

Swing



25¢

Danger Signals of Mouth Cancer

An important warning about America's No. 2 Killer . . . Page 11

Violence on the Hill

Are our lawmakers protected from personal attack? . . . Page 29

Full Length Articles

Robots, Our Wonder Workers	Maurice Hudson	3
Temperament Tamer	Walt Masters	7
Big Name Hunters	Harold H. Bowes	13
Fish Dance at Midnight	Roscoe A. Poland	17
A Thousand Feet to Fame	Ellis Michael	19
Slow Down and Live	Jim Newell	23
Jeff Davis and the Camel Express	Barney Schwartz	25
Crowning Is So Permanent	Seymour Dartman	33
Standard Procedure	S. L. Wickersham	37
Alaska's Ice Fever	Irv Liberman	39
Petsy Ross, Incorporated	Torrence Vidor	59

BOOK CONDENSATION

RADIO LISTENING IN AMERICA

A penetrating survey analysis

By Paul L. Lazarfeld and Patricia R. Kendall . . . Page 49

Special Features

Heavy Dates in Kansas City	2	Chicago Letter	71
Man of the Month	45	Chicago Ports of Call	73
April Programs on WHB	62	New York Letter	75
Twinging the Dial	65	New York Theatre	77
Swing in World Affairs	67	New York Ports of Call	81
Swing Session	69	Kansas City Ports of Call	82



1. Costumed and grease-pointed for his role in *Man and Superman*, Maurice Evans talks to WHB listeners in a special backstage interview.

2. Hank Bower holds up the hand that caught many an outfield fly for the *Kansas City Blues* and won him a place with the *New York Yonks*.

3. Dwarfed by the powerful engine of the new "Southern Belle" are Fred H. Hooper, general

manager of *Kansas City Southern Lines*; L. Frith, assistant to the president of *Kansas Southern*; Arthur Tuckerman, public relations director of the *American Car and Foundry Company*; Dick Smith, WHB Newsbureau chief; James Prickett, vice-president, *Kansas City Southern Lines*; and Cecil Toylar, advertising manager, *Kansas City Southern*.

Foreword for April

LET songwriters and globe trotters have their April in Paris and their springtime in the Rockies; let them sigh for England now that April's there. We like Kansas City. The place-name isn't glamorous but the city is, and for us spring is its season as surely as winter is Miami's.

How many times we've watched the Middle Western spring arrive in this wide gracious town, and every time it's as if the old trite miracles had never happened before. A long yellow fringe of willows begins to blow across Indian hills and forsythia stipples the parks. The foresty look returns to Millham Road. To the south, green ban meadows bloom with horses and golf clubs and Woolf Brothers' sweaters. The Ninth Street hill is passable again. On Sundays, people come outdoors and look at spring through camera lenses, trying to capture it from the Mall, the porch or the front door of the Nelson Gallery. Hydrangeas and balloons appear on corners of the Paseo. Along Walnut Street and Petticoat Lane, shop windows are larded with non-objective signs of such a spring as never was on land or sea. The fountain at Meyer Circle rises once more. Down along Main Street the second-hand suits hang outside again. Ed the Florist goes berserk. Then the rain. The green grass grows all around, all around; sunlight reappears; the Wellesley Garden Tour goes on, and kids wade downstream in gutters. You walk bareheaded through the streets on large silvery afternoons; around Berkson's corner the wind throws Easter bonnets like confetti; and wherever else the spring comes on you're very sure that here it comes on forever.

Jetta

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APRIL'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Drama . . .

- Apr. 4-9, Faust, University Playhouse, 8:20 p.m.
Apr. 30-May 1, Harvey, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Musical . . .

- Apr. 5-9, High Button Shoes, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.



Music . . .

- Apr. 1, Wayne King concert, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
Apr. 5, Kansas City University a cappella choir, University Playhouse, 8:30 p.m.
Apr. 5, John Wynn, piano recital, Unitarian Church, 8:15 p.m.
Apr. 7, Kansas City University Chamber Orchestra, University Playhouse, 8:30 p.m.
Apr. 20, Debut and Encore Association concert, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
Apr. 22, Allied Arts Orchestra concert, Edison Hall, 8:15 p.m.
Apr. 23-24, Barbershop Quartet, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
Apr. 24, Kroll Quartet, University Playhouse, 4:00 p.m.

Lectures . . .

- Apr. 20, Morris Fishbein, M. D., What Makes a Successful Marriage? Jackson County Health Forum, Little Theatre, 8:15 p.m.
Apr. 25, Burton Holmes, Fabulous Florida, motion picture in color, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.

Dancing . . .

- (Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.) Dancing every night but Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday and Friday.
Apr. 1-3, Bob Astor.
Apr. 5, 8-10, 12, 15, 17, 19, Wayne Karr.
Apr. 22, 24, 26, 29-30, Hank Winder.

Art . . .

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Fifteenth Anniversary Celebration: April 3, Opening of new rooms: French Gothic Cloister; Gallery of Medieval Sculpture; Classical Gallery; Tudor Room; Louis XIII Gold Room.

Loan Exhibitions: North gallery: Fifteen European objects, one for each year since the opening of the Gallery in 1933. South gallery: Fifteen Oriental objects. Masterpiece of the Month: "Relief of Priest and Attendant," Egyptian, XVIII Dynasty.

Lecture Series: Apr. 6, Fifteen Years of Collecting, Laurence Sickman, Atkins Auditorium, 8 p.m.
Apr. 13, Chinese Ceramics, Laurence Sickman, Atkins Auditorium, 8 p.m.

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

- Apr. 7, John Raimo, pianist, 8:15 p.m.
Apr. 20, June McWhorter, pianist, 3:30 p.m.
Apr. 22, Piano pupils of Mrs. Paul Willson, 8:15 p.m.
Apr. 24, Sigma Alpha Iota concert, 3:30 p.m.
Apr. 27, Conservatory of Music Concert Band, 8:15 p.m.
Apr. 29, Ellen Gaines, pianist, 8:15 p.m.

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

- Apr. 1, Lives of a Bengal Lancer, 7:30 p.m.
Apr. 3, Lives of a Bengal Lancer, 3:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.
Apr. 8, The Great Commandment, 7:30 p.m.
Apr. 10, The Great Commandment, 3:00 p.m.

Special Events . . .

- Apr. 2, R.O.T.C. circus, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
Apr. 2-5, Antique Show, Exhibition Hall.
Apr. 4-8, Exhibit, Life photographs, "Medieval World," Kansas City University.
Apr. 4-10, Dr. Dan Gilbert Revival, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
Apr. 10, Eagle Scout Ceremony, Music Hall.
Apr. 26-28, Rotary Fair, Exhibition Hall.

Conventions . . .

- Apr. 2-5, Missouri Optometric Association, Hotel President.
Apr. 3-10, Spring Market Week Merchandise Mart.
Apr. 6-8, Missouri Valley Electric Association, Hotel President.
Apr. 7-9, Missouri State Association of Master Plumbers, Hotel Continental.
Apr. 10-13, Kansas-Missouri Bakers Association, Hotel President.
Apr. 13-16, Osteopathic Child Conference & Clinic, Municipal Auditorium.
Apr. 21-22, National Flying Farmers Association, Municipal Auditorium.
Apr. 22-24, Missouri Federation Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Hotel Muehleba and Municipal Auditorium.
Apr. 23-24, Midwest Coin Conference, Hotel Pickwick.
Apr. 23-24, S.P.E.A.B.S.Q. Spring Parade, Hotel Phillips.
Apr. 24-26, Missouri Association of Municipal Utilities, Hotel Continental.
Apr. 26-28, Midwest Hospital Association, Municipal Auditorium.
Apr. 29-30, I.O.O.F.—Four States Conclave, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.
Apr. 30-May 2, Sacro-Occipi Convention, Hotel Phillips.

Wrestling . . .

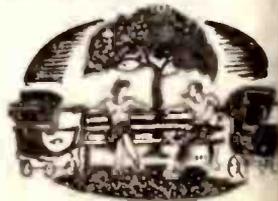
- (Wrestling every Thursday night Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.)
Apr. 19, Mildred Burke, L. Champion of the World, Municipal Auditorium Arena, 8 p.m.

Basketball . . .

- Apr. 1, Harlem Globe Trotter, Municipal Auditorium Arena

Baseball . . .

- (Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games played at Ruppert Stadium, 22nd Brooklyn.)
Apr. 28, 29, Indianapolis.
Apr. 30, Toledo.



ROBOTS Our Wonder Workers

Modern miracle men are the no-pay, no-nerve automatons.

by MAURICE HUDSON

A BEAN PACKER, troubled because off-shade or off-size beans were arousing complaints among consumers, took his woes to an electronic laboratory.

"We'll install a series of robots to check every bean for you," they assured him at the lab. "It's inevitable that human eyes should miss imperfect beans when you process 20,000,000 of them a day. But the robots will never let you down!"

The engineer was right; the robots proved infallible. Tireless, silent and economical, the battery of electronic workers virtually eliminated complaints about the beans and put the packer's business on a highly profitable footing.

On the West Coast, another man—dental technician—took his peculiar trouble to the electronic experts. "My business is matching up false teeth," he told them. "Maybe it's my eyes or faulty judgment, but I've been getting a lot of kicks lately from people who don't like the color of their new teeth."

This man, too, was given ease of mind by a silent robot worker which unerringly matched up teeth to the complete satisfaction of technician, dentist and patient.

Much scientific hogwash has been written in the past ten years about the day when robots will do our

working, thinking and playing for us. Actually, today's electronic miracles can do things which even the most imaginative Sunday supplement writer never dared dream about a quarter-century ago.

"When the day comes when robots do our thinking for us, then it's time to resign from the human race!" snorts an engineer who is prominent because of the so-called "miracle machines" he has produced. "In reality, no robot 'brain' is possible or even desirable. But thanks to advances in the electronic field, we are well on our way to removing much of the drudgery from the workaday world."

In Boston, shoppers entering the self-operating elevator in a certain store are always startled to hear a pleasant voice call out at the appropriate stop, "Sixth floor, ladies' dresses, furs, lingerie. Going up, please . . ." The hidden floor-caller is a machine which plays a series of such recorded messages, infallibly making the proper announcement at the proper floor.

A tireless robot with the world's most sensitive nostrils protects you from dizziness and worse when you descend into the New York subways. This robot, whose delicate sniffer operates 60 seconds a minute, sounds an alarm when fumes or poison gasses unde-

tected by human nostrils drift into the tubes.

Formerly, in mines and chemical plants, thousands of workers depended on a man with a canary and a gong to warn them of escaping fumes and smoke. Today a robot gas detector protects as many as 5,000 workers at once. The canary is out of work now, but the men who have jobs in dangerous surroundings have a greater confidence in "Monoxide Mike," the silent, watchful gadget which sets up an infernal clamor when insidious fumes reach his "nose."

Today, we use robot eyes incredibly more accurate than the human eye. And the human ear can never approach the robot ear, which can detect—and act upon—sounds pitched so high that no person or animal has ever heard them.

Out in San Jose, California, the first complete factory to be run without human help is being completed by the Food Machinery Corporation. At this fruit-canning building, only a few people will be needed to push buttons and read instruments.

Robots will seize boxes of peaches, for example, dump and sort them into categories according to size, and unerringly weed out and discard the rotted fruit. Other steel fingers—gentle and tireless—will extract seeds, peel, and cut the fruit into mathematically exact segments.

Other robot machines will cook and seal the peaches, then other steel claws will slap labels on the cans, slip them into the right cartons, and hustle them into waiting boxcars.

It is not unlikely that many of

these robot-packed peaches will be sold in the robot grocery store of Clarence Saunders, who calls his strange emporium the "Keedoozle." Here, the shopper merely makes her selection, turns a key, and her entire assortment of purchases is combined, sacked, billed, and delivered from a chute at the front end of the robot grocery.

In the wake of the robot come many problems: labor leaders are fretting about technological unemployment, sociologists are stewing over the vast leisure time which will be opened up to millions of Americans in the next 20 years. Indeed, sociologists and engineers say it is possible that the worker of the future, with our own lifetime, may not have to labor more than ten hours a week in order to satisfy all the needs of both society and his own family.

Despite the new problems raised by robot wizardry, scientists agree that the robotization of society is fast approaching and that it would be the height of folly and stupidity to place obstacles in the path of mechanization.

In Chicago, there is a secretarial office where thousands of letters are typed each day—and yet no human secretaries work there! A battery of electric typewriters, clicking away, form letters, writes 50 times as many letters as a staff of girls typists could turn out. There's no possibility of misspelling or grammatical mistakes either! Electronic experts already have produced an experimental typewriter which can smack out faithfully the words dictated into a mouthpiece.

lowly and clearly by a business man. At Princeton, New Jersey, enthusiasts for the robot are predicting that the bulk of weather forecasting in the future will be done by mechanical meteorologists. Automatic machinery will collect weather data, sift it, compare it, and transmit it to a central point where other robots will combine such details with information from other centers. Then the weather prediction will be broadcast mechanically, with a degree of accuracy human weather experts could not hope to achieve.

Until it was opened to the public last month, the most hush-hush robots in the world were those functioning at the Oak Ridge, Tennessee, atomic



plant. Here, a mere handful of human beings ride herd on 11 miles of instruments which tell them what the robots in the radioactive processing center are doing. Impervious to deadly radiation, the uncanny machines at Oak Ridge operate in an atmosphere which would prove fatal to any living thing.

Robot inspectors already are at work in every industrial city, checking everything from battleship armor plate to toothpaste tubes. Speaking of the latter product, the robot can detect a leak in the tube no human eye can spot—and that tube is yanked out swiftly by a robot arm and discarded.

On the farm, the robot is uncomplainingly performing some of the worst drudgery which formerly drove restless farm youths to the cities. Robots candle eggs, milk cows, count sheep, and open doors for cattle. Mechanical gadgets shovel out silage; blowers automatically clean stables. Even the prosaic chore of pitching hay will be eliminated soon, for a new machine is available which gathers up the hay and bales it on the field.

Nut-packers who took their problems to the engineers at Oregon State College came away with a machine that can pick nuts. Similar to a mammoth vacuum cleaner, it sucks up nuts, blows off leaves and dirt, and tenderly removes the husks.

In a New York restaurant, the world's busiest people now eat meals served by mechanized waiters. They write out their orders, slip them into a slot, and within five minutes a robot pushes dinner up through a hole in the center of the table.

And there's no tipping at this restaurant either, because—after all—where can a robot spend his money?

Just recently Tallulah Bankhead acted as quizmaster on the half-hour radio show with the Quiz Kids. After the show, the press agent approached her and said enthusiastically, "The Quiz Kids were thrilled to death to meet you, Miss Bankhead. They've been reading up on your life all week."

"Hell," cried Tallulah, "what a thing for children to read!"



"Some of the fellows out at the ball park suggested that I drop by."

TEMPERAMENT TAMER



A love of music, a lot of nerve, and two dozen o-yos have made Sol Hurok successful in a lucky business.

by WALT MASTERS

AS any lion and tiger man will tell you, his job of subduing wild beasts is a cinch compared to Sol Hurok's. For Sol takes fire-breathing tenors and makes them meek as kittens; he can corner a hair-throwing ballerina and in five minutes have her purring with contentment.

"Any impresario worth his salt must be able to take temperament on his stride," says Hurok casually. "If he can't handle emotional artists, then he should stick to something safer, like selling insurance or manufacturing underwear!"

This cocksure little man, who once was a bottle washer and a peddler of needles and pins, has been hailed by the cautious *New York Times* as "one who has done more for music than the inventor of the phonograph." Sol thinks the *Times*' music critic is correct, for he has taken the Russian Ballet to the cow towns of Texas, operated notables to whistle-stops on the prairies.

His present ace in the hole, the Ballet Theatre, grosses \$2,000 per engagement and gives around 150 performances a season. Sol will book the Ballet into an Oklahoma oil town or a county fair, provided there is an honest buck in the engagement for the troupe and himself.

Civic leaders find him straining at the bit to bring a little culture to a community and some financial profit to his artists. When Detroit bigwigs during the war gloomily confessed that half the city's war workers had never heard a great singer or a symphony, Sol was perturbed.

"Don't book high-cost talent into Detroit," his colleagues warned Sol. "It's a graveyard for impresarios — you'll lose the soles of your shoes there!"

But Hurok talked with grimy mechanics and assembly-line workers and listened to the jingle of money in their pockets. Acting on impulse, he personally underwrote a Detroit music festival for \$50,000. Lily Pons, Kostelanetz, the Ballet Theater and other attractions inundated the city.

The box office hung out the S.R.O. sign, Detroit got real music, and Hurok and his artists had the satisfaction of serving the moneyed masses instead of the classes.

HUROK started life as the son of a Russian hardware dealer 60 years ago. He found hardware a thumping bore and hurried to the United States as soon as he had stashed away enough rubles for passage.

"I went to Philadelphia with three rubles in my pocket," Hurok recalls. "Why Philadelphia? Because Benjamin Franklin achieved fame there, and I figured that what was good enough for Franklin was good enough for Hurok."

But Philadelphia at first took a dim view of the aggressive little fellow who spoke murderous English. To eat, Sol had to peddle needles and pins from house to house. His next job was washing soda pop bottles for a dollar a day.

A job in a mattress factory, a short-term career as a trolley conductor, and hard work as a wrapper of newspapers convinced Hurok that there were more pleasant ways to earn a living than any he'd yet tried.

Music always had commanded his thoughts and few dollars. Whenever he had coins left over from his meager pay, he bought tickets for concerts and stood in the galleries through interminable symphonies. Indeed, little Sol once pinched pennies for five weeks in order to amass enough money to stand on aching feet through a five-hour presentation of *Parsifal*.

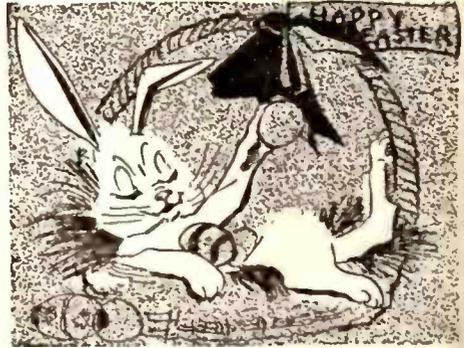
It was the famed violinist, Efrem Zimbalist, who gave Sol his first break as a would-be impresario. Hurok was selling autos in Philadelphia when the violinist dropped in to look at a car.

