

Swing



25¢

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THE BRIGHTEST LAUGHS

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9:45 NIGHTLY
Sunday through Friday
WHB

*"Your Neighbor
with the
NEWS"*

JOHN THORNBERRY

FRESH, friendly, philosophical and sparked with high good humor are the nightly newscasts over WHB by John Thornberry—as he presents ten minutes of the latest news from across the world, the nation and, of course, from across the street.

Associated Press supplies world, national and regional news—the WHB Newsbureau (and John Thornberry) dig up the local items. Thornberry alone is responsible for his unique delivery. He is a graduate of Yale University and the Yale School of Law. He practiced law in Joplin, Missouri; served as chief probation officer of Jasper County, Missouri; and was the first superintendent of Algoa Farms, Missouri's Intermediate Reformatory for Young Men. His interest in youth and wide experience in dealing with the problems of young people led to his selection as executive director of

the Kansas City Boys' Club in 1935. He is an active leader in community affairs. He set up the Kansas City Canteen for service men in 1942, and supervised it throughout the war. Thornberry is married; has two daughters, 16 and 18. He is a dog enthusiast and an expert hunter and fisherman. His unpretentious humor and deep understanding of people make him an excellent pithy speaker. Each Thornberry broadcast concludes with the tagline: "Here, as Mr. T. would put it, is a note to quote." This follows a wise saying, a gentle bit of humorous philosophy or homely advice.

If you live in the WHB area of 13 counties in 6 states, get the habit of listening to Thornberry nightly at 9:45 p.m. If you're an advertiser who'd like to sponsor the sales-making Thornberry radio personality, ask WHB or your John Blair manager for availabilities.

foreword for March

Of course they won't, but this is the month when the following headlines might conceivably appear in *Pravda*: "United States on verge of collapse; signs of exhaustion everywhere. Populace demoralized. Common man suffers. Hardship and deprivation under capitalist system. High taxes bleeding people dry!"

The funny thing is, around the middle of March several thousand loyal Americans are probably saying the same thing.

It makes a difference, though, who says it. It's like a boy and his old jalopy. He'll kick it and curse it and be loud in his abuse. He'll tell you the old wreck is a wreck; her gears are as stripped as Gypsy Rose Lee, and she's due to fall apart just any minute now. But let anyone else say the very same things and he'll rise up in defense. Sure he's a wreck! Sure she's falling apart! And so what? She still runs, doesn't she? Till he can find something better, he'll settle for this. And if you don't like it, you can get out and walk.

Like the boy's jalopy, our system of government gets run down at the wheels. It stands in constant need of repair and new parts. And there's always a bill to pay. But if anybody kicks about it, let it be us and nobody else. Can anyone show us one better? Over our tax blanks we sweat and we swear—but we pay the bill, and it hasn't killed us yet. We've got to keep the old thing running. So we'll patch it up here, legislate a new part there, and maybe it'll hold together for another year. It costs like hell to operate, but considering everything, it's worth it. She still runs, doesn't she?

Jetta

Swing[®]

March, 1949 • Vol. 5 • No. 3



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Swing is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1125 Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Phone Harrison 1161. Price 25c in United States and Canada. Annual subscription, United States, \$3 a year; everywhere else, \$4. Copyright 1948 by WHB Broadcasting Co.

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MARCH'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Loan Exhibitions: Drawings by Archipenko. Photographs by the Kansas City Camera Club.
Lecture Series: (All lectures by Laurence Sickman, Atkins Auditorium, 8 p.m.)
 Mar. 2, Chinese Architecture and Gardens.
 Mar. 9, The Early Art of India.
 Mar. 16, Medieval Indian Art.
 Mar. 23, Indian Painting.
 Mar. 30, Pre-Islamic Art of Persia.

Concerts:

Mar. 4, Phi Mu Alpha concert, Atkins Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.
 Mar. 6, Jeanne and Joanne Nettleton, two piano recital, Atkins Auditorium, 3:30 p.m.
 Mar. 12, Mu Phi Epsilon scholarship benefit concert, Atkins Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.
 Mar. 27, Sigma Alpha Iota concert, Atkins Auditorium, 3:30 p.m.

Motion Picture: (No admission charge.)

Mar. 18, Duck Soup, with the Marx Brothers, Atkins Auditorium, 7:30 p.m.
 Mar. 20, Repeat performance of Duck Soup, 3:30 p.m.

Drama . . .

Mar. 28-Apr. 2, Faust, University Playhouse, 8:20 p.m.

Opera . . .

Mar. 9, Barber of Seville, Charles Wagner Company, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Basketball . . .

(Municipal Auditorium Arena.)
 Mar. 7-12, N.A.I.B. tournament.
 Mar. 18-19, N.C.A.A. basketball.
 Mar. 23, Harlem Globe Trotters.

Hockey . . .

(United States Hockey League. All games at Pla-Mor Arena, 32nd and Main.)
 Mar. 6, Minneapolis.
 Mar. 13, Omaha.
 Mar. 20, St. Paul.

Wrestling . . .

(Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.)
 Mar. 22, Five Girl Battle Royal, Municipal Auditorium Arena, 8:30 p.m.



Music . . .

Mar. 1-2, Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra with University of Kansas City chorus, Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Mar. 8, Mary Dawson, pianist, University Playhouse, 8:30 p.m.
 Mar. 8, Kansas City Conservatory string quartet, Whitney Tustin, soloist, Unitarian Church, 8:15 p.m.

Mar. 11, John Wynn, piano recital, Unitarian Church, 8:15 p.m.

Mar. 15, Claudio Arrau, pianist, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Mar. 18, First Allied Arts Orchestra concert, Community Church, 8:30 p.m.

Mar. 18, Mary Weaver Compositions, concert, University Playhouse, 8:30 p.m.

Mar. 20, Pasquier Trio, University Playhouse, 4 p.m.

Mar. 21, Martial Singher, baritone, and Florence Quartararo, lyric soprano, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.

Mar. 25, Virginia French, piano recital, Atkins Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.

Mar. 25, University of Kansas City Orchestra concert, University Playhouse, 8:30 p.m.

Mar. 29, Myra Hess, pianist, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.

Mar. 30, Debut and Encore Association concert, Music Hall, 8:15 p.m.

Mar. 31, University of Kansas Band and Orchestra concert, Music Hall, 8 p.m.

Special Events . . .

Mar. 1-6, Police Circus, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Mar. 2-6, Exhibition of Electrical Progress, Exhibition Hall.

Mar. 18, Martha Graham and dance company, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Mar. 25-27, Flower Show, Greater Kansas City Florists Association, Exhibition Hall.

Lectures . . .

Mar. 7, Kermit Roosevelt, Palestine, Problems of the Near East, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.

Mar. 14, Austin West, Scotland, motion picture in color, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.

Mar. 16, O. Spurgeon English, M.D., What Is Psychosomatic Medicine?, Jackson County Health Forum, Little Theatre, 8:15 p.m.

Mar. 28, Dr. John H. Furbay, Colombia, Gateway to South America, motion picture in color, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.

Conventions . . .

Mar. 3-5, Missouri Laundry Owners, Hotel President.

Mar. 6-8, Missouri Photographers Association, Hotel Continental.

Mar. 9-10, Missouri Petroleum Association, Hotel President.

Mar. 13-15, National Retail Credit Association, 7th District Hotel Muehlebach.

Mar. 15-16, Farmers Union Jobbing Association, Hotel President.

Mar. 20-21, Boy Scouts Regional Conference, Hotel Muehlebach.

Mar. 21-22, University of Kansas City Dentists' Alumni Association, Hotel President.

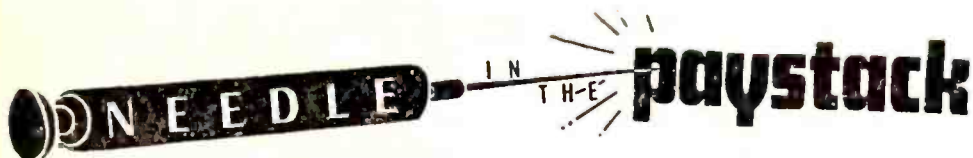
Mar. 22-24, Air Transport Association of America Engineering and Maintenance Conference, Hotel Continental.

Mar. 25-26, Missouri Tuberculosis Association, Hotel President.

Mar. 27-30, Missouri State Medical Association and Auxiliary, Municipal Auditorium.

Dancing . . .

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.) Dancing every night Monday and Wednesday. "On 30" dances Tuesday and Friday.
 Feb. 3-4, 6, Jack Cole,
 Feb. 5, Tex Beneke.
 Feb. 8, 10, 12-13, Mal Dunn.
 Feb. 15, 17-20, Bob Calame.
 Feb. 24-25, 27, 31, Bob Astor
 Feb. 26, Claude Thornhill.



NEEDLE IN THE paystack

Try refreshing eagle soup for that seventh inning droop!

by BURNS KELLER

THE wrestler, a squat mountain of a man with a huge peaked head and formidable biceps, was well-known to the crowd. "That guy oughtta be an actor!" was the usual comment when the Pasha, as he called himself, started howling and grimacing in seeming pain.

But tonight his bellows and facial contortions seemed really authentic to many discerning fans. The referee, too, finally sensed that something was amiss—and the Pasha, doubled over with pain, was helped to his feet and to his corner.

"It's that Novocain!" the suffering bulk gasped between clenched teeth. "I got a bad bruise on my arm last week, but my doc stuck some Novocain in it so I could go on tonight. Now I'm dyin'!"

He wasn't dying, as an examination at a hospital proved, but the Pasha had been bowled over when the drug seeped into his blood stream and thence to his large, protuberant stomach. He recovered, and thereafter shunned the Novocain needle as if it were rank poison.

The doping of human athletes is of dubious morality, but it is not illegal. Usually, we associate the needle and syringe with horse racing, and in states where racing commissioners are alert, "enamiting" or "needling" a horse is a grave offense which carries a

stiff penalty for trainers, owners or jockeys.

But no rules protect the human being. The Pasha was just one more American athlete resorting to dope in an effort to force his body to perform beyond the ordinary limits of physical endurance. Unfortunately, his is not an isolated case. Several years ago, the sports pages erupted into headlines when a Harvard football captain received a shot of Novocain to deaden the pain of a swollen ankle.

Actually, doctors for the Harvard football squad and the teams of many other respected schools have used Novocain for years. West Point and Annapolis athletes also know the surcease from pain which the needle filled with Novocain can bring.

Remember when Max Baer fought his great battle with Joe Louis? Max was nursing a knuckle swollen to immense proportions when the day of the big fight arrived. But doctors squirted procaine hydrochloride (Novocain) into the throbbing knuckle, which had been broken in a former fight and battered in subsequent training.

Max lost the fight with Louis, but he credited the injection of Novocain with the fact that he could walk into the ring for the scheduled bout without fainting from pain.

Pain deadeners are one thing, but far more dangerous is the stimulant

known as "eagle soup" in the cauliflower ear trade. Here is the formula, as given by one broken-down boxer who never faces a younger antagonist in the ring without a snort of the potent soup, "Take a pop bottle filled with water, add a dash of spirits of ammonia, and add a little digitalis. It'll work wonders for a tired man!"

He isn't kidding. Many a tired fighter, who long since should have been turned out to pasture, has acquired strength for the final unbearable round from a quick gulp of "eagle soup."

If a fighter has a strong constitution, he may imbibe a blend of strychnin, ammonia and nitroglycerine in minute quantities. This potion, mixed with tea or coffee, gives phenomenal spurts of energy to rodeo stars, six-day bike riders, marathon dancers, and tired "pugs" who normally couldn't punch their way out of a wet paper bag.

Of course, there is always the risk of popping off from a heart attack after taking one swig too many. At one fight in New York, a boxer past 35 years of age was given a bottle filled with "eagle soup" when it appeared to his manager that he was about to go down permanently in the next round.

The heady drink, instead of clearing his noggin and adding strength to weary muscles, made the fighter go berserk. He jumped from the ring, attacked a policeman, and ran for the exit door screaming that he was a Comanche Indian getting ready to scalp any kibitzers. It took a flying tackle by a detective to bring him down, and a clout on the chin to

render him unconscious.

At many championship golf matches, famous golfers have been known to drink water mixed with spirits of ammonia. For years, one world-famed golfer has taken ephedrine and Benzedrine in capsule form just before crucial matches. Doctors say that these drugs, though harmful, usually wear off within two hours. Many a fat golfing purse meanwhile has been snared by a player who would have lost had it not been for the sudden release of energy and self-confidence imparted by the drug.

Although the doping, or hopping-up, of athletes is strictly *verboten* in the Olympic Games, sports writers suspect that the coaches of certain nations administer narcotics to their athletes prior to the big events.

Some credence was lent to this belief in 1932 at the Los Angeles Olympics. Janitors who cleaned up the athletes' village discovered dozens of tiny phials in the cottages where the Jap aquatic stars had lived. A residue at the bottom of the little bottles was analyzed by chemists and found to be the remains of an energy releasing drug akin to the "eagle soup" so well-known to boxers and wrestlers in the United States. That year the Nips had made a superb showing in water events.

Pro hockey teams take caffeine made palatable by sugar just before their big matches, and a world-fame aerialist with the Ringling Brothers Circus, who suffered greatly from rope burns and bruises during his daring act, would numb the pain each performance brought by taking caffeine in hypodermic form.

Why do athletes submit to unbearable pain? Why do they subject themselves to harmful narcotics and stimulants? Money. They want to be in the winners' circle when the glory is passed around and the cash awards are made.

The administration of drugs in any form to horses or greyhounds is considered reprehensible, because the animals do not know what is happening to them. But until now, sports

writers have tacitly condoned the use of narcotics by human athletes, presumably on the theory that men realize the dangers implicit in exaggerated or too frequent dosages, and have sense enough to avoid them.

Public opinion can change this situation. Unless it does, indiscriminate use of the needle in the future will mean that victory will go not to the superior athlete, but to the individual best equipped to survive massive shots of stimulants.

Famous People

In an old silent movie role, Douglas Fairbanks enacted a male Pollyanna who went about teaching people to be happy. In one scene he was supposed to bring cheer to the inmates of a Bowery flophouse. Actual Bowery bums took part in the scene, but they had suffered so much trouble and misfortune that they were disgusted with Fairbanks' happiness-laden pep talk. Their expressions mirrored cynicism rather than hope.

As a last resort, Fairbanks told them an off-color story. They responded with laughter. Hastily the film crew dug up every racy story it could find. The Bowery characters guffawed lustily.

Everybody was happy until the picture was released. Then the storm broke. A flood of letters descended from movie fans who could read lips. They raged over the sizzlers Fairbanks had told instead of the sweet, inoffensive words printed in the subtitles. Thousands of dollars were lost when all the prints had to be recalled so a lip-reading expert could delete the objectionable sequences.—*Wall Street Journal*.

Novelist Kathleen Norris is one of the many tourists who consider the passport photo to be the most depressing of travel aids. Entering the harbor of Rio de Janeiro during a South American tour, the authoress glanced in disgust at the unflattering picture. "You know," she said, "if the port authorities don't recognize me from this atrocious photograph, I can't get ashore; but if they do recognize me, I'll jump overboard!"

On a wall at Mory's (of the *Whiffenpoof Song*) in New Haven, Connecticut, hangs a very unusual photograph of temperance crusader Carrie A. Nation. When Carrie, plus her inseparable hatchet, descended on New Haven in 1903, a group of Yale students called on her, after announcing themselves as the Yale Temperance Society. They asked her to pose with them drinking a glass of water.

As the lights were extinguished so that the photographer could use the old-fashioned powder flash, the boys swiftly removed beer steins from under their coats and struck a pose of drunken merriment. Later, before printing the picture, the glass of water in Carrie's hand was painted out and a cigarette painted in. The result was an amazing portrait of Carrie smoking with a group of wassailing Yale men. For once, Carrie Nation was daunted, and had to beat a hasty retreat from the city.



Tom Collins Says...

Reputation is a bubble which others can blow up or burst by what they say behind your back.

▲
The marvels of television make some people stop and think, which is another wonderful thing about video.

▲
A bald-headed man is one who wears his hair departed in the middle.

▲
What this country needs is a fortune teller who can not only tell if there's a man in a girl's future, but also if there is any future in the man.

▲
A good test of blood pressure is to watch a man being liberal with the money he owes you.

▲
What becomes of furniture that is too old even for poor people and not yet old enough for rich people?

▲
An X-ray specialist has announced he will marry a certain very homely girl, and now people are wondering what he sees in her.

▲
Nothing will break up an ordinary conversation quicker than for someone to drop an intelligent remark into it.

▲
Mothers are wonderful people who can get up in the morning before they smell the bacon burning.

▲
Confetti: the stuff used to honor today's heroes, made from newspaper stories about yesterday's heroes.

▲
In order to save money these days, you must be perfectly content to let the rest of the world go buy.

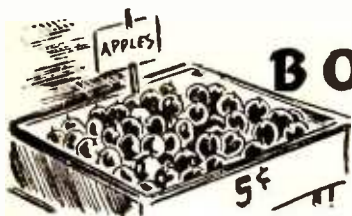
▲
It may be true that the early bird gets the worm, but most people prefer toast and coffee in bed.

▲
Publicity is easy to get. All you have to do is be so successful that you don't need it and then you'll get it.

▲
The straight and narrow path would probably not be so narrow if more people walked on it.

▲
To one who knows, advice is superfluous; to one who knows not, it is useless.

▲
Thank goodness, we live in a free country where a man dares say what he thinks—if his wife, the neighbors, the reporters, the police, and his boss are not listening.



BOSTON'S SHABBY Angel

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

TO the vice presidents, cashiers and guards of many Boston banks, the little man in the unpressed pants—whose pockets were sealed securely with out-sized safety pins—was just another harmless crank to be brushed off as quickly as possible.

"What are the inheritance taxes in this state?"

"If a man gave a lot of money away, would the banks help him do it in a businesslike way?"

"How is a trust fund created?"

Some bankers, as if to placate the dusty old gentleman with the Italian accent, gave him straight answers. These he scribbled industriously in a log-eared notebook.

But one Boston banker, Roy H. Booth, trust officer for the National Shawmut Bank, was courteous and friendly to the tiny, silver-haired man who looked as if he could use a good meal. Booth gave him the same attention he would bestow upon a Back Bay aristocrat. His courtesy paid dividends.

For to banker Booth, the shabby little character in need of a new look told a strange story. His name was John Deferrari, and he had started life as a penniless fruit peddler in Boston many years ago. Now over 80 years of age, he actually had a vast

Little John Deferrari is befriending the city in which he amassed his amazing fortune.

fortune and wanted to bestow a \$3,000,000 trust fund on the Boston Public Library.

"I was a poor boy and I learned many things from the books I borrowed from the library," he explained. "Now I am old and I can't take it with me. But I want my money to help the poor boys of this generation. That's why I want to give my money to the library."

Before banker Booth's unbelieving eyes, little Mr. Deferrari—who never rode a nickel subway when he could walk and save five cents—waved bank books, bonds, securities and mortgages. Actually, the one-time fruit vendor who still lived in a cheaply furnished room of a poor district was one of New England's wealthiest men!

This pint-sized civic benefactor, whose name was unknown to virtually all of Boston until recently, has never tasted luxury in his long life.

He has never owned a ten-dollar radio. He has never owned an automobile. He has never had his own telephone "because they cost money and you fritter away time talking into 'em!"

To the frugal Deferrari, shaping a hat in the accepted fashion is unnecessarily wasteful. "You make dents

and creases that way—so the hat wears out sooner!" he protests.

Though he owns numerous gilt-edged properties on Boston's North Side and Beacon Hill, John has never hired a housekeeper, cook, secretary or even a handyman to keep his many holdings in repair. Nor has he ever employed a bookkeeper; he totes his records in his pockets, scrawled on the backs of the old envelopes which he uses instead of paper.

To keep his records of a \$4,000,000 fortune intact, Deferrari keeps all his pockets tightly fastened with huge safety-pins which he buys at the dime store.

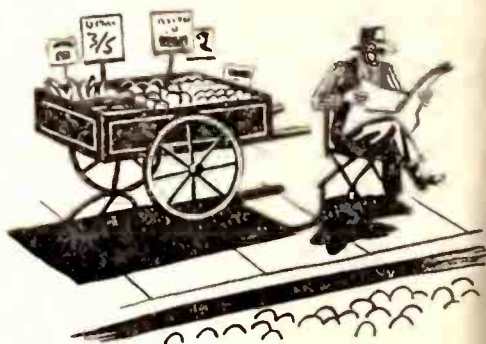
Indeed, when he spruced up for a meeting at the library where the startling news of his gift was related to reporters, old John came in a new gray suit whose pockets were secured by safety pins which were greenish with age. He bought a new gray hat for the occasion—his first in 30 years—but like its predecessors the crown was full-blown, so that it had no creases to shorten its useful life.

While socialites, newspapermen, cops and bibliophiles stared incredulously at the spry octogenarian, old John did a little jig of satisfaction and buttonholed all listeners in order to tell a rags-to-riches story which would shame Horatio Alger.

Born in 1863, young John Deferrari was sent out on the streets of Boston with a huge basket of fruit at the age of nine. The youngster gravitated to State Street and Commercial Street, Boston's financial arteries, where he gazed stolidly at well-dressed brokers and their ladies.

By 16, the young peddler realized that he would never acquire riches through peddling. It was stocks and bonds that won fortunes for his customers; he would make them pay off for him.

From his peddling proceeds, he saved enough to buy a horse and wagon, still recalls with a pang the exact amount he spent on oats for the horse each month.



Three years after he acquired the horse, John entered the wholesale fruit business. He rented a stall near historic Faneuil Hall and hung over the door a sign proclaiming:

"Giovanni Baptista Deferrari and Sons."

The name was that of his father Cannily, John had lettered his father's name on the sign because he was still a minor and therefore could not make legal contracts.

Because of John's almost fanatical devotion to the business—he frequently worked 18 hours a day—the place prospered. When the father died in 1907, he left an estate of \$90,000, all of it amassed through the generosity of his son. Nor did John fume when the father's holdings were

split among John's seven brothers and sisters.

At night, John haunted the library, systematically reading every book on stock and bond speculation on the library's shelves. He then "read up" on commercial law, real estate and finance.

"But I've never opened a novel in my life," he sniffs. "There's no profit in such reading—why do it?"

When he was certain that he understood what was in the books, Deferrari started his cautious buying of securities—a little here, some more there. He applied a strange yardstick to stock offerings: if they were the securities of a firm headed by a man "who had come up the hard way, like me," then John bought. For him, the yardstick seldom failed.

Henry Ford became his idol. He tacked up pictures of the auto magazine snipped from old magazines, and read every news clipping and article on Ford he could find.

Why didn't he ever marry? Old John winks knowingly and gives the answer.

"I could never find what I wanted—a poor girl who would save money, like I did, and be happy to leave it untouched, who would pray that there never would be need to use it."

For more than 50 years, Deferrari has kept a strange account book each night before retiring. In it, he records each day's deeds and asks himself,

"Have I wronged any man this day, even unintentionally, and have I doped things out?"

"Dope things out" is the favorite phrase of millionaire John. He has no use for the human being who doesn't take time to think matters through.

Deferrari has never had a doctor during his long life. "Doctors today cost five dollars for a home visit," he says earnestly. "That's throwing money away. I eat mostly fruits and stay healthy that way. It's cheaper."

On an ancient coal range, over which his mother once perspired, this present-day Midas cooks his own solitary meals. He won't tell where he lives, and his only official address is "General Delivery, Boston."

After a lifetime of obscurity, John Deferrari has consented to give his name to the Foundation his millions have created. He fidgets in nervous bliss when the library officials show him plans for the John Deferrari Room.

