VEMBER-DECEMBER, 1949

Swing

25¢

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Colorful, provincial Kansas awakens once more.

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HE MAGAZINE OF TOMORROW—TODAY!

WHB News Reel

In Kansas City for the Midwest premiere of *Fighting Man of the Plains,* five Twentieth Century Fox stars register as members of *Club 710* (2 to 4 p.m., Monday through Saturday).

1. "Gabby" Hayes
2. Mary Stuart and Joan Taylor
3. Victor Jorey (with Frank Wiziarde)
4. Dale Robertson

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foreword

HEROISM is compounded of character, training ability, and opportunity.

War is the most fertile field for bravery. But the man who sacrifices his reputation, his fortune, his personal privacy or his security for a cause in which he believes is no less a hero than the one who risks physical oblivion in battle.

This fall we have seen the rise of two new heroes. They wore uniforms, but they were quiet, family men, leading reasonably secure lives in a period of momentary peace. Their names are Crommelin and Denfeld.

Few civilians understand the inflexible code which governs our military caste. An officer builds his career with patient care from boyhood. He directs those below him according to regulation. He obeys those above him according to regulation. He works tirelessly to create his own professional reputation. Above all, he conforms.

But this October, two did not conform. In a pair of calculated—perhaps foolhardy—acts, Captain John Crommelin, USN, blew the lid off the fermenting pot of interservice political pressures which has been gall to the Navy for many months. And mild Admiral Louis Denfeld, Chief of Naval Operations, publicly supported the angry charges made by a parade of high-ranking Navy officers during the ensuing Congressional investigation.

Each of them willfully, knowingly, sealed his own professional doom. Each of them washed his entire lifetime down the drain.

Perhaps they were in error. Perhaps they accomplished nothing. But these two, Denfeld and Crommelin, are heroes nonetheless. Each of them kept faith—with himself.

Mori

Tasty, Too!

AN attache of a foreign embassy in Mexico City discovered at the end of a taxi journey that he had only ten centavos in change over and above his five peso taxi bill. He tendered this as a tip to the driver, whereupon he was subjected to a vituperative tirade of language such as only a Mexican cab driver can unleash. The passenger listened for a moment, and then replied in perfect Spanish, "But my dear man, I am sure that ten centavos will be quite sufficient to buy your mother a bone."

America's Strangest Bank

IN the little community of Joshua Tree, California, on the Mojave Desert, is the strangest bank in the United States. It issues no banknotes, keeps no records, pays no dividends nor interest, does not advertise for depositors. It maintains night club hours and keeps its total assets in plain sight.

Despite these things, it has several dozen depositors, most of them tourists, all of whom have requested permission to deposit money.

The bank is the rear wall of a tavern called Below's Bar and Grill.

One night about three years ago, a traveler said to Dewey Below, the proprietor, "You know, I'd sure hate to be out on the desert with no money." A thoughtful look came into his eyes. "I'm loaded with dough now," he said, "but I may come through here broke some day. Would you mind keeping this five dollar bill for me?"

"All right," Below said. "Sign your name on a slip of paper for identification."

But instead of keeping the bill in the cash register or a drawer, Below thumb-tacked it to the wall behind the bar, where he already had a collection of odds and ends that would put many a museum to shame.

Later, another tourist saw the bill and asked about it. When Below explained what had happened, the tourist gave Below another bill to keep. Others followed suit, until now the wall is literally papered with money that customers have given to Below for safekeeping.

As a business builder, the idea has been phenomenal for the little tavern on the 29 Palms Highway, a hundred miles east of Los Angeles. Word-of-mouth publicity brings in tourists. Depositors return constantly.

But aside from its importance to Below, the little tavern bank is a tribute to the trust of American people.—*Bob Downer.*

Classy Classifieds

FROM the London *Times*: "Wanted, responsible appointment, minimum work and four-figure salary with unlimited expense sheet; will travel anywhere in luxury only; if really essential, can supply references."

From the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: "Man wanted. Must be a salesman, expert driver, talker, liar, hunter, fisherman, dancer, traveler, bridge player, poker and golf player, diplomat, financier, capitalist, philanthropist, authority on palmistry, dogs, cats, horses, blondes, brunettes, and redheads. A man of vision and ambition, after-dinner speaker, night owl—work all day, stay up all night and appear fresh next day. Must be a man's man, a ladies' man, a Democrat, Republican, New Dealer, Old Dealer, technician, politician, mathematician, and mechanic, to represent established chemical manufacturer."

HEROES OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Blizzards, floods, fires, lightning, hurricanes, explosions—all in a day's work.

by ROBERT STEIN

LIGHTS flickered weakly in homes all across central Colorado on the night of December 31, 1945. Outside, one of the worst blizzards in Rocky Mountain history was clawing fiercely at light-and-power lines. And in an office of the Colorado Public Service Company in Denver, 11 volunteer maintenance men listened intently as line chief E. V. Stuart outlined their grim New Year's Eve job.

"The Hagerman Pass circuit is breaking down," Stuart explained tersely. "We'll have to get up there and fix it."

An hour later, the 12-man crew, swathed in storm clothes, piled into a truck and started on the first lap upward to Hagerman Pass, a 12,200-foot-high pin point in the Rockies—the highest power line station in the world.

. . . Bewildered motorists braked their storm-shrouded cars as Denver street lights suddenly dimmed, blacking out their view of the road . . .

Bucking cyclone-force winds, the repair crew's truck plodded slowly up the 40-mile, snow-banked valley of the Frying Pan River. Then, 12 miles from the pass, it sputtered to a dead halt.

Abandoning the snow-bogged truck, Stuart and his crew quickly unloaded their supplies. Each man swung a pack of equipment over his back as Stuart and his assistant, Eldin Larsen, moved ahead to break trail.

. . . In a mental institution high in the mountains, inmates huddled in terror as their dining room lights began to flicker. Worried doctors and orderlies hurriedly blockaded the doors . . .

Fighting off exhaustion, the repair crew plodded slowly up the mountainside toward Hell Gate — a narrow, slippery shelf of road carved into the side of a cliff towering 1,000 feet above a canyon floor. One by one, the men began to edge their way around the thin rim of the cliff.

. . . A young surgeon looked up anxiously at the fading lights of the operating room. "I've got to have more light," he mumbled to himself in panic . . .

Two hours after they squeezed their way past Hell Gate, Stuart and his crew staggered into a cabin just below the apex of Hagerman Pass. Quickly, they unloaded their equipment and went to work on the wind-lashed power station. With the thermometer at 30 below zero, they untangled snarled steel cable. They soldered broken lines, improvised splints and braces for crumbling towers. Every few minutes, they stopped to thaw out their stiff-frozen work gloves with blow torches.

When the crew marched wearily back to Denver eight days later, every man was suffering from severe wind scald and frostbite. But throughout the blizzard they had managed to keep vital electric power pumping through the lines to hospitals, factories and homes.

Like Stuart and his crew, thousands of men regularly risk injury and death to keep your gas and electric service uninterrupted through blizzards, floods, fires, hurricanes and other major disasters. And in less spectacular circumstances, they brave danger daily to safeguard your family's health and comfort.

To shed light on these little-known exploits, the Edison Electric Institute and the American Gas Association each year present valor awards to heroic gas and electric men. Their records tell hundreds of dramatic stories about the men who casually read your gas meter or splice a broke wire in your basement.

On his way to inspect gas lines nea Mitro, West Virginia, Frank Botki stopped to watch a 12-year-old bo chopping wood with a double-edge axe. As Botkin looked on, the blad suddenly caught in a clothesline ove the boy's head and came crashin down on his skull.

Quickly, Botkin raced over to th fallen youngster. Pressing his temple the gas man managed to stop th spurting blood. Botkin shouted to a tract the attention of a nearby farme who helped lift the unconscious bo into the gas company car. As he drov Botkin shouted hurried instructio over his shoulder. Following his o ders, the frightened farmer ministere to the youngster's wound. Half a hour later, a grateful country doct told Botkin that his quick action ha saved the boy's life.

On a rainy summer morning Somerville, New Jersey, Geor Creely gazed dreamily out of his o fice window in the local gas compan Suddenly, Creely was jolted out his reverie as a lightning bolt hit t huge gasoline tank next to the g company building and ripped open six-foot seam at the top. Catchi fire, the escaping fuel set off a tr of flames that began to creep slow toward 216,000 gallons of gasoli inside the tank.

Recovering from his initial sho Creely grabbed a suit jacket and rac out of the building. Without hesit ing, he scrambled up a slippery, 4 foot ladder at the side of the tank a began beating out the fire. Two m

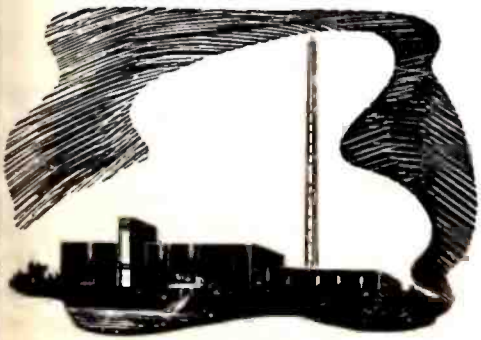
utes later, the last of the flames disappeared under his flailing jacket—inches away from setting off an explosion that might have wrecked half the town.

Bravery takes a hundred forms in the everyday actions of the men who guard our gas and electric lines. To safeguard our homes, they wade through flooded cellars, swim icy rivers, beat their way into burning buildings. Records of their exploits read like the pages of a blood-curdling dime novel.

In Neosho, Missouri, Raymond Marshall paddled a canoe through flood waters during an all-night search for an emergency gas valve. Rowing past tree tops, he finally found the valve, stood in neck-deep water to turn it off and restored service to his hometown and a nearby Army camp.

When firemen accidentally broke a gas valve during an oil refinery blaze in Oakland, California, Michael Keane of the local light and power company donned an asbestos suit and walked into the flames. As firemen played hoses about him, Keane calmly shut off a gas line burning at the base of a drum containing 4,000 gallons of oil.

In Greenville, Mississippi, an ex-football player named Charlie Elam saw a fellow linesman unwittingly reach for a 13,000-volt connection. Elam saved his life with a flying tackle that knocked him clear of the live wire.



Many of the heroic deeds performed on your behalf go unheralded because they take place miles from your home. In an Astoria, New York, gas plant, a freak explosion threw John Holoubek 12 feet in the air and dropped him unconscious over a railing. Coming to, Holoubek found his clothes on fire. He beat out the flames with his bare hands and stumbled to his feet—only to faint again.

Somehow, Holoubek managed to regain consciousness for a second time. Painfully making his rounds, he discovered tar gushing through a broken gas line. Quickly, he shut off the valve. Farther on, Holoubek found that the plant's water pumps were out of order, threatening to flood the building. Wincing with each movement, he climbed into a deep pit and opened an emergency valve. For the next five hours, Holoubek stayed on duty, helping a maintenance crew restore the plant to normal. Then, he limped over to his foreman.

"I think I could use some first aid," he said quietly.

Examining him, amazed doctors found that Holoubek had been going about his work with second-degree burns and half a dozen rib fractures. They kept him flat on his back for the next 19 days.

Quick thinking as well as courageous action is a mark of the gas and electric man. During a recent Columbia River flood in the state of Wash-

ington, repair men found a broken wire dangling in the raging river. It had to be cut, to avoid the short-circuiting of nearby lines. Seeing that there was no chance of swimming 50 feet into the flood waters, lineman Paul Trull did some fast calculating. He ran over to a nearby farmhouse and borrowed a high-powered rifle. Two minutes later, the problem was solved. Trull broke off the dangling wire with a neatly aimed bullet.

Gas and electric men go through regular drills in artificial respiration for shock victims—and with amazing results. In the past 15 years, the Edison Electric Institute and the American Gas Association have awarded over 500 medals for life-saving feats of resuscitation. In Saginaw, Michigan, Russell Sarrine, a light and power company employee, put this training to good use after working hours.

A storm had flooded Saginaw's streets and blown down a live wire near Sarrine's home. As 19-year-old Ruth Carpenter tried to wade across the street, an automobile swerved to avoid her. It hit the crackling wire and lashed it against the young woman's body. She fell to the pavement, screaming.

Hearing the outcry, Sarrine raced out of his home in time to help bystanders push away the wire with a dry wooden pole. Carrying the unconscious young woman into the clear, Sarrine began to administer artificial respiration. Twenty minutes later, she began to breathe naturally again. And in half an hour, Ruth Carpenter was on her way home—shaken but unhurt.

But men have no monopoly on heroism during power emergencies. When a recent flood swept over Pittsburgh, two telephone operators in the city's power company—Margaret Daly and Margaret Gross — started out for work in a rowboat. Two hundred yards away, they had to get out, clamber up a ladder and scurry across a line of rooftops. But they managed to get through to their switchboard. And for the next three days, they stayed there—relaying vital messages that helped the company keep power flowing throughout Pittsburgh's flood emergency.

Courage seems to be just as much a part of the average gas and electric man's equipment as the tool kit he carries. During the past ten years, dozens of power company employees have received Carnegie Hero medals, the nation's highest award for peace-time bravery. Typical of these heroes is Ralph Gentile, lineman for a Rhode Island power company.

Gentile was perched high on a pole outside Westerly, Rhode Island, watching a Navy fighter plane swoop gracefully by. Suddenly, the plane went into a spin and plunged earthward. Gentile scrambled down the pole and with another bystander, Benjamin York, sprinted across a meadow toward the fallen plane. As they approached the burning wreck, they were startled by strange poppin noises. Suddenly, they felt a rush of air. Gentile pushed York to the ground and dropped beside him.

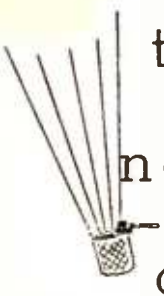
"Bullets . . . exploding," he shouted.

Crouching, Gentile raced toward the flaming fuselage. Without hesitation, he crawled into the blaze an

(Continued on page 15)

No one has ever solved this Arctic mystery. Can you?

The Balloon that never came back



by BRADLEY ROBINSON

FOR years prior to Admiral Peary's great achievement in the Arctic, the North Pole was a geographical prize coveted by explorers in bold and eager competition. One ambitious explorer attempted to reach the Pole on foot, dragging his supplies on a sledge. Nansen tried it by anchoring his ship in an ice floe, hoping the drift would carry him to the apex of the earth. But the most daring attempt of all was made in 1897 by a Swedish engineer named Salomon Andree.

In some respects Andree was far ahead of his times. Today, it is doubtful if a North Pole expedition would be considered without the use of air transportation. Yet that was a weird notion a little over 50 years ago when Andree set out to do just that—explore the North Pole by air.

Of course, Andree had no plane. He used, instead, a balloon, but no ordinary balloon. The Eagle, Andree's ship, was rigged with a set of steering sails and long guide ropes that trailed from the gondola, and dragged over the ice. With this unique design, he had demonstrated in early flights that he could gain, to some degree, dirigibility unknown in the common free balloon. So when Andree announced that he was going to make the first aerial attempt to discover the Pole, his plan was quickly supported by the enthusiasm and money of Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, and by King Oscar of Sweden.

In July of 1897, Andree took off in The Eagle, with no less than five tons of equipment, from Dane Island, Spitzbergen, a location some 475 miles north of Norway. With him were two companions, Knut Fraenkel and Niles Strindberg.

Two long days passed before a carrier pigeon returned to anxious watchers at the home base. The message said that a gentle wind was carrying The Eagle northward and all aboard were well. After that—silence. The world waited expectantly, but there was no further word.

Then late that year, a sealing vessel reached port to tell the story of having heard cries of distress coming from across the ice in the vicinity of Spitzbergen. Hurriedly, a rescue party was sent out. They found nothing. Refusing to give them up as lost, King Oscar and Nobel sent another searching party in 1898, and a third the following year, but no trace of The Eagle or Andree's party was found.

Two years later, a battered buoy from The Eagle turned up on the coast of Iceland. Examination proved it had been dropped shortly after the take-off; it carried a laconic message that all was well. A year later a second buoy washed ashore on Norway containing a similar message. And then silence again. Gradually, hope of ever finding Andree's expedition or of learning their fate diminished with the passing years, and the disappearance of The Eagle became a baffling and unsolved mystery of the Arctic.

Thirty-three years later, in 1930, a Norwegian sealer anchored off the southern tip of little-visited White Island. Two crew members went ashore and returned with the startling news that they had uncovered an old canvas boat half buried in a snow drift. And in the boat they had found a piece of equipment stenciled "Andree Polar Expedition." Stirred by this information and eager to unravel the Andree mystery, scientists descended on White Island. There they stumbled onto the final camp site of the ill-fated expedition.

But the mystery of Andree's party was not entirely solved. Among the ruins of what had once been a hut of wood and balloon silk were the skele tons of Fraenkel and Andree. The had died within six feet of each othe and the thin rags covering their bone indicated they had been lightl dressed. Nearby were two sleepin bags and a table with an overturne bowl bearing evidence of having cor tained food. Between them was small, single-burner kerosene stove, th tank of which still contained fue Scattered about the camp area wer the bones of seal and bear, and clos by a mound of rocks marked Strin berg's crude grave.

The tragic account of The Eagle flight was pieced together from th journals the three men had left b hind. Mouldy and half-devoured b time and weather, the journals told grim story of failure and an 80-da battle to reach land against the e hausting odds of drifting ice, cold an starvation. Strindberg's photograph plates, exposed and dormant 33 yea yielded pathetic pictures of T Eagle floundering on the ice, its gre bag coated by the ice of Arctic storm There were scenes of the men dra ging their heavy sledges over the dri ing ice in a desperate attempt to rea solid land.

At the point where the party gain the safety of White Island, the jou nals became difficult to decipher. T few legible words mentioned findi game, establishing camp, a storm, a the collection of drift wood. E there was no mention of Strindber death. And what happened to t other two on White Island beca the greatest puzzle of all. Th Strindberg died, possibly from illne before Fraenkel and Andree is ob-

us. But how did the two survivors neet their death?

They could not have died from tarvation, not in the face of evidence f ample food. They could not have rozen to death. The fact that their emains were lightly clad indicates varmth in their shelter. If they were reezing they would have at least ought the protection of their sleeping ags. And the strongest disproof of his freezing theory is their stove and ts supply of fuel.

It was the stove which prompted Vilhjalmur Stefansson to expound a heory which may be closest to the olution. From the position of the wo bodies it was apparent both men net a common death. It was, Stefnsson said, carbon monoxide poisoning. Asphyxiation from a kerosene urner similar to Andree's was not ncommon in Arctic expeditions. It ad killed two survivors of the *Karluk* lisaster in their sleep and it very nearly killed a member of Admiral Byrd's Little America party.

Since a fatal quantity of carbon monoxide is odorless and difficult to detect, it is very likely Andree and Fraenkel succumbed to the lethal gas without being aware of its presence. Such a situation would mean the hut was without ventilation, even a small draft. If this was the case then why did the stove not burn itself out? Was it possible that one of the men fainted, thus warning the other, who grasping the danger, got up and released the pressure of the stove, letting the flame die? Why didn't he rush to the door and flood the room with clean air?

Had that small tank on Andree's kerosene stove been empty, the solution to the problem would be obvious. But the tell-tale presence of fuel makes the strange death of the two explorers a mystery that will never be solved.

A Tongue for Profit

The major was buying a horse. The slick-tongued dealer paused before one of the animals. "This one, sir," said the horse trader, "would be an excellent buy for you. Why, this horse has been bred in the best military traditions."

The major was impressed and bought the horse. A few days later he furiously returned to the dealer.

"This animal is nothing but a stubborn nag," he shouted. "I thought you said that this horse was bred in the best military traditions!"

"So he is," replied the dealer. "He'd rather die than run."

▲

Silas, the handy man, was well-known about town for his skill in the art of dunning. He would gladly assist in any odd job, but if payment was not prompt, he resorted to his own ingenious methods.

One day, when he had finished mowing and trimming a lawn, he went to the house for his pay. The lady who had requested his services, absent-mindedly dismissed him with a "that's a fine job, Si, thank you," and started to shut the door.

"Just a minute, ma'am," Silas said slowly. "Mind endorsin' that so they'll cash it at the bank?"

Banking for the Blind

TODAY the problems of money-handling and banking for the blind are being solved in a large way. A year ago, the first checking account for a sightless depositor was opened with the check partially printed in Braille.

This notable innovation in banking started in Omaha, Nebraska, through the efforts of Eugene R. Oglebay, a teller at the Omaha National Bank. The system is yet in its infancy, but appears to be on the way to national acceptance.

Oglebay read about the Radio Engineering School for blind students conducted by Lavon O. Peterson, who is himself blind. He went to the school to observe the activities in Peterson's unusual classes, and became so intrigued with what he could see, and with what the students could do who couldn't see, he decided to give his time and energies to devise a check for the blind: a means to make their financial affairs less difficult.

Following an exhaustive study of the subject—and after consultations with bank officials, a manufacturer of rubber stamps, a printer, and the FBI—a satisfactory check and banking plan were evolved. Since the opening of the first account, many new advantages are being extended to the blind business men and women of the country.

Oglebay's check is standard size, with lines for the date, number of the check, payee's name, amount, and a line for the maker's signature in raised Braille lines. There are two raised lines forming rectangles on the right for thumbprints. The blind person puts his right thumbprint in the upper rectangle at the time he gets the checks. When he is ready to negotiate a check, he places his thumbprint again in the lower rectangle and affixes his signature over the line. At the extreme right of the check are four raised numbers, $5, $10, $25, and $100. The maker indicates the limit of the check he is writing, either by placing his thumbprint over the limit, or by drawing a circle around the number.

This check is designed for a blind person who cannot sign his name, but if that person can operate a typewriter, he can make out the entire check with no assistance. The use of the thumbprints reduces the danger of forgery to a minimum. If the depositor can sign his name, he may have checks identical with these, except that the raised oblongs for fingerprints have been removed.

Officials of the insurance companies who carry forgery insurance for banks have been consulted, and they have approved the checks as being protected by their national blanket forgery policies. The checks have been copyrighted by the Omaha bank for the purpose of affording help to the blind, but the bank will give permission to any other bank to use the checks, with the expressed stipulation that the bank using the copyrighted checks will make them available to blind customers without charge.—*Whit Sawyer.*

▲

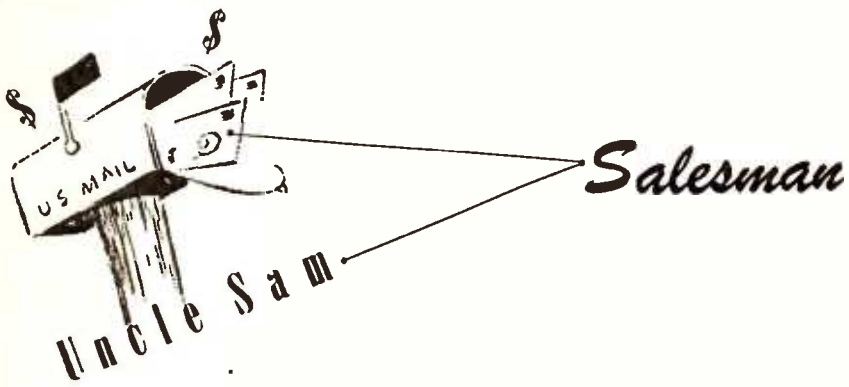
The Notre Dame defense was befuddled. Every time Mehre called a defensive signal, Army ripped off a long gain. Mehre kept looking toward the bench, expecting a substitute to come in with the magic word from Rock, telling him what to do.

Finally the sub came running in. He couldn't talk on the next play, of course, and Army gained about seven yards.

Mehre turned toward the sub and said, "Quick, what did Coach say to do?"

"He said," the sub panted, "to hold 'em."

You put up the money, and let Sam's boys do the work.



by JOHN KENTON

ONCE upon a time there was a young railroad telegrapher who thought perhaps he could sell some job-lot watches by mail to fellow railroaders along the line. He spent five dollars on stamps, wrote some earnest letters extolling his "bargains," and within several months found himself the proprietor of a thriving mail-order watch business.

The man was Richard W. Sears, founder of Sears, Roebuck, whose idea is as sound and profitable today as when he pioneered in mail-order salesmanship 60-odd years ago. Thousands of individuals with king-sized ambitions but modest capital are selling by mail everything from frozen shrimp to electric clocks.

Consider the case of the Midwestern woman whose printer husband died, leaving her 10,000 beautiful but out-dated calendars. At first, she intended to sell the odd lot for junk, but on second thought she cut off the calendar portion and sent out 1,000 letters offering "12 examples of modern American art — a bargain for $1.00." Within six months, she had sold all 10,000 sets at a net profit of more than $5,000.

A Californian, Russ Nicoll, made a desultory living hawking fruit to passing motorists. He did a little better when he concentrated on dates. But the highway was moved and Nicoll was left stranded with plenty of bills and plenty of dates.

Luckily, he had jotted down the names and addresses of former customers, and now he wrote sales letters to them, offering to ship the dates to any part of the country. The idea of fancy dates, wrapped in bright foil, caught on, and Nicoll quickly found himself making more money than he thought existed in the world. Today he fills mail orders from all nations, and credits Uncle Sam's postmen as the unpaid salesmen who built up his fabulous date plant near Thermal, California.

There is no magic formula for making money by mail. Many costly campaigns in which thousands of dollars were spent on fine photography and fancy artwork have flopped ignobly. Other campaigns, less artful and more down-to-earth, have brought a high percentage of orders for everything from potted palms to Indian-weave neckwear.

True, the American people are accustomed to mail-order buying, and if convinced that the product is good and the price is right, the orders will be forthcoming. But this entails a shrewd job of salesmanship. Everything depends on the seller's sincerity, persuasiveness, and his own conviction that it's cheaper to buy by mail.

Most successful operators, from the big-timers down to the occasional mail-order merchants, purchase specialized mailing lists from brokers who sell names of prospects. A man desiring to offer a new type of battery for hearing aids wouldn't pick his names out of the phone book. He would buy a list of deaf people who own such aids, paying as much as $25 per thousand names for "live" leads. If his offer is a good one, a three per cent return might amply repay him for paying such a high rate for his mailing list.

Some mail-order businesses are started by accident. That's what happened to John Blair, a Warren, Pennsylvania, man who once was a traveling salesman for a raincoat company. While showing his coats to a storekeeper, a local undertaker dropped in, asked for a black raincoat, and gladly purchased the one black garment Blair carried in his sample case.

"It's terribly hard for undertakers and ministers to buy somber men's furnishings," he confided. "The stores just don't stock black suits, coats, and jackets."

That gave Blair an idea. He assembled a list of 10,000 morticians and wrote them, offering his "undertaker's raincoat" at a fair price. He got 1,200 orders from that one mailing. From then on, Blair was in the mail order business and in time built a multi-million dollar company catering to morticians and clergymen.

Specialization is the key to success in mail-order plans. Yet countless men and women fritter away their modest capital each year trying to sell products by mail on the slim chance that somebody can use them. That's as idiotic as selling refrigerators to Eskimos, yet the hopefuls keep on trying and keep on going broke.

Specialization was the key to the success story of another mail-order amateur in Chicago, who tackled the business after her husband died leaving her a few hundred dollars. The woman, a prize-winning canner of jams, began making a product with greatly reduced sugar content for diabetics. She bought a list of hospitals and wrote an earnest letter telling why her jams and jellies wouldn't hurt a diabetic.

She received enough orders after two mailings to open another kitchen and take on additional help. Today she has expanded her mailing lists to cover doctors, nurses, and sanitariums. The business grows each year, yet her overhead and promotional costs are small, indeed.

(Continued on page 16)

Bring something round and we'll have a ball.

by THEODORE K. LANDAU

IN AN effort to rekindle pride in their home industry, a British magazine planned a cover picture showing ball bearings floating in the clouds. Sheffield steel ball bearings, the editors reasoned, would be the world's finest example of precision manufacture.

The picture was made by throwing a handful of ball bearings into the air and photographing them as they fell.

When the picture was developed, the phrase "Made in the United States" was visible on almost every bearing!

Today, America dominates the world's bearing industry. American factories produce 250 million bearings a year. They are made in 30,000 different sizes, ranging from tiny spheres, 2,000 of which weigh less than an ounce, to massive quarter-ton rollers.

Having increased its output over four times during the war years, the bearing industry had to find new markets in peacetime. In the past four years its engineers have turned industry upside down looking for new uses for bearings.

In the almost forgotten era dimly brought back to mind by the phrase "prewar days," even the best of our passenger trains started with a jolt. Riders' complaints were to no avail; the jolt was engineered as carefully as the brake adjustments or the wheel alignment. Friction on starting a train was so great that the locomotive couldn't move the train as a unit but had to start each car rolling separately. To do this, loose couplings joined the cars so that each one would move a short distance before the couplings' slack was taken out and the next car jolted into motion.

Today, however, this spine-jarring starting motion is being as carefully removed as it originally was built into the trains. By nesting moving shafts in roller bearings the train can skate forward effortlessly, and starting friction has been cut 900 per cent!

Publicity men being what they are, one took advantage of this to photograph four scantily clad models pull-

ing an 894,000-pound steam locomotive. They towed their 450-ton load almost casually; but before the bearings were installed an elephant would have tugged vainly at the ponderous mass of iron.

By the skillful use of new type bearings, engineers have freed thousands of locomotives from the drudgery of assisting in starting heavy loads and have made them available to do productive hauling. The freight trains that once had to crawl across the countryside now rocket along at 100 miles an hour. This was technology with a vengeance. Instead of waiting to build a new fleet of boxcars, the railroads overhauled their old equipment and almost doubled its productive capacity!

From making trains roll faster to making buildings stand still is a jump that doesn't faze the versatile bearings engineer. In the '20's and the '30's, the only way to make a building earthquake-proof was to build it low and massive. Today's new Los Angeles Sears, Roebuck building pioneers a new era of building design for cities in the earthquake belts. In this building, the floors can "shimmy" to dissipate the force of a quake. The floors are built in groups, the top of one group being the foundation for the next. Each foundation has its girders, or legs, resting on nests of 600-pound rollers on which the section can slide in a 12-inch circle before the next higher group is moved. Instead of collapsing in a severe quake, the building will do a hula dance. Unorthodox building? Maybe, but it works.

Engineers were awakened to the possibilities of new applications of bearings by one of Henry Kaiser's most spectacular feats. He was planning the building of the Grand Coulee Dam. After taking a startled look at the cost of trucking thousands of tons of rock over mountain roads to the site, his engineers dreamed up a mile-long rubber conveyor belt connecting the rock quarry and the dam. It operated with such smoothness on its bearing supports that a barely noticeable downgrade kept it moving at 450 feet a minute, delivering 2,000 tons of rock an hour with almost no operating power needed.

A lot of us are going to live longer because of ball bearings. Doctors have long known that the electron microscope with its great magnification power would be a wonderful tool for medical research. Maybe it would be able to solve the mystery of cancer and some of the virus diseases. But for years they were unable to use it. It required sections of tissue only one-millionth of an inch thick. It couldn't penetrate farther. Laboratory technicians couldn't cut such fine sections. Despite their best hardening methods, the tissues would crumple on contact with a knife. That is, until some bright soul built the microtome—a bearing-balanced blade that moves at 1,000 miles an hour. It cuts so quickly that the tissue is sliced before it has time to collapse.

THE principle of the bearing was known thousands of years ago, then forgotten. An ancient Babylonian stone tablet shows men rolling building blocks forward on round logs —a primitive bearing. The Greek

used bearings in their war machines, though the ordinary native carts continued to use crude fat-greased wheels rotating directly on wooden shafts.

Bearings disappeared with the fall of the Roman Empire and were not rediscovered until the 19th Century when a nameless Michigan bicyclist made a momentous discovery. Coming home late on Halloween evening, he parked his bicycle outside his house and raced up the stairs. As he leaped onto the front porch he skidded, then fell.

"What happened!" he exclaimed.

His sister laughed as she stood in the doorway. "Some of the boys must have spilled buckshot on the porch."

Late that night the cyclist awoke with a start. His bicycle was stiff to pedal; suppose he put some buckshot between the wheel and the hub? Maybe the wheel would slip more easily around it.

The idea worked. As the news spread, backyard mechanics began making bearings and local builders began to put them into their bicycles. Then, when Henry Ford learned about bearings and put them into his Model T, the bearing industry was born.

Today, the use of bearings has entered many unusual fields. A ballet dancer has one in the toe of her ballet slipper and now glides effortlessly across the stage. A recently developed decoy duck flaps its ball bearing-balanced wings in such an amorous manner as it floats over the waves that even the most knowing and cynical old drake sidles over with romantic intentions. A ball point perfume applicator, similar to ball point pens but with a larger bearing, is now on the market—containing a sealed-in, many-months' supply of perfume.

On Rhode Island, a man invented a "pigeon shaker." It consists of rollers mounted on ball bearings to be placed on the ledges of pigeon-haunted houses. The luckless bird, after a neat landing on this perch, finds itself spilled ignominiously into space.

An American watch is being tested which has high-priced accuracy but low-priced ball bearings replacing the expensive jewel pivot.

The world-wide dependence on American bearings perhaps is best shown by the experience of a young Illinois exporter, Christopher Janus. He recently bought from a Swedish industrialist the five-ton Mercedes-Benz that had been Hitler's private limousine. It wasn't American money, though, that paid for the car; it was bartered for a shipment of "American Quality" ball bearings.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE

(Continued from page 6)

dragged out the unconscious pilot. Under the steady fire of the exploding machine gun bullets, Gentile carried him across the meadow to safety.

The next time you turn on your stove or flick a light switch, the chances are a million to one that gas and electric service will respond to your touch. And as long as our heroic gas and electric men remain on the job, it is a safe prediction that America's homes will continue to run smoothly and safely.

UNCLE SAM—SALESMAN

(Continued from Page 12)

Arthur Murray, the internationally famous dance instructor, has made really important money by selling dance courses through the mails. After his first offer, he was swamped by 40,000 eager dance aspirants, and discovered that mail-order selling was as suitable for vending fox trots as for hawking baby chicks or spark plugs.

The stamp business, a multi-million dollar field, is conducted chiefly by mail. Sending stamps "on approval" to customers they never see has brought dependable profits year after year to more than 3,000 full- and part-time stamp merchants.

A Southern man and woman buy up used correspondence courses and advertise them at bargain rates. The demand for their courses, on everything from horseback riding to journalism, far exceeds the supply!

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but it will not produce profits if you enter an already-crowded mail-order field. To achieve success, you must determine what product or service is not readily accessible to potential customers—and then tell those customers by ads and letters that you are the supplier.

That's what a Texas man did after he ruefully surveyed the thousands of cactus plants on his ranch and wondered how to dispose of them at a profit. A month before Christmas he addressed a letter to 5,000 Northern business men, soliciting their orders for cactus plants as gifts for their customers and employees.

Though you couldn't get a dime in Texas for a whole trainload of the prickly stuff, his letters to the North brought results: so many orders that he has built a successful mail-order business with a product he couldn't give away in Texas!

Let There Be Light

WHEN Lanny Ross bought a farm up in the Berkshire Hills, he decided to get right in and belong to the community. Among other things, he joined the local fire department.

One particularly pitch-black night, the alarm clanged and Lanny rushed to the fire. The firemen had gathered at a small house a couple of miles down the road and were leisurely unloading the old-fashioned fire equipment. Lanny grabbed the hose and rushed to the front line. It was too dark to see much but he could smell plenty of smoke. "Quick," he shouted, "turn on the water!"

"Easy there, fella," said the bearded old chief. "Let the fire burn up bright before we go to work on it. Cain't see what we're doin' in this dark."

▲

A Broadway playboy who was in a barbershop getting a haircut and shave was making a play for the luscious manicurist. "How about letting me show you the town tonight, baby? Dinner and a musical and then dancing on the Astor Roof."

"I'm married," said the manicurist, demurely casting down her eyes.

"Well, ask your husband," said the playboy. "The jerk will probably be honored."

