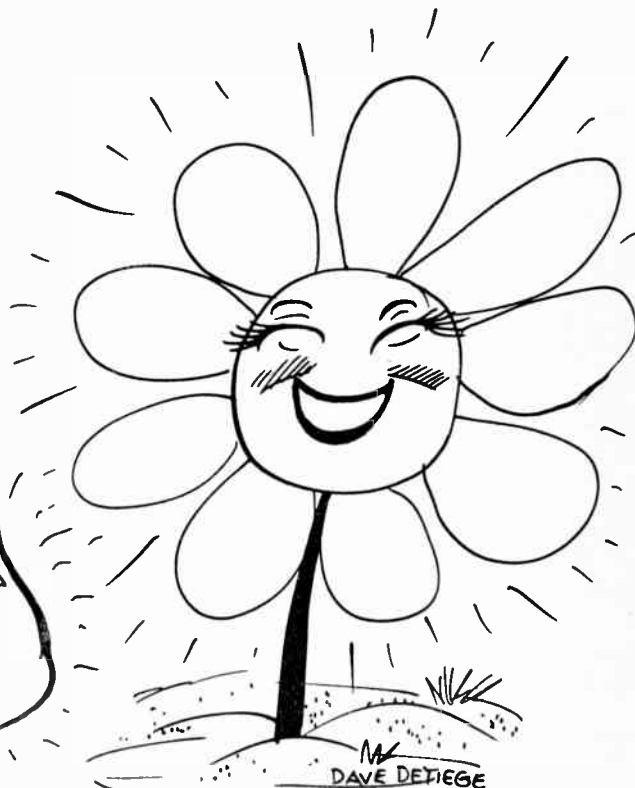
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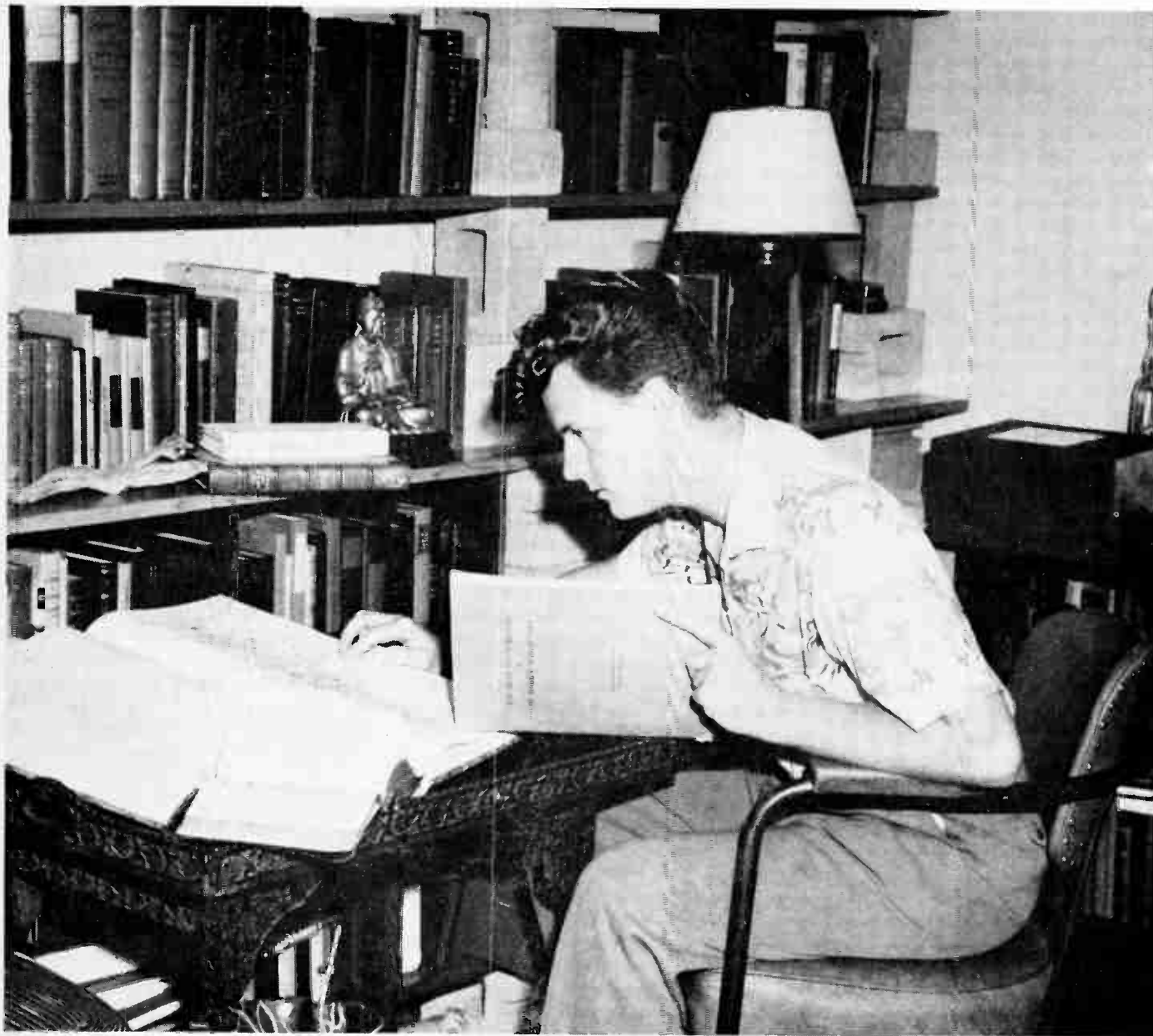
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THE LIMB

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NIGHTOWL PHILOSOPHER RELAXES WITH FRIENDS

Volume Two

August, 1956

Number Nine

THE LIMB

*"Out of the abundance of the heart,
the mouth speaketh"—Matthew*

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 BUSINESS MANAGER.....LEONARD M. OLIVER
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Vol. 2 — No. 10
 AUGUST
 1956

Published monthly in
 Hollywood, California.
 Second Class Mail
 Privileges Authorized
 at Los Angeles, Calif.

Subscription Rates
 \$3.00 per year

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 Rates on Application

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OUR COVER PICTURE

Within a few short months, graduate student Doug Low has become a favorite "beeperite" with listeners to the Nightowl show. We've long known when Doug's not talking with Ben on the air during THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DAY, he's working on his Master's thesis. So we thought we'd get a series of pictures of this young man among his books. However, during our interview with Doug, we discovered he has many interests other than comparative religion. So we decided it was only fitting to get him to pose for at least one picture in his library. (That big volume, by the way, is Manley Hall's "Encyclopedic Outline of Symbolism"—measuring approximately 1½ x 2½ feet). For the rest of Doug's story, see pages 6 and 7 of this issue.

NIGHTOWL PIC PARADE



Nightowl poet Bessie Berg's only comment when she sent us this photo of herself and friend, was: "Suzie is pouting because she didn't care for the cookie I had given her." It's our guess Suzie was pouting because Bessie hadn't bothered to read her her latest poetic effort.



George and Elizabeth Kellar of Coachella, California are pictured at Giant Rock last April when attending the Space Ship meeting. They reported they didn't see any Flying Saucers. However they met and talked with several people who claimed they not only had seen Flying Saucers, but had actually ridden on them. The Kellar's added they were still among those who are open to conviction, but who must see to believe. "Anyway," they noted, "it was a most interesting meeting."

BERTA GOUCHER

Up San Francisco way was a Nightowl who worked tirelessly setting up the Party Line Roost for the Bay area shut-ins. In this month's mail came a newspaper clipping telling of the last chapter in her life. She died in her sleep July 28 with not a single Party Line member aware of her passing. She was our own Berta Goucher and we scarcely need add she'll be greatly missed.

OUT ON THE LIMB *With Ben Hunter*

Nightowl topics of conversation during the past month ranged from a molasses flood in Boston to the origin of the American Commonwealth.

We discussed the ages-old mystery of the Tarot cards and the life cycle of whales; we contemplated the geographic origin of the world's civilizations, and experimented with human conception of color.

And in the midst of a discussion on the origin of the cannon in warfare, Caroline Romero beaped:

"I'm winning bets from all my friends by proving that Brutus was the illegitimate son of Caesar!"

"E tu Brute?" we inquired learnedly.

"The one and the same," she replied.

But perhaps the most sensational of Nightowlish happenings during the past month was the story of the . . .

KIDNAPPING

The time: July 10th, approximately 1:30 AM.

We received a call from Nightowl Vice-president in charge of news scoops—Hicks Coney, night editor of the Los Angeles Examiner.

"What's new?" we asked.

"There's been another kidnapping," Hicks replied. "Little Frances Lea Endicott was kidnapped from her mother's shopping cart in Bell, California."

As Hicks Coney unfolded the story, we received a vivid picture of another of the ghastly crimes which have been all too frequent in recent years.

Nightowlish conversations were halted temporarily. Calls came in from angered owls who wanted to join the search for the little girl—and if possible, apprehend her abductor.

There was some speculation about what type of punishment was suitable for these sex criminals.

Many Nighowls reported to the Sheriff's station in Bell to join the posse.

At 1:50 A. M. — approximately 20 minutes after his first call—we again heard from Hicks Coney.

"The little girl's been found!" he said jubilantly.

"How did it happen?" we asked.

"Well, it seems this guy who picked her up must have got cold feet or something and he just opened the door of his car and dumped her out. She was unharmed."

"How wonderful!" we said. "Do you suppose our broadcast could have had anything to do with it?"

"I'm sure of it," Hicks replied. "As a matter of fact, the sheriff in Bell said the same thing. The kidnapper must have been listening to the Nightowls on his car radio, and the talk scared him into releasing the little girl!"

With a sigh of relief and a warm feeling of satisfaction, we turned to other things like . . .

THE SEAT OF CIVILIZATION

Much has been discussed by the Nightowls on this subject. The Atlantean theory has been discussed; and the relationship between Mexican pyramids and Egyptian pyramids has been observed.

But Mort Stewart, archeologist and professional writer gave us a different slant.

"Actually, Ben," he said, "there is evidence that civilization may have started in Mexico and spread toward Egypt!"



BEN (Inquiring Type) HUNTER

"We had always heard the converse of that," we said.

"So have most people," continued Mort, "but think of these things:

"In the first place, Egyptian pyramids were tombs. Many of the Mexican pyramids were actually temples. They slanted the steps in such a way that you got an optical illusion in looking at the pyramid."

"What was that?" we asked.

"Well, it looked like you were going out of sight as you climbed to the top. This was because they were temples, and the priests wanted to give the impression they were ascending heaven as they climbed the pyramid!"

"Amazing!" we probably said. Or else "I'll be darned!"

"Mexican pyramids differ from Egyptian pyramids in another way, too," Mort continued. "They're built in shells like an onion."

"You mean one pyramid *inside another?*"

"Yes. Some of 'em have as many as five or six shells.

"But here's the important thing, Ben. The lava flow on the outside of one of the pyramids has been measured at 10,000 years old by the carbon test. This would make the Mexican pyramid older than 10,000 years and thus it would be older than the *oldest* of the Egyptian pyramids!"

"Well, how old are the Egyptian pyramids supposed to be?" we asked.

"Oh, I think somewhere around seven or eight thousand years old," Mort replied. That's why I believe the civilizations of the world started on this continent!"

In another vein, Mort Stewart described for us the grisly picture of his visit to see the "living corpses" of Guanajuato.

In the process, he mentioned that he had visited this famous crypt on . . .

LAS DIAS DE LOS MUERTES

"A Mexican holiday meaning '*the day of the dead*,'" we guessed.

And at this junction, Chris Ronk flitted through the phone barrier on his broom.

"It's the Mexican version of Halloween," he beaped.

"Is it just like ours?" we wondered.

"Well, it's pretty different," Chris explained. "They make a big deal out of it. The little kids eat candy shaped like human skulls and they hold parties and cavort around in the cemeteries. I saw one picture where it showed a couple of corpses in a shop window sitting at a table drinking champagne."

"Real corpses?" we asked.

"Yes sir. The real thing! Y'see, the purpose of the celebration is to teach the children not to be afraid of death."

"You mean because the kids have always made a party out of it, they no longer fear the grim reaper?" we asked.

"Well, not as much, I guess," Chris replied. "They do sort of the same thing in other countries, too. That's why in some countries they have to hire professional mourners at the funerals."

"The tears don't come so easily to the bereaved, huh?"

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Night Letters

Dear Ben:

Concerning nicknames for railroad lines, in central Michigan, there's a short line called "The Toledo, Saginaw and Muskegon," but it's better known as "The Tea, Sugar, and Milk!"

MARION E. ROSS

Dear Ben:

I would like to check on a photograph shown me last summer of the weirdest animal (?) I have ever seen.

It had fur on its back, humanoid ribs showing through an ape-like skin, a *perky* (the only term that fits), almost human expression, straight hair on its head, fangs and fins!

The story of THE THING was told me by an 80-year-old miner. He said about 1913 two brothers named Hankins went into a certain section of the Nahana River where they discovered a strange geological formation consisting of some sort of lime formation capping a hot pool. Around the edges, there grew tropical plants! This was in Canadian winter, yet in the pool of warm water swam these strange fish.

Those the brothers told about it thought they were covering up a gold strike. They went in themselves to check and came out convinced.

Wish I could convey the eerie feeling I got when I looked at that photograph. You would have to see it yourself to fully appreciate it.

I did ask why THE THING had never been taken out by any biologist or other

expedition and was told, "There was no money in it."

I have always had a dim suspicion the old miner might have been pulling my leg but at the same time I have had a persistent gnawing feeling that if it were true, I would like to make a trip up there.

It would seem to be one of the few adventures left on this globe.

I have left out a few details intentionally as a check to compare with in case some one of your readers has something to say about it.

JOHN AJAX UKASAK

Dear Ben:

Fellow from Paris and I were about to board a ferry boat when a bit of unusual weather hit San Francisco.

As you know, I'm sure, the Bay is infested with the largest frogs extant.

Well, the Bay started to freeze, and I mean ALL over.

Frogs sensed the change and headed bottomsides. BUT they were a bit slow. Got caught with their hind legs up!

My Parisian friend said, "Opportunity can't last forever." I followed him down Market Street to buy a pair of lawn mowers.

We mowed the Bay. Sent the hind quarters to France and netted \$1,748,960.13.

That was way before the Income Tax bite, too.

"KING" COLE

P.S.: Might as well have given it to the government. We stacked it all up in a shed and the kids running in and out

all that winter left the door open. Snow drifted in and it all molded.

I'd like to join your lodge. If references are necessary, I'll be happy to send you one hop-head and one disc-jockey!!

Dear Ben:

While recently looking through old one-liners in my collection, I found some which reminded me of my aunt, and I thought Nightowls might be interested in a short biography about her.

But before I go into my Aunt Martha's life story, I want to mention my cousin, Joannic, who's visiting here from Cleveland. I only mention her name because she told me she would finish eating my typewriter ribbon if I didn't.

Enough about my cousin. Let's get on, now, to my Aunt Martha.

She was born in Cleveland, Ohio. This really isn't too unusual until you consider the fact her parents were never out of New York.

Despite this, she was born in Cleveland and went to school out here in California. Finally she had to move out here because she tired of making the trip back and forth every day.

Well anyway, she did quite well in school, compared with herself, and graduated at 18. She didn't want to go on to high school.

Because she didn't graduate from high school and filled all other requirements, they gave her a government job. While on this job, she had a chance to learn something about the government. So she wrote a book about it. You may have read it. It's called *Our Foreign Policy or Washington Slept Here*.

Even though her job was important, she didn't like it. Aunt Martha really

Continued on Page 14

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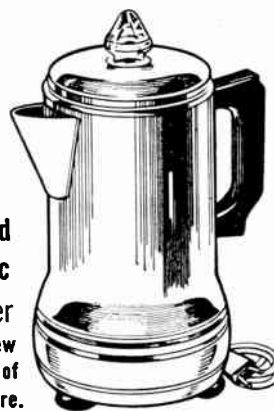
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My Hometown:

PRINCETON, MINNESOTA

by CELIA PIERSON HERIOT

The first thing I remember when I "came to" in this life was hearing my motaer say, "Baptize her with flowers; she must always remember this!"

As days went by, I discovered I lived in a long rambling house — including a woodshed and barn which covered the complete north side of a city block.

The kitchen was in the center with a large screened porch facing the south yard which extended to the other side of the block.

The yard (it was never called a garden in those days) was level green lawn with shrubs of currants, roses, blackberries on either side with large oaks, maples and butternut trees growing about every thirty or forty feet. There were also apple and cherry trees at intervals.

Off from the kitchen (with its small green pump at the edge of the sink and its large black iron wood-stove with the coffee pot on the side), was the dining room, then several rooms, each entering into the other with no separate long hallways.

Finally, one came to the front door and a small hall with wide red-carpeted stairs. In fact, all the rooms were carpeted from wall to wall with dark red wool covering.

As one passed through the large kitchen going east, one came to the woodshed, the passageway of which was neatly stacked with cut firewood and logs.

From here, one traveled to the barn where there were several stalls with chestnut-colored horses and another one with a Jersey cow. This cow was turned out into the street every morning to seek its own pasture. At five every day, she came walking back to the barn, her bell gently tinkling.

How interesting it was for me to warder from one end of this long place to the other and to follow completely around the wire-fenced block with the wooden sidewalks just outside.

From this vantage point, I saw one of the first "automobubbles" making its way under its own power along the dirt road. When this occurred, I madly ran back to the house to alert everyone. Up to this time, we had always ridden

in the black and red surrey with the fringe on top.

It was in this surrey we went on a summer Sunday to see the "old Folks" — my grandparents who lived on a large farm about eight miles from our house.

On Sunday evening we returned home to get ready for my father's busy week ahead. He worked early and late in "our store." Our store, I discovered, was within walking distance of home — right in the center of Main Street, in Princeton, Minnesota.

What a fascinating place was this store!

It was an enormous (to me) brick building full of almost everything a person could ever want. Flour and sugar were sold by the barrel; apples by the peck; potatoes by the bushel; butter in

large grey crocks; bacon by the slab. Around the edge of the counters stood boxes of crackers, small barrels of beans and other barrels full of pickled herring; at other times, sticks of dried ludefiske and bushels of bright red cranberries.

There was a shoe department, a dry goods (meaning dress goods by the yard section), pale blue stiff cards on which were rolled yards and yards of beautiful lace, colored silk threads and other notions; in the basement, long tables full of china and dishes of all kinds.

On Saturdays, farmers would come into town with their wives and wagons, hitch their horses to the iron ring on the sidewalk post and trade their farm produce for staple supplies.

Continued on Page 14

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"Ann always manages to offer a cup of coffee about the time I need it during the early morning hours."

Philosopher In

"Hi. If you don't remember me by name, I'm Doug Low and I was wondering if——"

"Yes, I do remember you. But I still have to see your I.D. card."

"My I.D. card? But you don't understand——"

"Sorry. That's the rule. No exceptions. You can't check out any books from the library without first showing your card."

The young man started away from the desk. Suddenly he stopped, turned back and faced the dark-haired girl who had brushed him off with her business-like manner.

"But I don't want any books . . . to check out, that is . . . not just now, anyway." He took a deep breath and plunged ahead. "I just wanted to know if you'd go to our fraternity dance with me next week.

She did.

And they've been keeping steady company ever since.

Back then, her name was Ann Beau-

mont. Today it's Mrs. Doug Low.

That first date was exactly a year after they first met. They both went to the same fraternity hop the previous year . . . only with other people.

Both were students at Occidental College: she a sophomore, he as a senior.

Both are still in school. He's working toward a Master of Theology degree at the USC School of Religion. She, however, is no longer a student, but a teacher. Her charges answer the fourth-grade roll call in an Eagle Rock grammar school.

If you've heard Doug Low talk on the "beeper"—and what ardent Nightowl hasn't?—you probably have the same impression we had when we dropped by his place to interview him.

We had a notion that here was a graduate student so well-versed in his subject—comparative religion—that he could only have gotten that way by coming out of his textbooks for meals and air.

Things such as knowing the title of his

thesis helped shape our mental image of him. After all, you don't come across dissertations on "Psychological Interpretation of the Principal Archetypes of Hebrew Qabalah and Hindu Tantra" every day of the week.

So we were put greatly at ease when we learned this remarkable young man could—and did—have difficulty in getting his ideas across to someone, even though it was so minor an incident as asking for a date.

However, the longer we chatted with Doug and Ann in their book-filled apartment in Eagle Rock, the more impressed we were with the wonderful, well-balanced personalities of these two young people.

This summer they're studying Sanskrit and have mutually adopted a new pet name for each other—mushika.

In Sanskrit talk, it means mouse.

"Ann doesn't really need to know Sanskrit," Doug explained. "She's studying it to keep me company. Much as I



"Did you know SHOWTIME provides excellent background music for reading Science Fiction? At least it does for me."

love languages, I have a terrible time learning them."

And there we were, thinking all the time that anyone knowing as much as Doug does about Oriental philosophy, wouldn't have difficulty learning *anything*.

"That, of course," he added, "is for the future—after I have my doctorate. I hope to go to India to study one or two years and thought the explorations would add interesting side-trips to our stay there."

Meanwhile, he told us, his travelling is limited to local jaunts.

"Places like the Palladium," he added. "Ann and I both love to dance . . . and the Pasadena Neighborhood Church where I'm Youth Director . . . and, of course, my speaking engagements in Southern California.

He recently completed a series of lectures in the Los Angeles area and is looking forward to other speaking engagements.

"You see, I not only plan to teach but also to write and lecture on comparative religion," he explained.

"Your Nightowl show is giving me wonderful opportunities to practice," he added slyly.

"Which reminds us," we asked, "how did you happen to join us during **THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DAY?**"

"A friend returning from Denver last year mentioned listening to a fabulous



"I often pick up my sketch pad and pencil as a break from studying. Yes, I suppose most of my drawings do show definite Chinese symbolism influence."

discussion about Atlantis on his car radio," Doug answered. "Said it not only kept him awake enough to drive, but also awake enough to be really interested.

"I was intrigued. If there was that

The Making

We were also delighted to discover he doesn't limit his readings to texts as involved as Manley Hall's encyclopedia of symbolisms.

Doug also is an ardent fan of the "Peanuts" cartoons. He also admits to being a science fiction addict.

"I've even tried writing a few myself," he added. "But all I have to show for my efforts along this line to date are a stack of rejection slips."

Doug also has a great fondness for fantasy and has spun several yarns of this type.

"As a youngster," he chuckled, "It was my ambition to laugh like **THE SHADOW** and to whistle like **THE WHISTLER**."

They're still part of his ambition.

Another side of Doug is his ambition to someday conduct archaeological explorations in Northern India where very little of this sort of thing has been done.



"No matter how late, I hang onto the limb and batter the phone barrier whenever a question is aired that I think I can answer. That qualifies me as a bona-fide-Nightowl-in-good-standing, doesn't it?"

sort of talk going on the air in the middle of the night, I wanted to hear it."

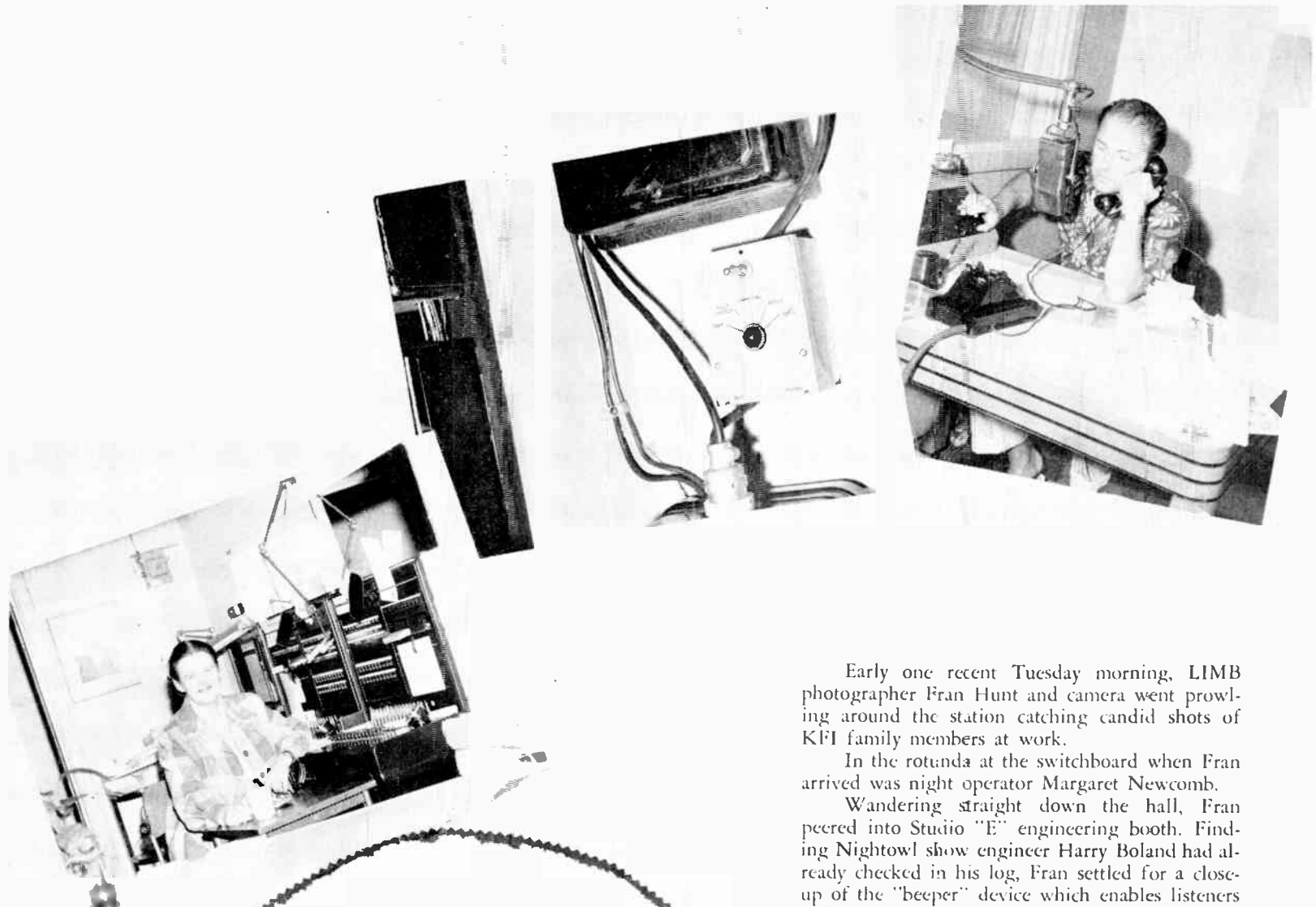
"So you started listening regularly?"

"No, at first I hung on no later than 2 or 2:30—that was while I was still going to school last winter. But when I had that eye operation last March, I became a genuine Nightowl, I wasn't allowed to read nor to get outdoors in the sun. Consequently I slept days and listened nights," he explained.

"It was about then that we first learned you were in the audience," we said.

"Yes. You know, you can listen to the program only so long before you're just bursting to add your bit to the conversation. I tackled the phone barrier several nights before I finally got through."

"Well, we hope you'll just keep right on tackling it," we answered as we were leaving. Selfishly, we mentioned as an added inducement, "After all, as you yourself said, it *does* give you practice in speaking before the public."