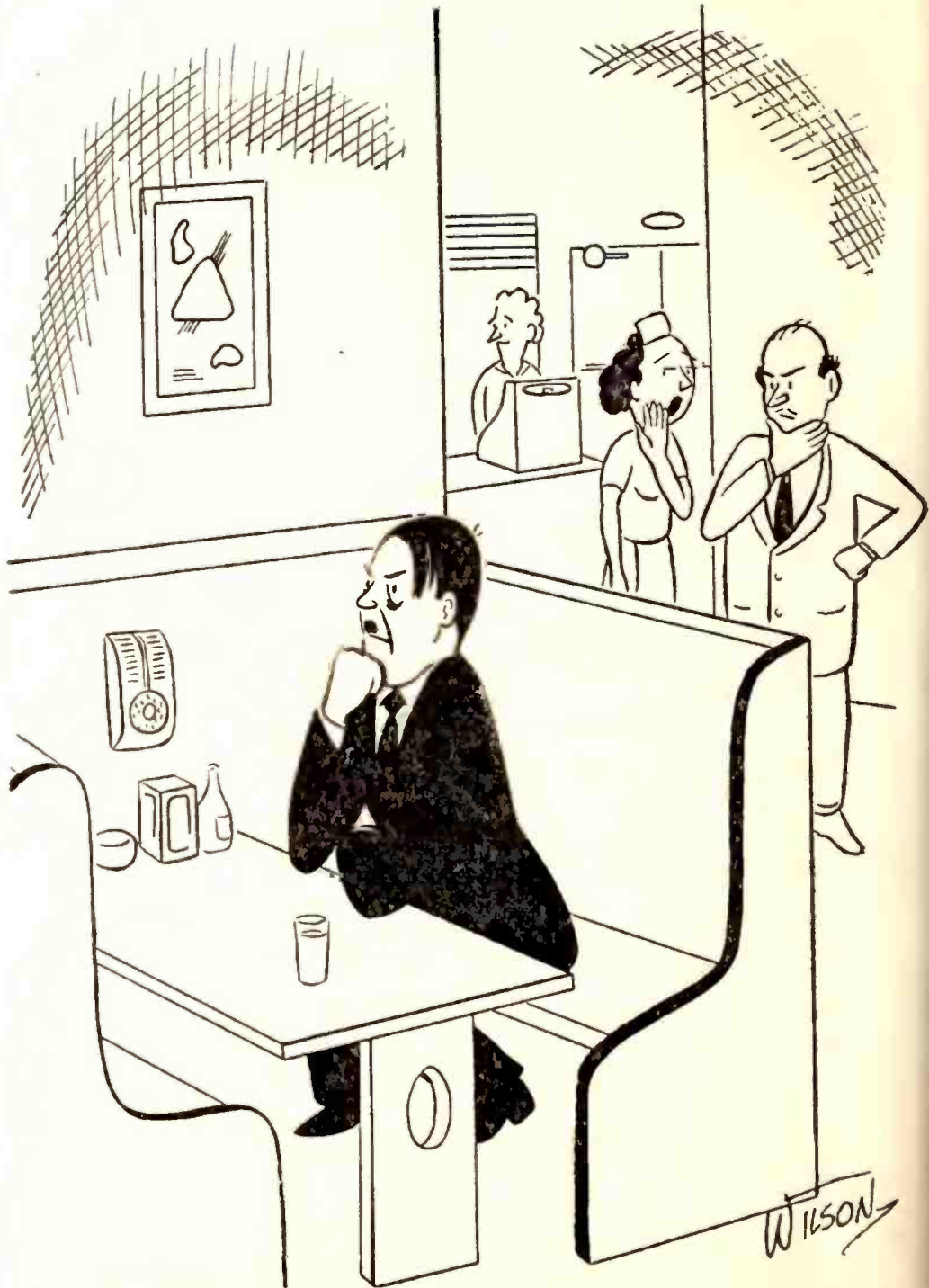
He talks happily of the thousands of books on finance and business administration which the new room will house.

But speak to him of the library's great literary treasures, the works of Shakespeare, Dickens and the rest, and he'll reply tartly:

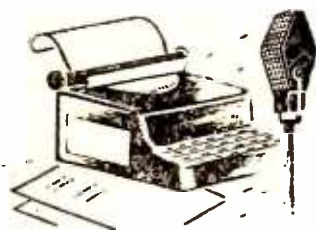
"That's all tommyrot—just made-up stories. Who ever earned a dime by reading things made up out of another man's head?"



It's a funny world. If a man gets money, he's a grafter. If he keeps it, he's a capitalist. If he spends it, he's a playboy. If he doesn't get it, he's a ne'er-do-well. If he doesn't try to get it, he lacks ambition. If he gets it without working, he's a parasite. And if he accumulates it after a lifetime of hard work, he's a sucker.



“... and he ordered sauerkraut!”



WILL THERE ALWAYS BE AN A D M A N ?

True freedom of press and radio, low prices, high production—these things we owe to advertising.

by **GEORGE S. BENSON**

President, Harding College

SOME wag once said that if we should suddenly do away with all advertising in the United States, our civilization would immediately collapse. This statement contains more truth than is first apparent. There are those who refuse to see the importance of advertising in the economic life of the nation. Moreover, there are those who have singled out this phase of trade and industry for strong criticism.

Civilization today would collapse if it were not bolstered up by American advertising. Today the rest of the world depends upon American production. Yet, too few people recognize that this nation's great productive capacity could not have been built up without advertising. Again, there are too few people who correctly see advertising as the bulwark of American economic freedom. Advertising is the golden key that has unlocked the door to plenty for us all.

Our world-renowned standards of living were achieved because we found out how to produce in volume: bath-tubs, cars, radios, clothing, food. We learned how to make wise use of the human resources of work and brain-

power. We learned to harness water-power, steam, oil, gas, and all the others. We created machinery to do most of our hard work. We learned the value of tools. In brief, we have made our factories hum.

But is that all? By no means. The Socialist schemers have failed to evaluate their old slogan, "production for use," in the light of America's vast economy. Not only did we learn to produce, we have learned to use. Americans are the world's greatest producers, and also the world's greatest users. Only 7 per cent of the world's population, we own 70 per cent of the world's automobiles, 37 per cent of the railroads, 50 per cent of the telephones.

There's more to it than just production. Ask any manufacturer, and he'll tell you that the heart of his outfit is his sales force. The fellows who sell and distribute goods represent the other half of our great mass production system. Your high production is fine, but it would do no good unless the products are placed in the hands of consumers. Continued high output lowers the price. Get the picture?

Selling and distribution simply could not do the job without advertising. Advertising not only sells

Reprinted from "Looking Ahead," monthly publication of Harding College, Searcy, Arkansas

goods, it always helps measurably to lower prices and to increase quality. When electric refrigerators were first sold only a few thousand were made, and it took \$600 or more to buy one. But during 15 years of advertising, millions were sold; the price came down to a fourth of the original price; and the quality was improved greatly.

Socialists and Communists have had some success in attacking this part of American economic life. A few years ago a survey of 5,000 consumers found that 72 per cent of those interviewed believed advertising increased costs to the consumer. Among high school teachers, this figure reached 82 per cent. Another survey, answered by 3,174 students in 33 colleges, revealed that 12 per cent considered advertising an economic waste.

It is high time we waked up to the economic facts-of-life! Good and wise advertising is a vital part of free competitive enterprise. Naturally, advertising would be unnecessary in a dictatorship. The dictator could simply tell the people what to eat, wear, and enjoy. He would also tell them what they could not have. Under a system that permits no advertising, we would have two choices: a lower standard of living or a dictatorship.

Among privileges we enjoy as Americans, free speech and free print are of first rank. Most of us prize these and other freedoms, though we give little thought to them. We just take them for granted. A Gallup poll on the Bill of Rights would embarrass a majority of our citizens. Try your own poll and see how many of your friends can name the freedoms

listed in the First Amendment to the Constitution.

Freedom of the press is one of those freedoms. We are benefited by this freedom every day. The information that helps make intelligent citizens comes to us freely. Our press is not curbed nor restricted by the ill-conceived notions of some tyrant or dictator. We can buy the public prints we choose, and at a very reasonable price. We can buy many of them, including those with opposing points of view, without taking very much change out of pocket.

Why the small price of newspapers and magazines? Just the paper and printing costs would amount to as much as we pay for them! Does a fearsome dictator pay the difference? Does a tax-rich bureaucracy foot the bill just to keep itself in power? Are our public "prints" subsidized by Congressional appropriations? No, they are not. Then how do we have freedom of press, when we are able to buy for a nickel what costs much more?

These things are accomplished through advertising. Advertising thus becomes one of the basic features of American democracy. It is easy to see that the advertising space sold by publishers of our newspapers and magazines makes it possible for a publishing enterprise to pay its bills. Because of advertising, our great press is able to remain independent, and at the same time render important service to the American people.

Advertising itself performs the major service of increasing constantly the already high standard of living which America enjoys. Our industry

depends upon advertising to do its share in the efficient distribution of all the things that it makes in meeting the needs and desires of the people. And whenever something new is developed, advertising carries the message to those who may want the new product or new service. Advertising sells goods.

Not only does advertising sell goods, it also sells the desire to improve. Americans have never wanted to become static. Advertising has helped us to expect improvements, to want better things. When people have no desire for better living standards, then the great output of factories will have to stop. Advertising creates the desire to buy that keeps our economy on the move. It sells goods, and in selling them it is the great educator of the masses.

These facts show us that the business of advertising has an important bearing upon our freedom of press.

If we cherish freedom of the press, we must also respect our publications as business enterprises. We need to understand that expenses of gathering news from all over the world for American readers are paid in large part by revenues from advertising space. And just as important, we must not forget that our high standard of living depends upon advertising.

I say these things because there are those who attack the American Way by the sneak method. These destroyers (from within and without) will not attack freedom of the press. They know we cherish it. But they will attack advertising. They will not attack our high standards of living, which they envy. But they will attack the profit idea, without which American initiative and enterprise would cease to give us jobs and goods. May we ever be on our guard against those who would knock out the very props from under America!

Purely by Happenstance

THE aerial acrobats were drawing big applause from the crowd. The show was in full swing. The circus band was playing loud and brassy numbers. It was the Buckley & Wicks Show, one of the few traveling the eastern United States in 1828.

Back in his dressing room, Nelson Hower fretted. He was a bareback rider. Soon he was scheduled to ride into the ring. But, where were his short jacket and knee breeches? He had given them out for cleaning. Yet, at this moment, they hadn't been returned.

Five minutes more before his performance time . . . then two minutes!

"Hurry, Hower," called the circus master. "You're on in a minute!"

Hower debated. No, he couldn't. He hastily stepped before a mirror and appraised his appearance in his knitted underwear. "Why not?" he muttered; and he impulsively dashed for his horse and rode out on time for his act.

The audience didn't realize that Hower was performing in his underclothes. Everybody thought this was a new type of apparel for the colorful bareback riders.

The "new type" was met with immediate approval by other performers, and that's the unplanned way "circus tights" were born. Purely by happenstance!

So They Say

A beginning writer was introduced to a well-known author. "Could you tell me," asked the young writer, "just how many words there are in a novel?"

The author was stunned, but he answered, "Well, that depends on the length of the novel. I guess a very short one would run about 65,000 words, more or less."

"Then 65,000 words make a novel?"

"Well, yes."

"Whaddaya know!" exclaimed the elated writer. "My book is finished!"

"Yes, Emmy," Gramp mused, "girls are not the same these days as they used to be in my day."

"How do you mean, Gramp?" asked his granddaughter.

"Well, for one thing, you never see a girl blush these days. When I was young it was mighty different."

"Gee, Gramp," exclaimed the girl, "what did you say to them?"

A native of Western Kansas was telling a visitor about the weather in his section of the country. "Yessir," he boasted, "when the wind blows out here it really blows. Why just last month we had quite a gale. The wind blew so hard it took all the paint off a barn here and repainted one down in the Texas panhandle."

"Well, does it ever rain out here?" asked the amazed visitor.

"Oh, sure," replied the Kansan, "I hear they had a shower over in the next county last week, but I was busy and couldn't go."

At the monthly meeting of the church board, the problem of the personal slovenliness of the janitor was brought up for discussion. It was generally agreed that he would have to be discharged, but one kind-hearted, little old lady intervened.

"I just hate to see the poor fellow go," she pleaded. "He may be dirty and unkempt on the outside, but, my friends, I am sure he is clean and pure on the inside. Do we have to discharge him?"

"Either that," returned the president of the board, "or turn the fellow inside out."

The gay young bachelor had been calling on a certain girl every night for months. Finally, one of his friends asked him why he didn't marry her. "Why, if I married her," the bachelor exclaimed, "where'd I go every night? I'd be stuck at home!"

Among the troops stationed in the Philippines during the war was a gruff, seasoned sergeant who had the reputation of never being at a loss for an answer. One day two officers were exchanging stories about the sergeant's comebacks. "Well, I'll bet that within 24 hours I can ask him a question that he can't answer," boasted a young second lieutenant.

The next morning the sergeant was accompanying the lieutenant on the morning inspection. When they reached the mess kitchen, he pointed to a large copper pot of water just beginning to boil. "Look, sergeant," the officer said, "why does that water boil only at the edges of the pot and not in the middle?"

The old veteran did not even hesitate. "The water around the edge, sir," he replied, "is for the men on guard. They have their breakfast half an hour earlier than the others."

Beat **TOOTHACHES** with the **MIND**



Mental health and dental health are inextricably related.

by TIM MOORE

A PROMINENT band leader whose happy smile was blazoned to millions in newspapers, magazines and advertisements looked dumfounded and incredulous.

His dentist, after a routine inspection of his mouth, had just informed him, "Ted, this is rough news I'm going to give you, but you might as well have it straight: You're going to lose all your teeth."

Ted reacted as if an Australian bull whip had been cracked across his face. The dentist continued, "For months, I've tried to lick Vincent's disease in your mouth, but it's no use. Complete extraction is the only answer unless—"

"Unless what?"

"—unless you see a psychiatrist."

The dentist then told his patient some facts about "psychosomatic dentistry," and related how mental tensions, neuroses and psychoses could play havoc with the teeth and gums.

"In your case," he said, "you have the habit of constantly grinding your teeth while you sleep. This is called Bruxism by dentists. In most instances, it is caused by emotional conflicts so deep within a person that they aren't

acknowledged or recognized during waking hours. But while the body sleeps, the subconscious churns up the buried thoughts and seeks to resolve the unexpressed conflict. Grinding the teeth is a symptom—and the grinding is loosening your own teeth."

After his initial shock, the band leader fumed and said the dentist must be crazy. But after thinking it over, he did visit a psychiatrist for the first time in his life. After several sessions, the psychiatrist drew from his patient the following story:

At 18, he had been a promising violinist and aspired to the day when he would be able to play in a symphony orchestra. But his father died, leaving penniless the mother and a family of three children.

The young musician had taken jobs in cheap cafes, night clubs and third-rate theatres. Against his will, he "swung" his music, and the public seemed to like it. Within ten years, he had his own band and was earning \$700 a week playing the kind of popular music which he had disliked so in his youth.

But he told himself that he was a success—his bankbook proved it. Gradually, all desire for a career in symphony work or as a violin soloist disappeared—or so he thought.

"I would say that actually you want more than ever before to play the

kind of music you really love," said the psychiatrist.

"Admit it to yourself, leave the band, and strive for the kind of music you wanted to play as a boy. You won't make as much money, but you'll have more fun out of life, because you'll be true to yourself."

The musician finally agreed to follow his counselor's advice. His earnings fell by 75 per cent, but within six months his dental troubles had ceased. The pulling of three teeth, instead of an entire mouthful, and the cessation of his nervous grinding while asleep, left his mouth in its original healthy state.

The connection between "bad" teeth and unhealthy emotional states may be new to you, but it's been tested over many years at a number of research centers. At New York University's Periodontia Clinic, for example, more than 40,000 men and women with gum diseases have been treated since 1926.

During this time, a surprising number of "dental cripples" at the clinic, the largest of its kind in the country, were found to be neurotic or mal-adjusted to life.

This information caused Dr. Samuel Charles Miller, chairman of the department of periodontia at the University, to inquire closely into the emotional lives of hundreds of patients.

What he and his colleagues learned has brought about a new concept in treating gum disorders. Dr. Miller explains it in this manner:

As nature intended them, teeth were to be used for chewing food and that's all. But nervous, high-strung

and emotionally-upset people unconsciously clench and grind their teeth in tension situations or while brooding over their unresolved conflicts.

In time, this ceaseless grinding produces trauma (shock), and the blood supply to the gums is diminished be-



cause the grinding teeth press against the underlying blood vessels.

With lack of blood comes necrosis, or death of the once-healthy gum tissues. The gums recede, the bone is gradually destroyed, and the teeth inevitably become loose in their sockets. When gum pockets form, then gum diseases set in and the whole cycle of extraction after extraction begins.

So important has New York University considered this matter of mind-versus-tooth that it recently added to its teaching staff a prominent psychiatrist, Dr. Leonard Rittenberg. Mincing no words, this Manhattan psychoanalyst tells dental students:

"In every case of grinding the teeth, the core of the problem is to be found in the functioning of the patient's personality."

There are other ways in which neurotic behavior affects the teeth. Dr. Miller has compiled a list of 30 injurious mouth habits which adversely affect the teeth and gums. Most of these habits, including nail-biting, biting the cuticle and nail,

gnawing on pencils, chewing the lip, are symptomatic of inner conflicts and emotional uneasiness.

One middle-aged business man, whose teeth unaccountably proved to be in very bad shape, admitted that he never got to bed before two in the morning. Each night, after his wife and children retired, he would sit up for several hours biting his nails and thinking furtively of the attraction he felt for his young secretary. He really loved his wife and feared that the desire for his employee was disloyal; hence, his brooding and indecision, which was "externalized" by the nervous fingernail-biting.

This man was urged to tell his feelings to his wife. She was patient and understanding. In a few months, the attraction faded and the business man was relieved. His dental troubles cleared up after his incessant nail-chewing ceased.

Some injurious mouth habits arise from the tensions and frustrations of complex modern life, and not because of neurotic weaknesses within an individual.

One salesgirl in a department store developed the bad habit of tapping her front teeth nervously with her pencil. Before six months passed, she lost three teeth, which had to be pulled because she had loosened them unconsciously.

After a bridge was inserted, it too fell out from time to time because of the pencil-tapping habit.

Finally, she admitted to her doctor

that the manager of her department made her nervous—"he's always grouching about my poor sales records every day." She quit her job, found a secretarial post more to her liking, and the tooth-tapping compulsion disappeared promptly.

Because nervous fatigue and emotional conflicts adversely affect the whole human mechanism, it is inevitable that the teeth soon will suffer. In extremely nervous people, teeth and gums do not get the needed nutrition because of a general slowing-up of metabolic processes.

When the gums starve, they become easy prey to disease.

The Surgeon-General of the United States declares that there are millions of dental cavities which require prompt filling. The proponents of psychosomatic dentistry believe that perhaps half of these cavities have been caused by emotional problems.

"We know that nervous tension makes the saliva more acid and hence more injurious to the teeth," says a Chicago extraction expert. "Such hyperacid saliva actually eats away the protective enamel of the tooth and paves the way for swift decay."

So, if you would be mouth-happy, be sure that you have mental stability and emotional contentment. If your chewing equipment seems to be deteriorating without explanation, look within your own heart and you may find the answer for bad gums, toothache, and cavities without number.

▲
One way to be popular is to listen to a lot of things you already know.

▲
A sense of humor is what makes you laugh at something which would make you boil if it happened to you.



"This is Mr. Benton, Eloise, our Western representative last winter."

The Pastor and the Perfect Murder

Anything worthwhile that comes out of a garden has to be planted—even a body.

by TED PETERSON

IF friends ever start speculating about the perfect crime, you might tell them the story of the quick-tempered village parson and a murder so devilish that it almost went undiscovered.

As murders go, it was a work of art. It involved a widowed pastor named Soren Qvist, who lived with his daughter in a tiny Danish village called Veilby. He was loved by his parishioners despite his one failing — an almost ungovernable temper, which eventually led to his execution. When members of his flock erred, they felt the sting of his temper. His wrath was not born of malice. Qvist was far less a malicious man than a conscientious disciplinarian.

He was well aware of his failing, and he made an honest attempt to keep his rage under control. When he felt his anger mounting, he would shut himself in his study until calmness returned. But the study wasn't always at hand; his temper often flared openly, and it was well-known in the community. Although Qvist has been dead for many years now, his temper is still remembered, for it played an important part in the murder that has become a legend in Denmark.

A part of Qvist's anger was di-

rected toward a neighboring farmer named Morten Bruns who, folks agreed, was a man of more wealth than charm. Bruns became interested in Qvist's 20-year-old daughter Nora and began courting her. The pastor took a dim view of Bruns as an individual, a dimmer view of him as a prospective son-in-law. He disliked the farmer's domineering attitude and suspected him of shady business dealings. The man was no match for his Nora, that was plain. In a storm of temper, Qvist told Morten to stay away if he didn't want a sound thrashing. Bruns mumbled something about getting even, but he stayed away.

After his outburst, the pastor's spirit softened, as it often did after his rages, and he was a little sorry for the way he had treated the man. When Morten Bruns' destitute brother showed up a short time later, Qvist saw a way to atone for his harsh words. The brother, Neils Bruns, was looking for a job. To show that he bore no hard feelings toward the Bruns family, the pastor gave him work as gardener.

But work did not appeal to Neils Bruns. Goaded by the pastor, he did enough to get by, and that was all. As Qvist watched the gardener's idleness, he felt his temper slipping. He lost it completely in a field one day when he attacked Neils and threatened to give him a thorough

beating if he didn't buckle down to work. Neils didn't like the choice. He jumped a hedge and scooted away.

Perhaps happy that one source of annoyance was gone, Qvist settled back in his old routine. Then, some days after Neils had run away, Morten Bruns returned to the parsonage. He came this time not to court Nora but to inquire about his brother's whereabouts. The pastor told him of Neils' flight.

Morten was skeptical. Two women had overheard the argument between Neils and the pastor, Morten said, and they knew of the threats Qvist had made. When Qvist denied knowing where the missing brother was, Morten spoke bluntly: the village suspected murder. Furthermore, Morten hinted, he had a pretty good idea who the murderer was. With that, he left.

Rumors seethed through the town. Rewards were offered; villagers were questioned. Morten Bruns aired it about that he knew the secret of Neils' disappearance: Soren Qvist had murdered his brother and buried the body.

Within a few weeks, Bruns took his suspicions to a magistrate and backed them with evidence. First he quoted the witnesses who had overheard the row between the pastor and Neils. Then he produced his ace witness, a farm hand named Larsen, who swore that one night on his way to the village he had seen someone digging in the parsonage garden. He hadn't been able to identify the digger, but the person had been wearing a green dressing gown. His statement was enough to make the magistrate

send for Qvist. Almost everyone in Veilby knew that Qvist had a green dressing gown.

At first Qvist strongly denied having murdered Neils. They could look in his garden and they would find nothing amiss, he told investigators; he had never dug in his garden at night.

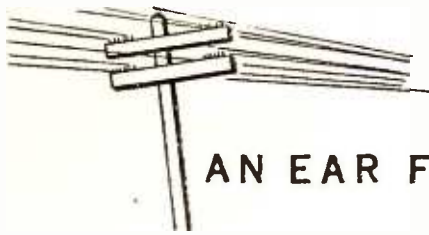
So the authorities dug. In the spot pointed out by the farm hand Larsen, they found the body of a man. His face was so badly decomposed that it was not recognizable, but they identified the clothes as those of Neils Bruns.

Then other evidence pointed to Qvist. His maidservant remembered that on the very night the farm hand had seen someone digging in the garden she'd seen a man leave the pastor's room. It was dark, but she'd noticed that he had worn a dressing gown like Qvist's. Two women testified that they had heard Qvist threaten the missing man.

Finally, to clinch matters, Soren Qvist confessed to the murder. His confession was necessarily hazy, for he could not remember having committed the crime. But he did know his own temper; it had always been getting out of hand. As a boy, he had once become so angry at a dog that he had killed it. Besides that, his mind played tricks on him. Once during his sleep he had written a sermon; when he awoke he couldn't remember having written it. Those recollections and the evidence of witnesses convinced him that he had killed Neils Bruns and buried the body while in a fury so terrible that

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Shhhh! Speak no evil—except in person!



WIRE TAPPER:

AN EAR FOR THE PRIVATE EYE

by KENYON HART

THE most hush-hush business in the world isn't counterfeiting or murder. It's wire-tapping, in the opinion of veteran policemen and the tappers themselves, who guard the secrets of their sly profession with belligerence and fervor.

But the work of crime detection would be severely hampered without the services of the nimble gentlemen who can eavesdrop at will upon almost any telephone conversation.

There was the time, for example, when federal officials—confronted with a first-rate narcotics mystery in a Southern city—based their hopes for breaking the case upon discovering what telephone number was called most frequently by a suspected morphine salesman.

They finally summoned an electrician who picked up extra money by tapping wires.

"I have a device which can translate any number dialed," the man said. "It punches out dots on a paper tape, repeating the exact number of clicks which follow each spin of the wheel. By reading the tape, I can tell precisely what number has been called."

He spent several days patiently monitoring the phone of the suspected peddler, kept records on tape, and then produced the one number most

often dialed. This number led straight to the source of narcotic supply and the grateful officers were enabled to close a case which had stumped them for months.

Though newspapers, clergymen and even Supreme Court justices have heaped contempt upon the lowly profession of wire-tapping, the business has grown to large proportions. Obviously, exact statistics on its practitioners and their earnings are hard to come by.

One fact is certain: not everybody who fears that his phone is being tapped is right. Two out of three complaints of tapped wires prove to be false alarms when investigated by the telephone company. Veteran linesmen and electricians have a name for such chronic worriers—they're "tap goofy"!

The more persistent tap goofy citizens, as you might expect, end up on psychiatrists' couches or in cozy mental hospitals. Some doctors say that people whose bad consciences work overtime reflect their guilt feelings in the unshakable conviction that their telephones are being tampered with.