"You ask him yourself," smiled the girl. "He's shaving you."

a short story

HOW MY BROTHER GOT A JOB

by MARTIN FIELD

ONE day during summer vacation my kid brother Herbie said he was going to get a job with the telephone company because it was the biggest company in the world. In such a company there was plenty of room for advancement. At this time, Herbie was 16 and very smart mechanically for his age. At 12, he built a steam engine, using a 40-quart milk can for a boiler. At 14, he put together a shoulder-type helicopter that enabled him to stay in the air 15 minutes at a time and made apple picking a pleasure.

After all, Herbie pointed out, next year he was graduating from high school and it was time to think of the future.

"All right," I said, "go down and apply for a job."

"No," he said, "I'll make them come to me."

"How will you do that?" I said. I was positive he was rocky.

About this time, the telephone company had opened up service between Catalina island and the mainland through the use of high-frequency radio. The newspaper announcements said that by using scramblers, the conversations were assured of privacy. In other words, before they broadcast the radio waves, they would chop them up and then put them back together again at the other end.

Right after Herbie said he was going to get a job with the telephone company, he disappeared into the tent in our backyard that he used for a workshop. For three weeks I saw him only at breakfast and supper, looking dreamy-eyed.

Then one day he called me out to his tent and invited me inside. A

mess of equipment was on a long table in a corner; it looked like a radio set gone haywire, with about 20 tubes and all sorts of frequency coils and dials strung on wires. Above the table, on a separate shelf, was a square loudspeaker.

Herbie grinned. "Listen," he said. He snapped a switch, the radio tubes began to glow, and from the loudspeaker came voices: "I can't make it this week end, honey. I got stuck on a deal. No, *not* my wife! Please, will you be reasonable?" . . . "Darling, I can hardly wait till you come. I've been curled up all day with a book and I'm so bored!" and a lot of stuff like that.

"What station is it?" I said.

Herbie scowled for a second. "That's no station. That's people talking to Catalina." He snapped off the voices and said proudly, "Some entertainment, huh?"

"But you're not supposed to listen in," I said.

He got sore. "I don't know why I bother with you," he said. "You don't understand anything."

"All right, all right," I said. "Don't get so hot. But I still don't get the idea."

"You will," Herbie said, "you will." That's all he would say.

The next day I went to the backyard to roll the garbage cans to the front of the house when I noticed a couple of fellows hanging around in front of the tent. I went over. The tent was crowded with boys and girls, all of them listening to the people phoning Catalina and laughing and giggling like crazy. Herbie saw me. He pushed his way through the jammed tent and came outside.

"Hey, what is this?" I said. "A convention?"

"No, a show." Herbie took his hand out of his pocket and I saw money—dollar bills and silver. "Twenty-five cents apiece to listen in. And more customers than I can handle." He yelled into the tent, "All right, all tickets with green crosses have to leave." A boy and a girl backed out of the tent, hating to leave, and two of the fellows who'd been waiting outside ducked in. And three more boys came up the driveway, heading for the tent.

"You haven't got a job yet," I said. "All you've done is go into business for yourself."

"All right," Herbie said disgustedly. He looked me up and down and I could see his calculating machine was working. "You can help me out for 25 per cent."

You see, already he was acting like a boss. I took his proposition. In one week my 25 per cent came to $20, and of course Herbie made $60. Figuring like a corporation, what with equipment costs, labor, utilities and depreciation, Herbie almost succeeded in coming up with a loss.

"A good job is better," he said.

The next day it happened. Two strange men came up the driveway. One man was red-faced and big; the other man was tall, thin and stoop-shouldered. Detectives always travel in pairs, I knew that. The red-faced one gave me a dollar. What could I do? I gave him 50 cents and they went into the tent. I watched them. They stood and listened and whispered to each other, shaking their

heads up and down as they paid particular attention to the stuff Herbie had rigged up. Then they came outside. I went stiff, ready for anything.

"You the boy who set this up?" said the stoop-shouldered man politely.

There was no use lying about it; I had to tell the truth. "No, my kid brother Herbie," I said.

"Your kid brother?" said the red-faced man, his voice going up.

"He's 16—I'm 18." Just then Herbie came out of the kitchen where he'd lunched on cream of corn soup, his favorite food. "Here he comes," I said.

I tried to signal Herbie to stay away, but he kept sauntering over to us, his hands in his pockets and his air as cocky as could be. He came to a stop before the two men. "Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Would you mind answering a few questions?" said the red-faced man.

"Not at all," said Herbie cheerily.

The red-faced man jerked his head toward the tent. "How long has this been going on?"

"A week."

"Where'd you get the set-up inside?"

Herbie tapped his forehead. "From here, mostly. The rest is second-hand parts."

"Who helped you?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody?" said the red-faced man, hard.

"I did," I said defiantly. I wasn't going to let Herbie take the rap all by himself. "And where's your warrant?"

"Marv helped me sell tickets, he means."

The stoop-shouldered man said to me, "We're not detectives, son. We're from the telephone company."

Herbie nodded wisely, "I knew you were."

I hadn't, so I just felt foolish.

"So let's get down to business," said

the red-faced man. "The company invested a lot of money to make sure people could talk private. Then you come along and unscramble the messages. There's a law against listening in on private conversations."

"Is there?" said Herbie innocent-like.

"You know darn well there is," the red-faced man said angrily.

"How would it look," said Herbie quietly, with a gleam in his eyes, "for the whole big telephone company to pick on a little guy like me?"

The red-faced man didn't say anything for a while; he simply got redder-faced. Just as he was about to open his mouth, the other man said, "Wait a minute. Let's not lose our tempers. You're a bright fellow, Herbert. How would you like to work for us? After," he added, "we've sent you to C.I.T. or M.I.T.—take your choice."

This was what Herbie had been working and waiting for. So what

did he do? "I don't know," he said doubtfully. I was so amazed I couldn't talk.

"You can pick the hard way or the easy way," said the red-faced man. "Makes no difference to *us*. For instance, that dollar bill I gave your brother is marked. Selling tickets without paying a federal tax. We could get you on that, too."

"Be smart, son," said the other man. He was pleading.

Herbie seemed to be thinking hard. "All right," he said finally. "You got me, fellows. I'll tell you what. I'll keep operating till you can get the contract ready."

The stoop-shouldered man smiled and reached for his inside pocket. "Here's the employment agreement all ready. You can sign now."

Herbie's pen was in his hand. "That's what I like about your company," he said. "Efficiency."

I'M PRETTY busy these days. Now that Herbie's away at engineering school, I'm working in his tent on a new carburetor that'll give any car 75 miles to the gallon. I'm getting myself a job with an oil company.

Centigrade or Fahrenheit?

TWO traveling men were complaining about the limited facilities of small town hotels. "You know," said one, "I once stopped at a little town up by the northern border of Idaho. The radiators in my hotel room were so cold they could have been used as refrigerators. And the water dripping from the faucet made icicles."

"That's nothing compared to a place I hit up in Frozen Bend, Minnesota," scoffed the other. "Why, there wasn't even a radiator in the room, although the thermometer stood at 32 degrees below zero. All I found was a bottle of dark-reddish liquid on the table near the bed.

"On a card pinned to the wall was this instruction: 'Take one teaspoon of the Tabasco sauce after you get into bed. If you require a great deal of heat, take two teaspoons'."

▲

Mrs. Suburb, who had lost the key to the kitchen clock, went with her husband to the jewelers to get another. Mr. Suburb waited in the car while his wife went into the shop. In a few minutes she came out. "Got it?" he asked.

"No," said his wife.

"Why not? Didn't they have clock keys?"

"No, it wasn't that," explained his wife. "Mrs. Van Swagger was in there buying pearls, so I just inquired how long it would take to clean a diamond tiara, and left."

▲

She was beautiful, blonde and bored. Her escort was trying in vain to interest her in the Old Masters at the art gallery.

He paused before Velasquez's *Christ at the House of Martha*. "Now here's a magnificent painting!" he exclaimed fervently. "Look at the marvelous character in Martha's face, the perfection of detail in the still life on the table, the miraculous modeling of those eggs in the foreground . . . "

The blonde gave the picture a swift, comprehensive glance, turned away, nose up-tilted, and said, "I don't like eggs."—*Time and Tide*.

FUNNY MONEY, BYE, BYE

Forgers and counterfeiters are singing the blues.

by FRANK BRISTOL

IN Rochester, New York, a kindly, white-haired man in a cluttered laboratory is thinking up new ways to protect the money you carry and the checks you write.

His name is Burgess Smith, and around the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, Treasury men will tell you that Smith is the nearest thing to an indispensable man in the nation's economy.

For the elderly Mr. Smith—he's 74 years old — is a self-taught former printer's devil who has become America's top expert in producing checks and currency that the most resourceful crooks can't copy or duplicate.

Before long, most banks will be using a small, inconspicuous machine designed by Smith which virtually will holler copper if any "queer" checks are presented for payment. The teller will take a check, hold it momentarily over a small beam of light from the gadget, and the sensitive machine immediately will detect any erasure or alteration in the paper. If the check has been tampered with, the machine will flash in warning red letters: VOID. And the passer of that check will have some tall explaining to do.

Smith has saved American business men untold millions of dollars by his development of a check which is alteration-proof. This achievement was racked up in 1918 when the Todd Company of Rochester, the world's biggest manufacturer of checks, became distressed at the widespread check-raising and alteration reported from coast-to-coast.

Crooks were having a field day erasing original amounts and typing in new and greater amounts on the faces of company checks. Others used ink eradicators in "raising" checks. And not a few simply manufactured their own "company checks" which were brazenly passed in stores and banks.

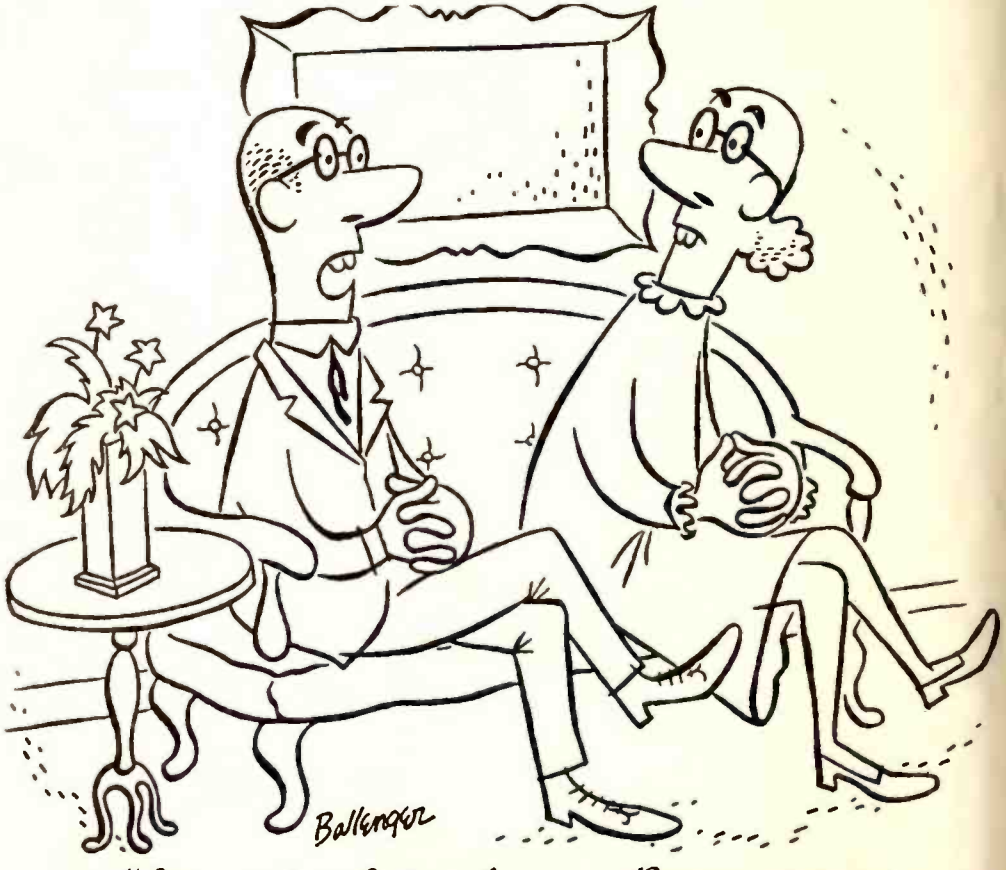
Within two months, Smith—who had holed up in a laboratory like a

hermit—came forth with the answer to check jugglers and forgers. His new type of check was called the Protod Greenbac, which used well-established camouflage principles adopted by the Navy for its ships in war time.

Smith had printed in minuscule letters the word "void" thousands of times across the check in invisible ink. Then the check was re-printed with thousands of dots, followed by a third printing of more dots. Any bleaching or erasing of the paper removed the dots and caused the frightening word "void" to spring out in the paper.

So well-regarded is this Smith development that the Todd company numbers each check and insures each one for $10,000 against forgery or counterfeiting. In 30 years, the firm has never had to make good on a Smith-invented check, and American business and industry has reduced its forgery and counterfeiting losses by millions of dollars.

Though most of today's laboratory specialists have an imposing string of university degrees, Burgess Smith is



"It's not that I don't love you, Beatrice—it's just that we have too damned much in common."

a self-taught engraver, chemist, printer and detective. As a young printer's devil in Georgia, he learned to set type, repair presses, mix inks and make engraving plates.

At the age of 18 he was a successful draftsman for the Navy Department, moving from there to the Treasury's Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Before many months, the young man had mastered all the intricate details of producing our greenbacks and postage stamps. Secret Service men half-jestingly remarked, "Smith, if you ever decided to leave the straight-and-narrow, you'd be the toughest crook in the world to catch!"

Actually, Smith knew so many secret processes of producing money, bonds and stamps that Bureau heads insisted he be exempted from Civil Service requirements. By executive order, Smith was entrusted with the manufacture of millions of dollars in currency and stamps. Detectives guarded him day and night lest crooks kidnap him and torture him into revealing processes for producing money.

Smith has made United States paper money incredibly difficult to duplicate. His tinkering with vats of chemicals and inks has resulted in paper which cannot be copied.

During World War II, Burgess Smith developed foolproof identification cards and passes for workers in secret plants and atomic installations. His newest card for the government and the armed forces is one which resembles an unimpressive business card when examined in normal light.

But place it under a fluorescent light and a United States shield emerges in all its majesty and authority.

Another card, when scratched lightly with a fingernail, reveals a cryptic code word that certifies the bearer.

Though Smith-invented check paper, gadgets and protectors are used in countless banks, insurance companies, post offices and business houses, crooks still manage to get away with $400,000,000 a year, due largely to carelessness and laxity on the part of those who handle money.

To reduce the huge loss, Burgess Smith offers this counsel, "Be careful about how you handle money! Know the people to whom you entrust your money. Better still, use every scientific method available to make your checks foolproof. You pay plenty of attention to your car so its repairs won't cost you money; the same amount of attention to your checks, bonds and cash will save you infinitely more!"

▲

When the new minister came to the little town, the congregation naturally was interested in learning all about his former life. He mentioned vaguely that he had been in business, but refused to discuss it further. However, the townspeople had only to wait until the Sunday service to discern his former occupation. For at the end of his sermon, the clergyman made this moving appeal:

"The Kingdom of Heaven awaits you today! And there's room for each and every one of you. Yes, this is your golden opportunity. It may never come to you again. Remember, this is your last chance! Friends, what am I bid?"—*Wall Street Journal.*

Big hotels are treating patrons to all the luxury money can buy.

HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

by JHAN AND JUNE ROBBINS

IN the troubled year of 1777, a traveler stopped at a wayside inn near Cambridge, Massachusetts, and asked for accommodations for the night.

"For self and horse," he specified.

"We have a room for you," the innkeeper replied, "but no stable for your horse. However, if you don't mind waiting an hour or so, my son and I will build one." And they did.

The celebrity who commanded this impressive attention was General George Washington. Since then, all American hotels have tried to make their customers comfortable even though there is no similar incident of annex-building in hotel history.

Today, however, many of America's better hotels are fast returning to this Revolutionary service standard. If you dial room service in any one of hundreds of our luxury hotels and ask the voice that answers to provide a portable garage for your trailer, you may get it. Certainly hotels these days are going to every other extreme to gain and keep your patronage.

Howard F. Dugan, chairman of the board of the American Hotel Association, representing 5,800 hotels in the United States, Canada and Mexico, promises that nothing that man can imagine and money can buy will be left undone to attract tourists, business executives, salesmen and guests from the surrounding community. "We have modernized, expanded, altered and improved our decor, services and entertainment," he said recently. "Thus far we have spent two billion dollars, and this is only the beginning."

The wartime crowds that jammed hotels to the eaves from coast to coast left pleasant memories for hotelkeepers whose previous experience with the phrase "a full house" had been limited to the poker table.

"We'd like to see those crowds

again," one Pacific Coast hotel host remarks wistfully, "and we're doing everything we can think of to rope them in."

"Everything" includes, literally, everything from girly-girly shows in the night club and pheasant under glass in the kitchen to free nightgowns and pajamas, styled to suit your individual taste, in the bedroom.

An enormous competitive stimulus to hotels throughout the Southwest has been the opening of Glenn McCarthy's 20-million-dollar Shamrock Hotel in Houston, Texas. Bursting profitably at its streamlined seams since it first bid for business last March 17, the Shamrock is an eye-shatterer. The rate for one of its single rooms begins at $6 per day and rises to astronomic figures for the transient or semi-permanent rental of its three- and four-bedroom apartments with terrace. But the advantages would seem to be worth it.

The hotel itself is faced with marble-like granite of a deep shade of carnelian red. Within, walls are paneled in mahogany, hung in silken satin, and studded with rhinestones and other convincing replicas of precious gems. The massive doors that guard the entrance to the main ballroom are cut of a solid piece of dark green lucite and look like the gates to the Emerald City in *The Wizard of Oz*. Television receivers are available at a fee for any room, every mattress is of deep, bouncy foam rubber, and the air conditioning units may be adjusted individually.

The chief entertainment attraction, in addition to two night clubs and four eating places, is a shell-shaped swimming pool fringed with luxurious cabanas. A passageway from the grill room enables guests who need a cold plunge to go directly from the bar to the swimming pool or, presumably, vice versa. Another feature with vast possibilities for entertainment is the Shamrock Room's "black" light which can be turned on at the request of any guest who happens to be wearing a fluorescent gown or tuxedo and has a yen to glow in the dark.

The Shamrock, too, is one of the few hotels in this country to offer its patrons two different kinds of food. The main kitchen is staffed by several deft, imaginative chefs who can turn out a dream of a stuffed pompano or baked Alaska. Another, smaller kitchen is run by two ladies who do not pretend to be chefs but produce the kind of dishes known as good home cooking.

Hotel men everywhere watched anxiously as the Shamrock opened its doors, settled back with relief when it became obvious that the folderol was going to pay off. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars is the average renovating expenditure undertaken by other hostelries, and all are hoping for a quick return. The bulk of this sum has gone to replace time-scuffed furniture, paint, rugs, drapes and push buttons.

There was a day when the average hotel room had just two pearl-tipped electric push buttons, one for ice water and the other, usually, to summon the fire department. Now, there may be as many as a dozen, strategically scattered. Many hotel rooms are furnished as sitting rooms and show no signs of being sleeping quarters until the pres-

sure of your finger brings a bed sliding out of the wall. Full-length mirrors are also engineered to appear and disappear in the same way. These, of course, offer no hazard, but more than one nervous guest has already baffled a night clerk by asking, "What happens if I reach out in my sleep, push the button, and my bed, with me in it, goes sliding back into the wall?"

Other push buttons control doors and windows, which may be opened without leaving bed, or enable you to tune in soothing music if you need a lullaby. The new Terrace Plaza in Cincinnati, however, while it provides the ultimate in luxurious service, is not willing to leave everything to the guest's choice. The clerk at the desk downstairs has his own push button which arbitrarily turns on your radio if there is anything important that he thinks you ought to hear.

Interior decorators have had a field day in hotels during the past year, and you can no longer tell approximately where you are by the trend in your decor. The stolid, substantial Muehlebach Hotel, for example, located in center-of-the-country Kansas City, has several rooms that are exact duplicates of the Bohemian quarters encountered in Parisian Montmartre. Another room at the Muehlebach is done in red leather and black cork, a third is red and green burlap hopsacking, while a 19th Century English boudoir is available for those who long for the good old days.

Similarly, the famous La Fonda hotel in Santa Fe is so exotic and foreign that guests hesitate to offer American money. There are antique beds and chests that followed the *conquistadores* from Spain; floors framed in Mexican tiles; wicker chairs from Poland; and silks, hangings, rugs and spreads from China, Morocco, Persia and Egypt.

Hotel men know from long experience that decorative sensations of this kind will not only please the guest's eye but may, occasionally, tempt his acquisitive fingers. In the past, such depredations have included room-size rugs, mattresses, curtains and even a bathroom sink.

Many managers have turned to unusual entertainment programs as a less expensive way to attract guests In Arizona, the Gadsden Hotel invites you to go lion hunting. The hotel will provide you with horse, pack mule, gun, ammunition and guide. If you fail to get a lion, the hotel absorbs the guide fee.

A milder sport is offered at the General Oglethorpe in Savannah, where Saturday night turtle races in the lobby stir up excitement.

A few weeks ago all the hotels in Palm Springs leagued together to make the famous desert resort into a paradise—for skiers. The project will not be completed until 1952, but work has already started on an aerial tramway that will whisk you in 12½ minutes from the floor of the desert to a point 11,000 feet up in the San Jacinto mountains. Thinking of every angle, one Palm Springs hotel man has already warned his colleagues to start

enlarging closet space. "Everyone will want to bring both summer and winter wardrobes," he prophesies.

Less active vacationers have found a hostelry in Reno, Nevada, which provides another kind of spell-binding scenery that demands no effort at all from the beholder. It is a "whiskey-fall," located in a popular cocktail lounge, where pure bourbon whiskey cascades from a marble fountain 24 hours a day.

Tourists, ever the darlings of both metropolitan and resort hotels, will be pampered more than ever this year. Several hundred hotels have hired a troop of uniformed auto hostesses. Needing to be agile as well as attractive, an auto hostess leaps on your running board, if you have one, while the car is still rolling, directs you to the automatic parking machine, and rushes you and your family through a private entrance direct to the registration desk so that you will not have to parade through a swanky lobby in wrinkled shorts or bedraggled slacks.

Five hundred other hotels think tourists will be more appreciative of their signs, which read, "Your dog is welcome." Special kennels are provided. A competent dog handler will care for your pooch by day, double as a baby sitter at night. Regular staffs of baby sitters are provided by nine out of ten vacation hotels.

Such grand-scale super service is new to most hotels but to the gigantic Broadmoor, located at Pike's Peak near Denver, it is an old story. The Broadmoor was built in 1918 by a prospector named Spencer Penrose who saw an easier way than digging to get gold out of the locale.

From the beginning, the Broadmoor, which is almost a self-supporting city in itself, has had its own 300-animal zoo, a railroad, a cable car system, an art museum, a 75-piece symphony orchestra, a polo field, a day nursery with a corps of child guidance experts in attendance, a swimming pool entirely enclosed by a glass dome, and a hog farm. The hogs are scarcely decorative but highly practical—each year they root out $10,000 worth of silverware from the hotel garbage. Guests enjoy watching them do it.

The Broadmoor also has churches of several denominations, a non-sectarian chapel and a shrine dedicated to the memory of Will Rogers. Chapels, or other small places set aside for worship, are characteristic of many hotels throughout the West. Marriages take place in them frequently. Runaway Hollywood couples are often wedded in the Two Hearts Chapel in the Ranchinn at Elko, Nevada, while the Last Frontier in Las Vegas has a minister and organist on 24-hour call to perform marriage services in the hotel's Little Church of the West.

Another highly personal service is offered at the Mapes Hotel in Reno, most of whose guests have come to that city for the usual reason. When a Mapes Hotel divorcee is ready for her day in court, she is offered an orchid for her morale and formally escorted before the judge by the assistant manager of the hotel. He—and who should know better — testifies that the lady in question has resided for six weeks in the state of Nevada and is therefore entitled to her freedom.

(Continued on page 32)

He plucks $200,000 a year from a $12 fiddle.

HE MAKES MOUNTAIN MUSIC

by BETTY AND WILLIAM WALLER

THEY propped him up in bed when he insisted. He was in a Nashville hospital, recovering from an emergency appendectomy, but still he wanted to go on. They handed him his battered old fiddle, and he sawed away as he had thousands of times before. He sang two songs into the mike. Then he settled back with a contented smile on his homely young face. "T'ain't nothin'," he said.

The indefatigable convalescent was a Tennessee performer of mountain music, considered by many to be the outstanding exponent of folk songs in America today. He has a repertoire of about 1,500 tunes, many written by himself. His recordings have sold in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 to date. His personal appearance tours always are marked by S.R.O. signs wherever he appears. He has starred on perennially popular radio shows, both on local stations and nation-wide networks. Now he's a movie star, too.

Today, he is making musical Westerns for Columbia Pictures, and maybe he'll give those horse opry kings, Gene Autry and Roy Rogers, a run for their money yet. All this activity brings genial Roy Acuff—a hillbilly entertainer who is the real McCoy—an income estimated at better than $200,000 a year!

Hillbilly yodelers have been known to hail from such unlikely places as Pennsylvania, Indiana and Brooklyn. Acuff, who was born in the east Tennessee hill country near Maynardsville, actually is the genuine article. When he plays and sings *Wabash Cannonball, The Great Spectacled Bird* or *Lay My Old Guitar Away,* his millions of fans all over the country and in Canada know they are hearing folk music at its authentic best.

Acuff has never had a music lesson in all his life, and cannot read music. But one of his records, *Wabash Cannonball,* has grossed more than $5,000,000. His personal appearance tours have been tremendously profit-

able, too. When he appears in Nashville's biggest auditorium, which seats 5,000, the house always is sold out weeks in advance, and crowds are turned away at the door. People from all the 48 states and Canada write in for tickets.

His popularity, which by no means is confined to backwoods areas or his home state, even extends to major cities. Acuff has filled houses in Louisville, Baltimore, Dallas, Houston and other big towns, and the crowds never fail to give him an enthusiastic reception.

The members of Acuff's troupe, known as the Smoky Mountain Boys, are just as illiterate, musically, as the maestro. They all had little schooling, took plenty of hard knocks, and still cannot read from printed sheet music. Roy himself uses a $12 fiddle, but produces music that "sends" his considerable audience.

After years of wooing the citizens of Tennessee by song, via radio and in-person tours all over the state, Acuff is a familiar and well-loved personality. Politicians impressed by the vote-getting appeal of such folk tune specialists as ex-Governor Jimmie Davis of Louisiana and Pappy O'Daniel of Texas—to say nothing of Glenn Taylor, senator from Idaho and recent vice-presidential candidate on the Progressive Party ticket—decided to make capital of Roy's talents.

Back in 1944, Roy's friends entered him as a candidate for governor. A Republican, Roy had been a little too busy to vote for six years, but was on the ballot in both Republican and Democratic primary races. Boss Crump of Memphis opposed his candidacy, and the two traded verbal punches. Finally, Roy decided not to run. His loyal fans, however, gave him a write-in vote in a couple of counties which exceeded the combined votes for the other candidates.

Last fall, Roy went into politics in earnest, running for governor of Tennessee on the Republican ticket. With his running mate, B. Carroll Reece, Roy put up a bang-up fight. The pair energetically toured the state like a couple of happy mountain minstrels. They drew huge crowds, many of whom, no doubt, were attracted by Roy's music. But, according to a national magazine, an audience in one town pelted them with fruit during an appearance. Not that they hated the candidates, some of the hecklers said, but because they were music lovers!

If Acuff had been the winning candidate for governor, it would have meant foregoing a sizeable part of that $200,000-a-year income. He was prepared to make the sacrifice, but Tennessee is traditionally a Democratic state, and it stayed that way. Acuff, perhaps fortunately for him, went down to defeat. Shortly afterwards, he accepted a contract to make pictures.

When Roy was growing up in the highlands of east Tennessee, he never dreamed that someday he would be a Hollywood celebrity. His father, a Baptist preacher, had a hard time making ends meet, and Roy had no more than a high school education. During boyhood, his greatest pleasure was baseball, and he dreamed of becom-

ing a big league player. Then one day, on the ball field, he suffered a sunstroke.

While convalescing in bed, Roy listened to records of mountain music which his father brought him. His interest aroused, he tried to play the tunes on the fiddle. By the time he was out of bed, he had mastered a number of hillbilly songs. Soon after, he got a job playing the fiddle and doing a blackface routine with singing and dancing in a medicine show which was touring in the vicinity. He learned the basic lessons of show business then—experience that provided the foundation for his future success.

Roy struck out on his own by forming a little band of hill country musicians who specialized in playing fiddles, jugs, guitars, mandolins and jew's harps. He soon found it tough going. He and his boys welcomed occasional jobs at a Knoxville radio station where Roy would get anything from three dollars to nothing at all for a performance. A bit later, he moved to Nashville, married a girl from back home and settled down to living in a trailer outside the town. Meanwhile, he tried to catch on with a successful hillbilly show which was broadcast over a local station, WSM.

His first efforts were a failure, but when he began singing in his natural, unaffected style, fan mail began pouring in at a terrific rate. Before long,

"We're sure of a few laughs—I've lost the second page!"

in addition to his radio chores, he was traveling around in a station wagon, playing to large and eager audiences. In time, the station wagon gave way to several cars and a truck to carry the instruments. Frequently, Roy and his boys on the road would hop a plane to get back in time for a Saturday night broadcast.

Some of Roy's best song ideas have come while riding around the country on personal appearance tours. One of his tunes, *Precious Jewel*, was inspired as he watched the country scenery along the roadside. It was a tremendous hit on the air.

His income from all sources rose so rapidly that Roy purchased a big home in the city. But when crowds of fans kept dropping in, he decided to move. He now lives in a large log house in a less accessible—and much more restful—spot.

Ever since Roy broke into the movies, he's been following a hectic schedule. He has made almost a dozen pictures, the last a musical for Columbia called *Home in San Antone*. Whenever time permits, Roy likes to slip away and go coon-hunting. His other passion is for handpainted ties decorated with banjos, fiddles, guns, fishing reels and other objects that strike his fancy.

Roy is a religious man and close student of the Bible. This streak extended even to his political activities. During the campaign for the governorship, he refused to sling mud, much to the consternation of many of his followers. Roy simply said, "I have no hatred for anyone. If I have any enemies, I don't know it." Of his rival, he said, "I know him, and I have nothing to say against him." Such utterances, perhaps, were not conducive to political success, but were in keeping with Roy Acuff's innermost convictions.

The king of hillbilly performers, as he has often been called, may duplicate his radio and vaudeville success in the flickers; but on the whole, he doesn't enjoy movie work. In typical fashion, Hollywood has tried to make him over into a leading man for cowboy films. Roy would feel far happier in his usual role—that of a mountain minstrel singing sad songs about the girl who lies deep in her grave, the vanished face and sad memories, the simple tunes declaiming that old-time religion. Those are the songs he loves best, and always will. Besides, no one knows better than Roy Acuff that thar's gold in them thar tunes!

HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

(Continued from page 28)

All over the country, hotels are baiting their welcome mats, and their managers are prepared to provide anything you demand, from a sterilized container for your false teeth to watermelon in January. Significantly, too, most hotels have removed from their lobbies and letterheads that time-honored slogan, "All the comforts of home." They are already doing much better than that.

The Night of the TERRIBLE COMET

They had nine months to prepare for the end of the world.

by PAUL WARREN

WHAT would you do if you honestly believed that the world would come to an end on a specific night? Would you seek relief from tension and terror in unbridled revelry and dissipation, or would you gather your loved ones around you and pray?

That question was not merely an academic one for the world's inhabitants in 1909-1910. For many fright-filled, rumor-studded months, professors, scrubwomen, tycoons, statesmen, actors, farmers and laborers made frantic preparations for the world's end. Newspapers published lurid accounts of what was in store for the earth's population. Clergymen begged their flocks to reconcile themselves with God—for the dreaded Halley's Comet was coming, and all scores had to be settled and moral debts paid before a gaseous hell devastated the world.

There were dozens of suicides throughout America as minds broke down under the strain of waiting months for the killer comet. New mental patients admitted to hospitals babbled piteously about the coming end of the world; in the psychopathic wards old-timers—stimulated by the excitement permeating the land—became unruly and violent.

Even the president of one of the biggest steel companies in the nation gravely summoned associates, friends and relatives to his luxurious home. "The comet is coming and probably will wreck most of the world," he announced quietly. "This is no time to hang on to your investments. Liquidate, put everything in cash—and get ready for Judgment Day!"

This great tizzy which reached global proportions was touched off by a little-known German astronomer named Max Wolf on September 11, 1909. Professor Wolf excitedly announced that he had located Halley's Comet, a periodic visitor every 76 years which was known to the ancients of 2,000 years ago.

The world's leading astronomers agreed with Wolf that the comet would brush near the earth on the night of May 18, 1910. But something new was added: several astronomers proclaimed that on this visit, the comet's horrid fiery tail would brush across the face of the earth, leaving death and destruction in its wake.

Then another astronomer told the newspapers that his spectroscopic examination of the comet's tail showed beyond doubt that it was filled with cyanogen, a poison gas which was lethal if inhaled—and inflammable, to boot.

From then on, the field was wide open to quacks, charlatans, con men, evangelists, crusaders, scientists, prophets and anybody else who wanted to sound off about the impending doom.

Newspapers, instead of calming the people, added to the frenzy by publishing every scrap of horrendous information or conjecture on the world's end. Sunday supplement writers had a field day penning prose scary enough to upset the most phlegmatic reader. Magazines jumped on the bandwagon with fear-inspiring sketches showing buildings bursting, people fleeing in panic, homes on fire and the skies choked with flame and gases.

In St. Louis, an elderly spinster was bilked of $100,000 — her late husband's entire fortune—by a glib gypsy who gave her in return a "charm" which would ward off evil on the night the comet destroyed all other living things.

Rural bankers refused to make loans, saying that it was folly to lend money on a building or farm which was likely to be scorched out of existence by Halley's Comet.

Factory foremen had trouble with workers, who laid down on the job. Drinking and carousing in mines and offices were frequent. The excuse was, "If the world is coming to an end, we want to have a good time now and try to forget our doom for a few hours."

A famous stage star refused to sign a new contract, though she commanded a regal salary and was the idol of New York theatre goers.

"Why try to act when the greatest drama of all time is just around the corner?" she asked. "I am going into seclusion and wait for the comet."

Of course, during this incredible period there were sane heads who called on the people to use self-restraint and show more composure. Some reputable scientists differed with Wolf and the other prophets of doom.

The great Percival Lowell, astronomer for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, made light of the scary headlines and the "scientific foundation" for the conviction of millions that they would be destroyed. But he and others made hardly a dent in the mass hysteria which slowed down business, increased immorality and robbed people of self-confidence and objective reasoning.

The famous French author and ghost hunter, Camille Flammarion, didn't help matters when he announced, "In addition to fire, the fumes which will sweep the earth will be of the laughing gas variety. The end will not be painful; all of us will be choked with merriment, laughing hysterically, as doom rushes on us!"

His prophecy touched off a new wave of wild stories and perfervid imaginings about what was in store for the world. A group of Chinese coolies, hearing of doomsday, revolted and killed their overseers. The subject of Halley's Comet was debated hotly in several parliaments of the world. Small children wept as older schoolmates taunted them about the great searing death that soon was to destroy all living things.

As the terrible day approached, people devised odd stratagems to foil the comet. Thousands of housewives started packing the cracks of their windows with old newspapers and rags, hoping to keep out noxious fumes. A New Orleans shop did a sell-out business in "anti-gas" medicine, guaranteed to render the comet fumes harmless to the imbiber.