Inside
KFI
 Photos by *Fran Hunt*

Early one recent Tuesday morning, LIMB photographer Fran Hunt and camera went prowling around the station catching candid shots of KFI family members at work.

In the rotunda at the switchboard when Fran arrived was night operator Margaret Newcomb.

Wandering straight down the hall, Fran peered into Studio "E" engineering booth. Finding Nightowl show engineer Harry Boland had already checked in his log, Fran settled for a close-up of the "beeper" device which enables listeners to hear both sides of phone conversations.

Glancing over into Studio "E" announcer's booth Fran chanced upon Ben in a typical OTHER SIDE OF THE DAY pose.

From there, Fran and camera crossed the hall to the master control booth where they found "Winkie" Wilderman engineering OPERATION





DAYBREAK for Chief Announcer George Dvorak who was at the mike in adjoining studio "D" announcers' booth.

Ambling through master control to the newsroom, Fran discovered News Editor Pat Bishop glancing over the morning's news as it came in on the teletypes.

Minutes later Fran followed Pat into Studio "B"—located on the far side of master control—where his camera recorded the Dean of Newscasters airing the 6:00 A.M. NEWS. Engineer Dick Gurnett was behind the glass in the engineer's booth.

Backtracking down the hall from the newsroom Fran peeked into the announcers' lounge. Here he found Dave Starling jotting down a few ad libs for his 7:15 portion of HIT THE ROAD.

After a coffee break at THE EATING WELL, next door to the station, Fran was lured into the Music Library—located to the right of the rotunda—by strains of an unfamiliar tune. He discovered here Dave, Margaret and Ben informally auditioning a new record release.

Fran paused to reload his camera, then glanced up to see the

Continued on Page 11



What Ben Said

Well Ben didn't really say it, this time. Lorna did.

And then Ben quoted Lorna.

We thought it was so nice, we put on our friendliest smile, adjusted our necktie (quiet, blue, persuasive stripes), and phoned her.

"Do you mind," we began, "if we quote your lovely letter in The Limb magazine?"

"Mind? I should say not," Lorna replied. "I'm certainly sold on the Stauffer Plan."

And as we thanked her, we thought to ourselves "these Night-owls are really something!"

Here is part of Lorna's wonderful letter:

"... by the way, Ben, the reason I'm writing is to tell you about my Stauffer Home unit. I purchased one a couple of months ago and I'm so grateful I heard you talking about it. I've always been overweight and tried everything but to no avail.

"Now after only two months my friends are telling me how much better I look. I've lost three inches from the waist, one and a half inches from my hips and generally am better proportioned all over. However the thing that pleases me even more is the way the machine has relieved nervous tension, and I'm sleeping better too. So thanks, Ben, for telling me about it. I'm very grateful to you."

MRS. LORNA THOR
Pasadena 8, Cal.

We are certainly grateful to you, Lorna, for the letter, and your permission to quote it.

And in all modesty, we'd like to add that we Stauffer folks often receive letters just like this... and so does Ben.

Which just goes to prove that our Stauffer Home plan really does take off those extra inches without the necessity of rigorous diets, strenuous exercise, or pills.

And we'd love to come out to your home and demonstrate it for you, if you'll just invite us.

Our phone number is VAndike 7188.

We'll pay for the phone call within 50 miles of Los Angeles. Otherwise write us:

Stauffer Home Plan, Zone 4, Los Angeles.

We don't high pressure our customers either. We like them, and we want them to like us. Why, heck, you can even rent the machine if you want to!

But do call us soon. And we know Ben would appreciate it if you'd mention this ad when you call.

Poet's Corner

By Bettie Payne Welles



August brings summer days of bright blue sky, white clouds and golden sunsets. What month is better for poets and writing poetry?

HEARD ON THE NIGHT AIR

Haunting as an echo
Out of the void,
Whispering as a leaf
With which the wind has toyed,

Was a chord of music
Floating on the air,
Lilting with a note of joy,
Hovering with despair.

Just a whisp of melody
Groping for a word
To recall a rhapsody
The heart once heard.

Fragment of a symphony
Out of night's deep blue,
Wistful little ghost of song
That long ago I knew.

LENORA CLAWSON STRYKER

HUSH, THE NIGHT!

Hills have drawn a curtain on the setting sun
Twilight steals in breathless silence on a waiting world
Seagulls, winging homeward, know that night is nigh,
As slowly, ever slowly, slipping down the wind
They fly to distant shelters, and to rest.
Quiet now, the winds abated, hushed the ocean's roar,
The night is here, the day's no more
Stars tiptoe through the sky!

ELINOR C. SWANSON

Memories from the recent Nightowl flight to the Islands.

QUESTION FOR NIGHTOWLS

I've seen all the pictures
Of Diamond Head and the Beach
At Waikiki; pictures of the
Little Grass Shack, Luaus and poi,
Hula Girls and the handsome beach boy,
But tell me, you far-flown Owls,
What did you see with your hearts,
On your trip to the Islands, far out
There in the great blue sea?

VIC HOUSER

And this poem from our files.

PARTNERS

Sunbeams dance with shadows,
In a gay minuet;
Kissing all the tree tops,
Pausing in silhouette!

INEZ CAROLYN THOMAS

LONGING FILLS MY HEART

The mesa stretches far and wide,
Where mavericks roam and cowhands ride,
Beneath night's canopy of stars,
Ranch guests hear strumming of guitars.
Cowhands gather round a fire,
And yodel ballads they desire,
Friendliness enfolds their camp,
These bronze men wear the outdoor stamp
Of living clean-cut busy lives
Where rugged Western beauty thrives.
Nostalgic longing fills my heart,
And I wish I shared a part
Of mesa lands and starry nights,
With the golden glow of fire lights!

BETTY PAYNE WELLES

YOSEMITE

When waterfalls in bright cadenzas run,
Then I shall know that spring is in the Valley.
When rainbows smile upon their mother sun,
And all the pure white dogwood blossoms rally
Around the river's leaping torrent, then
I'll thank the glaciers that moved through granite ways,
And made another Eden where modern men
May breathe pine incense on brief stolen days.
And while Yosemite hugs her precious brood
Of chipmunks and of bear and wide-eyed deer,
Her beauty will assure me God is good
And leaves us bits of heaven very near.
And though I suffer thorns upon my brow,
I have one place that mirrors heaven now.

ALICE JOSEPHENE WYATT

How dear to our hearts are such scenes
of long ago!

OLD RIDGE ROAD (1900)

It is high noon!
And a Sunday in late August!
The church bells have stopped ringing.
The church folks are bent over their
beef, chicken, salt pork . . . seven
sweets and seven sours.
Unheeding, the Old Ridge Road lies
straight and white,
And sleeps in a pulver of white dust,
When the Drury surrey passes a cloud
of Powder settles over the road-
side plantain and burdock,
Or rises into the August-colored
maples,
Which filter moving patches of
sunlight
Upon the curried flanks of the bay
pair,
Shimmering under their fly nets.
In an old orchard, an early harvest
apple
Falls upon the grass-soft earth,
Bruising neither. The fields doze,
brooding in the heaviness of
approaching harvest.
Locust, on sabbatical leave from
somewhere,
Shake their dice, drying peas in dried
pod.
In the osage hedge-rows there is a
flicker of color—bluejays and
cardinals.
A raven wing brushes the corn as it is
plundered.
A sudden querulous upward flight,
and the corn field sleeps again.
Quiet lies on the barn yards where
harvester
And reaper rest under fragments of
weathered burlap.
The work horses move, restively, in the
stable's fragrant heat, Whinnies.
A cock crows, a post-prandial conquest
and
A Sears Roebuck clock on a
lambrequined shelf
In many a cool farm sitting room,
Strikes one, deeply, sleepily.
Afternoon on the Old Ridge Road!
Nevermore! Evermore!
Sent in by RALPH F. MILLER

NOCTURNE

The Lamp
That shade forgot—
The night I walked along
A street called "Drear"—that light
became
A song.

JOHN W. HICKEY

THE LIMB—August 1956

AS I SEE IT *By Doc Vaughan*

*What became of Old Ben, the Sealion
of Avalon?—Mrs. Helen Bartlett, Moor-
park, Calif.*

Unfortunately, old Ben learned too
late that greed fills men's souls with
hate and murder.

For a decade he climbed aboard the
pier head and begged for fish heads,
giving a lot of amusement to younger
folk and tourists.

Then as men cleaned out fishing beds
with fiendish devices of trawls, nets,
scines and jigs, they began to accuse
poor Old Ben of robbing them.

At night could be heard the roar of
rifles and cry of wounded sealions in the
bay. Each year the herd in the rookery
became smaller and smaller.

Came the day when Old Ben made the
mistake of visiting his harem. The spat
of a rifle tore a great wound in his
wrinkled hide. He swam to the pier-
head and crawled out onto the float while
we gathered around and tried to give
him relief. We were of no help.

Surrounded by us wrinkled old fisher-
men—dimly watching through a mist of
tears—Old Ben was hauled away by tug-
boat to the bosom of the sea he and we
loved so deeply.

There where the waters are the bluest
—and the deepest—we slid him over the
side and headed back to shore, our
weary hearts pierced with wounds even
time would not heal.

* * *

*How did Polynesians navigate vast un-
charted South Seas without the aid of
compass, astrolabe or polaris?—Sybil
Marston, San Rafael, Calif.*

Polynesians are a caucasoid race having
their origin in India. These inhabitants
of India had contact with Phoenicians, a
daring and adventuresome race of Sem-
itic people.

Also, the Chaldeans of Ur knew much
about stars and natural phenomena which
they combined with an art we know as
astrology and which later became the
science of astronomy. This knowledge
and that on allied subjects was passed
along the Mediterranean Basis Lands via
the priesthood and astrologers.

When the great migration out of India
toward the rising sun began, these Cau-
casoid people carried with them many
high forms of culture such as language,
science of the stars, spinning and pottery-
making.

As they migrated eastward, it was not
possible for them to maintain pure blood
as a number of marriages were consu-

mated with Malaysians, Chinese and mem-
bers of other tribes not caucasoid but
mongoloid.

When these migrants finally reached
the islands off the China Coast, they had
little difficulty sailing to sea in search of
other islands. They knew of the fixed
stars, procession of seasons, and from
local inhabitants, learned of tropical
storm seasons and the like.

Glancing at a good chart of the South
Seas as printed by the U.S. Coast Guard
and Geodetic Survey, you will see thous-
ands of islands, islets, reefs and atolls.
Seldom is a navigator out of range of
some landmark.

While fishing offshore, they often sail-
ed to outlying islands and atolls, then by
degrees these migrants covered the entire
South Pacific area.

The more sedentary migrants remained
on the Southern islands and developed
Micronesians. Others became Melanes-
ians by inbreeding with Negroids
brought with them as slaves or through
contact with slave traders. The more ad-
venturesome and restless migrants became
Hawaiians.

These Hawaiians soon learned there is
always flowing Southward, sea currents
from the Arctic Ocean and that here is
always the trade-wind blowing from the
Northeast to the Southwest.

They noted birds fly homeward from
fishing banks directly to land to feed
their young. They noticed clouds form
like umbrellas over islands, islets and
other land masses.

And finally, they noted the color of
the water varies in degrees of blueness
as we approach more shallow waters.

INSIDE KFI . . .

Continued from Page 9

gal-what - stacks - the - records, Edna Lee
Crouch, literally climbing the library
walls in search of good records.

Noticing he had used all his flash-
bulbs save one, Fran was about to call
it a morning as he passed the open door
to the Farm Department. He couldn't
resist taking a final candid shot—of Jim
Todd at his desk preparing script for his
NOON FARM REPORTER program.

Later that same week, Fran told us
about his tour and showed us a set of the
developed film.

"Just what we'd like to include in our
August issue!" we exclaimed.

So we did.

Page Eleven



NEST NOTES



PORTLAND ROOST

Yesserda (July 15) wuz picnicada of the Poatlan' Roost o' Nite Owls wot lissens tuh yuh . . . Yessir 'n a gud time wuz had by all . . .

In beautiful Laurelhurst Park in the City of Roses, some twenty-odd Nightowls gathered to partake of the festive board and discourse upon "The Other Side of the Day" and Ben Hunter in particular.

Credit for bringing the group together can be given to John Burns and Mrs. Virginia Drake. Both of them spent a lot of time and effort on the phone and mailing postcards to remind other Nightowls about the gathering.

Many questions aired on "The Other Side of the Day" were talked about. It was generally agreed reincarnation and flying saucers are two things which are really "for the birds."

However, it was also agreed that good 'ole "doc" Vaughan always comes up with a subject of great interest to all listeners whenever he goes on the beeper. May he last for another century or two . . .

All in all, it was a credit to BIG BEN and "The Other Side of the Day" and I'm quite sure K.F.I. can be proud of the service the station is rendering to its many listeners.

DON PEDRO EL SEGUNDO

LONG BEACH ROOST

Approximately 70 Nightowls gathered at Wilson High July 7 for the regular monthly meeting of the Long Beach Roost.

Two excellent pictures were shown — one dealing with little-known glamour of beautiful Utah and the other a com-



On June 9th, Santa Cruz Nightowl Roost celebrated one year of organization as well as the birthdays of the people pictured above who are, left to right: Mrs. J. J. Crossley, Charles Marker, Mrs. A. A. Bird, J. J. Crossley, Mrs. Mildred Low, Dr. A. A. Bird, J. O. Von Workum, Mrs. Lotta Persson, Mrs. Marie Kelly.

plete story of the peach industry of California.

Members were quick to volunteer their services on several projects, Mom Weidlein assuming responsibility for PROJECT LAP-ROBES for the wheel-chair patients at Rancho Omega.

Mrs. Geraldine Davis is heading the CHRISTMAS PROJECT which is being started at once.

New members attending included Mrs. Blanche Breest and daughter Edith.

Three Owls celebrating birthdays in July cut the be-flowered and be-candled cake which Myrtle Dickinson made and donated. The honored members were Henry Wood, Daisy Tuffe and Dick Wallingford.

The Refreshment Committee served Baker Reist's fine doughnuts with coffee.

MYRLE DICKINSON

HOLLYWOOD ROOST

The August 12 meeting of Hollywood Nightowls was loaded with pleasantries.

The weather was beautiful, the group of more than 250 members attending the get-together were most congenial, and Gordon Collins proved to be his usual efficient self in lining up excellent films for the program portion of the meeting. Of course it wouldn't have been a Hollywood Roost meeting without Mary Guhl, assisted by daughters Mary and Janet, doing her usual wonderful job of making and serving delicious, steaming-hot coffee.

Then, as folks stood about enjoying second servings, who should drop in on the meeting but Hizzoner, the Honorary Mayor of Hollywood, our own Ben Hunter, who managed to chat with many of those present.

Still another contribution to the overall success of the meeting were the many piano selections with which the *Gypsy Baron Von Echs* entertained before showing of the movies.

Ben saw to it that most of the Vice-presidents attending were introduced to the crowd, made a few brief announcements, then turned the program over to Gordon Collings.

Each of the films shown had been selected because it tied in with current "beeper" discussions on the Nightowl show.

Committee thanks are due Sarah Sadler, Mr. DeVaille, and Ted Stewart for their help and also to Mort Stewart for joining us and making a brief, but interesting talk.

AL GUHL,
For the Committee



● HOLLYWOOD ROOST — Nightowls attending August 12 Meeting at Plummer Park turn to see Catharine Lux—Senior Nightowl known to listeners as former school teacher of Pat Bishop.

Out On The Limb . . .

Continued from Page 3

"Right."

We decided that our topics had become a little grim, and searched for another topic when Herb Wolf (VP/chg of Sports info) volleyed us a fast one with:

BOSTON MASSACRE CIRCA 1919

"I heard there was some kind of an uprising in Boston in 1919 they called 'The Boston Massacre,'" he said. "Can you find out anything about it?"

In the process of finding out about it, we found out a couple of other interesting things about Boston in 1919 (which we cover later on in this column), but it was Dan Ladd who remembered the Massacre deal.

"It was the time the police went on strike in Boston," he said.

"Police on strike!" we exclaimed.

"Yeah, they were getting a bad deal at the time, so they went out on strike. I don't remember much else about it, but they called it 'The Boston Massacre,'" he said.

Greta Smails remembered.

In fact she was there at the time. In a girls' boarding school!

"Did the police really go out on strike?" we asked.

"Absolutely," she said.

"Well it must have been a terrible massacre with no one to enforce the law."

"It was pretty bad," she said, "but most of the trouble was centered in the 'wrong side' of town. It was just the rabble element that took advantage of the situation."

Greta went on to explain that there was no serious gangsterism—as such. But there were numerous instances of rape and much looting of stores.

"A woman wasn't safe on the streets," she added, "but I was an adventurous girl and I went downtown in the midst of it anyway."

"Any trouble," we asked.

"No, but I saw a man break a glass window in a store and help himself to the merchandise. There was no one to stop him."

Greta went on to say Calvin Coolidge was governor of Massachusetts at that time and indirectly became president because of the publicity he received in handling the situation.

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK OF SAN BERNARDINO

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Coolidge conscripted the World War I vets who were being mustered out at that time in Boston for police duty. Martial law was declared and the vets patrolled the streets for three days.

"What happened to the striking cops?" we asked.

"They were fired," she said.

Tom McIntosh in Newhall was one of the conscripted vets.

He marched through the phone barrier to say: "The cops had a right to strike. They were only getting \$19 a week in those days, and the average pay was around \$35."

"Incidentally," Tom continued, "many of the vets who'd been conscripted into police duty later turned to organized crime themselves. There was quite an outbreak of bank robberies shortly after the strike."

"By the way, Tom," we asked, "how many people were actually killed in the 1919 'Boston Massacre'?"

"Just thirteen," he said.

STICKY SUBJECT

All of this Boston talk reminded Doug Thomas of the molasses flood in Boston that same year.

"I've got some interesting statistics on it," he said.

"Well first, what caused it?" we asked.

"A tank full of the stuff exploded and covered the whole town with molasses. The tank contained 2 million, 320 thousand TONS of molasses. It was just too much for the tank, and it exploded at 4 A.M. one day."

"What are the statistics?" we asked.

Doug consulted his notes. ". . . this lava-like flow of molasses," he read, "was traveling at the rate of 35 mph with a push of 25 tons.

"It knocked over buildings; knocked down the elevated railway; buried cars and horses, and terrified people in general.

"As it moved through Boston like a great moving wall it sounded to some people like the ripping of a gigantic piece of paper.

"The next day, every seat in Boston was sticky!"

Doug paused to catch his breath, and we gulped and muttered "Ugh."

"Here's something," Doug continued, "Even the seats of streetcars 44 miles away were sticky the next day!"

"They must have had a terrible time cleaning up the town," we said.

"They did," Doug answered. "Ordinary water wouldn't cut the stuff. Finally the Boston firemen got the idea of using sea water, and were able to get rid of most of it."

Mort Stewart slipped stickily through the phone barrier to add:

"By the way, Ben, Bostonians say that on a hot day when the wind is just right, you can STILL smell molasses in Boston!"

TAROT RHYMES WITH FARO

Willa Brayton started this intriguing topic. She said she had a beautiful hand-painted set of Tarot cards and had noticed some beautiful sets in the Huntington Library.

"I know a little about them," she said, "but I would like to hear an expert tell about them."

Which was all we needed to bring Doug Low out of the woods (*See profile on page 6—Ed.*) to unfold.

In ancient times, Doug told us, the magi—or wisemen, as they were sometimes called—had evolved a very successful religion or philosophy of life. But they were concerned as to how to pass it on to future generations. Word of mouth could be distorted; books could be burned, and documents could be lost.

But the wisemen knew of man's instinctive love of gambling. Thus it was that the cards were conceived.

In other words, they knew that if their beliefs were painted symbolically on cards used for gambling, they would never be lost!

Doug interrupted himself here to say that some people believe that they purposely made the playing cards enigmatic

Continued on Page 15

SIDE BY SIDE—MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

MILDRED'S & HARVEY'S

BEAUTY SALON

Shop of The Plants

LIQUOR STORE

Sign of The Barrel

ON THE RIGHT AS YOU ENTER THE VILLAGE

PHONE 5166

BIG BEAR LAKE, CALIF.

PHONE 5166

My Hometown . . .

Continued from Page 5

My father, the most handsome man I ever knew, had a large, high desk on a platform near the back of the store, from which, on his high stool, he could see what was going on. Here, he could sit long hours, "doing books" during the day, counting money after hours.

As I grew older I learned my father, an orphan, came over from Sweden at 17, worked hard as a hired man in a store, learned English, became a citizen, saved his small earnings, and presently bought out his employer.

And I learned that my mother, at 7 years, came over also from Sweden with her mother and father and five brothers and sisters as immigrants to a new land. They settled on the farm that I enjoyed visiting so much near my hometown.

At long last I had to give up enjoying the days in my beautiful yard and fascinating store and start to school in the first grade. I walked to school during winter, spring and fall. I noticed the individually designed snowflakes as they fell on the wooden crossplanks of the sidewalks, the colorful oak and maple leaves in the fall and the quick, green leafing out on the trees in the spring. Along my route were several beautiful homes built of stone, set back among oak, maple and birch trees on level, green lawns behind edgings of low, spiked-iron fence.

On a summer evening I can still see my father in a handsome red felt lounging coat trimmed in black braid, carrying a black ebony walking stick, going along with my mother across our yard to the front swing gate. She wore a white batiste blouse and a black silk full skirt.

I ran ahead, occasionally looking back, until we reached the center of town where stood the courthouse and the circular bandstand. As they sat and listened to the band concert, I was allowed to run 'round and 'round the park pavilion in the warm summer evening.

And so I passed my early childhood in this charming small Minnesota hometown in the early 1900's.

Night Letters . . .

Continued from Page 4

wanted to become an actress. The only trouble was she didn't have too much confidence in her looks. We all have a right to be ugly but she was abusing the privilege.

Once my aunt became a success, romance came into her life. About a month after their marriage, Martha's husband volunteered for the army. While in service, he stopped a gas attack single-handed; he used bi-carbonate of soda.

Despite this bit of heroism, he met a tragic end. It happened when he smoked a cigar, then decided to put it out on a powder-keg.

Shortly after this, my Aunt Martha too, died a natural death. She was run over.

Kind of gives you a tug, doesn't it?
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WATKINS BAKE-SWEET SHOP

Box 371
Lakeside, California

(Ed. note: Watkins' is official representative of THE LIMB and has Night-owl pins and decals for sale in the shop.)

Color Processing Prices

COLOR FILM DEVELOPING CHARGES Anso and Ektachrome

Anso 120-620 mounted	.90
Ektachrome 120-620 mounted	.90
35mm 36 exposure	1.25
35mm 20 exposure	.90
35mm single frame	1.25
35mm steros — developing only	.90
Developing and mounting steros	2.25

COLOR PRINT CHARGES

Color Prints from Ektachrome or Anso, Roll or 35 mm.

2x — 2¼ x 3¼ unmounted	.40
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3x x 3¼ x 4½ mounted	.65
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Square prints will be printed rectangularly
unless you specify square.

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WALLICH'S MUSIC CITY Sunset & Vine

Out On The Limb . . .

Continued from Page 13

just to stimulate thinking along religious lines, rather than to perpetuate a specific belief.

At any rate, the Tarot cards came in to being.

"Are these the forerunners of our present playing cards?" we asked.

"Yes they are," Doug replied. "But the Tarot deck had 78 cards rather than 52."

"Of course I should add," Doug continued, "that through the years, the Tarot cards have been subject to many interpretations. The best thing to do is to get a book and study the subject yourself."

"Can you recommend any particular book?"

"Yes. I think the best book on the subject is *The Tarot* by Paul Foster Case," Doug said.

In an earlier discussion, Doug gave a fascinating analysis of reincarnation, but space does not permit its recounting here.

NONA'S RING

Nona Beck bought it in Ensenada.

It is a beautiful ring. The 1 carat stone is a lustrous red. She paid ten dollars for it, and asked the Mexican jeweler what kind of stone it was.

"Jacinto," he replied.

"The trouble is," Nona told us, "I can't find anyone who knows what kind of stone 'jacinto' is!"

And with these immortal words, Nona kicked off an argument that ran for nearly a week.

Gordon Collins gussed it might be a type of red marble found in Mexico.

"I had one just like it," said Caroline Romero, "it's a type of petrified wood."

Mrs. Brookhaven was sure it was Alexanderite.

A number of people agreed with her.

Mrs. Downer patiently explained that it *just had* to be zircon.

"Jacinto means hyacinth in Spanish," she said, "and they called the zircon hyacinth because it comes in the same colors as the flower.

The final Nightowl concensus was that Mrs. Downer was indeed right. The Jacinto *is* a zircon; and since zircon is valued at about \$10 a carat, Nona paid just the right price for it.

Beeped Nona Beck at the end of the week of arguments and discussions: "At any price, I've had my money's worth out of this ring!"

THE AXE FALLETH

Present revisions in the mailing system used by the *Limb* magazine have revealed the presence of a large number of people who are continuing to receive the

magazine even though they haven't renewed their subscriptions.

With an anxious eye on the magazine's quavering bank account, our business manager says these subscribers will have to be dropped if their renewals are not in by the time the September issue goes to press.

So, for heaven's sake, check to see if it's time for you to renew . . . and do so!

On the other hand, if you should stop receiving your magazine and you *have* renewed, notify the office of the date you mailed your check pronto.

We will then reinstate your subscription and douse our curly heads in buckets of cold water!

HOW ARE YOUR CONES?

Or your rods, for that matter?

Phil brought up this bit of biology.

We were talking about color—as we often do.

"The rods and cones have something to do with how much color you can see," he said.

"What rods and cones?" we asked.

"In your eyes. Those are the names applied to certain cells in the retina of the eye," Phil explained. "I don't know much more about it than that, though," he added.

Gloria Kelly bested the barrier to elucidate.

"The cone cells of the retina transmit a color picture to the brain, and the rod cells just transmit a black and white picture," she said.

Well, is there any time when the rods or cones function separately?" we asked.

"They always do," she said. "At night the cone cells cease to operate, and the rods take over."

"You mean at night we can only see a black and white image?" we said.

"That's right."

Vic Houser sculptured his way through the barrier at this point.

"If that's the case," he said, "at what point is there insufficient light for one to see color in things?"

This sent Mardi Sharp to one of her UCLA textbooks and thence to barrier-battle.

"At approximately the light of the full moon, the average person is unable to distinguish colors," Mardi said. "Thus, with that amount of light, the cone cells do not operate."

Lyle Thayer wanted to prove it.

So did Vic.

And so did Muzzle-loadin' Fred Phlaff.

And goodness knows how many others.

Impartial and invisible observers that night would have seen Lyle Thayer hob-

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18

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TRAVEL

40

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FINANCIAL

43

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ble out into the stygian darkness on his crutches, wearing just pajama bottoms, and attempting to distinguish the color of one large book from another!

The observer would have seen Vic Houser scrutinizing bright colored pieces of paper with his back to the street lamp.

And he might have been lucky enough to catch Muzzle-loadin' Fred experimenting similarly in Long Beach.

Conclusion?

Fred couldn't distinguish the colors.

Lyle couldn't either.

Vic could.

Guess that's the way the mop flops.

