Swing

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OCTOBER, 1950

How Do We Stand On Communism? *By Herbert Hoover*

Has the Kremlin reduced the United Nations to a propaganda forum for the smearing of free peoples? Our former President states his opinion. . . . *Page* 414

Science Promises a Richer, Longer Life

Howard W. Blakeslee, AP science editor writes of his philosophy for old age . . . . . *Page* 481

Articles

Special Features

SUN VALLEY: Color pictures of the Famous Ski Resort

1. GUARD THOSE JEWELS! Part of the $10,000,000 "Court Jewels" disploy presented for benefit of the Infontile Paroly Fund ot Helzberg's and the Hotel Phillips is here exomin by James J. Rick (left), chairman of the Jockson Cour Chopter. Unian National Bank emplayees and guards wa as Rick holds the 44½ carat Hope Diamond, and Fron Sackett wears the 100 carat "Star of the East" necklace, a the 40 carat Marquise-Cut diamond ring. It was estimat that more than 40,000 people saw the exhibition here.

2. FRANKIE CARLE draps into the WHB studias to visit friends.

3. SWING FOR A QUEEN. Miss Jill King, queen of the Tex Rose Festivol, pases gracefully in o rose-covered swing. S page 435 for the story.

4. TWA PILOT Robert F. Adickes tells the WHB audience seeing o flying saucer. With him is his charming wife. S page 419.

5. FUN FOR HER CHILDREN! Winner of a "Luncheon on Ploza" Jackpot, Mrs. Walter Foley of Konsas City gove son-in-law and daughter ane of the mony prizes, on expense trip to Havano vio Chicago & Southern Airlines, o week at Hatel Nacionol. Shown with her are Fronk Wizior the pragrom's funny mon, and Dick Smith, WHB pragr director.

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foreword

HERE it comes again. The recruiting campaigns, the draft, the reactivation of reserve units . . . the sad farewells, the news of battle . . . the victories, the losses and the casualties. It's the inevitable accompaniment of America's new position of world leadership—the penalty we pay for being there with the mostest, even if we weren't there the firstest! It's also our *privilege* . . . and a duty we dare not dodge.

As the frenzied tempo of war increases, you can look for all the old familiars: gas rationing; food and price controls; and the rest. The same old problems in new patterns . . . evolved in an age which must reckon with the A-bomb and H-bomb.

Meanwhile, there'll be business as usual. The kids are back in school—and soon the college football teams will take the field. In Kansas City, the American Royal will open October 14th, preceded by the usual Queen Contest, Coronation Ball and Parade.

The Philharmonic will begin a brilliant season; Nelson Gallery and the Art Institute will present fine exhibitions; and the great and near-great will visit our concert halls and stages: Albanese, Arrau, Brailowsky, Casadesus, Eddy, Francescatti, Horowitz, Kapell, MacDonald, Milstein, Munsel, Peerce, Piatigorsky, Rubinstein, Serkin, Steber, Stern, Swarthout, Templeton, Thebon, Thomas, Traubel, Truman, Varnay, and Warren. Those are just a few.

Makes you realize that Cowtown, U. S. A., at the beginning of its second century, has grown up! With those new motor express ways on Southwest and Sixth Streets, a new free bridge across the Missouri, a Starlite Theatre, the removal of Signboard Hill, and the Muehlebach finally building an addition, how much better can it get?

Well . . . smart statesmanship and the Big Stick *could* achieve peace on earth.

Want to hold that thought until Christmas?

Former President HERBERT HOOVER Asks:

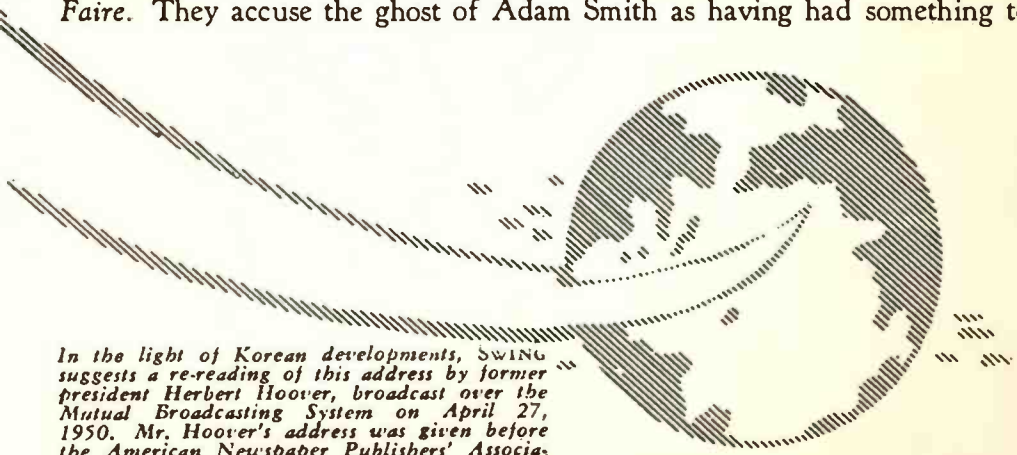
How Do We Stand On Communism?

IT is my suspicion that the word in its tumults has abandoned most acceptance of history as a guide-post.

There are plenty of voices about but the voice of experience seems to have become stilled.

I have had to do with the boiling economic, social and political forces during two world wars and their aftermaths. I propose for a few moments to add some of the voices of world experience into the present clamor. I shall explore four samples, one each from the economic, social, political and international field.

In the economic field there are many shrill voices proclaiming that our American economic system is outmoded. They say it was born of undesirable parents, such as American individualism and a French lady named *Laissez-Faire*. They accuse the ghost of Adam Smith as having had something to do



In the light of Korean developments, SWING *suggests a re-reading of this address by former president Herbert Hoover, broadcast over the Mutual Broadcasting System on April 27, 1950. Mr. Hoover's address was given before the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in New York.*

with the matter. They conclude our system is of the jungle or dog-eat-dog variety.

It might be observed that the alternative offered us is a drink mixed by three different ghosts. That is, the shade of Karl Marx with his socialism. The shade of Mussolini with his dictated and planned economy. The spook of Lord John Maynard Keynes with his "operation Cuttlefish" comprising managed currency, peacetime inflation by deficit spending and perpetual endowment for bureaucrats.

And we have contributed an American ideology of give-away programs. It might be called the New Generosity. It is not yet a ghost. However, the handiwork of the ghosts and their auxiliaries furnish you most of your Page One.

I am not going to repeat the old and valid defenses of the American economic system; I may mention that in recent years we have taken strong drinks from the three "hants" I have mentioned, and from the New Generosity, all mixed with varying amounts of pure water from the American system. . . .

Sixty years ago our American system was divorced from the Laissez-Faire lady. We started proceedings in 1887 when we created the Interstate Commerce Commission, thereby initiating the control of natural monopolies. But far more revolutionary was the Anti-Trust Act of 1890.

Western Europe has never had effective anti-trust laws. To the contrary, there grew up in those countries a maze of state-favored private trade restraints, combinations, trusts and cartels. This form of economic organization sought profits by fixing prices and by control of production and distribution.

Under our revolutionized American system, competition remained the restless pillow of progress. It had to seek profits from improved technology and lowered costs of production.

In time, Western Europe, without the full pressure of competition, lost much of the impulse to improve methods and equipment. Plants became obsolete; standards of living stagnated.

In contrast, our technology with one hundred times as many inventing laboratories and a thousand times more trained technicians has steadily improved its tools. Our standards of living increased with cheaper costs and more goods. Our system was dynamic; theirs was static.

Finally, Western Europe, with its obsolescent plants, its inability to compete in world trade, except at the expense of labor, was desperate. It took to hard drinking of the potions from the shades of Marx, Mussolini and Keynes—plus the New Generosity.

Our American system continues to produce despite periodic indulgence in these drinks. It does it despite two world wars, innumerable interferences with incentives and a Government take of 60 to 70 per cent of its savings. It still retains the dynamic power to provide the greatest and widest spread of comfort to our people that the world has ever known. That is, if we would join Alcoholics Anonymous and quit mixed drinks.

NOW lest someone think all this is economics without humanism, I offer an experience on the social

side. It is punctuated today by the siren voices calling for "security from the cradle to the grave."

Security from the cradle to about 18 or 20 years of age, and from about 65 to the grave, has always been sacred to the American people.

The training of our children, the care of our aged and the unfortunate have been a part of our system since the founding of the Republic. It is part of our civilization. The governmental part, however, needs some repairs.

But the voice of experience which I wish to recall relates to the idea of security for the middle group—say, from 20 to 65 years of age. We have less than 70,000,000 providers in this group, and they must provide for 80,000,000 children, aged, sick, nonproductive Government employees and their wives. It is solely from the energies of this middle group, their inventions and their productivity that can come the support of the young, the old and the sick—and the Government employees.

Unless there is the constant pressure of competition on this group between 20 and 65 plus the beckoning of fairies and rewards, to stimulate incentives and work, the children and the aged will be the victims. This middle group can find its own security only in a free but tough system of risk and self-reliance. It can be destroyed by taxes and the four mixed drinks.

Experience calls sorrowful confirmation of all this. My recollection is that the Lord remarked to Adam something about sweat.

Be that as it may, there is convincing evidence from the British experience of trying to include the middle group in blessed security. Their incentives to sweat have diminished under that illusion. The needed leadership of the middle group in production and distribution is being destroyed. Otherwise they would not need lean on the New Generosity.

There are also some lessons of experience to be had from Russia where the grave is close to the cradle. And 15,000,000 people are compelled to work in slave camps under the whip.

The voice of experience also calls loudly as to organization of the political field. In 1938, I spent some months on the Continent inquiring "how come" fifteen new democracies created after the First World War had failed.

The downfall of these representative governments was due in part to the drinks compounded by the three ghosts. But there was another step in their arrival at chaos, which contains a potent experience for America.

There had grown up in their legislatures a multitude of splinter parties. There were all the way from five to fifteen of them. In consequence, there was no responsible majority. Governments were driven to improvised legislative coalitions, which could only agree upon negative policies and give-away programs. In each coalition small foreign-controlled tricky groups played a part. In confusion and despair, their peoples welcomed the Man on Horseback.

Even though old-time religion, it is worth repeating that *the preservation of representative government requires two major political parties.*

I am not going to deliver a history of the rifts between major parties in the United States. Once upon a time, say for about sixty years, the members of both of our major political parties were, in large majority liberals in the 19th century sense. They quarreled mostly over the tariff but not over ideologies.

However, since Lenin's implication that the hermit crab, by seizing the shell of another animal, knew his business, the term "liberal" has lost its soul. Its cheerful spirit of less power in government and more freedom of men has passed to the world beyond.

Nor am I going to try your souls with ideological definitions—not even of statism. That definition has already been made instinctively by the common tongue of all nations where free speech still has a part in their proceedings. That effective but perhaps unrefined definition is "right wing" and "left wing."

The point I am concerned with here is that from the ideological tumults stirred by the three shades and their helpers, our major American political parties have been in large degree reoriented into these new compartments of "right" and "left."

I do not charge the real Communists to the American left wing. They are agents of a foreign government.

IF a Man from the Moon, who knew the essentials of representative government, came as a total stranger to the United States, he would say some obvious things within the first week or two.

He would say to the Republican party: There is no room for you on the left. You must be the party of the right, or you will split into ineffective factions.

And with equal emphasis he would say to the Democrats: Your die is cast. You are the party of the left, or you will likewise split into futile factions.

He would say to some members of both parties: You are not in your proper spiritual homes.

He would say that in all this ideological tumult, if there cannot be a reasonably cohesive body of opinion in each major party, you are on a blind road where there is no authority in the ballot box or in government.

He would say that if you want confirmation look at fifteen European countries where representative government was torn to shreds.

I need not remind you that our Page One international issue is Communist Russia. There are seven phases of this experience which I must recall before I come to a proposal of action.

THE first phase of experience with Russia began under the Czars. Since Peter the Great they steadily

have expanded their reach of empire over the largest land mass in the world. *Their method was that of a burglar going down a hall.* If there was no one in the first room, he took everything including the doorknob. If he found someone in the second room who protested, he weighed the strength of the protestor and might leave part of the furniture. If he found an armed man in the third room, he closed the door and waited.

Lenin and Stalin added a new apparatus for the robber. They now make the man in the second room a party member and rob him later, and by degrees. They now put the armed man in the third room asleep with a non-aggression pact or a promise of peace. Thus, he neglects his weapons. In any event they steal his secrets.

The second phase of this experience with Russia was a period of sixteen years during which four Presidents and seven Secretaries of State opposed our having any relations with this malignant government. Their attitude was that when our neighbors are living a life of spiritual and other disrepute, we do not attack them. But we can hold up standards in the world a little better if we do not invite them into our homes by so-called recognition.

The third historical phase arrived when our left wingers had their way in our relations with Communist Russia. They produced the recognition of the Soviet in 1933. They produced the alliance with Russia in 1941. They produced the appeasement of Russia in Western Europe until its reversal by President Truman and Secretary Byrnes in 1945. I will not join in the explanations about China. Up to now there is agreement on only one point. We lost the game —400 million to nothing.

Many of our left wingers were not consciously doing all this. They were just trigger-happy to anything new in ideological life.

Lest anyone think I am a recent convert in these views, I may cite that nine years ago I warned the American people that collaboration with Stalin to bring freedom to mankind was a gargantuan jest. I used the wrong adjective. I should have said tragic. For as a result, instead of the expansion of liberty, we witness a dozen nations and 600 million human beings enslaved.

The fourth phase of this experience was that Soviet Russia has in the last twelve years violated more than thirty-five solemnly signed agreements.

The fifth phase of this experience has been with the Communists in the United Nations. That Charter for which we hoped so much contains lengthy pledges to the independence of nations, to human liberty and to non-aggression. About a dozen provisions of that Charter have been violated either in spirit or in letter by Soviet Russia. The Kremlin has reduced the United Nations to a propaganda forum for the smearing of free peoples. It has been defeated as a preservative of peace and good will.

The sixth phase of this experience is that we now find ourselves in an expensive and dangerous cold war. We conduct the battle with subsidies

(Continued on Page 434)

Have You Ever Seen a Flying Saucer?

—well, TWA Pilot Adickes did . . .

by DICK SMITH

"DO you see what I see?" asked the co-pilot, a look of disbelief on his face.

The pilot looked. About a half mile away from the right wing tip of the DC-3, and flying prankishly alongside, was a round, disc-shaped object. It glowed a dull, cherry red.

TWA Pilots Robert F. Adickes and Robert F. Manning were flying formation with a "flying saucer!"

It was a routine flight, 117, from Washington, D. C., to Chicago, April 27, 1950. Adickes had leveled off the DC-3 at 2,000 feet, throttled back to 175 miles an hour, and turned for a look at the sunset. It was 7:30 in the evening.

Miss Gloria Hinshaw, the hostess, was summoned and told to look. She did. She confirmed what the two pilots were telling themselves couldn't be true. She watched the "thing" veer away as Adickes banked the DC-3 toward it. When the airliner returned to its course, the object returned to fly implishly alongside. This went on for several minutes!

"It seems to be on some kind of radar impulse," said Adickes. "Ask the passengers to watch it, Miss Hinshaw."

The hostess left to inform the passengers. There was a scramble for ringside seats as the airliner played a futile game of tag with the "saucer." Most of the passengers were able to

see the object, although there was no agreement as to what it was.

Back in the cockpit, the pilots were busy taking rough measurements. Manning believed the object to be 20 to 50 feet in diameter, and from 6 to 10 feet thick. It flew on edge "like a wagon wheel rolling down the road."

Adickes called Airway Traffic Control by radio and asked if there were any other aircraft in the vicinity. He knew what the answer would be. The ATC said there were no planes in the area. Adickes and Manning had their own opinions regarding this information. They could see! But the "other flying machine" carried no identifying marks of any sort. Apparently it was tardy in registering with the CAA.

The pilots decided on a bold move. Adickes swerved his DC-3 straight at the "saucer!" The latter ostensibly had had a busy day and was tired of playing hide and seek. It rolled around at a sharp angle, dropped down 500 feet and zoomed away to the north at a speed calculated by Adickes at 400 miles an hour!

The "saucer" looked "thin" as it headed away from the DC-3. On this fact the pilots base their belief that no persons were in the "flying machine." It "rolled" rapidly out of sight in the direction of Bendix Field.

Adickes quickly radioed the Civil Aeronautics Radio Station at South Bend and told them to be on the lookout for a visitor that should arrive overhead in a few seconds.

The CAA was becoming used to such reports. A short time ago, another TWA crew had seen a "saucer" over Dayton, Ohio, and this time more than 100 people watched from the ground while the gadget cavorted over town for an hour!

At Chicago, Adickes and Manning, both visibly shaken by the experience, left their plane to tell newsmen the details of what had happened. The next evening, Adickes, who lives at 6804 Holmes, in Kansas City, told his story before a WHB microphone. "The flying machine we saw is not phenomenal," he said. "It can be explained by aerodynamics. I'll take a lot of razzing, but I'll stand by my story."

▲

Captain Bart Hewitt and First Officer Bruce Robertson of TWA reported that a "saucer" was observed near their plane, Flight 260, at 7:55 p.m. on August 24, at an altitude of 2300 feet.

Neither the hostess, Diane Pillar, nor any of the passengers saw the flight of the saucer, Hewitt reports.

Hewitt said that the plane was cruising between Dayton and Columbus when the cockpit temperature rose so much as to make it advisable to open the cockpit windows for better ventilation.

A few seconds later and just before preparing to land at Columbus a noticeable and distinct "woosh" was heard, prompting both Hewitt and Robertson to look quickly out the port cockpit window.

Quoting Hewitt:

"I was completely amazed to see what very suspiciously resembled a 'flying saucer' and a *clear look* at the object was obtained during the ensuing three or four seconds.

(*Continued on Page* 484)

SHARPENS YOUR WITS

Could this be the answer to illiteracy?

by EARL COLE

MARY was mentally retarded from birth. Along with her mental deficiency, she also suffered from a speech defect which made her practically incoherent. Only nine and one half years old, she had been coming to the psychology clinic for several years. Up to a short time ago, she showed little improvement.

Then the doctors began experimenting with a new treatment. They gave her daily amounts of glutamic acid for a six month period.

After two months, her mother told the doctors that Mary was beginning to pick up interest in reading, could jump rope, and could also bounce a ball with more coordination than before. She was showing more interest in her schoolwork too.

Mary was lucky. She was included in an experimental group that was being used to determine the effect of a chemical substance, glutamic acid, on the rate of learning in retarded children.

Three doctors, Frederick T. Zimmerman, Bessie B. Burgemeister, and Tracy Putnam made the experiment. The Vanderbilt Clinic, and the Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons served as headquarters for their research.

In their study, the doctors used sixty children, whose average age was eleven years and eight months. The children's mental age, however, averaged only five years and eight months.

Before beginning the treatment, the doctors gave the children several psychological tests, including the Stanford-Binet IQ and Rorschach Ink Blot tests. These were to determine the exact intelligence and other capabilities of the children before they received the glutamic acid therapy.

Then they gave them daily amounts of glutamic acid over a period of six months. Administered by mouth, the children took the chemical in pill, tablet, and capsule forms. The size of the dose varied from six to twenty-

four grams a day, given in three installments. The doctors found no relation between the size of the dose and the age of the child. They had to administer large amounts of glutamic acid because it is one of the essential body building elements, and the various organs of the body compete for it.

After the six months' period, the experimenters again gave the children the psychological tests. They found dramatic changes. Mary's mother reported that she seemed like a new child. She was more active and alert, and her IQ had soared eighteen points during the test period!

The entire group showed remarkable improvements in learning. Their average mental age had increased an entire year in the six month period. There was also an average increase of seven points in their intelligence quotients. This evidence strongly indicated that glutamic acid had a great effect on the rate at which a child learns.

Tests given after therapy revealed marked changes in the children besides the general increase in the rate of learning and intelligence levels. They showed that the therapy had also resulted in an increase in visual ability. The children could see objects much more clearly, and noticed many things which they had failed to see before.

In the Rorschach test given to them before therapy, a test in which a series of abstract ink blots are presented to the child, who describes what he sees in them, the children showed a tendency to miss details in the blots. They gave general replies, indicating that they saw only a single unclear mass and were unable to make out details.

After the glutamic acid therapy, they reported many more details in the blots, indicating improved vision.

Another improvement the doctors found was an increase in the child's ability to speak and make himself understood. They also noted an improvement in the ability to understand what was being said to them. This was evident by the children's behavior in response to commands.

Incoherent speech declined rapidly in the children receiving therapy. Many were able to express themselves clearly, where before it was impossible to understand them. Mary was one of these children.

Not only did the doctors find important improvements in visual and verbal ability, they also found that glutamic acid therapy increases bodily coordination as well. In tests following the therapy period, the children showed much more deftness in using their hands, and coordinating other body movements. Blocks and other toys, given to them by the experimenters, were employed much more skillfully.

What do these discoveries mean to educators? For many years, they have known that the reasons for retarded learning were due to the child's inability to understand what was being presented in class, and to make himself understood. Now, the evidence the doctors gathered strongly indicates that there is a good chance for restoring these children to normal.

Research is not yet complete on the effects of glutamic acid. Since the test

period was only six months, the total effect of glutamic acid therapy is still unknown. Studies, thus far, show that it can double the learning rate in retarded children. The peak effect should produce a still more substantial increase. The doctors are now doing further work along this line.

Just how glutamic acid brings about these miraculous changes, the doctors still are not certain. They believe it reacts chemically with substances in the cerebral cortex. This is the portion of the brain which controls the thought and motor processes. Their theory is that this chemical reaction forms a third substance, which stimulates the cortex into increased activity.

Besides improving learning, sight, and speech, the experimenters found that glutamic acid had a fourth beneficial effect!

A number of the children used in the study were emotionally unstable. Due to their various deficiencies, their personalities were also affected. Many of them were highly irritable and jumpy. They seemed to exist in a dream world and were annoyed when anyone disturbed them. It was hard to get these children to concentrate on a task, as they would lose interest after a very short time, and leave it.

The experimenters noticed that these children, after therapy began, became less and less jumpy, and were much less irritable. They became more stable, staying at their tasks longer and longer as the therapy progressed.

This quality of glutamic acid may be especially important in allowing the unsteady children to concentrate more fully, and good concentration is essential for the fullest learning results.

From the results of this study, the researchers do not claim to have found a universal cure that will restore every mentally deficient individual to normality. As with every disorder, there are some cases of retarded children which this treatment cannot help. However, from what they did learn, the doctors have estimated that glutamic acid therapy will be helpful in ninety-five out of a hundred cases.

And benefits are not limited to children alone. While emphasis has been placed primarily on children, this does not mean that this therapy will not be successful with adults as well. There have been other studies made with adults in which the same procedure was used, and the results indicate that glutamic acid was successful with adults also.

Glutamic acid therapy, then, offers the possibility of restoring young and old alike to a more normal useful place in life. It offers hope where there was once only resignation.

▲

A Chicago girl sued for annulment of her marriage on the grounds of fraud. She said her husband pretended to be a $40 a day bricklayer when he was only, in reality, a banker.

▲

Doctor: "You'll have a different woman when your wife comes home from the hospital."

Husband: "But what if she finds out?"

A Breath of Home

WHAT happens when a "Tennessee Ploughboy"—the country's leading hillbilly recording artist—meets up with a "barefoot boy from North Carolina"—an award-winning disc-jockey—amid the plush surroundings of a coast-to-coast radio network studio in New York?

Just a real home-town celebration replete with hog-calling and cracker-barrel humor!

And that's just what happened, the other week, when Eddy Arnold, star of Mutual's "Checkerboard Jamboree," made a guest appearance on disc-jockey Bob Poole's hour-long broadcast, "The Bob Poole Show."

The boys really had themselves a time recounting their experiences "down under"—that is, the Mason-Dixon line suh—during the broadcast session. Arnold, whose hillbilly recordings have established him as the country's leading singer of folk songs and western music, hails from Henderson, Tennessee, a sparsely settled community nestling in the mountainous regions of that state. And that's just a stone's throw—as the crow flies—from Poole's hometown of Stoneville, N. C.

Arnold's last visit to the big city was more than two years ago, at which time he got lost in the city's subway system. He was separated from his wife, Sally, for more than four hours. This time, she forbade him to use the underground. When he complained to brother Poole, the genial disc-jockey promised to take him on a tour of the 26-mile system immediately after the show. And he did!

And when the program was drawing to a close, the hillbilly startled Poole with some blood-curdling hog-calls. Poole, caught unaware, fell into the swing of things and let go with a few of his own, North Carolina calls.

Arnold literally traded his plow for a guitar early in life. He ran off to town with the family plow and returned with a guitar. And his mother was the first to teach him the rudiments of the instrument. "She knew two chords, the purtiest chords I've ever heard," says Eddy. Shortly afterwards, he learned to ride a horse, and, according to his neighbors, Eddy rode to all the "play parties" on horseback, with his guitar strapped to his saddle.

When he reached his 18th birthday, Eddy left the farm to sing on a Jackson, Tenn., radio station. His ride to fame and a top spot in the hillbilly music field followed quickly.

