

Swing



25¢

Don't Take Your Child to Hollywood

A new racket is making dupes of gullible parents Page 59

America's Suicide Mania

A penetrating discussion of what lies behind the 100,000 attempted suicides in the United States each year Page 3

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1. Percy Kilbride struggles to escape Marjorie Main's iron grip on his collar, as the two take time out from the premiere of their Twentieth Century Fox movie, *Ma and Pa Kettle*, for a WHB interview.

2. From the floor of the Municipal Auditorium, Gus Miller, N.A.I.B. presi-

dent, compliments Kansas City on the most successful tournament in N.A.I. history.

3. Claude Thornhill is surrounded by admiring fans who made a special trip from Braymer, Missouri, to meet him in the WHB studio.

foreword for May

BENEATH the surface of this lovely, fragrant season bubbles a broth of hell and terror. The war scare, simmered slowly over many months, is almost ready to be taken up and served to the people.

Unfortunately, the alarm is well-founded. Our nation is in danger, and the hazards are not decreasing.

Fear for self or homeland is no disgrace. The only shame is failure to take action designed to reduce or destroy the cause for fear.

That action is being taken. Planning and preparations are going forward at an incredible pace. New techniques of war, new weapons, planes and ships, are being developed.

We in America want peace, but it must be peace on our terms, or something close to them. We will not compromise, must not compromise, our principles, our ideals, nor our ideas.

We do not want war. But we must be realistic and realize that war is imminent. The United States and Russia are two big, rough boys, jockeying for position. Sooner or later one will bump the other, and there will be a fight.

We hope it won't be soon. We hope it won't happen at all. But let's be ready. Let's give the leaders of our military and naval forces the money they need to keep our dukes up, all the time.

Mori

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MAY'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Loan Exhibition: Reproductions of Navajo Indian Sand Paintings.

Masterpiece of the Month: "Horses and Riders," Chinese, T'ang Dynasty (618-906 A.D.) Terra Cotta.

Concerts: (No admission charge. All programs held in Atkins Auditorium.)

May 1, Piano pupils of Mrs. Miles Blim, recital, 3:30 p.m.

May 3, Kansas City Conservatory of Music opera program, 8:15 p.m., east entrance only.

May 4, Cleo Art Club concert, 8:15 p.m., east entrance only.

May 6, Budapest String Quartet, Kansas City Musical Club Benefit for the Philharmonic Orchestra, 8:15 p.m., east entrance only.

May 8, Recorded liturgical music in the Spanish Chapel, 3:30 p.m.

May 15, Pupils of Mrs. Paul Willson, recital, 3:30 p.m.

May 22, Mu Phi Epsilon Young Artists' concert, 3:30 p.m.



Opera . . .

May 9-14, *The Bat* (*Die Fledermaus*), Kansas City University Playhouse, 8:20 p.m.

Musicals . . .

May 13-14, *Annie Get Your Gun*, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
May 16-22, *Brigadoon*, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.



Drama . . .

Apr. 25-May 1, *Three Men on a Horse*, Resident Theatre, 8:30 p.m.

Special Events . . .

May 2, Stephen Spender, lecture, Kansas City University Playhouse.

May 6-7, Boy Scout Roundup, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

May 11, Shrine Ceremonial, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

May 14-20, American Royal Spring Dairy Show and Rodeo, American Royal Building.

May 15, United States Savings Bond Drive Rally, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

May 22, Kansas City High School Baccalaureate Exercises, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

May 21-28, Greater Kansas City Home Show of 1949, Municipal Auditorium Exhibition Hall.

May 29, Kansas City University Commencement, University Quadrangle, 4:00 p.m.

Dancing . . .

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main. Dancing every night but Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday and Friday.)

May 1, Hank Winder.

May 3, Mal Dunn.

May 6-8, 10, Jack Everette.

May 14, Barclay Allen.

May 17, Tom Beckham.

May 19, Tommy Dorsey.

May 20, 22, Les Copley.

Wrestling . . .

(Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.)

May 24, Special exhibition match, Municipal Auditorium Arena, 8:30 p.m.

Baseball . . .

(Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games played at Blues Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.)

May 1, Toledo, double-header.

May 2, 3, Louisville.

May 4, 5, Columbus.

May 6, 7, Milwaukee.

May 8, Milwaukee, double-header.

May 9, 10, 11, St. Paul.

May 13, 14, Minneapolis.

May 15, Minneapolis, double-header.

Conventions . . .

Apr. 30-May 2, Sacro-Occipital convention, Hotel Phillips.

May 1-3, Missouri and Kansas State Branches, National League of District Postmasters, Hotel Continental.

May 1-3, Kansas City Shoe Show, Hotel Muehlebach.

May 2-3, Southwest Automotive Wholesalers, Hotel President.

May 4-6, Missouri Association of Public Utilities, Hotel Muehlebach.

May 5-6, Missouri Valley Electric Association, Accounting Conference, Hotel President.

May 9-11, Missouri Bankers Association, Hotel Muehlebach and Municipal Auditorium.

May 11-12, Missouri Valley Wholesale Grocers, Hotel President.

May 11-12, Petroleum Division, National Safety Council, Executive Committee, Hotel Bellevue.

May 15-17, Optimist, International District No. 10, Hotel Muehlebach.

May 15-18, Central States Salesmen, Municipal Auditorium.

May 18-20, Kansas Bankers Association, Municipal Auditorium.

May 20-22, Jane Phillips Sorority, Incorporated, Hotel Continental.

May 22-24, Missouri Pharmaceutical Association, Hotel President.

May 23-25, American Legion Economic Conference, Regional Hotel Continental.

May 28-29, 358th Infantry Association, Hotel Phillips.

May 29-31, Heart of America Men's Apparel Show, Hotel Muehlebach.

America's SUICIDE MANIA



Each year, one hundred thousand desperate citizens of the United States seek death by their own hands!

by E. C. PRINCIPE

DURING 1947, a total of 16,538 people took their own lives. The count for 1946 was about 16,200. Of these, 2,000 individuals poisoned themselves with barbituric acid or with other solid and liquid poisons. By leaving on the gas jets in their kitchens, 1,300 put themselves to eternal sleep. Carbon monoxide gas from motor vehicle exhausts and other poisonous gases were chosen by 600 to relieve themselves of life. Self-hanging and self-strangulation choked out 3,600. Eight hundred decided to drown themselves. Death came swiftly to the 6,300 who turned firearms and explosives on their bodies. Cutting and piercing instruments were used by 700 to cut off their lives. From high places, 600 flung themselves to death. Two hundred stamped out their own lives by crushing. Other widely varied methods were used by the remaining 100 who sought death and found it.

Beside this stark heap of suicide victims loom the dejected faces of the frustrated death seekers—the 100,000 persons annually who try to take their own lives—and fail.

Some faltering use ineffective methods, such as swallowing too little

poison to be actually fatal or leaping from a spot not high enough to cause death by impact.

Some bungle the job even when using seriously lethal means. The bullet intended for the heart may miss, or the knot in the improvised noose may slip.

Others are stopped in the act by outsiders. Police and firemen sometimes succeed in thwarting a suicide by netting the desperate jumper wavering on a skyscraper window ledge. It is from these who have tried and failed that we learn the personal explanation for the determination to commit suicide, and the mental conditions which foster such a determination.

Five hundred cases of unsuccessful suicide attempts were studied recently by Dr. Alex J. Arief, the late Dr. D. B. Rotman and Rook McCulloch of the Municipal Court Psychiatric Institute in Chicago. The cases were referred to the Institute by the judges of the Court over the period of 1937 to 1946. In addition, 100 unselected cases were reserved for more detailed analysis.

The study reveals that in the age

groups under 20, 38 per cent of the attempts could have been successful. In the age groups of 20 to 30 years, 52 per cent could have died. The percentage of cases that could have been successful increased with the age level, so that in the group from 50 to 70 years, 99 per cent could have ended their lives. Hysterical or fake attempts

the individual becomes more highly integrated into the group. The mind tends to be diverted from despondency by the increased activity and exterior interests that arise with war conditions. Second, with economic prosperity, which is usual during war time, suicides decline.

On the other hand, when reconversion at the end of the war caused a confused shifting of employment suicides went up. The difficult psychological problem of adjustment to civilian life among men released from the armed forces is another factor increasing suicides. Right after World War I, however, the suicide death rate declined for two years. In 1921 the rate increased sharply and after remaining level for five years, it kept on going up until, in 1932, a total of 20,646 suicide deaths was reported—the highest number in the country history. Judging from the experience of World War I, it is expected that our present suicide death rate will rise to higher levels.

According to Arief and Roman, most of the unsuccessful attempts occur in the 20-30 year age group. In the younger age group female attempts are greater in number. With the increase in age, the number of male suicide attempts increases. In actual suicide deaths, males are in constant majority, beginning with the lowest age group, 5-14 year and going up to 75 years and over. In 1945, out of a total of 14,78 reported suicide deaths, 10,754 were males and 4,028 were females. Male suicide deaths were highest in the 45-54 age group, the total for the group being 2,279.

How Do People Kill Themselves?

Poison	2,000
Gas	1,300
Carbon monoxide	600
Hanging and strangulation	3,600
Drowning	800
Firarms or explosives	6,300
Cutting and piercing	700
Jumping	600
Crushing	200
Other methods	100

Total U. S. Suicides (1946) . 16,200

are often made by the immature individuals under 25. In the total group of the 100 unselected cases, 60 per cent could have been successful.

The percentage of suicidal attempts was lowest in 1938 and 1939. Then, at the height of the war preparation years, 1939-1941, the percentage rose. It declined throughout the country in 1942-1943, only to rise sharply as the war came to an end, 1944-1945. Likewise, actual suicide deaths decreased during the war but rose steadily as soon as the war stopped.

Similar studies from England and Germany support the evidence that, in general, war decreases the incidence of suicide. This can be attributed to two reasons. First, during wartime,

Alcoholism, though it is not a direct cause, is the precipitating factor in about half of the suicide attempts. This holds true in all age groups except that below 20 years. Many suicidal attempts would never have been made if the victim were not under the influence of alcohol.

Lack of work and occupational maladjustment may often lead to suicidal attempt. Although the survey of Arieff and Rotman covered a better than average employment period, it is significant that more than 28 per cent of those people attempting suicide were not employed. Fourteen per cent were irregularly employed and nine per cent did very poor work. Therefore, 51 per cent had inadequate work records. No physical handicaps were present in any of the cases. Granting that the individuals concerned were qualified for some types of work, the problems of not having work, of doing poor work, or of being unsettled in one's work are attributable to morbid mental conditions.

In the cases studied, the most prevalent type of mental morbidity, directly above alcoholism, was depression—either reactive or situational. Next to alcoholism came schizophrenia, or loss of contact with environment. This was followed by senility or old age. After senility came mental deficiency and last, super-sensitive personality.

The reasons given by these unfortunate individuals for wanting to kill themselves often appeared trivial, superficial and misleading. The greatest number said they had "sweetheart trouble." To the psychologist this implies the failure of interpersonal rela-

tions and makes clear the existence of wrong mental attitudes.

The second greatest number confessed alcohol. Alcoholism usually is the result of a struggle to escape some recognized problem or unpleasant reality.

The next group was composed of individuals troubled by false beliefs or giving neurotic complaints.

Family discord, impending disaster, display, shame and poor housing were reasons given by the rest.

THE possession of average intelligence or better is no insurance against suicidal activity. The problem of suicide is definitely one of the emotions. Arieff and Rotman found that 76 per cent of the individuals in their study were above the eighth grade scholastically. Only two per cent were below the fourth grade level.

Well-known cases of suicide by brilliantly gifted and successful persons support the belief that suicide has no correlation with I. Q.

After an outstanding career in American politics as the distinguished ambassador to Great Britain and governor of New Hampshire for three terms, John Gilbert Winant shot himself. Possible illness was given as the cause.

Ross Lockridge, Jr., author of the best seller, *Raintree County*, wilfully locked himself in his garage, started the car and inhaled its deadly exhaust fumes to bring death. He had worked contentedly on his book for seven years, was happily married and the father of small children. Hollywood had offered him a neat sum to film his book. His shocked wife could think

of no reason for his suicide, although it was rumored that the reviews of various book critics had upset him.

Nationally famous for his writings, especially those on crime subjects, Courtney Riley Cooper hanged himself in his room. No cause was given.

Stefan Zweig, author of the widely read *Marie Antoinette*, poisoned himself and his wife at the start of World War II. It was reported that he felt they could no longer live in the world as it was then.

Likewise, the noted novelist, Virginia Woolf, killed herself in 1941—the peak of the war crisis—because, it was stated, she could not “stand it any more.”

Enrico Caruso, the king of tenors, would have been a suicide if his wife had not been awake one night during the time he was suffering from the illness that eventually caused his death. He had come home from the opera house ailing and had gone to bed. In the middle of the night, he got up, walked to the opened window, and started to climb over the sill. His wife immediately rushed to pull him back from a death leap. Was it because of his illness that he tried to die? True, he was stricken with disease at the height of his fame. But psychologists point to the fact that he had long been harboring sorrows attending an unfortunate love affair. From this entanglement had come his two illegitimate sons whom he felt compelled to recognize in public.

From these incidents and others, Arieff and Rotman conclude that a suicidal attempt represents “a complicated personal reaction.” Allowing for economic conditions, environment,

social status and physical health as exterior factors, the suicide act is the result of a tangle of deep-seated psycho-pathological mechanisms. There is no one mechanism and no one cause. Hostility towards oneself, or self-accusation coupled with a strong inclination towards self-punishment, are in open evidence. The self-destructive tendency is a part of the theoretical death instinct. However, universal as is this mechanism of guilt and punishment, it does not explain all the cases

Law officials have been listing suicidal attempts as lesser offenses mer

Racial Strains

American suicides are much more frequent in some racial or nationality groups than in others. For example, these self-inflicted deaths were recorded per 100,000 population in 1945:

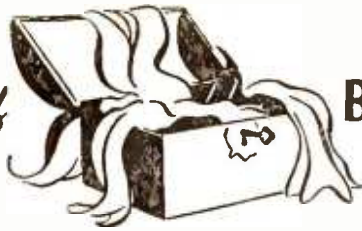
Chinese	35.5
Japanese	28.0
White race	12.1
Indian	4.9
Negro	3.0

iting only disorderly conduct charge. It is high time that individuals a tempting to kill themselves be considered serious psychiatric cases in need of secure hospitalization, rather than being termed offenders deserving only short commitment to jail cells.

Physicians attending suicidal patients must go beyond administering first aid aimed at life saving, such as antidote giving, stomach pumping and the suturing of wounds. They also should set the stage for a proper psychiatric follow-up study of each patient.

(Continued on page 24)

With the flick of a needle and thread, Brooks will turn you into Napoleon, Cleopatra or Henry the Eighth.



The House of

BLUE TIGHTS

by WALLACE BURTON

EVERY week of the year, 180 mysterious trunks—laden with colorful mementoes of past heroes and ygone tyrants—are carried aboard trains in New York City to be dispatched to the far corners of America.

These trunks contain costumes for civic dramatic companies, high school Barrymores, Parent-Teacher Association Bernhardtts and many other amateur Thespians planning to stride the stage for a night or two of glory.

The trunks, which belong to the Brooks Costume Company on New York's grimy Avenue of the Americas, are packed with everything from Lady Macbeth's nightgown to a Nazi general's uniform. Brooks historians and researchers comb the libraries of the world to insure authenticity for the costumes sent to both professional and tyro theatrical companies.

If you're to portray George Washington in a school pageant, you can be certain that your Brooks costume will be historically correct down to the last button. Or if your home town playwright dreams up a character requiring a costume never seen in this earth, you can confide the specifications and intent to Brooks designers. They will promptly create just the outfit desired.

At this moment, the doublet and sword John Barrymore wore when he enthralled Broadway with his Hamlet of 1924 vintage are probably being worn by a swashbuckling high school actor some place in America. For the accouterments of Broadway's immortals usually end up in Brooks' capacious warehouse, where they are restitched, hemmed and refurbished for a new crop of actors and actresses each year.

In hundreds of bins, Brooks tenderly guards 110,000 costumes, some more than half-a-century old. For a small fee, you can borrow a gold brocaded robe which probably cost \$1,000 to create for a fanciful Broadway extravaganza of some forgotten era.

When a revolution percolates in Latin America, a Brooks official clips the news item telling of the fighting and begins thinking of a new and fanciful officer's uniform. He will have the design in work when the expected order from the new generalissimo unfailingly arrives. Brooks tailors have outfitted a dozen South American dictators and their general staffs.

Come prosperity or depression, Brooks has a million-dollar-a-year bus-

iness which keeps more than 350 persons employed in a busy season. Amateur theatricals alone bring in more than \$800,000 a year to this unusual firm which can outfit an entire Billy Rose spectacle as easily as one clown.

Every year, Brooks dresses up more than two-thirds of the top Broadway shows. *Carousel*, *St. Louis Woman*, *Are You With It?* and *Ice Time* are but a few of the spectacles made more breath-taking and colorful by Brooks workers.

The Brooks saga began in 1918 when Ely Stroock of New York City had a chance to buy the gorgeous costumes in the estate of famed producer Charles Frohman, who perished in the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Stroock and his son James were running a prosperous business creating uniforms for the maids and chauffeurs of Park Avenue nabobs and Long Island dowagers. He decided this was his opportunity to enlarge, so he immediately purchased the entire stock of Frohman costumes.

The name "Brooks" was selected for the new firm because the canny Stroocks felt that the appellation had a tight, right British sound to it. And since London was the home of good tailoring, the father and son hoped that some of the magic inherent in British needle and thread would be conveyed by this new, austere name.

The Frohman costumes — rented out to other producers for good sums — launched the company on a new and more profitable business; designing, making and renting costumes for every purpose—balls, plays, circuses and the like.

Without the counsel of Brooks, plus the 110,000 costumes the firm owns, more than 90 per cent of all the "little theatre" and school theatre groups in the United States would be unable to function.

Brooks officials are as eager to please a rural high school impresario in Missouri as they are to satisfy a domineering Broadway producer who gives them thousands of dollars worth of business. The company files bulge with grateful letters and telegrams from teachers, principals and drama coaches who have been helped over many a hurdle by the resourceful Brooks outfitters.

An Ohio school, presenting *Merchant of Venice*, was horror-stricken when a trunk filled with costumes was delayed enroute by a blizzard which stopped the train. When the frantic drama coach wired Brooks the understanding company advised him not to worry and immediately made special arrangements for the needed costumes to be flown in, just in time for the opening.

A naval lieutenant, who was to be married with all the fuss of crossed swords and white uniforms, at the last minute discovered to his dismay that his attendants had swords, but he did not. Within five minutes Brooks did what Annapolis could not—they found the proper sword and threw in a gold saber knot for good measure. The relieved officer was wedded with complete correctness.

On one occasion, an imperious hostess who was throwing a lavish fancy ball insisted that Brooks prepare some costumes carrying the front page

headlines of the morning paper. Obliging Brooks tailors feverishly cut out the pattern in advance, then grabbed taxis and hurried to the New York Times printing plant where they



ran the costumes through the presses to obtain the needed Page One streamer heads.

Inside the vast Brooks emporium, constant hubbub and pandemonium reign as designers, tailors, fitters and seamstresses dash about with mouths full of pins or shouting madly. Yet, out of this ferment, orders always are completed on time. Evidently, the Brooks staff thrives on the commotion.

A visit to the third floor fitting room, where internationally-famed

actors and small-time hams rub elbows, provides a glimpse of democracy in action. While waiting for a new Hamlet costume, the great Maurice Evans may confide a bit of acting technique to an open-mouthed actor from a Kansas schoolhouse. Or maybe Ethel Merman—wearing a \$2,000 creation for a new revue—will be chatting with a starry-eyed stenographer from Brooklyn being fitted for a chorus costume to be worn in her neighborhood girls' club "follies."

Though a little stock company may be 3,000 miles away, Brooks can fit the actors by mail to complete satisfaction. The outfitters mail out blanks with space for 12 measurements. There is a special form headed "Remarks" for jotting down any additional information which may help the Brooks staff make the aspiring amateur look like Romeo, Mrs. Malaprop or Julius Caesar.

"We can dress anybody for any part," says a Brooks official, "but we cannot impart acting ability to a Hamlet who would be better off selling office supplies or neckties. Clothes make the man, but not the actor. That takes a talent only God can supply!"



Henry Ward Beecher was once in the midst of an unusually eloquent speech when some wag in the audience, possessed of less good breeding than spirits, crowed like a cock. It was done to perfection, and the audience was in a gale of helpless laughter.

Mr. Beecher stood perfectly calm. He stopped speaking, listening till the crowing ceased. While the audience was still laughing, he took out his watch. Then he said slowly, as if in deep thought, "That's strange. My watch says it is only 10 p.m. But there can't be any mistake about it. It must be morning, for the instincts of the lower animals are absolutely infallible."



The married couple who have a perfect understanding go fifty-fifty—During the day he lets her do as she pleases, and in the evening he does as she pleases.



Tom Collins Says...

To keep friends, always give your candied opinion.

▲
The recipe for successful after-dinner speaking includes using plenty of shortening.

▲
Life without fun is like an automobile without springs.

▲
Boredom is a symptom of hardening of the mind.

▲
A man with both feet on the ground hasn't far to fall.

▲
Ideals are to run races with. The minute we stop chasing them, they sit down and become opinions.

▲
Sometimes the pinnacle of fame and the height of folly are twin peaks.

▲
When a woman says, "You flatter me,"—do so.

▲
The average man has five senses: touch, taste, sight, smell and hearing. The successful man has two more: horse and common.

▲
Lovemaking hasn't changed much in two thousand years. The ancient Greek girls used to sit and listen to a lyre all evening, too.

▲
Meteorologist: A man who looks into a girl's eyes to see whether.

▲
It seems strange that children under eighteen are too young to work, but are old enough to drive a 1,500 pound car 70 miles an hour.

▲
Brainy women earn their own living, but sensible ones let men do it for them.

▲
To escape criticism, live openly: you've never heard any scandal about goldfish.

▲
A polite deep sea diver was drowned when he met a mermaid and tipped his hat.

▲
The difference between the modern girl and her mother is that the modern girl does what her mother wanted to do.

▲
Never put off enjoyment—there's no time like the pleasant.

ESKIMO SHOPPER

Igloo to igloo service with a smile.

by EDWARD WADE

TO Bessie Little Fish in the Alaskan village of Naknek—and to several thousand other residents of the frozen wastes—Marie Dow is a combination of Santa Claus, Dorothy Dix, doctor, and purveyor of food, clothes, toys and tobacco.

For trim, black-eyed Marie in her flying togs ministers to the needs of a sparse population sprawled over 580,000 miles of Alaska. Many a stateside department store executive, upon learning the scope of Marie's territory, has vowed never to complain again about the responsibilities of his job. It may be tough to please shoppers in Kansas City, Minneapolis or Chicago, but when you personally have to deliver everything from vaccine for malemites to a new layette for an Eskimo baby, any American merchandising job becomes a cinch compared with Marie's Alaskan responsibilities.

Marie fulfills the same functions to the Eskimos that Sears Roebuck performs for rural America. Consider Bessie Little Fish's village of Naknek (population 153). On one recent trip, Marie flew in such varied or-

ders from Naknek citizens as one gray Stetson hat, ten gallons of ice cream, two boxes of cigars, and a new muffler for a noisy truck.

Moving along by plane to Kodiak, Marie dropped off to deliver two cor-sages to local Eskimo belles, flowers for a new grave, three best-selling historical novels and a refill for a ball-point fountain pen.

Often, in order to fulfill requests in a land of vast spaces and incredible inaccessibility, Marie has to go to unusual lengths. For example, during the war—when zippers were tough to get even in Manhattan—several fishermen begged Marie to obtain zippers for them no matter what. She realized that the zippers were needed in their work. With no zippers to be purchased in all Alaska, Marie quietly did her best for her friends—she sweet-talked several prominent Anchorage men into removing the zippers from their coats and sewing on

buttons. Glee-fully, Marie swooped down in her plane near the fishermen's shacks and presented them with the best possible Christmas present: three work-able zippers.