And we'll try to mop up this whole column right now by saying thanks to all of you who batted your heads against the phone barrier last month to help us prove once again: *the darndest things happen on our show!*

Whether laughter is healthful or not depends on the size of the fellow you're laughing at. —Marie of Upland

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"LAS POSADOS ON OLVERA STREET"

Volume Three

December, 1956

Number Two

THE LIMB

*"Out of the abundance of the heart,
the mouth speaketh"—Matthew*

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Official LIMB Photographs by Fran Hunt

VOL. 3 — NO. 2
 DECEMBER
 1956

Published monthly in
 Hollywood, California.
 Second Class Mail
 Privileges Authorized
 at Los Angeles, Calif.

Subscription Rates
 \$3.00 per year
 Display Advertising
 Rates on Application

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 Hollywood 28, Calif.
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Nightowl Pic Parade



Pictured above with obvious sentiments is ALMA PERRY, a Roost Booster extraordinary. Bea Bibb sent us the pic.

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OUR COVER PICTURE

This tender moment during the traditional Mexican Christmas pageant, "Las Posadas", showing the Madonna and her Child, is a unique sight in what is thought of as a night spot. However, this is a nightly musical feature during Christmas month at "La Golondrina", on Olvera Street in Los Angeles. On pages eight and nine, there is described more of this place, and you'll meet the owner, Senora Consuela Castillo De Bonzo.



And here is a happy picture of a dapper Night Owl. He is H. H. THURBER, the famous jockey who is now in the aviary business in Bellflower.



Pictured at the Modesto Roost's Sept. meeting, is PAUL DETTRA, of Ripon. On and around Paul are 9 of his Chihuahuas. Can you count 'em all?

OUT ON THE LIMB *With Ben Hunter*

With Saint Nick's sleighbells practically within earshot this month, Nightowl-ish conversations leaned a little toward Christmas goodies, and how to make and eat them.

John Slavik, Nightowl chef at a famous Hungarian restaurant, gave us a fabulous recipe for turkey stuffing which included everything from hard boiled eggs to one-half calf-brain! This one, we mailed out separately to hungry and curious feathered friends.

Outside of culinary items, top topics with the *tecolotes* included:

HOMER LEA

We had heard that he was a famous Chinese prophet of some sort, but that's all we know.

"Who was he?" we asked simply.

First through the barrier was Vermillion Roesch.

"He wasn't Chinese," she said, "he was caucasian. As a matter of fact, he attended Stanford University. He was a cripple of some sort and had to stay in his bed a great deal, so he played with toy soldiers and worked out military strategy. He was a military genius."

"Well his prophesies must have been military, then?"

"Oh yes. He fortold the first World War and the war with the Japanese. But no one in this country would listen to him."

At this point, Harry White led a successful attack on the barrier:

"It was the Chinese who used him," Harry said, "Y'see, Ben, he couldn't get in to West Point or Annapolis because he was a cripple. But the Chinese used him in the revolution."

"Homer Lea was born right here in Los Angeles," supplied Helen Schmelling. He was a hunchback."

USC professor Don McGill was next over the barrier to tell us that Homer Lea had been military advisor to Sun Yat Sen and was hailed as a national hero in China.

"Is he still alive?" we wanted to know.

"Oh no," said Don, "he died in 1912. I guess he would have been about 36 years old when he died."

Mary Drake, a former editor of the *Carmel Pine Cone* supplied us with some more colorful material on Homer Lea.

"He was one of the great geniuses of our country!" she said vehemently. "He wrote two very famous books."

"What are they?" we asked.

"The one predicting World War I was entitled: *The Day Of The Saxon*; the other one was *The Valor Of Igno-*

rance. In this one he predicted the Japanese attack on the U. S.

"Ben, I quoted him in the *Carmel Pine Cone*, just before Pearl Harbor!"

"What a colorful character," we said.

"Colorful! Ben, this little hunchback directed the Chinese Revolution riding piggyback on the shoulders of a big Irishman. And when he finally died in Santa Monica, he died holding a huge sabre—bigger than he was—given him by the Chinese for his valor!"



Ben (Mr. Disc Jockey) Hunter

Subsequent calls from other Nightowls who had kown Homer personally, revealed a man with a heart as large as his frame was small; a man with a wealth of friends, but a world that only appreciated his genius after he was gone.

"Someone should make a movie of his life," we said.

And no said "They already have.."

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

Lee Moore, the rascal, was responsible for this donnybrook!

"You have 12 pennies," he said. "One of them weighs more—or less—than the other eleven."

"You also have a balance. You may use the balance just three times. The problem is: Which is the odd penny, and is it lighter or heavier than the others?"

It was a long time before we got an answer. Nightowl Morris was first to compute his way through the barrier. He was followed in quick succession by Norm Cowan.

Both had the answer.

But some Night owls still maintained stoutly that it couldn't be done.

Most vehement were Dr. Trauger and Howard Brooks. Both of them bet five dollars it couldn't be done!

Both were good enough sports to

admit they were wrong.

Both paid off their bets.

The way you do it is this. First you take four pennies and you—aw heck. Figure it out yourself.

THE DAY OF THE GINGKO

"Are Joshua trees the oldest living species of tree?" asked Tony Mack innocently.

And that started a Nightowlish topic that lasted for days and resulted in a veritable onslaught of tree specimens from all over the continental United States!

As Nightowls warmed to the subject, we learned some interesting things: like that the Joshua tree isn't a tree at all. It's a lily!

Bill (mathematician) Stewart said he thought that the oldest tree now living might easily be the *Bristol Cone Pine*, found about 30 miles East of Bishop, California.

"They're a stunted pine," said Bill, "and estimated to be over 4,000 years old. That would make them older than the Sequoias."

"That's probably true" beeped Ann McVey, "but the oldest *species* of tree is the Gingko. It's a tall, arrow-shaped tree sort of like a poplar."

"How old are they?" we asked.

"Well the Gingko is called a living fossil. They say the species is about 60 million years old. It was one of the few—if not the only—trees to survive the ice age.

"Actually Ben, opals are often fossilized Gingko trees. Did you know that?"

We replied that (a) we didn't know opals were fossils, (b) we didn't know Gingkos were opals, and (c) we couldn't even spell gingko!

At this point there was a flurry and a dash to dictionaries, which seemed to reveal that it could either be *Gingko* or *Ginkgo*.

"The Gingko tree is an oriental tree," supplied Alpha Neilson, "and its leaves look like those of a Maidenhair fern."

"A fan-shaped leaf, you might say," added Mrs. Swires.

Florence Bryden bested the barrier to add:

"Most of the Gingkos are raised domestically now. You can find them in Chinese temple gardens. But they say that you can still find wild ones in some of the inaccessible valleys of Western China. They grow from 40 to 120 feet tall! Incidentally, many Chinese like to roast and eat the nut of the Gingko tree. It doesn't smell very nice, but they re-

Continued on Page 15

MY HOMETOWN:

RIO BLANCO COLORADO

by Martha Oathout Ayers

Your discussion of loco weed prompted me to write about our experiences with this beautiful but deadly flower on our homestead near Rio Blanco, Colorado,— This was our hometown for 5 years, although we were 25 miles away and it consisted of just a store and a P.O. Because it was on the divide between Rifle and Meeker, it was the logical place for travelers and their weary horses to rest overnight. Down the road from the store stood a large white ranch house called "The Road House", where meals were served and bed rooms rented. My husband, 2 year old son and I arrived here in the Fall of 1918 during the great flu epidemic. We hoped to build a log cabin on our claim before the winter set in. However, we hadn't allowed for the short season, nor for the flu. The wonderfully kind woman who ran the Road House nursed us through our illness and saved our lives.

By this time snow had fallen and we could do nothing but spend the winter right there. My husband had been raised on a cattle ranch in Wyoming, so hired out to a nearby rancher for his board and a little money. Because I had taught school, I agreed to teach little George Dixon, the landlady's 9 year-old son, and Esther, the 6 year old granddaughter of the cook. There was no school closer than Rifle, so this solved their problem too.

There were lovely snow scenes to paint and I taught two or three women to paint also. I gave Mrs. Dixon a painting and she assured me she would give us some chickens to take to our homestead in the spring. I remember one day in particular. About 30 men arrived for their dinner. Mrs. Dixon rushed to the school-room and asked Georgie to go as fast as he could up the hill to the store for bread. Of course, being a boy, he owned a pony and felt himself quite a cowboy, so instead of running to the store, he ran twice as far in the opposite direction to catch his pony so he could go galloping after the bread! The baby and I ate along with the men at the long table.

I was so bashful in those days, but tried my best to help make conversation. One man I knew a little called to me from across the large room, asking if we were about ready to go to our homestead. I shouted back that we would be leaving soon, and added that Mrs. Dixon had

given us 7 roosters and a hen to take along. All those silent men burst out into loud laughter and I was ready to cry.

A friendly Indian drove us up to our new home, 8,000 feet elevation. There was no road at all so we dodged sage brush and rocks and finally at sundown, we looked down into the most beautiful valley I have ever seen. There was a stream of water with a small waterfall, a clearing that made a lovely spot for our cabin, and a mountainside behind covered with quaking aspen trees. It looked like a stage setting for an opera.

Three times I went to town as three more babies arrived. Summers lasted only 90 days but the way things grew was miraculous. Rhubarb as big as your arm— potatoes the size of your head and perfectly delicious. No wonder we all had perfect health. Of course I could do no sculpture while there, except in snow to amuse the children, but there was much to paint. Also the children disliked clothes and were nudists all summer, playing in the stream and the grass. I memorized their beautiful bodies so thoroughly that as soon as we reached Denver, I modeled many fountains and garden statues.

Winters we were often snowbound but loved it. My husband had been a Presbyterian minister and had a great many books. He read aloud to me while I kneaded bread and rocked a cradle or sewed. Our 2-room cabin was cozy with books and pictures and braided rugs. There was plenty of wood to keep warm. For water we melted icicles. One Christmas, a relative sent us their Holiday treasure, a lovely large music box that played "Heilige Nacht" and "O du Frohliche". We put it under our tree, a huge spruce hung with cones. There was a full moon that Christmas Eve, and I can still see the blue shadows of the aspen across the snow, and hear that beautiful, charming music.

One winter late in November, I was bringing home a new baby boy 3 weeks old (he was number 4) My husband met us at Rio Blanco with a bob sled and plenty of blankets. All went well until we were 4 miles from home. Then the snow drifts were so deep the horses floundered about and fell down. James had forgotten the snowshoes. He put a big "tarp" over us as it was starting to



snow, and he walked waist deep in snow 4 miles uphill to the cabin for snowshoes.

I knew if four babies aged 3 weeks, 1 year, 2½ years and 5 years—started crying and getting scared, I'd go crazy, so I decided to be a comedienne. We joked and sang and told stories and laughed and had a picnic of crackers. Nobody cried. (I deserved an Oscar for that performance) In about 2 or 3 hours, as it was getting dark, he returned and from then on all was well. And as I look back on it now we did the darndest things, really foolhardy, but they seemed all right at the time.

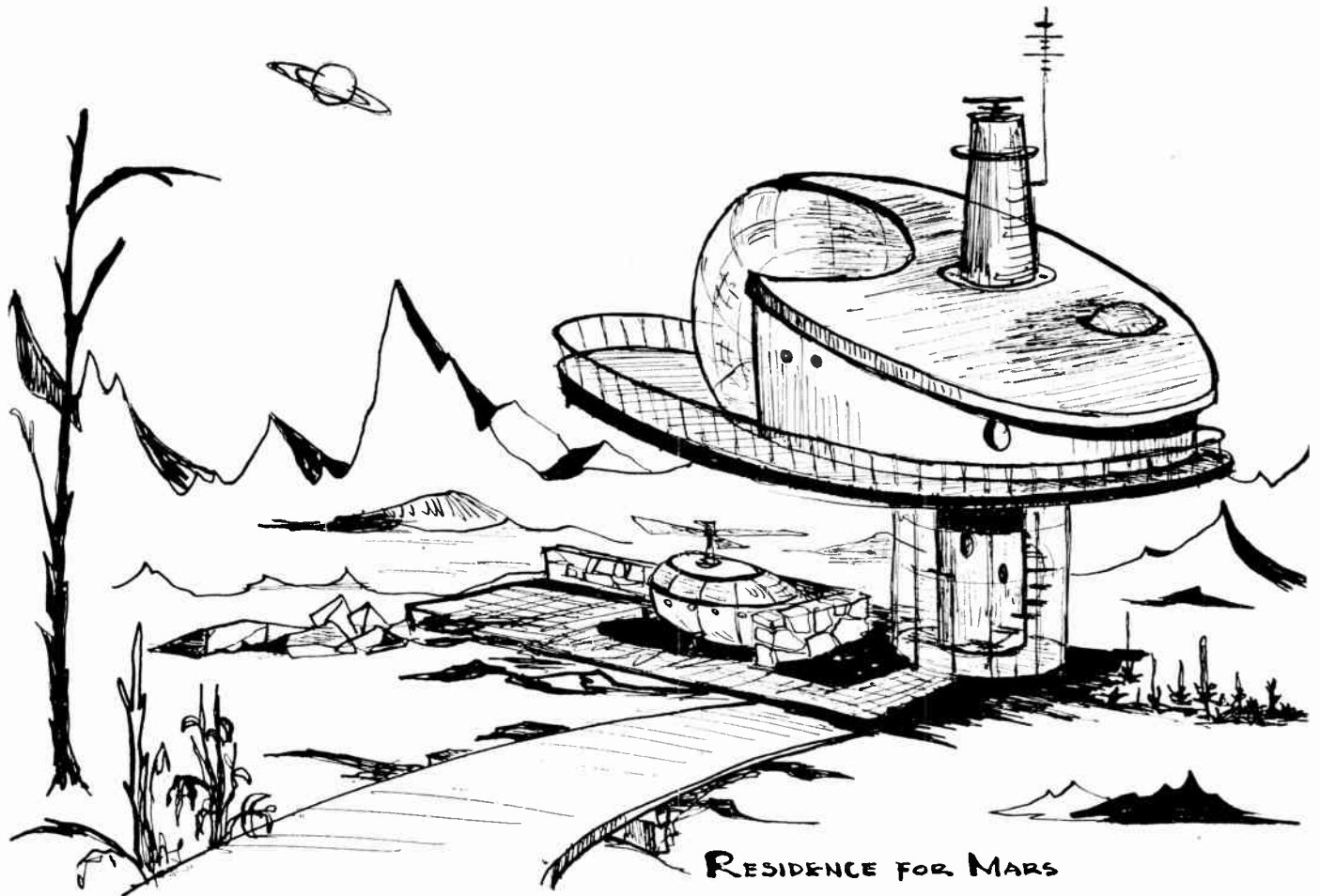
One homesteader who coveted our place locked the gate so we couldn't go through his property to take the cream to market. We had to churn that batch—every crock on the place was full of butter! We put salt on top and stored it in a cave. Soon after this all our animals died, even the chickens. It was supposed to be from eating loco weed.

My pet horse got sick while my husband was away. I found her with her head downhill. I had never used a block and tackle, but a person can do anything if he has to. I took all my beautiful braided rugs and piled them up like a mattress. I rolled the horse over to this pile where she died. The rugs had to be burned. We moved away and went to Lakewood, just outside of Denver. I wrote you a letter about it.

I can't write literary gems like some of you, but it is fun *visiting* which is all I can do.

When the "pioneer woman" statues seen across the country were to be made, I tried my best to be allowed to compete, I had the training and had actually been a pioneer woman, but I was told it was only for men. Oh well—

It's been fun talking to you, I always learn something from the Night Owls and am proud to be one of you.



RESIDENCE FOR MARS

As we promised, we are going to run in subsequent issues of THE LIMB magazine the runner-up winners in the Mars Home Contest. In this issue, we have printed the first runner-up, as dreamed up by Night Owl William B. Wilke. His explanations for structural details appear below. Many of the ideas expressed in the contest seem to LIMB editors to be rather good ones for mere earthly dwellings.

1. Built off the ground around a mechanical core. This avoids cold and frozen ground as much as possible, and to allow rotation of house.
2. Front of house has large heat absorbing plastic glass view blister

which by rotation of house, faces the sun throughout the day. This is controlled by a precipitator on roof which also controls air conditioning. All this helps extract all warmth possible due to the extremely cold weather, and it is also possible to turn the house away from strong winds and dust storms.

3. A shaft running from mechanical

core deep under the ground provides a small but adequate water supply. A heat pump supplies the source for operating energy generators and air conditioning equipment.

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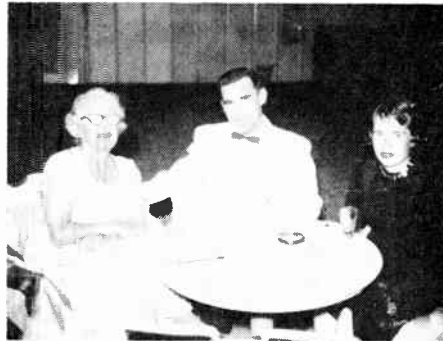
Elsie Hicks, Bula Schnieder, Florence Harnish, Harold E. Baker, Minetta O'Connor.



Goldie Tracer, Mrs. Oliver, Lily Oliver, Opam Gunnel.



Erie Hunter, Estella Johnson, Irene Champagne, Genevieve Fonger, Ole Ben.



Karlene Krause, Marvin Norfolk, J. Sharp.



Beth Shirley, Bernice Shirley, Nell M. Black, Elvere Rechlin.



Gerry Fitch, Carol Hammer, Marjorie B. Alquist, Kay Powers.



Kathryn Rasbbaum, Lillian Krakour, Lena Weidlein, Gertrude Starr.



Edna M. Huffer, Rhoda C. Cuthbertson, Anne Swasey, Viola A. Etbell.

Seen above are the smiling faces of the Gay-Adventurer Owls who tried their luck at Las Vegas. Among those missing in the above shots is Bob Ancell, who kindly agreed to take these pictures for the LIMB. It was a good thing, too, because your editor, although quite equipped with camera impedimenta, was far too occupied in hooting with fellow owls to take pictures! These were taken at the cocktail party given for Owls by the beautiful DUNES hotel, and all captions read from left to right. From all indications, the tour was a huge success with two-thirds of the feathered types above saying "Wonderful, Ben! Where do we go next?" (Ans: Mexico City, of course!)

AS I SEE IT *By Doc Vaughan*

"Are there other insects that have a highly developed social system comparable to the one used by bees?"

—*Arta Cole, Sherman Oaks*

Yes, there are several insects that are highly socialized. Certain duties are delegated to certain members of the colony; such as nursing the larva, gathering food or making paper as do the paper making wasps. The mud mason wasps delegate the duty of obtaining a certain type of mud for the construction of their cells in which are laid the eggs.

And are well socialized and communalized. Certain members are tylers at the entrance to the colony. Some care for the eggs and will die in their attempts to carry the eggs to safety if the colony is molested. These nurse ants keep the eggs at a certain temperature by bringing the eggs to the surface and placing the eggs to the surface and placing them near warm rocks or carrying them into the deeper recesses of the ant-hill. Other members go out as scouts and others are soldiers who as guards while the workers are in search of food. They also carry into the underground warrens certain fungus growths, such as we use for antibiotics, and tend it most carefully,

raising underground a source of food and medicine. They also keep certain aphids which they use as "cows" for the sweet secretion exuded by the aphids when engaged in sucking juice from the leaves and stems of plants.

We have evidence that some bacteria and other micro-organisms are to a degree interdependent upon each other in a manner known to us as symbiosis.

* * *

You once said when fishing in Catalina Waters that you could tell when to fish by consulting your barometer and checking the temperature of the water. Does water temperature indicate also how deep to fish?"

—*Myra Clark, Hollywood, Calif.*

Barometric pressure affects the air bladders of certain fish. When the barometer falls due to the air thinning, the fish seek deeper waters to offset the barometric pressure which is normal at 29.27 pounds per square inch at sea level at 60 Fahrenheit temperature. This is about two tons to a square foot. This pressure is acutely noted by a fish as hydrostatic pressure causes an immediate reaction of his/her nerve centers.

My experience is that fish do not tend

to feed unless the pressure is getting heavier; a rising glass as we express it nautically.

Temperature certainly does affect the migrations of fish of all types. Certain fish desire very cold waters: cod, herring, etc. Some desire warm waters, as carp, catfish, etc.

* * *

"Is it true flies can survive long immersion in water—say several hours—because of suspended animation?"

—*Marylin Smith, Seattle, Wash.*

It is true that flies can live for awhile under water if they are not injured. Breathing as they do through their skin and not having any lungs as us humans have, it is possible for them to survive for a long time under water of normal temperature. Their oxygen supply is absorbed by osmosis into their blood stream and while they are immersed they are not expending any energy which would use up their oxygen supply. They can survive for at least an hour in water. Some spiders carry a ball of air into the water when they dive to the bottom of a pool to obtain food. They spin a tiny balloon shaped bag and fill it with air and then dive, much as we use diving bells.

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"La Golondrina" means "Night Owl"?

"This is not a cabaret" said Senora Consuela Castillo De Bonzo, "this is a family restaurant", and she waved her hand around. We saw many families with children having the time of their lives with delicious dinners and outstanding sparkling entertainment. Many of them, as we were, were *turistas* enjoying for the first time Mexican (not Spanish) food in Mexican surroundings which were all authentic.

"I must go now", she apologized, "It is now time for our little program". She stood up, bowed a little, and left table-hopping toward the stage, speaking both Spanish and English, her high white lace mantilla crowing her dress of rich dark red with an overlay of fine black lace.

From November 26th until Christmas, within the bounds of "La Golondrina", between the two shows of regular entertainment, there is performed and explained for all, the lovely, picturesque and plaintive procession of *Los Posados*.

When the pageant was finished, we had completely filled ourselves with the delicious, tangy, but not hot Mexican dinner of *chile rellenos*, *frijoles refritos*,

tacos, and *enchilados*. Then Consuelo rejoined us.

"See those wooden beams up there?" Senora pointed, "Those are of the original wine cellar which we now occupy. And they were put there in 1850! And that large central beam; that came from the mast of a wrecked sailing ship in San Pedro. And the dance floor, that is laid on the old patio . . . the back yard".

"But Senora", we asked, "just why the name 'La Golondrina'?"

"First. It was my Mother's favorite song. In Mexico, the National Anthem is sung only on National Holidays, not on TV or just anywhere, so *La Golondrina* is sort of an every day Anthem". Here she got confident: "You know, the Swallow flies away into the world, looking for happiness, but always comes back. For happiness is found only right here" . . . she laid her hand on her breast . . . "in the heart."

Does that mean, Senora, that you have found your place in life here at "La Golondrina"?

She smiled at this and said: "Since my husband has been gone, I've been very

busy putting my children through school and I have been almost married to 'La Golondrina' . . . but not quite. Now, it is time for me to find a nice 25 year old boy, very good looking. After all, I am still 22."

Nobody argued.

"Senora", we asked, "what of your children?"

This amused her for a moment, and then said: "Once the Mexican Ambassador asked me how many children I had. I told him 17, or maybe 18, I thought.

"Senora!" He outraged! "By different fathers?"

"And I fixed him in the eye and said: "Different Mothers!"

"I actually have three sons, one an engineer at Lockheed, another in a school of optometry, the third studying business Management and public relations. All three boys went to Loyola High School in Los Angeles.

"But I am so busy with children all my life. Little girls are so cute to help, everybody wants to care for them. So, I 'majored' in boys. And like Father Flanagan of Boys Town, I have yet to see a bad boy."

Consuela De Bonzo is extremely active in Civic and charitable activities. She has been cited for her work in Community Chest and Bond Drives. As a matter of fact, for 14 years she has been a life member of the Jewish Home For The Aged!

"I must show you our guest book," she said, and stood to leave. We followed her, stopping with her at table after table, again in the pantry, and still again in the kitchen, where we all must pass judgement on the new batch of *albondigas* soup. Then upstairs to *la oficina*. That desk! Stacked, not piled with papers and impedimenta, but still working space miraculously left in the center.

"Ah, here it is", she extracted an aged tome from the pile. "Notice the parchment pages. And whose name do you want to see? Anybody who had a name signed it here.

As we looked, we saw contemporary history! What a story that book told: of artists, actors politicians, newspaper owners and reporters by the score. And one page, priceless in memory:

"See, Will Rogers and his whole family were here". She pointed to the

Senora Consuela Castillo De Bonzo sitting at her desk, the hub of a busy enterprise, surrounded by mementos. She is holding her famous guest book.



Cover Picture and all photos on these pages by Limb Photographer, FRAN HUNT.

names. "They had a big family dinner and then left for the airport for his flight to Alaska."

Priceless, and living memories. "I think of 'La Golondrina' and Olvera Street as a living monument to the past, preserving a fine heritage for us all. Living history."

She closed the book, lovingly: "Do you know that when Father Andres blessed this house, the water, the bread, the fire, in the traditions of Old Mexico, the *padrinos* at the blessing were Ramon Navarro and Delores Del Rio." Then she twinkled: "not a bad memory for a 22 year old girl, *no es verdad?*"

It is impossible to attempt a profile of Senora Consuello Castillo De Bonzo without "profiling" her "La Golondrina" because they are one. They, too, are living monuments in their ways, to a resplendant history.

But Consuela is one thing "La Golondrina" is not. After all, how could a Swallow be a Nightowl?

Consuela is a staunch, long time member, and certainly loves to welcome the *Tecolotes* to her Swallow's roost.

And you know, the nest fits?

Feliz Navidad! Merry Christmas!

King of the Disc Jockeys and Queen of Olvera Street stop in the kitchen of "La Golondrina" to saample some soup.



And here is the hostess as her guests see her when they enter "La Golondrina". This gives some idea of the old world charm and beauty of Olvera Street.

Actual breaking of "La Pinata" during an evening before Christmas. Little Nancy Starr got her goodies this night.





NEST NOTES



VENTURA COUNTY ROOST

The third Roost meeting was held November 4th, in the permanent location at 239 East Scott Street, Port Hueneme, in the Women's Improvement Club House. In the future, all the meetings will be held here on the second Sunday of each month at 2:00 P. M.

Nightowls from the following cities are listed among those present at our meetings: Ventura, Oxnard, Santa Paula, Fillmore, Carpinteria, Burbank, Ojai, Hollywood, Malibu and Port Hueneme.

Many interesting hobbies were on display at our last meeting and real talent demonstrated in beautiful paintings, ceramics, fancy sewing, knitting, leatherwork, cooking, music and poetry. Everyone had a chance to get acquainted and by the time refreshments were served we felt like one big family.

We are looking forward to our Christmas Party and a grand time is anticipated.

ANNA McCORD

OCEANSIDE ROOST

Just home from the best, biggest and happiest Night Owl meeting we ever had. Not many of the Owls knew Doc Vaughan was to be with us, but what a pleasant surprise it was.

Knowing Doc as you do, you can understand how honored we were to have



Portland Night Owls Picnic last summer featured half a Night Owl, framed. The other half in this case is Chief Hooter JOHN C. BURNS. Seated alongside is LUCILLE KELLY, who hosted the first Roost meeting.

him. He told us he was an amateur in taking pictures, but our crowd agreed he was being the sweet modest fellow that he is, for they were beautiful. And what a wonderful time the Owls must have had on that Hawaiian trip!

During refreshments of coffee and the best pumpkin pie with whipped cream made by Mrs. Malleson, Doc talked with many of us on various things, but mostly of Hawaii.

