Swing

25c

FEBRUARY, 1951

Romeos With Paunches *By Norton Hughes Jonathan*

You'll pay for that youthful fling in Chicago . . . . . *Page* 2

Cowboys Like It Comfortable *By Joseph Stocker*

The common cowboy is the backbone of a business . . . . *Page* 23

Articles

Special Features

SO YOU WANT A RAISE?—When, What and How. See page 33.

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1. DICK SMITH, WHB program director, is m.c. of Kansas Cit high school quiz show, "It Pays to Be Smart," broadcast every Thursd at 7 p.m. This picture was made at Washington High School. A diff ent school is featured each week.

2. BANDLEADER BOB CROSBY clowns with Arbogast on WHE "Club 710." For Arbogasps by Arbogast see page 66.

3. "BOX 13" starring Alan La is one of the great new shows WHB this winter. Ladd plays writer who advertises for adve ture. Hear him at 3 p.m. eve Sunday.

4. "THE DAMON RUNYON THEATRE" stars John Brown as "Broadway," in shows based on the late Damon Runyon stories about Broadway characters. Hear it every Thursday at 8:30 p.m. on WHB.

5. WHEN ASKED if the Kansas City Blues would win the American Association pennant this year, George (Twinkletoes) Selkirk, (right) the new Blues manager, just winked! Others at the table, left to right, are: Lee MacPhail, farm director of the New York Yankees; Tom Greenwade, famous Yankee scout; and Larry Ray, WHB sports director.

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Swing®

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WHB • KANSAS CITY
Your Favorite Neighbor

foreword

WITH this February issue, *Swing* begins its seventh year of publication. Originally published monthly, we changed in mid-year, 1949, to every other month. The magazine now appears each February, April, June, August, October, December.

WHB sends it to advertisers (local, regional, national); to sales managers, advertising managers, and advertising agency executives—people interested in the broadcast advertising medium. Cook Paint & Varnish (who own WHB) send *Swing* to architects, property owners who buy paint, painting contractors, Cook Paint dealers and users of industrial paints.

Swing's readership makes the magazine content and character unique. We'd like you to think of it as a friendly call on you from your friends at Cook's or WHB.

You won't find *too* much in it about *us*. Rather, we try to bring you, each issue, a few thought-provoking articles . . . some reading matter of informative value and human interest . . . occasional essays and criticism . . . and a few laughs.

This is a time, seems to us, when America especially needs the tonic of laughter. Not as escape. Just as a tonic.

For these are grim times. An era when the United States will win and maintain—or lose forever!—its position of world leadership, its texture as the America we know and love. This is a time for faith—*and* works. A time when we need to think clearly, speak truly, act with decision and fortitude.

It is a time of belt-tightening. A time for austerity—or else! With it all, we must relax . . . occasionally. *Swing*—"an apparatus for recreation"—hopes to help you relax.

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ROMEOS WITH PAUNCHES

Visitors pay with their billfold for the glamour and gaudiness of Chicago "night life."

by NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

EARL W. really wasn't a reckless man. A well-dressed, somewhat heavy executive in his early fifties, he came to Chicago to attend a sales meeting, with no thought of getting involved with a woman.

In his small Ohio home town he had a splendid reputation and was considered a pillar of the community. His name was high on the letterhead of any group organized for a worthy cause. He was successful in business, and loved his wife and family. Friends thought of him as a moderate social drinker. He never made a spectacle of himself at parties or the country club dances.

Far from being the typical conventioner, he avoided getting involved in several parties planned for Chicago's west-side honky tonk belt. He had dinner with a senior member of his firm, took the man to his train, and then returned to the hotel to call his wife.

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However, the long distance operator couldn't put through his call. The telephone at home was busy. Recalling that this was his wife's night to entertain her club, and that most of the women who were members couldn't be in the same room with a telephone for more than five minutes without using it, he asked the operator to try again in half an hour. With nothing to do but wait, he went down to the cocktail lounge for a drink.

When the operator rang his room forty minutes later to report that the line was still busy, Earl W. hadn't returned. Two hours later he was still away—and by that time had forgotten the telephone call and, temporarily, about his wife. He was very much occupied telling an attractive, stylishly dressed young woman of his early business struggles. She was an exceptionally eager and sympathetic listener.

At one o'clock the next afternoon—when he awoke in a strange hotel room with a pounding head and no money—Mr. W. couldn't remember how he had started talking to the girl at the next table in the cocktail lounge. He could only recall that she seemed to be very well-bred—not at all the pick-up type. He had always told himself that he was a good judge of women.

She wore a badge for some convention and had identified herself as the secretary to the sales manager of a manufacturing company in California. Her explanation of what she was doing alone in the cocktail lounge had satisfied Mr. W. "They wanted me to go on one of those parties," she had told him, "but I don't go in for that sort of thing. I'd much rather have a quiet scotch and soda and get a good night's sleep. It's awfully nice of you to buy me a drink."

He recalled ruefully that there had been many drinks, and that the young woman had numerous opportunities to see his well-stuffed wallet. During the four hours until closing time they had grown progressively fonder of each other, with Mr. W. remembering pleasurably that he had been considered very attractive to women during his college days.

Although the girl was definitely not the kind a man would invite up to his room for a nightcap, he somehow considered it a compliment when she suggested that they have one in hers. She made it seem like the most natural thing in the world that two warm friends should finish a bottle of scotch together. She neglected to mention that she planned to add knock-out drops to his share and rob him of $300.

Mr. W. got back to his own room feeling stupid and foolish, but delighted that apparently no one had been trying to find him. There were no messages or phone calls, and the credit manager was very courteous about cashing a check. As he counted the money he began to plan how he would explain that incomplete phone call when he got home. He had, of course, no intention of mentioning his experience to anyone. It remained a secret for two years, until he got a little tight one night and confided in a close friend who is a well-known private investigator.

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"Actually he was lucky," Mr. W.'s friend pointed out. "The girl just knocked him out and stole his money. The fact that she didn't attempt blackmail indicates she was working alone. She could have rigged him for a shakedown by taking her clothes off after she knocked him out, with a confederate shooting a picture of her leaning tenderly over him. That's a cute pose to threaten a man."

The girl was not a prostitute but a knock-out expert specializing in working conventions. She had a convention badge and took the trouble to prepare herself carefully for her working hours in hotel cocktail lounges. The badge helped a great deal. She was readily accepted by conventioneers as one of the gang. No one ever bothered to check up on its authenticity.

THERE are many Mr. W.'s—none of whom want anyone to know how foolish they've been. Often they are home-loving, well-meaning men, looking for just a little excitement—perhaps to prove to themselves that they're not getting old. Others want to prove to themselves that they're irresistible. Some want to get away from responsibility and their routine lives. The impersonal atmosphere of a hotel makes this easy.

Some of the rusty romeos get a bad hangover and an empty pocketbook in a hotel room. Others are clipped in dingy strip-tease joints, where the sisters of the break-away bra get down to as little as the district police captain will currently allow to the accompaniment of a wailing saxophone, tinny piano and frantic drums.

There are usually "live ones" around —conventioneers out for a large evening, local husbands who have managed to miss the last train to the suburbs, and a few paunchy wolves who hang around the place regularly. While the waiters pad the checks and the strippers take a chance on getting pneumonia, the barflies search for a "chump." They can usually spot one the length of the bar, no matter how bad the lighting. Visiting firemen or substantial local business executives are preferred because they seldom "make a beef." Their pride or reputations won't let them.

The majority of the hostesses who work in bars or cheap night clubs are not knock-out queens or jack-rollers. However, there is no evidence either that they are high minded young women who are working their way through college, or supporting a sick relative. They are paid by the management for listening to the customers talk about themselves and getting their feet stepped on by those who fancy themselves as wonderful dancers.

These "B" girls are paid by the drink. During the course of a long night, they can consume an enormous quantity of cheap vermouth. This is billed as bonded liquor and is called "the special." It is considered bad taste for a customer to try to determine what the lady who finds him so fascinating is really drinking.

One reveler who had been pouring "specials" into a hostess for more than three hours at ninety cents each was startled to overhear her tell a comrade, "Gee, I wish we could get out of here and have a drink."

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A GOOD hostess — in her prime and working a real "live one"— can down three to four "specials" while he is finishing a single drink. Her average will run from ten to fifteen an hour. There is always a willing waiter at her elbow. The management sees to that.

In many strip-tease joints the girls in the show throw on a few clothes between disrobings and join the customers with the purpose in mind of adding to their income. As one stripper explained, "I do all right in this business. I've got a good figure, a cast-iron stomach, and a 'tin' ear."

Usually a "B" girl's interest in a chump lasts only to the end of the night or the end of his money— whichever comes first. Unless she is doing a little work on the side, after hours, she will brush him off at closing time—leaving via the back door with the alacrity of a stenographer shutting her desk at five o'clock.

Whether he comes from New York, Pawhuska, Oklahoma, or just around the corner, the customer is always wrong when the time arrives for him to pay his check. This precept of the clipping business was forcefully illustrated only recently when several out-of-town businessmen decided to patronize one of the so-called night clubs on Chicago's North Clark Street. Soon after they sat down at a table they had feminine companionship. Not particularly caring for the place, the show, or their hostesses, they asked for the check after having only a few drinks. Being sober, they were amazed to discover that the total was outrageous. They protested.

The waiter called the manager. They still protested. The manager called upon several associates kept around for the purpose of being summoned in emergencies. The visitors paid—still protesting.

Then, probably feeling that they needed a lesson, the bouncers, with the assistance of a couple of bartenders, beat them up with miniature baseball bats and tossed them into North Clark Street. That was supposed to close the incident. The night club had good protection and the next election was many months away.

However, the injured visitors didn't cooperate. Apparently they were unaware that when you get a going-over in a dive you're supposed to feel ashamed of yourself and keep your troubles a secret. They called a cab and asked to be driven to a police station. Fortunately for justice's sake, the cabbie was new to North Clark Street and took them to a station outside the police district in which the night club was located. There they signed a complaint. Then the newspapers picked up the story.

This incident proved exceptionally embarrassing to the city administration. It was forced to revoke the strip joint's license and turn the heat on all

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over town. The Chicago Crime Commission and the Cook County grand jury got into the act by starting an investigation of an alleged protection tie-up between police officers and night club operators on North Clark Street. This was bad for business everywhere.

One clip-joint owner moaned, "Those jerks sure didn't use their heads. They never shoulda strong-armed a bunch of fellas. They shoulda been more careful."

The case against the night club operator was finally dropped after many continuances in a friendly police court. The boys who run the joints know that if an unhappy customer does have the nerve to prosecute, they can "continue" the complaint to death—particularly if the injured party is from out of town and can't afford to appear in court more than a few times. When he fails to show up, the case is eagerly dropped.

An institution known as "the soft pinch" also protects operators. When an arrest is about to be made, someone who knows police plans makes a tip-off telephone call. When the police arrive the operator and any other big shots on the premises have had plenty of time to get away. The only persons left in the place are the chumps, a handful of entertainers and bartenders, and the third-string "manager" who has been elected to take the trip down to the station.

A convention bureau executive expressed his organization's attitude toward the "B" girls, knock-out specialists, party girls and strip-tease artists this way:

"We really do our best to stamp out the vicious practices, and most of the time we get cooperation from the authorities. However, lots of men look forward to a few days in a strange city as a chance to shed respectability and at least pretend that they're painting the town red. They're the ones who get clipped, because if they weren't at least agreeable to meeting trouble half way, they wouldn't find it."

It would seem that the best way for a man to avoid trouble while away from home is to take his wife along.

▲

Straw Boss: "So you don't like my way of doing things! I suppose you wish I were dead so you could spit on my grave."

Luke: "Not me—I'm an ex-GI, and I hate standing in line."

▲

A girl bought a lottery ticket and insisted on having the ticket number 51. It turned out to be the winning number and she received $15,000.

"What made you think that 51 was going to win?" asked a reporter.

"Well," she explained, "for the last 7 nights I dreamed of number 7, and 7 times 7 are 51, so I bought the ticket."

"Gimme two eggs."

"How you want 'em cooked, Mac?"

"Any difference in price?"

"Nope, same price any way you want them."

"Good, I'd like them cooked with a piece of ham."

▲

A couple of Scotsmen were walking along the road together and one was jingling something in his pocket. His pal asked, "Jock, you must have plenty of money in there."

"Oh, no," said Jock, "that's my wife's false teeth . . . there's too much eating between meals in our house."

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What'll We Call It ?

A tongue-in-cheek story of how your favorite town got its name.

by FRANK L. REMINGTON

OUTSIDE the wind whistled over the white-blanketed Iowa farms. Inside one of the cabins, a group of settlers discussed possible names for their village.

One weather-beaten farmer stood up. "Since most of us come from Somerset, Ohio, why don't we call our new home Somerset?"

Another settler scrambled to his feet. "Whad'ya mean summer? Take a look at the snow out there. Looks to me more like Winterset." The others agreed and the name Winterset was adopted.

Many towns, cities, rivers and other natural features receive their names in a similar manner. Sometimes, through humorous circumstances, comical titles are adopted. Sheboygan, Michigan, is said to have been named as a result of a disgusted remark by an Indian chief when his squaw presented him with another daughter—"She boy 'gain!"

Friday Harbor, Washington, was named as the result of a misunderstanding. In the early days a ship's captain dropped anchor in the harbor. Noticing a farmer plowing near the beach, the mariner yelled, "What bay is this?"

The obliging plowman cupped his hands and yelled back, "Friday," thinking the captain had said "day" instead of "bay." And so Friday Harbor was christened.

Natives of the small town of Hearne, Texas, say their village is so-called because of an argument some years ago between an elderly married couple. The town now occupies the land which formerly made up their ranch. After domestic difficulties, the couple decided to separate. Trouble started over who should have the ranch. The husband declared it was "his'n" and the wife said it was "her'n." Local ranchers took sides, some saying the property should be "his'n" and others declaring emphatically that it should be "her'n."

In court the judge ruled in favor of the wife. From that time the place

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was called "her'n." Later the spelling was changed to Hearne.

It is said that Difficult, Tennessee, received its name from a letter written to its residents by George Washington. The Father-of-His-Country turned down the first name the townsfolk submitted because it was too difficult to pronounce. "The name is difficult," Washington probably wrote. And so the name Difficult was adopted.

Other oddly named towns include Wounded Knee, South Dakota; Milk Punch, California; Boxspring, Georgia; Burnt Cork, Alabama; Cuckoo, Virginia; and Dime Box, Texas. Each name has its own unique history. The origin of Dime Box is typical. The story goes that some years ago the daughter of the proprietor of an isolated Texas general store pestered the customers for coins to put in her dime box. Laughingly the customers dubbed the store Dime Box. Later, when houses sprang up around the store, the settlement retained the name.

A LITTLE-KNOWN government agency of the Department of the Interior is the final authority on place names. The Board of Geographic Names is its official title and it is directed by Dr. Meredith F. Burrill.

Among the Board's duties is the standardization of the different names, spellings, and pronunciations used for the same place. For instance, some local people still refer to a stream in New Hampshire as Quohquinapassakessamanagnog. However, the correct name, according to the Board, is Beaver Brook.

When the agency officially dropped the apostrophe from Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, the enraged citizenry of the island put up such a protest that the Board was forced to restore it.

Once the Board decided the final "h" should be dropped from Pittsburgh to simplify the spelling. Other cities such as Newburg, New York, formerly Newburgh, had cooperated, but not the steel city. The controversy continued for some 20 years until the Board finally gave up. Pittsburgh is still Pittsburgh.

Dr. Burrill's department doesn't have to settle the problem of places having the same names but located in different states. This puzzle often causes trouble for the Post Office Department. There are 23 Lincolns and 27 Washingtons, for instance, as well as a host of other duplications.

The ways in which places receive their names are almost unlimited. Some are derived from dates, others from numbers. Eighty-four, Pennsylvania, took its name from its date of founding in 1884. The number of a school district provided a name for Fifty-six, Arkansas.

Backward spelling is also popular. Thus Reklaw and Sacul in Texas are the names Walker and Lucas spelled in reverse.

But the funniest place names are those resulting from an accident or humorous incident. When the residents of a West Virginia community felt the need of a post office, the Post Office Department received a letter from them which started: "We wanta post office." And the community got a post office named Wewanta.

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It is said the people of a Western Iowa town submitted a list of names to the Postmaster General with the request that he select one.

None of the names, however, struck the Postmaster's fancy and he wired back: "Give me a name that will stick." So the people came up with the name Wax and it has been Wax, Iowa, ever since.

Often there are conflicting beliefs as to the origin of a place name. There is a widespread belief, for example, that the Youghiogheny River is an Indian name. The history of the name shows differently, although an Indian did figure prominently in the naming.

The tale goes that an early settler walking in the woods spied an Indian at the same time the redskin spotted him. Both jumped for cover behind trees.

In his hiding place the settler removed his hat, stuck it on the end of his gun, and poked it from behind the tree. The Indian shot an arrow through the hat and, thinking he had disposed of his foe, jumped out and yelled "Yough!"

The settler took careful aim and put a bullet through the Indian. As the redskin fell, the settler jumped from behind the tree and yelled "Yough-again-y!" And so the river was named Youghiogheny.

▲

Douglas, at a gathering at which Lincoln was also present, was repeatedly making remarks about Lincoln's lowly station in life and saying that his first meeting with him had been across the counter of a general store. He finally ended his remarks by saying, "And Mr. L. was a very good bartender too." There was a roar of laughter at this, but it quieted down considerably when Mr. Lincoln said quietly: "What Mr. D. has said, gentlemen, is true enough; I did keep a grocery, and I did sell cotton, candles and cigars, and sometimes whiskey; but I remember in those days that Mr. Douglas was one of my best customers. Many a time I have stood on one side of the counter and sold whiskey to Mr. Douglas on the other side, but the difference between us now is this: I have left my side of the counter, but Mr. D. still sticks to his as tenaciously as ever."

▲

An editor was at his desk when the phone rang. On the other end was an irate subscriber. "I noticed in your paper," the reader shouted, "that you printed I was dead!"

"Zatso?" was the indifferent retort. "Where are you speaking from now?"

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Ole Debbil ATOM BOMB

GENERAL LUCIUS D. CLAY, who broke the Berlin blockade with an airlift, tells what needs to be done for Civil Defense. No one of us has the right to fail to make a contribution.

IT IS difficult to interest people in civil defense problems. Our efforts to this end in World War II did not win public favor, because Americans did not believe the United States could be attacked successfully by air. Much of that belief still exists.

Nevertheless, our own Air Force has told us repeatedly that it is possible for Russia to deliver an atomic attack on American cities. Probably Russia is not prepared to carry on a sustained air attack against any single target, having neither the long-range aircraft nor enough atomic bombs. However, it must be assumed that Russia has enough to make sneak air raids against important targets. The surprise nature of such raids would enable some of the aircraft to reach their target.

Our planning for the future must be based on past experience. Going

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back to the recorded results at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, we can assume that a bomb of equal intensity would create almost complete devastation above ground within a radius of half-a-mile with little chance of survival for those in the open. Within a radius of one mile, most of the buildings would be gutted or destroyed; and there would be heavy casualties among those not protected by shelter. The property damage would extend over a radius of a mile-and-a-half; and secondary fires could be expected to result over an even more extensive area.

In a concentrated area like Manhattan, the killed and wounded might reach several hundred thousand in number. Obviously, these figures are alarming. But any area which suffers an atomic attack will experience property destruction of untold value and the loss of hundreds — indeed thousands—of human lives.

Nevertheless, we are sure that prompt action in removing people from the immediate area of the explosion and quick treatment of the wounded would greatly minimize the effects of the bomb. Such action may well reduce the loss of life which would follow by 50 per cent. This alone indicates the necessity for organized effort to utilize all our resources in minimizing the effects of atomic explosions.

IT IS important that each individual knows what to expect in an atomic attack. Particularly, the importance of seeking shelter—for outside the area of complete destruction even a small amount of shelter may mean the difference between life and death.

Here is our philosophy in civil defense: *We believe the development of atomic warfare has made civil defense as essential as military defense.* Unlike military operations, it involves the entire civilian population. The maintenance of civilian confidence and morale is necessary to victory; and should the public be subjected to atomic attack, they must know that everything possible has been done to reduce the risk. We have entered into a new way of life for America. For the first time in our history we have found ourselves—in the event of war—exposed to its full dangers.

The primary responsibility for civil defense must always rest upon local officials. The instantaneous nature of the attack makes it necessary quickly to protect the population where they are, and to rescue immediately those in the area of the explosion. If it is to be done effectively, these local officials must have a specific plan. Arrangements must be made to warn the population in advance. They must know where to find shelter; and there must be prompt mobilization of medical, rescue and fire facilities. Even when this work is well done, local resources will not suffice. There must be a plan—tested by trial—which will bring facilities in adjacent areas into action quickly. This is our scheme of operation.

Each area likely to be hit has been designated as a target area, and assigned the mission of developing a plan for the immediate mobilization of its own resources. At the same time, the resources of the state will

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be mobilized, under appropriate state officials, to assist the local authorities in coping with the enormous problem.

The scope of the work and its requirements for air raid wardens and other essential services requires a large number of volunteers. They must be selected carefully to hold the confidence of their neighbors; and they must be willing to undergo the requisite training. To secure these volunteers, the public must understand the importance of civil defense and the necessity for being in a state of preparedness at all times.

MUCH has been said about long-range programs for the construction of deep shelters, for the dispersion of industry, for the many other programs which would reduce our dangers from atomic attack. Certainly, long-range planning must give consideration to such programs. However, we must face reality. At the moment neither time nor funds are available which would accomplish much on a national basis during the next few years to disperse industry widely or to provide full shelter for the millions of people living in target areas.

When I took over the chairmanship of the Civil Defense Commission of the state of New York, the Governor advised me that his immediate and direct interests were in securing a civil defense program that would work as quickly as possible. In undertaking this task, we have been confronted by some cynicism with respect to the need for the program. This is difficult for me to understand. If we assume, as we must, that our great concentrations of population can be exposed to the hazards of atomic warfare at any time, then it behooves all of us to do the utmost to protect the populations thus exposed.

Basically, civil defense requires complete cooperation between the federal, state, city and county governments, and between the officials of these governments and the people. Largely executed by volunteers who are motivated by a desire to serve, this effort can furnish an outstanding example of the willingness of a democratic people to work together in mutual interest. It provides the opportunity for people less exposed to atomic attack

to make their resources available to those more exposed. Such cooperation can come about only when all are fully informed.

It seems to me that no one of us could ask to serve in a better cause, even though as individuals each of us may contribute only a small amount to the accomplishment of the task. *No one of us has the right to fail to make that contribution.* If we all do our part, civil defense in itself may

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prove over the years to be a means of drawing our people even closer together in common purpose. People working with each other in a common cause is the essential of free enterprise, the foundation of Democracy. It is another challenge which I am sure can never be met as successfully in a totalitarian state as it *can* and *will* be met here.

For additional information about your role in civil defense, write The Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C., for a copy of "Survival Under Atomic Attack."

▲

Two fellows met. One was wearing the initials "IATK". The other said, "My friend, I never saw a button like that. What kind of a lodge or organization is that?"

"It's an organization I belong to. The initials mean 'I Am Thoroughly Confused'."

"I get the first three letters," answered the other fellow. "but what is the 'K' for?"

"It stands for Confused."

"But you've spelled it wrong."

"Maybe so," was the retort. "but you don't know how thoroughly confused I am."

▲

"I'll bet you 10 dollars," a man said to a boastful athlete, "that I can wheel something in a wheelbarrow from one street lamp to the next and you aren't able to wheel it back."

The local champ looked him over. He thought of bags of cement, bricks and old iron, and concluded that whatever the stranger could wheel, he could do better.

"Bet taken," he said.

The other man smiled, walked over to a wheelbarrow and said to the boastful athlete, "Get in."—*The Woodsman.*

▲

The Soviet educator Mitschurin was discussing insects at Moscow University. "I have here a flea," said he to the students, "on my right hand. I order him to jump over to my left hand. The flea obeyed, as you see. Now I repeat the experiment, and the flea obeys again. Now I remove the legs of the flea and order it to jump. You see that it doesn't jump. Therefore, gentlemen, we have scientific proof that a flea whose legs are removed becomes deaf."

Oliver Wendell Holmes was fond of telling the story that the people of the world decided to shout "Boo!" all at once at a specified moment, so that the voice of the inhabitants of the earth might be heard in the moon. When the time came for this mighty ejaculation, the people were so eager to hear the great noise that they failed to contribute their "Boo's," and the great occasion passed as the most silent moment since creation.

▲

A gentle Quaker heard a strange noise in his house at night. He found a burglar busily at work. In plain sight of the visitor he walked quietly with his gun to the doorway and said:

"Friend, I would do thee no harm for the world and all that is in it, but thou standest where I am about to shoot."

▲

"Any marks or means of identification?"

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Medical Irony

IN 1909 a new drug was discovered by a German scientist. It was not tested for germ-killing properties however, and the patent was allowed to expire. But in 1933 another German scientist re-discovered the drug and learned of its germicidal qualities.

In February, 1935, Gerhard Domagk published the results of his experiments. "Prontosil doesn't work in the test tube," he wrote. "It only works in infected animals, but there it is remarkable. I took 26 mice and infected them all with lethal doses of streptococci germs. To 12 of them I gave Prontosil. Of the 14 animals that did not get Prontosil, every one died. Of the 12 that did get the drug, every one lived."

Prontosil was hailed as a great medical discovery, for it would cure blood poisoning, strep throats, infections of all kinds. Heinrich Hoerlein, one of the founders of I. G. Farbenindustrie, bragged that his associate's discovery was one the hated French would never figure out.

He was thinking of his arch-rival, Ernest Fourneau, director of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. Time and time again, the Frenchman had turned the tables on German scientists. When Erlich discovered his magic bullet, 606, to battle syphilis, Germany had expected to profit by the patent on the drug. Fourneau, however, had spoiled the plan by discovering bismuth compounds which did the same job. The monopoly had been destroyed.

Again, when Hoerlein's chemists had developed Bayer 205 to fight sleeping sickness, Ernest Fourneau had solved the secret formula. Little wonder that Hoerlein hated the clever French scientist.

Forneau was up to his old tricks again. Learning of Prontosil, he was puzzled. How was it that Domagk had discovered the drug two years before publishing a paper on it? How was it that if the Germans had developed such an important drug, they should wait two years to put it on the market? Obviously, there was more than meets the eye.

Forneau and his colleagues went to work in the laboratory. Using the formula appearing in official patents, they soon made a quantity of the drug and tested it on animals. Prontosil was everything the Germans said it was. And before long France had its own version of the life-saving drug.

Hoerlein raged. "The French have plagiarized our discovery," he roared. "They've robbed us with an imitation of our product!"

Ernest Fourneau's men already were unraveling the secret of the complicated Prontosil formula. "It's more complicated than necessary," a chemist reported. "One-half of the molecule is a dye that has no germ-killing properties. The other part is the really active drug. The Germans merely camouflaged the effective germ-killer so no one else could discover it."

"What about the patents?" asked Fourneau.

"There exist no patents on the true germ-killing part of Prontosil."

The French patented the drug in other countries. It was named Sulfanilamide, and the very mention of it threw Hoerlein and his colleagues into a rage. They could not escape this fact: Sulfanilamide had been discovered by a German in 1909, and patented then. The drug, however, hadn't been tested for germ-killing properties and the patent had been allowed to expire. Twenty-four years later, the drug was re-discovered by another German. Two years lapsed while the Germans worked to camouflage the drug so Germany could control all patent rights.