Back of Marie's unique shopping service was the determination of Ted Law, Alaska Airlines president, that his company should do more for the territory than just fly passengers in and out of snow-locked settlements.

In 1944, Law conceived the idea of a shopping service for families which lived years without being able to visit a country store. The resultant goodwill, plus the increase in cargo carried by Law's airplanes, has proved that the northland families are fervently grateful for this aerial merchandising service.

Marie, a former resident of Tacoma, had been successively a clothing designer, model, ready-to-wear buyer and job placement expert for a shipyard. Always restless and adventurous, she turned up in Alaska in 1943, hoping to put her varied experiences to use in a new and raw territory.

Law put her to work as a one-woman shopping service, and she has been busy ever since, doubling and redoubling the business.

"I don't stay put at a desk in Anchorage," she says with a grin. "In this game, a merchandiser has to go to the homes of the customers. Such trips may involve round-trip flights of 500 or 1,000 miles. But what a kick I get out of the warm welcome I receive, even in the humblest igloo!"

When Marie's plane is heard overhead, schools in remote districts are dismissed and kids in parkas—looking like animated bear cubs—roll over each other in delight while she lands. They know that her pockets and the plane's interior will be filled with candy, nuts, cracker jacks and novelties for the small fry.

Their elders practically roll out a red welcome carpet in the snow for Marie. Parties are organized, runners are sent to distant houses, and food is piled high for Marie and her pilot.

She delivers the goods ordered on previous trips, collects the money, and jots down requests for merchandise which may be delivered the next week or the next month, depending on flying schedules and weather conditions.

On many occasions, Marie has landed near the cabins of isolated hunters and trappers with a load of ammunition for their rifles or new traps. An Eskimo woman, whose little boy desperately needed penicillin, tells her friends that "the lady who flies through the skies" was sent by God to help out in emergencies.

Occasionally, Marie provides services instead of wares for the far-flung families who are completely dependent on Alaska Airlines for food, warmth, clothing and entertainment. One village woman needed a baby sitter while she went to Anchorage for medical attention. Marie hired a girl and flew her to the settlement for several days.

In a remote mining camp, the services of a mechanic were needed to get a balky engine going. Marie doesn't fix motors herself, but she knows who does. Within hours, she had arranged for a man to make the needed repairs.

Because life is too often dull and unrelieved in the Alaskan interior, the inhabitants all have pets. When an animal or bird dies, Marie gets a prompt order for a replacement. So far, she has delivered puppies, kittens, parrots, white mice and chicks to children who readily believe that the air-

lane has supplanted Santa's sled.

Even when she received an order for two pigs, Marie was stumped only momentarily. Pigs aren't easily acquired in Alaska, but she located two at porkers and flew them to the metropolis of Homer (population 325) on her next trip.

The shopping service is free; the clients pay only for the merchandise and the cost of transporting it. Even when Marie spent several days rounding up a complete trousseau for a giggling Eskimo girl, no charge was made for her time.

"People up here are starved for books, too," says this storekeeper of the skyways. "Books are hard to find; I fly in novels, biographies, children's textbooks and magazines. When they're dog-eared from use, I fly them on to the next settlement. It's the nearest thing there is to pioneering in the 20th century—and I love it!"

The residents of the ice-sheathed tundra and the foggy islands love Marie, too, for they recognize that no salary would be enough to keep a girl in the Alaskan skies if she didn't have

a deep affection for the land and the people she serves.

That's why Marie seldom flies away from a village or settlement without gifts, mostly homemade and doubly treasured because of it. She has scores of hand-made handkerchiefs, tablecloths, carved figurines, bird cages, jewelry and other items which grateful Alaskans have pressed upon her.

In return for their affection, she keeps no regular hours but flies any time goods or services are desperately needed. Though it may be a Sunday, Marie will rise early and make a trip to an iced-over shack hundreds of miles away if a plane is headed in that direction.

Other times, she hitches rides on dog sleds on the last lap of journeys which prove too tough for the hardy bush pilots who fly the Alaskan planes.

"We don't give service as quickly as Macy's does," Marie laughs with a twinkle, "but we go to places and people who never heard of Macy's or Gimbel's. And I have more fun doing it than any stateside storekeeper has!"

Why, Daddy?

THE little eight-year-old boy had just received a detailed lecture from his father on the facts of life, the birds and the bees, and simple biology. Papa leaned back at the end of his recital and said, "Now if there is anything you want to know, don't hesitate to ask me, son."

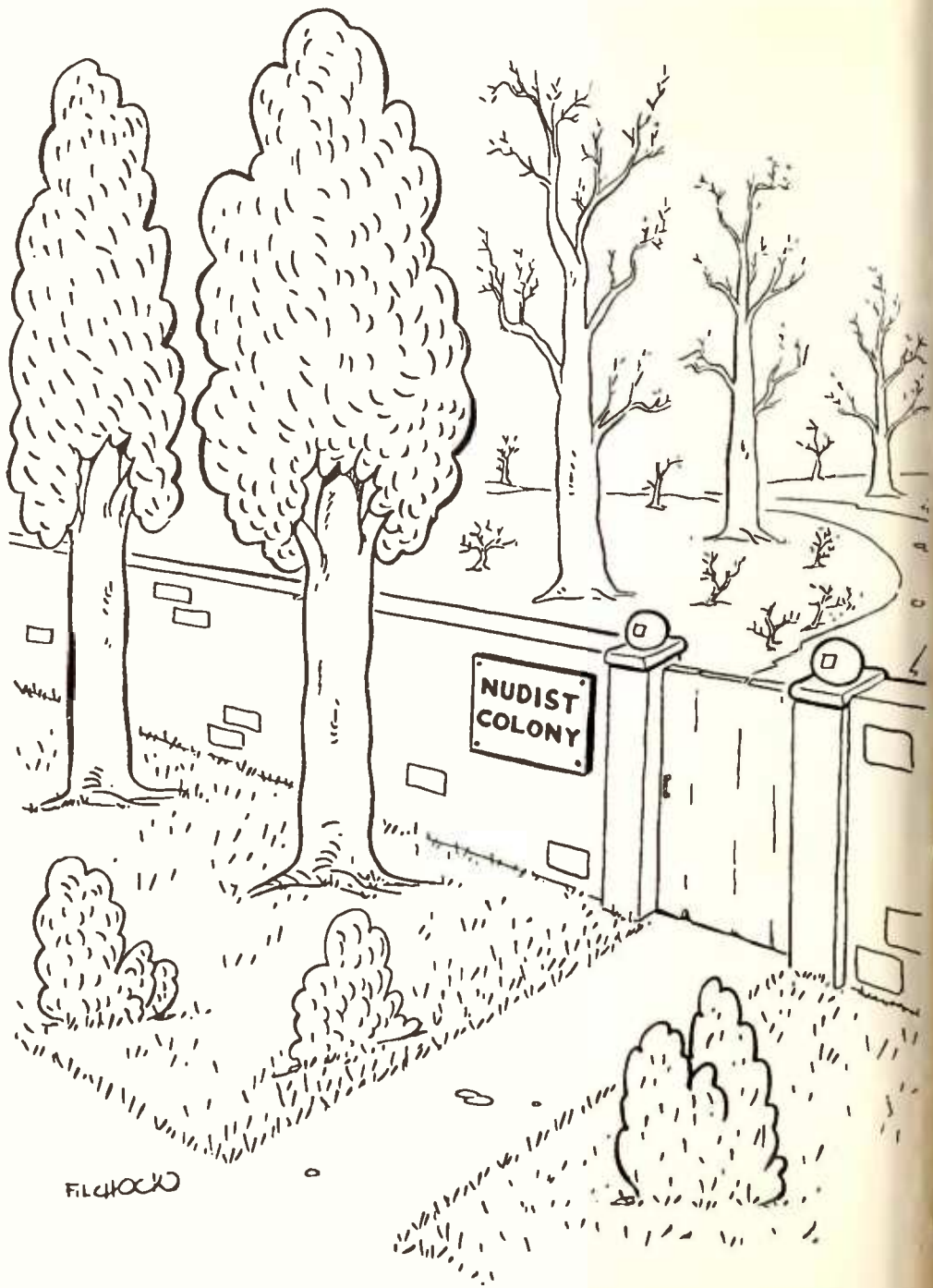
The boy pondered a moment, then turned gravely to his father and inquired, "How come they put out the *Saturday Evening Post* on Wednesdays?"
—*Duke 'n' Duchess.*



She waited on the corner joyously, then pensively, then expectantly, then anxiously, and two hours passed.

"Man," she thought, "is a perfidious creature, faithless and untrue, incapable of keeping a promise." And so she became a cynic.

Two hundred yards down the street he was thinking the same thing about women. She was on the wrong corner.



FILCHOCK

Bureau of Missing



Husbands

Where, oh where, has your daddy gone? Where, oh where, can he be?

by ROBERT STEIN

TWO ragged youngsters in South Carolina recently sat down and crawled off a letter.

"My little brother and I have never seen our father," wrote 12-year-old Billy Walters. "He left home ten years ago and never came back. Please find him."

The pathetic missive was forwarded to Charles Zunsler, director of the National Desertion Bureau in New York. Immediately, Zunsler swung into action. Within two days, agents of the National Desertion Bureau were in South Carolina, questioning the boys' mother about the disappearance of her husband.

Working with meager ten-year-old clues, the agents succeeded in picking up a trail that led to Florida. Three months later in Miami, they confronted the fugitive husband with his sons' letter. Shamefaced, Walters boarded a train for South Carolina where he later found a new job and settled down to live with his family.

In the past 44 years, the National Desertion Bureau has been responsible for thousands of such family reunions. Reaching into all 48 states and half a hundred foreign countries, the NDB has tracked down more than 50,000 runaway husbands since it was

founded in 1905. The only organization of its kind anywhere in the world, the Bureau has even stepped behind the Iron Curtain in Europe to patch up broken families.

Although the NDB's New York office is staffed by only 14 investigators, social workers and lawyers, this small force works hand in hand with more than 200 social agencies all over the country. Together, they form a tight-meshed net that allows few marital runaways to slip by. After months of careful planning, a New York bank clerk recently deserted his wife and caught a streamliner for California. Jauntily, he stepped off the train in Los Angeles to find an NDB agent patiently waiting for him.

But catching up with runaway husbands is only half of the Bureau's work. Once a deserter has been trapped, the NDB sheds its detective's role to take on that of marriage counselor and, if necessary, lawyer. In one out of two cases, the errant husband goes back to his family to a welcome that is sometimes lukewarm, but is more often impassioned. When a marriage is too far gone for repair, the Bureau goes to court and speedily arranges for annulment or divorce—with adequate support for the wife and her children.

Amazingly enough, the National Desertion Bureau performs all of these services free of charge. Financed by

the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies and other charitable organizations, it is nevertheless nonsectarian, serving abandoned men and women of all races, creeds and religions. Charles Zunser, who retired just recently, gave up his law practice in 1905 to help organize the Bureau. He served as its director for 27 years. A kindly faced man who speaks in soft, fatherly tones, Zunser has been relentless in the pursuit of fleeing husbands.

In a Savannah, Georgia, hotel not long ago, one of Zunser's agents tapped the shoulder of a pale, birdlike man of 60.

"I guess it's about time I went home," the fugitive said nervously.

The NDB man nodded in agreement. "Yes," he said, "I imagine your wife's been worried about you. After all, she hasn't seen you for more than 30 years."

Usually, the Bureau is able to render much faster service. When a deserted wife appeals for help, she is asked to list every strand of information that might lead an investigator to her husband. Everything about him is carefully noted—his job, friends, nicknames, hangouts, political affiliations, clubs and personal habits—right down to his hat style and brand of cigarettes.

Working with such slim clues, Zunser's agents sometimes get help from surprising quarters. A recent search centered around Sam Russo, brother of a big-time gangster. When an NDB investigator approached his brother's gang, they were suspicious of a police trap. But when he agreed to travel blindfolded, they drove the investigator out to meet their boss. The next

morning, Zunser received a phone call from the missing man's wife.

"My husband's back," she reported happily. "His brother Tony said he'd rub him out if he didn't come home to the kids and me."

To get his man, the NDB investigator often has to assume more disguises than Hollywood's most versatile private eye. One morning he may be rigged out as a house painter, collecting scraps of information at union headquarters. Later, he'll be posing as a magazine writer in order to question the missing man's friends and family. Or he may turn up as a bellhop, plumber, piano tuner, delivery boy, lawyer or Gallup Poll interviewer.

Sometimes, an unpredictable turn in the chase leads to complications in an investigator's own home life. Not long ago, one of the Bureau's newer agents hopped a cross-country train in close pursuit of a fleeing husband. Unable to notify his wife before leaving, he



spent the next three weeks on the run. Returning to New York with his quarry, the investigator was startled to find that his own wife had filed with the NDB, insisting that her husband be listed as a deserter.

Since the war, the Bureau has come up against a new kind of problem—

women who desert their husbands. Last year, 147 distraught husbands asked the NDB for help. Most of them were ex-soldiers and sailors who had married after a whirlwind romance, gone overseas and returned to find that their brides had vanished, along with a fat bundle of allotment checks.

But where women are concerned, motives are not always that simple. Bureau officials are still trying to puzzle out the case of a New York housewife who fled from her husband and three children because she was "sick and tired of cleaning house and washing dishes." When they found her, she was working in a downtown restaurant—washing dishes.

But why do most husbands and wives leave home? Zuser finds that the all-important reason is often sexual incompatibility. Time after time, it becomes clear that an amazing lack of simple, everyday knowledge about sex has undermined a marriage from the start. In many of these instances—one out of every three in the NDB's files—the husband's solution is to run off with another woman.

Almost always, money is also somewhere in the desertion picture. "In times of depression," Zuser explains, "desertion is known as 'the poor man's divorce.' If he can't support his wife and children, a spineless husband will drop them as excess baggage and try to start over again somewhere else. But when they have money jingling in their pockets, men are even more likely to get restless and take off for greener fields."

The NDB records show that other marriage-smashing forces are drink-

ing, gambling, children of a previous marriage, religious differences, in-laws and the housing shortage. In the past two years, hundreds of men have taken to the road because they couldn't stand being cooped up in the same flat with their mothers-in-law.

But perhaps the most heartbreaking of all marital desertions are those in which the husband really loves his wife, yet leaves her. "Wanderlust" is the official tag for a case such as that of Bill Spencer.

A merchant marine seaman, Bill made regular trips back and forth across the Atlantic during the first two years of his marriage. When the baby came, his wife persuaded him to give up the sea and take a job as a bartender.

The bartending job lasted only two weeks. After that, Bill disappeared. When he came back two years later, he was wearing a merchant marine outfit again. He stayed home for a month, then suddenly vanished again.

An NDB man spent two weeks lounging around seamen's clubs before he picked up a lead to Bill Spencer's whereabouts. The investigator finally tracked him down in Central America, where he was traveling from country to country selling hardware.

"I love my wife and kid," Spencer sobbed. "But I just can't stay put."

Today, Bill Spencer is still on the move—a hopeless victim of wanderlust. But the National Desertion Bureau has managed to provide for his wife and child. Each month, the hardware company sends part of Spencer's paycheck to his family in New York.

Some husbands tire of marriage

quickly and bolt just a few days after the vow-taking. But Harry Johnson, owner of a prosperous shoe factory in Massachusetts, spent 23 years preparing to make the break.

After a year of married life, Johnson was convinced that it was not going to work out happily. But by that time he was the father of one child, with another on the way.

His younger daughter was married at the age of 23, and two days later, the NDB was looking for Johnson. When they located him in another state, Mrs. Johnson learned for the first time that her husband had been supporting another woman for 23 years, waiting for his children to grow up before making the dash for freedom.

But thanks to the NDB, the Johnsons worked out a happy ending. Bureau officials argued with the shoe manufacturer that he was too old to start life over again. Already disillusioned with his new-found freedom, Johnson decided that they were right. He went home.

As they did with Johnson, NDB officials can usually muster a powerful argument to prove that desertion is not only immoral, but impractical as well. For a long time, the deserter has to live as a criminal—always in hiding, always on the run. The Bureau recently caught up with one husband after a 15-year search. Terror-stricken at the prospect of being discovered, the man had long since found a surer way of hiding from his wife. He had developed hysterical blindness.

After he is caught, the deserter is forced to support two households—the one he left behind and his new

one. Desertion means starting all over again in business and in social life, too. And it skyrockets the deserted children's chances of turning into juvenile delinquents. For statistics show that more than 50 per cent of the youngsters in reform schools and prisons come from broken homes.

But the biggest headache of all to the NDB is the wide gap between state laws on desertion. In New York, for example, authorities will tab a man as a deserter only if he has left behind a wife *and children*. But where no children are involved, desertion is not a crime under New York State law. The best that the National Desertion Bureau can do in such a case is appeal to the Family Court for a judgment against the runaway husband.

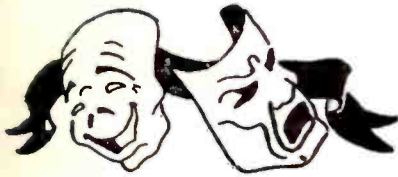
Enlightened laws do exist in a few states, notably Illinois and Massachusetts. But the NDB has been fighting for a uniform desertion act for the entire United States. In 1947, Zunker called for such legislation as part of a two-fisted program to "Save the American Family." Impressed by the plan, congressmen discussed it on the floor of the House of Representatives, and it was later set down in the *Congressional Record*. As further antidotes for our rising divorce and desertion rates, the NDB recommends:

1. A federal marriage and divorce statute—like those of Great Britain and Canada—to eliminate "bargain divorces."

2. A five day waiting period before marriage—to prevent "quickie" weddings that often crack up within a few weeks.

3. Maternity vacations and child

(Continued on page 71)



Shakespeare

GOES BY BUS

by TOM BARROWS

(The author is the company manager of the Margaret Webster Shakespeare group, currently on tour.)

NINETEEN weeks (and still more to go) after the Margaret Webster Shakespeare Company boarded a bus and lit out on the Boston Post Road, life-out-of-two-suitcases-apiece has become a thespian saga. Between performances our motorized *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* have already rolled over 15,000 miles. By the tour's end we will have visited 109 cities, and folk up and down our land will know what Shakespeare meant by his curt stage direction in *The Taming of the Shrew*—Act III: "Enter strolling players with packs." So will we.

When you are quartered safely in Sardi's, you may talk messianically and composedly of "The Rebirth of the Road." Out here, minus the martini and cannelon, it's a little different. You begin to learn the problems.

Besides excursions and alarms occasioned by the nightly unloading of the castle at Elsinore or Dunsinane, in transit the Scots and Danes doze, read, work crossword puzzles, play gin rummy, pray they will not be embarrassed before they reach a "Mercy Stop," and even get married. Somewhere south of Chapel Hill, Queen Gertrude (Carol Goodner) celebrated her nuptials with Osric (Fred Hunter).

Although the "Webster firecrackers" are no different from those you're liable to encounter in Shubert Alley, the impression in Natchitoches, Louisiana, is that show-folk are "tetched." Main Street was not prepared for promenaders like Polonius in a real Van Dyke beard and field boots, or a long-haired Hamlet in a trapper's jacket. In the eyes of the natives, the only similarity between denizens of Broadway and the Bayous is a penchant for cokes.

On tour, actors are like babies: good-natured when fed; cross when hungry. In New Orleans they eat fit to bust, and 500 miles later bemoan the extravagance. To balance their budgets they settle for hotel rooms which are no more than beds with adjoining towels, and daydreams of one-day laundry service.

Tracking the Bard through the auditorium and gymnasium circuit, conditions are encountered that would have made Burbage shudder. Besides actors, sometimes a theatre has rats for tenants. In those houses, Horatio constantly carries his sword at his side, prepared to meet a "brother." With classrooms and lavatories for dressing rooms, the actors are subject to the stares of passing students before the play, and questions during the intermissions.

Often a fifteenth-century Scotsman

Reprinted from the *New York Times*

in full battle dress can be discerned in the semi-darkness charging the length of an indoor track to make a cue on time. Once, the dressing room lights blew out and costumes had to be donned in darkness. Just in time, the vigilant eye of the stage manager spied Donalbain about to make an entrance. The play in progress was *Hamlet*.

Stages vary in size, some being so wide it is necessary to make running exits; other times so narrow, actors scrape hips getting on and off. In cramped quarters, *Hamlet's* dueling scene exhibits some unorthodox infighting. When his sword once bounced into the orchestra pit, the Dane leaped after it, retrieved the weapon and hurled himself back over the footlights to continue his multiple mayhem.

At Purdue University, where the Hall of Music is larger than the one at Radio City, the lad who serves the roast pig at King Duncan's banquet went to fetch it from the prop room. The distance was so great that the scene was over before he returned.

Some stages are so small, the suckling is too big and has to be omitted. Thus, despite actors' notorious appetites, the porker is still whole. The hunger, however, is satisfied. At the University of Wisconsin, we discovered a small kitchen behind the theatre office. Since I fancy myself a cook, I set up a snack bar, and the cast munched between cues.

In a Midwest university town, the company was invited to supper after the performance. Upon arrival, the hostess greeted the players at the door with "We want *Hamlet* to dine upstairs with the President and his wife."

There were fourteen *Hamlets* at the table that night—although actually, with the exception of *Hamlet*, himself, the cast prefers to play *Macbeth* because it is one hour shorter.

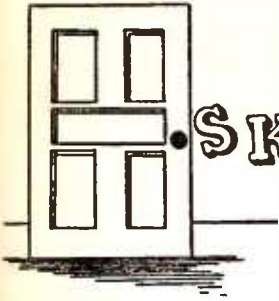
Students express their affection for the caravan by scrawling salutations on the dusty sides of the Shakespearean bus and truck. Besides the usual corn like "Hamlet, Bacon and Eggs," one Hoosier wrote "Macbeth for President," and in the South we earned the inscription, "Gov. Talmadge and all the other little governors of Georgia welcome you!"

There are surprises for a company-manager, too. I encountered a most unique count-up system when I was invited by a Southern manager to mount to the balcony where I found that the method of tallying attendance is to look down on the main floor and count heads.

A tour is also a way to discover America. We found that Normal is not a measure of behavior from the Kinsey report but a town in Illinois; and only a wishful-thinking trouper would confuse Pullman, Washington, with a more comfortable mode of travel than a bus. What if once we did sleep in tourist cabins and used the draperies from *Hamlet* for additional bed-covering? If some have lost weight, others gained. If gripes multiply on one-night stands, a free day's inaction is lamented.

Above all, over 150,000 people, who rarely if ever had witnessed a Shakespeare performance in the flesh, are now aware of the fascination of live theatre and are asking for more. Miss Webster proposes to accommodate them.

• End



SKELETON in your CLOSET

Oops! Wrong door.

THE police cars, with shrilling sirens, shrieked to a stop in front of Chicago's small Schiller Park and patrolmen and detectives hurried to a pit where a badly-burned corpse had been discovered by two frightened people.

Taking the remains to the morgue, the police believed the case was half-way solved when a Negro woman, on viewing the remains, unswervingly proclaimed that the corpse was that of her missing husband.

Playing it safe, the police called in the missing man's dentist and he, too, stoutly maintained that the body was that of the woman's husband.

"I couldn't be mistaken," the dentist said. "I recognize the contour of his jaw and the work I did on his teeth."

Soon thereafter, the woman claimed her husband's insurance and was on the way to collecting when the police took the bones to Dr. Wilton Marion Krogman, University of Chicago anthropologist.

Known affectionately as "Old Skull and Bones" by the Chicago police department, Dr. Krogman took the bones, measured them off to the last decimal point, and consulted charts and diagrams of his own making.

"The woman and the dentist must be wrong," he told police a day or two later. "These bones are those of a middle-aged white man."

The insurance firm held up payment on the policy while the woman fumed and fretted and threatened suit. Several weeks later, the supposedly murdered husband came home quietly, was welcomed by his startled wife, and Dr. Krogman chalked up another success as one of the nation's foremost bone sleuths.