Walter Winchell said on his program: "Thanks" is one of the kindest words found in Webster's. So, for Doc Vaughan from the 44 who attended, we send many, many, THANKS. Come again, will you please?

Cordelia Landauer, Sec.

SANTA CRUZ ROOST

Eighty-five members and guests met Nov. 10th at the regular meeting place in the Business and Professional Women's Club room for a most enjoyable luncheon of turkey and all the trimmings.

Mrs. Velma Moore and her assistants really organized and efficiently served the lunch. After the business meeting, entertainment of a wide variety, including instrumental and vocal soloists, community singing, a reading of "Henry VIII" in costume, a reading describing the Statue of Liberty, were tremendously enjoyed.

Visitors were logged from as far south as Santa Monica, and all joined in the fun. Meeting was concluded with every one singing "God Bless America".

H. W. WHITE, Reporter

MODESTO ROOST

The weather seemed to be made to order for the Modesto group's last outdoor picnic, Sunday the 23rd of Sept.

Sunshine Girl Valerie Gilham, was kept busy for a time taking down names and addresses of some new members.

Jayette Martin from Lathrop brought with her in addition to her family her pet spider monkey, Mike. He was quite friendly with everyone and gave us several laughs. However, he wouldn't have a thing to do with any of the ten Chihuahua's belonging to Paul Dettra.

Alma Wakefield brought four Nightowls with her who had no transportation; one being a new member, a first grade teacher named Barbara Connor.

The date has not been set for the next meeting, but it will be indoors.

EDDIE & MARGIE BARRY

FRESNO ROOST

The Fresno Owls held their November meeting Friday the second at the home of our secretary, Alma Perry, 359 South Backer Avenue. Owls were perched about the house, eating happily of Perry cooking. While Night Owl chatter flew, we listened to music taped from radio and TV by Floyd Coleman. A good time was had by all.

BIM LECKLIDER

Continued on Page 13

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-------------------------------	-----

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5 x 7	1.20
8 x 10	2.80

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NIGHTOWL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

- 1 High ground near water.
- 7 With 11 and 29 across, recent archaeological discovery.
- 11 See 7 across.
- 14 Room where "The Other Side of the Day" is broadcast.
- 15 Preminent.
- 16 Identification of British ships and service. Abbr.
- 17 Kipling: "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is"
- 20 Wrath.
- 18 A racy writer; a club of epicures.
- 21 Uncle of I down.
- 22 Goes sideways like a crab.
- 23 Lots and lots of sand.
- 25 Edges.
- 27 Hawaiian foods.
- 28 Daughter of Cadmus.
- 29 See 7 across.
- 31 Part of the verb "to be".
- 32 Principal town in Albania.
- 34 Flat fish - good with tartar sauce.
- 36 Trigonometrical function.
- 37 Hear these on "The Poets' Corner"
- 41 Philippine sweetsop.
- 43 Cover again with metal.
- 44 Vigor, enthusiasm. Slang.
- 47 Reckoning of money transactions.
- 49 Baby who wakes us up.
- 50 O dear!
- 52 When this is a different color, that's something else again.
- 53 "She is . . . and gone forever."
- 54 Destroyed.
- 56 Standard Christmas gift for a man.
- 58 Composed of distinct parts.
- 60 S. Amer. Indian poison.
- 63 A high rating.
- 64 Related by blood.
- 65 Besets, as an army.
- 66 Man's nickname.
- 67 Sport term for track events.
- 68 Most peculiar.

DOWN

- 1 A powerful nation. Abbr.
- 2 Dry and liquid measures. Abbr.
- 3 Shining, brilliant.
- 4 Worship.
- 5 Goddess of victory. Gr. Myth.; controversial new aircraft.
- 6 Deer.
- 7 With El, the State of California.
- 8 Forms a smooth, glossy surface.
- 9 Ecclesiastical vestment, usually white.
- 10 Colors.
- 11 Radio's invisible detective.
- 12 Iago's wife in Othello.
- 13 Evaluate for the purpose of taxation.
- 19 Edge, as a cup.

1	2	3	4	5	6		7	8	9	10		11	12	13	
14							15					16			
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The LIMB is extremely fortunate, because in this issue, we begin what we hope is a regular feature. We know that many Owls are crossword puzzle fans, but we now have with us a crossword puzzle WRITER! Dorothy E. Smith, Box 145, Cave Creek, Arizona, modestly inquired if Night Owls wanted special puzzles to work. LIMB editors snapped up her offer before she could lick her stamp. So, to work, all you brains, and may this be the only cross word in your day.

- 21 Down: feminine name; Up: rainbow.
- 23 The D. in D. J.
- 24 Extremely. Scot. See 57 down.
- 25 One kind of owl.
- 26 One of a Slavic people.
- 29 Christmas visitor, often seen on street corners.
- 30 Night Owls don't like to have done this from 1 to 5:30 a.m.
- 33 Aunt in Mexico.
- 35 . . . konig. Poem by Goethe set to music by Schubert.
- 38 Malicious destruction of an employer's property.
- 39 Summers in France.
- 40 Dispatched.
- 42 She's too small to be a guide dog.
- 43 Artifice.
- 44 Forgiveness.
- 45 "The lily maid of Astolat."
- 46 In bridge, declined to bid.

- 48 The East.
- 51 Dry.
- 53 Enticed, as a fish.
- 55 Small potation.
- 57 Righteous. Scot.
- 59 Piece out.
- 60 Chief Signal Officer. Abbr.
- 61 Legal matters.
- 62 It is in Latin.

Now, turn the page to see the solution of this first Night Owl crossword puzzle.



WORD SOLUTION

1	U	2	P	3	L	4	A	5	N	6	D	7	D	8	E	9	A	10	D	11	S	12	E	13	A
14	S	T	U	D	I	O	15	O	N	L	Y	16	H	M	S										
17	A	S	M	O	K	E	18	R	A	B	E	19	L	A	I	S									
			20	I	R	E			21	S	A	M			22	S	I	D	L	E					
23	D	U	N	E			25	S	I	D	E	S			27	P	O	I	S						
28	I	N	O				29	S	C	R	O	L	L	S			31	W	A	S					
32	S	C	U	T	A	R	I					34	S	O	L	E									
36	C	O	S	I	N	E							37	V	E	R	S	E	S						
				41	A	T	E	S				43	R	E	P	L	A	T	E						
44	P	E	P				47	A	C	C	48	O	U	N	T			49	B	E	N				
50	A	L	A	S			52	H	O	R	S	E			53	L	O	S	T						
54	R	A	S	E	D		55	T	I	E			57	G	U	T									
58	D	I	S	C	R	E	T	E				60	C	U	R	A	R	E			61		62		
63	O	N	E				64	A	K	I	N			65	S	I	E	G	E	S					
66	N	E	D				67	M	E	E	T			68	O	D	D	E	S	T					

LIMB ART by Frank Sullivan

Night Letters

Dear Ben:

The enclosed Japanese-English road rules for motorists should hand you a laugh too.

"JAPANESE ROAD RULES FOR MOTORISTS"

1-At the raise of the hand of the policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

2-When passenger of the foot hove in sight tootle the horn trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage tootle him with more vigor and express by word of mouth the warning, Hi, Hi.

3-Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by.

4-Give big space to festive dogs that make sport in the roadway. Avoid mix-up of dog with your wheel spokes.

5-Go soothingly on the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon. Pedal the brake of the foot as you roll round the corners and save collapse and tip-up.

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KFlitis

by

ED GRIGG



I thought I'd *never* get the Christmas spirit! Now I wonder if I'll ever get over it! In the last few weeks things have really been humming at KFI. As you probably know KFI was represented by Mary Hickox, Andy and Virginia Mansfield, Al Poska and dear old Ben Hunter in the Hollywood "Santa Claus Lane" Parade. We want to thank TV-Radio, Life Magazine and Evelyn Bigsby (Editor of the magazine) for having these KFI personalities as her guests on the parade particularly the warm welcome at Miss Bigsby's offices beforehand. As Al Poska said "It was a rare inspiration to have coffee and sandwiches on hand, and much appreciated by all of us. Every member of the TV-Radio Life magazine staff was so friendly, considerate and helpful, it sent us all on our way in a cheerful frame of mind for the parade. No one would have known from the unruffled hospitality, the hours of grueling work and painstaking planning that preceded the parade." That particular evening was quite a thrilling one since earlier we were the guests of Doris Day. Miss Day gave a little cocktail party at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel in conjunction with her new movie "Julie".

Pat Bishop "Mr. News" was the Chairman of the day on December 4th at the Los Angeles Advertising Club's memorable meeting in connection with the 75th Anniversary of the Los Angeles TIMES. The meeting, held at the Embassy Room of the Ambassador, was honored by the presence of the distinguished Senior Senator from California-William F. Knowland, who flew specially for this Anniversary from his activities with the United Nations in New York, Mr. Charles Hamilton Manager of KFI, and several account executives represented KFI. Speaking about Mr. Hamilton - he, Mr. George Wagner (Vice President of Earle C. Anthony, Inc.), and Pat Kelly (KFI's Program Director) recently returned from a Regional NBC Affiliate's meeting in San Francisco where new plans pertaining to network programs were discussed. Similar meetings have been held throughout the nation which will

result in many new concepts of network programming to reach the listener shortly after the first of the year. In December Mr. Wagner and Mr. Hamilton flew to Miami for NBC's 30th Anniversary Convention.

At 7:15 AM (Monday through Saturday) David Starling features popular music, time signals through the half hour, "Nickels Worth of News" (highlights of the news of the day), and weather reports. At 8:00 AM (Monday through Friday) David again takes the "wheel" and this time he presents interesting commentary on events happening here and there, short editorial quotes, stock reports, music, weather and news. If you haven't been listening to these programs, next time you are dialing your radio at these times give Ben and David a listen - you'll be in for some top entertainment. Well this just about brings up-to-date on KFI happenings since last month. If you have any questions about some of KFI's personalities or programs, please let me know here at KFI (141 North Vermont Ave., Los Angeles 54). The staff at KFI hopes you have a "Feliz Navidad" and that you will have a "Prospero Año Nuevo" . . . adios!

NEST NOTES

Continued from Page 10

LONG BEACH ROOST

The Long Beach Owls met at Woodrow Wilson High, room 627, Saturday evening, November 3rd. Fine attendance and several new members were welcomed after the business meeting.

The Christmas Project for gifts to the Children's Ward-102, General Hospital are piling up fast and 34 knee robes for the patients at Ranchos Los Amigos are ready.

Dick Wallington was reported as progressing well at Seaside Hospital, and Dick says he will acknowledge every one of the hundred of cards he has received from all over the United States.

Four ladies with November birthdays were feted and light refreshments were served.

Muzzle Loadin' Fred showed a group of lovely pictures of Resourceful Colorado and three of the Beauties of Canada.

Mrs. Lenora Barbrick who had heard the discussion of the gender of tri-colored cats on the program reported she owns a tri-colored TOM! Nuff said!

MERLE E. DICKINSON



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WESTERN
AIRLINES

What Ben Said!

We Stauffer people are in a terrible dilemma.

And all on account of Christmas.

You see we advertise all year long how easy it is to regain that youthful figure with the Stauffer Home Plan.

We really go to an awful lot of trouble and expense to make people slimmer and prettier.

But now it's Christmas time again.

And this time of year, we all like to eat lots of turkey with rich stuffing.

And gravy, too, of course.

And mashed potatoes with more gravy.

And fruitcake, plum pudding with hard sauce, pumpkin pie, and —

Heavens! We're drooling on our typewriter!

But the point is, are we to under-mine all those wonderful Christmas feasts by talking of those unsightly bulges . . . those extra, unwanted inches?

"What do you think, Ben?" we asked.

And do you know WHAT BEN SAID?

He said, "Why Stanley old Bean, I'm surprised at your lack of acumen!" (And here he was absolutely sly!) "Don't you realize that by encouraging folks to enjoy their Christmas dinners, you are making new customers for 1957?"

"It's diabolical!" we shrieked.

"And then folks could actually enjoy reducing all year long and be all slimmed down for next Christmas! And all this without strenuous diets, rigorous exercise, or pill-taking! Why Stanley, you'd be a humanitarian!"

"Well we hadn't thought of it that way," we said. "Do you suppose we should mention that our address is STAUFFER HOME PLAN, 250 North Juanita, Los Angeles 4, California?"

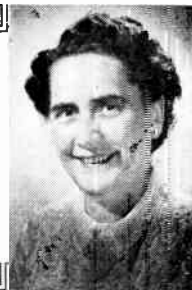
"Not at all," Ben said. Every Nightowl knows that. Just wish 'em a Merry Christmas."

So . . . on behalf of Stauffer, may we wish you a **big fat Merry Christmas!**

and a slim New Year.

Poet's Corner

By Bettie Payne Welles



This is the last Christmas poem from the pen of the former of this column.

Christmas means many things to many people, and Nite Owls are no exception.

CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Dear Friends,
When all the greetings have been said
And all the happy folks are fed,
When guests and family depart
With memories to warm the heart
Then just forget the odds and ends
And read once more the cards from friends.
There's one to say I wish for you
The loveliest things you ever knew,
I wish you faith when doubt appears,
To see a rainbow through your tears.
I wish you stars to guide your dreams,
And kindred souls to share your schemes.
But most off a love so wide
It takes the universe inside.
For love makes all the world so sweet
You'll find your happiness complete.
Love was the gift the Master brought,
And love the living text he taught.
Such love as Christ was sent to share
I send you in this Christmaas prayer.

CECILE BONHAM

* * *

And may Nite Owls across the world find peace where ever they may be at this holiday time.

GIFT OF PEACE

Christmas Eve comes quietly,
Moonlight falls on crystal snow;
The people move toward the church,
Bright guiding stars more clearly glow;
It is the silent hour of peace
Where time stands still upon the earth—
Where common unison of thought
Sends out its light, the soul's rebirth!

LUCY BARKER

* * *

LADIES CLUBS

Committees so intelligent,
They choose speakers so eminent,
Presenting speeches eloquent,
Questions asked are so pertinent,
Lunch is loaded with nourishment,
Unfortunately subsequent,
Waists and hips become corpulent!

ESTHER COX

A CHRISTMAS WISH

"What do you want for Christmas?"
I seem to hear them say,
It echos back from other years
To a far-off holiday,
When hearts were young and life was new,
And the world was singing, "Merry Christmas to you."
Some things we crave can never be bought,
For they are priceless you see,
The wondering eyes of a tiny child
Beholding his first Christmas-tree.
The mingled odor of cedar and pine,
Aroma of pumpkin and mince,
The windows all frosted with fanciful fronds,
Framed in old, flowered chintz.
The door swinging wide with a blast of cold air,
The tromping of feet on the sill,
Snow melting gently on cap and gown,
The old ones, the young ones the thrill
Of greeting each one with hand-clasp and kiss
These are the things we long for again,
These are the things that we miss.

M. ALICE LOUCKS

* * *

With long winter evenings such word pictures come to mind.

WAITING

Pensive shadow, near the pane,
Eyes that haunt the empty street,
Aching ears attuned to hear
Footsteps of familiar feet.
Fear, a bar across her mind,
Makes a tread-mill of her thought.
Night contains no sound except
Lonely sighs expressed but caught.

ESTHER ALWILDA COX

It might be a good idea to paste this on the back of your Night Owl Cards.

PRAYER OF PROTECTION

A mighty God-Power goes before me,
I am surrounded, enfolded and upheld
by the Mighty Power of God.

OUT ON THE LIMB —

Continued from Page 3

gard it as a delicacy!"

"Are there any Gingkos around here?"

Florence wasn't sure, but at least 50 other Nightowls knew where one could be seen in Los Angeles. Some Nightowls even had a Gingko tree in their backyard!

Helen Fleishman said there is a petrified Gingko forest in Washington State park, between Ellensburg and Vantage.

And then everyone who had a Gingko tree sent us some leaves, branches, or nuts.

It got so we could tell a Gingko package by its ripe smell!



Ben says:

**"That's
P. O. Box
75432,
L. A. 5"**

Send \$1.50 now for your charter subscription to "After Forty." This authoritative new bi-monthly news letter helps senior citizens get more out of life. Mail check or money order today to "After Forty", P. O. Box 75432, Los Angeles 5. Your money back if not satisfied.

MR. DISC JOCKEY

Ahem. It's official now.

And despite what you may have heard or read previously, it was a landslide in favor of your feathered friend.

Which proves once again that Nightowls are the darndest most wonderful people. We may not be so strong in numbers, but by Golly we've got enthusiasm!

If you hadn't all stuffed the ballot box, we never would have made it, but you did, and we are now the proud possessor of a gigantic gold cup which reads:

"AWARDED TO BEN HUNTER, VOTED MR. DISC JOCKEY OF 1956 BY READERS OF THE LOS ANGELES HERALD-EXPRESS."

Nightowl Margaret Nelson wrote the letter adjudged the best by the "powers that be" at the Herald.

So Margaret Nelson and her guest, and Evie Hunter and your editor dined at a posh La Cienega eating spot and enjoyed together the premier of *Friendly Persuasion*.

We had hoped to run a picture of the cup in this issue of the *Limb*, but space did not permit. Will include it next time.

So it's thanks to all of you; thanks particularly to Margaret Nelson, and a million thanks to you sturdy souls who battered the phone barrier night after night to prove once again: *the darndest things happen on our show!*

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Classified advertising rate—8c per word. Send check or money order with advertising copy. Classified advertising deadline—5th of month preceding month of issue.

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18

MATE, green or black, 12 oz. \$1; 5 lbs. \$4. Pure coconut flakes, 20 oz. \$1; 3 lbs. \$2. Coconut-date or fig flakes, 20 oz. \$1.25; 3 lbs. \$2.25, postpaid. Free nutmeg.- Coconut oil, half price. Pan American Tea Co., 2703 S. Vermont, Los Angeles 7, California. RE1-4039.

PERSONALS

32

HAPPY HOOTS TO ALL!!!
From Mina V. Miller

FURNITURE, REFINISHING

20

HOOT OWLS, See Nels for furniture repair and cabinet work. 1509 Glasgow Avenue, San Bernardino, California. Phone 94623.

TRAVEL

40

CAYUCOS, Come to CAYUCOS for fishing and relaxation. SAXBY'S MOTEL —round the corner from Cheerio Helen.



“ Merry Christmas ”

Bob and Margie

"Fruitcake"

WATKINS





Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem.

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king heard these things, he was troubled and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judaea: for thus it is written by the prophet,

And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a governor, that shall rule my people of Israel.

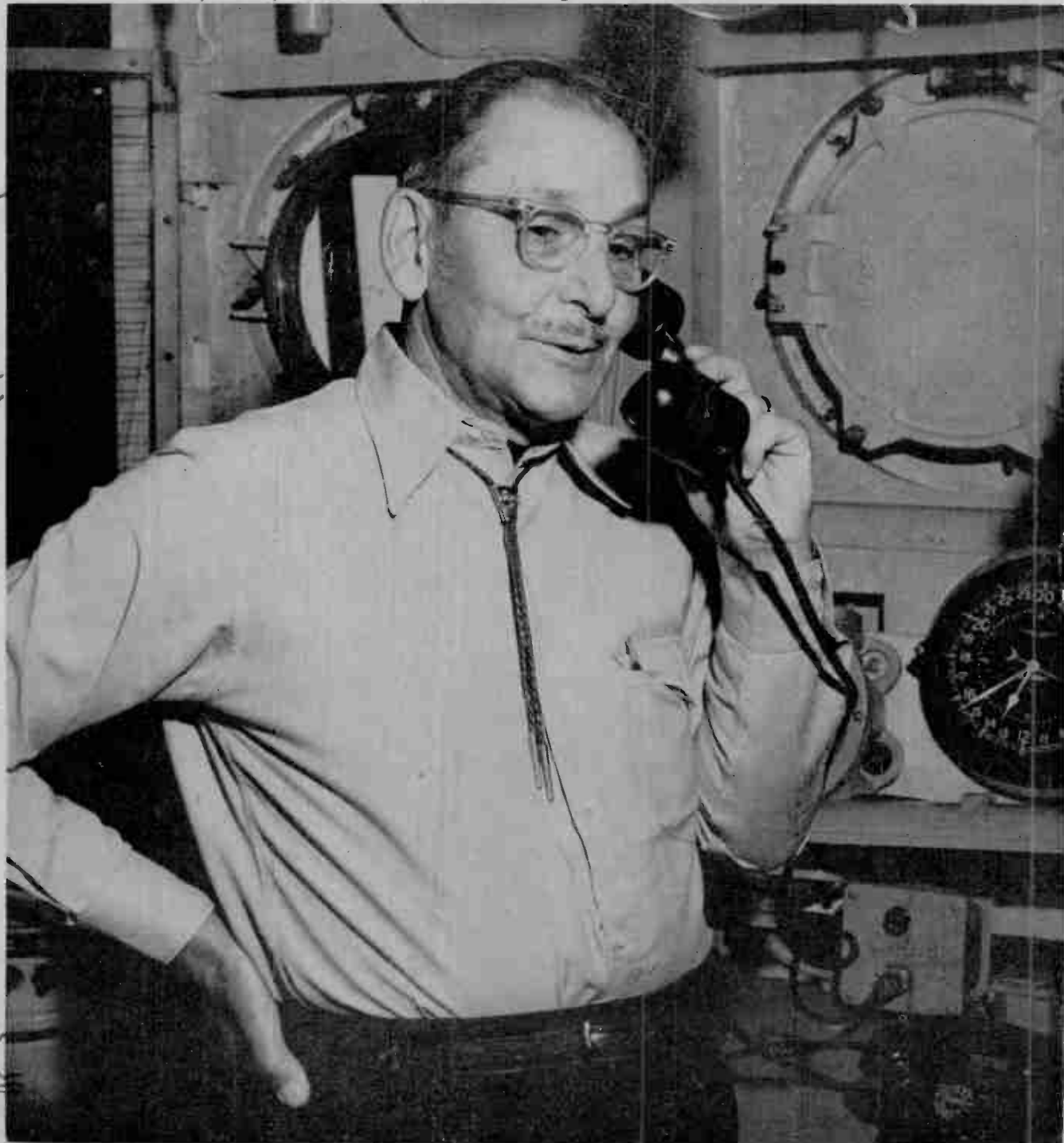
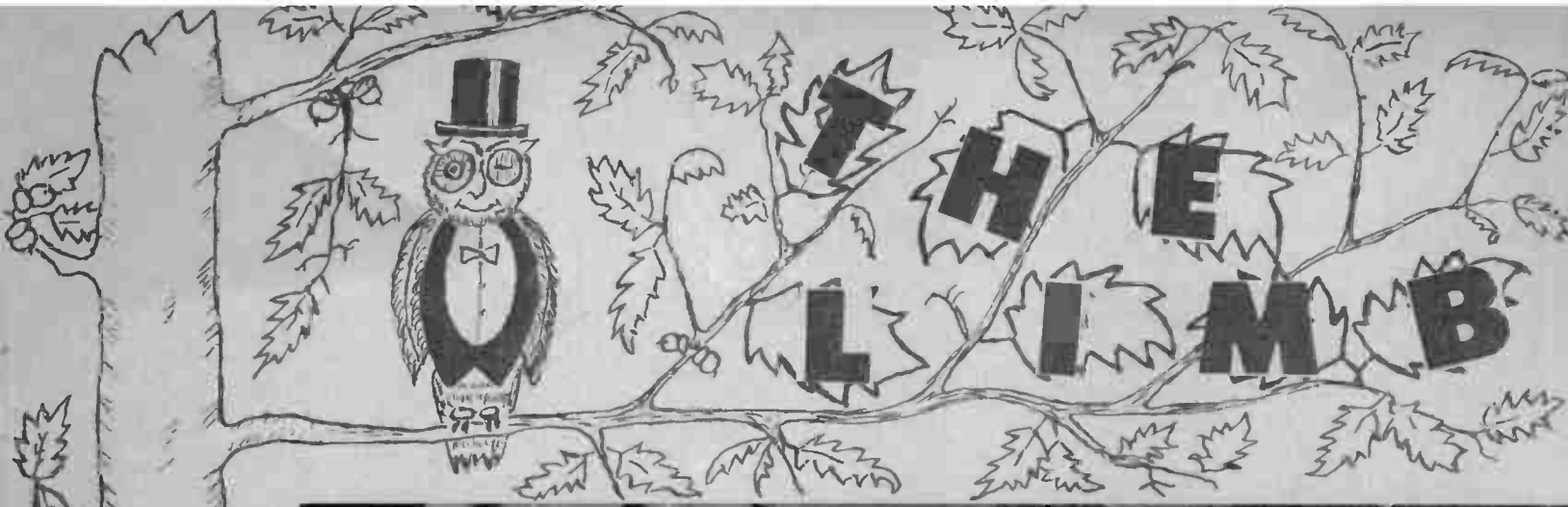
Then Herod, when he had privily called the Wise Men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.



ARI
PETERSON

VOLUME ONE

MAY, 1955

NUMBER SEVEN

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor of The Limb:

In respect to the article in the issue of April (Polishing Up The Handle) in which you had the pleasure of appreciating the rapier-like brilliance of the comedian Sam Levinson; and whose silly slapstick filled you with a certain envy, and to his every word your heart beat in unison.

I would like to refer you to the statistics from an older and possibly a more qualified source than Ed Sullivan's "Toast of The Town;" and also to the opinions of more qualified and older publications and reporters than "The Limb," and its Editor.

Respectfully, A. O. Sturgeons

My wife is a devoted Night Owl. I (Ed. Note: OK; but one very charming mother bestowed a chaste kiss on us for this editorial.)

Dear Sir:

In the April issue of The Limb I find an article entitled "Polishing Up The Handle."

It is a stout judgement against "Progressive Education."

The object of this letter is to tell you that I strongly endorse your sentiments.

Any young person who has been indoctrinated for 12 years by "Life Adjustment" teachers, emerges into society unable to adjust himself to the restrictions of the law, the limitations of social conduct, or to the inadequacies within him. His only solution to this confusion lies in violence, deviation and delinquency.

Behind all this lies the destitute vagaries of John Dewey.

Human beings are sufficiently animal to require discipline, strongly applied in earlier years. They are sufficiently spiritual to respond to abstract principles of the loftiest kind. Training should be applied accordingly.

The whole trend of "Progressive Education" is in the wrong direction.

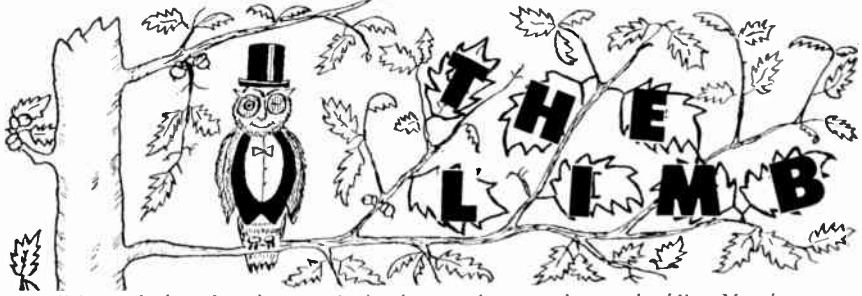
My wife is a devoted Night Owl. I am one of those crude creatures who sleep through Night Owl hours, but I hear about it in the morning, and am impressed by her enthusiasm; doubly so, since reading your magazine.