Records made by the hillbilly star have topped the 10-million sales mark, one of the highest figures in radio history. His largest selling record, his rendition of "Bouquet of Roses," sold over a million copies in 1949, and is still in great demand. One of his latest recordings, "Don't Rob Another Man's Castle," has already passed the half-million mark—and the year 1950 is only nine months old!

Eddy Arnold can be heard over WHB at 1:15 p.m. Monday through Friday

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SEVERAL rows of bright green boxes stand handy on a shelf by the entrance to one of the large reading rooms in the New York Public Library. Many a scholar headed for serious investigation into the War of "Jenkins Ear" or into sources on the life of the Aga Khan notices those boxes, and stops, looking as if stopping were the last thing in the world he intended to do. He takes a paper-bound book from one of the boxes, then settles down happily in a near-by seat. Serious research can wait. The scholar is going home again, back to the town he came from twenty years or more ago, by courtesy of the hometown telephone directory.

—*Topics of the Times, N. Y. Times*

Clacy Jo Meager loved Harlie, the fiddle-footed lad born with a banjo 'round his neck and a tune in his feet.

by ALMA ROBINSON HIGBEE

WHEN my boy, John Tom, came home and said that Clacy Jo Meager was dying and wanted to see me, I recollected what she said once about having a secret to tell me some day. It bothered me some when she said it, for I couldn't help wondering if it was about Harlie Franklin, for I didn't want to know any more about that than I knew already. If she'd been with Harlie before she married Dan Meager, that was her business and I didn't feel like it was any of my knitting.

I cooked up a lot of vittles before I left home that day, so Jess and the young'uns could make out all right if I didn't get back right away, then I took a new quilt and a crock of pork sausage, and lit out across the hill. Clacy Jo had been ailing for a long spell and though she had been pretty low, I figured she'd get well, her being only twenty-two and strong. But maybe being married to a tight-fist like Dan Meager for five years was about all that the good Lord required of any woman. His other women hadn't lived long either.

It was April and as I walked through the new green of spring, with here and there a scattering of white, where the "sarvice" trees bloomed, I studied on the kind of girl Clacy Jo had been before she wed Meager. Her Pa, Hake Childress, was a hard man and his eleven children had little fun until they got out from under his thumb. There were five girls, all likely looking, but Clacy Jo was far and away the prettiest, with eyes the color of brown oak leaves and hair like wild sourwood honey, kind of dark gold with deep red glints in it. There was a soft dent between her chin and underlip and she had the cutest mouth I ever saw stuck on a human, and the whitest teeth.

George Franklin lived down the road a piece and he had three boys. Two of them were good workers, but the youngest, Harlie, might have been born with a banjo around his neck and a tune in his feet. He was tall and good to look at and there was a blue devil in his eyes that made sparks in them when he was tickled about something and he was tickled most of the time. His mouth got along with his eyes fine, always laughing and making a happy racket. He loved a frolic better than most and when it came to dancing, I swan he could dance all night on a looking glass without leaving a crack, he was that light on his feet.

But he was fiddle-footed. From the time he was just a tad, he used to go off on long stretches and stay, then he'd come home and lay around for a spell, resting up for another jaunt. His pa used to get right put out at him and when he started sparking Clacy Jo Childress, Hake Childress put his foot down and run him off the place.

It was April when Hake gave Harlie his walking papers, and I know the very day Clacy Jo met the boy for the last time. Or I think I know. Jess was going down to the store to buy a piece of fat back to cook mustard greens with, and I went along because I'd heard that uncle Purd, the store keeper had brought on a piece of black sateen and I needed a black dress for church meeting and funerals and things.

I got four yards of goods and we bought a pair of tan slippers for Lessie Lou, our oldest girl, who was going on fourteen and getting old enough to start sparking and Jess and I were walking along talking, when we came to the wild plum thicket the other side of the Childress place. The trees were all in bloom and it was a pretty sight, sure as the world, with the sprays of white waving in the breeze and honey bees buzzing around, making a lazy sound. The air was sweet and there wasn't a cloud, with the sky like a deep blue bowl, turned upside down, and the sun like a yellow apple, hanging inside.

It took me back to the time Jess and I were wed, on just such a day, and I was studying on mentioning it to Jess, when all of a sudden, who should come out of that thicket but Harlie, walking like there was sweet music in his feet. He walked out not ten feet ahead of us and never saw us at all. The blue devils that lived in his eyes were not even home, he looked that happy.

He went on down the road and Jess and I just looked at each other, trying to figure out his strange actions. Pretty soon Harlie started to sing and we could hear him till he got almost home. The song had a lonesomeness to it, like he was saying good bye. It was that old one about

"I work six hosses in my team and
I pull my leaders blind,
And all the song that I can sing, is
I wish that girl was mine.
O' that girl, that perty little girl,
The girl I left behind me,
O' that girl, that perty little girl,
The girl I left behind me."

That was the last we ever saw of Harlie. He was killed by a freight train out of Ashland about a month later.

Everyone was surprised when word was circulated that Clacy Jo was wed to Dan Meager, right afterward. Dan was all of forty and he'd worn out two wives already. He was tighter than the skin on a fat shoat and I'll bet he has greenback in his pocket right now that would crumble like ashes if he ever took it out. When his second wife died, he had her laid out in a nightgown her sister brought her, because he wouldn't put out the cash for burying clothes, and she didn't have a stitch that was fitten. They said his first wife used to make his overalls out of blue and white striped bed ticking, because they lasted longer than the boughten ones.

He was thin as a match stick with a long hatchet face and his eyes were little and mean and they quarrelled with each other. He never laughed like anyone else, not with his face. He'd fetch a whinny that sounded like a hungry horse craving oats. Jess said the reason he never laughed with his face, he was afraid someone would think he was human and maybe ask a favor of him.

It was rumored that he never courted Clacy Jo, but just went and asked her old man for one of his girls, then picked Clacy because she was strong, and prettier than the rest. I reckon Clacy never had anything to say about it for she was not the kind of girl to go against her Pa.

THE Meager house had been built by Dan's Pa and it had two big rooms with a double chimney between, a long cook room and an ell porch. Several neighbor women were standing around the porch talking and when I asked how Clacy Jo was, they

shook their heads, sad as a bunch of rain crows on a limb. I gave them the pork sausage and went on in.

Even the Doctor from Little Cucumber didn't know what was wrong with Clacy Jo. He said she had stomach trouble but I got it in my head that maybe Harlie was calling her. Jess said I was silly and fanciful but I don't care. Knowing what I did, it seemed likely to me.

Clacy Jo looked little and puny in the middle of that big four-poster bed, though she had always been a tall girl, well filled out. Her skin was like wax now and the light had gone out behind her eyes. Her hands lay on the worn quilt and you could almost see through them. The room looked shabby and everything in it was threadbare. Even the sheets and pillow cases were made out of flour sacks. There was a bad smell about, the smell of sickness, or maybe it was the dry, sweetish scent of death.

Liz Williams was trying to coax Clacy to take a little broth, but she just shook her head and lay with her eyes closed, like she didn't want to

be bothered. Little drops of sweat lay on her forehead like dew.

"I wouldn't force her if she didn't want to eat," I said to Liz and she shook her head and sighed. "I guess it's no use," she said, low. She went out and I carried the new quilt and put it over Clacy Jo, smoothing it up under her hands. She opened her eyes and looked at me and I had a feeling that she didn't really see me. I was surprised when she said in a clear voice, "Sit down, Parthenie."

I sat down close to her and she lay for a little and her breath didn't even stir her breast, she was that still. After a while she started to talk, soft-like, the way wind talks in the leaves and only the leaves can hear.

"I used to have pretty dresses, when I was home with Mama," she said. "I had a pale blue one once, with white flowers in it shaped like the blossom of percoon."

She sighed deeply, then went on. "Dan hated colors so. Said they faded. I never got anything but gray dresses, after I married him. Then I fooled him. It took me nearly five years, saving a cent or two out of the egg money every week, so he wouldn't miss it."

"Even gray couldn't hide your beauty, Clacy Jo," I said boldly. She was dying, so what did it matter. "Dan Meager couldn't ever kill your beauty."

A hint of a smile slid across her face like a cloud shadow over the grass. "I fooled him," she said in a whisper. "At last I got the best of him."

Yes, I thought, I reckon you did. I wondered if she wore the percoon flowered dress that day in April, that day in the wild plum thicket.

Her breast heaved and for a moment I thought she was gone. I put my hand on her wrist and she stirred again.

"It took me nearly five years," she said again and her voice seemed to grow stronger. "Last year, I bought the goods and I made it up, a little at a time."

The corners of her mouth flicked up and a wash of color pinked her cheeks for a minute. The heavy braid of her hair lay over her shoulder. She put up a weak hand and curled the end of it around her finger. "The dress is in the bottom of the trunk in the parlor. I want you to let my hair down and spread it over my shoulders, like . . . like I used to wear it. . . . He'll hate that. I wish I could be here and see him . . . hating . . . it." She started to laugh, a thin, reedy sound, she whose laughter was once like a spring that bubbled from the hill. The thin laugh rippled her throat and struck a brown fire in her eyes, and then the sound was gone, as the wind is gone. The candle that burned so briefly behind her eyes went out.

"I got the best . . . of . . . him," she said and sagged all over.

The wax of her face took on a faint bluish cast and her body seemed to lengthen out, the way bodies do when life is gone.

I closed her mouth and fumbled in my purse for pennies to place over the oak leaf brownness of her eyes.

WE found the dress, the neighbor women and I, where she had hidden it. We closed the doors, washed and dressed her in it, marvel-

ing at the way the tight bodice molded her slenderness and the high, rounded curves of her breasts. The dress was pink as sunset and it was sprinkled all over with little white stars. It seemed to lend a soft glow to her face, wiping away the traces of death. We put black ribbed stockings on her but the dress was long and hid her feet completely. It was ruffled away above the knees.

"He'll never let her be laid out in that," Josie Caldwell said, and shook her head. "He'll have a conniption fit when he sees it."

"She don't have a decent stitch we could put on her," Nell Parlen said. "Her clothes are in strings."

"Leave it to me," I told them. "I'll take care of it."

"You can have the job and welcome," Josie said. "I don't want any truck with him."

They brought the coffin in and we put her in it. I took her hair down and combed it over her shoulders, like she said, where it lay in ripples like a golden waterfall. She might have been asleep.

While the others were eating supper, Rildy Bannion and I went up on the hill and brought back sprays of wild plum bloom and laid them all around the coffin. We took time to bring back a little bunch of white wind-flowers to put in her hands, so that she would have a little bit of April to take with her . . . to Harlie.

It was sundown when Ada Reese tiptoed in to say that Dan was coming to look at her. I was ready for him. I took a rag and started dusting the pansy flowered bowl and pitcher that stood on the table, real unconcerned-like. I didn't look around when he came in.

"She looks right natural, don't you think?" I looked up to see him standing there staring, a look of horror on his tight face. For a minute there I thought he would choke on words, then he let loose.

"Where did that . . . that thing come from?" he thundered. "Who put that . . . on her, diking her out like some strumpet and her lying there cold as stone. Who done it? I won't have my woman laid away in anything like that."

"Well," I said, "they got a pretty piece of black silk down at the store, only costs two dollars a yard. That would make a pretty burying gown."

"You think I'm made of money?" he stormed, and commenced stamping up and down the room. "I laid the other two out in calico and this 'uns no better."

I didn't raise my voice at all. "With print selling the way it is and all, it'll cost you at least a dollar and a half to make any kind of a dress and the pink's not bad. And it don't cost you nothing. Still and all, I guess you want to buy your wife's last dress, so you give me about three, four dollars and I'll go down to the store and see what I can get. If I have to pay more, I'll collect from you later."

That stopped him. He came back to the coffin and stood there, and one forefinger curved up to scratch his chin.

"Course, burying clothes don't last long anyhow," I said. "It's just letting money rot, to buy new stuff, but I know how you feel. You want something nice for her and you're

right. Now a pretty piece of soisette would be fine and only costs about eighty cents a yard. Four yards ought to do it."

Dan Meager shuddered. I saw it with my own eyes.

"The pink don't look as bad as I thought," he said, and his eyes were like gimlet holes in his yellow skin. "I reckon it ain't so important what she wears. Nobody'll see it for very long, anyhow."

He turned around and walked out of there. I looked at Clacy Jo, in her pink ruffled dress, with the little bunch of April in her hands, and it seemed to me that the corners of her mouth had quirked up a little and she was smiling. And I swan she hadn't been smiling before.

She had said, "I got the best of him." Had she been thinking about the pink dress, knowing he would hate it, or had she been thinking about that day in April, that other secret that I never aim to tell to anyone as long as I live and breathe? That day as Jess and I left the road and cut through the wild plum thicket, we came to a place where the ferns were dark and thick and there two people had lain for a long time, with tall ferns around them and wild plum petals falling on their bed.

Yes, one way and another, Clacy Jo got the best of him.

▲

Deep in the hills of Arkansas, a hillbilly slowly opened his eyes and said to his companion, "You ain't yerself, lately. Ya sick or somethin'?"

"Yeah," drawled the second hillbilly, between yawns. "Got insomnia. Keep wakin' up every few days."

▲

Shortly after a certain sea captain retired in Blue Hill, Maryland, he purchased an abandoned church with the understanding that he was to rebuild it into a palatial home. As work progressed, however, the home began to look more and more like a dance hall. Despite angry protestations from church members and a stormy session with the town fathers, the place was completed as such. At the opening, it was well decorated with ships' flags and an orderly dance was held. In fact, the place was so well run that the good captain's opposition began to soften, some even going so far as to attend the next dance. A visiting seaman asked about the flags. "Oh," they told him, "those are a part of the captain's decorations—his old pennants."

The townspeople were somewhat taken aback when the visitor explained that the gay pennants were ships' signal flags and in code plainly spelled out: "The town of Blue Hill can go to hell."

This want-ad appeared in a California newspaper:

Wish to trade—Bridal gown, hope chest, other accessories for shotgun in good condition. Write General Delivery.

"I'm getting married, and would like to have my head examined!"

Paging All Wooden Indians

Want a different kind of hobby? Try carving wooden Indians!

by BARNEY SCHWARTZ

THE law of supply and demand has caught up with the old cigar-store Indian.

Remember him, the fearsome-looking lifesize wooden image who sat stoically like a business tycoon and quietly performed a duty similar to that of a circus barker? For decades before and after 1900, he was the mark of a cigar store just as a candy-striped pole designates a barbershop.

Today's demand for cigar-store Indians is greater than the supply.

In fact, if you are a good wood carver, have patience, time and the inclination, you could be kept busy until the next century rolls in. Fifty lucrative years! The Cigar Institute of America in New York reports there are enough requests from corner smoke-shops across the nation to keep your carving knife in constant motion.

Richard Turkey, director of the Institute, estimates there are 3,000 wooden Indians in existence, but only 200 are on active duty on the sidewalks in front of business establishments. The other 2,800 are in the hands of collectors who aren't eager to part with them.

Those 3,000, incidentally, are the only survivors of the 100,000 which once served their mission.

The 97,000 which have vanished went the way of all timber. Some ended ignominously in dumps. Some furnished kindling for wood-burning stoves. Some were torn apart for the good wood which was used for some other decoration. Only a sprinkling ended up in college fraternity houses and they were forgotten when ukuleles and racoon coats became main campus props.

Who knows but that Uncle Horace didn't put one in a secluded corner of the old family storage shed, thinking one day he'd chop it to pieces—but never did? Such a prospect bears

investigation. It means cash, perhaps enough for a down payment on a new car.

In the collector market, prices of these relics run high. The range is from $250 to $1,000; depending, of course, on condition and beauty of the object.

A tobacco shop owner in Hawaii needed a cigar-store Indian badly. He purchased it from a Terre Haute, Indiana, collector for $800 and then incurred additional expense by having it shipped by air express. It was just an *ordinary* wooden Indian up to that time, but now it has the distinction of being the first to travel by air—and the first to be in business in the land of pineapples and *leis*.

The vanishing of the wooden Indian began when some cities and towns passed ordinances forbidding obstacles on the sidewalks. The laws branded the statues as hazardous to pedestrians.

At the same time, large-scale carving as an occupation and a hobby went into a nose-dive. Those persons handy with a knife turned to smaller subjects such as model trains, covered-wagons, automobiles and airplanes.

"Now you can't seem to get people with enough patience to sit down and carve one," Turkey opined. He cited that the shortage of cigar-store Indians could be solved by convincing collectors to part with them and by encouraging persons to make them as a profitable hobby. "One is just as difficult as the other."

The average age of the 3,000 in existence is 70 years. It takes just a little paint to make them look younger.

If you look closely at the next one you encounter, you'll see that he really doesn't look like an Indian. He has definite Caucasian features. That's only natural, because the men who knew tobacco Indians best at the beginning had never seen a real redman. Most of the original carvers were Englishmen.

When the days of steam navigation arrived just before 1880, the artisans who carved the bowsprits for the old sailing ships were forced to look for a new field. They took up figure-carving. These carvers were astute and shrewd, and played on the imagination to convince merchants to display figures as trade-marks of their businesses. "Look," they maintained, "there's no question about the location of a pawnbroker's establishment. He has educated people to look for the three balls."

The wooden Indian was the British idea of America, and owners of tobacco shops in England adopted him to attract attention, wooden feathers and all. Everybody talked about it, and the idea caught on quickly. Later, after noting the success in England, American tobacconists adopted the same symbol. Odd that the American wooden Indian shouldn't be a native!

Now, if you really go into the enterprise, there's plenty of opportunity to make the tobacconist's best friend more lifelike and more realistic so far as facial features are concerned. There might be some people who'll insist you whittle the face to resemble a movie actor, but don't let that influence deter you. Sitting Bull and all his cousins made no claim to glamour—except when they daubed on their war paint. And an Indian of

this type should not appear to be the product of a makeup artist.

Keep in mind that the real Indian was a well-built individual, frightful when he wanted to be. Squaws—and you might get calls for some—were definitely buxom and always wore plenty of clothes. Any concept of a squaw revealing her shoulders is erroneous.

Give your product a lot of brilliant color, though. The atomic age requires more flash than did the gaslight age, and your attention-compeller must compete with neon lights.

There was a time when American jokesters exclaimed: 'What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar!" That's passe now. What this country needs is more cigar-store Indians.

▲

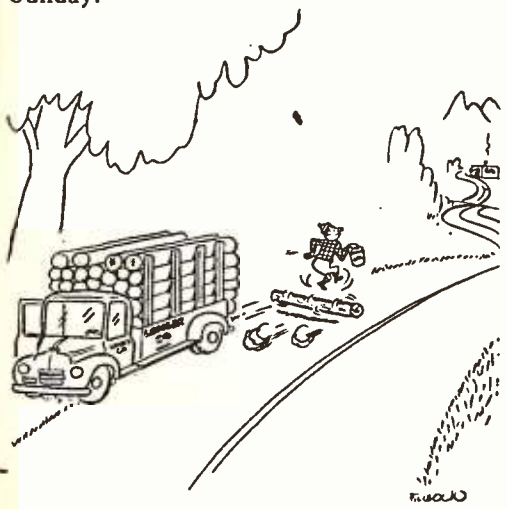
During the war Steve Trumbull, a U. S. newspaperman, was commissioned in the U. S. Navy, only to find himself in Indoctrination School. He was dozing through a class in Navy correspondence when he was startled into wakefulness by the youthful instructor saying:

"Lt. Trumbull, you are to imagine you must report on the following incident: Yesterday, a mine-layer was refueling at a pier when a mine exploded. To whom would you address your report?"

Lt. Trumbull discreetly hedged. "This seems important enough to send directly to Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy."

"Very well, Lieutenant. Now how would you begin your report?"

Trumbull started dictating. "Gosh, Frank, you should have been here last Sunday!"



Day after day I had noticed the woman in the feathered hat. She was about five feet tall, and weighed about 180 pounds. She always waddled into the featured Vienna Collections and always she came out smiling.

Finally, last week, she told why. Laying a pudgy hand on my shoulder, she confessed: "I love art. Beside these big Rubens nudes, I don't even feel fat!"

▲

"How many cows are you milking?" asked the census taker of an Iowa farmer.

"A cow and a half," he replied.

"A cow and a half? What do you mean?"

The farmer explained that he milks one cow morning and night. The other cow he milks only in the morning, turning her over to a neighbor at night.

Now his neighbors are wondering how the census taker will record that he milks half a cow.

▲

It's supposed to have been a Swiss hotel keeper who first developed the theory that you can tell a man's nationality by the way he goes off on a vacation. "The Frenchman," he said, "takes a holiday with his mistress, the Italian climbs into a railway carriage with his wife and nine children, the Englishman packs off with his golf clubs—but the American takes a vacation with somebody he's trying to sell something to."

WHERE DO WE STAND WITH COMMUNISM?

(Continued from Page 418)

to beguile peoples to rectitude from internal communism. A year ago we made the Atlantic Military Pact. The expressed hope was that although there was no commitment to go to war, these nations would build up their own arms adequately to defend their own rooms. In persistence to an old habit, we are taking up the check.

In the meantime we learn that our first defense—the atomic bomb—has been stolen from us.

THE final phase of our experience with Russia is the belated realization that this is not one world but two worlds. The one world idea seems to be lost in the secret files.

One world is militaristic, imperialistic, atheistic and without compassion. The other world still holds to belief in God, free nations, human dignity and peace.

Now to come to the point of all this. The American people ought to take a cold and objective look at this experience before we go any further.

This look should be directed to the fact that more and more the burdens of defending free men and nations are being thrust upon the American people, who are only one-sixth the population of the globe. We are becoming more and more isolated as the sole contender in this cold war. We are steadily losing ground because the non-Communist states are being picked off one by one or are compromising with the Communists. Our countrymen are in a fog as to what, where and when all this leads to.

What the world needs today is a definite, concrete mobilization of the nations who believe in God against this tide of Red agnosticism. It needs a moral mobilization against the hideous ideas of the police state and human slavery. The world needs mobilization against this creeping Red imperialism. The United States needs to know who are with us in the cold war against these practices, and whom we can depend on.

Therefore, I have a proposal to make.

I suggest that the United Nations should be reorganized without the Communist nations in it. If that is impractical, then a definite New United Front should be organized of those peoples who disavow communism, who stand for morals and religion, and who love freedom.

This is specifically not a proposed extension of a military alliance or any color of it. It is a proposal based solely upon moral, spiritual and defense foundations. It is a proposal to redeem the concept of the United Nations to the high purpose for which it was created. It is a proposal for moral and spiritual cooperation of God-fearing free nations.

If the free nations join together, they have many potent moral, spiritual and even economic weapons at their disposal. They would unlikely ever need such weapons. Such a phalanx of free nations could come far nearer to making a workable relation with the other half of the two worlds than the United States can ever do alone.

Rose Bush Industry TEXAS Style

You might be wearing a rose from one of Tyler, Texas' 20,000,000 bushes.

by WILLIAM P. ROWLEY

"Would Jove appoint a flower to reign
"In matchless beauty o'er the plain,
"The rose, mankind would all agree,
"The rose the Queen of Flowers should be."

—SAPPHO

IT is 2500 years since the legendary Sappho, greatest of all the poetesses of ancient Greece, lived, laughed and loved among the roses of her native land of Lesbos, some 600 years before the birth of Christ.

But today, the rose still reigns, and upon this age-old and universal love for the queen of flowers, Tyler, Texas, has built a $10,000,000 a year industry that provides justification for the city's claim: "The Rose Capital of the World." More than two-thirds of all the 30,000,000 rose bushes marketed each year in the United States alone have their beginnings in the white sandy East Texas soil within a 50-mile radius of Tyler.

A great many of the rose bushes shipped from Tyler by rail, truck and plane to each of the 48 states and many foreign lands are sold direct to the home gardener through mail orders. Others are sold in bulk carload lots to nurserymen and wholesalers in the North and East who, in turn, process and package the bushes for retail sales.

Almost all the rose bushes sold in the big department and store chains come direct from Tyler. Sears, Roebuck and Co. alone buys hundreds of thousands of packaged rose bushes,

ready to be set out in the soil, direct from one of Tyler's big rose nursery concerns.

More than 300 firms and as many individual rose farmers in the Tyler area are engaged in the growing and sale of rose bushes. In recent years an important and growing phase of the industry has been the use of air transport to ship rose blooms to all parts of the country.

In the area about Tyler, roses are grown as a field crop, in the same manner as corn in Missouri or wheat on the broad Kansas plains. In the blooming season the fields present a kaleidoscope of color.

While the roses continue to bloom throughout the months from May until December, only twice a year do they attain the fullest extent of their beauty. The first time is in the Spring, when the plants first burst into joyous bloom. The second is in the liquid clear days of early October, when the plants muster all their latent powers for one last fling of riotous beauty.

It is in this second period of full-blown beauty that the Texas Rose Festival Association sets the date for its annual Texas Rose Festival, to be held this year on October 6, 7 and 8. The extreme heat of the summer then has waned and while the days still may remain hot, the nights are cool and refreshing under the silver radiance of the Southland's "harvest moon."

The Festival, begun in a small manner some 15 years ago as Tyler's tribute to the unique industry founded upon men's inherent love of beauty, now has grown to a point where it is one of the nation's three outstanding celebrations in honor of the Queen of Flowers. Its colorful and artistic parade of rose-covered floats ranks with those of Portland or Pasadena.