The real work for the wire tappers comes from police departments, lawyers, private investigators and others who seek missing husbands,

strayed wives, embezzling bookkeepers, crooked business partners, and even kidnapers and murderers.

How can you tell when your phone is being tapped?

The most dependable symptom is a strange fading of words smack in the middle of a conversation. This disappearing act is caused by a "raw tap." It occurs when an amateur scrapes the insulation from a phone wire and affixes a receiver to it with needle-like pincers.

The professional tapper disdains the raw tap, which can be accomplished by anybody with a smattering of electrical know-how. The big-money pros in this secretive business use boosters which keep the current at almost normal, or they operate powerful induction coils which can't give away the secret of the wire tapper's unseen presence. The induction coil is a powerful magnet wrapped with 8,000 turns of fine wire. No actual plug-in or puncture of a telephone line is required to tune in the most private of conversations.

Some experts, by placing the coils in just the right spot, literally can absorb phone conversations through a three-foot stone wall.

One Chicago wire-tapper was summoned to Detroit by a detective agency representing an unnamed client. He was given a retainer fee of \$300. The detective named a certain auto company, and said:

"They're coming out with new models, but so far we haven't obtained even an inkling of what the new cars will be like. Your job is to tune in on the firm's designing de-

partment and pick up any interesting details."

The tapper stayed at his post for two weeks, screening every call emanating from the department. The scraps of talk he picked up and wrote in a notebook didn't make much sense to him, but they delighted the rival company. A \$500 fee and a tidy bonus went to this successful tapper.

The craft of the telephone Paul Pry was born quietly in New York City in 1895. An out-of-work telephone repair man whispered to police officers that they might learn things by overhearing the conversations of suspected thugs. The police liked the idea, and gave him a job tapping wires.

The tapper's chore was a simple one then and for some years to come. The telephone company itself gladly helped out and even provided assistants to locate lines for the tapper. Today you wouldn't catch a phone company allowing a tapper to come in the lobby and get warm.

This cool feeling developed over the years, induced by severe editorial censure of wire tapping in newspapers and magazines. Certain court decisions that wire-tapped evidence is inadmissible also have made the phone companies exceedingly careful about cooperating with tappers.

But while telephone company officials honestly deny knowing anything

(Continued on page 28)



"Little silver" is rough, tough, and costs a fortune.

PLATINUM

THE MIRACLE METAL

by C. E. NEWELL

A MINNESOTA orphan girl who shattered her leg bone in a nasty auto wreck which killed two people now walks again, thanks to a platinum brace inserted in her leg by surgeons using a new technique. Platinum was chosen because it, of all metals, was least likely to corrode and cause the child trouble.

Astronomers, too, acknowledge their indebtedness to platinum, one of the world's most helpful metals. For tiny platinum wires, so thin that it takes 25,000 strands to make one inch, are used to mark off invisible squares in the great 200-inch telescope which has been so long in the making at Mount Palomar, California.

And should you be unlucky enough to get in the way of a tough guy's plunging fist, platinum may come to your rescue if your front teeth have been separated from your mouth. For dentists use "anchor loops"—small, flat eyelets of platinum—to anchor new bridgework securely.

Platinum wasn't always so useful, nor so expensive. When the greedy Spanish *conquistadores* fine-combed Mexico in their search for gold, they turned up strange, grayish grains in the golden sands. These odd grains they threw away as having no value.

Later, when a French expedition uncovered platinum in Colombia, the Spanish members of the expedition tacked a name onto the metal—*platina*, meaning "little silver."

For generations after, the only use for platinum was as a crucible material for men of science working in laboratories scattered throughout the world. They appreciated the heat-resistant qualities of platinum, which withstood temperatures invariably melting weaker metals.

Right now, platinum can play rich uncle to its cheaper nephew, gold. And its two costly brothers, iridium and rhodium, fetch \$125 an ounce in the metal market place. Despite the high cost, manufacturers are the greatest buyers of platinum, iridium and rhodium, because the alloys produced from these super-metals permit extensive savings in manufacturing processes. Thus, although platinum costs a lot, its use in countless industries results in dollars-and-cents savings to you, the consumer.

Although the United States is the world's largest user of platinum, we produce virtually none of the precious metal. Only a tiny amount mined in Alaska trickles into the United States. The bulk of our platinum comes from Russia and Canada. If Russia were to cut off our platinum supply, we would be hard-pressed to secure the 775,000 ounces we need annually.

Military men say we can thank platinum for winning the war. So important is this metal that a full decade before Pearl Harbor the Japanese pulled a cute trick to step up their platinum supply: Nip officials

commanded Japs with money to buy rings and pins made of the strategic metal.

Then, when the Japs plunged into an all-out program of conquest, all the government had to do was to command its people to surrender their platinum jewelry for a fraction of its original cost.

The Germans, too, hoarded platinum and paid for vast imports of it by going without butter.

In the early days of World War II, Allied airmen complained bitterly that their Flying Fortresses developed engine troubles at crucial times. In the midst of battle, an engine would gasp and die.

Engineers, probing into the glum situation, discovered that spark-plug points couldn't last in the high altitudes made necessary by ground defenses. The plugs, hard up for oxygen in the rarefied heights, simply disintegrated.

The engineers got around that problem in a hurry. They developed an alloy of 80 per cent platinum which enabled spark plugs to function perfectly at any height, whether they were overheated or not. The airmen's trouble from that source then became a thing of the past.

Right now, American government agents are prowling the nation seeking stocks of platinum which they can buy and store. We won't be caught without the vital stuff should war again engulf the world in the years ahead.

Look at your handsome evening

gown the next time you go to a country club dance, Madam. For those shining threads, you can thank a platinum alloy spinneret, through whose tiny holes rayon is forced at terrific pressure to create the threads needed to make you the belle of the ball.

That new television set, your old radio, and the light bulbs, too, all would be impossible to make, or greatly inferior, were it not for the electronic uses to which platinum and its alloys have been put.

When tree stumps are blown up to make way for new roads or farm buildings, you may be sure that platinum played a role in making improvements possible. That's because most explosives are made chiefly from nitric acid, one of the most corrosive compounds used by chemists. Only platinum has the sturdy unchangeability needed to stand up against nitric acid and serve as a container for it.

Soon, you may have new, long-lasting spark plugs for your car made principally from a platinum alloy. These plugs will give better performance at top speeds, last longer, and ultimately will cost no more than conventional plugs now on the market.

So, don't hesitate to buy that platinum wedding band or a platinum alloy cigarette lighter. Not only are such items durable and lovely, but you may be performing a patriotic duty in "stockpiling" even a minute quantity of America's most strategic metal.

▲
A celebrity is someone who has worked for years to become famous enough to be recognized and then goes around in dark glasses so no one will know who he is.

Double up and secure, boys—it's every man a captain!

LEE HARBOR



by JOHN TROWBRIDGE

ALL his life, old Pete had been a lowly wiper on tramp steamers, having a grand time in all the ports of the world and saving not a penny from his meagre wages.

But today this penniless seaman is addressed respectfully as "Captain," wears a starched blue uniform replete with gold buttons and nautical swagger, and has a lovely bedroom, the best of food, television, movies and billiards—all for free.

Pete, still blinking in amazement at his good fortune, is one of several hundred old tars who live elegantly in Sailors' Snug Harbor at Staten Island, New York. The Harbor has been dubbed, accurately, America's most luxurious old folks' home. It has deep-cushioned easy chairs, fine rugs, gleaming silver, out-of-season fruits, and the most expensive steaks for its "inmates."

But not a cent of payment is asked of the guests; all they have to do to merit this hospitality is to stay sober and avoid fisticuffs. Everything at the "Harbor" has been skilfully planned to make seafaring men feel at home, whether they are sailing vessel survivors or alumni of steamers.

There are no conventional alarm clocks at the Harbor; a ship's bell gently tolls the hours. For their amusement, the old sailors can use

telescopes and binoculars to scan ship movements in busy New York harbor. Regardless of previous rank aboard ship, every guest automatically is elevated to the rank of "Captain"—and that office he holds until he dies.

As you might expect, it gripes not a few old sea dogs who were real gold-braiders in their day to sit at table with a boatswain or ship's carpenter who must be addressed as "Captain." But in this democracy of old age, the most crusty ex-officers soon climb down from their proud perches and fraternize with seamen of every race, creed and color.

That's the way old Captain Robert Richard Randall wanted the Harbor to be operated when he summoned the great Alexander Hamilton to his death bed in 1801 and asked the statesman to draw a will.

"I've got a small New York farm which produces a modest income," said the old Captain. "I've loved the sea and the men who follow it. Let the farm's income help old sailors whose days at sea are numbered."

He had no idea that the farm would become one of the juiciest Manhattan real estate plots, valued today in excess of \$10,000,000. It is bounded by Fifth Avenue, Fourth Avenue, Tenth Street and Waverly

Place. Speculators look hungrily at the property which yields an opulent old age security to the ex-seamen of 1949—almost 150 years after their benefactor's death.

Today, you'll see old salts walking arm in arm through Snug Harbor's 55 buildings or across the 100 acres of beautiful lawn. But despite their surface harmony, these veterans of the seas sometimes erupt into angry profanity in arguing the merits of sail versus steam—a debate which was popular half a century ago.

"We'uns of sailing days look down at them whippersnappers raised on steamships," grunts an old tar of 85 years. "But we all look down on them lily-livered Coast Guard men. Hell's bells, some o' those fellers are really landlubbers who ain't never been more'n 12 miles from shore!"

Despite this acrimonious debate, all guests are banded together in a solid front against any person so unfortunate as never to have earned his living at sea. Landlubbers get respectful but cold treatment when they visit Snug Harbor; unless you talk the lingo of the sea, the old boys pay you scant heed and would rather play dominoes or peer through their telescopes.

There's nothing a guest can buy at Snug Harbor. Tobacco, newspaper, magazine, ice cream—all are his for the asking. Yet, to keep busy, many oldsters earn pocket money by carving ship's models, performing light duties, or whittling novelties. However, the money they earn can be spent for one thing only—liquor—a stimulant sternly banned on the premises.

For a five cent ferry trip, a sly

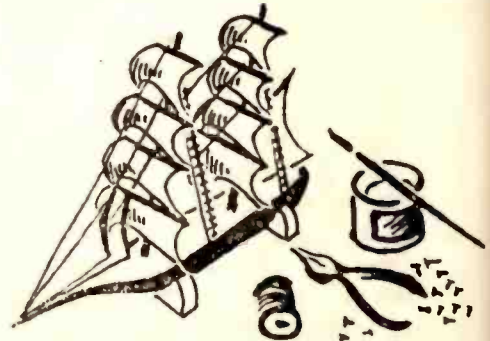
octogenarian can take a trip to Manhattan, buy whisky, and return to the Harbor with his bottle tucked away.

All guests must be 60 years of age, or older, "worn out in the service of the sea," as Captain Randall's will puts it, and ready for a life of serenity and peace. A candidate must have served at least five years on an American vessel, or ten years on foreign vessels.

Punishment, such as it is, consists of a stay for a few days in Ward D. This is in the hospital, and the "punishment" is confinement to quarters until the offender promises not to get drunk again or not to fight with his fellow "Captains."

Even funerals are free for the seafaring men. The rich income enjoyed by the Snug Harbor administration ensures a good old age for ex-mariners willing to trade the excitement of the sea for the calm of existence on dry land.

As you might expect, life on the beach bores and dismays many old tars. Not accustomed to luxury,



hating the inactivity and freedom from danger, not a few of the spavined ex-sea dogs actually ran away from Snug Harbor during the war and tried to sign up for berths aboard

ships carrying munitions and supplies.

The majority of the runaways, despite their hopes for return to sea duty, came limping back to the Harbor. Twenty or more years away from a rolling deck had softened them. Young captains looked with silent pity on old sea dogs who quaveringly lied about their age.

These old men of the sea have a library rich in lore of the mariner. They have movies and an art gallery

of beautiful original seascapes. They have food which would be the envy of most Americans, and plenty of servants to do their bidding and nurses to minister to their aches and pains.

But as one 75-year-old tramp steamer veteran wrote his sister, "I'd trade it all, Minnie, to be eating chow with the lads on a ship bound for Port Said. Life on land has made me soft—and, blast it, that's a fate worse than death for any sailin' man!"

THE PASTOR AND THE PERFECT MURDER *(Continued from page 20)*

he couldn't remember it.

The law agreed with him, and he was sentenced to death. The people of Veilby, who still loved him, fought to get him pardoned. Officials denied their appeals. Even Qvist himself blocked the villagers' attempts to obtain his release. He had been a harsh disciplinarian to others; he was the same to himself. He had taken a life. He must forfeit his own. And so, brave and repentant, he went to his death on the Hill of the Ravens.

If a ragged beggar had not turned up in Veilby more than 20 years later, the Danish people would never have remembered Soren Qvist. As his parishioners died, one by one, the memory of him would have died with them. But years after the pastor had been executed and not long after Morten Bruns had died, a stranger knocked at the door of the parsonage that once had been Qvist's. He asked where he could find Morten Bruns.

"He is dead," the pastor told him. The beggar collapsed.

The beggar was Neils Bruns, the man Qvist was supposed to have mur-

dered. When he had run away from the pastor in the field, he said, his brother had bribed him to leave the village forever. For years he had been getting sums of money from his brother, and he had come back to find out why they had stopped.

Morten Bruns had planned his revenge against Qvist so carefully that the law had killed his victim for him. His hand had been in events from the moment that Neils had asked the pastor for work. Morten had known that Neils' idleness and the pastor's temper would clash. He had known that the parsonage was never locked; he had had no trouble stealing the green dressing gown to wear while he dug the grave in the garden. And he had had no trouble digging up a body in the churchyard cemetery and dumping it into the grave in the garden. If any murder was perfect, his was.

By the time folks learned that, though, there wasn't much they could do. The murderer was dead, and it had been more than 20 years since his victim had walked bravely to his death on the Hill of the Ravens.

WIRE TAPPER: An Ear for the Private Eye

(Continued from page 22)

about the business of wire-tapping, the help of certain key inside workers is indispensable in making taps in all of our larger cities.

Consider New York with its 1,700,000 telephones. No tapper, however energetic, could locate a line unless somebody who worked for the phone company identified the line to be tapped. Yet phones are tapped, and the conclusion of cooperation is inevitable.

The legal status of the wire-tapping clan is in doubt. Back in 1928, government men tapped a bootlegger's line and obtained evidence which enabled them to pin a sentence on the fellow.

Though the convicted man appealed, asserting that the tapping was an invasion of his constitutional right to privacy, the Supreme Court ruled that he must serve his sentence.

But ten years later, in 1938, the wire-tapping business suffered a recession when four men—all accused smugglers—appealed their sentences also. They asserted that the Federal Communications Commission Act protected interstate telephone calls from intrusion. The Supreme Court nodded assent and the alleged smugglers won.

Nevertheless, enough private business comes to wire tappers to make the occupation profitable, regardless of what legal winds are blowing.

The tappers gain access to telephones in apartments, offices and

homes by a variety of ruses. They pose as building inspectors, elevator repair men, plumbers or tax assessors.

A tapper in St. Louis received a black eye when he boldly entered the apartment of a wealthy jeweler and said he was an exterminator. Armed with a DDT spray and a nose mask, he looked the part and the maid admitted him without question.

Two hours later, he was discovered by the jeweler setting up elaborate tapping equipment. The black eye and ejection speedily followed. This tapper had been retained by a former secretary of the jeweler who plotted a little blackmail when she suspected the man of being unfaithful to his wife.

A Los Angeles tapper employed by a suspicious husband was more successful. He carried two buckets into an apartment, posing as a window washer. One bucket contained water and soap, the other his tapping apparatus.

In 20 minutes of feigned window swabbing, he was able to set up equipment which subsequently gave him clear reception that night when the truant wife made incriminating phone calls.

The husband obtained a divorce on the strength of evidence provided by the tapper. He then gave the eavesdropper \$500, a new car, and the deed to a vacant lot on which to build a cottage!

▲
When telling a joke, it is a good idea to make it as short as possible; because if you stretch it out, you give the listener time to think of one to tell you.

THE ECHO OF Old Drum



To become a martyr, he died like a dog.

by JOEL LONGACRE

WHEN Missourians placed the names of the state's all-time great leaders on the Missouri float for President Truman's inaugural parade, George Graham Vest was one which they selected.

Even in Missouri, that sent many persons to their history books to re-discover this remarkable solon, this man who represented the state both in Rebellion and in Reunion. For he served as a Missouri representative in the Confederate States Congress, and followed that with a distinguished career in Washington.

Even so, these present-day Missourians discovered that the average history had more to say of Vest's "dog speech" than of his legislative career. It was a speech Vest tossed off for a \$50 fee. But it was a speech so memorable that 15 years later one of his legal opponents in the case dictated it to a stenographer as "Vest's Eulogy to the Dog." As such, it is a part of American literature.

Old Drum was the dog which, in death, set the stage for this magnificent burst of courtroom oratory. Contemporary accounts of the time, just shortly after the Civil War, have it that Old Drum was the best foxhound and hunter of his day in Western Missouri, and that his services were much in demand.

Before the case of Old Drum finally was settled in the Supreme Court of Missouri, nine lawyers had had their say. Five of them rose to national prominence. One of those attorneys was George Graham Vest.

It was on October 25, 1869, that Old Drum was shotgunned to death. Charles Burden, a farmer living near Kingsville, Missouri, in northwestern Johnson county, charged that his prize hound had been killed by a neighbor, Leonidas Hornsby.

Both Burden and Hornsby were, for those difficult times following the Civil War, regarded as well-to-do farmers. Burden was a tall, strong-willed and rugged man who had been weathered on the plains and in the service of the Confederacy.

Hornsby was smaller, wiry and redheaded. And politically he disagreed with Burden. Thus the setting was arranged for a bitter fight.

Burden filed suit in the Justice Court in Kingsville. He sought damages of \$100 from Hornsby for the death of Old Drum. Hard feelings developed quickly among the residents of the area, some of whom had ridden for the South, while others had served with the Federal armies. There were threats and counter-threats.

Burden first retained Thomas S. Jones, a Kingsville attorney, known

among his friends as "Buffalo" Jones because of his taste for Buffalo Bitters rather than for any prowess on the plains. Hornsby employed Dave Nation and his partner, of nearby Holden. Nation was to gain a bit of reflected notoriety through the doings of his wife with a hatchet. She was Carrie A. Nation.

The first trial in the case resulted in a hung jury. Burden won an award of \$25 in the second case. The red-headed Hornsby decided he had just begun to fight. He employed the powerful young law firm of Thomas T. Crittenden and Francis M. Cockrell of Warrensburg to carry an appeal to the Court of Common Pleas in the county seat town. Burden retained Wells H. Blodgett.

With the help of Crittenden, late a Union army colonel, and Cockrell, former Confederate general, Hornsby won on the appeal action. Burden bounced right back to obtain a new trial. It was then Blodgett decided he needed some assistance for the fourth recital of the death of Old Drum.

Burden told him to go ahead. He already was indebted far beyond the amount of damage he had sought originally. So Blodgett turned to the other half of the Democratic "Big Four" in Missouri, the law team of George Graham Vest and John Philips of Sedalia.

Vest had been a senator in the Confederate States Congress, while Philips had been a colonel of Federal cavalry.

Blodgett found Vest seated beside a pot-bellied stove in that portion of the courtroom reserved for spectators.

"I'll pay you \$50 to make a speech

for my client," Blodgett said.

"What, you mean that dog case?" Vest asked, showing very little interest. "All right."

Blodgett admitted later that he was worried by Vest's reaction, especially since Vest had seemed to pay scant attention to the previous courtroom appearances of the ghost of Old Drum.

Vest was a strange man. He was of small stature but with a large head set on a stout neck. He was moody, well educated and an excellent attorney, but even his best friends had difficulty understanding him sometimes. Crittenden once applied to him a remark attributed to Byron, "The more he saw of men the more he thought of dogs."

It was on September 23, 1870, that Vest arose to deliver his \$50 speech in summation. He spoke for an hour and a half. Brilliantly, he sketched the issues in the case. His heart was in his work for he, like Burden, had followed the ill-fated but glorious Stars and Bars. For another thing, Vest loved dogs.

Vest capped his speech with a five-minute burst of oratory. He did not mention Old Drum by name. But he immortalized the famed hound of the Big Creek region as the symbol of all dogs. To this day, what he said in those five minutes is known as "Vest's Eulogy to the Dog."

"Gentlemen of the jury," the attorney said, "the best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful.

"Those who are nearest and dearest

to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him perhaps when he needs it most.

"A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side.

"He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the

journey through the heavens.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies.

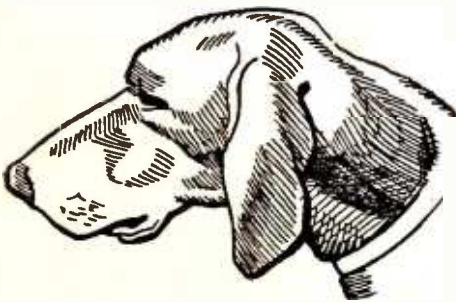
"And when the last scene of all comes and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws and his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

As Vest concluded, his hearers wiped tears from their eyes. The jury reached its verdict quickly, without leaving the box. It was in favor of Vest's client.

Hornsby again took an appeal, this time to the Supreme Court of Missouri. The high tribunal ruled against him. It was the final chapter in the story of Old Drum.

The names of Vest, Philips, Crittenden, Cockrell and Blodgett were affixed to the action filed before the high court. Vest and Cockrell became United States Senators from Missouri. Cockrell served 30 years; Vest, 24, during which he became known as "The Little Giant" of the Senate and gained a reputation as a legislative fiscal expert.

Crittenden and Philips became Congressmen from Missouri. Then Crittenden was elected governor of the state, and it was he who directed the clean-up of the James gang. Philips later became a Federal District Judge in Missouri. Blodgett was elected to the state senate and later



world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wing and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its

became vice president and general solicitor for the Wabash Railroad.

It remained for Crittenden, Vest's opponent in the famous dog case, to preserve the Eulogy for a place in American literature. There were no court stenographers in Warrensburg the day that Vest delivered his now-famous speech. Fifteen years later Crittenden dictated it from memory. Perhaps much, or at least some, of it should be attributed to him.

As for Burden and Hornsby, they died poor men as a result of their long and bitter court battle over Old Drum. They were buried in a country cemetery. Only a few yards separate their graves.

Old Drum's death ruined them. But at the same time it touched five lawyers—all home from the War Between the States—as if with a golden wand and sent them on to distinguished careers in the nation.

Universal Language

An Indian came into an income tax office and indicated that he wanted help in filling out his tax form.

"How much money did you earn last year?" inquired a tax expert.

"Ugh," said the Indian.

"Do you have any cash on hand?"

"Ugh."

"Did you receive interest on any money in the bank?"

"Ugh."

"You'll have to tell me, sir."

"Ugh."

"How do you expect me to fill out the form, if you don't tell me?"

"Ugh," said the Indian.

Said the expert, "You might even have a refund coming, you know."

"Ah," said the Indian. "How much?"—*Joseph C. Stacey.*



A wealthy lady was strolling in Central Park one day followed by her baby in a carriage wheeled by a maid. Suddenly, a wasp buzzed into the carriage, and the fascinated child began crying for it.

The lady turned to the maid and snapped, "Don't you see that Ronald is crying? Let him have what he wants."

The crying had stopped for only a minute when the mother was startled by a loud scream from the carriage.

"What's the matter now!" she exclaimed.

The maid calmly replied, "He's got it."

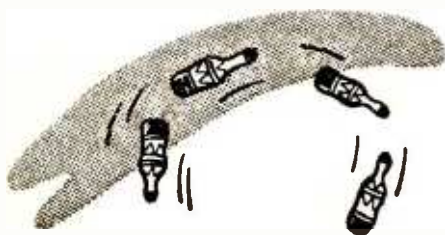


It's not easy to be the first lady of the United States. But Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt had a way of making things less difficult for herself. After having her hand wrung for hours as she greeted people at a public reception, she resolved not to suffer such an ordeal again. Thereafter, instead of wearing a corsage at public gatherings, she carried in her hands a large bouquet of flowers. Naturally, no one would ask her to lay down the flowers to shake hands, so she was spared the trouble.



Little boy being introduced to an old friend of the family: "How do you do? My, how I've grown! May I be excused now?"

Little



Wonder!

And this is the story of the child juggler—who never, never grew up.

by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

THE little guy spent a whole year learning to do that trick, and then the audience sat on its hands. But when he pulled a simple little stunt like balancing a feather on his nose, it brought down the house. That's when the little guy began learning about showmanship.

The little guy—with the too-big collar, baggy pants, oversized coat and battered derby—is Jimmy Savo, the only pantomimist in the world who can give Chaplin a fair run for his money. Charlie himself was one of the first to recognize the genius of his rival, although now there is nearly universal accord that Savo is a truly great performer.