And who was the man who originally patented the drug? Who was the poor excuse for a scientist who never had tested it for its germ-killing properties back in 1909? Who was it who missed the chance of a lifetime? Why, none other than Heinrich Hoerlein himself!

—*Walter Williams*

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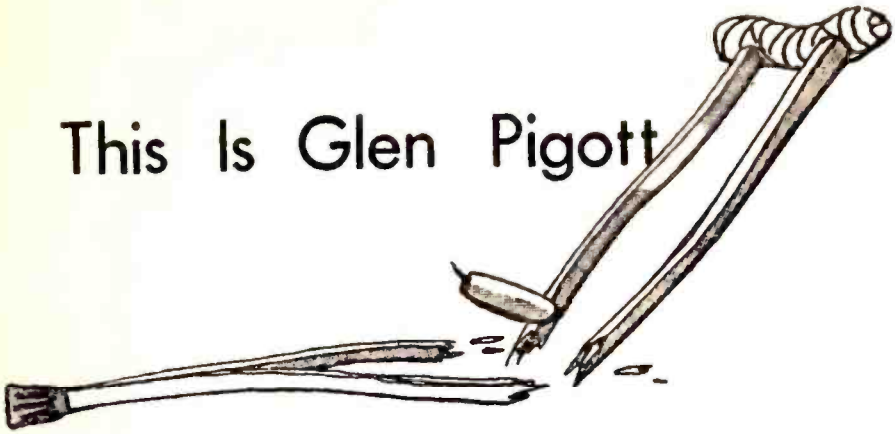
This Is Glen Pigott



America's scourge, Polio, cripples many each year. But they can live a normal life if they remember disability is not inability.

by MILT HAMMER

WHEN Glen Pigott was three years old, he was stricken with polio and spent two years in bed in a back cast. His mother, a former music teacher, gave him physical and mental therapy by placing a piano next to his bed. She taught him keyboard technique, and he began to pick out notes following the music he heard over the radio.

The piano was his substitute for all the games and pleasures normal children can participate in. Not that Glen ever considered himself anything but "normal".

"I felt my handicap wasn't a handicap. It diverted me from one thing to another—and made me concentrate on the music that was a substitute for all the other things to which I couldn't adapt myself physically."

Now 22, and paralyzed from the waist down, Glen moves around easily on his crutches and maneuvers at will. His handling of the piano pedals is made possible by a special brace arrangement on his shoes.

"There is no real physical handicap," he says. "My mother is afraid to get into a plane. I fly all around the country in planes, and in that respect, she is more handicapped than I."

Glen played the piano for his own enjoyment until he entered high school in McComb, Mississippi. Then he majored in music studies and began to practice seriously. As a junior and senior he doubled his laurels with the "Sonata Award" for his piano playing.

In the summer of 1945, he entered Millsaps College in Jackson, Miss., to major in music. He wrote tunes for all the student shows and in the fall of 1946, he transferred to L. S. U. to work for a degree in composition.

The social director of L. S. U. made Glen casting director of the campus,

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activities—shows, reviews, a student night club series, and pre-game festivities and rallies. He also joined the campus radio department, writing background music for student-produced dramas over the local radio station. In 1948 he was elected student president of the School of Music.

FOUR boys and a girl, screened by Glen in his casting job, formed a singing quintet in the fall of 1948, with Glen accompanying them on the piano and arranging their music. In early 1949, a Horace Heidt talent scout arrived at Baton Rouge and selected the quintet in the preliminary auditions for the following Sunday night's "Youth Opportunity" program on a coast-to-coast radio broadcast.

Although they lost out in the finals, the scout was impressed with Glen's piano technique and asked him if he couldn't come to New Orleans that Sunday morning to audition for Heidt. Glen played one number, "Dixieland Boogie" and was immediately assigned number three spot on that night's radio broadcast. He came in second by only two points.

The following day the troupe played Baton Rouge. After the shows Glen talked with Heidt and Dick Contino, the 19-year-old accordionist who had won the $5000 first prize in the grand finals in 1948. Glen became featured soloist and Dick's accompanist in the new unit Dick was forming.

"No person with a physical disability ever likes to be spotlighted or paid special attention. He wants to go along with the gang and make his own adjustments. The worst thing he fears is pity and overindulgent sympathy. *Disability is not inability.* A disabled person who can develop independently, as I have, can find just as useful a life for himself in society as a person with full use of all his physical facilities.

"That's why I am always happy to help in polio drives. I was brought up independently and if I can help others achieve the same independence I have, it will be the best thing I have done in this world."

Helping others is nothing new to Glen. He has participated in numerous polio and other charitable drives in his home area. And since joining Cantino, Glen and Dick have made it a point to visit all Veteran Administration and children's hospitals, as well as polio wards, when they have the time on tour. They put on a small show and Glen demonstrates how he overcame the bleak outlook from the time he was stricken.

A versatile musician, Glen is writing both classical and popular music. His "Suite for Piano," composed at L. S. U., won first place last year in the Mississippi Composers Contest, and he has more than 30 popular tunes under his belt.

"I am interested in sweet and sentimental jazz, the Frankie Carle or Glenn Miller type. Bebop is like seasoning to a meal; a little bit of it is good."

Swimming is Glen's favorite sport, and walking his main form of exer-

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cise. He swings in and out of cabs faster and easier than most people, and he likes spectator sports such as football, baseball and basketball.

Glen Pigott has fought polio and won a normal way of life. His main ambition now is to settle down and compose the music he likes.

▲

Child specialist to mother of small boy: "You'll have to handle this child carefully. Remember, you're dealing with a sensitive, high-strung little stinker."

▲

"I want to know," said the woman, "how much money my husband drew out of this bank last week."

"Sorry, madam," answered the man in the cage, "I can't give you that information."

"Well, aren't you the paying teller?" she persisted.

"Yes, madam," he replied, "but I'm not the telling payer."—*The Woodsman.*

▲

—Currier

"My Pop can lick anybody in the world . . . except my Mother!"

During the silence of a twenty minute bus stopover, a man accompanied by his young son, found a seat behind the driver. The youngster, bursting with pride, was carefully carrying a covered box.

"Dad," he asked, "is my kitten a man kitten or a lady kitten?"

Everyone on board listened hopefully.

"A man kitten," said papa promptly.

"How do you know?" the boy persisted.

One could have heard a pin drop as the father replied: "Well, he has whiskers, hasn't he?"—*Lamar Daily Democrat.*

▲

A youngster stood gazing intently at his father's visitor, a homely man of large proportions. At length the portly one becoming a bit embarrassed, said: "Well, my boy, what are you looking at me for?"

"Why," replied the boy, "Daddy told Mother that you were a self-made man, and I want to see what you look like."

"Quite right," said the gratified guest "I am a self-made man."

"But what did you make yourself like that for?" asked the boy.

▲

A friend of the family inquired about the baby.

"Can he talk yet, Rickie?" he asked the six-year-old brother.

"You betcha," came the quick answer, "Now we're teaching him to keep quiet."

—*Life & Casualty Mirror*

▲

"Dad, why did you sign my report card with an X instead of your name?"

"I don't want your teacher to think that anyone with your grades could possibly have a father who can read or write."

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Schoolboy Howlers

A MILLENNIUM is an insect with more legs than a centennial.

▲

Tarzan is a short name for the American flag. Its full name is Tarzan Stripes.

▲

The Red Sea and the Mediterranean Sea are connected by the Sewage Canal.

▲

Trousers is an uncommon noun because it is singular at the top and plural at the bottom.

▲

Monasteries were places in the middle ages where monsters were kept.

▲

The laws of the U. S. do not allow a man but one wife. This is called monotony.

▲

Esau wrote fables and sold his copyright for a mess of potash.

▲

Joan of Arc was Noah's wife.

▲

A quorum is a place where fish are kept.

▲

Matrimony is a place where souls suffer for a time on account of their sins.

▲

Garibaldi is a tonic for the hair.

▲

A mandate is an appointment with a gentleman.

▲

The plural of whim is women.

▲

An autograph is an imprint of an automobile tire.

▲

A board of education is a pine shingle.

▲

A knapsack is a sleeping bag.

▲

Ali Baba means somewhere else when the crime was committed.

▲

Matterhorn was a horn blown by the ancients when anything was the matter.

▲

Homer is a type of pigeon.

▲

Mangoes where woman goes.

▲

A drydock is a thirsty physician.

▲

Ulysses Grant was a tract of land upon which several battles of the Civil War were fought.

▲

The four seasons are salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar.

—*Cecil Ford*

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Scared Of The Dark

He was a cold copper—afraid, terribly afraid. But he knew what he must do.

by JOHN P. HANCOCK

OFFICER CONDON stared into the blackness of the alley. In the dark ahead, high up in the windows of Bodkin's Warehouse, a pin-point of light flashed on, then off. He waited—the light didn't show again.

Condon took two slow steps into the alley, probing for a footing on the frozen, rutted slush. Darkness pressed in around him, a January wind snarled along the brick wall and bit through his police overcoat. But sweat was wet on his back and his hand trembled as he felt for his holstered gun.

Here it is again, he thought. *Flesh prickling along the ribs, tight knots in your stomach, breath coming too fast.*

Maybe it was the dark. He hadn't known much about the dark. His five service years had been with the traffic detail. Daylight work—then this graveyard trick on Ryan's squad. The dark was blind, but in the warm sun you saw what you were doing. The whine and clatter of traffic was okay. You felt good, waving your hand, hearing your whistle screech, watching the noisy sidewalk crowd. But this silence, streets black and empty, the shadowy doorways, alleys!

CONDON gripped his flashlight tighter to steady his hand. The alley was as black as a cave. From the nearby harbor came a freighter's drawn-out moan. He started at the sound, his lip quivering like a kid's, and fought back an urge to snap on his flash and trace a tip-off across that warehouse window. Why not? Ryan wouldn't know . . . Would he? Ryan was smart; it would add like two-and-two. He'd made one "mistake" a week ago—and this on top of it—

That night had been black, too. Cold, dark, like this. When he'd made his routine phone report, Ryan told him gruffly, "Check Korst's. A watchman claims a light's on in the back room that wasn't on an hour ago."

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Condon shivered; he could see himself creeping down the side street, could feel his thumb pressing Korst's doorbell. Fear was with him then—the humiliation came later. Later, in the ward room, Ryan said, "A guy called in awhile ago, wanted to thank the copper on the Water Street beat for tipping him off with the doorbell."

Condon's face flamed as he thought of the lie he'd told—"Must have brushed against the buzzer while I was working at the lock." Ryan didn't answer, but the roundsmen changing shift went out as though they were leaving a wake.

A wake. Maybe that was the word for it. Condon's thoughts ran back over the weeks past. Since that night nobody asked him to make a fourth at blackjack, no friendly tips from old-timers over a bowl of soup at Minty's. A wake, yes, his own, he was dead, a shadow of a cop. Well, if he was dead, why not make it good, go out as a copper oughta—to the hammering pound of a police special.

Condon drew up, reached again for the gun under his coat. Then his shoulders sagged. Slowly he half-turned to retrace his steps.

Behind him ice crunched sharply. Condon jerked erect, spun to face the sidewalk.

"Officer, did you see it, too?"

A girl stood at the alley entrance—so near he could reach out and touch her.

"See what?" he asked.

She stepped closer, staring up at him. "A flashlight. Bodkin's second floor window. I work at the Palm Club, my act's over at three. I was on my way home, and saw the light, and was going to call headquarters, then I looked back and saw you pass the street light." She clutched her fur coat closer. "Shall I call 'em?"

"I'll handle it," Condon said stiffly. But he didn't move and the girl hesitated, studying him. "Beat it," he ordered.

She turned then and hurried up the street, high heels going tap-tap-tap. Soon the tapping stopped. She had halted, watching him. He stepped back into the alley, frowning, and listened until the tap-taps started again and faded out.

When Condon couldn't hear them any more he fumbled in his pocket for a handkerchief, and wiped his face. The cloth came away wet.

Why, he thought savagely, *did she have to pick tonight to look down an alley?*

Now he had to try a pinch. There was no way out. If he didn't—He pictured the headline: ANOTHER WAREHOUSE ROBBED ON WATER STREET. And the dame, spilling it around, "I told that cop. He knew something was up." She'd flounce into the News office. She was a show girl, she was out for publicity. Reporters would drift into headquarters looking for a story about a cold copper.

CONDON took a slow step into the alley's solid blackness. Tremors ran down his legs. His hands felt stiff and numb. The dark was like a blindfold.

But he found Bodkin's rear door, and somehow got his passkey into the slot. The key clicked, but the door

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stuck. He braced himself and shoved —and skidding on the ice, went down, flashlight breaking on icy bricks.

He lay there for a moment, rigid, then staggered to his feet. He inched the door open and the musty warehouse smell hit him as he moved inside.

He was afraid, terribly afraid. A rat scurried across the room and the sound was like human footsteps. Still he moved ahead, feeling walls of wood on either side. Crates of food for Europe . . . he'd inspected this building with McCann.

The office safe was on the second floor. He moved on, and his outstretched hand nudged the stairway rail. He lifted his foot to the first stair-tread, and halted.

At the head of the stairs, a match flared, silhouetting dimly a face, cupped hands. The match whipped out. A cigarette tip glowed red.

Condon caught his lip between his teeth. Fear was making his heart pound. But he knew what he must do —throttle this lookout first, and quietly. He loosened his gun, swung his weight to the stair, and started up.

The red spot glowed bright, and Condon froze against the wall. He moved on again. Up a step . . . halting . . . moving on. Now he was close, so close he could hear the man exhale smoke.

Then downstairs the door slammed.

Instantly the red spot vanished. Shoe leather scuffed on wood.

Condon lunged upward over the last stair-tread. He heard the sharp intake of breath as the man whirled. Then his shoulder hit hard and the man grunted and fell backward in the dark. Condon felt his gun wrench from his hand. He struck blindly, his knuckles hitting solid bone. Pain flashed up his arm. The man under him cried hoarsely, "Steve! Steve!"

Again Condon drove his fist down. This time bone crunched and the twisting body under him relaxed.

Condon kept hunting for his gun, pain flickering up his arm. And a queer thought came—this guy, nothing spooky about him, nothing Unknown . . . just another hood, tough-talking, soft-jawed. A pushover for a confident cop. A confident cop . . . Condon's tight lips eased into a smile. In daylight he'd have connected on the button first try. In the dark you're not so sure, and it's rougher on knuckles, that's all.

SUDDENLY hands from behind were clawing at his throat. Fingers that dug deep and made whirls of colored pinwheels in the dark. *So this is Steve,* he thought. Not spooky. Not unknown. Just a hood, with a wheezing beer-breath and a wild grip any cop could break easy.

Condon shot his elbow back. It plunged into the man's middle, and the fingers slid away. Footsteps skid-

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ded uncertainly on the stairs. The hood was making a break.

Condon felt warm and sure and strong. He turned, crouching, to stalk the sounds.

A light-beam stabbed into his face and blinded him. He thought, *a lookout from the alley. The door slammed when he sneaked in after me.* Well, he'd get this one too, and he rushed the flashlight. But the beam veered away, spotted the hood on the stairs.

And Ryan's voice behind the flashlight boomed, "All right! Stick 'em up!"

Then the office light came on. Condon saw the Chief grinning at him, and at the first hood lying on the floor.

"Some dame called," Ryan said. "What's the idea kayoin' all these bums? Why not leave some of the job for your buddies?"

A roundsman stepped forward to snap cuffs on the man on the stairs. "You work good in the dark, Condon."

But the lights were bright now and Condon saw Ryan looking at him. The Chief's eyes told him what he wanted to know.

▲

An elderly mountaineer on the witness stand was cool as a cucumber. The prosecuting attorney was beside himself with impatience.

"Sir," hissed the lawyer, "do you swear upon your solemn oath that this is not your signature?"

"Yep."

"It is not your handwriting?"

"Nope."

"Does it resemble your handwriting?"

"Nope—can't say it does at all."

"Do you swear that it doesn't resemble your handwriting in a single particular?"

"Yep, I certainly do."

"How can you be so certain about it?"

Retorted the witness, "Cain't write."

▲

Two old mountaineers were sitting on the porch a few nights back and one was showing the other his gun. "That gun," said the owner, "has killed more game, possums, coons, groundhogs, squirrels, quail and stuff like that . . . And what's more "it's got me two sons-in-law."

▲

"Say, I hear you lost your job. Did the foreman fire you?"

"Well, you know what a foreman is—he's the guy what stands around and watches the other fellows work."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Why, he got jealous of me. People thought I was foreman."

The late Dexter Fellows was famous for many years as press agent for Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows. Like all great salesmen, Fellows had magnificent faith in the supremacy of the things he was selling. One year he dropped in to extend a glad hand to the "boys" in a Kansas City newspaper office.

"I'm Dexter Fellows, of the circus, you know," he announced, "and I'm here to ——"

"*What* circus?" interrupted the city editor.

For a moment Fellows was shocked speechless. Then he exploded: "Great Scott! If you were in London and heard a man singing *God Save the King*, would you ask 'What king?' "

▲

Boss: "You're an hour late getting home with these mules, Jim."

Jim: "I know it. You see, on the way home I picked up Reverend Ralston, and from there on the mules couldn't understand a single word I said."

▲

Mistress: "When you were hired you told me one reason you were such a good maid was that you never got tired. This is the third afternoon I've come into the kitchen and found you asleep."

Maid: "Yes ma'am. That's how I never got tired."

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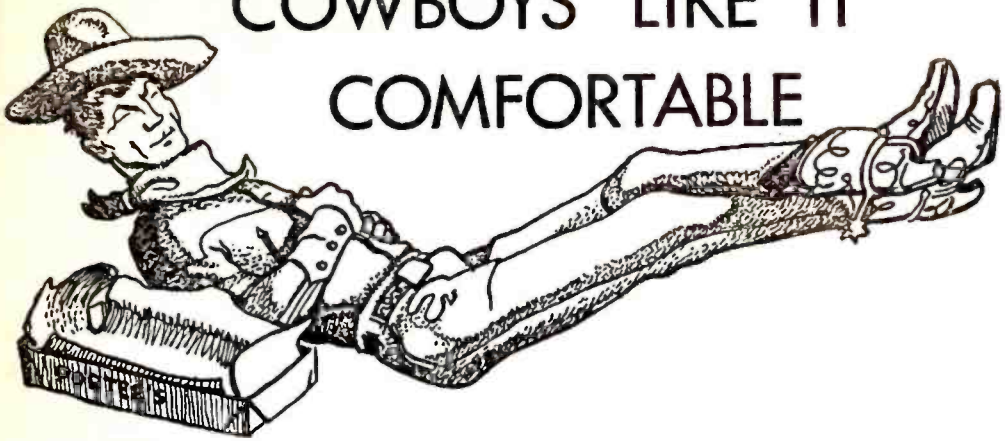
COWBOYS LIKE IT COMFORTABLE



Dudes flock to Porters of Arizona for fancy Western clothes, but the common cowboy is the backbone of their business.

by JOSEPH STOCKER

WHAT Saks Fifth Avenue is to milady, Porters of Arizona is to the American cowboy. For 75 years cowpokes have been jouncing across the sagebrush in saddles made at Porters, their barrel-stave legs encased in Porter chaps, flicking their horses' flanks with Porter spurs.

Today Porters stands as one of America's most unique merchandising institutions. At its flossy, ultra-modern stores in Phoenix and Tucson, or by mail, the cowboy and his wistful imitator, the Western dude, can buy anything from a $1 bandana to a $2,000 horse trailer, or even a $10,000 silver mounted saddle. Calling itself "The West's Most Western Store" is no idle bandying of superlatives, for Porters is as indigenous to the West as cactus and corral fences, buttons and bows.

Its operations and influence even reach well beyond the West. Bonwit Teller of Philadelphia recently installed an N. Porter Shop featuring ladies' leather knick-knacks with authentic Western brands flown in from Porters.

Porters also has gone global. With a mail order business adding up to a tidy string of figures annually, it sends its saddles across the sea to wind up under the pants of gauchos on the Argentine pampas, sheepherders in Australia and cowmen in Bolivia.

Not very long ago a French cattleman had trouble finding just the kind of saddle he needed. He chanced across a Porter catalogue, discovered that he could have a saddle made to his own measurements and ordered one. Then, because he was chary of entrusting his precious purchase to the trans-Atlantic mails, the Frenchman went all the way to Phoenix to take delivery in person!

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A rich cattleman in Hawaii, whose ranch is one of the largest in the world, bought 25 saddles at one whack from Porters—this despite the fact that he has his own saddle-makers.

Porters has customers in England, too. One Englishman orders—not saddles nor nobby dude sportswear—but long flannel underwear.

Natives of Nigeria, in British West Africa, send in for Porter catalogues, just to look at the cowboy pictures. A one-legged cowboy in Colorado has placed a standing order at Porters—for the name of any other one-legged customer so he can strike up a correspondence. Inmates of penitentiaries place orders for merchandise to be held until they get out of stir.

OF late years Porters has grown to a truly big business, running the gamut of posh Western sportswear for the fashionable lady dude as well as that of cowboy accoutrements. But, even as in the more leisurely days of the old West, the atmosphere of the stores seems still to say, "Let's set a spell, pardner. Nobody ain't in no hurry, nohow."

The salespeople, most of them dressed in cowboy togs and many of them ex-ranchhands and rodeo performers, perch on the counters, dangle their feet and jaw with the customers. Cowpunchers loaf for hours in the saddle department, swapping tall stories.

This easy-going way of doing business has led to startling occurrences. On one occasion the Porter boys were asked if Monty Montana, the famous trick rider, might ride his horse up and down the store aisles to publicize a rodeo. They said sure, come ahead—anything for a worthy cause.

And there was the time, some years back, when Harold Porter had an eight-piece orchestra composed of store employees. This same Western orchestra still plays for square dances and cattlemen's meetings all over the state. They used to assemble at noon in an open space between the counters and render choice Western hoedown, just for the fun of it.

That's an important thing with Harold, Joe, Bill and Fred Porter, Jr., the grandsons who run the business today. "If anyone can't have fun working here, he might as well not be with us," says Joe Porter.

The Porter fetish for informality is a heritage that has come down through three generations. It started when Newton Porter first set up shop in a 12-by-14 tent in Taylor, Texas.

He discovered that the best way to do business with cowboys was to let them use his saddle tent for a gathering place. What he didn't reckon with, however, when he was launching his business back in 1875, was the fact that the cowboys might also like to use his place for target practice.

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Under the influence of strong Texas bourbon, they would ride by with guns barking, and then N. Porter would discover bullet holes in his fine, laboriously-built saddles. So he went underground, digging a pit where his saddles could rest safely out of gun range.

Newton Porter moved to Abilene in 1881, then to Phoenix in 1895. The firm was known as the N. Porter Saddle & Harness Co. That is still its official corporate name and the source of occasional confusion. When Porters decided to install a line of men's suits and sent its initial order in to an Eastern manufacturer, signing it "N. Porter Saddle & Harness Co.," a polite letter came back inquiring if some mistake had been made.

N. Porter died in 1906. His son, Earl, took over, and when he died, another son, Fred Porter, Sr., succeeded him. Then the grandsons came home from World War II, and moved into active command. Harold Porter is manager at Tucson, Bill Porter is manager of Saddle Manufacturing and Mail Order, Fred Porter, Jr., is manager at Phoenix and Joe Porter is assistant manager there. The business grew and branched out, with the main object to corral the lush trade of Eastern dudes who swarm to the warm Arizona desert to escape frostbite and chilblains.

Recently the Porter brothers opened up a new women's sportswear department on the second floor of their Phoenix store. They installed Arizona's first escalator leading up to it, an enchanting gadget to some of the old hands from the Lazy Bar L, who hadn't even got entirely accustomed to elevators yet. The display cases upstairs are lined with expensive unborn calfskin trimmed with lariat rope, and the Western flavor is carried out even unto the door at one end labeled "Cow Girls."

But the cowboy trade is still the backbone of Porters' business, and Porters isn't forgetting it. The front part of the main floor in the Phoenix store is decorated prettily in pastel colors. But the back portion, where the saddle and harness department is located, has been kept almost self-consciously plain, with just enough disarray to make a cowboy feel at home. And there is still the convenient side door where the cowpoke can come in without having to mingle with the rich dudes at the front door and have dirty old mink rub off on him.

WILL ROGERS traded at Porters and said he felt like "a kid in a toy shop." It's not unusual to see celebrities prowling happily amidst the counters at Porters, ignoring the worshipful stares of dudes and townsfolk. The firm has numbered among its customers such movie personalities as Clark Gable, Gregory Peck, Gary Cooper, Wayne Morris, Tom Mix and Buck Jones, and, of course, the elite of the rodeo world.

Gary Cooper, browsing through the Phoenix store one day with Eugene Pallette, the roly-poly character player of many Westerns, inquired idly if "some of the old-time cowboys" were still around Arizona.

"Sure," replied Fred Porter, Sr., and pointed to a gnarled old cowhand lounging against a counter. "There's one. Want to meet him?"

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"Yup", said the stars. Porter introduced them to the cowboy and remarked with a smile, "You've probably seen these people in the movies."

The cowhand peered at Cooper and Pallette, then shifted his tobacco from one cheek to another as he thought it over.

"Nope," he drawled finally. "Never did." He shifted the tobacco back again and thought some more. "Don't go t' many movies. Went t' one last year. Two th' year before. Didn't see you fellers in any o' them."

DOWN through the years Porters has been a happy hunting ground for Indians, too. The firm's roster of regular mail order customers includes such intriguing names as Aaron Skunk Cap, Jeffery Dull Knife, Earlwin Deer-With-Horns, Vincent Black Dog and the On-The-Tree brothers of South Dakota—Albert and Elmer.

In the early days, many of the reservation Indians who came in to Porters could speak no English. They made known their desires by sign language.

Even today the Indian has his own characteristic, unhurried way of doing business. He stands around, sometimes for an hour or so, trying to make up his mind. He goes out of the store and comes back in. When he finally decides to buy, he turns his back to pull out his money and count it; so the salesman won't see how much he has. And he keeps his eyes glued coldly on the pneumatic tube until it swishes back with his change.

The saddle department is the principal object of fascination for Indians —and white men, too, for that matter. Porters displays its saddles on special wooden stands, resembling saw horses. They're set at just the right height so that a customer can mount for a sort of test ride and jiggle up and down and back and forth, to the imaginary rhythm of a horse in motion. After all, a saddle has to fit, just like a pair of pants.

Salesmen in the saddle department long ago discovered that a cowboy trying out a saddle in the store invariably mounts the saw horse from the left side, as he would mount a flesh-and-blood horse. Indian customers mount from the right. A dude is liable as not to slither on from the back end.

Porters makes its own saddles. Expert leather workers turn out more than 2,000 fine saddles every year, most of them custom-built to the customers' specifications. It isn't uncommon to find a cowboy hunched over a workman's bench, kibitzing every step of the process to make certain that the saddle he ordered comes out exactly the way he wanted it.

A good average Porter saddle costs about $165. Rather often, though, the firm gets an order for a triple-super-special, usually for show purposes and frequently costing far more than the horse it's to be ridden on.

One of the most expensive saddles Porters ever turned out was one specially made a year or so ago for Fowler McCormick, chairman of the board of International Harvester Co., with lavish silver trimming and corner plates inlaid with turquoise. It set McCormick back nearly $5,000.

Sometimes Porters' saddle customers show an unconventional turn of mind. A woman asked for a saddle with a

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box built on the back of it, in which to carry her dog. Every once in a while orders come in for saddles with tail-lights attached. One customer wanted a saddle made with an extra large horn—to accommodate a radio.

Each saddle is the work of only one man. There's no assembly line at Porters. They tried it during the war, reasoning perhaps that if Willow Run could adapt it to military airplanes, so could Porters to saddles. But it didn't take, because no two leather craftsmen work exactly alike.