Unlike a home garden, the three billion blossoms that bloom annually in this Texas commercial rose garden are born in the main to blush unseen and waste their fragrance on the air above the sandy soil in which they thrive. Most of the fields lie in small five to fifty acre patches off the main roads. A motorist may skim along the highways and little realize the beauty that may lie just beyond his range of vision.

And in Tyler itself, visitors lured to the city because of its pre-eminence as a center of the rose growing industry, are often disappointed. "Where are the roses?" is a constant question which Tylerites find increasingly embarrassing. Homes in Tyler—which boasts at least one oil millionaire to each 1,000 of its 40,000 residents—are not noted for their display of roses. And the only public recognition given the city's most widely publicized industry are two small garden plots on the grounds of the Smith County courthouse.

Only at Festival time does the queen of flowers come into its own in Tyler. Then, some quarter million visitors pour into the city and cars line the highways, organized tours to the hidden rose fields are conducted and the choicest blooms are gathered for display in the festival rose show. More than a million blossoms from almost 300 varieties are on display for the three days of the show.

Cultivation of roses is by no means a recent development, but the growers around Tyler were the first to

apply the principles of mass production to the growing and marketing of rose plants. The Tyler pioneers evolved a method of rose budding to grow fine roses cheaply in the white sandy soil, ideally suited for that purpose. The result is 20 million rose bushes shipped annually from this area to all parts of the world—with a deep bow to the Queen of Flowers!

▲

On one occasion, the late Lloyd George was making a speech at a political rally. "Will you free Ireland?" yelled a heckler.

"I will," was the unperturbed response, followed by a thunderous burst of applause from the proponents of Irish freedom.

When the applause died down, Lloyd George added "Not," which was again greeted by applause, this time from the opponents of Irish freedom.

When the cheering died down, he concluded, "Tell you."

▲

"My son went to the U. S. 10 years ago to make his fortune."

"And what is he worth now?"

"I really don't know for certain, but the State of New York is offering $20,000 for information about him."

"I'm 'thou'!"

I saw this man—a saintly looking old fellow who might have been a deacon—running to catch his bus. It was raining and the street was full of puddles. Just as he appeared to be winning the race, the bus driver with a fiendish smirk pulled away from the curb and the wheels splashed a shower of muddy water over the old man.

Softly, this kindly one murmured, "May his soul find peace." Still more softly he added, "And the sooner the better."

—*True.*

▲

Culled from a school boy's exam: "Inclement is where Mr. Atlee's meals go."

▲

Seldom does George Bernard Shaw come out second best in a duel of words but he did after an oral joust with actress Cornelia Otis Skinner. When she appeared in Shaw's "Candida" some years ago, the playwright sent her a cable after the premiere.

"Congratulations. Superb," his message said.

"Unworthy of such praise," was the actress' answer.

Annoyed by what he felt was false modesty, Shaw wired: "I was referring to the play."

Miss Skinner's reply: "So was I."

▲

An old Portuguese monastery was perched high on a 300 foot cliff. To reach it visitors were strapped into a big basket and pulled to the top with a ragged old rope.

Halfway up, one of the passengers inquired, "How often do you change this rope?" To which the monk calmly replied, "Whenever the old one breaks."

John's best friend had died; and John called on the widow to express sympathy. "Joe and I certainly were mighty close friends," John said. "Isn't there something I could have to remember him by?"

Tearfully, the widow raised her eyes and whispered softly: "Would I do?"

▲

Early one morning a fellow walking home from a party bought a bottle of liquor and put it in a hip pocket. Near the door he slipped and sat down so hard he was cut by broken glass in several places.

Inside he backed up to a full length mirror and taped his wounds, then went to bed.

"Pretty tight last night, weren't you?" his wife blazed when he was getting up about noon.

"Only had a couple drinks," the reply.

"Then how do you explain pieces of tape all over the long looking glass in the bath room?" she countered.

▲

The married vet was telling his wife about the lodge meeting the night before. "The president offered a silk hat to any husband who would soberly admit he had never made love to any woman but his own wife," the vet said, "and do you know, not one man stood up?"

"Why didn't you?" the angry wife demanded.

"Why, dear," the ex-GI exclaimed. "You know I look terrible in a silk hat."

▲

Two little girls, walking home from Sunday school, were discussing the Bible story they had heard.

"Do you believe there is a devil?" one asked the other, somewhat nervously.

"Oh, no!" the other replied, in a positive tone. "It's like Santa Claus—it's your father!"

▲

The ardent sergeant had proposed to the broker's daughter but she could not make up her mind.

"Will you be true to me?" she asked.

"True as steel," the sergeant declared.

"Common or preferred?" she mused.

"We haven't decided what to call him yet although Chester is gradually coming around to my way of thinking."

▲

Two commuters were discussing the merits of television. One, in a firm and decisive tone, remarked that the new medium was a "time waster and in the experimental stage."

The other, after a long thoughtful pause, halted the discussion with, "I haven't got a set, either."

▲

The three men in a smoking compartment of a train discussed the vagaries of men. One said, "I know a man who writes a very small hand to save ink."

Another said, "A friend of my father always stops the clock at night to save wear and tear on it."

"Your men are spendthrifts," said the third. "I know an old man who won't read the paper because he says it wears out his glasses."

▲

A much-married actress brought home a brand new husband. But her son only wailed when he met his new stepfather. He cried, "You promised me Gene Autrey this time!"—Frank Farrell.

All-star baseball and football games this year were great surprises. They brought real thrills to millions of people who saw the games played, or had box seats at radio or TV set. For years the all-star games have been a parade of fine athletes; but this year the teams went all out with the Nationals winning a great extra inning victory, 4-3, and the Collegiate All-Stars drubbing a superb team of Philadelphia professional champions, 17-7.

On the Kansas City scene, the Blues hit the skids in 1950, and wound up deep in the second division. The cellar, that is! Hopes for a real contender, with the able Joey Kuhel as manager, disappeared in June when the parent New York Yankees were unable to send Kansas City any material that resembled Class AAA. With the city ripe for a winner, it turned out to be just another campaign. However, as they say in Brooklyn, "Wait till next year."

Football in the Big Seven conference is headed for the greatest year in its history unless 1-A complications in the Korean situation interfere. It is reported that one school even made its draft board head a member of the varsity — honorary, of course! Although Oklahoma should rule the Midwest, there is a feeling that Missouri and Kansas may surprise a lot of experts in the nation.

Everyone in the world of sports is wondering what an extended war emergency will mean. In World War II, President Roosevelt believed a curtailment on athletics would injure morale on the home front; but an all-out call this time would certainly include every able-bodied man. Not only will athletes be missing. Several coaches already have been called to active duty as reservists. Others who helped in the war-time physical efficiency set-up are biding their time.

Frank Leahy of Notre Dame has pulled out the crying towel early this year, which means the Irish will be

one of the nation's top contenders for the perfect season.

The National Collegiate Athletic Association found more violations of the purity code and have threatened

to disbar the teams and fine the schools. According to some coaches we know, there are stool pigeons in the conferences crying "wolf."

Although the basketball season is still three months away, roundball experts are already predicting that four teams will be the cream of the nation's basketeers come spring: Title-holding City College of New York; twice runner-up Bradley of Peoria, loaded for bear; the perennial wizards of Kentucky University; and the Jayhawkers from the University of Kansas, boasting perhaps the greatest center in modern basketball.

The Kansas City hockey team is under new supervision this season, as the Chicago Blackhawks moved the local franchise to Milwaukee. The able and experienced Vernon Banks will head up an independent organization drawing players from several major league combines. Last year was the first time in five seasons that Kansas

"Out in Kansas City is a sportscaster gifted with the qualifications of three big sports personalities in radio: The rapid fire of Bill Stern, the suaveness of Ted Husing and the knowledge of Red Barber—yet he is completely himself, and he is setting mid-western sports fans on their ears. His name is Larry Ray.

"He is so good that television fans, when witnessing a game that is televised and broadcast simultaneously by rival stations, turn off the audio on their TV, and tune in Larry on AM! 'Let's listen to Larry' is the sports watchword and ear-word of the Kansas City area!

" 'Experience' and a pleasant microphone personality are the reasons. Larry was a four-letter man in college sports, later a semi-pro in football and baseball, and a professional in basketball. Yet he is only 35 years old. A college major in psychology, he attended Grove City College in Pennsylvania (graduating in 1935); and studied later at Duquesne and Columbia University. He lacks only four hours for his Doctor of Philosophy Degree."—Radio and TV Mirror, August, 1950.

City didn't win the championship, or at least gain the play-offs. This season should be an excellent one.

Kansas City became a part of the re-established National Professional Basketball League, embracing eight Midwestern cities. The Pla-Mor Arena, hitherto only used for hockey, has secured a portable floor and will be the home of the new team. The famous Doxie Moore is the commissioner of the new loop. Ben Cockrell is president of the Kansas City team with former Wisconsin-All-American Paul Cloyd as the new manager. The rest of the league is solid and looks promising. Kansas City, however, will have to make the public forget the second rate attempt at professional basketball started two years ago.

Sport Shots In the Dark

Legend has it that Shoeless Joe Jackson, the great hitter who was involved in the Black Sox scandal, was very light on reading and writing. However, he did learn to read the box scores and to check his averages. One day he had a better than usual slugging spree and collected four hits in five times at bat. Anxiously he grasped the morning paper to read the box score and to his dismay only three hits were listed. A friend near by said, "Don't fret, Joe . . . it was only a typographical error." "Error, hell," stormed Joe, "no one touched any of those balls."

The day at Yankee Stadium when Lou Gehrig was honored for the last time before passing on, many a tear was shed and the celebration was turning into a sad and sentimental swan song. Suddenly Goofy Gomez broke the spell. "What are you bawling about, Lou? It took them fifteen years to get you out of the game and sometimes it takes less than two-thirds of an inning to get *me* out of there."

One of the classics of the past football season was about the referee who was having a rough time with a team which constantly complained of his decisions. Once, as he stepped off a fifteen-yard penalty, the captain of the penalized team joined him in the pacing and said, "Incidentally, Ref, you stink." The referee continued pacing off another fifteen yards, and as he placed the ball down he turned to the player and said: "How do I smell from here?"

That's all from Larry Ray this time. I'll be back next issue with more sports stuff and anecdotes.

▲

Golf: A game in which a small white ball is chased by a bunch of men too old to chase anything else.

▲

Warden: "I've let you inmates play football, baseball, basketball and still you grumble. What kind of sports do you want?"

Lifer: "How about a cross country run?"

"Faith," declared Mike, "'tis an unthankful country this is, now. Here we Irish have done so much for the United States, and b'jabers they've named only one state after an Irishman."

His friend Pat raised his eyebrows. "I didn't know there was such a state, Mike."

"Sure and have ye niver heard o' that western state, O'Regon?"

World's Series Cartoon Contest

SWING will pay $5 for the best gag line to fit both cartoons. Entries must be received by SWING Magazine not later than October 4, the date the World's Series will probably begin on WHB. Address your entry to SWING Magazine, 1121 Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri.

"Never saw a faster pitcher in my life."

The Beauty FACTOR

Rosy cheeks, ruby lips, golden hair
—all you supply is the woman!

by JAY UTTAL

IN THE heart of Hollywood, there is a multi-colored marble building in which fascinating multi-colored wares are compounded and vended to women throughout the world—women who would be extremely unhappy if they could not obtain these items that symbolize Glamour.

The place is Max Factor's Hollywood studio, home of the film capital's make-up magic. During the past four decades, this institution's output, like the film output of Hollywood itself, has wrought changes in the whole world's scheme of doing things. No matter in what country women use make-up today, they are to some important degree following a Hollywood technique originated in this studio.

There is a traditional "immigrant boy" story behind this internationally famous establishment, with its 20-million-dollar annual business; but this particular version offers an unusual variation. When he came to the United States, Max Factor was a young man, rather than a boy. And he was far from penniless. When he stepped ashore, he had slightly more than the $40,000 he had earned in a successful make-up and hairgoods shop in Europe.

To have his amazing rise to the height of the cosmetics industry conform to the best American tradition, Fate promptly arranged for Max Factor to lose his savings and become impoverished. A fast-talking promoter fleeced Factor in a perfume, cosmetics and hairgoods concession at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904. Factor had to forget about the career in dentistry he had always wanted and for which he had journeyed all the way to the Missouri metropolis. After a few years, he heard about a "boom" in California, and descended upon Los Angeles, quickly opening a shop on the third floor of a downtown theatre

building. When he died, 30 years later, his handsome factory covered much ground in the heart of Hollywood, and was the mecca for the most beautiful women on earth.

Even as a youngster apprentice in the make-up and haircrafting shops of Europe, Factor had rebelled against the crudities that often marked the compounding of theatrical make-up. Never had he gone along with the nonchalant attitude that allowed make-up artists to mix green kalsomine powder with suet to supply a glamour-seeking actress with eye shadow. Often, in the European theatre, beet juice was mixed with beeswax to bring a lively blush to ingenue cheeks.

Young Factor had always sought the utmost purity in the make-up he created, and this feeling was apparent 40 years ago when he invented the very first motion picture make-up, a cream greasepaint in sanitary tubes. Before this invention, screen performers had used only stage make-up, in heavy greasepaint stick form, which was far from satisfactory for motion pictures.

Factor was miles from the studios when the movie-makers started their exodus from downtown Los Angeles to the suburbs. Hollywood was then a placid countryside, without streetcars or busses. So Factor got a bicycle and pedaled around the lots with his make-up ingredients in a basket on the handlebars. His first success, though, came with wigs. At that time, the studios were using dyed excelsior, Spanish moss and stuffings of mattresses for wigs, sticking them together with cement. In 1913, Cecil B. DeMille arrived to produce *The Squaw Man,* and Factor sold him on using real hair for his Indians. DeMille's action made all the other studios follow suit.

It was rough at first, though, because many producers could not lay out the cash for the rather heavy deposits required to rent wigs. Max, Jr., Davis and Louis—the Factor sons—received their movie baptism by fire by going in as extras for $3 a day. Actually, their job was to keep track of the precious hairpieces that had been let out minus the usual deposit. Many a night the boys stayed after the "shooting" to search a deserted studio lot for wigs that "Indian" extras had torn from their heads and tossed in all directions.

Because of Factor's pioneering, studios now have special wig fittings as part of their productions. When a star like Linda Darnell has a special job done, it costs $400; but it is figured into the budget the same as props and other regular items. Executives have discovered that the expense is well justified: otherwise Linda would have to hold up shooting for several hours while the hairdresser went to great pains to fix her coiffure for every scene.

Factor's elaborate wig establishment is the largest in the world. Nearly all of the famous Hollywood males who

have bald pates get their toupees from Max Factor, and the female contingent forms a steady stream of those who want extra hair on their heads. Factor was the first to make non-detectable hairpieces, and developed the art to such a fine point that men can now get their toupees by mail.

Some of the stars are reluctant to let it be known that their head coverings are not their own. For years, Bing Crosby was in this group, and Factor had to send a man to the Groaner's home for fittings. Der Bingle has two toupees now, one of which he uses as a spare while the other is being reconditioned. Toupees need frequent cleanings. Crosby, like other stars, had to learn how to comb his newly acquired hair when he first received it.

Some of the entertainment big shots have different toupees for varying occasions. A certain cinema celebrity has five: one is slightly sun-bleached for beach wear and tennis; another is shiny for dancing; still another is a semi-crew-cut for motoring.

Charlie McCarthy, though, is the company's best customer; Factor's keep a plaster head of the renowned dummy for constant use in fashioning toupees. Edgar Bergen, Charlie's master, is a good customer, too. One day Max, Jr., presented a bill for hairpieces to Bergen, but Charlie popped out of the suitcase in which the comedian carries him and loudly demanded, "Hey, how about giving *me* the bill? I'm the guy who ought to get it!"

Until the early '20's, Factor's business remained mostly local, confined to movie people. But about that time, a Los Angeles sales outfit noticed the few tins of make-up and cleansing cream Factor had dropped on drugstore counters in the city. With the foresight that was to bring them tremendous dividends, the sales organization dropped all its items in favor of national concentration on Factor's products. The reaction was instantaneous. The clincher was Factor's slogan, "The make-up the stars use"—a true statement the company has employed since its founder bicycled many miles over dusty Hollywood trails.

Until this era, make-up was used mostly by theatrical folk and ladies of the oldest profession. Factor's spadework, though, started women in small towns and large using it. Even the term had been frowned upon, but for the first time in history women were now openly offered "make-up."

The royalty of the world and the crowned royalty of American society came to Max Factor's salon. One fabulously rich princess from India refused to let "pagan" hands touch her, however, and said a brush would have to be used in applying all make-up on her royal person. Max, a man of few words, advised her she would be happier in another shop, whereupon she suddenly remembered purification rites that would absolve her from such a sin. Just the opposite was the attitude of a new Swedish star who placed herself entirely in the make-up master's hands when she first came here. For ten days Factor experimented, and then emerged with Greta Garbo, as the public was to see her.

When sound came to films, newly trained engineers discovered that their sensitive microphones picked up the splutter of carbon arc lights. Tungsten

lamps were substituted, but their soft light brought a fresh problem of low illumination. This was solved with a new, highly sensitive film called Panchromatic. The new process registered more delicate variations of light and shade, and the long established Orthochromatic make-up could not meet the needs of the new film. Factor retired to his laboratory for five months, remaining incommunicado, for this unforeseen obstacle could ruin all of his years of labor.

When he emerged, however, exhausted but triumphant, he had doubled the range of facial tints. Moreover, he had met the challenge by evolving a new rouge, eyeshadow, and eyebrow and eyelash make-up in enough shades to suit the player's coloring. Max Factor "Panchromatic Make-up" resulted in the standardization of all screen make-up for the first time. It was thin and transparent enough to register naturally on the new and sensitive film. That year—1928—the man who had come to this country a few decades before had tears in his eyes as he accepted a special Academy Award for practically rescuing the industry.

Later, Technicolor presented a vexing problem. For a time it made all actors look as though they had yellow jaundice. Just before the one-time "immigrant boy" died, he had the satisfaction of seeing his Pancake Make-up show perfect results. Not only was it used for Technicolor, but it was almost immediately adapted to replace orthodox greasepaint for actors in black-and-white pictures. It was a short step into the field of society make-up, and it literally took the feminine public by storm.

As far back as 1930, the Factors were looking for basic make-up principles for television. By 1932, a make-up was ready for pioneer television players, and in 1946 Max, Jr., patented and presented Television Make-up. This was another first—the first perfected cosmetic material specifically designed for this new medium.

Today, the dynasty Max Factor built is a living tribute to his teaching. Davis, the oldest son, directs all of the firm's business activities, including foreign. He has a big task in coordinating large plants in Mexico City, Buenos Aires, Sydney, London, and Paris, as well as in overseeing distribution to all other key global points. Louis is in charge of mechanical production: manufacturing and packaging of products. Sidney heads the purchasing department. Max, Jr., 46-year-old direct successor to his father's creative genius, is the top creative and technical man. In addition to developing new cosmetics, he is rated one of the six greatest perfume creators and critics in the world.

According to Max, Jr., Hedy Lamarr needs the least corrective make-up. Dolores Del Rio, he says, has less use for eye make-up than any other beauty. His concept of the perfect American woman is one consisting of the composites of all national and racial strains.

"She would have deep blue Scandinavian eyes," he opines. "Give her the luxuriant brows and lashes of the Latins, the prominent cheek structure of Indians from our New England states, rugged Celtic mouth and lips,

and the imperious jaw line and carriage of the patrician English type."

Max Factor, Jr., believes firmly, however, that every woman can be attractive if she follows a few simple, basic rules. They are:

Underapply rather than overapply cosmetics.

Never copy any person's appearance in its entirety. If you are short and dumpy, for instance, do not imitate Esther Williams. If you insist on copying someone, be sure you are at least a counterpart of the person in age and physical appearance.

Cheek rouge ought to be used for corrective purposes, not just coloring. If your face is too full and round, or cheek-bones too prominent, you can pattern the rouge to shadow down defects to a minimum. Even a slight double chin can be minimized by applying rouge on the saggy area.

Put on lipstick more durably by following the motion picture technique. Apply it as usual. Blot off excess with make-up tissue. Powder over lipstick application. Blot powder even and smooth with make-up tissue. The powder will serve to cover much of the oil base in the lipstick. Now, very lightly and thinly go over that application with lipstick, which should be applied with a brush. Blot again with make-up tissue.

Never forget that your teeth are just as important as your other features. No matter how pretty you are, you are not at your best if tobacco stains or lipstick smudges mar your teeth.

You can be glamorous with glasses, Factor says. If wearing glasses of any degree of magnifying power, do your eye make-up extra carefully. If magnifying power is great, you would do better to eliminate eye make-up altogether.

But the most important piece of advice from expert Factor is this: whatever your special make-up problems may be, use cosmetics only to enhance your natural beauty, never to obliterate it.

"Our engagement's off, Sally. I just lost you to Stinky Jones in a marble game."

▲

A stockbroker was very keen on having proficient clerks in his employ. Before a clerk could enter his office he had to pass a written exam on his knowledge of business. One exam question was: "Who formed the first company?"

One bright young man was a little puzzled but he was not to be floored. He wrote: "Noah successfully floated a company while the rest of the world was in liquidation."

▲

Definition of a stenographer: A person to whom one dictates grammatical errors, and from whom one receives spelling errors.

Theatre for Town and Gown

The activity is strictly legitimate.

by MARY MANTZ

UNTIL William Shakespeare started shifting the scenery around, the Elizabethan theatre was usually stocked with moralizing miracle plays, not the rollicking farces or realistic tragedies that we now associate with it.

Credit Shakespeare for this transformation which was the birth of the theater as we know it today, but give an assist to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which lent scholars, poets and translators who contributed greatly to productions that still play to standing-room-only audiences in modern theatres.

Today our colleges and universities are providing impetus to another transformation that is changing the scope of comedy and drama here in America.

In the past, a Broadway address was needed to insure good theater to a playgoer in the United States. A hackneyed road show or whitewashed movie version of former New York hits was the usual fare for people outside the metropolitan area.

But now there are many hustling centers of theatrical activity between the footlights of Broadway and the klieg lights of Hollywood. As in Elizabethan times, an important contribution to this broadening of dramatic interest, which began with the growth of summer stock companies and little theatre movements, is being made by our colleges and universities with their playhouses and dramatic organizations.

The University of Kansas City is one of the schools which is proving that the legitimate theatre is far from dead. Its annual drama season develops fresh talent, original themes, and experimental techniques as a spur to the modern theatre; and in addition revives an appreciation of the classics.

For 16 seasons the University has been sponsoring dramatic activity, and in the past two years this activity has become amazingly widespread. Since the opening of the University of Kansas City Playhouse in October, 1948, its achievements have been a bright example to many larger theatre groups.

Few soldiers would recognize as the Playhouse on the campus of the University the former army post auditorium from Camp Crowder, Missouri. A modern facade has removed the boxy barracks look, and bright

colors and soft lighting within leave no traces of wartime drabness.

Structurally redesigned, the theatre now includes classrooms, office space, a lobby, and an exceedingly attractive, be-muraled lounge adjacent to the main theatre. Backstage are dressing rooms, costume storage space, a carpentry shop and large overhead loft and wing areas. The orchestra pit operates on a lift, and may be elevated to stage level for extra playing space. A projection booth permits the alternating of movies with stage productions.

One of the University of Kansas City's first drama directors helped to put the new Playhouse in the limelight. Blevins Davis, director of numerous Broadway and radio productions, returned to guest-direct the opening production, Maxwell Anderson's *Elizabeth the Queen.*

Davis imported Jane Cowl as star of the show, and filled the supporting cast with eager volunteers from the student body and surrounding community. Other such volunteers handled many technical assignments. Furniture, tapestries and armor—all original pieces of the period—were secured from private collections. Elaborate, accurately designed costumes were executed by a Dallas costumer and later presented to the University wardrobe collection.

The resulting slick professional-amateur production played to capacity houses for a week's engagement. Officers and members of the American National Theatre Association were among the opening night audience to applaud the initial effort of the Playhouse. The success of such efforts is one of the Association's primary goals. That group supports the production of plays in similar theatres throughout the country, thereby establishing a close working relationship between professional and community theatres.

Dr. John Newfield, regular Playhouse director, is ably equipped to develop such a relationship. Former director of the New York City Center Opera company, Newfield received his professional training in Vienna under Max Reinhardt, and has served as director-producer in the opera houses of Rome, Vienna, and Salzburg. Newfield contends that the University-community theatre affords an educational service that road shows cannot provide, and offers no real competition to established legitimate theatres. His aim is a 30-week theatrical season for the semi-professional theatre, combining the talents of important stars, prominent directors and skilled technicians with those of the community and the University.

The 1949-50 Playhouse season included four major productions, six chamber music concerts, a special ballet and native dance series, a summer "master teachers" music institute and opera workshop, three experimental plays, and numerous classes in dramatic study.

The variety of talent that goes into the productions shows the advantages of this dramatic activity as an outlet for community interest. Charles Holt, a senior at the University, rewrote the libretto to Offenbach's *Fair Helen* into a sprightly Americanized comedy. Ernest Manheim, a sociology

(*Continued on Page* 506)

IT HAPPENS IN SUN VALLEY

You don't need a big income to enjoy that Skier's Delight—Sun Valley

by DORICE TAYLOR

LAST winter at Sun Valley a boy of twelve and a South American business tycoon won their "one star" pins on the same day.