V. A. Robertson

Ed. Note: Sir, you do us too much honor!

OUR COVER PICTURE

Last month our own Doc Vaughan was a guest of honor of Capt. F. A. Brandley of the famous carrier USS "Hornet." For a first-hand report of his visit and the activities of this great ship, read Doc's column, "As I See It" on Page Five.




"Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh"—Matthew

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OUT ON THE LIMB *With Ben Hunter*

Well here goes as many answers to your questions about "Ben Hunter Days" as we have space for. These are the most frequently asked questions:

What is the program for the weekend?

FRIDAY: Nightowl Hobby Show; registering of Nightowls; live broadcast of Nightowl Show Friday Night (Sat. AM) from the Pine Cone Cafe.

SATURDAY: Parade at noon; two events at 2:30 PM—the rodeo and the cooking contest; 8 PM is the street dance.

SUNDAY: 10 AM is the non-sectarian church service conducted by Rev. David McKibben with George Wright at the organ and full choir; 2 PM is the "Ben Hunter Days" program with big-name guest artists, introduction of the vice-presidents, and awarding of prizes.

How will we know where to go when we get there?

Special "Ben Hunter Days" editions of the local newspapers will be given to you (free) when you register and receive your souvenir badge. These papers will also be available to you at your lodge or camp. They will contain a map showing the location of all events and other important information.

I'm coming up on a bus. Suppose the place where I'm staying is a long distance from Meadow Park?

The citizens of Big Bear are furnishing you with free transportation from your lodge to the center of activities and back. These Nightowl Flights will operate on a regular schedule which will be posted at your lodge or campground.

I will be displaying samples of my hobby at the Nightowl Hobby Show on Friday. May I sell them?

Sorry, no. You may give people your business card if you wish, but nothing may be sold on the site of the "Ben Hunter Days" activities.

Can I enter in the parade?

You bet your boots you can! As a matter of fact, there will be a prize for the best Nightowl float in the parade. If you wish to enter the parade, notify Dave Lentz, and he will put you in touch with the parade chairman.

May I sing (entertain) on the program?

It's sure nice of so many of you to volunteer, and one of these times we'll have to have an all-Nightowl Program somewhere. In this case, however, I have arranged for a number of very well known recording artists to entertain us and we have a very full program.

Will there be enough seats for all?

Seats have been arranged for a good many, but there will probably not be enough for all. Seats will be reserved for

the older folks and the blind and crippled. So you heartier types'd be smart to bring along something to sit on.

Does all this cost us anything?

Not a sou! Of course you'll have to pay for accommodations and food—but you can camp and bring your food with you, if you wish! Incidentally, this Nightowl whoop-de-do is costing the citizens of Big Bear several thousand dollars. You will recognize your hosts up there by the Nightowl decal appearing on the window of their place of business.

Do you have to have a nightowl card or pin to attend?

Not at all. It'll be a good idea to have a pin if you can afford it, since your sou-



BEN (Big Bear Type) HUNTER

venir badge will have a place on it for you to pin your official Nightowl pin.

Is public transportation available to Big Bear?

By Grannies it sure is. From wherever you are coming, make connections with WESTERN TRAIL STAGES in San Bernardino. They serve Big Bear daily, leaving San Bernardino at 10:15 AM and at 5:00 PM. Price is \$2.40 one way—\$4.10 roundtrip. There may be a Nightowl VP arranging charter bus transportation from your town. This will be cheaper and handier. See list of transportation VP's on page 12.

What is the situation on accommodations?

Getting rougher all the time! Hurry up with that reservation! For sure, quick service on your accommodations try to pair up with another couple or two. A great many of the availabilities are cabins that sleep

several people. Singles are just about gone as this is being written. Contact dear, patient, tireless, Dave Lentz and he'll do his level best to accommodate you. If worse comes to worst, you can always try Crestline or Arrowhead—or even San Bernardino. They are all very short drives from the scene of the festivities.

Why do we have to make 2-day reservations?

Well . . . it's a three day holiday, and there are so many people who will wish to come up for the whole weekend, that it wouldn't be right to deprive them of a place to stay because of someone who just wanted to stay one night. But just come for a single day, if you wish, or get your one night reservations in San Bernardino—you'll be just as welcome!

Can I bring along special equipment?

I hope you'll bring your cameras, fishing gear, and anything else you need to have a happy vacation, because this is sure the spot for it. I'm sure you'll be able to squeeze in a little time for horseback riding, fishing, or hiking . . . or anything else your lil' heart desires! Fishing is of course free on the lake unless you wish to rent a boat. There are trout ponds where you pay for each fish you catch—but you always catch 'em and you can fish without a license (good for little kids.)

Did you say "kids"?

I sure did! Bring 'em along! They'll have a ball!

Whatever happened to the fishing derby you mentioned once?

It was canceled because the Dept. of Fish and Game feared it would deplete the lake of fish. Knowing the sharp fisherman-type Nightowls we have, they are probably right!

Is there going to be a barbecue like we had at Banning?

We very seriously considered it for awhile, but decided that trying to serve a large crowd of people over a period of three days would be too much of a hassle. One of the men's clubs up there is going to put out a wonderful pit-barbecue dinner to augment the feeding facilities of the town. I know their barbecuer (Mr. Tidwell) and he's the greatest!

Do our humperships for the car cost us anything?

Nope. Just send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Is anyone going to take official pictures of the big doings?

The entire July issue of this magazine will be pictorial (need I say by the incomparable Morphis?)—pictures taken at "Ben Hunter Days." If you're borrowing

(Continued on Page 24)



FROM AHINT THE STILL

— By Hez

You kin look a long ways from jest one spot iffen you sees whilst alookin. Take the matter o' govmint undercurrents. Jest by diggin' a mite amongst them what's bein' guided you kin see more'n a govmint Chamber o' Commerce kin tell you.

Like when Vishinsky were laid out purty fer public view. All them hunnerts o' Roosian cityzens filin' past fer a peep at him wasn't bein' loyal. The way they lookin' sidewise to each other shoven this. They was jest checkin' whether all them "noes" he give away to us in the UN had shrunk it any.

And jest fer idle ponderatin' we wonders how the Headman of the High Govemint what Vishinsky joined figgered out them blood purges. Reckon old Andrei were able to konvince Him he done it with sulfer an' molasses?

Seems like daid Roosians is allus makin' the papers one way er t'other. Jest seen a article sayin' the number o' sweecides is up this yeer from last yeer. 'Pears like them what committed sideways was gonna git away from the Kommynists one way er t'other, no?

Tho why they should wanta git away ain't so clear. After all, they all stands to gain under Kommynism cause it follers the old sayin' about "What's mine's mine an' what's yers be mine, too."

That's why when we aksept the gift o' Roosia's okay on Ike's pollisy fer peaceful atomics we oughter send a good man fer the job—the guy what looks both ways afore crossin' that one way street.

But they should be some kinda cooperation. Look how them Egypters done with

cooperation. Even when the cubit were measured by the long of a foreman's arm from his elbow to his fingers and they was short foremans and long foremans they still done a purty fair job on the Peerimyds. But secin' how Roosia be on gittin' along, a old revamped Army sayin' would fit 'em purty well. About the way o' doin' things; they's the right way an the wrong way an then there's Roosia's way.

That's why we is called vishus capital-ists and when they payen 17,000 some odd dollers fer charterin' a airyplane to fly Andrei back to Roosia they was jest sentimentle. Bet it woulda hurt the old boy's feelin' to know his country had that much moola to throw around like a capitalist nightmare.

'Course nightmares is a kind of dream an we all dreams now an' then. The Roosians is really livin' it up, though, even though some kinda dreams is got a tag on 'em. A British peer jest tooken a trip thru Roosia an said they was livin' in a Marxian fairy tale what's filled with capitalist ogres an' Kommynist knight sojers and we finden out it's like we allus though—they's childish.

They's childish, mebbe, but some of 'em believes there dream. Liken the preacher what tooken one look at his collection plate an' allowed as how he were losin' his flock to atheistis materialism.

But materialism is got it's points. The mkanized U.S. coal mines turns out about 700 tons a minute. The Roosian output o' Siberian salt, fer some strange reason, are slightly short o' this figger.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

The April number of the Limb is better and better!

How I did enjoy your article "Polishing Up The Handle."

I teach in Sunday School, and the poor children, and their reading!

It will have to be you parents who will have to work on this educational problem.

I appreciate the work of those mailing out the Limb. We should say thank you to each of them who serve us so well. Here is my "Thank You."

Isn't Holly Ruth a dear!

Sincerely

Grace Carroll

Dear "Everybody Concerned":

The April number of the very fine magazine known as The Limb came in this morning's mail. In between telephone calls, and a million and one other interruptions legitimately connected with a business, I have managed to skip and jump thru it.

You may be very proud of this magazine and to the others preceding it. Its growth and progress is splendid and I do want to say congratulations and thank you for putting out such an excellent piece of work.

For some reason the March issue has not reached me, and, if a stray one happens to bob up in the Limb office, may I have it. I believe that there was something special that I was watching for that I heard Ben Hunter mention on the air. Frankly, I don't remember just what it was—only that it was good.

Incidentally all that you say about Big Bear—its friendly people, etc., is certainly true. For the last three years I have been snatching many week ends up there as I have two friends with cabins at Fawn Skin. I've a hunch that I will be there in June even if I have to invite myself to be their guest.

Sincerely Yours

Alice F. Johnson

Your Prayers Are Asked For

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," We ask you to remember in prayer, most especially, the following Night Owls.

Daryll Mountain, Room 106, Olive View, California.

Rita M. "Grandma" Weil, 6037 Van Noord, Van Nuys, California.

Berta Nolan, Grand Avenue, Rural Station, Elsinore, California—Slowly recov-

ering from pneumonia.

Beverly Barnes, 3831 Alomar Drive, Sherman Oaks, California.

Carole Pipkin, Room 104, Olive View, California.

It is necessary to keep this list short, but anyone desiring to be remembered before God, or desiring prayers for distressed friends are most cordially invited to submit their names.

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AS I SEE IT *By Doc Vaughan*

When I received from the Secretary of the Navy an invitation to be the guest of Captain F. A. Brandley aboard his famous carrier the USS "Hornet", it quite stunned and confused me. I felt that by some mistake they had chosen me for this great honor. For several days I mulled over the invitation and then decided to accept.

Some few days later I received a letter from the Commander Air Force, Pacific Fleet, U.S. Naval Air Station, North Island, San Diego, Calif., to present myself at the Grant Hotel at four o'clock Sunday, April 10th. The letter advised me that an officer from the USS "Hornet" would escort me aboard.

Pursuant to orders contained in the letter of instructions I presented myself at the desk of the Hotel Grant and found a group of officers awaiting my coming. Commander Alexander Vracui, Cmdr. Johns, Lt. Lloyd, Ensign McCallum and others.

After receiving the letter I had been very carefully indoctrinated by a Lt. Com. James Shaw who lives near to my camp under the sycamores, in the proper deportment that one is expected to follow while aboard such a great and gallant ship. This advice came in very well for I would have made many a tragic blunder had he not been so kind to me. As it was I lost a fine teabone steak the first night.

After being driven to the ship dockside in navy equipage I was divested of my luggage, my one small suitcase of ancient vintage by the cabin steward. Up the gangway I ascended from the busy dock. When I reached the top level of the gangway I was escorted aboard the ship, pausing as I stepped aboard to face the stern and salute the American flag; then I faced the Officer of the Day and saluted him and asked—"May I come aboard, Sir?" He granted my request and shook my hand and in turn saluted the other officers who were with me. Ensign McCallum escorted me to my stateroom and advised me to note carefully my room number which was 0104; had me note my phone number of 211 and then gave me the phone number of 777 in case that I became lost. All I had to do was call this number and stay put until some officer came for me.

Now you may think that being lost is a lot of malarkey, but let me tell you this; officers who have been aboard for several months get confused and wander about in the maze of tunnels that lead fore and aft and have blind endings. Great steel bulkhead doors are every few feet and one has

to step high over the threshold and stoop low unless one desires to carry scars on the head for many a day. So I stooped low and wandered about until I eventually found daylight on some deck.

There was not much chance of starving for there are messes on every deck. Officers on one, Warrant officers on another, general mess on several decks. I followed the smell of coffee cooking. On an average

out of my trance—there was no sign of the juicy viand. One must learn, and I assure you that it did not occur again.

After mess gear was stowed, the tables were covered with pliofilm and ash trays set out and then shortly afterwards movies were shown. Many remained and viewed a late showing of some film. Others sought the open decks and watched the several thousand men watching one of



Our Doc tries his hand at a Navy jet, and we believe he's the boy who could do it!

each man drinks a pound of coffee a day. In every nook and cranny of every deck there is a pot of steaming coffee and all are welcome.

The first night aboard after I had adjusted my necktie and laved my face and hands, I entered the wardroom and was faced by the loveliest array of women that I have seen in many a year. It is customary while in port, on Sunday nights, for officers to entertain their wives and sweethearts at mess. It is a brilliant array of immaculate uniforms and sparkling insignias which blends with the décolletage of radiant and vivacious ladies. The conversation is truly animated and I listened and drank deep of the beauty and charm of all this splendid scene. I was so engrossed in watching the panorama of kaleidoscopic coruscating beauty that I quite forgot to watch my steak and left my knife and fork crossed on my plate. When I came

their movies. There were at one time seven films being unrolled in various parts of the ship.

It was late when I turned in after a soothing shower and long into the night I wondered about my long and colorful life.

The night watch were just coming off duty when I bounced into the wardroom pantry and received a cup of steaming hot coffee and a piece of cake. Breakfast was to be served at six-thirty a.m. and here I was roaming about before five.

It is a sight never to be forgotten to see such a monster of a ship leave her berth silently. Busy tugs pushed and nosed and after quite a spell of effort we were headed seaward and soon passed Point Loma. Well trained Marines stood at attention as Lt. Rogers examined each man for immaculate attire and then very attentively examined each rifle. Machine

(Continued on Page 6)

AS I SEE IT

(Continued From Page 5)

like precision marked each movement of officer and man.

Wandering about the ship I strolled into Capt. Brandley's quarters and we chatted about the island where I had spent so many years. These were the same Channel waters where I had for years captained a fishing boat and had been a Captain in the Coast Guard Auxiliary during the last war. The Captain told me that he was searching and waiting for the wind. It is no secret to reveal that planes must have a certain speed of wind and ship before they can be catapulted into the air. When the westerly breeze came along the channel ruffling the sea we were making mighty fast time. A great array of instruments tells the skipper the wind speed and direction and many other things.

Then as I stepped out onto the deck I was almost blown down, for it was like a gale had suddenly hit us. Then came the roar of jets, the roar of the catapult, the whine of Banshee planes revving up.

The heat from the jets is like a blast from an open hearth furnace. Men in many colored uniforms scurry about. There is no lost motion. Every man knows his place and has his allotted duty to perform. No words are audible and so none are spoken. The sign language is used by all and sundry. Hands, arms, feet, flags and then at a sign from the Commander of the Flight Deck a signal is given, all stand clear, there is a great wailing and screaming of plane and then the ship shakes as the catapult throws into the air the metal bird that swerves into the wind.

Just to the side hovers the helicopter ever-ready to drop a line quickly to any plane that might be downed. To the rear and alongside race the destroyers with a bone in their teeth.

When the last plane has departed and been lost to sight we see from afar great swarms of planes coming at us. Alarm for General Quarters is sounded. Great iron doors are slammed shut. Men man their battle stations. Each man knows just where he belongs. The "bull horn" screams orders. Great guns search the sky. Radar and men form a team to combat the invader. Deep within the bowels of the ship machines like the Univacs compute as fast as lightning the correct range for gun firing. Radar screens show each plane as far away as fifty miles. Planes coming in at speeds close to sound travel mighty far in a few seconds of time so only machines can compute the needed firing range. Planes attacking can be detected as far as fifty miles away.

These mock-attack planes of many types, are then ordered to circle and land. They

seem like great dragon flies way up there in the sky. The long landing hook looks like a great stinger hanging down as they come wheeling downward into the wind and approach the landing deck at terrific speeds unknown to planes of only a few years ago. Some land gracefully as a lazy gull coming in to roost on a harbor mooring. Others are waved off and try another landing. This Commander who stands dangerously close to the stern of the ship becomes part of the pilot and on this landing officer depends the pilot's life. The pilot must watch the two small flags that advise him of his plane's performance. Each wing must be level, tail hook down so as to engage the cables that are to arrest his flight across the deck.

As the plane is caught by the cable there is a whine like a tightened violin string and men all duck down into the life net that is alongside the landing deck. Not until the plane comes to rest do the men rise up and rush forward. In a few brief minutes the plane is on its way to a safe place below decks. Great elevators rise and fall with rapid precision. Not a lost movement by anyone. Plane follows plane and soon the horde of land based planes that came out from the bases are all at rest.

Pilots shove the canopies back—disengage the oxygen tubes and climb out looking like strange creatures from another planet. Then the plane's captain takes over. On him rests the responsibility to see that the plane is made ready for the return flight and take-off. Many well trained men swarm over the planes test-

ing and servicing them. This captain remains in the pilots seat until the flying pilot again takes over and discusses with the captain the details of the check-up.

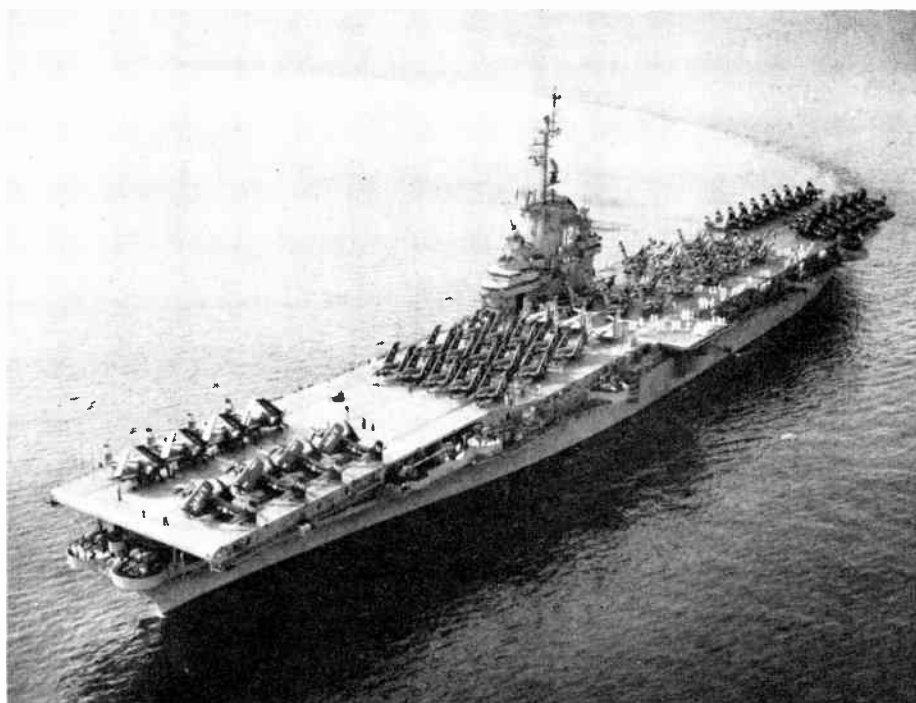
The pilots gather in the ready room and hear about their mock attack success or failure and I can tell you that there are few planes that get thru the radar screen. As a rule they are sighted and shot down close to the three mile limit.

It is an inspiring sight to see these young pilots come boiling out of the "Ready Room" at the given signal and "Man your ships" as ordered from far away bridge deck. These are young men for this is the day of young men who are clean-minded, gentlemen, courteous, respected by their sub-ordinates whom they lead. No more do we have the brutal, bullying mates who went armed with belaying pins and flogged men with cat-o-nine-tails. No more great sails billow and running rigging screams as sails are reeved and triced, furled and unfurled.

Guns that seem to think, search the sky even if all the crew are missing. No more does a husky, bare chested mate yank a lanyard to fire a black powder shot across some sailing sloop of a foreign nation. No more are great piles of black, round cannon balls strewn about the deck. I well remember the words that stirred my young heart, when Dewey ordered—"You may fire when ready Gridley."

The heritage of our navy is truly a tremendous thing. Looking back through the pages of our naval history we can well

(Continued on Page 21)



USS "Hornet" prepares to dock without tugs by using the "Pinwheel" maneuver, that is using the propellers or jet blast to give direction to the ship normally provided by tugs.

Polishing Up The Handle . . .

—By The Editor

"They tried to tell us we're too young," said the words of a popular song of a couple of years ago, but it seems to us that we are being left singularly few years in which to be young, nowadays. In fact, the cry today appears to be "Too old at 40."

Only recently, Ben read a very poignant letter over the air, from an ex-G.I. Night Owl who had served his full 23 years, and now finds that he is deemed too old for civilian employment. Three score years and ten was the tale of a man's life in Biblical times, but since that time the life expectancy of the human being has increased greatly, octogenarians are plentiful, and the centenarian who was a living miracle in years past, is now quite common. The science of geriatrics anticipates that life expectancy will be increased a great deal further with the next, relatively few, years. This will raise the average age of the population to the stage where the 40-year-old is just approaching the prime of life. Will they be too old then?

Of course people in their full prime at 40 are not too old to employ. The real trouble seems to be that in this day and age when almost every large company of repute, and many small ones besides have a pension and retirement scheme which usually comes into action at age 65, a new employee at 40 would upset the actuarial calculations on which the scheme is based.

The age of 65 is set arbitrarily by most schemes to make an actuarial basis for calculation. The human element is ignored. It matters not to the financial experts whether a man is still a valuable executive or employee at 65 or whether he is prematurely senile at 50. At 65 he must retire.

The wise man prepares for his retirement with a plan for an active life in pursuit of his hobby, or running some small business of his own. Those who do not have some form of activity to occupy their still active minds and bodies do not seem to live long to "enjoy" their retirement.

But what of the up and coming young man, is he to wait indefinitely for dead men's shoes? This is a thought which is frequently advanced by those who favor a rigid retirement program. Obviously there is a happy medium which must be achieved. In the first place, the rigid limit of 65 must be abandoned. The question of whether to retire Mr. So-and-So at 65 if he does not wish to do so, should be

decided by management on the basis of his usefulness to the organization. Mr. So-and-So may feel that he would like to continue with the company, but in not so strenuous a manner. Fine, so grant Mr. So-and-So his pension, and retain him at a smaller salary in addition to his pension in the capacity of elder statesman and advisor to his successor. The final authority

They Speak For Themselves

We have reached a stage in our political development where the cannons of common decency are cast aside without hesitation by many politicians. Lies, calumny, slander and assaults upon a man's personal honor or integrity are considered worthy weapons in some circles. To be resorted to without qualm when there is no true political issue at stake. Even a man's family, down to his children are not immune from vicious attacks by these festering sores upon the body politic. We hope, that in recording some of the more choice examples here, regardless of party, we may stress to the voting public the necessity for political surgery at the next election.

It had been our opinion until recently that the most disgraceful remark made in a long time by an elected representative, had been made by the Junior Senator from Wisconsin when he, secure in his senatorial immunity, told a General Officer of the United States Army that he was not fit to wear his uniform.

But trust the good old American political scene. A good Democrat cannot allow a Republican to out-do him, even in the gutter, and a new low was set this month when the Democratic Senator Matthew Neely of West Virginia made the following remarks about President Eisenhower before the Auto Union Convention in Cleveland, and with heaving stomachs we quote, ". . . Just doesn't know what it's all about . . . That the country needs a President who won't spend more than half his time playing golf and fishing . . . And that he's tired of the way Eisenhower, (as Neely expressed it) tries to parade his religion when he never joined a church until after he became president."

What a far cry from the days when the term Virginian and gentleman were considered synonymous.

will rest with the successor who must make the decisions. But he needs the advice of the man who has done the job so long, and with a little mutual adjustment a fine relationship can be achieved to the benefit of both individuals and to the company they both serve as well.

Many engineering concerns in various parts of the country have discovered that the setting apart of a special shop for their retired employees has paid off handsomely in new ideas which these old-timers have had the chance to work out. Many a sticky problem of production or manufacturing has been quietly solved by these long experienced men who at last have the time to think a problem out with their brains and hands, instead of having to cope with the daily rush and quota of normal production. One well-known organization even refers to their retired employees workshop as the Brains Trust. And they are not kidding.

Youth may have the drive and initiative. In fact it was these qualities in the men who are now compelled to retire which put us in the technological forefront of the world, but the drive of youth is no substitute for experience, which only time can bring.

In the drive to make a buck, many of us have to abandon our professional day dreams. In other words, we do what is necessary for the moment because we often are denied the time to think the problem through in the way we would like to.

Our population is increasing by leaps and bounds, and there are more jobs available every year. We can not afford to throw valuable brains and experience on the scrap heap for the sake of an actuarial index. Let us therefore make it possible for the country to get the best from everyone. Above all, let us erase forever the fantastic and wicked law which penalizes old people, and says that if they wish to work, then they must forfeit the government pension for which they have worked and paid.

If our young men are to see visions, then our old men must be allowed to dream dreams, and they are as much entitled to realize those dreams as are the young men to materialize their visions. Not even an actuary had the nerve to tell Einstein that he was too old to be the world's greatest mathematician, and we can hardly afford to pass up the chance that one of our too old at 40 men may become a second Einstein.

But Mrs. Hempel Said . . . !

Many a California mother finds these days that the temporary tendency to condone something for the sake of peace or convenience has acquired a new monitor. In fact, they are often amused to hear their very small fry announce with perfect assurance of their impregnable position, that Mrs. Hempel said so-and-so on "Little School House" this morning. Sometimes a little rueful at being caught bending, they still take time out to pay mental tribute to Eleanor Hempel, the calm, poised young lady who holds their absorbed attention five days a week during the session of "Little School House."

Not many fathers are fortunate enough to have the time to watch this show, whose simplicity and directness tends to conceal the perfection of her art. It always gives one a feeling of satisfaction, and artistic appreciation to watch the effortless ease with which a top-rate magician holds a child audience. To observe the same degree of effortless dexterity in teaching the pre-school group is not only a pleasure, but gives much encouragement for the future to parents who regard the present school system with the gravest misgivings.

If real value to the community is to be the yardstick — and what better — than Eleanor Hempel's "Emmy" from the T.V. industry this year was assuredly the best earned. We were truly delighted to witness the announcement of this well-deserved tribute. But it was not only the teacher, but the born showman in Eleanor that inspired her to present Danny Thomas with the gold star school report he had so far missed. But it was the dedicated teacher again who accepted the award in the name of the teaching profession.

"What's with," to use the vernacular this show? Well, in the first place, it is a team deal. True, only Eleanor appears before the cameras, but Eleanor has one stock answer to all questions about the business aspect or organization backstage, "You'll have to ask my husband."

The position of a husband whose wife rises to fame in Show Biz is frequently an unenviable one, but nobody has ever thought of referring to Walter Hempel as "Mr. Eleanor Hempel." Walter is so clearly the rock on which Eleanor leans both for advice and assistance that it is transparently clear that here is a real cooperation.