A New York banker secretly ordered 100 tanks of oxygen stored in a specially built subterranean vault on his Long Island estate. At the other end of the world in Asia, the rumor spread that salvation would be achieved by immersing one's entire body in a giant barrel of water when the comet passed over. Barrel makers did a land office business building drums large enough to hold a human body.

Came the dawn of May 18 and work stopped in thousands of stores, factories and farms. Bleary-eyed people thronged the streets, expecting a fiery sky and rumblings from the comet.

But nothing happened. This day was like any other day. People said, "Ah, but wait until tonight. The comet will sweep across the sky and destroy us all!"

By nightfall, people were praying in the streets, the churches were jammed, and night clubs were doing the biggest business of all time, thanks to revelers who wanted to leave this world in a pleasantly hilarious state.

The rumor swept New York that the comet would do no harm to those patrons standing on bridges over water at the time of its passing. By evening, every bridge was filled with a shoving, screaming crowd of human beings. The Williamsburg Bridge alone, leading to Brooklyn, bore a capacity throng of 25,000 people wedged tightly against each other.

All through the night, millions of hushed watchers throughout the world scanned the skies anxiously. But nothing happened. Very few people saw a faint trail of the comet. Sheepishly, the people trudged home with their kids and belongings.

The great Halley's Comet binge was over.

▲

For years Grandpa had been stubborn and crabby. No one could please him. Then, almost overnight, he changed. Gentleness and optimism twinkled about him. "Grandpa," he was asked, "what caused you to change so suddenly?"

"Well, sir," the old man replied, "I've been striving all my life for a contented mind. It's done no good, so I've decided to be content without it."

▲

The most utterly lost of all days is the one in which you have not once laughed.

"We have to cut down on our personnel—but where?"

Guinea Pigging

Pays Off !

The consumer is still boss!

by ROBERT D. LINK

IF YOU see a brisk young business man unconcernedly carrying a brief case and wearing one brown and one black shoe, don't mentally tick him as a psychopath or exhibitionist.

It's a better-than-even chance that he's one of 25,000 Americans who serve as volunteer guinea pigs for manufacturers hoping to market new products which will appeal to buyers. Those mis-mated shoes, for example, may be worn for months to test the resistance of a new leather to sun, rain and snow. The young man may receive as much as $25 a week for the regular reports he submits describing the wearing quality of the shoes. Not all testers of new and unmarketed products can be spotted so readily. That friendly Jones family across the street—which always seems to have a new radio, exciting "functional" furniture, and intriguing kitchen gadgets—may be serving as a panel for a group of manufacturers. They receive money and the products tested in return for their honest evaluation of merchandise.

The families who agree to become testers must promise to keep their duties a secret. That's because research departments don't want their volunteers' opinions affected by offers of more money or costlier products from rival firms. Also, there's always the chance that a competitor may sniff out a new product and jump the gun by rushing to market with a similar item, thus skimming the sales cream.

Such panels of average American families are responsible for the introduction of $75,000,000 worth of new products each year. Equally important, their down-turned thumb on a new floor wax or auto tire may save a manufacturer several hundred thousand dollars if he agrees to abandon plans for making an item foredoomed to failure.

Here's what happened when one enterprising cereal magnate decided that his laboratory's synthetic coffee would supplant the authentic Brazilian bean quickly in the hearts of coffee lovers.

"It can't be distinguished from the

real thing!" he proclaimed. "It's bound to click." Fortunately, survey-minded associates prevailed upon him to hire 50 interviewers at eight dollars a day plus expenses. These men and women distributed 10,000 free samples and questionnaires to homes, restaurants, hotels and lunch wagons.

After three months of coast-to-coast checking, they came up with a firm opinion: resistance to the synthetic drink was solid, and it might take five years and $5,000,000 to give the new drink a favorable name. Confronted with the survey which had cost him only $10,000, the manufacturer wisely shelved his ambitious program to put coffee out of business.

One time, a refrigerator company conceived the idea of a transparent icebox which would enable housewives to see its contents without having to open the door. When drawings of the proposed glass box were shown to "consumer panels," the company heads were startled to learn that 70 per cent of the women turned up their noses at the idea.

"We don't want our nosey neighbors to know what we're going to have for supper!" was the general criticism. As a result, the transparent box was forgotten and a $250,000 failure was averted.

Surveys cost anywhere from a modest $300 to $50,000. A manufacturer may pay from 25 cents to $10 for each opinion or questionnaire. In most cases, this is the cheapest and soundest investment he can make. One crockery maker, for example, thought that square dishes would be a blessing to housewives with small kitchens and tiny cupboard space. He was prepared to spend $100,000 in marketing the line before he was persuaded that a $500 survey should be conducted before the new dishes went into production.

To his amazement, an overwhelming number of women laughed at the

idea of square dishes—and even the men said they preferred a round plate.

"It goes to show," sighed the crockery king, "that the big idea we business men launch may founder on the hard rock of public opinion. In the end, the customer is still boss in America."

Despite the gibes hurled at poll-takers after the last national election, advertising agencies and large companies have no reason to doubt the reliability of their non-professional consumer panels. Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public are quite honest and vocal about their likes and dislikes. If a new orange juicer has an undetected "bug" in it, its maker is certain to receive a speedy rejection from the 1,000 housewives who may test it for a month.

Women testers far outnumber men for several reasons: they like to earn small amounts of money for their services; they want to keep the products tested; they have a keener feeling for style and color—important factors a man may overlook.

"Women are natural-born samplers," says a Chicago market research specialist. "They feel a deep responsibility for reporting honestly and fully on any new product, whether it's a baby bottle or a new club car for a railroad."

Indeed, the New York Central Railroad depends heavily on the votes of its passengers before introducing a new car or color scheme to the traveling public. General Motors, too, sets great store by customer preferences: everything in a GM car, from taillight to radiator ornament, is submitted to a large number of motorists for their opinions before the production line rolls.

Did you know that you might sell a new tapioca in Massachusetts but you couldn't find takers if you gave it away in many Southern states? That lemon-flavored dessert will sell rapidly in Los Angeles and probably flop in Omaha? That a new hand cream can succeed in Kansas and fail dismally in New England?

These curious facts and a thousand more—gleaned from many years' questioning of women—have saved fortunes for cautious business firms. The inventors and designers may go all-out for their brain children, but if the gals say "no!" in significant numbers, their word is heeded by advertising agencies and their clients.

If you've ever been handed a free sample and asked for your opinion of the product, you have served as a guinea pig for American industry. If your phone once rang and a voice asked, "What type of shaving cream do you like—lather or brushless?" you may be sure that your reply was valued and duly considered.

Surveys frequently turn up many surprise uses for new products. A firm which made disposable paper handkerchiefs offered modest prizes for letters telling of new uses for its product. At the end of six months, the company had discovered 185 hitherto-undreamed of uses. Then they exploited those uses diligently in their advertising. Sales soared 85 per cent.

On rare occasions, the consumers' verdict can be woefully wrong. Such a costly mistake occurred in the early 1920's, when radio was throwing off its swaddling clothes and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was interested in the medium as a possible source of revenue.

Through its advertising agency, A. T. & T. cautiously asked hundreds of householders this door-to-door question, "Would you listen to the radio if advertisements were given for the sponsor who paid for the production of a program?"

The majority of people huffily replied that they would turn the danged gadgets off if radio went commercial. Intimidated by the public opinion sample, A. T. & T. put the idea of sponsored programs in moth balls and the whole field of network big-time shows was delayed for five years!

▲

The difference between collegiate and professional football is that the college players take home the goal posts while the professionals take home a good part of the gate.

Where There's a Will

"WHEN you make your will," a leading psychologist recently observed, "you are preparing to leave a picture of your character." And what pictures some people leave!

"To the spinster, Eva Boileau," willed M. Colombie, a Paris merchant, "I leave, in heartfelt gratitude, the sum of 1,200 francs for having, some 20 years ago, refused to marry me, thus enabling me to live independently and happily as a bachelor."

John Rudge, of Trysull, England, took a posthumous dig at his pastor by willing, "20 shillings a year to be paid to a man to go about the parish church, during the sermon, to keep people awake—"

A French disciple of the great chef, Savarin, directed that a new cooking recipe be pasted on his tomb every day.

"Should my wife remarry within two years after my death," Richard Tucker, a rich English farmer, willed, "she is to receive £10,000 instead of £5,000. I know this is contrary to custom, but I double the amount out of consideration of my possible successor. He will deserve it."

Henry Budd divided his property equally among his sons, to be held by them as long as they did not wear mustaches.

After a visit from a thieving relative, a Boston man inserted in his will: "To my nephew, Harry, I bequeath 11 spoons. He will know why I have not left him a dozen."

A doting father bequeathed to his two daughters their weight in one-pound banknotes. The elder received £51,200, while the younger, who was a wee bit heftier, was rewarded with £57,344!

A Mr. Sanborn, of Medford, Connecticut, leaving his body to Harvard University, directed that his skin be made into two drumheads, and that upon these his friends beat "Yankee Doodle" every year at a ceremony at Bunker Hill.

In compliance with the provisions of his will, the body of the distinguished author, Jeremy Bentham, was embalmed, respectably attired, and seated in his old arm-chair. From thence it was removed from time to time to be placed at the banquet table of his friends when they discussed philosophy and philanthropy.—*Adrian Anderson.*

Words for Our Pictures

1. Maurice Tobin, Secretary of Labor, addresses a huge crowd and a vast radio audience at the new International Brotherhood of Boilermakers' Building in Kansas City, Kansas.

2. Another prominent speaker at the dedication ceremony is Governor Frank Carlson of Kansas.

3. William Green, President of the A. F. of L., calls the beautiful new edifice "a milestone in labor history."

4. Frank Wiziarde, the nutty emcee of *Luncheon on the Plaza* (11 a.m., Monday through Saturday), chats with Crazy Hatter Ruth Ann Smith, whose doughnut hat ushers in National Doughnut Week. The delicious chapeau is made from 52 whole doughnuts.

5. At a buffalo barbecue, Gene Autry swaps Western stories with Don Sullivan, WHB cowboy star.

Centerpiece

ON *Swing*'s center pages you'll meet appealing Ava Gardner, one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's most talented young stars and a great public favorite. Currently, she appears with Gregory Peck in *The Great Sinner.*

Swingshots

. . . *presenting* R. B. CALDWELL

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

WITH the approach of the holiday season each winter, money becomes an increasingly desirable commodity. The average individual swears on a sprig of mistletoe that next year things will be different, as —for what he is sure is the last time —he hurries to the savings window of his bank for Christmas cash.

Bankers smile at this recurring phenomenon and go, in turn, to *their* bank.

Top man on this complicated financial totem pole in the Tenth Federal Reserve District is Robert Breckenridge Caldwell, chairman of the board of directors of the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City. As fiscal agent of the nation's second largest Federal Reserve District, the long-titled Mr. Caldwell regulates the flow of currency in Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, and parts of New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Missouri. He has his finger on the economic pulse of the entire area, and finds the increased tempo of money transactions each November and December to be a sure symptom of another merry Christmas for the business world.

Strangely enough, this banker's banker is primarily an attorney. As senior partner of the large law firm of Caldwell, Downing, Noble and Garrity, he is well-known for his trial work and his special ability in the field of corporation affairs. He serves as a director and as general counsel of Gustin-Bacon Manufacturing Company, C. J. Patterson Company, and Standard Steel Works. He is chairman of the board of directors and general counsel of Cook Paint & Varnish Company.

In addition, Mr. Caldwell acts as general counsel of the Mehornay Furniture Company, Macy's of Kansas City, Black & Veatch, Long Construction Company, Western Auto Supply Company, Fred Wolferman, Incorporated, and many other manufacturing, business, and insurance firms.

"If I had to characterize Bob Caldwell with just one adjective," a lifelong friend remarked recently, "I guess I'd choose 'energetic' — the energetic Mr. Caldwell.

"He's been on the go since early boyhood. He started busy, and he gets busier every year."

Caldwell's busy beginning was on a farm near Vandalia, an eastern Missouri town with a present-day population of 2,672. He was second oldest of the five children of moderately prosperous parents. His parents were Baptists, and a geographical coincidence intensified the religious atmosphere of their home. The Caldwell farm was located midway between Vandalia and the Spencer Creek Baptist Church, an over-all distance of five miles. That made it a convenient stopping place for visiting ministers, who usually arrived Saturday noon and departed Monday morning. The time between was devoted to discussions of religion.

To most young boys, this would seem an unfortunate arrangement, and for a long time that was the way Bob Caldwell felt about it. Now, however, he admits it was a good thing, because it enabled him to get all of his religion at once, so that now he is able to play golf on Sunday morning with a completely clear conscience. This he does on the well-groomed links of the Kansas City Country Club, in the company of a broker and a well-known industrialist.

The ministers who visited the Caldwell farm convinced Bob's father that any college was a good college, compared to the University of Missouri. Bob, however, had his heart set on the state university, and that's where he went. Out of deference to his father's feelings he worked his way through school. "I couldn't accept his money," Bob says, "knowing what he thought of the place."

To foot the bill, Bob arranged to lease some land near his home. He farmed it for several summers, turning a tidy profit each year. School jobs, including the grading of English papers, completed the financing of his education.

Young Caldwell went to Columbia with the idea of becoming an engineer. But when the dean of men refused to honor a high school physics credit, he switched to liberal arts and later took law. Although the decision was forced upon him, he has never had cause to regret it.

At Missouri, Bob Caldwell was what the collegians of today would term a "big wheel." He edited the *Savitar,* university annual; was a staff member of the *Independent;* was elected to QEBH, senior men's honorary; and served as president of Kappa Sigma.

He received his A.B. degree in 1903, and spent a year at the St. Louis World's Fair as assistant to the Commissioner to the Foreign Press, preparing news releases for translation and distribution to newspapers throughout the world.

The following year he entered law school, and in an experience reminiscent of John Alden, found himself general manager of athletics at the University of Missouri. He went to an influential trustee to speak in be-

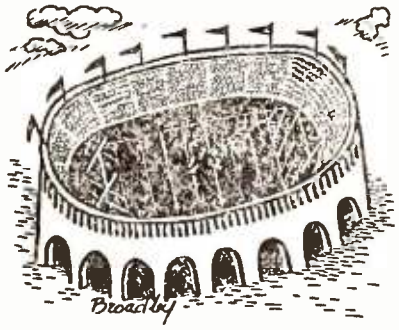
half of a friend and ex-roommate who was qualified to handle the business affairs of the athletic association and very much wanted to do so. He came away after pleading his friend's case for half an hour, only to learn the next day that he had been given the job himself.

Through the years, Bob Caldwell's interest in his alma mater has grown. He spearheaded a fund-drive for a new Kappa Sigma house, and was honored by the fraternity for his success. He has served as an officer of the Kappa Sigma alumni group, as president of the Kansas City Alumni Association of the University of Missouri, and as president of the National Alumni Association of the University of Missouri. He has been officially honored by the university for his success in the business and professional world, has been designated an honorary member of Order of the Coif and Phi Beta Kappa.

He has maintained close contact with athletics at the university, too, seeing many of the football games played in Columbia. He still attends the games with Eula McCune, the pretty coed he dated at school. Only her name is Eula Caldwell now, and has been since the year Bob received his law degree.

That was a fateful year for Bob Caldwell and, as things have turned out, for Kansas City, too. Upon graduation, the young man went home to think and worry. Where would he practice? How would he finance his start? He wanted to get married, and he wanted to locate in a community that offered a future.

As he pondered, a letter arrived from Columbia. A printer there, whom Bob had come to know through his work with college publications, asked whether Caldwell would be interested in acting as his Kansas City



agent for the state's official court reports.

It was a perfect opportunity. The agency was already established, and was profitable enough to be attractive to any young lawyer. So Caldwell moved to Kansas City and went to work for the law firm of McCune, Harding, Brown, and Murphy. A few years later he became a member of the firm, and in 1915 he and Judge McCune (no relation to Eula) organized McCune, Caldwell, and Downing.

As an undergraduate, a law student, and an alumnus, Bob Caldwell put far more into his college than the ordinary student. As a result, he has gotten far more out of it. He still cherishes the warm friendships he developed in Columbia, and is understandably proud of the manner in which many of his college mates have distinguished themselves. Four have been federal judges; one, a governor

and United States Senator; and others are leaders in business, government, and the professions.

In turn, Caldwell's friends are proud of him. He is exceptionally well-liked and highly regarded, and his forceful, straightforward personality leaves a single, clear-cut impression in the minds of all those who come to know him. He steers a fixed course. He has no moods of depression or elation. He is calm and unexcitable. He moves on an even keel and in a direct line, accomplishing a great deal with amazingly quiet efficiency.

Caldwell isn't given to loose talk. When he makes a statement, it is because he has something to say, something which has been thought out carefully. This quality prompted a friend to observe, "I don't know anyone who talks less, says more, and is so widely listened to."

When Caldwell does speak, it is in a frank Midwestern accent without final g's. He has a deep voice, a little rough at the edges, which helps him achieve a friendly appeal with no loss of natural dignity. People meeting him for the first time are apt to consider his speaking manner abrupt because of his habit of expressing concisely what is on his mind, and then stopping.

Associates agree that his greatest asset is his level-headedness, his rational—almost intense—practicality.

One client who has retained Caldwell more than 30 years has often come to him with apparently insoluble legal problems. "As I talk," the client says, "laying before him an utterly bewildering mass of details and complications, Bob's mind is running like a well-oiled thresher. It discards the chaff and gets right to the kernel. When I get through, he has all the facts sorted out in perfect order, and is already concentrating on the single, important nut of the matter."

In the courtroom, opposing lawyers find it difficult to introduce irrelevancies into a hearing. With unblinking logic, Caldwell brushes aside all but the salient facts.

The Caldwells have a married son and daughter, two grandsons and two granddaughters. As a grandfather, Bob Caldwell is just as proud as the next man. The children adore him, and call him "Pop." He reads to the smaller ones, whose favorite literature at the moment is the story of Donald Duck's terrible temper.

For himself, Caldwell prefers mystery stores, in novel form or on the radio. But Mrs. Caldwell, who finds detective thrillers somewhat less enchanting than her husband does, is sometimes forced to turn off the radio in self-defense.

Such a move would never occur to her husband, who is able to close his mental ears to any distraction. He often works with the radio going full blast, apparently with as much efficiency as ever.

He spends many evenings with a dictionary or encyclopedia, checking facts and augmenting his already vast store of miscellaneous information.

For many years, the mountain-loving Caldwells have summered in Colorado. They used to ride horseback and climb mountains, but now

confine themselves to golf and to card games on the veranda of the Broadmoor. Bob Caldwell is no card fanatic, but he plays an extremely deft game of canasta, bridge, and gin-rummy. Poker players confide that he is also a formidable opponent at either stud or draw.

The talents of Bob Caldwell have been much in demand by his profession, city and state, as well as in the business world. In the early 1920's, he served on the Kansas City Board of Election Commissioners. He has worked on the Red Cross and Community Chest; been a member of the Missouri Board of Charities and Corrections, a director of the Chamber of Commerce and Kansas City Art Institute and president of the Swope Settlement.

Before the war, he served as chairman of the Defense Savings Committee of Jackson County, Missouri, and he continued throughout the emergency as chairman of the War Savings Committee. His leadership was partly responsible for Missouri over-subscribing its wartime savings bond quota by 201 per cent!

Caldwell is a member of the American, Kansas City, and Missouri State Bar Association, and of the Kansas City Lawyers Association. He served as president of the Missouri State Board of Law Examiners for 16 years, and is widely credited with yeoman work in raising considerably the Missouri standards for admission to the bar.

At present, he is a member of the advisory council of the University of Kansas City, and a trustee under the will of the late William Rockhill Nelson.

Bob Caldwell's character is written in his face. One glance at his countenance reveals determination, intelligence, tremendous moral and physical strength.

"I can sum him up in just three phrases," John B. Gage, Kansas City's famous "reform mayor" boasted recently.

"Bob Caldwell is a good citizen, a good lawyer, and a good friend!"

It Happened in America

ONE way to rank the popularity of American statesmen is by the number of counties now bearing their names. George Washington is in first place, with counties named for him in 30 states . . . Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson are tied for second place with 21 . . . James Madison and Andrew Jackson are next with 18 each, then come James Monroe with 17 and Abraham Lincoln with 15.

▲

ACCORDING to the record of the Navy Department, the last salvo of World War II was fired off Honshu, on August 9, 1945, by the heavy cruiser St. Paul. The St. Paul was taking part in her first major operation and got off the last three rounds of a 19-gun salvo at the moment the cease-firing order was issued.—*Louis O. Honig.*

So They Say

Henry Morgan says the new French bathing suits are creating a sensation in the USA. A girl friend of his bought one recently and had it delivered. It came wrapped in a summons.

▲

Daniel Boone was once asked if he had ever been lost in the woods. "Never got lost," Boone countered. "But I was *bewildered* once for three days."

▲

"Will ya gimme a dime for a cup of coffee?" asked the hobo of the plainclothes man.

"Do you ever work?" asked the plainclothes man.

"Now and then."

"What do you do?"

"This and that."

"Where?"

"Oh, here and there."

The detective took him to the police station. "When do I get out of here?" wailed the hobo.

"Oh," growled the officer, "sooner or later!"

▲

The oldest inhabitant had just celebrated his birthday, and a reporter from a local paper was sent to interview him.

"Tell me," he said chattily, "what would you do if you could have your time all over again?"

There was a long silence, while the old timer appeared to be deep in thought.

"I think," he said seriously, "I would part my hair in the middle."

▲

Everyone in the dean's office in the local law school was very busy. It was the beginning of the school year. The dean was the busiest of all. The phone rang, and when the dean answered, a sweet young voice said, "Is this the Gas Company?"

The dean roared, "No, this is the Law School!"

To which the sweet young voice replied, "Well, I didn't miss it so damn' much, did I?"

▲

John Crosby claims a small boy on Long Island went rushing into his home the other day, considerably excited. "Mother," he exclaimed, "the Yardleys have the funniest television set! You just hear the voices. No picture!"

▲

Two hollow-eyed, bleak-looking Scots were discussing a wild party they had attended the night before. "D'ye ken," said one of them, "that Mac fell in the river on his way home last night?"

With some effort the other Scot focused his thoughts upon this dreadful intelligence.

"Ye dinna mean tae say he was drooned?" he inquired fearfully.

The other shook his head, slowly and painfully, "Na, na," he replied, "not drooned—but sadly diluted!"

THE BIGGEST CHRISTMAS TREE

by DEREK CARTER

THIS is the story of a tree and a tradition, a Christmas story that each year thrills hundreds of thousands of spectators, young and old alike.

The story of the tree, called the biggest and perhaps most gaily decorated Yule tree under any roof, can be told simply. It's the same story of "putting up the tree" that takes place in every American home, only on a much more spectacular scale.

The story of the tradition, that of "lunch under the tree at Field's," is another matter. It can be glimpsed only in the faces lit with wonder, the shining eyes that surround the tree each holiday season. It is the story of a department store that has the heart, the warmth and sentiment, that is the very spirit of Christmas.

Getting the tree from the north woods to a seventh floor tearoom in a Chicago department store is only the beginning.

Each year, before the first fall of snow, Marshall Field & Company sends a man up to the vicinity of Lake Superior to shop for the tree that is the centerpiece, during the holidays, for its world-famous Walnut Room.

The tree shopper heads for Paul Bunyan country, fittingly enough, for his Bunyanesque fir. With timber cruisers, he looks for a perfect specimen, 70 feet tall.

He picks a big one because, when the snows have come and the tree must start its journey to Chicago, only the top, choice, 48 feet are lopped off the fallen tree.

Before loading, the big branches must be tightly bound with wire, and the base of the truck packed in peat moss to keep the tree fresh on its long journey to Field's.

The trip is an adventure in itself. A bulldozer plows a path from the tree to the nearest logging road. Horses and sledge drag the tree to a waiting truck, which hurries its tangy cargo to a railroad siding.

A special flatcar carries the tree to a siding adjacent to Chicago's Loop. When Field's closes to begin a November week end, the tree is carted at night, through roped-off streets, to the store.

Once a set of revolving doors has been removed to make way for the tree, the big fir is trundled inside. Within 48 hours, it must be lifted seven floors, installed in the tearoom, and decorated.

The rush against the clock starts with a block-

and-tackle boost up a store "well" to the seventh floor. Moved across the restaurant floor to its final resting place, the tree is no sooner straight and tall before a scaffolding is erected around it.

A designer in the store's display department, months before, has prepared a sketch of the finished tree. Armed with copies of this, decorators swarm over the scaffolding to place, each according to the plan, every ornament and bit of trim.

The ornaments are a story in themselves. In proportion to the towering tree, the ornaments are huge. They are especially designed and manufactured. It is a job of months to assemble these king-sized baubles. Some 3,000 go into the trimming of the tree, many, of course, saved from year to year.

Just hours before the store re-opens to start the holiday season, the scaffolding comes off the big tree, and it can be seen in its entirety for the first time.

The work of many days and many hands, it makes its debut to those visitors from all over the country who are accustomed to come to the store for lunch beneath this biggest of all Christmas trees.

It is, of course, but one of the store's famed Christmas features.

The windows along State Street tell the adventures of Uncle Mistletoe, who is also featured on a television program for children.

The main aisle of the store sparkles with thousands of ornaments, and features each year a new scheme of Christmas decoration. Throughout the store, particularly along the escalators, display spots show the colors and the spirit of a Christmas decor.

The toy floor, of course, is a wonderland in which Candy Cane Lane is main street for toy-minded youngsters.

And, finally, Santa Claus—who is house guest of Uncle Mistletoe in a gay Cozy Cloud Cottage—is on hand to greet the children.

But, in the minds of many, it is the giant Christmas tree in Field's that lingers longest as the highlight of the holidays.

There is a magic about this tree, they insist, that sets it apart from other trees and keeps bringing them back each year. It is the Christmas tree that keeps growing, year by year, in the hearts of those who see it.

The Super Pump

BENEATH your shirt front beats quite an organ—your heart. It weighs only ten ounces, yet this little pump which is only the size of your fist ejects about six ounces of blood at each contraction. This adds up to approximately 5,000 gallons—or 20 tons—every 24 hours. During periods of great stress the heart can pump as much as 50 to 100 tons of blood in a 24 hour period. If yours is the average heart, you were allotted a minimum of 3,000,000,000 heartbeats to round out your life span—with perhaps another billion thrown in for extra strains.

Your heart is the closest thing in your body to an automatic, tireless engine. Every other physical organ can slow down. Hold your breath for ten seconds and the lungs will pick up where they left off. But except for the occasional miracles we hear about, if the heart stops for ten seconds it never starts again.

A surprising number of intelligent people still believe in ghosts.

WRAITHS Over Washington

by JAMES L. HARTE

ONE afternoon last April there was unusual merriment on the floor of the Senate of the United States. The Senate majority leader, Democrat Scott Lucas, had just completed a lengthy speech on the now-famed filibuster fight. Gleeful, chortling Republicans were heckling the many errors and inconsistencies unusual to an average Lucas address. The heckling, barbed and pointed, reached its pinnacle when respected Senator Arthur Vandenberg took the floor.

Lucas, in his talk, had denounced the Michigan Republican for having made "an impassioned speech against the anti-filibuster measure." And Vandenberg, solemnly, in grave tones that underscored the previous gibes at Lucas, said, "I made no speech, impassioned or otherwise, against the anti-filibuster measure."

As Maine's Senator Brewster observed, Lucas' "ghost" was in great error.

This was very unusual, for the wraiths of Washington are noted for their accuracy in the words they put into the mouths of others. Errors and misstatements mean a loss of clients and are generally avoided. A more frequent "accident" of the ghost-writing business is exemplified by the one which occurred during an early war-year session.

Both Virginia's Senator Byrd and Nebraska's Senator Burke, on the same afternoon, delivered a stirring address before the Senate. Their brother dignitaries failed to notice, until the speeches appeared in the black-and-white of the *Congressional Record,* that not only had they spoken the same day on the same subject, but that they had said the same thing—word for word!

The legislator takes the chance of such an accident when purchasing a prepared oration from any of the many agencies which infest the nation's capital and make a lucrative business of ghosting for Congressmen, Cabinet members, and other execu-

tives of the government who are too busy to do their own research and writing. But, duplicated or not, the buyer does expect his material to be accurate.

Ghosting, particularly in Washington, has become a profession, a far cry from its lowly beginning which, legend has it, was in the sports department of a New York City newspaper one long-gone day. It is said that a circulation-minded editor hit upon the idea of signed personal articles by the baseball heroes of the day. He assigned a reporter to write the stories, then get the signatures of the sports stars as by-lines. "You needn't tell them," the editor cautioned, "what they're supposed to have written."

Today, at least a dozen agencies flourish along the banks of the Potomac. At fees of five to ten dollars for a five- to ten-minute speech, these agencies offer a mass-produced, stereotyped oration prepared in advance on popular topics for which the agency anticipates a demand. Orders on such subjects are quickly, and too often identically, filled.

Late in 1948, three Army generals were invited to address a convention being held in New York. The three officers, each unaware of the others, sought the same ghost-writing service. They turned up with identical speeches, and warlike wrath pervaded that meeting!

However, for fees in excess of ten dollars, the ghost digs into his subject and produces a fairly decent arrangement of words for the average speaker. The 15-, 20-, or 25-dollar fee covers, in general, the immediate topics that are popular and timely, such as atomic energy and un-American activities, and the speaker gets an address of from 15 minutes' to an hour's duration. Congressmen, representatives of various government departments and agencies, even businessmen scheduled to appear before club meetings, can get satisfactory speeches in this price class.

Popular subjects are the ghost-writer's delight. He does not have to do a great deal of research to earn his fee, for information on timely subjects is readily available in the daily papers and current magazines. The ghost, for example, delving into the daily news stories on atomic energy, the pamphlets and reports issued by the Atomic Energy Commission, the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, easily comes up with a speech that sounds as fine as one written by any scholarly nuclear physicist.

But while the agency business is flourishing and lucrative, it is only a small part of the ghosting profession. A large percentage of Senators and Representatives employ an executive secretary or administrative assistant, whose duty it is to prepare the employer's written and spoken word, to incorporate his tricks of phrasing, expression and mannerisms. In a number of cases this is done so skillfully that the personality of client and ghost become as one. The late Congressman Gerlach of Pennsylvania once delivered an address before a home-district gathering and was told that he sounded like his newspaper-man-secretary. And the secretary, called upon for some remarks at a meeting in Washington, was after-

ward advised that he "sounded just like Congressman Gerlach!"

Indiana Congressman Forest Harness, then chairman of the subcommittee on publicity, House Expenditures Committee, two years ago

reported that there were about 45,000 publicity employees in the various departments of the Federal Government whose work was 99 per cent ghosting, and whose annual collective income exceeded $75,000,000. Estimates in the fall of 1949 bring the total to 50,000, and the income to $85,000,000.

The minute percentage of these workers who are not strictly ghostwriters is accounted for by the research specialists who establish facts and figures for departmental reports and pamphlets, releases and papers. Their work substantiates department requests to the Bureau of the Budget and to the Congressional Appropriations Committee for funds necessary for the maintenance of a particular department or agency.

The ghosting profession is often criticized, but not often so savagely as it was a year ago, when the president of Boston University spoke out against ghosts and characterized any client of ghostwriting as "dishonest, morally threadbare, too lazy and too dumb (to do his own writing)."

In contrast, men who are themselves masters of words have openly used and praised the work of ghosts. The late President Roosevelt, a fine weaver with words, used such ghosts as ace playwright Robert Sherwood and intellectual Judge Samuel Rosenman. Strange as it may seem, the fact that FDR employed ghost-aid once helped elect a member of Congress in opposition to him.

It was during the 1944 campaign, and a Republican candidate for Congress in a certain Ohio district employed a veteran newspaperman to draft and gild his campaign oratory. The Democratic incumbent gleefully heckled the Republican as a moron unable to write his own material. The GOP candidate took the needling in stride during the early days of the campaign and then, as it waxed to a heated close, he exploded his bombshell: FDR employed ghostwriters. Therefore, if a candidate for Congress who did so was a moron, by simple amplification, what was the President? Was not the Democrat smearing his own "chief"?

The voters thought so and, while Roosevelt carried the district, so did the Republican candidate for Congress.

In the neatest journalistic trick of 1949, the *Washington Post* proved that a ghost is often a blessing. The newspaper, with a wire recorder, took down an address given by one of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, the three-man governing body of the Capital, and then printed the speech verbatim in its news columns. *Time* magazine hastened to reprint the article, accentuating the hems and

haws, the ers and ahs, the stuttering, second-grade grammar of the address as given. The obfuscated oration went on and on saying nothing. The use of a ghost in such a case would have won the approval of all who heard and read.

Ghosts are not confined to politics and government. Robert Tate Allen, once church editor of one of Washington's morning newspapers, has built a lucrative business as a ghost, preparing press releases and editorials for many men of the cloth. And a well-known Catholic religious leader and educator, famed for his contributions to the sectarian press, has systematized his method of creation. He is not an Allen client. He makes voluminous long-hand notes, then hires a public stenographer to whom he dictates, from the notes, the original outlines of his articles. He blue-pencils the typed copy here and there and then turns it over to a member of the working press—his ghost for many years—for polishing and editing.

So the profession flourishes and grows. Ghosts write books and ghosts build fame. One alleged, believable, but unauthenticated ghost story is that James A. Farley paid a ghosting fee of $25,000 for the work done on the Farley autobiography. The figure, if true, represents an all-time high for a single such fee. And whether or not the yarn is entirely true, the book did add to the Farley legend and fame. Such fame is typical of many men in the public eye and ear who employ the unsung mechanics with words, the wraiths over Washington.

▲

With his wife sick in bed, hubby—and pandemonium—reigned supreme in the kitchen. The husband was having trouble finding the tea. He looked high and low, and finally called to his wife, "I can't find the tea, dear. Where do you keep it?"

"I don't know why you can't find it," came the peevish reply. "It's right in front on the cupboard shelf, in a cocoa tin marked matches."

▲

The groom seemed slightly confused. Hesitatingly he said, "I was asked to buy either a casserole or a camisole. I can't remember which."

"That's easy enough," answered the clerk. "Is the chicken dead or alive?"

▲

At a Florida casino, a husband gave his wife, who had never before played roulette, $200 with which to gamble. She asked a woman friend what number she should play, and was told to choose her age number. So the lady placed $100 on 28, only to faint when the pill came to a stop on 32.

▲

A clerk in a Hollywood studio, a girl with an attractive face but a rather slight figure, had been given a small part in a Technicolor picture. When she came on the set, the friendly director said, "You look nervous. I hope you don't feel like a lamb going to slaughter."

Blushing, she replied, "I feel more like an expense account going to the boss—all padded up."

▲

Lowell Thomas, well-known radio news commentator, recently quoted his father's definition of a good public speaker, "Somebody who knows how to make more than one friend at a time."

OUR GROWING LAUNDRY BUNDLE

by CHARLES WAYS

America's "keep clean" mania is a boon to the folks who wash the nation's dirty socks.

WHEN an incoming bundle is shaken onto the sorting table in a laundry plant, practically anything, literally speaking, is apt to come tumbling out of it.

At a Mississippi laundry, a young car-hop took a bundle from a drive-in customer and nonchalantly tossed it on the receiving counter. He was startled out of his composure, however, when a loud yelp came from the bundle as it landed. Opening the bundle, attendants found a frisky puppy who made good friends with them before his owner came back to pick him up.

In Virginia, a black kitten was not so lucky. She spent almost two days in a laundry bundle and had to be fed a saucerful of milk to revive her after this harrowing experience.

Cats and kittens seem to have a special fondness for laundry bundles, perhaps because of the soft comfort and warmth the linen offers. Classic example of the cat that went to the laundry is the tabby that gave birth to four kittens en route. It happened in Brooklyn.

In Milwaukee, a man stuffed $632 into a pillowcase for safe-keeping. Later he forgot about this and sent the improvised vault to the laundry with the rest of the family wash. The bills went completely through the washing cycle before being discovered. All of them were returned to the owner completely clean—and dried. Large bills, totaling $17,000, were found in another pillowcase in the laundry of the Hotel Plaza in New York. They were returned before the owner even realized the money was gone.