Anthropology, once believed a dull and boring subject foisted on helpless collegians, has become a practical and valuable science. The armed forces, police departments, and doctors constantly call on the "skull feelers" for counsel when they are stumped.

Thanks to the anthropologists, flyers are soaring higher today than ever before in the history of aviation. They are enabled to do this, in part, by using radically new oxygen masks, flying goggles, radio earphones and suits, all of which fit perfectly, thanks to the anthropologists who provide the air force with reliable data on the human body.

This important work was started during World War II, when four anthropologists were called to Wright Field.

"Our flyers today work in very restricted spaces," they were told. "We don't know just how big a bomber's escape hatch should be. A big flyer might have to discard his parachute before he could get through the hatch. There are other related problems. We must have reliable information about the human figure before we can present our specifications to plane manufacturers. Will you help?"

The bone men could and did. They weighed, measured and sketched several thousand men of the air force. Time and again, they constructed life-like human manikins of plastic which plane builders could use as models in constructing aircraft which could be entered, occupied and operated by short, tall, lean and fat men.

"Your typical American flyer is 5 feet 9 inches tall," they told the air force high brass. "He weighs 154.3 pounds and his chest circumference is $36\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Only five per cent of pilots are less than 5 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, and only five per cent are taller than 6 feet 1 inch. Design the planes to fit the average man in the air force—as we have sketched him—and you can't miss."

The skull-and-bone experts also have done some unusual sleuthing in the field of medicine and have emerged with some startling facts about the relation of certain diseases to body builds.

If your arms are short from shoulder to elbow, there's a good chance that you'll be susceptible to ulcers. And if there are still a few baby teeth left in your mouth, your physi-

cian should make a frequent check of your white cell count.

Perhaps you're a wiry, restless, dark long-jawed person. If so, ulcers may be your nemesis, according to two New York physicians, who studied 2,500 cases of assorted illnesses in relation to the body build and bone structures of the patients. The work was done in New York's Presbyterian Hospital by Doctor George Draper and Doctor John Caughey, Jr., with the cooperation of leading anthropologists.

Don't fret about it, but you are shrinking one inch every 30 years of your adult life. You'll grow until you are 27 if you're a man, but you'll stop going upward at 25 if you're a girl.

Chicago's Dr. Krogman declares that a person's face can be reconstructed with startling accuracy if the skull of a body is intact. By measuring certain bones, a body's height can be estimated within one per cent of complete accuracy.

Want to know how your height can be measured from your bones? Here's the anthropological formula: your height generally is 1.88 times the length of your thigh bone, plus 813.06 millimeters.

Increasingly, industry is turning to the anthropologists' laboratories for answers to perplexing problems which confront it. The answers may spell the difference between profit and loss amounting to millions of dollars.

A prominent automobile firm showed its mock-up of a new postwar model to a young anthropologist from an Eastern university. He whipped

out yardstick and calipers and did some rapid calculating.

"Don't make this car or you'll lose your shirt," he warned. "Thirty per cent of all riders will find it awkward and uncomfortable." And he proved his point by showing his charts giving a break-down on the average heights and weights of 140,000,000 Americans. With his cooperation, alterations in the design were made, the cars were produced, and there have been no squawks from drivers or passengers.

A Chicago department store manager, disgusted with the wooden and unnatural look of its window dummies, asked an anthropologist to tell him what was wrong.

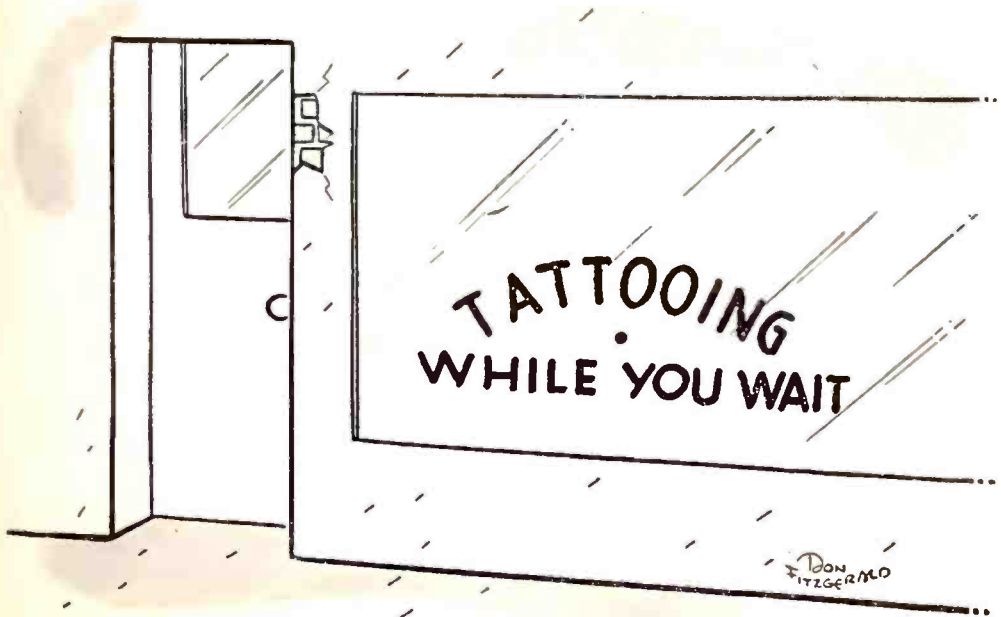
"Plenty!" he replied. "These wax figures were made by people who had

no idea of the actual bone structure of the human body. No wonder that hats and shirts and suits look odd on them. I'll make you manikins which are shaped like people—not dummies!"

His specifications and sketches, when faithfully followed by a model maker, resulted in window figures which were pleasing to the eye, "natural," and sales-producing. By actual count, 50 per cent more people stopped to look in the merchant's windows after the scientifically designed dummies were installed.

"Our science has finally proved itself," said the anthropologist with a wry grin. "If we can hike up profits for business men, anthropology must have a future!"

• End



AMERICA'S SUICIDE MANIA

(Continued from page 6)

tient. Of the 500 suicidal attempts studied by Drs. Arieff and Rotman, 385—or 77 per cent—were found in need of active psychiatric care. Sixty-six of the hundred cases studied intensively required the same attention.

Out of the 14,782 suicide deaths reported for 1945, 11,374 of the victims were not in any institution. The largest number of the 3,408 institution suicides, however, occurred in general hospitals. In mental hospitals, the number of suicides was small, and it was even smaller in special hospitals. Institutions under government control and those operated on a non-profit basis report more suicides than do private institutions.

In the United States as of 1945, a suicide death rate of 12.1 per 100,000 population was reported among the white race. For the Negro race, the rate was 3.0, and for the Indian, 4.9. The Chinese and Japanese nationalities in the United States had the highest rates, 35.5 and 28.0 respectively.

There are fewer suicides among the Catholics and Jews than among members of other faiths. Suicides are higher

among people who have been divorced than among married people.

With regard to geographic divisions, in 1945 the Middle Atlantic States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania reported the highest number of suicide deaths, 3,271. The East North Central States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin reported the next highest number, 3,197. Continuing in the order of number reported are the Pacific States, the South Atlantic States, the West North Central States, the New England States, the West South Central States, the East South Central States, and last, the Mountain States—with a total of 490.

Cities of from 2,500 to 100,000-and-over population report more suicide deaths than do rural communities.

The seriousness of the problem that faces American society today in dealing with suicide is indicated by the fact that during 1947, self-inflicted deaths exceeded the number of deaths due to typhoid fever, measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, diphtheria and the enteritides combined.

▲
A lecturer once began his address by tacking a square of white cardboard on the blackboard. Then he took a crayon and carefully made a black spot in the center of the paper. "Now," he asked, "what do you see?"

Person after person answered, "I see a black dot."

Finally the lecturer suggested, "Don't any of you see a square of white paper?"

So are we humans prone to see the bad before the good in others.

▲
A party in Switzerland decided to ascend a very small peak in the neighborhood of their hotel. Though the climb was no more than a strenuous walk, a guide was engaged. When the party assembled, it was noticed that one of them carried a totally unnecessary rope.

The guide, nodding gravely towards the rope, inquired politely, "Monsieur is going to sleep—yes?"

Scientists have tapped an inexhaustible supply of new miracles for you.



by JOHN BATEMAN

A CHICAGO business man—who dreaded losing his teeth because his gay, infectious smile was good for his business—is now happy as a lark because his mouth is filled with glass!

This strange state of affairs came about when his dentist, to save a number of teeth with bad nerve canals, used fiber glass as the packing for these inaccessible crevices. Other dentists who have used strong, nonabsorbent glass fibers as material for fillings are loud in the praise of this useful substance.

Surgeons, too, who employ sutures made of glass fibers in delicate operations, report that the material has a bright future in surgery because it does not irritate tissues.

All over the world, glass—one of the oldest servants of man—is being twisted, blown, heated and hammered into new shapes and forms for countless purposes. For instance, did you ever hear of glass that talks? It sounds fantastic, but technicians have made glass that creates sound.

They place two pieces of Polaroid glass before an electrified beam of light. One pane of glass revolves at varying speeds while the other stands still. This action produces a musical note when amplified. Already glass experts are predicting a day when their experiments will bring forth an

utterly new kind of musical instrument with great tonal clarity and range.

Formerly, broken glass spelled trouble for motorists, kids, and anybody unlucky enough to pierce a hand with the ugly slivers. Today, builders are using a new type of window pane which cannot injure you if it shatters or is blown out by an explosion. When broken up, this glass becomes a harmless powder which you can rub together in your hands with complete safety. This non-splintering glass is achieved by a special tempering process that causes a different tension between the inner and outer surfaces.

Glass scientists say that the new product ultimately will supplant ordinary glass made in the time-honored way. Even if you run over a mess of the new glass with your expensive low-pressure tires, there isn't a chance of a blowout. Stores and residences in areas where gales and hurricanes are not uncommon will benefit from the new glass, which cannot hurt anybody even if it is blown out during a high wind.

The ancient Egyptians, who used glass for many purposes, would blink in amazement at some of the new types of glass being developed in the labs. They would see, for example, some lustrous colored drapes that are

completely waterproof and silken to the touch. They are perfect for use in the home because a match tossed on the drapes won't cause a blaze that could bring tragedy to a family. The fabric is fireproof up to 2,000 degrees. You never have to send these glass-fibered curtains to the cleaners. Instead, you simply run over them with a damp cloth, and they are cleaned and restored to their original colors in a few minutes.

In addition to home use, glass drapes and stage curtains are being used to a great extent in theatres and night clubs. The non-inflammable fabric insures against public disasters like the terrible Boston Coconut Grove holocaust.

Insulation has become one of the most widely developed uses of glass. Interiors of railroad cars, trucks, buses, passenger cars, refrigerated cars and airplanes are protected securely from shock, from heat or cold by linings of spun glass. And when winter weather sends the mercury down to zero, you'll experience a new warmth and comfort from suits and coats lined with fiber glass—lightweight, pliable and a splendid insulator!

Aeronautical engineers, temporarily stymied by the problem of protecting airplane structures from the extremely high temperatures of jet engines, discovered that glass blankets wrapped around the tail pipes will insulate successfully against the super-heat.

A great advance in electrical engineering was achieved when scientists suggested using fiber glass tapes for insulation against friction in electric motors. The result: the size of the motors could be greatly reduced be-

cause the glass tape allows them to run at very high speeds with a minimum of heat.

Increasingly, glass fiber is becoming an everyday comfort and convenience in homes, offices and factories. Already available are soft chairs with glass fiber cushions; pillows made of glass will be ready soon.

If you've ever fumed because a careless baggage man has dented and scratched your new luggage, you'll be glad to know that glass trunks, overnight cases, and suitcases will outlast luggage made from the toughest hides.

There's another reason why laboratories are working 'round the clock on new uses for glass. Our steel supply is dwindling rapidly, and the day may come when steel is beyond the purse of the average family which wants a car, furnace or household appliance.

Glass, made of silica, or sand, is cheap and inexhaustible in supply. Sand is the basic ingredient of all glass, even the new miracle products; and as long as there is sand in the world, there will be an abundant source of inexpensive glass for a thousand different uses.

Actually, glass has three main ingredients—silica, soda and lime. But there are 80 known substances which can be added to the original ingredients to give glass new and surprising properties. Glass scientists are confident that in another ten years there will be 10,000 different types of glass, each with a specialized use.

Can you imagine an elephant standing on a pane of glass supported by

(Continued on page 52)

by PETER RAY



the Mighty Mites

They're half-pint in stature, king-size in dignity.

IN a well-known Chicago restaurant, widely heralded for its generous portions of food and drink, a council meeting between waiter and head-waiter was going on behind the potted palms.

"See that little man and little woman over there?" said the waiter, pointing discreetly to a pint-sized couple who obviously were angry and impatient. "They've had two porterhouse steaks, three helpings of potatoes each, two trays of bread and three desserts. Now he's squawkin' that we don't serve decent-sized portions for the prices we charge!"

The tiny couple—they were midgets—paid their bill under protest and stalked out in three-foot-high dignity without leaving a tip. Doubtless, they felt they had been ill-treated by being served insufficient food. What the waiter didn't know was that midgets eat twice as much as six-footers; their extremely high metabolic rate causes this ravenous hunger.

They also have astounded veteran bartenders by drinking straight whiskey at a clip which would send normally proportioned citizens under the table in a hurry. Yet, midgets rarely get drunk, however big their thirst. Doctors attribute this seeming immunity to intoxication to the fearful rate

at which their tiny bodies burn up fuel.

Today there are only 2,000 midgets in America and Europe, most of them show people and side show attractions because their diminutive size keeps them from competing with normal men and women in other occupations. When they work, midgets do well financially—salaries of \$150 and \$200 a week are not uncommon. If a pee-wee man or woman sings, performs magic or other specialties, the earning power goes up another \$50 a week.

A true midget gets fighting mad if you call him a dwarf. That's because midgets, unlike dwarfs, are perfectly proportioned miniature human beings, while a dwarf has a normal head and trunk with tiny arms and legs.

Though scientists do not agree on what causes midgets to stop growing, most authorities attribute Lilliputian bodies to a short circuit in the pituitary gland. At birth, however, midget babies cannot be distinguished from their normal brothers and sisters, and it takes two or three years before their cessation of growth is noted.

Though you might think their minute size would give midgets an assortment of neuroses and complexes, it doesn't work out that way. Psychiatrists say that the midget—in his

endeavor to keep up with a man-sized world—doesn't have time to feel sorry for himself. If anything, the typical midget who draws a whopping salary in vaudeville or side shows has a superiority complex and is likely to feel condescending toward the hulking louts of normal size who have nothing remarkable physically to set them apart from the throng!



Midgets, when they are affluent enough to own cars, scorn the small French or English cars and buy autos as big as their incomes allow. Most drive their own cars equipped with built-in cushions, hand brakes, and extensions added to the clutch and gas pedal.

A Brooklyn home furnisher lost a profitable account when he patronizingly guided a newly married midget couple into his juvenile department.

"I think this teeny children's furniture would suit you both fine!" beamed the store owner.

Lighting a big cigar, the midget bridegroom advanced menacingly, doubled his tiny fists and growled, "That's what you think, Buster! Come on, Myrtle, let's go to another place where the hired help doesn't make with the jokes!"

Out of curiosity, the crestfallen store owner phoned his competitors and learned that the midget couple had paid cash for just about the biggest bedroom set and living room ensemble in stock.

In Pennsylvania, a French woman midget and her husband have a profitable tourist trap: a five-room home completely furnished in miniature. Tourists pay one dollar a head to exclaim over the minuscule chairs, tables and beds. What they don't see is the locked wing of the house containing regular household furnishings sized to six-footers. The midgets actually live in the wing, but make their living exhibiting their alleged "doll's house" to gullible tourists.

One advantage in being a mite of a human lies in the fact that midgets never become bald. Many a tiny man with a big mop of hair has laughed uproariously at big men who painfully try to conceal their bald spots. Infectious diseases also by-pass the midgets, who generally enjoy much better health—and greater freedom from colds and sniffles—than king-sized men and women.

Though they hate to admit it, most midgets actually grow several inches after they reach 30 years. A Minneapolis midget, Eddie Wilmot, was a happy young man of 18, earning a big salary in shows because of his three-foot height. To his dismay, he started growing after a siege of illness, while his fellow performers watched him in shocked amazement. Today Eddie is over six feet tall and ruefully recalls the days when he earned a handsome living merely for being half that height.

Not all midgets are show people. Wartime London gratefully remembers the services of Michael Davies, the chief Air-Shelter Marshal of the British metropolis. This three-foot man was responsible for the lives of thousands every night; his bravery under bombardment is legendary.

A Chicago midget makes \$25,000 a year as an insurance agent. Willie Rolle, a famed magician, wrote several respected scientific tomes despite his tiny stature. And Karl Florian, a midget in Vienna, is respected in Continental musical circles as a conductor and violinist.

Though many showcase midgets call themselves Tom Thumb, there was only one little man who really owned the name. He was Charles Sherwood Stratton. His father, a severe man, thought the midget was God's punishment and kept him locked in a room until he was a man. The great showman, P. T. Barnum, rescued him, paid him a fabulous salary, and as "Tom Thumb," Stratton became the world's most renowned mite.

Midgets always will gratefully remember Baron Singer of Vienna, a nobleman who hired two little people to entertain his sick child years ago. The Baroness taught them to sing and dance. Before they knew it, the titled couple were managing a complete troupe of midget singers, acrobats, comedians, dancers, musicians and ventriloquists. Singer, a considerate man, paid them well and treated them

with respect and dignity.

They had their own city council, newspaper, police force and shops. On the first world tour, Singer's midgets were a sell-out attraction in hundreds of cities. Says a Philadelphia midget nostalgically, "I shall always love the Baron. He admired his little people and never let the full-grown world hurt us. People came to laugh and went away applauding us; he gave us spiritual stature!"

Oddly enough, a midget's love life isn't confined to persons of his own height. About 40 per cent of all midgets marry normal-sized people. No midget has ever given birth to another midget, as one might expect. Indeed, one prominent American midget, Mrs. Judith Skinner—who is less than three feet high—has become mother to 14 normal children.

Whatever their eccentricities, don't laugh at midgets unless they invite it, for a midget is long on dignity. In a Chicago hotel, a traveling man, intrigued by the sight of a midget on a bar stool, asked the bartender to bring the little man a glass of milk and a lollipop.

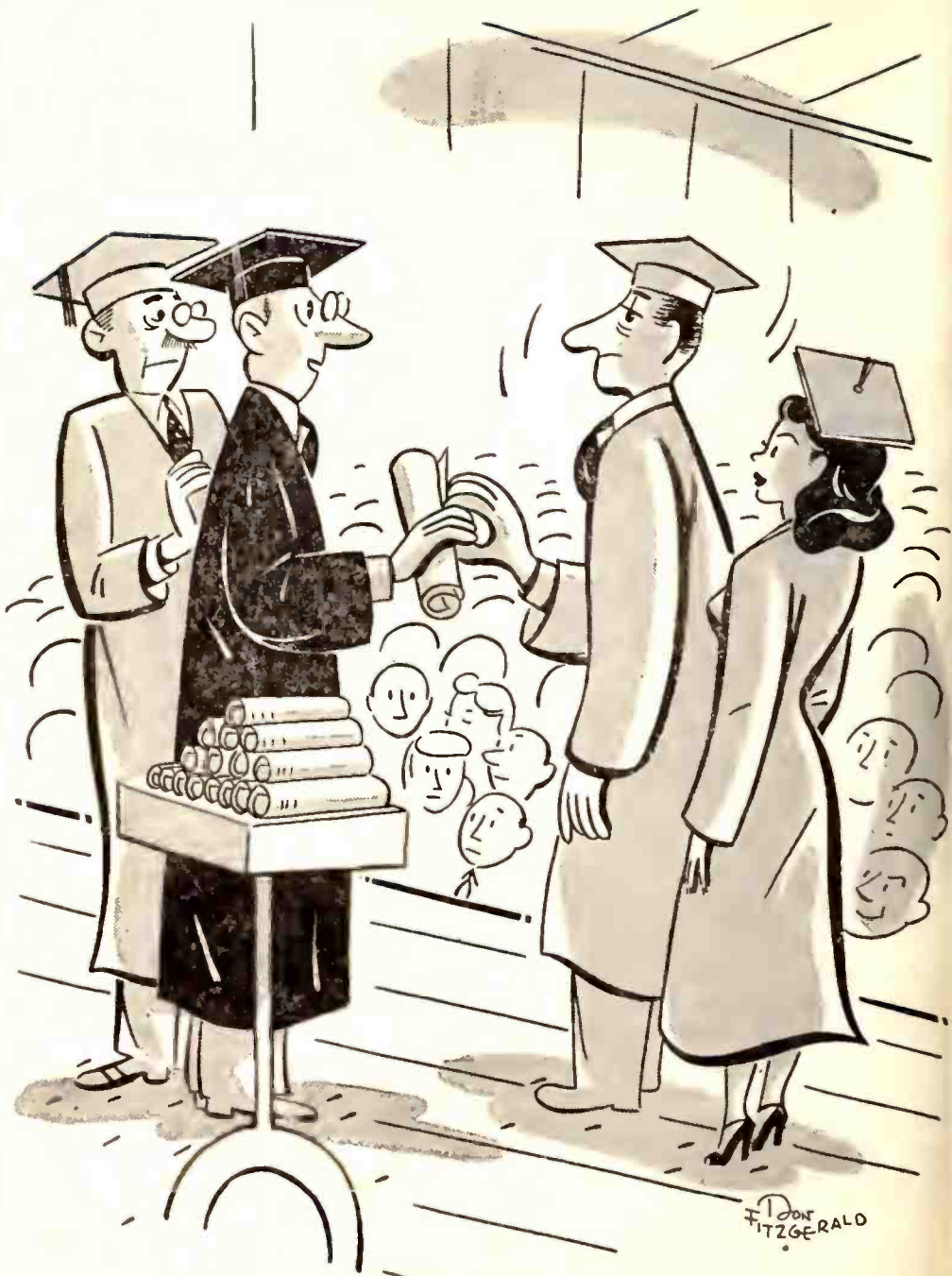
Enraged, the midget kicked the big man in the shins, tore his coat, and conked him on the head with a convenient whisky bottle. When police arrived and took the salesman to a hospital, the midget had vanished.

Moaned the big man, "It must have been the DT's. No guy that small could possibly have hit me that hard!"



"What's the matter?" asked the police captain, as the park policeman came in with a rather disgruntled look on his face.

"It's Mrs. Dinwiddie who donated the bird bath to the park, sir. She just called in to say that it wasn't to be used by sparrows."



"Well, well, Higgins—this is a surprise!"



Mrs. Fletcher could just die, the dirty old lady!

FALLING over backwards onto the soft blanket covering the floor of his play-pen, the baby lay kicking: a fat ball of drooling contentment. His rattle was lying in the corner where he had hurled it. Seeing it, his seven-year-old sister retrieved the rattle and dangled it tantalizingly above him. As he stretched up pudgy fists she withdrew it from reach, tapping him against the side of the head. He dropped his arms in bewilderment. She repeated the routine, this time rapping him smartly with the rattle as he clawed for it. The baby's mouth fell open and he began crying, softly at first as if testing the timbre of his voice; then, apparently finding it satisfactory, he swelled it into a loud wail of frustration. Mrs. French poked her head out from the kitchen doorway.

"Della, I've told you not to tease your baby brother. Now go in the back yard and play till supper time."

"Yes, mummy," Della said meekly, and when her mother withdrew, she placed the rattle outside the play-pen, just beyond the baby's reach—in case he should be interested in it later on.

Skipping out through the kitchen she stood poised upon the stairway leading down from the back porch,

breathing in the early afternoon air. She had a dirty face, a very shortingham dress, and a bright red ribbon in her yellow hair. Picking her nose reflectively, Della suddenly spied the small Airdale sprawled out in the center of the dahlia bed, gnawing contentedly upon an ancient bone. She approached him cautiously, and he quickly rose to his feet. With the bone still clutched in his motionless jaws he regarded her suspiciously.