Boldly, Sol said, "Mr. Zimbalist, I can promote a huge concert for you if you'll shave your usual fee in half!"

Zimbalist stared at the brassy youngster. Sardonicly, he agreed to play for \$500 instead of the regular

\$1,000, and Sol feverishly went to work publicizing the concert and luring customers. It was such a success that musicians and their bookers were impressed by the formerly unknown Philadelphia lad.

Thenceforth, Hurok dropped nee-



dles, pins, bottles and autos, and became a concert impresario for life. He startled New York music circles in 1915 by presenting top concerts in the old Hippodrome for a dollar and less. When Brooklynites complained they couldn't find the Hippodrome, Hurok printed thousands of maps and had them thrown on porches and in stores.

There was a time, for example when the boy wonder—he was then just 21 years old—raised charity funds for a Brooklyn philanthropy by daringly renting Madison Square Garden with no cash but plenty of nerve.

The concerts played to Standing Room Only, the charity filled its coffers, and artists screamed to change managers and enlist the efforts of Sol Hurok, impresario.

A gambler as well as a music lover, little Hurok never hesitates to be

his bankroll on real artistry. When everybody said ballets were flops, Hurok raised \$75,000 to import the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo to the United States. It cleaned up in metropolitan and tank-town alike. Sol makes a pile year after year from this one attraction alone.

Hurok disdains written contracts. Artists the world over say his word is gilt-edged. Once, radio singer Jan Peerce worked an entire year for Hurok before he remembered that there was no written agreement between them. They had been too busy to think of such a business detail.

It was the great Pavlova who bestowed the diminutive nickname of "Hurokchik" on the little musical dynamo. Sol is said to have netted a quarter-million dollars in four years of booking Pavlova. He was her faithful servant and wise counselor, and knew how to restore her calm after every explosion of fiery temperament.

The story is told of the great Spanish dancer, Escudero, who was notorious for monumental temper tantrums. On one occasion, his emotions were so surcharged that his valet was

afraid to enter his dressing room and confront the screaming dancer.

Sol Hurok rose to the occasion with aplomb. He calmly walked in Escudero's room while anxious stage hands prepared to catch him when he was tossed out.

"Hey, Escudero, I brought you a present!" Sol piped cheerily. The dancer glowered and looked suspiciously at the small object Hurok extended toward him.

"Take it—it won't bite—it's a yo-yo!" purred Sol, making the yo-yo climb up and down the string.

"I like that toy," said Escudero regally. "It is very funny." And he spent an hour working the yo-yo while his temper tantrum subsided, and the theater management breathed in relief.

Sol knew a good thing when he saw it. He promptly went out and bought two dozen more yo-yos, to have around when other artists got temperamental. The playthings have worked like magic, helping Sol to keep his string of high-voltage entertainers performing profitably.

Fashion Floated Down, Too!

THE airmen flying the air lift to storm-ridden Indians in New Mexico didn't realize they were sending down a fashion note, too. But leave it to the women—the Navajo squaws this time.

The bright yellow nylon of the parachutes has become part of their dress. The squaws grabbed it up with bargain-basement speed.

The yellow adds to the gypsy-like apparel of the Indians who thread a mean needle and weave colorful blankets and rugs.

The style on the reservation, incidentally, is the long, hippy new look. It has been for the past 80 years, ever since the Navajos were corralled by Kit Carson near Albuquerque and the squaws copied the fashion of women of the Civil War era.

But even if the tailoring is old stuff, the nylon is new—and that's the important thing!

It's a Clammy Deal!

SO you think you have trouble keeping your secrets! Listen to the tale of the Pismo Clam. He has no privacy at all.

Each year, a research team of the California Fish and Game Division goes about digging up the clams at Pismo Beach—just for information. The clams are taken to a laboratory, they're inspected with everything but a fluoroscope, they're tagged, they're watched for a while, their ages are recorded, and then they're finally returned unharmed to their holes on the beach.

It's all a part of the Fish and Game Division's program of forecasting how the clam season will be four or five years hence, and the annual clam count is listed as one of the most remarkable and most accurate of all wild-life population reports.

The clam, despite this invasion of privacy, is one of the most accommodating seashore inhabitants this side of chowder. He doesn't move around and normally doesn't dig more than a foot deep in the sand. This makes him easy to reach, of course. He's easy to study because he stays shut up like a clam, and the rings on his shells are never wrong in telling his age. A new ring appears every year.

Since it takes about five years for a clam to reach a legal size of five inches, the experts on fishes—and this chowder fodder is a shellfish—can predict the population five years in advance.

The census is used to set future bag limits, and it also can reveal violations of the fish and game code. For the guy who gets caught, the experts who dig, and the clam itself, it's a clammy deal any way you look at it!

A Royal Snafu

WHILE King Gustavus III of Sweden visited Paris about 1780, he was met by an enthusiastic deputation of educators from the Sorbonne, France's outstanding university.

"We wish to congratulate Your Royal Highness on having such a remarkable man as Scheele in your Kingdom," said the spokesman of the committee.

Not a close follower of scientific developments, King Gustavus didn't know Scheele was the discoverer of magnesium. Silently, the Swedish monarch was thoroughly ashamed. That same day, he dispatched a courier to his palace with instructions for the Prime Minister to raise Scheele immediately "to the title and dignity of a count."

"But who is Scheele?" asked the puzzled Prime Minister—who wasn't a follower of science either. He instructed a secretary to inquire into the matter, and to find Scheele.

Within hours, the secretary proudly reported he had found Scheele. "He's a lieutenant of the artillery, a good shot with small arms, and a first-rate billiard player," reported the secretary.

The descendants of Scheele still enjoy some benefits derived from their lucky progenitor, for without delay the artillery lieutenant was made a count.

Meanwhile, Karl Wilhelm Scheele, the scientist who contributed so much to the world's knowledge of chemistry, remained a simple burgher.



A Western movie consists of three things—gettin' on a horse, gettin' off a horse, and shootin'.



SIGNALS OF Mouth Cancer

By cooperating with your dentist, you can avoid most of the threat of this common form of cancer.

by CHARLES A. LEVINSON, D.M.D.

I HAD just selected my favorite magazine at the neighborhood drugstore. As I placed my money on the counter, my eyes focused on a brightly colored tin can nearby. On its label were these words: "Every three minutes someone dies of cancer."

As I left the store and started to walk home, I reflected on those I knew who had died of cancer.

First, there was my father-in-law who died of cancer of the stomach—a neglected case. My wife's friend, Ann, passed away a few years ago, a victim of cancer of the intestines. Then there was old Mr. P., a patient of mine, who developed cancer of the tongue and died after great suffering.

I also thought of two relatives, each of whom was afflicted with cancer of the right breast. These malignant breasts were removed surgically—one patient died, the other survived. The latter caught it in the nick of time.

Cancer, the number two killer of humanity, is as old as the hills. It has been plaguing man and woman alike for a great many centuries. It knows no respecter of age or sex, but strikes at young and old, men and women, married and single.

Many victims of this dread disease are found in the under-21 age group, and in some cases babies are born with cancer. However, it is in the middle-aged group that cancer takes its biggest toll. About 170,000 persons died of cancer last year. Unless we take care and cooperate with the medical and dental profession, the number of deaths from cancer will be much greater this year.

Cancer is not a disease caused by a germ or infection. It is a disease which for some unknown reason develops within the body and, if not stopped in time, eventually kills its victims. Cancer is not contagious or communicable. It is definitely not hereditary.

THIS number two killer—heart disease being number one—can afflict any part of the human body. Lately a great many cases of mouth cancer have been detected which, without early treatment, could have resulted in the death of the patient.

It is important to remember that the dentist is the first one to see 50 per cent of all mouth cancers. Your dentist is in an excellent position to discover early signs of cancer

*Reprinted from "Your Health,"
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of the mouth and tongue which, if diagnosed in time, may be successfully treated. That is one of the most important reasons for visiting your dentist every six months for periodic mouth check-ups.

However, don't wait for the semi-annual check-up visit to your dentist if you feel a painless lump or thickening in the lips or tongue, or if you are troubled with persistent hoarseness or unexplained difficulty in swallowing. These may be danger signals. See your dentist and physician *immediately*. Remember that it is only in the early stages of cancer that a definite cure can be established. It is the foolish notion of waiting—putting it off because you are scared—that causes so many hopeless cases of cancer. If cancer's many victims had been wise enough to seek early treatment, they might be alive today.

Cancer of the mouth is the most easily preventable form of cancer. Dental science has discovered that uncleanliness of the mouth and chronic

The Author

A former member of the dental staff of the Evening Clinic of the Harvard University Dental School, Dr. Levinson is at present Examining and Consulting Dentist for leading food and insurance companies in Massachusetts and other states. He has contributed many articles to professional and lay publications, and is author of two books—*Food, Teeth and Larceny*, and *The Examining Dentist in Food Hazard Cases*.

infection of the gums and teeth seem to be definitely associated with mouth cancers. These conditions can be corrected if we see the dentist in time.

IF ONE has early cancer of the lip, the dentist will immediately detect it because it is so conspicuous. Lip cancers develop from protruding or sharp or jagged teeth, sunburn, tobacco usage, and irritation from pipe smoking. Cancer of the lip in women cigarette smokers, for instance, is definitely increasing. Carpenters and shoemakers can develop cancer of the lip from the continual irritation of holding nails and tacks in their mouths.

Cancer of the tongue can originate from tartar deposits, sharp jagged roots left in the mouth, decayed broken teeth, imperfectly fitting denture or bridges, gold inlays or silver fillings with sharp corners—all of which continually irritate the tongue. Usually in cancer of the tongue we also find a very unclean mouth.

Those persons who wear partial or full dentures (plates) should have them checked every year so as to avoid the danger of a chronic irritation to the gum tissues, with a possible resultant cancerous condition of the mouth.

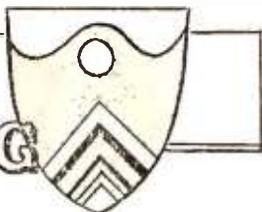
The early stages of cancer of the mouth, in most cases, can be recognized by any competent dentist. He will refer the patient so afflicted to one or more of the only three proven means of treatment: surgery, X-ray and radium.

Do not be duped by the great number of fraudulent remedies that are advertised as possible cures for cancer. Competent treatment is of the utmost importance in affecting a cure. Never be satisfied with less.

(Continued on page 18)

Big Name

HUNTING



The wise child knows his own father—and lets it go at that!

by HAROLD H. BOWES

A CHICAGO business man who made several million dollars from lucrative war contracts decided that the one thing lacking in his new and easier life was a coat of arms.

After a call at the Newberry Library in Chicago, haunt of ancestor-hunters who prowl through its genealogical files, the magnate was advised to retain a professional family tree specialist before asking a heraldic expert to prepare the coat of arms.

"I spent \$5,000 on genealogical research, and after six months the expert showed me irrefutable proof that my great-grandfather had been lynched as a cattle rustler," the millionaire confided to friends over a couple of cocktails. "Now my wife is broken-hearted and won't talk to me because she had her heart set on a coat of arms for our new car and our stationery."

Actually, the war-rich Chicagoan probably saved money, for \$5,000 isn't considered much moola for family tree research by the handful of well-paid professionals who climb the ranches searching for illustrious ancestors.

In Connecticut, for example, one family paid out a cool \$300,000 for a research job which had experts scuttling in musty libraries in France, England and Scotland in their search

for proof of noble lineage. The genealogists came up with a handful of excellent ancestors, but no noblemen. They collected their fees, notwithstanding.

In the genealogist's work, there is no such thing as a hurry-up job. You can't expect proof of ancestry in a few days or weeks, no matter how enticing you make the fee. One rich man hired a genealogist full time for a period of five years, in order to claim a lineage of which he could boast.

The genealogist delivered the goods—a complicated chart in a velum cover, tied with red ribbons. The tab was \$40,000 for the five-year term of service, and the client bragged that he had copped his family tree "for peanuts."

One man who knows the ancestor business inside and out is Fred Virkus of Chicago, a courtly, white-haired man who heads the Institute of American Genealogy. He deplors the lack of family knowledge prevalent in 80 per cent of all American homes. "Most of us," he says mournfully, "do not know our ancestors other than our grandparents—and sometimes not even them."

The main trouble is, say Virkus and other family tree climbers, that most individuals confuse surnames with ancestry. Miss Mary Washington, for example, a prim, colorless fourth-grade teacher, has believed all

her life that she is a descendant of George Washington. How come?

"I heard my grandmother say so. Besides it's our family name!"

Actually, she hasn't the slightest claim to kinship with the father of our country, having combined wishful thinking and her surname into a fixed idea that she is very great shakes socially, indeed.

An identical last name might signify something to the trained genealogist, but more often it is pure coincidence if your final monicker is the same as that of one of history's great personages.

Consider the numerous claims to ancestors who were knights in the medieval days. Experts dourly shake their heads at these, asserting that only one person out of every twenty claimants to knightly ancestry has any right to assert such forebears.

If you want to make the first steps in shaking the leaves on your own family tree, your first task is to interview your oldest living relatives, be they grandparents or great-aunts. This isn't a simple job. Most elderly people have a disregard for accuracy. It's wise to check their claims with family papers and the fly-leaves of old Bibles.

You'll find that Uncle Sam has unwittingly become the No. 1 friend of the genealogists. That's because Uncle's old census books, and the records of the military pension department in the veterans' bureau at Washington, frequently prove to be treasure troves of authentic family information. Many lawsuits involving fat estates have been settled on the

basis of evidence unearthed by ancestor sleuths digging through Washington's endless archives.

In your search for a sturdy, respectable, and perhaps illustrious family tree, you should learn the church affiliations and places of residence of long-dead relatives. Many a country church registry book has provided the missing link in the chain of information needed to complete an authentic family background chart.

Even if you're a beagle at research your best efforts may get you back only to the sixth generation. Beyond that point, you'll probably have to hire a genealogist. Though some of these professionals earn as much as \$12,000 a year, you can hire a competent researcher for as little as \$1.50 an hour. Even at that modest rate your total bill can become overwhelming, for no legitimate ancestor-hunter can promise you that he will complete an assignment in an exact period of time.

Best estimates are that American spend around \$10,000,000 annually for this type of service. There are 2,300 qualified genealogists, well trained and utterly devoted to their work. Many are snobs; they get their way from exhuming bygone knight and solons.

But the majority of men and women who possess the endless patience required to track down ancestors are earnest, hard-working people who average around \$5,000 a year for their efforts. Travel expenses are paid by the client.

Mr. Virkus' Institute of American Genealogy is called by its pres

dent "the clearing house for American family trees." That's because the Institute has on file the names of 425,000 ancestors of living Americans—a golden treasure which gives it dignity and status as the largest collection of family tree information in the country.

Genealogists tend to become highly specialized. Take Mrs. Isaac Powell of Chicago—she works chiefly at uncovering ancestors with New York Dutch backgrounds. Another woman advertises that she is a whiz at tracing family trees back to Magna Charta days. And several genealogists have adapted big business methods to their strange profession: they use portable microfilm machines and make their own records of priceless and fragile church registries and library books.

Not all genealogical research is one to tickle the vanity of well-to-

about possible ancestors, found many clues and made friends among people bearing his surname. A dozen such individuals teamed up with him to form their own genealogical society. They now meet once a year for a social clambake and the exchange of genealogical information.

There are 350,000 members of 64 "old line" patriotic societies in the United States. In all of them, genuine proof of colonial ancestry is required before a membership card is issued. Among these societies are the Daughters of the American Revolution, Sons of Revolutionary Sires, Colonial Dames of America, and the Society of the Cincinnati.

Operating on the fringes of the ancestor-tracing profession are scores of phony genealogists and money-grubbing "heraldic specialists" who will provide anybody with a family tree and a water color coat of arms for a sawbuck. There's no law to keep them from selling phony family trees, and the supply of gullible purchasers is unending. But the real McCoy in the genealogical profession look on such merchants with the same disdain a bank president bestows on a loan shark.

If you are intent on grabbing off a family coat of arms, think for a moment of the sad experience of one family which paid \$75 for a "guaranteed" shield to hang over their fireplace. When it was proudly unveiled to admiring neighbors, one sourpuss spoiled the evening by calling attention to the fact that the "coat of arms" was the same emblem used on the gas tanks of a well-known oil company!



o people. Lawyers with tough estate problems have to be certain of their facts when ancestry is in doubt; a great fortune may be lost for want of some urgent genealogical research.

Other individuals who have taken to family tree climbing purely as a hobby have made new and interesting friends as a result of their pastime. A Des Moines, Iowa, man, writing to various cities for information



Tom Collins Says...

When it comes to girls, even conservatives don't mind liberal views.

▲
A woman never loaf; she shops, entertains and visits.

▲
One of the greatest labor-saving devices of today is tomorrow.

▲
Keep your mind on your work, not your work on your mind.

▲
An executive is a man who wears his frown on his assistant's face.

▲
No prejudice has ever been able to prove its case in the court of reason.

▲
The height of delicacy was displayed by the flagpole sitter who, when his wife died, sat at half-mast.

▲
According to toilet soap ads, love is a skin affection.

▲
A need of the times is a typewriter that will make a noncommittal wiggle when you aren't sure about the spelling.

▲
A man may fall several times, but he isn't a failure until he starts saying someone pushed him.

▲
One thing worse than being alone is being with someone who makes being alone a pleasure.

▲
When a man sings his own praises he invariably pitches the tune too high.

▲
Prejudice is being positive about something negative.

▲
When a man insults a woman, he is expected to apologize. When a woman insults a man, she thinks he has it coming to him.

▲
A burlesque show is where the actresses assume that everyone is from Missouri.

▲
An officer of ancient Rome was called away to the wars. Just before he left, he locked his beautiful young wife in armor and gave the key to his best friend with the admonition, "If I don't return within six months, use this key. To you, my true and loyal friend, I entrust it." He then galloped off to battle.

About ten miles from home, he saw a cloud of dust approaching from behind, and drew in his reins. Soon his trusted friend came dashing up, shouting, "Wait, you gave me the wrong key!"

FISH DANCE AT MIDNIGHT



The grunion hunt is California's newest seaside craze.

by ROSCOE A. POLAND

PROBABLY if someone from outside California mentioned that he had seen thousands of glittering fish dancing on their tails on a moonlit beach, people would think him the possessor of an active imagination or slightly crazy. But such strange dances actually do take place every year along the Pacific Coast from Monterey to Lower California. The gyrations are performed by hordes of slender, shining fish called grunion. Their swaying performance is one act of a remarkable drama of nature.