A gold ring with a diamond valued at $500 was found by a laundry near White Plains, New York, and returned to its owner. And a two-carat

diamond ring lost by a woman in Ohio was found and returned to her by a local laundry. In both instances, the rings were discovered in the pockets of garments.

Jewelry and money are among the many items found in garments by sorters in laundry plants who make a point of emptying out pockets to avoid damage to clothing, as well as for the purpose of returning any misplaced valuables to their customers. A lipstick left in the pocket of a dress, for instance, can ruin many hundreds of dollars worth of clothing. Razor blades or broken glass can tear shirts and linens. The laundry manager of a hospital in California once exhibited a large collection of such things as hypodermic needles, broken glass tumblers, medicine bottles and scalpels which had been deposited in linen hampers over a period of just a few months.

Laundry bundles also have been known to contain toys, shoes, eyeglasses, books, negotiable bonds, social security cards, love letters, pencils, fountain pens, watches, compacts, false teeth and babies' milk bottles filled with milk. One laundry plant even had the unusual experience of hunting for a pair of white mice belonging to a customer. The mice got out of the bundle and an all-out effort by the laundry employees was necessary to round them up. The rodents finally were caught and returned to their owner.

Such bizarre events, however, do not disrupt the carefully planned work schedule of a laundry plant. The heavy flow of linen, shirts and other clothing going through the laundry must be processed rapidly and without interruption to be ready for customers on time. The steady flow of production also is essential to keep costs down and profit possible. Typical large city laundries handle from 35,000 to 50,000 pieces a day, and some handle more. One large city laundry does about 10,000 men's shirts alone in a day. All of these shirts are finished or pressed by 36 girls working in teams of four each with the most modern equipment. Each girl averages about 35 shirts an hour.

Modern laundry plants are highly mechanized and set up on an assembly line basis for smooth and efficient work flow. Plant layout is usually carefully designed to eliminate extra motion and back-tracking. Many plants use belt conveyors, overhead cables and chutes to carry laundry from one operation to another.

Equipment in a laundry includes washwheels, extractors, gigantic flatwork ironers, drying tumblers, shirt presses and many other specialized pieces of equipment. The large washwheels are usually self-loading and unloading, and capable of handling hundreds of pounds of linen at a time. Many of these machines are push-button controlled with the formula pre-set, and the injection of soap, sour and bluing taking place automatically. Extractors, large cylindrical, tublike machines, spin around at 800 revolutions a minute, removing all the water from the linen and clothing by centrifugal force. Huge flatwork ironers can dry and press sheets and tablecloths at the rate of 900 an hour.

When a bundle comes into a laun-

dry, classification is the first step. The bundle is emptied on a table and the pieces sorted according to color and type of fabric. All laundries do not follow exactly the same breakdowns, but in general there are more than a score of classifications and subclassifications.

White cottons, for instance, are separated from colored cottons and from all types of silks, rayons, nylons and woolens. The dark colored items in the various materials are separated from the others. Then both light and dark colored materials are broken down into even more specific color groupings. In addition, there are specialty items which are separated into such classifications as wool blankets, curtains, greasy overalls, pillows, and wash suits.

After the segregating is completed, the laundry is marked for easy identification. Frequently, it is placed in net bags with large numbered pins or key tags attached. One customer may have several different nets—one for each wash classification. But the pin or tag on each of these nets will have the same number. After the nets are placed in the washwheels, they receive the proper wash formulas and water temperatures for their respective classifications.

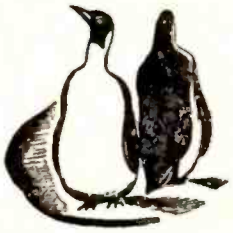
All white cotton materials in the average family bundle receive four suds baths—including one bleach bath—of several minutes each. This is followed by about four hot and cold rinses, a sour bath and a blue bath. In formulas for woolens, rayons and nylons as well as for various colored fabrics, the bleach and blue bath are eliminated and lower water temperatures are used.

At the end of this washing procedure, the laundry is so clean that some enthusiastic workers claim the water in the last rinse is good enough to drink. It is safe to drink, certainly, for health departments have reported that the last rinse in power laundry plants is bacteria-free. This ideally sanitary state of affairs is difficult, if not impossible, to achieve in home laundering.

After the last rinse, the nets are unloaded from the washwheels and go to the extractors. There all excess moisture is removed. Unless the customer has asked for damp wash service, the laundry goes on from the extractors to the various pressing or finishing departments. Shirts go to the shirt pressing units, dresses and other washable apparel go to the garment presses, sheets and tablecloths to the flatwork ironers. Bath towels, face towels and all items receiving fluff dry service go to the "tumblers"— ovenlike cylinders which

tumble the linen and dry it with hot air. There are also special blanket dryers, sock forms and handkerchief finishing machines.

After all the laundry is completely finished, it is reassembled, checked according to the key or identification number, wrapped and placed in bins for delivery by the routemen.



Sometimes, of course, an item is lost. A customer usually makes a quick and testy complaint when this happens. Yet an efficient laundry loses a very low percentage of the immense volume it washes; as little as a fraction of one per cent. No general standard throughout the industry exists for settling claims, but most laundries are quite reasonable in order to retain customer good will.

When a garment is damaged, the laundry usually attempts to determine the cause of the damage. Sometimes this requires laboratory testing. If the damage is due to an unserviceable fabric or faulty construction, the laundry will attempt to have the customer take the item back to the store where it was purchased. Sometimes the laundry will contact the store directly. But, if the damage is due to improper laundering procedure, most laundries will make good quickly and without question.

Today's laundry plants, with their rustproof, stainless metal washers and scientifically determined formulas, present a dramatic contrast to the first crude power laundries of the last century. Early power laundry plants were cumbersome affairs with heavy, wooden, clanking washers and inefficient roll wringers.

This year is considered by many people in laundry circles to be the 100th anniversary of the power laundry industry in the United States. Members of the American Institute of Laundering, holding their national convention in Kansas City early in November, are in a sense commemorating the centennial of the industry.

The first power laundry in the United States actually was born out of the needs of the prospecting '49ers. With the sudden stampede to the gold fields, most of California became a land of men without women. Washing was done by Chinese who conducted individual laundries along creek banks, and some of the '49ers even sent their clothing to Hawaii. Native Hawaiian women maintained this business on a six-month delivery basis.

On an Oakland, California, hillto district at this time, the Contra Cost Laundry was started. All linen and clothing in this laundry was done by hand until the owner, a man with an inventive and mechanical turn of mind, got an idea. From a ship captain, he purchased a ten-horsepower donkey engine. Then he had a carpenter build a 12-shirt washing machine, which he hitched to the engine. His ingenuity created the first power laundry in the United States, a laundry which is still operating.

But, although the first power laundry was built in Oakland, the commercial laundry business actually had earlier origins in this country. It ca

be traced to a Troy, New York, housewife, Mrs. Hannah Lord Montague, who invented the detachable collar for men's shirts about 1827. Two years later a retired Methodist minister, Ebenezar Brown, began manufacturing these detachable collars in Troy. Other manufacturers entered the field, and soon there was a demand for professional laundry service to restore the soiled collars to their original smart appearance.

As a result, manufacturers in Troy established laundries, and customers began mailing in their soiled collars. In 1845, detachable cuffs began to be manufactured. In time, the popularity of these two items became so great that collars and cuffs by the hundreds of thousands of dozens came to Troy from all over the United States and even from foreign countries. The laundries gradually spread from Troy to many other cities.

Power driven equipment, however, did not enter into the picture until the California Gold Rush. After the Contra Costa Laundry set up its engine-driven washer, others began to experiment along similar lines. In 1858, Joseph Hall of San Francisco and later of Virginia City, Nevada, began operating washing machines with steam power. During the 1860's power-driven plants sprang up throughout the country, and soon laundry machinery was sold on a commercial basis.

But, although they grew rapidly, laundries did not get a substantial share of the nation's family laundry until after 1915. Up to that time, it had been mainly a "shirt, collar and cuff" business. Then came a new type of service—known as wet wash or damp wash—which merely extracted the excess moisture from the clean laundry and returned it to the housewife ready for ironing.

Prices had formerly been on a piece basis, but wet wash service was offered at a very low cost per pound. This helpful service at an economical price resulted in a big increase in family laundry customers. World War I added further impetus to this trend and, in time, many of these damp wash customers asked for more complete service.

Today, most laundries provide about six types of services, offering customers a wide range of prices. All of them, however, are based on the following four basic services:

(1) The damp wash. This does not include ironing of any kind. (2) The thrifty service. All wearing apparel is returned damp and flatwork is ironed. Shirts are sometimes finished at an extra charge per shirt. (3) The fluff dry service. All wearing apparel is returned tumbled dry and flatwork is ironed. Shirts are finished at an extra charge per shirt. (4) The family finish service. All flatwork is ironed and all wearing apparel pressed.

Most laundries add variations to these four basic services and call them by a variety of names. All services are charged for by the pound, except the custom-finish or de luxe service bundle in which every item, from socks to bedspreads, is individually priced.

During the years of World War II, sales volume for laundries throughout the country spiraled upward about 80 per cent, reaching an all-time high for the industry. In 1946, laundry sales among the country's 7,200 power

laundries came to about $732,238,000. In 1948, these sales totaled nearly $900,000,000.

But, even though it has shown a healthy and steady growth during the last hundred years, the laundry industry still serves only a small percentage of the nation's families. According to a recent nation-wide survey, conducted under the joint sponsorship of the American Institute of Laundering and the Procter & Gamble Company, only about 37 per cent of the nation's urban families use laundry service.

The survey indicated that about 24,500,000 families live in cities and towns of 2,500 or more. Only ten per cent of these families send all of their apparel and linen to the laundry regularly, or about every week. Another 27 per cent use laundry service for only a part of their washing, or do not send it regularly.

These 9,065,000 families send their laundry out on an average of 27 times a year, although many customers, of course, send it 52 or more times a year. The best customers spend an average of $200 a year on their laundry; the most infrequent customers, about $50 a year.

But 63 per cent of these urban families, or 15,435,000 potential family customers, have their laundry done by some other means. Many people, of course, use automatic washing machines at home.

The home washer is considered a serious competitor by some laundry men, but others believe that it is only in part a competitor. They believe that it can never offer the housewife what the commercial laundry offers: complete freedom from drudgery an a superior finished product at a rel tively low price. They point to th fact that although the home washe has been sold since the first Worl War, and in heavy volume for number of years, laundry sales hav continued on a sharp upward tren Most owners of home washers, it pointed out, do not wash their enti laundry at home. Shirts and heav flatwork, for instance, are usually se out because the housewife does n like to iron any more than necessar

A more recent competitor is th self-service laundry or launderet store. Here again, opinion in th power laundry field is divided on th seriousness of the competition.

Some laundry owners are concerne about it, although no serious effec have been felt by the industry as ye Some believe that the launderette c actually be a means of bringing ne customers to the power laundries, a have opened self-service stores next or near their plants.

Many laundry men, however, b lieve that the launderette is primar a post-war inflation baby, with pri its only drawing card. They say th with just a slight reduction in pr ently high laundry labor and supp costs, and hence prices, the fam power laundries could beat the se service stores without even tryir Even now, the cost of doing the *ent* family wash in a launderette is r much less than damp wash servi And, laundry men add, the custom must do it herself. What's more, s doesn't get the wash as clean as t power laundry gets it.

Besides the family market, pow

aundries serve many other types of ustomers. All of the nation's restaurants, barber shops, dentists, hotels nd other institutions require a tremendous amount of clean linen. Factories, garages, filling stations and nachine shops need a regular supply f clean overalls, uniforms and aprons.

And not to be overlooked is the elatively new diaper service—which has grown rapidly into big business proportions. This popular service starts a baby off with innumerable diapers a day. Then the supply gradually tapers off until the baby receives his dry diploma.

To service these varied types of customers, there are special linen supply laundries, coverall laundries and diaper service laundries, although commercial family laundries also have special departments which get a share of this trade.

The modern laundry has made revolutionary progress in the last 100 years, but it evidently can look forward to even more surprising technical advances in the future. It has been predicted that the laundry of the distant future will not use soap, water, or liquids of any kind. Instead, sound waves will be used.

Clothing and linen simply will be placed in a bombardment tank and the sound waves passing through it will shake all dirt loose by vibration. But this piece of apparatus still exists only in the realm of high theory. Laundry men expect that plain water and suds will do the job for many years to come.

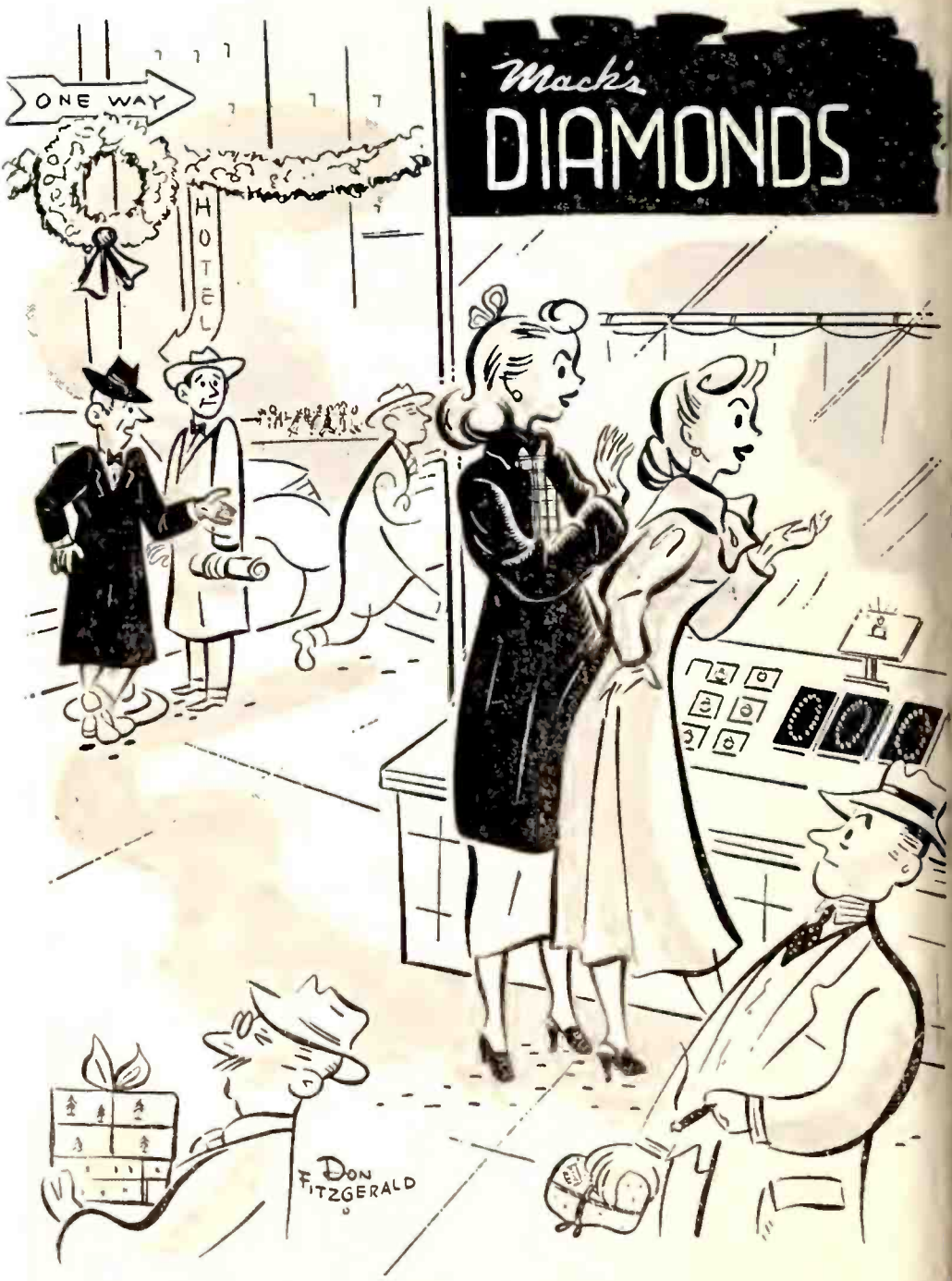
Just for the Record

IF you've been wondering what to do with that stack of dusty old records in the attic, here's the answer: *clean 'em up, catalogue 'em, and cash 'em in.* For there's a new and rapidly growing hobby in America—the collecting of old operatic records, made during the Golden Age, the era of Caruso and MacCormack, Galli-Curci and Nellie Melba. Some of these bear strange labels, and fetch strange prices—as much as $200 to $300—from rabid collectors. For example, a Caruso record with the Zonophone label is worth about $200 in anybody's collection—or attic.

The records are, of course, all acoustic recordings, and may sound strange to an ear unaccustomed to them. But however strange the orchestral backgrounds may be, the voices shine through in a way that leaves no doubt about the greatness of those old artists.

The value of a record is determined by three factors: 1) the excellence of the performance; 2) the scarcity of copies; and, 3) the "curiosity" value of the disc. The last factor is important in such records as the one by Patti in which the great diva may be heard indulging in a bit of *sotto voce* swearing, occasioned by her tripping over a chair as she stepped back for a high note. Or the Caruso-Farrar duet in which prankster Farrar interpolated the line, referring to Caruso, "Methinks he's had a highball!"

Aside from the rare and precious discs that are valued at over a hundred dollars, there are many more common ones that range in value from two to ten good, crisp one dollar bills. Some of the Caruso records, and many of those by Farrar, Melba, Gluck, Journet, Ruffo, and Chaliapin fall in this category. They're less valuable only because large numbers of them were originally issued. It's to be expected that the passing of time will increase their scarcity and value. And in the meantime, it's almost certain that if you have any records by these artists, they're worth something to you. So put down that phone and forget about the Salvation Army. Your next-door neighbor may be a collector!—*R. M. Beaugrand.*



"Sure I want to meet them — after Christmas!"

That Strange State of Mind Called

by KENNETH S. DAVIS

KANSAS—that geographic heart of our nation which often has been the focus of national attention, grave or gay—today is presenting an interesting spectacle. The spectacle actually began last year when, after a campaign reviving some of the fanatical fervor of Carry Nation's heyday, Kansas in November gave the lie to one of William Allen White's most famous prophecies, "They'll vote dry as long as they can stagger to the polls." Instead Kansas went soberly to the polls and repealed state prohibition by a 50,000 majority. Even Carry Nation's home town of Medicine Lodge was among those voting to repeal the amendment which had been in the state's Constitution since 1881.

This done, Kansas' Legislature had to replace the bone-dry law with some sort of legal control. So a bill for state monopoly was promptly introduced. But also introduced was a bill permitting privately owned package stores, and the legislators were in a quandary. On the one hand was the Puritan desire to mitigate evil. A state monopoly would provide more effective control of liquor. On the other hand were the commitments to private enterprise and profit. A state monopoly smacked of "socialism."

We Kansans "solved" the problem by passing, at last, a measure in which profit, on the whole, overcame Puritan scruples. Privately owned package stores were legalized, but liquor sales are permitted only in communities that voted wet in November or in special referenda.

The ink was scarcely dry on the Governor's signature before business men in communities voting dry last November were petitioning to place "local option" on the ballot in the spring municipal elections. The very thought of all that liquor business going to neighboring wet communities was a breeder of nightmares. And when the first Tuesday in April came, only seven of twenty-five allegedly dry communities rejected home-owned liquor stores. By mid-May, some thirty-five communities voting dry last November had reversed themselves.

Thus the pocketbook triumphed over the sense of sin.

To what extent is all this significant of the state's personality? Does

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the state really have a distinctive personality? The latter question can be answered at once. Kansas does have a distinctive if often self-contradictory personality—being in this respect like Texas, or Maine, or California—and proof of it is the stereotyped (and unflattering) impression of herself made on the national consciousness.

The stereotyped conception of the physical Kansas is a flat, treeless plain reaching endlessly under an enormous sky, swept by scorching winds in summer and bitter blizzards in winter, tormented by tornadoes in spring and fall, and plagued often by grasshoppers that eat every green thing. Each element of this picture has some basis in fact, but as a composite view of the state it is highly inaccurate.

Part of Kansas is flat and treeless, but most of it is not, and the bluestem country of the eastern third of the state has a rock-ridged tree-dotted landscape as lovely as any in the Middle West. Kansas experiences extremes of hot and cold, but the climate by and large is one of the most pleasant and healthful in the nation. Tornadoes do visit Kansas, but their incidence per square mile is less than in Iowa. And Kansas did have a grasshopper plague back in the 1870's, but hasn't had anything like it since.

THE most significant thing about the unflattering stereotypes of Kansas is that they are largely of the Kansan's own making—a fact revealing a most peculiar temperament. Other states boast of their advantages; Kansas boasts of her ills. Other states speak loudly of their blessings and softly (or not at all) of their misfortunes; Kansas does the reverse. She spreads abroad tall tales of her anguish: the worst droughts, the dreariest landscapes, the biggest winds, the smallest potatoes, the most voracious grasshoppers. She displays a masochist's delight in suffering or a tough guy's pride in being able to "take it." Consciously or unconsciously, Kansans have encouraged the popular view of their state as 82,000 square miles of monotony so boring and dull as to be in itself a sufficient cause of religious and moral excesses.

Actually Kansas, her physical self and her distinctive personality, is a composite of at least three quite different Kansases. The eastern third is a section of limestone hills bounding broad rich river valleys, a diversified farming area containing coal, lead, and zinc mines, and more than half of the state's total industrial wealth. The central third of the state is sometimes called the Low Plains; wheat is a major crop, though farming is diversified.

Oil and airplanes are pivots of industrial life around Wichita, and salt is of major importance to Hutchinson.

THE western third of Kansas is the High Plains area, the immense tableland whose topography is mistakenly deemed by most non-Kansans to be the topography of the state as a whole. This is short-grass country, semi-arid and thinly populated. It was once a mighty cattle range, and portions of that range still remain. But for the most part western Kansas has been planted to hard red winter wheat, introduced by Mennonites from Russia in 1874 and vastly im-

proved since that time by plant breeders. Here, too, is oil.

With these differences in economy coincide differences in cultural pattern, in historical tradition and temperamental outlook.

The Author

Kenneth S. Davis lives in Manhattan, Kansas, and is an authority on the history, traditions, and idiosyncrasies of his state. Both a biographer and novelist, Mr. Davis wrote the widely read book about General Dwight Eisenhower, *Soldier of Democracy*.

In eastern Kansas, the dominant cultural pattern was first set by New England abolitionists who came in the 1850's, armed with Bibles and rifles, to fight it out with Southern proslavers for possession of the territory. They had an importance in shaping the state's traditions out of all proportion to their numerical strength. They were men and women of fiery conviction, profoundly committed to human freedom and hence passionately hostile to slavery. But since their respect for human personality derived from that personality's dependence upon a stern God, they were sometimes inclined toward a tyranny of morals.

THESE New Englanders, however, were far from being the smug conservatives that some of their descendants have become. Their religious idealism led them to challenge whatever institutions were, in their view, contradictions of a higher law —which is to say they had a radical reforming zeal that could mount to a revolutionary passion.

In the central third, or Low Plains section, of the state, Puritanism was reinforced in the '70's and '80's by an influx of religious colonies. Dunkards and River Brethren settled around Abilene. Swedish Lutherans settled around Salina and Lindsborg and McPherson. German Mennonites settled to the north of Wichita. With these people religion was far more than a Sunday affair. It conditioned nearly all the living habits of the River Brethren, for example, whose colony at Abilene contained the Eisenhower family.

But in Abilene, Puritanical religion encountered a far different vital attitude. The Abilene to which the River Brethren came had been a decade before nationally notorious as a lawless cow town, a scene of lurid pleasures and violent deaths. Here had ended the Chisholm Trail, up which Texas longhorn cattle had been driven by the hundred thousand for shipment east on the Kansas Pacific. Here Wild Bill Hickok and a half-dozen other folk heroes of the frontier had made their gaudy reputations.

THIS Wild West tradition had little to do with godliness and moral rectitude, but it placed great emphasis on self-reliance, on fighting and gambling courage, on physical toughness, and on the skillful use of tools and weapons. It bred an uncompromising economic individualism, and it certainly had more in common with the Cavalier traditions of the South than it had with the New England that had triumphed east of the Flint Hills. It mingled in uneasy

truce with Puritanism on the Low Plains, but it became actually dominant west of Salina, the semi-arid region with its gambling economy of cattle and wheat and oil.

Thus the character of Kansas was formed, originally, upon a tension between cultures alien, and even antagonistic, to one another. It was a tension which, for the first five decades of the state's existence, made for the rise of a number of vigorous and colorful personalities like John Brown, Jim Lane, John J. Ingalls, Sockless Jerry Simpson, Mary Ellen Lease, Ed Howe, and William Allen White. During those years Kansas was widely regarded as among the most progressive of all states: a community of practical idealists in an environment hostile to complacency.

FOR example, a Kansas Legislature, in 1883, braved cries of "radicalism" to establish a board of railroad commissioners with authority to fix rates and regulate working conditions. Kansas adopted an eight-hour labor law in 1889. Kansas was among the leaders of the nation in the establishment of compulsory education, the limitation of child labor, the setting up of a juvenile court, and the establishment of standards of sanitation for packing and other industries.

Kansas' "blue sky" law, regulating and supervising investment companies, was imitated by many states. Kansas extended complete suffrage to women in 1913 when only six other states, none of them lying to the east, had already done so. Even the adoption of prohibition in 1881 could be considered bold, progressive legislation at a time when liquor interests were powerful and corrupting influences in politics.

And so, in 1922, William Allen White could boast: "When anything is going to happen in this country, it happens first in Kansas. Abolition, Prohibition, Populism, the Bull Moose, the exit of the roller towel, the appearance of the bank guarantee, the blue sky law . . . these things come popping out of Kansas like bats out of hell. Sooner or later other states take up these things, and then Kansas goes on breeding other troubles."

But alas, there was equal truth in the far different view which White took of his native state in 1934, when he contributed a piece called "Just Wondering" to that year's *Kansas Magazine*. He wondered where Kansas had lost her vitality and her creative state pride, why Kansas no longer produced "rugged Shakespearean characters."

Certainly something departed from Kansas after the death of the Bull Moose in 1912. The great wild-eyed idealists were mostly gone by 1922.

Their inheritance was seemingly dissipated among the earnest advocates of petty prohibitions (even cigarettes were legally banned in the '20's); their roles of leadership were given up to men who apparently kept all their values in cash registers. The state

egan to seem as flat psychologically s she is deemed to be topographically.

Her newspapers and public spokesnen, once creative, vital personalities, ecame so uniformly mediocre, so olidly committed to the same trader alues and politics, as to create a dead evel of conformity. The old vitalizing ension between Puritan and Wild West relaxed. Only a pale echo of it ould be heard in the recent tumult ver liquor, in which a Puritan willngness to legislate private morality as counter-balanced, and finally vercome, by the Plainsman's insisence on a *laissez-faire* economy.

WHAT had happened, and why?

An explanation lies in the persistence, in Kansas, of an agrarian economy while the country as a whole was wrestling with industrial growth and problems of which the average Kansan had slight knowledge: labor relations, foreign relations, monopoly, corporate taxation, city management. Inevitably the average Kansan translated these issues into terms of his own rural experience. But his concepts, up to date, even progressive in a rural society, sometimes became hopelessly reactionary when applied to an environment of giant corporations, slum-infested cities, and overt or covert class struggle.

And as the rustic Kansas voice continued to preach "rugged individualism" and to stress the early Protestant-capitalist virtues of sobriety, frugality, prudence, and self-denial—all in the expectation of heaven (or large dividends on investments)—that voice ceased to command a national respect. Indeed, it became a focus of irreverent humor. And this led many Kansans to exaggerate the very traits which stirred others to laughter. They increasingly selected as spokesmen and leaders the respectable, mediocre men who could be trusted not to criticize or upset the existing order. Thus what had been a bold, creative state pride degenerated into a half-ashamed provincialism.

But this year's struggle over liquor may indicate that Kansas, in 1949, is again changing her ways. If there is a sad significance in the excessive energy expended upon what today is so peripheral an issue as prohibition, there are many in the state who called the issue a "phony," designed to distract the attention of voters from Kansas' deplorable tax structure, her need for highway improvement, her need for better educational facilities—and it is significant that the last Legislature dealt with these later items to somewhat better effect than any other recent Legislature has done.

ANOTHER trend with pleasant significance is seen in the fact that Kansas, once notorious as a "hotbed of isolationism," now expresses on the popular level a burgeoning internationalism. The Kansas response to UNESCO, for example, has been so remarkable that the State Department issued the other day a special popular bulletin on it—a far departure from the department's usual run of publications. All over the state these days one hears sharp condemnation of isolationism and warm commendation of the idea (as goal, at least) of a world federal government. No doubt this internationalism has been sparked by the presence in Kan-

sas of Milton S. Eisenhower, president of Kansas State College and chairman of the United States National Commission for UNESCO. But if combustible materials had not been present, the spark could never have caused flame.

Eisenhower himself speaks of an "awakening Kansas," and points out that the event may be of world significance, inasmuch as Kansas, geographically and spiritually, is "at the heart of our continental power." Balanced halfway between the America facing Europe and the America facing Asia, the state, he says, can keep her perspective and may have a decisive strategic position for determining national policy.

CERTAINLY, if he is right, Kansas can make valuable contributions to a nation well on the road to a "welfare" government. For the very fact that Kansas did not become swiftly and highly industrialized means that there have not developed, to the degree one finds in other areas, the snobberies, envies and guilt complexes which an economic class structure inevitably produces. No state has retained with a greater purity the concept of the individual person as a moral, responsible being—the basic unit of a self-governing society. Even the liquor furor reveals the Kansas commitment to and concern for individuality. This, properly guided, may hold values for the nation as a whole—and I think it will be guided into useful channels as the state, slowly but surely, expands her industry.

In other words, the very "backwardness" of a revitalized Kansas might help us retain, as a nation and within the "welfare" framework, that concern with right and wrong, and that emphasis on individual self-reliance without which no truly free society can be maintained. While most of the nation stresses collective rights, Kansas might stress individual responsibilities, and the emphasis could be a healthful one for democracy everywhere.

Mark Twain's Town

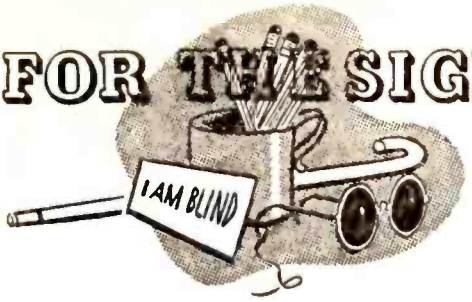
IF Mark Twain could walk down the streets of Hannibal, Missouri, today, he would find himself operating a confectionery, a hatchery and feed store, a produce company and two beauty parlors. He is a printer and jeweler, in addition to running a cleaner's establishment and school.

Tourists who visit the old Clemens home and the Mark Twain museum adjoining it can stay in the Mark Twain Hotel, eat at the Mark Twain Dinette and ride in a Mark Twain taxi to the Mark Twain Cave made famous in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. And if they take the local bus, they will buy a token stamped with the well-known profile of the town's most famous son.

Some of Samuel Clemens' favorite characters appear to be doing a thriving business, too. Becky Thatcher's book store, just across the street from the Clemens' home, sells souvenirs. Near by is the Tom and Huck Motel. Tom, as always, is a bit ahead of Huck, for he can boast of the Tom Sawyer Theater.

Spanning the Mississippi at Hannibal is the Mark Twain Bridge. From the top of a hill in the town park overlooking the river, his statue towers as final evidence that Hannibal is truly Mark Twain's town.

DAWN FOR THE SIGHTLESS



Oh, say can you see?

by LEE HARRIS

A LADY who became agitated when her radio conked out and caused her to miss a favorite program became even more agitated when the radio service man came to her house.

"Heavenly stars—you're *blind!*" she exclaimed. "How could you fix my radio without seeing what you are doing?"

"Try me and see for yourself," replied LaVon P. Peterson pleasantly. Swiftly but deftly, his sensitive fingers felt for wires, switches, and tubes. The woman almost fainted as he heated a soldering iron and touched the glowing point to a silvery bar of solder. But within 30 minutes Peterson had her radio purring once more—and Peterson himself was thinking hard about teaching other blind men to achieve the financial independence and mental ease which was his through acquiring a radio technician's skill.

Today the 29-year-old Peterson is one of Omaha's proudest exhibits, thanks to his unique Radio Engineering Institute, which trains blind students to become skilled radio repair men. Peterson graduates are warranted to be as competent, or more so, than their sighted competitors.

Naturally, if a student knows Braille, it become easier for him to take notes on the lectures given by Peterson and other blind instructors. But lack of skill with Braille is no insuperable obstacle; Peterson and his fellow instructors will take on students who have sharp memories.

"One of our most important first assignments is learning to use the soldering iron," says Peterson, a sturdy, pleasant fellow who calmly exudes self-confidence and warmth. "Many students are fearful of the red-hot iron, but when they find out that they can handle it safely if they use caution, they feel ready to try anything."

The soldering is done by first locating with the fingers the spot to be soldered, then guiding the iron to the spot, removing the fingers quickly and applying the iron.

Peterson has contrived a whole tool box of new instruments adapted for blind radio and electronic service men. Consider the tube-checker, for example—an indispensable device for any

radio repair man. The usual tube-checker has a needle which reveals whether a tube is alive or dead.

But Peterson and his blind students can't see the wavering needle. Instead, they use adapters which give off varying sounds as the needle changes its position: if the sounds in one direction are strong, it means the tube is okay. If the sound is of another intensity or quality in relation to the Braille dial, it signifies that the tube is dead and must be replaced.

"Blind people are helped by nature's law of compensation," says school director Peterson, who has graduated more than 75 sightless radio technicians. "Take away one sense and you cultivate another. In our case, sound is a good friend. We value our ears in this work!"

Peterson's success in teaching other blind youths to be self-reliant dates back to his graduation from high school in 1939. That year he started his first radio repair shop.

Until then, he had been a singularly successful radio "ham," who stayed up half the night keeping in wireless contact with air friends in London, Bombay, Shanghai, Nome and countless other cities. Avidly, Peterson pounced on every bit of scientific news culled from the magazines and textbooks his mother read to him.

Peterson's radio store was a success from the start. He asked no odds, sold things at fair prices, and repaired sets swiftly and economically. But the young man met other blind individuals who hadn't been successful like himself. They sold brooms, hand-woven rugs, and other items traditionally assigned to the blind in order to give them something to do.

By 1942, the nation was at war and Peterson volunteered to teach GI's to make emergency repairs on very delicate electronic equipment.

"The repairs generally had to be made in total darkness—on battlefields or aboard ship," he recalls. "I was able to teach 800 soldiers and Marines to do this intricate kind of repair work. If sighted men could learn to do their work in complete darkness, I reasoned, why couldn't the men who live in perpetual darkness learn to do related things in the electronic field?"

Canvassing the Omaha banks, Peterson got plenty of encouragement but no cash. His proposed school for sightless civilians and veterans was laudable but foolhardy, the bank officials told him. They couldn't take the risk of a loan.

But one business man who had been pleased by Peterson's repair work on his home and car radios backed up his good wishes with cash. Five thousand dollars, to be exact. Later, he confided to friends, "If that lad Peterson could teach electronics to 800 sighted men, he should be a natural with blind men like himslf. This is no gamble—it's an investment."

The school started modestly in the fall of 1945 with a scant three students. Peterson wasn't disheartened. He threw himself into the task of making those three blind boys as competent as he was in taking apart, repairing, and re-assembling radios, phonographs, dictaphones and other recording devices.