Styles in saddles change over the years, just as they do in hemlines and neckties. Time was when the cowman preferred his saddle high and narrow. Now he wants it low and broad, which reflects the influence of rodeo. (Rodeo hands like a low saddle because it's easier to dive out of.)

The mode in chaps, boots and Western hats has changed, too. The cowpuncher used to prefer tight-fitting "stovepipe" chaps that he went into like a pair of pants. Now he likes the "batwing" style, which snap around his jeans and fit loosely.

In boots, the heels are getting lower. Here again it's the rodeo influence. With a lower heel there's less chance for a calf roper to turn his ankle when he leaps off his horse to wrestle the slippery dogie.

There isn't any demand nowadays at Porters for the 10-gallon hat—five gallons or thereabouts is as much as the modern cowpoke ever wants. The brim runs from three to three and a half inches. Since the cowboy inevitably rolls the brim of his hat over each eyebrow, Porters anticipates him and steam-curls the brims just the right amount in just the right places.

This is perhaps a clue to the enduring success of "The West's Most Western Store." Even while the Porter boys are tossing out their beguiling lariat to rope in the rich trade of the West's mounting legions of dudes, they never take their eye off the lowly cow-waddie. So long as they can keep him comfortable, he'll keep their interesting institution what it is today—as solidly entrenched in Western tradition as sheriffs' posses, six-guns and white-faced Herefords.

▲

Country Girl: "Paw's the best rifle shot in this county."

City Slicker: "What does that make me?"

Country Girl: "My fiance."

▲

A young couple asked the parson to marry them immediately following the Sunday morning service. When the time came, the minister rose and announced: "Will those who wish to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony please come forward?"

There was a great stir—and 13 women and one man walked up to the altar.

The average person bristles with indignation if it is intimated that he is buying heavier than normal.

Not so a woman at a suburban market. She came up to the cashier with half a dozen cans.

"Hoarder," sniffed the woman who was next in line.

"Hoarder yourself," replied the first woman sweetly. "I just happen to love pepper."

▲

Missionary—Now, in Africa, there are miles and miles without a single school. Why ought we to save up our pennies?

Jackie—To pay our fare to Africa.

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Change-Our-Calendar Week

INSURANCE actuaries came up with the discovery that life expectancy for Americans is longer than that of half a century ago. They credit this longevity to scientific and medical research. This explanation is nonsensical. Any layman knows, if he has been a student of our times, that our greater life expectancy is accounted for entirely by the subtle calendar changes that have taken place in the last few years.

The real reason Americans live longer now is because there are more days, weeks and months in each year. For every Gregorian calendar year there are now at least 3650 days, 520 weeks and 120 months, all duly recorded and fittingly observed.

While some old-fashioned fuddy-duddies cling to the unsound belief that "30 days hath September, April, June and November," wondrous things have been happening. The days of our years, like a fruitful guinea pig, have been multiplying.

Now there are such seven-day events as "Be Kind to Animals Week," "National Pickle Week," and "National Health Week." September, traditionally a conservative month with only four weeks, plus a couple of orphan days, now has at least 24 weeks to the bafflement of those who go around asking what day it is.

Necessarily there is some fierce conflict as sponsors of days, weeks and months vie with each other in staking out claims to calendar periods of time. Some of these, however, have a natural affinity for each other. For instance, May 8-14, by some strange compulsion, is both "National Restaurant Week" and "National Cutlery Week". Thus, the bemused citizen may have the blue-plate special and, with fitting nimbleness, simultaneously liberate some silverware as a memento of this double-header event.

Eugenics has now been given a new biological twist which will cause pediatricians some bad moments in explaining the birds-and-bees to young, unsophisticated parents. On June 17 there is "Expectant Father's Day." Twenty-four hours later "Father's Day" is observed.

On Oct. 8-14 comes another double feature billing with "National Cranberry Week" and "National Wine Week." Certain impatient characters in the back-country combine this into a main event and celebrate it—neat—as "National Cranberry Wine Week."

One of America's most pleasant and oldest diversions, petting, is now unblushingly given the public recognition it deserves. From May 21 through May 30 has been designated as "Park and Recreation Week." By popular demand, this participation sport is held over three days beyond a calendar week.

From September 25 through October 1 is "National Sweater Week." In some circles this strikes a falsie note. This affair is heralded as all-wool-and-a-yard-wide. However, it is significant that the last day of sweater week muscles into "National Employ the Physically Handicapped Week."

Lest it be thought that the possibilities of extending life expectancy have been exhausted by creation of special days and weeks, a few serious proposals are here offered.

Manicurists might fittingly sponsor a "Be Kind to Hangnails Month," while rural justices of the peace could tout a "Pay a Fine Day," and divorce attorneys could exploit "Get a Divorce Month." Politically-minded prosecuting attorneys with time weighing heavily should institute a "Bury the Hatchet Week"—in an enemy's head. For the automobile industry: "Wreck a Jalopy Day", and for psychiatrists: "Lose Your Inhibitions Month."

And last, consider the possibilities of a "Visit Your Mother-in-law Day." This, by all means, should be held on December 21st, as it is the shortest day of the year.

—*Harold J. Ashe.*

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MANAGING MARGARET

It's all in the day's work for Jim Davidson.

by WILLIAM ORNSTEIN

MARGARET TRUMAN may be the daughter of the President of the United States; but to Jim Davidson, head of James A. Davidson Management, Inc., she is just another client, one of seven he has under contract. That's the way she prefers it; that's the only way he would have it. They see eye to eye on this point and it's been a wonderful relationship between artist and manager.

The general public has put more emphasis, however, on his management of Miss Truman than has Davidson himself. When he took her on, it was definitely understood that he would not do for her what he would not do for such stars as Lauritz Melchoir, Jeanette MacDonald, Jennie Tourel, the Robert Shaw Chorale, Claudio Arrau, and Leonard Warren.

"After all," Davidson says, "I have to treat all my clients alike in order to keep them happy."

Davidson has a sound background of experience, acquired with Twentieth Century-Fox Films; the Missouri Pacific Railroad; Hayden, Stone & Co., Wall Street bankers; and the William Morris Agency. This experience led him to open his own office in the Steinway Building in New York City. It was in this same building, in the recital hall, that he held his first business conference with Miss Truman.

Here is the way he met her: As manager for Jeanette MacDonald, Davidson had been invited to a supper party by Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt in Washington to celebrate Miss MacDonald's final recital of the season at Constitution Hall. This was in February, 1948. Davidson had no idea he would be paired with Miss Truman in the exclusive club where the affair was held.

"We just talked about music business," Davidson recalls. "She told me of her experiences and I told her a few anecdotes about some of the people I represented. It must have been a year or so after our first meeting that I heard from her.

"I got a call one day at the office. Miss Truman said she was in town and asked if I'd like to come and see her. I said yes, and we met in the recital hall downstairs.

"Miss Truman had been under someone's else management; and when she asked if I'd like to be her concert manager I said I'd be delighted. But with certain stipulations, which would be to her interest. First, I stated, she'd

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have to devote eight to nine months to get ready for a tour. Next, no singing professionally until Oct. 1, 1949, at the earliest.

"There was no special contract. We used the standard form without any special features or appendages. She asked for nothing that was not customary, and that's all there was to it."

MISS TRUMAN'S basic fee per concert is $1,500, and for radio it is between $3,000 and $4,000 an appearance. The Davidson firm, which gets the regular 20 per cent, provides all the advertising and publicity accessories pertinent to each date, prepares the itinerary and sees to it that all necessary requirements are met by the local manager. All of Davidson's bookings have been with independent managers, halls not controlled by the two big circuits which reputedly have a monopoly on the halls and auditoriums. Davidson figures this parallels the film business and its subsequent anti-trust proceedings by the government, and one day hopes to see the end of the existing monopolies in the concert and allied entertainment fields.

The president's daughter provides her own accompanist, Herman Allison, who, before he joined her, was doing some chores for Ezio Pinza. For more than a year she studied with Helen Traubel, who recently decided she could do no more for Miss Truman. Miss Traubel regarded her teachings "a good turn for a friend" and was not paid for her services.

Davidson's initial booking for Miss Truman was at Cullowhee, S. C., at the East Carolina State Teachers College. It was a small hall and was filled to capacity. The president and first lady did not attend, but Davidson and his staff were on hand. The second date was at the Aycock Auditorium, Greensboro, N. C., and both proved a sellout with good notices and fine audience response.

Discussing Miss Truman's fee, Davidson says that the $1,500 is regarded as modest in the concert field. "Others get from $3,000 to $4,000 a concert. Sometimes I have to make deals for my clients as they do in the film business. These provide for flat sums against percentages, or flat sums without extras, as film companies negotiate important film for first rate showings.

"As booking manager I have to know about availabilities, just as they do in the film business. I also insist that my personalities stick to the concert field and not appear at clubs, prize fights, hotels or other functions that would take them out of their scope. This understanding also goes for Miss Truman."

Admitting he knows not one note of music, Davidson can tell a fine voice from a good one, knows who has to be developed and who doesn't. Miss Truman is among those who required development, hence his insistence that she spend eight to nine months studying before embarking under his managerial wing.

Miss Truman started her 1950-51 season at Binghamton, N. Y., and then followed with an appearance at Rochester. She has about 20 songs in her repertoire, which doesn't change much from season to season. A season lasts six months. Davidson said he is limiting the president's daughter to

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25 engagements, not trying to book her beyond that number this season, her second under his guidance. She recently appeared on a national radio show that honestly demonstrated Miss Truman can dish it out and take it, regardless of whom she is pitted against.

She is completely pleasant to handle, comments Davidson. "She goes about doing what she has to without any complaints at all.

"Margaret wants to be treated the same as anybody else. She wants to succeed on her own and she is off to a good start." She will probably earn about $75,000 in the concert field this season, to say nothing of the rewards from radio and television, according to Davidson.

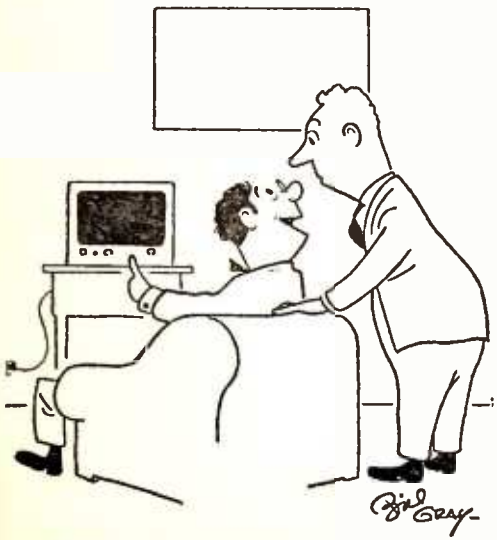
Before winding up his comments, Davidson said he takes no credit for working miracles for Miss Truman. He has a wealth of experience and has used it to good advantage in the instance of Miss Truman, as with others he manages. Miss Truman's zeal to succeed has been an inspiration to Davidson; and because of this zeal the stepping stones upward are made easier.

James A. Davidson, better known to his colleagues and in the concert field as "Jim," prefers to remain in the background which, he believes, managers should do if their songbirds are to succeed.

▲

A Hollywood composer asked a famous musician how to go about writing background music for airplanes. Said the composer, "Exactly like bee music, only louder."

▲



"The 'Ink Spots' are the guest stars tonight."

Jesus Maria Sanroma, well known concert pianist, was honored with a doctor of music degree from Boston College not long ago. When a physician friend was making out a hay fever prescription for the pianist somewhat later he jokingly put Dr. before his noted patient's name.

As the prescription was being filled Dr. Sanroma was puzzled when the druggist asked him if he practiced much, but he politely replied: "Certainly, when I have time."

"Then," said the druggist, "I'll give you the usual 10% professional discount."

▲

A famous author touring the jungles of Central India came to a village. "You people in the forests are certainly lost to civilization," he observed to the headman.

"We don't mind being lost," was the reply. "It's being discovered that worries us."

▲

If you think you're going to be happy and prosperous by sitting back and letting the government take care of you—look at the American Indians!

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Japanese Tigers

JAPAN has seemed a very strange country to the Americans there. One of the many oddities is the popularity of the tiger, or *tora* as it is called there.

The tiger is found in many of the great masterpieces in paintings, sculptures and wood carvings, and is regarded as a symbol of faith and great courage.

But the tiger is not limited to works of bygone days. He is one of the most painted and moulded of subjects today by school children of all ages, and by contemporary artists—good and bad.

He brightens little peasant huts in the country and adds to the beauty of wealthy city homes. He peers at G.I.'s from sidewalk shops along the Ginza and looks out from beautiful wall hangings in exclusive tea rooms. He lies peacefully among the bamboo on picture plates and crouches in souvenir glory on the backs of tourists.

It may be that he wonders a little about his importance because there are no native tigers in Japan, and there is no evidence that there ever were!

—*Bee Nell Hoover*

▲

Mircle Breeze

THE scientist was annoyed. He was working with colonies of staphylococci in an effort to isolate the influenza germ and now another of his cultures was ruined. A mold, carried on the breeze, had drifted into his small London laboratory and settled on the plate, contaminating it. He sighed irritably. Contamination of culture plates seemed unavoidable. Once more he must wash a specimen down the sink.

Culture in hand, he walked over to the sink; then hesitated a moment. In that moment lives hung in the balance. For his trained eye noticed something unusual. Around the mold was a ring completely free of bacteria. Beyond the circle, germs were swarming in the thousands.

A new era of medicine was born. Because on that September afternoon in 1928, Sir Alexander Fleming had stumbled upon the secret of penicillin—according to many authorities the most outstanding development in medicine within recent years.

The odds were millions-to-one against the tiny speck of mold which settled on Fleming's culture plate being of a penicillin-producing strain. The odds were almost as great against his noticing the bacteria-free ring around it. Yet today thousands of persons who otherwise would have died of infection are alive as a result of that chance contamination of a culture plate.

—*David R. Kennedy*

▲

Two illiterates visiting the zoo were trying to decipher the names of the various animals by spelling out each name at the top of the cage. They concluded that l-i-o-n spelled Lion, b-e-a-r spelled Bear, but m-o-n-k-e-y had the old boys stumped. After a long gaze at the creature in the cage one quipped, "With that droll expression on their faces and those big callouses where they sit, I'd say they were Canasta players."

A young fellow asked for a job of delivering milk and the manager of the milk company asked his name.

"Thomas Jefferson," replied the young man.

"Well," said the manager, "that's a pretty well known name."

"It ought to be," said the boy, "I've delivered milk in this town for more than three years."—*Life & Casualty Mirror.*

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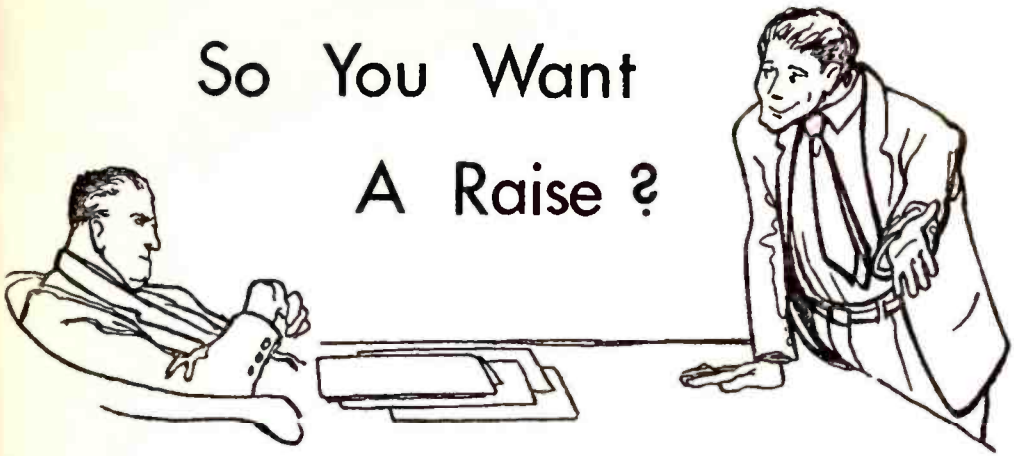
So You Want A Raise?



There are many ways of trying to get a raise in pay, but here's the how, why and what *leaders of industry recommend.*

by JACK BANNISTER

SO you want a raise? A better job? More responsibility? More opportunity to prove your worth to the business which employs you?

Well, Sir! . . . or Brother, or Miss or Madam—

Don't be surprised! The employer for whom you work *wants* to give you these things soon, and often. But to get them you must *earn* them.

An employee is valuable to a business in three ways:

1—*He performs his duties smoothly, effectively and efficiently,* thus enabling the business to function in the same way. This means no lost motion (wastes time); no expensive mistakes (costs the company money); no friction with your fellow workers (makes things unpleasant for all concerned). Rather, your employer wants dependable, on-time performance; so that things run smoothly and leave *you* with a margin of time and thought to plan carefully for the job ahead . . . anticipate what will be needed . . . and thus have the time, energy and reserve force to "get the jump" on the next situation to arise. A safe rule is to do everything you have to do just a little *better* than you *have* to do it.

2—*He helps the business get more business.* He is a selling *factor* in the business. If he is a salesman, he woos his prospects effectively . . . sells them intelligently and at reasonable cost . . . serves them at a profit to the company, and in a manner to achieve a profit *for the customer.* That sort of selling wins *repeat* business.

But maybe you're not a salesman—on the sales force, that is. But you're a salesman when you answer the 'phone promptly and courteously . . . You're a salesman when you help your firm deliver its product or service, properly, *on time* . . . You're a *salesman* when you make people feel it's a pleasure to do business with your

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firm. And that applies to everyone in the shop, from chairman of the board to lowliest shipping clerk's assistant.

3—*He helps the business cut costs.* This means studying the operation of the business *from the owners' point-of-view.* Such simple things as using regular mail instead of air mail, if regular mail will do. Or writing air mail if an air mail letter will serve instead of a telegram. Or sending a telegram instead of making a more-expensive long distance call. Or bigger things, such as figuring out better, yet less expensive, ways to do things around the shop. It means not loafing on the job.

Forget those pin-ball machines in the lobby; and the "break" for mid-morning coffee . . . *unless* you're ahead of schedule. Forget 'em, anyway. There are more important things to do. Much more important!

It's as simple as that! You get *ready* to earn a raise by doing one, or all, of three things:

1—Performing your own work *well.*
2—Helping the business *sell.*
3—Helping the business *cut costs.*

AS you do your daily job, remember that you are building up a reputation, good or bad. When the opportunity comes for promotion probably two or three people will sit down in an office and discuss *you.* That's when things will be in your favor if your immediate superior can say: "He does everything I ask him to do, promptly and well—and he's always asking for *more* to do."

You'd be amazed at the number of employees who seem deliberately to side-step responsibility. This may be due to a lack of ambition, or a lack of initiative—but in either case, it is a definite handicap to promotion. Add a tendency toward carelessness, non-cooperation or laziness and you have the major causes for discharge.

When you accept responsibility, you must be willing to accept the headaches that go with it. You can't accept responsibility for a job and then "pass the buck" when things go wrong. One executive put it this way: When you tackle a job, ask yourself three questions:

1—What am I to do?
2—How am I to do it?
3—Have I done it?

Don't make excuses. Don't alibi as to *why* you didn't get it done. Take the blame for mistakes you or your associates make—and cure the headaches by mending the weak spots, in personnel or in performance.

The secret of progress and promotion is to keep everlastingly at it. And when you ask for a raise, present your case intelligently. Give close attention to these fundamentals:

1—Your employer is not primarily interested in your domestic problems and living expenses. He is in business to make money; and will pay you more only if you reduce his costs or increase his profits.

2—No matter how good you are, when you ask for a raise you have a selling job to do and must prove your point.

MEN like Franklin, Edison, Burbank and Ford did not attribute their success to genius, luck, or exceptional intelligence. They "arrived" because they grasped the fundamental principle that "time is money," and just kept on plugging away, giving a

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"little extra" here of their time and energy, studying harder there.

Rudy York, Hank Greenberg and Joe Di Maggio have high batting averages. Luck? No. They watch *every* ball, carefully choosing the one to sock!

The greatest undeveloped territory in the world lies under your hat.

★

The greatest mistake you can make in this life is to be constantly fearing you will make one.

★

The person who watches the clock remains one of the hands.

★

Work eight hours a day, and don't worry—some day you may be boss. Then you work eighteen hours a day and do all the worrying.

★

Don't make excuses — make good.

★

Offer your services. Surprise your boss by sayings "Why don't you let me do that for you?"

It takes a good deal of stamina, nervous energy—just plain "guts," if you will—to win in such a competitive race as the Success Derby.

Here are stories of two men, both time-study men:

Jim puts in eight hours of good hard work every day. In the evening he relaxes. Both he and his wife agree that if a man gives an honest day's work to his employer the rest of the time should be his own.

Both miss the point that although a man may be working for somebody else, the extra hours he puts in, the extra studying he does, are investments in his own future, profitable to himself as well as to his employer.

Jack's interest in his work amounts almost to fanaticism. Always some overtime, taking extra care with a report, studying a lay-out, or carefully rechecking figures.

Two evenings a week he devotes to his family. During the other five he studies, reads everything he can locate about the work he is doing. Whenever he bumps up against a new fact, a new idea, he thinks around and around it, trying to discover every way in which it relates to his job *and to the job ahead of him.*

In this way he became interested in industrial motion-pictures as a medium for motion-study, marshalled his facts, bought a movie camera with his own money and made a series of pictures to prove his point. Then he wrote a series of talks to accompany the pictures.

He did this while Jim was "out for a drive," "enjoying an evening of bridge," or "a quiet evening at home." He sold the idea to his boss. In two years' time the savings in labor and processing, because of this advanced method of time-study, amounted to slightly more than one hundred thousand dollars.

I know Jim. He works hard every day, knows his job, obeys orders. Twenty years from now, he will likely be earning approximately his present

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pay and "spending his evenings with his family."

I know Jack. In two years' time his salary was trebled. But Jack is still burning midnight oil, still giving that "little extra" which spells success.

He is not resting on his first laurels. He knows that to climb the ladder of success ahead of other men he must work fast and long: today, tomorrow, next month, next year.

Suppose on your job—every day, seven days a week—you *study the job one hour more* than your fellow-workers are studying it. At the end of the first year you will be out in front with an advantage of three hundred and sixty-five hours of additional knowledge about the job and how to do it better.

A young neighbor of mine, working as a chain grocery store manager, decided that if he could reduce green goods losses through spoilage, improper trimming and handling, by one per cent for all stores, he would save his company a sizable sum of money.

He hung up his white coat and locked his store when the other managers did. But while they were telling their wives how their feet hurt and how lousy it was to work such long hours, here is what he was doing:

He culled every book and pamphlet in the library for information on the subject.

Operation by operation he studied the movement of produce—from farm to wholesale market, to company warehouse, to the store, to the counter, to the customer.

Week by week he fed written suggestions to the management.

In nine months he was made a Supervisor. Today he is a Division Superintendent.

THESE things you *must* do:

1—Be interested in your job. If you don't like it, get out of it.

2—Do your job better than the other fellow. Give a "little extra" if you expect to receive a little extra in the pay envelope.

3—No matter how well you know your *own* job, you must *study the job ahead* if you wish promotion.

4—Your moral attitude is important. Properly speaking, a man's private affairs should not interest his employer. Yet a slight irregularity may be sufficient to tip the scales against your success.

5—If you command instead of persuade, you won't get very far.

6—If you laugh at the other fellow's ideas and ridicule his suggestions, you're sunk. And if you steal his ideas and pass them along to the boss as your own, you're a skunk.

7—If you have a college education and, because of this, think that your ideas are necessarily better than those of the man who has had ten years of practical experience, better think again.

And these are *qualities* you must have:

1—Cooperativeness. The ability to get along with others, to persuade and lead them, to team up with the group and work without friction, resentment, or jealousy. A fellow has to be able to keep quiet and smile in the face of criticism; adjust himself to peak loads and new bosses; and yet not go around the office or shop like a timid mouse.

2—Interest in your job and ability

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to enjoy it. Of equal importance is your willingness to work hard, study hard, and keep on plugging, plugging away. And if you have something to complain about, tell it to the boss. Don't breed discontent by grouching to other men.

3—Leadership. This you can develop. Many books are available to help you. Have initiative, of course. But that isn't enough. Aggressiveness must be coupled to initiative. Many men have new ideas and are good at starting things. Only about eight out of a hundred are aggressive enough to finish what they start.

SO much for general considerations. Now let's get down to instances about asking for raises and promotions.

Asking for a raise is a *sales* job, to be approached with care. You will have to do some talking as well as writing; hence facility in talking is important. If you're timid, as many are, a short night school course in public speaking will be worth while.

Success comes to those who are able to persuade men. Brainy men often lose to mediocre competitors because the latter have learned how to present their product in the best light.

There is nothing to be nervous about. If you know you've done your job better than anyone else, if you know the job ahead and can prove it, you are entitled to a raise or promotion and should ask for it. If you haven't done your job better than anyone else, don't ask for a raise because you are not entitled to it, regardless of how many years you may have worked for the company.

To summarize:

a—Do your present job better than the other fellow is doing it.

b—Know the *job ahead.*

c—Be reserved, courteous, and friendly with your co-workers and your superiors. Don't "play politics."

d—Present your case intelligently.

This last is a matter of common sense. First decide whether to ask for a raise orally, or by letter. If you are nervous in front of the boss, use the letter method.

Next prepare your approach in an effective sales presentation. Remember, you have something to sell. Your problem is to convince the boss that it will be profitable *to him* to give you a raise.

Don't be nervous. If you know your job, you'll have confidence. If you don't—study up on it before asking for that raise.

And if the boss turns you down, ask him courteously to tell you why; so that you can go about correcting the fault.

MOST large corporations develop their own executives. They want young people to train *within the*

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company; and they like to promote *from within.* It probably costs $200 or more just to "break in" the average worker, at simple, manual tasks. In office, creative or sales work, the training cost can run into the hundreds of dollars.

Therefore, no company likes to waste time and effort on employees who feel unappreciated, or overlooked, or aggrieved. Or who always have an eye on other pastures that look greener.

Business men do not demand that you be brilliant. But to win promotion and pay you must be willing to work, to take pains, to shoulder responsibility and to get along with other people. You must have teamwork, and generate enthusiasm.

As an employee you want to feel that you're part of an organization that is worthwhile, and performing a real service. You want opportunity for advancement; security against old age, sickness and loss of job; freedom from unjust supervision; the right to fair treatment from your superiors; and freedom to say what's on your mind. You want a feeling of individual responsibility; and the knowledge that you're doing something of significance and importance.

The work you're doing *is* significant and important. Your problem is to make your work *more* important, by doing it better and absorbing more and more responsibility. Your employer will give you all the responsibility you demonstrate you can absorb. With that responsibility comes promotion and increased pay.

▲

A traveling salesman, holed up in a small Wyoming town by a bad snowstorm, wired his firm: "Stranded here due to storm. Telegraph instructions." Back came the reply: "Start summer vacation immediately."—*The Gasser.*

▲

It was their fortieth wedding anniversary. The gray, slightly-stooped professor entered his residence, kissed his wife, smiled as he handed her a package and said, "Surprise, my dear. I'm sure you thought that your old absent-minded professor had forgotten what day this is, but here's your present."

The wife hastened to unwrap the large box of beautifully engraved stationery, and hesitating a moment said, "It—uh—it's very distinctive."

Noting her hesitation, the professor said. "Is something wrong?"

"Just one little thing, perhaps," she said smiling. "The address is that of the home we sold five years ago."