It's been a long pull for the Beau Brummell of the Bowery, as Savo has been called, since that long-ago night in his 12th year when he copped a prize in a Harlem amateur show by singing *Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie* to the accompaniment of a barking dog. The dog was Savo's, was named Nellie, and bounded onto the stage at first mention of her name. When Jimmy hit the last high "by" at the end of his song, Nellie let out a ghastly yelp while the audience rocked with laughter and showered coins upon the precocious laugh-provoker. That sort of thing, more or less, has

been going on ever since.

Jimmy turned professional soon after winning that contest. He started as a juggler, and was billed as "The Child Wonder Juggler" at \$25 a week. "A forchun," Jimmy says, with that elfin smile which has actually helped him amass a tidy sum to call his own. Down through the years his career as a juggler, tight-rope walker, dancer, singer, comedian and pantomimist has paid off handsomely. He has worked in nearly every entertainment medium: vaudeville first, of course; then the musical comedy stage, night clubs, radio, movies and records. Today, he owns an old Italian castle, as well as a number of farms in various parts of the world where he has performed. If the wolf ever decides to knock on Jimmy's door, he'll have a tough time choosing which one.

About five years ago, though, Jimmy was on his uppers. He was sick, out of a job and almost broke. Worst of all, Broadway wiseacres were calling him a has-been.

But two people had confidence in him. One was Nina, a former girl reporter who had been assigned to interview Jimmy many years ago and promptly married him. The other was Barney Josephson, a New York night club proprietor who saw greatness in

the comic others said was through. They convinced Jimmy he could be heard as well as seen.

Singing in public for the first time in years, Savo was an overnight sensation. *His River, Stay Away From My Door, One Meatball and That Old Black Magic* were considered classics of the kind. In recorded form, they sold like hotcakes.

He played two solid years at Josephson's Cafe Society Uptown, another two years at a swank hotel spot, and a month at the Roxy Theatre for \$2,500 a week. He had a coast-to-coast network radio show, and topped the whole works with a triumphal trans-continental tour. It was an amazing comeback, but the biggest surprise was yet in store.

To while away the hours spent on train and plane, Jimmy began to write little stories reflecting his pixyish nature. He showed them to his press agent, who promptly shot them off to magazines, figuring it ought to be good for some kind of publicity when they bounced back with rejection letters. But things didn't work out that way. Several top magazines bought Jimmy's stories, and in no time a book publisher was after him to do a novel. The result was *Little World, Hello*, published last fall. It sold well, and the comedian is now at work on a second book-length effort.

Although he's been successful as both author and entertainer, and has played to some of the world's most sophisticated audiences, Jimmy takes special pride in a pair of performances he gave for children at a "straw hat" theatre last summer. Before appearing at the Playhouse in Woodstock,

New York, someone asked him what age group he would play to. "Children," he replied, "from five to seventy-five. And no adult will be admitted unless accompanied by a child."

Jimmy did his own version of *Ferdinand, the Bull* as the high spot of a program including original pantomime, songs and stories. He completely captivated his youthful audience. The kids laughed so much, in fact, that Jimmy is moved to remember that response as "the most beautiful sound in the world."

While at Woodstock, Savo consented to pose for two groups of painters who were summering at the art colony. His only stipulation was that half the proceeds from the sale of his portraits should go to aid G.I. amputees. For Jimmy has a personal axe to grind.

About a year and a half ago, you see, Mr. Savo suffered a leg amputation. Once again, the bright boys along the main stem predicted oblivion for him. It was inconceivable that he could recover sufficiently to go back on the stage.

Jimmy fooled them a second time. While still in the hospital, he broadcast from his bed. And he vowed that he would fulfill an engagement in Covington on schedule. It sounded like an impossible boast to anybody who didn't know the little guy was indomitable.

Before he was even out of bed, Jimmy was busily trying to figure a way to get on-stage without the audience noticing his crutches. By the time he began rehearsals, he was able to discard the crutches in favor of a pair of canes. On opening night he

was using only one cane. And when the orchestra played his entrance cue, he threw away the last prop and went on unassisted. It had taken him just three months to overcome the handicap!

When Jimmy returned to New York, the critics said his act was better than ever. He broke the all-time

record for business at a first-rate supper club. His services were more in demand than ever before, and he received an award as "The Comedian of the Year." Fellow comics and Broadway columnists attended a dinner in his honor. The little man, indeed, was very much there. He's been very much there for quite awhile—and little wonder!

It Pays to Advertise

An editor of the *Idaho World* during the wild and woolly Western era inserted the following ad in his paper: "Stolen from this office—one revolver. Whoever returns it will be given its contents—and no questions asked."

A resident of Booneville, Mississippi, placed the following ad in the town newspaper: "Wanted to swap—my town rooster that crows at 5 a. m. for a country rooster that crows at 4 a. m." The advertiser gave this reason: "I am going into business and want to get an early start."

A man in Trenton, New Jersey, tried vainly for months to secure an apartment. Finally, more as a "gag" than anything else, he placed the following advertisement in the paper: "My two-year-old daughter cannot tolerate her in-laws. Require two-bedroom apartment or house for child, wife, and me . . . plus 3 white mice, Arizona chameleon, 4 dogs, a refined alley cat, and an uncaged canary. Noisy and inveterate drinkers. We entertain constantly and have no regard for neighbors."

Results? People still go for a sense of humor—and dozens of offers came pouring in.—*Joseph C. Stacey.*

Some Hollywood brides are so economical that they go without a honeymoon so that their husbands can save enough for alimony.

Some nations on the subject of war are like girls on the subject of marriage; they insist they don't want it but they like to keep talking about it.

A Sun Valley skier found himself completely lost in the mountains and unable to travel because of a splintered ski. He wandered helplessly for a while and finally sank exhausted into the snow.

Just as he was about to give up hope, he saw coming toward him a big St. Bernard with a flask of brandy tied around its neck.

"At last!" the skier gasped. "Here comes man's best friend and a dog."

A lady was having her eyes examined. The optician placed at a distance a card with the letters KZPTVCH printed on it. "Now, Madam," he asked, "can you see the letters?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I can see them clearly — but I can't read Russian."



"... and to hold the line against higher prices we'll cut the size of our product in half..."



*How wild? How wild?
How wild can an epithet be?*

by JULES FRANCE

THE fine art of insult offers an interesting career to anyone gifted with a sharp wit and caustic outlook. The men who plan and write America's campaign speeches and slogans are expert at mockery, and vituperation is the coin of our most famous comedians. The most widely read critics are those who can destroy with a wisecrack.

Many men, aware of the dynamite contained in any language, have spent their lives perfecting acid combinations of words which can be used with explosive effect against more powerful opponents. Human nature being what it is, our applause goes to the clever insult, our scorn to the butt of the jest.

The late Alexander Wollcott won international fame for his skilful attacks upon his fellow men. Once, having snubbed the aristocratic Lucius Beebe, he received reporters who eagerly questioned him about this noteworthy incident. "Beebe?" he asked archly. "Beebe? Why I thought he was at the bottom of the ocean."

When the editor of the *Reader's Digest* expressed dissatisfaction with an article Wollcott had done for him, the caustic wit wrote that De Witt Wallace, the editor, "has destroyed

the pleasure of reading; now he is about to destroy the pleasure of writing." Wollcott's final words to Lady Astor were, "My God, what energy and no brains can do for you!"

Wollcott met his match in the actress Peggy Wood, while discussing a possible revival of *Macbeth*. With a condescending air he turned to her and said, "I don't think you'd make a very good Lady Macbeth, do you, Peggy?"

"No, Aleck," she murmured. "But you would."

John Barrymore once shocked the leading lady of his play during rehearsals by bawling her out in language that frankly reflected on her virtue. "Kindly remember that I am a lady!" she flared.

"Madam," Barrymore growled, "I will respect your secret."

A fight developed when Voltaire, the classic master of invective, was accosted by a chevalier who taunted him at having changed his name from Arouet to Voltaire. "Just what is your real name?" the dandy sneered.

"My name begins with me," Voltaire replied scornfully. "Yours ends with you."

Ilka Chase was divorced from actor Louis Calhern, who promptly married

Julia Hoyt. A few days later she discovered in her trunk a box of expensive calling cards engraved "Mrs. Louis Calhern." Not wanting to waste them, she mailed them to her successor with a "sweet" little message. It read, "Dear Julia: I hope these reach you in time."

H. L. Mencken, no slouch at slurring, reviewed the works of H. G. Wells when that English author was at the height of his career. He titled his critical essay, "The Late Mr. Wells." No more bitter castigation of Wells ever appeared than Mencken's damning description of him as "too eager to teach today what he learned yesterday."

Undisputed queen of the verbal barbed shaft is nimble-tongued Dorothy Parker. When told that Calvin Coolidge had died, she asked innocently, "How can they tell?" Her review of a scientific book was succinct, "It was written without fear and without research." Her review of an A. A. Milne opus was deadly, "Tonstant Weader fwowed up."

Once she and the equally barb-witted Clare Luce crossed paths at a society dinner. Mrs. Luce, stepping back, gestured Miss Parker ahead with the coy remark, "Age before beauty." Nodding graciously, Miss Parker swept ahead of her, murmuring sweetly as she passed, "Pearls before swine."

Groucho Marx, seldom bested in a verbal duel, once dialed the Weather Bureau and asked, "How about a shower tonight?" The unperturbed weather man replied, "It's all right with me. Take it if you need it." On his radio program, Groucho recently

told a 300-pound lady contestant, "Melted down, you'd be worth a fortune to my butcher."

A beautifully subtle exchange of words comes down to us from the court of Louis XIV, who once received Lord Stair, a nobleman who bore a striking resemblance to the King. "Tell me, Sir," said Louis blandly, "did your mother ever come to Paris?"

"No, Your Majesty," replied Lord Stair, who understood the implication of the King's question. "But my father did."

The great lawyer, Joseph Choate, was once introduced as an after-dinner speaker by a clumsy-witted toastmaster who described Choate as "an unusual specimen. You have only to put a dinner in his mouth — and out comes a speech." Choate rose to point out that the toastmaster was an even more unusual specimen than he was. "You have only to put a speech in his mouth," said Choate quietly, "and out comes your dinner."



Mayor La Guardia, late and lamented, was once credited with scoring a beauty upon the visit of a Soviet Union delegation to New York's City Hall. Receiving them in his ordinary

business suit, he was surprised to see the Russians wearing striped trousers and cutaway coats, gardenias and high hats.

"Welcome, gentlemen," he greeted cordially. "I represent the proletariat."

Dramatic criticism has always offered a field day for masters of the biting *bon mot*. Reviewer David Lardner commented that the film, *Panama Hattie*, needed a certain something. His suggestion was, "Possibly burial." Reviewing another cinema, he commented, "The plot was designed in a light vein that some-

how became varicose."

Wilson Mizner has some grand lines to his credit. Speaking at a woman's club, he asked the chairlady for a pitcher of ice water. When asked by her if he wanted it for drinking, Mizner politely explained, "No, I do a high diving act." At another time Tex Rickard once told him excitedly that some "rat" had insulted his girl Goldie. "For God's sake!" Mizner exclaimed. "How?"

Those, of course, are fightin' words, and many a man's been killed for saying less. But many another's been quoted into fame.

Better Salmon — Nicer Shoes

HOW do you like your salmon—fresh from a can, with perhaps a bit of lemon, or in the form of sizzling brown croquettes? Either way, you probably have been annoyed with the appearance of those crumbly chunks of bone or the stringy skin portions mixed with the pinkish flesh.

Now all that may be a thing of the past, thanks to some West Coast fish canners who finally came to the conclusion that skin and bones have no delectable appeal in a can of fancy seafood. As a result, the women of America may look forward to a new kind of leather for their shoes and handbags.

In their determination to put out a more palatable product, the Pacific American Fisheries of Bellingham, Washington, made experiments on the removal of the backbone and skin from salmon before canning it. Salmon, thus canned, proved to have a better taste. But the salmon canners were only momentarily happy with their new discovery. They found with this new method, they were faced with the problem of greater expense in handling and loss in the form of waste products.

So the research scientists went to work again, this time experimenting with the waste product—the fresh salmon skin. It was found that after the scales are removed and a treatment applied, the result is a leather similar to lizard. The treated salmon skin is smooth, pliable, non-porous and can be dyed any color.

The Pacific American Fisheries Company hopes that interested manufacturers will soon be turning out salmon leather shoes, handbags and other accessories. Although the prices of salmon leather items may be somewhat high at first, they will likely come down as production increases.

Yes, that salmon skin will look a lot better as shoes and handbags than coming out of the can with your dinner.—Roy A. Brenner.



Fortune Teller: "Ah, you want to know about your future husband, beautiful lady?"

Lady: "No, I want to know something about the past of my present husband for future use."

Iceland In a Nut Shell

HERE, in capsule form, are a few surprising facts about the world's oldest living republic, founded in 930 A.D. Perhaps you didn't know that Iceland . . . is one of the most progressive countries in the world . . . publishes more books per person than any country in the world . . . is smaller than Pennsylvania, yet publishes 100 periodicals, including 16 newspapers . . . has no published dictionary because everyone speaks perfectly his native tongue . . . has practically no poverty, illiteracy, crime or unemployment . . . has no army, navy or railroads . . . subsidizes authors, artists and other creative workers . . . supports the University of Iceland where tuition is only \$2 for four years . . . has fostered socialized medicine, health insurance, free clinics for years . . . has utilized its natural hot springs to heat its homes and factories . . . had the first trial by jury in the world . . . took the first census . . . has an unwritten law of free speech, religion, press and assembly . . . has had women's suffrage since 1882, 40 years before American women voted . . . celebrated the one thousandth anniversary of the Althing (the general Parliament) in 1930 . . . became independent of Denmark in 1944 when a record 98% of the franchised population voted in the election . . . named its capital Reykjavik—the Bay of Smokes—because of the billowing steam rising from nearby hot springs . . . touches the Arctic Circle . . . is only 500 miles from Scotland . . . raises semi-tropical fruits and vegetables.
—Helen Buckley.

▲
The exclamation point is being discarded because people aren't surprised at anything these days.

▲
The reason a lot of people do not recognize opportunity when they see it is because it goes around wearing overalls and looking like hard work.

~~~~~ Words for Our Pictures ~~~~~→

1. John G. Thompson, chairman of the 1948 Orange Bowl Committee, gives sports fans interesting sidelights of the Miami football classic. In a later WHB interview, Thompson discussed the National Travelers' Aid Association, of which he is president.

2. "Hot Lips" Henry Busse demonstrates his characteristic shuffle rhythm on the trumpet for listeners to Bob Kennedy's Saturday afternoon *Swing Session*.

3. In an exclusive WHB interview, Nebraska's Governor Val Peterson describes the valiant efforts of "Operation Snowbound" to relieve disaster areas in his blizzard-swept state.

4. Hundreds of Kansas City children thrilled to scalping and Indian yells at a special Fox Midwest matinee February 5. Free balloons and Indian headbands for each child introduced the new Mutual Indian adventure program, *Straight Arrow*, heard over WHB every Monday at 7 p.m. and Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5 p.m.

(Inset). Bob Hope jests over a WHB mike. Asked if he were ready for television, Hope quipped, "Ah yes, but is television ready for me?"

~~~~~ Centerpiece ~~~~~

Getting a head start on her summer sultan is lovely Cyd Charisse. *Swing's* pin-up for March. A talented dancer and former member of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Miss Charisse recently starred in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *The Kissing Bandit* and *Words and Music*. Tony Martin is her lucky husband!









... presenting LOUIS S. ROTHSCHILD

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

ON THE shoulders of Louis S. Rothschild rests the weight of a city, although he doesn't think of it in quite that way. It is a city existing now only in part, the final form of which no one of us will ever see.

For Rothschild—tireless and highly regarded—heads up the City Plan Commission of Kansas City, a group charged with blueprinting the Kansas City of the future, of coordinating municipal plans for expansion and rehabilitation with the myriad interests of private individuals.

The Commission consists of eight volunteer workers appointed by the mayor, plus a permanent staff of landscape architects, civil engineers, architects, and draftsmen, now numbering 18.

It is responsible, broadly, for land use; for insuring that all property within the contemplated limits of Kansas City is utilized so as to be of maximum benefit to the whole population. The Commission handles zoning and the planning of traffic, schools, parking, industrial and business districts, neighborhoods, recreational and park areas.

All plans of the Commission are contingent upon official adoption by the City Council, a situation which leads Rothschild to remark that his board has "unlimited powers of recommendation."

Actually, in the course of the last fiscal year the Commission considered 103 items, reported favorably on 64, had all but two approved by the City Council.

Rothschild's recommendations have a characteristic practicality which finds favor with the legislators. Each proposal undergoes an exhaustive investigation by the professional staff, and is supported by an incredible mass of technical detail, including every datum essential for intelligent consideration. The resulting plans are feasible, not dreamlike.

John Picton, a civil engineer, heads the permanent staff. His title is "chief planner." Under him are two assistant planners: Philip Geissel, landscape architect; and G. G. McCaustland, civil engineer.

Rothschild was appointed to his present post in 1947, after ten years as a member of the Commission. Since his assumption of the chairmanship, the Master Plan for Kansas City, end product of many years' work and study, has been approved by the City Council. And a plan for the new Northeast industrial district, one of the Commission's biggest single projects, has been completed and approved.

"Magnificent," is the adjective which Ralph Budd, president of the Burlington Railroad, applied to the

Northeast plan. He went on to observe, "It is the most wonderfully comprehensive plan for industrial development I've ever seen!"

The plan governs the use of 4,000 acres of reclaimed land adjacent to the Missouri River in the extreme Northeast section of Kansas City. A levee being constructed by United States Army engineers is making this land usable for the first time. Its completion will clear the way for an ideally situated heavy industrial area which will serve as a model for other cities in the nation.

When Rothschild, universally known as "Lou," discusses the accomplishments of the City Plan Commission, he assumes an added animation indicative of the enthusiasm with which he enters all projects.

Fishing, for instance, has claimed his interest for a long time. He and his wife, Emily, have fished in Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Missouri, Colorado, Canada, and Mexico.

In 1946 he became interested in big game fishing, so the Rothschilds traveled to Nova Scotia where he hooked, in the first ten minutes of trolling, a 587-pound tuna. To play a tuna, the fisherman leans far back, heaving on the rod for all he's worth. Then he feverishly reels in slack, getting—if he's lucky—20 to 30 pre-

cious inches of line. The procedure is repeated, over and over again, until about 600 yards of line are reeled in. In Rothschild's case this required three hours and forty minutes, not a bad average, and left him totally exhausted. But instead of quitting winner, he fished another 13 days without a strike. The following year he returned to land a 570-pounder and

another that weighed in at 531 pounds. He broke four rods that year, losing a fish each time.

The first tuna is mounted, and hangs in the sports shop of Rothschild's Oklahoma City store. The other two

have also been preserved as souvenirs, but edible ones. Packed in seven-ounce cans, they bear the label: "Caught at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, by Lou S. Rothschild, September, 1947, and packed especially for his friends."

Lou Rothschild has many friends: in business; in civic work; and socially at Oakwood Country Club and the Saddle and Sirloin Club.

He is the third Rothschild to be president of Rothschilds' & Sons, Incorporated, a men's and women's apparel chain with six stores in Kansas City, Missouri; Kansas City, Kansas; and Oklahoma City.

The original Rothschild brothers, Lou's grandfather and great-uncle, traveled from Cincinnati to Missouri

Man of the Month on the Air . . .

The Man of the Month is on the air now, in "Meet the Man of the Month," a dramatic narrative based on the popular SWING feature. The program is presented by WHB, 710 on your radio dial, and may be heard the first Sunday of each month at 1:45 p. m., Central Standard Time.

by riverboat in 1853. They opened a store at Weston in that year, moving across the river to Leavenworth, Kansas, when most of Weston was destroyed by fire in 1855. The present Rothschild chain, which established Kansas City headquarters in 1901, dates its founding from the Leavenworth store.

Physically, the Rothschild stores of today are vastly different from the earlier establishments. But the basic philosophy of the business was expressed by Lou's grandfather nearly a hundred years ago when he said, "Don't buy poor goods and you won't have to sell them."

Lou's father, Louis P. Rothschild, was devoted to the welfare of Kansas City. He was City Water Commissioner, a director of the Chamber of Commerce, helped establish the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show, and was a founder of both the Kansas City Merchants' Association and the Credit Association. He was a raconteur of note, and although he died 12 years ago, is still remembered as having an appropriate story for every occasion. Much of his wit was leveled at Lou.

When Lou Rothschild was at Yale, he was able to buy an old Ford with the proceeds of a couple of shrewd football bets. Two games later on, additional winnings made it possible for him to trade the Ford for a ten-year-old Buick, which he painted yellow and decorated with the red hot clichés of the era.

He reported the acquisition in a letter home, and the next day received the following wire from his father:

"Resign from college immediately.

Anyone who can own and operate an automobile on the allowance I send you has no need for further education."

Strangely enough, Lou Rothschild started out to become a chemist. Although he had worked at the store every Saturday and summer vacation since he was 12, beginning as a stock boy, he felt a definite affinity for science. Accordingly, he enrolled at Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University and began studying chemistry, physics, solid geometry, integral calculus, and spherical trigonometry.

When World War I broke out, Lou was 17. He enlisted in the Navy and, so far as he knows, has the dubious distinction of having remained an apprentice seaman longer than any man who ever donned a jumper and 13-button bell bottoms.

He went into officer's training, but the war ended 18 months later, just before he completed the course.

During the year and a half, Lou was in trouble most of the time. But he committed his gravest sin against the Naval service in November of 1918. It was not entirely his fault.

He was on shore patrol duty when the "False Armistice" was rumored just a few days prior to the actual cessation of hostilities. Grabbing an armload of extras from an hysterical newsboy, he abandoned his post and raced back to camp to spread the word.

Lungs were shouted hoarse and several barracks virtually demolished in the wild celebration which followed. When order was eventually restored, the nearly-apoplectic admiral sent for Lou.

Lou was spared the disgrace of demotion only because he was as low as it was possible to get in the Navy, and on the spur of the moment the admiral was unable to think of any new sub-grade which could be created especially for Rothschild. But he confined the entire camp to quarters for five days.

The boys were still in hack when news of the real Armistice came through, and Seaman Rothschild was as popular as a bouquet of roses in a hay-fever ward.

Back at Yale, classroom facilities were overtaxed by the returning veterans, plus the students who had entered in their absence. So the University pretended the boys had never been away, and planned to graduate them with their regular classes.

Lou realized the mere possession of a degree would not make him a chemist, so he switched to a well-rounded arts course and took his Ph.B. in 1920.

Then he did what family, friends, and advisors had been urging all along. He went into Rothschilds & Sons, Incorporated.

For seven years he served in various minor capacities, learning the business. "I did every job in the store," he says, "except fit corsets."

In 1927 he went to St. Louis as manager of the branch there. The next spring it rained incessantly for several weeks and Lou was depressed. He worried about the weather, and about the possible inroads made on his business by a store named Boyd's, just down the street. Finally he telephoned his father in Kansas City.

"Dad," he said, "business is awful! Rain? You've never seen such a flood! Right now it's pouring down in sheets out front."

"Louie," his father asked, "is it raining in front of Boyd's, too?"

While in St. Louis, Lou dated Emily Bettman (now Mrs. Rothschild), but their romance broke up in 1928. In the spring of 1929, they met by accident at a country club dance. Before midnight Lou had proposed and been accepted.

He went to the nearest telephone to call his parents. His father, routed from a sound sleep, was suspicious at the sound of dance music, laughter, and clinking glasses at Lou's end of the line.

"Remember Emmy?" Lou asked.

"Sure," said his father, thinking of the tall, strikingly handsome girl he'd met the year before.

"Well, we're going to get married!"

His father hung up, tendering first a word of advice. "Take a cold shower, son. You'll feel better. Then call me back."

At 29, Lou Rothschild had made enough money in the stock market to retire, living comfortably in a modest fashion for the rest of his life. But while he and Emily were honeymooning in Europe the market collapsed, and at 29½ he was broke.

He returned to St. Louis. Two years later he became secretary of the Kansas City store. He was promoted to the office of vice president and general manager in 1934, and took over the presidency in 1942.

(Continued on page 66)

They Look to the



Ten thousand Americans get their kicks at the small end of a telescope.

by PETE TYLER

A CHICAGO business man, known as the "Tornado" because of the restless pace he maintains in serving his business, family, charity causes and government, recently revealed to friends how he keeps his poise and balance.

"It's all in the stars," he chuckled. "I'm just one of many amateur astronomers who get a terrific kick out of scanning the heavens. An hour at the telescope is as interesting and refreshing to me as an 18-hole round of golf used to be. And a darned sight easier on a middle-aged man!"

Though we are accustomed to thinking of astronomers as long-haired, slightly eerie individuals who live on mountain tops and are practically hermits, that stereotyped description is out of joint when applied to today's star gazers. They are as practical as a tractor and can pass for professional men, farmers, business men, housewives and clerks. For that is what most of them are!