Who was more thrilled was hard to say, but their entire ski class met at tea in the lounge of the Lodge to offer congratulations. The "one star" pin is the lowest award of the Sun Valley ski school. A skier wins it by making a descent of Dollar mountain without a fall. As long as he stays on his two feet, he can, if he likes, have all day to come down and whether he makes the run in a wide and wobbling snowplow or in parallel christies makes not the slightest difference.

The boy of twelve was one of a family party staying in the chalets during a "Learn to Ski" week for a flat rate of $75 a week for all expenses including ski lessons. The business man had a deluxe suite in the Lodge with a wood-burning fireplace and a luxurious private sun deck. This made not a whit of difference to either.

The only thing that mattered was that the two had taken their first big forward step in the mastery of what undoubtedly is one of the most satisfying sports in the world. The fact that they had done it together and after the same number of lessons in the same class made them fast friends.

They also had joined the large and loyal group of Sun Valleyites who are convinced that the Idaho resort has everything a skier's heart desires—plus.

The "plus" comes in such extra dividends as the bright sunshine that takes the shivers out of skiing, the complete system of chair lifts that make going up the mountain almost as much fun as the downhill run, and the skating, dancing, bowling, and movies that add gayety to after-skiing hours and keep non-skiers amused and happy.

There also is the sheer beauty of

winter at Sun Valley. The spacious Lodge and rambling Challenger Inn are situated in a mile-high valley of the Sawtooth mountains, with vast white open slopes rolling down to the valley floor on three sides and 9250-foot Baldy mountain dominating the scene on the fourth. Add to this the crystal clear atmosphere and the unbelievably blue sky and it is easily understood why, as Sun Valley prepares for its 11th winter season, 60 per cent of advance reservations are held by those who have enjoyed a vacation in this winter wonderland before.

The resort will throw open its doors on December 21 this year for the first of its winter guests. Christmas is the season for family parties—families in which mother and father and the children all are enthusiastic skiers, and families that find Idaho a convenient place to meet sons and daughters from colleges and schools, East and West. Grandparents like to come and mix with a young crowd to escape the rocking chair brigade of other resorts. More often than not the Sun Valley vacation is an unforgettable Christmas present for the whole family.

In the perfect setting for a white Christmas, the festivities with which the holiday season is ushered in have become traditional. There is a torchlight procession of skiers down Dollar mountain just at dusk on Christmas Eve. Santa whirls in his sleigh through the arch at the Challenger Inn and arrives at the foot of the gigantic Christmas tree while carollers sing from every balcony around the village square. This is the night on which the management prays that snowflakes as big as silver dollars will come floating softly down and usually they do.

Each month thereafter brings its own crowd of guests. In January come the veteran skiers who like to ski when the snow is at its best and the powder lies deep, and soft as feathers, on the runs. February sees a gay, fashionable crowd, including celebrities from every part of the country, fill the resort to capacity.

In March the college crowd will again be schussing the slopes, and top-notch racers will arrive to train for the Harriman Cup races, March 17 and 18. For the experts, this will be a particularly exciting year, since try-outs for the 1952 Olympic slalom and downhill races will be held in the Valley on March 10 and 11.

All facilities of the resort are at the disposal of every guest. He can dine and dance where he chooses, and all the sports are there for his enjoyment.

According to a favorite skiing song, all a member of the hickory-slat fraternity needs for complete happiness is "Two boards upon cold powder snow." The directors of the Sun Valley ski school, which now has more than 33 instructors, know, however, that the average skier needs more than this. He needs terrain that will suit both his ability and his experience. It is for this reason that seven chair lifts are kept in operation.

Whatever slopes a skier tries, the most fun is in the ski classes. If he joins a class, his day goes about like this: He is up for breakfast and out to the ski-meeting-place near the Lodge to join his class by ten o'clock. If he is skiing on Dollar, he may come back to the village for lunch at twelve, or

he may lunch at the Dollar Cabin at the foot of that mountain.

On Baldy he will lunch three quarters of the way up the mountain at the Roundhouse, which has a mammoth stone fireplace open on four sides. For a change he may have a bowl of soup or a hamburger at the new warming hut at the top of the third lift. After lunch he will bask for awhile in the Alpine sunshine and acquire a coat of tan that will be the envy of Florida vacationists.

Two more hours of class and then back to the village for tea. This is the congenial hour of the day when new friends who met in the ski classes get together to talk about—skiing.

A dip in one of the outdoor artificially heated swimming pools, a hearty dinner and the skier is ready for bed. Or is he? Almost every evening sleighs leave the Inn or the Lodge and groups of young people sing their way up the snowcovered road to Trail Creek Cabin for an evening of folk dancing and games. The bowling alleys are filled with devotees, who watch the weekly scores posted on the bulletin board. Diehard atheletes skate on one of the three skating rinks under the low hanging stars, while less ambitious guests take in one of the latest movies at the Opera House. There is dancing in the Duchin Room to Harl Smith's WHB orchestra and in the Ram to music played by the Sun Valley Trio. There is something in the mountain atmosphere that distills enough energy in a person's veins for all these things.

There must be, for at ten o'clock the next morning they are out, ready and eager to be off to the mountains again.

▲

One little boy playing in the snow was having a wonderful time on his single ski —while the rest of his companions had the usual pair. A man stopped the boy and said to him, "Sonny, you ought to have two skis!"

The boy grinned up at him. "I know I ought to have, Mister. But you can have an awful good time on one ski if you only got one ski."

▲

An Easterner was being driven by a rancher over a blistering and almost barren stretch of West Texas when a gaudy bird, new to him, scurried in front of them. The Easterner asked what it was.

"That is a bird of paradise," said the rancher.

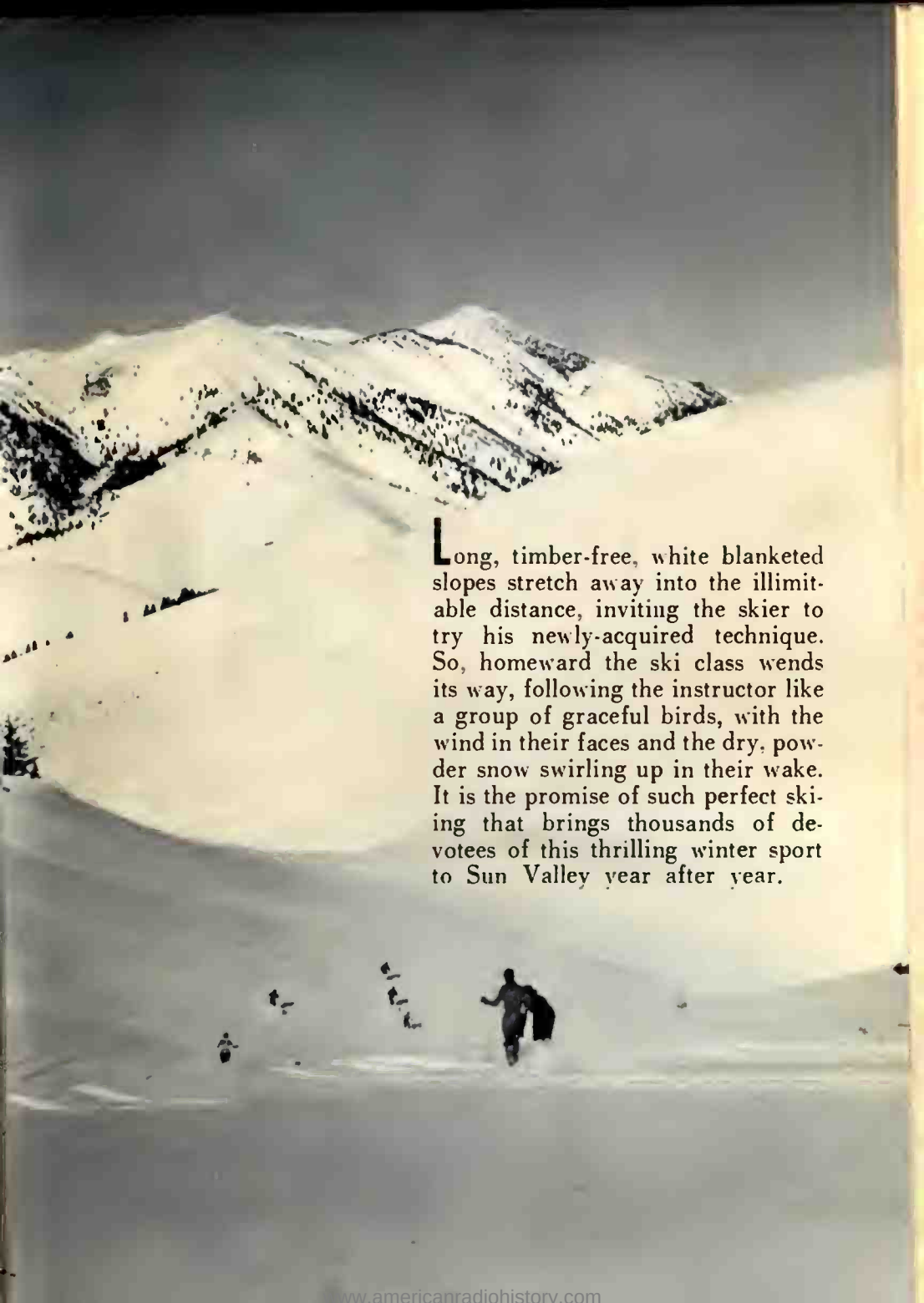
The stranger rode on in silence for a time, and then said, "Pretty long way from home, isn't he?"

Don't brood—you're a human being, not a hen.

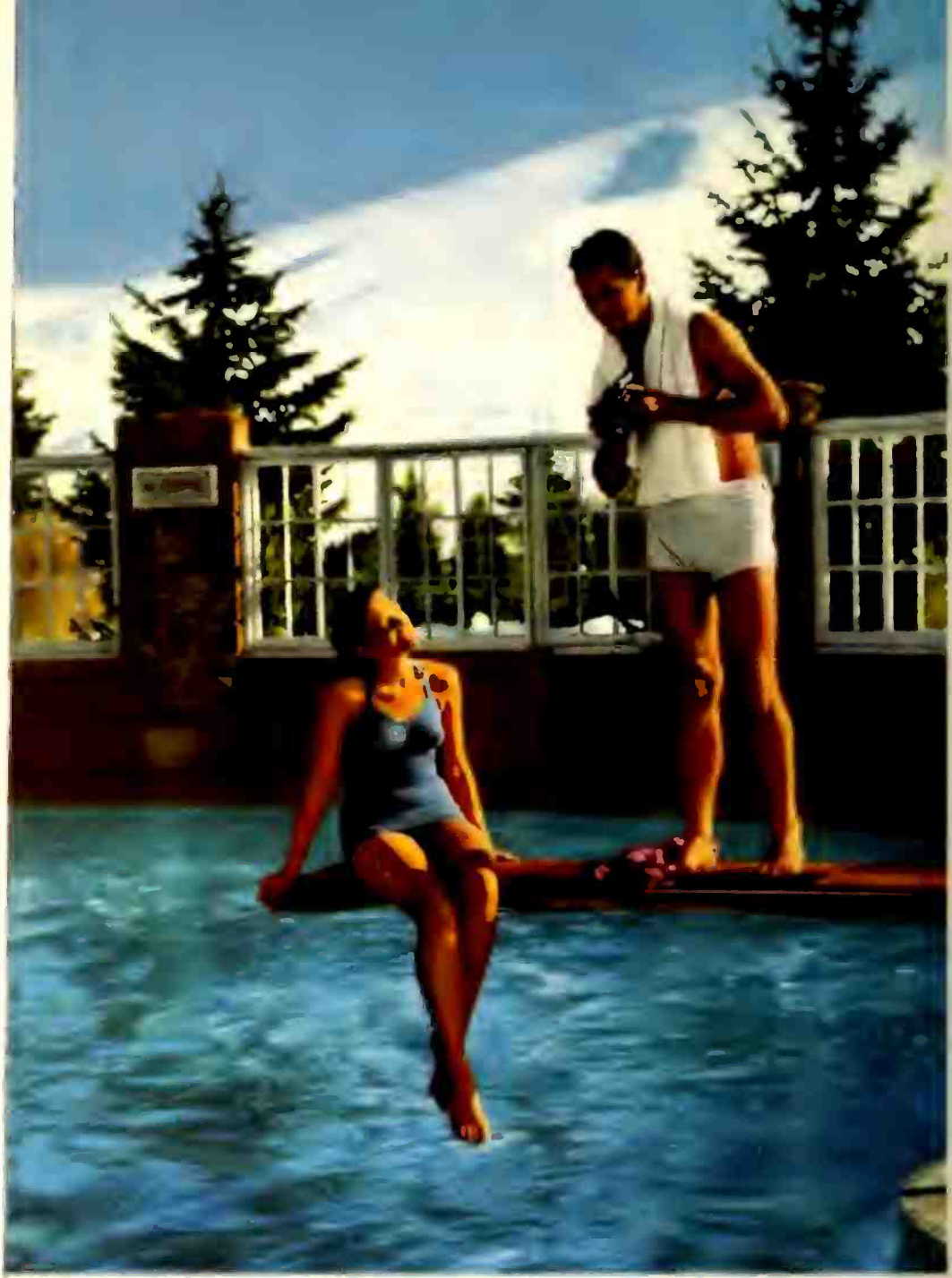
▲

"It's surprising how it adds up—I get a nickel for cleaning up my plate, another nickel for going to bed, another for—"

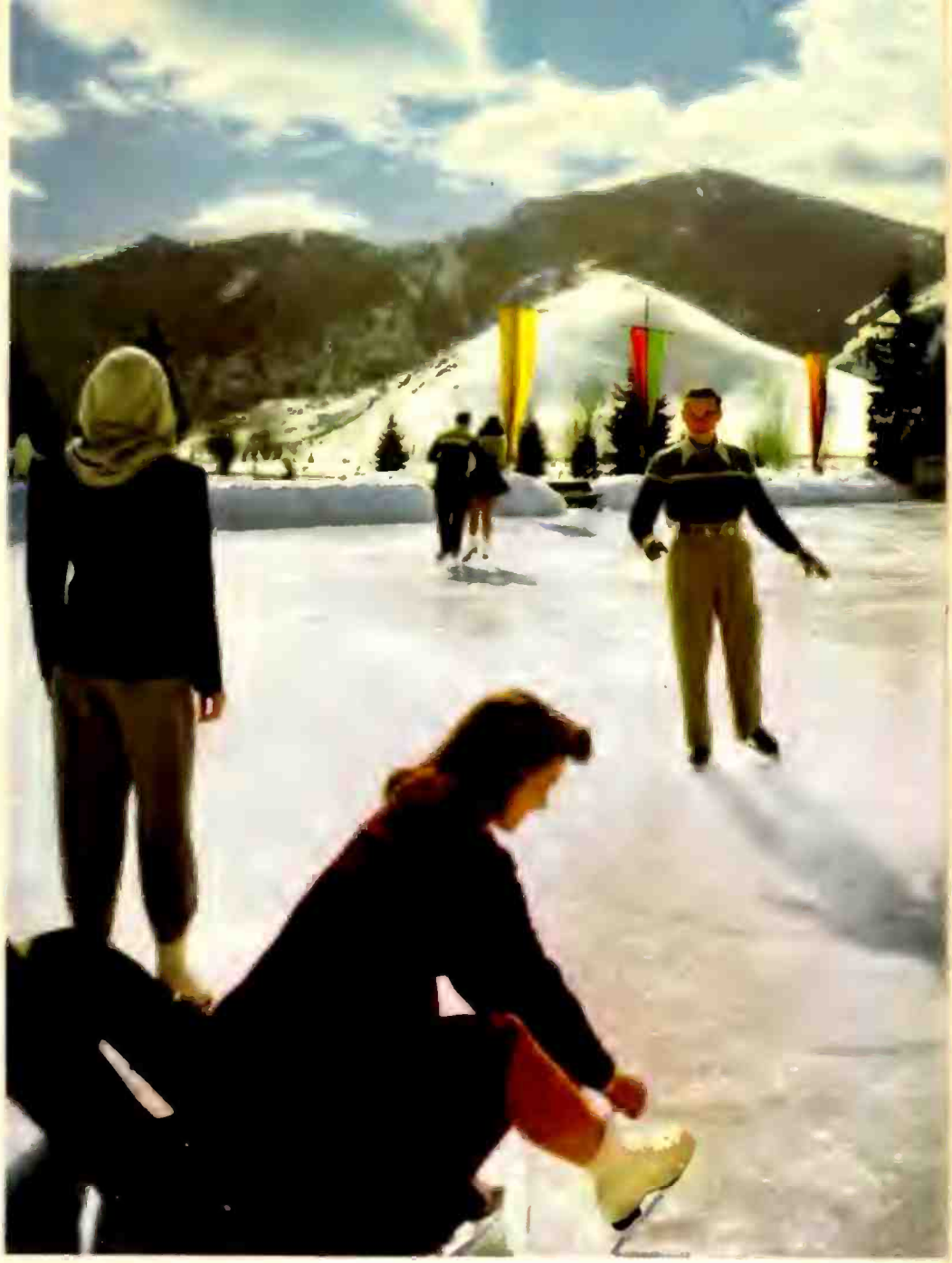
One of the world's favorite year 'round funlands . . . Union Pacific's Sun Valley, in the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho.



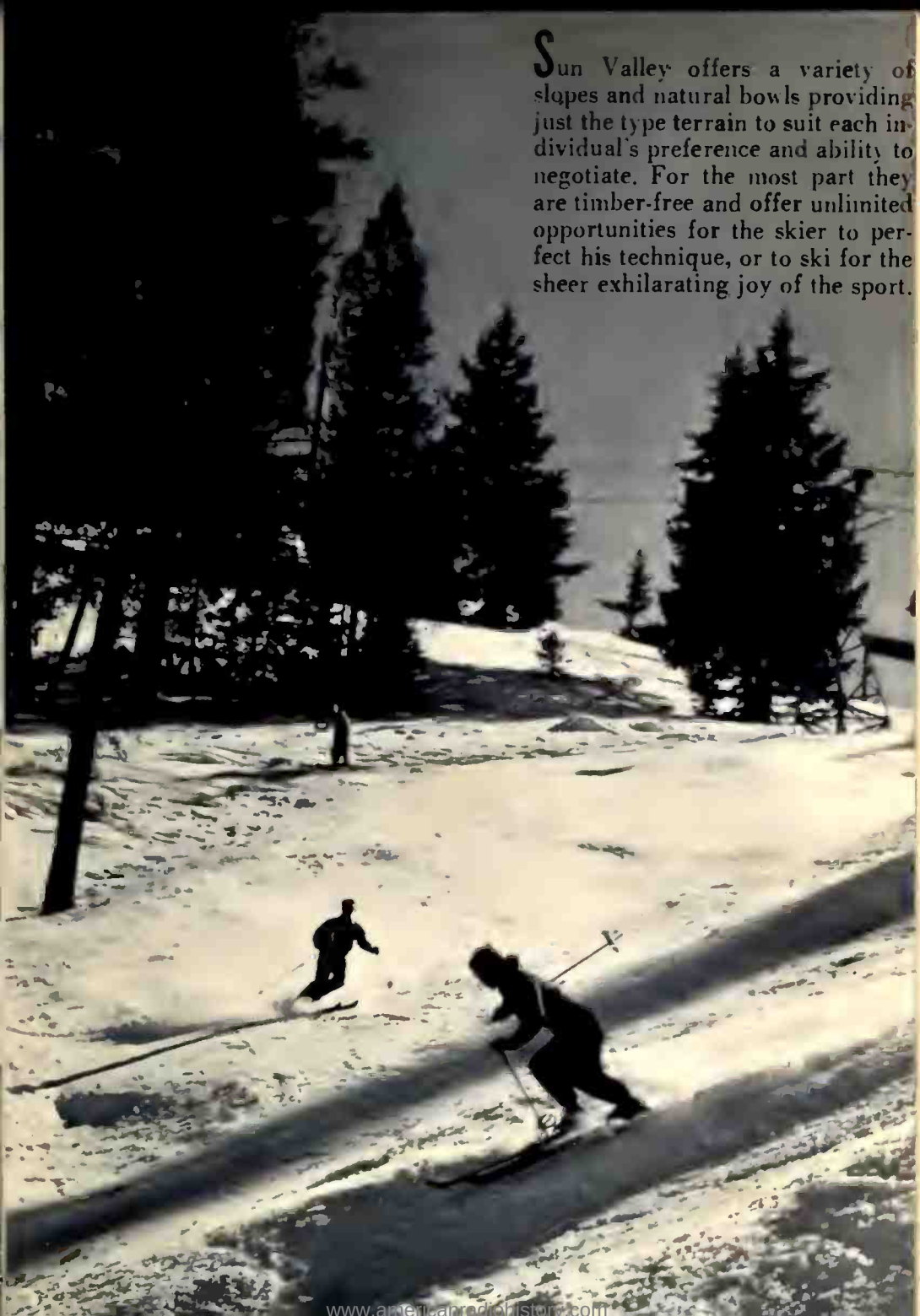
Long, timber-free, white blanketed slopes stretch away into the illimitable distance, inviting the skier to try his newly-acquired technique. So, homeward the ski class wends its way, following the instructor like a group of graceful birds, with the wind in their faces and the dry, powder snow swirling up in their wake. It is the promise of such perfect skiing that brings thousands of devotees of this thrilling winter sport to Sun Valley year after year.



No publicity "stunt," but one of Sun Valley's fondest pastimes . . . wintertime warm-water swimming in two glass-inclosed pools.



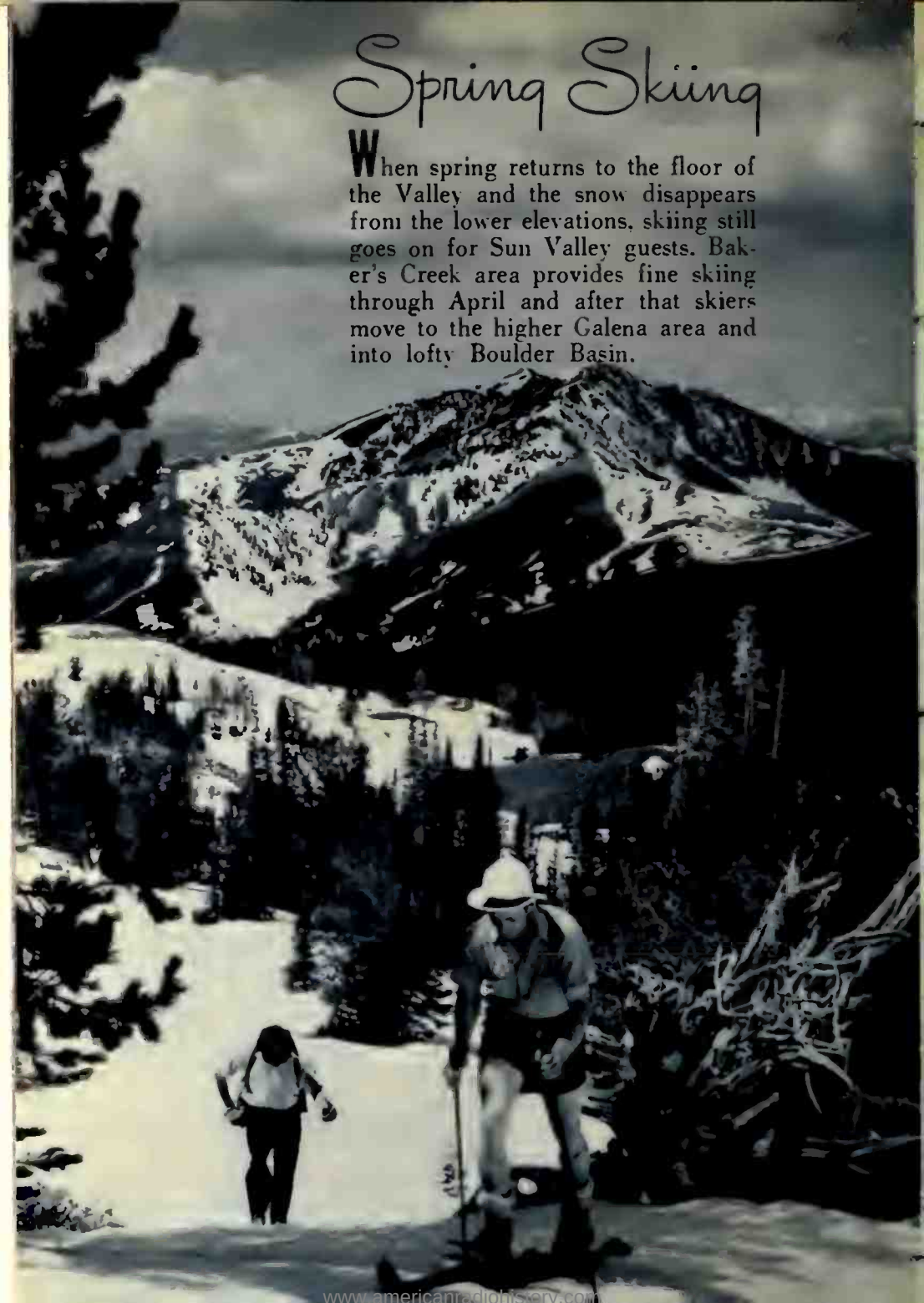
Winter or summer, skating takes on a new, delightful meaning at Sun Valley. Two natural rinks in winter—and a mechanically-frozen rink in summer.