"I've been fired! I forgot to empty the ash tray in a car I serviced this morning."

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SPRING training for baseball is just around the corner and every manager is holding his breath to see just which of his athletes will be claimed before the season opens. It used to be the young team with lots of reserve material that was favored; but the old men have come into their own after being treated like country cousins for several years. The New York Yankees with an old team are headed for another pennant, and the ancient St. Louis Cardinals will be in a good position to finish high in the race.

Minor league baseball will be hit hard in the near future. In the first year of the last war, forty leagues folded. The new Kansas City Blues manager, George (Twinkletoes) Selkirk, is keeping his fingers crossed. If the emergency slackens, the Blues could field one of the youngest and most colorful teams in many years. Parke Carrol, general manager of the Blues, is going to reinstate some daylight baseball, playing home dates on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Maybe the tide and trend is changing.

In the world of basketball, things have been happening fast. CCNY, ranked number one in the nation, has no ranking at all, as of late January, after losing five games to mediocre opponents with the same personnel used to win the double national title last April. Another ugly scandal broke in New York as two former stars of college days were caught in a web of attempted bribery to influence scores in basketball games. An ex-GI negro star of Manhattan College refused to accept a thousand dollar "fee" for dumping a game and courageously went to the police.

Jack Gardner, the pepperpot coach of the terrifying Wildcats of Kansas State, came to the defense of coaches who become animated during a basketball game. Jack claims that it is grossly unfair to expect a basketball coach to

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keep his seat if he feels he has been robbed, when a baseball manager can rush on the field and exchange words with the umpires, and football coaches can walk the entire length of the field. Jack puts it this way, "A business man wouldn't sit idly by if his building were burning down. When an official gives me a bad break it's burning down my house of business; and that calls for action." Frankly, in spite of the fact that it sets a bad example for college students, he has a logical argument.

Bantam Ben Hogan was awarded a trophy by sportsdom for being the "comebacker" of 1950, but the little golfing wizard says he will engage in only a few tournaments this year.

Say, if you think you know your sports, try our little nickname quiz at the end of the column this month. You might even use it when the gang is in for a hand of poker or bridge!

THE new year opened with a bang in the world of sports. In the Rose Bowl Michigan proved that no matter what team the Big Ten sends west, the result is always the same. So the Pacific coast conference threatens to withdraw from all post-season competition. Big Seven schools got a new lease on life—irresistible force was conquered when Oklahoma was defeated by Kentucky in the Sugar Bowl. Big Seven coaches are beginning to breathe again.

The NCAA put the hex on all post-season games when they ruled that 75 per cent of the gross on all bowl games must go to the schools involved. You could hear the agonized screams of the promoters across the nation!

Uncle Sam may make a big change in the football picture before September. But freshmen will not be varsity material yet, and a lot of schools are fighting to eliminate spring training from the college schedules.

J. V. SIKES, the Kansas University football coach, stole the show at the Don Faurot testimonal dinner in St. Louis shortly after Missouri had dumped KU in an upset. When Sikes was introduced and received hearty applause, the transplanted southern gent drawled, "I can see I am more popular in Missouri than I am in Kansas."

Some years back the Chicago Cubs bought a fancy station wagon for their minor league scouts, but soon gave it up because of public opinion. The Cub minor league teams weren't doing so good, and the fans would regularly shout, "You bums can ride the rods. Why don't they spend that dough for some players?"

Former diamond star Frankie Frisch recalls the time he had to pay a $50 bridge toll to get across the Harlem River in New York. As Frisch tells the story, he had been late for practice with the New York Giants several times and Manager John McGraw was beginning to get impatient. One day, Frisch started for the ball park early enough, but was held up by a drawbridge at the Harlem River. The bridge was up for an hour and Frisch missed practice completely. When he

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arrived at the ball park, McGraw said, "Where were you?"

When Frisch told him, McGraw replied, "After this, start early enough so that you will be here on time—regardless. You're fined $50."

Here's the quiz I was talking about. Good luck with it, and see you next issue!

NICK THE NAME

Listed below are some of the most famous nicknames in American sports. They'll register a familiar click immediately—but are you dead sure you know who they belong to?

1. Meal Ticket
   a. Bob Feller. b. Leo Durocher. c. Carl Hubbell.
2. Little Napoleon
   a. Bucky Harris. b. John McGraw. c. Bill Terry.
3. Wild Horse of Osage
   a. Ty Cobb. b. Shoeless Jackson. c. Pepper Martin.
4. Boston Strong Boy
   a. James J. Corbett. b. Jesse Willard. c. John L. Sullivan.
5. Mr. Outside
   a. Red Grange. b. Tom Harmon. c. Glenn Davis.
6. Little Poison
   a. Tony Lazzeri. b. Lloyd Waner. c. Mel Ott.
7. The Orchid Man
   a. Georges Carpentier. b. Gene Tunney. c. Mickey Walker.
8. Rabbit
   a. Walter Maranville. b. Tris Speaker. c. Johnny Mize.
9. Galloping Ghost
   a. Don Huston. b. Red Grange. c. Ernie Nevers.
10. Little Miss Poker Face.
    a. Helen Wills. b. Helen Jacobs. c. Babe Zaharias.
11. Iron Horse.
    a. Bill Dickey. b. Mickey Cochrane. c. Lou Gehrig.
12. Old Fox
    a. Bob Yawkey. b. Clark Griffith. c. Branch Rickey.
13. Fordham Flash
    a. Frankie Frisch. b. Ben Chapman. c. Tommy Henrick.
14. Kiki
    a. Hazen Cuyler. b. Lefty Gomez. c. Rogers Hornsby.
15. Big Train
    a. Ted Williams. b. Walter Johnson. c. Hank Greenberg.
16. Three-Fingered
    a. Mordecai Brown. b. Christy Matthewson. c. Riggs Stephenson.
17. King Kong
    a. Jeff Heath. b. Charlie Keller. c. Yogi Berra.
18. Little Professor
    a. Moe Berg. b. Hans Wagner. c. Dom DiMaggio.

—*Harold Helfer*

Answers on page 58

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Faith of Love

In the summer of 1886, the late Walter Damrosch—newly appointed as conductor of New York's Metropolitan Opera House—was touring Europe in search of talented new singers. In Stuttgart, Germany, he discovered a brilliant young soprano named Theresa Foerster. But when Damrosch offered her a contract, the young singer refused.

"I'm sorry," she told the crestfallen conductor. "But I am in love. I'm engaged to be married—to a cellist in our orchestra."

Despite Damrosch's eloquent pleading, the soprano stubbornly refused his offer. Finally, when he agreed to take the cellist along to America, she signed the contract.

"You'll never regret this," she told the skeptical conductor. "I know he has great talent."

That fall, the young singer and her fiance sailed for the United States. Soon afterward, they were married. A few months later, the soprano was enthusiastically hailed by music critics on her debut with the Metropolitan Opera.

But what happened to the young cellist, who might never have come to America had it not been for the love and faith of Theresa Foerster? After a few months in New York, he gave up the cello and decided to try his hand at writing music. You know him as one of America's most beloved composers —Victor Herbert.

—Robert Stein.

▲

"I spent the weekend in the country," she explained, "and made a very painful blunder that I certainly do not want to repeat."

The optician nodded. "Failed to recognize one of your friends?" he queried.

"No, no," replied the woman. "It wasn't that. I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."

▲

The family patience with little Willie's dog was at the breaking point. Finally Willie's father announced at the breakfast table that if the dog was not given away or lost before supper, he'd shoot it.

At supper Willie said, "Well, the dog is gone." "What happened to it?" asked dad. Willie proudly announced, "I traded it for three pups."

▲

"You've been with us a week now," said the boss, "and so far we haven't been able to find anything you could do; yet when we hired you, you said you were a handy man."

"That's right, sir," replied the new employe. "I am a handy man. I live just around the corner."

The famed English writer, H. G. Wells, once founded a publication with his friend Henley; but unfortunately, it was not very popular. One day the friends stood in their office window and watched a funeral procession go by. Remarked Wells in a worried tone, "I hope that is not our subscriber."

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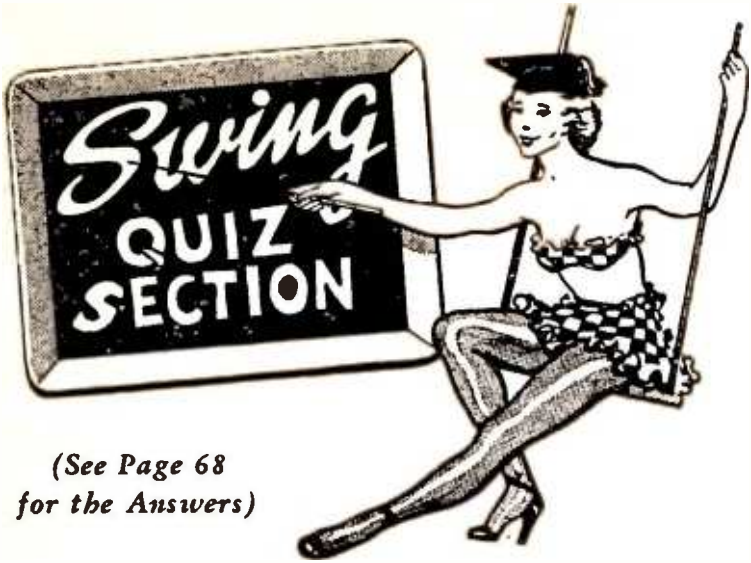

(See Page 68 for the Answers)

HOW'S YOUR EYE Q.?

by Gladys Louise Cortez

Match the following:

1. Optometrist.	1. One skilled in testing the eye.
2. Oculist.	2. A maker of glasses on prescription.
3. Optician.	3. One skilled in examination and treatment of the eye.
4. Ophthalmologist.	4. One skilled in anatomy, function and diseases of the eye.

Answer the following True or False:

1. Bulls used for bull fights are color blind.
2. About 4% of all men are color blind.
3. Butterflies have a keen sense of color.
4. Color blindness is inherited through the father.
5. Cats can see in the dark.
6. Color vision develops more rapidly in girls than in boys.
7. More women than men are color blind.
8. Eating raw carrots improves night vision.
9. Many persons have one blue eye and one brown.
10. Visual purple is needed for good night vision.
11. All new born babies have brown eyes.
12. The armed forces will not accept a color blind person.
13. It is believed that originally all humans had brown eyes.
14. Everyone has a blind spot.
15. The human eye sees everything upside down.
16. Man has binocular vision.
17. We do not see with our eyes.
18. We are blind while our eyes are in motion.

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TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PRESIDENTS

by Bill Slater
Moderator
"TWENTY QUESTIONS"
Sponsored by Ronson over WHB every Saturday at 7 p.m.

1. What President is buried in Washington, D. C.?
2. Who was our only bachelor President?
3. Who served two terms as President but did not succeed himself?
4. How many Presidents were born west of the Mississippi?
5. What President was a college football coach?
6. How many Democrats have been chosen President since the Civil War?
7. Which President served the shortest length of time?
8. What is Woodrow Wilson's first name?
9. Which President was born in Kentucky?
10. What President served 17 years in the Congress after being President?
11. What President was taught to read by his wife?
12. Which President was arrested for speeding on the streets of Washington?
13. What President's wife was known as "Lemonade Lucy"?
14. Who was the last President born in a log cabin?
15. Which President installed modern plumbing in the White House?
16. Who was the first President married in the White House?
17. What President's grandson was also President?
18. What Presidents were assassinated?
19. Who was the first President to go to Europe while in office?
20. Which President weighed over 350 pounds?

MATCHING CIGARETTES

by Lawrence R. Barney

Fifteen brand names of cigarettes are listed below in the left hand column and fifteen scrambled answers are listed in the right hand column. See how many of the answers you can match up with the cigarette names.

1.	FATIMA	(A)	CAPITOL CITY
2.	OMAR	(B)	BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS
3.	TWENTY GRAND	(C)	GLACIER
4.	OLD GOLD	(D)	UNIVERSITY OFFICE HOLDER
5.	CAMEL	(E)	POTATO
6.	RALEIGH	(F)	FAMOUS LONDON STREET
7.	PARLIAMENT	(G)	PAGLIACCI
8.	LUCKY STRIKE	(H)	GALLANT
9.	REGENT	(I)	FAMOUS RACE HORSE
10.	PAUL JONES	(J)	CONTENTS OF TREASURE CHEST
11.	SPUD	(K)	PERSIAN POET
12.	PALL MALL	(L)	SHIP OF THE DESERT
13.	PIEDMONT	(M)	AT SUTTER'S MILL IN 1849
14.	CAVALIER	(N)	EGYPTIAN QUEEN
15.	CLOWN	(O)	NAVAL HERO

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LET GEORGE DO IT!

by William C. Boland

In passing the well-known buck, we usually say: "Let George do it." Below are listed twenty "Georges" who have done it, and become famous. Let the clue become your cue, and identify the "George". Scoring 17 or more right is excellent; 13 to 17 fair; under 10, poor.

1. He invented the air-brake.
2. He is now owner-coach of the Chicago Bears professional football team.
3. He signed all his writings, "A. E."
4. He built the Panama Canal.
5. He became Notre Dame's greatest gridiron hero.
6. He fathered a great nation.
7. He wrote "Porgy and Bess."
8. He became a famed Spanish philosopher.
9. His nickname was "Blood and Guts."
10. He guards the hot corner.
11. Her real name was Baroness Dudevant.
12. He was the original "Yankee Doodle Boy."
13. He authored "Pygmalion."
14. He built Yankee Stadium.
15. He was a noted Irish bishop.
16. She wrote "Silas Marner."
17. He became a British novelist and poet.
18. He is a Hollywood tough guy.
19. He draws a popular comic strip.
20. He once commanded the entire United States Army.

SET YOUR WORK TO MUSIC

by J. H. Lavely

Like music while you work? Well, here's a quiz that parlays almost every job into a tuneful profession. The following song titles, before we omitted certain words, all included the name of a familiar occupation. Your task is to select the omitted occupational title from the right-hand column, using it correctly to complete the tune title on the left. With 15 perfect pairings you're hep to the Hit Parade; 11 to 14 is above average; 7 to 10, fair; but 6 or less and you're a charter member of the "We've Got Cotton in Our Ears When It Comes to Music Club!"

This song—	*Suggests which occupation:*
1. Feather _____	(a) Milkman
2. Old Master _____	(b) Jockey
3. Boogie Woogie _____	(c) Boxer
4. Jack, The _____	(d) Washerwoman
5. Hey, Mr. _____	(e) Lamp-lighter
6. _____, Keep Those Bottles Quiet.	(f) Painter
7. Disc _____ Jump.	(g) Lawyer
8. _____ Dance.	(h) Riveter
9. Charlie Was a _____	(i) Bell Boy
10. The Old _____	(j) Cowboy
11. Rosie, The _____	(k) Shoe Shine Boy
12. Doctor, _____, Indian Chief.	(l) Watchmaker
13. Chattanoogie _____	(m) Shepherd
14. The Fuddy Duddy _____	(n) Postman
15. Ragtime _____ Joe.	(o) Merchant

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THINK YOU'RE AN EPICURE?

by S. Suttles

You've got two kinds of fish, plus a lobster and some clams, and you want to make something special. What'll it be: bouillon? bouillabaise? finnan haddie? Bouillabaise—of course! Now try your culinary I.Q. on matching these principal ingredients with the gourmet's delights you'd find them in:

———	1. prawns and batter	A.	dolma
———	2. cornmeal	B.	pizza
———	3. potatoes	C.	borscht
———	4. taro root	D.	frijoles
———	5. almond paste	E.	kartoffelpuffer
———	6. beans	F.	poi
———	7. anchovies	G.	tempura
———	8. raw fish	H.	marzipan
———	9. grape leaves and ground meat	I.	sashimi
———	10. dough and tomato pulp	J.	tortillas
———	11. rice	K.	nubbelada
———	12. beets	L.	pilav

CHANGE A WAVE

by Boris Randolph

Beginning with the word WAVE simply change one letter at a time and form a new word each time according to the definitions.

	W	A	V	E
Diminish	—	—	—	—
Need	—	—	—	—
Passed	—	—	—	—
Curved	—	—	—	—
Thump	—	—	—	—
	B	E	A	M

FAMOUS RELIGIOUS LEADERS

by Griggory Dole

Can you guess these well known missionaries, revivalists and preachers from the clues given?

1. First governor of Utah
2. Imprisoned in Nazi camp
3. Made a Heaven on earth
4. Nailed his ideas to the church door
5. Sang songs with Sankey
6. Created a town for boys
7. Burned "witches"
8. Had a temple all her own
9. Went to bat for religion
10. Was General of an Army

THE SEARCH

by Charles Carson

The following named persons (some real, some mythical, are said to have gone out in quest of some objective or achievement.

If you know ten or more of the right answers, you are as bright as a Quiz Kid. If you can get as many as eight, you ought to be in Congress. If you guess only six, you had better go back to school. And if you get five or less, going back to school wouldn't help.

1. General Pershing in Mexico
2. Cecil Rhodes in South Africa
3. Simple Simon when he went fishing
4. Diogenes of the streets of Athens
5. Sir Galahad in England and the Far East
6. The pussycat in London
7. Henry M. Stanley in Africa
8. Jason at Colchis
9. Ponce de Leon in Florida
10. Christopher Columbus in the New World
11. The Israelites in the wilderness
12. The Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock

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The Talking Chip

IT WAS the year 1827 and Rev. John Williams was building a church without nails or iron work on the island of Rarotonga in the South Seas. One morning when he left home for the church he discovered that he had forgotten to bring his square. Since he needed it, he took up a chip and wrote a note upon it with a piece of charcoal. The note was a request to his wife to send the square to him.

He called a native chief to him and said as he gave him the chip, "Friend, take this; go to our house and give it to Mrs. Williams."

The chief who had been a great warrior and had lost an eye in battle exclaimed, "Take that! Mrs. Williams will call me a fool and scold me, if I carry a chip to her."

"No," Mr. Williams replied, "she will not; take it, and go immediately. I am in haste."

Seeing that Mr. Williams was in earnest the chief took the piece of wood and asked, "What must I say?"

"You have nothing to say," said Mr. Williams. "The chip will say all I wish."

With a look of astonishment and contempt, the chief held up the piece of wood and said, "How can this speak? Has this wood a mouth?"

Mr. Williams replied, "Do as I say. Take it at once to Mrs. Williams and do not argue. It will tell her what I want."

On arriving at the house, the chief gave the chip to Mrs. Williams who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool chest. On receiving the square from her, the chief said, "Stay, daughter, how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?"

"Why," she replied, "did you not bring me a chip just now?"

"Yes," said the astonished warrior, "but I did not hear it say anything."

"If you did not, I did," was the reply," for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible."

With this the chief leaped out of the house; and, catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand, and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms would reach, and shouting as he went, "See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk! They can make chips talk!"

After giving the square to Mr. Williams, he wished to know how it was possible for the chip to talk to Mrs. Williams. The missionary tried to explain that he had written the message in charcoal on the piece of wood, but it was all too mysterious for the chief to understand. He tied a string to the marvelous chip, hung it around his neck, and wore it day and night before the envious eyes of the other natives. For was it not a wonderful magic piece of wood that knew how to talk to the white people in their own language?

—*Vera Cooper Mullins*

▲

During an international conference in Paris, a number of statesmen left the Quai d'Orsay at the same time. The doorman called out to their chauffeurs: "The Cadillac for Mr. Acheson . . . The Rolls Royce for Mr. Bevin . . . The Citreon for Mr. Schuman!"

Then, after a pause, "The umbrella and rubbers for Mr. de Gasperi!"

"How is it, Al, that you make such a profit out of your coal?" asked a business acquaintance. "Your price is lower than any other dealer's in the city and yet you make extra reductions for your friends."

"Well, you see, I knock off $1 a ton because a customer is a friend of mine, and then I just take 10 bushels off the ton because I'm a friend of his."

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Lessons in Relativity

ACCORDING to a tale that is still being related in Princeton, New Jersey, a ten-year-old girl had developed the habit of asking "a kind old man" to help her with her arithmetic homework.

"He's a good man," she told her inquiring mother. "My arithmetic was hard, and people said he could help me. So I go to him, and he explains everything—even better than our teacher does."

The shocked mother, learning the identity of the man, went at once to apologize for her daughter's boldness.

But the "nice old man" refused to accept an apology.

"It is not necessary," explained Albert Einstein, smiling. "I have learned more from my conversations with the child than she did!"

▲

A recent incident tells of a long distance phone conversation between Michael Goodman, Professor of Architecture at the University of California, and J. Robert Oppenheimer, the distinguished nuclear physicist and director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton.

As the two were chatting, Dr. Oppenheimer's voice was accompanied by the disturbing strains of piano music. Several times the physicist turned from the phone to say, "Please be quiet, Albert," or "Albert, I can't hear."

Finally something clicked in Dr. Goodman's mind. "Say, that—that couldn't be Albert Einstein, could it?"

"Why, yes," replied Oppenheimer.

"Then for heaven's sake, keep quiet and let him play," screamed Dr. Goodman. "I can hear you talk anytime!"

—*Edward W. Ludwig*

▲

Centerpiece

ON Swing's center pages you will find beautiful and charming Vera-Ellen, one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's talented young stars. She is currently seen in the M-G-M Technicolor hit, "Three Little Words," starring Fred Astaire and Red Skelton.

▲

George Bernard Shaw once visited the sculptor Jacob Epstein, in the latter's studio. As they chatted, Shaw noticed a huge block of stone in a corner of the room.

"What is that for?" he asked.

"I don't know yet," said Epstein, "I'm still making plans."

"You mean you plan your work?" exclaimed Shaw. "You, an artist? Why, I change my mind several times a day!"

"That's all right with a four ounce manuscript," replied Epstein, "but not with a four ton block."

"My husband is an efficiency expert in a large office."

"What does an efficiency expert do?"

"Well, if we women did it they'd call it nagging."

▲

Another man who lived in the White House denounced an act of aggression. Abraham Lincoln, describing Mexican hostilities, said they reminded him of a farmer back home in Illinois who always maintained, "I ain't greedy 'bout land. I only want what jines mine."

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WHB NEWSREEL

1. BIG CLYDE LOVELLETTE, University of Kansas 6'9" basketball star, is the center of attention in the dressing room. Left to right are: Clyde; Larry Ray, WHB sports director; Bill Lienhard; and Charley Hoag. See page 37 for Larry Ray Talks Sports.

2. HAROLD B. LYON, right, new managing director of the Paramount Theater in Kansas City, and John Del Valle, publicity director of Nat Holt productions, whose new picture, "The Great Missouri Raid," was in town, join WHB in celebration of Bing Crosby Month.

3. LARRY RAY OF WHB gets the lowdown from the Kansas State basketball team and their coach, Jack Gardner, Left to right are: Jack Stone, Dick Knostman (hidden), Ed Head, Lew Hitch, Jack Gardner, Larry Ray, and Jim Iverson.

4. PRETTY WHB-STAFFER Jane Fox models the 1951 WHB calendar.

5. PIANIST-HUMORIST LIBERACE gets a double-take from Arbogast while a guest on "The Arbogast Show," heard from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. every night except Sunday over WHB. The one on the right is Arbogast.

6. PREHISTORIC WOMEN appear on "Luncheon On the Plaza" to show how the gals got their men in the old days. Left to right at mike are: "Caveman" Frank Wiziarde, "Prehistoric" Kerry Vaughn, Earl Wells and Joan Shawbe, of R-K-O Studios.

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Swing Presents

Harry B. Munsell

The Man of the Month

by W. H. BRADFORD

OTTUMWA, Wappelo County, Iowa, was a wonderful place to be growing up in the years of World War I. Even then a thriving meat-packing and manufacturing town, Ottumwa was still small enough to be a friendly sort of place, where nearly everyone knew almost everybody.

On Saturdays, or after school, a boy of twelve could hunt and fish along the banks of the widening Des Moines River, as it flowed southeasterly to join the Mississippi, where locks, a canal and a great dam had been built at Keokuk. There were creeks, shallow lakes and ponds containing a thousand mysteries—surrounded by cut-over timber, and hills alive with legends of Indian mounds. Game and wildlife were abundant on the undulating prairie tablelands, fine territory for hunting and trapping!

If your dad was foreman in a steel fabrication works, he could show you how things were made—and you dreamed exciting dreams about the world of industry and commerce. If you were one of five children, you never lacked playmates—when you had time to play. But usually you were pretty busy, working at odd jobs, making money to help pay your way. You delivered drugs and groceries for neighborhood stores; you had a milk route; you were a delivery boy for the Ottumwa Courier, or the Des Moines Register and Tribune. You didn't mind working, because all your brothers and sisters worked.

In September before Armistice Day, 1918, you started to high school—where a new world and new vistas opened before you, stimulated by the teaching of kindly and interested instructors. One teacher, particularly—a wiry, dynamic, energetic man named C. C. Carruthers who taught economics and civics—took a real interest in you. He noted your excellence in mathematics, encouraged and coached you in your propensity for high school debate. You were too light for football; so you played tennis and baseball. Because you rapidly gained self-confidence and the ability to speak well, because you were a quick, orderly and articulate thinker, you easily made the debating team.

And that led, naturally, to your desire to become a lawyer—and to

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study at the University of Iowa. When your high school debating team won the Iowa state championship, you were overjoyed to have it include a small scholarship at Iowa City. Sharing your excitement was a high school sweetheart—and you resolved to marry her one fine day!

Before going on to college, however, you took a year out to accumulate a nest egg. For $22 a week, you worked in a wholesale fruit and vegetable house, saving your money for an entire year, to enroll at Iowa in September of 1923. You knew what you wanted; business law was your field, with a major in accounting and economics. Five years of it, two years in the College of Liberal Arts, three years in Law School. You were a happy young man to win that coveted LL.B. degree in June of 1928. Behind you were busy, profitable years of "working your way" through school —cutting grass, tending furnaces, shoveling snow, waiting tables.

IT is the sort of training that builds character . . . and when young Harry B. Munsell passed his state bar exams he had all the inbuilt qualities that make for success.

Finding a job was something else again. It was the era of "Coolidge Prosperity" and young Munsell took his time—spent the summer in Ottumwa after graduation. Then, with $200 as a "buffer," he started looking for a job in Chicago that fall. Some of his classmates became stock and bond salesmen. But the young lawyers who had preceded him were holding down all the jobs in law-firm offices. At $100 a month, Munsell went to work for the Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company; shifted after three months to a two-week job with Goodrich Rubber; then became a collector of bad accounts for a hardware concern. It was rough, getting going!

An Iowa classmate, Bill Chamberlain, whose uncle was president of United Light and Railways, tipped him off to a job in the company's legal department. After several tries for the position, he finally connected at $150 a month. There were three associated companies: Continental Gas and Electric; American Light and Traction; and United Light and Power, of which the Kansas City Power and Light Company was at that time a subsidiary.

"Men-of-the-Month" who have appeared in SWING *have their own Fraternity, nominate and elect each new "Man-of-the-Month." The organization, in six years, has become a civic "honor society" similar to those in a college or university. It is a Fraternity without membership fees or dues, sponsored by WHB and* SWING. *Six new members are elected annually from civic leaders in Greater Kansas City.*

On the strength of his new job, Munsell in June, 1929, married his childhood sweetheart, Helen L. Criley, who had moved to Chicago after her graduation from the University of Iowa in 1926. She was his "one and only"—he never had another girl all through high school and college.