Several years ago, David Rotbart, a successful merchant of Washington, D. C., turned his binoculars toward the skies. Rotbart had no astronomical training—he just liked to scan the stars and speculate on them. This night, to his amazement, while peering at the constellation of Cygnus (the Swan), Rotbart found himself confronting a brand new comet.

Sensibly, he reported his find promptly to an astronomical society, which investigated quickly. Sure enough, there was the comet which will forever bear Rotbart's name as its "discoverer."

Rotbart is just one of an estimated 10,000 Americans who have made astronomy their hobby. Busy cliff dwellers in New York City founded the Amateur Astronomers Association in 1927. Since then, its 500 members, who come from all walks of life, have saved thousands of dollars by staying away from night clubs, theatres and sports events and concentrating on their hobby. The club has made thousands of other blase city denizens conscious of the heavens and the romance and mystery inherent in the stars.

One time the club showed a film explaining the Einstein Theory in Manhattan's Hayden Planetarium. The crowd of seat-seekers was so great that mounted policemen were rushed up to hold the throng in check. Three performances were presented by the amateur astronomers in order to satisfy the curiosity of their fellow citizens.

A Philadelphia bridge club became interested in scanning the skies when the young son of a woman member was given a telescope for Christmas. Today, the ladies meet once a month to discuss astronomy, read papers on the subject, and to sweep the skies

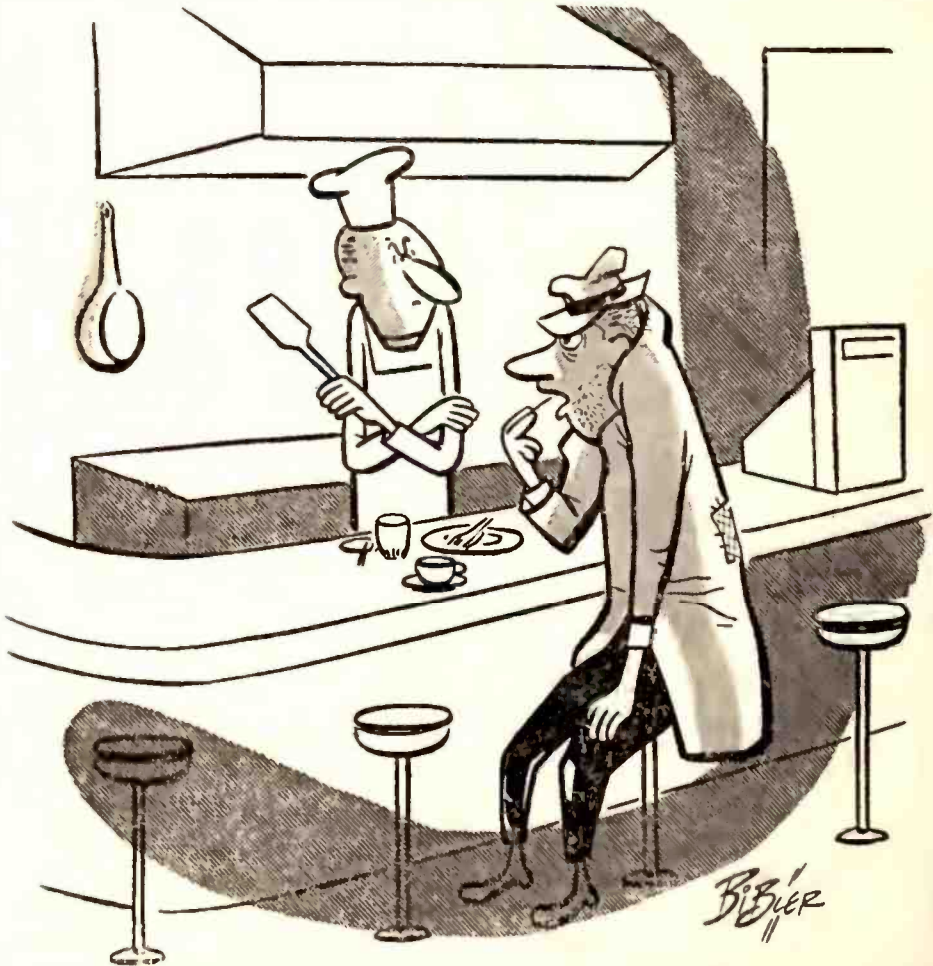
with a high-powered telescope bought from bridge winnings.

The professional astronomers at the great observatories have developed a profound respect for the enthusiasm, initiative and accuracy of the amateur Galileos.

Says a distinguished Eastern astronomer, "Studying the stars is not just a passing fad with most of the amateurs. The hobby has a real significance in their lives. They have be-

come so specialized that there are two national organizations of amateurs which help the professionals greatly. These are the American Meteor Society and the American Association of Variable Star Observers. We depend heavily on the work of the 400 members in this last-named organization."

You don't have to be a bear at mathematics or physics to become a successful amateur astronomer, al-



"Cash an out of town check?"

though naturally such aptitudes help. The country's 500 professional astronomers have the scientific know-how; they are kept busy in schools, laboratories, and observatories. The night-after-night job of sweeping the skies for unexpected manifestations falls to the willing volunteers. And don't think the professionals with the heavy degrees aren't grateful for such help.

The variable star enthusiasts have colleagues in many nations, including Belgium, South Africa, India and Brazil. All of these amateurs faithfully report new or puzzling sights in the skies to the famous Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of Harvard's observatory, who is their unofficial sponsor.

Many star-gazers also are telescope makers of distinction. Out of the remnants of basement workshops and junk yards, they have constructed high-powered, high-fidelity telescopes which have evoked the praise of the critical professionals in the star-peering brotherhood. Several of the products made for a few dollars by devoted amateurs now are used in the observatories of important universities.

Young people, too, are heaven-gazing addicts. A Toronto Boy Scout troop, which became interested in the stars, has produced several young men who are destined for important jobs in great observatories.

Some years ago, a farmer's son named Clyde Tombaugh received a present from his father: a handmade telescope, contrived from a roll of oil cloth and a mail order lens costing under five dollars. From then on, Clyde was peeking at the skies while

other boys were skating, dancing or doing their homework.

At 20, Tombaugh was a confirmed star addict. He decided to make a nine-inch reflector for a new telescope. To be free from noise and distraction, Clyde dug a cave on his farm and spent endless hours in solitude working on his telescope.

He spent a total of \$36 on the odds and ends with which he made the 'scope; astronomers later valued the instrument at \$2,000. The enterprising farm youth mailed regular reports of his findings to Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona, and before long was offered a job there.

In March of 1930, less than a year after becoming a "pro," this gifted ex-amateur star-gazer discovered Pluto, the ninth planet of the solar system, considered the most important astronomical discovery of the past century.

A Detroit manufacturer, Robert R. McMath, is such a helpful amateur sky-scanner that he has become a professor, without pay, at the state university. A Moline, Illinois, business man who took up astronomy to relieve the monotony, now has his own observatory. Each year, more than 2,000 people visit Carl H. Gamble and are shown through Sky Ridge Observatory high on a hill near the Illinois city.

In Philadelphia, an insurance agent whose hobby is astronomy, has introduced more than 200 orphan children to the fascination and mysteries of the sky. And at least one concert pianist, Joseph Lhevinne, spends his spare hours between concerts searching for

exciting new vistas in our solar system.

You don't have to be young to develop a vast enthusiasm and awe for the universe of which our own planet is such a tiny part. In St. Petersburg, Florida, a man past 90 has introduced scores of other oldsters to astronomy. T. C. H. Bouton says that star-gazing

keeps him as excited as a kid awaiting the surprises on Christmas morning.

"It gives a man something to think about besides his heart and arteries," Bouton chuckles. "Somehow, he seems to make new friends out there in God's own space."

Factual Figures

According to an executive of the National Association of Chiropractors, human feet, as we know them today, are on the way out. By the year 11,948, the little toe will be completely gone. The other toes will be nailless and so retarded that the foot will look somewhat like a hoof. Safer for dancing!

According to the United States Commerce Department, American women are spending more than \$20,000,000 a year buying manicure preparations (nail lacquers, cuticle softeners, etc.) in order to keep their hands looking "beautiful."

According to a chemical engineer of the Hanford, Washington, Atomic Energy Plant, gold can now be made from another element. (The reason people aren't rushing to manufacture tons of it, however, is because that other element is platinum, and the cost of synthetic gold would far exceed the value.)

According to meteorologists of the University of Chicago, the power of a hurricane (which usually strikes with the impact of 2,000,000 tons per square mile) is thousands of times more potent than an atomic bomb. —Joseph C. Stacey.



An American engineer, employed by a big oil company, put in immense pipelines and erected a large refinery in a certain Arabian country in the Near East. The country's ruler was immensely pleased. He realized his slice of profits would be fabulous. In gratitude, he offered the engineer a lavish gift of jewels and money.

"I can't accept it," protested the American. The ruler was insistent.

"Well," suggested the engineer, "if you really want to give me some trinket I can cherish, why don't you get me a golf club?"

The ruler agreed.

Six months later in Washington, an Arabian dignitary contacted the engineer. With deep humility the envoy explained why the gift had not been sent. "On behalf of my master, I have endeavored to get you a golf club, but the only one available hasn't any swimming pool. I am sure my master would not be satisfied to give you a golf club without a swimming pool." —Capper's Weekly.



Frank Chance, manager of the Cubs, has always been noted for his do-or-die spirit in baseball. One evening he was brooding about the game that afternoon in which the Cubs had left man after man stranded on the bases. His wife, seeking to comfort him, sat down at his side and said soothingly, "Don't worry, dear. You still have me."

"Listen," said the unconsolable Chance, "in that eighth inning this afternoon, I would have traded you for one base hit."

Operation



Capital

Madison chose discretion, and our entire government hit the road.

by JAMES L. HARTE

VIRGINIA is proud of the part she played in writing the history of America. But nowhere in the Old Dominion—Mother of Presidents—is there greater pride than in the quaint town of Leesburg, a scant 36 miles south of Washington, D. C., on U. S. Route 15. For Leesburg, forgotten by the chroniclers of history, remembers when it was for a few days the capital of the United States.

To this little town—population then, as now, a handful more than a thousand—came President Madison, Secretary of the Navy Jones, Attorney General Rush, a number of State Department clerks, and 22 wagonloads of official government documents. It was late August of 1814, and Washington, to the north, was a raging inferno as the invading British set fire to the White House, the Capitol and other public buildings. The smoke and flame joined with that from the burning Arsenal and the Navy Yard ships ordered destroyed by the Secretary of the Navy, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy.

There was grave concern in the Virginia town at first, as alarmed

citizens felt the presence of the President, his Cabinet members, and the archives, would cause Leesburg to become an objective of the British who were advancing after their August 24th victory at Bladensburg, Maryland. The hamlet was defenseless, and its loyal citizens feared for Madison's safety.

Fortunately, a violent storm arose to put out the fires in Washington and send the British on in the opposite direction to Baltimore. By August 27, Madison had moved his base of operations back to temporary quarters in Washington to await repairs to the White House. The intervening days, however, marked a singular time in the administration of the federal government, a time of necessary decentralization.

The Congress had scattered far and wide, its members rushing to seek sanctuary from the British. Secretary of War Armstrong and Secretary of the Treasury Campbell had found refuge in Frederick, Maryland. And Monroe, the gallant secretary of state, spent three virtually sleepless days on horseback carrying on the affairs of state between Madison, Jones and Rush in Leesburg, and Armstrong and Campbell in Frederick.

Even after Madison returned to Washington, the archives were kept at Leesburg. They were returned to

the capital weeks later, only after the British fleet sailed out of Chesapeake Bay. Meanwhile, Stephen Pleasanton, a State Department clerk, spent his days on the road between, carrying records and information from the archives to government officials. Today there are many Washington commuters in Leesburg, but Pleasanton was the first of them, and certainly he remains the foremost.

Pleasanton, with State Department co-workers John Graham and Josiah King, began the flight to Leesburg. When the British victory at Bladensburg seemed certain, the three clerks hastily crammed the national archives into bags, loaded the bags into carts, and crossed the Potomac into Virginia to head south. In the 22 bags aboard the carts of this War of 1812 version of the "Freedom Train" were such treasured documents as the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution, the correspondence of George Washing-



ton, and the records of the Congress and of the State Department.

According to record, the clerks had not originally chosen Leesburg as a haven. The plan was to secure and guard the archives in the vicinity of

a grist mill situated on the Potomac about two miles beyond Washington. But there was a cannon factory close to the grist mill, and the State Department employees, fearing that the enemy might decide to take the factory as a military objective, moved on. Farmers in the area lent assistance with wagons and fresh horses, and so Pleasanton, Graham and King reached Leesburg.

Here the important papers were secreted in the town's log courthouse, standing then on the same spot where today a modern courthouse stands, facing busy Highway 15.

The following day, Rokeby Manor, a large dwelling on the outskirts of the town, was prepared for the arrival of President Madison, and the archives were moved there from the courthouse. Today the manor house, ivy-covered and untenanted, stands off the highway. Serene and stately, even without life within its walls, it wears its proud history modestly. And all too few of those who speed by on the highway are aware of its heritage.

With the enemy advance upon Washington, President Madison advised his Cabinet: "It would now be proper for us to retire in the rear, leaving the military movement to the military men." Statesmen went their different ways, and the President was ferried across the Potomac to be joined by Secretary Jones and Attorney General Rush. Via horseback over miles of circuitous back roads, deemed necessary to confuse enemy spies or followers, the trio finally reached Leesburg, one day later than Pleasanton and company.

Townfolk insist that the President and his Cabinet members were housed at the Belmont plantation as guests of its builder, Ludwell Lee. Yet the "White House" for the few days in which Madison conducted his government from Leesburg was Rokeby Manor, where the archives were maintained and the paper work done.

Our history books devote pages to

the glory of the Old Dominion, but nowhere is recorded the hour of glory of which Leesburg is most proud: the few days when it was the capital of our nation, or the nearest thing to a capital that the United States had at the time. But Leesburg Virginians do not mind the slight, for the brief period lives on, undimmed, in memory.

-Seeing Is Deceiving

What is it that makes people turn up their noses at perfectly good dog biscuits?

"Prejudice," claimed two Northwestern University language experts recently—and proved it.

They gave their class some dog biscuits which were labeled crackers. The credulous students ate the dog biscuits — and liked them. Next, the class was offered some crackers and told the crackers were dog biscuits. The crackers went uneaten.



A census-taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"

"Five," snapped the woman. "Me, the old man, the kid, the cow and the cat."

"And the politics of your family?"

"Mixed. I'm a Republican, the old man's a Democrat. the kid's Wet, the cow's Dry and the cat's a Populist."—*Yellow Jacket*.



A bather had ventured out too far and had to be rescued from a watery grave by the brave efforts of the local fishermen. As they pulled him aboard, one of the fishermen pulled out a hip flask of brandy and offered it to the man who was lying weakly on the deck.

The bather's eyelids fluttered eagerly when he saw the flask. "Roll me over," he gasped, "and get some of the water out first."



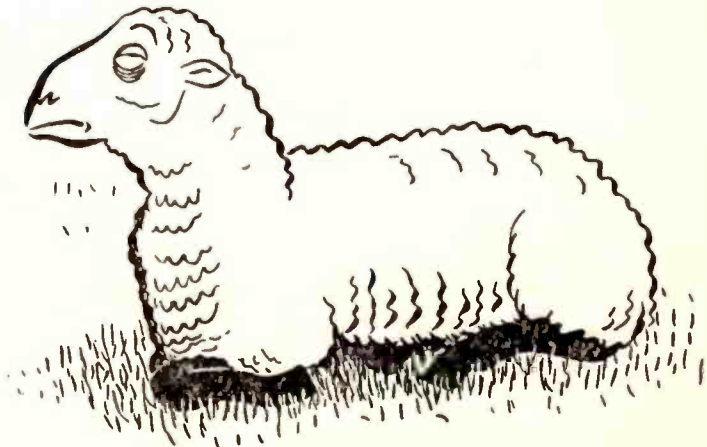
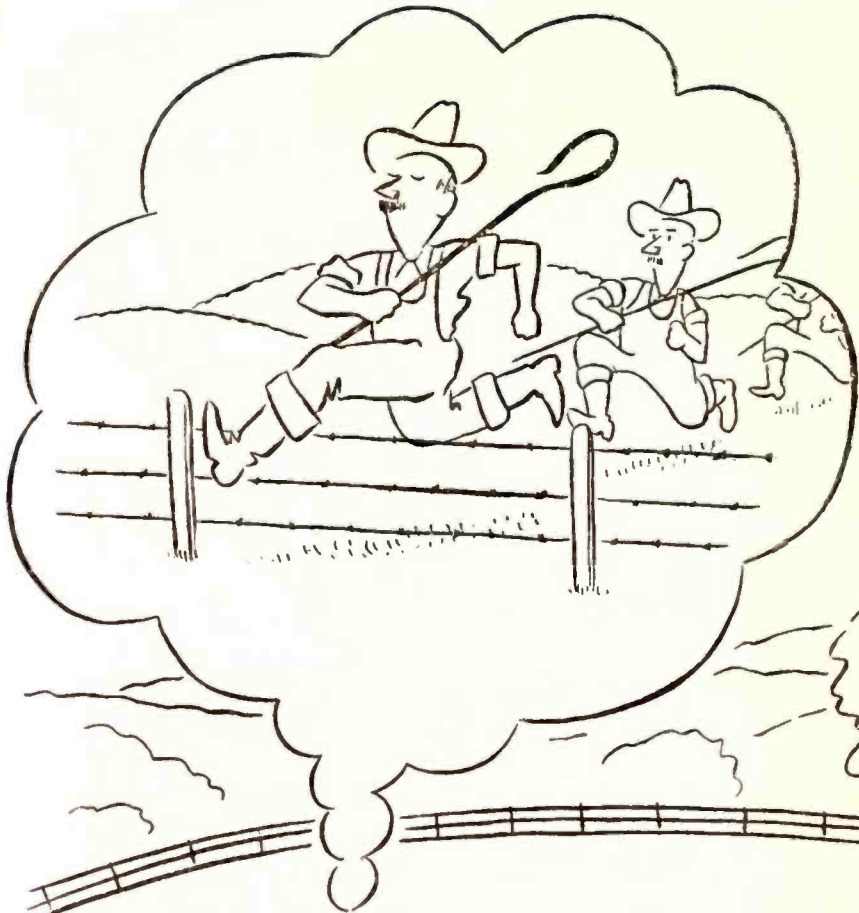
Chivalry is not quite dead. In a New York subway, a woman was expressing her appreciation of the courteous gentleman who made the connection ahead of her. "You know," she said gratefully, "when I slipped and fell as I started to step in the door, he stepped over me instead of on me. Wasn't that thoughtful?"



An old Negro farmer was asked by an evangelist what denomination he belonged to. The old man paused a moment, then slowly replied, "Well, sir, I kinda like to look at it this way. There's three roads leading from here to town, but when I go to town with a load of grain, the folks don't say to me, 'Uncle Joshua, which road did you come by?' No, sir, they say, 'Josh, is your wheat good?'"



Stalemate: a husband who keeps telling the same jokes.



Wilson

e x i t f a m i n e



The newest weapon of science is only a tiny tablet, but it promises to banish hunger from the face of the world!

CAN you call to mind those famine pictures which periodically come out of India — gruesome, harrowing scenes showing babies with distended bellies, men and women with shrunken features, corpses dotting the streets of great cities?

There's a better-than-even chance that such pictures in the next decade will become just a terrible memory, thanks to some cheap little white tablets which are potent enough in protein to sustain India's 388,000,000 people at a relatively small cost.

The tablets are compressed from food yeast — a rapid-growing type of yeast which was developed in the dark months of 1942 when Nazi bombers roared over London and shook the test-tubes in a small laboratory where Great Britain's foremost nutritionists and chemists peered anxiously into bottles and vats. These men were undeterred by the blasts occasioned by enemy aircraft; they were searching for a cheap, abundant source of protein which would fortify allied fighters and give civilian war workers energy needed to produce armaments.

Finally, a haggard scientist, Dr. A. C. Thaysen, announced in London

by TED JENKINS

that he and his colleagues had produced a yeast which might spell the difference between triumph and defeat in the event England's foodstuffs were cut off by a Nazi submarine blockade.

At once, the British government ordered precious building materials diverted for the construction of a factory for Thaysen and his associates. Top ministers and high army brass watched in awe the literal manufacture of protein-rich food before their very eyes in the new building.

They saw 125 pounds of yeast cultures dropped into a giant vat containing 7,000 gallons of plain water. Then a ton-and-a-half of molasses and ammonia were added. They hung around the factory for 12 hours, and at the end of that brief period workmen drew out of the vat a ton of white paste. The paste—food yeast—had grown miraculously in size because the active, hungry yeast cultures had devoured the sugar in the molasses and transformed the ammonia into nutritious proteins.

After the paste was dried, it was cut up mechanically into tablets and macerated into powder. The scientists who developed the fabulous new energy food said that the dried product would last months and even years without losing its precious protein content.

The process was learned quickly,

and in the United States we soon were shipping many millions of yeast tablets abroad as part of the Lend-Lease program. Though our fighting men weren't aware of it, their food contained liberal amounts of tasteless but vitalizing dry yeast.

Today, the wartime success of food yeast in giving abundant energy at low cost to millions of civilians and soldiers is recalled as our food scientists work feverishly to make yeast do what mankind has hoped for centuries: free the world of the ever-present threat of starvation in nation after nation.

Recently, 1,000 men and women employees of a large factory were made the unknowing guinea pigs of the yeast technicians, who wanted to know if the addition of powdered yeast to food affected the taste in any degree.

For a week, the workers ate their customary meals, and not one person spoke up and complained of any odd taste to his food. A similar experiment at the University of Arkansas revealed that hundreds of students never discovered that healthful, protein-rich yeast had been added to their meals.

In the factory cafeteria, for example, just three ounces of food yeast added to a gallon of food revealed an amazing spurt in food value at a cost of a penny or two. In creole soup, the thiamin content was multiplied nine times. In a plate of macaroni, the important thiamin was increased 14 times. Riboflavin, too, so important in meat, was hiked up in like amounts.

Already, cattle owners are sprin-

gling fodder with powdered yeast and the animals are showing increased weight, glossier hides, and greater resistance to disease. More important, in several Southern states, where pellagra has been a scourge for generations, both powdered yeast and yeast in dry tablet form are being distributed free by the Red Cross.

Poor families, who never in their lives had enough protein to make them resistant to pellagra, are being taught that food yeast—obtained free or costing but a few cents—will do the trick by providing more protein than the juiciest sirloin steak.

On chicken ranches where yeast is introduced into chicken feed, egg production has been increased 20 per cent, and the eggs themselves show a gratifying increase of the B vitamins.

In an Arkansas laboratory, food scientists recently proved to the world that yeast possessed almost magical properties of increasing weight, muscle and general health.

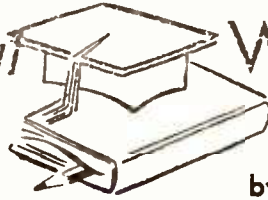
Two rats, born at the same time, were fed the same meals for a period of nine weeks, with this difference: one rat's rations contained one per cent dried yeast. At the end of the test period, the rat which did not receive a minute quantity of yeast weighed 69 grams. Its partner, on the other hand, weighed 127 grams—or almost twice as much!

Other rats in subsequent experiments did their part in helping the hunger fighters learn new things about the wonderful properties of food yeast. One rat, for example, which had a diet containing five per cent yeast, increased his weight by

(Continued on page 61)

Sometimes children are just like people!

Winnetka's Wonderful



Whiz Kids

by WILL MALLORY

IN the pleasant suburban village of Winnetka, Illinois, just north of Chicago, the ten-year-olds are as interested in the stock market quotations of the evening paper as they are in the dire plots involving their favorite comic strip characters.

Little girls talk learnedly with their fathers about "corporate law" and "excess profits." Boys of kite-flying age discuss "collateral" and "debentures." More important, these 400 youngsters—who are all pupils at Winnetka's progressive Skokie Junior High School—are as keenly concerned with live issues of the day as their parents are. At Skokie, the tough job of really preparing moppets for adult life as thinking Americans is off to a meteoric start which has more conservative educators startled and a little queasy about their own "3 R's" pedagogy.

At Skokie, you'll find boys in knickers and little girls in hair ribbons running their own bank, a live-stock corporation, dishwashers' union, cooperative store, credit union, and tax bureau. Nobody will have to sell insurance to these children a decade hence. They know today the virtues of insurance, because they run their own insurance company, collect premiums, issue dividends, and pay off on losses.

Vandalism, the plague of educators and taxpayers, is virtually non-existent

at Skokie Junior High. The citizens of the school republic know that broken windows and marred walls cost their parents money. As one 11-year-old said seriously, "The school taxes I pay out of my allowance are figured in pennies. My dad pays taxes with dollars. I work hard for my pennies and he works hard for the bucks. I want my taxes kept low, and he expects the same thing for himself."