What are Eleanor Hempel's aims and motives? What is her underlying purpose in putting on "Little School House?" It is, of course, illustrating the obvious to



Eleanor (Little School House) Hempel

say that she loves children, and knows exactly how to handle them. Also, anyone can see with half an eye that she is a born teacher. But being born with the knack is not enough, as Eleanor would be the first to say. We know of no teacher in her particularly exacting field who is so highly academically qualified, and it is partly the confidence engendered by this training that gives her that air of calm confidence which goes a long way toward inspiring that obedience and complete trust even in little hellions who make mother's life hideous during the rest of the day.

But underneath this excellent performance, lies a really serious concern for the future of education in this country. Eleanor does not feel that it is within her province to take issue with the curricula of the schools in Southern California, but she does feel that there is a very serious danger involved in the fact that today's school teacher does not have the respect which was his or her automatic due in years gone by. How true this is. Those of us who were educated in Europe or have lived there for a long period, particularly if in a small community, remember all too clearly that the teacher is regarded, if not as an oracle, at least as a person of mature mind and judgement, whose opinion and advice was well worth seeking on anything of real importance whether in school or in our personal lives.

It is neither necessary nor desirable that we should return to the ramrod obedience of other generations, but it is eminently desirable that the modern day teacher receive from parent and child alike, the respect which is most manifestly due to those who have the exacting duty of molding and training the minds of our youth. If this is not clearly and irrefutably true, then what sort of a deal are we handing either the children or the teachers?

One of the things which impressed us most when we met Eleanor in person, was her dignity. Television at its best cannot do justice to Eleanor, for it cannot bring forth the crystal clarity of her complexion, or the innate "freshness" which is so peculiarly hers. It is our opinion that while being friendly and casual to a certain degree, a teacher needs an air of quiet dignity which acts as an unspoken check on the otherwise unruly. Our teachers should be the aristocracy of our culture, trained and dedicated to the purpose that each generation shall excel the last. Eleanor is entitled to the dignity of her profession, she has it, and it becomes her exceedingly well.

No parent in their right mind would doubt the value of the proper influence on a child in the most formative years, and the general consensus of opinion among child psychologists is that the first five years of a child's life have the most influence on forming his or her character, and it's this pre-school group that Eleanor Hempel influences on her program.

Eleanor's program and her plans and aims for the future would make us feel that this could be a new beginning of sensible, practical well-planned educational system in the Golden State, if it were not for one regrettable feature. Eleanor and Walter have accumulated a large mailing list of listeners and viewers who have written to express their support and appreciation, but how true is it that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. Believe it or not, but from a mountain of mail, Walter could only produce one letter of support from a well-known educator. The others are doubtless too busy sulking like Achilles in their tents nursing their wounded egos. They would do well to remember that even he had a vulnerable heel.

The heck with them, Eleanor, in our book you have given the much maligned grade school teacher a shot in the morale. We urge you to keep up the good work, and fight the battle for our children in the field for which you are so well equipped. Shall we give you the "word"? Then here it is: "Lay on MacDuff, and cursed be he who first cries, 'Hold, Enough!'"

CHARLES E. HAMILTON

Mix varying portions of printers ink, music, and capability, place them in a quiet, unassuming, philosophical, active-minded man, and you have KFI's assistant to the President, Charles E. Hamilton. (An impressive title bestowed on an equally impressive man.)

Charles, one of the younger of the six Hamilton children was born in Plainview, Nebraska, which is in the Northeastern part of the state, where his father had established, in about 1886, the first newspaper in that section of the country.

The Hamilton family moved to Norfolk, Nebraska, when Charles was about five. While the elder Mr. Hamilton remained in the newspaper business, our young "Charlie" discovered, at this early age, that he had a voice—a profitable voice, and he used it to sing his way into a wealth of bags of candy, gum, and pennies and even larger denomination of old-fashioned hard cold cash.

Completing high school in Norfolk, Charles entered the University of Nebraska, where he studied music. During the years that he was in grade and high school, Charles always kept himself employed in theatres. At the age of ten he was not only an usher but he played the player piano during the picture, dashed on stage when the picture was finished to handle the curtain for the vaudeville, then dashed off stage to the projection room to run the picture. It was only a short time until he was the official projectionist. During all this time, however, he still remained active in music and was singing in all kinds of functions. Charles Hamilton did, indeed, have a great love for the entertainment business, a great love that has been ever present.

Following his schooling, when he was about 22, he owned a chain of three movie houses in three different towns in the area. Hamilton's future and security was insured for an early age of retirement as a wealthy and successful business man—insured against everything except a local crop failure. As Mr. Hamilton explains, a crop failure in an area meant a local depression. At a time when people are not financially secure one of the first things to suffer is the entertainment business.

Charles sold his three theatres and went to work for M.G.M. in Omaha, Nebraska. He remained in the movie business for several years. He took a leave of absence from MGM in about 1926 to come to California. As the "flickers" were adding sound Hamilton wanted to get back into a singing career and felt that there should

be a spot for him in music in the movie industry.

A short time after his arrival in California he organized the Chapel Quartet, now known as the Hamilton Quartet on records. In addition to their constant working schedule, appearances on radio, they recorded and syndicated 250 hymns and old songs for the World Broadcasting Company.

Meanwhile in the early 30's, while trying to keep up with his singing, Mr. Hamilton joined the Fox West Coast Theatres



"Charlie" Hamilton, at his desk at KFI as assistant to the president Mr. Earl C. Anthony. He's the man on the spot—and, incidentally, also on the ball.

where he managed a dozen theatres. He came to work at KFI in 1942, but having sung on KFI for several years before, he became one of our regular employees.

Charles had decided to give up the tremendous amount of outside activities and concentrate his efforts on one job, that of taking charge of the music library at KFI. It was at this time that radio was having the big ASCAP fight, wherein ASCAP would not allow their music to broadcast on radio. As is well known ASCAP had control of the cream of the crop of music. It was then that the BMI (Broadcast Music Incorporated) was formed by the stations as a music licensing organization. Charlie, quite a copyright expert, was one of the guiding hands in the formation of this organization. He helped find music that could be played on radio. (We have a sneaking hunch that Charles Hamilton is the man who was responsible for our having heard "Jeannie

with the Light Brown Hair" 25 thousand times a day!)

From handling the station's music Hamilton went into Public Relations and Public Service for KFI, handling them both for radio and television. It was from this position that Charles was "booked" into his present position as Assistant to the President, in March, 1952.

We take great pride at KFI in the many awards that have been presented to us throughout the years for our public service, and we also take equal pride in having had Charlie in that department when the majority of these awards were presented, such as the George Foster Peabody Award; many awards of Merit from the Community Chest; citation from the National Council of Catholic Men; and many other citations and awards from such organizations as the U.S. Department of Forest Service; Los Angeles Police Department; the American Medical Association, Billboard Magazine; and the Institute for Education by Radio offered by the Ohio State University, and many, many others.

For those of you who are record collectors you might check into Decca Album A-829, the "Hymns of Praise" sung by the Hamilton Quartet. Charles is not only the first tenor of this excellent aggregation but is the arranger as well.

At the time Charles took his job with MGM in Omaha, Nebraska, he married his childhood sweetheart and "best girl." Myrna (Zulauf) Hamilton went through grade and high school with Charles and they were in the same high school graduation class. The Hamilton home on Ninth Street was directly across the alley from the Zulauf home. Of course Myrna dated many of the other boys, and Charlie was undoubtedly seen in a "malt shop" with some of the other gals, but all the "very best" parties were attended by Charlie and his "very best" girl Myrna.

Mr. Hamilton, a Mason, and active in Rotary work, is also a member of the Los Angeles and Hollywood Ad Clubs. He's still an excellent singer which alone would give him the respect of his fellow workers, but it's his great quiet, calm peace of mind, his philosophical attitude, and his approach to problems that adds to that respect. At the time of any great daily crisis he can be heard to say "this too shall pass." He's the type of man of whom we can easily say, "If I were allowed to select my own father—I would choose Charles Hamilton."

ON OUR SHOW *By Betta Figge*

The Sargasso Sea rolled out of Ben's mailbag this month, and in its wake, a seachest of mariners' legends of derelict ships trapped in mid-Atlantic by swirling masses of flotsam, jetsam and seaweed.

Our favorite yarn was the one telling that these schooners and frigates of yesteryear are still inhabited by descendants of the original crews.

So it was with a bit of remorse we were brought back to fact and reality by Vic Houser. Seems the 1925 Beebe expedition set out with the purpose of exploding the myth of the Sargasso or returning with pieces of eight and gold doubloons. They found not a single ship, only an enormous bed of seaweed, many species of shrimp theretofore unknown and a greater knowledge of marine life in general.

(But just at press-time we overheard Ben pursuing the subject with a beached nightowl who claims he's seen clusters of derelict ships locked in the currents of the ocean. So for the time being, we're reserving judgement.)

In the meantime, anybody for having his "odd gifts received for no special occasion" registered?

It will take only a three-cent stamp to avail yourself of the newest service available to nightowls. Standing by her mailbox (No. 667, to be specific), in San Jacinto, California, is Vice-President in charge of registering UNBIRTHDAY GIFTS, Polly Sears.

Already in the book are her own intriguing assortment, including one friend's gift to her of a radio disguised as an old-fashioned wall telephone. She received it with the sly suggestion that now perhaps she could talk to Ben on the "beeper" and hear herself on the radio at the same time!

As for "beeper" calls, by George there's a new invention to pierce the phone barrier. Unfortunately we know the inventor by no other name so we can't put you in touch with him. But he's been proving the merit of his invention by getting through no less than three times an hour.

To use his device, George says he dials the phone number he wants to reach onto the memory of the machine. It then does the dialing—every 32 seconds until there is an answer. If each Nightowl were supplied with this gadget, think how the phone company would be hopping!

There was a good bit of hopping going on right in the studios the other morning when Bill Mahan signaled in an SOS to

settle an argument over at his house. "What," he asked, "are kangaroo rats?"

His answer came from Death Valley Prospector Howell. "They're very cute little beasties that look exactly like the big kangaroos. They have short front legs, a kangaroo-type tail and hop around with their fisties off the ground."

Howell reported he found as many as three or four of these animals under rocks in the Arizona desert in the vicinity of an old mining camp, Skidoo.

Graeme Henderson unchained himself from his editorial bench to add that kangaroo tail is quite a delicacy. Questioned further, he admitted having lost his spirit of adventure when he received, as a gift during the war, some kangaroo-tail soup!

We're still waiting for the first-hand account from one who enjoys seeing kangaroo-tail on the menu, but in the meantime, the mystery of the message minted in morse code around the edge of a 1943 Canadian five-cent piece has been cleared up after many weeks of wondering about it.

The dots and dashes decoded, say, "We win when we work willingly."

Astutely, Engineer Phil noted all the words began with "W", to which Ben commented, "That's right."

And, as though that weren't bad enough, we now have to accept Doc Vaughan's putting a stopper on all bottomless lakes for all times. He patiently pointed out a "bottomless" lake would go right through the earth, giving it at least two surfaces, if not a top and a bottom.

The lakes were but a single item mentioned the night Doc was in the studio for the full hour and a half show. Being only the second time in four years he's made a personal appearance, it served to underline the announcement of the long-awaited news of publication of Doc's book, *THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE*, soon to be published by *THE LIMB* with author's royalties from its sale going to aid cancer research.

Cancer research brings to mind an interesting theory proposed on the "beeper" by Anthropology graduate student Glen Garvey.

It's Glen opinion all great social cultures decay because of overemphasis on one phase of that culture's development. Carried a step further along the ladder of logic, he admitted to thinking we show symptoms of the same decay because of overemphasis on technological development.

Not that Glen would hold scientific research to blame, but rather, the idea our culture hasn't kept pace in fields such as human relations, the arts, and the like.

By month's end, no challenger to Glen's opinion has come forward. Could it be all nightowls concur?

Just as some topics take a bit of time to get thoroughly debated, there are others that set nightowls hooting as soon as they are mentioned. When John Paul Jones' ghost slithered into the conversation early one morning, Lieutenant Julius James Holbin called in to say he was there when the remains of the Admiral were returned to this country to be enshrined.

Even more interesting was a yarn Holbin recounted that has remained an enigma to him for some fifty years.

It began aboard the USS "Brooklyn" in mid-Atlantic (NOT in the Sargasso Sea, we understand), in July, 1905. All

(Continued on Page 17)

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K.F.ITIS

By Ron Manders

Was very pleased to receive an interesting and though provoking letter from Arthur F. Miles of San Diego. Before we get into answering—or trying to explain away some of Mr. Miles questions, I would like to quote from his letter one of the very finest tributes to today's radio. There have been quite a few catch phrases made up like "Wherever you go there's radio" and countless others used by radio stations all over the country. However, Arthur Miles put it this way:—"Anybody who is all dressed up to go to the funeral of RADIO will have plenty of time to shave again first."

Thank you, Sir. It just backs up our thoughts on the subject, but finding a direct way to put it is usually the problem. There are many people, and big people too, who became frightened of radio's standing when television came on the scene. The trouble really started when those people hesitated in their faith. Too many of them hesitated, and even as yet, have not put their full strength back of the media that earned them their living for so many years. We're sure however, that they'll either come around or drop out by the wayside entirely.

Mr. Miles asks a question: "What is a Disc Jockey?" (First let me mention here that I'm not quoting Mr. Miles letter in its entirety. There are many sentences discussing disc jockeys before he rephrases and asks his question). I'll have to answer that question something like this: Every thing has to have a name. A short peppy-type title. If it doesn't then you're left out of the conversation. (When I hear some of the phrases that I use just to be a part of a conversation—I wish they'd leave me out of it entirely). You and I, Mr. Miles, could get along just fine, if I were to refer to an announcer who has an engineer who plays records while he announces the titles—but we'd soon be put in our places as a "square" and find ourselves still three paragraphs behind the rest of the crowd. Well, maybe we'd deserve to be, because we'd know what we were talking about for sure.

But all kidding aside a Disc Jockey would really be just as you described it, an announcer in a little five-watt station who has to put the disc on the turntable and announce the title of the selection,

and read the commercials, all by himself. In the case of KFI we're just being bananas and going along with the bunch. I don't imagine that a lot of our announcers particularly like to be labeled disc jockeys, but it is a term used in the trade by record companies, picked up by the industry and the listeners and now accepted as a common label for anyone who either announces records and-or announces and plays them. (Time out)

I just returned to my desk from asking Al Poska what he thought about being called a "disc Jockey?" He doesn't like it he says, "it sounds unclean" he even went along further to say that when the expression first came out he made up his mind that no one was going to call him a "d. j.," but after a while when all the "d. j.'s" started making so much money he thought it might be all right. (Time passed) Al didn't make any of the fabulous money that was supposed to go with the title, so he'd just as soon not have the term associated with his name. "A record or platter spinner" he doesn't mind, but disc jockey he doesn't like it.

Guess I owe an apology to Al for having called him the "daddy of all the d. j.'s" and believe me Al, now that the subject has come up I am truly sorry. I have to agree with Mr. Miles, actually the person who plops the platter on the table would be the one who would really be the jockey, but those fellows, at KFI, are called engineers, a title they have earned and for which we have respect, and it will remain that way.

Record shows are made up in advance,

and the announcer is supplied with a list of the tunes that are going to played on his show. However, every once in a while one of those little gremlins, left over from World War II, seem to sneak into the studio and flip one of the discs over to the other side before it gets on to the turntable. Consequently the announcer tells you you are going to hear one selection, while another tune comes over your speaker.. Believe me, when this happens, everyone concerned at the moment wishes that it hadn't. It's bad enough when it happens to a musical number, but you can guess what goes on at a radio station when a transcribed show is put on, and at the fifteen minute break where the commercial is given and the following disc is cued up for the continuation of the story just happens to turn out to be the second disc for the show which will be presented next week! You just shudder knowing that when you get into the office the next day there are going to be some heads that roll. But it happens—not too often, but then none of us are perfect.

There is more, much more to Arthur Miles' letter, and I would like to answer some of his question in later editions of the Limb. It is stimulating having someone send in a note such as Mr. Miles, as it gives you many things to think about that we in the business just consider everyday work. So with your permission, I'll carry on from here next time and in the meantime perhaps I'll have the opportunity to do a little more research to make more intelligent answers for our fine readers and listeners.



Ollie learns about Western Airlines New Night Owl flights at Western's Hollywood office. If you are interested call the Hollywood office and be sure and say YOU are a Night Owl. Night Owl Flights run from Seattle to Los Angeles and vice-versa.

BIG BEAR ENTERS HOME STRETCH!

One of these days, and very soon too, our good friend Dave Lentz the genial and super-efficient Secretary-Manager of the Big Bear Chamber of Commerce is going to travel so fast on his rounds of checking on Ben Hunter Days preparations that odds are being offered in local bistros that he will break the sound barrier. Take it easy, pal, we know that you have everything under control.

Yes, folks, you only need to spend a day in Big Bear these days to know that Ben Hunter Days are going to be a time to remember. Just ask our San Diego Club V-P, Helen Stevens. Helen took a trip to Big Bear this past weekend, to get the answers to the scores of questions which she is asked daily over the telephone by fellow San Diego Owls. By and

large, Helen came back with a glowing report. Big Bear was all we had told her, and a spot more. You see, you can not really describe either Big Bear or the grand folks there in adequate terms without sounding like the runner-up in the annual Liars contest. But it's all true, and we believe that no matter how we have raved about this last unspoiled spot in the mountains, just the same it will far exceed your expectations.

We understand that Helen received the full 50-cent tour, conducted by Dave Lentz himself, and she was shown where everything will happen on that great June 17-19 weekend. There was talk, from a different source, of considerable fishing, and as you know, our Helen casts a mean rod.

One thing we have been more than slightly amazed to hear recently, was the same remark made by various Night Owls who could not have been up to Big Bear since . . . well, a long time. They seemed to have the idea that Big Bear was still only accessible by means of the old switch-back road of days gone by, which would have taxed the energy of a well-developed young mountain goat. But that's all changed now. When you get to the bottom of the hill by the Redlands turnoff, you start up a well-graded, beautifully surfaced double highway. Helen took note of the various turn-arounds and sundry watering spots, and they were more than plentiful. In short, you can drive in perfect comfort from San Bernardino to Big Bear in an hour. In view of the anticipated

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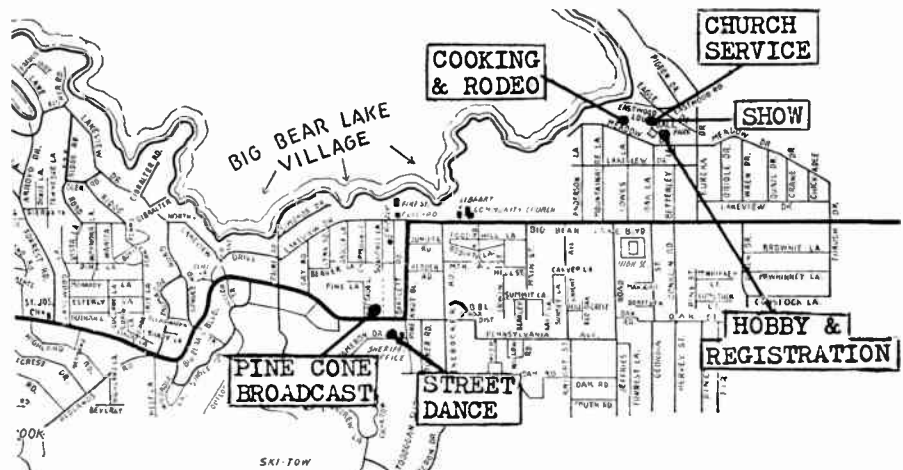


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Editor's Note: Dig those cer-rezy
Hot Cakes!



Preview of what goes on where! This map will help you find your way around. Full scale map will appear in the June issue.

V-P's In Charge of Transportation For Ben Hunter Days at Big Bear

Los Angeles: Mardi Sharp, 3311 Newton, Torrance, California.

San Diego: Helen Stevens, Box 113, Lakeside, California.

Long Beach: Fred Phlaff, 1740 Linden.

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traffic during the fateful week-end, we would advocate allowing a little more than the bare hour. But you will not have any trouble at all.

For you characters who like the art of Isaac Walton, we do hear tell that they put a vast number of fish in the lake this year, and that them as wants to, are getting pretty good catches. So bring along that fishin' gear Paw!

You know, what with one thing and another, and the Limb coming out in its usual mad dash, and us breaking our fool necks to get the June issue out well before you get to Big Bear, it kind of seems that we should restore the jaded nerves and worn out tissues with a week-end at Big Bear, and pack away a few of those ding-batted hot cakes of Miriam's. Goldarn those things, believe it or not, but Ben and ourselves left KFI t'other day as soon as the show was off the air, and made for Big Bear. We kinda thought we'd eat near San Burdoo, but we'll swear we smelled those hot cakes clear down the mountain, and so we batted on up. Sure enough, if Andy hadn't 'uv opened that front door at just the right minute, we'd sure have eaten our way through like a couple of beavers. Well purt nigh through if'n not plumb—that's a whole lot of door.

See you swinging from the old twig at Big Bear folks, and for Pete's sake get busy with those reservations before Dave tells you you are too late!!!

MARCH ISSUE—Due to mailing difficulties many of our paid subscribers did not receive their March issue. Anyone who has finished with this issue and does not care to retain same, is requested to forward it to the Limb offices. Those that did not receive it will be very grateful.

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OF SHOES AND SHIPS . . .

By John Hickey

Heavy thoughts from a light thinker.

Self-communion, they say, is good for the soul. Well, maybe. It brings out some pretty nasty remarks from my alter ego, that's all I know.

My AE usually starts passing out these uncalled for comments when I've been sitting in front of my Underwood for oh! how many a weary hour, facing a blank sheet of paper and staring hypnotically at that one word, "Underwood." I mumble. "Underwood, Underwood, Underwood, Underwood."



JOHN HICKEY

"So," says you-know-who, "what are you going to do? Fill up a whole column with 'Underwood, Underwood, Underwood?' Whatta matter, can't you 'Column, column, column?' With dots to stretch it out- At least they couldn't say you hadn't written, quote, a column."

"Hah!" I say. "Very, very funny. You'll have to do better than that, you schmoe."

"So, bright boy," my unaltered ego retorts, "show inspiration. Get humorous. Go quaint. Stand up in front of the mirror and stick out your tongue at yourself. No? All right, all right, don't then. Probably coated, anyway."

So that leaves me feeling fine and refreshed, and I start wondering about things like:

DOORS:

How many doors are there downstairs? Two big ones, of course, front and back. And then, the cupboards. But how many? Altogether, I mean.

Slam! Slam! Those two I know.

Bang, catch. I forgot about that one. The service porch. (The cupboards go ponk, pink. I should be hearing them soon.)

Booong! The refrigerator, obviously. Mother's evidently putting it in its place. And she's just the little lady can do it.

Ah . . . clinks, now. No doors these. Two small, tentative clinks, a little larger clink, a more definite intermediate clink, and . . . wait, now . . .

CLANK! There it went, thank goodness. Mother just knocked the last of something off her mixing spoon against the side of the bowl. Well! That was suspense for you! I'll say one thing for Mom. When she finishes with a spoon she finishes with it. No monkey business about her!

Oh, well, pretty soon she'll be opening another door and the stairway will reverberate with "DINNER!" And this column—and anything else at hand—can wait. When Mom calls "Dinner," she don't mean next week, Charlie.

And now, friends, let us consider the case of the:

AIR PILLOW:

Ever try one? Well, if not, don't! Not if you're a member of the Pillow Lovers league.

Had my first experience, recently, while enjoying a little delayed-honeymoon trip to lovely Laguna.

Know what happens with an air pillow? You try to pull it up over your ears—and it squashes around and pops out on the floor. So you pick it up, grab it with both arms, and start to murmur, "aaahhh, ummmm." But you never get to the "ummmm."

You just get to the "aaahhh," and then again squash. And you go right in the "gawdamyewcomebackhere" stage.

An then your wife says, "Now, listen! Your language is bad enough when you lose a fish off your line—and I've put up with that. But when you start swearing at a poor defenseless pillow, that's it, chum. The honeymoon is over."

That's what mine said to me. And I said, "You rather I swear at you?"

She jumped up and said, "You just try it, that's all. Just try it!"

I said, "I read where if a man doesn't swear at his wife once in a while, and beat her up maybe once a week, she thinks he doesn't lover her."

She said, "Oh, shut up, you lug, and

let me get some sleep."

So I shut up, and I thought she had gone to sleep, and about five minutes later she leaned over and pecked me on the cheek. And then she laid back down and sighed.

I don't get it, do you?

Anyway you can have your air pillows. Poof!

And now, if I may change my pattern, I'd like to pay tribute to a lovely lady, a wonderful poet and true friend, whose recent passing left an unfillable void. Cecile Bonham.

YOU ARE OURS

You are ours.
You live in the me—
And in the us—
Of all you touched.
We would be other than we are,
Except for you.
Know, dear friend—
And rest.

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EATERS DIGEST

By *Mason L. Ehrman*

As soon as I get to the bottom of this pile of mail I'll be able to start my column . . . hold on a minute!!

Well, dear Readers, you have certainly come through on your entries for the Country Fair Cooking Contest for **BEN HUNTER DAYS** at Big Bear Lake next month. The office of **THE LIMB** informs me that they sent out stocks of entry cards to those of you who have requested them. Just a few week ends off now, and the big spree will be on. Our committee in charge of planning and coordinating thinks that the best time to hold the contest will be about 2:00 P.M. on Saturday, June 18th. Those of you who are planning to enter the cooking contest better be getting your requests in for your entry cards because all entry cards must be in the mails by midnight of Wednesday, June 8th. My committee and I will be working on dividing the entries into categories the following week-end which will give us an idea on how to arrange our judging area up at Big Bear. And have we lined up some prizes for you!



Mason L. Ehrman

I was a good father on Mother's Day; I cooked the dinner for two families and got a big kick out of doing it. We received a phone call from the wife of a very close friend of mine who is a Chief Petty Officer now serving in the Formosa Straights. She was very lonely and asked us if we wouldn't come down to their home in Long Beach and be with her on Mother's Day. The mothers sat in the living room entertaining four children (or vice versa), and Dad was in the kitchen cookin' and having a wonderful time. Will Dad be in the kitchen cooking on Father's Day on Sunday, June 19th? No sir, this dad will be up at Big Bear Lake probably eating with his family at one of the lodges!!

I've received many requests from listeners for my recipe "Hamburger Chop Suey." This is the dish I prepared when "guesting" on *The Other Side of The Day*. If I can prepare it on a two-burner hot plate set in front of Ben's mike, it should be plenty easy to prepare it over a four-burner gas stove.