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His marriage in June of 1929 was followed by the financial crash in October of the same year. Then came the depression days of 1930 and 1931, as corporations all over America went broke, banks failed, apple-vendors worked on street corners, and people sang: "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

WITH United, however, Munsell's rise was rapid. Jobs of increasing importance were assigned him as his marked executive ability became increasingly apparent. He showed a remarkable aptitude for figures—could read them like a book—and found them absorbing and inspiring. Almost uncanny was his grasp of the intricacies of corporate structure and corporation law—his swift and accurate analysis of corporation financial statements. This was to be the basis of his successful career.

The thing that made him was the federal legislation of 1934 and 1935, regulating public utility companies. To comply with the new and intricate laws required a high order of legal legerdemain—and Munsell was the man to perform it! He was given responsibility for all public financing of the system companies, followed by the complex job of working out their problems under the new Public Utility Holding Act.

In August of 1938, Munsell was made assistant to the president, Charles S. McCain. And later, to William G. Woolfolk, who succeeded McCain. In June of 1941 he was elected a Vice-President and made a director of the four companies. In 1944 he was elected Treasurer.

Down in Kansas City, the late Chester C. Smith, president of the Power and Light Company, wanted an assistant. The word had spread that Munsell was highly capable. So Smith brought him to Kansas City, where Munsell became vice-president and secretary of the Kansas City Power and Light Company on July 18, 1945. Upon the death of Smith in 1947, Munsell was elected president, at the age of forty-one. His election to the presidency came just two months short of the date, eighteen years earlier, when he had entered the utility business. He was elected a Director of the Professional Building Company, December 27, 1946; the Kansas City Southern Railway, May 25, 1948; and the Louisiana and Arkansas Railway, June 8, 1948.

He lives at 6410 Wenonga Road, in Johnson County, Kansas—and belongs to enough clubs to get something of a reputation as a "joiner": the Kansas City Club, Kansas City Athletic Club, Mission Hills Country Club, Saddle and Sirloin, "711" and "822" (two of the famous "inner clubs" at The Kansas City Club), the Chicago Club, the University Club of Chicago, the Recess Club of New York, and Kansas City's new River Club.

MUNSELL, who climbed the ladder of success at such an early age, is pictured as the ideal executive by his associates and employees. He delegates authority, the first thing a successful executive must learn to do. He surrounds himself with capable assistants and gives them responsibilities. And best of all, he is termed a "fair, square guy" by his employees,

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the finest tribute any worker can pay his boss-man.

One of his outstanding characteristics is frankness. No matter what the problem, he is straightforward and frank in his approach to it, and respects that quality in his associates. In fact, he becomes impatient with anyone who cannot tell him the facts without excess wordage. Once given the facts, he has unusual ability to analyze the problem quickly; and he wastes no time in making decisions.

As a mathematician, he has few equals. He can scan a page of figures and understand them quickly and clearly. An engineer once brought him a sheet of figures to check. Munsell scanned it, pointed to the middle line, and said," There's an error here."

"But," protested the engineer, "I checked it three times."

However, the engineer took out his slide rule and figured it again. At the end, he slowly lowered the slide rule. There *was* an error!

An excellent memory is a Munsell legend. Keith Ware, a close friend since law school days, loves to tell this one: During the school year, it was the usual thing for a group to gather and bone for law exams. As was the custom, they ordered food from the Savoy Restaurant in Iowa City. Munsell volunteered to take the orders for hamburgers, some with mustard, some with pickles, all of them different. Without writing a thing down, Munsell ordered the food over the phone. When the food arrived, not an order was wrong!

Always a lover of sports, Munsell limits himself to hunting and fishing. Golf used to be a favorite, too, but an attack of bursitis and a desire to spend more time with his children, caused him to drop it. His daughter, Jane Diane, 17, is now in Sunset Hill School; and his son, H. Burwell, 16, is a student at Pembroke-Country Day.

Hunting and fishing are not only his favorite sports, but his hobbies and chief form of relaxation. He bends over backward to be sporting and fair, just as he does in his work. For instance, he tries to catch northern pike

on an 8-pound line! "There's no fun," he says, "in just pullin' in fish where the fish are plentiful." He likes to tell of the time he once landed a 17½-pound fish on his line, only to have a 4-pound bass break the line shortly after.

For fishing he goes to Norfolk Lake in northern Arkansas and Barney's Bald Lake Lodge, northeast of Kenora, Ontario. He hunts for ducks and geese. Once a year he goes duck hunting south of Lake Charles, La.; the balance of his hunting trips are to the "Lost Quarter Club." The name is derived from a quarter-section of land

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not included in a survey, and the membership consists of only three people. It is legend that when Munsell arrives at the club, he neither shaves nor combs his hair until he leaves.

With a wide taste in music, he prefers to stay home and listen, rather than attend concerts. He plays poker, gin rummy and bridge, but avoids canasta. His favorite indoor "sport" is reading, with detective stories heading the list and Erle Stanley Gardner his favorite author.

MUNSELL can look back with pride at the tremendous growth of his company. Within the last ten years, approximately 50,000 customers were added to the company's lines, making a total of over 200,000 customers in Greater Kansas City. To keep pace with this growth, nearly twenty million dollars has been invested in the last year alone, to enlarge and improve facilities.

Total residential use has risen 52 per cent since 1940. More than 5,700 new commercial and industrial customers have been added, an increase of about 20 per cent. Of these, more than 1,000 new business and industrial firms were connected in 1950.

New line extensions were made to farm homes and industries in rural communities. In the last 10 years, more than 2,400 miles of lines were constructed to serve some 9,800 additional rural customers in Missouri and Kansas.

A continuing program of enlargement of transmission and distribution facilities resulted in completion of a high-voltage transmission "ring" of power lines around Kansas City in 1950. The company has power pool interconnections with three other utilities in northern Missouri and Iowa, and plans are underway to complete a 154,000-volt tie-line with Union Electric Company of Missouri at St. Louis in 1952.

Kansas City is well on its way to becoming one of the best lighted cities in the nation. Since 1946, in cooperation with the city, the power company has completed more than 53 miles of new street, boulevard and trafficway lighting, including underground circuits, and the installation of 9,933 new-type street lamps.

The company is also constructing a new plant at Hawthorn. Originally planned for two units of 66,000-kilowatts each, an additional 99,000-kilowatt steam-electric generating unit costing sixteen million dollars is to be added. This will bring a total future output of 231,000 kilowatts from this station.

Now approximately 60 per cent complete, Hawthorn station will place its first unit in service next April, and the second unit in August. These units will increase the power supply in the service area by 40 per cent by mid-1951. When the new 99,000-kilowatt unit is placed in service, in the spring of 1953, the increase will be 70 per cent over the present available supply.

"Many people," says Munsell, "think the cost of electric power is too high. Actually, it isn't. Here are the figures on three common household items in use every day, to show how it has *decreased* over the past 30 years."

ELECTRIC IRON—The average householder uses 100 kilowatthours every year.
1950—$2.99 per year.
1940— 3.80 per year.
1930— 5.00 per year.
1920— 7.10 per year.

ELECTRIC TOASTER—The average householder uses 30 kilowatthours every year.
1950—$ .87 per year.
1940— 1.14 per year.
1930— 1.50 per year.
1920— 2.13 per year.

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR—The average householder uses 350 kilowatthours every year.
1950—$10.15 per year.
1940— 13.30 per year.
1930— 17.50 per year.
1920— 24.85 per year.

"You can see how much cheaper electric power is today," says Mun-

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sell. "But the time is rapidly approaching when rates will have to go up. In September of 1946, we reduced our rates, cutting our revenue by two million dollars. Today, everything is rising, fuel, wages, materials, prices, and it's just a matter of time until we are forced to increase our rates."

A MAN with the capability, drive and initiative of Munsell inevitably is asked to assist in community activities. A few of them are: the Chamber of Commerce, American Royal Association, The Electric Association of Kansas City, Business District League of Kansas City, Mayor's Traffic Safety Educational Committee, Real Estate Board of Kansas City, Kansas City Centennial Association, Starlight Theater Association, Midwest Research Institute, Kansas City Conservatory of Music, Kansas City Art Institute, Kansas City Crime Commission, Quartermasters' Association, Foreign Trade Club of Greater Kansas City, Missouri, Association of Public Utilities, American Bar Association, Edison Electric Institute.

Munsell's background has probably been his greatest asset. The work he had to do while growing up, in high school and in college, has given him a rare insight into the minds of laboring men. He knows their feelings, their everyday struggle for existence, their hopes for security. And his background has shown him that you cannot become a success without hard work!

"For ages, whenever young men get out of school, they have been told there was plenty of room at the top," he says. "There really is. I honestly believe there is more room at the top today than ever before. More businessmen are looking in their own companies, and in other companies, for top personnel to take over key jobs. There is plenty of room, but it takes work, hard work to get there. If you want to make good, you must get down to earth and *work!*"

Getting back to mathematics for a moment, there's the story about Munsell's son, H. Burwell. The Munsells planned for him as a birthday present to Dad—with his estimated time of arrival, May 18. He arrived one day early.

Answers to SPORTS QUIZ on Page 41

1. Hubbell
2. McGraw
3. Martin
4. Sullivan
5. Davis
6. Waner
7. Carpentier
8. Maranville
9. Grange
10. Wills
11. Gehrig
12. Griffith
13. Frisch
14. Cuyler
15. Johnson
16. Brown
17. Keller
18. DiMaggio

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They're Fast In Arkansas

BEFORE the war my youngest brother lived in the hills of Arkansas. One night as he and a chum were leaving a candy-breaking, they decided to escort a pair of country lasses home. But upon learning that the girls had come "afoot" and lived across the mountain six miles, the ardor of the youthful swains began to cool.

In a quick two-man conference, they decided to have the girls wait by the yard gate, while they went back to the ash-hopper, presumably to get their mules. The girls waited, the boys rode home and promptly forgot the incident.

Then came Pearl Harbor . . . Guadalcanal . . . hospitalization . . . home . . . recovery . . . the German occupation . . . home again.

Six years from the night of the candy-breaking my brother went back to visit his mountain friends, and they gave a dance in his honor. During the merrymaking a young hill woman with a child in one arm and a toddler hanging to the other hand made her way through the crowd to where he was standing. She looked at him quietly for a long moment, and then in a wistful voice she said, "I do declare, it took you longer to git a mule than ary feller I ever seen."

—Charles Carson.

▲

"Have a good night?" the hostess asked sweetly of the house guest who had slept on a couch.

"Fairly good," he answered sleepily. "I got up from time to time and rested."

▲

"Just what have you done for humanity," asked the judge before pronouncing sentence on the pick-pocket.

"Well," said the confirmed criminal, "I've kept three or four detectives working regularly."

▲

"How did your wife get on with her reducing diet?"

"Fine. She disappeared completely last week."

▲

A woman returned a pair of shoes to an exclusive shop.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but these shoes aren't what I need. I can't walk in them."

"Madam," commented the snooty clerk, "people who have to walk don't shop here."

▲

After the new minister had been in town a month, he asked a woman church member what she thought of his sermons.

"Wonderful," she gushed. "You know, until you came, we didn't even know the meaning of sin here."

Of course, there's nothing new under the sun. 'Tis under the moon where the young fellow thinks he's found something new.

COMING . . . IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SWING

Catch That Fish—Then What?
Handy tips on hook-to-skillet technique.

King of the Pin-Ups
This lucky man has photographed more than 10,000 beautiful girls!

Do Right By Your Dog
You can't love him one day and forget him the next.

Smoking Can Kill You!
". . . believed to have been smoking in bed."

The Land of Widows
Miami Beach—land of sun, sand, sea, stucco—and single women.

Etched for the Masses
Unknown artists whose portraits sell by the millions.

Be a Proversationalist
Let's take the "con" out of conversation!

Educating Against Accidents
High schools teach their students to drive—safely.

Vacation the Easy Way
The most important thing is moderation.

"2000 Plus"
The script of this popular network program as actually broadcast over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

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Swinging the Dial 710

Adventure . . .

. . . rides the airlanes as WHB introduces four new programs: "The Clyde Beatty Show", Bobby Benson, "Challenge of the Yukon" and "Box 13."

Clyde Beatty, world-famous animal trainer and circus owner, now has his own program, "The Clyde Beatty Show," over WHB every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:30 p. m. The tense and dramatic episodes from his life while hunting in the African jungle make this show a thrice-weekly delight for arm-chair adventurers, young and old.

Mutual's young cowboy star, Bobby Benson, has his own program of music and comments every Tuesday and Thursday from 5:55 to 6 p. m. over WHB. In addition, every Saturday Bobby joins the B-Bar-B Ranch boys in a rough-riding program of western adventure in the Big Bend country of Texas from 5 to 5:30 p. m.

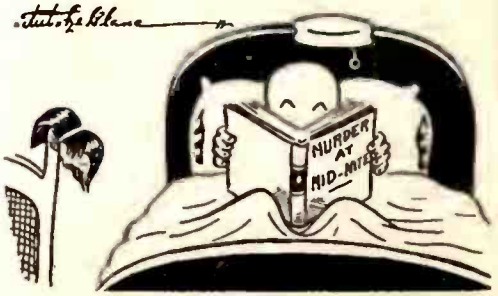
"Challenge of the Yukon," the action-packed adventure stories of the Yukon territory during the chaotic gold rush days, is now heard over WHB at 5:30 p. m. Saturdays, and 2 p. m. Sundays. The adventures revolve around the wonder dog, King, and his hard-riding master, Sgt. Preston of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. The two heroes are active in the Yukon settlements where a host of colorful characters risk their lives in search of gold and adventure. This is a must for both action and adventure. And don't forget—on Saturdays there is a full hour of solid entertainment for the kids, with Bobby Benson at 5 p. m. and "Challenge of the Yukon" at 5:30 p.m. beginning Feb. 17.

"ADVENTURE WANTED. *Will go any place . . . do anything. Box* 13". Thus begins a thrilling, intriguing half-hour of adventure on the

CURRENT

EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6 00	Peter Salem	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
15	Peter Salem	Lorry Ray, Sports
30	Juvenile Jury	Gabriel Heatter
45	Juvenile Jury	Evening Serenade
7 00	Singing Marshall	Hoshknife Hortley
15	Singing Marshall	Hoshknife Hortley
30	Enchanted Hour	Big 7 Basketball
45	Enchanted Hour	Big 7 Basketball
65	Enchanted Hour	Big 7 Basketball
8 00	Opera Concert	Big 7 Basketball
15	Opera Concert	Big 7 Basketball
30	Gabriel Heatter	Big 7 Basketball
45	Get More Out of Life	Big 7 Basketball
9 00	Oklahoma Symph. Or.	Frank Edwards, News
15	Oklahoma Symph. Or.	Mutual Newsreel
30	Oklahoma Symph. Or.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.
45	Oklahoma Symph. Or.	John Thornberry, News
10 00	News	Serenade in the Night
15	Serenade In the Night	Serenade in the Night
30	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night
55	News	News
11 00	Swing Session	Arbogast Show
15	Swing Session	Arbogast Show
30	Swing Session	Arbogast Show
55	Midnight News	Arbogast Show
12 00	Swing Session	Arbogast Show
15	Swing Session	Arbogast Show
30	Swing Session	Arbogast Show
45	Swing Session	Arbogast Show
1 00	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY



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PROGRAMS ON WHB—710

EVENING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
on Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Natl. Guard Show	6 00
y Ray, Sports	Larry Ray, Sports	Larry Ray, Sports	Larry Ray, Sports	Twin Views of the News	15
riel Heatter	Gabriel Heatter	Gabriel Heatter	Gabriel Heatter	Comedy of Errors	30
ning Serenade	Evening Serenade	Evening Serenade	Evening Serenade	Comedy of Errors	45
nt of Monte Cristo	Crime Fighters	It Pays to be Smart	Bandstand U. S. A.	Twenty Questions	7 00
nt of Monte Cristo	Crime Fighters	It Pays to be Smart	Bandstand U. S. A.	Twenty Questions	15
cial Detective	Soft Lights-Sweet Music	International Airport	Collegiate Serenade	Take a Number	30
cial Detective	Soft Lights-Sweet Music	International Airport	Collegiate Serenade	Take a Number	45
Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Take a Number	55
teele, Adventurer	"2,000 Plus"	Hidden Truth	Air Force Hour	Big 7 Basketball	8 00
teele, Adventurer	"2,000 Plus"	Hidden Truth	Air Force Hour	Big 7 Basketball	15
terious Traveler	Family Theatre	Damon Runyon Theatre	Vincent Lopez Show	Big 7 Basketball	30
terious Traveler	Family Theatre	Damon Runyon Theatre	Vincent Lopez Show	Big 7 Basketball	45
nk Edwards, News	Frank Edwards, News	Frank Edwards, News	Frank Edwards, News	Big 7 Basketball	9 00
ual Newsreel	Mutual Newsreel	Mutual Newsreel	Mutual Newsreel	Big 7 Basketball	15
Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Cowtown Jubilee	30
n Thornberry, News	John Thornberry, News	John Thornberry, News	John Thornberry, News	Cowtown Jubilee	45
enade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	10 00
nade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade In the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	15
nade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	30
es	News	News	News	News	55
ogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	11 00
ogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	15
ogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	30
ogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	55
ogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	12 00
ogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	15
ogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	30
ogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show	45
IB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	1 00
TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME

Morning and afternoon schedules on next page

"Box 13" program heard over WHB Sundays at 3 p. m. Alan Ladd, of the movies, plays the role of Dan Holiday, a man of action, a versatile, resourceful fiction writer who advertises for adventure.

Music . . .

. . . Several new programs on the melodic side have been added. Victor Borge, popular and versatile pianist—comedian known as the Great Dane, is now heard at 5:55 p. m. over WHB every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, with patter and music.

Popular "Swing Session" is back at its regular stand, 2 to 4:30 p. m. every Saturday. Genial Bob Kennedy is m. c. of this platter chatter party.

A new morning program that will delight housewives is "Kennedy Calling", Monday through Friday from

(Continued on Page 63)

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CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
5:30		Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time
6 00	Silent	News, W'ther, Livestock	News, W'ther, Livestock	News, W'ther, Livestock	News, W'ther, Livesto
15		Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
25		Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
30		Hank Williams Show	Hank Williams Show	Hank Williams Show	Hank Williams Show
45		Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers
7 00	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	AP News	AP News	AP News	AP News
15	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock
30	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock
8 00	News	AP News	AP News	AP News	AP News
05	Weather	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Perso
10	Wings Over K. C.	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report
15	Our Church Youth	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock
30	Biblo Study Hour	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons
45	Bible Study Hour	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock
9 00	Music America Loves	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint
15	Sunday Serenade	Kennedy Calling	Kennedy Calling	Kennedy Calling	Kennedy Calling
30	Sunday Serenade	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Plaza Program
45	Guest Star	Kennedy Calling	Kennedy Calling	Kennedy Calling	Kennedy Calling
10 00	News	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaz
05	Spotlight on Piano	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaz
15	Spotlight on Piano	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaz
30	NW. Univ. Review Stand	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day
45	NW. Univ. Review Stand	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day
11 00	The Lombardo Hour	News	News	News	News
05	The Lombardo Hour	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O
15	The Lombardo Hour	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O
30	The Lombardo Hour	Sandra Lea, Shopper	Sandra Lea, Shopper	Sandra Lea, Shopper	Sandra Lea, Shopper
45	The Lombardo Hour	Freddy Martin's Orch.	Freddy Martin's Orch.	Family Counselor	Freddy Martin's Orch.

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
12 00	News	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith
15	Salute to Reservists	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
30	Salute to Reservists	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboy
55	Land of the Free	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News
1 00	Spotlight on Glamour	Eddy Arnold Show	Eddy Arnold Show	Eddy Arnold Show	Eddy Arnold Show
15	Operation Drama	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
30	Under Arrest	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboy
45	Under Arrest	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboy
2 00	Challenge of Yukon	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
15	Challenge of Yukon	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
30	Murder by Experts	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
45	Murder by Experts	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
3 00	Alan Ladd, "Box 13"	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
15	Alan Ladd, "Box 13"	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
30	Martin Kane, Pvt. Eye	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
4 00	The Shadow	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
15	The Shadow	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O
30	True Detective Myst's	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O
45	True Detective Myst's	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith
55	True Detective Myst's	Sports News	Sports News	Sports News	Sports News
5 00	Roy Rogers	Mark Trail	Straight Arrow	Mark Trail	Straight Arrow
15	Roy Rogers	Mark Trail	Straight Arrow	Mark Trail	Straight Arrow
30	Nick Carter	Clyde Beatty	Sky King	Clyde Beatty	Sky King
45	Nick Carter	Clyde Beatty	Sky King	Clyde Beatty	Sky King
55	Nick Carter	Victor Borge	Bobby Benson	Victor Borgo	Bobby Benson

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WHB — 710

MORNING

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	5:30
News, W'ther, Livestock	News, W'ther, Livestock	6 00
Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	15
Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	25
Hank Williams Show	Hank Williams Show	30
Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	45
AP News	AP News	7 00
Musical Clock	Musical Clock	15
Musical Clock	Musicol Clock	30
AP News	AP News	8 00
Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person	05
Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	10
Musical Clock	Musical Clock	15
Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	30
Musical Clock	Musical Clock	45
Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	9 00
Kennedy Calling	Dick Jurgens' Orch.	15
Plaza Program	Western Melodies	30
Kennedy Calling	Western Melodies	45
Luncheon on the Plaza	U. S. Marine Band	10 00
Luncheon on the Plaza	U. S. Marine Band	05
Luncheon on the Plaza	U. S. Marine Band	15
Queen For a Day	Sammy Kay's Orch.	30
Queen For a Day	Sammy Kay's Orch.	45
News	Freddy Martin's Orch.	11 00
Musical Tune-O	Freddy Martin's Orch.	05
Musical Tune-O	Freddy Martin's Orch.	15
Sondra Lea, Shopper	Cowtown Wranglers	30
Freddy Martin's Orch.	News	45

AFTERNOON

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
AP News—Dick Smith	Man on the Farm	12 00
Don Sullivan, Songs	Man on the Farm	15
Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Man on the Farm	30
Missouri-Kansas News	Man on the Farm	55
Eddy Arnold Show	Don Sullivan, Songs	1 00
Don Sullivan, Songs	Les Brown Show	15
Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	30
Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	45
Club 710, Arbogast	Swing Session	2 00
Club 710, Arbogast	Swing Session	15
Club 710, Arbogast	Swing Session	30
Club 710, Arbogast	Swing Session	45
Club 710, Arbogast	Swing Session	3 00
Club 710, Arbogast	Swing Session	15
Club 710, Arbogast	Horse Races	30
Club 710, Arbogast	Swing Session	4 00
Musical Tune-O	Swing Session	15
Musicol Tune-O	Challenge of Yukon	30
AP News—Dick Smith	Challenge of Yukon	45
Sports News	Challenge of Yukon	55
Mark Trail	True or False	5 00
Mark Trail	True or False	15
Clyde Beatty	Paul Weston & Co.	30
Clyde Beatty	Paul Weston & Co.	45
Victor Borge	Paul Weston & Co.	55

9:15 to 10 a. m. Features tips and chatter for the housewife, good records, plus a chat with Sandra Lea, the Plaza Shopper, every morning. Fits right in with the housework!

"Serenade in the Night", WHB's soothing program of music for relaxing and reading, has been extended to a full hour. It was formerly heard to a full hour. This popular program is now heard from 10 to 11 p. m. *every* night, seven nights, of the week! It features semi-classic and show tunes, nothing serious or heavy.

Guy Lombardo, everybody's favorite orchestra, has an additional 15-minute show Monday through Friday at 9:30 p. m. He is also heard on "The Lombardo Hour" on Sundays from 11 to 12 noon.

Monday through Friday from 12:15 to 2 p. m. has been set aside for "The Boogie Woogie Cowboys". America's foremost cowboy artists are featured including Don Sullivan and Eddy Arnold, M.C.'ed by Bruce Grant and "Pokey Red."

Drama . . .

. . . Everyone remembers Damon Runyon, the big-time, first-rate, Grade-A reporter who wrote stories about the guys and dolls of Broadway. Now "The Damon Runyon Theatre" re-creates these stories over WHB every Thursday at 8:30 p. m. The favorite Runyon yarns are re-spun with John Brown featured as "Broadway." Your favorite characters, such as Tobias the Terrible, Little Miss Marker, Princess O'Hara, Madam La Gimp, Dancing Dan, High-C Homer,

(Continued on Page 64)

www.americanradiohistory.com

and Fatso Zimpf, are heard on the program. As Runyon would say: "It's 6 to 5 that the shows will be great fun for the guys and dolls that hear them . . . and listeners will go ga-ga."

Sports . . .

. . . Fans are in for some of the best basketball in the country when they tune WHB to hear the play-by-play description of Big Seven basketball games by Larry Ray, the Midwest's favorite sports announcer. Kansas, Missouri, Kansas State and Oklahoma are the top teams in a tight race for Big Seven Basketball honors; but there may be a dark horse. Keep this list of Big Seven games handy for easy reference:

Mon., Feb 5—Oklahoma A & M vs. Kansas at Lawrence.

Sat., Feb. 10—Missouri vs. Kansas State at Manhattan.

Mon., Feb. 12—Kansas vs. Missouri at Columbia.

Sat., Feb. 17—Kansas vs. Iowa State at Ames, or Kansas State vs. Oklahoma at Norman.

Mon., Feb. 19—Oklahoma vs. Kansas at Lawrence.

Sat., Feb. 24—Kansas vs. Kansas State at Manhattan.

Mon., Feb. 26—Nebraska vs. Kansas State at Manhattan.

Sat., March 3—Kansas State vs. Iowa State at Ames, or Oklahoma vs. Nebraska at Lincoln.

Mon., March 5—Oklahoma vs. Kansas State at Manhattan, or Colorado vs. Missouri at Columbia.

Wed., March 7—Iowa State vs. Kansas at Lawrence, or Nebraska vs. Missouri at Columbia.

Broadcasts begin at 7:30 p. m. at Lawrence, 7:45 p. m. at Manhattan and Norman, and 8 p. m. at Columbia. In addition, WHB will carry the NAIB Tournament in Kansas City from March 12 through March 17; and the NCAA Tournament in Kansas City on March 21 through March 24.

And in case you haven't heard about it yet, Larry Ray's nightly sports round-up is now broadcast at a new time, 6:15 p. m. Monday through Friday!

If you've a yen for Florida when the ponies are running, and can't find the time or money for the trip, here's a hot tip! Listen to WHB every Saturday from 3:30 to 3:45 p. m., and you'll hear the top race from Hialeah or Gulfstream Park, described by Bryan Field, nationally known turfcaster. Here's a preview of what you'll hear. From Hialeah: the Bahamas on Feb. 3; the McLennan on Feb. 10; the Miami Beach Handicap on Feb. 17; the Widener Handicap on Feb. 24; and the Flamingo Handicap, the winter's most important Kentucky Derby preview, on March 3. From Gulfstream: the Horning Handicap on March 10; the Gulfstream Park Handicap on March 17; the Suwanee River Handicap on March 24; and the Fort Lauderdale Handicap on March 31. No pari-mutuel windows, just the solid enjoyment of a good race described by one of the top turfcasters, Bryan Field.

News . . .

. . . In light of the world situation, WHB has added two more news broadcasts to its schedule, at 2:25 and 3:25 p. m., Monday through Friday.

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The full and complete news coverage on WHB is as follows:

Monday through Friday
6:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
7:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
8:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
9:55 a.m.—Ken Hartley
11:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
12:00 noon—Dick Smith
12:55 p.m.—Ken Hartley
2:25 p.m.—Babo Reporter
3:25 p.m.—Babo Reporter
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
10:55 p.m.—Mutual News

Sunday
8:00 a.m.—Lou Kemper
10:00 a.m.—Lou Kemper
12:00 noon—William Hillman
8:30 p.m.—Gabriel Heatter
10:00 p.m.—Mutual News
10:55 p.m.—Mutual News

Saturday
6:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
7:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
8:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
11:45 a.m.—Dick Smith
6:15 p.m.—Twin Views of the News
10:00 p.m.—Mutual News
10:55 p.m.—Mutual News

General . . .