Within a few months, ten more

(Continued on Page 75)

Manhattan, six stories of gadgets.

by LEW RAINES

F you've ever bought a chrome-plated gadget guaranteed to open er bottles, trim your fingernails, it open envelopes and drive tacks, nen you'll feel blissfully at home in store on New York's Sixth Avenue vhich caters to thousands of gadget-ninded folks like yourself.

You'll be in good company at Lewis ? Conger's six-story building which jam-packed with everything from vhistling lawn sprinklers to diving oards in pastel colors. Since 1835, ne venerable firm has done a thriv-ng business in luxurious, non-essen-ial articles which somehow make the eholder gasp and yearn to own them.

You can buy a $200 picnic basket t Lewis & Conger's, or a classy vel-et jacket for your cocker spaniel. A ioted New York judge one afternoon vas found slumped on the sidewalk, heat victim, still clutching a heavy oackage bearing the Lewis & Conger abel. When he was revived, he gave a sheepish smile and opened the bulky parcel, revealing a portable stove for picnic use.

"I saw it during my lunch hour and it looked so blamed attractive I just had to buy it," he confessed. "Couldn't wait for them to deliver it, so I tried to carry it myself!"

The judge was but one of the 100,000 people who each year feel their sales resistance melt away when they enter the wondrous showrooms of America's best-known hardware store. Fred Allen loves to prowl through the building, as does actress Helen Hayes, a United States senator, and several ambassadors. In addition to celebrities, open-mouthed tourists by the score daily troop through the building, admiring the 86 different varieties of pots and pans and counting their money to see if they can afford a chronograph for Uncle Willie or an eight-bladed knife for Junior.

Not a few visitors are drawn to the old firm by the presence of a large number of elderly clerks who preserve the courtly manners and gallant attitudes of pre-Civil War gentlemen. Nobody is in a hurry to make a sale at Lewis & Conger's—for speed is impossible when one is crowding 70 years.

Lewis & Conger has aplomb and social assurance, born of its long history in purveying knick-knacks and

gewgaws to blase New Yorkers. Two clerks—the original Lewis & Conger—bought control of the store in 1868, and since that time descendants of men for whom the store is named have played an active role in its management.

Four gentlemen named Lewis—sons of the original Lewis—are still at work every day to unveil new and more impressive gimmicks in the famous Lewis & Conger show windows. Robert Lewis, a canny hand with a display window, thinks up some dandies to stop passersby cold in their tracks.

There was the July day, for example, when Mr. Robert decided that he could sell electric blankets despite the heat and the humidity. He created an artificial snowstorm in the street window which made sweltering pedestrians murmur "B-r-r-r!" and yearn for the comfort of an electric blanket—in 98 degree weather! So alluring was the display which cooled by suggestion that the police firmly asked Mr. Robert to call off the snow so that traffic could get rolling again.

Exterminating household pests becomes a pleasure if you do it the Lewis & Conger way. A Long Island millionaire, whose mansion was ransacked by mice on nightly forays, confided his troubles to a white-haired clerk in the old store.

"The mice just don't fall for any traps," said the tycoon. "They're too darned sophisticated."

"We'll lure them," said the clerk. "Here's our best trap—it plays sweet Viennese waltzes to bring them close, and we supply imported cheese as additional bait. This trap will catch the most suspicious mice in the East!" It worked, just as he promised, though it cost as much as a good watch.

On any day, you'll see magnates, truck drivers, school teachers and business men pausing in the Lewis & Conger Spice Shop for a nostalgic whiff of some odor which has pleasant associations for them. The delicate odors of herbs, perfume and aromatic products of the Orient always hang over the shop like an impalpable veil. On hand is a library of more than 100 cookbooks containing exotic recipes calling for rare spices which can be purchased only at Lewis & Conger's.

Open to the public also is the store's coffee research section, where trained coffee sippers search perpetually for that golden dream—the perfect cup of coffee. As dozens of bystanders eagerly participate in the tests, sampling innumerable cups of coffee, the Lewis & Conger officials artfully introduce the latest coffee maker models. From simple percolators to intricate machines which would confound a Rube Goldberg, the ways to brew coffee are endless in the store's coffee salon.

One rich lawyer brought in his own coffee and asked that it be brewed for him. He drank several cups appreciately, exclaiming, "I pay a cook $75 a week and her coffee tastes like mud. I'm sending her here for an elementary course in coffee brewing!"

The old store is beloved by insomniacs. Its world-famed Sleep Shop is a mecca for those who turn and toss during the night, yearning for the complete bliss of sound, undisturbed

lumber. This "sleep clinic" is the dea and responsibility of a Mr. Nor-nan Dine, who is unendingly curious bout the sleep habits of his fellow itizens.

Mr. Dine will take your measure-nents, give you a quasi-psychoanal-sis, inquire into your dietary habits "Do you eat barbecue at midnight nd then stay awake?") and then upervise the construction of a bed lesigned exclusively for you. One man id he slept better when the bed was umpy; Mr. Dine obligingly put in me permanent ridges and furrows. Another wanted classical music to lull im; a built-in phonograph playing arefully selected records was the an-wer to his slumber problem.

If a husband wants a hard mattress nd his wife insists on a soft downy esting-place, this dilemma doesn't nean that twin beds must be installed. The Jack Sprat mattress—a Lewis & Conger specialty—is the Sleep Shop's answer to married couples who plaintively ask how each of them may have the kind of sleep he desires. One half of the Jack Sprat mattress is silky soft; the other is firm and unyielding. Some of the noisiest quarrelers in New York have been silenced by this contribution to domestic felicity.

If you're a chronic snorer, and your wife threatens daily to go home to mother unless you stop your wheezing, there's hope for you at Lewis & Conger's. This hope resides in the Whistling Snore Ball, secured by a pin to the pajamas in the back. If the snorer rolls over on his back—the best position for a nocturnal symphony—the ball digs meanly into his spine and a whistle sounds discordantly in his ear. When he rolls over to a non-snoring position, the discomfort ends and everybody is happy!

DAWN FOR THE SIGHTLESS

(*Continued from Page 72*)

tudents enrolled, and then Peterson egan to get mail from every state as thers heard of the unique course and sked to be counted in. Another blind man was hired as an instructor, and Peterson turned his attention to special classes for other handicapped persons —spastics and paraplegics who, though blessed with sight, were destined to spend their lives in wheel chairs or beds.

Today Peterson has the satisfaction of knowing that the majority of his graduates are earning their own way, asking no quarter and doing jobs of which sighted men could be proud. A large number of them own thriving businesses.

It was LaVon's quiet insistence that other blind men were as adaptable as he that won him the 1948 United States Junior Chamber of Commerce award as one of the nation's ten outstanding young men. But honors and compliments mean little to Peterson—he's much too busy helping others win their independence in a competitive world.

Platter Chatter . . .

CONGRATULATIONS are in line for Guy Lombardo. He's getting his 25-year pin in the entertainment business, and incidentally is also celebrating his 15th year as an exclusive Decca artist . . . Elliot Lawrence, on Columbia, has signed the Gerry Mulligan Quintet as a regular feature of his band . . . Tram man Jack Teagarden, who planned to leave the Louis Armstrong group, has said he'll stick for at least another year . . . In the field of revivals, the latest of the oldies to get a dusting off is *The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round* . . . Danny Kaye and Patty Andrews have waxed a special version of last year's Christmas novelty, *All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth* . . . A cheerful note to would-be composers comes from Billy Whitlock, who has been writing songs for 50 years. Finally at the age of 80 he has a hit, *Hop Scotch Polka* . . . Jon and Sondra Steele, the *My Happiness* twins and originators of the current vocal-duo rage, have recently signed with Coral records . . . Juanita Hall, who portrays "Bloody Mary" in *South Pacific*, has signed a recording contract with Victor and has cut her initial releases, *Love's a Precious Thing* and *Don't Cry, Joe* . . . Charlie Spivak has changed record labels—from Victor to London . . . Ray Anthony, a former Glenn Miller trumpet star whose band was picked as "most likely to succeed in 1950," is playing to packed crowds at the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans . . . Sarah Vaughn is now touring the country on another successful concert tour . . . Joining the Decca fold is Louis Armstrong, who has some choice new vocal and trumpet sides on the record shelves now . . . MGM Records have taken over a batch of masters—including releases by Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Artie Shaw and others—from the defunct Musicraft label . . . You'd never believe it, but Sammy Kaye has waxed a bop tune. Its title is *Belmont Boogie*, and it was written by Sammy himself . . . Bing Crosby has a smooth new ballad for Christmas entitled *You're All I Want for Christmas*, featuring the Ken Lane singers and Victor Young and the orchestra . . . Mercury has a new competitor for Autry and Rogers in Rex Allen and his latest release, *Arizona Waltz* . . . If Frankie Laine's *That Lucky Old Sun* keeps climbing in sales, it might equal his record of *That's My Desire*.

etcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . The song *Stardust* is now marking 20th anniversary. The first recording the tune was made by Isham Jones on e Brunswick label in 1931. To date, proximately 300 recordings of the Carichael melody have been made . . . The rrent Western novelty, *I Never See laggie Alone*, has been popular before—ck in 1926, in fact . . . Ever wonder how d singing commercials are? In the late 00's a London firm offered free hymnals a poor church in return for inserting a usical commercial in the books. Here's w the early singing commercial went:

Hark, the Herald Angels sing,
Beecham's Pills are just the thing.
Peace on Earth and mercy mild,
Two for man and one for child.

. . Paul Weston formerly arranged for ommy Dorsey . . . The Four Knights, a nging quartet, are all in their twenties, ll are married, all have homes in Los ngeles, all are mad for baseball . . . Ken mith, now with Damon Records, formerly layed with "Nature Boy" in Chanute, ansas . . . The Three Suns got their ame from Al (guitar-playing) Nevin's nother. She called the boys, "my three ons"—and they changed the billing to Suns."

Highly Recommended . . .

COLUMBIA 38572—Frank Sinatra with the Double Daters. *If I Ever Love Again* plus *Every Man Should Marry*. Frank really strikes pay wax with *If I Ever Love Again*. Reminiscent of the all-time favorite, *I'll Never Smile Again*, this sequel is an equally beautiful song, done superbly by Frankie. The flip is another new number that is definitely the type for Sinatra. Moris Stoloff supplies the smooth background. Both dream stuff for sure!

DECCA 24752—Russ Morgan and his orchestra. *Makin' Love Ukulele Style* and *California Orange Blossom*. In view of the rising popularity of banjos and ukuleles today, this timely song calls for public approval. Russ sings, assisted by the Morganaires, and a whistling chorus adds variety to the neat and clever arrangement. Perhaps its catchy rhythm will be instrumental in your wanting to learn to play the "uke." The reverse is a salute to the sunshine state in much the same vein as the past Morgan hit, *Sunflower*. Both feature "Music in the Morgan Manner," a phrase becoming synonymous with top waxings.

DAMON D-11227—Jo Ann Tally and Ken Smith with Warren Durrett and the orchestra. *The Birds and the Bees* and *In the Same World With You*. Here's a great new novelty featuring some of Kansas City's choice talent. Jo Ann Tally tells of learning certain "facts" about the birds and the bees, while Ken Smith, playing the shy country boy, seems to be willing to go along with the lyrics. However, there's a surprise ending to bring an added climax to the musical story. The underside is a new waltz ballad with strong hit possibilities, smoothly sung by Jo Ann Tally, who is ably supported in the background by Durrett and the band. It's a double feature bound to please.

VICTOR 20-3556—Tony Martin with Skip Martin and his orchestra. *Toot Toot Tootsie Goodbye* plus *You Call It Madness (But I Call It Love)*. A superb coupling by Tony and perhaps one of his best releases in months. You'll enjoy, with toe-tapping effect, the *Tootsie* side as Tony swings into this old favorite with good results. On the backside is an old standard with the Martin pipes coming through in top-notch order, and with the Aristocrats lending Tony their best assistance. It's hard to pick a favorite side, so take your choice!

Recommended for Christmas . . .

DECCA 24748—The Andrews Sisters with Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. *Merry Christmas Polka* plus *Christmas Candles*. Here are two new Yuletide melodies that are destined for top popularity by the time ole St. Nick drops around. The *Polka* side is a moderately fast-tempoed number with an air of gaiety pervading from start to finish. The reverse is done at a slower pace, full of nostalgia and sentiment that will appeal to all. Grand family entertainment!

(*Continued on Next Page*)

COLUMBIA 20606—Gene Autry. *He's a Chubby Little Fellow* and *Santa, Santa, Santa.* You'll want an introduction to these two new songs by Gene Autry, right in the *Here Comes Santa* groove. Gene sings the lyrics describing Santa and his holiday activities in a way that will have tremendous appeal for the children. The flip is a red and green package of Christmas in which Gene is assisted by the Pinafores and Carl Cotner's orchestra. Double-barrelled entertainment!

VICTOR ALBUM P-161—*Perry Como Sings Merry Christmas Music.* If you haven't already purchased this excellent album of standard Christmas favorites, you'll be wise to get one before supplies are exhausted. You'll have that Good Feeling glow as you listen to such old favorites as: *That Christmas Feeling, I'll Be Home For Christmas, Oh Come All Ye Faithful, Silent Night, Winter Wonderland, Santa Claus Is Coming to Town, White Christmas* and *Jingle Bells.* In each number Perry is assisted by the chorus and Russ Chase and the orchestra. It's a holiday merry-maker.

DECCA ALBUM A-715 — *Christmas Greetings Album* with Bing Crosby. Here's a glorious musical tribute to the Yuletide season sung by the master crooner, Der Bingle. Two of the selections are the popular, *You're All I Want For Christmas* and *Here Comes Santa Claus.* The other four sides are carols with special charm and gifted interpretation by Bing. A must for Xmas!

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, Kansas City, Missouri. VI. 9430.

▲

A New York youngster, who was more accustomed to man-made wonders than to the marvels of nature, was treated to a vacation in the country. There he saw his first rainbow.

Gazing upon the gorgeous phenomenon with wonder and perplexity, the child finally exclaimed, "Mother, it's beautiful, but what does it advertise?"

CURRENT

MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6 00		Town & Country Time
6 15		Weather Report
6 25		Livestock Estimates
6 30		Don Sullivan, Songs
6 45		Don Sullivan, Songs
7 00	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	AP News
7 15	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clock
7 30	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clock
8 00	News	AP News
8 05	Weather	Weatherman In Person
8 10	News	Fruit & Veg. Report
8 15	K. C. Council of Churches	Musical Clock
8 30	Shades of Black & White	Crosby Croons
8 45	Shades of Black & White	Musical Clock
9 00	AP News	Unity Viewpoint
9 05	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Unity Viewpoint
9 15	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Martha Logan Kitchen
9 30	Dave Dennis' Orch.	Plaza Program
9 45	Dave Dennis' Orch.	G. Heatter's Mailbag
10 00	AP News	"Wells Bells"
10 05	Cavalcade of Music	"Wells Bells"
10 15	Cavalcade of Music	"Wells Bells"
10 30	NW. Univ. Review Stand	"Wells Bells"
10 45	NW. Univ. Review Stand	"Wells Bells"
11 00	AP News	Luncheon on The Plaza
11 05	Wings Over K. C.	Luncheon on The Plaza
11 15	Music in the Air	Luncheon on The Plaza
11 30	Sunday Serenade	Sandra Lee, Shopper
11 45	Sunday Serenade	Holland-Engle Show

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
12 00	Sidney Walton, News	AP News—Dick Smith
12 15	Young Rndio Artists	Don Sullivan, Songs
12 30	Adv. of Babe Ruth	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
12 55	K. C. U. Workshop	Missouri-Kansas News
1 00	Spotlight on Glamour	Queen for a Day
1 30	Adven. of the Falcon	Doubleday Quiz Club
1 45	Adven. of the Falcon	Cottonwood Ranch Boys
2 00	Boston Blackie	Club 710
2 15	Boston Blackie	Club 710
2 30	Juvenile Jury	Club 710
2 45	Juvenile Jury	Club 710
3 00	House of Mystery	Club 710
3 15	House of Mystery	Club 710
3 30	Martin Kane, Pvt. Eye	Club 710
4 00	The Shadow	Guy Lombardo's Orch.
4 15	The Shadow	Indiana Drifters
4 30	True Detective Myst's	John Wahlstedt
4 45	True Detective Myst's	AP News—Dick Smith
5 00	Roy Rogers	B-Bar-B Ranch
5 15	Roy Rogers	B-Bar-B Ranch
5 30	Nick Carter	Tom Mix
5 45	Nick Carter	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	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	6 00
Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	15
Estimates	Livestock Estimates	Livestock Estimates	Livestock Estimates	Town & Country Time	25
Sovan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	30
Sovan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	45
lock	AP News	AP News	AP News—Lou Kemper	AP News	7 00
lock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	15
lock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	30
nan In Person	AP News	AP News	AP News—Lou Kemper	AP News	8 00
eg. Report	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman In Person	Weatherman in Person	05
lock	Fruit & Veg. Report	Frait & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	10
oons	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	15
lock	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	30
	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	45
wpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	9 00
wpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	05
ogan Kitchen	Martha Logan Kitchen	Martha Logan Kitchen	Martha Logan Kitchen	Martha Logan Kitchen	15
gram	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Library Lady	30
er's Mailbag	G. Heatter's Mailbag	G. Heatter's Mailbag	G. Heatter's Mailbag	Wyan. Radio Playh'se	45
ells"	"Wells Bells"	"Wells Bells"	"Wells Bells"	Coast Guard on Parade	10 00
ells"	"Wells Bells"	"Wells Bells"	"Wells Bells"	Coast Guard on Parade	05
ells"	"Wells Bells"	"Wells Bells"	"Wells Bells"	Coast Guard on Parade	15
ells"	"Wells Bells"	"Wells Bells"	"Wells Bells"	Freddy Martin's Orch.	30
ells"	"Wells Bells"	"Wells Bells"	"Wells Bells"	Naval Air Reserve	45
on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	11 00
on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	05
on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	15
ea, Shopper	Sandra Lee, Shopper	Sandra Lee, Shopper	Sandra Lee, Shopper	Man on the Farm	30
Eagle Show	Holland-Eagle Show	Holland-Eagle Show	Holland-Eagle Show	Man on the Farm	45

AFTERNOON

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	Man on the Farm	12 00
Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Man on the Farm	15
Boogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	30
-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	55
r a Day	Queen for a Day	Queen for a Day	Queen for a Day	Football	1 00
ay Quiz Club	Doubleday Quiz Club	Doubleday Quiz Club	Doubleday Quiz Club	Football	30
ood Ranch Boys	Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Football	45
D	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Football	2 00
D	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Football	15
D	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Football	30
D	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Football	45
D	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Swing Session-Club 710	3 00
D	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Swing Session-Club 710	15
D	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Swing Session-Club 710	30
bardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Swing Session-Club 710	4 00
onte Quartet	Indiana Drifters	C. Magnanta Quartet	Indiana Drifters	Swing Session-Club 710	15
hlstedt	John Wahlstedt	John Wahlstedt	John Wahlstedt	Swing Session-Club 710	30
—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	Sports Time	45
Arrow	B-Bar-B Ranch	Straight Arrow	B-Bar-B Ranch	Woody Herman's Orch.	5 00
Arrow	B-Bar-B Ranch	Straight Arrow	B-Bar-B Ranch	Woody Herman's Orch.	15
idnight	Tom Mix	Capt. Midnight	Tom Mix	Bands for Bonds	30
idnight	Tom Mix	Capt. Midnight	Tom Mix	Mel Allen, Sports	45

Evening schedule on next page

CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

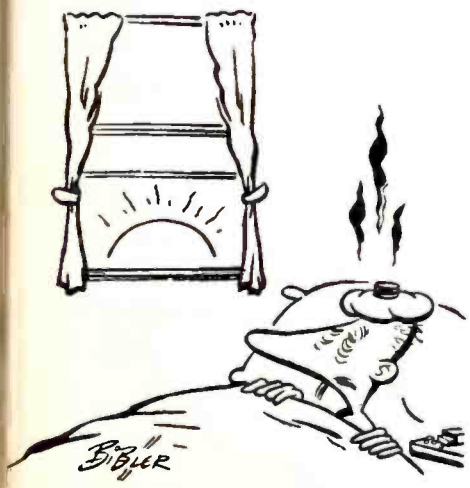
EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDA
6 00	Treasury Varieties	Helzberg's Telo-test	Helzberg's Telo-test	Helzberg's Telo-test	Helzberg's Telo-t
15	Treasury Varieties	Falstaff Serenade	Falstaff Serenade	Falstaff Serenade	Falstaff Serenade
30	The Saint	Gabriel Heatter	Gabriel Heatter	Gabriel Heotter	Gabriel Heotter
45	The Saint	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
55	Johnny Desmond	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
7 00	Mediation Board	Straight Arrow	Count of Monte Cristo	Can You Top This?	It Pays to be Sma
15	Mediation Boord	Straight Arrow	Count of Monte Cristo	Can You Top This?	It Pays to be Sma
30	Enchanted Hour	Peter Salem	Official Detective	International Airport	Fishing & Hunting
45	Enchanted Hour	Peter Salem	Official Detective	International Airport	Fishing & Hunting
55	Enchanted Hour	Bill Henry News	Bill Henry News	Bill Henry News	Bill Henry News
8 00	Opera Concert	Murder by Experts	J. Steele, Adventurer	Scattergood Baines	Comedy Playhouse
15	Opera Concert	Murder by Experts	J. Steele, Adventurer	Scattergood Baines	Comedy Playhouse
30	Sheilah Graham	Crime Fighters	Mysterious Traveler	Family Theatre	Comedy Playhouse
55	Twin Views of News	Crime Fighters	Mysterious Traveler	Family Theatre	Comedy Playhouse
9 00	Congressman Reports	I Love a Mystery	I Love a Mystery	I Love a Mystery	I Love a Mystery
15	Congressman Reports	Mutual Newsreel	Mutual Newsreel	Mutual Newsreel	Mutual Newsreel
30	Mystery is My Hobby	Behind the Story	Behind the Story	Behind the Story	Behind the Story
45	Mystery is My Hobby	News—John Thornberry	News—John Thornberry	News—John Thornberry	News—John Thorn
10 00	K.C. on Parade	K.C. on Parade	K.C. on Parade	K.C. on Parade	K.C. on Parade
15	Network Dance Band	Network Dance Band	Network Dance Band	Network Dance Band	Network Dance B
30	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the N
55	News	News	News	News	News
11 00	Billy Bishop's Orch.	Network Dance Band	Network Dance Band	Network Dance Band	Network Dance B
15	George Winslow's Orch.	Network Dance Band	Network Dance Band	Network Dance Band	Network Dance B
30	Henry King's Orch.	Deems Taylor Concert	Deems Taylor Concert	Deems Taylor Concert	Deems Taylor Cor
55	Midnight News	Deems Taylor Concert	Deems Taylor Concert	Deems Taylor Concert	Deems Taylor Cor
12:00	Swing Session	Swing Session	Swing Session	Swing Session	Swing Session
1:00	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDA

WHB — 710

EVENING

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Hoberg's Telo-test	Hawaii Calls	6 00
Staff Serenade	Hawaii Calls	15
Oriel Heotter	Quick as a Flash	30
Elton Lewis, Jr.	Quick as a Flash	45
Elton Lewis, Jr.	John B. Kennedy	55
Fs Morgan Show	Twenty Questions	7 00
Fs Morgan Show	Twenty Questions	15
Ely Duchin's Orch.	Take a Number	30
Ely Duchin's Orch.	Take a Number	45
B Henry, News	Take a Number	55
A Force Hour	Meet Your Match	8 00
A Force Hour	Meet Your Match	15
At the Press	Lombardo Land, U.S.A.	30
At the Press	Lombardo Land, U.S.A.	55
Five a Mystery	Chicago Theatre of Air	9 00
Nuol Newsreel	Chicago Theatre of Air	15
Find the Story	Chicago Theatre of Air	30
Nts—John Thornberry	Chicago Theatre of Air	45
Kon Parade	Network Dance Band	10 00
Nwork Donce Band	Network Dance Orch.	15
Senade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	30
Nts	News	55
Nwork Donce Band	George Winslow's Orch.	11 00
Nwork Donce Band	George Winslow's Orch.	15
Dms Taylor Concert	Network Dance Band	30
Dms Taylor Concert	Midnight News	55
Swg Session	Swing Session	12:00
TB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	1:00
FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME



Swinging the Dial 710

"GABBY" HAYES, bearded and loquacious comedy star of the *Roy Rogers Show*, visited the Penthouse Studios of WHB recently for a personal chat with his friends and fans in the Kansas City area. He's proud of the fact that the popular half-hour is now carried by 523 Mutual stations in the United States and Canada.

The show is transcribed in segments, so that every minute of it is technically, musically, and dramatically flawless. The instrumental music is recorded first, then songs, then narration with musical accompaniment. Then the musicians go home, while Roy, Dale, "Gabby" and the supporting players transcribe dialogue. The smooth and completely entertaining result is heard at 5 p.m. Sunday evening over WHB.

• • •

Kids from eight to eighty eagerly await the hour from five to six o'clock each weekday evening, for it promises the tops in action and adventure programs and keeps youngsters glued to the radio and on hand at suppertime.

From out of the Big Bend country in the Lone Star State come Bobby Benson and his *B-Bar-B Ranch* boys each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:00 p.m. over WHB. Thrills abound as they thwart rustlers from over the border. After that, at 5:30 p.m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, *Tom Mix and his Straight Shooters* ride across the Western plains, digging up mysterious clues and bringing the lawless to justice.

Shadows on the trail, a blaze of dust, and the sound of galloping hoofs herald the adventures of *Straight Arrow*, each Tuesday and Thursday at 5:00 p.m. Astride his palomino steed, Fury, this brave Comanche warrior struggles to curb injustice in the reckless West. Sky-high adventure and dare-devil flying follow immediately with *Captain Midnight* and his Secret Squadron at 5:30 p.m. Tuesday and Thursday over WHB.

Tom Collins Says...

A man is that irrational creature who is always looking for a home atmosphere in a hotel, and hotel service around the house.

▲

Marriage in Hollywood has progressed to the place where the brides keep the bouquets and throw away the grooms.

▲

Flattery is the art of telling the other fellow precisely what he thinks of himself.

▲

Women used to say "Me, too" and tag along with their husbands, but now they say "Go to—" and go out by themselves.

▲

Nightclub: Where they take the rest out of restaurant and put the din into dinner.

▲

Quota: A Latin word meaning, "Boy, will we be surprised if we get anything like that much!"

▲

Some phonies can be so cheap that the wool they pull over your eyes is half cotton.

▲

A Washington war is one in which everybody starts shooting from the lip.

▲

The Alabama election board was counting ballots. A straight Republican ticket showed up. Not finding anything wrong with it, the board put it aside as suspicious only. After several hours, a second Republican ballot appeared. "This is going too far," the judge exploded. "The son-of-a-gun voted twice. Throw 'em both out!"

▲

You'll never get a level head by butting in.

▲

The first thing to learn about driving an auto is how to stop. The same thing applies to making a speech.

▲

America is the only place where Communists can lie above ground.

▲

People argue to win, not to clarify their thinking.

▲

Until the time comes when a man can get alimony by crossing his legs and showing his garters to the jury, equal rights are only a snare and a delusion.

▲

Success demands sacrifice. For instance, two men set out to achieve fame. One succeeded. The other lived.

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .

NANCE'S CAFE. one of its three acious dining rooms, tures of celebrities o have enjoyed the cellent food at nce's line the walls. ncan Hines is among em, for he has placed s stamp of approval re. But for over 45 years Kansas tians, too, have been familiar with the vory dishes offered at Nance's. Tender siffed pigeon is a special delicacy, and te roast beef and steaks are equally good. pu'll welcome the "Biscuit Girl," who is ways nearby with a basket of flaky hot scuits. Nance's wonderful coffee doesn't t long enough, but you'll find there's ways more. The back room behind the illed gate is reserved for private gather-igs. For travelers, Nance's is conveniently cated on the Union Station Plaza. 217 rshing Road. HA 5688.

PUTSCH'S 210. The warmth and arm of the old New Orleans French uarter is recreated at Putsch's 210. Here rought-iron grillwork, roses and deep een walls produce an atmosphere of shionable elegance, coupled with real uthern hospitality. Dinners of rare ed steaks, roast beef, broiled lobster and olorado mountain trout can be enjoyed late as midnight by the theatre crowd. oft piano music in the background adds the pleasure of leisurely dining. A opular meeting place is the adjoining arroom with its low glass tables and ood-lighted glass wall mural. 210 West 7th Street. LO 2000.

SAVOY GRILL. Here in the old Grill oper—where dark-paneled walls, deep ather booths, pioneer murals and tiny ained glass windows retain the memories early Kansas City—guests are served kindly old colored waiters, many of hom have been with the Savoy for three cades or more. However, you'll find e same traditional dignity and courtesy, as well as the same delicious food, in the Savoy's modern Imperial Room. Here large scroll mirrors and soft lighting provide luxurious surroundings for quiet, elegant dining. Whichever you pick, you'll enjoy the Savoy specialties—seafood of every sort and, of course, superb filet mignons. Remember the sign of the lobster. 9th and Central. VI 3890.

Something Different . . .

★KING JOY LO. Alluring shades of Old China pervade this spacious restaurant, where heavily carved and inlaid tables, deep enclosed booths, handleless cups and chopsticks welcome the lover of food prepared by skilled Chinese cooks. The varied menu offers such Oriental delicacies as chow mein with tender bean sprouts, dry fried rice, baby shrimp, egg foo young, and rich almond cookies. However, strictly American food—broiled lobster, excellent steaks and chicken—can be found on a second menu. Don Toy supervises the attentive service in this Oriental setting located in the midst of Kansas City's downtown area. 8 West 12th Street (Second Floor). HA 8113.

★SHARP'S BROADWAY NINETIES. An evening of good old-fashioned relaxing merriment is waiting for you here at Sharp's. Formality is completely forgotten. Everybody's friendly, everybody sings, and everybody has fun. Song sheets are passed out, and as a tireless piano player swings into old-time favorites, the room rocks with voices. Drinks are man-sized—over the bar or with pleasant table service. An authentic antique tandem propped above the bar realistically recalls the gay nineties, and the atmosphere provides a good time for all. Broadway and Southwest Boulevard. GR 1095.

★UPTOWN INTERLUDE. There's always a crowd of enthusiatic steak and chicken lovers at this midtown spot specializing in top big-time entertainment. Cur-

rently, as they enjoy Dale and Charley Overfelt's long, tall drinks, entertainment is provided by Kansas City's own Jeanie Leitt, whose mirth-provoking songs are done in a delightful manner that is distinctly Jeanie's. Visitors to Kansas City will want to join the regulars who frequent the Interlude. The bar is open after midnight Sunday for the start of a gay new week. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★EL CASBAH. A smart sophistication is reflected in the many mirrors of this fashionable room, where a magnificent cuisine is elaborately served with a Continental flourish. The enticing menu offers to the gourmet such superb dishes as the dinner of the flaming sword or chicken-in-a-coconut. In keeping with this elegant atmosphere is the entertainment offered by the El Casbah. From points all over the nation, outstanding night club performers and top-rated dance orchestras are engaged to provide extraordinary entertainment for which there is no cover charge and no minimum. You'll agree that the El Casbah is "the Midwest's smartest supper club." Hotel Bellerive. Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★PLAZA RESTAURANT-CAFETERIA. Each weekday morning there are crowds on hand in this smart modern cafeteria to help Frank and Lou laugh through WHB's audience-participation show, *Luncheon on the Plaza.* 'Most everyone is having such a good time that he just stays for lunch here, where steaming food is displayed temptingly. There's French onion soup to remind you of that you had at dawn in the Paris city market, and chicken pot pie, an example of real American cooking at its best. Table and bar service are offered in the attractive Alameda Room, where the bartender is particularly proud of his double Martinis. At the bakery counter are fresh, fragrant pastries to take home. And to complete the picture, private rooms are available for special parties. Certainly, here is a restaurant suited to everyone's taste. 414 Alameda Road. WE 3773.

★PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. When a gaudily attired doorman helps you out of your car on Baltimore Avenue, you've secured your first taste of the cosmopolitan atmosphere at Pusateri's New Yorker. Inside there's a splendid extra-dry martini waiting for you, a thick, juicy filet (roast beef or seafood, if you prefer), french fried onions and a special tossed salad with oil dressing. You'll relax under Daniel MacMorris's Manhattan skyline mural, and listen to the soft background music created by Muzak. And, of course, Gus and Jim Pusateri will be mingling with the congenial clientele, making sure that everyone is enjoying himself. 1114 Baltimore. VI 9711.

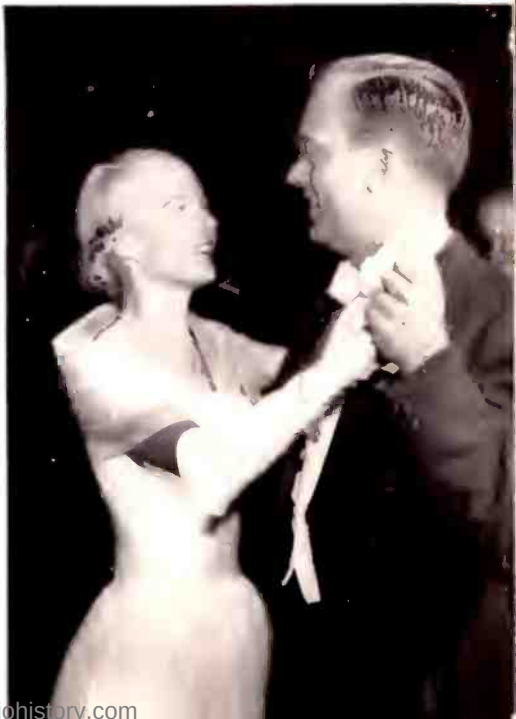
Words for Our Pictures

KANSAS City's largest annual social spectacle is the American Royal Coronation Ball—a pageant, crowning ceremonial and dance attended by thousands of enthusiastic townfolk each autumn. Two orchestras, five movie stars, and a cast of over two hundred entertained the throng this year. One hundred and twenty-five brightly uniformed Texas Cavaliers, from San Antonio, were special guests.

Lower left—Miss Janeice Bryan of Lawrence, Kansas, is crowned queen of the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show by Harry Darby, president of the American Royal Association. Forty-nine girls from six Midwestern states competed for the crown.

Lower right—Shirley Ward, one of a dozen Kansas City debutantes designated "Belles of the American Royal," has the first dance with her escort, Mason L. Thompson, Jr.

erican Royal Coronation Ball



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Magician in Manhattan

by PAT DENNIHAN

ONE of the world's greatest showmen has hit the top. From a humble beginning in a neighborhood nickelodeon, Gus Eyssell's star has risen meteorically, guiding him through dozens of theatres all over the country before gently depositing him in one of the most important positions in New York City.

As executive manager of Rockefeller Center, Incorporated, Mr. Eyssell is top man in the city of the sky. He directs the welfare of some 32,000 daily workers and 7,000,000 yearly visitors. Fifteen of the world's tallest buildings, occupying more than 12 acres of Manhattan's wealth, stand majestically under the watchful Eyssell eye. That's where he is now.

But back in 1916, as a student in Kansas City's Central high school, Gus was about as far away from his glittering goal as he cared to be. He and a good friend by the name of Walt Disney had set their hopes high, but little did either realize how many of them were to come true.

Young Gus started early in show business. Even while in school, he utilized his free time to throw handbills for a nearby theatre, the Isis. However, this job didn't satisfy his industrious nature. Before long he was taking tickets, writing advertising copy, carrying film and putting up special "fronts" in the lobby. By the time he had finished school, Gus was a 16-year-old assistant manager.

Devoting all of his time to his career, Gus became treasurer in a large downtown theatre. Since he had to be on the job seven nights a week, social life was just not in his vocabulary; but that didn't seem to bother him. Eagerly, he took over as manager of one of the smaller Kansas City houses, then after proving himself, came back to head what was then the city's largest theatre, the Newman.