HAMBURGER CHOP SUEY

1 lb Ground meat for meat loaf (beef,

- pork and veal)
- 4 long stalks of celery
- 2 medium onions
- 1 green pepper
- 2 cloves of garlic
- salt to taste
- 3 heaping tsp, corn starch
- 3 tbsp. soy sauce
- pepper to taste
- 1 pkg. fresh chop suey mix OR
- 1 pkg. fresh bean sprouts
- 1/2 lb. Chinese peas (if in season)
- 1 very small yellow or white turnip (if desired)

Put 4 tbsp. oil in large frying pan and get oil fairly hot, almost to smoking point. Crush cloves of garlic between two pieces of waxed paper with back of small spoon or strong large knife. Place crushed and separated garlic in hot oil, mix in well, and then remove from oil when garlic starts turning brown. Turn heat down a bit under pan, then put in the pound of ground meat, breaking it into chunks as you put it in the pan. Cover the pan if possible to enable the meat to stew in its own moisture. Stir often until all the pink is out of the meat, and then turn the heat down as low as possible. While the meat is cooking you will have plenty of time to work on the vegetables. Cut the celery "on the bias," peel the onions, cut each then separate the slices by pulling each one in half and each half in thirds and wedge apart like you would pull the petals off a flower; cut the green pepper in half, take out the seeds and all white pulp on the inside and then cut the pepper into 1-inch squares; wash fresh chop suey mix or fresh bean sprouts in pan of cold water and drain well. If you can get Chinese peas, clean them as you would regular garden peas by pulling the vein-string out but leave the pod intact. If you use a yellow or white turnip, the amount used should be no more than the size of a large tangerine or lemon. Cut the turnip (preferably the yellow or rutabaga) into thin strips about 1/4-inch just as you would for shoe-string potatoes.

In a large iron or aluminum Dutch oven or your roasting pan, place 3 tbsp. oil. Put oven or roasting pan over high heat and put in sliced celery, onions, green pepper, and let these vegetables steam in covered oven or pan for about 10 minutes, stirring them about every 2 or 3 minutes. Now add Chinese peas and shoe-stringed turnips, letting vegetables cook another 5 minutes. Empty entire contents of frying pan containing the hamburger into pot

with the vegetables and mix well. Dissolve 3 heaping teaspoonsful of corn starch in cold water and add 3 tablespoonsful of soy sauce, mix well, and add to hamburger-vegetable mixture, mixing very well throughout. Now add your chop suey mix or bean sprouts, mixing again, turn heat down very low, cover pot and let it steam for 3 to 5 minutes and the Hamburger Chop Suey is finished. At some altitudes on the West Coast, cooking time for the vegetables will have to be regulated, but never cook the vegetables too long. When you are finished, the vegetables should be crisp, in fact a little on the raw side to have this dish really tasty. Serve over crisp Chinese fried noodles (Chow Mein) or steamed rice.

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Thoughts for the Day

By
Marie
of
Upland



- Sunday, May 1st—A prayer in its simplest definition, is merely a wish turned heavenward. (Phillips Brooks)
- Monday, May 2nd—Patience and gentleness is power. (Leigh Hunt)
- Tuesday, May 3—The supreme test of good manners is to put up with bad ones pleasantly.
- Wednesday, May 4—The only substitute for work is a miracle.
- Thursday, May 5—The man who loses his temper usually loses.
- Friday, May 6—A man who will not protect his freedom doesn't deserve to be free.
- Saturday, May 7—A real big shot is a man who is not afraid to eat his fried chicken with his fingers at a big banquet.
- Sunday, May 8—The perfect love of God knoweth no difference between the poor and the rich. (Pacuviers)
- Monday, May 9—Feminine tact is what enables a woman to look up to a man who is shorter than she is.
- Tuesday, May 10—In America one man is just as good as another—maybe even better.
- Wednesday, May 11—It's surprising how many right handed girls become left handed after they're engaged.
- Thursday, May 12—The surest way to live a long life is to be someone's wealthy uncle.
- Friday, May 13—Children don't tell the neighbors all the family's secrets. Only the ones they know.
- Saturday, May 14—The trouble with most golfers is that they stand too close to the ball after they hit it.
- Sunday, May 15—Every believer is God's miracle. (Bailey)
- Monday, May 16—A bargain is usually something that's so reasonable they won't take it back when you find out what's wrong with it.
- Tuesday, May 17—Nothing takes weight off a small boy like taking a bath.
- Wednesday, May 18—A motorist should always approach a school slowly—as he did when he was a child.
- Thursday, May 19—One reason why a man requires less time to dress than a woman is that he doesn't have to slow down for the curves.

OLLIE THE NIGHT OWL

By DAVE DETIEGE



HEL-L-LP! — OH DOC — DOC VAUGHAN!

- Friday, May 20—Crossing a street is a gamble. You never know what hospital they'll rush you to.
- Saturday, May 21—Despite its recent advances, television will never replace the newspaper. No house wife can wrap garbage in a 21-inch screen.
- Sunday, May 22—He that forgets his friends is ungrateful to him; but he that forgets his Savior is unmerciful to himself. (Bunyan)
- Monday, May 23—The trouble with some people is that when you ask them how they are . . . they tell you!
- Tuesday, May 24—One of the best ways to see yourself as others see you is to have a passport photo taken.
- Wednesday, May 25—A guest towel is what often persuades people their hands don't need washing after all.
- Thursday, May 26—A smart girl is one who can hold a man at arm's length without losing her grip on him.
- Friday, May 27—Perhaps you can't buy happiness with money, but you can't buy groceries with happiness either.
- Saturday, May 28—A friend is a person who knows you, and still likes you.
- Sunday, May 29—Suffering is part of the divine idea. (Henry Ward Beecher)
- Monday, May 30—One of the most exciting ways to travel is by wet soap.
- Tuesday, May 31—A chrysanthemum by any other name would be easier to spell.

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On Our Show

(Continued on Page 10)

mail and personal effects of the men aboard the ship were meticulously examined. Rumors spread that the officers were searching for a one-inch strip of cloth—ghoulishly snipped from the Ensign provided by the D.A.R. to accompany the Admiral's casket during the return journey from Paris.

Since there was a constant honor guard of four men on duty, Holbin could not believe anyone could have managed to slip close enough to snatch such a souvenir.

Fully a year later, however, Holbin says seamen from the Brooklyn told of being stopped on the street by indignant women who demanded to know why anyone would so desecrate the Ensign their organization had contributed toward the honor due the Admiral.

These seamen also reported matters got so embarrassing they either avoided certain parts of New York City or removed the band from their sailor's caps—the band on which was printed the name of the ship they were attached to.

So, asks Holbin, did a piece of the D.A.R. Ensign get stolen in mid-ocean? And if so, how?

Another mystery among personal experiences of nightowls took the shape of a pair of black, square-section chopsticks. They were unusual in that they tapered to an extremely sharp point.

A gift to Mrs. Sinclair Harvey some 35 years ago, she proudly carried them with her whenever she had occasion to know she would be enjoying Chinese food. But within a short time she noticed that in the presence of any Chinese persons, the chopsticks attracted great attention. Other Chinese patrons in a restaurant, (and employees of the restaurant, as well) bowed in her direction.

Curious, she began to find out why. Neither the friend who had given the chopsticks to her, the Portland, Oregon restaurant owner, Chin, nor any other Chinese person of her acquaintance would tell her. She told the tale to Ben one morning, but aside from the hint she had many years ago that the chopsticks are characteristic and symbolic of a powerful Tong, she learned nothing more. If nightowls are so wise, this is one time they're not hooting!

While dispelling none of the mystery encasing Mrs. Harvey's chopsticks, Lowell "Lou" Wilson did contribute some interesting information about Chinese Tongs.

According to Wilson, Tongs were formed nearly a hundred years ago to protect non-English speaking Chinamen from unethical landlords. Seems after renting

a store and putting much labor into improving the property of these low-rentals, these Chinese people would find themselves evicted. The Tongs retaliated by putting a taboo on the buildings involved, which meant no other Chinese person would then tenant it.

Wilson admitted some of the Tongs later drifted into the shades of gangster underworld, but also pointed out the need for the Tongs has been all but completely wiped out in recent years. This, he said was due to greater strides being taken to extend legal protection to such Chinese residents.

Instead of forming such vigilante groups to protect their people, the Seminole Indians merely retreated in the heart of Florida. This information came from Leon Giles, himself a Cherokee, but adopted by the Seminoles. Giles added that the Seminoles navigate the Everglades by means of a chain of hammock-like bridges made from the trunks of trees. (Wonder if these would be the first suspension bridges?)

Giles also mentioned that the Seminoles are the only tribe of American Indians who have not surrendered to the United States although they have signed a peace pact of sorts.

Ironically enough, the Seminoles gave the U.S.A., technically still their enemy, fifteen million dollars during World War Two for a naval cruiser. This, we learned from Silver Moon Cody.

Silver Moon added two additional facts of interest. There exists a book in which a Seminole prophet foretells the rise of skyscrapers and the invasion of the automobile. (We didn't get the title, but are still trying.) The other bit of information had to do with the word, or sound, "ugh." Seems Indians don't say that 'all, 'all. They say something similar to "uh-huh!"

Love the sound of bagpipes, but for the life of us can't recall whether one who wields the instrument is properly called a "player", "blower" or just a "huffer and puffer." But if our Scottish-blooded editor will overlook such ignorance (ED NOTE: "piper," you miserable Sassanach), we'll dash right along to reminding all such night owls as fall into this category that C. T. (Chuck) Knowles is anxious to get in touch with them.

As Pipe Major of the Monrovia Highland Guard, he reports the group is in need of additional "you-know-what's" to swell the ranks at Big Bear during Ben Hunter Days. To fall in step with the Highlanders, write Chuck at 612 East Lemon Avenue, Monrovia, California.

Doc Burroughs sent Ben some Gris Gris, which started a discussion of voodoo land thanks to Adolphe of the delicatessen in Long Beach, we learned the ac-

cepted language for warning someone you're going to resort to voodoo is to say you're going over to Algiers (that part of New Orleans which spilled out into the west bank of the Mississippi) and "get him fixed up."

Adolphe has promised to forward a copy of a daily newspaper from that area in which appears advertisements by drug-stores of voodoo potions for sale. We only wish space permitted our including more of the interesting information called in by Adolphe, but the mere mention of "Space" reminds us of space and space takes time and "Time." What is it?" is a question that's had everyone whirling dizzily.

According to Ben, the answer was simple. "Time is place," quoth he.

"Not so," protested Engineer Phil.

"Tis too!" exclaimed Lee Moore, a nightowl who couldn't break the phone barrier until the following morning. "It all depends on where time is located," Moore added.

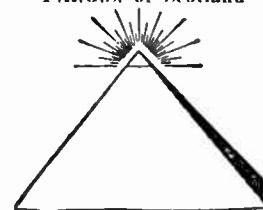
Well, from there on, it's relative as to how relative is Einstein's theory of relativity. Seems someone said something about a boxcar not being lighter if all the pigeons roosting in it were to get up and fly around inside. (ED. NOTE: *Strictly for the birds!*)

And last we heard listeners were left with the intriguing question of what would happen to a man who jumped off the Empire State Building at the exact moment a de-gravitational machine was focused on him. (ED. NOTE: "O-oooh, he flies through the air with the greatest of ease!")

Would he shoot madly into space? Or would he slowly drift among the air currents? We'll go along with Ben that time is place and such being the case, 'tis time and place to say, "You hear the darndest things on our show," so keep listening.

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Poet's Corner

By Bettie Payne Welles



SKY LANTERNS

A kite is a thought in space
 A desire to reach the highest heaven
 An objective which has been man's dream
 Since dreams first invaded the imagination
 To watch a bird conquering heights
 He could not attain gave him ideas
 So kites were fashioned and sent aloft
 Special days were set aside for contests.
 Controversies and arguments were entered
 into,
 But the dreamers dream of flying knew no
 end.
 Problems at the door multiplied
 Problems so perplexing, so confusing
 That man conceived of escape from this
 world
 As the greatest of achievements.
 Should one look to the kite with its sails
 And tails to balance it as it pierces the sky,
 Or to the bird with its wings and throbb-
 ing heart
 Which carry it to regions far away
 From the complexities which assail
 The Padding creature—man?
 Alas! That which quickens the bird
 Is absent from the kite
 And who may say from what direction
 The wind will blow tomorrow
 Or how high a kite will fly
 As it moves before it? . . .

—Conley Keeney

* * * * *

THE REAL GONE ANTS

During the hours that crept toward
 daylight,
 I heard the "Owl" man say
 That antenna-phobic hymenoptera
 Had silently stolen away.
 No ant of all the Argentine
 Was known to be a quitter,
 Not one of them I've ever seen
 Would flee from a transmitter.
 I've taken time in rollicking rhyme
 To solve this baffling riddle.
 Yet with a logic you will find
 That's worthy of Phil Little.
 These ants, in facing north to sleep,
 Per Night Owl specification,
 Just like a variable condenser sweep
 Tuned in the nearby station.
 The ants heard music start to play,
 They were digging a crazy combo,
 And then those ants skipped away—
 They were all doing the mambo.

M E
 When I compare myself with me, as
 many others would
 I feel so fine the world is mine, because I
 look so good.
 But when I compare myself with the
 one I ought to be,
 I look so bad it makes me sad and I'm
 ashamed of me.

—Carl Smith



Songs in the Night

. . . with Cecile Bonham

Our poetry page wishes to pay tribute to
 our late, beloved poetry editor, Cecile
 Bonham, whose work will live for ever.

*Any contributions for Poet's Haven
 in memory of Cecile Bonham may
 be sent directly to Zelma Dennis,
 6200 Haas Ave., Los Angeles 44,
 California. Mrs. Dennis is the presi-
 dent and with members of her
 board Poet's Haven will carry on!*

The passing of our beloved Cecile Bon-
 ham is felt by many. Those of us who
 knew her intimately in many ways will
 miss her most. However, she has left
 much for us to remember. While we can-
 not see her and talk with her she speaks
 to us through her beautiful poems.

A number of loving tributes have been
 written to her. We only wish that we had
 space to use all of them. Here is one from
 Bessie Berg, of Rio Linda, California.

FROM HER GARDEN

So she has gone to rest,
 Who labored long and joyfully.
 In her bright garden heart-shaped
 blooms
 And sweet for-get me-nots for memory,
 We could not bid her stay,
 Deny her sleep, nor selfishly
 Cling to gossamer in flight,
 Spirit so luminous, now gladly free!
 —Bessie Berg

WILD SEAMSTRESS

Beneath the border of the farthest cloud
 Lies nothing but a swatch of yellow sky
 Picked out with trees dark-green and
 heavy boughed,
 Embroidered in a yarn of verdant dye.
 No simple sampler this, wrought by a
 child
 In pinafore, her hair caught up in braids,
 Who sits before the frame, demure
 and mild,
 And works designs in palest pastel shades.
 No prim and prudent seamstress, thimble
 smart.
 Transferred the pattern to this cloth of
 gold;
 This is no product of the spinster's art
 With vision dim imagination cold.
 Nature's needle flew with passion's heat—
 Too fast to make it proper, cold and neat.
 —Zoe Vernon Murphee

BEFORE I SLEEP

Talk to me as the eventide
 Casts a glow on the walks and hedges.
 Dear, known voice let your cadence ride
 Low on the shadows. Pledges of eternal
 Birth, of death, as the body falters,
 Of a spirit that breathes within the
 breath
 To kneel at finer altars. The evening
 shades grow
 Deep—Before I sleep. Talk to me.
 —Edna Grace Starkey

* * * * *

THEY STILL HOPE

Her yard is lonely and deserted now.
 The mocking bird still sits upon a bough
 poised to catch the early morning bug
 He used to glean from earth where she
 had dug.
 I wonder if the flowers understand
 That nevermore they'll know her loving
 hand.
 The roses seemed to spread their petals
 wide
 In moments when she lingered by their
 side.
 The children's eyes will open wide in awe
 As we explain it as an old, old law,
 But hope is much the stronger force by
 by far—
 They still race to an empty cookie jar.
 —Brooks Gist



NEST NOTES



Pasadena Night Owls Meet At The Home of Mr. & Mrs. Graeme Henderson



Blanche Perris of the Stanley Home Products Co., holds the cake specially baked by Night Owl Bob Pollock of Robin's Bakery, 222 E. Tujunga, Burbank, for the Pasadena Night Owl chapter. Bob's cakes have been enjoyed at many Night Owl gatherings. We suggest that any Night Owls within range of Burbank drop in and see him.

SAN FRANCISCO

Well, well !!! (Deep subject!)

Kinda think the Golden Gate Roost of Ben Hunter's Night Owls, Inc. is outgrowing its first breeches. First meeting 26 present, including 17 "charter" members and 19 "potential" to contact. Second meeting 36 present, 27 bona fide members and how many more potential ones?

According to my mail yesterday morning, more and more inquiries via grapevine method are arriving.

Next meeting is a May Pot Luck Picnic in Golden Gate Park of San Francisco, Sat. afternoon May 14th, 1955. That ought to be big enough to hold our small roost on The Limb!

All last week Annette Ashe and I were excitedly phoning back and forth, making plans for the Big Event, the pot luck supper meeting of the Golden Gate Roost of Night Owls. Annette had asked me to help her with the phoning. "How many have you heard from now?" I asked her yesterday morning. "Thirty-two" she said delightedly. "A doctor from Oakland wanted to know if he could bring his little seven-year-old daughter. Of course I said we'd love to have her."

What a lovely evening we had! Of course Uncle Ted Olsen had to bring away on the piano, and also amuse us with his Norwegian "imitations." Several did solo dances, and Joe Myatt played the guitar. His wife, Emily, sang some lovely Swedish songs, and we all joined in singing some of the old favorites. Bushels of fun for everybody.

Those cats were something special! Annette had prepared the hot dish, a delicious spaghetti concoction. The rest

of us brought salads, rolls, coffee and cakes. LaMina Westlake had made one of her famous "double recipe" cakes with chocolate frosting. Oh, yes, Annette had made some delicious fruit punch, too.

The Ashe home commands a magnificent view of San Francisco, looking toward the south and east. When we first got there, at five o'clock, the cloudiness and a slight drizzle spoiled the view somewhat, but before we left, at about ten-thirty, we had a clear view of the city and the surrounding waters.

The new friends we are making through the Night Owl Club are becoming very close and very dear.

Bye for now,
Elizabeth Day Price

Assistant Sec'y

P.S. Our May meeting we are planning to have in Golden Gate Park on Saturday, May 14th. You'll hear much more about it later.

P.S. to Elizabeth Price's San Francisco "Party" Letter!

In the late afternoon and evening of Sat. April 16th, Annette Ashe was our *most gracious and generous* hostess.

Her living and dining room windows had the most spectacular San Francisco skyline view with the white buildings piercing the grey evening sky. You felt you could touch them with your fingertips! It was start!ing.

Annette's Rumpus Room gleamed with glossy rattan. The Night Owls made it seem like a lively American spot in Hawaii, high-lighted with a Hawaiian Hula solo by Annette, herself.

A hasty switch of same costume up-

stairs to Donna Baxter (Marin County) of Mill Valley who also executed another graceful Hula dance in center living room.

Pianists, songs, jokes, good food and talk rounded out the evening.

"Margie" Corey-Curtis
Corresponding Sec.

SAN DIEGO

The next meeting of the San Diego Night Owls will be a picnic on May 22, from 10 AM to 3 PM at Golden Hill Park, 25th & A Streets, San Diego. The No. 2 Bus goes within 1 1/2 blocks of the park—get off at 25th & B Street. There will be no entertainment, but plenty of time to visit, and small hobby groups will be formed, for those who share the same hobby. Everyone will take his own lunch, and a thermos of coffee, if he wishes coffee. Cold punch will be served. There are benches for about 150 people, but only enough tables for about 80. All those coming in their own cars are asked to bring card tables and camp stools if convenient.

Everyone who received a yellow owl identification tag at the last meeting is asked to wear it to the picnic, and save it to wear at Big Bear. More tags will be available at the picnic at 2 cents each.

Helen Stevens will be at the picnic to take reservations for transportation to Big Bear.

Harriet Davis is chairman of the committee in charge of the picnic, and all Nite Owls are cordially invited to attend.

LORD RICHARD BUCKLEY

The Peerless Peer Of The Frantic Semantic

We have, in the past, tended to feel that the Night Owls might be a little conservative in their choice of entertainment, but how wrong can you be? To use his own vernacular, the Night Owls simply flipped over Ben's interview with Lord Buckley. This appreciation received further stimulus when his Lordship (or possibly His Grace) rolled 'em in the aisles at the Long Beach Show on April 23.

Lord Buckley is billed as a comedian, a title which he richly deserves, and to which he is nightly adding laurels to his coronet at Jazz City. But it was while he was having some photographs taken by our skillful friend Warren Morphis, at the typically Night Owlsh hour of 3 a.m. that we interviewed this interpreter of hipster, and discovered also the man with the mission.

Apart from his translation of famous literature such as Mark Anthony's Funeral Oration and Edgar Allan Poe's "Raven" into hipster, Lord Buckley has felt that the people who use this type of speech as their every day conversation would best appreciate and understand the message of the Bible if translated into hipster, and this he is in the process of doing. In fact, the first of these translations appears on the record which is advertised in this magazine, under the title "The Nazz."

We frankly admit that when we first read this on the back of the record cover, and when we heard it several times, we still had grave doubts as to what the Night Owls would think of it. Finally, we passed the record on to a personal friend of ours who is one of Pasadena's most distinguished ministers, with the advice that if he felt that it was sacrilegious or in bad taste, we would turn down the advertisement. After listening to the cut several times, he returned the record and told us that he found nothing sacrilegious in it as the patent sincerity of purpose was clear beyond all doubt. He had criticisms to offer in that he felt that the "sermon" lacked a clear cut point, but his conclusion was, that if the translation would bring God's Word to one person who would not otherwise hear it, then the effort was worth while. In discussing most earnestly this new translation, we felt that after all, when He first spoke the words which brought Hope to the world, he spoke not in the Greek or Latin of polite society, but in the vernacular of the people, and we also remember that He said, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this flock . . ."

Lord Buckley, the humorist, really gets us, and we are much appreciative of his kind permission to reproduce his translation of Mark Anthony's famous oration, which we do together with the "authorized" version alongside.

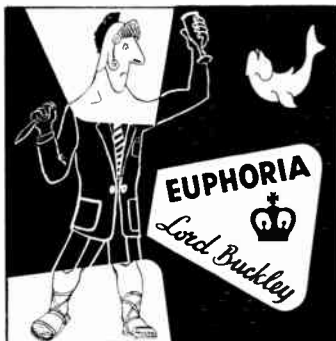
When we finished our formal education, it was with a certain distinction in English History. Shortly thereafter we encountered a book called "1066 And All

That" by a couple of characters called Yeats and Sellers which was hysterically funny, and so close a parody of genuine history that we have never since been quite sure which was the correct version. We are haunted by the thought that Lord Buckley may do the same to our knowledge of the classics. Heaven forefend, but for our money he is still the craziest cat we ever did dig. (*Did we say that?? !!!*)

HIPSTERS!!!

HEAR LORD BUCKLEY ON RECORD!

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MARK ANTHONY'S FUNERAL ORATION

ACCORDING TO

LORD RICHARD BUCKLEY

Hipsters, flipsters, and finger poppin'
daddies; Knock me your lobes,
I came to lay Caesar out
Not to hip you to him,
The bad jazz that a kat blows wails long
after he's cut out,
The groovy is often stached with their
frame, So don't put Caesar down,
The swinging Brutus hath laid a story on
you that Caesar was hungry for power,
If it were so, It was a sad drag,
And sadly hath the Caesar cat answered it,
Here with the pass from Brutus and the
other brass, For Brutus is a worthy stud,
Yea, so are they all worthy studs,
Though their stallions never sleep.
I came to wail at Caesar's wake, he was
my buddy And he leveled with me,
Yet Brutus digs that he has eyes for
power And Brutus is a solid cat,
And brought them home to Rome,
It is true he hath returned with many
freaks in chains,
Yea the booty was looty
And hipped the treasury well
Does thou dig that this was Caesar's
groove, For push,
When the cats with the empty kicks hath
copped out
Yea Caesar hath copped out too,
And cried up a storm,
To be a world grabber a stiffer riff must
be blown.
Without bread a stud can't even rule an
ant hill,
Yet Brutus was swinging for the moon
And yea Brutus is a worthy stud,
And all you cats were gassed on the loop-
a-core, when he came on
Like a king freak,
Three times I laid the kingly wig on him
And thrice did he put it down,
Was this the move of a greedy hipster,
Yet Brutus said he dug the lick,
And yea a hipper cat has never blown,
Some claim that Brutus's story was a drag,
But I dug the story was solid,
I came here to blow
But now stay cool while I blow
You all dug him once
Because you were hip that he was solid,
How can you now come on so square,
Now that he is tapped out of this world,
City Hall is flipped, and swung to a
drunken zoo,
And all of you cats have goofed to wig
city,
Dig me hard my ticker is in the coffin
there with Caesar,
And yea I must stay cool,
Till it flippeth back to me.

THE LATE WILL SHAKESPEARE

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me
your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under the leave of Brutus and the
rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, and faithful and just
to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to
Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers
fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar
hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown
Which he did thrice refuse: was this
ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here am I to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without
cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn
for him?
O judgement thou art fled to brutish
beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear
with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

AS I SEE IT

(Continued From Page 6)

be proud people of our men who carry the
flag of our nation around the earth.

When we gaze upon this and other
ships that cost so much money we are apt
to forget that this famous fighting ship
the USS "Hornet" cost us one hundred and
fifty million dollars; BUT she sank one
billion dollars worth of Japanese shipping.
Her record of shooting down fourteen
hundred and ten Japanese planes: sank
forty-two AK (cargo ships); sank ten
destroyers and sank a ship of the Haruna
class. Sank a total of not less than one
and one third million tons of Japanese ship-
ping. You can well see that she has earned
her keep.

Not alone did she do all these brilliant
feats. There are other ships as gallant. It
was my good fortune to be permitted to
visit this glorious ship and stand in rever-
ence where she has deep scars of battle.
I have seen where Kamikazes plowed into
her deck and left brave men dead and
dying. These men were your sons and
husbands. They gave the fullest measure
of devotion to protect their loved ones.
They also guarded you and yours who re-
mained ashore.

In the silent hours of night, remember
these men far away keeping vigil. Like
you they have homes and loved ones. Like
you they love life. In your hours of secur-
ity forget not those who made you all
secure against the hordes of evil men who
endanger the earth.

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Mitchell Boys Choir at Big Bear May 22

"If Music Be The Food of Love, Play On"
(Twelfth Night Act I Sc. 1)



The music of the Mitchell Boys Choir is familiar to everyone in Southern California, and far beyond, for they have appeared in many films and T.V. shows, not to mention numerous radio broadcasts. Bob Mitchell, the music director of Station KFI, is rated as one of the world's most distinguished and versatile musicians. His music at the organ each night at 10:15 with the poetry reading of Howard Culver is one of the best loved programs in the West, and one in which we personally delight when resting from editorial toils.

There are many standards for measuring success in this world; and in the world of Show Business, to have been portrayed on Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life", is an accolade bestowed on only the most distinguished. Bob Mitchell is among the very distinguished few, and with ample reason.

To be gifted with the ability to work with children is something which most of us would prize, but to be able to take a dozen children's voices and train them to the standard of Mitchell Boys Choir is something given to few.

The Mitchell Boys Choir has operated under the guidance and training of its founder since 1934 when they sang the Christmas Mass at St. Brendan's Church in Los Angeles. The performance was such that they rocketed to fame.

Although still basically a church choir (they still sing every Sunday both at St.

Brendan's and the Church of The Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills) they have their own weekly radio show, and have also appeared with many of the greatest names in Show Business including Eddie Cantor, Bing Crosby (who made his first T.V. show with them) Dinah Shore, Bob Hope (and who could look better between those warriors than our Dinah) Hedda "The Hat" Hopper, and Dennis Day.