. . . "It Pays To Be Smart," Kansas City's outstanding high school quiz show, now in its sixth year, is heard over WHB every Thursday at 7 p. m. Each week WHB visits a high school in the Kansas City area and records a half-hour program with high school students as quiz contestants, airs it on Thursday night. Each school selects six students to participate. The questions, all on current events, are chosen by a representative of the University of Kansas City and teachers of the school. Dick Smith, WHB program director, is the producer and quiz master of the program, presented jointly by WHB, the University of Kansas City, and the Board of Education of Kansas City, Missouri. Prizes of U.S. Savings Bonds and cash are awarded. Educational and enjoyable, this show should have top priority with students and parents alike.

"Queen For A Day," with m.c. Jack Bailey, is now heard at 10:30 a. m., Monday through Friday over WHB. This popular audience-participation show has changed its method of selecting the "Queen" for the day. Formerly, sixteen women were chosen from the audience to form the special panel that judged the best wish. Now the entire audience sits as a regal jury voting on the basis of the best wish made. Comedian Jack Bailey makes this a laugh riot.

Another time change is that of "Luncheon On The Plaza." Formerly heard at 10:30 a. m., it is now aired at 10 a. m. Monday through Friday, from Sears' Plaza Store.

And "Club 710" with Arbogast, the program designed for housewives and young people, now has an additional quarter-hour. That means you can hear that funny, funny guy from 2 to 4:15 p. m. Monday through Friday. And be sure to hear Arbogast and his gang in the "Arbogast Show," from 11 p. m. to 1 a. m. every night except Sunday.

Take your pick. Comedy, drama, music, sports, news—whatever you want, you'll find it on WHB—Your Favorite Neighbor—in Kansas City!

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THE telegram read: "Arbogast . . . Swing again this month." It was from the editor of this thing.

I had the rope around my neck and was dangling in mid-air when he rushed in and cut me down.

"You fool," he said. "I didn't mean this."

"But, sir," I gasped while purpling, "You told me to swing again this month."

He looked perplexed.

"Oh, hang it all, Arbogast," he said.

I fastened the rope again and climbed atop the box.

"Farewell, cruel editor," I said.

"No, no," he screamed. "By 'Swing again,' I meant that I wanted you to write an article—not hang yourself, you idiot."

And he cut me down again.

My guess is he should have let me hang, considering the overall outcome (overall outcome: dungarees splitting at the seams).

But anyway, here it is. About records and things.

The track record at Hollywood Park for the mile and a quarter is 1:59 and five-eights. But that's another sort of record.

Mine are the phonograph-type things.

MY FUNNY VALENTINE (Mary Martin . . . Columbia album "Mary Martin Sings For You"). It'll be that time soon, you guys, when you put down a fin for a box of goodies just because you're in love . . . or because her old man has money . . . or because. Ah, but what is love, anyway? Mary Martin, SHE of "South Pacific," has one answer, and she puts it down in fine style on this tune. All about her lover who isn't the greatest looker in the world, but she loves him just because he's what he is. We've all . . . now admit it . . . gotten one of those penny comic valentines at one time or another . . . the kind that let us see ourselves as others do. That's what La Martin chantenthuses about . . . her "Funny Valentine" boy-friend. Nostalgic, torchy and catchy. Our current favorite among the yet-available "oldies." With a harp background!

SLIM GAILLARD TRIO (Atomic . . . Bel-Tone . . . MGM . . . Other labels, too. I don't know which. Ask around.) These are the men (Slim Gaillard, Zutty Singleton, "Tiny" Brown) who knock you out of bed on our late show (don't fall too hard . . . you'll knock us off the air). If you've missed 'em, you've missed the greatest. Tremendous beat and drive . . . and lyrics that are stories in themselves. Seems that the group features the incongruous use of Arabian dinner menus for all the other than Anglo-Saxon words in their songs. Which is no surprise, since Gaillard is a master of languages and dialects they haven't even written yet. Add to that the fact that the group can play 15 or 20 instruments between them, and you've got talent to burn. And burn they do . . . but always come back for more. Tunes like "Yep Roc Heresy," "Tee See Mclee," "Carnie," "Laguna," "Buck Dance Rhythm" will give you some idea. Gaillard is of the "Slim and Slam" ("Flat Foot Floogie") duo of other years. The trio (add "Tiny" Brown on the bass) was sensational on the Coast and nationwide about 1946 (recall "Cement Mixer"?). We look for a comeback by popular appeal. Definitely not for Ernest Tubb fans. Long-hairs will love it, though, we bet.

JUMPING BEAN (Bob Farnon . . . London). This is the theme for our afternoon session ("Club 710" from 2-4:15

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p.m. Monday through Friday). It's appropriate in that it precedes the things that are likely to happen (and we never know). The song is somewhat the same. A musically-depicted jumping bean . . . moving, but not quite knowing where it's going . . . like us, according to 80,000,000 irate listeners. Farnon's "Jumping Bean" is a lot like our night tag, "Sicillian Tarantella" . . . but happier. The record is set for a possible novel promotion gimmick, with dealers giving away a flock of Mexican jumping beans with each of Farnon's discs. Beans should go well with high-jumpers all over the country, who claim that five or six of 'em in their track shoes will lead to new world marks.

You Name It!

Who's this guy?

We've all seen him in action. Put him behind an automobile wheel and somebody winds up in the morgue or maimed for life. . . . Homicide in control of eight powerful cylinders! . . . Name him so we can find him and put him away.

Write your name suggestions to Arbogast, WHB, Kansas City 6, Missouri.

1st Prize: $25 U. S. Savings Bond.

2nd and 3rd Prizes: Record Albums.

His Car Was "Hot"

By Howard Bittner

All kinds of stuff, and a Winfield "pot"
No doubt about it, his car was hot!
He could peel it in high, when others could not.
No doubt about it, his car was hot!
Solid panel, fastened by lock,
When asked what he had; he'd say "strictly stock,"
But we all knew that that was rot,
'Cause we all knew, that his car was hot!
He even got tickets, as tickets go;
But not for speeding; for flying so low!
He'd "gow out" in low, 'cause his car was hot,
And still be "peeling" eighty feet from the spot.
Winding motor, pipes that "blubber,"
Crackling mufflers, and the scream of rubber!
Tight in second, the same in low,
No doubt about it, his car would go.
Meshing of gears, to him, was an art.
In a race with him you were "chopped" from the start.
He'd "speed shift" to second, and "snap" it in high.
His car was hot, and that's no lie!
But all things must start, and all things must end,
Iron will give, and steel will bend.
He got "his," on a Saturday night.
He was feeling good, and his motor was tight.
He really shouldn't have tried to pass,
But he "dropped" in second, and gave it the gas.
Headlights were shining in his face,
For once he was going to lose a race!
Even then, he could have turned back,
But his car was hot, so he wouldn't slack.
A deafening crash, that was heard for miles,
And two fast cars were worthless piles.
A wisp of smoke from his motor came,
And soon his car was a sheet of flame,
It had turned over twice, and burnt on the spot,
No doubt about it, his car was hot!

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Answers to Quiz Questions on Pages 43-46

YOUR EYE Q

A good dictionary will prove the word differentiation, and any reference book on the anatomy of the eye and heredity will prove the facts as stated.

1. Optometrist—One skilled in testing the eye.
2. Oculist—One skilled in examination and treatment of the eye.
3. Optician—A maker of glasses on prescription.
4. Opthalmologist—One skilled in anatomy, function and diseases of the eye.

1. True
2. True
3. False
4. False
5. False
6. True
7. False
8. True
9. True
10. True
11. False
12. False
13. True
14. True
15. True
16. True
17. True
18. True

PRESIDENTS

1. Wilson—buried in the National Cathedral.
2. James Buchanan of Pennsylvania.
3. Grover Cleveland—inaugurated in 1885 & 1893.
4. Two—Hoover and Truman.
5. Woodrow Wilson—coached football at Princeton.
6. Four—Cleveland, Wilson, F. D. Roosevelt and Truman.
7. Wm. Henry Harrison—died thirty days after his inauguration.
8. Thomas.
9. Lincoln.
10. John Quincy Adams.
11. Andrew Johnson.
12. Grant—and horse and buggy, too.
13. Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes—she was anti-liquor.
14. James Garfield—elected 1880.
15. Chester A. Arthur in 1881.
16. Grover Cleveland.
17. Benjamin Harrison, the grandson of Wm. Henry Harrison.
18. Garfield, McKinley.
19. Woodrow Wilson.
20. William Howard Taft.

CIGARETTES

1-N, 2-K, 3-I, 4-J, 5-L, 6-A, 7-B, 8-M, 9-D, 10-O, 11-E, 12-F, 13-C, 14-H, 15-G.

GEORGE

1. Westinghouse
2. Halas
3. Russell
4. Goethals
5. Gipp
6. Washington
7. Gershwin
8. Santayana
9. Patton
10. Kell
11. Sand
12. Cohan
13. Shaw
14. Ruth
15. Berkeley
16. Eliot
17. Meredith
18. Raft
19. McManus
20. Marshall

SET YOUR WORK TO MUSIC

1. (o) Feather Merchant
2. (f) Old Master Painter
3. (d) Boogie Woogie Washerwoman
4. (i) Jack, The Bell Boy
5. (n) Hey, Mr. Postman
6. (a) Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet
7. (b) Disc Jockey Jump
8. (m) Shepherd Dance
9. (c) Charley Was a Boxer
10. (e) The Old Lamp-lighter
11. (h) Rosie, The Riveter
12. (g) Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief
13. (k) Chattanoogie Shoe Shine Boy
14. (l) The Fuddy Duddy Watchmaker
15. (j) Ragtime Cowboy Joe

EPICURE?

1-G, 2-J, 3-E, 4-F, 5-H, 6-D, 7-K, 8-I, 9-A, 10-B, 11-L, 12-C.

CHANGE A WAVE

WAVE — WANE — WANT — WENT — BENT — BEAT — BEAM.

RELIGIOUS

1. Brigham Young
2. Martin Niemoller
3. Father Divine
4. Martin Luther
5. Dwight L. Moody
6. Father Flanagan
7. Cotton Mather
8. Aimee Semple
9. Billy Sunday
10. William Booth

SEARCH

1. Pancho Villa
2. Health
3. A whale
4. An honest man
5. The Holy Grail
6. "To see the Queen"
7. Livingstone
8. The Golden Fleece
9. The Fountain of Youth
10. A new route to India
11. The Promised Land
12. Freedom of worship

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They Shoot Helpless Babies

—and their mothers love it!

by C. J. PAPARA

NAVY veteran Robert Clark's shooting days are far from over, even though he was discharged from the service five years ago. Every day, he has his staff of skilled marksmen fire point blank at newborn babies without fear of arrest! In fact, they are well paid for their deeds because they use cameras, not guns.

A former Washington, D. C., news photographer, Clark has hit upon an idea of shooting two-day-old badies in hospitals even before their own mothers have had a good look at them.

The idea came to Clark at a time when he himself was handing out cigars to herald the arrival of his own son. He snapped a picture the day after the baby was born. The stunt was such a hit with relatives and friends Clark figured he could make a career of it. But the war came along to keep him from carrying out his plans.

After the war, Clark, who served as photographic officer aboard the carrier Midway, experimented with a variety of cameras before perfecting the one he wanted. He synchronized an aerial camera with a high-speed, repeating flashlight with which he could snap baby's picture in quick, gentle light no stronger than daylight. This prevents baby from squinting or shutting his eyes, thus spoiling the picture.

Clark first tested his idea on a small scale at Keyser, W. Va. So successful was he that he moved over to Washington's big Garfield Memorial hospital, his installations there costing $3,000. Doctors and parents both applaud his work for the photos are a help in certain identification. They are priceless objects to parents and an overwhelming majority of parents buy the pictures—usually following it up with additional orders.

Clark has teamed up with Harvard-educated Bob Danielson, who handles the business end. Today, the two men build the specially-designed cameras which are operating in 35 hospitals around the nation. More hospitals

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will be added as they widen their theater of operations.

Hospitals in other cities are handled by franchised operators who have signed contracts with Clark. They get the use of the cameras, plus the fruits of long experiments made by Clark and Danielson, who also supply records and bookkeeping systems to promote smoother operation for the attendants.

Clark and his co-partners in other states take care to snap the babies after the tots have been well-rested and just before feeding time. On the day after birth, the nurse wheels baby under the permanently installed cameras. After rolling the crib into the right spot, she steps on a foot lever—and presto, the photo is made in one five-thousandth of a second. It gives baby no chance to cross his pretty face with a "what's going on here" look.

Clark and Danielson are now on the lookout for new men to tour hospitals everywhere—they want to shoot every newborn babe in the country! Their home office is Hospital Pictures Service Corp., Box 29, Cambridge 39, Mass.

▲

A music lover is a man who upon hearing a beautiful blonde singing in the bathroom puts his *ear* to the keyhole.—*Space and Time.*

▲

Does anybody read the ads on paper match books except wives who are curious about their husbands meanderings?

▲

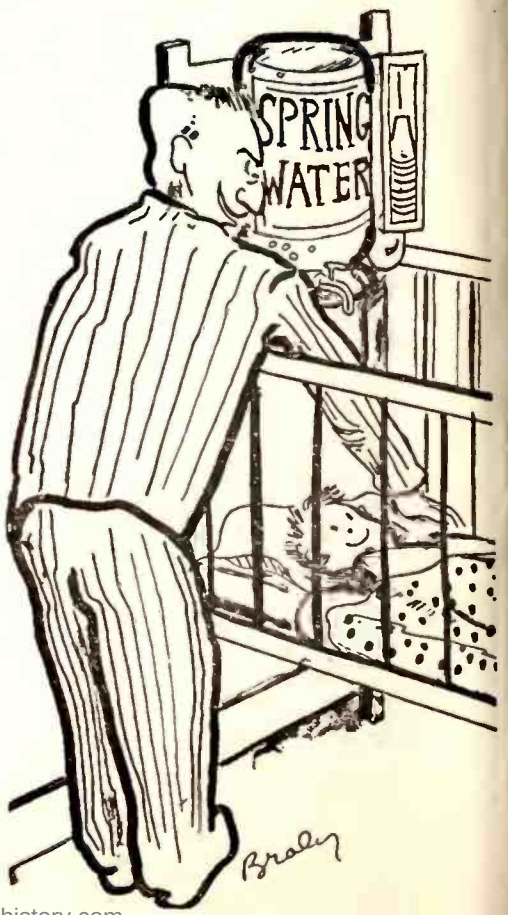
The groom seemed slightly confused. Hesitatingly he said to the clerk, "I was asked to buy either a casserole or a camisole. I can't remember which."

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

▲

A New Jersey hospital was recently deluged by phone calls from the parents of 23 new-born babies. All had the same problem: baby was happy and contented in the hospital nursery, but cried all night and refused his 2 o'clock feeding after being brought home.

An astute doctor finally found the answer. When this batch of babies arrived, the night nurses brought a small portable radio into the nursery. Soon the infants got used to hearing all-night disc-jockey programs while they were eating. The parents were urged to serve up a little Dixieland with the 2 a.m. bottle. The phone calls soon ceased.



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The Chisholm Trail

FOR more than fifty years prior to the Civil War, the great plains country was a desert of grass, inhabited only by the buffalo, the Indian who hunted him, the lobo wolf, turkey buzzard, and howling coyote. During the gold rush frenzy, the '49ers raced across the great plains in their covered wagon caravans, but they did not tarry along the way. So great was their hurry, due not only to the lure of gold but fear of the roaming Indian, that they often pushed on without burying their dead.

Our settlers had been used to the woods. They had learned how to fight Indians in the woods. They were fearless on water, too. They had conquered the Mississippi, the Missouri, and many of the tributaries. But that waterless sea of waving grass was the realm of the unknown.

One old timer with a long beard and long rifle sized it up in one sentence: "Nowhere else in the world could one look so far and see so little," he said.

To these mighty men in buckskin britches, that boundless desert of ever rolling grass was the "lone prairie"—a land of the damned—an awesome purgatory. From an old English theme which voiced a sailor's dread of being buried in the "deep, deep sea," an unknown cowboy fashioned his own dread of being buried on the "lone prairie." Every American knows the song that poured forth from that cowboy's heart—"Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie."

About two years after the Civil War, a little railroad spur had been pushed out to Abilene through the Kansas flatland. This tiny spur was the spear that conquered the prairie. Far to the south, bawling longhorn steers were prodded into the long grass by reckless Texas cowboys, their goal the railroad spur at Abilene. Straight across the Red River they drove their steers and, accompanied by the jingle of their big bell spurs, they sang this song—now familiar to all of us—"Git Along, Little Dogies."

These were the rollicking men who first opened the great western plains to civilization. Most of them were from South Texas and from the Mexicans they learned how to live on the prairie. They had learned their horsemanship from the Mexicans, too, and even their costumes reflected Mexican influence.

Inch by inch, the great plains were wrestled from the grasp of the buffalo-hunting Indian. Over the western prairies ranches began to spring up. The land was fenced off, acre by acre. Civilization had taken a firm grip on the "lone prairie." From Texas to Wyoming, on into Montana and the Dakotas, the cattle drovers sang one song more than any other—the song that has more variations and more verses than any other cowboy melody. There are actually about seventy verses in the song called "The Old Chisholm Trail."

The events that led up to this conquest of the prairie date back to the Civil War itself. During those confused years South Texas ranchers had abandoned their properties. Roaming longhorn cattle had multiplied by the hundreds of thousands. If a man wanted to own a herd he had merely to ride into the mesquite brush along the Pecos River. With a strong rope and a branding iron he could soon acquire a herd of choice stock. But he was a rancher without a market. Such cattle were worthless in Texas.

The route to New Orleans lay through impassable swamplands. The Arkansas hills and gangs of thieves blocked the route to Illinois. The extension of the railroad to Abilene, Kansas, was the answer. The thundering herd moved northward and history was made. The old Chisholm Trail led to that citadel of Americanism called "Home on the Range"—a home made immortal through a song Americans know as well as our national anthem. "Home on the Range" is a tribute to the men who conquered the prairie and it's a song we'll never forget.

—*Colonel Robert R. McCormick*

Colonel McCormick, editor and publisher of the CHICAGO TRIBUNE, *is heard on the "Chicago Theater of the Air" over WHB at 9 p.m. Saturdays.*

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The Sage of Swing Says —

If peace costs more than we can afford, and war is even more expensive, the only conceivable way out is a new kind of arithmetic.

▲

If you think you think, ask yourself what is the greatest thought you ever thought, then listen to the silence.

▲

Earliest example of a "hands-off policy" is doubtless the Venus de Milo.

▲

A street cleaner was fired for day-dreaming — he couldn't keep his mind down in the gutter.

▲

Dollars are banked by those who aren't forever depositing their quarters on easy chairs.

▲

If you want a place in the sun, you'd better expect to get a lot of blisters.

▲

The most enthusiastic worshiper of his maker is the self-made man.

▲

A candle loses nothing by lighting another candle.

▲

A good job is one which is more interesting than a vacation.

▲

Tourist: A person with a heavy tan on the left forearm.

▲

Most of today's troubles on which we stub our toes are the unpleasant, unperformed duties which we carelessly shoved aside yesterday.

Vacations are easy to plan: The boss tells you when, and the wife tells you where.

▲

The chap who invented pills was a very bright fellow, but the man who put sugar coating on them was a genius.

▲

The country is full of promising men, but the paying ones are most sought after.

▲

Ambition means working yourself to death in order to live better.

▲

Communist: One who borrows your pot to cook your goose in.

▲

One hand cannot applaud alone.

▲

No one is rich enough to do without a neighbor.

▲

The trouble with prosperity is that it is becoming harder and harder to afford it.

▲

An ad by Warner & Swazey has a neat comment on the Welfare State: "Look out for all those promises of something for nothing. They don't put that cheese in the trap just because they love mice."

▲

Alcatraz: The pen with the lifetime guarantee.

▲

We all know that sourness spoils milk. It's too bad more people don't know it has the same effect on people.

▲

The average boy uses soap as if it came out of his allowance.

▲

Most people can't stand prosperity, according to an eminent sociologist. The sad part of it is, most people don't have to.

▲

Spinning wheels: Something a lady sits at—until someone comes along to put on her chains.

▲

Appearances truly can be deceptive. For instance, the dollar bill *looks* just as it did 10 years ago.

▲

Television is the most amazingly efficient distraction man has ever produced.

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The future belongs to the things that can grow, whether it be a tree or democracy.

▲

Modesty is the best policy—don't let the premium lapse.

▲

Money will buy a fine dog, but only love will make him wag his tail.

▲

"Bragging may not bring happiness," said the old fisherman. "But no man, having caught a large fish, goes home through the alley."

▲

Mass psychology: doing it the herd way.

▲

Adolescence: The age when you began wishing that the cowboy in the western would kiss the heroine instead of the horse.

▲

Business man's definition of confidence: The feeling you have before you know better.

▲

Shy girl: One you have to whistle at twice.

▲

Fisherman: Fable-minded sportsman.

▲

Diapers: Changeable seat covers.

▲

Boy: A piece of skin stretched over an appetite.

▲

There is no teaching like a good man's life.

▲

The difference between a gentleman farmer and a dirt farmer is a harvest.

▲

A hug is a roundabout way of expressing your feelings.

▲

An accordion is a musical instrument invented by the man who couldn't decide how long the fish was that got away.

▲

The dilemma of a child: If I am too noisy I will be given a spanking; if I am too quiet I will be given castor oil.

▲

Every normal man has two ambitions: first to own his home; second to own a car to get away from home.

Mosquito: An insect that passes all screen tests.

▲

The rich man employs a butler, a valet, a secretary, a laundress, a cook and a housekeeper; the poor man just gets married.

▲

Give a pig and a boy everything they want. You'll get a good pig and a bad boy.

▲

A fellow has to be a mighty big egotist to feel important while looking at the stars.

▲

A lot of people who wouldn't talk with full mouths go around talking with empty heads.

▲

The trouble with trouble is that it always starts out just like fun.

▲

Economy is the way of spending money without getting any fun out of it.

▲

Unused ability is no better than an unread book.

▲

Some people are so sensitive that they feel snubbed if an epidemic overlooks them.

▲

We may ask for advice, but what we really want is approval.

▲

—*Marvin Townsend*

"Drunk nothing. He's fixing my broken garter!"

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$150 and an Air Force

THE United States Air Force is a principal unit in our national security, for which the American people willingly pay hundreds of millions of dollars yearly. Yet our great air arm began just about forty years ago, with an appropriation by Congress of $150 for the upkeep of "Aeroplane Number One."

"Aeroplane Number One" was the plane the government had bought from the Wright Brothers in 1909 after it had made a successful nonstop flight over the "rough terrain" between Fort Myer and Alexandria, Virginia. Orville Wright was the pilot, and Lt. Benjamin D. Foulois the passenger. One of Wright's earliest, the plane had a pusher propeller driven by a chain, was equipped with skids, and launched by a catapult.

For a long time, Lt. Foulois was the entire United States Air Force. He was pilot and mechanic as well as administrative officer, and took great pride in keeping the plane in first class condition.

Congress had authorized Lt. Foulois to spend $150 for the upkeep of the plane, but in a few weeks, the money gave out. When Congress showed no signs of supplementing the original amount, Foulois dug into his own pocket and paid out $300 before more money was given him.

Although a few persons in those early days of aviation saw the airplane as the forerunner of the "new age", the government and public were indifferent to the development of a military air force. Only the stern necessities of World War I persuaded Congress to establish a strong air arm.

Today the Air Force is a vital factor, and it all started with $150 and "Aeroplane Number One!"

—*Jerry Church.*

▲

A disguised Russian MVD agent is supposed to have been sent among the people of Dresden to find out their reactions to the Soviet occupation. He spent a discouraging day hearing nothing but complaint, and was delighted to come at last upon a member of the proletariat who changed the tune. "People can say what they like about the Communists," said the laborer, "but as far as I'm concerned, I'd rather work for Communists than anybody else." The agent clapped him heartily on the back. "Good man!" he said. "Tell me, what do you do for a living?" So the laborer told him, "I'm a grave digger."

▲

The son was learning the business. "Father," he said, "there's a man here who wants to know if these shirts shrink."

"Does the shirt he tried on fit him?" queried the father.

"No," replied the son, "it's too big for him."

"Then," concluded the father, "it shrinks."

Sally announced that her brother was playing hookey from correspondence school. Naturally Margie was curious to know how he could possibly accomplish such a feat.

"Oh," said Sally airily, "he just mails them empty envelopes."

▲

—*Mel Soderlund*

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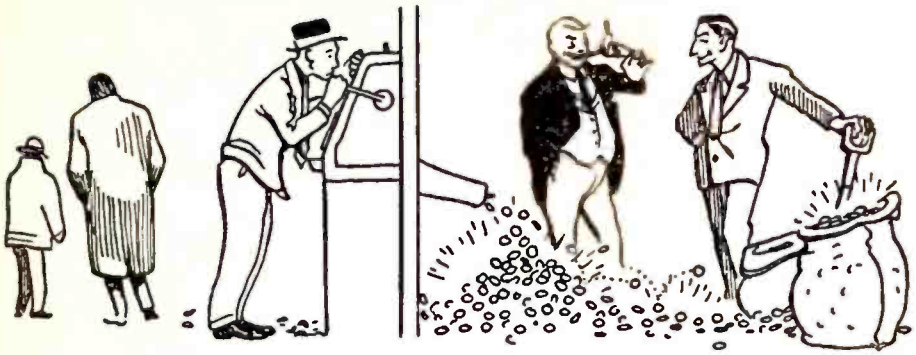
WANNA BET?



Think you can win at poker? Or beat the ponies? Then read why it doesn't pay to gamble.

by BETTY AND WILLIAM WALLER

THINK you can beat the ponies? Think you can shoot craps better than the next guy? Think you've got a chance at poker, three-card monte, roulette, bingo or any other gambling game?

About fifty million Americans think so, but it's still a mystery to Dr. Ernest E. Blanche, considered by many to be the nation's greatest authority on gambling.

"The man who can explain why people gamble rates a place beside King Solomon," says the mathematical wizard who spent the last twenty years making a study of the techniques of gambling and the strange behavior of those who make it possible for shady characters to live by their wits.

"I still can't figure out why—*really why*—people gamble," asserts Dr. Blanche. "I know all the usual reasons, but they don't make sense. There just aren't any two ways about it. You can't win at gambling!"

Dr. Blanche's conclusions are not based on guess-work. One of our leading mathematicians and Chief Statistician for the Logistics Division of the Army General Staff, he has gone into the subject of gaming and gaming cheats in infinite detail. Using his skill as a first-rank mathematical expert, he has figured out exactly what your chances are of beating any game in which you must place a bet. Out of his studies have come thirteen main conclusions anyone with sporting blood might well stop to consider.

First, says Dr. Blanche, every system of betting breaks down and fails sooner or later. No matter what system you use, you're going to wind up behind the 8-ball. Take the double progression, or Martingale system. This one calls for making a bet and then doubling it every time you lose. If you start with a buck and lose 25 times in a row (a distinct possibility), by the time you finished you'd be in the hole to the tune of 33 million dollars!

If you think you couldn't possibly lose 25 times in a row, Dr. Blanche reminds you that a horse called Tragic Ending back in 1941 won a $5,000

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race, and thereafter lost 31 consecutive times.