This fortunate state of affairs doesn't mean that the student body of Skokie is composed of angels and sissies. Far from it. It does signify that wise Skokie adults on the teaching and administrative levels have found a way to make citizens out of their children without recourse to dreary learning-by-rote and memorizing of long boring passages from civics and sociology texts.

The Skokie adventure in living began a few years back when the Student Council was listening to the report of the lunchroom committee chairman.

This dignitary, a sober-faced lad of ten, told the young solons that two little girls who had inadvertently broken dishes had cried noisily when they were unable to pay the damages immediately.

"How about insurance?" piped up one thoughtful pupil. "That way, everybody is protected and our allowances won't suffer!"

The children thought well of the idea, and spent months investigating the insurance business. The father of one pupil—an insurance broker—gave some wise tips. The principal helped a committee gather statistics on lunchroom breakage of glasses and dishes.

Ultimately, an insurance "charter" was issued to the lunchroom committee, which sold policies covering 75 per cent of losses incurred by careless handling of dishes and glasses.

Then the "corporation" began an educational program for its policy-holders. Pupils were shown how they could save money by being careful in handling school property. Less breakage meant cheaper premiums; in a short time, the policies were selling at one-third of their original cost and each policy-holder had 100 per cent protection, thanks to the caution exercised by all policy-holders in the lunchroom.

All school children need ink, ink eradicators, paste, pencils and blotters. "Let's sell things here!" a group of boys and girls proposed. Today the store is doing all right financially, and the shareholders are prospering.

The Skokie credit union is a blessing to pupils who need theatre money or the price of a jumbo soda. Credit union shares cost 15 cents each. It's simplicity itself to borrow up to 50 cents: one signature, that of the borrower, is all that's required on the note. But if a pupil wants 75 cents, he's considered a bit of a risk and a fellow student is asked to be a co-signer. And when really big money is involved—sums like \$4, \$5, or even \$10—a full dress session of the board

of directors is called, and these officials scrutinize the proposed loan with the gimlet eye of a Loop banker. So far, the credit union hasn't had a single dollar's loss, as all loans have been repaid. And the shareholders prosper because there is a large volume of transactions involving one cent service charges and weekly interest rates also measured in pennies.

On one occasion, the busy pupils of Skokie High convinced Winnetka legislators that the town's bicycle ordinances were old-fashioned and useless. This came about when the school safety committee, investigating several bike accidents which could have been serious, learned that most Skokie pupils had only a foggy notion about Winnetka regulations governing bicycles.

What was worse, even the police of the village didn't know the provisions of the bike ordinances. Thereupon a committee of youngsters visited a dozen towns on the rim of Chicago, studying bike regulations, learning which worked and which didn't. Then they swarmed into Winnetka's town hall and presented revised bike legislation which would spell greater safety.

Veteran council members opened their eyes when the children's spokesman, in a confident treble, explained why the new regulations drafted by the kids were better than anything then on the books. He mustered convincing arguments which won many adherents from the townspeople standing elbow-to-elbow in the packed hall. Result: the kids' ideas prevailed and their ordinance became law by unanimous vote.

As you might expect, the classroom work of the Skokie students reflects their alert interest in the affairs of government. Arithmetic used to be a bore; it isn't any more. For the pupils realize that if they are to run their store, bank, and credit union successfully, and show a profit at the end of the year, they must know how to add, subtract, divide and multiply.

Civics lessons fascinate Winnetka's junior citizens. They see in the civic books the reflection of their own self-governmental operations.

The mysteries of labor-management conflicts in the daily press are not so mysterious to these boys and girls. They remember how the union of dishwashers they created worked amicably with the cafeteria manager in reducing labor turnover and the

breakage of dishes. True, it took the union committee quite a while to draft a constitution which was acceptable to all parties. But the kids sweated through the task and came up with a document which gave a square shake to everybody—and the Student Council approved the constitution for Skokie Junior High's first trade union.

As the father of one pupil wisely observes, "Skokie is training its pupils in the best possible way, by letting them govern themselves. Instead of having infantile notions of life when they reach voting age, these boys and girls will be ready, willing and eager to assume their responsibilities as thoughtful adults. If school can do that for my boy, then I'll reckon that his education has been a success."

EXIT FAMINE

(Continued from page 58)

300 per cent over other rodents fed conventional meals.

There will be no shortage of this precious stuff either, once the world successfully utilizes the yeast which is thrown away by breweries in staggering amounts. In the United States alone, breweries annually discard 27,000,000 pounds of yeast as a waste product. And one small vat used for cooking yeast the entire year could produce more proteins than you could

find in 1,000 acres of vegetables.

Experiments are still going on to determine new properties of the magic yeast which grows in half a day. In some laboratories, our scientific food hunters have succeeded in producing yeasts with various tastes. Ultimately, it is probable that millions of the world's hungry people will be able to sustain life and even stay healthy by relying on yeast. The cost will likely be one cent per life per day.

Dimple: one depression that is enjoyed by all business men.

Some nudist colonies have suggested a new plan for world peace. If none of the armies wore clothes, it would be impossible for any fighter to recognize his enemy. Peace would be automatic.

MARCH

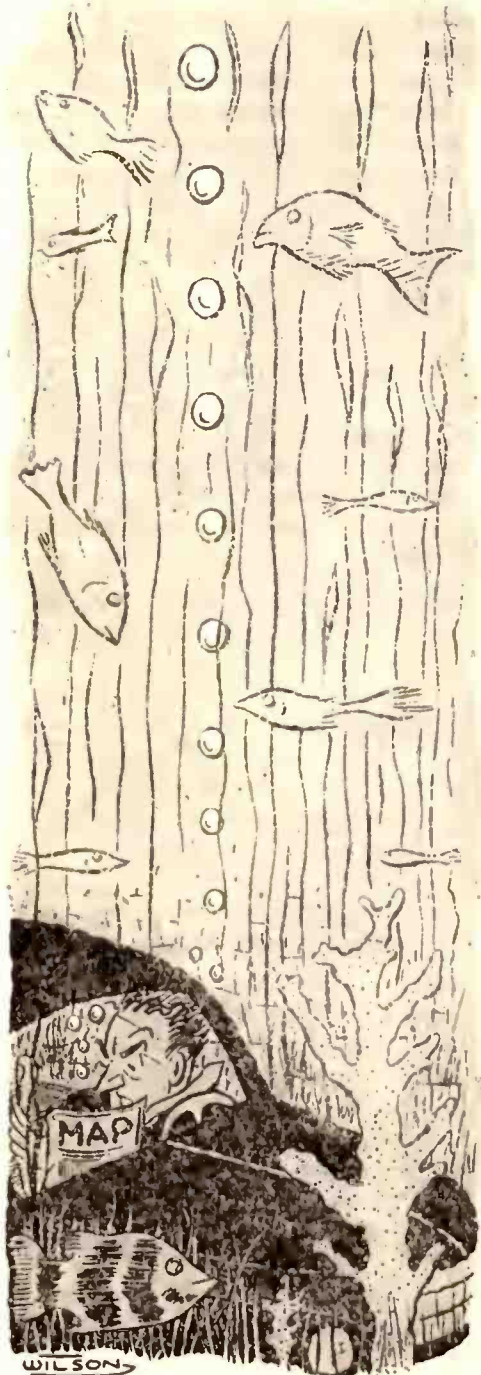
MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6 00 15 25 30 45		Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Town & Country Time Town & Country Time
7 00 15 30	Sun. Sun Diol Serenade Sun. Sun Diol Serenade Sun. Sun Diol Serenade	AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock
8 00 05 10 15 30 45	News Weather News K. C. Council of Churches Shades of Black & White Shades of Black & White	AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock
9 00 05 15 30 45	AP News—Bob Grinde Guy Lombardo's Orch. Guy Lombardo's Orch. Dove Dennis' Orch. Dove Dennis' Orch.	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Mortho Logon's Klitch. Plozo Program Here's to Romance
10 00 05 15 30 45	AP News—Bob Grinde Covolcode of Music Covolcode of Music NW. Univ. Review Stand NW. Univ. Review Stand	AP News—Bob Grinde AP News—Bob Grinde Victor H. Lindlohr Gabriel Heatter's M'bg Memory Time
11 00 05 15 30 45	AP News—Bob Grinde Wings Over Jordan Wings Over Jordan Sundoy Serenade Sundoy Serenade	Kote Smith Speaks Kote Smith Speaks Kote Smith Sings Sandra Leo, Shopper Hallond-Engle Show

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
12 00 15 30 55	Wm. L. Shirer John B. Kennedy Radio Worblers K.C.U. Radio Theatre	AP News—Dick Smltb Along the Highway Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News
1 00 30 45	Mutual Opera Concert Bill Cunningham—News The Vet. Wants to Know	Queen for a Day Bing Sings Cottonwood Ranch Boys
2 00 15 30 45	The Shadow The Shadow Juvenile Jury Juvenile Jury	Cedric Foster "88" Keys Lonny Ross Show Soy It With Music
3 00 15 30	House of Mystery House of Mystery True Detective Mys.	AP News—Dick Smith Let's Waltz Songs—John Wohlstedt
4 00 15 30 45	Boston Blackie Boston Blackie Quick as a Flash Quick as a Fosh	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Don Roth Trio Don Roth Trio
5 00 15 30 45	Roy Rogers Roy Rogers Nick Corter Nick Corter	Superman Superman Captain Midnight Tom Miz

WMB-FM an 102.1 megacycles
now broadcasting 3 to 10 p.m.



PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

MORNING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Town & Country Time Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Town & Country Time Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Town & Country Time Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Town & Country Time Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time Weather Report Town & Country Time Town & Country Time Town & Country Time	6 00 15 25 30 45
AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Lou Kemper Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	7 00 15 30
AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Lou Kemper Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	8 00 05 10 15 30 45
Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Horo's to Romance	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Horo's to Romance	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Horo's to Romance	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Horo's to Romance	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Wy. Hi Radio Workshop Library Lady	9 00 05 15 30 45
AP News—Bob Grinde AP News—Bob Grinde Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's M'bg Memory Time	AP News—Bob Grinde AP News—Bob Grinde Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's M'bg Memory Time	AP News—Bob Grinde AP News—Bob Grinde Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's M'bg Memory Time	AP News—Bruce Grant AP News—Bruce Grant Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's M'bg Memory Time	AP News—Bruce Grant AP News—Bruce Grant Xavier Cugat's Orch. Magic Rhythm Naval Air Reserve	10 00 05 15 30 45
Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade	11 00 05 15 30 45

AFTERNOON

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
AP News—Dick Smith Along the Highway Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Along the Highway Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Along the Highway Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Along the Highway Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News Along the Highway Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	12 00 15 30 55
Queen for a Day Bing Sings Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Bing Sings Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Bing Sings Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Bing Sings Cottonwood Ranch Boys	U. S. Marine Band Poole's Paradise Poole's Paradise	1 00 30 45
Cedric Foster "88" Keys Lanny Ross Show Say It With Music	Cedric Foster "88" Keys Lanny Ross Show Say It With Music	Cedric Foster "88" Keys Lanny Ross Show Say It With Music	Cedric Foster "88" Keys Lanny Ross Show Say It With Music	Swing Session "88" Keys Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session	2 00 15 30 45
AP News—Dick Smith Let's Waltz Songs—John Wahlstedt	AP News—Dick Smith Let's Waltz Songs—John Wahlstedt	AP News—Dick Smith Let's Waltz Songs—John Wahlstedt	AP News—Dick Smith Let's Waltz Songs—John Wahlstedt	Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session	3 00 15 30
Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show AP News— Dick Smith	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show AP News— Dick Smith	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show AP News— Dick Smith	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show AP News— Dick Smith	Network Danco Band Network Dance Band Furlough in Music Sports Time	4 00 15 30 45
Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Superman Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Superman Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Russ Hodgos' Quiz Show Russ Hodgos' Quiz Show True or False True or False	5 00 15 30 45

Evening schedule on next page

MARCH PROGRAMS ON EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
6 00 15 30 45 55	The Falcon The Falcon Mayor of the Town Mayor of the Town Johnny Desmond	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill
7 00 15 30 45 55	Mediation Board Mediation Board Memos for Music Memos for Music Memos for Music	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Sherlock Halmes Sherlock Halmes Hy Gardner Says	Gregory Hood Gregory Hood Official Detective Official Detective Hy Gardner Says	Can You Top This? Can You Top This? Scattergood Baines Scattergood Baines Hy Gardner Says	It Pays to Be Smart It Pays to Be Smart Western Hit Review Western Hit Review Hy Gardner Says
8 00 15 30 55	Under Arrest Under Arrest Jimmie Fidler Twin Views of News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Talent Quest Bill Henry News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Air Force Hour Bill Henry News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Family Theatre Bill Henry News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Mysterious Traveler Bill Henry News
9 00 15 30 45	Secret Mission Secret Mission WHB Mirror News—John Thornberry	Amer. Forum of the Air Amer. Forum of the Air Passing Parade News—John Thornberry	Korn's A-Krackin' Korn's A-Krackin' Passing Parade News—John Thornberry	Comedy Theatre Comedy Theatre Passing Parade News—John Thornberry	The Ed Wilson Show The Ed Wilson Show Passing Parade News—John Thornberry
10 00 15 30 55	K.C. on Parade Network Dance Band Eddy Haward's Orch. News	K.C. on Parade Tavern Meeting of Air Xavier Cugat's Orch. News	K.C. on Parade Tavern Meeting of Air Ted Lewis' Orch. News	K.C. on Parade Tavern Meeting of Air Boyd Raeburn's Orch. News	K.C. on Parade Tavern Meeting of Air Art Mooney's Orch. News
11 00 15 30 55	Billy Bishop's Orch. George Winslow's Orch. Henry King's Orch. Midnight News	"Kopy Kats" Gay Claridge's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.	"Kopy Kats" Sherman Hayes' Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.	"Kopy Kats" Lawrence Walk's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.	"Kopy Kats" Sherman Hayes' Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.
12:00 1:00	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY



EVENING



FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Falton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Hawaii Calls Hawaii Calls Robert Siegrist News Guest Star Guest Star	6:00 15 30 45 55
Experience Speaks Experience Speaks Yours for a Song Yours for a Song Hy Gardner Says	Twenty Questions Twenty Questions Take a Number Take a Number Take a Number	7:00 15 30 45 55
Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel The Enchanted Hour Bill Henry News	Life Begins at 80 Life Begins at 80 Guy Lombardo Sports Thrill of Week	8:00 15 30 55
Meet the Press Meet the Press Passing Parade News—John Thornberry	Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air	9:00 15 30 45
K.C. on Parade Network Dance Band Richard Humber's Orch. News	K.C. on Parade Network Dance Orch. Ted Lewis' Orch. News	10:00 15 30 55
"Kopy Kats" Gay Claridge's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.	George Winslow's Orch. George Winslow's Orch. Barclay Allen's Orch. Midnight News	11:00 15 30 55
Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	12:00 1:00
FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME

MOTHER'S aigrettes are apt to appear in a homemade ceremonial headdress any day now, as Junior attempts to emulate his newest radio hero, Straight Arrow. Sponsored by the National Biscuit Company, Straight Arrow makes things tough for wrongdoers three half hours weekly. The program is heard over WHB each Monday evening at 7 o'clock CST, and Tuesday and Thursday at 5:00.

• • •

IN cooperation with the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce, WHB is presenting interesting facets and little-known facts of local industries in a new program series called *Kansas City on Parade*. John Thornberry narrates over a background of music and sound effects. The programs are broadcast nightly at 10 o'clock.

• • •

TALENT QUEST, broadcast from the stage of Kansas City's Tower Theatre every Monday evening at 8:30, is the newest and freshest amateur variety show to hit the airways. The program is sponsored by Fox Midwest Theatres, the Jenkins Music Company, and radio station WHB. Its purpose is to discover a new entertainment star who will be sent to Hollywood to compete for screen testing and a possible movie contract.



MAN OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 48)

Shortly before his father's death, Lou remarked that the biggest mistake his father ever made was in sending him to St. Louis as branch manager. "I had insufficient experience," he said, "and I was grossly overpaid."

Gravely, the elder Rothschild took Lou's hand and wrung it. "I'm glad you finally realized that," he told him. "I've known it for ten years!"

The years have supplied any original deficiencies in Lou Rothschild's experience. Under his management, four branch stores have been opened. He works long hours at a rapid pace, but avoids all appearance of pressure. He takes time to discuss the personal problems of his 700 employees, all of whom feel free to drop into his office, and he sees all visitors. His telephone calls are not screened by a secretary, but are put through directly to him.

At the close of the last Christmas season, Rothschild's sent out 27,000 letters to charge customers, thanking them for their patronage and conveying greetings for the new year. They were *personal* letters, typewritten, not multigraphed, and Lou Rothschild signed every one of the 27,000 himself!

As an executive, he is astonishing, and he attributes his ability to handle a great amount of work to his habit of disposing of each matter as it arises. If possible, he makes an immediate decision, telephones or dictates on the spot to clear up all details.

Rothschild's associates have a deep regard for his retentive memory and analytical mind. He is able to perform involved computations in his head with lightning speed, or dredge up

complete conversations which occurred ten years ago.

It doesn't pay to take liberties with known facts or with logic in his presence, because he apparently remembers everything, and even at a social gathering insists on breaking every statement—however casual—down to its components. He finds generalizations or inaccuracies extremely distasteful.

Recently, Mrs. Rothschild, who should know better after 20 years, was describing Zino Francescatti's violin. She concluded by remarking, "It's a very, very old Stradivarius."

"Are there," Lou asked her, "any new ones?"

Rothschild loathes golf, but is an enthusiastic bird hunter and trapshooter. Before the war, he spent an hour in the saddle every morning for five years, but doesn't ride much any more. He gardens, and each winter plays tennis for a month in Arizona.

The Rothschilds subscribe to a couple of dozen magazines, and Lou reads them all, in addition to a wide selection of books. Historical novels are his favorites. His habit of reading far into the night causes occasional domestic friction.

In an effort to accomplish many things, Rothschild dovetails duties to conserve time. On an evening when he is going out, he begins undressing at the front door of his home, is more than half stripped when he reaches his room.

He is able to sleep any place, any time, but often he gets up in the night to make notes on some idea which has occurred to him in his sleep.

(Continued on page 74)

Platter Chatter . . .

AT LAST, March winds to blow the New Look skirts! But while we've been waiting, Margaret Whiting has introduced a new fashion trend—"The Crisp Look." It's all because of her new hit, *Crisp Look Song*. Margaret now is dicker-ing with New York producers for a lead-ing role in the coming Broadway produc-tion, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* . . . Ted Weems, Mercury recording star and cele-brated baton man, is running a tight schedule on a series of one-nighters across the country . . . Ella Fitzgerald will visit merrie England again this spring for a return engagement in London. It's rumored she also may cross the Channel to play the lead in a Paris cinema. Looks like Ella made quite an impression on the other side of the Atlantic last year . . . Coral Records' popular quartet, the Ames Brothers, recently signed a new contract with Robert Q. Lewis. The crooning "Brothers" will appear on the comedian's variety show over a coast-to-coast hook-up . . . Beatrice Kay's new novelty tune has been getting rave notices. It's a Columbia release with a mile-long title, *I've Been Waiting for Your Phone Call for Eighteen Years (Maybe You Don't Love Me Any-more)* . . . Lovely Kay Starr, Capitol warbler, is back home in Hollywood after cheering Mr. Truman at the inaugural festivities in Washington . . . In spite of numerous rumors that have been circulat-ing, Sarah Vaughn has not yet signed a wax contract with any company nor has she cut her first post-war discs. She's still waiting patiently for a settlement with her present company, Musicraft . . . Tony Pastor and his fine band are draw-ing appreciative crowds to New York's Statler Hotel (formerly the Hotel Penn-sylvania) . . . The King Cole Trio is sharing honors with the progressive Woody Herman crew at concert dates in the East . . . Count Basie has a smooth wax number with a Victor label, entitled *Sophisticated Swing* . . . Tenor Clark Dennis' latest musical short for Universal Studios promises to be a success and prob-ably will be an entry to a regular movie contract . . . The Victor platter of *Jet Propulsion* by Illinois Jacquet is currently a prized possession of jazz collectors in Europe . . . Clarinet king Benny Good-



with BOB KENNEDY

man has taken his newly organized band to the West Coast after winning acclaim in a New York debut . . . Composer-conductor Frank Devol will preview his new *Hollywood Star Suite* on the Jack Smith show sometime in March . . . That long-awaited Damon coupling, *Marguerite and Don't Come Back Crying to Me*, by Kansas City's famed Don Roth Trio, is on the market this month . . . Bandleader Erskine Hawkins is considering a special memorial concert as a tribute to the late Glenn Miller, one of the all-time greats of popular music . . . Henry Jerome, orchestra leader featured on Mutual broadcasts, has written a new hit song titled, *What Kind of a Heart Have You?*

***Betcha Didn't Know* . . .**

. . . John Laurenz, Mercury's recording baritone, has been doing character leads in Hollywood for the past ten years. His last part was "Benjie" in *Tarzan and the Mermaids* . . . Judy Garland's three-year-old daughter, Liza, will follow in mama's footsteps when she sings before the cam-eras in a forthcoming MGM flicker . . . Nellie Lutcher is recuperating from a badly sprained ankle that temporarily slowed down "the real gone gal."

***Highly Recommended* . . .**

VICTOR 20-3319—Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra. *Red Roses for a Blue Lady* plus *Melancholy Minstrel*. This is a superb lacquer job by the Monroe group. Both tunes are so smoothly written that they promise to be hit material. *Red Roses* is one of those easily remembered ballads done in the velvet style characteristic of Vaughn

and the Moon Men. The reverse is another song like *Ballerina*, with lyrics that tell a story. It's typical Vaughn Monroe—perfect for dancing!

CAPITOL 15278 — Margaret Whiting with Frank Devol and his orchestra. *Far Away Places* plus *My Own True Love*. The first side is a tender treatment of a nostalgic waltz with memorable lyrics sung by Margaret Whiting. The Devol band blends with the Crew Chiefs to provide background. The flip is very nicely handled by the entire group. That Whiting arrangement again creates an unforgettable interpretation of a charming ballad. Good listening!

COLUMBIA 38388—Frankie Carle and his orchestra. *Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella* and *Sweet Sue — Just You*. Frankie brightens this first oldie with a sparkling instrumental interpretation. The orchestra provides a brisk tempo setting for some brilliant Carle piano. The flip is one of the band's outstanding records. For this unusual arrangement of a standard rhythm number, Carle uses a soft-toned intro and closing, with varied keyboard effects in the middle. Gregg Lawrence takes the vocal honors. Carle fans will love this one!

DECCA 2436—Danny Kaye with orchestral accompaniment. *Amelia Cordelia McHugh* plus *Beat'n', Bangin', 'n Scratchin'*. Here's the prince of clowns with another hilarious wax coupling. The McHugh side finds Danny with a Scotch burr, rich with "r's." He's assisted by the Andrew lassies. The underside is a solid session of musical madness. Once again Danny impresses and pleases with his superb buffoonery of the dialect. This time it's double talk from down South America way. This should fascinate young, old and in-betweeners.

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside, JA 5200.

COLUMBIA 38389—Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. *Con Maracas* and *Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater*. On the first side, the master of Latin-American rhythms shakes out the lively rumba

guracha, which is featured in the current movie, *Luxury Liner*. Vocal exclamations by the boys in the band make this a jaunty bit of wax. The reverse finds Cugie disguising the familiar "Peter, Peter" tongue-twister in rapid samba tempo. If you like your music from South-of-the-Border, these waxes will strike you as *muy bien!*

DECCA 24550—Mills Brothers. *I Love You So Much It Hurts Me* plus *I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm*. The *I Love You* side started out as a hill-billy tune, but is given a popular flavoring by the Mills Brothers. It's a lazy ballad that's likely to reach hit proportions. The flip is that grand, rhythmic old-timer by Irving Berlin. When the boys give helpful advice on how to get by during cold weather, it's real musical enjoyment.

VICTOR 20-3337—Claude Thornhill and his orchestra. *My Dream Is Yours* and *Wind in My Sails*. Here's the first platter Claude has recorded for Victor—and his first since the ban. *My Dream* is a moody melody with Thornhill piano background for the vocal styling by Art Brown. The reverse is a slow, dreamy ballad, but gets a lift with the sparkling vocal of the Snowflakes. Smooth styling, smooth listening, smooth dancing!

DAMON 11213—Don Roth Trio with vocals by Carmen Velez. *Don't Come Back Crying to Me* plus *Marguerite*. Here's the Midwest's great threesome in their first post-ban record. The trio—Don Roth, Bill McPherson and Ray Duggan—can make a world of music with an accordion, a Hammond organ and a guitar. The first side is a novelty tune with bouncy tempo. A unique echo chamber effect at the intro makes a zestful beginning for the vocal handling by Carmen Velez. The flip is a silken, sentimental ballad written by Frank Marks. The echo effect comes in again at the close of Carmen's vocal. It's an unbeatable combination by a trio you'll want to hear again!