The grunion is a clean, bluish-silver little fellow, classified as a member of the silversides family. He's very tasty when cooked, but doesn't interest professional fishermen, for his full-grown length is only seven inches.

However, he does fascinate hundreds of people with his spawning habits, which are weird enough to provide inspiration for a surrealist painting. Flashing in on the high tides of either the new or full moon, grunion come to the beaches to spawn during the period from early March to August, with the largest runs occurring from the middle of April to June.

Spawning is done between waves when the fish are completely out of the water. The female bores into the

soft sand with her tail and wiggles down until she is half-covered. Each female is accompanied by several males, perhaps half a dozen or more. While spawning, the fish whirl, twist and spin like fantastic dancers.

The fertilized eggs are deposited beyond the reach of the waves, where they stay until the next high tides two weeks later. The onrush of high water undermines the sheltering sand and exposes the eggs. Immediately upon exposure, the baby grunion burst forth from the eggs and are carried out to sea. As both spawning and hatching take place late at night, eggs and hatched-out small fry are protected from hungry sea birds.

After spawning, the parent fish ride back to the ocean on the very next wave—unless caught by the clutching hands of a grunion hunter. These runs provide exciting midnight sport to people of all ages. No one is too amateurish a fisherman to catch them, for they may be caught by hand only. That's the law—no lines, nets or scoops are allowed. This law was enacted to stop the once wasteful practice of netting thousands of the tiny fellows just for sport. Before legal control was established, the beaches were littered with piles of unused fish cast aside by greedy hunt-

ers. A closed season during April and May further protects the tasty, silvery fish from extinction.

But during the open season, there's exciting fun for all who come to the grunion hunts. Bonfires crackle on the beaches as crowds anxiously await midnight, the hour hordes of fish are expected to arrive.

Suddenly, the shimmering advance guard of grunion appears. With shouts of, "Here they come!" the crowd, each member of it eager to grab the first fish, scrambles and splashes into the water. There are shrieks as some few unfortunates slip in the wet sand and fall headlong among the quivering mass of fish. Struggling beginners clutch wildly at the squirming, flopping grunion. Experienced fishers deftly palm the little fish and quickly slip them into gunny sacks or flour bags. These make the best containers, but many people are seen filling buckets, dish pans, milk bottles and even boxes with the silvery catch.

During a good run, grunion fling themselves forward in such numbers that it's hard to avoid trampling them. But being at the beach at the right time to snare the large runs is not simply a matter of luck. Careful pre-

dictions of the time of arrival are worked out by scientists; however, the actual appearance of runs can't be guaranteed any more than election results or spring weather.

On the night of a predicted run, only a few fish may appear. Again, they may be numerous, but for some reason stay in the deep water off shore. Once an impatient crowd of about 200 persons waiting at San Diego's Mission Beach was rewarded with one lone grunion. The scheduled run failed to show up in spite of perfect conditions—high tide and a full moon.

It is thought that a true run lasts only one or two nights. The times when but a few scattered fish show up are called "lulls." The grunion hunters then have to be satisfied with having had a nice beach picnic.

But those who persist are rewarded with an unforgettable experience. Few spectators can resist the urge to join the noisy crowd and scoop up handfuls of fish.

"And the best part of all," say veteran grunion hunters, "is the eating. There's nothing more delectable than those tender, tasty little fish, fried over a blazing beach fire in the moonlight."

DANGER SIGNALS OF MOUTH CANCER

(Continued from page 12)

Seek good advice from your local health authorities. They will give you information about where to obtain proper treatment.

Remember that most cancers can definitely be cured if they are detected in time and properly treated.

They must be caught before any malignant cells have broken away from the site of the original cancer and spread havoc through the blood stream to other parts of the body.

Don't procrastinate! Don't you be a victim of Killer Number Two.

A THOUSAND FEET



TO F A M E

*Of the few remaining craftsmen,
Sam Seifter is perhaps the greatest.*

by ELLIS MICHAEL

SHOEMAKER Samuel H. Seifter once made a pair of men's patent leather shoes that he considered so perfect, he couldn't bring himself to part with them. So he made up a second pair for his customer and kept the originals himself. Today — 35 years later — he still displays the shoes proudly, considers them his finest work.

To Seifter, making shoes is more than a matter of stitching soles or hammering nails into heels. It's an art, requiring the skill and creative inspiration of painting or sculpturing.

Seifter, who refers to himself as a "custom bootmaker," has been building shoes to individual order for 54 years. At present, he's one of some ten remaining bootmakers in the United States. He has made shoes for Lillian Russell, United States Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, John Barrymore, movie producer Mervyn LeRoy, and dozens of other notables. Yet, despite the thousands of pairs he's designed and built, he still considers each new order for shoes as much of a challenge as an artist would an order for an oil painting.

Recently, a well-dressed man strode into his little shop located on West 52nd Street near New York's mid-

town area. Under one arm the man carried a pair of black dress oxfords. Thinking he was in an ordinary shoe-repair shop, he asked to have his shoes resoled. Seifter examined the oxfords carefully. Finally, he offered to do the job — for \$18.

"I tried to tell the customer that repairing his shoes wouldn't be easy," he explains wryly. "You see, they were unbalanced to begin with. In order to balance them properly, I would have had to design a new type of sole." The startled customer, however, couldn't grasp the aesthetic problem involved. Instead, he snatched up his oxfords and beat a hurried retreat.

Ordinarily, Sam Seifter charges anywhere from \$75 to \$200 for a pair of custom-built shoes. His most expensive pair, however, set an actor with badly fallen arches back \$250.

A vigorous, bespectacled little man of 72, he is gifted with the sensitive touch of a violinist. By passing his fingers over a customer's ankle bone, interior and exterior arch and metatarsal, he gets a "mental picture" of how the shoe should be built. He also takes into account the customer's height, weight and stride. These factors tell him exactly how the shoe must be balanced.

Bootmaker Seifter's most important and painstaking task is modeling wooden replicas—or "master lasts"—of the customer's feet. He may re-

quire a dozen visits before he's satisfied that he has done a perfect job. Then the shoe itself is built on the last.

Sam is a sentimental old man who enjoys his work, and can reel off stories about it for hours at a time. His most interesting customer, he reminisces, was E. Barry Wall, a wealthy dandy of the Gay Nineties era. Wall had a pair of shoes for each suit of clothing. Whenever he had a new waistcoat made, he would order the tailor to send Seifter a piece of the same type of cloth, specifying that it was to be used in lining the interior of his shoes.

John Barrymore, while trying on a pair of new shoes just before his death, roared, "You know Sam, these shoes are so comfortable, I wouldn't mind being buried in them." Shortly afterward, the Great Profile was laid to rest. He was wearing that very pair of shoes.

For genuine charm and friendliness, Lillian Russell was tops in Seifter's book. "Considering that she was a great big woman, she had the smallest, most perfect feet I've ever seen," he recalls wistfully. Today, he still displays in his shop window a delicately finished high-button shoe that he made for Miss Russell in 1901.

Nowadays, one of Sam's favorite customers is Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Douglas, who rarely gets to New York, has his shoes delivered by parcel post or express. Each time he receives a new pair, he sends the little bootmaker a telegram, congratulating him on his latest bit of shoemaking wizardry.

Most customers who come to Seifter with foot trouble find that their aches and pains disappear after they've worn his shoes for awhile. Last spring, a 64-year-old, retired policeman limped into his shop, leaning on a cane. He explained that he'd spent a small fortune caring for an acute case of flat feet, but without success. Two weeks after Sam finished his shoes, the former cop was back still carrying his walking stick. Without a word, he broke the cane in half, handed the pieces to the bootmaker. "Please keep this as a souvenir," he said. "I'll never need the damned thing again."

Seifter made elevator shoes for diminutive customers long before shoe manufacturers took up the idea. He also has made old-fashioned shoes for actors appearing in Broadway pe-



"The walk will do us good."

riod productions. Until recently, he made shoes for women as well as men. But he's given that up. He explains that most women can't see the point in spending \$100 for a pair of shoes that might go out of style next month.

Sam will design and build any style of shoe. Some customers are as vain about their shoe fashions as a Park Avenue dowager is about an exclusive hat. He's often been asked to design shoes that cannot be duplicated easily. During the years he's had some unusual requests.

One of his customers, a wealthy restaurant owner, bet a shoe-manufacturer friend \$1000 that he could buy a pair of shoes the manufacturer couldn't duplicate. The shoe executive, unaware that his friend intended having the shoes designed by Seifter, accepted the wager. For two months the manufacturer's workmen tried to duplicate the style and workmanship, finally gave up. In desperation, the shoe magnate came to Seifter, offered him \$300 to make up another pair. The bootmaker refused. It would have been unethical, he explains, inasmuch as the restaurant owner had made him take an oath never to make another pair in the same design.

Active beyond his 72 years, Seifter doesn't look over 50. He opened his first shop when he was 17. Extremely youthful-looking, he had to grow a mustache in order to gain the

confidence of potential customers.

Twice married, Sam has a daughter living in California. Several years ago, motion picture producer Mervyn LeRoy asked him why he didn't move to Hollywood to take greater advantage of the cinema trade. "I told him that New York is where bootmaking started and flourished in this country," Seifter says, looking down at a melange of French, Swiss and Russian restaurants below his shop windows. "I don't think I could do my work without this New York hustle and bustle. The atmosphere gives me inspiration."

Seifter predicts that custom bootmaking will die out completely in ten more years. No apprentices have entered the field for more than two decades. Thus there is no method by which bootmaking secrets can be passed down to posterity, he explains regretfully.

In addition to the lasts which he keeps on hand to fill current shoe orders, Sam also maintains a collection of more than 1000 others, dating back to the turn of the century. Many of the customers for whom they were made have long since passed away. Why doesn't he get rid of them?

"These lasts are my life's work," he retorts with dignity. "How can I throw them away? Does an artist discard a painting of which he is proud, just because it has no commercial value?"



The Kansas City police recently discovered the body of a Chinese in his hotel room. In a curt summation of the facts, the WHB newsgatherer covering the event reported: "Coroner estimates subject dead at least a week. Slow maid service."

It Isn't Human . . .

ALL them lower forms of life if you want to, but animals, mollusks and insects certainly do add new complications.

In Los Angeles, an estranged couple went before Judge Elmer D. Doyle to fight for custody of their highly-trained two-year-old cocker spaniel, Kelly. Said the wife, "Kelly can say 'I love mama' but can't even say 'papa'." Kelly demonstrated his exceptional prowess. Said the judge, "Custody goes to the wife forthwith." Said the husband, "Uncle!"

● ● ●

George Brown, a British Columbia farmer, isn't a reformer, but when his cows got so plastered they laid down while being milked . . . well, that was too much.

Brown reported the intoxication to a testing association, which found the wayward cows became pie-eyed from eating fallen apples which had fermented.

● ● ●

In the insect world, butterflies go on binges too. At Pacific Grove, California, the Monarch butterflies come back every year just like the swallows do at Capistrano. Celebrating their most recent arrival, the Monarchs drank too much milkweed juice and then hung upside down on pine tree branches to sleep off their hangovers.

Still woozy, some of them flew into electric lights and were burned to death. Consequently, butterfly lovers asked cancellation of the annual celebration given in honor of the Monarchs.

● ● ●

In San Diego, a snail figured in a lawsuit. A contractor was charged with failing to put thresholds for doors in a \$25,000 home. As a result, a snail of the common garden variety entered the house and was picked up and eaten by a small daughter, the plaintiff complained.

● ● ●

A mouse broke up a trial in Baltimore. It ran up the bailiff's arm as he tried to chase it away from the judge's desk, and then scampered all over the place. A sudden recess was called when the mischievous rodent ran under the jury box. The jury included four women.

● ● ●

There's been considerable backfence talking at Owosso, Michigan. James Ockerman shot at what he thought was a weasel in his backyard. It turned out to be a rare mink from the farm of Charles Isham, a neighbor, and was worth \$250. Ockerman's marksmanship was too good.

● ● ●

The United States Senate knows the price of mink on the hoof, too. The senators passed a bill allowing A. J. Sprouffske \$2,079 damages. Sprouffske charged that low-flying planes over his mink farm at Roy, Washington, so disturbed Ma and Pa Mink that they killed their young in frustration.

● ● ●

The government also knows about wasps. Two species of a small black variety have been imported to help fight the Japanese beetle. Something else to look forward to on your next picnic!



Slow Down and



Exercise is the young man's fun, the old man's folly.

by JIM NEWELL

THEY buried Sam Warren recently, and everybody at the funeral said the same thing, "What a pity; he had so many good years left!" Sam's friends were right, for at 45 a man should look forward confidently to another 20 years of rich and satisfying living.

Actually, though not intentionally, Sam committed suicide on the tennis court. He was proud of his agility and proud of his deft handling of a tennis racket—so much so that when his college-age son yelled, "Come on, Dad, how about a fast set?" Sam was reluctant to turn him down, even though he was physically tired from a long business trip by car.

Sam keeled over in the fifth game while the sun was shining mercilessly on his bare head. The doctor came soon but it was too late; an embolism had caused immediate death, brought on by over-exertion.

Of the 30,000,000 Americans between the ages of 40 and 60, at least half believe that they must participate vigorously in strenuous sports if they are not to be labeled as dated, or "squares," by the impatient teen-age crowd. Others exercise diligently, wearing themselves out in the process, because they have the erroneous idea that daily, tiring exercise is the highway to health.

As a matter of fact, you'll live longer if you slow down, says Dr. Peter Steincrohn, an expert on over-exercise, who has written a book on the evils of strenuous athletics for middle-aged men. One man described by Dr. Steincrohn was a happy, 36-year-old executive who faithfully exercised 30 minutes each morning before breakfast. Every week, he went to the handball court, and was inordinately proud when the younger fellows would say, "Gosh, you'd never think he was 36! He gets around like a high school athlete."

He kept it up ten years and basked in glory as the local papers, every now and then, respectfully mentioned his handball prowess. His doctor warned him to slack off, but he pooh-poohed the words of caution, replying, "Exercise keeps me young in spirit as well as in body. I'd feel old if I didn't have my regular workout."

Then it happened: he died suddenly when his fearfully-enlarged heart became played out. His blood pressure had hit 220. Sedentary office associates were his pallbearers, while the young fellows he had tried to emulate said, "Poor old Joe, whatever happened? We thought he was good for another 40 years of handball."

If your summer vacation is nearing, heed the words of a prominent Chicago physician who says, "The months

of June, July and August are the killer months for the middle-aged business man who starts thinking he is a kid again. Portly corporation directors, who all year do nothing more strenuous than swivel in a chair, suddenly start playing 36 holes of golf, sailing, weight-lifting, and playing tennis. Small wonder that the doctors are busiest — and so are the undertakers—when vacation months roll around!"

Some middle-aged men who exercise to the point of overdoing it say, in self-justification, that it's the only way to keep their excess poundage at bay.

Doctors scoff at this belief. Says Dr. Donald Laird, famed authority on sleep, exercise, and reducing, "Even when you become exhausted by bending, twisting and stretching, in the desire to lose a few pounds, all you lose from your over-exertion is body water."

Weight reduction, of course, is accomplished principally by diet, and the middle-aged man who stuffs himself three times a day and then tries to lose flesh by a week end of murderous activity on the golf course or tennis court is kidding only himself. More important, he may be digging an early grave at the very time he thinks he is doing the most intelligent thing for the improvement of his health.

Women, too, can shorten their years or become invalids through over-exercise. Consider the case of the Kansas City housewife who enjoyed press notices on her golf ability in the country club tournaments. She did all her own housework, had three

children to care for, and shopped in crowded stores several days a week.

At 39, she was told by her doctor, "You think you are in peak physical condition, but you're not. When you shop on an average day downtown, you walk eight miles on the streets and through store aisles. That's a lot of exertion, when added to the physical effort required in raising children and caring for a six-room house. Better go easy on the golf!" She blithely disregarded his counsel, tackled 18 holes one broiling Saturday, and suffered a stroke which has kept her in bed for the last three years.

Some people exercise to the point of exhaustion in the hope that it will put them to sleep. But doctors know better. Such over-exertion stimulates the nervous system while depleting the reservoir of energy, and sleep becomes harder to court than before.

If you are hell-bent on vigorous exercise, then make certain that your body is prepared to stand the wear and tear such exercise entails. At the Rockefeller Foundation, they'll tell you that only seven out of every hundred Americans have an annual physical check-up. And yet, a periodic check-up is virtually life insurance for the middle-aged man or woman with a yen for golf, tennis or baseball. If such a check-up shows you should go easy on exercise, or avoid it completely, it is suicidal folly to take on 18 holes of golf on a hot day, followed by several cocktails and a rich dinner.

Occasionally, you may run across an oldster who seems none the worse

(Continued on page 35)

Yes, but would a camel walk a mile for you?



JEFF DAVIS and the CAMEL EXPRESS

by BARNEY SCHWARTZ

EVERYBODY gathered for the race in Sacramento's park that sunny afternoon. There were adventurers, gold miners, farmers, bartenders, Easterners in long black coats, river gamblers, ranch hands, cooks, Chinese laborers, a few Russians from Alaska, and a sprinkling of dancehall girls.

"Who ever heard of a camel race?" shouted one miner who was happy about word he'd just received at the assayer's office. Everybody laughed when he added, "Why, my burro can run faster than any of those long-shafted, double-humped, ugly-faced sons-o'-the-desert!"

Until that day, April 7, 1864, nobody had heard of such a race, and there hasn't been one since. Ten Bactrian camels, with saddles cinched tightly and riders up, were at the starting line. Anything could happen, and plenty did—all of it funny!

The camels, accustomed to carrying heavy cargo at a slow, steady gait, were a stubborn lot and refused to move when the starting gun was fired. They hated the saddles as much as they hated the people who continually whooped, shouted and laughed at them. Spurs dug deeply into their hairy sides, but they wouldn't run. One or two ambled out at a deliberate pace, but certainly not

in racing style. The others needed more coaxing and cussing—and got both. Finally, the race was a procession of slowly moving legs shuffling over the course.

One camel was well out in front as it turned into the last lap, and the crowd shouted loud approval. Maybe the unaccustomed noise caused the angry Bactrian to balk. Anyhow, it snorted and stopped stone still, and the others—like so many sheep—did the same.

Now the crowd roared with laughter as the rider tried every trick he knew. Spurs, the whip, soft talk and angry words couldn't budge the beast, and the situation became funnier by the minute. Finally, the rider leaped from the saddle, ran to a mule hitched nearby, mounted it, and spurred across the finish line.