"Come here, puppy dog," Della sang disarmingly, stopping a few feet from him and squatting. She snapped her fingers imperatively, and the dog walked over to her with lowered head. She patted him gently, and when he dropped his bone to lick her hand, Della quickly seized the bone and hurled it over the back fence with all her might. "How do you like that?" she demanded triumphantly.

The dog stared at the fence in hopeless yearning and then walked slowly away. Della ran after him and caught him.

Wrapping her arms around his neck she dropped to the ground and hauled the animal up onto her lap. "Shake hands, puppy dog," she said, grasping a front paw and shaking it vigorously. The dog struggled to get free but she

held him tighter, slowly applying all the pressure she could to the paw. The dog struggled more violently, licking her tightening hand, and finally pain caused him to howl in sharp, excited little peals. Della quickly released the dog and looked up at the back door fearfully. Mrs. French opened it a few inches, squinting her near-sighted eyes. "Della, what are you doing?"

"Nothing, mummy. Puppy dog hurt himself."

"How?" Mrs. French demanded suspiciously.

"He tripped."

Sighing wearily, Della's mother told her to run and play with the little girl next door. Della picked herself up off the ground and ran happily out the back gate. She walked past the neighbor's house quickly, having no intention of calling on Caroline, the girl who lived next door. She hated Caroline. Then, defying her mother's strict ultimatum confining her to the area of the block, she ran across the street and walked slowly up the sidewalk that terminated at the crest of a small hill.

Standing by itself upon one of the plots beyond the reach of the sidewalk was a whitewashed frame cottage, pioneering the advance of an expanding real estate development. Della began walking toward it. She kept to the center of the highway winding past the empty lots, squinting her eyes to get a glimpse of old Mrs. Fletcher through the windows of the distant dwelling. Little was known of this woman who had established her suspicious abode on the edge of this quiet

little community, existing on a meager dribble of insurance accruing from the bones of a husband she had left out West. Neither vulnerable to small charities nor appeasing to the idle curiosity of the housewives, she lay alone in the chemistry of the digestive social order—too proud to be assimilated, too old to care. Occasional rumors about her passed over the fences: distorted legends of her increasing absentmindedness, even possible insanity. But when the melodrama had been sifted out of the anecdotes, little remained to indicate that Mrs. Fletcher was anything other than what she had so clearly expressed herself to be: an uncompromising stranger in an unfriendly town.

Della turned up the freshly swept flagstone path, stooping to gather a small handful of geraniums from Mrs. Fletcher's garden—after first making sure that no one was watching from the window. She rang the bell, and after a long moment the door opened cautiously. A fragile, faded woman, looking as if she stepped from the face of an old cameo, stood looking coldly down at the little girl. "Please, ma'am, you wanta buy some flowers?" Della asked breathlessly. "They're only a nickel."

Mrs. Fletcher stared at the geranium plant as a soft smile began in her watery-blue eyes. "You've come a long way to make such a small sale," she said gruffly. Her frail voice pulsed with a curious vigor. She held the door open. "Well, come in. I should have a nickel someplace."

Della crept inside hesitantly, holding herself ready for instant flight. The full skirt of Mrs. Fletcher's an-

cient black satin dress whispered primly as she walked ahead into an adjoining room. She looks so funny, Della thought, looking around at the room illuminated but dimly by sunlight filtered through closely drawn muslin drapes. The faint mustiness of the furnishings had the power to evoke a subtle impression of age, and there was besides a feeling that time had swept this room like a blight; sucking the meat from the bone; sucking the warmth from the fabrics, the coziness from the hearth, the ease from the armchair, the symmetry from the hangings, till there was left behind only the chill austerity of these dated fragments of a lonely little woman's life that could not be translated into a modern idiom and still retain their shape. Della gingerly perched herself upon the edge of the nearby sofa, swinging her feet to and fro as she plucked absently at the shabby embroidered cushions. It smells so funny and so *old* in here, she thought.

"Well, now . . ." Mrs. Fletcher said briskly from behind the sofa, having come into the room from another door. Della jumped, twisting around to face her.

"I couldn't find a nickel, so I'll have to give you a whole quarter for those lovely flowers you picked for me." She took the geraniums from Della and gave her a 25-cent piece. Without a word, Della slipped it into a pocket of her dress. Mrs. Fletcher placed the flowers in a cut glass vase on top of the mantel and carefully shaped them into a symmetrical spread. "There. Don't they look nice?"



"Yes, ma'm," Della replied dutifully.

Mrs. Fletcher smiled, and disappeared again. She came back presently bearing a saucer containing a glass of milk and a half-dozen cookies. "I'll bet you're hungry after such a long walk."

"Yes'm, I am," Della said, holding the saucer in her lap and wolfing the cookies down. She drank her milk slowly, regarding the old woman over the rim of the glass from big round eyes.

"Take your time, dear." Seating herself in a rocker across the room, Mrs. Fletcher watched Della, smiling gently.

"Don't you have a husband?" Della asked.

"Not any more, dear. He passed away, you see."

"Oh."

"Shouldn't you be in school this afternoon?" Mrs. Fletcher asked after a moment.

Della shook her head. "Today's Saturday."

"Oh, of course," the woman laughed shyly. "I'd quite forgotten. It's so hard to remember . . ." Her voice trailed away in self-reproach, as if she were remembering how in her time the brimming days were more easily distinguished from one another.

"How old are you, missis?"

"Quite old, child." She sighed, and it was like a tiny gust of air rustling the pages of a calendar yellowed with age. "Almost too old . . ." The slight rhythmic swaying of the rocker slowed gradually as the minutes clicked by, coming to a halt at last, and the tired

old woman's head slumped forward on her breast. Della jumped down onto the floor softly and began exploring the room on tiptoe. She wandered through all the rooms one by one, finding nothing of particular interest. Finally ending up in the kitchen, she opened the small icebox standing in the corner. It contained part of a quart of milk, a half-head of lettuce, and a platter with a few slices of cold roast beef. Della devoured several of these.

Next she opened the cupboard door, but even standing on tiptoe she was unable to reach the bag of cookies on the top shelf. She thought of getting a chair to stand on, but she was afraid of making too much noise. Returning at last to the front room, she watched Mrs. Fletcher carefully. Maybe she's *dead*, Della thought in excitement. But the almost imperceptible rise and fall of the sleeping woman's breath convinced her that this wasn't so. She tiptoed out of the room, leaving the front door open behind her. Afternoon sunlight was lengthening into dusk as Della ran most of the way home, her mind working at top pitch as she prepared her alibi for being late to supper. Then suddenly she had it. Relieved, Della slowed to a walk, humming an aimless tune half-aloud . . .

THIS is *fun*, Della thought, having supper brought to you in bed, and everyone making such a fuss. She wasn't particularly hungry, however; the snack at Mrs. Fletcher's had spoiled her appetite. Della's father came in quietly and stood by her bed. Mrs.

French joined him. "How're you feeling, darling?" Mr. French asked anxiously.

Reading her cue in his concern, Della lowered her eyes to her lap. "Fine, daddy," she murmured unconconvincingly.

"Isn't she the bravest thing, Phillip?" Mrs. French asked, moist-eyed. "Look, you can see how it affected her. She's hardly eaten a thing."

"I can see, all right," Phillip French said, slow rage gathering in his voice. "How could they let a woman like that run at large for so long?" he demanded, an angry pout on his florid face. "Good lord, locking a small child in a closet and—what was it again, darling? Sharpening a bread-knife?"

"Don't remind her of it, dear," Mrs. French said quickly, placing a hand on her husband's arm.

"That's what she did, daddy. Are they going to lock old Mrs. Fletcher away like you said? Are they?" Della demanded, bouncing excitedly up and down in bed.

Mrs. French frowned. "Never mind, dear. Just eat your supper and try to get some sleep. Daddy'll have a nice present for you when you wake up."

Her parents closed the door gently behind them. I wonder if my present will be a pony, Della thought. It would be *fun* if they locked dirty old Mrs. Fletcher away in jail. Reaching beneath her pillow, she unfastened the knot in her handkerchief and fondled her quarter avidly. If it's a pony, I'll buy some candy. I'll buy candy and I won't give him any. And maybe, if they don't send Mrs. Fletcher to jail, I can sell her some more flowers.

• End

Flying **CLASSROOM**

Better understanding among peoples and nations is the promise of the new education on wings.

by WHIT SAWYER

CARL HORN is an advance agent for the air age. He is a quiet-spoken, thin-thatched college professor who goes around with his head in the clouds. Professor Horn is promoting his flying classroom idea with the ardor of a crusader.

Recently he conducted his third unique college of the airways. Last summer, while many professors and their students sweltered in stuffy classrooms, a more forward-looking group climbed aboard four-engined transport planes in Chicago and headed for other large industrial centers. Some 300 students flew as a class to meet their teacher.

They saw every phase of American industry and the processes that make it great, listened to experts and captains of industry explain away hazy, half-formed conceptions. More than one false notion, based on erroneous beliefs and misinformation, dropped away.

One shining fact stood out above all other impressions: the airplane is the instrumentality that can smash down the barriers of nation, class and creed. Professor Horn knew this right along.

"Up there, at 5,000 feet," he says, "looking down on the sweep of America and thinking of all the diverse

things they've seen, these students of the air realize that it takes all of us to make a democracy work."

Horn doesn't boast about it, but he probably has the smallest office on the sprawling campus of Michigan State College. It has a desk, chair, typewriter and filing cabinet. It measures eight by nine feet and is tucked away in an obscure corner of the student counseling center.

All this fails to bother the professor, whose official title is Professor of Continuing Education. His real office is aloft in a transport plane on the way from one industrial, military or governmental center to another with his groups of student educators. Without fail, his classroom returns home with some new straight-from-the-shoulder ideas to pass along to other students.

The flying classroom has flown men of 30 states to visit the crossroad country schools, as well as the largest high schools. Many of the flying students are educators with years of experience, but they agree this is the best educational training they ever had.

Recently five sections of the flying classroom converged on Washington, D. C., where the students had a chance to talk with members of the National Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. It was after these talks that the flying classroomers began to see the relation-

ships between the leaders of business and labor in a new light.

"There's been too much stress on disagreement, and not enough on agreement," Horn points out. "It takes the airplane to show you that labor and management can and will get along. The exceptions make the headlines—but they're only exceptions."

This idea of the flying classroom came to Professor Horn during the war. He took a group of school administrators on a quick air trip to Fort Custer, Michigan, to see the actual induction process. He wanted to show them what actually happened so they could better prepare their students.

"Those men returned to their schools," Horn says, "and told their boys what to expect. The fear of the unknown in military living vanished immediately."

It was right then and there that Carl Horn decided the airways could be used to clear up the misconceptions that prevent our social advances from keeping pace with our scientific discoveries. As soon as the war ended and he could commandeer a Fairchild Packet transport plane, he persuaded Michigan State College to set up the flying classroom short course. Since then, it has occupied most of his time.

"What we've done is to bring the class to the teacher," Horn says. "We can go to settings and laboratories that can't be duplicated. We can't move General Electric, Randolph Field or the Disney Studios to our campus, so we take the campus to them—on wings."

This pioneering professor of Michigan is looking to the day when many dozens of flying classrooms will fill

the national airways. "There's no reason," he continues, "why we can't eventually take our students to Europe, South America, Asia and Africa."

The Berlin Airlift came into being about the time of the last session of the flying classroom. When the teachers returned to their own students in the fall, they were able to explain the airlift from the viewpoint of a person who has seen what air transport can do.

"If we can do all this towards better understanding among ourselves," Horn concludes, "why can't we take 100,000 leading American students, fly them overseas, and bring back 100,000 top European and Asiatic scholars? Perhaps this would move us further towards peace than the efforts of a few men battling around a conference table. Expensive? Yes, but it's much cheaper than war."

Plans are developing now for the immediate future of airborne classes on the Michigan State Campus. Soon these flying classrooms will go anywhere in Michigan or the United States to help trade or professional organizations. Whether a women's nature club wants to go to Dallas to study the boll weevil, or an artists' group wants to visit Boston to observe the famous Bulfinch architecture, the flying classroom will solve the problem.

And there'll be many other worthwhile ideas evolved to help eliminate regional, national and international misunderstandings—just as long as Professor Carl Horn keeps his head in the clouds.

• End

*A handful of pantry Sherlocks is
ruining the undertaking business.*

They Fight Food



by VIC DENNIS

WERE it not for 1,000 little-known men and women who regard your health as their very own, you would be risking your life every time you ate a candy bar, bought a "cold cure," or applied a new cosmetic to your skin.

These men and women compose the staff of the United States Food and Drug Administration, and among them are bacteriologists, physicians, chemists, microscopists, veterinarians, inspectors and clerks. For the big job they have to do, their number is small; but they are held in awe and respect by food processors and manufacturers who would make a fast dollar at the expense of your health, if they could get away with it.

Typical of the unethical operators who have learned to dread the Food and Drug Administration's "big stick" were the makers of so-called glace fruit which was decked out in cellophane, colored ribbons, and fancy baskets and boxes. People paid as much as five and six dollars a basket for the gorgeous "delicacy." But when complaints of illness after eating the costly confection began to pour in, the FDA inspectors quietly commenced an investigation.

"What we found was appalling," recalls one man assigned to the job. "The fruit packer was systematically

looting garbage cans for old decayed citrus peel. Cigarette butts, egg shells and other filth were washed off the peels by a stream of water. Then the peels underwent their transformation into a gourmet's delight—glace fruit. The processors made a fantastic profit, but justice smacked them hard when we finally nailed them with the evidence that they were selling garbage!"

The first step was made by the state health people, who promptly closed up the company at the request of federal officers. All fruit boxes and baskets ready to be shipped were seized. Then the peddlers of the stuff were indicted. Confronted with the FDA evidence, they pleaded guilty, and received stiff jail terms plus a fine of almost \$4,000.

The quiet efficiency of the food and drug inspectors is such that few of us ever give a thought to the purity—or lack of it—of the products we drink, eat or apply to our skins. There was a time in our national history when a citizen took his life in his hands when he drank a bottle of alleged soda pop or bought a medicine assertedly good for his liver. Today, thanks to the border-to-border vigilance of our food and medicine detectives, an occasional seizure of a poisonous or substandard shipment is

cause for large headlines in the newspapers.

Yet, there are enough slickers operating on the fringe of legitimate business enterprises to give the FDA plenty of headaches. There was the small-time food processor, for example, who thought he could get rich by selling "food pastes" made of macaroni and noodle scraps. If made under sanitary conditions, pastes made from leftovers are edible and harmless. But in this instance, inspectors found that the manufacturer's work room was crawling with rats and insects which prowled in the cuttings on the floor before these were swept up and made into pastes.

This unscrupulous processor, too, got his just punishment in a federal court where he was fined \$1,400. Today he makes his products under sanitary conditions; he is in constant fear of an unheralded visit by Uncle Sam's purity sleuths.

Not infrequently, mysterious epidemics cause the FDA inspectors to move in quickly for an exhaustive investigation. In one Midwestern city, a large number of children came down with excruciating stomach pains. They had all the symptoms of chemical poisoning, but the authorities were puzzled. How could so many kids in widely separated neighborhoods come into contact with the same chemical? And assuming they had, why had they felt it safe to put it into their mouths?

An FDA inspector, by patient questioning of the young hospital patients, found the clue which linked every sick boy and girl. All of them said they had purchased candy grab

bags in grocery and candy stores. In each was a prize which they believed to be candy. Instead, the prizes were "Pharaoh's Serpents," the familiar Fourth of July fireworks snakes containing a mercury cyanide compound. The remaining bags in stores were impounded, and the distributor was ordered to avoid such dangerous prizes in the future. Fortunately, no child died.

The FDA also is concerned if you don't get a square shake in the quantity of food you purchase. Once they seized quart jars of sauerkraut which contained only 13 ounces of cabbage. The remaining weight was excess brine which the customers were buying as sauerkraut. Result: a fine and a cease-and-desist order which was obeyed.

The FDA has mercilessly exposed and convicted merchandisers of "rabbit meat" which turned out to be muskrat, "olive oil" not even remotely connected with olives, and "chili meat" made from horses.

If you're an insomniac and are looking for goof balls to put you to sleep, the FDA wants you to be quite certain of the nature—and possible danger—of the drug you seek to buy. The FDA and state authorities ride herd on the barbiturate peddlers. A typical case was that of the druggist who secretly removed the warning notices on sleeping pill boxes and sold them for big prices without a physician's prescription. The FDA sent a decoy into the store to make a purchase of these dangerous drugs. Arrest quickly followed and the sly druggist forked over a \$600 fine and went on probation for two years!

The FDA is rough on so-called cures of baldness, syphilis, cancer, obesity and other ailments. It reads the claims made for such preparations with a practiced eye. Arrests are quick when the peddlers of nostrums of dubious value cross the line between honest ballyhoo and unethical claims.

There was a maker of an alleged diabetes remedy who now wishes he had steered clear of misleading claims for his product. On his labels, this fellow in bold type asserted that his remedy reduced excess blood sugar, thereby minimizing the amount of insulin a diabetic needed. In addition to being a lie, the claim also lulled many diabetics into a false sense of security. Not until they were almost in dia-



betic comas did they realize that they should have trusted their physicians instead of a quack nostrum.

Fortunately, the FDA testimony was strong enough to net the manufacturer a two-year jail term plus a bonus of a six-year suspended sentence.

Without a second thought, American women will buy an advertised

cosmetic, put it on their cheeks or lips, and give no attention to the possible lethal consequences. That they are able to do so with 99 per cent safety is a tribute to the argus-eyed force of FDA inspectors who never stop their search for peddlers of poison masked as beauty aids.

In Texas, a beautiful 18-year-old girl went blind after buying by mail an eyelash dye hawked for \$2. FDA inspectors moved in, analyzed the dye, and discovered that it contained a deadly chemical which caused blindness. The teletypes and telephones began clacking and humming, and soon every shipment in interstate transit was intercepted and seized.

The product was removed from the market before any other buyer had such a tragic experience, and the makers were punished by prison term and fine.

Actually, the FDA field force is pitifully small—200 inspectors who can't be expected to visit each of the nation's 64,000 food factories in a year's time. But they do succeed in visiting many thousands, and the mere knowledge that the sleuths may drop in any day is enough to keep the few shady ones in line.

"You, the consumer, can help us by sending samples of cosmetics you believe to be injurious, and by reporting promptly on canned and bottled foods which you suspect may contain impurities," says a veteran FDA inspector. "If we have the cooperation of the buying public, it's possible to reduce the number of cheats and potential murderers in the food and drug field to almost zero." • End

THE GOAL WAS HIGH

OUT of the cities and towns they came—from Missouri and Kansas, Iowa and Illinois. Hundreds of young entertainers—unknown and undiscovered—thronged to compete with other hopefuls in *Talent Quest*, an exciting search for the stars of tomorrow sponsored by Fox Midwest, Jenkins Music Company and WHB in Kansas City. For five weeks, one night a week, audiences jammed theatres throughout the area to see new faces and new names in a colorful display of talent. Competition was keen, for the goal was high—a chance for recognition and, perhaps, even stardom.

Week after week, the applause meter judged the contestants, narrowed the group to a handful of elated finalists. These competed in the division finals show, held on the stage of the capacity-filled Tower Theatre and broadcast over WHB. The winner—Charles Nelson, a 15-year-old Salina, Kansas, high school sophomore with a crew cut, a big smile and a rich, melodious baritone voice that impressed both the audience and the judges. His award—a free trip to Hollywood accompanied by his mother; a ten-day stay in the swank Roosevelt hotel, all expenses paid; and the opportunity to compete with other finalists in Hollywood. There, on the stage of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, he won first place in the nation, and was awarded \$1,000 in cash, a \$1,000 diamond ring, a custom made wrist watch and a screen test by Twentieth Century Fox Studios.

The *Talent Quest* story is told in pictures on the opposite page:

1. Sponsors of the *Talent Quest*—Paul Jenkins, president of the Jenkins Music Company; Barney Joffee, managing director of the Tower Theatre; and John Schilling, general manager of WHB—talk over plans for the contest.
2. Norma Waldron, contestant from Kansas City, Missouri, demonstrates her skill on the xylophone.
3. The "Five Aces" from Lincoln High School in Kansas City croon to the accompaniment of a bass and guitar.
4. Joan and Lois Barbier, who sang a duet, *When Day Is Done*, stand beside the applause meter.
5. Grinning winner, Charles Nelson of Salina, Kansas, gets a big kiss from mother.
6. *Talent Quest* division finalists are honored at an elaborate luncheon in the Terrace Grill of the Hotel Muehlebach.
7. Gathered around a microphone in the WHB studio are the happy finalists—including two quartets, two baritones, a boy soprano and a baton twirler.

Centerpiece

SWING'S centerspread beauty for May is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, Esther Williams—as attractive as ever in a bathing suit. She deserted the water for baseball recently in the technicolor hit, *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*.



Leopold Godowsky was a celebrated wit as well as a piano virtuoso. One day he was listening to a piano-mover complain about his job. After bellyaching some, the heaver asked, "What do you do for a living?"

"I'm also in the moving business," Godowsky replied. "I move audiences, and, believe me, that is harder than moving pianos."—Pageant.



Talent Quest









... presenting FRANK A. THEIS

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

CALM, competent Frank Theis deals in Midwestern gold. Like his father before him and his son after him, he is a grain man. He has the "horse trading" instinct, and has parlayed it into a paying proposition for himself, his town and his country. He joined the Kansas City Board of Trade in 1918, and served as its youngest president in 1931. As president of the Simonds-Shields-Theis Grain Company, he leads a well-known firm which has been in business in Kansas City for 65 years. He is one of America's outstanding authorities on the commodities market.

Unlike his energetic, intensely enthusiastic wife, Theis is disinterested in party politics. Still, he has been in and out of Washington a great deal in recent years, holding various high positions in government. Under the AAA, he was chief of the Grain Processing and Marketing Section of the Department of Agriculture in Washington. And the then Secretary of Agriculture, Henry Wallace, designated him his personal emissary to Argentina in 1934 to conduct a study of the world wheat situation.

Theis is a member of the Grain Advisory Committee under the Administrator of the Research and Marketing Act of the Department of Agriculture. He is also a member of the Task Group of the Rail Transport Advisory Committee, National Security Resources Board.

But by no means are his abilities limited to the grain and marketing fields. As associate general chairman of the Citizens' Bond Committee in 1937, he devoted much of his time to the drive for civic improvements in Kansas City. He is a past director of the Kansas City Boy Scouts of America and now serves as a director and board member of the Commerce Trust Company, and as a director of the Kansas City Power and Light Company, the Kansas City Life Insurance Company and of the National Fidelity Life Insurance Company.

Frank Theis, called "Tony" by his intimates, is an executive's executive: precise, methodical, an excellent organizer. Because he organizes first himself, and then the people under him, his business is a smoothly functioning machine, and so is every activity he supervises. At five o'clock he leaves his work at the office and steps into a civic role or into his social or home life without a backward glance. The transition is complete; he moves into a different world, never voicing the familiar theme of the ordinary business man, "I wonder how things are going at the office?"

This ability to devote himself exclusively to the matter at hand means that he is able to relax completely at any time; that his sleep is deep, untroubled; and that at social gatherings

he is free to enjoy himself wholeheartedly.

Theis plays as hard as he works, never knows a sick day, and is active in myriad projects. He is immensely fond of people, and somehow finds time to do the many small personal favors for others which are expected of a good friend. As a result, he is everybody's friend and is very likely the most popular person in Kansas City.

In May, Theis' service to his community will reach a high water mark when the first annual American Royal Dairy Show and Rodeo makes its debut in the Middle West. The week-long exposition is a spring counterpart of the Livestock and Horse Show held each October. It will feature the nation's prize dairy cattle and point up the fact that Missouri is one of America's greatest dairy producing states. One portion of Missouri, in fact—an area of some 18,000 square miles—yields a larger quantity of dairy products than any section of comparable size in the world.