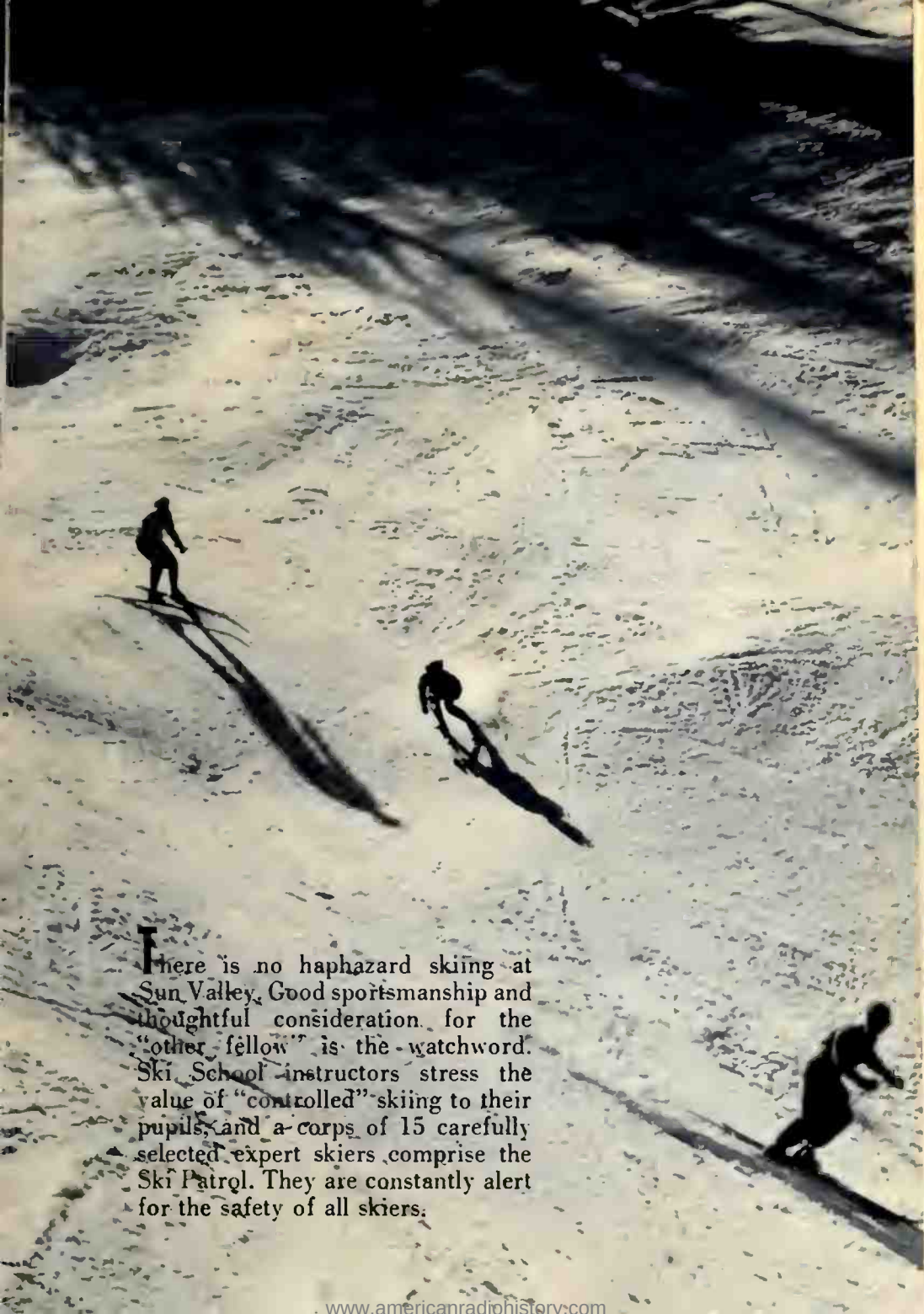


Sun Valley offers a variety of slopes and natural bowls providing just the type terrain to suit each individual's preference and ability to negotiate. For the most part they are timber-free and offer unlimited opportunities for the skier to perfect his technique, or to ski for the sheer exhilarating joy of the sport.

Spring Skiing

When spring returns to the floor of the Valley and the snow disappears from the lower elevations, skiing still goes on for Sun Valley guests. Baker's Creek area provides fine skiing through April and after that skiers move to the higher Galena area and into lofty Boulder Basin.





There is no haphazard skiing at Sun Valley. Good sportsmanship and thoughtful consideration for the "other fellow" is the watchword. Ski School instructors stress the value of "controlled" skiing to their pupils, and a corps of 15 carefully selected expert skiers comprise the Ski Patrol. They are constantly alert for the safety of all skiers.

Proper skiing technique should be acquired to fully enjoy the sport in all its spine-tingling and thrilling sensations. At Sun Valley you will find an expert corps of instructors bringing their classes along with amazing speed. The beginner, after a few lessons, is usually surprised at his own mastery of the fundamentals and his skill in negotiating the gentler slopes with ease and confidence. Advanced skiers, also, profit by instruction in the Sun Valley Ski School.

Harl Smith's WHB Orchestra from Kansas City has played at Sun Valley ever since the resort opened. Here is a typical dinner-dance scene at the Duchin Room, Sun Valley Lodge.

Ski Meets . . .

With the abundance of superb skiing features and facilities it is only natural that Sun Valley is a favored site for various meets of national and international importance throughout the winter and early spring seasons. The annual Harriman Cup races, usually held the latter part of March when the spring snow is at its best, attract a brilliant field of skiers and thousands of fascinated spectators.

Swing Presents

James M. Kemper

The Man of the Month

by W. H. BRADFORD

EVER since the days of the fabled W. T. Kemper, to be a Kemper in Kansas City is to be a banker. If you're Jim Kemper, you're at the Commerce Trust—if you're Crosby, the City National. Probably no great city in America, other than Kansas City, has two brothers who are heads of such large rival banking institutions —big banks, fiercely competitive! A third brother, W. T. Kemper, Jr., is president of the Kemper Investment Company, with interests in ten community banks which are in a sense competitors. Being a Kemper in Kansas City is a lot rougher than you imagine it to be!

Big James M. Kemper, SWING'S nominee for Man of the Month, has had to show people that he could be a success in his own right, without depending on the financial prestige of his father.

When you walk into his office, a tall, rangy man rises from his chair and greets you earnestly with a firm handclasp. Cool, smooth, friendly, and humorous, he has the ability to put people at ease immediately. Listen to his conversation, and you realize that here, indeed, is a man who is wise, direct, forceful, and self-assured. Here, too, is a modest man, one who says: "The staff makes this bank; the organization spirit is what makes it successful."

As a youth, Jim Kemper decided to commit his life to banking. His decision, no doubt, was due to his father whose advice Jim treasured. There is pride in his voice when he says, "My father never gave any bad advice, it was always good and right."

At the University of Missouri, Jim did the things expected of a W. T. Kemper son. He became a member of Phi Delta Theta social fraternity, played football, and dabbled enough in campus politics to become president of his senior class. He bummed the thousand miles on railroads necessary for the "honor" of joining the secret society, Quo Vadis. He even rode the rods from Moberly to Macon—which takes courage as well as physical strength.

After graduation in 1916, Jim went to work in a bank at Enid, Okla., owned by his father. In those days, a beginner did other jobs besides keeping books, such as sweeping out the bank. When the U. S. A. entered World War I, Jim thought to satisfy his dream of many years, flying. But a defective ear, the same one in which he wears a hearing aid today, grounded him. Always hopeful of flying, he was kept on the ground the rest of the war, ending it as post adjutant at Clichy outside Paris.

Before joining the army, Jim had married. On his return in 1919, Mrs. Kemper was in poor health. Doctors recommended that they move to California. There Jim began what he calls an "office boy's job" with the National City Company. Two months later, he was a salesman of stocks and bonds, and happy to be strictly on his own.

Jim Kemper claims two "handicaps"! One is the magic name of Kemper, which he overcame by going away from the home town, and proving to himself and others that he didn't need help. The other is all 6 feet 5 inches of him, because he feels that people resent being looked down upon. He solves this by using low chairs when sitting, and by sitting whenever possible.

Just when the bond salesman was beginning to make good—the preceding month his commissions had been a healthy $1600—his father wired him that there was a place in the Commerce Trust Company for him. It was a difficult decision; but since he had always wanted to be a banker, Jim and his wife came home. Here, along with his regular work of greeting customers and opening accounts at the Commerce, he had the sideline of directing rescue operations at the bank in Enid, Okla., where he had originally begun. The bank was in difficulties—but young Kemper's sagacity, hard work and banking skill pulled it out.

The Commerce Trust Company of Kansas City has had a long history. In April of 1865, a group formed the Kansas City Savings Association to help foster the growth and development of Kansas City. It was the original predecessor to the present company. In 1882 the Association was re-chartered under the name of "Bank of Commerce of Kansas City, Missouri"; and during the early years of the twentieth century, the Commerce became the largest bank west of Chicago. In 1906, the Commerce Trust Company was organized. Under the vigorous leadership of its president, W. T. Kemper, it continued to grow.

The older Kemper's conception of the banking business was unique at that time. He felt that a banker did

not have to be cold and unapproachable in order successfully to analyze and pass on loans and investments. In the bank quarters, customers were greeted by their first names and made to feel very much at home.

This was the bank to which Jim Kemper returned from California. He became as expert at diagnosing bad loans as a skilled doctor diagnosing diseases. His experience and wisdom were evident a few years later during the Florida real estate boom, bubble and bust. His only advice to prospective land buyers in those days was to "stay out of it." He gave the same good advice in 1929 against plunging in the stock market.

Named the "boy banker" in this period because of his rapid rise in banking circles, Jim was made president of the Commerce in 1925. Many thought he was chosen solely because of his financial connections. But in 1922, three years earlier, W. T. Kemper had sold all his interests in the bank. The first consideration, therefore, was the ability of the individual who was to head a great banking institution. The Commerce directors realized that Jim Kemper was the man they needed.

By the fall of 1932 continued stresses were showing in the banking picture. Bank failures had increased rapidly. From 30,000 banks in operation in the United States, the number declined to about 18,000 by December 31, 1932. Theodore Gary and Company decided at this time to dispose of their sizable interest in the Commerce. W. T. Kemper stepped forward and offered to purchase at $86 a share.

In March of 1933, the crisis began. But the showmanship of his father, and the maturity of Jim, pulled the Commerce through a period when so many other banks failed. With depositors lined up to withdraw their money, W. T. Kemper passed among them handing out apples—and a "run" on the bank failed to materialize.

The years 1933 to 1938 were years of growth for the Commerce Trust Company, headed by W. T. Kemper as chairman, and Jim Kemper as president. In January of 1938, W. T. died, and Jim became chairman of the board. He refers to this as being "kicked upstairs."

Jim Kemper's philosophy of banking is reflected in his slogan, "If the customers prosper, we prosper." He has always stressed the fact that it is the common man who keeps a bank going; and, like his father, has endeavored to make sure the common man feels it is *his* bank . . . the "people's bank." Coupled with that conception are the many things in the organization which make the employees happy to feel they are part of the bank.

Chief among these is the Commerce retirement plan, in effect since 1922, a period of 28 years. Under this plan, begun long before other banks adopted such plans, an employee is retired at 65 at half his highest salary. This, Jim feels, provides "job incentive" and "job security"—leads the employees to feel there is a chance to get ahead and to retire at 65 in comfort.

The other big factor in the bank organization is a training program instituted several years ago. Under this plan, several men enter training at

one time. The usual period of training is about one and a half years, depending on the speed with which the individual learns.

The trainee need not have a college background, although it is preferred. The main things are ability, intelligence, and push. The departments included in this program are: analysis, bonds, bookkeeping, country bank bookkeeping, collections, credit, discount, domestic exchange, foreign exchange, real estate, savings, transit, and trust operations.

By working and studying in the various departments, the trainees obtain a comprehensive idea of the overall banking structure and how it functions. They constantly improve their positions and have an opportunity to advance in the organization. This program has attracted so much interest that queries come in from all over the United States, asking if there is room for applicants in the training program. From Texas, New York, California and Minnesota they come—eager to train at the Commerce and make banking their profession.

For many years, Jim was both chairman and president with the bank's busiest office on the lobby floor. In 1948, he relinquished the title of president. Now, sitting in his "upstairs" office, he feels that he can relax and think. As he puts it, "I am now off the firing line."

To get "off the firing line" required years of work, and canny skill in recruiting and training the team which runs the bank. An important part of this is to get the "right" directors—some of them from the bank's own organization, others from "outside," active in businesses which are a vital part of the community.

Jim proved to be a master at this sort of negotiation. Since he became president in 1925, he personally has had a large part in securing as directors fourteen of the twenty men now on the bank's Board. Their names and business connections indicate the "penetration" of the Commerce in the community:

Benj. C. Adams, president of The Gas Service Company, owned by Cities Service.

Barney L. Allis, president of the Trianon Hotel Company, operating the Hotel Muehlebach. Mr. Allis also directs the Allis Hotel in Wichita, and the Connor in Joplin.

George W. Dillon, banker, vice-chairman of the Commerce Board.

A. B. Eisenhower, executive vice-president of the Commerce, and one of the famous Eisenhower brothers.

Ralph L. Gray, president of the Sheffield Steel Corporation.

A. L. Gustin, Jr., president of the Gustin-Bacon Manufacturing Company.

James M. Kemper, Jr., vice-president of the Commerce.

Jo Zach Miller III, former Commerce official, now retired.

John D. Leland, vice-president of the Long-Bell Lumber Company.

Victor A. Newman, vice-president and treasurer of Woolf Brothers.

Miller Nichols, president of the J. C. Nichols Company.

Frank A. Theis, president of the Simonds-Shields-Theis Grain Company.

H. P. Wilhelmsen, president of the

W. S. Dickey Clay Manufacturing Company.

Joseph C. Williams, president of the Commerce.

Others on the Board of Directors are: Gordon T. Beaham, president of the Faultless Starch Company; Cliff C. Jones, president of R. B. Jones & Sons, Inc.; James Ketner, chairman of the Plaza Bank of Commerce; L. L. Marcell, investor; Thomas McGee, of Thos. McGee & Sons; and Bryce B. Smith, a director of General Baking Company.

Jim Kemper still puts in a full working day. He gets down to the bank at nine each morning and stays till five or five-thirty. He goes to bed between 10 and 12 each night; and not, as he puts it, "with pad and pencil or book at the bedside. I go right to sleep." Part of the charm of his large and beautifully furnished office lies in the little garden plot on the roof outside his west window. Ten by twenty feet in size, it is surrounded by a brown wooden fence. The grass is glossy green turf, with some of the city's pigeons on it; and flowers around the edge. The authentic rural touch is a little bird house attached to the fence.

Indicative of Jim's even temperament as a boss is the fact that he has had only two secretaries in 35 years. His secretary briefs him on callers before they enter, and he takes a personal pride in answering his own phone. On trips to other cities, where he likes to woo new accounts for the Commerce, he is thoroughly briefed by his competent staff on the people he is to see. Notes as to their personal and business doings—their home life and children—their vacation plans and hobbies—their civic achievements. He can visit with them as an old friend, indeed.

The Commerce Trust Company, under the vigorous leadership of Jim Kemper, has had many banking "firsts." One is the banking seminar held yearly. Executives of correspondent banks gather to discuss the problems they face, and the possible solutions. They get first hand information on the very latest banking methods. Jim feels that this makes the correspondent stronger and it gives opportunity for an illuminating exchange of ideas.

Another "first" is the Commerce Garage. In 1940, it was concluded that the bank needed a sizable garage located next door for the convenience of bank customers and Commerce Building tenants. The land offsetting the bank on Main Street was purchased, a beautiful garage and store building was built, new tenants were secured, and in June of 1941, the new garage was opened. As existing shop leases expired, the entire ground floor area was finally cleared for the in-

stallation of the "World's Largest Downtown Drugstore" by Katz Drug Company. It's a modern miracle of merchandising, where one can buy almost anything except a threshing machine.

Still another achievement in which the Commerce had a hand is the Midwest Research Institute. This is a nonprofit organization founded by a group of forward-looking citizens to help the future welfare of Kansas City and the surrounding territory. Commerce directors were leaders in its inception and launching. It furthers development through research in agriculture, minerals, and industrial processes. Opened in June of 1944, it has from the beginning made significant achievements in its two broad fields of research in the resources of this region, and confidential research for private industry. It also renders consultant and advisory services.

Loans are the biggest end of the banking business, and from them comes much of a bank's profit. No bank, Jim feels, can afford to gamble with depositors' money and stockholders' money on chancy loans. Therefore, loans are made to those with useful products or services that will fill a genuine need or build the community, and to those who have ideas, energy, ability, honesty, and a progressive attitude. But loans are made to consumers, too, not just businessmen. The Commerce will loan to anyone; and the bank has the largest consumer credit in Kansas City.

For those who seek a banking connection, Jim has some suggestions. "Be sure to look it over. Your bank must give you sound, constructive advice, something you can build on. The most important thing is to get acquainted with the bank. Meet the officers, learn the services you can get, consider the matter thoroughly, and always remember, make up your own mind."

As the years roll on, Jim has relinquished many of his hobbies and pursuits. His 2,084-acre farm four miles south of Belton is a going business where he often rides to his herd of grade cattle. Just recently he purchased five purebred Hereford bulls. When at home, 1231 West 57th Street, he can frequently be found in his basement workshop. Here, midst the manual tools, he is known as "Mr. Fix-It." For twenty years Jim played polo and rode to the Mission Valley Hunt Club hounds. But he is inactive now in both, and prefers beekeeping. At one time he kept bees in his backyard; but now he has ten colonies at the farm.

Much of his interest lies in civic affairs. He is chairman of the Downtown Committee, devoted to investigating downtown Kansas City conditions and creating improvements.

Jim feels that a strong downtown area is essential to the progress of any city. "Two of Kansas City's biggest problems," he says, "are downtown parking facilities and traffic. Any city needs to have a lot of parking space to attract merchants and customers, and this means that traffic must flow smoothly and continuously." Some of this problem will be solved when the eight million dollar Southwest Trafficway is opened this fall. A magnificent new Express Way will speed traffic over the railroad tracks and Southwest Boulevard; fan out in all directions at Penn Valley Park; and provide a vital new traffic link with rapidly

growing Johnson County, Kansas. Another traffic improvement on the docket is the projected fifteen million dollar Sixth Street Express Way, to relieve congestion and speed traffic in Kansas City's North End.

The most recent improvement urged by Jim's committee is the beautification of the Union Station Plaza. Jim feels that in its present condition, visitors entering the city for the first time do not get the right impression. "Kansas City is a beautiful city, and we should eliminate these eyesores." The city has at last begun work on widening both Pershing Road and 24th Street. Trees and shrubs will be planted and one-way traffic will be installed, to make a beautiful approach to the station. On the south, "Signboard Hill" is to be cut down and replaced with a building containing a bus terminal, offices and shops.

"The future of Kansas City is limitless," says Jim. "With our balance between industry and agriculture, and as a central point of transportation for distribution, Kansas City is just really getting started. We can spread out as far as we want to, and grow! And we *are* growing—not in a flash—but in steady, sure progression. Kansas City has no ceiling."

SWING salutes the Man-of-the-Month, James M. Kemper. A modest man; but one who has brought to Kansas City a kind of leadership it needs, one who believes in the future of the city, and one who spares no pains to put that belief into practice.

It is fitting to quote the inscription on the picture of W. T. Kemper which hangs in Jim's office. "To my Jim, who has always come without my calling."

And, fitting to note that young Jim Kemper, Jr., at present a vice-president in the Commerce, is following in his father's footsteps. They say he will equal his father in banking ability; and he, too, is picking up his banking savvy in the ranks. He's on the "front line" in the lobby with a desk at the rail—no private office!—greeting all comers, and making them feel at home. It's part of the plan to make the Commerce "the people's bank."

▲

Ad Men—Attention!!

ADVERTISING men would do well to take a few pointers from some of the advertising copy that appears in ads for the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus which came to Kansas City, September 13-14.

Typical one column "two line splash": Dashing Danubian Display of Distinguished Haute Ecole Horsemanship." And: "JUNGLE DRUMS," Rousing, Rhythmic Mumbo Jumbo Jubilee with Native Girls, Boys, and Elephants." And:

"Seville," Enchanting Ethereal Extravaganza With Beautiful PINITO DEL ORO, Spain's Queen of the Air & Sixty Soaring Senoritas."

The circus, playing in New York, brought this comment from Brooks Atkinson, of the New York Times: "This year's beauty is Pinito del Oro, who insists upon standing and swinging on a high trapeze without steadying herself with her hands. On the opening night the men in the audience were very sympathetic with Signora Oro and very relieved when she got down safely. No one that beautiful need risk her life in a balancing act. For the peace of mind of the male citizenry, Signora Oro ought to be grounded."

Someone commented that Philip of Macedon was noticeable for drinking freely. "That," said Demosthenes, "is a good quality in a sponge but not in a king."

▲

"What is the defendant's reputation for veracity?" asked the Judge.

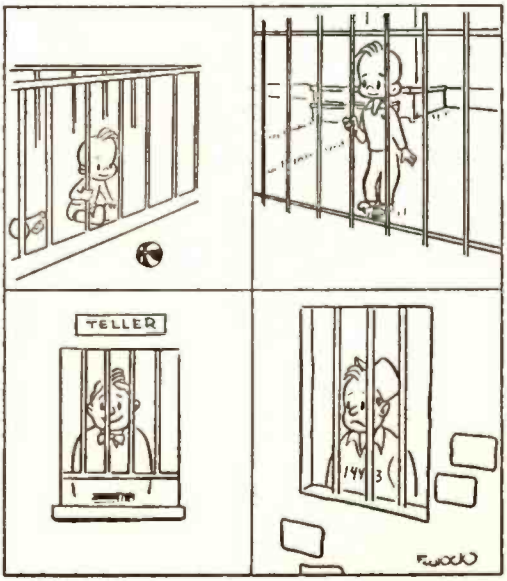
"Your honor," said the witness, "I have known him to admit that he had been fishing all day and hadn't gotten a single bite!"

▲

When someone asked the famous clown, Fratellini, why he had never married, he replied, "When you are thirsty, do you throw yourself into the river?"

▲

When Leo Blech was rehearsing an orchestra in Berlin, preparatory to giving an opera he himself had composed, he had trouble in getting the players to follow him over a particularly difficult passage. The fifth time through it, a bass player cleared his throat and nervously but openly declared: "I don't think we'll make it, Mr. Blech. The same passage causes us trouble when we play 'Aida'."



"He was building a boat in it when I turned around and . . ."

▲

Patsy, 6 and Mary, 3, were talking about their night prayers.

"Now be sure you remember your favorite relatives," their mother cautioned. "Always say 'God bless all my aunts and uncles'."

"But," objected the little girls, "how can we say 'God bless 'em' when we've never heard 'em sneeze?"

▲

The new church was nearly finished and the inside furnishings were in place. Proudly he bragged, "You should see the altar in my church!"

The girl responded eagerly, "Lead me to it!"

▲

Hecklers don't always get the best of it—if you're tempted to interrupt an election speaker, remember this cautionary tale.

Lloyd George once began a speech, "I am here . . ." He paused a moment and a would-be humorist shouted: "So am I." "Quite so," said George. "But you're not all there."

The old-fashioned bubble bath may have been taken in a milkshake.

by WEBB B. GARRISON

TEXAS GUINAN, queen of the night clubs, equipped her bathroom with two electric stoves and a silk-covered divan. To complete the atmosphere of luxury, the device upon which the tissue was wound concealed a music box that rendered Wagner when a sheet was removed!

High-flying antics in the bathroom have not been restricted to the female of the species. Clarence Darrow sometimes took as many as three hot baths in a single evening. Paul Manship, the sculptor, fitted his tub with an enormous canopy giving a pictorial history of the triumph of sanitation over sentiment.

George Blumenthal, of New York, insisted that he could bathe better in a tub carved from a solid block of black Italian marble. His whimsy set him back a trifling $50,000. Hubert B. Parson, New Jersey capitalist, went in for bathrooms furnished in period styles. The three dozen baths in his Long Branch mansion cost him a mere quarter of a million dollars.

Our sturdy forebears would have been mildly amazed at the idea of such extravagent surroundings for one's ablutions. In fact, they would have been amazed at the suggestion that they wash themselves all over with soap and water.

The most ancient and honorable of orders of British knighthood is called "The Order of the Bath," because initiates were for centuries ceremonially bathed—in clear water, without soap. Enlisting in the defense of right against wrong, truth against falsehood, and honor against dishonor, the purpose of washing candidates was "to show how bright and pure ought to be the lives of those who engage in a noble enterprise."