He also tells the story of Bet-a-Million Gates, multimillionaire of the Gay '90's. Gates was a fabulous gambler who'd bet on anything. He played bridge for $1,000 a point, matched pennies for $1,000 a spin, bet $50,000 on a single poker hand, would bet as much as $100,000 on a horse race. The stock market cleaned him out in 1907, and Gates died broke four years later, warning the public never to gamble on anything.

Even so-called games of skill really aren't that at all, according to Ernest Blanche. They're games of chance and even the best players can't beat them. Mathematically, the odds are always against the bettor, and luck has little place in a gambling game when you study it statistically.

WHAT'S more, points out the expert, gambling is, always has been and always will be a crooked business. Most carnival games are gimmicked—rigged up for crooked performances—as was recently revealed in the anonymous confessions of a carny game operator in the Saturday Evening Post. Pinball and slot machines, nicknamed one-armed bandits, likewise are fixed. Most machines return only about 20% of the money put in them. Some even less. Play them—and you're sure to lose.

Play the numbers? In that racket the operators get from 46% to 55% of the total wagered by the public. Play punch boards? They're fixed so they pay out less than 50% of what is taken in. Chain letter, Pyramid Clubs? You've got just one chance in 2,000 of getting even your money back. Or do you fancy a ticket on the Sweepstakes, Mexican or Irish? Most of 'em are counterfeit, and your chances of winning, even if you've got a valid ticket, are somewhere in the neighborhood of one in 10,000.

A recent survey by the American Institute of Public Opinion revealed that 45% of Americans indulge in gambling of one form or another. In the light of his long study of gambling, this fact still amazes Dr. Blanche. "Although you can't estimate exactly how many billions of dollars change hands annually as a result of gambling, the sum total is astronomical," he states. "Gambling is unquestionably the nation's largest illegitimate business."

Dr. Blanche himself first became interested in the subject when he was a student at Bucknell University, and began to study the relationship of mathematics to games of chance. Later, while studying under the late Professor A. R. Crathorne at the University of Illinois, his interest was further stimulated. Dr. Crathorne's major hobby was analyzing gambling and the application of mathematical principles to it.

Later, as a lecturer at Michigan State College, the University of Buffalo, and American University, Dr. Blanche went still further into the subject. In his recently published book, "You Can't Win," he has rolled up all of his knowledge into a neat little package of some 150 pages, replete with mathematical tables showing exactly what your chances are in just about any game of chance. Anyone who reads it can come to only one

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DON'T GAMBLE BECAUSE . . .

1. Every system of betting breaks down and fails sooner or later.
2. So-called skill games are really games of chance that even the most skilled players can't beat.
3. The mathematical probabilities are always against the bettor.
4. Gambling has always been and always will be a crooked business.
5. The odds are inevitably against the dice tosser.
6. The roulette operator is ahead of the game before it even starts.
7. Carnival wheels are invariably "fixed."
8. Only the race track operators are sure of their "take."
9. The numbers racketeers get from 46% to 55% of the money wagered by the public.
10. The card "sharper" uses a score of tricks to deceive the amateur.
11. Most of the tickets for the Irish Sweepstakes sold in the United States are counterfeit.
12. Punch boards pay out less than half of what they take in.
13. You have only 1 chance in 2,000 of getting any money back in a chain-letter scheme or in Pyramid Club participation.

conclusion: You can gamble in any one of a hundred different ways—but you're a fool if you do!

NEVERTHELESS, almost everyone does. Intelligence, success, social prestige seem to have very little to do with it. Rich and poor alike bet—and take a licking. Some time ago a prominent movie producer was taken for a cool $50,000 right in his own home. After a gambling syndicate had taken the Hollywood set for some $3,000,000, a famous private eye from New York was called in to investigate. Through his efforts, the ring was broken up.

Every now and then the newspapers carry stories of crooked gambling, yet the public never seems to weary of wagering. According to the American Institute of Public Opinion, as quoted by Dr. Blanche, "lotteries, raffles and bingo are the most popular pastimes (24%); playing cards and dice enjoy an almost equal popularity (20%). Betting on sports events or elections (17%), slot machines (17%), punch boards (15%), the 'numbers game' (7%), and horse races (7%) comprise the other major forms of gambling."

In Dr. Blanche's Chevy Chase, Maryland, home, you would find a veritable museum of gambling history. His reading on the subject has been little short of phenomenal. Before writing his authoritative work, Dr. Blanche made a study of about 85 books on every aspect of gambling. Yet, despite all the literature on the subject and his own crusade to expose gaming cheats and their methods, the expert wryly admits that something that has been going on almost since the beginnings of mankind is likely to continue undiminished in the future.

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Whether you're a gambler who'll bet $100,000 on the turn of a card, or an impoverished clerk who takes money out of his kid's piggy bank, you're likely to place a bet at one time or another.

Twice in history bets of a quarter of a million dollars have been made on a horse race—once by the notorious gambler Arnold Rothstein, who lost his wager, and once by the sportsman Harry Payne Whitney, who won his bet on a horse named Mother Goose. Another fabulous improver of the breed, Col. E. R. Bradley, once stated that he'd bet on anything from spitting at a crack in the floor to guessing how long it'd take an ocean liner to cross the Atlantic!

You don't have to be in the chips, though, to bet your hard-earned dough away. If you match coins, Dr. Blanche claims, you're a sucker. There are gamblers who make their living by it. "Sometimes they have such sensitive fingers," asserts the expert, "that they can distinguish heads and tails by touch, and arrange coins without looking at them."

In fact, according to America's gaming authority, all professional gamblers have sensitive fingers eager to take someone else's money. Take it from Dr. Blanche's statistical tables—*YOU CAN'T WIN, BUD, YOU JUST CAN'T WIN!*

▲

At a musical event, a woman was rendering a song and one guest leaned towards the man next to him and muttered: "What an awful voice! I wonder who she is?"

"She is my wife," replied the other stiffly.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry," apologized the first man. "Of course, it really isn't her voice that's so bad, but that terrible stuff she has to sing. Wonder who wrote that ghastly song?"

Came the even stiffer reply, "I did."

▲

When I retired as a school teacher in Texas, I was thrilled when a group of pupils walked into the room and handed me a huge cake, a sweet-smelling bouquet and an equally flowery message of good will. It was all very touching and my eyes got misty as I read the sentimental greeting.

Suddenly, I had to stifle a snicker. At the tail end of the tribute, scribbled in pencil was this P.S.: "This is from all the kids except Alice, Marie, Buss and Chuck who are glad you are going. They never liked you anyway!"—*Hy Gardner, Parade.*

Two old cronies were discussing the latest local news. "I don't see," said one, "why Senator Frost got sore because the newspaper announced he was retiring from politics."

"Well," commented the other, "it might have been because the printer, by mistake, put the article under the heading, 'Public Improvements'."

▲

"Shoot de fo'teen million!"

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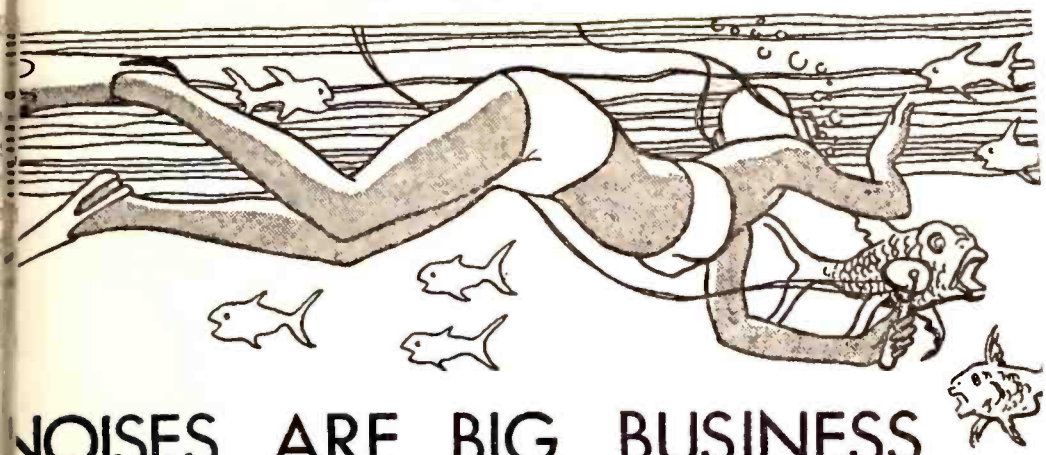

NOISES ARE BIG BUSINESS

If your car has a rattle, don't fix it —sell the noise to Thomas J. Valentino.

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

TO the two wrestlers who groaned and grunted in tortured combat, the little dark man with the glasses was just another nuisance among the paying customers. He kept thrusting a small microphone in their faces to catch every wheeze, moan and gasp.

But to Thomas J. Valentino—the man behind the microphone—it was all in a day's work. He lacked the genuine sounds of a wrestling match for his vast collection of recorded noises, and getting close enough to these leviathans to have his nose bashed was the best way to capture the decibels.

Capturing noises for re-sale or rental is big business with Tom Valentino. He stalks both commonplace and rare sounds with the enthusiasm of a scientist with a butterfly net. To preserve in wax or on tape the hiss of a skyrocket or the whoosh of a jet plane is his hobby and his bread and butter.

The New York Central Railroad once greased its rails outside Manhattan so that Tom—with his portable recorder—could nail down the thunder of an onrushing locomotive, to be used over and over again in the Broadway version of *Casey Jones.*

In many zoos, leopards, lions, tigers and bears have made futile attempts to claw the peering man with the earphones leaning dangerously close to the bars of their cages. But Tom never worries about gashes or bites in transcribing the roars of animals—his principal concern is for the microphone he brandishes before the disdainful beasts.

Authenticity is a passion with this New Yorker whose vocation is snaring the noises of a busy world.

"Many sounds can be imitated successfully," he says, "but most of them have to be bagged the hard way!"

Like the time when irate passengers

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in a throbbing New York subway station almost pushed Tom under the wheels of a train as he leaned toward the third rail to record the thunder of an approaching express.

"That was rugged," he recalls wryly. "Several hundred commuters pushing, swearing and grunting to board a train and me waving a mike under their noses like a red rag before a herd of bulls!"

The congregation of a tiny one-room church in the hills of Kentucky yearned for a pipe organ, but the collection plate yielded up only nickels and dimes each Sunday. A visiting clergyman said:

"Why don't you buy a used amplifying machine for a few dollars and let Tom Valentino do the rest for you? He has recorded organ music that would make the angels sing!"

In a short time, Tom's mighty recorded diapasons lifted from a $10,000 organ in a fashionable New York church were rolling out each Sunday in the little country house of worship. The congregation doubled its size within three months after hill people talked glowingly of "the reverend's new music box."

Valentino hit upon the idea of collecting noises for profit while he was an itinerant piano tuner in the world's noisiest city—New York. Fascinated, he watched radio station production men struggle to imitate rain on a tin roof or the roar of the surf.

"I told them that it would be much simpler—and a whale of a lot more realistic—to reproduce the actual sounds," says Tom. "'You get 'em on wax and we'll buy 'em', they told me. That's been my business eve since!"

This noise connoisseur is a fien for accuracy. He has endured the bite of a thousand New Jersey mosquito to get their buzz "just right." He ha risked arrest on public nuisanc charges by immortalizing on wax th inimitable bedlam which is peculiarl Times Square.

"Most people ignore me, thinking me just another kind of eccentric in the big city," he explains. "It's the five per cent who get real curious about my work who bother me, trip over wires, and foul up excellent transcriptions."

VALENTINO has saved glee clubs, drama societies, college theaters and other groups thousands of dollars, thanks to his well-stocked collection of recorded sounds.

If a small-town theater director needs the sound of a battle, he can rent it from Tom for a small fee. Maybe the high school drama coach requires the thin, sustained whine of a plane in a power dive. Valentino has this sound, too, together with cows' moos, owls' hoots, fire sirens, a jackal's laugh, and the deadly sound of a burp gun.

People and animals may not always cooperate with him, but Tom has the power of gentle persuasion which rarely fails. But getting the cries of infants in a maternity ward was tough.

"I looked like a doctor, swathed in white and mask—that was to make me sterile—but I secured the most beautiful collection of whimpers and yowls any mother ever heard!"

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Blindness is Her Business

Hazel Hurst rehabilitates those who live behind the opaque curtain of sightlessness.

by JOHN WOODBURY

"Y'KNOW, Skipper, I wish I had been blind all my life. You have so much fun."

The words were spoken to Hazel Hurst by a sightless marine as he stood, ready to leave, at the doorway of the Hazel Hurst Foundation for the Blind in Pasadena, Calif. There was a look of repose on his face and supreme self-confidence in his manner.

He was a far different lad than when he had come a few months before. He'd lost his sight at Okinawa. The disaster left him profoundly bitter, and he repelled every effort by Navy doctors to rehabilitate him and send him home. He was unruly, defiant, drinking heavily—this was his way of lashing back at a fate which had condemned him to a lifetime of darkness and uselessness.

The Navy doctors went to Hazel Hurst. Would she try her hand with the boy? She would.

She equipped him with a brand new guide dog, taught him to place his confidence in the animal and trained him to earn his own livelihood. But what was far more important, she restored his shattered morale and with it his zest for living.

It might be stretching a point to say that Hazel Hurst considers it fun to be blind. But her blindness has proved the base upon which she has built up an extraordinarily useful and rewarding career. It is that of rehabilitating others who, like herself, live behind the opaque curtain of sightlessness, and of teaching society to accept the blind as normal human beings, not as freaks or helpless mendicants.

MORE than 300 blind persons have "graduated" from the Hazel Hurst Foundation and gone back into the world with courage, resolve and self-assurance they never felt before.

Many of them had come like the marine from Okinawa—despondent, flirting with the notion of suicide.

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Some wanted to turn around and go back as soon as they arrived, too discouraged even to attempt rehabilitation.

"I've stood on one side of the bed unpacking a suitcase while a discouraged student stood on the other side packing it," Miss Hurst recalls. "Finally he had to laugh when he felt around and found the suitcase as empty as when he started."

Last year marked the 10th anniversary of the Hazel Hurst Foundation. Its founder—a slim and attractive woman of 36, with chestnut hair—has been blind since she was three days old. "A mistake in medicine," she explains with a rueful smile.

Miss Hurst launched the Foundation in 1939. It is unique among non-state-supported schools in that it serves the blind entirely without cost, depending on public subscriptions for its wherewithal. And that means actually that the Foundation depends on Hazel Hurst. She spends much of each year traveling the country, flying from city to city with her guide dog, Bonnie, lecturing at hotels and clubs, persuading people with sight to help make self-sufficient citizens out of people without sight.

At the Foundation each student is provided with a guide dog and the two are trained together for a month. First they take slow, tentative strolls around the grounds. Then they venture out into a quiet residential section. The next stage is downtown traffic. Finally the "solo flight"—at the intersection of Hollywood and Vine in busy Hollywood.

If necessary, the student is taught a trade by which he can make his own way in the workaday world. Then the Foundation finds a job for him.

The dogs are taught to guide through traffic. They are trained to walk around overhead obstruction and to respond to a series of oral commands—"left," "right," "forward," "chair," "elevator," etc. A well-trained dog never gets off the elevator at the wrong floor or goes to the wrong room if he has been there once before.

"Every move they make tells a story to us," says Miss Hurst. "Every move we make tells a story to them."

One of her "graduates" is a prosperous attorney in New York City. Another is a justice of the peace in Oklahoma City. Several are school

teachers. One is a missionary in China and Ruby, her dog, is called by the Chinese "the magic dog that leads the wonderful lady." When food is scarce, the Chinese share their skimpy rations with Ruby; so the gentle shepherd may come to live and work for her blind mistress.

TO these and many other "graduates" of the Foundation, Hazel Hurst herself is no less a "wonderful

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ady." It is the example of her own fruitful life, as much as the training and guide dogs, that repairs the battered spirit of the blind who come to her for help.

She was born in Ogdensburg, N. Y., the daughter of English immigrants. When her parents recovered from the shock of realizing that they would have to rear a blind child, they resolved to prepare her for as normal a life as possible. The fact that she could not see did not exempt her from childhood discipline.

"I can recall telling my father that he wouldn't spank a little blind girl," Miss Hurst says, twinkling. "And I can remember the spanking. My mother liked to say that my eyes didn't have anything to do with my temper."

Well-meaning friends of the Hursts tried to dissuade them from sending Hazel to school. It was obvious, they said, with much sympathetic clucking, that she was mentally retarded as well as blind.

"I didn't act normally," says Miss Hurst. "But, then, why should I? I couldn't see how other people acted."

But the Hurst family was determined. Hazel attended a parochial school in her home town. Then she went to Columbia University and obtained her degree.

Equipped with her first guide dog, named Babe, Miss Hurst embarked on a lecturing career, during which she made three trips to Europe. One was to Nice, where she was the only woman speaker at the Rotary International convention. On another she became—quite inadvertently—a cause celebre.

England had a law which provided that dogs might be admitted to the country if they fitted one of three classifications — show dogs, breeding dogs or dogs for "special purposes." When Miss Hurst's ship docked at a British port, the immigration officials decided to classify Babe as a "show" dog, assuming apparently that the blind American lecturer had come to demonstrate Babe's talents.

Miss Hurst insisted that Babe be admitted, not as a "show" dog, but as a "special purpose" dog. Otherwise, she argued, her mission would be thwarted. For guide dogs were still something of a novelty then, and one of her objectives was to publicize their role in the lives of the blind and to gain their acceptance wherever their masters and mistresses might go.

The British were adamant. So was Miss Hurst. English bulldog stubbornness had collided with English bulldog stubbornness.

For 23 days Miss Hurst sat aboard ship alongside the British dock while news of her one-woman crusade against British red tape sped around the world. Between visits from delighted reporters she rested and sunned, then sailed back to America without ever disembarking.

"As it turned out," she says, "I accomplished far more than I could have accomplished with all my lectures. If I could stage it, I'd do it all over again today."

When the second world war began, Miss Hurst launched another crusade: to persuade defense manufacturers that the blind could handle production jobs as capably as the sighted.

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Employment managers were deeply skeptical. To prove her claim, Miss Hurst traveled from plant to plant, performing various industrial operations while safety inspectors and insurance company representatives watched critically.

By the time America reached the apogee of its war production, thousands of blind people were holding down important jobs—drawing the same pay and assuming the same responsibilities as the sighted.

Five years ago Miss Hurst married. In private life she is Mrs. George Colouris. He is a former Monrovia, Calif., newspaperman and is himself almost totally blind.

They met when he enrolled at the Foundation as a student. ("He was one of those discouraged boys I talked about," says his wife.) After completing his rehabilitation training, Colouris stayed on to work at the Foundation. Today he is president of the Foundation and a vice president of the California State Junior Chamber of Commerce.

"I tell people," smiles Miss Hurst, "that help was hard to get during the war, so the only way to tie the president down was to marry him. He says he married the boss for security. So we get along wonderfully."

They have two adopted children—George, 2½, and Caroline, 3, both sighted. Too young to understand the meaning of blindness, still they sense that their mother is different from other people. They take their own books to their nurse to read to them, but when they want their mother to read aloud, they fetch her Braille books. When they want to "show" her a picture in a magazine, they place her hands on it and say, "Mommy, see the car?"

Her children, her husband and the Foundation—these are Hazel Hurst's life, and in it she has found abundance.

"Blindness is tough at best," she says. "If I can only help to make it a little easier for the blind and teach them not to lose faith in humanity, I'm happy. The greatest experience I've had is when sighted people tell me I've done more for them than for the blind."

Perhaps the marine from Okinawa, when he said that Hazel Hurst had "so much fun," wasn't too far wrong after all!

▲

Two Ph.D.'s were discussing the money value of their new degrees. As they talked, it was "Doctor, this," and "Doctor, that." They ordered nickel drinks, cherry phosphates. When they finished and started to pay the fountain clerk, he shook his head. "No charge," he said. "In this drugstore we make it a practice never to charge a doctor for cold drinks."

Somewhat self-satisfied, the two walked outside. "Well," said one, "there's our answer. Our Ph.D.'s are worth just exactly one 5c cold drink."

National Press Clubmen in Washington insist that this is a true story:

Senator Taft's opponent for re-election last fall, Ohio State Auditor "Jumping Joe" Ferguson, was a popular vote-getter, but a fellow who hadn't achieved renown for his grasp of world affairs. It is told that he came down to Washington and held a press conference last summer.

"What is your attitude," probed a needling reporter, "toward Formosa?"

Snapped Ferguson confidently: "I'll take it easily by 3,000 votes."

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Culture By The Carload

WHEN Johann Strauss, the younger, stepped from the gangplank on his first visit to America in 1872 there were plenty of surprises awaiting him.

His first impression of America was an unfavorable one. All he had seen so far were the fisheries which dotted Boston's harbor. But his next impressions were anything but boring, for at the foot of the gangplank were scores of American women clamoring for locks of his black, curly hair!

The master of the waltz loved this attention—the out-and-out idolatry—and he dramatically cut off the desired curls and placed them in the eager hands. In fact, he gave away so much hair that his manager feared he'd soon be completely shorn.

"Fear not," said the maestro, "I have a Newfoundland dog, you know, and his hair is the same color as mine."

Strauss was in the mood now for the Peace Jubilee of 1872, held in Boston. The darling of the European courts, famous for his "On the Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz," had been persuaded to conduct at a performance of the Jubilee which celebrated the 100th Anniversary of America's independence.

Engaging the composer wasn't an easy job. Why should he leave the comforts and the plaudits of the continent to travel to an "uncultured" country? Not until a complete tour was arranged for him, including New York and Philadelphia, did he consent. Even then he showed little enthusiasm.

During the busy hundred years of expansion, people of America were accused of having no culture and the ingenious Boston committee was resolved to display more culture at one sitting than was ever seen or heard before.

Strauss, who could make his demands for any appearance, said, "You must guarantee that 25,000 persons will be present at this concert."

The committee members smiled. "Twenty-five thousand? There will be 50,000 there," they promised.

There was an element of disbelief in Strauss' expression. "And I must have a full orchestra!" he continued.

"Indeed," he was told. "You will have 21,500 musicians obeying every movement of your baton!"

"This is a Yankee joke," Strauss accused.

"No joke at all," came the ready answer. "There will be 1,500 instrument-playing musicians plus 20,000 singers."

It was true. The committee had called in choral groups and choirs for miles around, and it had engaged bands from England, Ireland, France and Germany to supplement those of America. All were set to play the big number, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube."

The "shot heard 'round the word" had been from the Boston vicinity a century earlier. and now the loudest music heard in the world was going to come from Copley Square in Boston itself.

Strauss was taken to the immense building constructed for the occasion. One of the first sights was that of a huge bear being led on a chain.

"What is this?" he shouted.

One committeeman hesitated a moment, then answered, "The bear has been trained to play one of the eight-foot bass drums!"

Strauss flew into a rage. "*Ach!*" he cried disgustedly. "And I suppose

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there will be an elephant playing the flute and a monkey at the cello!"

At that point, the committee members thought a change of topic was in order and they brought his attention to something else. "Let us show you the organs," one suggested quickly.

There were four organs requiring 12 men in relays to pump air for the accompaniment to the 1,500-piece orchestra. This was more to Strauss' liking.

In its effort to do things in a big way, the committee also scheduled the loudest "Anvil Chorus" ever heard. For the great scene of "Il Trovatore," Patrick S. Gilmore led a choral group and orchestra, and had 100 Boston fireman simultaneously clanging 100 anvils.

Strauss' conducting was, of course, the outstanding part of the entire program. President Grant attended and so did Mme. Minna Peschka-Leutner, the celebrated "Leipsig Nightingale."

It was arranged that scores of orchestra directors would take their instructions from an illuminated baton in Strauss' hand.

A few minutes before the start, Strauss was frantic. "How will they know when to start?" he cried. "All of them cannot see me!"

"They'll know," he was assured. "They'll know."

Strauss shrugged, mounted the podium and stood ready. The committee hadn't forgotten a thing. As Strauss raised the baton above his head, there was a terrific cannon boom in the harbor. As the baton was lowered on the downbeat, another cannon was fired. It was the signal, and every musician started at the right time!—*Barney Schwartz.*

▲

A salesman, new to the West, was disappointed to find sage hen the only item on the small town restaurant bill of fare.

"What's this sage hen you have on the menu?" he asked, before giving his order to the waitress.

"Oh," she replied, "it's a game bird, a species of grouse that thrives in the sagebrush hereabouts."

"Does it have wings and can it fly?"

"To be sure, it has wings and can fly."

"In that case," snapped the salesman, "I don't want any."

"Why?" demanded the waitress.

"That's easy," shot back the salesman. "I want no part of anything that has wings and still stays in this Godforsaken state."

▲

Two men on a fishing trip came to a side road with a "Closed" sign blocking it. However, they noted that fresh tire tracks led around the sign. So they followed the tire marks and ignored the sign. But they had gone no more than half a mile when the road really did end. Only thing to do was to turn around and come back.

On passing the road block again, they found this inscription written on the reverse side: "It really was closed, wasn't it?"

▲

—*Mel Soderlund*

"Inhale, dear."

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A short story.

The POETESS

by CLARA LEDERER

IT WAS two o'clock when George came in. He was in a bad humor because the banquet, with its third-rate liquor, had been a bore, and because he had forced himself to stay late only in the hope of getting a rise out of Margarita. But all the while, he knew better.

"Rita!" he yelled, tossing his hat and coat on to the yellow velvet chesterfield in a spasm of revolt.

But sure enough—

"Right with you, darling!" her happy voice sang back.

He wanted to knock the slim, satiny volumes of poetry from their shelves. He wanted to tear the silver-gilt lock from the little desk, and smash in its stencilled medallions with his fist. He felt like grabbing the camellias afloat in their Lalique chalice, and hurling them against the limited-edition wallpaper.

The next moment Margarita had floated down the stairs and into his arms. Her eyes danced with laughter, her face was radiant as a fresh flower. She didn't mind about his overcoat being on the chesterfield. She just pushed him into a chair with a merry exaggeration of strength, and sank contentedly against him.

At whatever ungodly hour he got home, Margarita seemed forever to be just emerging from a bath. Her curls were moist, her body warm through layers of fragrant chiffon.

"Did you have fun? Was it a nice party?" she wanted to know.

He felt a slow fury rise in him, because she had not noticed that he was in a bad humor.

"It was a lousy party. I had a rotten time."

She tried to console him.

"Can I get you a sandwich and a glass of milk?"

"No."

"Cold beer? Or sherry and cake?"

"Hell, no!"

He pushed her away to get at his cigarettes. She helped him find them in his pocket, and held the lighter for

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him. The smoke didn't bother her. Nothing he did ever bothered her.

"Have a busy day?" he grumbled suspiciously.

"Very."

"Why the devil aren't you in bed asleep, then? It's after two."

For answer, she stroked his hair.

"What'd you do?" he jeered. "Write a new *Venus and Adonis* or something? Get all tuckered out reading fan mail from that bunch of fairies who read that stuff you write?"

She shook her head, mock-ruefully. It was impossible to get *her* in a bad humor.

"When Watson comes staggering in at two a.m.," he reminded her, "*his* wife raises the roof."

Rita pouted disapproval.

"Ellie Watson's an old shrew," she said.

George thought of trying again, then he groaned involuntarily.

"For Christ's sake, Rita, couldn't you once—just *once*—crumple up and bawl me out? Swear at me—say you wish you had never set eyes on me? Just once—so I'd get to think maybe you're a real woman instead of—instead of—Snow-white in a—a crystal coffin!"

"Why, George!"