The show is being staged by the American Royal Association, headed by Harry Darby; but all of its leadership and most of the manpower for its many essential committees are drawn from the Saddle and Sirloin Club, of which Frank Theis is the president.

In the president's saddle, Theis guides his band of silver-plated cowboys with a light, sure rein. In mid-April, he led 142 wives and members of the Club in a week-long trek to the Fiesta de San Jacinto in San Antonio. They traveled in a special all-

compartment, air-conditioned train made up by the Frisco and Katy railroads. The deluxe rig consisted of two mammoth lounge cars, two diners, nine all-room Pullmans, a tourist car, two palace horse cars in which were transported 40 of the Club's prize-winning horses, and one combination baggage-coach.

The purpose of the trip was to publicize the American Royal Dairy Show and Rodeo and the Fall American Royal Livestock and Horse Show throughout the Kansas City trade area, and to strengthen ties of trade and friendship with the Southwest.

It was a whopping success. The Saddle and Sirloiners left home on Sunday, the 17th of April, and arrived in San Antonio the following afternoon. At 5:30 that evening, they participated in the annual pilgrimage to the Alamo—the shrine of Texas liberty. Theis walked in company with the governor of the state at the head of a group composed of distinguished military leaders, old trail drivers, and civic and patriotic societies. He represented the Saddle and Sirloin Club, official guest of this year's Fiesta. Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz is among other noted guests of former years.

For the solemn ceremony, Theis' easy dignity and erect carriage were perfect. As the governor and commanding generals of nearby military installations looked on, he placed a floral offering on a grass plot in front of the shrine, in memory of the 186 heroes who fought to the death of the last man for the freedom of Texas.

An hour later, Theis and the other

members of his party were guests of the Fiesta de San Jacinto Association at a buffet supper in the historic Menger Hotel on Alamo Plaza.

From there they proceeded to a reserved section on the San Antonio River to watch the arrival of King Antonio XXVII in a river pageant,



and later they were guests of the Texas Cavaliers at a private reception in honor of the King.

That was only the first day. Theis' fast-moving cavalcade spent four more just like it—touring Randolph Field, famous cattle ranches, local shrines; attending buffets, barbecues, cocktail parties; watching parades and participating in them.

But Theis believes the real highlight of the trip was the special square dance exhibition staged by Saddle and Sirloin Club members at the Brooke General Hospital for wounded veterans. "We wanted them to get in on the Fiesta celebration, too," he explained, "so we all went out there in a group to entertain them."

Climbing out of the special train back in the Kansas City Union Station on April 24th, Theis remarked, "Well, I think we did a lot of good for our spring show and for agriculture and livestock. And in addition, we all had a marvelous time enjoying the grand hospitality of San Antonio!"

Theis has a deep and genuine love for the West. He's a horse enthusiast and riding is his favorite pastime. Both he and Mrs. Theis have horses which they ride several times a week at the Saddle and Sirloin Ranch. They spend most of their vacations on a ranch in New Mexico, usually in late August or early September.

Theis will spend several days in the saddle when he travels to California to take part in an annual trek through the California mountains, May 7-14. Called the *Rancheros Visitadores*, the horsemen will mount at Santa Barbara and spend seven days visiting old missions and other historical shrines in the manner of the traditional old Spanish trail rides. Theis will go as a guest of Elmer Rhoden of Kansas City and will represent the Saddle and Sirloin Club.

Fortunately, the Theises share most of the same enthusiasms. On Thursday and Saturday nights, and sometimes oftener, they join square dancing friends in the "allemande left, grand right and left." They love card games of any sort: bridge, poker, gin rummy, or you-name-it. Two or three times a year they get to New York to catch up on current plays and musicals.

But better than anything, Frank Theis enjoys out-of-door sports. He no longer golfs, but he ranks fishing and hunting right up next to riding as pleasant ways to spend leisure time.

Actually, because his life is so full of activities, he has no "spare" time. He is an avid reader of news magazines, of histories (especially histories of the Midwest and West) and of financial

literature. He occasionally reads a novel, if it comes highly recommended, but he doesn't really care for fiction. He plays the piano very well, but infrequently. However, he keeps up his interest in music. For many years he was a devotee and supporter of the Kansas City Philharmonic Association.

This was born in Kansas City near Twelfth and McGee, on the site now occupied by the ultra-modern Methodist Book Store. He is a proud member of the Native Sons of Kansas City. "There's not another city as fine as Kansas City anywhere," he says enthusiastically. "I'd rather live here than any other place in the whole world!"

He has a law degree from the University of Kansas, where he was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. It was there he met Rachel Coston, now Mrs. This. He belongs to the University Club, River Club, 711 Club, Kansas City Club and Mission Hills Country Club.

But in addition to his social groups, This is active in a large number of organizations within the grain industry. He served two years as chairman of the National Grain Trade Council; has been a director of the Grain and Feed Dealers National Association, and is vice-president of the Terminal Elevator Grain Merchants' Association, Milwaukee; a governor of the Transportation Association of America; and a member of the Omaha Grain Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade.

He is a hard-working member of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and served as president

of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce in 1945. During his term of office in the local Chamber, This was credited with a great deal of success in knitting together agriculture, labor and business.

As a matter of fact, because of his steady disposition and complete fairness, This is much in demand as an arbitrator of labor disputes, particularly within the grain industry. He has helped unravel a number of work tie-ups.

Rachel This claims that her husband never loses his temper, but admits she has seen him "rather excited" on two occasions. This regrets these two slip-ups, which mar an otherwise perfect lifetime record. He says, "Losing your temper, like worrying, is a waste of time. It doesn't get you anywhere."

This, who is a vestryman at St. Andrews Episcopal Church, has been active in Boy Scout work and in almost every phase of community life. He is noted for his charitable disposition, which makes him slow to recognize a fault in anyone. He never voices a criticism of another person.

The Thises have a son, Willis C., who is in the grain business with his father. Their daughter, Mary Louise, is now the wife of John G. Guthrie, an aeronautical engineer who—as a Navy commander during the war—was widely publicized as "the best damned pilot in the world!"

Both This children were in the Navy also. Bill was a lighter-than-air pilot, and his sister was a WAVE Lieutenant. Mary Louise has one son,

(Continued on page 52)

How, who, what, where, when and why
in 35 million words.

Learning



by JOHN MANSFIELD

A FORMER seaman aboard a destroyer, who had never gone beyond the seventh grade, applied for an editorial post with a publishing firm and was accepted on the basis of the wealth of information he possessed about everything from economics to astronomy.

Several years later, after he had made good on the job, he revealed to close friends how pitifully inadequate his formal schooling had been.

"If you only went through the seventh grade, then how in the world are you able to help edit manuscripts by professors, economists, world travelers and statesmen?" a friend asked him incredulously.

"I had a college education aboard ship," he grinned. "I'd take aboard a volume of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* on each trip and try to read it from cover to cover. I didn't succeed in reading every volume, but those I covered gave me enough knowledge to land my present job."

The ex-gob is one of millions of people who feel indebted to the *Britannica*, that multi-volumed compendium of information on everything from the hybridization of corn to the crown jewels of England.

On a grim May day in 1940, President Roosevelt was told the shocking news that Germany had plunged into

Denmark without warning. Quietly, the President reached for a volume of the *Britannica* and turned methodically to the section on Greenland, which he pored over for 15 minutes.

What he read about Greenland convinced him that it must be made secure at all costs against the Nazis. He immediately urged speedy measures to guard against a probable lightning strike in that land, an attack that would have menaced America's security.

A famous architect privately admits that he gets many ideas for his attractive homes and buildings from pictures in the *Britannica*. A fabulously paid stage star who professes to have lived in England during her youth received all her information about London—her alleged home town—from steady perusal of the *Britannica*. Actually, she was born in Hoboken and has never been out of the United States—but the *Britannica*'s vast fund of details about England has given her the courage to maintain her bluff!

Even in the publishing world, few individuals realize the tremendous amount of writing and editing necessary to keep the *Britannica* up to date. At one time or other, 4,300 writers are at work on the reference books.

The fees paid by Editor Walter Yust are trivial, compared with what men like Einstein and George Bernard Shaw could get in the literary market place. Yet, so alluring is space in the renowned *Britannica* that Einstein wrote a monograph on "Space-Time" for \$86.40, and Shaw pocketed a measly check for \$68.40 for his article on "Socialism." Shaw had been offered \$1.00 a word to write on anything under the sun, but he had turned down all moneyed publishers. For the *Britannica's* modest stipend, the unpredictable lion of British letters outdid himself!

The *Britannica's* Mr. Yust and his staff insist on the best qualified people to write on the fields in which they have won their accolades. For the *Britannica's* section on "Boxing," the editors approached Gene Tunney, who is handy with his pen as well as his mitts. Tunney, delighted by the assignment, spent days in research and on polishing his prose before he submitted it to the *Britannica* office.

The section on New York State was turned over to its former number one citizen, the beloved Alfred E. Smith, who was made as happy as a small boy with a new bike by his novel writing assignment. During the war, while gunfire dinned in his ears, General Wavell found time to turn out a pithy article on famous battles in history which was promptly accepted by the *Britannica*.

It costs more than \$100,000 a year to keep the *Britannica* up-to-the-minute on new developments in science, economics and government. Sometimes, the research staff makes 100,000

reference investigations in a single month, in the interest of accuracy.

The radio program *Information, Please!*, which offered *Britannica* sets as free prizes, made the monumental reference volumes as familiar as a mail order catalog in millions of American homes.

Despite its great popularity and the respect in which it is held today, the *Britannica* is quite venerable—180 years old. Its modest beginning was financed by a "society of gentlemen"—composed of three Scottish scholars who were content to get out an humble three-volume encyclopedia of knowledge about everything in the then-known world.

Its first editor, Mr. William Smellie—a crony of the poet Robert Burns—showed a lamentable lack of scholarship. Indeed, Smellie and his fellow publishers weren't sure whether California was "a peninsula or an island." They borrowed information from books, gazetteers and the writings of travelers. Though it was slim in size and scholarship, the first *Britannica* was a sell-out in the 1760's and has been going strong ever since.

Once, the British ambassador to Persia imported a set of the *Britannica* via camel as a gift to the Shah. So delighted and impressed was this potentate that he promptly coined a new title for himself, "Most Formidable Lord and Master of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*." It was printed on his stationery and engraved on a medal which he wore proudly.

The encyclopedia has weathered many financial storms and has passed through numerous hands. Today the University of Chicago owns it—the

gift of Sears Roebuck and Company, which found that selling reference volumes was a bit slower than purveying overalls, tractors and dishes.

The *Britannica* is now a big business, as its sales of \$4,000,000 worth of sets in one year can attest. Though



they aren't cheap, the sets are not bought only by well-to-do families. A survey showed that 40 per cent of all sets are owned by families with incomes of \$2,500 a year or less.

The *Britannica's* Mr. Yust and his colleagues keep their big set of books up-to-date by revising ten per cent of its contents each year. Because this gradual revision is always going on, the organization functions smoothly. There is no upheaval and gigantic expense, such as there would be if the entire contents were junked each year in favor of new material.

Back in 1939, Yust started making revisions on this change-as-you-go plan. He hires University of Chicago graduate students for much of this editorial work. They are paid by \$1,000 university scholarships. Every eight months, new printings of the

mammoth set are ordered and 3,000 pages are altered before each printing. Yust has a tricky filing system of information which enables him to come up with the answer to any question on any subject tackled by the *Britannica*. The *Britannica* also runs a free research bureau primarily for the owners of its volumes.

A motion picture director may telegraph, "What style of shoes were worn by the courtiers at the palace of Henry the Eighth?"

Or a radio quizmaster may write, "Please tell me if the Dort car was made before the Auburn came out."

Countless high school and college students, tuning up for term papers and themes, write, wire and phone the *Britannica* office for information.

Yes, a few errors do creep into the 24 volumes of the *Britannica*, but Yust and his staff work like beavers to keep boners and misprints—as well as errors of scholarship—from slipping into the mighty reference work.

Only one man claims to have read every word of the 35,000,000 words in the *Britannica*. He is Mr. A. Urban Shirk of Little Neck, Long Island, who concedes that it took him four and a half years to accomplish this prodigious feat.

Before this accomplishment, Mr. Yust, the editor—who is plenty interested in the *Britannica*—modestly retreats. Even he finds the thought of reading all 24 books too much for mortal man!

▲
A Negro was explaining to the court how it came about that he had been accused of stealing an automobile.

"Ah got tired walkin' down the street, so I jes' sits down in the cah t'rest. Mah foot hit the stahrter, an' ah's too tired to take it off."

GLASS GOES MODERN

(Continued from page 26)

four pillars—without breaking the glass? This experiment was recently performed to show skeptics the amazing strength of a new type of pane. It will be welcomed by store owners who pay sizable insurance rates on their fragile show windows.

An Oklahoma man, showing home movies for the first time on his new projector, was horrified when the film jammed in the machine and was ignited by the lens. In a few minutes, his living room was aflame, and he quickly shepherded family and guests to safety outside. Firemen put out the fire, but not before it had done \$2,500 worth of damage to the house.

Had the amateur movie maker used one of the new safety lenses in his projector, the fire would never have occurred. This lens lets 80 per cent of the light pass through, but absorbs 45 per cent of the heat. Fire just doesn't break out!

Speaking of movies, today's stars no longer wilt under the Klieg lights of old. Technicians cut off the heat

from ultra-powerful banks of lights by moving screens of heat-absorbing glass in front of the bulbs. All of the light gets through, while the heat is trapped and dissipated.

If you've ever cursed as winter's sleet made your windshield a coat of ice, you'll be cheered to know that glass engineers say they have licked this cold weather motoring hazard. They have introduced a new coating for windshields which, in effect, is a conductor of electricity.

When the ice forms, the driver flicks a button; a small amount of current courses through the coating, and the ice melts away in a jiffy.

Does that noisy family next door bother you with their incessant racket? Don't worry, soon you'll be able to buy a new paint containing glass fibers which are proved sound mufflers. The boy next door can tootle his saxophone to his heart's content, but you won't mind it—thanks to a substance which is one of the oldest and newest slaves of mankind: glass!

MAN OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 48)

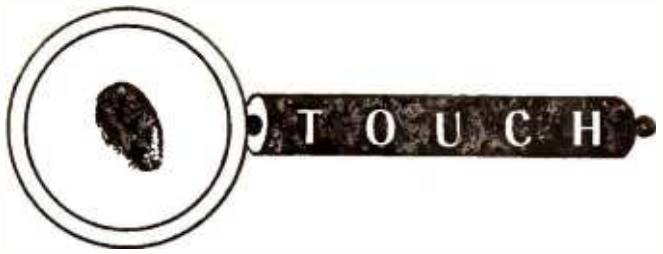
Bill has two, and all three of the boys are less than three years old. "When we get them all together," Frank Theis chuckles, "it's a near-riot!"

He is hoping, more or less secretly, that some of the youngsters will be interested in the grain business and help carry on the family tradition as traders. "Agriculture," he says, "is the backbone of our whole Midwestern economy. Of course, that's the

thing we're trying to demonstrate to the public and the nation with our American Royal Livestock and Horse-show in the fall, and now with our new Dairy Show and Rodeo in the spring. Kansas City is a cow town and a wheat town—and it's a daggoned good one. That's something we're proud of, and the whole world's going to know about it before we get through!"

• End

That Tell-Tale



*Fingerprints are the crook's downfall,
but the safeguard of an honest man.*

by BERTRAM R. HENLEY

ON a balmy day in 1943, a party of Miami sportsmen hooked a shark and jubilantly displayed it to admiring vacationers on the dock. But when the shark's stomach was cut open, the jubilation turned to sick despair and hatred for this killer of the sea. For inside was a man's hand—but whose?

The police were notified quickly. They took fingerprints from the hand, which was in good shape despite long immersion in the water. The prints were rushed to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, where experts checked them against the millions on file with the FBI. Within hours, the experts came up with the answer: the hand was that of a young Naval gunner, assigned to a tanker, whose ship had been sunk a year before by a marauding U-boat. With his identity thus proved beyond shadow of doubt, the young man's family at last knew the truth and he was reported dead officially.

Such feats of identification awe the uninitiated, but to professionals in the field of *dactyloscopy* — the science of fingerprints—these things are all in a day's work. Currency exchanges keep on file the fingerprints

of their customers. The armed forces introduced millions of men and women to the science. Prudent parents take the prints of their children at an early age, knowing that the prints will be a lifelong, foolproof means of identification in case of amnesia, will disputes, kidnaping or other untoward happenings.

But approval and even welcome of fingerprinting wasn't always so widespread. Indeed, leading police officials themselves scoffed at the fingerprint advocates before 1904 and labeled them "fakes," "frauds" and "just plain looney."

But in that year something happened at the St. Louis World's Fair which caused the cynics to revise their opinion of fingerprinting. Sergeant J. K. Ferrier, a bowler-hatted detective from Scotland Yard who was guarding the crown jewels on display in the British Pavilion, was the man who once and for all settled the controversy in America as to whether fingerprinting was a fad, racket or true science.

A huge cop from California, waving a set of prints under the nose of the London policeman, said with a sneer, "I suppose you claim that you

can tell us positively whom these prints belong to, eh, Sergeant? Tell us, then, the name and criminal record of the man from whom we took these prints. Convince us if you can—but I believe your claim is poppy-cock!”

The prints were placed aboard ship and hurried to London. Within several weeks, the Scotland Yard man



was again in the office of his detractor, surrounded by police officials of many American cities.

“The prints you gave me are those of Percy Ogilvie, a cheap pick-pocket and confidence man. He has been arrested half a dozen times in London. At last reports, he was said to be in the States. Am I correct, gentlemen?”

The incredulous stares and slack-jawed amazement of his audience told Sergeant Ferrier that he had scored a victory. Before a year had elapsed, St. Louis had set up the first municipal fingerprinting bureau in the United States, and other major cities were impatiently looking for experts to man their contemplated departments.

A year later, in 1905, the United States Army began fingerprinting everybody on its payroll, and the science or art of dactyloscopy was here to stay. Criminals who scoffed

at the new-fangled theory of fingerprint identification swallowed their laughter when court convictions were obtained on the basis of fingerprints which were admitted as evidence.

Unfortunately, the overwhelming success fingerprinting has enjoyed in the realm of crook-catching has made the average respectable citizen leery of having his fingers inked. He feels, somewhat illogically, that his prints will end up in bad company, with those of murderers, embezzlers and burglars. What is needed, say veteran fingerprint experts, is a nationwide public relations campaign which will convince the good citizen that fingerprinting is as sensible a precaution as a venereal disease check-up or a blood typing.

The fingerprint specialists are quick to point out that more than 40,000,000 Americans possess no birth certificates. Many would be unable to prove their identity because in many instances the records of their birth have been destroyed by fire, mis-filed, or simply lost.

If everybody were fingerprinted, the job of keeping identities straight would become simple, indeed. Only wrongdoers and persons having something to hide need be afraid of the fingerprint man and his kit. For the rest of us, getting a job, proving ownership of a car, taking out insurance and claiming benefits would be immeasurably simplified if our prints were on record at one central agency, such as the FBI.

AN elderly mother living in the state of Washington had been separated from her son while he was

a small boy. The years passed, and she wondered every day if he were still living, and thought how wonderful it would be to hold him in her arms again.

In going through old personal effects, she uncovered a smudged valentine bearing her son's tiny prints. The valentine had been sent to her in 1926 when he was only three years old. Acting in desperation, she sent the prints to the FBI and beseeched the bureau's aid in locating her son. Because prints never change from infancy to old age, the FBI experts were able to check the tiny smudges against the millions of prints in their files. In an incredibly short time, they matched the prints with those of a young man who had joined the Navy in 1941. A reunion speedily followed, and the overjoyed woman is now living with the son she found through a valentine!

Nobody knows why Nature endowed us with fingerprints, but a reasonable supposition is that the alternate ridges and depressions in our fingers serve as insulators, enable us to grasp objects more easily, and heighten our sense of touch.

You can't get rid of your fingerprints or alter them successfully, no matter how you try. The late John Dillinger learned this to his sorrow. He mutilated his fingers with acid, hoping to lose his old identity as a fugitive and murderer, but his effort was clumsy and foolhardy. He couldn't obliterate all the telltale loops and whorls. And the irregularities in his fingerprints made peace officers suspect him immediately, for

who would burn his fingers with acid unless he had something grim to conceal?

Even identical twins have fingertips which differ radically. The Dionne quintts, though they look alike and act alike in many respects, all have fingerprints of different types and classifications. Monkeys, too, have fingerprints which differ with each animal. Heredity, it seems, plays no part whatsoever in fingerprint development.

In certain occupations, friction and abrasion cause the ridges of the fingers to wear away temporarily and such fingers will not register suitably when pressed on the ink pad. Stone masons, carpenters, charwomen and others who constantly use their work-roughened hands are poor candidates for fingerprinting.

But if they rest from work for a month or two, the ridges are renewed as good as ever and the prints will register well. Nature, it seems, is bent on having us keep our fingerprints, and renews the skin on our fingertips whenever necessary.

When you have the opportunity to register your fingerprints, don't hesitate—it's the intelligent thing to do. Remember, there are 50,000 people buried each year in anonymous graves, forever lost to their families and friends because they lacked identification papers. Had their fingerprints been on file, in every case their families could have been notified within 24 hours! Your fingerprints are your one totally distinctive feature. They are your unforgeable signature—forever. • End

So You Think You've Got Troubles

WHEN the automobile of Patrick Maffiore of Newark, New Jersey, crashed into a telephone pole, his dog got excited and bit him. On the way to the hospital the ambulance caught fire.

An old friend greeting Roy E. Farris of St. Louis slapped him on the back so enthusiastically that it fractured his right ankle.

Carlos Monroy had a few drinks too many in Bogota, Colombia, and passed out. When he came to, he found himself stretched out on a slab in the morgue.

After trying to raise asparagus for three years, John L. Franklin of Champaign, Illinois, gave up and built an asphalt drive across the patch. Soon sprouts began coming up and cracking the pavement.

Grace C. Kirk, a bookkeeper of Rochester, New York, sneezed as she was starting for a vacation. The sneeze dislocated her shoulder. She vacationed in Genesee Hospital.

Austin Baca of Montrose, Colorado, was knocked down by lightning. As he was rising, another bolt knocked him down again.

Ten minutes after his election as captain of the Harvard freshman hockey squad, Dustin Burge broke his collarbone and was out of play for the season.

Not wishing to have their delivery truck stolen again, the William Scheele and Sons Company of Fort Wayne, Indiana, called a locksmith to have him change the ignition and door locks. By the time the locksmith arrived, the truck had disappeared again.

After hard-working burglars finally completed an elaborate tunnel through the vault floor of the State Bank at Hamilton, Washington, they found out that the bank had been out of business for four years.

At Moscow, Idaho, Mrs. W. M. Tinniswood heard a crash in her front room and found a pheasant on the floor before a large shattered window. Thinking the fowl dead, she was hurrying into another part of the house to tell others when she heard another crashing sound. Rushing back to the front room, Mrs. Tinniswood found that the pheasant had recovered and left—through another window.

The sheriff's office in Albuquerque, New Mexico, was obliged to inform two men that the coal stove they had stolen to keep warm was really the ice container from a water cooler.—*Harold Helfer.*

He walked into a bar optimistically and left misty optically.

Two Irishmen landed in America and took a room in a seaside hotel. To their surprise, they were attacked by mosquitoes, an insect new to them.

Bewildered, they turned out the lights and crawled under the sheets. Larry looked up just as a firefly flitted in through the window. "It's no use, Mickey," he groaned, "they've come back looking for us with lanterns."

FOUR YEAR ITCH



Something was bothering Dibbles. He finally succeeded in putting not only his finger on it, but his whole fist!

by WILLIAM J. MURDOCH

THE day had started as an ordinary one for Benjamin B. Dibbles. He rose, showered and shaved, dressed, breakfasted, kissed his wife and children goodbye, and made his customary 3:15 trot to the garage so he could be at the office before 8:45.