Unless a doughty warrior happened to topple into a river while risking his life to rescue a fair maiden, the

ceremonial initiation was the one bath of a lifetime. Chivalry was in flower, but soap was not. The poets who pen dainty verses about the intrepid King Arthur and his gallant knights preserve a dignified silence on the subject of cleanliness of person. Sir Launcelot wore unsullied armor that dazzled the eye; but his aroma was that of the barnyard. Tennyson sings of the lily-white character of Elaine, "the fair maid of Astolat," but discreetly fails to mention that her neck was dirty.

Even the fastidious few who admitted that the human body does not always emit the fragrance of the violet did not wage a crusade for cleanliness. Their tactics were, at best, defensive. It would have been too absurdly simple to take a bath and remove the accumulated aromas. Far better to adopt a system of camouflage.

Lavish use of scented powder, aromatic oils, and perfume became the order of the day. Fashionable belles bought cologne by the gallon, powder by the barrel. Men suddenly became conscious of their redolence and adopted desperate measures to combat it.

Francis Bacon, philosopher, essayist, and Lord Chancellor of England, was among those who took the matter to heart. Every morning during his later life he had his servants rub him down with oil of almonds and table salt. Then he fumigated himself with the smoke from a mixture of tobacco, bay leaves, aloes, and rosemary. The idea of using soap and water seems never to have entered his mind.

Great ladies, particularly in France and England, began to vie with one another at inventing new methods to enhance their charms. The numerous enemies of Ninon de L'Enclos, voluptuous temptress of the late French Empire, were puzzled when she began retiring to a locked and barred room to receive a daily beauty treatment. The session seldom lasted less than an hour, and it was widely rumored that the Devil himself officiated.

Attempts by bribing her servants to divulge what went on in the secret room were unsuccessful. But even at ninety, Ninon's complexion was clearer than that of rivals half her age. And though she used far less perfume than was customary, she smelled more like a flower than did the youngest bud at court. Upon her death in 1705, the private room was opened and found to contain a crude bathtub!

Though she did not invent the tub, her use of it gave the device a powerful impetus. A notable conservative was Madame de Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV and fashion arbiter of her day. She boldly admitted preferring perfume to the use of soap and water. After her death, her palace was rebuilt. Workmen finally discovered in an isolated room the one bathtub which the establishment boasted. But instead of using it for the purpose intended, Pompadour had turned it into a miniature fountain, complete with a spouting statue!

In spite of a few such reactionaries, cleanliness was rapidly becoming the order of the day. By the late eighteenth century, most upper-class women had become reconciled to the

idea of bathing the entire body. But the practice was almost entirely limited to members of the fair sex.

Even Napoleon did not escape criticism when the news leaked out that he bathed frequently. Male members of European royalty agreed, with one accord, that the French ruler bathed because he was a snob and a show-off. Veteran soldiers confidently predicted that he would ruin his health by washing off the protective coat built over his body by Nature.

On this side of the Atlantic, public sentiment in favor of the tub lagged a few years behind that in Europe. The life of William Pinkney, the statesman, covered approximately the same period as that of The Little Corporal. Though he refused to buy a tub, the American bathed daily from a wash-pan. After concluding his ablutions, he invariably draped himself with thin gauze and, so-attired, had body servants throw fine salt on him. The salt, so he affirmed, would preserve the skin and counteract the harmful effect of soap and water!

As late as the Civil War period, *Godey's Lady's Book* regarded the tub as a device which one should use with caution and moderation. The mirror of fashion and model of etiquette for the period, the editor declared in one issue: "Once a week is enough for a decent person to wash himself all over, and whether in summer or winter, that ought to be done with the greatest of caution!"

There is no foundation, however, to the popular belief that the tub was once banned by law. The official attitude seems to have been one of indifference; if people were so foolish as to risk thir health by bathing, it was their own business.

In spite of determined resistance, the bath continued to win steady victories. Not the least important was the adoption by Vassar College of a rule making it mandatory for every girl to take two tub-baths weekly. To ensure the observance of the rule, students were long required to report each Monday morning when baths for the previous week were taken!

Just when the triumph of soap and water seemed assured, Anna Held introduced American women to the custom of bathing in milk. No new idea, since very early times it has been a popular delusion that a flawless complexion may be gained thereby. Many famous beauties of earlier times practiced it. Male devotees included the famous Marquis of Queensberry and Sultan Abdul-Hamid II, of Turkey. Sarah Bernhardt frequently spent the entire morning soaking in warm milk—and sometimes received callers while lolling in the tub.

Various other substitutes for soap and water flourished for a time. A group of wealthy European women headed by Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, bathed daily in distilled water. Going to the other extreme, the Empress Josephine filled her tub with a mixture of milk, honey, and crushed strawberries. Beau Brummel, the famous dandy and man-about-town, added the yolks of eight dozen eggs to his bath.

Such unconventional beauty treatments have had their brief day on the

skin and disappeared, but the bath goes marching on. Even the frantic appeals and protests of small boys are futile, and seem to be growing less determined with each passing generation. His forces strengthened by radio serials and singing commercials, King Tub is in the bathroom to stay!

▲

He returned to his office building after hours to pick up some forgotten papers and found the single elevator man on night duty deeply engrossed in 20-odd pounds of Webster's Unabridged. "What're you looking up?" he asked the man.

"Nuttin'."

"Nothing?"

"Nope. Readin'. I'm to 'RA' now. Ain't gonna be runnin' a elevator all m'life."

▲

The sweet young thing was taken by her boy friend to a sleight-of-hand show. The "Prof" was reading a book through one thickness of cloth, then another page through two thicknesses, then three. The girl could stand it no longer and started to leave.

"What's the matter?" asked her escort. "Don't you like the performance?"

"John," she replied, "this is no place for a decent girl in a cotton dress."

▲

Some girls become dietitians; others dye and become titians.

There's something to be said for living in Russia at that: You'd never lose an election bet.

▲

The great composer, Liszt, is said to have called upon Rossini with a letter of introduction. Rossini asked him to play, listened politely, and when he was done, asked him what the piece was. Liszt said, "It is a march which I have written on the death of Meyerbeer. How do you like it?"

Rossini replied, "I like it very much, but don't you think it would have been much better if you had died and Meyerbeer had written the music?"

▲

English fishermen found it hard to keep herring fresh until they reached market. They built tanks into their trawlers, but the imprisoned fish still became sluggish and listless. Then one captain put a catfish into the tank to keep the herring lively. "To be sure," he said, "the catfish will eat one or two of them on the way, but that is his wage. And he is worth his keep, for the herring come to market fresh and command a price which pays for the catfish's toil on them fifty times over."—Arnold Toynbee, British Historian.

▲

The driver of Ambulance No. 7 in Washington, D. C., has been ordered never to tell a patient his name. The reason: his name is Joseph St. Peter.—*Washington Post.*

▲

The shoe clerk studied the narrow foot of the thin little customer. He had just removed a well-worn shoe of E width, and said, "Good heavens, man, you should be wearing an A width."

Shaking his head the customer replied: "I'm a house-to-house salesman and I can keep a door open wider with an E!"

Science Promises a Richer, Longer LIFE

by HOWARD W. BLAKESLEE

Howard W. Blakeslee, science editor of the Associated Press, has written thousands of stories about science, but now he writes about himself and his philosophy of life, times—and science. At 70, this is his story.

THIS week I passed my seventieth birthday, the allotted three-score-and-ten.

Because of science, about which I have been writing for twenty-one years, I have nothing to worry about.

I don't have to worry about what climate to choose for retirement to preserve my declining years. Nor what to eat or drink. Nor when to get up in the morning.

For science, and some good luck, have given me a new life and three small children. Because of the children, I know exactly what I am going to do. Keep on working.

It makes no difference if I get fired from my job. I still must work, and that simplifies everything.

Retirement is a queer thing. I believe in it. I believe there have been men who wanted to retire. I believe they were happy in retirement. I have met many young men who are looking forward to retirement with pleasure.

But I never met one—not one—elderly man, who at retirement age wanted to retire.

Maybe you have heard it is unusual for men of 70 to continue working. Don't believe it. Thanks again to science, there are now 11 million persons in the United States past 65. More than you think are doing some kind of work.

The largest sector of science news is about medicine. There's so much it makes your head swim. To profit, you have to get a little scientific yourself.

I have learned by trial. In my teens, I had a bad heart, but a wise doctor said—don't worry and don't strain.

Later, Keene Fitzpatrick, then the University of Michigan's famous trainer, stopped me from running in mile and half-mile races, because of

my heart. So I took to cross-country running and was happy.

Still later, in New Orleans, I used to win the mile and half-mile raes on the same day. I have amateur athletic union gold medals for victories.

In those days life insurance companies insisted on charging me extra because of my heart.

Later, in Dallas, Tex., one of the leading doctors warned me never to hurry after a street car. He did not warn me to stop playing basketball. I didn't tell him about that. So I continued playing.

And I have played tennis and handball, to this day, especially handball.

You may say I disregarded medical advice. But I didn't. True, for many years doctors were unhappy about my handball, but now they have surrendered and compliment me.

I followed the advice given me, or any heart patient—don't strain. Only *you* can tell when you are straining your heart. In my case I built up strength and endurance slowly, over months and years, without ever working hard at any moment.

When I was winning two races the same day, I never worked hard. The boys who lost those races gave their all, and came to the finish line staggering.

I have always believed that the greatest athletes had an extra margin and became champions on that margin. I think this applies to all things in life. When we go all out on any job, and continue to exhaustion, we lose more than we gain. It's a fact that in my life when I worked hardest I made the least progress. I have seen this happen to others.

Science can prove this. But science cannot teach you how. That you have to learn by yourself. Take relaxing. In my forties I decided to practice relaxing. Learning how took me ten years. Even now, thirty years afterward, I still have to beware to keep from getting tense when tenseness is wasteful.

Millions of parents are worrying about the effects of television on their children. Fewer books are read. Scholastic standings are dropping.

I don't worry, for I have seen the same thing before. My first family, four children, were small when the movies came in. Parents worried then about the effect on their children. The talk was nearly all in favor of forbidding movie attendance, or for choosing only carefully selected pictures.

In our house we did it differently. We made a rule that the children could see anything they wanted, and that dad and mom could go with them. Within a year these children had sampled everything. They had become choosy. They liked only certain selected pictures, their own choices. When I wanted to know a good movie, I asked the children, and they seldom were wrong.

I think television will go the same way, even though the new set in our home is interfering with dinner and though my wife says I am worse than the children.

Well I remember sixty years ago when I was young. Then the world was a wonderful place.

Later, around World War I, many adults of my generation were saying the world had gone to pot, that chil-

dren's morals and everything else were getting worse. The imminent return of the Dark Ages was stressed then as much as today. But my four children, and all the other children, thought the world a wonderful place.

Today it is the same story. And the children in my new family think the world is a wonderful place.

It seems to me that this headshaking is mostly due to getting old. It is one of the first signs of old age. No youthful spirit accepts this defeatism. No aged person needs to feel gloomy about the future. Gloom is just a bad habit.

Science has given us more of everything, including more opportunity to develop morally and spiritually We have so much that we do not yet comprehend the full extent.

Against the fears of destruction and enslavement, the world has a guarantee. John Nance Garner, former vice-president, named this guarantee—"men of good will." The world is seeded with them.

▲

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, a traffic officer followed a woman motorist who, hand out for the turn, had driven past him and, hand still out, kept on going for the next two intersections.

The policeman pulled up alongside and asked: "What's the big idea?" The woman explained, "I'm just drying my nail polish."

"I'll be trying for your parole now—my father has retired."

A little Milwaukee girl came home from school and mentioned that she had to "copy everything from the paper of the girl sitting next to me because I can't see the blackboard."

The next day her mother took her to the doctor to test her eyes. He finished and looked at her for a minute. "Your eyes," he said, "are even better than normal. Why can't you see the blackboard?"

"Because," answered the little girl, "the girl sitting in front of me is too tall."

▲

Hank Sylvern tells of the Russian who became so mad he wanted to go sock Joe Stalin. "Now, now," cautioned his friend. "Let's not lose our heads."—Earl Wilson.

▲

"Grand Coulee!" yelled the American as he hit his finger with the hammer.

"Grand Coulee! What do you mean?" asked the neighbor.

"That's the world's largest dam, isn't it?"

▲

After three days and nights of steady downpour, the rural mail carrier on a back country route was requested to make a report concerning his tardiness in accomplishing deliveries. He wrote: "First day busted tire chains and kept getting stuck in the mud. Second day my team of mules played out. Third day by boat got wedged in treetops above Picnic Grove."

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A FLYING SAUCER?

(Continued from Page 420)

"The disk appeared close beside the ship at a distance estimated to be about 50 feet, thereafter sweeping rapidly away from the plane, rapidly increasing speed and diving away from the ship, until lost from view."

Hewitt described the saucer as almost perfectly round, with a slight irregularity on one side, bluish-red tinged, and with some sort of "tiny window," which he was unable to describe further. However, Hewitt said the "window" glittered distinctly in the light of the city below.

The captain said the object did not glide perfectly straight and true as when a kid "sails" a tin can lid; rather it seemed "to turn over in flight."

The captain reported another curious incident which occurred aboard the flight. He says that immediately *before* seeing the flying saucer he became warm, took off his uniform hat and placed it on a rack behind his seat near the open window.

Immediately *after* seeing the flying saucer, he excitedly leaped up to go back in the cabin to inform the passengers—and his hat was unexplainably gone. Crew and passengers said they didn't touch the hat and Hewitt says no one could have come near enough to him to take his uniform hat.

Hewitt thinks that the saucer may have some mysterious power about it enabling it to grab objects at a distance, for he knows it was at the same instance his hat disappeared that he looked out the open window and saw the flying saucer.

▲

A prim little old lady was obviously embarrassed by the presence of a man beside her at the drugstore counter. Finally a smile crossed her face. She looked the clerk in the eye and said perkily: "Two packages of bathroom stationery, please."

▲

Secretary of Agriculture, Charles F. Brannan, who must count potatoes instead of sheep these nights, was on a Puerto Rico-bound airliner recently when thick, juicy steaks were served to each passenger at lunch. Engrossed in talk with the man in the next seat, he was only vaguely aware of the flavorsome aroma of sirloin from the approaching trays and rather absent-mindedly noted the two-inch thickness of his neighbor's filet. Mechanically, he accepted his tray and went right on talking.

He broke off in mid-sentence, picked up his knife and fork—and then looked down at his plate. Steak . . .? The only thing on Brannan's plate was potatoes, prepared in five different ways!

Not one person in 1,000 knows a good thing when he sees it, and, without salesmen and advertising, we would still be a nation of bicyclists.

▲

"Oops—unfastened the wrong belt."

America's first shamus was an old man with a beard.

by LES ZARRAN

THE gypsy woman made strange gestures before the sack of gold on the table, while across from her slouched the old man she had beguiled, his beard heaving slowly up and down with his chest. He was growing sleepy from her weird chanting. But the gestures and chanting were necessary if the gold was to increase within 16 days.

"What an easy old fool," she thought. "Each victim becomes easier." The motion of the beard was regular. He was asleep. A stealthy hand came through the open window and seized the sack of gold. Silently the hand replaced it with a sack of stones.

The sleeping man spoke, and there was a scuffle outside. The gypsy woman looked more closely at the man she thought was a pushover. He was Allan Pinkerton, America's first dectective. As he arrested her, one of his employees nabbed the swindling gypsy's accomplice.

The gypsy was one of thousands of criminals who have been shadowed and caught by men of the "seeing eye" since old Allan Pinkerton set up his agency in the mud flats of Chicago exactly a century ago. Although the trademark of the opened eye has changed, the policies of the firm remain much the same. Pinkertons still refuse to handle any type of divorce case; rates of payment are still on a daily basis. Once railroad officials tendered Allan Pinkerton $10,000 to solve a train robbery. Refusing to change his per diem policy, he solved the case for much less than the amount originally offered.

Before 1900, most Pinkerton cases involved railroad wreckers. Much of that work was dropped when the government began enforcing protection of the mails. Guarding race tracks has been added to the Pinkerton list. The FBI adopted Pinkerton's practice of keeping a complete morgue on all criminals.

Now, in the age of the FBI, postal inspectors, and efficient police, some people may regard the Pink-

ertons as men who stick on cars and buildings labels reading, "Protected by Pinkerton." But a peek behind scenes is like reading a detective story, because primarily the Pinkerton's are detectives.

Until he trapped his first counterfeiter at the urging of his friends in Dundee, Illinois, Allan Pinkerton had never seen a ten-dollar bill. After his first case, he could not be a cooper again. Some unusual ability enabled him to ferret out the wrongdoer. When he suspected a man, Pinkerton was usually right. One day in 1853, walking down Lake Street in Chicago, Pinkerton became suspicious of a man he had never seen before. The man was doing nothing wrong. Still, Pinkerton "knew" the man was dishonest. Resorting to disguise, Pinkerton trapped him the next morning as he was fleeing with jewels from hotel thefts.

The first "eye" didn't have to advertise his business. He had only to solve cases. Whenever he traveled away from Chicago while working on a case he would soon be involved in another one.

One morning in 1858, the cashier of a Columbia, Tennessee, bank was found dead near his desk, with his head bashed in. He was Carter, a faithful employee who slept in the bank every night.

"It saved him rent," the banker explained when Allan Pinkerton passed through Columbia.

The "eye" was interested. Were there suspects? Only a man named Slocum, a close friend of the murdered clerk. But he was too important in town to be accused on mere circumstantial evidence, consisting of some charred paper on which Slocum's signature was visible. Pinkerton was sure Slocum owed the bank clerk money he was unable to pay. Destroying the papers would save Slocum from financial ruin. There was only one way to do that safely—force the lock on the bank door by night, enter the bank, and crush the sleeping clerk's head.

A year had passed; the murderer might still be in town. Could he be made to reveal himself? The banker was doubtful. But Allan Pinkerton liked to stir old crimes. He had done it before.

His trick was to haunt Slocum's conscience. He knew that the man who escapes from his crime is often superstitious and afraid of the unknown. Putting servants into the suspect's house, Pinkerton had a first-hand report of Slocum's emotions. They sprinkled perfume that Carter had used on Slocum's clothes, linen and towels. They splattered blood-red dye inside and outside the house. Slocum was terrified one night to find the blood-red initials of the dead man splotched on his pillow.

The detective rigged up a speaking tube to Slocum's bedside, and hid outside. At night he made weird sounds that almost drove Slocum out of his mind.

Up before dawn, Slocum fled on an early morning train. Pinkerton and his agent got on the same train, but neither had ever seen Slocum.

Could the conductor identify

Slocum? He pointed out five passengers that got on. Slocum would have to be singled out before the train made a stop. Pinkerton told his agent to saturate his handkerchief with Carter's perfume and sit behind the two silent men in the smoking car.

The agent waved his handkerchief through the air. One of the passengers began nervously twisting and looking about. Suddenly he bolted from the car. He rammed into Pinkerton.

The detective had accidentally spilled some of the perfume on himself, and poor Slocum must have imagined that Pinkerton was the ghost of the murdered clerk. He began to grapple with Pinkerton, who tried to prevent him from jumping. But Slocum broke loose and jumped. The train was halted within a half mile, and Pinkerton obtained the dying man's confession of the murder.

Perhaps Allan Pinkerton's best-known success was his safe delivery of Abraham Lincoln to Washington for the President-elect's inauguration. While Pinkerton was investigating a railroad case in Baltimore, he learned of a plot to assassinate Lincoln when he changed trains there.

Some political fanatics planned to cause a riot to lure the guards away from the Lincoln train. One would dash aboard the train, kill Lincoln, and escape into the mob.

Pinkerton hastened to Philadelphia to warn Lincoln. In an all-night conference with railroad officials and his agents, Pinkerton made plans to send Lincoln a day earlier, by a different route. Pinkerton persuaded the manager of the American telegraph company to interrupt all telegrams in and out of Philadelphia. One telegraph wire was open. Pinkerton had it cut.

Through the frigid night Pinkerton rode on the rear platform of Lincoln's train, receiving signals from agents at strategic points along the tracks. Lincoln traveled as an invalid brother of Mrs. Warne, a woman who could handle a gun. She sat armed and alert in the front of the car.

President Lincoln, impressed by Pinkerton's loyalty and value, wanted him to form a secret service system, but other political figures opposed the plan. They said an efficient espionage system could not be formed during such upset times.

Pinkerton went behind the lines anyway. He joined the Department of Ohio as Major Allan and began making excursions through the South. Once in Memphis he en-

countered a Confederate spy he had seen in Cincinnati. Instead of fleeing northward as his pursuer expected, Major Allan headed his horse deeper into Confederate territory.

A barber in Jackson, Mississippi, recognized Allan as the "Mr. Pingerdon" he had often shaved in a Chicago hotel. Pinkerton put on an act of outraged Southern pride. It was too infuriating for a man from Augusta, Georgia—as Pinkerton told them—to be taken for a Yankee. Pinkerton invited his fellow Southerners to join him at a nearby bar where he magnified his wounded pride.

The only important humiliation suffered by Pinkerton was at the hands of a notorious and well-educated lock expert named Shinburn. On the morning of June 27, 1869, the Ocean National Bank of New York City discovered a theft of more than three-quarters of a million dollars. The Pinkertons recognized an old hand. The burglar was the same man who escaped once when handcuffed to a Pinkerton detective. Shinburn one time got out of prison by making an impression of his cell lock with potatoes, and fashioning a key from his iron spoon.

Shinburn had rented a basement adjacent to the bank and posed as the representative of a Chicago insurance company. He carefully observed business hours and the habits of the clerks. Late one Saturday night, with accomplices, he bored a hole through the wall. Shinburn, who knew the combination of the vault, simply broke the locks on smaller drawers within the vault. No one knows how he got the combination.

Shinburn escaped to Europe with his loot, where he purchased a title. Continental police could not believe Baron Shindell capable of bank burglary. But who does not believe that Baron Shindell lived the rest of his life with the door bolted and chained for fear that the "eye" would somehow seek him out?

▲

The wife was learning to drive. A neighbor, interested in the process, asked the husband how she was getting along with her driving.

The husband sighed and said, "Not too well. She took a turn for the worse last week."

▲

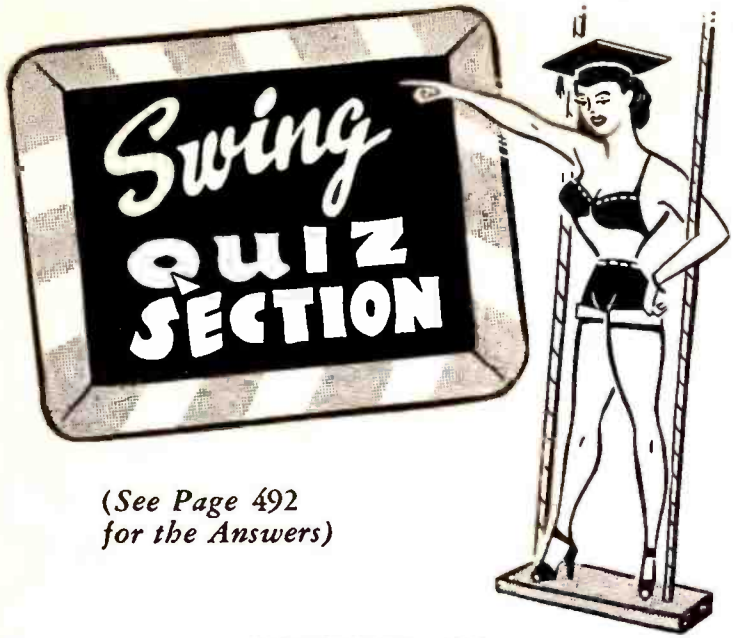
Allen Benson says he was driving one of those new cars with a bed in the back. A cop stopped him and started writing a ticket.

"I wasn't speeding," Benson said.

"I know," was the cop's retort, "but you haven't changed your linens in weeks."

—Walter Winchell.

"Are you sure you didn't invite me over here just so I would help you eat the cereal so you can get the box top?"



(See Page 492 for the Answers)

HOBBY HOBOS

by VIRGINIA D. RANDALL

Are you a Hobo who loves to travel all around the world as a hobby—by studying maps, and pictures, and reading of interesting places? Are you a staunch arm-chair traveler, whose knowledge comes second-hand of far-off places? See how many of the following man-made and nature-made wonders you can place in the right country or state:

1. Victoria Falls	a. Alaska
2. The Old Man of the Mountain	b. Holland
3. Big Bend National Park	c. Switzerland
4. The Firth of Forth	d. Rhodesia, Africa
5. The Mohawk Trail	e. Mexico
6. Roanoke Colony	f. New Hampshire
7. The Leaning Tower	g. Panama
8. Middleton Gardens	h. Venice, Italy
9. The Pyramids of Cholula	i. British Columbia, Canada
10. Bok Tower	j. North Dakota
11. The Bad Lands	k. Texas
12. Matanuska Valley	l. Arizona
13. Acadia National Park	m. Scotland
14. Lake Titicaca	n. Massachusetts
15. Merwede Canal	o. Virginia
16. The Palace of the Doges	p. Pisa, Italy
17. The Grand Canyon	q. Peru
18. The Matterhorn	r. South Carolina
19. The Connaught Tunnel	s. Florida
20. Gatun Lock	t. Maine

A ROSE BOUQUET
by BERT RUSH

Each of the lines below suggests something with the word rose in it in some form. How many can you get right?