Rita's eyes widened with deftly feigned bewilderment. He looked deep into them for some hopeful shadow of hidden sorrow. But there was none. She sprang lightly away, before he had a chance to suggest that he had pushed her.

"You're not a woman," he ranted. "You're the poems locked up in here—" he slapped the little desk so that it trembled on its dainty cabriole legs, and the pottery bust of Shelley quivered dangerously near the edge of its mirrored shelf. "What've you got to worry about? 'George gives me everything I want . . . gold davenports (he kicked it) . . . silver carpet (he scuffed it) . . . ivory tables . . . first editions of Keats . . .' "

"But George," Rita interrupted, in a voice as innocent as cherubs playing on flutes, "isn't it a charming house? Don't you like a charming house?"

"It's a perfect house, and I hate it. I wish to God it would burn down to the ground some lucky day. I know what you think.

" 'George is no trouble at all,' that's what you think.

" 'He's away all day and leaves me to my writing. By the time he comes home my feelings are all used up, and I can afford to be nice as pie to him because I've given the best of myself to what is most important to me.'

"If I thrashed you to within an inch of your life and turned you out into a blizzard at midnight, you'd just crawl back giggling, and say, 'Why, George, darling, you're cross as an old bear!'

"Rita," he began to plead, holding her by the arms, "don't you suppose I can tell you're happy—but not because of me? Poets are supposed to know what goes on inside people. You do know, and you don't care! Rita, don't you ever feel sorry for me?"

And Rita's wide-eyed, unwavering gaze justified the terror he had felt. He sank into a chair. After a while she crept close and pulled his fingers from his face like a child playing a game. For one wild, unreasoning mo-

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ent, he searched her face for some ue to their fate.

But she only said, "Aren't we ppy, George? Don't you love me y more?"

And he gave it all up forever.

"Yes, I love you," he sighed as he drew close all the warmth that was cool as ice, and all the softness that was as brittle.

▲

"John, who was Anne Boleyn?" asked t: teacher.

"Anne Boleyn was a flat iron."

"What on earth gave you that idea?" t: teacher queried.

"Well," replied John, "It says in this tory book, 'Henry, having rid himself c Catherine, pressed his suit with Anne leyn.'"

▲

A beetle can lift 500 times his own ight—it is not known what breakfast od he uses.

▲

"This is my past."

Two snowy-haired old ladies, jouncing along in an antiquated automobile through York, Pennsylvania, made an illegal turn. The traffic cop had to blow his whistle vigorously and repeatedly before they came to a stop. "Didn't you hear my whistle, lady?" he asked.

Wide-eyed and innocent, the little lady looked at him. "Yes, indeed," she said, "but I never flirt while driving."

▲

The twelve year old offspring of a friend confided that he was burdened with an ever-increasing worry. The boy had been signing his father's name to his report cards ever since the third grade, and last term the teacher wondered why his dad's writing seemed to be improving.

▲

A guest cornered by his host's seven year old son, bought his way to freedom by dropping a quarter in the lad's piggy bank. "You must be rich by now," he said. The boy eyed the bank balefully. "No," he snapped. "Between Sunday school and this darned pig, I'm broke all the time."

▲

An inquisitive oldster asked a youngster what the papers cost him.

"Three cents," answered the lad.

"What do you sell them for?"

"Three cents," was the answer.

"Goodness, son," said the man, "you can't make any profit doing business that way. Why do you sell papers for what they cost you?"

"Oh," answered the newsboy, "I do it because it gives me a chance to holler all I want to."

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Canby's Story

ON March 14, 1870, William J. Canby arose before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania and related an anecdote concerning his grandmother who had died thirty-five years before.

It was a remarkable story that Canby told. The next day, the Philadelphia *Press* printed the story—the first time it had ever been publicly recorded.

The tale quickly captured the public's fancy; it was repeated and embellished and soon became tradition.

In the early 1880's, the story, accepted as true, began to appear in school books. School children were given a heroine to look up to, one they had never heard of before. Thus, almost one hundred years after the incident supposedly occurred, William J. Canby originated the legend of his grandmother—Betsy Ross, and the first Flag of the United States.

It's quite true that the "Widow Ross" did, along with her daughters, make many flags for the United States Government; but the legend that she made the first flag is based entirely on Canby's story in 1870.

—*Roy R. Muller*

▲

Hoagy Carmichael tells the story about old Chep Blevens, a southern Indiana character who was given to boasting of his prowess with firearms.

On one occasion, when he was hunting with a few cronies, Chep's dog stirred up a single quail. Waving to his associates to lay off, old Chep took aim and fired. The bird sailed calmly on toward the distant horizon. For a few moments Chep stood with his mouth agape. Then he threw down his gun in disgust and stormed:

"Fly on, you blankety-blank bird! Fly on with your gol-durned heart shot out!"

▲

"It's becoming increasingly difficult to reach the downtrodden masses in America," a comrade wrote to his superior. "In the spring they're forever polishing their cars. In the summer they take vacations. In the fall they go to the world series and football games. And in the winter you can't get them away from their television sets. Please give me suggestions on how to let them know how oppressed they are."

▲

Irked by the time wasted by visitors, a businessman cut one-half inch off the front legs of the chair in which callers sit. As of last week, his appointments were running 60% shorter—no one has as yet realized why he gets so tired just sitting there talking.

—Filchó

"It's the ideal cereal; box top for Junio paper dolls for Sis, silverware coupon f Mom, and lots of *roughage* inside for Dad

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The Clairvoyant See With Inner Eyes

-and Science offers no explanatory theory.

by GARVIN SAUNDERS

'T was in Gothenburg, Sweden. A number of gentlemen had gathered the ballroom awaiting the call to inner when they noticed one of their umber, a prominent mining engineer amed Swedenborg, acting quite rangely. Normally a most dignified an, he was now pacing back and rth across the gleaming floor, his ice pale and anxious-looking. A hush ell on the company as they looked uestions at each other.

Suddenly he halted and announced xcitedly: "A dangerous fire has roken out in Stockholm. The Soder-alm is burning!' '

The room buzzed with whispering s they watched him continue his ab-ent-minded pacing of the floor. He topped from time to time to an-ounce further details of the fire's rogress through the streets of Stock-olm.

His fellow guests were amazed. And no wonder, for Stockholm was 300 miles away! The year was 1759, long before radio or telegraph. What they were witnessing was clairvoyance.

Known to us now as a theologian, Swedenborg in his own day led a varied career in politics and business while in private he was experiencing the many astonishing "visions" on which his religious writings were based. But none was more astonishing than this, for three days after the fire Swedenborg's vision was confirmed in every detail when the first dispatch riders galloped into Gothenburg to find it already amazingly well informed about all details of the fire. Interest in the fire now gave way to interest in this feat of clairvoyance and soon the double news was making the rounds of the European capitals and came to the skeptical notice of the great German philosopher Emanuel Kant.

Kant was so intrigued that he carried out what was perhaps the first modern psychic investigation and

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finally wrote his personal endorsement of the accuracy of the story. But whatever philosophers might believe, scientists soon proved themselves a hard-bitten lot. In fact the dawn of our Modern Age might be dated from the day Science divorced itself from Philosophy and moved into the Laboratory. But the scientist left behind him an orphan child: the field of learning that lay partly in both areas of learning, the study of non-physical or psychic forces. And until recently Science has neglected this subject—one of the most fascinating fields for the inquiring mind.

IN recent years learned men again have turned their attention to this borderline subject. Half a century ago the father of American psychology, William James, led in the revival of scientific interest in the subject. Present day investigators and writers include the Frenchman Warcollier, author of "Experiments in Telepathy," Tyrell and Soal in England, and Dr. Rhine in the United States.

But if serious scientific investigation is new, the subject itself certainly is not. The pages of history from the Bible to the present are highlighted by accounts of "visions," second-sight, premonitory dreams and the like. These are all classed as clairvoyance, a word taken from the French meaning *clear-seeing*.

However, clairvoyance is much more than clear vision in the usual sense of eye-sight. It is defined as that ability, real or fancied depending on your belief, by which certain sensitive persons (or maybe anyone on rare occasions) may directly perceive objects or even events at a distanc without the use of any of his sens organs. Where the thoughts of a other person rather than objects events are perceived, it is called tele athy—the two facilities seem to b closely related. The important thin to note is that the clairvoyant visio is entirely *mental*. While it exists onl in the mind, it has a real counterpa in actual physical existence somewhe beyond the range of any possib vision by ordinary means.

THE subject matter of such a visio can be almost anything; but usually seems to be something alarm ing. Frequently the vision is of a apparition or "ghost." However som of the best authenticated cases a ones involving the clairvoyant impre sions of quite ordinary things.

While a clairvoyant impression normally a visual one, it may be sounds or even of touch or odor. the case of visions the clairvoya often does not claim to "see" in th natural way with the eyes open, b rather to receive a mental picture in the manner of dreams during slee But sometimes the vision is "exterio ized" and seen as though physical existing out there in space.

Frequently the vision is so vivid th person having the experience does n realize until later that it is not "real That happened one night in Londo shortly before World War II when cab driver was hailed by a middl aged woman standing on a street co ner. She got in the cab and gave address. He drove there and drew in front of the residence. But wh he turned around to help her out, th

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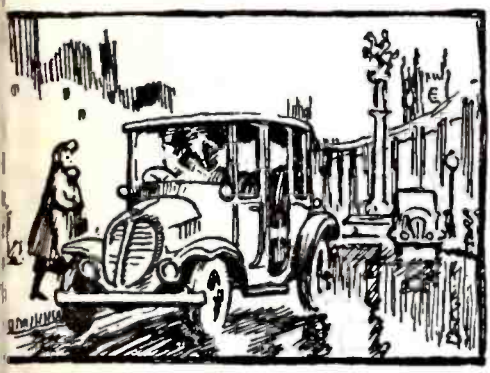
ack seat was empty. He went up and ang the doorbell. An elderly man nswered; the cabbie told what had appened; and asked if the man knew here the lady had gone.

"From your description it sounds ike my wife. Please step in here a oment, I wish you would look at hese photographs." He led the way nto the parlor and to a row of photos n the mantel.

The cabbie immediately picked out photo of a middle-aged woman from he group ranged against the wall. That's her! I'd know her anytime."

"Just as I thought," the older man aid, "she often took the cab home rom that street-corner. She died al-ost six months ago!"



It is typical in the reported cases hat an apparition, whether of a de-eased person or one asleep or uncon-cious, is mistaken for an actual per-on, so completely life-like is it. It is nteresting to see that the sheeted pecter of fiction is unknown in the iterature of clairvoyant cases.

When the library of the American ociety for Psychical Research and ther collections are bulging with re-orts of such spontaneous cases you wonder why scientists are in general still skeptical of these claims of clairvoyant vision and the like. It is true that a large proportion of alleged cases can be explained away on grounds of coincidence, morbid imagination, sheer inaccuracy or even deliberate faking. But not all can be dismissed, judging from the British census.

SOME years ago now, the British Society for Psychical Research undertook what proved to be a landmark in the investigation of this subject. It circulated thousands of questionnaires among a cross-section of the educated class. Over thirty thousand replies were received! A study of these returns was published as the *Census of Hallucinations*. In spite of the most extreme scrupulousness in scoring the returns, the Society concluded:

> "Between deaths and apparitions of the dying person a connection exists which is not due to chance alone. This we hold as a proved fact."

This census is also the basis for the conclusion that not less than one person in every ten has at one time or another in his life a genuine psychic manifestation of one kind or other.

But still the orthodox scientist—whether physicist, chemist or biologist—abhors psychic phenomena for its irrational aspect. The stumbling block is the complete lack of any faintly credible hypothesis to explain clairvoyance. Not only is explanation lacking, there is no known point at which it can be connected to the organized body of accepted scientific

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knowledge. It remains a loose-end. And scientists do not like loose-ends. But at Duke University a very real accomplishment stands to the credit of Dr. J. B. Rhine.

DR. RHINE recognized the importance of developing a really scientific method for studying psychic phenomena. Under his leadership the Parapsychological laboratory of that University has developed a repeatable experiment consisting of a standard test based on the attempt to "guess" the cards in a special deck made up of 5 cards of 5 different symbols. Over the past twenty years experiments with these cards, called ESP cards, have been repeated in thousands of cases and with a variety of persons working with different investigators.

The results of all these tests have been laboriously tabulated and analyzed on a statistical basis by expert mathematicians. The conclusion is inescapable that the human mind has powers that go far beyond any physical basis or explanation that science can offer. Rhine's recent book, "The Reach of the Mind," certainly indicates that in some cases it has a long "reach" indeed!

Dr. Rhine and most of the other researchers in this field have long since concluded that clairvoyance and certain other psychic powers—telepathy, telekinesis, etc.—are real. But they are the first to emphasize that these powers are far from dependable. Rather they are a now-and-then gift on which even the most talented cannot rely, except in a rare case like that of the African, Daba.

Down in South Africa, a psychiatrist named Dr. Laubscher reported a case he personally investigated. A native witch doctor, Solomon Daba, claimed he could achieve clairvoyant vision whenever he willed it. Dr. Laubscher was naturally very skeptical and decided to make a test. Telling no one of his plans, he drove sixty miles out into the veldt in the opposite direction from Solomon Daba's kraal. At a random spot in the bush he buried a small purse in the ground. He put a flat brown stone on top of the purse. Then he placed a small grey stone on the brown one.

Dr. Laubscher left and drove rapidly back to Daba's kraal. Although telling the witch doctor he had prepared a test, he gave him no inkling as to its nature. The witch doctor agreed to undertake the test and started his special seance dance. After coming out of a trance, Daba recounted for the astonished Dr. Laubscher every move he had taken, describing the purse, its burial in the ground, the placing of the two stones over it and the exact location of the cache. Dr. Laubscher concluded that this African was clairvoyant and had so trained his psychic powers that he could call upon them at any time with confidence.

But leaving aside rarities like Daba and considering only run-of-the-mill cases, it is generally true that clairvoyant visions appear without intention or conscious effort. They just come out of the blue. But usually they concern an event of some importance; often the death of a friend or relative. The experience of Mary Towers shows

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how a warning of danger is sometimes perceived.

She was walking along a country lane near the village where she lived, studying a school book, when the surroundings seemed to fade away as a vision grew before her. The vision was that of a bedroom in her home, the one they called the White Room. Now she saw it clearly; her mother was lying on the floor as if dead! Mary even noticed a lace handkerchief on the floor beside her mother.

After a few minutes the vision faded out and natural surroundings reappeared. Mary was frightened and ran directly to the house of the family doctor nearby. Together they went to the girl's house and upstairs to the White Room. There on the floor lay her mother, unconscious from a heart attack. The scene was exactly as Mary had described it to the doctor, even to the lace handkerchief on the floor. Only the prompt care of the doctor saved the mother's life.

It is on the solid basis of repeatable experiments coupled with a scientific analysis of the statistical results that further research on clairvoyance will make its progress. We may already be well on the road foreseen by the wizard of the General Electric laboratories, Charles P. Steinmetz. When that genius of research in the orthodox fields of physics was asked: "What line of research will, in your opinion, see the greatest development within the next fifty years?" Steinmetz answered:

"The greatest discoveries will be along spiritual lines. Here is a force which history clearly teaches has been the greatest power in the development of man and history. Someday people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful. Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of spiritual forces . . . which field as yet has hardly been scratched. When that day comes the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has in the past four."

▲

Two cannibals met in an insane asylum. One was devouring pictures of men, women, and children.

"Say," the other asked, "is that dehydrated stuff any good?"

▲

Motorist: "I ran over your cat and I want to replace him."

Housewife: "Well, get busy. There's a mouse in the pantry."

▲

"My father was a conductor—in fact, he was too good a conductor."

"Railroad? Orchestra?"

"Neither one—he was struck by lightning."

At a trial, the judge was questioning the prisoner. "Have you ever been in trouble before?" he asked. "No, sir," asserted the prisoner vigorously. "And all I did this time was to rob my kid brother's bank." The judge was about to dismiss him when the district attorney held up his hand. "Your honor," he cautioned, "the prisoner forgot to explain that his kid brother is cashier of the Security National Bank."

▲

A newspaper recently ran a feature called, "If I had my time over again." The shortest contribution came from an ex-convict who wrote: "I'd see that I didn't."

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Visit from Lincoln

COL. HARRY L. BENHOW of South Carolina commanded three regiments of Confederate troops during the Civil War, and fought long and hard for the Confederate cause. But in spite of all the exciting battles, his most unforgettable experience was in a Union Army hospital.

On April 1, 1865, Benhow was shot through both hips, captured, and sent to a hospital at City Point, Va. There he was put in a ward entirely occupied by Union officers, but was well cared for and enjoyed every luxury the times would permit.

On the morning of April 8, 1865, Benhow noticed a commotion at the door, and several men entered the ward. The last of them was a tall, gaunt figure clad in black—President Lincoln himself.

Lincoln walked down the aisle smiling and bowing. Halting at Benhow's bed, he extended his hand to him.
"Do you know to whom you are offering your hand," asked Benhow?
"I do not," Lincoln replied.

"You are offering it to a Confederate colonel who fought you as hard as he could."

"Well," said Lincoln, "I hope a Confederate colonel will not refuse me his hand."

"No, sir," replied Benhow, and he clasped Lincoln's hand between both of his.

"He had the most magnificent face I ever saw," said the colonel later. "He had me whipped when he first began to speak. Had he ever walked up and down a Confederate line of battle, there never would have been a battle. I felt I was his, body and soul, from the time I first felt the pressure of his fingers."

"He talked to me for ten minutes, kindly and sympathetically. When he left, he shook hands again, and hoped I would be restored to my family and friends soon. He knew that in a few days Lee would surrender at Appomattox. When news came that he was assassinated, I turned my face to the wall and wept."

—*H. E. Zimmerman.*

▲

At a high school dance a youthful girl was trying to make conversation with her partner: "I think dancing makes a girl's feet larger, don't you?"

"Yes."

Trying again, she bashfully asked: Don't you think swimming gives a girl awfully big shoulders?"

"Yeah."

After a long pause, her partner finally stated: "You must ride quite a bit, too."

"You've read that sentence wrong, Miss Adams—it's 'all men are created equal'—not 'all men are made the same way'!"

▲

Customer: I'm looking for a gift for an employee of mine who is a proud father for the thirteenth time. What would you suggest?

Clerk: What about this stop watch?—*Lamar Daily Democrat.*

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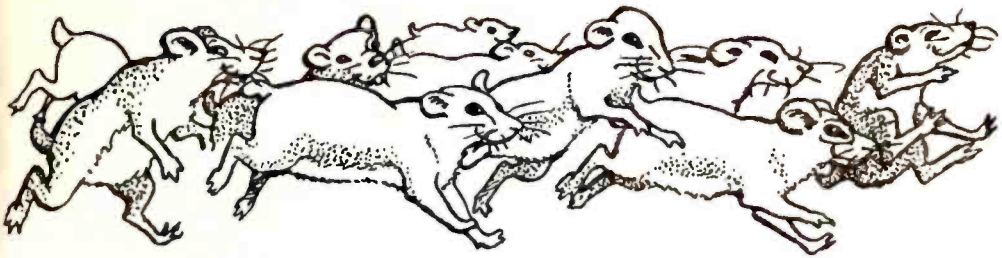
HERE COME THE HAMSTERS



With no bad habits and requiring little care, the latest in the pet line may soon replace your old favorite.

by LYNNE SVEC

YOUR prize dog, cat, canary, turtle—or for that matter, any pet you call your own—had better watch out: they're in for some stiff competition from a tiny chipmunk-like immigrant from the Middle East. For if there's one little fellow who's coming up fast in the pet world, it's the golden hamster.

The appearance, size, habits and care requirements of this button-eyed animal make him an all-around winner. Requiring very little care, they are also inexpensive to buy and feed. And being hardy little animals, they stand up under the usual handling accorded household pets. Also, hamsters obligingly eliminate average pet bugaboos: no hair on the furniture, no trotting across the field for morning walks and no worry whatever when it comes to disease, fleas or body lice.

Piled on top of the fact that hamsters adapt themselves readily to caged existence, they are completely odorless. Moreover, they're clean to the point of being finicky. You've but to watch Dapper Dan hamster give his golden-mahogany pelt a licking in cat-like fashion to have visible proof of animaldom's Department of Sanitation at work. Furthermore, you seldom hear a peep out of him beyond occasional chattering at play.

And though they take the cake for pudginess, they weigh only a little over a quarter of a pound. From wriggling nose to one-quarter inch tail, they measure a mere six inches when full grown.

Still another distinguishing feature is the hamster's large shoulder pouches where food is either stored or prepared for the palate of mom's brood. The word "hamster" is German for "hoarder," the title emanating from the hamster's habit of hoarding great quantities of food in his cheek or shoulder pouches. Capable of cramming a foot long carrot, leaf and stem, into one of his pouches, a hamster can also chew and shred bedding or nest-lining materials for a warmer and softer protection for the young. Any-

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thing removed from the pouches, by the way, is practically as dry as it was when it was put into them via paw-over-paw motion.

WHILE it is only in the past year or two that golden hamsters have become known outside zoos and experimental laboratories and become popular as run-of-the-mill pets, their ancestry dates back to a sort of Eve of hamsterdom. A Syrian zoologist dug up the original hamster and her litter of twelve from their burrow eight feet underground in 1930, and American import of the first live hamster is set at a scant 10 years ago.

Being naturally tame, hamsters do not require long training periods to make frolicsome pets. Endowed with the ability to learn many new habits, they can be taught a whole raft of tricks, which will undoubtedly bring out the Barnum and Bailey in you.

The skin over the entire body is so loose that the animal can be readily lifted, or held, by grasping it by a fold of skin, although the preferred manner of lifting him is by the palm-cupping method, or the way you lift a baseball. It's also most practical to grasp the animal with his head toward you, inasmuch as he's less likely to become frightened.

Ordinarily, a grown hamster will cling to your hand after you've lifted him, making handling easier. Being naturally gentle and trusting of nature, hamsters are willing to go along with you if gentle treatment is rendered. Frighten him unnecessarily, however, and the nervous creature is liable to give your finger a nip for protective purposes, just as he's bound to if prodded or teased.

BIOLOGICALLY speaking, hamsters distinguish themselves on still another score—that of their apparent love for family life. They're supposed to be the fastest breeding animal known, with a gestation period of less than 17 days. The hamster can be bred at 32 days of age, although adulthood is usually reached at 2 months, with a resultant litter of 8 under good conditions. The female is the aggressive sex in hamsterdom and she's more than willing to "live alone and like it" except during the time when she is nursing and raising her young, or, of course, during her breeding cycle when she craves male company.

Many large pet stores carry golden hamsters, and professional growers who ship the animals to any part of the country can be located in pet magazines, with the cost running from $2 to $3 each.

How to set up a hamster kingdom? One method is to buy a pen or cage along with feeding and play paraphernalia where you buy the pets—or you can improvise. The needs are little and inexpensive. The empty bird cage in your cellar or attic can be brought into service as the perfect hamster abode. Or you can build a pen with little trouble. All that is necessary is a light wooden cubicle, measuring about 12 inches on each side, and a gnaw-proof screen (or ¼ inch mesh "hardware cloth") for coverage.

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Hamsters thrive contentedly in such small pens, and will prove exceptionally good housekeepers. An inch of floor litter should be strewn about. This may consist of dry soft absorbent wood shavings or dry grass, saw dust, pine needles, peanut hulls or excelsior. Hamsters employ such litter for bedding, hiding their food stockpile or just kicking it around the pen for laughs. In cool weather further bedding should be provided in the form of shredded packing excelsior, paper napkins, cloth, cotton or any similar material for constructing a nest.

EXCEPT in hot weather, hamsters require very little water, since needed moisture is secured from the succulent foods they eat. If water is supplied in an open top face cream jar or water glass, or a gravity feed bottle and tube assembly, it should be kept in a spot where it won't become dirty. The receptacle can be securely attached to the cage by a wire strap to prevent its being upset.

—Alfred Rosenberg

"What did you expect?"

While all aspects of a hamster's care are simple, perhaps the easiest are his feeding problems. They are practically nil. However, spice his diet with variety; he should not be made to subsist on one item of food daily. There are two essentials to keep in mind: He should have sun-grown vegetable leaves and fruits for vitamins; and over 20 per cent protein in pelleted food for good production and a friendly disposition.

These diet staples can be found in green vegetable leaves and in any kind of animal or poultry feed that has at least 20 per cent protein. A good pelleted feed for hamsters is one of the numerous brands of dry dog food found on the shelves of all grocery stores in packages as small as one pound. Factory-prepared feeds have all the necessary salt and other minerals right in them. Hamsters also do very well on table scraps alone, both cooked and uncooked. Peels from sun-ripened fruits may take the place of greens. Nuts, seeds and grains furnish variety to the diet, and will be carefully hoarded by the animals to nibble on at their leisure.

Short on trouble, expense and care, the golden hamster is long on fun and educational possibilities, for the young in years—and in heart.

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How to Burglar-Proof Your Home

THERE'S been an epidemic of burglarizing of private homes in our fair city this year. But we're not worried. No, we don't have any burglar alarms, extra-fancy locks or a watch-dog.

It's the obstacle course.

A street light illuminates our front yard pretty well; so prowlers would almost surely try to gain entrance to our house from the rear. Now, picture their progress.

On one side of the house is the "woods"; a narrow area with a heavy growth of untrimmed shrubbery. Here the children are allowed *carte blanche*, and they've made the most of it. There is a vegetable garden, some four square feet in size, roped off at knee height with sticks and heavy twine.

Close by is a hole, about two feet wide and three feet deep, laboriously dug by the gang as a trap for wild animals. True to trap structure, the top is loosely covered with leafy branches. Near the hole stands an assortment of tools and instruments used in its construction—a couple of battered buckets, an old shovel with half its handle gone, and several sharp-pointed sticks.

From the branches of a small flowering tree hang several pieces of rope with noose ends, used to hoist buckets into said tree and also to facilitate Tarzan activities.

The other side of the house is taken up almost completely by the drive-way. (We're situated on a narrow city lot). In spite of constant reminders to the youngsters to put all outdoor toys in the garage for the night, there's sure to be at least a tricycle and a pair of roller skates lying around. Then too, the neighbor's dog sleeps in a little house not ten feet away on the other side of the hedge.

But let us suppose that, by some miracle, the lucky prowler manages to escape all these pitfalls, and actually arrives at the rear of the house. Here he is confronted with three choices of entrance.

He may take the French doors which lead off the patio into our four-year-old's room. Unfortunately for the intruder, Kit's table and chair and a huge wooden box of blocks sit squarely in front of those doors. We have had to forego the use of that entrance in the interests of more wall space.

Or, our man might try to gain admittance through the double windows of the other back bedroom, occupied by our seven-year-old. Here again he would encounter some little difficulty. Directly underneath these windows, extending four feet out into the room, lies a plywood board absolutely crammed with electric train equipment—track, switches, cars, station, bridge, crossing signals, bumpers and tunnel. These articles won't respond to a gentle shove or kick, either, because they're all screwed down tight to the board.

The poor guy has one last resort: the main back entrance of the house. Here he must break through three locked doors—the service porch screen and wooden doors plus the solid panel kitchen door. And the narrow porch is apt to contain at any given time, the following: washing machine, clothes basket, empty cola and milk bottles, small pile of fire-place wood, scooter, an open umbrella (drying after yesterday's rain), and a low-hanging clothes-line holding an assortment of dishtowels and wet rags. One does well to thread himself through this maze in broad daylight.

Now, do you see why we aren't worried about *silent* night prowlers?

—*Dorothy Boys Kilian*

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Sat., Mar. 3	Kansas State vs. Iowa State at Ames, or Oklahoma vs. Nebraska at Lincoln
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