On the way downtown, however, he became aware of a recurrent restlessness, a feeling that all in his personal little world was not quite right. True, he had a good job, a bright future, a pretty and charming wife, two fine children, insurance, a pleasant eight-room brick home, and a bright and shining reputation.

Yet, driving more slowly down King Street, Dibbles realized that he was not a happy man. He felt oppressed, weighed down. Not, he assured himself righteously, that he wished to be free of his wife, his children, his job, or any of the other responsibilities that kept him worried and happy. No, indeedy.

But it was as if he were—oh, he didn't know—*frustrated*. That was the word he wanted. He was frustrated. And now that its presence had finally become established, Dibbles recognized the dissatisfied itching in his soul as an irritant of long but subtle standing.

Just how or in what fashion he was frustrated, Benjamin B. didn't know. He did know, however, that the urge for liberation from the malignant pressure bearing down on him had been trying to make itself manifest every morning about this time for the last four years. Funny, he thought, a wave of tingling resentment washing around down inside him as he blasted his horn through the intersection of King and Clifton, funny that this almost irresistible urge to get out from under that pressure of frustration should seize him on the morning of one of his busiest days.

It was, he told himself inelegantly, one hell of a sweet mess of sour pickles. In the first place, he didn't know what or where the pressure was. In the second place, he hadn't the slightest idea how to dissipate it. And in the third place, forgetting the other two, he hadn't time to do anything about it.

He jumped at a sudden thought. Was he going crazy? No, he didn't think so. He looked out the car window. Everything seemed the same. Same old King Street, same old hodgepodge of schools and houses and churches and stores, same old street markers, same old taverns and rooming houses and tenements, same old slippery car tracks, and even the same old clanking of street car gongs. Approaching the intersection of Broadway and King, Dibbles had

maneuvered into the center lane of traffic, and now there was a street car hard on his rear bumper. The motorman was thumping the bell with gusto, and though he must have seen that Benjamin, because of the automobiles immediately ahead and to his right and left, was unable to swerve off the car tracks, he delivered a continuing and unmelodious clanging. Dibbles, already jittery from his discovery that he had an inhibition to locate and do away with, glared into his rear vision mirror and cursed.

The motorman persisted in his ringing assault upon Benjamin B.'s ears and brain:

Clang-clang-clang! Get-out-of-my-way! I-don't-give-a-damn-how-you-do-it-but-get-out-of-my-way! Clang-clang-clang!

Other mornings when he had heard the same imperious demand, Dibbles had paid little attention to it. He had accepted it, when he noticed it at all, as part of getting downtown. But this morning the din was almost unbearable. *Clang-clang-clang! CLANG-CLANG-CLANG!* Dibbles suddenly let out a resounding oath, slammed on the brakes, and leaped from his car.

He stalked back to the street car, which had been forced to stop as suddenly as Dibbles. He was not so blind with rage that he could not see the motorman who had just opened the front doors to lean out and ask Dibbles just what was the idea of stopping in the middle of the street.

"I'll show you what the idea is!" roared Benjamin B., and he reached up and grabbed the motorman by the collar, drew back a soft, well-manicured fist, and whacked it across the pop-eyed man's chin.

"I've heard you ring that blasted bell just once too often!" Dibbles shouted, and just to prove he meant what he said, he let the startled motorman have another crack on the side of the head. "You think you own these streets? Ha!" he bellowed, punctuating the question and answer with a third blow. Then he released the man who, more baffled and demoralized than injured, clung stupidly to the vestibule railing. "There! Let's see you do your damned Swiss bell ringing act now!" Benjamin said, and he tromped back to his car, jabbed the starter, and drove off, muttering.

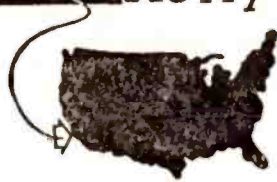
Pfew! Now! What was it that had been bothering him? Before he socked that wise guy, what had he been thinking about? H'mm? Oh yes, he was supposed to be frustrated. Ha! Such rot. What gibbering nonsense a man dreamed up sometimes. Frustrated? Benjamin B.? Pshaw! He was the happiest man on earth. Nice job, nice wife, swell kids, dandy home . . . what the hell! Benjamin B. Dibbles started whistling. Then he stepped on the gas a little bit, raced under the amber light at Broadway, and blew his horn at the cars in front of him. He had a lot of work at the office.



The young man stared blearily at the mirror the morning after and noting his bloodshot eyes, resolved never to go into a bar again. "That television," he muttered, "is ruining my eyes."

DON'T TAKE YOUR CHILD TO Hollywood!

"Talent scout" racketeers are sprinkling stars in parents' eyes—and picking their pockets.



by BEATRICE TRESSELT

EVER since Shirley Temple's cherubic smile first flashed from a movie screen, Hollywood has been the goal of ambitious mothers. Every train, bus and jalopy adds its quota of desperately hopeful mothers and bright-eyed, anxious youngsters to the hundreds already there. All are tragically ignorant of conditions, and most of them wholly unable to cope with them.

True, they've heard that nowhere in the United States is the cost of living higher than it is in Hollywood; that no field of work is more uncertain than that of acting, and that none is so overcrowded.

Yes, say the mothers, but Shirley's grown up and Margaret O'Brien is a big girl now; someone must take their places. Moreover, it can't be too difficult, for according to the studios' own press agents most juvenile stars zoom to fame and fortune largely by happy accident. They happen to be noticed by a director or a talent scout just when he needs a child of that particular type. It's as simple as that.

Unfortunately, these naively provocative tales are seldom true. Success is rarely an accident; for most persons, it's a grim and bitter fight every inch of the way. Regardless of a child's photogenic qualities, personality or talent, landing a film contract is a

gamble with the odds a million to one.

Why? Because the supply so greatly exceeds the demand. Very few films require a child, and for each of such roles there are scores of youngsters at hand who already have had film experience and whose work is of known quality. In addition, there are hundreds of others who have not yet faced a camera but who already are filed in the casting directors' lists.

The only way of overcoming these and myriad other obstacles is to know the right people, influential friends who will exert themselves in the child's behalf. If this is not possible, then the only alternative is to engage the services of a reputable, first class agent.

However, since a newcomer cannot know one agent from another, the too-confident mother almost invariably falls victim of the first fast-talking phony she encounters.

In recent months the menace of these fraudulent self-styled agents has become so serious a problem that the Better Business Bureau declares them guilty of the "most vicious swindles uncovered in recent months." This further discredits the much maligned title of "public relations counselor."

"Even parents who had never thought previously of exploiting their children are victimized by these crooks," stated M. J. Peters, manager of the public service division of the

Bureau. "These promoters have various approaches. In many cases they ring the doorbell and announce to the fond mother that her child has been selected as one of a group of exceptionally photogenic youngsters. For a 'small fee,' usually from \$25 to \$75, he offers to promote, publicize and exploit the child in such fashion that the youngster will get immediate work in the entertainment or advertising modeling fields.

"After the dazzled parent signs the contract and pays the fee, the promoter moves on. No jobs materialize, no money is refunded."

Another approach is for the pseudo agent or scout to buy pictures of children from neighborhood photographers, then contact the parents and make false promises. Very often he boldly will stop a mother on the street and plead for the opportunity of giving her child a screen test or an audition for television. Of course, there is a slight charge for such tests, but think of what she stands to gain! What mother would turn her back on Opportunity for lack of a few dollars?

One brash young man recently accosted a pretty young mother on the street and went into his elaborate spiel about what he could do for the adorable young toddler who clung to her skirts. The mother smiled, said she was too busy at the moment but would like to have his card and think it over. What the too-optimistic young crook didn't know was that he was addressing Susan Hayward, brilliant young star in her own right, and wife of Jess Barker, who also knows his way around Hollywood. They promptly turned the man's card over to the authorities.

Sometimes the promoter makes his rounds accompanied by a photographer. A set of photographs of the child is contracted for, "to show the directors," and a sizable down payment demanded. The camera is quickly set up—minus film—and the pictures are taken immediately, with promise of the proofs in a day or two. Time passes, but no proofs arrive. It is no use to go to the photographer's studio; the address is that of a vacant lot.

But since an agent is necessary—and there are many good ones—how is an inexperienced newcomer to know whether an agent is of good repute or a racketeer?

His background and reputation should be checked carefully before signing anything or paying anything. No first class agent is so anxious to take on new and unknown clients that he stalks his prey in the streets. On the contrary, unless the newcomer has a truly exceptional talent, a top bracket agent will not bother with him at all. Furthermore, such agents work for a ten per cent commission of their client's contracts and ask no fanciful preliminary fees or expense accounts.

Parents also should check the various dramatic schools and dancing academies, many of which are as dishonest in their dealings as are the crooks who operate by themselves. Unfortunately, too few parents care to tackle the problem at all; it is so much pleasanter to believe.

Parental vanity is the thing that makes this tragic situation possible. The average woman cannot believe

(Continued on page 76)



GENERALISSIMO of the USHERS

The lads snap-to for Andy!

WHEN Andy Frain's ushers are in evidence at weddings, football games, and wrestling matches in Chicago, innocent old ladies are apt to remark wistfully, "What handsome fellows West Point turns out nowadays. They're so straight and so military!"

Actually, the appearance of Andy's boys differs from West Pointers in few respects, and most of his "graduates" will tell you fervently that life with Andy is as rigorous, healthful and satisfying as that enjoyed by Academy men.

Andy, who is not averse to the name, "Ziegfeld of the ushers," makes as much as \$2,000 a day by providing his ushering service at such events as the Kentucky Derby, aquacades, major-league ball games, society weddings, art shows, and bargain basement sales. When the Republicans and Democrats held their national conventions in Chicago, Andy pocketed \$18,000 for seating the delegates, preventing altercations, frisking suspicious-looking strangers, and keeping a watchful eye on "dips" and confidence men.

In Hollywood, stars planning lavish film parties call on Andy's Coast representative for ushers who are adept at keeping out gate-crashers.

These tall, mannerly fellows may work one night at a wrestling match and turn up the next night at a swanky society flower show.

"It's all in the day's work for my lads," grins Andy. "They take courses in language, deportment, and manners. If a lad doesn't feel equally at home ushering for a society wedding or a dog race then he isn't cut out for this kind of work."

The analogy to West Point is further developed by the military discipline which Andy's right-hand man, "Major" Edward Fleming, imposes on new recruits to the Frain flag. A burly ex-Marine officer, Fleming has been drillmaster for 5,000 Frain ushers, many of whom are now successful lawyers, business men, priests, accountants, journalists and doctors. During the war, more than 65 per cent of all the Frain usher alumni in the armed forces became commissioned officers. Now, as for years past, there are scores of college students throughout the nation earning their tuition money by rendering the snappy service which Frain demands of both part-time and full-time ushers.

Though he grosses more than \$800,000 a year, this king of the ushers remembers the day when he trudged

all over the ball park picking up pop bottles for \$3.50 a week.

"There were 16 kids in my family," says Andy, "and they were hungry like clock-work. I had to pick up an astronomical number of bottles each month to earn my small salary—which always was spent at the grocery store before I made it!"

Andy, who was annoyed by the half-drunk, unkept ushers who worked for peanuts at sports events, saw that these derelicts and small-time crooks were giving organized sports a bad name. They took bribes; they insulted customers; they joined in brawls.

Hitching up his courage, young Frain went to the gum tycoon, William Wrigley, and told him, "Your ushers are costing you plenty, yet they're not worth a plugged nickel. I could develop a real corps of men for you."

For his pains, the nervy teen-ager was tossed out of Wrigley's palatial office three times. On the fourth call, Wrigley resigned himself to listening to Andy's plan for making ushering a profession instead of a racket.

The gum magnate gave Andy money and his blessing. Soon after, seasoned baseball fans at Wrigley Field got a jolt as the slovenly, beery ushers were gradually replaced by tall young men with crew haircuts, clean-shaven faces, and snappy uniforms which made them look like generals.

Boys from modest-income families camped on Andy's doorstep to become ushers. He picked the most

worthy, preferring those who were seeking additional funds to complete their college educations. Then as now, Andy insisted that hair be combed, stubble removed from chin, and fingernails be cleaned. If an usher used the word "ain't," he was taken aside and given a little special instruction in grammar. Bribes were taboo and any usher found accepting favors was ordered to turn in his uniform.

But don't get the idea that Andy's boys are pantywaists who won't dirty their hands with rough stuff. Chicagoans still remember the night when a fight broke out between the Toronto Maple Leafs and the Chicago Black Hawks on the hockey rink.

As hockey sticks were swung with intent to kill, the spectators lustily joined in the melee. In no time, the ice was dotted with little clusters of struggling fans and players.

Andy, who was supervising his boys at the game, saw that there was a good possibility of panic developing among the 14,000 screaming fans who were beginning to mill around the exits. Though not a policeman was in sight, Andy ran onto the ice, followed by his ushers, and did a thorough job of bashing trouble-makers, frisking others for clubs and brass knuckles, and giving first aid to those with cuts and abrasions.

Andy's task force retired from the ice, uniforms torn but heads unbowed. The 14,000 fans gave them a great ovation and from that day on hockey fans treated the Frain boys with healthy respect.

Even now, the Frain ushers give a thorough frisk to certain individuals

known as troublemakers. One night, Frain deposited in his car and hauled to the police station a choice assortment of tomatoes, marbles, wooden slats, smoked fish, coat hangers, brass knuckles and grapefruit, all removed from the clothing of would-be hecklers. "Nothing unusual about it," says Frain. "It happens all the time. But an ounce of prevention keeps noggins from being broken when the spectators get too riled up!"

Andy, now in his mid-forties, is doing a land-office business in New York, Chicago, Louisville, Hollywood and Brooklyn. He is proudest of his annual feud with the famed gate-crasher, "One-Eye" Connolly, who told confederates that "Andy Frain is tougher to fool than the oldest White House Secret Service man."

During one political convention, Connolly telegraphed Frain his intention of crashing the gate on a certain day. Andy wired back, "I'll bet \$100 to a buck that you don't get in." One-Eye lost his bet.

It is problematical whether the President of the United States could get into a Frain-guarded sports show if he didn't have a ticket of the right size, date and color. Secretly, Andy

Frain takes motion pictures of his ushers at work, later shows the reels to his "classes." In this way, they spot their weaknesses in keeping watch on strategic entrances, exits and skylights. Often, the sharp eye of Andy's movie camera has uncovered spots used by gate crashers which have gone unnoted at the time by the busy Frain ushers.

A young man can earn \$10 to \$12 a day working for Andy. Right now, he is receiving 50,000 job applications each year. More than the money, the aspiring ushers prize the training and glamour associated with the Frain ushering empire.

Andy, a large florid man with a perpetual smile, says he has seen more celebrities than any living man. Nobody doubts him. Movie stars, governors and archbishops call him by his first name.

When Tyrone Power was married amidst disorder and a near-riot in Rome recently, the spectacle saddened Andy Frain. Says he, "That was poor crowd handling. If I'd been at that church door with three lads, you can bet your bottom buck that no gate-crashers or nosey nellies would have spoiled Ty's wedding!"

Exact Opposite

IN Forth Worth, Texas, recently, a bus driver stopped to take several passengers on through the rear door.

"Just a moment, please," begged a feminine voice in the rear, as he was about to start the vehicle again. "Wait until I get my clothes on!"

Every eye in the crowded bus swivelled expectantly. All they saw, however, was an attractive, young lady struggling to bring on board an oversized bundle of laundry.—Joseph C. Stacey.



A bachelor is a man who never got around to marrying in his youth and has got around it ever since.

Gold Nugget Milk

IN Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, scientists have been bottling milk worth \$10,000 a quart. The milk comes from a "mouse dairy" composed of black and white mice. Six months are required to produce one quart of milk from the laboratory's 5,000 rodents.

This "fancy dairy" is part of a research project to discover the cause of breast cancer which statistics say afflicts one out of every 25 women. The tiny "herd" receives better care and attention than most cows. The mice live in air-conditioned, eight-inch cubicles, arranged in rows, one above the other. They are fed regularly on vitamins and have 12-hour-a-day sun lamp treatments. Their boxes are kept immaculate with sterile wood shavings.

Columbia University's mouse dairy was started late in 1946, under authorization of the Public Health Service, as an attempt to isolate the virus that is thought to transmit cancer from a mother mouse to the young mice. The scientists succeeded in isolating the virus in less than six months. The next task is to seek to purify that virus and prove that the virus in the mouse milk does cause the cancer.

The process is both intricate and delicate. The 5,000 mice are separated into two groups: one is the white species, called the Paris strain, which commonly has the cancer; and the other, the black type, called C-57 strain, which rarely becomes diseased with the breast cancer. When a mouse gives birth to her young, she is taken from them for 24 hours and milked with a breast pump. This process takes ten minutes to milk her 12 breasts. She can be milked once only, producing one cubic centimeter of milk.

The milk then is separated to extract the protein from the whey. By high centrifugal force, the whey is spun to separate the virus. Then the young black mice, the strain free from cancer, are injected with the virus. The scientists wait! If these injected mice develop cancer in the next year or so, they will have proof that the virus causes breast cancer. The fight against cancer goes courageously on!—*Helen Buckley.*

If She Sings Bass, They Want Her

IF you ever stop out Tulsa way, pardner, drop in at a session of Sweet Adelines Incorporated. You'll be more than welcome if you bring your wife or girl friend—if *she sings bass!*

Sweet Adeline Incorporated is the female counterpart of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America. The Adelines, organized in 1945, now have 1,000 beskirted members, and they insist they're not auxiliaries for the SPEBSQSA. Not by one downbeat! The two groups, however, do sing the same songs and occasionally trade music.

Founder of the society was Mrs. W. H. Anderson of Oklahoma City. When the voices first joined in on *Down by the Old Mill Stream* there were only 41 charter members active in three chapters. Now, in the fourth year, the thousand members are active in 20 chapters.

The Adelines have one strict rule: no prima donnas. They also have an unwritten rule: whenever you find a woman who sings bass, bring her along, for goodness sake!

Do you really rest when you sleep?



by JAY SEWELL

THERE is an old English jingle about sleep which runs:

*Nature requires five,
Custom gives seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven.*

Today, most Americans spend eight hours of every 24 in bed. And how well we spend the waking two-thirds of our lives depends largely upon how well we sleep.

The mere amount of sleep is not the important element of thorough rest. Quality of sleep is more important than quantity. Wakefulness is a danger signal that anyone can recognize, but there are hidden signs of poor sleep that are equally ominous.

Examine your sleep habits. Do you sigh or mumble in your sleep; jerk or move around restlessly in bed; wake up before getting as much sleep as needed; feel irritable or moody when you awake; feel tired after sleeping as much as your average; find your bedclothing disordered and rumped; have to be called repeatedly in the morning; dislike going to sleep at bedtime? If you are guilty of any one of these symptoms, you need to overhaul your sleeping habits. For anyone can learn to sleep soundly and effectively by following a few fundamental rules for good sleeping.

Perhaps your complaint is that you're "too tired to sleep." Scientific evidence proves that such a lament is well-founded. When strenuous activity has used up all the body's available blood sugar, the muscles begin to use their own tissues for energy fuel. This causes irritability and tenseness which make sleep difficult. Quiet activity should be planned before bedtime. Take a tip from the coaches who call off drill before the game. They are giving the players a chance to relax in advance.

Mental excitement during the evening can cause a sleepless or restless night. Typical is the young man who telephoned his fiancée at 9:30 p.m. only to be told she was out and would not be in until one o'clock in the morning. Worried and upset, he went to bed and tossed and turned 200 times instead of the normal 72 movements. Although he did not awaken, he really did not rest.

A hot bath helps to calm jumpy nerves. This principle of inducing relaxation by warm water is employed in mental hospitals, where a flowing hot bath called a "continuous tub" is used to quiet hysterical patients. The same treatment on a smaller scale calms normal nerves.

A relaxed body means a relaxed mind. Try to relax your body, then, when you get into bed. First, pull the pillow down against your shoulders so it supports your neck. Make yourself limp from head to toe. Start with the scalp muscles, tighten them, then let them stop pulling. Do the same for the face muscles. Let your jaw sag like a gate on one hinge. Feel the weight of your eyeballs against their sockets. Tighten, then relax, each group of muscles, one group at a time, on down to the toes. When you have gone all over your body mentally, imagine yourself sinking deeper into the mattress with each breath. Let each arm and leg lie freely, as if it were detached, like a log there on the bed. Keep thinking of how slack your entire body is. If you sprawl but frown, you still aren't relaxed.

It isn't easy to relax at first. Little groups of muscles will want to work overtime. Search out these rebels and crack down with a quiet resolve that they, too, will rest. Don't be like the man who awakened his entire family during a nightmare and told them that he had dreamed of being caught on a bridge before an oncoming train. In actuality, his heel was caught between the mattress and the bed. The tension on only a small part of his body was affecting his entire person.

The proper mental attitude toward sleep means a lot. Sleep should be regarded as a haven from the day's work and stress. Since one can do little about worries, fears and resentments in bed, they should be laid aside. Bed is for sleep, so decide quietly that sleep is just what you are going to do.

John D. Rockefeller once said, "I do not permit myself to look at a timepiece after retiring at night." This helped him stay calm and kept him from worrying about whether he was going to get enough sleep.

A relaxing color scheme in your bedroom can help you sleep. Reds and yellows are stimulating, but blues and greens are soothing. Pictures should be chosen for their suggestion of restfulness. The few minutes' exposure to color while preparing for bed tones the emotions, influences the readiness to drop off to sleep.

Make your bedroom functional. Shades should be dark enough to keep out sleep-stealing light. Avoid glossy paints and papers, or polished furnishings that reflect glare. Place beds so the sleeper faces away from the light. If possible, rugs, furniture, draperies and walls should be made of sound-deadening materials. Bedroom doors should be weather-stripped to dull sounds from the rest of the house.

Outside noises may make you wakeful. A passing car can disturb your sleep and be gone by the time you are fully awake. You wonder if you are getting insomnia. Even if a noise doesn't awaken you completely, it can cause restlessness. A man who woke at exactly 4:45 every morning was



advised by a psychologist to set an alarm at 4:30 and listen at his window. He agreed to follow the plan. The next day at about 4:44, he heard a door slamming in the next house. The relieved man realized that his "insomnia" had begun the very day after the new family had moved in next door. The neighbor left the house for work at 4:45 every morning.

Heavy or tight bedding causes poor sleep. One light wool blanket is as warm as four cotton blankets which burden the sleeper. Extra width in blankets ensures warmth and allows them to hang freely at the sides of the bed. If you find yourself turning over and over when your "mattress side" gets cold in winter weather, spread a wool blanket under the bottom sheet to keep both sides of your body equally warm.

It is better to sleep alone, according to Professor Nathaniel Kleitman of the University of Chicago Sleep Laboratory. Double beds spread colds and disturb sleep, says this experimenter.

Hunger pangs harass sleep. Stomach contractions cause much of the violent tossing done by a hungry sleeper. But eat only easily-digested foods, such as dairy products, before retiring. Avoid fatty foods, those causing gas, and any foods which cause increased water secretion.

For some people, caffeine hinders sleep. Everyone should judge for himself whether tea and coffee — and sometimes even chocolate — can be taken late in the day.

Regularity of sleeping habits is

important. If you go to bed at approximately the same time every night, you are probably a sound sleeper. Many "blue Mondays" are caused by upset sleep resulting from a changed routine on Sunday, the alleged day of "rest."

There is only one way to "catch up" on lost sleep, and that is to do it in advance. When a sleep loss can't be avoided, try to get an extra long night's sleep the night before, or take a nap during the day. Some of the world's busiest people are nappers. They find the habit pays dividends in added energy and alertness.

Sleep can be constructive. Not only can you rest well, but unconsciously you can solve some of your problems during sleep. Most of the musical score of one of Mozart's operas was conceived in his sleep. Julia Ward Howe composed the words for the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* in her subconscious mind while she slept. Louis Agassiz, the great biologist, claims to have solved an important problem in classification from clues "revealed" to him in his sleep. These creative thinkers knew how to sleep efficiently.