1. One of the longest runs on Broadway.
2. Something that makes everything look lovely.
3. An opera by Richard Strauss.
4. Louise Hovick.
5. Something that Shakespeare said "would smell as sweet."
6. Secretly and quietly.
7. A California football stadium.
8. Gertrude Stein.
9. A seasoning.
10. A secret society.
11. An aria from the opera "Martha."
12. A flower in the Song of Solomon.
13. Symbolic of ease and comfort.
14. That Russell gal.
15. A French animal painter.
16. A string of beads.
17. The key to ancient Egyptian writings.
18. A toilet preparation.
19. An English conflict lasting 30 years.
20. Portland, Oregon.
21. A kind of lumber.
22. A Sioux Indian reservation.
23. A man between two women.
24. New York.
25. An operetta by Rudolf Friml.

COCKTAIL QUIZ
by BORIS RANDOLPH

Each of the words below begins with the word COCK or ends with the word TAIL. Complete each one according to its definition.

1. A parrot — COCK _ _ _ _
2. To fit together nicely — _ _ _ _ TAIL
3. Pulled back, as a trigger — COCK _ _
4. To sell in small quantities — _ _ TAIL
5. Quite certain — COCK _ _ _ _
6. Shorten — _ _ _ TAIL
7. A London dialect — COCK _ _ _
8. A queue — _ _ _ TAIL
9. A hat ornament — COCK _ _ _
10. Abbreviated — _ _ _ TAIL
11. A kind of dog — COCK _ _
12. Involve — _ _ TAIL
13. In a conceited manner — COCK _ _ _
14. A pipitlike bird — _ _ _ TAIL
15. Out of kilter — COCK _ _ _ _
16. A kind of duck — _ _ _ TAIL
17. Pilot section of a plane — COCK _ _ _
18. A variety of pigeon — _ _ _ TAIL
19. A household insect — COCK _ _ _ _ _
20. A minor part — _ _ TAIL
21. A fop — COCK _ _ _ _ _
23. A bivalve — _ _ _ _ _ TAIL
24. A crowfootlike plant — COCK _ _
25. A fabulous serpent — _ _ _ _ _ TAIL
26. A whinchatlike bird — COCK _ _ _ _ _ _
27. A beetle — _ _ _ _ _ TAIL
28. Early morning — COCK _ _ _ _ _ _
29. A battle between roosters — COCK _ _ _ _
30. A steersman — COCK _ _ _ _ _

THE SMITHS HAVE A WORD FOR IT

J. H. LAVELY

Your name doesn't have to be Smith to score high on this one. You can probably do quite well even if you sign your checks Johnson, Jackson, or Jones. Your job is merely to fill in the missing words or parts of words which, with the letters S-M-I-T-H on the right side, conclude the sentence of the left hand column. At five apiece, a score of 85 to 100 proves you have more than a nodding acquaintance with the Smith family. A score of 75 is average. *This statement:*

		Suggests:
1.	A horse-shoe maker is a:	_____SMITH
2.	Fragments resulting from a blow are:	SMITH_____
3.	Sinclair Lewis' great novel is entitled:	_____SMITH
4.	The founder of the Mormon religion was:	_____SMITH
5.	Tall, auburn-haired movie actress is:	_____SMITH
6.	The "National Museum of the United States," located in Washington, D. C., is another name for the:	SMITH_____
7.	One who makes mechanical devices employed in the fastening of doors is a:	_____SMITH
8.	An unsuccessful Democratic candidate for President in the late '20s was:	_____SMITH
9.	A famous Massachusetts girls' school is:	SMITH_____
10.	One who works with a silvery-white, soft, fusible metal is a:	_____SMITH
11.	Born in Scotland, the founder of the science of Economics was:	_____SMITH
12.	A renowned Confederate General of the Civil War was:	_____SMITH
13.	Prominent firearms manufacturing company is:	SMITH_____
14.	A Congressional action of 1917, which provides Federal aid for vocational education in the public schools, was the:	SMITH_____
15.	A songwriter is sometimes called a:	_____SMITH
16.	One of the principal zinc ores is:	SMITH_____
17.	The leader of the early English settlers in Virginia was:	_____SMITH
18.	Oftentimes called "Trade" and "Mark" are the:	SMITH_____
19.	An English clergyman and humorist who helped to secure Roman Catholic emancipation in Britain was:	_____SMITH
20.	Great newspaper pioneer of the South, and later the Secretary of Interior in 1893 was:	_____SMITH

▲

WORD GOLF

by BOB RODERICK

How's your verbal stance? Here is a CLUB aimed at a BALL. To reach the BALL with the CLUB, simply change one letter at a time and form a new word each time according to the definitions.

	C	L	U	B
Solving hint	___	___	___	___
Sticky stuff	___	___	___	___
Eat too much	___	___	___	___
Trouble in the joints	___	___	___	___
Boxing match	___	___	___	___
Flash of lightning	___	___	___	___
Seed pod	___	___	___	___
	B	A	L	L

Answers to Quiz Questions on Pages 489–491

HOBBY HOBOS

1-d, 2-f, 3-k, 4-m, 5-n, 6-o, 7-p, 8-r, 9-e, 10-s, 11-j, 12-a, 13-t, 14-q, 15-b, 16-h, 17-l, 18-c, 19-i, 20-g.

ROSE BOUQUET

1. Abie's Irish Rose
2. Rose-colored glasses
3. Der Rosenkavalier
4. Gypsy Rose Lee
5. A rose by another name
6. Sub Rosa
7. Rose Bowl
8. Rose is a rose is a rose is a rose
9. Rosemary
10. The Rosicrucians
11. The Last Rose of Summer
12. Rose of Sharon
13. Bed of Roses
14. Rosalind
15. Rosa Bonheur
16. Rosary
17. The Rosetta Stone
18. Rose-water
19. Wars of the Roses
20. Rose City
21. Rosewood
22. Rosebud
23. A rose between two thorns
24. Rose State
25. Rose-Marie

GOLF

C L U B
C L U *E*
G L U E
G L U *T*
G O U T
B O U T
B O *L* T
B O L *L*
B A L L

COCKTAILS

1. COCKatoo
2. doveTAIL
3. COCKed
4. reTAIL
5. COCKsure
6. curTAIL
7. COCKney
8. pigTAIL
9. COCKade
10. bobTAIL
11. COCKer
12. enTAIL
13. COCKily
14. wagTAIL
15. COCKeyed
16. pinTAIL
17. COCKpit
18. fanTAIL
19. COCKroach
20. deTAIL
21. COCKscomb
22. horseTAIL
23. COCKle
24. mouseTAIL
25. COCKatrice
26. whiteTAIL
27. COCKchafer
28. COCKcrow
29. COCKfight
30. COCKswain

SMITH'S

1. BlackSMITH
2. SMITHereens
3. ArrowSMITH
4. Joseph SMITH
5. Alexis SMITH
6. SMITHsonian Institution
7. LockSMITH
8. Alfred SMITH
9. SMITH College
10. TinSMITH
11. Adam SMITH
12. Edmund K. SMITH
13. SMITH & Wesson
14. SMITH-Hughes Act
15. TuneSMITH
16. SMITHsonite
17. John SMITH
18. SMITH Brothers
19. Sydney SMITH
20. Hoke SMITH

Swing Quiz Section will be a regular feature each month. Watch for it!!

He now has an answer for shirts that tear, colors that run, and dresses that shrink.

by WILLIAM JACOBS*

ATLAS may have carried the weight of the heavens on his shoulders without a murmur; but he would have grumbled under the weight of unjust complaints borne for so long by the modern laundry-owner.

Consider the plight of the laundry-owner who has had to contend with the tongue lashing of an irate customer when, for instance, a fairly-new printed fabric returns from the laundry looking like a piece of Swiss cheese.

Is it the laundry or Old Sol who fades play clothes and weakens the fibers of window hangings so that they eventually break during laundering no matter how gentle the washing? The customer blames the laundry, and the laundry points to the sun.

Who's to blame when holes develop in the underarm portions of a comparatively new dress or shirt? If it's a washable number, the blame again is placed on the long-suffering laundryman.

Loud are the laments of the owner of a pique dress if the waffle-like indentations disappear in the laundry pressing process. Too late she learns of a non-permanent finish called false waffle pique that cannot be satisfactorily laundered or dry cleaned.

A garment is fast to washing but the findings—thread, buttons, shoulder pads, belting, buckles, and all types of trimming and fasteners—bleed in the laundering process. The laundry, not the store where the dress was purchased, hears the complaint.

But there's a brighter side in the Certified Washable Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, attached to many brands of men's wear, women's wear, linens and domestics, findings, and deodorants.

It all came about when laundrymen, realizing that consumers were paying out millions of dollars for improperly constructed "washable" merchandise, decided to do something about it.

Through their national trade association, the American Institute of Laundering, they launched an educational program for the textile industry, giving them notice that laundries would no longer be responsible for shrinkage and lack of color fastness

*Mr. Jacobs, a director of the American Institute of Laundering, operates the Criterion Cleaners and Launderers in Kansas City, said to be one of the largest "drive-ins" of its type in the United States.

because of improperly constructed fabrics and garments. A great many firms asked the Institute to establish standards for washability and maintain testing facilities to assure continued performance.

Out of this educational program grew the Certified Washable Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

The Institute has unique facilities for the technical phases of its Seal program as part of a million-dollar "proving and improving ground" for the laundry industry, located in Joliet, Illinois.

In addition to extensive laboratories, the plant includes a complete operating laundry. Before a product is accepted for the Seal award, it must pass not only "test tube" standards but must stand up under actual laundering conditions at the Institute. New and old fabrics are tested for their "washability factors" and new methods are developed for their successful processing in the laundry.

Tests consist of repeated washing—washings done just as though the samples were dirty linen received in a family bundle. Then the test samples are taken into the laboratory to be evaluated for washfastness, dimensional stability, sun fastness, tensile strength, crocking or mark-off, bleeding, resistance to perspiration and gas fading. When the test sample is a garment, its seams strength is tested—as well as the buttons, padding, slide fasteners and closures of all sorts, accessories, sewing thread and trim.

Trim on a garment is as important as a fabric. If trim is not washable, says the A.I.L., the best fabric cann make a satisfactory garment.

Thread must not bleed, buttor must not break, and fasteners mu function if the garment is to be sati factory to the consumer.

Special tests have also been d veloped at the A.I.L. to determir the action of personal deodorants o textiles.

Even after the Seal is awarded manufacturer, it is required that a approved line of merchandise be sub mitted for testing regularly. Thi continued checking service provide a sufficient number of tests directl from production to insure mainte nance of proper standards.

Just as the Seal of the Americar Institute of Laundering is a guide tc merchandise that is "truly" washable so is the emblem of membership ir the Institute a guide to the consumer as to where to obtain the best laundry service. This A.I.L. emblem is found on the trucks and laundry windows of some 4,651 laundries throughout the country.

Member laundries have access to every type of consulting service and help from the Institute's competent

aff. An example of one of the elps is the test piece service which elps control quality in laundries. Members receive free test pieces hich are washed with their regular oads and then returned to the In- itute to be tested by A.I.L. labora- ory technicians for tensile strength, whiteness retention, and all other factors pertinent to accurate washroom checking. Damaged articles may also be sent to the Institute Laboratories for analysis to determine with scientific accuracy just what caused the damage and whether the laundry was at fault.

▲

The Masarwa tribe living in the Serowe district of Bechuanaland have an inexhaustible food supply in the mopani tree. It is not, however, the tree's fruit the natives seek so avidly but the caterpillars that thrive on its leaves.

▲

All bananas, even those eaten where they grow in the tropics, are picked green—they are not fit to eat if permitted to ripen on the plants.

▲

The cashew, perhaps the most popular and tasty of all nuts, is originally poisonous but the toxic ingredient is removed by roasting.

▲

Inspectors of foods usually find they can do more when they smell rather than taste an article.

▲

There are two kinds of caviar, black and gray, with the gray supposedly the finer specimen.

▲

Alexander the Great was so interested in discovering new kinds of rations that he promoted soldiers who brought him an unusual meat, fruit or vegetable.

▲

Harold Drawdy, 13, of Winter Haven, Fla., proved that a schoolboy can eat 15½ big oranges in five minutes.

▲

Eggs of plovers, ostriches, alligators, crocodiles, turtles, penguins, gulls, albatrosses and pelicans are all important parts of the diets of people in some part of the world.

▲

Charles Posner, Los Angeles, laid claim to the title of world's champion hamburger eater by eating 13 after a steak dinner.

▲

Joe Gagnon, Warren, R. I., gulped down 167 little-neck clams in eight minutes.

▲

A breakfast cereal made out of prunes has been developed.

▲

Kenneth C. Royall, while on an inspection trip of a GI mess hall as Secretary of the Army, saw a stack of apple pies, exclaimed "My, these smell good," and proceeded to eat a whole one all by himself.

▲

Hamburger steak is the most popular American dish, a survey of the American Hotel Association has revealed.

"Use strategy on him. Start throwing some lucky punches."

▲

The story being bandied about most frequently along Publishers' Row concerns the damsel whose eye was caught by a sign on the back of a truck: "If you can read this you're too darn close." She entered a hosiery shop and asked if she could purchase nylons with that same message embroidered around the tops. "It's an irregular request," said the clerk dubiously, "but I suppose we can do it for you. Would you like block letters or script?"

"Neither," said the damsel firmly. "Braille!" — Bennett Cerf, *Saturday Review of Literature.*

▲

Before one decides to live by his wits, he should make sure he has the necessary equipment.

▲

An orchestra accompanying one of Broadway's long-run musical hits recently hired a replacement—a trombonist. His first night on the job, the musician found that his chair in the orchestra pit was located close to the little door leading backstage. He also found, half-way through the first act, that at the beginning of a 128-bar rest his predecessor had noted on the score: "Time for a quick one."

A breezy and self-confident young man sauntered into a public library announcing that he wanted to borrow a lot of books. The sour librarian produced a blank application form, and proceeded to fire questions at the jaunty fellow.

"Occupation?" she asked crisply.

"I," proclaimed the young man with importance, "am first assistant to the second vice-president in charge of sales, and junior assistant to the senior assistant in charge of personnel of the Widget Corporation."

Without further comment, the librarian wrote on the blank, "clerk."

▲

A Harvard professor was conducting an experiment before his class in chemistry. He explained the principle and described what would happen in the demonstration. When the various materials were mixed, nothing happened. An expectant silence filled the room. Turning to the class the professor said: "The demonstration is a failure, but the principle, young men, the principle is as true as the hills."

▲

Don't fall into the prevalent habit of leaning back and letting the Big Planners in Washington make the plans for you. They promise to employ you, and clothe and feed you. But when you sit down at their table the seating arrangement is always the same. They sit at the top of the table and are first served. You sit at the foot, near the cashier. You get the check.—Bruce Barton.

"You're the tenth person I've called, Grace. I simply *must* tell you all about my accident!"

Swinging the Dial 710

Falling leaves, the crisp air portending autumn and the thud of footballs bring the New Fall Show Season to WHB. With it comes the greatest line-up of new programs dialers to 710 have yet heard in the Kansas City Marketland. "This Fall Is The Greatest of All."

News Coverage and the War

The tenseness of the world situation has led to greatly-increased news coverage on WHB.

Weekday news broadcast schedules, Monday through Friday:

6:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley.
7:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley.
8:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley.
10:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley.
12:00 noon—Dick Smith.
12:55 p.m.—Ken Hartley.
3:00 p.m.—Dick Smith.
4:45 p.m.—Dick Smith.
6:00 p.m.—Fulton Lewis, Jr.
6:30 p.m.—Gabriel Heatter.
7:55 p.m.—Bill Henry.
9:00 p.m.—Frank Edwards.
9:15 p.m.—Mutual Newsreel.
9:45 p.m.—John Thornberry.
10:00 p.m.—Harrison Wood.
10:55 p.m.—Mutual News.
11:55 p.m.—Mutual News.

Mondays only, at 8:30 p.m., Mutual presents a half-hour War Front-Home Front.

Sunday morning newscasts are heard at 8 and 10 o'clock; with network coverage of national and world events on this schedule:

8:30 p.m.—Gabriel Heatter.
8:45 p.m.—War Review, with Major Fielding Elliott.
9:00 p.m.—"This Is Europe."

Saturday morning news schedules are the same as Monday through Friday, with the Noon News heard at 11:45 a.m. preceding the "Man on the Farm" at 12 o'clock. Cecil Brown is heard on Mutual Saturdays at 6:55 p.m.

Eye witness accounts of Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps bombing and strafing actions on the Korean front are heard during Mutual's "Air Force Hour" every Friday at 8 p. m., shortly after the fliers themselves return to their Korean and Japanese bases.

Six radio reporters—three from the Air Force and three from the Department of Defense — short-wave their interviews with fighter pilots and bombardiers via special facilities permitting coverage of both morning and afternoon flight missions.

These reporters use portable tape recorders — the type pioneered by "Mutual Newsreel" men—and are assigned to the major bases in the Korean Theatre.

WHB maintains complete flexibility in its programming, interrupting regularly-scheduled shows at any time for news flashes of paramount importance. "Stay ahead of the headlines with WHB."

First in Sports—WHB

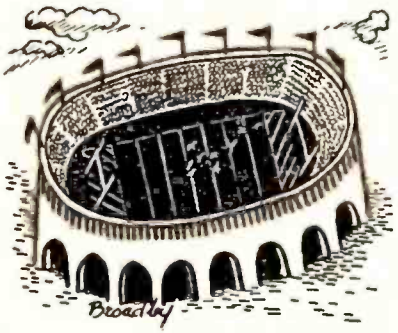
With Larry Ray as Sports Director, the WHB sports schedule for fall and winter promises rich fare for the fans. Mutual brings the "Game of the Day" each afternoon throughout September, followed by the World's Series start-

ing approximately October 4th.

September 23 ushers in the Big Seven Football schedule, with WHB's sports dynamo, Larry Ray, doing play-by-play descriptions and Dick Smith giving the "color" from university stadiums at Lawrence, Columbia, Manhattan, Lincoln, Ames and Norman. Sponsored by Pontiac, WHB will present the following schedule:

Big Seven Football

Sept. 23	T.C.U. at Kansas.
Sept. 30	Clemson at Missouri.
Oct. 7	S.M.U. at Missouri.
Oct. 14	Kansas at Iowa State.
Oct. 21	Oklahoma A & M at Kansas.
Oct. 28	Nebraska at Kansas.
Nov. 4	Missouri at Nebraska.
Nov. 11	Oklahoma at Kansas.
Nov. 18	Missouri at Oklahoma or Kansas at Kansas State.
Nov. 23	Kansas at Missouri.
Nov. 25	Nebraska at Oklahoma.



Basketball will be given thorough coverage in the winter months when the Big Seven teams swing into pre-conference schedules and their regular season. And Kansas City will have its own professional team in a newly-organized basketball league this winter, with games beginning in November.

Hockey is also on the docket, with Kansas City's new team under new ownership playing its first game October 14th at the Pla-Mor Arena.

Larry Ray will continue his nightly quarter-hour sports roundup at 7 p.m., Monday through Friday. He will also add a "spot of sports" to John Thornberry's nightly 9:45 o'clock newscast. And for the football fans, all during the season, there'll be a Saturday score summary of important games immediately following each play-by-play Big Seven contest. Plus a Saturday night serving of final scores after games are over on the west coast.

The "Rod and Gun Club of the Air" is heard Thursday nights at 7:30, with Guy Kibbee and a panel of hunting and fishing experts.

Cowboys, Boots and Saddles . . . With and Without Guitar!

Like to take a vacation in the West every Sunday? Then give a real western shake to Roy Rogers and his guitar. Introduce yourself to sagebrush music by Roy, his wife Dale Evans and the Riders of the Purple Sage; comedy by Gabby Hayes; and a round-up of thrills every week. Listen every Sunday to the Roy Rogers Show at 5 p. m.

In the *local* cowboy department, WHB presents "The International Singing Cowboy," Don Sullivan—mornings on "Town and Country Time" between 6 and 7 o'clock, assisted by Hoby Shep's Cowtown Wranglers. They're heard again, daily, on the noon-hour "Boogie Woogie Cowboys" show. A new series of stage shows at Ivanhoe Temple brings them to the Saturday night theatre and radio audience. The Ivanhoe Temple "Cowtown Jubilee" is presented by the Sunny Slope Chapter of the American War Dads.

And in case you're the *early* Early Bird type, take note that WHB now begins its broadcast day at 5:30 a.m. daily except Sunday—with that good old western music piloted by Bruce Grant . . . leading into the first newscast at 6 a.m., weather forecast at 6:05 a.m. and advance estimated livestock receipts at all principal markets, given at 6:10 a.m. At 6:30 a.m., Hank Williams sings for Hadacol. "Trouble with Hadacol is," a fan wrote WHB, "it makes everybody talk so *southern*."

Shows for the Kids

Mutual made a clean sweep in the "kid show" field this season, coming up not only with its own established programs for juveniles, but with two previously heard on ABC. It works out like this:

Monday, Wednesday, Friday
5:00 p.m.—Mark Trail.
5:30 p.m.—Challenge of the Yukon.
Tuesday and Thursday
5:00 p.m.—Straight Arrow.
5:30 p.m.—Sky King.

That's a straight hour to get the kids in the house before dinner. Get the box tops ready, folks. It'll be a great winter for the kiddies!

Sundays at 2:30 p.m., WHB has "Juvenile Jury." Adults as well as kids get a boot out of the pert answers given by the hep youngsters on the "jury." Solid fare for adults and older youngsters are WHB's two "story" features: "Behind the Story" on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, by Marvin Miller; and "This Is the Story," Tuesday and Thursday, presented at 7:15 p.m. Ed Prentiss, sponsored by Sinclair Oil, tells "This Is the Story"—enthralling tales of history, science, stage, screen and literature. Both he and Marvin Miller are masters of true tales told with a "twist" ending.

Guy Lombardo—the Great!

Ever since 1931, WHB has had at least one daily program of "The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven." The fall schedule has a double serving: Monday through Friday afternoons, a quarter-hour at 4 o'clock; and Tuesday and Thursday evenings a quarter-hour at 6:45. And his fans are finally getting their *full hour* Sunday mornings, 11 o'clock until noon. The second half-hour is sponsored by Gillmor Motor Company, Pontiac dealers in Independence. Who'd like to sponsor that other half hour? Nothing like it, for sweet music while you read the Sunday paper!

Those Mutual Mysteries!

Beginning Sunday, September 17th, the old-favorite mystery shows over Mutual will be back at their old-favorite times on WHB:

Sunday Afternoon Mysteries
3:30 p.m.—Martin Kane, Private Eye.
4:00 p.m.—The Shadow.
4:30 p.m.—True Detective Mysteries.
5:30 p.m.—Nick Carter.
6:00 p.m.—Peter Salem.
6:30 p.m.—Under Arrest.

Mid-Week Mysteries

Mondays
7:30 p.m.—Crime Fighters.
8:00 p.m.—Murder by Experts.
9:30 p.m.—I Love a Mystery.
Tuesdays
7:30 p.m.—Official Detective.
8:00 p.m.—John Steele, Adventurer.
8:30 p.m.—Mysterious Traveler.
9:30 p.m.—I Love a Mystery.
Wednesdays
7:30 p.m.—International Airport.
8:00 p.m.—"2,000 Plus."
8:30 p.m.—Family Theatre.
9:30 p.m.—I Love a Mystery.
Thursdays
9:30 p.m.—I Love a Mystery.
Fridays
9:30 p.m.—I Love a Mystery.

Mutual's leadership in mystery programming is being challenged this year by the other networks—for which television in the big eastern cities is responsible. "Stimulated by hearing (but not seeing) a few radio sound effects," says Millard C. Faught, "our imaginations have supplied us with endless villians, heroes and mental scenery—all created exactly to our own special tastes. Television has to supply all of the scenes, costumes and characters in the flesh, and many is the new television fan who discovers that he liked his own mental radio villains and heroines better. . . . Never has a generation of impressionable youngsters been instructed on the best ways to commit murder, mayhem, and bank robbery as demonstrably as they have of late on television. Merely to contemplate what color television will add to the gory details is . . . latent social dynamite."

Sunday's Noon Hour

Remember the American Radio Warblers? — those trained canaries who sing to lovely organ music? They'll be back on WHB this fall at 12 o'clock Sunday noon.

"Do you have to act this way every time you see a mystery picture?"

At 12:15 p.m. Sundays, WHB will present the "Salute to Reservists"—doubly interesting now that the organizations in the armed forces are being reactivated.

"Land of the Free," presenting dramatizations of the lives of famous Americans, will be heard at 12:45 p.m. each Sunday. The programs include remarks by Dr. George S. Benson, president of Harding College in Searcy, Arkansas.

"Club 710," daily from 2 to 4 p.m., gets the "new look" this season. The 1951 membership cards are now being issued to the thousands of members.

"Luncheon on the Plaza," daily at 10:30 a.m., gets a fresh hair-do this fall. Kansas City's oldest audience participation show packs 'em in at Sears' Plaza Store Auditorium.

Cute—and Clever!

In this department must be listed the Meredith Willson Show, heard Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6:45 p.m.—sponsored by Falstaff

Beer. Willson's "different" orchestrations and a nightly guest are featured along with his distinctive humor.