The "race" was the talk of Sacramento and the outlying territory for weeks. It had been staged to collect money for a poverty-stricken citizen. The poor fellow got only \$100, which, in those days of sudden wealth and high prices, wasn't much.

However, so far as the history of the West was concerned, the race was more than just a comical event. It was a final scene in the drama of Jeff Davis and his camels, an imaginative attempt to utilize "ships of

the desert" as freight-carriers filling in the gap between the covered wagon and the "Iron Horse." Many West-erners had believed the plan practical, and found a staunch supporter in Jefferson Davis who, in 1853, was a senator from Mississippi.

"We've got to have them," Davis drawled in his rich Southern voice. "The men who are pushing through the wilderness are shouting for an animal that can go without water for days and still carry a heavy pack on its back."

He waged a vigorous fight, but rallied very little support. The idea gained impetus, however, when Lieutenant Edward Fitzgerald Beale, then superintendent of Indian Affairs in California and Nevada, traveled through Death Valley with Kit Carson. Beale was quick to realize the value camels would have in this waterless expanse, and immediately urged importation of them.

When Davis became secretary of war in President Pierce's cabinet, an appropriation of \$30,000 was set aside to buy 78 camels, and a commission was appointed to travel to the Orient to make the purchases.

The first shipment arrived at Indianola, south of Galveston, Texas, in 1855, after a storm-tossed trip in which everybody but the camels became seasick. The ocean was so rough that the animals had to be tied down in a kneeling position in the holds to keep them from rolling and endangering the stability of the ship. The camels, all Bactrians, accepted their strange fate in stoic silence.

They were anything but silent,

though, when they set foot on land. One observer reported they were so excited to feel sand under them again that they kicked, reared, tore up the pickets at the dock, broke their leather strappings and cried out in long screeches. Generally, they raised havoc before wide-eyed onlookers.

Once ashore, they were still a long way from their destination. The next stop was San Antonio. Some Oriental natives, brought along to keep the camels in check, proved utterly useless, so the Army officers and their aids were compelled to play nursemaid. The Bactrians attracted attention wherever they went. Americans had never seen camels before. In fact, before the Army commission went to the Orient, members of it had stopped at the London zoo to see what type of beast the camel was and to study its behavior.

Ugly and hateful as they were, the 28 camels which left San Antonio slogged across the southwestern desert to Fort Tejon, near Bakersfield, California—a distance of 1200 miles! For the next three years they carried freight and Army supplies. They could carry a thousand pounds without too much effort, a marked advantage over burros and horses. At one time they packed mail between Fort Tejon and Los Angeles.

Two things stood out as principal reasons for the collapse of the camel freight system. Neither the Indians nor the Mexicans of the Southwest were good at camel driving and camel care, and without qualified tenders the camel route couldn't be operated.

Also, this was an era of quick

change. The West was having growing pains. The railroad was nearly ready to link up East and West, and even as the locomotive chugged deeper and deeper into the new country, the camel project was considered a folly.

Meanwhile, notice came that Fort Tejon, the principal terminus of the freight system, was to be abandoned in 1861. Consequently, the Army began selling the camels as so much surplus.

They were auctioned off at Benicia, north of San Francisco, and as they passed through the Bay City, they became the big news of the day. An item in the enterprising San Francisco *Daily Evening Bulletin* reported on the procession and added, "Rancheros run wild with fear at the sight of them."

The auction was held on February 26, 1864. Samuel McLenaghan, who planned an overland freight system of his own, was the high bidder. McLenaghan took 31 of the camels to his ranch in Sonoma County, California, and they gave him little trouble. Those which "raced" at Sacramento in the West's one and only camel race were McLenaghan's. He had brought them to Sacramento for a hauling job, and it was then that some fun-loving resident suggested the contest.

After the event, the camels performed their proper task by carrying

a heavy load to the Nevada Territory. That was more their style.

McLanaghan eventually sold some of the animals. Some went to a concern which used them to haul express from California to St. Louis, a trip which they made in 20 days. Others were sold to a construction company for dragging and hauling building materials. A few men tried camel-raising as a business, without success.

Reports of wild camels became widespread a few years later. These reports, none of which proved true, were made mostly between 1880 and 1890 in Arizona and New Mexico. The State of Nevada even passed a law forbidding camels "from running at large on public highways." It made liable to a fine any person owning those which did amble about the desert unattended. There's no record of conviction nor even violation, and the law was taken off the books in 1889.

Before their swift passing, the camels of Jeff Davis played a role in the development of the West more important than the tonnage they carried on their two-humped backs. Their ludicrous labors called attention to the pressing need of faster, surer, more dependable transportation for a section of the nation which was bulging with activity, optimism, and promise for the future.



An American couple decided to send a play-pen to a friend in northern Canada on the arrival of her fourth child.

"Thank you so much for the pen," she wrote them. "It's wonderful—I sit in it every afternoon and read, and the children can't get near me."
—Edison Voice Writing.



*"Of course it's only temporary—until he gets
a darkroom downstairs!"*

Lawmaker, en garde!



VIOLENCE on the HILL

by JAMES L. HARTE

CAPITOL HILL, location of the seat of the Government of the United States, becomes simply "the Hill" to the person who has spent more than a week in Washington, D. C., and thus has become an authority. But few of the wide-eyed visitors who gaze in awe at the quiet dignity of the massive State buildings and well-groomed lawns realize that the Hill repeatedly has been the scene of bloody violence which sometimes threatens the people's representatives.

The little two-car electric monorail trolley that carries senators through subterranean corridors connecting the Senate Office Building with the Senate Wing of the Capitol is distinctive not merely because it is the only one of its kind in the country—even the lowlier members of the House of Representatives must walk through their subway—but because it is the spot where the most recent attack on a government official took place.

It was on July 12, 1947, a hot, humid day when the subway offered a cool retreat for the trip from office to place of work, that Ohio's Senator John W. Bricker emerged from the basement elevator of the Senate Office Building and prepared to board the Capitol-bound electric car. Suddenly

a pistol cracked sharply and a bullet whizzed by the Senator's ear to lodge in a wall 15 feet away. Bricker, dropping his cloak of senatorial dignity, leaped into the car commanded the operator to "get the hell out of here," then crouched behind the protective backs of the car's seats. The assailant, a frail-looking little man, reloaded his long-barreled, single-shot .22 calibre pistol and fired a second deliberate shot at the solon as the trolley sped to safety. Like the first, the second bullet missed.

Later, when the hue and cry had subsided and the attacker was safely in the hands of the police, tall, silver-haired Bricker joked, "I was lucky to be missed. You know, I make a pretty big target."

The poor fellow who fired upon the Senator was an elderly man who bore Bricker no personal grievance. Fifteen years previous to the incident, he had lost every penny of his savings in a Columbus, Ohio, building and loan association investment. Over the years the embittered man had brooded and thirsted for vengeance. His attempted assassination of white-thatched Senator Bricker, former governor of Ohio, was the strangely illogical result of the years of brooding.

Thus violence flares on the Hill. It is not so frequent as to be classed as an occupational hazard, yet the shooting at the Ohio legislator has historical precedents, a number of them sharply tragic.

Capitol tourists still are shown what are said to be bloodstains on the marble steps that lead from the House corridor to the basement of the Capitol building. The stains are purported to remain from one of the grisliest attacks in our nation's history. On February 26, 1890, a frenzied newspaperman named Kincaid waylaid Representative Taulbee, member of the House from Kentucky, on the steps and fired several shots into his head and body, killing him instantly.

Earlier, Kincaid had written disparagingly of the Kentuckian's voting record on certain legislation. Congressman Taulbee, peeved, sought out the newspaperman and, it is recorded, "twice tweaked his ears." The ear-pulling cost the Congressman his life the following afternoon as Kincaid, gun in hand, waited for him.

Sam Houston, famed soldier of history, made one of the earliest attacks on a member of Congress. Representative Stanbury of Ohio stated on the Floor of the House in March, 1836, that General Houston had received a Government contract for Indian rations through fraud. A week later, on April 1st, Stanbury was strolling along Pennsylvania Avenue in the direction of the Capitol when he was overtaken by Houston.

"Fraud!" barked the irate General as he raised the cane he carried and proceeded to rain blows upon the hap-

less lawmaker. Stanbury tried to run from his attacker, but Houston tripped him and continued to strike him with the cane as he lay helpless in the street. Stanbury attempted to loose a pistol he had in his waistcoat, but the soldier wrested the weapon from him and continued the beating until several passersby at last intervened.

Laws of the country protect congressmen from suits of libel or slander for remarks made in Senate or House, but there is no protection from such hot-tempered critics as Sam Houston. Senator Sumner of Massachusetts discovered this to his physical and mental anguish on May 22, 1856. In a stirring speech several days earlier, the Senator had uttered some vitriolic statements concerning the State of South Carolina. On the morning of the 22nd he was seated at his office desk when an unidentified South Carolinian entered. The stranger heaped verbal abuse on Sumner, and whipped him thoroughly with a heavy stick for "libeling the State of South Carolina."

Another senator, Nevada's Henderson, was subjected to an unjustified attack similar to the one upon Senator Bricker. On March 5, 1921, Senator Henderson was seated in the outer room of his Senate Office Building suite when a man named Grock entered, flourishing a pistol. Just as the wild-eyed intruder fired, Henderson threw up an arm to guard his face. This action saved his life, for the bullet entered the fleshy part of his forearm, when otherwise it would have struck his forehead. The Senator then hustled to the safety of his inner office, slamming and locking the door in the face of his attacker.

Grock, subdued by a clerk who rushed into the office from the corridor, was discovered to be holding a 25-year-old Nevada land grievance against the Government. Years of brooding had caused the twisted turn for vengeance upon the Senator.

Former Minnesota Congressman Melvin Maas warded off possible death or serious injury for his colleagues and himself in December of 1932. The Floor of the House was jammed with representatives anxious to rush legislation to completion in time for a Christmas holiday adjournment. Suddenly, in the gallery above the Floor a man rose, shouting that Congress was failing the country. He drew from his coat pocket a revolver he had successfully smuggled past the gallery guards and, as he waved the weapon menacingly, vowed to shoot unless granted 20 minutes in which to address the House.

Representatives began to flee for their lives through all available exits as the raging fellow, a Pennsylvanian called Kemmerer, glared down upon them. Maas, unperturbed, looked up to face the threat, and in a gently persuasive voice finally succeeded in getting Kemmerer to lower the gun. As he did, two Capitol guards closed in from behind, and the legislators were again safe.

The late West Coast congressman, Marion Zioncheck, rated a good deal of newspaper space during his time in the House because of his penchant for speeding. Immune to arrest while the Congress was in session, Zioncheck was a menace to safety on the road.

One afternoon he almost ran down a Washington traffic policeman. The cop, smarting over his inability to jail the Congressman, vowed to do the next best thing. When off duty, he encountered the reckless legislator and administered him a sound drubbing with his fists.

Little of the violence that sometimes shadows Capitol Hill is long remembered. Perhaps the one fatal shooting that will go down in history is that of Huey Long. It did not occur in the national capital, but on the steps of the Louisiana State Capitol in Baton Rouge on September 10, 1935. However, Long was a United States Senator when the killing took place, and the incident therefore can be added to the story of violence on the national legislative scene.

There are other tales of senators and representatives being beset by constituents in their home bailiwicks and subjected to beatings or other minor forms of mayhem, but these are not a part of official records and are less easy to document.

The 1947 Bricker affray has caused a trebling of guards on the Hill; guaranteeing that violence in the future will be less than in the past.

So if your representative or senator rouses your ire to such extent that your vote is not a sufficient weapon against him, don't attempt to wreak vengeance upon him while he is in Washington. Wait and watch. Your chances are better at home.



The only man who is happy when business is dull is a scissors grinder.

Hannah Montague's Invention

HANNAH MONTAGUE was sullen. Her fingers jerked at the yarn as she knitted a sock. Once she sighed. Usually, she'd have some choice morsel of news about one of the neighbors on their modest street in Troy, New York. This night she was silent.

Sitting in a chair opposite her, casting inquisitive glances as he shuffled his way through a paper, her husband stood the silence as long as possible. Finally, he asked, "What's upset you, dear?"

"Those shirts of yours," replied Hannah in exasperated breath. "The collars get dirty before the rest of the shirt needs washing. It's no easy job washing them I'll tell you!"

Montague was genuinely sympathetic. "I know, and I'm sorry," he said. At least, he decided, that might make her feel better.

"If there only were some way of doing them separately," Hannah went on. "Sometimes I vow I'll cut off the collars!"

Her husband roared with laughter. Imagine a collar-less shirt! Hannah didn't laugh, though. Her fingers stopped and her hands dropped to her lap. She stared thoughtfully. Long after she heard the deep breathing of her husband asleep beside her that night, she thought of what she had said. "Why not?" she asked herself.

She did it the very next day. With one snip of a scissors, Hannah Montague accomplished the world's quickest invention.

That's how men's detachable collars came into being 124 years ago. Hannah Montague solved her own problem, and created a new style for men. She also laid the foundation for the detachable collar industry which carried the name of Troy, New York, over most of the civilized world.

Translation, Please

HORACE GREELEY, the famous editor, wrote his peppery editorials in an illegible scrawl. The patient linotype operator finally complained. "Chicken tracks! That's what the man writes. I'll prove it."

The next day, he came into the office with a lively hen tucked under his coat. Taking a bottle of writing ink, he swished her feet in it, then set her down to run around on a sheet of paper.

When the ink had dried, he grabbed the sheet and rushed into Greeley's office. "Mr. Greeley," he cried, pointing to a spot in the mess, "I can't make this out."

Greeley squinted over his glasses. "Where'd you learn to read, you nincompoop?" he growled. "That word's 'Constitution'."

▲
A stock boy was trying to push a cart of merchandise down the crowded aisle of a women's department store. No one would get out of his way.

"Coming through!" he called cheerfully. The women stood their ground.

"Gangway!" he shouted again. The aisle was still as crowded as ever.

Slightly exasperated, the boy tried again. "Ladies," he warned, "watch your nylons!" And the women quickly moved aside to let him pass.

▲
Young Harold had suddenly become very interested in girls. His mother was worried because he seemed to talk about a different girl almost every day. "Harold," she chided, "I'm afraid you've got a very changeable nature."

"Gee, no, Mom," he protested. "It isn't me that changes. It's the girls when you get to know them better."



Drowning is so PERMANENT

Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep, so beware, beware!

by SEYMOUR DARTMAN

BEFORE 1949 has run its course, 7,000 men, women and children will have perished needlessly by drowning, most of them for reasons of sheer cussedness, ignorance, or indifference to the lethal power of water.

According to the National Safety Council, which for 30-odd years has been exhorting people to use the same sense in the water that they presumably employ on dry land, typical drownings will occur along the lines of these former tragedies:

Bill Perry, a fun-loving youth, thought it would be a whale of a lark to push his friend Jack off a pier. He thought Jack could swim; but Jack couldn't. Neither could Bill. The prankster stood frozen with fright and terror as he watched his friend thresh wildly in the water for a few moments before taking the final plunge. Afterward, he sobbed, "I didn't mean to do it. It was supposed to be a gag!"

Moral: Hang your humor on a hickory limb and don't go near the water. Drowning is very unfunny, but many individuals who act in a dignified manner in their everyday life become sappy exhibitionists when they don bathing suits.

Mrs. Mabel Morris took her three-year-old to the beach one hot July

day. She was chatting with friends and didn't keep the eagle eye on the toddler which prudence demands. When she looked for her child, it was too late—he had been engulfed in the water, without an outcry, and to no avail the lifeguards worked for hours over his lifeless body.

Moral: Parents should watch their little ones at all times, of course, but when near water, you can't afford to look away from your baby for a minute.

Then there was Fred Hardy, a vigorous man nearing 40, who tried to pack a year's exercise into a one-week vacation at the seaside. After several hard sets of tennis, Fred thought a cool swim would refresh him. He plunged in. It was his last plunge; the cold water was fatal to his nervous system and his none-too-good heart.

Accidents such as these—all of them avoidable—have given lifeguards an understandably dim view of the average citizen's intelligence when he's near water. Says one guard who has been patrolling Chicago beaches for seven years:

"Panic is the real killer in many cases of drowning. Even top swimmers have gone down because they lost their heads and threshed around

wildly when the unexpected happened. You should always remember that a deep breath will keep you afloat for a few moments. Don't wave your arms like a windmill if you're in trouble; breathe regularly, paddle your arms up and down gently, and try to do the same with your feet. Most times, you can stay afloat this way until help comes."

Using your head instead of your emotions is wonderful insurance against death by drowning. One man who couldn't swim suddenly found himself in water ten feet deep. With the water well over his head, he took stock of the situation for a moment. As his feet touched the sandy bottom, he gave a great jump and sailed upward to the surface—and several feet toward shore.

Down he went again, bracing himself to touch bottom and jump upward. Again he came to the surface and gained precious inches in his fight for life. By a series of such kangaroo-like leaps, he made the safety ropes, exhausted but alive.

Remember, if you are caught in an undertow, don't lose your grip and imagine that it is a whirlpool which will destroy you. Though the undertow carries you into deeper water, the waves and rollers plunging shoreward are more powerful. By resting as the undertow carries you out, and swimming toward shore with the next wave, you have a good chance of saving yourself for future hair-breadth escapes from the water.

After Pearl Harbor, the Navy discovered that its men, for the most part, were deadly afraid of water and unable to cope with it after sud-

den immersion. The Red Cross pitched in and began an intensive short course on how to act in the water in an emergency. Most lives were saved by teaching the men the "shirt tail principle" of lifesaving. If it was necessary to abandon ship, the sailors were instructed to pull out their shirt tails and take in air as they jumped. The shirt ballooned



outward with air and acted as an improvised lifebuoy.

Men were taught to undo a button when they got into the water, breathe into the shirt heavily, and button up again. This added more precious minutes while rescuers came nearer. One sergeant kept himself and a friend afloat for 36 hours by the shirt tail method, alternating this with tying the legs of his trousers, swinging them around to trap air, and using the inflated trouser legs as additional buoyant protection.

Canoes are death traps for all but the best of swimmers. If you take a modicum of intelligence along on your summer vacation, avoid canoes and stick to the steadier rowboats. And don't expose your wife or sweetheart to a canoe trip unless she is a superb swimmer. Canoes are graceful, fragile, and nice to look at, but they can overturn even in calm water with stunning suddenness.