In 1925, the Million Dollar Theatre in Los Angeles beckoned, and Gus headed west. As the Million Dollar manager, he sponsored many important premieres. Following this, he headed a larger Los Angeles house for Paramount Publix, where he gained valuable experience with stage shows. Realizing the young man's unusual executive talents, the firm sent him to Texas as district manager of de luxe theatres in Dallas, San Antonio, Houston and other cities.

A year and a half later, Gus crossed the country to New York, where he became city manager for the same company, with such theatres as the Paramount, Rialto, Rivoli and Brooklyn Paramount under his jurisdiction.

And then came 1932, the year when Gus took his most important step. In a country swept clean by depression, the opening of the gigantic Radio

City Music Hall seemed incongruous. In the opinion of almost everyone, the move was slated for disaster. But among the appointments to the executive staff was the name of Gus Eyssell, and that meant anything but failure. Before one year had passed, Gus was assistant manager of the world's largest and most famous theatre. Instead of dying its dusty death, the Music Hall developed into the most successful enterprise in the show world, its prestige commanding the respect of the entire globe.

Ten years later, Gus was appointed president and managing director of the Music Hall. He came to be known as the world's most potent individual movie exhibitor. Hollywood producers referred entire pictures to his judgment, because playing the Music Hall meant success for any flicker. The

big house was actually a trend in itself—every studio, domestic and foreign, wanted a showing there. In addition to the pick of the movie crop, Gus Eyssell presented giant stage extravaganzas which played to audiences packing the auditorium's 5,945 seats. During a single week, the Music Hall would take in from $110,000 to $125,000, and seat as many as 186,000 people.

As if the Music Hall weren't big enough for him, Gus simultaneously became the managing director of the Center Theatre, live-entertainment house featuring vaudeville and the top ice revues of the country. Under his leadership, the Center Theatre drew 2,000,000 people a year.

Yes, Gus knew the formula for success which some people refer to as "magic." All people really want, says Gus, is a good show—and he has constantly given them the best.

The climax, to date, in Gus' eventful career came last May. New York's largest midtown development needed a manager—so Mr. Eyssell is now the mayor of Rockefeller Center. He continues to buy and book films for the Music Hall and manage the Center Theatre, but he spends most of his time bossing the world's greatest and most interesting show-place.

His story reads like stage make-believe, but Gus, still a young man not finished with his forties, would have you understand the success he has achieved is due to his associates. That may be true, but just the same, keep your eye on Eyssell!

▲

While at the county fair, a middle-aged farmer took his wife into the tent where the kootchie dancer was doing her act. The farm wife stared for a moment at the active terpischorean and whispered, "Sam, I think we better get out of this place."

Sam pointed to the platform and said, "Let's wait till she gets over her stage fright, Ma. The poor little thing's so scared, she's just shaking in her shoes."

BROADSLIDING TIME

It's hell on wheels when the hot-shoe artists dig in their heels and open the throttle wide.

by GEORGE STATLER

ALL through the summer and fall, in more than half the nation, the splutter and moan of two-wheeled hellriders shatter the Sunday afternoon quiet. It's broadsliding time, and the motorcycles are racing.

The sport has regained the ground it lost during the days of shortages, and once again the nearly 50,000 bike jockeys can guarantee their ever-growing crowds of fans a fast, roaring time.

Not so long ago, the main event of a motorcycling afternoon was the hill climb, and every crazy guy with two wheels, a one-lung steed and a tank full of gas was out there bruising a kidney for prizes. This vertical torture course was limited, however, and participants not always easy to find; consequently, it lost favor to the Southern-born cross country obstacle race and the more spectacular flat race, which today are the standard events for every motorcycle club.

Local clubs compete all spring and summer in sectional meets where their members gain experience. Fans who gather from miles around seem to take little notice of the sign at the gate which proclaims in red paint: "DANGEROUS—You Enter These Grounds at Your Own Risk!" Besides giving motorcycle clubs their day to perform and to thrill the townspeople, these local meets serve to condition the top racing artists for the big motorcycle race of the year—the 100-mile classic at Langhorne, Pennsylvania, held in September and known as "The Indianapolis of Motorcycle Racing." More than 300 riders compete. Late in February, the Number One Go is the 100- and 200-mile grind on Daytona Beach, Florida, for $4,000 in prizes. These are the big money races, one in fall and one in winter, for which the professional, money-winning speed demons are pointed.

But there are many, many other races all over the country which, though they offer prizes, owe their popularity to the fact that they are fun. They give club members plenty of kicks and bounces and let the fans enjoy the spectacle, too. The more daring spectators ride their own motorcycles outfitted with every new gadget in the catalogue. Club members dress up in fancy "kidney belts," riding breeches, rakish caps and shiny leather boots—but confine their speed to the open highway. They follow their racing idols all over the country, from home town to Langhorne. For them is reserved a section just inside the gate of every small track, where all kinds

of motorcycles are parked, from battered relics to glittering new models.

Among these small track events in the East are the Paterson and Woodbridge races, in New Jersey; Reading and Harrisburg in Pennsylvania. Glamor-studded with actors, on the other end of the continent, is the famous Saugus-to-Big Bear Lake 140-mile Hare and Hounds climb in January.

August found the Ohio-Kentucky-Indiana Gyspy Tour in action, as well as the National Hill Climb in Muskegon, Michigan, which last year drew a record crowd of 25,000. September saw the Tourist Trophy championships at Marion, Indiana, before 8,000 people on a half-mile track; the Class C Hill Climb at Beloit, Wisconsin; the 500-mile Jack Pine championship endurance run at Lansing, Michigan, involving 100 riders from 13 states. At a banquet the night before this contest, each contestant is presented with a little bag of Michigan sand—sly reminder of the stuff he'll eat plenty of on the morrow. A club in Terre Haute gives as its booby prize a rear-view mirror on which is etched the word "Booby." Why? "So the man who comes in last can see where he's been even though he doesn't know where he's going!"

Winchester, Virginia, has its meet in October. November is the month for the Turkey Classic at Hartford, Connecticut. Mobile, Alabama, throws its Pirate Treasure Chest Run at the same time. Dubbed "Southland's newest big-time motorcycle event," this scramble covers 450 miles of swamps, rivers, and rutted sand. Starting one minute apart, 72 riders follow as best they can the clues to the treasure while hidden checkers watch, ever eager to deduct points for rule-breaking.

Also in turkey month is the 100-mile Pacific Coast race at Riverside, California. Town fathers there are still burned up at the antics of rough-riding fans who all but tore the town apart during their recent meet in July.

Girls as well as men are cycle addicts. They have their own organization—"Motor Maids of America"—and hobnob with the male tireburners from coast to coast. Most racing enthusiasm centers around the flat race, which in most places draws 20,000 to 30,000 excited fans. Some onlookers are interested in the technical aspects of the sport, others in seeing two fast gentlemen collide on a turn.

On small tracks, the riders must pair off. At the flag, they gun for pole position. On hitting the first turn, they dig in their heels to "broadslide," or skid the turn. This is "hot-shoeing," and most big-time riders have iron-clad heels for just this purpose. Though the track is full of bumps and as crooked as an old hairpin, these guys hit 55 and better on the turns. Though they eat dust on an S-turn today, they hope for a chance at Langhorne and Daytona, the glory and the rewards, tomorrow.

Every jockey carries extra gear changes, tires, and tools to handle almost any kind of accident. Each has his favorite gear ratio, and keeps fiddling with spark and throttle for more speed, more speed. Riding technique is as varied as the temperaments of the riders. Champion Bill Huber of

Reading, Pennsylvania, rides flat on his stomach, while California's Ed Kretz straddles his rear fender.

Thus, all over America, on half a hundred small tracks and courses, the hotfoot artists tool their Harleys, or Indians, or Ariels or whatever they swear by. Daytona had its first fatality last year—but hardly a small track in the country can boast the same. The small ones are the most dangerous. For safety's sake, motors and gas mixtures are regulated by the

American Motorcycle Association. Though speed may be thus reduced, it is still much too easy to lose control on a skid or a bounce, or get dumped in a squeeze. But the boys with the gas-bikes between their knees know the chances they take. For the thrills they're willing.

"Anybody who rides a motorcycle is enjoying the greatest sport in the world," Ed Kretz insists. He's been riding for 15 years. He won the Langhorne feature three times and set a record that still stands. Other oldtimers bear out his feelings about it. They, too, keep on riding.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of broadsliding is that it makes the thrill of watching a fast, dangerous race possible for thousands of smalltown dwellers. And these people reciprocate by crowding the stands at every event. They've boosted to nationwide popularity such favorites as Huber and Kretz, Sam Arena and Ted Edwards.

Watching the thunderbikes roar by is hell on wheels to them, and because of their cheers the sport of motorcycle racing just grows and grows.

▲

Sure Cure

As happens to all authors every now and then, the late Bob Benchley once found himself mired deep in a creative rut. Ideas simply refused to come, and no matter how hard he tried, every sentence he wrote came out wrong.

Hearing of his plight, a friend gave him what he guaranteed to be a sure cure. "Just slip some paper into your typewriter, tap out the word 't-h-e' and the rest will be simple. Your subconscious mind will take it from there, and you'll be pounding out saleable stuff again."

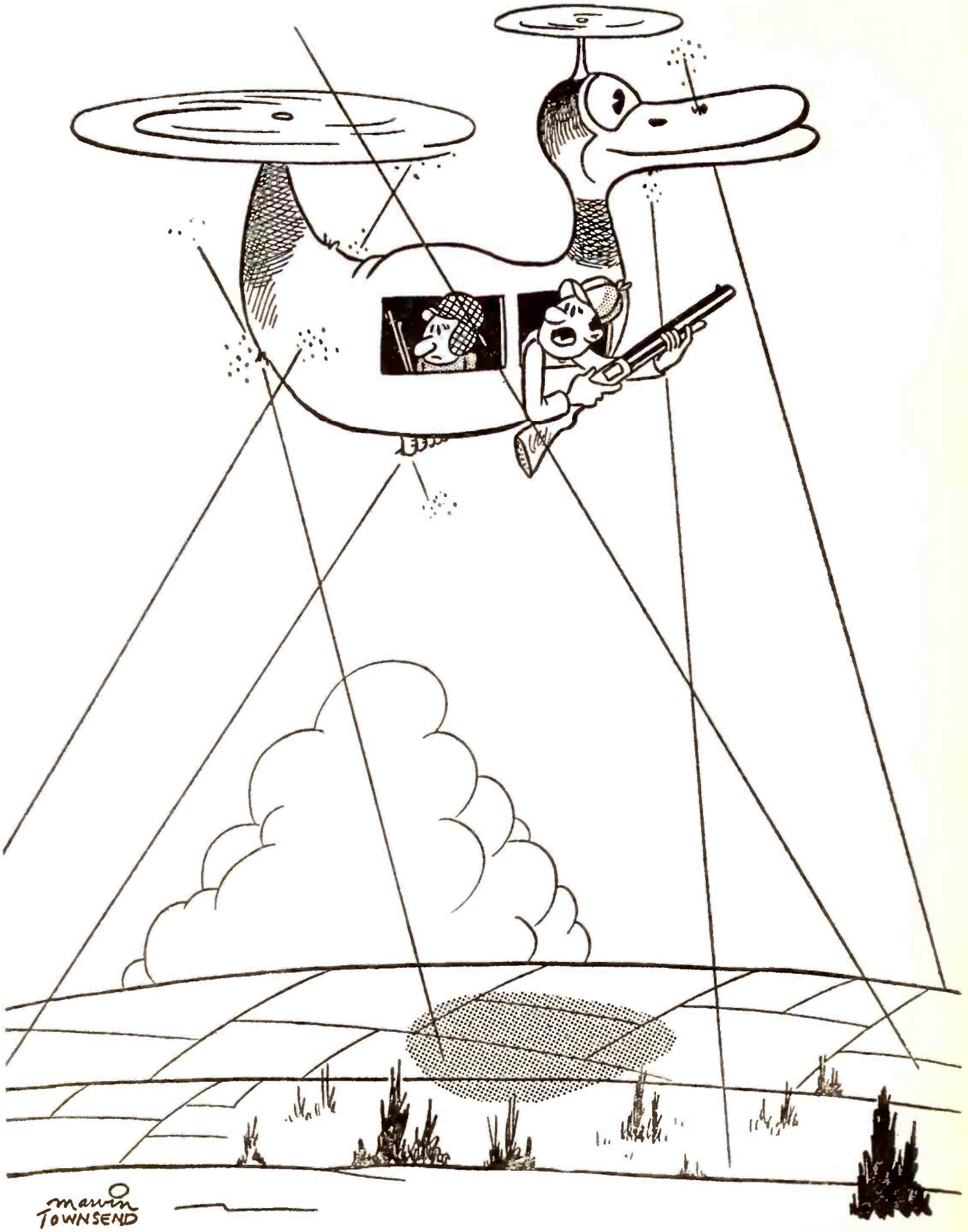
Benchley went home, slipped a sheet of paper into his typewriter, tapped out the word "t-h-e," sat back, and waited to be inspired. He sat there staring at that single word for two solid hours. Then he rapidly wrote "hell with it," got up and left the house.—*Joseph C. Stacey.*

▲

An optimist and a pessimist were discussing the future. Even the optimist was none too cheerful about it.

"If these political troubles, financial catastrophes, and economic crises continue," said he, "we shall have to go begging."

Said the pessimist, "Of whom?"



"You gotta admit it sounded like a good idea!"

Mother Nature's space-rates are low, but copywriting comes high.

by JAMES L. HARTE

WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

"ISN'T it monontonous," he is often asked, "writing the same thing over and over again?"

The moon-faced fellow rubs a hand over his black, grey-flecked hair. "Well . . ."

"Like a kid in school, writing the same line over and over again as punishment?"

Andy—he's the kind of friendly guy you immediately call by nickname—just grins, and the wisp of black mustache on his upper lip accentuates the gleaming white of his teeth. Then, "No," he says. "In my medium it's different every time. I'm like an artist setting a brush to the same scene, but each time there's a new thrill in it."

Andy Stinis of Baltimore writes the largest letters in the world. He only writes two words, at a staggering word rate, and he's been writing them steadily for 12 years. In his free-flowing style each letter of each word runs a mile in length. He writes in the air and his "blackboard" is limitless. Andy is a skywriter.

He is, in fact, a pioneer in skywriting. He started in 1932, with four years of commercial flying already behind him, and he's been at it since. In 1936 he signed on with a national skywriting advertising firm which has but one client, a soft drink concern. Andy's been writing "Pepsi-Cola" in the air ever since.

The firm he works for maintains 18 airplanes which are used to limn the two word message against the sky. The planes are located in various parts of the country. Andy is based in Baltimore and covers the area south to Richmond and north to Philadelphia. He flies an SNJ-2.

"I work between 10,000 and 16,000 feet over a city," says the smokewriter. "It's a fine height for safety, and best to give people below a good view of the writing. On a clear day, writing at this height can be seen by observers on the ground 25 miles away.

"The smoke is formed by a special oil chemical manufactured for the purpose. This oily stuff is poured, under pressure, into the plane's hot exhaust pipe. Heat from the engine fuses it into white smoke. In the plane's cockpit is the control valve to regulate the flow of oil into the exhaust.

"The two-word message usually takes a half-hour to spell out. With a full load, I take about 20 minutes to climb to the proper level and to find a smooth layer of air. I look for the layer between 10,000 and 16,000 feet, and if I don't find it, I call it a day and come down without doing any writing."

The smooth air is a prime requisite to keep the letters from disintegrating as he writes. "When I find the right layer, I begin. I can do the two words in ten minutes."

Andy says the letters of smoke are readable for ten minutes, on an average, although he has had some words remain intact for as long as an hour.

Every letter is written opposite to the way in which it would appear on paper. It has to be written backwards from the plane so that it is legible to those who look up at it. For instance, Stinis makes his "P" horizontally with the loop to the left, but it shapes up correctly when seen from below.

"It took me a year of hard work and practice to get the hang of it," Andy relates. "I used to use a stopwatch, too, to make sure of timing my strokes to their proper length. Now it comes naturally, and I'm sure I could write the words blindfolded."

Andy is perfectly at home in the air. He sees no great hazards in his work, and his one great gripe is the weather. He likes to move through the ozone spelling out his thirst-quencher trade name, but he can work only on cloudless days when there is no wind or haze. He still moans about being grounded for 12 consecutive days early last summer while waiting to spread smoke over Washington, D. C. On such days he wanders about the airport, chafing and squinting at the sky.

There is no winter for the sky-writer. When the frost and the snow appear in the areas where Stinis is stationed, he is sent south to carry his message to the skies over Florida, Cuba and occasionally Mexico.

Andy says he has worked some jobs with a partner. It's faster, fancier, but more difficult. With two planes in the air it calls for precise timing to guard against collision.

"It works like this," Stinis says, "let's say I'm making an 'E': I do the stem and swing off to start the next letter as my partner flies in fast to roof the E. As he finishes, I've got a designated portion of 'P' completed and he comes in to finish it from a given spot. It's tough, and it isn't safe without a lot of practice."

The chubby Andy has never messed up a tandem job, but there was one time when he and a buddy named Southlea were so pleased with their performance that they went on to play a game of tick-tack-toe in the wild blue yonder.

"We drew the frame and then began to fill in the spaces," Stinis says. "Southlea drew circles and I made with the Xs."

The display brought a talking-to from the Aeronautics people, who are inclined to take a dim view of high-altitude high-jinks. But Stinis just laughs. "Well," he says, "I won!"

That's the story of a typical smoke-spreader. A guy who, at 39, with 12 years of spelling two words across America's sky, still approaches his work with enthusiasm and hopes to be smoke-writing with the same enjoyment 12 years hence. Why not? On the basis of wordage, he's the world's best-paid writer!

▲

The fellow who says, "It goes without saying," goes right ahead and says it anyway.

There's DANGER Over Forty!

by DON F. HOWELL

MOST men suck in their breath, straighten their shoulders, and turn a little white when the 40-year mark rolls around on the calendar. There's a fatalistic quality about the 40th birthday which spells "over the hill" for many an otherwise vigorous and attractive male.

Harry Burns, successful accountant, was such a husband. Married for 15 years, Harry never dreamed of looking at another woman until one autumn day shortly before his 40th birthday. He was inspecting his receding hairline when a sudden, stabbing pain touched him—the pain of realizing that he was no longer a slender stripling with wavy hair, to whom life was an endless challenge and adventure.

For the first time in his career, Harry began to feel jealous of younger men, to compare his looks with theirs, to remark sneeringly upon their budgets and their taste in women. Almost before he knew what was happening, the accountant was spending afternoons in cocktail lounges buying drinks for strange women, taking a wondrous delight in the companionship—however short—of a young woman on a bar stool.

Then it happened. He met Mildred, 23 and already twice divorced. She took Harry for his bankroll. When his wife learned about the affair, she was horror-stricken and couldn't understand why her husband—the father of two children and hitherto a devoted spouse—could get involved with a barroom pick-up.

Actually, Harry's affair resulted from one simple fact: the attention of the younger woman soothed his ego. Psychiatrists and marriage counselors say that more than half the cases of philandering husbands which come to their attention could have been averted had the wives learned that their mates required more than just an occasional bit of flattery. In essence, the skirt-chasing phase for many men is simply the ego at work, seeking recognition when it is taken for granted or ignored at home!

But there are six other reasons why middle-aged men become unfaithful, say the experts, and you can check your husband against this list to see if there's any danger that your own man may kick over the traces.

1. *Men who fear women.* It's odd but true that many husbands—who for years are considered ideal mates—turn from their wives for seemingly no reason at all.

John Peters was such a man. At 50, he abandoned his conservative way of life and dressed and acted like a zoot-suited boy of 18. He became involved with a night club hostess;

separated from his wife and his two children.

Finally, after a friend yanked John to a psychiatrist, the truth came out. John, successful banker that he was, had suffered from a lifelong distrust and fear of women! His mother had been tyrannical and had watched his every move when he was a boy. His teachers he had disliked because they were "old-maids," querulous women who thought small boys were a shade worse than mischievous puppies.

He had married young—too young. The resentments against womanhood in general still smoldered in him as he took the marriage vows. Small wonder that his repressed antagonism toward women took a strange turn: unfaithfulness to his wife, whom he really loved, but who represented the sex to which he basically was hostile.

When the involved mental attitude responsible for his actions was explained to his wife, she returned to John, who finally understood how absurd and juvenile his attitude was. The playboy excesses stopped, and at 51 John finally reached mental and emotional maturity.

2. *Adult "infants."* Pete Millen was one of these. At 45, he had been married three times and was still having extra-marital relations. His wife couldn't understand it. Even Pete himself was miserable over his frequent infidelities. To the marriage counselor he finally visited, the reason for Pete's behavior was soon apparent. He had indulged in sexual activity at a precocious age, and as the years went on he demanded stronger and more numerous sexual excitements.

One woman simply couldn't satisfy Pete, though he honestly hoped that each of his marriages would work out. He was always seeking new experiences, new partners in love-making. For such a man, there is little that can be done clinically; and luckless is the woman who marries an individual of this unfortunate physiological and mental make-up.

3. *Fear of impotence.* Many males go haywire sexually simply because they fear they are "slipping" and will be senile and impotent by the time they are 55 or 60. This is bunk, say the psychiatrists and physicians, for most men, if they are healthy, may expect to retain their virility until they are 65 or 70. The famed Kinsey report shows that many men of 70 and older still make satisfying mates.

James Kenyon, a rich farmer, was one of these men. He married a woman 20 years younger than he, and after a decade of marriage began to worry that his wife might seek the company of a younger, more virile man. Finally, his worries developed into morbid fancies and he unfairly accused her of being romantically interested in a 30-year-old neighbor.

A country doctor, to whom Kenyon confided his fears, succeeded in talking the older man out of his mental anguish and suspicion. The doctor then talked with Mrs. Kenyon and suggested that she show more romantic interest in her spouse. "Compliment him on his looks, his energy," the doctor urged. "Such praise is meat and drink to the man nearing 60." She followed his counsel and Farmer

Kenyon's morbid spell of jealousy and self-doubt vanished. Without sensible advice, he might have gone on to a nervous breakdown—or even suicide.

4. *Ignorance of the menopause.* When their wives reach the time for menopause many men have a curious hesitancy about making sexual de-

mands. They have an odd mixture of misinformation and superstition about this subject, and many believe that the sex act is unthinkable and repellent to the woman who is undergoing the change of life. They therefore seek company elsewhere, leaving their distraught wives to wonder bitterly at the selfishness of men.

Actually, the menopause should give no husband the feeling that his attentions are no longer wanted. It merely signifies that the wife is going through a normal physiological alteration. Husband and wife should discuss it frankly with their physician and acquire a real understanding of the menopause which will make for continued marriage relations.

5. *Learning to play too late.* Sumner Andrews is a prosperous chain store owner who was a millionaire by the time he was 47. Since he was 12, he had worked like a beaver, amassing money and prestige. Then he sold his holdings for a huge sum and became an idle millionaire at a still youthful age.

He tried golfing, yachting, globe-trotting and other pastimes, but only became more fidgety and restless. A highly-rouged manicure girl in a barber shop became his companion. The town gasped when Andrews' wife sued for divorce, naming the girl as co-respondent. Actually, Sumner didn't want to cheat at all; idleness was more than he could stand, and he had tried adultery dispassionately with the same motive which led him to golfing—to see if it would prove a satisfying substitute for work.

Husbands who learn to play and relax are safer when they reach the dangerous 40's. Give your man a hobby today and you may hold him tomorrow!

6. *Sympathy seeking.* Everybody thinks his own troubles are the world's worst. Lou Noobeck was no exception. When his factory had labor troubles, he wanted to talk with his wife about it. But she was busy with a dozen civic ventures, infant aid groups, and bridge clubs. She never had time to sympathize with Lou, a little boy grown up.

When Lou's middle-aged woman secretary commiserated with him, he began to view her through rose-colored glasses. Soon he was taking her out of town on week-end fun jaunts. When the rift with his wife was climaxed by a divorce, his friends murmured, "Poor Lou! What does he

ever see in that frumpy woman he's running around with? She's not half as pretty as his own wife was!"

True enough. But the dowdy secretary gave him the thing he yearned for—sympathy. He could tell his troubles to her, a simple enough privilege. If his wife had taken an hour a day to talk things over with Lou, he would be a contented, happy husband today, instead of one more member of the army of miserable cheaters, misjudged and excoriated by their friends.

So, spare a thought for your husband's mental state and act now to keep him tethered. An ounce of foresight on the part of an understanding wife pays off in hearts when a man reaches the Dangerous Age!

▲

Middle age: When a man stops wondering how he can dodge temptations, and begins to wonder if he's missing any.

▲

Cultivate good manners and you'll be mistaken everywhere for an usher or a salesman.

Words for Our Pictures

1. WHB-FM is on the air! Technician Ed Hall is shown at the new transmitter, which operates on 102.1 megacycles (channel 271) and has an effective radiated power of approximately 6,000 watts.

2. Kansas City drivers are taking it slow these days. The reason? Motorcycle cops in plainclothes. Here Bill Berns of the Mutual Broadcasting System wire records an interview with Captain William J. McLear and Patrolman Dale Hadley, for presentation on the Mutual *Radio Newsreel* (Mon. through Fri., 8:15 p.m. CST).

3. Home of WHB-FM in Kansas City is the imposing Fidelity Building. The transmitter is located on the 33rd floor, and the site of the permanent antenna is 502 feet above average terrain.

4. Jim Green and Ben Hilliard, candidates for national Commander of the American Legion, outline their campaign platforms for WHB listeners. Green commands the world's largest Legion Post, at Omaha; and Hilliard is past commander of the world's second largest post, in Denver.

5. Chairman of the Small Business Committee of the House of Representatives is Walter Ploesser, shown addressing the Midwest Manufacturers Association.

6. Jeri Ray and Orrin Tucker are featured stars of the American Royal Coronation Ball, high spot of Kansas City's social season. The lavish Ball will be held October 15 at the Municipal Auditorium. (See story on page 3).

Centerpiece

Gracing SWING'S center pages is Ann Miller, a dark-haired, Texas beauty. Miss Miller started dancing at the age of three, crashed movies when she was 14. Her latest display of legs and talent is with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland and Peter Lawford in *Easter Parade*.

SWINGSHOTS

1

2

3

. . . *presenting* DELOS JOHNS

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

"IN an alphabetical age," says Delos Johns, "I intend making the letters E.S.C. as familiar to the public as the name of any government bureau."

October is slated to be a month of intense activity for the E.S.C., and if for no reason than that the cryptic designation fits so neatly into a headline, around Kansas City the odds on Mr. Johns making good his boast are currently quoted at seven to five.

Johns is an affable, energetic man nearing 50. A smooth but pointed speaker, he is much in the headlines himself, and so is the organization behind the letters, the Emergency School Committee.

The Committee was formed in Mayor Kemp's office last spring during a meeting of parties interested in the Kansas City public schools: labor unions, voters leagues, educational and civic groups, the Chamber of Commerce. It resulted from a resolution introduced by Mr. Johns.

At the moment, the school situation was critical. Under the antiquated Missouri School Tax Law of 1931, the Kansas City Board of Education was attempting to meet inflation-era costs with a depression-era income. It was going to fall, a hasty reckoning showed, about two million dollars short for the 1948-49 term. An attempt had been made to finance a four-year school program by authorizing a property levy increase of eight and a half mills above the constitutional ten-mill limit.

Hotly contested by real estate interests, which took the position that state legislation should be amended to provide other sources of revenue, and only lukewarmly supported by the public, the levy proposal was annihilated at the polls.

The public's negative reaction stemmed from lack of confidence in the incumbent school board, rather than any shortage of civic pride. The board was split by disunity, and so racked with petty bickering as to be almost ineffectual.

Delos Johns suggested that while a short-term compromise levy was being worked out for the voters' approval —something that would insure normal operation of the schools for at least a year—a committee begin an investigation of possible revenue sources which might be recommended to the state legislature. So the E.S.C. was born.

Two weeks later, a one-year, seven-mill levy was submitted to the people and voted down.

Obviously, some immediate remedy was indicated. But more than that, the basic situation was in need of thorough examination and overhaul.

A program of sound school financing, for years ahead, had to be set up.

It was the long-range study Johns had in mind, although Mr. Johns—

an extremely ambitious citizen—stood ready to hack at whatever dragons raised their heads.

When it became apparent that toes were apt to be trod upon, someone asked him just what the E.S.C. hoped to accomplish. Johns left the door wide open. "The purpose of the E.S.C.," he said, "is to provide Kansas City children with the best possible education. Every aim and goal, except that prime purpose, is elastic and flexible."

No grass grew under his feet. He took ten days away from his business to set up a 50-member executive board drawn from every section of the city. The public opinion committee and finance committee were at work in less than a week.

In October, activities will move into high gear. A comprehensive study of all school departments—business, administrative and instruction—has been completed by Doctor John Guy Fowlkes, Dean of Education at the University of Wisconsin. The Committee will act upon his recommendations, and upon material gathered in the course of its own surveys.

It is probable that it will undertake a statewide program, organizing campaigns in all large Missouri cities in an effort to secure legislation which will provide for school taxation at th state level. In all likelihood, the goal will be a one-cent increase in the state income tax.

"The school board situation is going to be cleaned up, too," Johns says. "Members will be placed on an elective basis, subject to recall."

A popular song in vogue the past season stressed that "miracles can happen," but Johns and his co-workers found this to be a sad untruth. To date, no immediately available source of revenue has been located to bolster the present school term, although it is likely that a 40-week year can be financed by "throwing all the chips into the game," as Johns puts it. That's a colorful phrase he employs to include the Board of Education's insurance policy, current operating fund, and all other assets. The decision on how many chips to chuck, however, rests solely with the board.

Delos Johns comes by his interest in education honestly. His father was superintendent of public schools in Flat River, Missouri, and later held the same position in Farmington for more than 30 years. Now retired, he still keeps his hand in by teaching a part-time high school schedule.

One member of the Johns family is completely unperturbed by the possibility of an abbreviated school term. That's Dick, who is 14 and a freshman at Southwest High School. There are

three boys in all. Tom is a junior in the engineering school of the University of Missouri, and 22-year-old Bill, a veteran of the Philippine campaign and the occupation of Japan, is out of school and married.

Mr. Johns is known to fellow Kansas Citians as a peerless parliamentarian, particularly adroit in the chair. Debate seldom ruffles him. He expresses himself with facility and great candor—as the president of the Board of Education, who is no longer speaking to Johns, will testify.

For many years, he lived a quiet life: working in his yard on long summer evenings, playing bridge in winter, reading. His debut in civic work came three years ago, when he was asked to accept a post as chairman of the board of governors of the Citizens Regional Planning Council.

The work led him into numerous phases of public activity. He became associate chairman of the highly successful Citizens Bond Committee. As a member of the Jackson County Charter Commission, he is currently engaged in drawing up a new county charter.

On the side, Delos Johns works for a living. He is vice president and general counsel of the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City, and serves as counsel for the bank's branches in Omaha, Denver and Oklahoma City.

"Sometimes I work nights," he says, "but it isn't too hard to keep up." Then he adds a little sadly, "Practically nobody ever sues us."

Johns was in general law practice in Kansas City for 22 years prior to his association with the bank. He studied law at the University of Missouri, where he was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Delta Phi and the Order of the Coif.

In college, his chief exercise was carrying a tuba in the University band. He also played string bass with the orchestra at a local theatre, furnishing mood music for one silent movie every afternoon, and two every evening. He held various jobs in the library, and was much envied one year when he taught history at Stephens College for Women.

His education was interrupted by a year and a half of service in the United States Marine Corps.

In 1923, he entered the Kansas City law firm of Morrison, Nugent, Wylder & Berger (later Morrison, Nugent, Berger & Johns). There he met and married a German girl from Paxico, Kansas, Rose J. Schuetz (pronounced "Sheets").

Mr. Johns' first name, incidentally, was inherited from a boyhood friend of his father's. It is subject to what he calls a "multiplicity of pronunciations." He prefers "Dee-lahss," but will answer to any reasonable approximation. Few people care to

struggle with it, so he is generally known as "D.C."

A hearty but not indiscriminate laugher, Johns thoroughly enjoys his public contacts. It's a good thing, he will admit, because his work with the Citizens Regional Planning Council will keep him in the fore of civic work for some time to come. The Council deals with the problems of business, transportation, housing, employment, industry, education, health and public service over a five-county Missouri and Kansas area.

Delos Johns is a modest man, inclined to depreciate his own accomplishments. He has no special hobbies, but he takes great pride in his lawn and enjoys working on it—even to the drudgeries of digging crab grass.

"Crab grass," he says, "keeps you humble. A man who spends a couple of hours each day down on his knees in the dirt can't possibly develop a feeling of self-importance!"

▲

A Quaker pioneer, walking from his clearing to the meeting house, had his trusty flintlock ready. A non-believer accosted him, saying, "Brother Nathan, is it not your belief that what is destined will be?"

"Yes."

"Then if all the Indians in the province attacked the meeting house and your time had not come, you would not be harmed?"

"No," answered the Quaker.

"But if your time had come," pursued the other, "then no matter what you did, it would do no good?"

"That is right."

"Then why do you carry your gun to the meeting?"

Gravely the Quaker replied, "On my way to or from the meeting I might see an Indian whose time had come."

▲

The small boy's parents were strict. The walls of the sitting room were lined with tracts, and the cane was kept behind "Love one another." One day everything went wrong, and the boy was punished eight times.

After this he said between sobs, "Don't you think it's time to take the cane from behind 'Love one another' and put it behind 'I need Thee every hour'?"

▲

We are faced with a choice between a UN with teeth or a world with cavities.—*P M.*

▲

A Peoria businessman finally hit upon what he thought was a sure-fire way of collecting some money owed him. His somewhat irresponsible debtor had successfully ignored all pleas for payment, and so, as his last resort, he wrote a tear-jerking letter and enclosed a snapshot of his small daughter. Under the picture he wrote: "The reason I must have my money."

Much to his surprise, he got a reply, but there was also a photo with this letter—a voluptuous blonde in a bathing suit labeled, "The reason I can't pay!"

▲

Winning a million bucks at the race track is now within the realm of possibility if you're a horse.

FUNERAL OF A FRIEND

Tippie was a cow dog, a good one. When he died, it precipitated a family crisis.

by FRANK G. HARRIS

PAPA said, "Yes, Tippie is going to have a funeral."

"He is not!" said Mamma. "Have you no respect for your God, Papa, to have a funeral for a dog? Funerals are for humans with souls . . ."

"Don't dogs have souls?" I asked.

Mamma glared at Papa. "See what you've done to that boy? You have him thinking dogs have souls!"

"Go along, Son," Papa said, "I'll talk to your Mamma and maybe by morning she will change her mind."

It was the summer that I was 12. Tippie was the same age and I couldn't remember when he hadn't been on the farm. I walked down to the barn, where Papa had fixed up a wooden box for Tippie, and I looked at my dog there so still and quiet and I cried. Up until then I had been too shocked to cry. Now the tears flowed freely and I didn't try to stop them, because I wasn't ashamed. Tippie was dead and gone and wouldn't ever bring the cows in any more or anything.

When I heard the cows bawling I stopped crying and from force of habit started to milk. Papa came in the barn, then, and told me not to worry, we'd have a funeral for Tippie the next day.

"What about Mamma?" I asked. "Won't she be mad?"

"Don't worry about that, Son," said Papa. "Maybe dogs don't have souls like people, but that's no reason we can't give Tippie a funeral. That's what you want and that's what we will do. Maybe Tippie had some kind of a doggy soul . . ."

"Why don't we kill that old cow that killed him, Papa?" I asked. "I'll bet she hasn't got a soul!"

"That's enough about souls, Son. Mamma's right, you are going to church next Sunday. Maybe the preacher can explain things to you." Papa's eyes softened and he placed his hand on my shoulder. "Now let's get the milking done," he said, "and then we'll decide where to bury Tippie. I never was much for religion, like your Mamma, but I guess I can think of a few words to say over a dog's grave."