New Daytime Shows

Bob Kennedy, who graduated from the University of Kansas City last spring, is able to work daytime now—and he debuts this fall with a new full-hour show, 11 o'clock until noon, Monday through Friday: "Kennedy Calling." Bright music, bright patter by Kennedy and a new quiz stunt that packs a surprise—and prizes!

The radio musical game, "Tune-O," is a newcomer to WHB this fall, also. It gets a full hour's ride, 9:30 until 10:30 o'clock. If you're one of those listeners who gets a kick identifying "mystery tunes," this is your dish! It's fun—and the prizes are worth winning! WHB's regular morning features for this hour are integrated with the Tune-O game.

The Old Favorites

Continuing at their accustomed times or with slight changes will be a list of daily WHB favorites:

7:15 until 9:00 a.m.—Musical Clock.
8:30 a.m.—Bing Crosby in "Bing Sings."
9:00 a.m.—Unity Viewpoint.
9:15 a.m.—Martha Logan's Kitchen.
9:30 a.m.—Sandra Lea.
10:15 a.m.—Plaza Program.
12:15 p.m.—Boogie-Woogie Cowboys.
1:30 p.m.—Queen for a Day.
4:15 p.m.—Crosby Croons.
6:15 p.m.—Tello-Test.
10:30 p.m.—Weather Forecast.
10:35 p.m.—Serenade in the Night.

Saturday afternoons, after the football games, Bob Kennedy will present "Swing Session."

Thursday night from Mutual will bring the "Limerick Show" at 8 p.m.

Friday nights will feature Xavier Cugat's Orchestra at 7:30; the "Air Force Hour" at 8; the Vincent Lopez Show at 8:30.

Saturdays will bring "Twenty Questions" at 7 p.m.; "Take a Number" at 7:30; "Hawaii Calls" at 8; and the Chicago Theatre of the Air at 9 p.m. Any Colonel McCormick fans in the house?

Well—take it easy!

He'll be heard unless there's a basketball game with Larry Ray.

The Sage of Swing Says—

The best place to look for a family circle is around a square meal.

▲

Note to many after-dinner speakers—you can't clear your mind by clearing your throat.

▲

The greatest of all devaluations—a woman's estimate of her own age.

▲

The tombstone is about the only thing that can stand upright and lie on its face at the same time.

▲

Those rainy days for which a man saves usually arrive during his vacation.

▲

The shortest distance between two dates is a good line.

▲

Electric Chair—a piece of period furniture. The end of a sentence.

▲

Next to the woman scorned—in the list of those that hell hath no fury like—is the Communist snapping out of his dream.

▲

The more children's fingerprints in a home, the fewer on police blotters.

▲

Forger—a fellow who gives a check a bad name.

▲

Profit is only the by-product of work. Happiness is the chief product.

Taxpayer—government worker with no sick leaves, no holidays, and no vacations

▲

The early fish gets hooked for the same thing the early bird gets credit for

▲

A sweater is a good investment for a girl: She gets out of it what she puts into it, and draws considerable interest.

▲

Soil—that from which farmers and laundries make a living.

▲

Note to insurance men, traffic experts, and motorists: Since women have been wearing plunging necklines there have been 35 per cent fewer auto accidents. Why not prevent such accidents entirely?

▲

You don't get ulcers from what you eat. You get them from what's eating you.

▲

Democracy is a system under which a fellow who didn't vote can spend the rest of the year kicking about the candidates the other fellows elected.

▲

A lot of people believe in law and order as long as they can lay down the law and give the orders.

▲

Nowadays the earth revolves on its taxes.

▲

Harp—a piano in the nude.

▲

Federal aid—a system of making money taken from the people look like a gift when it's handed back.

▲

An optimist laughs to forget. A pessimist forgets to laugh.

▲

Test of patience: When you dutifully call on some old acquaintances and observe three of your long-lost books snug on their shelves.

▲

A gossip is a person who suffers from acute indiscretion.

Flattery is an insult wrapped as a gift.

▲

Some people go through life standing at the complaint counter.

▲

There are now in the world, according to the French Academy, 2,796 languages, and even if you know them all, you won't be able to understand the fans at a hockey game.

▲

A proud man is like an egg. An egg is so full of itself that there is no room for anything else.

▲

Man is dust, and woman settles him.

▲

Laugh and the world laughs with you; think and you will almost die from loneliness.

▲

It would be a great thing for the world if truth and honesty were advertised as much as cigarettes.

▲

When better cars are built, the backseat driver will be enclosed in a soundproof case.

▲

Life without humor is like an automobile without springs.

▲

An English newspaper columnist says that to him the front of an American car looks like a Japanese general with bad teeth.

▲

It's admirable to fight for a principle, but be sure it's a principle, not a prejudice.

▲

Civilization is in a state in which man has found hiring a lawyer the moral equivalent of physical assault.

▲

If you tickle the earth with a hoe, she laughs with a harvest.

▲

When, on the road or in an argument, you are seeing red, stop!!

An authority says no two children are alike. Especially if one is yours and the other isn't.

▲

Million dollars: A sum that may be acquired by putting aside $122.55 out of one's salary every week for 80 years.

▲

Europe is a jigsaw puzzle with a peace missing.

▲

The natural man has only two primal passions: To be and to beget.

▲

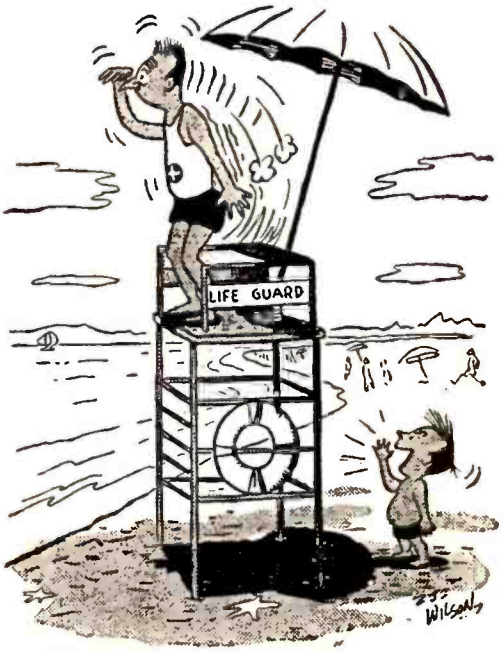
Hula dance: Wild waist show.

▲

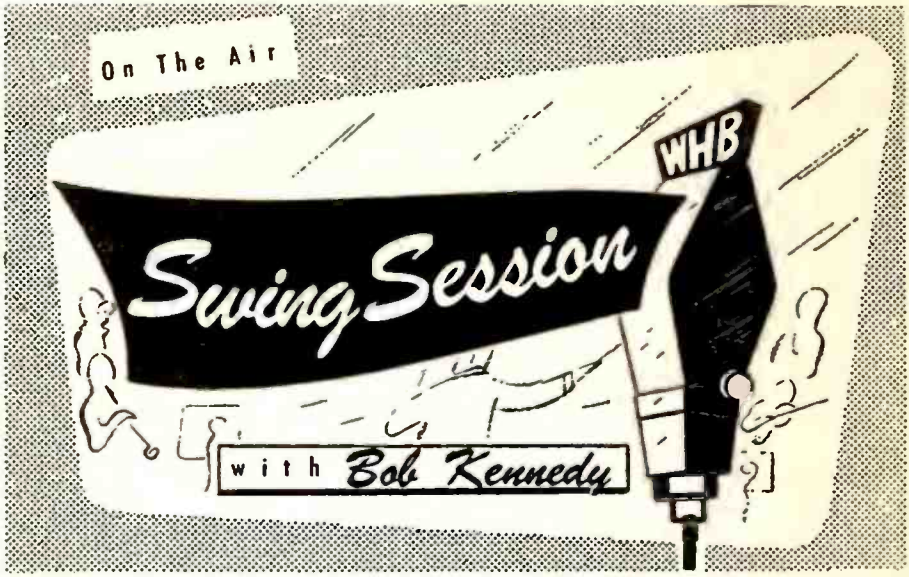
Lecture: A talk by which the notes of the professor become the notes of the student without passing through the minds of either.

▲

Courtesy is the quality that keeps a woman smiling when a departing guest stands at the open screen and lets flies in.



"Help—Help"



Platter Chatter . . .

THE first Dixieland recordings were made back in the year 1916. Perhaps you recall such titles as, "Tiger Rag," "Livery Stable Blues," and others. Thirty-four years later, we're hearing again those same melodies played in similar Dixieland fashion. Nick La Rocca, one of the originals, said that it didn't come from the Congo or Cuba, but "it came out of band concerts in New Orleans." (La Rocca is now retired and a carpenter.) Well, regardless of where it came from, Dixieland is back to stay for awhile. . . . Many of the old dixie combos are coming back and new ones are being formed across the country. . . . Among the names you'll be hearing on the Nets and on records are: Bob Crosby (and the Bob Cats), Pete Daily's Chicagoans, Sharkey and his Kings of Dixieland, Red Nichols and his famous Five Pennies, Wingy Manone, Muggsy Spanier and many more—including Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five.

From Here and There . . .

Dick Haymes, Decca crooner, is in the East attending premieres of his new picture, "St. Benny The Dip." Dick is also making numerous TV guest shots. . . . Columbia has signed the well known organist, Ken Griffen. Les Brown and crew after attending to 71 engagements in 81 days return to the west coast for the Bob Hope show, and Lucy Ann Polk, singer, is staying on with the band. . . . Connie Haines, Coral vocalovely, has been signed to a 7 year contract with M-G-M. . . . Rose Murphy is in England and her Decca Recording of "Me and My Shadow" is going great. . . . Jerry Lewis (of Martin and Lewis) is opening a chain of camera shops on the west coast. . . . Elliot Lawrence has just left Columbia and signed a new contract with Decca. A college album is forthcoming. . . . Frank Sinatra's mother, they say, is going to run for mayor of Hoboken, N. J. . . . Frankie Laine, singing at Ciro's in Hollywood, sprained his back while cracking the whip on his "Mule Train" number. . . . As the result of the "Third Man" zither craze, zither players are now commanding a $350 weekly figure. . . . Peggy Lee was tested by a film company for a role in "Showboat". . . . Mildred Bailey lost 40 pounds after a long illness. . . . Watch for the new Artists label which will present top Heart of America talent.

Betcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . That Ted Lewis acquired his famed battered top hat in a dice game at the once famous Rector's restaurant in New York. . . . "Sitting By The Window" was written by former cabbie Paul Insetta who had penned 40 songs before breaking into the big time. . . Vaughn Monroe started in the business playing trumpet in Eastern bands.

Highly Recommended . . .

COLUMBIA 38818—Doris Day and The Mellomen (ork under George Wyle) "I Didn't Slip—I Wasn't Pushed—I Fell" plus "Before I Loved You" . . . Doris slides into a light bouncy number on the first side. It explains how she fell in love. Doris brushes the lyrics with her soft style and fine treatment by the Mellomen . . . The flip is a slow, easy paced, sentimental ballad with a warm interpretation by Doris . . . Smooth and nice!

COLUMBIA 38927—Dinah Shore with Male Quartet and orch. "Can Anyone Explain" plus "Dream a Little Dream of Me" . . . Dinah turns up with two of her smoothest jobs on this record, singing one brand new song and one solid favorite. The first swings along at a gentle, moderate tempo with Dinah's expert phrasing and fine background by the male quartet. The flipover is one of those dramatic oldies and it sounds even prettier in Dinah's hands, while the Zimmerman orch. adds to the color of the arrangement. Tops for listening and dancing.

COLUMBIA 38934—Gene Autry . . . "Goodnight Irene" and "Texans Never Cry" . . . The young and old cowboys will both like this Autry rendition of one of the newest folk song ballads "Goodnight Irene" . . . The Pinafores and Cass County Boys supply the required choral background. On the reverse Gene sings a jaunty country air which he helped to compose. It's a warm and appealing twosome!

CORAL 60260—Connie Haines with the Mellowmen . . . "La Vie En Rose" and "No Other Love" . . . Versatile Connie is in fine ballad form with the first side—a famous French classic. Connie sings in both English and French. The other side is an adaptation of Chopin's Etude in E Major. And Connie brings out the full beauty of the lyrical offering. You'll enjoy Connie with these two top offerings.

VICTOR 20-3848—Fran Warren with orch. by Henri Rene . . . "I Love the Guy" plus "Let's Make Love" . . . Fran has a pair of winners here to add to past recorded laurels. "I Love the Guy" is a heartwinning upbeat ballad and Fran sings it with feeling. The reverse is a slow and dreamy plea by Fran to her lover. She's convincing too, with her rich, warm voice. There's top singing talent here!

VICTOR 20-3850 — Perry Como with mixed chorus . . . "Bless This House" and "The Rosary" . . . The world situation has demanded more songs of this type and every home should consider this platter a must. "Bless This House" is sung with beautiful feeling and shading by Perry and the vocal chorus in the background adds to the musical picture. On the reverse side, Perry sings with feeling the very beautiful religious number accompanied by organ and a women's choir. It's timely and dramatic!

CAPITOL 1074—Joe "Fingers" Carr and the Carr-Hops . . . "Rootee Tootee" and "Snookey Ookums" . . . If it's novelty you desire here's just what the public ordered. On the heels of Joe's "Sam's Song" he's back with a couple of rousing novelties that are bound to please. It's that soft-shoe rhythm deluxe!

DECCA 27050—Danny Kaye with orch. conducted by Sy Oliver . . . "The Wreck of the Old 97" plus "The Handout Song" . . . It's Danny boy all right with a couple of songs right up his Brooklyn alley. "The Old 97" side is complete with sound effects and all. You'll enjoy this musical train ride with Danny. The flipover is a musical tale about a hobo on Panhandle Hill. If you're a Danny Kaye fan you'll love these!

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

TOWN AND THEATRE

(Continued from Page 449)

professor, composed instrumental music for a 13th Century Chinese play. Henry Scott, head of the University art department, designs many unusual stage settings.

The four major productions last season were: Goldoni's "Mistress of the Inn," Klabund-Laver's "Circle of Chalk," Offenbach's "Fair Helen," and Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

Blevins Davis returned to Kansas City to direct "The Merchant of Venice," bringing Clarence Derwent, president of Actors' Equity, to play Shylock. Mr. Davis, who like Harry Truman is a loyal resident of Independence, Missouri, also brought the Ballet Theatre to perform in Kansas City's Music Hall—and has accepted an assignment to produce the coronation spectacle at Municipal Auditorium October 13, as the feature of the annual American Royal Coronation Pageant and Ball.

At the University Playhouse last season, three experimental plays were also produced: "The York Nativity," "The Unknown Warrior," and "The Warrior's Husband." In July of this year, Rostand's "The Romancers" was produced as a summer play outdoors on the Playhouse Patio.

The 1950-51 season will see some changes. Plays by American authors will dominate the series for the first time. Formerly the plays ran for one week; but because of community players who are employed and university students with full schedules, this season the plays will be given on two successive weekends. This also gives time for a "clean-up" rehears between week-end runs to strengthe weak spots in the performance. Con munity organizations will again b offered an opportunity to contra for benefit performances of each pr duction. The attractions to be give this year are: Shaw's "Saint Joan, Marc Reed's "Yes, My Darlin Daughter," Rostand's "Cyrano d Bergerac" in the Brian Hooker trans lation, Mackaye's "The Scarecrow, Elmer Rice's "The Adding Machine, and Von Suppe's comic opera "Boc caccio."

Four times yearly, students an townspeople try out for acting assign ments and volunteer for technical an non-technical jobs as painters, design ers, electricians, carpenters, and ticke salesmen. Fifty townspeople and hundred students usually have som part in the finished production.

The Playhouse also sends its per formers on one night stands, and ex change productons are arranged wit other universities. Dr. Newfield hope to promote these exchanges into a play tournament with competition be tween different dramatic groups in the area.

The variety of the Playhouse pro gram accomplishes many purposes. Its drama classes develop audience appreciation as well as actors and actresses. It produces good theatre—classic, modern and experimental. It integrates the cultural life of the community by affording a wide outlet for appreciation and activity.

The latter is most important. "The play's the thing," and even though everyone can't be in the play, they at least can see it.

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

BRETTON'S. For a really-different ining experience here in Kansas City, isit Bretton's Continental Restaurant and opper Lounge. Gleaming copper and rass fixtures highlight the decor in the odern setting of this delightful spot . . . but the real thrill comes when your ncheon or dinner is served! Bretton's noted for a variety of unusual foreign ishes, and for its unique gourmets' Nasch able. The salads and desserts are magificent . . . and are surprisingly inexensive! 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

EL CASBAH—HOTEL BELLERIVE. he "Cash Box," which recently celerated its sixth anniversary, has gone all-ut for big-time entertainment this fall! ere you'll see the night club stars whose ames are known from coast to coast: immy Savo, for example, who was headned for months at Cafe Society in New ork—or Carl Brisson, the dowagers' rank Sinatra, who was starred at the ersailles. Joe Vera's society orchestra eats out the rhumbas and sambas, with oe's wonderful piano. Expensive, but un! 214 East Armour. Phone VA 7047.

KING JOY LO. A spacious restaurant here heavily carved and inlaid tables, nclosed booths, handleless cups and hopsticks welcome the lover of food prepared by skilled Chinese cooks. The aried menu offers such Oriental deliacies as chow mein with tender bean prouts, dry fried rice, baby shrimp, egg oo yong, and rich almond cookies. owever, strictly American food can be ound on a second menu. Don Toy superises the service in this Oriental setting. West 12th Street (Second Floor). HA 113.

MAJESTIC BAR. Don't let the name bar" fool you, for this is "The House hat Steaks Built." It's the *other* door hat has the modern, cool and dim dining oom, featuring some of the best steaks in town. At the Majestic they pride themselves on a 14-ounce steak for $2; and the 1-pound filet mignons for $2.50 are wonderful. Equally delicious is their "pizza," the traditional Italian dish of cheese, sausage, anchovies and mushrooms. And, of course, they have that old standby, spaghetti and meatballs! If you're in the mood for some really excellent fish, try the channel catfish. 702 East 31st Street. VA 9208.

★ MUEHLEBACH GRILL. Things are happening at the Grill—really "big name" bands, and a floor show twice nightly. Kansas City's long-time favorite dining and dancing spot has come to life with a vengeance . . . and is pulling in the crowds again! The entertainment line-up changes every two weeks; so consult your newspaper to see who's doing what at this renowned night spot. There's "live" music at luncheon, too—which is why the town's prettiest damsels flock there for the filet of sole. 12th and Baltimore. Phone GR 1400.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. When a gaudily attired doorman helps you out of your car on Baltimore Avenue, you have 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. Gus and Jim Pusateri, of course, will be mingling with the congenial clientele, with Jerry hovering about to make sure that everyone is enjoying himself. 1114 Baltimore. VI 9711.

★ PUTSCH'S 210. The freshness of springtime mingles with the charm of the deep South to make Putsch's a luxurious choice for leisurely dining. Surrounding you are cool green walls and delightful oil paintings depicting life as it ought to be lived in the New Orleans French

Quarter. Rich lobster, tender filets, red snapper and man-sized salads are prepared by veteran chefs who cater to discriminating palates. Business men and shoppers will find Putsch's 210 ideal for luncheon; and the theatre crowd always enjoys the late evening here. Currently entertaining are Gunnar Sondberg and his Continental Trio, alternating with Henry O'Neill at the piano. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ SAVOY GRILL. That Kansas Citians may never forget their heritage, the main dining room at the Savoy is just as it was decades ago. Above the old foot-rail bar is a mural, saluting Kansas City's pioneers. Food is traditionally excellent. Rare delicacies, such as frog legs, fowl, oysters and unusual seafood, as well as those ever-popular Savoy steaks, are served by courteous waiters who seem to be as old as the Savoy itself. For comparison, the Savoy has its modern Imperial Room, where mirrors and coral r walls produce an equally distinguish setting for the same good food. Look f the sign of the Lobster at 9th and Centr VI 3890.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. Just abo the most spacious, pleasantly-lighted sp in Kansas City for excellent dinner dancing and supper. No floor show- just good music and a congenial a mosphere. And always a crowd—c young people, their sophisticated elde and not a few visiting firemen. Recentl installed is the cute "Magnolia Room bar, inhabited at all hours from 11:3 a.m. until 1:30 a.m. by the automobil crowd on Baltimore Avenue, celebritie from the theatrical and sports world an other interesting guests. 1425 Baltimor Phone GR 5129.

▲

When asked for references, the maid replied, "I didn't bring them with me—like my pictures, they never do me justice."

▲

A Communist agitator rode into the city park, and, after leaning his bicycle against the railing, mounted a soap box and started to address the crowd.

"If your family is hungry," he shouted, "raid a shop and take food for them, and don't care what anybody says. If your wife hasn't got a coat, pick the best fur coat you can see and ignore the consequences."

After several more minutes in this strain, he dismounted from his soap box, and his next words were, "Where's the scoundrel who took my bicycle?"

▲

The city banker was visiting the farm. "I suppose," he said, nodding toward a figure in the farmyard, "that's the hired man."

"No," replied the farmer, tongue in cheek, "that's the first vice-president in charge of cows."

"Your honor," said a lawyer, "this ma beat his wife over the head with an oa leaf."

"An oak leaf!" the judge snorted, "A oak leaf couldn't hurt anybody."

"Your honor," pursued the lawyer. "I was an oak leaf out of the dining roon table."

▲

At the University of Buffalo a professo heard that the presidency of a far wester college was open, so he applied for the job He cited all his qualifications, including hi various Harvard degrees, then concluded "Although I received all my education a Harvard, I have been here at Buffalo fo three years and feel that I understan the west."

▲

Money

Workers earn it. Spendthrifts burn it.
Bankers lend it. Women spend it.
Forgers fake it. Taxes take it.
Dying, leave it. Heirs receive it.
Thrifty save it. Misers crave it.
Gamblers lose it . . . I could use it.—Anon.

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LARRY RAY

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W H B

Sept.	23	T.C.U. at Kansas
Sept.	30	Clemson at Missouri
Oct.	7	S.M.U. at Missouri
Oct.	14	Kansas at Iowa State
Oct.	21	Oklahoma A & M at Kansas
Oct.	28	Nebraska at Kansas
Nov.	4	Missouri at Nebraska
Nov.	11	Oklahoma at Kansas
Nov.	18	Missouri at Oklahoma or Kansas at Kansas State
Nov.	23	Kansas at Missouri
Nov.	25	Nebraska at Oklahoma

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own here arranging for the broodcasts are, left to right; seated, Don Fitzgerald, Centrol Pon-ac; William L. Gillmar, Gillmar Matar Co.; S. H. Reeder, Pantioc zone mgr.; standing, Ed Birr, HB sales; Frank Ball, Frank Ball Pantiac Co.; Larry Ray, WHB Sports Directar; Andy Klein, dy Klein Pantiac; E. L. McIntyre, Pantiac zane parts; Lewis Laner, Laner Pantioc; Russell enberger, Perry Motar Co.

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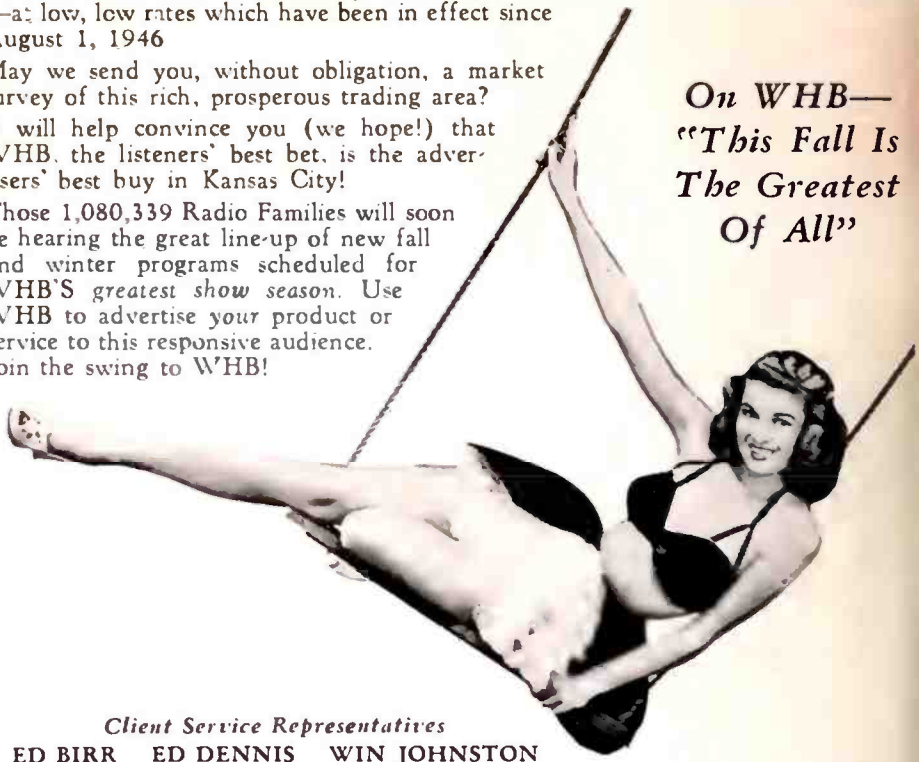

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