On one single Sunday at Atlantic City, lifeguards worked overtime and brought in 144 bathers, most of them alive but limp. This record haul by the lifesavers was necessary because the tide was very low that day and hundreds of people waded out into water over their heads.

If you let your children go wading, make certain that there are no sudden drop-offs in the underwater floor. And don't wade in streams about which you know nothing. Very few have gently-sloping floors, and many a child has perished on a motor trip because a quiet river or lake was a siren invitation to a cooling wade.

The wild waves are a beautiful sight on postcards and in home movies, but if you try to act coy with them they can literally break your neck. Some travel as fast as 70 miles an hour. Standing up, arms outstretched, to greet the onrushing

waves, can prove just as foolish as standing in the path of an express train.

Staying in the water "just ten minutes more" may be tantamount to signing your own death certificate. Most of us get tired and chilled after a half-hour in the water; cramps come swiftly without warning. But you can foil cramps if you keep your wits about you, for usually only one arm or leg is affected by a cramp. With three extremities in good working condition, you can make shore safely if you don't get rattled and panicky. Even a stomach cramp can be surmounted by flipping over on your back and driving in with your hands.

Above all, be your age on the beach and maintain a healthy respect for any body of water, any time. If you act like a six-year-old when you are on a lakeside holiday, then you're a ripe candidate for one of the coffin which will encase 7,000 people this year after their drownings.

SLOW DOWN AND LIVE

(Continued from page 24)

for wear after a lifetime of exercise. True, there are wrestlers making a living in the grunt-and-groan racket today who are 60 or older. But they are the exceptions. Besides, such men have used their muscles all their lives, not just on week ends.

Indeed, your energy output at 60 is only half of what it was when you were ten years old. Though your mental abilities can develop with age, you'll be playing it safe to cut down on exercise when you hit the 35 mark. The clerk who walks two miles to his office each day gets a better workout than his boss whose only exercise

is a killing game of golf on Saturday or Sunday.

Occasionally, a doctor will recommend regular exercise to limber up an arthritic knee or an arm which is recovering from a fracture. These are specialized exercises which are beneficial to the parts of the body needing them. Even an 80-year-old man may be commanded to exercise for a purpose by his physician.

But for the mine-run American male, exercise is similar to alcohol: excellent in moderation, but deadly when taken to excess!



"I'd ask for a raise—but I'm afraid of being labelled a radical!"



Standard Procedure

Relentless testing saves you money!

by S. L. WICKERSHAM

HAVE you ever tried weighing a wisp of smoke from your cigarette?

In Washington, D. C., there's a group of quiet, thoughtful men who can figure out the weight of that smoke puff to the last decimal point, if you're interested enough to put the problem in their laps. They are the scientists who run Uncle Sam's huge Bureau of Standards, which saves the American housewife \$50,000,000 a year through the standardizing processes it sets up for the manufacture of everything from chocolate bars to nylon hosiery.

George Washington himself foresaw the time when the United States would require an official agency to fix the weights and measures used in commerce. But Washington's desire for such a bureau didn't become reality until 1901, when the Bureau of Standards was created and placed within the jurisdiction of the United States Commerce Department.

Today, the Bureau does a host of things in addition to fixing official weights and measures. Your tires, for example, are sturdier and longer-lived, thanks to incredibly rough tests devised by Bureau engineers.

Your apartment or house is safer because of fireproofing standards prescribed by this little-publicized Washington Bureau. For a period of years,

the Bureau's own fire fighters took complete walls of homes and buildings and fed them to the flames in a mammoth gas-fired furnace. Out of these tests came standards of construction which have saved thousands of lives.

Walk through the Bureau's buildings and you may come upon a strange machine which walks 24 hours a day over floor coverings of all types. If a manufacturer's new rug or linoleum has weak spots, this tireless automaton will show up such deficiencies. Result: a better buy for the dollar-conscious householder.

Here's how a Bureau scientist explains the manner in which the average householder is saved a pile of money each year by the Bureau's standardizing methods:

"Back in 1930, there were more than 100 shapes and styles of one-pound folding coffee boxes. We tested the boxes and found that two types would serve the entire industry—and coffee dropped in price because the distributors cut costs of the package."

Within the Bureau are 100 "sections" manned by trained staffs. For a cost of only a few pennies, you can buy from the Bureau informative pamphlets giving thousands of time and money-saving suggestions to the budget-conscious family.

Typical of the Bureau's perennial best sellers is a 20-cent opus titled

Care and Repair of the House. A minor banking official in Chicago who bought a copy ten years ago, along with a \$10,000 house, says, "The Bureau of Standard's booklet has saved me at least \$100 a year in running our home. At that rate, I estimate that I've made \$1,000 on a 20-cent investment a decade ago."

Two other publications of the Bureau are *For the Home-Buying Veteran*, priced at five cents, and *How to Judge a House*, which costs a quarter.

Though few of us realize it, our taxpaying load is lightened considerably by the Bureau of Standards' operations. This was especially true during the war when the Bureau—with a staff of more than 2,000—tested countless products before war contracts were signed. The Bureau even stipulated that all bed sheets used in military hospitals must be sewed so many stitches to the inch before Uncle Sam would pay for them.

Our long-suffering mailmen have good cause to be thankful to the Bureau of Standards. One year, Post Office heads approached the Bureau people and said, "Our letter carriers are beefing about the shoddy quality of their shoes. The shoes wear out too soon and their feet hurt constantly. Something should be done about developing a rugged pair of shoes for the mailman."

The Bureau boys put innumerable pairs of shoes on "walking John," an uncomplaining automaton who walked day and night over all kinds of simulated sidewalk and street conditions. Then the Bureau presented its specifications for mailmen's shoes—

and the manufacturers responded. Today the letter carriers are happier, their feet hurt less, and their soles last longer.

Bureau men are always on call from other departments of our Federal government. Such was the case when Federal engineers, working on the huge Grand Coulee Dam, feared that a break in the walls might develop and kill hundreds of workmen.

The Bureau set up a small but complete laboratory in Seattle and took periodic tests of the cement and all other materials to be used at the dam site. Their suggestions were respectfully heeded and Grand Coulee, like other government dams, chalked up a good safety record.

It might break your heart to see perfectly good \$75 men's suits and \$100 ladies' dresses being methodically chewed, torn, rubbed, bleached, and scorched, but that's the way the Bureau of Standards ensures that the customer gets a square shake for his money.

If a clothing manufacturer wants a government contract, he must resign himself to seeing his product tested mercilessly. Many manufacturers fail to meet the exacting standards of Uncle Sam. But those who do, know they have merchandise which will stand up and give no cause for complaints.

How long is a yard? You say 36 inches? Correct, but precious few yardsticks *exactly* measure 36 inches. The Bureau of Standards doesn't worry, however, about the length of a yard: it owns a platinum-iridium, non-shrinkable yardstick that was im-

(Continued on page 61)

ALASKA'S FEVER

PERHAPS no institution is so typically Alaskan as the yearly Nenana sweepstakes. Nenana, where Yukon steamers make contact with the Alaska Railroad, and only two hours by train from Fairbanks, is famous for its Ice Pool.

Gambling on the Ice Pool is one of Alaska's great pastimes. Each year, thousands of Alaskans attempt to predict the day, hour and minute when the ice on the Nenana River will break up, buying a one-dollar sweepstakes ticket as a wager on each conjecture.

Every possible method of predicting the date of the breakup is used, including science, astrology, numerology, and plenty of good, old-fashioned guessing.

Not so many years ago, a group of engineers in the neighborhood of Fairbanks tried an experiment, hoping to cash in on the sweepstakes.

They worked hard, employing every scientific method that could be applied. They took daily ice measurements in many rivers and small streams in the vicinity, averaged the temperatures, the rate of melting, and the depth of the streams. Applying their findings to the depth and width of the Nenana River, they devised what they considered to be an exact, unbeatable mathematical formula. To prove the confidence they had in it, they pooled \$1,000, bought 1,000

chances. Their 1,000 guesses, much to their astonishment, were all wrong by four days.

A resident of Anchorage, Alaska, proved his system more accurate in 1937 when he figured out by astrology that the ice would break up on May 11th. Unfortunately, the stars had failed to inform him of the exact hour the ice would move, so he was forced to cover every minute of that day at one dollar a minute.

Wanting to take no chances, he bet \$1,440. He must have been heart-broken when May 11th went by and nothing happened. His system of astrology, though, proved fairly accurate, because on the next day, May 12th, the ice broke. Incidentally, just to prove how unimportant scientific calculations really are, at least as far as the Alaskan Sweepstakes are concerned, the winner turned out to be Merwin Anderson, a Fairbanks bus driver, who had placed a one dollar bet. The prize? It was a cool \$70,000!

The exact minute of the breakup is determined by an electric clock which is kept on shore. The clock and a bell are attached to an elaborate system of wires which is frozen into the ice of the river. Data has been kept on this event since 1917. According to the records, the ice has broken four times on May 11th, and three times on April 30th. During the 1930's, the earliest breakup oc-

curred on April 29th; the latest, May 15th.

The spring breakup is a scene which even the oldest Sourdoughs do not like to miss. Huge cakes of ice shoot up into the air, fall back and dive beneath the water, turn over and over, ceaselessly grinding with a tremendous roar which is heard for miles.

Tickets for the sweepstakes are sold everywhere in the Territory. For a week or so a number of school-

children are employed to make up the lists of ticketholders, but that is about the only overhead. According to the rules, any number of people may choose the same minute, so often there are several winners. In fact, the 1938 prize of \$80,000 was split among dozens of individuals.

But whoever wins, there is one old gent who always gets his share. You guessed it—Uncle Sam!

Words for Our Pictures →

1. WHB Newsbureau chief Dick Smith chats with a Saint Bernard and a Mexican chihuahua at the Heart of America Kennel Club Dog Show.
2. Art Van Damme holds the Capitol album, *Cocktail Capers*, that skyrocketed his smooth, smart quintette to musical fame. He was heard on Bob Kennedy's *Swing Session*.
3. In a WHB sports interview, Gil Dodds, indoor miler, tells how he won the title of world's champion.
4. Colleen Townsend, pretty Twentieth Century Fox star, charms WHB listeners as she did movie-goers in her latest picture, *Chicken Every Sunday*.
5. Graceful Donna Atwood, star of the Ice Capades of 1949, leaves the ice to execute a perfect split jump.
6. Backed by the glittering propellers of plane models, Raymond W. Young, vice-president in charge of engineering for the Engine Division of Curtiss-Wright, discusses recent aeronautical developments on the WHB program, *The Span of Flight*.

Centerpiece

Taking it easy on the diving board is Hollywood screen star Marilyn Maxwell—Swing's centerspread lovely for April.



Joe made a lot of money very suddenly, and to show off his new wealth he decided he must own a Rolls-Royce and a Renoir. He bought both in a day's shopping and ordered them sent home. Later he phoned his wife.

"I just bought a Rolls-Royce and a Renoir—have they arrived yet?"

"Only one came, Joe," she answered. "But I don't know which it is!"
—Edison Voice Writing.



An earnest manufacturer made a pledge to the public in this newspaper ad: "Any person who can prove that my tapioca contains any ingredient injurious to health will have three boxes of it sent to him free of charge."









... presenting ROBERT L. MEHORNAY

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

"THE President of the United States shocked a lot of people," a prominent Kansas Citian remarked recently, "when he made an off-the-record reference to Drew Pearson.

"I don't see why. In my entire circle of acquaintance, and it happens to be wide, I know only one person who isn't believed to be objectionable by *somebody*. The exception to the rule is Bob Mehornay. Everyone who sees him, respects him; everyone who knows him, loves him."

Mehornay, the well-regarded, is a quiet, distinguished 61-year-old with impeccable manners. He is fond of people, and his reputation as an easy touch for the unfortunate is so widespread that his wife is apt to preface any request for household funds by asking whether he has lent anybody \$200 in the last hour or two.

Most of his 232 employees have made demands on his generosity at one time or another, on the occasions of births or sickness. But he is as free with his time as his money; a favorite hobby is the procurement of jobs for the unemployed, or better jobs for the deserving.

"I think Bob's generosity is restricted primarily to people he knows," says Mrs. Mehornay. "But, then, he knows nearly everybody!"

Mehornay was born in Kansas City at 1015 Grove Street, which is now the west (or southbound) avenue of

the Paseo. He was the fourth and final son of a furniture maker, C. W. Mehornay. When Bob was 13, his father founded the successful retail furniture business which still bears the family name, the business Bob Mehornay has headed since 1927.

Young Bob, living in a household which included his grandmother and aunt, was forced to develop enormous powers of concentration in self-defense. Through the years, he has retained the ability to shut his mind to distractions. A friend who visited Mehornay's office a short time ago, stood before the furniture executive's desk more than a quarter of an hour before his presence was noticed.

"I wanted to find out how long it would take him to see me," the visitor explains. "When he thinks, he's in a world all his own. I'd be there yet if he hadn't finished what he was working on!"

At the Woodland elementary school, Bob was class gifterian. He raised fancy chickens in after-school hours, and played football with the Dykington Heights team. Later, he was president of the junior and senior classes at old Central High, a member of the track team and football captain.

"That was when I made my debut as a recalcitrant," he says, "and friends tell me I've been recalcitrant ever since."

In Mehornay's junior year, a stu-

dent at Manual Training High School had been killed playing football. As a consequence, the school board outlawed the sport. But Central's schedule for the following season had already been set, mostly with out-of-town teams, and Mehornay and his teammates were determined to play it out. Nickels, dimes and some few quarters with which to buy equipment and meet travel expenses were raised at an emergency meeting of the students. Pete Allen, an older brother of Phog, the famous University of Kansas basketball mentor, volunteered his services as coach.

Mehornay's team had no official standing. It was known merely as "the boys from Central." But it fulfilled its commitments with a record of straight victories and not a single loss.

Before graduation from Central, Bob Mehornay participated in the usual number of schoolboy escapades. "They set a pattern for my life," he says. "Looking back, I find I've accomplished two things: I've always had fun, and I've always been in trouble."

He studied engineering at the University of Michigan for two years before he was summoned by his father to give a hand with the furniture business. A Sig Alph, he was on both the track and football squads—though not a letter man—and was assistant student manager of athletics. He helped organize and establish the Michigan Union, and holds a life membership in that body.

The engineering course was his father's idea. The elder Mehornay held that education for men should

be confined to precise sciences, those subjects which admit of only one correct answer. He felt that the best training for any education was learning to do things right.

Whether or not the Michigan years are responsible, Bob Mehornay is a perfectionist. He has resigned himself to something less than the ultimate from his subordinates or civic co-workers, but from himself he still exacts the best. The organization must be precise to the smallest detail when he maps out a charity fund-raising campaign or sets up a committee, and when he negotiates a contract, he carries it with him for weeks, reworking over and over again every word, phrase, and mark of punctuation.

His drafting tools, now 42 years old, still occupy a handy position in the top drawer of his office desk. They are in their original green felt and black leather container, resting beside a plastic triangle and French curve of more recent acquisition. He uses them frequently. In recent months he has designed and supervised the construction of bookcases, a door, and a special type of chink for some faulty apartment house ventilating shafts which had stumped most of the experts in the Kansas City area.

The mechanical warehousing facilities of the Mehornay Furniture Company are said to be the best in all the furniture industry. Bob Mehornay designed them himself, and keeps them up-to-date.

Certain drawbacks, of course, accompany a quest for perfection. Friends say Mehornay's golf game, which he discontinued two years ago,

and his fly-fishing both suffer from a desire to be exactly correct in stance and motion. His dislike of bridge probably stems from his fear of partners: he wants no mistake of his to hinder the progress of another.

He is unable to enter any undertaking in an offhand manner, to devote to it only a portion of his energy and talent. Kansas City made this discovery many years ago, and since that time Bob Mehornay, who does things thoroughly and properly, has been in constant demand.

In 1913 he aided in founding the Co-Operative Club of Kansas City. Two years later he became president, and with his help the organization spread across the nation. Today, there are 111 Co-Operative Clubs in 110 cities of the United States, and one in Canada.

He was general chairman of Allied Charities, now called the Community Chest, in 1922; and a vice president of the Chamber of Commerce in 1924.

The following year he served on the advisory council for expenditures of city bond money, the first citizens committee in Kansas City ever to have a voice in the administration of such funds.

In 1926, he became chairman of the City Central Committee of the American Legion, a member of the 40 and 8 and Municipal Art Commission, and a trustee of the Liberty Memorial Association.

Possibly in expiation of sins committed in his student days, he accepted an appointment to the school board in 1930, a time-consuming activity which busied him for six years. At the same time, he began

work on the City Improvement Committee, the group which administered Kansas City's Ten Year Plan. The Committee met regularly until 1941, overseeing the expenditure of \$31,000,000.

In 1934, Mehornay became a governor of the Liberty Memorial Association; in 1935, a trustee of the University of Kansas City and president of the Kansas City Retail Merchants Association; in 1939, a director of the First National Bank; in 1940, a trustee of the City Trust; in 1942, a director and deputy chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City; in 1943, a member of the American War Dads; in 1944, president of the Chamber of Commerce and first president of the Midwest Research Institute; in 1945, chairman of the board of governors of the Midwest Research Institute; and in 1947, a governor of the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show.

These are Mehornay's services to his own community. He has been active in national affairs, and a leader in the furniture industry.

HIS national service began in 1917, when he enlisted in the Army. He was 29 years old at the time, and the father of three children. He emerged from training duty as a first lieutenant of infantry, but transferred to air service as a second lieutenant in order to get overseas. His house burned the week he sailed, leaving his five-, four-, and two-year-old children, his wife and her mother without a place to live.

As an aviation engineering officer in France, he received the Purple Heart and advanced to the rank of

captain. He was in charge of all airplane flight maintenance and the procurement of airdromes for the advance section.

A wartime buddy recalls that Mehornay was so efficient that the commanding officer at the First Air Depot came to depend on him completely. His reliance on the junior officer was so great, in fact, that when word announcing a personal inspection by General Pershing was received, the colonel instructed Mehornay to accompany the inspection party, in order to answer all of the General's questions. Every time General Pershing requested information, Mehornay supplied it. The General's questions were addressed to the commanding colonel, but all of them were answered by the captain who tagged along at his left.

When the tour was completed, Black Jack looked stonily from captain to colonel and back again. Finally he said, "Gentlemen, I have only one more question: which of you is the commanding officer of this post, anyway?"