The tours these Mitchell Boys have made sounds like the itinerary of old-time vaudeville. They have been 'most everywhere. But they are best known in their native California.

Starting with "That Girl From Paris", they have appeared in many top films, and may presently be seen in "Strange Lady In Town", "Jamboree" and "Daddy Longlegs". Shortly they will feature in "Vagabond King" and "Night Of The Hunter." (Down boy—not you!)

Of the greatest interest to the Night Owls, is the news that the Mitchell Boys Choir will present a concert at the Community Church at Big Bear on May 22. Night Owls who are old Big Bear hands, or others who are taking that week-end for a pre-Ben Hunter Days check-up, should not miss the opportunity to hear these wonderful voices perform with their accustomed brilliance under the presiding genius of Bob Mitchell. To hear this choir is an experience not to be missed by any lover of music.

E.S.P. REPORT

During February Ben ran an Extra Sensory Preception (6th Sense) test conducted by Gil Peers. The test consisted of Ben concentrating on one of four cards with the listeners trying to receive his signal by telepathy and then sending in their answers to be compiled in the chart below. Following is Gil's analysis.

Dear Ben:

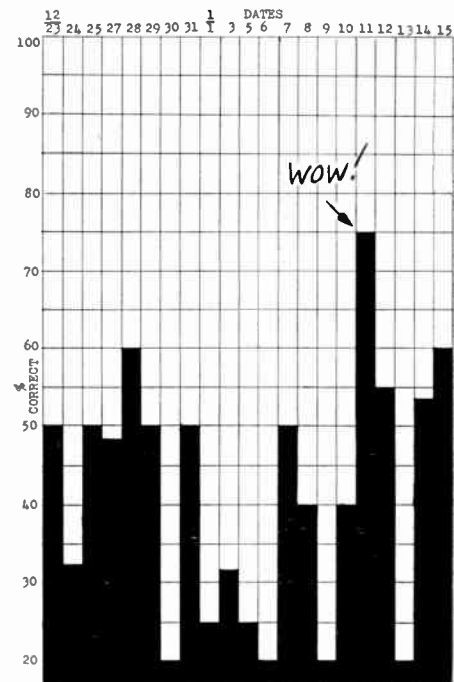
Attached is a chart showing the ESP results broken down by dates. The percentages are rounded off to the nearest 5%. In view of a theoretical 20% figure predicted by the laws of probability it looks as though the night owls are better than average "Espers" (this is a common word in science fiction and its accepted meaning is: A person with above average telepathic ability).

Several interesting comments were received from the listeners, Two people complained that when Leo Diamond was standing next to Ben and was trying to receive Ben's signal he concentrated so hard on his (Leo's) wrong answer that the listeners received it instead of Ben's original signal. Several other listeners thought of the card before Ben did and are convinced that he received their thoughts. To me the most interesting feature was the amazing 75% correct answers to the one thought sent out by Dr Trauger. This is 33% above the average for the series and 15% above Ben's best night of 60%.

Gil Peers

Box score for the senders is below:

Overall average for all transmissions.....	41.6 %
Ben's average for all transmission.....	55. %
Phil's average for all transmissions.....	44. %
Leo's average for all transmissions.....	51. %
Dr. Trauger for ONE	75. %



Off the Bookshelf — By Betta Figge

Did you ever help yourself to a fistful of crisp, tasty pretzels crusted with salt only to find you had nothing with which to wash away the overwhelming thirst?

You'll find yourself groaning with a similar sensation gnawing at your vitals after reading "Chinese Potpourri" by James Zee-Min Lee.

Bluntly, what there is of this book is interesting reading but it can play havoc with your nervous system. That's provided you've a grain of curiosity in your make-up, of course.

"Chinese Potpourri" couldn't have been more aptly titled. The subjects covered stretch from the fabulous to the appalling. From dragons to Eunuchs. (And incidentally, a word of caution to those readers who pall easily: the chapter on Eunuchs is DEFINITELY strong reading!) Eunuchs happen to be the only subject in the whole volume which I found described in too great detail to be enjoyable.

As for the rest of the book, my only objection was to the constant notion of being rushed from dragon to pagoda, from porcelain to ghouls. I kept wanting to stop and learn a bit more about some of the fabulous items mentioned. It was sort of a three-day guided tour of all China. You can do little more than tag along, swiveling your head from side to side, hoping you'll remember at least the names if not the characteristics of the sights pointed out to you.

Beginning with dragons, the author warns the reader that dragons, Chinese-style, come in every size, color and purpose. It seems dragons are not only big-stuff in parades, but form a part of the folklore, history and in some cases, religious beliefs of the Chinese.

There's the Sacred Dragon. Then there's the good and the bad, the large and the small, the white, the blue, the red and the black. And for good measure, there's one of each of the other colors in the spectrum as well. Then there are the Four Dragon Kings. They reign in crystal sea palaces under the ocean. (Note to Ben: If you can't locate Mu, maybe you can find these.)

That was just the first chapter. Every once in awhile the author does pause long enough to tell a bit of legend attached to one subject or another, but only once in awhile.

The story about Emperor Ming and China's Greatest Beauty, for example, was one that besides being difficult to follow, held no great interest for me. It was nice, but I would oh so much more have liked to learn how one makes Fried Milk—

which is passed off with the simple comment that it's a curdled dish—or perhaps have learned more about the hornless dragon.

But, this book is definitely a wonderful starting point if you're prepared to follow up on the items mentioned and perhaps spend several years just reading about China and things Chinese.

If your library doesn't have this book, they don't need to write to Hong Kong to get a copy. Have them contact The Jade Tree Shop in New Chinatown, Los Angeles. The price is Three Dollars.

WYL C. SHULTS

(V-P 1/c RECORDINGS)

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Hollywood 28, California

Out on the Limb . . .

(Continued From Page 3)

this magazine now, instead of subscribing to it, shame on you!

What prizes will be given?

A prize to the youngest card-carrying Nightowl; one to the oldest Nightowl; a prize for the Nightowl coming the greatest distance to attend; a prize for the Nightowl with the biggest family present; a prize for the Nightowl who wins the cooking contest; and a prize for the Nightowl who has the best amateur float in the parade. They're terrific prizes, too!

What is the purpose of "Ben Hunter Days?"

To the folks at Big Bear, it's their opportunity to demonstrate, tangibly, the friendly hospitality for which they're so famous. They hope that Nightowls will be so pleased with them and their community, that they'll want to return again and again. To me, it's a golden opportunity for me to be with all of you for three full days—a chance to get better acquainted. To Nightowls, it's the opportunity of a lifetime to have a wonderful weekend of entertainment at very little cost. It's also the chance for you to meet each other—and you know something? You're the nicest and the most interesting people in the world.

Photographs In The Limb

We have had so many requests for reprints of photographs which have appeared in The Limb that we have had to set up a special system. Needless to say, most of the shots we use, are by the incomparable Morphis. We have been deluged by requests for reprints of various of the comic Holly series which appeared recently.

Well, folks. It's like this 'ere. Much as would love to be able to hand these things out gratis, we just can't afford it. Likewise, every one of these reprints takes time and money, not to mention material. For one copy, of course, it's not too bad, but when it runs into the quantities you are asking for collectively, well . . . that's a bit different.

So, we have arranged with Brother Morphis that he will handle all orders which come in, and we have fixed a nice reasonable price. Send 50c direct to Morphis Studios at 3504 West Magnolia, Burbank, Calif., and tell him which shot you want. Fifty cents will bring you one postcard size print of the photograph of your choice, postpaid. (3 for \$1.00)

LIFE SAVED BY NITE OWL MEMBERSHIP

Stan Routledge, a Long Beach Nite Owl owes his life to being a member of that ever-ready-to-be-helpful gang. He lives alone at 1830-A Stanley Avenue. A totally unexpected heart attack at 2 AM Wednesday let him get as far as the phone. Dazed with pain, he could not think what to do next. An invitation to the last Night Owl meeting was propped up there with RSVP Muriel Chestnut phone 9-3762 in big print across the bottom. In desperation Stan rang that number. Alert in the dark like all good Nite Owls, Muriel relayed the call to the police who got Stan to the hospital in ten minutes time, thereby in all probability saving his life.

LOADED FOR BIG BEAR

It is a good thing to have it clearly shown that you are a Night Owl.

A decal on your windshield on the way to Big Bear will help traffic officers to identify your destination.

Walking on the streets of Big Bear, your Night Owl pin will get you the very biggest "Hello." Send for yours today to the Limb office. Decals 25 cents, Pins as per the ad in this issue.

Uranimum Prospectors! - Hunters! - Hikers!

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW YOUR ROCKS YOU COULD WALK PAST A FORTUNE

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IT IN
THE
BOX



CHECK IT
AGAINST
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CHART

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SEND **\$6.50** INC. TAX POST PAID

REMEMBER — AN ORE-BEARING ROCK IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE HEAD!

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Subscribe to and enjoy your magazine very much. We all hope that the publication proves profitable so that you will be able to continue sending it.

With reference to the NIGHT OWLS who advertise from time to time. We Owls who travel through the country a lot would like to patronize them — we would feel at home and feel welcome wherever we could be doing business with a fellow Owl. Problem is to locate these members when we are on the road in a strange area—we want food, lodging, auto supplies, beauty shops, barber shops, clothes, medical and dental services., etc. How about a directory that we can throw in the car — and then a decal for store windows or doors? Something quite tiny for a professional man's door and something quite large that can be set up high on a store keeper's window— so that a stranger driving down the street can spot the place and have some idea where to get parked. The magazine is fine but I can't be carrying every issue with me to sort through each time I want to get a meal or a motel in a strange town.

Thanks again for the excellent radio program, magazine and my best wishes for your continued success — and God bless President Eisenhower and Doc Vaughan.

Your truly,
Al Stanley

(Ed. Note) *This sounds terrific, but it costs money. We would be very happy to compile such a directory—maybe on a quarterly or half-year basis if the Night Owls want it and the advertisers would like to pay for the cost. Of course we have decals for all Night Owl cars or businesses 25 cents each from the Limb..)*

* * * * *

Dear Ben Hunter:

Here is a night owl, that you have never dreamed of having. I go to bed at 8 o'clock every night, with the radio on, and it is on KFI, from then until 6:30 o'clock in the morning. I sleep just when my eyes go shut, but I try to put sticks under my eye lids when Ben Hunter comes on.

So you can see I am a shut in, in a wheel chair and have been all my life, which is a good many years, and I have been a night owl for the last 2 years, as I have a right to be, living out here in the sage brush and pines, in what they call "Skunk Hollow, Wyoming."

Believe it or not but this night owl hangs by his feet, no kidding, he runs a little two-bit store, and is writing this letter and does everything else with his feet, even to feeding myself. So if you hear or know of an other night owl like

myself, male or female I would like to get in touch with them.

Keep your good work up, as I will stay on the limb as long as my radio will keep going.

Yours Truly
Von Anderson

V-P in charge of doing things better.

Dear Fellow Nite Owls:

The other evening, I listened to Ben read a letter from one of the Night Owls telling of the heart-breaking experiences he had been having for over three months to get a job. The reason given was the fact that he was over Forty. He, like many people who lose a salaried position, are really in luck—because, if he will apply himself just one half as many hours a day as he would have to give his employer, who is paying him a salary—he will make 3 to 5 times as much money as he was making on this salary. And—he will be his own boss—choose his own territory—have no one tell him how many hours he works a day, in fact, he will find that all of these years that he was working for someone else, he was being a SUCKER.

How is he going to do this?—How is he going to make all this money?—Well, here is a tip from an old timer who never worked for a salary in his life (outside of the time I was in show business) and truthfully, I have been broke and I have had plenty. And whatever position I found myself, it was my own fault. If any one out of a job will go to a good news

stand and buy a copy of Specialty Salesman or Opportunity Magazine, (I would suggest you buy a copy of both. They are 25c each and come out around the first of each month.) They will contain advertisements of firms throughout the country with commodities and items of every description. Services, merchandise, specialties of all kinds. All you have to do is send them a letter or post card and they will send full information and in some instances, free samples.

All of these advertisements are carefully screened by the publishers, and they NOW guarantee that the merchandise and proposition must be as stated.

I, myself, have an ad under classified in this issue. It would only cost you a 3-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope to receive full information and a FREE SAMPLE of what I have to offer.—Read it. The plan is working and as a fellow Nite Owl, I am not out to "gyp" you, but I get "burnt up" when I hear of the discrimination against people "over forty" in getting a job.—Then on the other hand, I say to myself, "They don't know how lucky they are." Write me a letter, it will help if will tell me something about yourself. I don't care how old you are or what your physical condition is. You might need \$25.00 a day.—It's waiting for you.

Jack Mayes

V-P "Old Time Show Business"

P.O. Box 868

Hollywood 28, Calif.

(Continued on Following Page)

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Letters to the Editor . . .

(Continued From Preceding Page)

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Very good article on Civil Defense. I got to the "Dive into a ditch, and cover your head with your hands" etc., and what if the "fall-out" as you say with no wind may last for days—do we stay there for days or just until the flash is over and the noise has passed then run like . . . to the shelter? (Ed. Notes You sure do!)

We have cement and also dirt ditches, and plenty of skunks, badgers, gophers, several breeds of "owls", some a foot high and some little old barn owls, and cats and dogs. Should we stay in the ditch with all these "beasties"?

The reason many people pay no attention to Civil Defense is that they feel when a bomb drops, that's all, brother, it got me. So why bother. The Lord knows where we are, and how we will die, and if He wants us to live, we will, no matter what. But you are right. We should study it and be prepared.

Irene Monte, Brawley Calif.

* * * *

To The Limb:

This note is strictly off the record but it does register a complaint. Why oh why does "Hez" have to have his picture in the form it is in the column heading. Even tho seeing him in person at Banning (don't tell me it wasn't he on the stage that day) I could still see another character as the author of the "spitting" article' Ben Hunter has read. Now—no!—seeing that picture in black and white, as a perfectly normal person in make-up—"From Ahint the Still" is make believe

with your eyes wide open. Not so much fun.

His dialect is perfect, so couldn't your cartoonist do something about it? A stray whisker or two would help.

I really do not hear your program very often much to my regret, altho I do my best. As it is, my bedside radio is *on* my bed six inches from my ear and I force myself to keep awake to hear the first five or six words by Mr. Hunter and then I find myself hearing something about the price of eggs or what to do about some pest on your citrus trees. All those delightful hours, between, lost forever for me. That is why I enjoyed the last copy so much with the "darndest things" page.

Sincerely, Dr Edith A. Withey

Ed. *How's about some face fungus, Hez?*

* * * *

Dear Graeme:

Haven't had time to finish my new, April issue of THE LIMB, but before I go any further I must again thank you for an exceptionally fine and timely editorial. It is encouraging, in the face of the vast amount of discouragement provided by news from daily papers, broad-csts by the majority of news commentators, etc., etc., to again find one, like yourself; alert and aware of the serious situation existing in our schools today.

The matter of our schools, and what they are doing as well as failing to do to our present generation—to say nothing of the previous crop including my own daughter who was a victim of four so-called progressive education—has been a matter very close to my heart.

Maude H.

Nest Notes . . .

(Continued From Page 19)

70-to-10 might sound like unfair advantage but the turkeys being already roasted a succulent brown certainly invited the attack. 70 Longe Beach Nite Owls meeting May 1st, at Colorado Lagoon Club House for a Pot Luck supper did the turks and vast array of other goodies full justice. A huge cake topped with a candy May-Pole, surrounded with dancing, lolly-pop dolls, made by Fern Reichers was presented to the May-birthday Nite Owls: Ida Walkington, Judy Cosper, Helen McCann, W. J. McGovern, Jeanie Carlin, Bessie Buckwalter, Geraldine Darrs.

Being two-faced might not always be a virtue but in the case of Betty and Bill Mahan it certainly is. They brought the turkeys and their own good fellowship to the L.B. meeting where they attend regularly. They are also contributors and members in-good-standing in the L.A. group where Betty served some time as secretary. Mary and Al Guhl are starting to be double-dealers in this type of good service too, by adding their bit to the pleasures of both groups.

61 L.B. Nite Owls signed up with deposit paid to be sure of their reservations at Big Bear, Ben Hunter Days.

Muriel Chestnut proposed that members list their talents and interests with the idea of forming smaller groups to work on projects for Christmas or individuals needing help or cheering. Muzzle-Loading' Freddie offered to repair or re-finish toys so a supply would be ready whenever a need for them arose.

The evening closed with community singing and a vote of thanks for the bountiful feast arranged by the following refreshment committee: Fern and Dave Reichers, Chairmen, Muriel Chestnut, Bessie and Elmer Buckwalter.

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"The Print Of My Remembrance"

Dear Night Owls:

Well this is it! At last we can announce officially that Doc Vaughan's autobiography, "The Print Of My Remembrance" is ready for you. We've waited a long time, haven't we? But I know that you'll agree, when you see the book, that it was worth waiting for. By ordering now, you will receive in June, a beautifully bound first edition of "The Print Of My Remembrance" autographed by Doc himself. It is necessary, however, that we receive your order in the next couple of weeks in order to deliver you an autographed copy. So don't delay. Send in your order today.

This book will contain Doc's whole story—just as he wrote it, and as you heard it read on the air. The young boy, born on the Mississippi river in a house boat; the trip to Montana where he lived in the area that later became Great Falls. His life among the miners in a rough pioneer town; Doc's education at the University of California at Berkeley, and his graphic description of the subsequent earthquake and fire of San Francisco. Then we meet Doc, the Soldier of Fortune, and join him with the headhunters in the Phillipine Islands and we trace his wanderings through the Orient. We read the touching love story of Doc's life; rollick with him through the early days of brawling, bubbling San Francisco. Doc joins the Treasury Department as a Narcotics agent and—with him—we prowl the alleyways and secret passages of Chinatown in search of the opium dens. Vaughan's Drugstore—long a landmark in Los Angeles, and familiar to many old-timers of this city—is born. Then follows the story of Doc's fabulous fishing exploits and tales of hunting the mighty marlin that excite the blood of the most casual angler. Yes, Doc's story is a fascinating—an exciting one! The book is liberally illustrated with 50 photographs from Doc's log book—photographs that will amaze you.

The book will also contain numerous interesting articles written by Doc Vaughan on subjects ranging from the orogenic movement of the channel islands to how to fascinate a swordfish with a yellow balloon!

All profits from the sale of this book go to aid cancer research.

Doc Vaughan will deliver the book to you in person at Big Bear, if you can attend. If not, please enclose twenty-five cents for postage and handling, and it will be mailed to you, autographed. But order now. You will be mailed a receipt. Print your name and address clearly.

**Send \$5.00 plus 25 cents for mailing cost to the Limb,
P.O. Box 187C, Hollywood 28, California**

Ben



DOC VAUGHAN



We have long wanted to run this photograph of the San Diego meeting attended by Ben, Evie and your Editorial Staff, and here it is!



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HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR LIMB?

Well, Night Owls, this is the beginning of the second half year for the Limb, and we are taking stock. We have had some flattering reviews in other publications, and we appreciate them very much. Professional praise from other magazines has a very sweet ring to our ears, and we would like to think that we had fully earned their encomiums.

Much more to the point, as we see it, is how does the magazine suit the Night Owls? We have had many letters of appreciation which we treasure, but we would like to have your criticisms and suggestions too.

One thing we are considering is changing our front page. Instead of running our cover design in color on a white background, we are thinking of reversing the deal, and running the design in white on a full color field or background. How does that appeal to you?

How about features? You have read enough of our columnists to form judgement? What do you particularly like, what, if any, don't you care for too much? How about our editorials? Are we too outspoken, or not outspoken enough. What would you like to hear us "Tee-off" on?

What new features would you like to see introduced?

How about our type face and make-up. Do you find the Limb easy to read?

In short, we want you to feel that this is your magazine, and that you are not only free to make suggestions, but that your suggestions will all receive our care-

ful consideration, and we shall be guided by majority opinion among those who write in.

Only on one subject are we adamant. Our editorial policy is based on complete freedom of speech for all, for support of the principles on which the Constitution of this great country is founded. We recognize no master race or superior color. While Protestant Christians ourselves we will defend to the end, the right of all to worship as they please, and would not pre-superior to, or negate the beliefs of other same to claim that our own beliefs are faiths. To us, a Night Owl is a Night Owl, and therefore a friend and brother.

THIS IS YOUR MAGAZINE

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If one-sixth of our readers bought a classified ad at 8c a word (\$1 minimum) each month, we could give you an even better magazine and stay solvent.

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 6777 Hollywood Blvd., (Car. of Highland)
 Suite 602 Hollywood 28, Calif.



We have seen some barbecue outfits in our time, but until recently our participation had been purely "supervisory." Ben is shown here "test flying" his new Goodwin of California Barbecue, masterminded by Fred Goodwin himself. The anxiously enquiring nose testing the luscious odor could only belong to Phil Little, the old gastronome himself. We "test flew" ours a week later and on our first "solo" we barbecued three 10-lb. turkeys with reckless abandon. The Goodwin defied our worst efforts and cooked to perfection. Ask the Pasadena Night Owls; they simply flipped. All we can say is that a barbecue rig that can cope with our misguided efforts and still produce perfect food is really something. Just call us "Goodwin of California" while we blow the dust off our Cordon Bleu!!

hope. But what else might happen? You, and your family may escape both the blast and the venomous fire and heat wave which follows it. But you find that there is no food, and no prospect for water. All your normal supply sources are immediately shut off, if not wiped out.

Sure Uncle Sam will rush food and help to us with all speed, but what does that mean in wartime? Particularly war on our own backyard! So why not start to lay in a two-week supply of stock of staples for your family, plus a reasonable margin to share with those who have been caught either unprepared or without resources.

Plan balanced meals to see you and your family, and that variable plus, through a good two-week period. You may not be able to afford to buy all you think you need for that time, but do not stint. Food and tea or coffee, and we would strongly advise cans of fruit juices. The most nourishing, but least "gooey" nature are indicated. Buy what you can each week, stow in your selected place of safety and availability, and make sure that everyone in the home knows beyond all doubt just what and where it is. Seal the containers firmly to retain the moisture and the odor of good food, and be sure it is good and sealed. Your life may be saved by this package as truly as by a deep shelter.

Don't let indifference be the real reason why the Golden State could become an Inferno in an instant. Get behind your local C. D. plans right now. See that its plans are sound, and that they are prosecuted with every vigor.

Just remember folks, it's your neck that's way out.

THE SIREN COMETH!

There are times when words fail even an Editor—not often we readily admit, but the recent fiasco on Civil Defense warning in the Western States was enough to "give comfort to the enemy."

What a complete mess-up. Sure, it was a mistake, and the appropriate section or command of the Air Force was not alerted in time. So what? What are they expecting, a Cook's Guided Tour with all advance reservations made by the Moscow office. To use a thoroughly inelegant phrase, "Not on your Nellie."

The next snafu could easily be on the real thing. And then, Heaven help us. It seems that it is not right to single out any municipality for blame in this instance except to note that only one mayor (Alhambra, we believe) had the common sense to act on the warning as if it were the real thing. Los Angeles, we are given to understand, has a system of quadruple checking. Anyhow, they lost something like 20 minutes between the first alert and the final notice of a false alarm. But what if it had been real. Those 20 minutes could have made the difference between life and death to millions.

We offer this motto to all municipal authorities concerned with a possible attack. On the first alert, even if in doubt, "Pull the cord and let 'er rip." We may tend to curse you after a couple of "practice" raids, but we'll never forgive you if we miss the real thing—we'll be happy to be there to give you either the blame or

the praise. Let's not fool with this. The time margin decreases every day.

So you think that we are bewailing the sins of that miserable fiasco of a warning system. At least we can be sure that someone was chopped off just below the ears, and that we shall all benefit from it in the long run, because a five star general sweated a star or two off before the day was out.

So that will not happen again—we



The Magic Munsons present the prizes for their contest. Second prize winner was Night Owl Rose McMahon (2nd from right). There will be another contest as soon as Munson Magic is back into production.

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Business Guide 8

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Miscellaneous 27

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Miscellaneous Rentals 27-A

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Miscellaneous For Sale 28

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Miscellaneous For Sale (cont'd) 28

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Miscellaneous Wanted 29

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WANTED: Night Owls to stop by when going through Upland. Who knows, you might see something you would like. We have a variety of dress fabrics and lots of accessories—jewelry, "stretchy" gloves and "stretchy" hosiery. Besides I would love to stretch out a hand to a Night Owl. Lily H. Harnish, Harnish Dry Goods Co., 247 Second Ave, Upland, California.

TEXAS BRAGS. I am a collector. If you know one please send it to Bill Chancellor, P.O. Box 15, Midland, Tex.

NITE OWLS—Want some extra money? Either for yourself, church, pet charity or — organization. Send self-addressed stamped envelope (Print Please) and receive **FREE SAMPLE**—and full information—no obligations. V. P. JACK MAYES, P.O. Box 868, Hollywood 28 California.

Pets and Supplies 34

VICE PRESIDENT — Iris Klintworth has finest tiny AKC Chihuahua puppies. See now and get choice of new litters. Also stud service. Call after 4 p.m. NOrmandy 1-8578.

PEAFOWL—50 blues and 4 whites. Must sell, will accept any reasonable price. Mrs. Ernst Borchert, Rt. 1, 10241 So. Euclid Ave., Anaheim, Calif.. Phone KE 5-3257.

Pets and Supplies (Continued)

BEAUTIFUL Pedigreed black Persian male kitten. Pedigreed Seal Point Siamese male kitten. CHapman 5-2152.

Real Estate 36

NIGHT OWL forced to sell new modern home. Two bedrooms, one bath, 17 x 27 beamed living room, fire place, garbage disposal, 40-ft. fiber-glass patio, double garage, privacy, view. Reduced to \$15,850. 969 Tularosa Dr., Los Angeles. NO 1-8578.

Exchange Stamps 38

HI OWL COLLECTORS, Let's trade stamps. The World, United States. Receive same amount all different; better received, better returned. Owl Marcotte, 1264 N. Garfield Ave., Pasadena, Calif. Member Jarrnagh and N.P.S.


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(LISTED ALPHABETICALLY)

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The LIMB—Box 1870—Hollywood 28, California

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Our good Night Owl friends, the Magic Munsons have hit a real snag. The property where they had intended to commence larger scale production has been refused permission to operate by the Costa Mesa zoning committee.

Here is a real chance to prove the worth of the Night Owl organization. Let's all try to find a new home for the Munson plant.

Munson Magic is the fertilizer which makes use of the valuable chicken manure which no longer, under their special process attracts flies. Munson Magic has the approval of the Agricultural authorities, and our good friends are loaded down with orders which they must fill, and in order to fill them, they have to get back into production, and to get into production they need a new home.

ALL THEY NEED IS TEN ACRES OF OPEN LAND, AWAY FROM ANYTHING. NO ZONING OR RESTRICTIONS. THEY WOULD LIKE TO BE NEAR THE POWER LINES, AND SOME WATER WOULD NOT HURT, BUT IS NOT ESSENTIAL. ACCESSIBILITY TO A ROAD WOULD BE HELPFUL. AND THAT'S ALL.

Jump to it Night Owls, let's put the old Night Owl Spirit to work. Speed is of the essence. Write or call The Limb, with your leads on property, sell or lease, Box 1870, Hollywood 28, or phone RYan 1-6235.