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

Russians expect to manufacture their first atomic bomb in June of this year, reports Kenneth de Courcy in his monthly cable from London. Mr. de Courcy, noted as an authoritative and accurate commentator, states that he has this information from several reliable sources, including observers within the Soviet Union.

If this is true, Russia will start to build a stockpile of atomic bombs in an attempt to equal that of the United States. However, such a statement should not be interpreted as a definite prediction of atomic war in the very near future. When, and if, Russia begins to produce effective atomic bombs in quantity, it is conceivable that negotiations will take place to neutralize the atomic bomb as a military weapon because of the dread in both camps of reprisals in kind. This same process took place concerning the use of lethal gas as a weapon in World War II. Since both Germany and the United States possessed the knowledge and means to produce several types of deadly gases, the weapon was outlawed. Neither side dared break the pact for fear of reprisal.

It is also necessary to consider that Russian atomic bombs probably will not be of the quality nor effectiveness of American bombs. United States atomic scientists have a four year head start in perfecting the completed bomb. In addition, our methods of the actual air release of the bomb have been greatly improved since Hiroshima. The Russian techniques for dropping the bomb by air power will be inferior for a time, at least.

Other factors admittedly do weigh in the balance. When we compare the U.S.S.R. with the United States as a target for atom bombs, one fact immediately becomes apparent. The United States, because of the high concentration of industry, government, business and population, is one of the most feasible atomic bomb targets in the world! Russia, on the other

hand, is the world's worst target for bombing of any kind, for the precise reason that Russia long ago realized the value of population dispersion. Russian industry is broken down into units and distributed over all the vast face of the U.S.S.R., thus making intensified bombing of vital areas impracticable. All this has been done as a defense measure in case of war. The United States is just now beginning to think about industrial decentralization. Worse yet, there is, and has been for the past three decades, a manifest migration of United States population to the cities. Thus, we see a mass move toward centralization when population and industry should be spreading out.

However, Russia's present military power lies not in atomic bombs, but in a large force of long-range submarines, a rapidly developing Arctic air force, and a vast armored land army which is being increased steadily, as shown by the tank production figure of 35,000 units during 1948. Lastly, Russia's strength lies in her unique ability to conduct political warfare of a type the world has never known before.

With these facts before us, it is possible to conclude that the war which Russia seems to be preparing to fight with the Western Powers may not be atomic in nature at all — at least in the early portions of such a conflict.

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Thomas E. Dewey is still the leader of the Republican Party, although he retains that position by a hair's breadth. Dewey is at the top by virtue of the election of his man, Scott, to the national chairmanship of the Republican Party. This does not mean that Dewey will get another shot at the Presidency in 1952, but it does indicate that Dewey will have considerable say-so as to whom the Party shall run. The Dewey camp is shaky and will have to rejuvenate itself completely

in order to retain leadership. The necessary shot in the arm to do this trick might be the victory of Dewey as Governor of New York in the 1950 state election.

The Republican Party as a whole is extremely dubious about its position and its obvious weakness. There is some comfort for Republicans in remembering that the Democratic Party was in pretty bad shape just a few weeks before the election. What the GOP is desperately in need of, and must have to win in 1952, is a strong, forceful political personality. At present, the Party can display no one in its ranks to fill that bill with the possible exception of Harold E. Stassen. Stassen was suppressed in the last election by what was deemed political expediency and by the conniving of influential individuals within the Party whose best interests would not have been served by Stassen as President.

The cost of living actually is sliding down, and with comparatively few bumps. This should be heartening news to all classes and interests, for it reveals a "break in fever" for a sick economy. This is the first indication that a chance exists for a slow, orderly return to normalcy. That prices are descending from the precipitous heights they have reached in the past decade is indicated by the latest available index figures. For January, the index number was 168, as compared to a relative number of 175 for last fall. By mid-year the experts are predicting a fall to 160, a full 15-point drop. Prices are still far above their pre-war level, but the dip in index figures may be a harbinger of better conditions to come.

This drop in prices has been accompanied by the inevitable problem of unemployment. Last fall there were one and a half million unemployed. For all practical purposes, this figure represents full employment. Within the past six months, the number has soared to two and a half million. By mid-year the official estimate is four million unemployed. The unions pessimistically estimate at least

five million. The national pattern of unemployment will be patchy, with some areas scarcely feeling the effect at all. Other sections, such as the New York City area, with its great population and wide diversity of occupations, will be hard hit.

The unions will ask for more money this year, despite lower prices. The pitch will be "fair division of profits." Congress is expected to pass the 75 cents an hour minimum wage law which will give labor another talking point, the need of raising all current wages in proportion to the new minimum wage. Ford will be the A. F. of L. guinea pig this year. The U.A.W. contract with that company will expire in July and talks will open on or about April 1st. Management will be asked for a 30 cent increase, one-half for wages and one-half for the welfare fund. The union expects to settle for ten cents on the hour, however—five cents for welfare and five cents for wages. This will set the pattern for most of the other unions. It is not expected that any demands will exceed 30 cents, with the ten cent figure in mind for settlement.

The intention of unions to demand higher wages is ominous, in view of a recent comment by the President's Economic Advisory Council. The Council advised that only two things can seriously endanger our economic well-being for some time to come—further wage increases or any alteration in basic tax structure.

Gigantic plans for world development will be revealed in a new program to be carried out by the United States. This new action is the billion dollar enlargement of the Marshall Plan. It is expected that business men will be asked to make loans to foreign business interests, as well as extending a helping hand in the way of technological information. In the far reaching stages of the program, American business may expand throughout the world, barring war. This is definitely the biggest thing on the economic horizon at this moment.

Fewer children will be lost now that they can once more reach their mothers' skirts.

CHICAGO *Letter*

by NORT JONATHAN



YOU can place a bet on the ponies at your favorite bookie in Chicago without fear of being bothered by Commissioner Prendergast's boys in blue. You can get yourself hit by one of the fine new streetcars in this town and lie on the pavement for 15 or 20 minutes before a squad car shows up, let alone an ambulance. You can be robbed of your most precious possessions, and then yell your head off without avail. There isn't likely to be a policeman within blocks to hear your cry for help.

However, don't get the idea that Chicago is a completely lawless town these days. We do have a police force, and its members are very busy boys. Just run through a stop light in Chicago, or park in a No Parking zone, and you'll see what we mean. Right now there is a campaign in progress to bring driving safety forcibly to the attention of Windy City motorists. It is doing very well—and so is the traffic detail. Many motorists, finding it irksome to appear in court, or mail in a fine for a minor violation, quickly make it unnecessary for the arresting officer to go to the bother of writing out one of the much-heralded fix-proof tickets.

When reporting the results obtained during the first three months of the safety campaign, Chief O'Regan of the Traffic Bureau stated that only about 110,000 Chicagoans had received tickets for traffic violations. The Chief's apologetic implication was that he hoped to do better in the future. The rest of our citizens

could look forward to hearing from him later. From his remarks it is evident that writers' cramp is becoming an occupational disease in the Traffic Bureau.

The crusade began last summer. Hundreds of those three-wheeled motorcycles appeared on the streets, replacing the Traffic Bureau's police horses. Shiny black coupes replaced the battered squad cars which had clanked through the war years. A fleet of paneled trucks, fast enough to double as squad cars if necessary, replaced the lumbering patrol wagons, most of which looked as though they had been around since the first World War. Then the boys in the Traffic Bureau concealed themselves near the best-hidden stop signs in their territories and waited for business.

They have not been disappointed. In fact, they have been so busy writing tickets they have scarcely had time for the profitable calls on tavern keepers and hand-book operators which make a policeman's lot such a happy one. Thousands of Chicagoans, used to parking practically anywhere, anytime, and in the habit of merely slowing down at stop signs, found themselves on their way to Navy Pier to pay fines at the "cafeteria court" thoughtfully established some distance from the Loop in a freezing and wind-swept area. Here unfortunate motorists stand in long lines before deserving Democrats who rake in the fines and stamp receipts in a slow motion tempo reminiscent of the WPA's heyday.

Officers assigned to traffic duty are expected to make a daily quota of arrests. At the end of a shift, with the quota yet unfilled, some of the boys in blue issue tickets for somewhat whimsical reasons. One luckless driver found himself arrested when his car stalled on Wabash avenue. He got a ticket for obstructing traffic.

Motorists who feel they have been arrested unjustly face official hostility if they refuse to pay their fines the easy way at Navy Pier, insisting instead on a court hearing. The average driver taking his case to court can count on three or four

fruitless trips before his case is finally heard. If he's very lucky, he may have to wait for only five or six hours. Inquiries made to court attaches are usually answered with, "Yuh wanna pay?" It seems as though the city is more interested in collecting money than furthering the cause of safety.

All this activity has enriched the city coffers considerably, but has caused much weeping and wailing among a daily increasing number of drivers. Chief O'Regan promises that the campaign will more than double the number of arrests in the spring months to come. So now the average motorist who has received his first ticket stops for 15 seconds at every signal light, crawls cautiously along the boulevards, and peers anxiously into his rear view mirror. If you want to find a policeman in a hurry these days, just break a traffic law. Any traffic law will do.

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Jimmy Savage, who used to give away his brightest remarks to most of the columnists in town, is now doing business at his own stand. His column, "Tower Ticker," is probably the best new feature introduced to Chicagoans by the *Tribune* since the advent of Dick Tracy. Mr. Savage is Mr. Savage. He does not attempt to be a Windy City Walter Winchell. Neither does he fill his column with plugs for favorite politicians, cuties, and Randolph Street handicappers. Up to this

point he has refrained from letting his reading public in on how well he knows the movie stars.

His contemporaries, unfortunately, are not so careful. Mr. Kupcinet in the *Sun-Times* is pretty breathless. He is breathless about the wonderful people he meets every day in the Pump Room. He is breathless about the big shots he meets in Washington. He is breathless about Mr. Kupcinet.

Mr. Gross and Mr. Topper in the *Herald-American* are strictly from Randolph Street. Theirs is the world of cigar-passing political papas, the Chez Patee, and boys who know a good thing in the seventh race at Pimlico. Theirs is also the world of the bantam-weight barons of commerce. Mr. Topper, particularly, likes to fill his column with romantic items about jewelry tycoons, mattress kings, and the more prominent Rush Street wolves. In Mr. Topper's world your importance is in direct ratio to the length and make of your convertible.

Mr. Gross likes to tell his public what politician's wife is having twins at what hospital. Since politicians' wives in Chicago seem to spend most of their time having babies, he has no trouble finding material.

Mr. Savage, who edited the Balaban and Katz theatre chain's house organ until he joined the *Tribune* staff, is more versatile. In addition, he knows how to write.



Think It Over . . .

A harried, high-strung business man, constantly worried by an overburden of work he felt responsible to do, had come to his psychiatrist for advice.

"I can't sleep at night, Doctor," he complained, nervously fidgeting with his hat and the arms of the chair. "And I've been nervous and quick-tempered at the office lately. What can I do?"

"I think you'd better follow a new schedule," the psychiatrist advised. "First, plan to complete only six hours of work in an eight-hour day. And second, spend one day each week at a cemetery."

"At a cemetery!" echoed the amazed patient. "What am I supposed to do there?"

"Nothing much," the psychiatrist replied calmly. "Just look around. Get acquainted with some of the men who are in there permanently. And remember that they didn't finish their work either. Nobody does, you know."

CHICAGO *Ports of Call*

by JOAN FORTUNE



Very High Life . . .

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State at Monroe (RAndolph 6-7500). The distinguished green and gold decor provides a lovely background for the fine piano styling of Barclay Allen and his orchestra, and the "Parade of Stars" featuring Evelyn Knight.

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Stevens Hotel, 7th and Michigan (WAbash 2-4400). The "World on Ice" show continues to provide a good evening's entertainment in this beautiful baroque room. That durable maestro, Frankie Masters, leads the band for the Three Rookies and The Boulevarders who spark the show.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HArrison 7-3800). One of the favorite afternoon and evening meeting spots. Jerry Glidden is still holding the bandstand in his fine manner, while Lona Stevens sings the sweet tunes. The customers like both her songs and her figure.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State St. (SUperior 7-7200). There are always a lot of celebrities on hand in this glamorous oasis. The food and drink are exceptional, if a little steep financially, and you are sure to see some of filmland's greats and not-so-greats imbibing. David LeWinter provides background music for the conversation here.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUperior 7-2200). This charming room, complete with blossoming camellia trees, offers pretty close

to everything for a big evening, from superlative food to the society-brand music of Ron Perry's orchestra.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th & Michigan (HArrison 7-4300). Florence Desmond is around right now, with Dick La Salle furnishing danceable music in this smooth spot. Its fine reputation is well deserved.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CENtral 6-0123). Don Reid and company offer a big evening of entertainment in the paneled elegance of the Bismarck. Upstairs, the brand new Swiss Chalet is the talk of the town with the very tops in unusual food and good music.

★ **THE BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State St. (SUperior 7-7200). This attractive and intimate spot is always well occupied by the Gold Coast gang. Currently the Felix Martinque Trio features songstress Sue Stanley.

The Show's the Thing . . .

★ **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (DElaware 7-3434). That ole happy boy, Ted Lewis, stays on here in Chicago's most famous supper club, with Gee Davidson on the bandstand.

★ **VINE GARDENS**, 614 W. North Ave. (MICHigan 2-5106). Joey Bishop is still holding forth in this excellent dine and dance spot. He gets plenty of assistance from Mel Cole and his orchestra.

★ **COLLEGE INN**, Hotel Sherman, Clark and Randolph (FRanklin 2-2100). This newly remodeled nightspot now features Jack Fina and the Honeydreamers, with practically everyone in town praising Ed Prentice's emceeing of the "Salute to Cole Porter" show. Mr. Prentice is also "Captain Midnight" on the popular Mutual kid-strip.

★ **JAZZ LIMITED**, 11 E. Grand Ave. (SUperior 7-9207). That jazz master, Muggsy Spanier, heads the bill at Chi-Town's hottest jazz hangout. The setting is ideal, and the drinks not too awful in this cellar club.

Strictly for Stripping . . .

In spite of a cool spring, the girls in the Breakaway Bra Belt keep right on revealing as much as the local ward committeemen

will allow, which currently, is plenty. If you find need of warming up a little, try one of these all-girl shows . . . the PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark . . . L AND L CAFE, 1315 W. Madison St. . . . the TROCADERO CLUB, 525 S. State St. . . . 606 CLUB, 606 S. Wabash Avenue . . . EL MOCAMBO, 1519 W. Madison St. . . . or the FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark Street.

Gourmet's Delight . . .

★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER, 101 E. W. Randolph (Andover 3-9795). Wonderful rum drinks and unexcelled Cantonese delicacies are served against a highly atmospheric South Sea background.
★ BARNEY'S MARKET PLACE, 741 W. Randolph (Andover 3-9795). Wonderful steaks and good lobster, with Barney's familiar "Hello, Senator," give this excellent restaurant a feeling of warmth and good cheer.
★ KUNGSHOLM, 100 E. Ontario (SU-

perior 7-9868). The truly magnificent smorgasbord is tasty proof that the preparation of food is still an art, and the location, in the gracious old Potter Palmer home, offers a relaxing background.

★ HENRICI'S, 71 W. Randolph (Delaware 2-1800). This conservatively decorated spot has been a favorite with politicians and theatrical people for three generations. The apple pancake is unsurpassed.
★ LE PETIT GOURMET, 619 N. Michigan Ave. (Delaware 7-9701). The charming courtyard for summer, and the open hearths for warmth and atmosphere, combine with the excellent French food to make this a favorite eating place.

Other Top Choices . . .

IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 E. Walton . . . CLOUD ROOM, Municipal Airport . . . NORMANDY HOUSE, 800 N. Tower Court . . . THE PUB AND THE PROW, 901 N. Rush St. . . . FRITZEL'S, State and Lake St. . . . ISBELL'S, 940 N. Rush St.

MAN OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 66)

He is a director of Blue Cross, Community Studies, Incorporated, the Central Surety & Insurance Company, and the American Meat Corporation. He is past vice president of the Chamber of Commerce, past president of the Merchants' Association, a member of the American Legion, a governor of the Midwest Research Institute, and treasurer of Menorah Hospital.

Since becoming chairman of the City Plan Commission, Rothschild has secured the appointment of several young men to the Commission, so that they can be training for much of the work that still lies ahead. Too, he

entertains the theory that the younger the man, the greater his stake in the city of tomorrow.

Not long ago, Rothschild asked a prominent realtor to serve on the Commission. But since the man lived in Kansas, it was impossible for him to accept.

"However," the realtor reports, "I seriously considered moving to Missouri in order to become eligible. In future years, Lou's wonderful work will show more than that of any other local citizen. Moving would be a great inconvenience and expense, but well worth it to have the honor of serving under Lou Rothschild."



The man who rows the boat generally doesn't have time to rock it.



The world's shortest short story: Sail, gale, pale, rail.

NEW YORK *Letter*

by LUCIE BRION

THE usual traffic of Southern-bound vacationers has fallen off considerably. Many Manhattanites who used to make a dash to the South for a gulp of sunshine between seasons are settling instead for weekends in Vermont. Miami, which always has received a large quota of visitors from New York, is reported to have hundreds of empty rooms. In fact, one hotel manager down there reports that tourists dare not linger on the streets lest they be asked to come in and register.

The "Southern wear" business has also met with a slump. Evidently many of those happy persons lucky enough to go South decided not to strain their luck, just packed up last summer's clothes and called them a wardrobe.

Theatre-goers are often informed by their brokers that the show they want to see is sold out to a benefit. And the pasteboard hucksters aren't kidding; it's a frequent occurrence. If by chance they offer you a benefit ticket, duck it. It will cost you three times the listed price, and although you may deduct a percentage from your income tax, the cost is still too high for fun. These benefit affairs, however, are successful for both the theatre and the charity, because the house is always sold out. They are gala and social. But for out-of-towners they're just a nuisance. The chatter and the hand-waving and the white ties and the private cars lined up outside merely add to the general difficulty of getting around Manhattan. Even though the causes are good, benefits are better left as local affairs.

Speaking of shows, don't miss *Lend an Ear*, one of the brightest, freshest, cleverest musical revues on Broadway. Lots of new faces and new ideas and nary a dull moment. We didn't know whether to laugh or cry at one skit called "The Gladiola Girl." The music for the sketch is of the old "Charleston" type, and the costumes are bell-bottomed trousers for the boys and knee-length dresses for the girls, hung straight from the shoulders



with no belts. The girls' hats (oh, please, do we have to remember?) are helmets covering the entire head. It is a shock to be reminded that such outfits were once worn offstage, and in all seriousness. Let's hope that fashion will never again impose such monstrosities upon us. Anyway, the rest of the show is up to date and sparkling.

Taxi drivers are never at a loss for conversation. A cabbie hauling us across town the other day did the usual current events routine and then took on the subject of television. "I won't work on Tuesday nights," he said. "I and my family have to see the Milton Berle Show. All the relatives come to see it, too."

With television aerials spiking the skies all over the East, we weren't astonished at this statement. To be cooperative, however, we asked, "Don't you go to the movies anymore?"

"Naw," he answered. "Have a beer and stay home."

Practically everyone over the age of 35 here is on a diet. As most plump persons are willing to face facts and admit that extra poundage is caused by what goes into the mouth, restaurants are getting quite agile in promoting a la carte service. They cater to those customers who ask for steak with no sauce, no bread, no butter, lettuce with no dressing, coffee black. Of course, the check arrives with

the usual startling total, or more so, leaving you wondering if it isn't cheaper to get fat.

• • •

The Persian Room at the Plaza has a new floor show that promises to make Hildegarde look to her laurels. There must be at least a dozen young, glamorous boys and girls who put on one of the swiftest, merriest hour-long shows in town. The dinner show is entirely different from the supper edition, and both sparkle so that patrons want to linger on just to bask in the glow of it all. There's a cover charge but, for once, it is well worth it.

• • •

The Milch Galleries, up on 55th Street, were the scene last month of a one-man show by Ferdinand Warren. The 19 canvasses on display showed a complete mastery of design, and a splendid, sensitive use of color. Pittsburgh, an imaginative reorganization of the Steel City's most impressive features, excited the greatest amount of comment from the critics. It combines the Liberty Tunnels and the Boulevard of the Allies with factories, smoke, rivers, and a dominant mountain spiked with the skinny, incredibly-perched houses native to the terrain.

Warren is represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and most major American galleries, but is best known for the harbor scenes painted near his studio on the Brooklyn side of the East River.

The blonde, rugged, young-looking artist is a confirmed Dodger fan. One of his best works is *Night Game at Ebbets*

Field, proving, we guess, that art and pleasure mix.

• • •

While browsing around Bloomingdale's (Manhattan's uptown Macy's) the other day, we were stopped by a young man carrying a pad and pencil. He asked us if we would mind answering a few questions. Remembering that we had paid our last bill and filed an income tax return, we said, "Why, no."

"How have you found the service here?"

"Just fine," we answered, a bit on the defensive.

"Have you any complaints?" He was serious.

"Why, no," we said, remembering the time we waited 45 minutes to get a clerk in the lamp shade department.

"Do you come here often?"

"Oh, yes." This last with a smile. One can buy everything but a snorkle at Bloomingdale's.

In a cozier voice he asked, "Do you ever use our basement?"

"Of course," we replied, glancing apprehensively at the printed form. There's something ominous about a questionnaire that even impels a woman to tell almost the truth about her age.

He wrote something, then asked, "How do you get here?"

"Walk," we told him.

The young man suddenly looked depressed. With a curt "thank you," he went on his way. Maybe Bloomingdale's got something out of it, but we felt just as depressed as the young man.

And, anyway, that's Manhattan.



When *O Mistress Mine*, the Lunt-Fontanne comedy, was on Broadway, a man in Washington, D. C., wired a New York friend to get two tickets to the play for the following Saturday night. The friend arranged to buy the tickets and wired back, "MISTRESS O.K. FOR SATURDAY."

The Washington man was slightly taken aback when he received the wire; for an earnest employee had penciled the apparently unauthorized note, "Western Union prefers not to transmit this type of message."—*This Week*.



A gangling cowhand wearing a ten-gallon hat and boots was sauntering around in a large, modern department store, staring wide-eyed at all the glittering merchandise. Finally a salesgirl asked if she might help him.

"No, ma'am, I reckon not," he drawled. "Gosh darn, I ain't never seen so much stuff I could do without."

NEW YORK *Theatre*



Current Plays . . .