General Pershing's Citation for Meritorious and Conspicuous Service was later added to the United States Army Citation which Mehornay held.

Mehornay was summoned to Washington in 1933 as a member of the National Retail Code Authority. It took six weeks to set up the code for the furniture industry, and thereafter throughout the brief flight of the Blue Eagle he spent one week a month in Washington handling administrative details.

During the last national emergency, Mehornay served for one year as a

bureau chief in the Office of Production Management, for three years as a member of the bureau committees of the War Production Board and Office of Price Administration, and for five years as a member of the executive committee of the Commerce Department's Business Advisory Council.

It is reported that the late T. J. Pendergast once offered to support Mehornay in his choice of political jobs in the State of Missouri, up to and including the governorship, only to be turned down.

"I won't take any public job," Mehornay is reputed to have told him, "that carries with it any compensation. I want to give my services, not sell them."

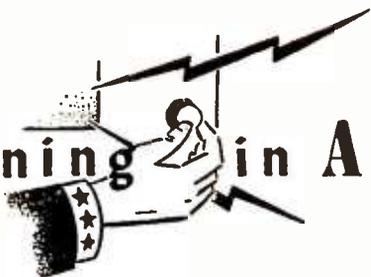
Mehornay's services have been free to his industry, too. He has been a director of the National Retail Furniture Association for 28 years, and is a past president of that organization. He received the industry's beautiful Cavalier Award, "for the furniture merchant who did most for his store, his community, and his country in 1941."

Mehornay's "store" is actually a chain of eight retail establishments, several of them offering metropolitan services in small communities. Line and color, he says, are the important components of furniture design, and it is his contention that there is no direct relationship between good taste and high prices. His company aims at the mass market, with furniture at what it terms "livable levels."

In August of this year, Mehornay plans to ease off from business, pass-

(Continued to page 84)

Radio Listening in America



a survey analysis by

PAUL L. LAZARFELD

and

PATRICIA R. KENDALL

Radio as a medium of mass information and entertainment is placed under the cold light of analysis in this highly revealing account of listening habits in America today. This report is the outgrowth of two nationwide surveys conducted by the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago. It is an enlightening, and often surprising, appraisal of America's attitude toward radio.

THE mass media are a characteristic feature of present-day American life. From a few central agencies come the radio programs, magazine stories, and films which reach throughout the country. And for several hours of each day the average American finds himself a part of the audience for one or another of these mass media.

The survey which this book interprets was essentially a study of the radio audience. However, it did pro-

vide an all-over picture of a general "communications behavior," by questioning habits of book reading, movie attendance, and regularity of newspaper and magazine readership. Answers to these questions enable us to distinguish and characterize the "fans," "average consumers," and "abstainers" for any of the mass media. Thus we can determine whether there is any pattern of relative importance of the various media to subgroups in the population.

Newspapers will not be discussed, as 90 per cent of the people tested usually read a daily newspaper. This means that reading of daily newspapers is so general a habit that no further analysis is necessary here.

In this study, it was found that audiences for the different mass media are overlapping, in definite patterns. Since books are more difficult to read than magazines and more expensive, 80 per cent of book readers also read magazines, whereas only about one-third of magazine fans are also book readers. Movies and radio are more properly "spectator" media, in which the audience need do little more than watch or listen. Audiences

for movies and radio overlap to a large degree. In spite of suggestions that the mass media might compete with each other for their audiences,

hobby, will have little time to expose themselves to any type of mass medium. Accordingly, they will be the abstainers with regard to all media.

"In every community, the schools, the newspapers, the local government, each has a different job to do. Around here, would you say that the schools are doing an excellent, good, fair or poor job? How about the newspapers? The radio stations? The local government? The churches?"

	Schools	Newspapers	Radio Stations	Local Govt.	Churches
Excellent	13%	9%	14%	4%	22%
Good	46	54	56	38	54
Fair	21	24	18	31	13
Poor	4	5	4	11	2
Don't know	16	8	8	16	9
		100% = 3,529			

actual data available indicates that the media tend to complement, rather than compete with, each other.

On the other hand, persons who rarely go to the movies are likely to be light radio listeners, and individuals who read no magazines regularly are likely to be light listeners and rare movie goers. In explaining this fact, two possibilities come to mind: interest and opportunity. The man who is interested in world affairs finds that the radio will keep him abreast of the most recent events, that the newsreels will give him a pictorial summary of occurrences and that the magazines will provide him with editorial comment and feature articles. Thus, the individual who is interested in a particular content will find that he can satisfy his interests better by exposing himself to all media than he can by confining his attention to one or two of them.

Opportunity is the second factor. People who are absorbed in a specific activity, whether it is homemaking, a demanding job, or a time-consuming

Book readers are more often frequent movie goers, and, conversely, non-readers are more often non-movie goers. In recent years the film industry has tended more and more to produce movies based on best-selling works of fiction and nonfiction. This results in a kind of "double exposure." If people read a book which is later filmed, they go to see that movie, and conversely, they want to read the book on which a movie they have seen was based.

Although there is a tendency toward "all or none" behavior in the mass media field, there are exceptions. For instance, as level of formal education declines, so does readership of either books or magazines. Within each educational group there are fewer book readers than magazine readers. However, for the two spectator media, movies and radio, education plays only a minor role. As far as radio listening goes, the absence of educational differences refers only to the amount of time spent listening to the radio. There are marked

differences in what is listened to and in attitudes toward radio.

Age is a strong determiner of movie attendance. Movie fans are found most generally among the young respondents, and frequent movie going becomes less common as we proceed from one age class to the next. In fact, once the age of fifty is reached, it is non-movie going which is most characteristic.

The teens and twenties are age periods of relatively few personal and social responsibilities. Therefore those people have more free evenings. Since few young people have as yet developed definite intellectual goals, a free evening might just as well be spent at the movies as in any other type of activity. The peak of movie going is at the age of 19.

Single people, whatever their age, are more likely to be movie fans than married people, and single men in each age group, those who initiate social contacts, are more frequent movie goers than are single women. Among the married people there is

Movies have an additional feature not characteristic of the other media. Magazines and radio programs come into the home; but we have to go to the movies. Therefore, we find less movie attendance in rural areas and in small towns than we do in the large cities where there is a movie theatre around almost every corner.

In other words, the more easily available a medium is, the more people will expose themselves to it.

What characterizes the radio audience? Its most outstanding characteristic, it develops, is that it has no special features. The term "mass," then, is truly applicable to the medium of radio, for it, more than the other media, reaches all groups of the population uniformly.

One might modify the previous statement by saying that sex difference is the outstanding characteristic of the radio audience. But this difference is due to the time schedules of men and women, rather than any inherent appeals or characteristics of

"Of course, most people listen to news broadcasts on the radio. But which one of these statements best describes the way you yourself use the radio for other types of program?"

A. I listen to the radio mostly for entertainment and very seldom listen to serious or educational programs.....	26%
B. I like to listen to both serious and entertainment programs, and I'm satisfied with what I get now.....	52
C. I like to listen to both serious and entertainment programs, but I wish there were more serious programs.....	20
Don't know	2
100% = 3,225	

no such sex difference. Movie fans, no matter what their age, choose popular and dance music much more frequently than do occasional or rare movie goers.

the medium.

The "all or none" pattern holds true in radio. A radio fan in the morning is one in the afternoon and evening as well.

Established audience-rating surveys tell us this, but fail to yield much other information. Competition, time on the air, extent of supply, and sponsorship are at least four factors which limit the ability of audience ratings to provide information on attitudes toward radio programs. Too, educated people can articulate their thoughts with greater ease; consequently they mention more favorite programs than do the uneducated listeners, which also causes difficulty in getting accurate surveys on radio program popularity.

A final difficulty in checking program preferences is the absence of a clearly established terminology for program types.

General tastes apparently remain relatively unchanged, and the basic attitudes of listeners seem to change very slowly.

It makes little difference which particular index is used to classify people

"I'd like to ask you how fair radio stations and newspapers generally are. For example, do you think radio stations are generally fair in giving both sides of public questions? How about newspapers in general?"

	Radio Stations	News- papers
Fair	79%	55%
Not fair	13	37
Don't know..	8	8
100% = 3,225		

into social layers, but education was chosen as the index in this study, with classes divided into grade school, high school and college graduates.

When we examine listening preferences we can say that comedy programs, news broadcasts, sports programs, and popular music cut across the social-economic levels. The same is true for mystery stories.

Social differences are significant in considering the kinds of programs on which the various strata disagree. The program types which reveal most marked differences in taste are those which have come to symbolize radio's cultural or educational mission, such as programs of serious music or discussions of public issues.

The educated and articulate minority feel that they are neglected—they claim that they hear too few of the serious programs which are their favorites.

There are also a number of programs which are the particular favorites of the lower social-economic strata. Conspicuous among these is hillbilly music, but the same pattern holds true for religious programs and for daytime serials as well.

Quiz programs are most valuable to the middle group (those with high school education). Occasionally they can learn something through a familiar medium.

In addition to educational differences, age is a factor in program preference. Young people like dance music more than their elders, and like religious programs much less.

They vote in political elections less frequently than their elders, and do not often read serious magazines or books. These same general attitudes are revealed in their radio preferences. But the fact that serious interests

develop only as we grow older is significant.

Sex also plays a part in program preferences. The average American woman, just like the average American youth, is not interested in current affairs. Men prefer sports and comedy programs; while women prefer non-serial dramatic programs, quiz shows, and semiclassical music. In dividing male listeners into veterans and non-veterans, the only program type which shows any substantial difference is sports programs. For reasons which are difficult to understand immediately, veterans like these programs very much more than do non-veterans.

Speaking broadly, we may say that people like to read stories or see movies or hear radio programs which deal with familiar situations.

Knowing what kind of programs appeal to which groups enables the broadcaster to schedule his programs so that they are on the air at times when people for whom they have appeal are available. Such information also helps sponsors decide how to use their advertising funds most effectively.

Station managers are becoming increasingly interested in the idea of "mood" programming. They try to have programs which give similar psychological gratifications adjacent to each other, so that there is not too much audience turnover at the end of each quarter or half-hour.

A careful review of the present survey indicates that there are millions of people in this country who want more serious programs. They are people who do listen to the radio and whose formal education indicates

that not many other avenues of information are open to them. The market for serious programs seems to be both large and more important

"As you know, there are other countries like England where everybody who owns a radio set pays a license fee and there is no advertising on the radio. Suppose you could get your present radio programs without any advertising in them if you paid a license fee. Would you rather have the advertising or would you rather pay the fee?"

Would pay:

\$25 a year.....	2%
\$10 a year but not \$25....	7
\$ 5 a year but not \$10....	11

Total who would pay fee..20%

Would prefer advertising..76

Don't know 4

100% = 3,225

than has been commonly believed in recent years.

There is a real conflict between the cultural responsibilities and the commercial interests of American broadcasters. It would be foolish to make radio so sophisticated that it loses its audiences, but it would be the failure of a mission not to exploit its cultural possibilities. The best thing for the broadcaster to do is to keep the volume of educational broadcasts slightly above what the masses want.

Radio is not a single, isolated experience such as seeing a Broadway play or taking a vacation. It is woven into the daily pattern of our lives year in and year out.

Critical radio listeners are also critical newspaper readers and critical

movie goers. We can say, in fact, that the critics in each case are almost always the same people. The people who say that they never feel like criticizing radio, newspapers, or movies are relatively unsophisticated; they are less well educated, they read fewer books.

A person who is dependent on one of the media for most of his news makes more demands of that medium; his very reliance makes him expect more and look for more.

The spontaneous criticism of radio centered around daytime serials, news broadcasts, mystery programs, and advertising.

Listeners called mystery and crime programs "bad" or "too exciting" for young children and said that "they give publicity on crime and tell you how to commit a murder." They suggested that these programs not be broadcast until "after 9 p. m., when children have gone to bed." The critics were most frequently married women and housewives.

Daytime serials were criticized as being monotonous, boring or silly; their numbers were objected to; and their intellectual level was deplored.

Another group of criticisms was directed toward news broadcasters and commentators. They were chided for being unfair; for being "communists"; for not always presenting the truth.

The great majority of listeners considers radio fair. However, those who disagree are relatively more numerous in the better educated groups, and on all educational levels in the light listener group.

Of the group which thought radio unfair, 32 per cent blamed advertisers, 20 per cent the station owner, 18 per cent the commentator or announcer. Smaller groups blamed "someone else" — or didn't know whom to blame. Responsibility for unfairness was much more frequently placed at the feet of radio sponsors than with newspaper advertisers.

The greatest objection was to radio commercials.

The answers concerning radio commercials were fully examined and classified to the following five major categories:

- Volume and position
- Uninteresting content
- Overselling
- Violation of taboos
- Attention-getting devices

Sixty per cent of the critics said that commercials spoil a program by interrupting it, and that they claim too much for the product; 58 per cent said that they are boring and repetitious. A smaller number of respondents, 46 per cent, agreed that commercials are often in bad taste, or that they are noisy and distracting. The argument that radio advertising is noisy is an objection confined in the main to critics of singing commercials.

When asked to explain "bad taste" some critics mentioned advertisements for beer, wine and cigarettes, mostly for moral reasons. These critics were confined to a part of the total radio audience, those living outside metropolitan areas and older women everywhere.

People dislike what is known to the trade as "hard selling." Such tech-

niques lead to increased sales, but there can be little doubt that they also create hostility in the audience.

We know that commercials need not be "boring or repetitious," for on an earlier survey, almost every respondent was able to mention a favorite commercial. These were usually characterized by their informative value, by the fact that they were well-integrated into the program, or by some entertaining and original feature. Talent capable of writing such commercials is relatively rare and therefore expensive. But our data indicate that the advertiser would benefit from any efforts made to find and develop this talent. Creative copywriting could do much to overcome negative attitudes toward commercials and might therefore improve the public relations of the whole industry.

Listeners dislike interruptions in radio programs. Here the broadcaster faces a dilemma, because the coverage is greatest in the middle of a program. The greater coverage must be balanced against the general resistance created by middle commercials.

Whatever improvements are undertaken might be directed first toward making radio advertising more interesting and varied. A large number of respondents agree that "commercials give useful information, are worthwhile because they tell you who pays for the program, are often amusing and entertaining." The informative value of commercials tops this list. Copywriters might take this as a hint.

In many ways, singing commercials have come to symbolize the controversy over radio advertising. Some

consider them an improvement over the dry exposition of a radio announcer; others hold them a sign of all that is wrong with commercial radio. Listeners are fairly evenly divided in their opinion; the people who prefer singing commercials are almost as numerous as those who like them less well.

Singing commercials must be something of a disappointment to people who want radio advertising to tell them about the merits and qualities of different products. They are necessarily limited in their factual information; they focus on attention-getting devices; the singing voices are often indistinct. For reasons such as these, singing commercials are not particularly good vehicles for information. On the other hand, they are frequently more amusing than straight

"Where do you get most of your daily news about what is going on —from the newspapers or the radio?"	
Newspapers	48%
Radio	44
Don't know	8
100% = 3,225	

commercials. Listeners who are especially interested in entertainment probably prefer them to the standard type of commercial announcement.

When we examine the program types whose devotees prefer singing commercials, we find that they are programs which would be objectively classified as less serious: hillbilly music, serials, mystery programs, quiz shows. The program types whose devotees prefer standard commercial

announcements would be classified, objectively, as more serious radio fare: classical music, forums on public issues, news programs.

The influence of serious-mindedness is reflected still further in age and educational differences in attitudes toward singing commercials. The young people and the less well-educated ones are, we know, fairly uninterested in serious matters but quite interested in entertainment. Accordingly, they more frequently prefer singing commercials.

Only the avid fans, those who listen three hours or more on an average evening, show any marked preferences for jingles. They look on singing commercials as a welcome relief from the standard commercial announcements which they hear so frequently. Because of their heavy exposure, they look for variety which is provided by the musical jingle.

Not only do they more frequently prefer singing commercials but they are also less likely to say that there is "no difference" between various types of presentation. Through their greater exposure to radio advertising, they develop very definite tastes and preferences.

The publication of Frederic Wakeman's novel, *The Hucksters*, and its subsequent production as a motion picture, encouraged us to attempt a study of effects in the present survey; we wanted to see how a single document such as this one might affect attitudes toward radio, and especially toward radio advertising.

We discovered those who read the book were more likely than the non-

readers to see the movie, and, conversely, those who saw the movie were more likely than the non-movie goers to read the book.

This novel seems to have a special appeal for better educated groups; or to put it another way, education acts as a sort of predisposition in reading the novel. The same result was found in connection with the movie of *The Hucksters*.

People who read or saw *The Hucksters* are more critical of radio advertising. Some people were made more critical by seeing or reading *The Hucksters*; others exposed themselves just because they were more critical. This mutual interaction between exposure and attitude has been found to be the psychological mechanism by which modern mass media affect the thinking of the population.

Attitudes toward "regulation" or "control" of radio advertising are part of a larger and more general complex of attitudes concerning social issues, and they are not easily swayed even when attitudes toward the thing to be regulated are changed or strengthened.

The broadcasting industry will be pleased that at no point do the critics exceed a third of the population, but as we discover who these critics are, we become more and more impressed by them. The dissenting voices come from very desirable groups in the community. They are solid citizens, the well-educated man and woman, able to express themselves clearly and likely to influence others. This fact brings us to the heart of the problem. The critics are a minority, but obviously a very important one.

The American standard of living is as high as it is because the average citizen here has more money, more leisure time, and a higher level of education than the people of any other country.

Today when questions of policy arise, they are dealt with through the pressures which various groups bring to bear on other groups. Should the citizens' group deal with the communications industry directly or with

“On an average weekday, about how many hours do you listen to your radio?”

	Morning	Afternoon	Evening	Total
None, don't listen.....	29%	38%	5%	2%
Up to 15 minutes.....	6	3	1	1
16-30 minutes	11	8	4	2
31-60 minutes	20	17	16	6
Over 1 hour to 2 hours.....	15	17	27	14
Over 2 hours to 3 hours.....	10	8	22	16
Over 3 hours to 4 hours.....	5	4	16	13
Over 4 hours to 5 hours.....	3	2	7	10
Over 5 hours to 6 hours.....	1	3	2	10
Over 6 hours.....	26
	100% = 3,225			

American technology has provided the income. But it is the critics — the great line of American reformers — who have fought for generations to establish schools, to abolish child labor, to reduce working hours.

Criticism of radio derives from basic social forces. It is not directed toward an individual broadcaster and it should never be taken as a personal offense.