"I don't guess Bessie meant to kick Tippie and kill him did she, Papa?"

"It was just an accident," Papa said. "It might not seem so now, but maybe it was better this way. Tippie was getting old and it was over quick.

Now finish the milking, boy. No more crying."

The next morning the sky was overcast and when I got up Papa had already had breakfast. "Your Papa is digging," Mamma said, "back in the pasture by that big shade tree. He said that's where you wanted Tippie buried."

I didn't say anything and Mamma filled my plate with bacon and eggs and hot biscuits. I wasn't hungry. "Are we going to have a funeral, Mamma?" I asked. "With the Bible and everything?"

"That's enough of that nonsense!" Mamma said. "Tippie was just a dog and now he's dead. Just like a chicken when you kill it. Or that bacon you have on your plate. Funerals are for people with souls. I thought just as much of Tippie as anybody, but I can face facts. Now eat your breakfast!"

I guess it was the first time I had ever seen tears in Mamma's eyes. It made me feel like doing something special for her, so I tried to eat just

to please her. But it was tough going, and nothing had much taste to it.

Papa came in the kitchen and said, "We'll start now, Son. It's starting to drizzle, so put on your raincoat. Might rain hard before we finish the funeral."

"Papa!" Mamma said, "I'm not going to stand for this. You can't bring the boy up that way. Teaching him that dogs have souls!"

Papa didn't look at Mamma. He said, "I didn't say Tippie had a soul. I just said we were going to give him a decent burial just like we would any other friend. Come on, Son."

"Son!" I stopped at the door and started fastening my raincoat. "Listen to me, Son!" Mamma said.

Papa called to me from the back porch. "Coming, Papa!" I yelled. "Papa says for me to start going to church next Sunday, Mamma," I said, and ran out of the house.

Papa had fastened long poles to each side of the box that contained the body of Tippie. He had nailed a cover on the wooden casket and the rain started to splatter on the cover as we took our places. I picked up the front and Papa the back, and we started out slowly to the hole in the ground beneath the shade tree in the pasture.

I helped Papa lower the box into the ground and we stepped back. I thought of all the good times I had with my dog and almost started crying again. I looked around and everything seemed unfamiliar without Tippie. Nearby the cows were grazing, indifferent to what was taking place. Bessie stood among them, not knowing what heartbreak she had caused by kicking a dog in the head. And I remembered, the evening before, yelling, "Get 'em, boy! Faster now, we haven't got all night!"

And now Tippie was dead and Papa and I were burying him. Never

(Continued on page 47)

TALK ISN'T CHEAP!

Professional speakers are the "fifth estate" in American society. And what a nice estate it is, too.

by ROGER SWIFT

IF you're a flagpole sitter, marathon runner, Congressman, atom bomb worrier or spy catcher, don't waste breath telling your views and exploits to the next-door neighbor!

Instead, sign up with one of America's 50 top lecture bookers and you may be rolling in moolah shortly, giving one-hour dissertations for as much as $1,000 per spiel.

Now as never before, 15,000,000 palpitating Americans eagerly await the tribe of visiting speakers who descend monthly upon clubs, schools, churches, Parent-Teacher Associations, trade conventions and summer resorts. These high-priced word-slingers may earn enough on a three-month speaking tour to coast along on gravy for the remaining nine months of the year.

Titan of the lecture industry is W. Colston Leigh of New York City, a burly, tough operator who frankly tells the world that lecturing is a business like selling shoes or iceboxes. Leigh is the big dollar man among the agents: he asks and gets fabulous fees for celebrities.

Such names as Thomas Mann, H. R. Knickerbocker, Lawrence Tibbett, and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt get sums as high as $1,000 and $1,500 for single addresses, thanks to Leigh's astute management.

Though statistics in the spiel trade are hard to nail down, veteran agents concede that 1948 may bring $15,000,000 in fees. For this is the year of the Atom Bomb Scare—and when people are stewed up and fretting, the lecture industry thrives.

That's because we naively expect the answers to all our problems: inflation, housing, war clouds, these troubles will be lifted by glib speakers who sell their wordage and theories at high price.

American infatuation with lecturers began in 1816, when a smart New England gent named Holbrook advertised:

"I will give disquisitions on science, superstition, politics, or theology, for what you shall deem worthy to pay for my living."

Holbrook was deluged with invitations to speak before the entertainment-hungry. He started something which has snowballed to multi-million dollar dimensions. But today most lecturers use agents—high-powered, smooth business men and women who often earn commissions as high as 55

per cent on lecture fees paid their clients.

Almost any kind of expert can get bookings galore. An Indian girl named Te-Ata who lives in Manhattan is in great demand for her talk on tribal folk lore. The veteran Burton Holmes is America's dean of the lecture platform. He has presented his travelogues more than 10,000 times, and is as popular today as he was a quarter-century ago.

Martin Hughes of Chicago is a lecturer with a new twist. As the phony "Countess Maria Pulaski," he speaks fervently on "My Life as a Spy." He gets his audience all steamed up about Continental intrigues and plots. Then, at the climax of his address, the "countess" whips off a blonde wig and reveals the features of a man!

Psychologists and psychiatrists often find the lecture platform more lucrative than private practice. Anybody talking on the human mind and how to make it behave is assured of a rich season of speechifying for profit.

Economists, too, are in constant demand. Everybody wants to know about the stock market, inflation, and taxation. One Minneapolis joker, who'd never been inside a college classroom, had handbills printed describing himself as "Professor Mortimer Snafu, international authority on inflation."

Purely as a gag, he sent the handbills to program chairmen of various clubs. To his amazement, his telephone jangled constantly with bids for his speaking services. Accepting several of them, he talked learned balderdash to his audiences and was applauded enthusiastically after saying literally nothing for 45 minutes. And he was well paid for his services!

Despite the commercialism of the lecture trade, its hypoed publicity, and the arrant nonsense displayed by some of its self-styled "experts," the phenomenal growth of the speech-making clan is a healthy thing for democracy. Says Dr. Gregor Ziemer, education director of New York's Town Hall:

"In many nations, the idea of a man or woman getting up on a public platform and saying what he or she thinks is simply incredible. In Germany, for example, even now, few people would think of standing up and challenging a speaker or asking a question. Such democratic actions seem incredible and bizarre to them; they can't envisage an America in which 140,000,000 citizens exchange opinions freely!"

Occasionally, lecturers perform unusual public services in the course of their work. One of them is Joan Brandon, a young woman who specializes in trapping fake mediums and ersatz ghosts. After her talks, she invites personal troubles and has been able to "de-spook" many worried individuals who feared their houses were haunted.

Another debunker is Professor Bergen Evans of Northwestern University, whose book, *A Natural History of Nonsense*, is a best-seller.

Evans is at his best explaining away the popular superstitions which clutter up our mental attics. In the course of his talks, he has gathered enough fables and superstitions to fill a companion volume for his first book.

(*Continued on page 51*)

When is a corpse not a corpse? James Graham learned the answer.

THE CASE OF THE ghostly avenger

by TED PETERSON

AFTER a present-day murderer has converted his victim into a corpse, he has only the police to worry about as he tidies up the clues.

If things had been that simple for an Englishman named Mark Sharp, he probably would have got away with murder. As it was, the ax-murder he committed turned up one clue that he couldn't hide—the ghost of his victim, who kept bobbing up around the neighborhood until the law strung Sharp from the gallows.

Sharp was executed without even the satisfaction of knowing that his case would go down in history as a British crime classic. The ghost business, for one thing, gave it a special twist. But more than that, Sharp bore his victim no grudge. An obliging chap, he killed her to help out a pal who found her presence inconvenient.

The restless victim of Sharp's pick-ax technique was a young woman named Ann Walker. She lived as housekeeper to a well-to-do widower in Chester-le-Street in northern England. Her employer, a relative, also was named Walker, but all accounts of the crime have shorn him of his given name

Ann and her employer lived cozily together until neighbors began gossiping about the young woman's approaching motherhood. Loungers at the local pub gave odds that Walker himself was responsible for her condition. Perhaps to get away from the sting of acid tongues, Ann bustled off to a village six miles away, where she moved in with her aunt.

The aunt was a kind woman, but she too had a villager's curiosity about her neighbors' business. She kept asking how Ann intended to support the expected baby. Ann told her that its father would provide for it. Well, then, the aunt wanted to know, who was the father? Ann wouldn't answer that question. But the aunt thought she had the answer one night when Walker, accompanied by Sharp, called for Ann and took her away.

No one ever saw Ann, in the flesh, after she left her aunt's home with Walker, and no one fussed about her disappearance. "She's gone away to have her child," someone remarked. Someone else added something about "hiding her shame," and the rest of the folks nodded knowingly. They thought they had seen the last of her. They hadn't.

A conscientious man named James Graham was miller for the countryside, and his work kept him at his

mill at late hours. One night after midnight had just slipped past, he trudged upstairs to dump some corn into the hopper. As he returned downstairs, he saw a sight that almost toppled him from the steps.

Standing in the middle of the room was a woman, her long hair bloody

from five gaping wounds in her head. Pale, silent, she stood staring at him.

"God protect me!" Graham cried, and his voice trembled. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"I am the spirit of Ann Walker," came the reply. While the frightened miller shivered, the ghost told its story. Walker was indeed the father of Ann's child. He had told her not to worry. He would send her away to a quiet place some distance away until after the baby was born. Then she could return with it to his home, and they would settle down as comfortably as before.

The night Walker fetched her from her aunt's home, Ann thought she was bound for the promised haven. Sharp was to see that she reached it safely, and she set off with him late at night. As the pair crossed a lonely moor, Sharp cut the journey short. He bashed her over the head with a pick-ax, which thudded five times before he was satisfied that she was dead. Then he dragged the corpse to a pit and threw it in. He tried to wash the blood from his shoes and stockings but without success. He hid them with the ax. Alone he returned to Walker to make his report.

"And now, James Graham," the ghost said when the story was finished, "I come to you, that by revealing this bloody act my murderers may be brought to justice." It added that Graham had better get busy spilling the story to the law or it would haunt him.

Graham went home to sleep on the idea. He wasn't keen on blasting the reputation of Walker, who packed a hefty bankroll and a bit of influence about the countryside. After all, he had only a ghost's word for the story. "Maybe if I just keep quiet," Walker said to himself, "the ghost will tell the story to someone else."

The ghost, however, had no such intention. It turned up at the mill a second night. In a sharp tone, it asked how come Graham hadn't tipped off the law about the murder. Graham didn't even answer. He just lit out for companionship.

Next morning, hoping to end his chummy relationship with the ghost, Graham cornered a justice of peace. After taking an oath, he repeated the story that the ghost had told him. A man of action, the justice straightway

sent for Sharp and Walker. They tried to laugh off the whole affair. Their laughing stopped when searchers found Ann's corpse, wounded in the same places as the ghost, and the bloody ax, shoes and stockings belonging to Sharp.

Sharp and Walker stood their trial at the next assizes in Durham. Even before the jury retired, there was little doubt that the verdict would be "guilty." For the jury foreman swore that throughout the trial, the tiny ghost of Ann's unborn babe hovered incriminatingly over Walker's shoulders.

The judge must have noticed it, too. As soon as he heard the verdict, he popped up and sentenced the prisoners. And never before in the whole history of Durham, the people remembered, had a prisoner been sentenced before the judge had heard the rest of the cases on his docket.

FUNERAL OF A FRIEND

(*Continued from page 42*)

again would my dog stretch out in the shade of the big tree beside me. Papa cleared his throat and started to speak.

"Papa!" I said. "Look!"

Papa turned and squinted through the rain. A smile spread over his face and he said, "I thought she'd come."

Mamma walked up to us, one hand tucked inside the front of her raincoat. "You don't know how to conduct a funeral, Papa," she said. "Stand back!" Papa stood on one side of Mamma and I stood on the other.

"Oh, Lord," said Mamma, raising her face to the rain, "maybe I'm doing wrong by speaking for a dog, but Tippie was a good dog! He protected my son and twice saved him from being drowned. Tippie was the best cow dog in the county and was well liked by everybody. He was a great comfort and help to Papa and me all these years. Oh, Lord, maybe Tippie didn't have a soul like a human, but he was a good dog and served faithfully here on earth. If You could help him, wherever dogs go when they die, it would be deeply appreciated, Lord. Amen."

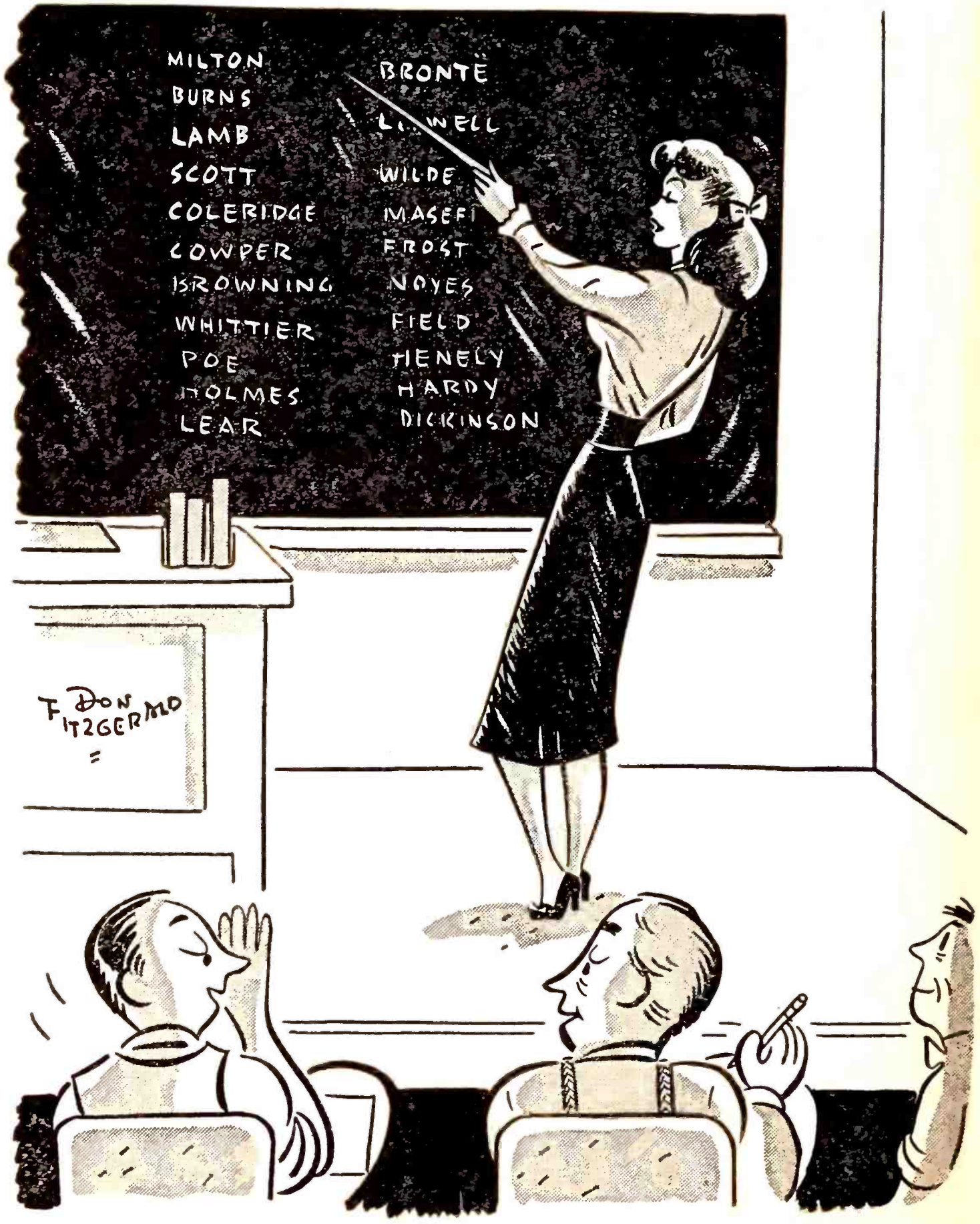
"That was mighty nice, Mamma," Papa told her, wiping his eyes.

"Thanks, Mamma," I said, "I'll bet Tippie sure liked that!"

Mamma pointed skyward. "I guess I didn't do too much that was wrong," she said, "the sun is coming out." Mamma took her Bible from inside her raincoat and walked back toward the house. She was smiling.

▲

During a railway strike, a volunteer performed the remarkable feat of bringing the train in 20 minutes ahead of schedule. The passengers went forward in a body to thank him. A pale-faced man got down from the engine. "Don't thank me," he gasped, "thank God. I just found out how to stop this damn' thing five minutes ago."



"I'm waiting for Kinsey!"

George Washington Slept WHERE ?

Genuine antiques for sale—factory fresh!

by EMMETT T. MANSFIELD

AN Illinois woman, who had lived figuratively from hand-to-mouth for many years, suddenly became prosperous and bought a house, a farm and two cars.

Curious neighbors learned that virtually overnight she had become an antique dealer, specializing in early American brass candlesticks. Wealthy antique hunters beat a path to her door, paying as much as $500 for choice examples of Colonial metalwork.

Everything was smooth sailing for her until an angered husband—disgusted at the price his wife had paid for a pair of candlesticks—poked into her business via a private detective agency. The operative uncovered her hidden workshop where "antiques" were manufactured in 24 hours for delivery to gullible and moneyed clients.

"She takes new candlesticks, treats them roughly to produce nicks and dents," reported the detective. "Then she applies acid to them to produce the greenish, ancient look which genuine Colonial candlesticks have."

The irate husband publicized his findings, and her lush business took a nose-dive. Although she is out of business today, there are several hundred other fake antique racketeers flourishing, thanks to boom times and the insatiable desire many people have for ancient furniture and bric-a-brac.

One authority on the cult of fake antique merchants describes them as "the world's most cultured criminals." Says Herbert Cescinsky, another distinguished antique expert, "Almost 80 per cent of all the so-called antiques sold in England today are fraudulent."

And even the august New York *Times* was moved to comment editorially:

"It is obvious that the antique, as never before, has become Big Business. And any man whose home is a gathering place for the fine craftsmanship of another day can cast his eye around and be pretty sure that some of it is bogus!"

Not surprisingly, women outnumber the men in the fake antique crowd. One New England lady with impeccable lineage and a smooth tongue earned almost $75,000 peddling alleged Colonial beds until she was unmasked. Then it was learned that she had artificially aged her products with a sanding machine and exposure to stormy weather. The "worm holes," which looked so authentic, had been drilled by an instrument that bored

straight, whereas real worms unfailingly bore crookedly!

As a clincher, the experts proved she had frayed and weathered her upholstery by exposure to rain and chemicals obtainable at any drugstore. Faced by the evidence, she promptly disappeared, leaving almost 500 customers wailing that they had been bilked.

Recently, it was learned that a gigantic ring of antique fakers in New York had sent crews around the country, buying up old houses containing oak and maple. These houses were promptly torn down and the wood was carefully packed and shipped to an obscure furniture factory in Brooklyn.

In no time at all, the Brooklyn woodworker had turned out new "antique" beds and rockers from the old, well-seasoned wood!

As fast as one crooked antique dealer or manufacturer is unmasked, another flourishes in his place. But usually they are detected because they overlook little details. For example, one crook purchased a small chest for $15 and weathered it for several months on his farm. He then sold it for $800 to a wealthy woman, assuring her that it had been turned out by hand in George Washington's day.

The woman was happy with her purchase until a friend who knew something about antiques dropped in.

"You've been rooked, my dear," he said. "The chest looks real enough, but these nails are machine-turned. In Washington's day, they were made by hand. Here, look through this magnifying lens!" He was right.

Don't ever be taken in by the glib antique salesman who talks knowingly about "signature" pieces. Remember, really old furniture bearing the printed signatures of established craftsmen of the era is truly rare. The crooked antique people employ skilled printers to concoct labels which have that aged, dyed-in-the-wood look. They use battered type and weather their own paper for this nefarious purpose.

Today, Florence, Italy, is once again becoming the fake antique capital of the world, according to travelers and expert furniture dealers. Before the war, Florence, followed closely by London, had a dim reputation because of the number of fraudulent antiques sold there.

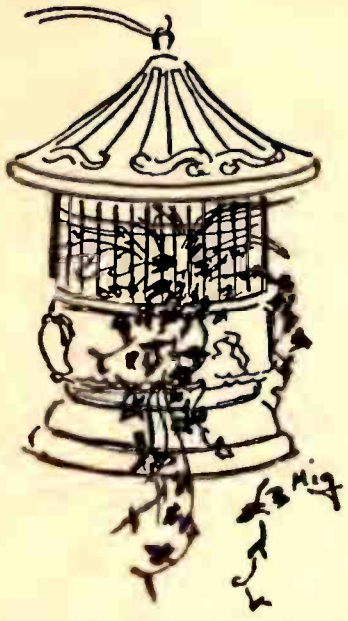
Indeed, in London one year there was held a "fake antique exposition," at which notable frauds were shown to the public as a warning. A prominent Philadelphia collector, Dr. Edwin Atlee Barber, followed this up with a similar show in the United States, hoping to keep people from being gypped.

After viewing the 372 clever fakes collected by Barber, many people went right out and managed to get gypped again by unscrupulous dealers!

Oddly enough, the fakers do not adhere rigidly to the genuine antique models they are copying, but they often fall prey to an urge to improve upon the old masters. Consequently, they will add a flourish or a scroll to a Hepplewhite or Chippendale piece, merely because they think it looks

better that way. Experts can soon detect these efforts to improve upon the old timers.

A fake antique sleuth will use calipers and T-square in his search for fraud. The calipers show the shrinkage of truly old wood. The T-square reveals if the wood is ruler-straight; if it is, you have no antique, because aged wood is almost always warped and out-of-true.



Another practice which doesn't fool the experts is that of "piecing out" an antique bed, thus producing two beds where one was before. This is done by making the head and footboard of a real antique bed become the bases for two new beds which are palmed off as the real Revolutionary War stuff.

Nobody knows how much is lost each year on spurious antiques. But it ranges from $20,000,000 to $30,000,000, according to some estimates from legitimate dealers.

Whatever the loss is, keep a tight rein on your wallet until you're sure that the piece you covet is everything the dealer claims it is. If in doubt, summon an expert. It's better to pay an expert $50 for his opinion than to waste $500 on a faked piece not worth a tenth that sum.

TALK ISN'T CHEAP

(*Continued from page 44*)

Not infrequently, men and women get into the lecture field quite by accident. That's what happened with Tom Collins, Kansas City newspaperman, who amused an audience one day with droll tales and anecdotes culled from his journalistic grab-bag.

Before he knew it, Tom was doing more speaking than writing, and withdrew from newspaper work to enter the "fifth estate" of the lecture platform. Today, because his dry humor and salty quips are a refreshing contrast to deep thinkers, Collins has more lecture bids than he can accept. He is primarily a "banquet speaker," which is a minor field of specialization, since 90 per cent of the talk-for-pay boys are on the lyceum and town hall circuit.

The biggest lecture "draw," if he would consent to speak in America, is the aged George Bernard Shaw, who takes a dim view of speaking for money.

An important Chicago booker, speaking of Shaw, said wistfully:

"I've booked dozens of the world's great, but the only one who would really earn a fee of $5,000 per talk is Shaw. He could have a million dollar lecture tour any time he wanted it —but he has always considered the idea absurd. Can you imagine a guy nowadays turning down a million—*just for talking?*"

It Pays to Advertise

Westminster (California) HERALD: "Wish to trade—Bridal gown, hope chest, other accessories for shotgun in good condition."

London TIMES: "Bank manager, just released from prison, seeks employment.

Worcester (Massachusetts) TELEGRAM: "Lost—A large swarm of Italian honey bees. Finder please dial 5-2062. Reward."

Honolulu STAR-BULLETIN: "Furnished roof for rent."

New Delhi STATESMAN: "Brigadier Cane leaving for the United Kingdom desires to thank his British and Indian friends for many kindnesses. He further desires that his enemies should not indulge in wishful thinking. He is coming back."—*Joseph C. Stacey.*

▲

The justice of the peace, in pursuance of his duties, had to perform an occasional marriage ceremony. He found it difficult to dissociate the various functions of his office. Everything had gone smoothly until he asked one bride, "Do you take this man to be your husband?"

The bride nodded emphatically.

"And you, accused," the justice said turning to the bridegroom, "what have you to say in your defense?"

▲

A customer owed a bill for several months and payed no attention to statements, so the store wrote him that if he did not remit at once, the account would be placed in the hands of a lawyer for collection.

In the next mail came a letter.

"Enclosed find check to cover account referred to in your letter of the tenth inst. Thanking you for your past favors I remain, Yours truly.—P.S. This is the kind of letter I would write you if I had the money."

▲

It was little Jane's first visit to the country. The night was warm, the window was open, and the insect noises were strange.

"Mummy," whimpered Jane, "it's dark here. Everything buzzes, and I'm afraid."

"Don't be afraid, Janie," comforted Mother. "Remember, the angels are watching over you. They are there with you." There was a pause, and then the whimper changed to a loud wail.

"Mummy," cried Jane, "one of the angels just bit me."

▲

Once a year the newsboys of a certain district of London are taken for an outing on the Thames by a gentleman of the neighborhood, where they can bathe to their heart's content.

As one little boy was getting into the water, a friend observed, "I say, Bill, ain't you dirty!"

"Yes," replied Bill, "I missed the train last year."

▲

The head of the house approached the young man.

"Look here," he said, "you've been calling to see my daughter for a long time now. May I ask what are your intentions?"

"Well," said the suitor, "I had hoped to become an addition to the family."

"Let me tell you," was the reply, "there's nothing doing in addition. You'll have to subtract."

The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

The situation in Berlin is acutely uncomfortable, and there is no indication that it will improve.

The Reds are determined to have Berlin, and possession is the first step that will ultimately lead to control of Germany and later the whole European continent. The economy of war dictates that an aggressor nation should attempt to attain all of its objectives by inexpensive, peaceful means. The Russians will fight, but they naturally want to postpone it as long as possible.

Meanwhile, Russia is attempting to gain economic control of Berlin by controlling the currency. It has suggested that the Americans stop issuing currency and withdraw all United States money. In return, the Russians will lift the blockade. This can only lead to an impossible situation. With Russia in economic control of Berlin the rest would be easy.

The monkeyshines which the Reds have pulled during the last month have merely heaped coals on the fire. The Russians with their planned kidnappings are trying to make life as difficult as possible for the Western powers in Berlin.

The people are restless and unstable in the U.S.S.R. They must be appeased by being shown new gains that are made. When the Russians are blocked from making any visible gains, war will be imminent. War keeps people busy and occupied. It knits a nation together with a common objective. War is wonderful for dictatorships.

• • •

War preparation takes money — lots of it: High level officials know that war is hovering near, yet their hands are tied because the military does not have enough money. During the fiscal year ending in June of 1949, the total expenditure for military purposes will have been in excess of 14 billion dollars. For the next year, the military has asked for 30 billion, the amount that is actually needed to put the nation in fighting trim. The Administration said that was too much—it would have to be scaled down. So down it came to 20 billion—still too much. Now it has been whittled to 15 billion, certainly not enough to take care of the authorized strength of 18 Army divisions and 70 air units. But 15 billion is the amount that the Administration will adhere to in the January budget recommendations. The armed forces will have to be skeletonized because of insufficient funds.

Since it is now pretty well accepted that Truman has little chance to win, the plan is to leave military spending to Dewey and his aids. When Dewey inherits the Presidency, it will be his task to raise the military budget to 17, 18 or perhaps even 20 billion dollars. Such a hike in appropriations will necessitate increased taxes. But the Republicans hesitate to raise taxes immediately upon taking office. They hope to wait until 1950, but in reality a tax increase may come long before that.

• • •

Industrial preparations for "defense," which are actually moves toward rearmament, will soon get up more steam. Machine tools will be in great demand, being the foundation stones of all large scale industrial development. In the last war this was the bottleneck, but now industry says it can supply quickly everything that is needed.

The National Security Resources Board is consulting with many businessmen right now. People have thought these talks to be secret, but it's not necessarily so. Conversations between businessmen and the government have been open but unpublicized. The NSRB has neither the facilities nor the money to do much good yet, but it shows promise of growing into

one of the larger departments of the government.

• • •

Governor Dewey and his advisors are a live-wire outfit. They are working feverishly on campaign strategy and even actual administrative problems for the time when Mr. Dewey assumes the Presidency. As usual, the Republicans hold divergent views on the campaign. Some say the election will be very close; others claim it's in the bag. The important thing is that both agree a strong and vigorous campaign should be conducted in order to garner every possible vote and assure the party a firmer foothold in Congress and throughout the country.

The big Republican show will flash up in Missouri, where Dewey will put on an old-fashioned cracker-barrel political fight. In Missouri and everywhere, the Republicans will shout Pendergast, Kansas City politics, incompetence, protection of Communists and waste.

• • •

The Democratic strategy is to dig up old Republican dirt and scatter it to the four winds. Such names as Teapot Dome, Harding, Daugherty, Jess Smith and Fall will be back in the news after a quarter-century in hiding.

Both sides will point to scandals and mud will fly in all directions. From the standpoint of old-fashioned dirty politics, this campaign is shaping up like a three-ring circus.

Few people are predicting victory for Truman, and when they do, it is purely for the sake of promoting their own interests and those of the Democratic party. Wallace has hurt Truman's chances badly. Without Wallace in the field, Truman might have had a chance. Labor has come out half-heartedly for the President, but the laboring man is potentially a Republican voter as well as Democratic. The Taft-Hartley Act is no longer an issue; many laboring men like it.

Truman is trying by every wile at his command to woo the liberal vote into his camp. Hopes are not high for success. Mr. Truman has proved himself to be liberal in statement but conservative in action—a mixture not dissimilar to oil and water. The liberal element of the country is, for the most part, entirely cognizant of Mr. Truman's views concerning left wingers. Roosevelt was the darling of the leftists, but Truman, who can not understand why a Missouri horse trade won't work in Washington, has not done well in filling the liberal shoes of Roosevelt. The act is just not convincing. November will tell the story.

▲

One night a young Kentucky mountaineer was standing guard at an Army post, when an officer nearly seven feet tall approached.

"Halt," challenged the Kentuckian. "Who goes there?"

"Major White," the officer replied.

"Advance and be recognized."

The major approached. The sentry stood at port arms. Suddenly the major's huge arm lashed out and jerked the rifle from the soldier.

"You're one devil of a soldier," the major barked. "Here you are, rendered completely helpless."

"Ah don't know about that," the young mountaineer replied, and the major found himself looking down the barrel of a .38 revolver which had unaccountably appeared from the soldier's shirt. "All ah kin say, Major, is that you'd better hand over that rifle. It ain't loaded, but this pistol is." —*Richland Press.*

▲

When asked why Southerners are always so slow and deliberate, a Georgian replied, "Son, it just doesn't pay to be in a hurry. You always pass up much more than you can catch up with."

▲

Everyone in a small town knows the news. He reads the paper just to see if the editor gets it printed correctly.

Platter Chatter

KANSAS CITY'S own tune, *My Happiness,* continues to roll up greater sales throughout the country and abroad. The Damon Studios will soon release a sequel to *Happiness* (see Highly Recommended), hoping that it, too, will be a hit. Already, 37,000 orders have been placed, most of which were chalked up before the buyers even knew the title . . . Toni Harper, youthful 11-year-old sepia singer and star of Columbia records, will be featured on the Cantor air show when it resumes this month . . . Hal Derwin, Capitol crooner, and his band will return to the West Coast after a successful series of dates in the East and Middle West . . . Eddy Duchin will reorganize and open at the Waldorf in New York this month . . . Former Jimmy Dorsey thrush, Helen O'Connell, returns to the entertainment field this fall after baby-sitting arrangements are made for her new daughter, Jenny . . . Paul Weston, in addition to his network *Supper Club* chores, may take over as conductor of another major network variety show . . . Ted Weems and orchestra are now at the Aragon Ballroom in Ocean Park, California, and may be heard nightly via Mutual, coast-to-coast . . . *Constellation,* latest Capitol recording by Sam Donahue and his orchestra, is an original composition by the young sax-tootin' maestro, inspired by the famous airliner, the TWA Constellation. It swings, but nice! . . . Tommy Dorsey's *Until,* featuring the Clark Sisters, the Town Criers and Harry Prime, is pulling in the nickels on the jukes . . . Jazz pianist Nellie Lutcher is bringing in the customers at Cafe Society in Greenwich Village . . . Freddy Martin, Victor's smooth dance-band leader, has two changes in the band—Robert Spiker on the piano and Merv Griffin, who replaces Stuart Wade on vocals . . . Frankie Carle is traveling through the Midwest and East this month for a series of one-nighters. He's still looking for a singer to fill in for Marjorie Hughes, his daughter, who remained on the West Coast due to illness . . . Decca's recording starlet, Jeannie Leitt, is back at work in Kansas City after a tonsil operation . . . El Casbah, Kansas City's swank nitery, can afford to boast about its entertainment menu. The top harmonica group in the country, the Harmonicats, is opening October 4.

with BOB KENNEDY

Betcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . That Dick Haymes was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, on September 16, 1916 . . . Bill Kenny of the Ink Spots claims to have sung *If I Didn't Care* 5,258 times . . . Although Kate Smith and Ted Collins are a business combination, there has been no written contract between them for 17 years . . . For sentimental reasons Carmen Cavallero opens every dance date with *The Very Thought of You,* even though it isn't his theme.

Highly Recommended

COLUMBIA 38291—Frankie Carle and his orchestra. *October Twilight* plus *A New Kind of Song.* On the first side Nan Wright sings the pensive vocal as Carle paints a dreamy piano picture of *October Twilight* in a manner reminiscent of his famous *Sunrise Serenade.* The reverse is something new and different in a love song, done in slow boogie rhythm by Frankie and company. Nan again does the vocal and Frankie is in with the solid 88. Smooth and delightful, and a must for Carle fans!

DAMON 11130—Jon and Sondra Steele with rhythm accompaniment. *I Want To Be The Only One* and *Love Don't Get You Nothin' But The Blues.* Here's the long-awaited sequel to *My Happiness. I Want To Be The Only One* is the "A" plug side, but whether the

public will turn it over as in the case of *Happiness* remains to be seen and heard. The "A" side is a dreamy ballad worthy of merit, featuring Jon and Sondra at their best, with an added piano solo by Jon for good measure. The flipover is a blues opus done up neatly by the duo and the instrumental trio. Back to back, they're two potential hits!

CAPITOL 15171—Jo Stafford with Paul Weston and his orchestra. *Trouble in Mind* plus *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*. That lovely songstress is here again with a coupling of fine tunes. *Trouble in Mind* finds Jo sharing honors with a fine harmony guitar, and they work together beautifully. The tune is in that slow and bluesy style Jo does so well. The reverse is that old standard with Nat King Cole on the piano, appearing in the spotlight at brief intervals. Jo sings it —but good!

DECCA 24448—Louis Jordan and his Tympany Five. *Run, Joe* and *All For the Love of Lil*. Louie Jordan fans, gather 'round and hear the news. Here's one of the best two-sided waxings the boys have put out for a lon-n-n-g time. *Run, Joe* is done in Calypso-Afro tempo and concerns a guy named Joe—who ran out of dough—and so-o-o. Well, we'll let you hear the rest of the story. The reverse is three minutes of solid Jordan with a vocal by Louie and featuring outstanding sax and trumpet solos. If you're hep to the beat—the record's complete!

***Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.**

TEMPO 652—Brother Bones and his Shadows. *Sweet Georgia Brown* plus *Margie*. Above the record title you read: "A novelty recording of"—and that puts it mildly. It's a recording sensation because of its use of the bones, an almost obsolete musical contrivance. Together with the Novachord and baritone sax, it perhaps constitutes the oddest combination on wax today. Brother Bones and the boys present a novelty rhythm coupled with a whistling solo that can be appreciated only when it's heard. But we'll guarantee the rhythm will have you toe-tapping in no time. Novelty wax entertainment plus!