★ **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.** (Dec. 8, 1948). The splendid, colorful production of Maxwell Anderson's play makes it seem a bit more distinguished than it really is. But the enthralling historical drama of the tempestuous lives of Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII during a critical period in England's history does make entertaining theatre. A large and magnificently costumed cast helps recreate the barbaric splendor of the Tudor Court. Rex Harrison gives a vivid characterization of the virile, young monarch, and Joyce Redman is superbly tragic as the proud, sensitive queen. Shubert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **DIAMOND LIL.** (Feb. 5, 1949). The irrepressible, irresistible Mae West in a raw and rowdy revival of an old 1928 melodrama. The scene is set in a Bowery saloon which is also the headquarters for a thriving South American white slave trade. As the drama proceeds, Mae gets mixed up with several lovers — the saloon keeper, a Bowery politician, an escaped convict, a Salvation Army captain and a passionate Latin. There's a colorful Bowery floor show and remarkable scenery by William De Forest and Ben Edwards, including a huge bed shaped like a swan. But the whole thing, of course, is Mae West, with her low, sexy voice and her delightful mastery of the art of insinuation. Coronet, evenings, except Sunday,

at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **GOODBYE MY FANCY.** (Nov. 17, 1948). Fay Kanin's play about a Congresswoman's return to her alma mater is skilful and entertaining. The handsome, dignified college president and a brittle *Life* photographer, sent to cover the graduation exercises, clash when they both fall in love with the lovely lady politician. The brilliant cast is headed by Madeleine Carroll, Conrad Nagel, Sam Wanamaker (who steals most of the scenes), and Shirley Booth as the efficient, hard-boiled secretary. Fulton, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **LIGHT UP THE SKY.** (Nov. 18, 1948). Although a little uneven in parts, Moss Hart's comedy has some superbly funny situations. The play follows the hopes and misgivings of a group of show people trying out their new play in Boston. The cast is rich with amusing characters, including some deft satires of real celebrities. Clever acting by Virginia Field, Sam Levene, Audrey Christie, Barry Nelson, Glenn Anders, Philip Ober and Phyllis Povah. Royale, evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.** (Dec. 27, 1948). In this charming fairy tale, ably adapted from the French of Jean Giraudoux by Maurice Valency, a lunatic countess sets about to rid Paris of its evils by luring several wicked people into a sewer and slamming a trap door over them. The delightful satire — and the touch of sadness — in the delusions of the demented, shabby old ladies gives the fantasy a brilliance which distinguishes it from all other plays on Broadway. The English actress, Martita Hunt, has achieved a real triumph in her portrayal of the title role. Other admirable performances by Estelle Winwood, John Caradine, Vladimir Sokoloff and Nydia Westman. Belasco, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★**RED GLOVES.** (Dec. 6, 1948). Charles Boyer gives a forcible performance as a resolute, black-shirted Communist leader in this gripping drama which deals with the conflict of realism and idealism in Party theory. John Dall plays the recalcitrant young intellectual who quarrels with the leader over his pretty wife (Joan Tetzel), as well as over politics. Author Jean-Paul Sartre has complained that Broadway has transformed his play into common melodrama, but audiences continue to find it suspenseful entertainment. Mansfield, evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

★**THE SILVER WHISTLE.** (Nov. 24, 1948). Jose Ferrer is entrancing as a loquacious hobo who rejuvenates a drab old people's home with his blithe make-believe. The story by Robert McEnroe is charming, whimsical and, with Mr. Ferrer's performance, makes exciting theatre. The fine cast includes Doro Merande, Kathleen Comegys, William Lynn, Jane Marbury and other oldsters. Biltmore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

★**BORN YESTERDAY.** (Feb. 4, 1946). Garson Kanin's pungent comedy about a conniving junk dealer and a blonde ex-chorine. Pleased audiences continue to enjoy the sparkling fun with Judy Holliday and John Alexander. Henry Miller, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40 . . . **EDWARD, MY SON.** (Sept. 30, 1948). Audiences find this evening of villainy to be fascinating entertainment. The drama follows the career of an unscrupulous Englishman who is driven to commit arson, blackmail and murder by an obsession for his wastrel son. Superb performances by Robert Morley and Adrienne Allen as his alcoholic wife. Martin Beck, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **LIFE WITH MOTHER.** (Oct. 20, 1948). Delighted audiences welcome back their favorite family—the redheaded Days, with Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney. The sequel matches the charm of *Life With Father* because it's simply a con-

tinuation of the same lovable, laughable family fun. Empire, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **MISTER ROBERTS.** (Feb. 18, 1948). A salty story about a restless crew sweating out boredom on a behind-the-lines Naval supply ship during the war, with Henry Fonda as the competent, humane Mr. Roberts and David Wayne as Ensign Pulver. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **PRIVATE LIVES.** (Oct. 4, 1948). A boisterous revival that has lost much of the dash and sophistication of Noel Coward's 1931 comedy. Tallulah Bankhead dominates with a rowdy, blustering performance opposite Donald Cook in this tale about divorced mates who meet again on their respective second honeymoons. Plymouth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.** (Dec. 3, 1947). This magnificent play won the Pulitzer Prize for author Tennessee Williams. The stark tragedy of a woman's degeneration in a squalid New Orleans slum is brilliantly enacted by Jessica Tandy, Karl Malden, Kim Hunter and Marlon Brando. Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Musicals . . .

★**ALL FOR LOVE.** (Jan. 22, 1949). A lavish, glittering show that seems to have great potentialities, but fails to produce more than momentary flashes of wit. For the most part, the usual subtle humor of Paul and Grace Hartman is buried in vulgar burlesque. There is a very funny parody of *Edward My Son* by Bert Wheeler, and an amusing ballet sequence satirizing the style of four well-known choreographers, but the lyrics and tunes are ordinary. The result is a handsome show with a flare of color in costumes and setting, but very little material that really clicks. Mark Hellinger, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★**ALONG FIFTH AVENUE.** (Jan. 13, 1948). This new musical seems almost top-heavy with talent; it includes deadpan comic Nancy Walker, singer Carol Bruce

with her throaty, torchy voice, dancers Viola Essen and Johnny Coy, and comics Hank Ladd and Jackie Gleason. But the sketches suffer from a serious lack of inspiration on the part of the author. The music by Gordon Jenkins and the lyrics by Tom Adair are pleasing, at times, but the deficiency in humor makes it a dubious production. Imperial evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday, at 2:30.

★ **AS THE GIRLS GO.** (Nov. 13, 1948). Bobby Clark as the husband of the first woman President creates several minor riots in the White House while his wife is busy with affairs of state. The show does not attempt political satire; instead, it's simply a big, brassy musical in the old-time manner with lots of lovely, leggy girls, funny gags and cheerful tunes. With Irene Rich, Bill Callahan and Kathryn Lee. Winter Garden, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **KISS ME KATE.** (Dec. 30, 1948). Cole Porter has returned to Broadway with a musical smash that may prove to be his biggest hit. The play-within-a-play plot is about a production of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*. This double mood gives Mr. Porter opportunity to display a wide variety of talents, from slow torch songs or jaunty ditties to rich, melodious ballads in the manner of Italian light opera. The dances by Hanya Holme are smart and saucy, the sets and costumes are colorful and gay. To top off this thoroughly delightful show are splendid performances by Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, Harold Lang, Lisa Kirk and a sparkling supporting cast. Tickets are highly prized possessions! Century, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **LEND AN EAR.** (Dec. 14, 1948). Versatile Charles Gaynor utilized his several talents to write the sketches, lyrics and music for this fresh, original revue. The satire in the sketches is thoroughly engaging, especially the burlesque of a 1925 musical, "The Gladiola Girl." The

choreography is stylish, and the intimate staging has a charming sense of color. The young and skilful cast includes Carol Channing, William Eythe, Dorothy Babbs, Gloria Hamilton and Yvonne Adair — welcome newcomers to Broadway. Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Established Hits . . .

HIGH BUTTON SHOES. (Oct. 9, 1947). A gay bit of nonsense results when two grafters come to 1913 New Brunswick. Keystone cops, bathing beauties, pleasant dancing and delightful tunes combine to make charming entertainment. With Phil Silvers, Joan Roberts, Jack McCauley, Mark Dawson and others. Broadway, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3 . . . **LOVE LIFE.** (Oct. 7, 1948). Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are enchanting as two lovers striving to maintain marital happiness through 150 years of rapidly fluctuating American life. With Michael Kidd's dances and Kurt Weill's score the show is fanciful, sentimental and very entertaining. 46th Street Theatre, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3 . . . **WHERE'S CHARLEY?** (Oct. 11, 1948). This 55-year-old farce has been vivaciously rejuvenated, thanks to the crazy antics of Ray Bolger. Disguised as a chaperoning aunt from Brazil, he's frantically funny in curls and petticoats. Allyn McLerie is his pretty and talented dancing partner. St. James, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Openings Not Reviewed . . .

- ★ **RICHARD III,** Feb. 8, Booth.
- ★ **MY NAME IS AQUILON,** Feb. 9, Lyceum.
- ★ **DEATH OF A SALESMAN,** Feb. 10, Morosco.
- ★ **THE BIG KNIFE,** Feb. 24, National.
- ★ **ANYBODY HOME,** Feb. 25, Golden.

NEW YORK THEATRES

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

Adelphi, 152 W. 54th.....	CI 6-5097	E	International,	
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....	CI 5-6868	W	5 Columbus Circle.....	CO 5-1173
Barrymore, 243 W. 47th....	CI 6-0390	W	Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....	CH 4-4256
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E	Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....	CI 6-0730
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.....	CI 6-9353	W	Mansfield, 256 W. 47th....	CI 6-9056
Booth, 222 W. 45th.....	CI 6-5969	W	Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th..	CI 6-6363
Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th....	CI 6-6699	E	Henry Miller	
Century, 932 7th Ave.....	CI 7-3121		124 W. 43rd.....	BR 9-3970
Coronet, 230 W. 49th.....	CI 6-8870	W	Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....	CI 6-6230
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....	BR 9-0046	E	Music Box, 239 W. 45th....	CI 6-4636
Empire, Broadway at 40th..	PE 6-9540		National, 208 W. 41st.....	PE 6-8220
Forty-Sixth, 226 W. 46th..	CI 6-6075	W	Playhouse, 137 W. 48th....	BR 9-2200
Forty-Eighth, 157 W. 48th..	BR 9-4566	E	Plymouth, 236 W. 45th....	CI 6-9156
Fulton, 210 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6380	W	Royale, 242 W. 45th.....	CI 5-5760
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....	BR 9-5641	E	St. James, 246 W. 44th....	LA 4-4664
Imperial, 249 W. 45th.....	CO 5-2412	W	Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....	CI 6-5900
			Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th..	CI 5-5200

NEW YORK *Ports of Call**Eating . . .*

★ **CAFE LOUIS XIV.** As exquisitely French as its name, this Rockefeller Center restaurant has an air of quiet, regal dignity. An excellent Continental cuisine is served with a flourish by attentive waiters. The soft music of William Adler's violin adds a final touch of elegance in dining. The prices and the luxurious surroundings correlate. 15 West 49. CI 6-5800.

★ **HAPSBURG HOUSE.** Amusing Bemelmans' decorations distinguish this restaurant for out-of-towners. But experienced gourmets remember it for the excellent Viennese food and the extensive cellar filled with vintage wines. Evenings, unusual zither music provides interesting entertainment. 313 E. 55. PL 3-5169.

★ **INDIA PRINCE.** An Oriental atmosphere that's as alluring as the exceptional East Indian foods. Your first introduction to the rare curries, condiments and sweets will be an intriguing adventure in eating. The prices for these delicacies are amazingly reasonable. 141 W. 47. LO 5-9576.

★ **KUNGSHOLM.** The epicure's delight

—a heaping smorgasbord table with more kinds of dishes than you can count. You'll agree the shrimp, herring and anchovies prepared the Swedish way are very tasty. At luncheon, smorgasbord, dessert and coffee are served in a quiet refined setting for only \$1.25. 142 E. 55. EL 5-8183.

★ **MAYAN.** A comfortable restaurant with early Mexican-Indian design. The menu sounds like goodwill propaganda for the United Nations—a different national dish is featured every day. On Monday there's Hungarian goulash and on Tuesday, Spanish rice. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday feature Swedish, Turkish and French concoctions with completely unpronounceable names; and on Saturday the offering is ye olde English beef and kidney pie. It's an interesting place for the venturesome eater. 16 W. 51. CI 6-5800.

★ **NAUTILUS.** Only one more "R" month after this one for the oyster season, so don't pass up this charming restaurant where Oysters Casino is the chef's culinary triumph. Other delicacies on the menu are a wide variety of shellfish, ten-

der red snapper and unforgettable bouillabaisse. Wine with dinner is usually a must for the seafood connoisseurs who frequent the Nautilus. 267 W. 23. CH. 2-8429.

Atmosphere . . .

★ **ASTI'S**. An informal Italian restaurant featuring ravioli, sharp wines and opera. The waiters, bartenders—even the hat check girl—burst into song periodically and are flattered when the customers join in on favorite arias. It's a homey rendezvous for music lovers. 13 E. 12. GR 5-9334.

★ **EDDIE CONDON'S**. You can hear the horns and drums a block away! This well-appointed hangout for hot musicians is up a few steps from one of the more junky of the Village streets. The jazz, blasted by wild Jack Lesberg, Buzzy Drootin, Peanuts Hucko and others, reverberates from the lemon-colored walls and mirrored pillars until the crowd is incited to a mild frenzy. Ralph Sutton plays sweet piano between sessions. The food is good, but Eddie's is strictly a jazz-lovers' joint. 47 W. 3. GR 5-8639.

★ **JOE KING'S RATHSKELLAR**. Artists and writers engage in long aesthetic discussions here over sauerbraten and beer. And college kids, soaking up the Village atmosphere, haunt the place till the wee hours. The moderately priced food is well prepared in a Continental kitchen, and there's a very friendly bar. 190 Third Avenue. GR 5-7623.

★ **WHALER BAR**. A nautical atmosphere so authentic you can almost feel the floor heave. The portholes are amazingly realistic, and the waiters in sloppy blue middies actually look battered by salt spray. There's a back room as dark as the hold of a ship and much more cozy. Gets underway for luncheon at noon and battens down the hatches at 2 a.m. Madison at 38. CA 5-3700.

Entertainment . . .

★ **BAL TABARIN**. A bit of gay Paree down on West 46th Street. It's truly Paris—from the sidewalk cafe decor to the frilly Can-Can dancers in the gaudy floor show. Lou Harold's band plays for dancing. You'll find the food inexpensive, the atmosphere festive and informal. 225 West 46. CI 6-0949.

★ **DELMONICO ROOM**. The name appropriately suggests sophistication. Fashionable patrons frequent this stylish salon for luncheon and dinner. There's supper dancing to the music of Joel Shaw's orchestra. The floor show, starring a clever impressionist, Kay Medford, is presented at 10 p.m. only, so come late to get the most from the \$3 minimum. Hotel Delmonico. Park Avenue at 59. VO 5-2500.

★ **LATIN QUARTER**. The Yankee dollar melts rapidly in the Latin Quarter, but the fine entertainment helps you forget financial matters. The shows are big, colorful and dazzling. At present, Frank Libuse, Archie Robbins and Sally Keith are starring in *Folies Parisienne*. Take your choice of two orchestras for dancing. At any rate, enjoy yourself—you're paying for it! Broadway at 48. CL 6-1737.

★ **NEW YORKER**. Twice nightly in the Terrace Room, there's a sparkling ice show, featuring Florence and Bob Ballard and a large cast of skilled skaters. No guests allowed on the ice, but they're welcome to the dance floor when Gardner Benedict's orchestra plays. Saturday offers a luncheon dansant for the grown-ups and a special ice matinee for the kiddies. Charlie Peterson's orchestra fills in on Sunday nights. Eighth Avenue at 34. LO 3-1000.

Out of Town . . .

★ **STIRRUP-CUP**. A fascinating destination for an all-day touring excursion. Excellent French and American food is served a la carte in the handsome Colonial dining room. It's also the home of the James Melton Museum of Antique Automobiles. After prowling among the old electrics and open roadsters, you'll want to relax with cocktails in the colorful bar before starting home again. Danbury Road, Norwalk, Connecticut. Phone, 6-5044.

★ **THATCHED COTTAGE**. The brisk, breathy March days are wonderful for driving in the country. If you happen to be touring Long Island, be sure to stop at this little old English style cottage and satisfy that outdoor appetite by selecting your own steak to broil over the huge open fireplace. There's dancing on Saturday evening. Route 25 A. Centerport, Long Island. Phone, Northport 1217.

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .



★ NANCE'S CAFE.

A spacious, well-appointed restaurant with a merited reputation.

The menu is styled to meet the taste of any epicure, including Duncan Hines, who has beamed his smile of approval on Nance's.

There are excellent

roast beef and steak dinners and a wide choice of seafood dishes. A plushy back room behind a grilled gate may be obtained for special private gatherings. The Biscuit Girl who wanders among the tables is understandingly generous with her wares, so don't be bashful about seconds. Travelers are delighted to find Nance's is located just across the street from the Union Station. 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.

★ PUTSCH'S 210. The decor, which marks Putsch's 210 as one of America's most distinctive dining rooms, suggests the French Quarter of New Orleans, and the lovely Victorian lounge, softly lighted by magnificent brass candelabra, effectively recalls an era of gracious Southern living. Sumptuous dinners are served as late as midnight to accommodate the after-theatre crowd. In perfect accord with the charming atmosphere is the music of Henry O'Neill at the piano, alternating with Gene Pringle's trio of violin, piano and vibraphone. Cocktails are served with dinner or at comfy wall seats in the adjoining glass-muraled barroom. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ SAVOY GRILL. You'll know it by the sign of the lobster up on West 9th Street. There's a traditional mellowness in the old Grill Room with its dim browned murals, high leather booths and dignified stained glass window panels. The attentive, old colored waiters seem to have been mellowed with age, too; some have been at the Savoy for over three decades. The excellent food is a Kansas City legend—especially the famous three pound lobsters and thick filets. Beyond the Grill is the

sophisticated Imperial Room, beautifully decorated with rose drapes, changeable colored lighting and large scroll mirrors that are pleasingly modern. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ TROCADERO. The cocktail crowd continues gathering at the Trocadero to enjoy the enchanting piano ramblings of Cliff Goforth, whose unique keyboard styling has created a mild midtown sensation. The relaxing, informal atmosphere is created by the gay, tropical surroundings and the friendly management. Cordial Bob Ledterman is always at the door with a warm word of greeting. There's an attractive bar where any drink you can name will be mixed quickly by the efficient bartenders. You'll find it's a pleasant spot for dancing or cocktail conversation, so if you're in the neighborhood, drop in. 6 West 39th. VA 9806.

★ OMAR ROOM. In this dim, inviting room, the mirrored bar is exclusively for the sterner sex, but there's a circle of plushy leather seats for the women. On the upper deck is a larger, softly lighted room with tables for that intimate conversation. A fast young pianist, billed as the "Keyboard Atom Splitter," plays requests. His name is Eddie Oyer, and he'll graciously oblige with *Bumble Boogie*, Heywood's arrangement of *Begin the Beguine*, or you name it. A hint to the wise: the Alcove off the main lobby is a cozy place to enjoy two cocktails for the price of one. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .



★ ADRIAN'S MART RESTAURANT.

A dazzling array of smorgasbord delicacies serves as appetizer. Then back to your table for the *piece de resistance*, which may be a thick cut of roast

beef, a broiled live lobster in butter, or sizzling fried chicken. Your choice of wines served with dinner, or you may

prefer cocktails at the sleek bar in the attractive lounge. The furnishings are smooth, modern and in very good taste. There's plenty of free parking just south of the building. Merchandise Mart. VI 6537.

★ **PLAZA RESTAURANT-CAFETERIA.** You can afford to be choosy at the Plaza Restaurant-Cafeteria because there are three rooms, each individually styled to please a certain clientele. There is a cafeteria to supply the fast service required by those with a limited time to eat; a stylish restaurant-bar for the leisurely minded who prefer full table service or cocktails; and a soda fountain-sandwich bar featuring ice cream specialties, soft drinks and tasty sandwiches. It's difficult to pass the bakery counter without taking home some of the tempting pastries. 414 Alameda Road. WE 3773.

★ **UPTOWN INTERLUDE.** Hurry, hurry! For the first week or two of March, the wonderful Art Van Damme Quintet will be at the Interlude, swinging the distinctive music that is skyrocketing them to fame as recording stars and network radio entertainers. And remember, Dale Overfelt is the man to see for those long, cool drinks mixed the way you like them. The house specialties are crisp fried chicken and sizzling steaks — very tasty! There's always a crowd of business men here at noon enjoying the inexpensive luncheons. Lots of people have discovered a delightful way to face Monday morning — by greeting it at the Interlude bar after midnight Sunday. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

In a Class by Itself . . .

★ **PLAZA BOWL.** Smartly South Side, the Bowl offers recreation, good food and drink—all in neat, modern surroundings. Mornings find young matrons bowling off pounds or practicing up for the night tournaments. Afternoons and evenings, the gay, snug cocktail lounge is crowded with people seeking respite from the clattering pins or simply seeking good drinks. The adjoining Bowl restaurant serves big salads, crisp toasted sandwiches and delicious, yet inexpensive, dinners. To complete the picture, there's a lovely dining room upstairs which may be reserved for

private parties. And of course, Music by Muzak. 430 Alameda Road. LO 6659.

To See and Be Seen . . .



★ **PENGUIN ROOM.**

There's an air of quiet sophistication in the artistically mirrored Penguin Room — just right for an evening of fashionable dinner dancing. The music of Dink Welch and his Kopy Kats is luring

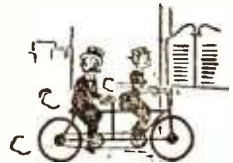
couples to the glittering dance floor through the 14th, then Stewart Russell and his trio will take over. A special attraction is the refreshingly unusual floor show done in pantomime at 9 and 12 p.m. Although the excellent entertainment provides almost constant diversion, it's a good idea to devote some time to the food and fine liquors. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** This is Baltimore Avenue's smart new hotel and restaurant with a cosmopolitan air and a congenial clientele. Especially notable are the French-fried onions, the extra dry martinis and an attractive mural of the New York skyline slightly rearranged by artist Daniel MacMorris. Steak-lovers haunt this place for one of those thick, juicy filet mignons flanked by a wonderful salad with garlic dressing. All of which goes to prove that the Pusateri brothers are still master restaurateurs. 1114 Baltimore. VI 9711.

Something Different . . .

★ **SHARP'S BROADWAY NINETIES.** For honest-to-goodness, old-fashioned fun — well, there's no place in town like Sharp's!

The atmosphere is friendly and informal with everyone singing the 'way-back favorites together or forming impromptu, slightly off-tune quartets. There's a real antique tandem bicycle above the bar, and more than one merry patron, influenced by a lusty rendition of



Bicycle Built for Two, has offered to pedal it home! The food is savory and delicious—grilled beef tenderloin, spicy jumbo shrimp, spaghetti and meat balls, and hickory-smoked barbecued ribs that make your mouth water just to look at them. It's a lively place for a gay evening! Broadway & Southwest Boulevard. GR 1095.

★ **UNITY INN.** This nationally famous little restaurant, run by the Unity School of Christianity, does rare things with nuts and vegetables to turn out intricate salads and colorful vegetable plates. Creamy homemade ice cream or rich pastry tops off the most delightful meatless meals found anywhere. It's a pleasant spot for luncheons, since the cafeteria style does away with long waiting. Closed on Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

★ **KING JOY LO.** The skilled Chinese cooks here produce many tantalizing and authentic Oriental concoctions. They feature a variety of chop sueys, delectable fancied-up shrimp, fried rice, chicken chow mein and egg noodles. Of course, chopsticks are available on request. If none of these dishes strikes your fancy, there are fine American dinners on the menu—steak and broiled lobster, in particular. The furnishings, especially the heavy carved and inlaid tables, are in character. It's entertaining to sit by the big view windows and watch Kansas City go by, up and down Main Street. 8 West 12th Street. (Second floor). HA 8113.

Good Taste . . .

★ **MACIEL'S.** The warm personality of Jeanie Leitt is drawing crowds to Maciel's

like a magnet. With her boogie piano and low, husky voice, Jeanie offers an evening of daring, sophisticated entertainment. She'll gladly play any request and loves to chit-chat with the clientele. Sirloin steaks, Maine lobster and other fine foods, priced just right, are served by candlelight in the spacious, high ceilinged dining room. Try Chicken Maciel for a new taste thrill. A comfortable lounge and bar serves cocktails. 3561 Broadway. LO 5441.

★ **BLUE HILLS BARBECUE.** As you might guess from the name, the specialty here is barbecue—delicious hickory-smoked ribs, beef and ham. There are also excellent T-bones, sirloins and filets that are amazingly inexpensive. And the fried chicken dinners are scrumptuous! A scroll design lends a Spanish-Moroccan touch to the attractive dining room with cozy booths along the walls. It's open for luncheon, dinner and supper. There's music for dancing by the Moderniques, a popular four-piece ensemble now in the stylish Amber Room. 6015 Troost. JA 4316.

★ **RAY COUGHLIN'S BARBECUE.** Established in 1921, this friendly tavern has long been famous for its spicy chili, barbecued beef and wonderful, tasty shrimp—the kind you can eat in your fingers. There's a long bar where you can get the biggest schooner of beer in Kansas City—for only a dime! Generous, man-sized mixed drinks are served, too. It's a cheerful, cozy place to be on a blustery March evening. 2513 East 15th. BE 9360.

Warnings

- We cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.
- We cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.
- We cannot help small men up by tearing big men down.
- We cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.
- We cannot lift the wage earner up by pulling the wage payer down.
- We cannot keep out of trouble when we spend more than our income.
- We cannot further the brotherhood of man by inciting class hatred.
- We cannot establish sound social security on borrowed money.
- We cannot build character and courage by taking away man's initiative and independence.
- We cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they can and should do for themselves.—*Exchange.*

10:15 NIGHTLY
Monday through Friday
WHB



Lew 'Muehlebach' Brock
conducts the

"TAVERN MEETING of the AIR"

HERE'S a new nightly program on WHB you'll find amusing, entertaining, and always "good fun in good company." The show is recorded on tape each night at a different tavern in the Greater Kansas City area. Lew Brock interviews folks on questions of the day—serious and frivolous—and gets answers of exactly that sort! The tape is then rushed to WHB's studios, edited and broadcast at 10:15 p.m. Meanwhile, the tavern customers are invited to hear themselves on the air as the transcribed program is broadcast over WHB.

Tune in this new show (sponsored by Muehlebach Beer) for fun, laughs, inter-

esting information and news of what's doing on the tavern circuit! You'll enjoy the unrehearsed comedy, and the antics of "Millionth Laugh Man" Brock, veteran trouper who has had years of vaudeville and radio experience. A graduate of Orpheum and Fanchon-Marco vaudeville, he was for two years emcee of the "Sunrise Serenade" on WCCO, Minneapolis. During the war, he traveled with a U.S.O. Camp Unit. Prior to this current engagement over WHB, Brock recently completed a series of shows for International Harvester dealer meetings.

Catch his new WHB show at 10:15 p.m., Monday through Friday!

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Miss Vera Ralston



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