Good sleep is free, available to anyone who will adopt a positive attitude and strive to attain good sleeping habits. Learning to sleep soundly pays off dividends. For only when you sleep effectively are you able to work and play and live effectively.



A youngster was asked by his history teacher to name the principal contribution of the Phoenicians. His answer: "Blinds."

For Lack of a Beard

STRANGE how a beard, or rather, the lack of one, can shape the destiny of a man—and an entire nation.

Walter Reed, the famous army doctor, was only 17 years old when he graduated from the University of Virginia and returned home to the village of Belroi, Virginia, to hang out his shingle and begin the practice of medicine.

The folks of Belroi, however, refused to patronize the young doctor. In those days of 1867, a beard was one of the trade marks of the medical profession. The staid residents of Reed's home town weren't anxious to place their health in the hands of a youngster who as yet couldn't even grow sideburns. It was a natural public reaction, and young Dr. Reed accepted it philosophically.

So he left Belroi and went to Bellevue Medical College in New York City for further study. Later he became one of the youngest district doctors in the city. At 24, he entered the army, served several years in the South and the West, and then did research at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore.

In 1898, Reed, a major in rank, was sent to Havana to try to combat the yellow fever which was ravaging American soldiers and Cubans alike. There he discovered the cause of the dreaded disease carried by mosquitoes, and his preventive orders eventually almost stamped out "yellow jack."

The fame which came to Major Reed for his yellow fever research brought red faces to the citizens of Belroi. But the blushes changed to pride when the little town became a national shrine in memory of the beardless doctor.

Dr. Reed never did raise a full beard. But he did compromise at various times in his noble career—by sporting a handlebar moustache.—*Barney Schwartz.*

Legalized Romance

EVEN romance at times has its legal difficulties in this land of many laws.

In Oregon a girl cannot legally enter an automobile unless accompanied by a chaperone. Utah law decrees that daylight must be seen between a dancing couple.

A husband was recently fined \$15 for kissing his wife in a Chicago park—a gentle judicial reminder that archaic laws still have teeth in them. Kissing in public is also prohibited in Georgia. Under Massachusetts law ten kisses are equal to a marriage proposal.

If you hug and kiss your girl in front of her parents and bring her candy in Minnesota, that's equivalent to asking for her hand in marriage. If you make six visits to a girl's home in Maryland, you can consider yourself legally engaged.

Indiana law insists that a moustache is "a known carrier of germs and a man cannot wear one if he habitually kisses human beings." What chance has Dan Cupid to work his magic wiles under these circumstances!

In the District of Columbia a man can be arrested if he marries his own mother-in-law. Serves him right. In Delaware a husband can bandy profane words with his wife to his heart's content. Michigan assures the husband that he owns all his wife's clothing. He can legally take possession of her entire wardrobe if she ever leaves him, which should reduce separations to a minimum during the winter time.—*Jasper B. Sinclair.*

by JOHN YALE



UNCLE SAM'S

Interpreter

Sure Congress said it—but what did they say?

EVERY two weeks, the nation's top business and industrial leaders—35,000 of them—drop whatever worries are dogging them at the moment and avidly turn to the newsletter of the fabulous Research Institute of America.

Sometimes the newsletter makes its subscribers stamp with anger, other times it pleases them immensely. At all times, the publication is challenging. It reveals secrets, berates, reassures, and what with one thing and another gives tycoons the mental kick in the pants which makes them either seethe or chuckle the rest of the week.

The newsletter is the brainchild of Leo Cherne, an often brassy young man of 36 summers who has lifted himself from the role of an obscure spear carrier in the Metropolitan Opera House to a highly paid and internationally renowned berth as number one soothsayer for American business and industry.

Cherne, by stripping legal and financial verbiage of its difficult words, makes everything sound simple to business men, who swear by him. He can take a complicated tax tome and scalpel it down into easy-to-understand slices.

If the government announces a new

credit regulation, garnished with "whereases" and smothered by Latin phrases, Cherne plunges into it with relish. He emerges with a simple digest which frequently makes government pundits writhe and mutter, "Why can't I say things simply, like that?"

More than any other man, Leo Cherne—who never reveals a confidence—knows intimately the financial health of his flock of 35,000 big shots. He is as diligent as the Bureau of Internal Revenue in ferreting out secrets of their business life. Because of the exhaustive questionnaires his subscribers fill out periodically, he can toss up astounding business forecasts which make his competitors wonder what magic ball he uses to get the right answers.

"Actually," says Leo with a smile, "The Research Institute of America operates on some broad and sensible principles. First, we recognize that every business man has his own peculiar troubles—and likes to talk about them. We encourage him to talk to us.

"Secondly, change is the law of business life, as of all else. Nothing is permanent. The business man who wants things to stay exactly as they are ignores natural law and is heading

for trouble. We try to supply guideposts to keep him on the right road.

"Also, business men must realize that never again will regulations be simple enough to be understood by everybody. With life becoming more complex, our laws are following suit and they require translators. That's part of our job."

Leo's halo as a prophet received a Simonizing when he wrote *The Rest of Your Life* in 1944, a strange and grimly accurate book of what life in America would be like after the war. In the five years since its publication in 1944, many of his predictions have come to pass. He called the shots on jurisdictional strikes, postwar wage increases, the armaments race and the black markets.

Another book, called *Your Business Goes to War*, was invaluable to countless business men and industrialists who didn't know how to start tooling up for military needs.

Despite his preoccupation with big problems, Cherne is a songwriter of no small stature. Orchestra leaders still are fond of his love ditty, *I'll Never Forget*, which took him six hours to compose and brought an ultimate net profit of \$10,000.

Cherne, a restless, dark-haired man with the vitality of a puppy dog, started studying at the New York Law School in 1931, after brief and unprofitable periods as an able-bodied seaman and a newspaper reporter. When he was graduated with good grades but no social or financial influence, he wound up as a \$15-a-week law clerk—absolute purgatory to an ambitious youth of Cherne's make-up.

Despairing, he turned to the Help

Wanted columns and spotted an ad calling for the services of a legal and editorial assistant who could write on social security legislation. No writer, Cherne put on a clean shirt, allowed the adrenalin to flow, and somehow sold himself as a pundit. He's been punditing ever since.

Teaming up with Edward Whittlesey, a writer, and Carl Hovgard, a genius of salesmanship who could sell a trolley car to the motorman, Cherne established a publishing house called Whitgard Services. Its leading merchandise was a looseleaf volume called *The Payroll Tax Saving Service*, with Cherne gathering, digesting and explaining dullish tax provisions for the quick understanding of business men subscribers.

By 1937, when Washington was mass-producing new regulations for business and industry, Whittlesey dropped out of the firm, and Cherne and Hovgard were in the blue chips with their *Social Security Coordinator*, a concise and readable guide through the labyrinth of federal law. With new problems arising daily to plague business men, Cherne and Hovgard profited handsomely. They soon took impressive Manhattan quarters and started branching out. Today, they have more than 65 offices and some 700 workers, including columnists, statisticians, lawyers, economists, accountants and efficiency experts.

Cherne drives himself with sadistic glee, works as long as 16 hours a day in his office. He can play the organ, is a sculptor of ability, paints in oil, and does wood-cutting when he isn't busy chopping up a new batch of federal regulations.

Hovgard—a burly, breezy man with a deep faith in Cherne's powers as a seer—is the chief salesman of the Research Institute's services. An indefatigable traveler, Hovgard goes into magnates' offices stone cold and emerges with orders for the firm's services. He collects testimonials from America's leading industrialists who, for the most part, swear that Cherne can call the shot on everything from Russian war threats to an upturn in the baby carriage business.

Privately, Washington bigwigs heave a sigh of relief when they come up with a complicated law, for they know that Cherne will lighten their load by doing the bulk of the explaining to anxious business leaders. Though

he has no official status, the many-sided Leo is viewed affectionately in the capital as a liaison man who can translate the most abstruse government document and make it readable—even if not always palatable.

"It used to be that business men by the hundreds would write and wire us heatedly whenever we issued new regulations," confesses the head of one busy Washington bureau. "Today the squawks are few and sporadic. Leo, while making good money for himself through his services as an interpreter, has done more than any single man to make the operations of government understandable to the men who pay big taxes."

BUREAU OF MISSING HUSBANDS

(Continued from page 18)

care centers to keep low income families from breaking up because they can't stand the financial strain of having children.

4. Wider programs of education for marriage—in the school, the church and the home.

5. Municipal desertion bureaus in every large city—not only to track

down runaways but to step in with guidance at the first symptoms of marital trouble.

The National Desertion Bureau is confident that, with this help, American men and women can lick their divorce and desertion problem. Or as Zunser once put it:

"Marriage never fails. Only people do."



An American visiting in London was told that the only way to get service in restaurants, hotels and theatres was to tip generously. One evening he went to one of the theatres on the Strand.

An usher escorted the American to a good seat, but since the lights were out, the American thought he could get by with a tip of two American pennies. The usher flicked on a cigarette lighter, glanced at the coins, and then whispered, "The butler is the murderer."



It's more to your credit to go straight than to move in the best circles.

Is Your Dog Neurotic?

ACCORDING to Dr. Carl F. Schlotterhauser of the Mayo Foundation in Rochester, Minnesota, a dog's owner may be driving the poor animal mad. "A dog's temperament often reflects the inner disturbances of its master," he explains, "so if your dog runs around biting people or is generally disorderly, he, you, or both of you should see a psychiatrist."

A lot of people probably will scoff at this statement. However, scientists point to the fact that even a dog's life is composed of thoughts and emotions which can be thrown into conflict. Experiments have proved it.

This line of thought has come to us chiefly from the workings of Ivan Pavlov, the Russian physiologist.

One of Pavlov's pupils conditioned dogs to differentiate between a luminous circle and an ellipse, the ellipse gradually being altered so that its shape became closer to that of the circle. When it became very nearly circular, the dog's discrimination decreased and then finally ceased. The animal's behavior changed radically. Once quiet and cooperative, it now squirmed, squealed, tried to tear apparatus with its teeth, and barked violently.

Pavlov attributed this change in behavior to the equivalent of an acute neurosis in a human. When forced to solve a problem which is beyond his capabilities, a dog, like a human, may very well crack under the strain.

Pavlov went on to classify dogs into categories of excitatory, inhibitory and central groups, each of which under abnormal pressure tended to behave according to mental patterns in human beings who have specific mental diseases such as neurasthenia, hysteria, manic-depression, or schizophrenia.

So you see, even a dog's life is not all bones and biscuits!—Charles E. Fritch.

Ushering In An Institution

THE date was December 16, 1903. The foyer of the Majestic Theatre at 59th Street and Central Park West in New York City was crowded.

But when the theatre's inside doors were opened, the playgoers' mouths flew open in surprise. Waiting to show them to their seats were smart, young women ushers, attractively outfitted in black dresses with bright red sashes over their shoulders.

The ushers smiled pleasantly at the sensation they were causing and efficiently went about their duties. They had been expertly trained for this innovation in show business.

The idea of female ushers was something that Sylvester Sullivan, the Majestic's publicity man, had toyed with for quite some time. Originally, it was meant only as a stunt for the show's opening that night. However, the overwhelming success made it evident that women ushers were here to stay.

The production, incidentally, was Victor Herbert's beloved *Babes in Toyland*.



It's easy to make money last if you make it first.



A particular customer came into the restaurant one day. "I'll have some raw oysters," he said, "not too large nor too small, not too salty nor too fat. They must be cold, and I want them quickly."

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter. "Do you want them with or without pearls?"



Bodies in the Backyard

*Seven-eight, lay them straight;
Nine-ten, begin again . . .*

NO chills of terror will dance along your spine today as you drive past the Bender Mounds in the peaceful countryside near Parsons, Kansas. But had you traveled there just before the turn of the century, you'd have done well to coax your team to a gallop. For in a lonely frame house, the Bender family lay in wait for wayfarers it could rob and murder.

No one knows for sure just how many strangers, stopping at the Bender home for refreshments, wound up in graves in the orchard. Some authorities put the number at 11, others at 10 or 12. Kansas histories, perhaps out of state loyalty, set the number at seven.

But bodies there were in the orchard, when neighbors at last got around to investigating, and two or three skeletons in a nearby creek, to boot.

From the moment they settled in Labette County in late 1870, the Benders were a mysterious crew, and almost everything known about them seems based on slender information. They were four in number—John Bender and his wife, their son John, and their daughter Kate. Gossips said that John was Mrs. Bender's son by a former marriage. Some added that Kate was really his mistress.

Old Man Bender was a surly, coarse-looking German of 60 who spoke little English. His wife, a heavy woman, was about ten years his junior. The son was nondescript, and for Kate you may have your choice of descriptions. Some neighbors remembered her as a red-faced, mannish, rectangular woman. Others held that she was a nifty-looking trick who set all the men in the neighborhood to slicking their hair and polishing their boots. The official description of her, issued when the state was trying to nab her for questioning about those bodies in the orchard, noted that she was a "good-looking, well-formed" woman of 24 with dark hair and eyes.

Where the Benders came from, no one knows. By the spring of 1871, they had moved into a remote frame house between Cherryvale and Parsons. Their little home was divided into two rooms by a heavy curtain hung from the ceiling. Behind the house was a stable, beyond that a half-acre orchard. To travelers passing on the road near their place, the Benders sold food and lodging.

As a sideline, the family dabbled in ghosts and spirits. Kate, who assumed the title of "professor," enlightened neighborhood folks with lectures on spiritualism. She fairly

bustled about the region, holding seances, summoning up spirits, and supposedly working mysterious cures on the lame and halt. To further



her good work, she placed the following advertisement in the newspapers:

"Professor Miss Kate Bender can heal disease, cure blindness, fits and deafness. Residence, 14 miles east of Independence, on the road to Osage Mission."

Eventually, Kate began sending living persons into the other world in addition to calling spirits back from there. She helped her family make their little nest an efficient workshop for the murder of paying guests. There may have been whisperings of strange goings-on at the Benders', but not until Dr. William York disappeared did Kansans learn of the murder-factory.

After visiting his brother, a colonel at Fort Scott, the well-heelled Dr. York climbed onto his horse and headed for home in Independence. He never got there. Last anyone saw of him, he was jogging along towards the Bender house, where he planned to stop for lunch.

Before long, Colonel York began a search for his missing brother. As he couldn't trace the doctor's trail past

the Bender house, the colonel raised a posse, and the dozen or so men trotted off for a chat with the Benders.

The family tried to be helpful. Young John closed the Bible he had been reading and cheerfully suggested that maybe outlaws had done in the doctor for the money he was carrying. Bandits had often taken potshots at him, he said. Both John and his father helped the posse drag the creek near the house, although they must have known the job was a waste of time. One of the posse invited Kate to ask the spirits what had become of Dr. York. Kate modestly declined but made a later appointment for a seance. The posse rode away without further trace of the missing doctor.

Not entirely convinced that the Benders were as innocent as they had pretended, Colonel York and another posse returned to the house about a week and a half later. The Benders were gone. As the colonel and his men poked around the yard, one of the group noticed a grave-like depression in the orchard. Digging into it, they found the naked body of Dr. York. His skull had been crushed. His throat had been cut, some accounts add, as the throats of animals are cut in mysterious rituals.

There were other graves, other bodies. By one tally, the victims numbered nine men, a woman and a little girl. The girl, found under the body of her father, apparently had been buried alive.

As the investigators prowled through the house, they saw how conveniently it had been arranged for

murder. A guest who supped with the Benders was seated at a table with his back to the curtain. It was no trick for one of the inhospitable Benders to conk him on the head from behind the curtain. Then the whole family pitched in to drag the body to the rear room and rob it. After one of the gang had slashed the victim's throat, they tumbled the body through a trap-door into the cellar. Off the cellar was a tunnel leading toward the orchard, where the bodies were later buried.

things, though, the Benders had a five days' start on the posse that took after them. They vanished as mysteriously as they had come.

Said one old-timer in Cherryvale recently, "No one knows what happened to the Benders. All sorts of theories have been advanced, mostly by authors, but with no certainty." One theory is that they escaped entirely, another is that they were lynched by their pursuers. At any rate, they haven't annoyed Kansans—except with a flood of fantastic folklore—since.

By the time Kansans learned these

Sign Lingo—Japanese Style

IN Japan, as in many other occupied countries, you don't have to consult officials of the military government to find out how the country is adjusting itself to the occupation. All you have to do is to look at the signs.

When American troops first landed in Japan, the only English signs to greet them were those that had been put up years before by English business men and the owners of branch offices of American corporations.

Soon a few more signs appeared, these with bad art and worse grammar, for emergency use, traffic directions and the like. One American sign painter refers to this as "The Men Bathroom" period.

Then came the signs that gave G.I.'s "something to write home about," when the souvenir dealers and cabaret owners began setting up shop. In small towns, some of these signs were done by professional sign painters who had terrible trouble even with simple Gothic letters; the rest of the signs were scrawled by children who were learning to write English in school. And it seemed that all the Japanese sign makers resorted to inadequate pocket Japanese-English dictionaries to borrow words and phrases.

One dance hall had a sign that said, "Please hand one ticket before you play." A typical shop sign was, "Please to come in sir shop ta-no-be." Even in cosmopolitan Tokyo, a photographic shop advised camera fans, "Keep your lens clearly." Another sign begged, "Please do not roam in the streets." Some of the Japanese difficulty resulted from their inability to pronounce English. A foot-high sign over a cabaret door announced, "SAROON."

But the signs at least indicated that the Japanese were making a sincere, if somewhat shaky, stab at adjustment. Today, the adjustment to Americans is more complete as proved by present day signs.

G.I.'s who have recently landed in Japan take for granted such well-worded signs as, "How about sending a souvenir to your sweetheart or folks back home?" But such a sign is still a small miracle to old-timer veterans who remember "The Too Hot Photo Service" and "Let me draw your Profile in memory for your advice into Utsunomiya" era.—Bob Downer.

DON'T TAKE YOUR CHILD TO HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 60)

that her child hasn't a chance. When the Central Casting Bureau warns her that there are scores of children already established as experienced juvenile players, with more than 800 more hopefully filed on the studios' waiting lists, she turns a deaf ear. That nice young man has assured her that her offspring has qualities far beyond those of Margaret O'Brien, Butch Jenkins, Claude Jarman and Natalie Wood rolled into one. So, week after week and month after month she writes home for money. Daddy is working overtime and cooking his own meals in an honest effort to cooperate, and as long as his money is forthcoming, mama will be played on the hook.

The studios themselves are helpless—and blameless—in the matter. They obtain their players from accredited agencies or via directors, producers, writers, technicians or personal friends who have an "in" and use it in behalf of a newcomer. And this innocent fact is the very basis upon which the crooked "public relations counselor," agent or talent scout builds his pitch. It's the *leitmotif* of his spiel. Whether as close relative or intimate friend, he professes to wield boundless influence, and no outsider can determine the truth of his story until it's too late.

Something should be done, but nobody knows quite what. Until the situation is cleaned up though, Mother, you'd better stay home! • End

MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6	00	Town & Country Tim
	15	Weather Report
	25	Livestock Estimates
	30	Don Sullivan, Songs
	45	Don Sullivan, Songs
7	00	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade
	15	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade
	30	Sen. Sun Dial Serenade
8	00	News
	05	Weather
	10	News
	15	K. C. Council of Churches
	30	Shades of Black & White
9	00	AP News—Bob Grinde
	05	Guy Lombardo's Orch.
	15	Guy Lombardo's Orch.
	30	Dave Dennis' Orch.
	45	Dave Dennis' Orch.
10	00	AP News—Bob Grinde
	05	Cavalcade of Music
	15	Cavalcade of Music
	30	NW. Univ. Review Stand
	45	NW. Univ. Review Stand
11	00	AP News—Bob Grinde
	05	Wings Over Jordan
	15	Wings Over Jordan
	30	Sunday Serenade
	45	Sunday Serenade
		AP News—Bob Grinde
		Weatherman in Persa
		Fruit & Veg. Report
		Musical Clock
		Crosby Croons
		Musical Clock
		Unity Viewpoint
		Unity Viewpoint
		Martha Lagan's Kitch
		Plaza Program
		Second Spring
		G. Heatter's Mailbag
		G. Heatter's Mailbag
		Victor H. Lindlahr
		Luncheon on the Plaza
		Luncheon on the Plaza
		Kate Smith Speaks
		Kate Smith Speaks
		Kate Smith Sings
		Sandra Lea, Shopper
		Holland-Engle Show

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
12	00	Wm. L. Shirer
	15	Charles Keaton, Organ
	30	Eddy Duchin's Orch.
	45	K.C.U. Radio Theatre
1	00	Mutual Opera Concert
	30	Bill Cunningham—News
	45	The Vet. Wants to Know
2	00	The Shadow
	15	The Shadow
	30	Javonile Jury
	45	Juvenile Jury
3	00	House of Mystery
	15	House of Mystery
	30	True Detective Mys.
4	00	Boston Blockie
	15	Boston Blockie
	30	Quick as a Flash
	45	Quick as a Flash
5	00	Ray Rogers
	15	Roy Rogers
	30	Nick Carter
	45	Nick Carter
		AP News—Dick Smith
		Along the Highway
		Boogie Woogie Cowboys
		Missouri-Kansas News
		Queen for a Day
		Lanny Rass Show
		Cottonwood Ranch Boys
		Cedric Foster
		"88" Keys
		Bing Sings
		Say It With Music
		AP News—Dick Smith
		Let's Waltz
		Songs—John Wahlstedt
		Guy Lombardo's Orch.
		Cliff Edwards Show
		Staff Trio
		AP News—Dick Smith
		Superman
		Superman
		Captain Midnight
		Tom Mix

WHB-FM on 102.1 megacycles
now broadcasting 3 to 10 p.m.

PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

MORNING

	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Town & Country Time Weather Report Town & Country Time Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	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—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—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 Second Spring	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Second Spring	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Second Spring	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Second Spring	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Second Spring	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Your Home Beautiful Library Lady	9 00 05 15 30 45
G. Heatter's Mailbag G. Heatter's Mailbag Victor H. Lindlahr Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	G. Heatter's Mailbag G. Heatter's Mailbag Victor H. Lindlahr Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	G. Heatter's Mailbag G. Heatter's Mailbag Victor H. Lindlahr Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	G. Heatter's Mailbag G. Heatter's Mailbag Victor H. Lindlahr Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	G. Heatter's Mailbag G. Heatter's Mailbag Victor H. Lindlahr Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	AP News—Bruce Grant AP News—Bruce Grant Wyandotte Radio Shop Russ Morgan's Orch. 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	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

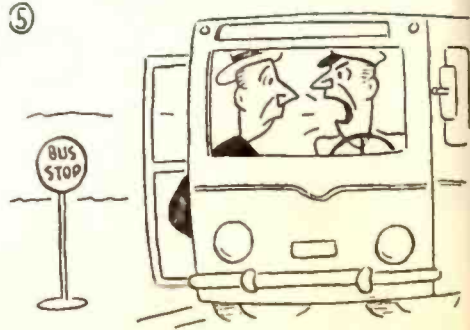
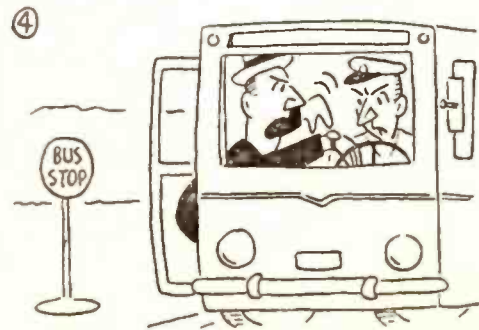
AFTERNOON

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 Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys	U. S. Marine Band Magic Rhythm Magic Rhythm	1 00 30 45
Cedric Foster "88" Keys Bing Sings Say It With Music	Cedric Foster "88" Keys Bing Sings Say It With Music	Cedric Foster "88" Keys Bing Sings Say It With Music	Cedric Foster "88" Keys Bing Sings Say It With Music	Poole's Paradise Poole's Paradise 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 Staff Trio	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Staff Trio	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Staff Trio	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Staff Trio	Swing Session Swing Session Musically Yours Sports Time	4 00 15 30 45
AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith		
Straight Arrow Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Superman Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Russ Hodges' Quiz Show Russ Hodges' Quiz Show True or False True or False	5 00 15 30 45

Evening schedule on next page

MAY PROGRAMS ON EVENING

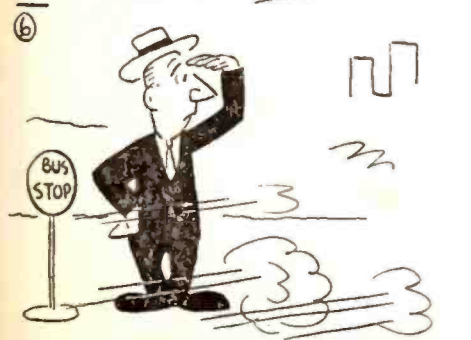
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
6 00 15 30 45 55	The Falcon The Falcon Mayor of the Town Mayor of the Town Johnny Desmond	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Gobriel Heatter Evening Serenade Evening Serenade	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Gobriel Heatter Evening Serenade Evening Serenade	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Gobriel Heatter Evening Serenade Evening Serenade	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Gobriel Heatter Evening Serenade Evening Serenade
7 00 15 30 45 55	Mediation Board Mediation Board Smoke Rings Smoke Rings Smoke Rings	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Sherlock Holmes Sherlock Holmes Bill Henry News	Gregory Hood Gregory Hood Official Detective Official Detective Bill Henry News	Can You Top This? Can You Top This? International Airport International Airport Bill Henry News	Ed Wilson Show Ed Wilson Show Western Hit Revue Western Hit Revue Bill Henry News
8 00 15 30 55	Under Arrest Under Arrest Jimmie Fidler Twin Views of News	Peter Salem Peter Salem Fishing & Hunting Club My Best Story	J. Steele, Adventurer J. Steele, Adventurer Mysterious Traveler Mysterious Traveler	Scattergood Baines Scattergood Baines Family Theatre Family Theatre	Air Force Hour Air Force Hour Plantation Jubilee Plantation Jubilee
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	This Is Paris This Is Paris Passing Parade News—John Thornberry
10 00 15 30 55	K.C. on Parade Network Dance Band Eddy Howard's Orch. News	K.C. on Parade Tavern Meeting of Air Xavler Cugot's Orch. News	K.C. on Parade Tavern Meeting of Air Ted Lewis' Orch. News	K.C. on Parade Tavern Meeting of Air Boyd Roeburn'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	Stuart Russel Trio Goy Claridge's Orch. Network Dance Band Midnight News	Stuart Russel Trio Sherman Hayes' Orch. Network Dance Band Midnight News	Stuart Russel Trio Lawrence Welk's Orch. Network Dance Band Midnight News	Stuart Russel Trio Sherman Hayes' Or Network Dance Band Midnight News
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





FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
ulton Lewis, Jr. alstoff Serenade abriel Heatter C. U. Personalities C. U. Personalities	Hawaii Calls Hawaii Calls Robert Siegrist News Guest Star Guest Star	6:00 15 30 45 55
xperience Speaks xperience Speaks ours for a Song ours for a Song ill Henry, News	Twenty Questions Twenty Questions Take a Number Take a Number Take a Number	7:00 15 30 45 55
pero Concert pera Concert he Enchanted Hour he Enchanted Hour	Life Begins at 80 Life Begins at 80 Guy Lombardo Sports Thrill of Week	8:00 15 30 55
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.C. on Parade overn Meeting of Air ichard Himber's Orch. ews	K.C. on Parade Network Dance Orch. Ted Lewis' Orch. News	10:00 15 30 55
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FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME

EVERY weekday morning, women gather to see the latest styles in wacky headgear at the hilarious new audience-participation show, *Luncheon on the Plaza*, heard over WHB at 10:30 a.m. Monday through Friday. Slightly top-heavy ladies parade about wearing strange creations on their heads—such as a feather duster decorated with flowers and bows, a live chicken inside a plastic egg, a music box that really plays or a miniature baseball diamond complete with players, umpire and hot dog stand. Owners of the craziest bonnets are given the opportunity to answer emcee Lou Kemper's puzzling "Riddle Me This"—and a chance to win the huge jackpot of gifts, worth hundreds of dollars. One of the contestants is always the oldest lady in the audience—and they're usually young at 90. She wins a huge bouquet of flowers and a big kiss from Frank Wiziarde, the effervescent "Keeper of the Crazy Hats." Free tickets to the show may be obtained at the Plaza Cafeteria or at the Sears, Roebuck Plaza store.



International Airport, a smashing new series of original, complete dramas, keyed to the air age and set against the background of the gateway to the world's largest city, is heard over WHB Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Featuring an all-star cast of radio actors, the series is produced and directed by Hi Brown. The dramas provide an entertaining "magic carpet" whereby the listener can escape into absorbing experiences of intrigue, suspense and human interest.

Broadcast direct from the French capital comes the picturesque variety program, *This Is Paris*, starring internationally famous Maurice Chevalier. In addition to Chevalier's charming song and patter, the program features outstanding guest entertainers and fashion authorities prominent in the field of Parisian clothes and design. Listeners can visit Paris over the WHB airways on Thursday evenings at 9:00.

Platter Chatter . . .

THE balmy May days will bring a metamorphosis in the lives of recording and entertainment stars. For them, May is hit-the-road time. Artists and bands are busy launching their perennial tours across the nation and abroad . . . Russ Morgan, after winding up a successful engagement at the mammoth new Shamrock Hotel in Houston, heads eastward on an extensive tour, with New York as the final destination . . . Jan Garber and his dance band will be basking in California sunshine on picturesque Catalina Island, where they are booked at the Casino Ballroom . . . The Andrews Sisters are planning a sojourn in Europe this summer. This Decca trio will have friendly competition abroad, incidentally, since Clark Dennis, Capitol Records crooner, is planning a similar trip . . . Andy and Della Russell are touring the country for a series of club and theatre bookings that will lead them westward to Hollywood . . . Victor's Deep River Boys are steaming back to a series of dates in the States after a successful trip to England . . . Freddy Martin has embarked on one of the longest journeys of his career, a coast-to-coast tour that will last until fall . . . The modes of transportation of the artists are varied and sundry. Several bands have their own buses equipped with berths so they can catch 40 winks en route. The majority travel by train. However, Vaughn Monroe goes to his engagements by air, picking up extra hours of sleep and rest with his time-saving flying machine . . . Patty Andrews and Bob Crosby have recently been cited "for their distinguished and meritorious efforts on behalf of America's 21 million cats"—and they don't mean hep-cats. It was all the result of cat publicity so successfully promoted through their Decca platter, *The Pussy Cat Song* . . . Toni (Candy Store Blues) Harper, the sensational teen-age singer, has been booked for a series of concerts this summer . . . The Page Cavanaugh Trio already has filmed a TV series—sounds like good material for some talent-cravin' sponsor . . . "Smiling" Jack Smith also is hopped-up over TV and has formed his own business called "TV Productions" . . . Guy Lombardo is as crazy over speedboats as ever. His new craft is being built by Henry Kaiser, and with it, Guy hopes to surpass the present record of 141 m.p.h. this sum-



mer . . . Ted Weems stopped long enough from his barnstorming tour to cut eight new sides for Mercury in Chicago . . . Another Ted—"Is Everybody Happy?" Lewis—is currently appearing at the fabulous Copa City in Miami Beach. Watch for his latest platter, *Pal-ing Around With You* . . . Groucho Marx attracted a score of chuckles when asked if he were a pyramid clubber. His reply: "No. When would I ever have occasion to club a pyramid?"

Betcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . that after college, Dinah Shore started her singing career as the prettier half of a boy and girl team. Her team mate was another unknown singer—a lad from Hoboken named Frank Sinatra . . . Cole Porter was in the French Foreign Legion and wrote his first success in 1919, entitled *An Old Fashioned Garden* . . . Singer Peggy Lee's real name is Norma Egstrom, and she hails from Jamestown, North Dakota.

Highly Recommended . . .

CAPITOL 15421—Betsy Gay with Andy Parker and his Plainsmen. *I Didn't Know the Gun Was Loaded* plus *I Ain't Got Nothin' to Lose*. This is a zany, hillbilly number featuring, for the first time on Capitol, the big-voiced Betsy Gay teamed with Andy Parker and the Plainsmen. You'll enjoy Betsy's hilarious vocal and the weird musical background. The reverse features a band group vocal chanting a rhythmic rendition of this

jumpy, folk-flavored tune. Novel entertainment!

CTOR 20-3384—Freddy Martin and his orchestra. *1500 Dream Street* backed by *The Little Old Church in Leicester Square*. That man with the dreamy sax is back with another smooth coupling. The soft, mellow tones of *Dream Street* are definitely for relaxing, satisfying listening. The saxman gives a tender treatment to the *Square* side too. Both tunes feature the crooning of Merv Griffin and the Martin men. If you like your tunes long on melody—this is for you!

COLUMBIA 38449—Tony Pastor and his orchestra. *It's a Cruel, Cruel World* and "A"—*You're Adorable*. The Pastor crew comes to a reluctant and cynical conclusion that with the high cost of living and loving, it's a cruel world. Tony, the Clooney Sisters, and the boys in the band join in for sparkling vocal gymnastics. The flip is a lesson in ABC's. With the help of the alphabet, Tony and the Clooney gals render a bright musical description of a love affair. Both sides are highly danceable.

ECCA 24559—Bing Crosby with Vic Schoen and his orchestra. *So in Love* and *Why Can't You Behave?* Just what we've been waiting for! Two wonderful songs from the Cole Porter musical *Kiss Me Kate*, hailed as the biggest hit to storm Broadway since *Oklahoma!* And of course, no one better to sing them than Bing. Bing warbles these ballads in his usual first rate croonin' manner. No wonder these tunes are soaring to popularity. The entire family will go for this platter.

Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside, JA 5200.

COLUMBIA 30158—The Five Scamps. *With All My Heart* plus *Red Hot*. Here's another talented group of Kansas City artists headed for fame. The versatile Five Scamps make their bow on

Columbia with a socko coupling. The first is a slow, sweet ballad sung by Earl Robinson while the rest of the boys harmonize in the background. The flip takes off on a fast boogie beat and keeps up the rapid pace all the way. The boys don't even stop for breath. Rudy Masengale's sax is featured in this driving jazz number. Both sides are highly entertaining.

DECCA 24593—Gordon Jenkins and his orchestra. *My Dream Is Yours* with *I'm Beginning to Miss You*. The former Webster Groves, Missouri, band leader has waxed another terrific platter. Two potential big-time hits are done in the distinctive Jenkins manner. Both sides sparkle with fine phrasing by the orchestra and superb vocal work by Joe Graydon and mixed chorus. Both are smooth and mellow—good for listening or dancing, so take your pick!

VICTOR 20-3393—Phil Harris and his orchestra. *Elmer and the Bear* plus *The Mountaineer and the Jabberwock*. Phil is back, running for his life from a bear that almost snags him on the first side of this new waxing. It's typical Harris humor, resulting from fast and heavy lyrics. The reverse is a rapid jumble of crazy words telling Phil's escapade with a seven-headed bird, not normally found in North America. It's fun all the way and a must for Harris fans!

CAPITOL 15416—Peggy Lee with Dave Barbour's orchestra. *Si Mi Lau* (*See-Me-Lo*) plus *While We're Young*. Peggy's insinuating voice will haunt you with this weird, mysterious voodoo song, *Si Mi Lau*. A strange, jungle drum rhythm is provided by the band. Definitely different! The underside is in sharp contrast. It's a light, romantic ballad sung by Peggy in her usual charming style. This is an unforgettable pair.

Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

▲
An old railroad engineer had just pulled his locomotive up to the water tank. The young fireman mounted the tank, brought down the spout, but in his hurry he slipped and stepped right into the tank.

"Son," said the veteran engineer laconically, "just fill the tank with water. You don't have to stomp it down."

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ WEISS'S CAFE.

The historic tradition of the old Coates House lingers on in this attractive cafe, creating a perfect atmosphere for aristocratic dining. The ornate fireplace at the south end of the room was there when the Coates House played host to Sarah Bernhardt, Grover Cleveland and other celebrities of the gaslight era. The cocktail lounge with its long glass bar is sparkingly modern—a very popular place for afternoon gatherings. The distinguished menu features many Continental dishes, including excellent capon and roast duckling. And the chef has a certain way with Maine lobster broiled in butter! There's always a crowd here around noon enjoying Weiss's extra large salads and other luncheon specials. Coates House. VI 6904.



★ PUTSCH'S 210. This exquisitely decorated restaurant has the gracious, tranquil air of New Orleans. Deep green walls, iron grillwork and a light-studded ceiling distinguish the dining room, while floral wall paper, brass candelabra and oil paintings lend a fashionable elegance to the lovely Victorian Lounge. For background music, the brilliant piano of Henry O'Neill alternates with Gene Pringle's versatile trio of violin, piano and vibraphone. The excellent cuisine includes tender, aged steaks, roast beef, broiled live lobster and fresh Colorado trout. Full course dinners are served as late as midnight. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ SAVOY GRILL. The Imperial Room provides perfect surroundings for quiet, elegant dining. Large scroll mirrors reflect the soft colored lighting, and green ivy grows in wall boxes below rose drapes. But whether you dine in this new modern room or in the old Grill proper, where the dark paneled walls, high green leather booths and pioneer murals have mellowed with age, the excellent food will be served with the dignity and courtesy that has long

been a Savoy tradition. The house specializes in seafood—three pound lobsters, Gulf shrimp, swordfish, red snapper, soft shell crab—and of course, the famous Savo filet mignons. Brown will see that every thing pleases you. 9th and Central. V 3890.

★ NANCE'S CAFE. Chances are you'll see a celebrity or two here, enjoying the delicious food for which Nance's has been noted for almost 45 years. In one of the three spacious dining rooms, pictures of movie stars, entertainers and important people who have eaten here, line the wall—mute testimony to Nance's popularity of long standing. A special unusual delicacy is tender, stuffed pigeon; and the potato roast dish is equally famous. Be sure to make friends with the Biscuit Girl who has flaky hot biscuits in her basket, and of course, your waitress will be glad to fill and refill your cup with some of the most savory coffee in town. The room beyond the grilled gate may be reserved for private parties. Incidentally, Nance's pays you parking across the street. 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. There's always a crowd perched at the bar here chatting merrily and sampling those special extra-dry martinis. Of course, the New York skyline mural above the bar is an eye catcher, but don't fail to notice the unusual dining room walls—a sort of natural wood mosaic, smartly attractive with the wino upholstery. As for food, try the roast beef thick, juicy and tender—with French fried onions or a tossed salad with the excellent oil dressing. 1114 Baltimore. VI 9711.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ TROCADERO. An unusual duo team currently is packing in the crowds at the Trocadero. You'll agree it's amazing when Keith White plays the Hammond organ and the piano—both at the same time! Virginia White taps out skilful staccatos on the drums or sings duet with Keith. It's quite a fascinating bit of entertainment to ac



company cocktails mixed by the adroit mixers. Cordial Bob Lederman makes sure that his guests enjoy themselves. You'll like the friendly, informal atmosphere of this popular neighborhood spot in the midtown area. 6 West 39th. VA 916.

DOMAR ROOM. This softly lighted room is lush, plush and inviting. There's every competent pianoing in the background. Eddie Oyer, who'll be glad to play any request you name. Only men dare approach the multi-mirrored bar, but women find the cushiony davenport seats more to their liking anyway. For quiet drinking or lazy conversation, this is a charming hideaway. The Alcove, a friendly look just off the main lobby, serves two cocktails—any kind you name—for the price of one, from three to eleven p.m. The college crowd, among others, haunts this place. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore, HA 6040.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

DOWNTOWN INTERLUDE. Those big names keep on appearing at the Interlude and the crowds keep on coming to enjoy them. The big, big news for the first part of May is that widely celebrated quartet—the Charioteers! They'll be followed by some of the famous entertainers who have been booked in breath-taking succession at this midtown spot. The excellent entertainment vies with the food for the patrons' attention, but do take time for some of that delicious, golden brown fried chicken or a juicy, tender steak. Dale Overfelt is the man responsible for the extra-special entertainment—and the good, strong drinks. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

ADRIAN'S MART RESTAURANT. One corner beckons the smorgasbord table laden with sumptuous delicacies prepared to meet the taste of any epicure. These luscious tidbits are supposed to serve as appetizers, but you'll probably have to loosen your belt a notch before attacking that thick, juicy 16-ounce sirloin steak. If beef is not your choice, there is a wide variety of excellent seafoods—lobster,rimp creole, crab—or crisp fried chicken served with biscuits and honey. The decor is sleek and modern—and the service is easily fast. Be sure to come in time

for cocktails in the attractive bar adjoining the dining room. Free parking south of the building. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ PLAZA RESTAURANT-CAFETERIA. The smart, modern cafeteria downstairs is jammed every weekday morning with lively radio audiences having a wonderful time at the new WHB audience participation show, "Luncheon on the Plaza." Everybody usually stays on for lunch here because the tempting food along the spotless counters is almost impossible to resist. Others prefer the stylish restaurant-bar where full table service is offered. It's a very popular afternoon gathering place for Plaza shoppers taking time out for cocktails. And for a tasty sandwich snack or a big double ice cream soda, there's the bright soda fountain-sandwich bar. Drop in any time to pick up some pastries at the bakery counter. The fresh, fragrant wares are prepared daily in their own bakery. 414 Alameda Road. WE 3773.

Something Different . . .



★ SHARP'S BROADWAY NINETIES. There's no place quite like this in Kansas City! It's a spot where people can throw inhibitions to the winds and have a merry, friendly, old-fashioned good time. Everybody joins in to sing the old tunes to the accompaniment of a tireless pianist who obligingly plays on and on. The college kids love the chummy atmosphere—and of course, they sing the loudest and lustiest. Big, wonderful portions of hickory smoked barbecued ribs, grilled tenderloins, and fried chicken are served. That old-time tandem propped above the bar is a real antique—a hangover from way back in the *Bicycle Built for Two* days. Broadway and Southwest Blvd. GR 1095.

★ KING JOY LO. Don Toy presides over this spacious restaurant convenient to everything in the downtown area of Kansas City. Mr. Toy offers a Cantonese cuisine of the very finest—chicken chop suey, chow mein with tender bean sprouts, dry fried rice, baby shrimp, egg foo young,

rich almond cookies, and a long list of other delicacies which you can eat with or without chopsticks. Steak, lobster and chicken lead the wide selection of American dishes on the extensive menu. There are private booths for a quiet rendezvous, or tables—heavily carved affairs with marble centers—before big view windows for those who like to watch the ever-changing masses surging up and down Main Street. 8 West 12th Street (Second Floor). HA 8113.

★ **UNITY INN.** The green, latticed walls and bright potted flowers make this a cheerful, cool spot for luncheon on a sunny May day. The delicious food is unique since only meatless meals are served here. The big leafy fruit and vegetable salads, intricately decorated with cheese, nuts or fancy dressings all look so tempting it's hard to choose. Rich, fancy pastries or creamy homemade ice cream complete a pleasant and satisfying meal. The busy cafeteria is managed skilfully by the Unity School of Christianity. Closed on Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

In a Class by Itself . . .

★ **PLAZA BOWL.** Morning, noon and night this is about the busiest spot on the Plaza. The pin boys set 'em up all day long on the 32 glass-smooth alleys. Time out for food or drink simply means a few steps into the smartly decorated soundproof cocktail lounge or into the bright, attractive restaurant with its comfy red leather booths and counter for quick service. It's amazing, but a special delicious dinner—steak, potatoes, rolls and butter—is yours for only \$1.20! Also featured are the multiple-layered super sandwiches and the

big, tasty salads. Music by Muzak completes this thoroughly enjoyable recreation center. LO 6659. 430 Alameda Road.

To See and Be Seen . . .



★ **PENGUIN ROOM.**

A touch of sophistication and a dash of gaiety mingle to create the charm of this handsome room. For entertainment Stuart Russell's stylish trio plays smooth, danceable music with lilting

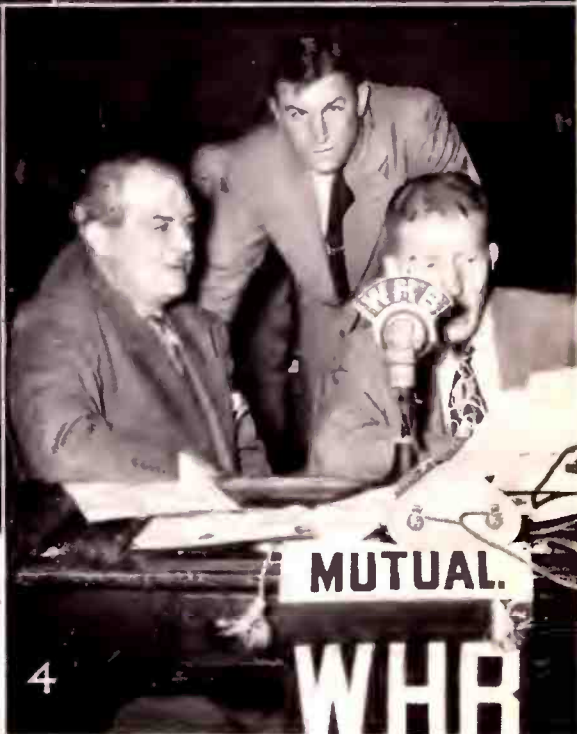
accents by Chuck Henry and Betty Jane. Fine food, delicately prepared by a chef who knows his business, is served with flourish, and there's a wide choice of excellent liquors. This is a smart downtown club which promises a memorable evening of dining and dancing. Hotel Continental 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ **EL CASBAH.** The top in sophisticated entertainment is offered in this fashionably polished setting. Through May 5, John O'Leary with his "satirical Irishman" patter will be featured, while Eric Corro's "Stork Club" orchestra plays smart music for dancing. The famous recording artist Ruth Wallis, will follow for a two week stay with Jack Nye's piano and dance orchestra—direct from recent smash engagements at Ciro's and Tom Brenneman in Hollywood. Then on May 20, Joe Raidin, comedian from the Brown Hotel in Louisville, will take over. All this with no cover or minimum! Hotel Belvoir, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Too Much of a Good Thing

Ernest Newman, the great British music critic, once attended a play built around the creative life of a composer. Mr. Newman objected to the idea of the play, which was that the composer's work improved as his sufferings grew more intense. Disaster followed disaster for three acts. The climax came in the fourth act when the unfortunate composer, by now writing magnificently inspired music, contracted leprosy and was banished to a leper's colony in the South Seas.

As the final curtain dropped, Newman leaned angrily to a friend next to him. "For the quality of the music he composed in the final act," he whispered, "a touch of eczema would have been quite enough."



Page Cavanaugh autographs one of his trio's popular recordings for Swing Session's Bob Kennedy.

In a WHB interview, William Pine, Paramount producer, discusses his new technicolor movie, *El Paso*.

Dr. Franklin Murphy, president of

the Kansas University School of Medicine, addresses members of the Co-Operative Club at their weekly luncheon.
4. WHB newscasters Dick Smith and Owen Bush broadcast scores at the N.C.A.A. Western Division Championships, while All-American football star Ray Evans looks on.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



**PROOF
of
Audience
Response!**

WHB—and WHB *also*—sold out seven TW Constellation Sunday sight-seeing trips in afternoon.

Every weekday, WHB crams in 500 spectators for its sparkling new audience-participation show, "Luncheon on the Plaza."

For five weeks, a WHB-promoted "Talent Quest" attracted hundreds of contestants, drew capacity crowds to theatres.

Customers overflow neighborhood taverns nightly for the unusual WHB interview program, "Tavern Meeting of the Air."

Exclusive WHB promotion of a square dance contest jammed 9000 persons into the Kansas City Municipal Auditorium.

Aggressive, powerful WHB gets results! Let WHB promote and sell your product.

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