CAPITOL 15153—Paul Weston and his orchestra. *Clair de Lune* (parts 1 and 2). Paul Weston and his excellent orchestra present a brilliant arrangement of one of Claude Debussy's greatest and most popular musical works. *Clair de Lune* is the type of music that appeals to all tastes, and after hearing this Weston version, you'll agree it's a must for every record library. Brilliant shading and phrasing by the orchestra under able direction make this a Capitol classic.

COLUMBIA 38292—Les Brown and his orchestra. *A Woman Always Understands* plus *Floatin'*. The first features Eileen Wilson in a wonderful, torchy commentary on a well-known feminine attribute. The band supplies most appropriate mood music, with a sax and clarinet blend adding extra color. The flip-over is a solid, strictly instrumental effort. It was penned by Bob Higgins, now doubling as arranger and trumpet man with Les. Two fine sides with the Les Brown touch!

VICTOR ALBUM P 214—Andre Previn at the piano, featuring Al Viola, guitar, Lloyd Pratt, bass, and Jackie Mills, drums. Here is one of the latest young men to take top honors at the 88. He's a German lad who landed a job at M-G-M studios arranging movie music; and it was Victor who made the wax contract. His touch, modern chord arrangement and versatility is displayed well in this eight sided album, including such favorites as *Hallelujah, My Shining Hour, Just One of Those Things, Should I* and many others. If you like piano, try this one on your record player for size—you'll like it.

***Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.**

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Note to brides: Always come to breakfast looking your best, because on the day you fail to do so the boy may be late with the paper.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

CHICAGO *Letter*

by NORT JONATHAN

WHENEVER comedians playing the local bistros want to entice a loud guffaw out of an otherwise not-too-responsive audience, they pull a gag something like this, "If the Cubs and White Sox don't play better ball and win a few baseball games, send 'em all to the Parichy Bloomer Girls."

Such a sally never fails to evoke the desired response. Everybody in the audience—with the exception, perhaps, of the few who have seen the Bloomer Girls play baseball—breaks into loud laughter. The implications are that the Bloomer Girl team is a baseball Siberia, that nothing worse could happen to a big leaguer, that the gals just futilely poke at the ball, lobbed across the plate by a fugitive from the Vassar daisy chain.

Maybe it's the funny name that garners laughs. "Parichy Bloomer Girls" inevitably brings up memories of a feminine undergarment that both sexes are happy to forget. Perhaps it's masculine superiority that causes the mirth. The men in the audience believe that even the modern woman is pretty helpless on a baseball diamond.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The Chicago Cubs and White Sox —undoubtedly in the cellar at the end of the 1948 season—could use some of the Bloomer Girls' star players. Instead of threatening the big league ballplayers with the Bloomer Girls, those hapless individuals should be happy for a berth on a team that consistently plays good baseball and usually wins the girls' professional baseball title.

The girls play heads-up ball. Their funny name goes back to the days when girls did wear bloomers when playing baseball. Now the Bloomer Girls wear shorts and a regulation baseball jersey—and look pretty well in them. The Parichy Bloomer Girls baseball team is one of the pioneers in the feminine game. Years ago, when feminine opponents were hard to find, the gals took on male teams in exhibition matches—and often won. For some 15 years they have been filling Parichy Stadium out on the west side of Chicago, five summer nights out of seven.

The Bloomer Girls are the top team in a girls professional league which was started a decade ago by the late Charley Bidwell, longtime owner and chief booster of the Chicago Cardinals football team. The diamond is smaller than big league size, and the game is usually faster. Professional coaches and umpires are on hand at every game. Most of the team managers are big league or semi-pro ballplayers somewhat past their prime. The girls themselves make from 80 to 100 dollars a week during the season. Spring practice is usually held somewhere in Florida.

Phil Wrigley, always quick to catch on to a good thing, owns a rival girls professional league which includes teams from a number of cities in the Midwest. It has been suggested to Mr. Wrigley rather pointedly that his girls seem to play a smarter brand of baseball than his dismal National League collection of misfits, the Chicago Cubs.

All girls' games around Chicago are played under lights. The ball is larger than big league size, yet anything but soft, and the pitching is incredibly fast. The girls are not afraid to slide into home plate and are not far behind the male sex when it comes to thinking up nasty things to say to the umpires.

However, even in baseball femininity prevails. A few nights ago out at Memorial Stadium, Alice Kolski, pitching for the Chicago Queens, lost a particularly tight game when a member of the opposing team knocked one of Alice's best

pitches out of the park. After three runs had scored Miss Kolski burst into tears and refused to be consoled.

• • •

Lest you think we have our seasons mixed, talking about baseball in the football season, let us hasten to add that Chicago's three professional football teams are off on another big season. The Chicago Rockets, revamped and revitalized, seem to be 100 per cent better than during the disastrous 1947 season. The Bears and the Cardinals are their old championship selves—or so it seems at the time this is being written. Not having a crystal ball handy, it's hardly wise to go out on a limb.

It is, however, safe to say that there is scarcely another city in the country with more top-notch football on tap from late August to early December. In addition to the three professional teams, Northwestern University's Dyke stadium is only a 30-minute "L" ride from the Loop. Notre Dame is in nearby South Bend, and the University of Illinois is practically in Chicago's backyard.

• • •

After this bit of boasting, it's a little hard to admit that our town is losing one of its best local radio programs—for the usual reason. No sponsor. For several years a good many Chicagoans have been enjoying an unpretentious but well-done little show called *Howdy, Mr. Lincoln*. Its ingredients were a little nostalgia, a lot of well-remembered music, and a narrator named Norman Barry. But WMAQ, the local station producing the program, apparently feels that something else in the *Howdy, Mr. Lincoln* air time might stand a better chance of bringing some more dough into the NBC treasury. It's too bad because Norman Barry, with a few records and a well-written script, has a fine facility for creating first-rate entertainment.

However, we still have Jim Hurlbut. Mr. Hurlbut is on the same station six nights a week at 11 o'clock with a local news commentary that really isn't a commentary at all. Most of the time his 14-minute broadcast is a straight, factual report of what he has seen and heard during the day in Chicagoland. Mr. Hurlbut seldom depends on news machines or second-hand reporting. He spends most of the 14 hours a day he puts into his job chasing police cars, ambulances, fire engines, politicians, visiting characters, and just plain people who happen to find themselves in the spotlight. The result, as aired at 11 o'clock each night, has the colorful flavor of really good reporting.

Jim Hurlbut was the first Marine combat correspondent to see action in the Pacific. He brings to radio a brand of personal journalism that usually considerably outshines the excited script-reading of our other news commentators. What is more important, it's good radio listening.

▲

The bus was almost at a standstill in the heavy traffic in front of one of the city's largest churches. Two colored women were fuming at the delay as it inched along.

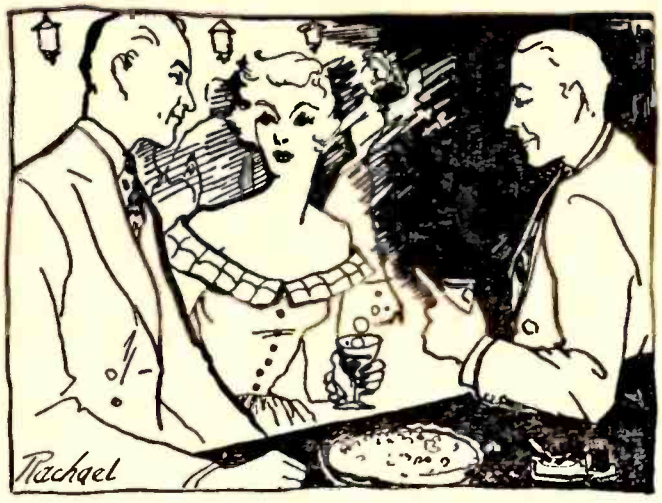
"Lawd a'mighty," said one in vexation. "It's gittin' to the point where a decent person can't even get to work on time on Sunday mornin', jest for the people crowdin' the streets goin' to church!"

▲

Finding fault is one of the unskilled employments.

CHICAGO *Ports of Call*

by JOAN FORTUNE



Very High Life . . .

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th at Michigan (WAB 4400). The ice show, now running into its fourth month, is called "Icecapers, USA." Benny Strong leads the current band.

★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUP 7200). Just across the street from the Pump Room, this delightful spot for luncheon, cocktails or dinner has its own following. People discover it for themselves and come back often. There's a small band and usually a gal singer.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUP 2200). Paul Sparr plays the kind of music that the regular trade here likes. It's music with a "bourbon beat"—because no matter how many too many Daddy has, he can usually manage to keep time to the music.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State at Monroe (RAN 7500). Here we have Florian Zabach now, the "Gene Raymond" of the local orchestra business, and a man named Liberace, who plays a wonderful piano. It is hard to pronounce his name correctly without considerable help, but his music is the most important thing about the current Palmer House show.

★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HAR 3800). A modernistic glass decor in gray, blue and yellow. Open daily at four for cocktail hour dancing, with Jerry Glidden's orchestra pleasing the dancers month after month. He's also around later in the evening.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, 7th at Michigan (HAR 4300). Phil Regan, that dashing grandpa, reopens this ultra-ultra room for the fall-winter season. The Irish thrush will be making his seventh appearance here, after playing hookey for one season at the Palmer House. Apparently all has been forgiven.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUP 7200). This being a "must" oasis for all visiting movie stars, disc jockeys, beauty contestants, bookies and people who have only money, you'll find that the guests provide most of the entertainment. David LeWinter's orchestra plays during lulls in the allegedly brilliant conversation.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEN 0123). Bands have been whipping in and out of this room so quickly of late that only the MCA booker has the faintest idea who will be on the bandstand when you read this.

★ YAR RESTAURANT, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (DEL 9300). If you're really serious about eating heavily and well, this is the spot for you. Plan to spend an entire evening over a leisurely dinner. And plan to have a Brinks money truck meet you outside when the check comes around.

★ MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (LON 6000). George Olsen is playing another return engagement in the majestic Marine Dining Room. One of the oldtimers in the band business, George is playing a style of dance music that's attracting hordes of teen-agers on Friday and Saturday nights. Other nights, people over 21 can dance with safety.

★ SHERATON LOUNGE, Hotel Sheraton, 505 N. Michigan (WHI 4100). They've tried everything here, including waitresses with exceptionally good legs and exceptionally transparent skirts. Currently appearing with the skirts are Don

Gomez and Leigh Baron, an organ-piano duo. They're good and deserve a better spot.

The Show's the Thing . . .

★ CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (DEL 3434). Most of the big names in what's left of the night club business play this gilded restaurant in the course of the year. Sophie Tucker, the last of the red-hot mamas, is the reigning attraction. Ted Shapiro assists ably at the piano.

★ RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (DEL 3700). After about ten years of exhibiting some of Chicago's better bodies in as little as the police would allow, the Rio Cabana has converted its beauty parade into a Conga line. The joint has gone South American. Freddie D'Alonso is currently hitting that gourd.

★ VINE GARDENS, 616 W. North Avenue (MIC 5106). The Mirror Terrace Room here usually has an entertaining show. It's a new spot on the near north side of town which is attracting a lot of customers these days.

★ JAZZ, LTD., 11 E. Grand Avenue. Continues as the hang-out of the jazz cultists. Strictly from Dixie.

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT, Randolph at Wabash (RAN 2822). Al Trace and his Silly Symphony have really clicked here. If you can stand hearing Al play his hit recording arrangement of *You Call Everybody Darlin'* about eight times a night, this is a good spot for inexpensive fun.

Strictly for Stripping . . .

Nature study is the main entertainment in these north and west side joints. Any taxi driver can get you there and home again with reasonable safety. Now that the Rio Cabana has switched its show policy, try these strongholds of stripping deluxe . . . the FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark Street . . . EL MOCAMBO, 1519 W. Madison Street . . . PLAY-HOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark Street . . . L. and L. CAFE, 1315 West Madison . . . the 606 CLUB, 606 S. Wabash . . . the TROCADERO CLUB, 525 S. State Street. If you're heavy with dough, a police escort is suggested.

Gourmet's Delight . . .

★ MIKE FRITZEL'S, State at Lake Streets. A fine place to dine, in the tradition of the famous hash houses of yesteryear. If you have telephonitis, you can make a phone call from one of the cozy booths.

★ WRIGLEY BUILDING RESTAURANT, 410 N. Michigan. Lou Harrington presides over the bar in this hucksters' hangout. "Pete" makes life miserable for self-important characters who demand a table at once during the luncheon rush.

★ BARNEY'S MARKET CLUB, 741 W. Randolph. Barney's hearty greeting is well-known from coast-to-coast. The food is fine, the service is fast.

★ CIRO'S, 816 N. Wabash. You can get a good meal here at two or three o'clock in the morning. The food is reputed to be the same at other hours, too.

★ GIBBY'S, 192 N. Clark Street. Fine place for a steak.

★ HENRICI'S, 71 W. Randolph. An old time spot where you'll meet most of the members of the Randolph Street Post and Paddock Club poring over the racing form. Recommended for food or a good tip on the sixth at Sportsman's Park.

★ JACQUES, 900 N. Michigan. That French charm! That French cuisine! That big check!

★ LE PETIT GOURMET, 619 N. Michigan. You'll find real charm here. Also good food.

Other Top Choices . . .

A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 N. Rush Street . . . SHANGRI LA, 222 N. State . . . SINGAPORE PIT, 1011 Rush Street . . . OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph Street . . . RED STAR INN 1528 N. Clark Street . . . ST. HUBERT'S GRILL, 316 S. Federal Street . . . IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 E. Walton

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A marshal of France had risen from the ranks to a dukedom by his own ability and perseverance. When snubbed by some hereditary nobles in Vienna, he retorted, "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants."

NEW YORK *Letter*

by LUCIE BRION

TELEVISION is opening new worlds to many people who heretofore have had nothing more to rely on than hearsay. Recently I sat spellbound for eight hours, watching and listening to the House Committee on Un-American Affairs question and take testimony in the Hiss-Chambers case. It was just like being there in person, only better. As one observer remarked: "With television, these men are not only on trial before a committee, but before the world." It is difficult to describe how impressive and how electrifying this procedure was. Despite contrary reports, the dignity with which the committee conducted the hearing was something of which Americans can be proud. Some people under the fire of investigation complained quite heartily about being "smeared;" but the committee has had its share of smearing, too. After being at the trial in person, so to speak, one could only say that it was conducted quite fairly.

As television progresses throughout the nation, the public is going to get a firsthand knowledge of events that will clarify many issues—there won't be any need for second or third-hand versions.

• • •

With summer over, Broadway is plunging into a series of new-show openings. The chance of success is something like one out of ten, which is the reason for so much of the high blood pressure and graying hair among producers. Practically every known type of show is scheduled to open sometime this fall. Ray Bolger is featured in *Where's Charley?* coming October 11, and it should be sure-fire. Among the musicals are two called *Magdalena* and *Love Life;* and *All the Way Home* will be here if you like your theatre on the dramatic side. The Theatre Guild will produce *Set My People Free,* and if you want more, there's a tentative list a mile long. While waiting for the verdict there is always a laugh with last year's hits—*Make Mine Manhattan, High Button Shoes, Mr. Roberts* and, for the serious-minded, *A Streetcar Named Desire.*

• • •

Among the most popular new enterprises in Manhattan is a house cleaning service. This is truly the housewife's delight. In response to a call, an agent comes to the house, or apartment, and makes an estimate on the work to be done — and it's amazingly reasonable. Then, on a specified day, trained workmen with all the proper, modern equipment take over. In no time the home is done and shining like a new penny. With no effort and no fuss, this service will close a home or open it up. In fact, they do everything but order the groceries. All the family has to do is get out of the way. What next!

• • •

While discussing Greece and other distressed nations the other day, a prominent Greek shipping magnate said, "What these countries need is police protection against the Soviet Union. The people are willing and eager to work with their hands, with any available material, if only they may work in peace. They want to be self-supporting. That is the only true way towards reconstruction. Shipping large amounts of food and donating large amounts of money will do no permanent good if the people feel insecure. Give them a shield and they will do the rest."

There are many, many foreigners in the East now. Some are here on matters of commerce and international relations-

some, like King Peter and Queen Alexandria of Yugoslavia who, incidentally, speak fluent English with no detectable accent, are in exile; and many others have arrived in all types of small sailing boats in a desperate attempt to escape from behind the Iron Curtain. Their chief desire is a chance to prove themselves worthy citizens.

• • •

Now that the college girl and her wardrobe are off for the winter, the rest of us will have our chance at fashion. Apparently the trend toward Empire lines and other 19th Century fashions is gaining momentum. With the exception of tweedy country clothes which always remain the same, everything is extremely feminine. Hair in ringlets, hats with plumes, ruffles, lace, embroidery, skirts with a full back and very dainty shoes are the winter's demand. Old-fashioned evening wraps in satins, brocades and velvets are back again. Fashion changes are indeed a nuisance but a lot of fun. Despite their caustic remarks, men like them, too.

• • •

Remember when you absolutely had to have a reservation for any sort of night life? And you surely recall passing out folding money from the entrance to the kitchen. But it isn't that way anymore. You can go as you please, where and when you like. You can send back a dish if it isn't what you ordered, and you can tip at the old ratio without having the chair pulled out from under you. People can request and get the brand of drink they want and linger as long as they choose. Why this change? Nobody knows exactly. There is still a lot of money flying around, but it's no longer being squandered. All the gyp tactics and the gotta-know-someone-to-get-tickets angles were too tiresome to last. People no longer think they must go certain places constantly in order to be in the swim, and consequently there is room for all. The shoe is on the other foot now—and what a pleasure.

NEW YORK *Ports of Call*

Eating . . .

★ JANE DAVIES. Homesick for home-cooked food? Here is the unpretentious kind of good eating which cures the dining out doldrums. The well known specialty is *turkey*, cooked in different delicious ways, fresh from the farm the day it's served, too. 145 W. 55. CI 7-0176.

★ LE MIRLITON. Back with us again in a new setting of gracious French charm. The address of the former La Salle du Bois is a familiar one, as is the name of Le Mirliton, from several years back. The same well prepared, piquant French dishes are served as of old, at luncheon and dinner. 36 E. 60. PL 5-7269.

★ MASSOLETTI'S. During the week lunch and dinner are served to the host of friends this downtown restaurant draws. The fish dishes are perfect—crab meat Norfolk, filet of sole amadine, are but two outstanding mentions. For out of towners who visit the financial district, it is convenient to locate by taking the subway to Wall Street. 70 Pine St. WH 4-5865.

★ MECCA. Syrian cooking at its best is to be found here. All of the fine Middle Eastern dishes, which are most noted for

meats and pastries, receive their proper due at the hands of an accomplished chef. If you are unfamiliar with the menu, let the waiter suggest a pleasing combination for your meal. Luncheon and dinner daily, except Sunday, when service is from six to ten. MU 4-8586.

★ NINO. Adjectives are so plentiful when people describe Nino's, it is difficult to be modest about his accomplishments. From lunching time until 1 a.m. superlative food and drink are served. If only dropping in for cocktails, it's an experience because the appetizers are so delectable and passed as often as you like. When remaining for a meal it's well not to fill up before dessert. Those souffles are irresistible! All of this gastronomic delight, with or without wine, will come to quite a sum, so be prepared. 10 E. 52. PL 3-9014.

★ PEN & PENCIL. Just a few steps down from the street brings you into the main dining room of this famous steak restaurant. Lobsters and steak are the favorites of the clientele, but a large menu assures you of other good food. The lighting is soft, the wall murals and decorations as well as the low ceiling make an instantly comfortable and pleasing atmosphere in which to enjoy a real man-sized meal. Not inexpensive, but well worth the cost. 203 E. 45. MU 2-9825.

★ MIYAKO. If Japanese cooking is a mystery, there's no better opportunity to solve it than here and now. Sukiyaki is prepared at the table before your eyes, and the waiter will be glad to assist you in choosing a memorable, delicious meal. 20 W. 56. CO 5-3177.

Dancing and Entertainment . . .

★ RALEIGH ROOM. Music is back in town for the winter — every kind for everyone's taste. There's no more satisfying piano orchestra than Jan August's for dancing or just listening. This widely acclaimed, and therefore copied, gentleman has such a cult of followers it's sure there'll be a long engagement here. The music begins at 10 p.m. and reservations are suggested. 65 W. 54. Warwick Hotel. CI 7-2700.

★ VERSAILLES. Alternate orchestras play here for those who like both jazz and rhumba rhythms. The entertainment begins at 10 p.m. but dancing goes on during the dinner hour. Less crowded and noisy than most night clubs, the patrons seem to keep this among the favorite places to go after dark. 151 E. 50. PL 8-0310.

★ WEDGWOOD ROOM. October will be a gala month for those who have waited long and devotedly for Eddie Duchin's return. This beautiful room opens with his engagement for the season; so no more can be added than to put your name on the waiting list and be patient until the day of the reservation. Waldorf, Park at 49. EL 5-3000.

Out of Town . . .

★ GAGE & TOLLNER. Not so far out of town, either. Just a quick subway ride to Brooklyn, or a more pleasant autumn drive by cab to enjoy the meal which awaits. From the authentic old exterior to the spotlessly kept interior this is one of America's finest chop houses. Seafood is the chief reason so many Manhattanites journey here, though the chops and steaks are likewise superb. 372 Fulton, Brooklyn. TR 5-5181.

★ HOMESTEAD INN. Near Long Island Sound, the Homestead has long been a vacationing resort. For those who wish to stop over here the reservations may be made with American or European plan. The food is delicious, cooked with the Southern touch, and beginning with a good, hearty breakfast. New Milford, Conn.

★ STUDIO CLUB. Opening daily at 5 p.m., and serving through supper until 1 a.m., the Studio Club is known throughout Westchester for excellent food and hospitable surroundings. Not too far to drive out from the city, it also attracts many New Yorkers as a most pleasant spot to have dinner. 7 Brookdale Place, Mt. Vernon.

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Someday some statesman will earn a gigantic reputation for himself by hitting on the expedient of having a peace conference before a war instead of after one.—*Boston Globe.*

NEW YORK *Theatre*

Current Plays . . .

★ MISTER ROBERTS. (Feb. 18, 1948). A skillful account of some trying and hilarious days aboard a Navy cargo ship during the war—the war against monotony which 90 per cent of the boys fought 97 per cent of the time. Always entertaining, this Joshua Logan-Thomas Heggen comedy is the finest in many years. Henry Fonda leads a very capable cast which includes David Wayne, Robert Keith and William Harrigan. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ THE PLAY'S THE THING. (Apr. 25, 1948). This highly entertaining, though rather superficial, Molnar comedy reviews the light-hearted antics of the Riviera set. Among the players are Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, Faye Emerson, Ernest Cossart and Claud Allister. Booth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE. (Feb. 9, 1948). Jean-Paul Sartre presents a somewhat clarifying picture of the events leading up to a lynching in the South. It's definitely an improvement over similar attempts by other playwrights. Ann Dvorak is now playing the lead. *Hope Is the Thing With Feathers,* Richard Harrity's one-acter, serves as a curtain-raiser. Cort, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:45

★ A STORY FOR STRANGERS. (Sept. 21, 1948). Written and directed by Marc Connelly, this play stars James Dobson, Joan Gray, Joann Dolan and Grace Valentine. Royale, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ GRANDMA'S DIARY. (Sept. 22, 1948). A comedy written and directed by Albert Wineman Barker. Richard Wilder, Eileen Prince and Leonard Elliott have the leading roles. Henry Miller, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ TOWN HOUSE. (Sept. 23, 1948). Mary Wickes, June Duprez, Peggy French and Reed Brown, Jr., in a comedy by Gertrude Tonkonogy. Produced by Max Gordon and directed by George S. Kaufman. National, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

BORN YESTERDAY. (Feb. 4, 1946). Jean Hagen and John Alexander as an ex-chorine and crooked junk dealer, respectively, in this still wonderfully funny Garson Kanin comedy. Lyceum, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40 . . . HARVEY. (Nov. 1, 1944). Joe E. Brown, Josephine Hull and some rabbit. 48th Street, evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE. (Dec. 3, 1947). The toast of Broadway, this Tennessee Williams Pultizer Prize winner mirrors the tragic end of a woman's life. Uta Hagen, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden and Kim Hunter star in the superb cast. Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Current Musicals . . .

★ HEAVEN ON EARTH. (Sept. 16, 1948). Peter Lind Hayes stars in a musical comedy with book and lyrics by Barry Trivers and music by Jay Gorney. John Murray Anderson is the director and the show is produced by Monte Proser and

Ned C. Litwack. New Century, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ HILARITIES. (Sept. 9, 1948). A full-length vaudeville show headed by Morey Amsterdam. Gali-Gali, Betty Jane Watson and Connie Sawyer appear also. Produced by Ken Robey and Stan Zucker, the score and lyrics are by Carl Lampl, Stan Arnold and Buddy Kaye. Adelphi, evenings at 8:30; extra performance Saturday at 11:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ INSIDE U. S. A. (Apr. 30, 1948). The show is big, colorful, and there's Beatrice Lillie. For looks, this revue is tops, which may or may not cover up the deficiency in the material. With the assistance of Jack Haley and dancer Valerie Bettis, the evening is filled very pleasantly. Majestic, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ MAKE MINE MANHATTAN. (Jan. 15, 1948). Fresh, funny and tuneful, and centered about New York. Arnold B. Horwitt wrote the sketches, a couple of which are hilarious, and Richard Lewine composed the light, catchy songs. Comics Sid Caesar and Julie Oshins just act silly. Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ SMALL WONDER. (Sept. 15, 1948). A musical revue with Alice Pearce, Tom Ewell and Mary McCarthy heading the cast. George Nichols III is the producer and it's directed by Burt Shevelove. The music is by Al Selden and Baldwin Bergersen, and the lyrics by Irma Jurist, Phyllis McGinley, Billings Brown and Millard Lampell. Coronet, evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ MAGDALENA. (Sept. 20, 1948.) This is a musical with a score by Heitor Villa-Lobos and a cast headed by Irra Petina and John Raitt. Ziegfeld, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (May 16, 1946). Ethel Merman is back again, louder and funnier than ever. Imperial, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . FINIAN'S RAINBOW. (Jan. 10, 1947). A leprechaun comes to Missitucky and an accomplished cast takes it from there. 46th Street, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . HIGH BUTTON SHOES. (Oct. 9, 1947). Delightful nonsense with Joan Roberts at her best. Also, Jerome Robbins' Mack Sennett ballet and Joey Faye. Shubert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Adelphi, 152 W. 54th	CI 6-5097	E
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd	CI 5-6868	W
Barrymore, 243 W. 47th	CI 6-0390	W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th	BR 9-2067	E
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th	CI 6-9353	W
Booth, 222 W. 45	CI 6-5969	W
Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th	CI 6-6699	E
Century, 932 7th Ave	CI 7-3121	
Coronet, 230 W. 49th	CI 6-8870	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th	BR 9-0046	E
Empire, Broadway at 40	PE 6-9540	
Forty Sixth, 226 W. 46th	CI 6-6075	W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th	BR 9-4566	E
Fulton, 210 W. 46th	CI 6-6380	W
Hudson, 141 W. 44th	BR 9-5641	E
Imperial, 249 W 45th	CO 5-2412	W
International, 5 Columbus Circle	CO 5-1173	
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th	CH 4-4256	E
Majestic, 245 W. 44th	CI 6-0730	W
Mansfield, 256 W. 47th	CI 6-9056	W
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th	CI 6-6363	W
Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd	BR 9-3970	E
Morosco, 217 W. 45th	CI 6-6230	W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th	CI 6-4636	W
National, 208 W. 41st	PE 6-8220	W
Playhouse, 137 W. 48th	BR 9-2200	E
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th	CI 6-9156	W
Royale, 242 W. 45th	CI 5-5760	W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th	CI 6-5990	W
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th	CI 5-5200	

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. Look no farther. This is the place to go if you want delicious steak. Just ask the man who's had one. Host Jerry will be waiting for you at the door, and from then on, all you have to do is enjoy yourself. An unlimited variety of good drinks is served from the bar, so try a couple. Pusateri's 85-room New Yorker Hotel and Restaurant will be opening any day now. Completely air conditioned, it's the finest of its kind. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. Here is regal atmosphere suited to people of distinction. Everything from the famous historical murals to the dignified waiters retains a stately poise. Specialties include lobster broiled in butter, swordfish, red snapper and excellent steaks. Located conveniently for downtowners, the Savoy is an ideal choice for luncheon. Bring your friends in time to sample some of the fine stock of imported and domestic liquors. The beautifully-decorated Gold Room is opening this month. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★ WEISS' CAFE. Crowds rush this way from every direction to feast on live Maine lobster, choice steaks, roast duckling and excellent capon. Just follow the people and you're sure to see someone you know. The cocktail lounge with its soft seats is inviting, and you'll take to the drinks with gusto. The service is courteous—it makes you want to come back for more. Coates House. VI 6904.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ RENDEZVOUS. Above the soft tinkling of glasses the mood is warm and friendly. When the occasion next arises for a party or celebration, reserve a corner of the Rendezvous for revelry in smart surroundings. The bartenders have their reputation at stake, so you can rest assured the drinks are going to be good. Light luncheons or full meals can be ordered at your convenience. 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. With soft strains from Betty Rogers' piano and the light-hearted cadenzas of Florence Nay at the Hammond, your cares will fade and silently steal away. There's a modern little circular bar, soft seats, soft lights and it's cozy as a picture. Just a carpet's length away from El Casbah. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ PUTSCH'S. For the Midwest's smartest surroundings, visit this beautifully-designed restaurant and bar. The dining room is styled with a New Orleans wrought-iron-and-rose effect which plays magic with your appetite. People who go in for private luncheons usually choose the lovely Victorian lounge. Dinners are available for as little as $1.65! You'll go overboard for the juicy steaks and the mountain trout which is air-expressed from Colorado daily. For a short noon hour, don't pass up the "In a Hurry" businessman's luncheon at only a dollar. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ OMAR ROOM. When that all-important date prefers something quiet and sophisticated, stroll down Kansas City's "Great White Way" and turn in at the Omar Room. Constance Duin and her melodious trio are entrancing. Moreover, whatever you order to drink, you won't be disappointed. The Alcove, a restful little retreat directly off the main lobby, is just the ticket if you want to sit and talk in whispers. Take advantage of the two for one cocktail hour. Hotel Continental. 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ TROCADERO. Friendly people who are partial to cheery neighborhood spots agree that the Trocadero is Kansas City's finest. A stimulating evening here will put you in top spirits. Bob Ledterman, the new and popular manager, has introduced a wide assortment of mixed drinks;

there's nothing you can name that he can't get for you, and he hasn't been stumped yet. The "jb" music is soft and perfect for dancing. There's no food, but you'll never miss it. 6 West 39th. VA 9806.

In a Class by Itself . . .

★ PLAZA BOWL. All devotees of good, clean, wholesome exercise take it here. With 32 splendid bowling alleys, a bright, attractive restaurant and a comfortable cocktail lounge, who wouldn't? A treat on the restaurant menu is a tender filet mignon with potatoes, hot rolls and butter for — you won't believe this — only $1.45! For a short snack, try the huge green salad bowl or a "super sandwich." The lovely Green Room upstairs may be reserved for private parties. 430 Alameda Road. LO 6658.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ TERRACE GRILL. A haven for the social set, try the Grill for an evening of dining and dancing. It's an institution, of course. Head Man Gordon will take expert care of you and your party. Good food, good drinks, good music. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ DRUM ROOM. To welcome the autumn spirit, step through the door under the big red drum. There's always a cheery circle of friends and gay clatter. On the lower level is the Drum Room proper, where Gordon Dudero and his orchestra play for dinner and dancing. The floor show features Randolph the Magician. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ EL CASBAH. People are flocking here in droves to catch a glimpse of America's foremost mouth organ group, the Harmonicats. Ed Cullinan's piano and orchestra make music that is sweet, low and irresistible. The menu features flaming sword dinners, flaming desserts and excellent drinks. There's a luncheon dansant on Saturday, but whenever you come, you'll have a wonderful stay. No cover charge: no minimum. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ PENGUIN ROOM. Take the lovely little lady to the Penguin Room for a night she'll remember. It's the perfect setting for a perfect evening. Bill Warren and his Moods in Music will have you dancing on a cloud. Marvelous dinners are served and the drinks are tall, cool and delicious. Just ask for a table for two, and take it from there. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

★ ADRIAN'S MART RESTAURANT. For deep-down eating enjoyment try the Mart, 'cause among people who know good food best, it's Adrian's all the way. Just a whistle away from the Union Station, Adrian's offers dollar dinners of fried chicken with hot biscuits and honey. The smorgasbord is wonderful before your dinner or by itself. With reasonable prices in both the restaurant and cocktail lounge, the Mart's popularity is heading for the sky. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ UPTOWN INTERLUDE. Some people never pass through the Uptown district without a stop at the Interlude. You won't either after you've tasted that golden fried chicken. It eludes adequate description. The inexpensive businessmen's luncheons and green salads are a treat if you're there around noon. Riley Thompson will keep you happy at the bar while Joshua Johnson, the boogie-beating Kansas City favorite, burns up his piano. Come on over when you're thirsty at midnight on Sunday. It's fun. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ CABANA. In this gay Latin atmosphere WHB's staff organist, pretty Alberta Bird, Hammondizes with consummate skill. A luncheon specialty is a tender little steak, all wrapped up in a bun — plus a late mimeo'd news flash. No meals in the evening, but the drinks are wonderful. Ask for a seat by one of the

glass-muralled walls and see how smart you look in the Cabana. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ LA CANTINA. The charm of the pert and bright Cantina suits any mood. For a quiet conversation over a couple of smooth drinks, just walk down a flight of carpeted stairs from El Casbah. Delicious snacks may be ordered from a special menu and the "jb" music provides a soft background. The tariff is pleasantly low. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Something Different . . .

★ KING JOY LO. Strictly for eating comfort, a better place is hard to find. Try some of the most tempting Chinese food you've ever tasted, or American either, for that matter. Lobster, chicken and steak are stand-outs. You can have a private booth, or look down at the bustling traffic through huge picture windows while congratulating yourself for coming to King Joy Lo's. 8 West 12th Street (2nd floor). HA 8113.

★ UNITY INN. Here's a bright little cafeteria that's just what you want for a short luncheon or a big dinner. Business people find it a favorite, and they're usually hurrying this way at noon. Meatless meals, with big salads, tasty desserts and splendid vegetable dishes. The pastry is especially fine, and everything's inexpensive. You'll like it! 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

Mardi Gras of the Wheat Belt

(*Continued from page 4*)

Station for publicity purposes, bore a strong resemblance to a member of the Chamber of Commerce staff.

The committee members concentrated upon corralling queen candidates in five states, whipping up an eye-filling coronation ceremony and entertainment, and staging a rootin', tootin' street parade that would epitomize the growth of the Middle West from the time of the Pony Express to the present.

A personality around whom the ball might revolve was needed and someone suggested ebullient Elsa Maxwell, who was much in the news as an entertainer and amusing hostess.

But teaching old-fashioned parlor tricks to salon society was one thing; and being host to several thousand dancers and spectators in the huge Kansas City Auditorium, another. Elsa took one look at the assemblage, almost fainted. Committee members, for a time, felt they would have to borrow a team of Clydesdales to drag her onto the stage.

At length, however, Elsa Maxwell went on under her own power, but her performance wasn't considered sufficiently overwhelming to warrant return bookings.

Buoyed by its success, the group returned to the promotional task the following year under the chairmanship of Daniel L. Fennell, traction official, who still heads the uptown end of the Royal.

Since then, each year has brought expansion and increasing success. At its present peak, the American Royal Coronation Ball is the area's largest social fling. It is a gay, colorful celebration with important economic undertones. As one of last year's reveler's remarked, bent on spreading more than his share of good will, "Until now, I never knew business could be so much fun!"

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