What is the right balance between collective social planning and personal liberty? This is perhaps the central problem of our times.

The matter is extremely complicated in the communications field. The magazine industry, the radio industry, newspapers, all are businesses as well as cultural agents for the nation. The traditional controls for business cannot be applied easily to cultural activities.

the government as an intermediary?

To measure strength of opinions, respondents were asked if the Federal Government or the radio industry itself should check to see that not too much advertising is broadcast; that profits of radio stations aren't too high; that both sides of public issues be presented; that each station broadcasts a certain number of educational programs; and that radio news broadcasts are accurate. By and large, people feel that there should be some social control. On none of the five topics did more than one-quarter of the population say that “nobody” should exercise any kind of regulation.

The American public lends strong support to the status quo. No question which suggests increased governmental activity in business affairs would get anything but a small sprinkling of pro-government answers.

Because listeners are not particularly hostile toward radio advertising, most of them are willing to let the industry regulate the number of commercial announcements which are broadcast.

Although the poorly educated and low income groups are generally less critical of radio than are high income groups, they are somewhat more in favor of government regulation. They have less to lose by any changes in the social system, and are therefore more receptive to the notion of controls and regulation by the government.

Also, the more interested or the more concerned a respondent is with any particular phase of radio, the more likely he is to request some sort of social control on that specific issue.

The more severely critical a respondent is, the more likely it is that he will find the present amount of

No program of development can be successful without the active encouragement and support of the great mass of listeners themselves. In the last analysis, whatever is done depends on them.

Farsighted broadcasters therefore look to the audience for help in preserving radio's flexibility and receptiveness to change. They want listeners to show an open-mindedness toward innovations; to approve of the industry's experimental programs; to demonstrate a flexibility in their listening habits. This kind of flexibility, of course, requires awareness of new developments on the airwaves.

It requires special efforts to keep abreast of new developments on the radio scene, and unfortunately few listeners make the necessary efforts to keep informed.

American radio caters mainly to the listeners who want to be entertained. Consequently, those who make up

"Which one of these four statements comes closest to what you yourself think about advertising on the radio?"

A. I'm in favor of advertising on the radio.....	32%
B. I don't particularly mind advertising on the radio.....	35
C. I don't like advertising on the radio, but I'll put up with it.....	22
D. If it were up to me, I'd cut out all advertising on the radio.....	9
100% = 3,225	

advertising excessive. This in turn will lead him to favor some kind of regulation.

It is radio advertisers and station owners, we remember, who are held responsible for radio's unfairness. Therefore, government controls are suggested much more frequently by those who find radio unfair.

the market for serious programs must search systematically for the programs they enjoy. Have the serious listeners acquired the appropriate habits? Do they make special efforts to find the kinds of programs they say they want? Only to a small extent.

(Continued on page 66)

A new story about Old Glory.



Betsy Ross, INCORPORATED

by TORRENCE VIDOR

WHEN the first photos of the historic flag-raising at Iwo Jima by the gallant Fifth Marine Infantry Division were published in New York newspapers, an excited man in his 80's bought up all the papers still on the stands and carried them triumphantly to his place of business.

"Here is your flag," he told hushed and respectful workers assembled in his office. "We can be proud that Annin's made the flag that now flies from the summit of Mount Suribachi!"

The octogenerian, Louis Annin Ames, had a right to engage in this burst of patriotic fervor, for his flag-making establishment has been associated with the history book epochs of America's existence as a nation. Each year, Annin's produces some 20,000,000 flags, of all types, sizes and prices for the United States Government, foreign nations, yacht clubs, Hollywood studios, explorers and private homes.

When national holidays roll around, 20 men gather at the New Jersey side of the George Washington Bridge and hoist the world's largest American flag over the Hudson River. This gigantic creation, which cost \$2,000 and measures 60-by-90 feet, required months of sewing and is visible for ten miles on a clear day.

If you've ever attended an American Legion convention and stared at the hundreds of rippling flags in the monster parade, it's a safe bet that 80 per cent of them were made by the venerable firm of Annin. And the Technicolor emblems which fly so impressively in film-land movie opuses also are Annin-made, though the color scheme of these American flags is odd, indeed. Instead of the hallowed red, white and blue, these flags have purple and orange as dominant colors, to oblige the Technicolor cameras.

Annin's even makes special flags with raised stars and stripes, so blind people may run their fingers over them and feel the lineaments of their beloved national symbol.

At its Fifth Avenue showroom in New York City, the old house of Annin plays host to pilgrims from all parts of the world. Latin-American revolutionists, as soon as they receive word that the coups in their homelands are successful, rush over to Annin's with plans for new multi-color national emblems.

In recent months, Annin's produced one of the world's most outstanding collections of flags for the United Nations headquarters at Lake Success. And when India and Pak-

istan became two separate nations, emissaries from each of these mutually-antagonistic lands hastened to Annin's with the specifications for new national flags in many-thousand quantities.

This profitable and patriotic business got its humble start in 1820 when Alexander Annin—a ship chandler—began supplementing his income by making pennants for outbound sailing vessels. By 1847, Alexander's two sons had formally launched a flag-making company which won modest fame when its creations were carried by the United States troops who conquered California and New Mexico in that historic year.

By 1849, the firm was so well-known that its flags were ordered for the inauguration of President Zachary Taylor. From that time on, through the inauguration of President Truman, Annin handicraft has been in evidence at every swearing-in ceremony for the nation's chief executives.

Annin really hit its mass production stride during the Civil War when it contracted to supply flags for the Northern forces. During the long conflict, the flagmakers took time out to fill some special orders for Garibaldi's warriors in Italy and for the coronation of the luckless Maximilian who aspired to be emperor of Mexico.

The most comprehensive flag-outfitting for a single individual occurred when Annin's supplied Admiral Robert E. Peary with all the pennants for his North Pole expedition of 1909. Peary, who dearly loved the feel of an Annin banner, had the firm make up the banners of Delta

Kappa Epsilon, the Navy League, and the Sons of the American Revolution, in addition to a plenteous supply of American flags. The Eskimos were delighted with the pageantry.

Even in the present Air Age, explorers first think of Annin's when they require outfitting. Admiral Byrd is a favorite customer in the store, for he flew Annin flags over both the North and South Poles.

One of the unusual features about this respected old company is its fanatical adherence to the tradition and law that no American flag shall ever touch the ground. To ensure that no unintentional disrespect takes place, all the sewing machines are equipped with long wooden troughs which catch the flags in the event they slip from the working surface.

Annin's has a library of flags, pennants, banners, guidons and ensigns dating back to 1066. Theatrical researchers come to Annin's to make sure that they have just the right flags for medieval plays or colonial sequences. The firm even manufactures Old Glory with fluorescent stars and stripes which are clearly visible in a darkened theater.

Flag-making has its lighter side, too, despite the fact that all workers in the Annin establishment are conscious of their association with a company having roots deep in America's national history. Consider the cocktail hour flag, now standard equipment on yachts of the wealthy, which was designed by an Annin official some years ago.

This gay number, which sells for \$1.75, consists of a rectangular white

cloth emblazoned with a red cock-tail glass. For another six-bits, you can buy a substitute number with a martini floating an olive triumphant. Yachtsmen report that flying this emblem never fails to attract a thirsty covey of sailors.

Also listed in the firm's 150,000 patterns is the "slumber flag," a kind of sea-going "Do Not Disturb" sign, which flies from the mast of countless yachts early in the morning. This flag, based on an ancient Japanese design, consists of red and black comets. Any knowing yachtsman will steer away from a vessel flying this pennant: it signifies that the master either is fearfully tired or has a whopping hangover.

Every new fraternity or patriotic society heads for Annin's to get sage counsel in designing its flags. Scores of college fraternities buy Annin flags

for their chapter rooms. Some are simple, others are bizarre and outlandish. But Annin's doesn't inquire into a customer's reasons for wanting a banner of unusual design. Its business is to turn out the flags as ordered.

Six hundred skilled workers turn out the flag orders which cascade upon the firm. Today rayon and nylon are preferred to the silk, wool and cotton which predominated some years back.

However large their orders, whether for a dozen flags or a thousand small ones to be sold as souvenirs, their work never palls on the old hands who have been with the company for years.

"I wouldn't be in any other business," says one veteran of 30 years' service. "There's something about a flag—whether it costs 25 cents or \$2500—that just makes me want to snap to attention and salute!"

STANDARD PROCEDURE

(Continued from page 38)

ported in 1889 from the International Bureau of Weights and Measures. Uncle Sam's custodians keep it in a sealed vault with an automatically controlled temperature.

You can be certain that your gas and electric bills are correct, and that you aren't cheated, for your meters are lined up with master meters which must conform to the Bureau's specifications. Even when you load up your car with gas for a Sunday spin, you can rest assured that you're getting a

full gallon, provided your service station has pumps built to the Bureau of Standard's requirements.

In buying a fever thermometer, the lives of your loved ones will be safer if you ask for a thermometer bearing the cryptic numerals, NBS37. This stamp tells you that the thermometer has been tested by the Bureau of Standards and found satisfactory. If it says your temperature is normal, depend on it—and go to the office, old son!

▲
A modern girl's bathing suit is like a barbed wire fence: it protects the property without obstructing the view.

KID STUFF...

There's a simple answer even to the most perplexing problem, seven-year-old Dickie Orlan pointed out during a recent broadcast of Mutual's *Juvenile Jury*.

A harried mother wrote to the *Jury* asking what she should do to stop her five-year-old son, who wants to be a football star, from tackling everyone who walks up to their house. "He even knocked over the milkman," she wrote.

Said Dickie, "Tell the milk company not to send the milkman; just send the cow instead."

• • •

The gangling high school sophomore rubbed a hand over his chin as he sat chatting with his girl friend.

She looked at him with interest. "Do you shave?" she asked.

"Yep," was the proud reply. "I've been shaving three years now—and cut myself both times."

• • •

The choir boys were organizing a baseball team and, being short of equipment and money, decided to ask the vicar for assistance. The leader of the team approached the vicar and said, "We need some money to outfit our baseball team and we'd be very grateful for anything you could give us. And, sir, could we please have the bats the verger says you have in your belfry?"

• • •

The small boy defended the low marks on his report card brilliantly. "Mother," he said, "I was the highest of all who failed."

APRIL

MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6:00 15 25 30 45		Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Town & Country Time Town & Country Time
7:00 15 30	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade Sua. Sun Dial Serenade Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock
8:00 05 10 15 30 45	News Weather News K. C. Council of Churches Shades of Black & White Shados of Black & White	AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock
9:00 05 15 30 45	AP News—Bob Grinde Guy Lombardo's Orch. Guy Lombardo's Orch. Dave Dennis' Orch. Dave Dennis' Orch.	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Klitch. Plaza Program Here's to Romance
10:00 05 15 30 45	AP News—Bob Grinde Cavalcade of Music Cavalcade of Music NW. Univ. Review Stand NW. Univ. Review Stand	G. Heattor's Mailbag G. Hoatter's Mailbag Victor H. Lindlahr Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza
11:00 05 15 30 45	AP News—Bob Grinde Wings Over Jordan Wings Over Jordan Sunday Serenade Sunday Serenade	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Englo Show

AFTERNOON

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

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

PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

MORNING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Town & Country Time Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Town & Country Time Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Town & Country Time Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Town & Country Time Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time Weather Report Town & Country Time Town & Country Time Town & Country Time	6 00 15 26 30 45
AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Lou Kemper Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	7 00 16 30
AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Lou Kemper Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	8 00 05 10 15 30 45
Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Here's to Romance	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Here's to Romance	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Here's to Romance	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Here's to Romance	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Your Home Beautiful Library Lady	9 00 05 15 30 45
G. Heatter's Mailbag G. Heatter's Mailbag Victor H. Lindlahr Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	G. Heatter's Mailbag G. Heatter's Mailbag Victor H. Lindlahr Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	G. Heatter's Mailbag G. Heatter's Mailbag Victor H. Lindlahr Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	G. Heatter's Mailbag G. Heatter's Mailbag Victor H. Lindlahr Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	AP News—Bruce Grant AP News—Bruce Grant Wyandotte Radio Shop Magic Rhythm Naval Air Reserve	10 00 05 15 30 45
Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade	11 00 05 15 30 45

AFTERNOON

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

Evening schedule on next page

APRIL PROGRAMS ON EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
6 00 15 30 45 55	The Falcon The Falcon Mayor of the Town Mayor of the Town Johnny Desmond	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill
7 00 15 30 45 55	Mediation Board Mediation Board Smoke Rings Smoke Rings Smoke Rings	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Sherlock Holmes Sherlock Holmes Hy Gardner Says	Gregory Hood Gregory Hood Official Detective Official Detective Hy Gardner Says	Can You Top This? Can You Top This? Scattergood Baines Scattergood Baines Hy Gardner Says	Plantation Jubilee Plantation Jubilee Western Hit Review Western Hit Review Hy Gardner Says
8 00 15 30 65	Under Arrest Under Arrest Jimmie Fidler Twin Views of News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Bill McCune's Orch. Bill Henry News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Mysterious Traveler Bill Henry News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Family Theatre Bill Henry News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Air Farce Hour Bill Henry News
9 00 15 30 45	Secret Mission Secret Mission WHB Mirror News—John Thornberry	Amer. Forum of the Air Amer. Forum of the Air Passing Parade News—John Thornberry	Karn's A-Krackin' Korn's A-Krackin' Passing Parade News—John Thornberry	Comedy Theatre Comedy Theatre Passing Parade News—John Thornberry	This Is Paris This Is Paris Passing Parade News—John Thornberry
10 0 0 1 6 3 0 5 6	K.C. on Parade Network Dance Band Eddy Howard's Orch. News	K.C. on Parade Tavern Meeting of Air Xavier Cugat's Orch. News	K.C. on Parade Tavern Meeting of Air Ted Lewis' Orch. News	K.C. on Parade Tavern Meeting of Air Boyd Raeburn's Orch. News	K.C. on Parade Tavern Meeting of Air Art Mooney's Orch. News
11 00 15 30 55	Billy Bishop's Orch. George Winslow's Orch. Henry King's Orch. Midnight News	Stuart Russel Trio Gay Claridge's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.	Stuart Russel Trio Sherman Hayes' Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.	Stuart Russel Trio Lawrence Walk's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.	Stuart Russel Trio Sherman Hayes' Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.
12:00 1:00	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY



EVENING



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

TWENTY-SEVEN years old this month, forward-looking WHB is still growing. Since its first broadcast on April 15, 1922, WHB has been a pioneer in progressive broadcasting and a leader in civic service. Outstanding program accomplishments during the past year; the shift to full time operation with 10,000 watts day, 5,000 night; the addition of WHB-FM; the enlargement of the aggressive WHB News-bureau—all prove that the 27th anniversary of WHB marks a significant milestone in the station's history.

An intimate interview with a famous Hollywood guest star is the highlight of the refreshing *Yours for a Song* variety program heard over WHB at 7:30 p.m. on Fridays. Witty Sheila Graham, film columnist, conducts the interviews and acts as hostess for the show. Tuneful arrangements of popular music are played by Harry Zimmerman's orchestra, with vocals by song star Betty Rhodes.

During the 1948-49 season, the symphonic music of the Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra was heard not only by selected audiences in the Music Hall, but by millions of appreciative listeners over a five-state area. Through the facilities of WHB and the sponsorship of Kansas City Southern Lines, the evening concerts were broadcast in their entirety for the first time in the history of the orchestra. Thus the great music reached into the homes, to inspire and give pleasure to those who otherwise would have missed it.

Your Neighbor with the News is an innovation in news broadcasting, achieved by WHB when the station commenced full time operation in June of 1948. This different type of newscast—a friendly, philosophical commentary by one of Kansas City's outstanding civic leaders, John Thornberry—has proved to be a popular success. People like John Thornberry's intimate delivery, his bright humor and homely advice. He is heard over WHB at 9:45 nightly, Sunday through Friday.



RADIO LISTENING IN AMERICA

(Continued from page 58)

In a curious way radio is what we might call "time-bound." It waits for no one. If an individual is not beside his radio when a program is broadcast, it is lost to him forever. The broadcaster sets the pace, and the listener either does or does not follow him. Secondly, radio, more than the other mass media, is limited — by time — in the amount of material which it can produce. The printed media can use various space-saving devices to increase the content of their issues; a minute or two more or less makes little difference in a film. The broadcast day proceeds with split-second timing.

When we consider both aimless dialing from one station to another and listening to announcements, we see that radio is still the most important single source of information about programs, but newspapers run a close second. The recommendations of friends and relatives are the only other ways in which listeners learn of new programs.

If newspapers think of radio stations as their main competitors for advertising revenue, it will not be easy for them to allocate more space

to news of radio. But in the long run newspapers will find it to their advantage to provide better information about radio, for it will improve their circulation and will make their news coverage more complete.

Whatever the methods used, audience building should have priority on the agenda of all broadcasters.

Broadcasters themselves want to be kept on their toes. Radio is still the only industry which periodically surveys people's attitudes and then frankly publishes the findings. It can only be hoped that this triple alliance of research, vigilant criticism and creative leadership will continue; that it will bear fruit in terms of desirable improvements; and that it will be taken as an example by other communications industries.

"How do you usually learn about new radio programs?"

Newspapers	45%
Just by dialing.....	33
Radio announcements.....	26
Friends and relatives.....	24
Magazines	3
Other	1
Don't find out.....	10
100% = 3.225	

Past Imperfect

A GROUP of spiritualists once persuaded dubious Charles Dickens to attend one of their seances.

"Mr. Dickens," said the leader solemnly, "we will summon any spirit among the departed that you wish. With whom would you like to converse?"

The author thought for a minute, then decided on his lately departed friend, Lindley Murray, who was a celebrated grammarian.

The room was darkened, and they sat in silence for a few minutes. Then the spiritualist announced, "Lindley Murray is in the room. Speak to him."

"Are you Lindley Murray?" asked the doubting Dickens.

"I are," came the ghostly reply.

That was Dickens' last experiment in spiritualism.

The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

The Soviet Union's next move may be a peace offensive. That such a plan could be incubating in the minds of Russian strategists is entirely conceivable at this moment.

In the first place, it is obvious that the United States has been the recent scorer in the cold war. Perhaps the most striking example of the West's diplomatic triumph is the entrance of Norway, a country that is almost next door to Russia, into the Atlantic Pact. Denmark, too, has signed the Pact, pledging to defend Western Europe with armed force if necessary. These Soviet setbacks undoubtedly are influencing the Russians to try a different line of action.

The recent shake-up in Soviet high command may be simply a way to cloak a change in tactics, not a real change in power. Vishinsky, who replaces Molotov as Foreign Minister, has never been a policy maker. He probably will conduct his office merely as a mouthpiece, the voice of plans directed from inside. This may mean that Molotov will continue to exercise real power in the handling of foreign affairs. Both Molotov and Mikoyan, though ousted from their former positions as Minister of Foreign Affairs and Minister of Foreign Trade, still remain members of the Politburo. In fact, many observers believe Molotov is being groomed to take Stalin's place. Sixty-nine-year-old Stalin has been ill for some time. It is significant that, for two years, Molotov has given the national speech to the Russian people on the Anniversary of the Revolution, a speech which corresponds to our President's State of the Union address.

But whatever the shift in Soviet officials may mean, it seems a peace move on the part of Russia would be the most effective strategic line for Russia to follow at this moment. At present, the United States economy is geared for a 15 million dollar armament program. It is because of this huge mass of government spending

that American economy is staying on a reasonably good level.

Should Russia start a campaign for peace, the result might be disastrous both for our national economy and military defense. Such a move most certainly would be preceded by a wholesale propaganda barrage by the Soviets. The United States government would find itself in the vise of national and international public opinion. Terrific pressure would be exerted on Congress to discontinue the United States armament program. At least a substantial cutback would be asked for. This would not only place the United States in an extremely precarious military position, but it might cause a real breakdown in our economy. If the United States economy should collapse, the entire world would go with it. For almost every government in the world owes its financial stability to the strength and stability of the dollar.

Such a peace bid by the Kremlin would be in the manner of a feint based on the Soviet theory of misdirection. As the magician seeks to deceive, so do the Reds. The conjurer misdirects attention by highlighting the action of one hand while the other hand is busy performing the sleight-of-hand. The Russians are quite adept at this sort of prestidigitation. The American people will be expected to watch the hand that holds the olive branch while the other hand conceals the knife. Crippled by a broken economy and weakened by a curtailed armament spending, the United States would be doubly vulnerable to Soviet attack.



Among the political spoils of the Democratic campaign, the choicest prize fell to towering Louis Johnson. He has been awarded the most important and most powerful position on the Cabinet, that of Secretary of Defense. With able James Forrestal goes the last member of Roosevelt's Cabinet; the group now consists entirely of Truman appointees.

Although Johnson gained some experience as Assistant Secretary of War under Harry Woodring, who was appointed in 1936, he won this new position as reward for a very thorough job of fund-raising in the 1948 Democratic campaign. Truman has asked that Johnson be given more power. This request is in accord with the Hoover commission report which said that bungling and bickering resulted because the Secretaries of Army, Navy and Air were able to bypass the authority of the Defense Secretary. Certainly, no one can protest that Louis Johnson does not deserve an important position in return for his campaigning; but it is doubtful that, even if granted more power, he can adequately replace Jim Forrestal.

• • •

Pandit Nehru of India has expressed extreme alarm for the future of his country now that Chiang Kai-shek has fallen from power. For with the resignation of Chiang Kai-shek as leader of Nationalist China, a situation has developed which is tantamount to the complete capitulation of China to the Chinese Communist forces and the Kremlin.

Some time ago, Nehru predicted that the political results of such an event soon would be apparent in India. It is beginning to be clear that Nehru's prediction was correct. Bands of Communist terrorists have been leading damaging raids throughout India. Communists are inciting strikes everywhere in the country with the hope that India will be weakened by internal chaos and made ripe for Communist infiltration on a large scale. The government's vain attempts to raise the living standards of the people have been thwarted by the recent Communist activity. The pattern of the vicious circle has become manifest. Agitation for Communism results from low living standards; but the standards cannot be raised until order is restored and the strife quieted.

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The situation in China apparently has been filed in the category of lost causes by the United States Department of State. This "hands off" policy is largely responsible for the Communists' continued success in overrunning China. Since new

Secretary of State Acheson was one of the high officials who originally encouraged our present attitude toward the Far East, there is very little likelihood that the policy will be changed at all. In response to queries by Congressmen, Acheson has dismissed the subject with a shrug and a remark that we'd better "wait till the dust settles." Evidently, the State Department regards the cold war as strictly a one-front war.

• • •

Soviet anti-religious activities in Middle European countries have been widely publicized through the fake trials of Cardinal Mindszenty and the Protestant ministers. Oddly incongruent is the fact that Russia is trying to get her fingers into Israel by lending support to the highly religious Zionist movement. Although extremists have welcomed this support with open arms, it has greatly alarmed the conservative element, represented by President Chaim Weizmann (pronounced *hime vise mon*). The Soviets started moving in on Israel more than six months ago when a retinue of Russian military instructors entered the Holy Land under the command of Yugoslav General Ilitch. A short time thereafter, Russia started feeding armament to the Israeli army. The materiel included a large number of Czech aircraft which were used effectively by the Zionists. Dr. Weizmann and other moderates frankly are worried over this Russian favoritism. They are wondering what the price for repayment will be.

The Russians have found collaborators among the Zionists because many of the Eastern European Jews who form the extremist faction are the Russian descendants of a non-Semitic, Asiatic, Turki-Finn tribal nation known as Khazars. These pagan people immigrated from Central Asia into eastern Europe during the First Century, and it was not until the latter part of the Seventh Century that they were converted en masse to Judaism. Eventually, the Khazarites were absorbed into the Russian State but remained an island of Judaism in the midst of the Greek Orthodox faith. It is these people who have migrated to the Holy Land with the aid of the British and are now becoming the dupes of the Kremlin.

Platter Chatter . . .

LOOKS like the present music migration is to the sunny side of the street. The popular "blues" cycle that was prevalent during the latter months of 1948 has given way to the present run of "morale-building" tunes. The public is pushing them to the top—an indication of a weary willingness to look for better times and forget the threat of another war. Notable of these tunes are *Powder Your Face With Sunshine* and, more recently, the novelty titled *Look Up*. Lyrics to *Powder Your Face* were written by Stanley Rochinski, a World War II veteran with 100 per cent disability. He has just received an award from the Disabled Veterans of Foreign Wars . . . The latest group to get on the "and" beat of bop is the versatile King Cole Trio. With the addition of a bop drummer, the Trio's future arrangements undoubtedly will take on a new flavor . . . Artie Shaw has just signed a long term contract with Columbia Records . . . The Deep River Boys, Victor recording artists, will return to Canada this month for an extended concert tour . . . As soon as their radio commitments end, Peggy Lee and Dave Barbour plan to take to the road for a series of personal appearances . . . Benny Strong, who revived *That Certain Party*, has a "new-oldie" on Tower records called *Five Foot Two*. Wow, is that going back! How nostalgic can you get? . . . Louie Jordan, Decca jazz man, will open as one of the first attractions at the brand new Thunderbird Hotel in Las Vegas . . . Illinois Jacquet will play a benefit at New York's Carnegie Hall the 9th of this month . . . Marjorie Hughes (Frankie Carle's melodic daughter) will fly the family nest to do a single . . . Frankie Laine will augment his Mercury label work with a set of transcribed platters for Standard Transcriptions . . . 'Tis rumored that Glen Gray will soon reorganize his old Casa Loma band . . . The Art Van Damme Quintet is back home in the Windy City for TV dates. These Capitol recording artists recently wound up a smash success date at Kansas City's Uptown Interlude . . . Contrary to rumor, Johnny Hodges will stay with Duke Ellington indefinitely . . . Pretty Kitty Kallen has resumed personal appearances and will soon have her



with BOB KENNEDY

first Mercury disc released . . . Victor is claiming the latest "Sinatra" these days. His name is Bill Lawrence, and we think he's here to stay.

Betcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . Bing Crosby got his nickname because of his early enthusiasm for a now extinct comic strip, *The Bingville Bugle* . . . Composer William C. Handy wrote the famed *Memphis Blues* in 1909 as a campaign song for one E. H. Crump, who was running for mayor of Memphis . . . Before he organized his own band, Tony Pastor was saxaphonist and vocalist with Artie Shaw.

Highly Recommended . . .

CAPITOL 15322—The Art Van Damme Quintet. *I Know That You Know* plus *The Man I Love*. Here's the sensational new Capitol fivesome. You'll agree that spinning this bit of lacquer is like finding a cool mountain breeze on a hot summer's day. *I Know That You Know* offers an unusual and satisfying performance with a clean, fast rhythm beat on the accordion, vibes, guitar, bass and drums. The underside illustrates the versatility of the individual artists and especially the arranging skill of bass man Lou Skalinder. Marvelous for that end-of-the-day letdown!

DAMON 11220—Jon and Sondra Steele with Gene Pringle's orchestra. *Lonesome for You* plus *I'll Be in Love With You*. The "My Happiness Twins" are back again with a socko platter, the original recording of two new tunes.

It's a real thrill to hear Sondra do *Lonesome for You* in her appealing, slow blues manner. On the reverse, Sondra teams with her partner Jon for a velvety, blended vocal duo of *I'll Be in Love With You*. The smooth music background by Gene Pringle and the boys adds the finishing touch. It's mellow and moody—a musical double-treat!

COLUMBIA 38412—Herb Jeffries with orchestra. *Bewildered* and *Girls Were Made to Take Care of Boys*. This is only Herb's second Columbia disc, but it's headed toward the top. The warm, vibrant rendition of the oldie, *Bewildered*, makes you feel nostalgic. It's a fine revival that's getting a lot of play this spring. The flip is simply a charming confirmation of what a lot of girls have always thought! You'll remember its debut in the movie, *One Sunday Afternoon*. Herb sings it superbly in slow ballad tempo, backed by George Wyle and the ensemble. It's a good idea to start a Jeffries collection with this platter.

DECCA 24584—Michael Douglas with Four Hits and a Miss and Sonny Burke and his orchestra. *She's a Home Girl* plus *Without a Friend*. If you like creamy, liquid-voiced crooners, you'll certainly go for Michael Douglas' arrangements. *Home Girl*, with its sentimental lyrics, definitely has hit possibilities. The underside features Michael with the Four Hits and a Miss offering a distinctive vocal to a haunting tune. Sonny Burke and the band fill in the background to make this an outstanding platter.

Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

VICTOR 20-3359—Spike Jones and his City Slickers. *Ya Wanna Buy a Bunny?* and *Knock Knock*. Just in time for the Easter season, Spike's band with the vocal assistance of George Rock tells the hilarious tale of a pair of rabbits that just multiply and multiply and multiply. George has no end of

trouble with the rabbit family! You'll roar at this funny-bunny episode. The reverse is the door-knocking pun fun that you enjoyed a few years back—now given the merciless Spike Jones treatment. Mom, Dad, and especially little Junior will love this one!

DECCA 24586—Ginnie Powell with orchestra conducted by Sy Oliver. *Here's a Little Girl from Jacksonville* plus *Grieving for You*. Here's Ginnie's first record for Decca. You'll remember her as a former canary with such bands as Harry James, Gene Krupa and Charlie Barnet, but this is the first release on her own. The *Jacksonville* side is an up tempo beat which should catch on with the public in no time. Ginnie trades lyrics with the band until they end up in a hand clapping finish. The flip finds Ginnie lending a tender touch to *Grieving for You*. You'll like Ginnie Powell in her initial release!

MGM-10357—Art Mooney and his orchestra. *Doo De Doo on an Old Kazoo* and *Beautiful Eyes*. The genial Irish gent is back with a follow-up platter similar to his former hits, *Four Leaf Clover* and *Baby Face*. An old-timey rhythm backgrounds the fine vocal ensembles. Both sides have all the effects of Art's former hit platters, including banjo, plenty of brass and a steady, foot-stomping beat. You'll like these tunes—the kind you can't stop humming.

CAPITOL 15380—Kay Starr with Dave Cavanaugh's orchestra. *You Broke Your Promise* and *Second Hand Love*. The rising young "Starr" has another brilliant disc to her credit with this latest Capitol offering. *You Broke Your Promise* is a jaunty tune sung in the inimitable Kay Starr style. The reverse is torchy blues, right down Kay's vocal alley! Dave Cavanaugh provides top background music. It's a nice combination for Kay Starr fans.

Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside, JA 5200.

▲
A hint for retaining customer good will: A sign in an Omaha, Nebraska, beauty parlor reads, "Satisfaction guaranteed or your hair refunded."—Edison Voice Writing.

CHICAGO *Letter*

by NORT JONATHAN

A LITTLE more than a year ago, the Public—meaning the people of the city of Chicago—allegedly took over the elevated lines (the Rapid Transit) and the decrepit equipment and strange employees of the street railway system of our town. At the time a great many fine things were said about what would happen when the “people” owned the public transportation. To the naked eye, nothing much has happened at all. It’s still the same old system of survival of the fittest. Also, the Chicago Motor Coach Company—an independent organization with many, many failings—still operates the safest, best, and generally most dependable transportation service in Chicago. It also happens to be the least expensive, with 13 cents buying you a ride on a Motor Coach System more or less modern bus. On the other hand, the “L” charges 15 cents for a ride in one of their rolling match-boxes—wooden cars of about 1908 vintage. The more modern subway (a combination of underground and elevated transportation) uses steel cars constructed about 1926, or before—taken away from other service because the Commissioner of Safety, or somebody with a similar title, won’t let the Chicago Transit Authority use wooden cars underground.

This brings up what appears to be an interesting thought: do the people of Chicago prefer to be mangled underground in 1926 steel cars, built for elevated service, or burn, get themselves crushed or full of splinters, in a car dangling over the side of an elevated trestle?

While we’re talking about the Rapid Transit, better known among the customers as the “rancid transit,” let’s also take up the somewhat whimsical practices of the boys in the big chairs who decide what train goes where. To many of us who daily put up with the haphazard and sometimes downright stupid scheduling of trains on what is familiarly known as the Metropolitan, or west side, division of the elevated lines, it is apparent the men who make up the schedules obviously don’t live anywhere near the lines they master-mind. Otherwise they’d do better in self-defense.



We’ll admit, just to eliminate about 300 words, that those lucky people living on the far north and south sides of Chicago get a pretty good deal from the “rancid transit” system. Howard street, Evanston, and even Wilson Avenue express trains run on a fairly efficient schedule. They have to. Otherwise the Motor Coach Company would put on more express busses on the Outer Drive and take more business away. The same competitive situation exists on the south side, where the electrified suburban trains of the Illinois Central Railroad—one of the fastest and most universally applauded commuter services in the country—keeps the CRT on its toes but only schedulewise. Those same old wrecks still haul the passengers.

However, west of the loop—where customers away from the lines of the Burlington and Northwestern railroads depend on the “L” system and surface cars—it’s another story. The strap-happy individual who looks to either the Douglas Park, Garfield Park, or Humboldt-Logan “L” trains for transportation is the Forgotten Man of our local “wheels-a-rollin’” situation. He not only rides in cars that should have been burned in Hallowe’en bonfires years ago, but stands most of the way—it’s a long way, and takes a long time. For example, a luckless commuter depending on the Douglas Park “L” branch for service to Berwyn can wait ten to twelve minutes for a train at mid-day to take him to his destination—and then count on

spending another 45 to 50 minutes en route. Driving his own car, stopping at all traffic signs, and appreciatively admiring the attractive damsels encountered en route, he can make the same trip in from 25 to 30 minutes. He can do just about as well if he patronizes the express busses of the Bluebird System—an upstart bus company which the CTA and its little brother in the suburbs, the Chicago and Westtowns Railway, have been trying to discourage from providing good and inexpensive transportation from suburban towns.

On the streets of our city, the CTA has made real progress in establishing feeder bus lines and high speed electric cars on a few routes. However, the same old wrecks still serve the majority of "passenger-owners" on west and north-south routes. And by far the majority of CTA personnel operate either old or new equipment—upstairs, downstairs, or on the street—with the assumption that the people who ride in their vehicles are crazy, stupid, and deserving of the worst service and treatment which can be devised.

Every now and then the CTA public relations department gets a beautiful story in the papers featuring some kindly old conductor or bus driver who says "Thank you," presses his uniform from time to time, and assists the blind or lame in boarding his vehicle. The fact that a story of this kind is considered news is an indication of the norm.



On the bright side of the current Chicago scene, we are now enjoying a show called *Finian's Rainbow*—a road company version of the New York hit of some duration. Talking about a well-established show is somewhat like telling a funny story which everybody knows, but in this case we'll take a chance. Charles J. Davis, who plays Og, and Mimi Kelly, daughter of the stalwart Hollywoodian, Paul Kelly, bring to the Chicago production a freshness few Broadway shows attain on the road. Even though you've seen the show two or three times in New York or elsewhere, you won't want to pass up the Chicago production currently visible at the Shubert.



Along the same lines, there's a little gal in the *Breakfast Club* show named Patsy Lee who does a world of entertaining. When most radio listeners think of *Breakfast Club* they think of the "names" on the show who have been getting up at the crack of dawn for years to make that 8:00 a.m. broadcast. It's a tribute to both Patsy Lee and Jack Owens, who need no introduction to anybody who either listens to the radio or buys records, that they have overcome the relative anonymity assigned most singers on "personality" radio shows.

We're having a hard time remembering the names of the last five or six singers who were featured with Mr. McNeil, Sam Cowling and Fran Allison! However, it'll be a long time before anyone forgets Miss Lee and Mr. Owens. They can take care of themselves. Talent will out.

It's a Fact

ACCORDING to the United States Department of Agriculture, the average American will munch and gulp through the following items this year: 145 pounds of meat, 380 eggs, 47.5 pounds of chicken, 3.8 pounds of turkey, 370 pounds of fluid milk, 7 pounds of cheese, 20.9 pounds of condensed and evaporated milk, 10.9 pounds of butter, 133 pounds of fresh fruits, 256 pounds of fresh vegetables, 93 pounds of sugar, 136 pounds of flour, bread, and bakery products, and 17.5 pounds of coffee.

According to a Holland professor, only an estimated 320,000,000 people, out of nearly 1,619,000,000, eat with knife, fork and spoon. These are Americans and Europeans. Of the remainder of the earth's population, 19,000,000 American Indians eat with spoon and the fingers of their left hand; 530,000,000 Chinese eat with chopsticks; while about 750,000,000 Africans, Asiatics, and those in the Pacific islands eat with just their fingers. —Joseph C. Stacey.

CHICAGO *Ports of Call*

by JOAN FORTUNE



Very High Life . . .

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State at Monroe St. (RANdolph 6-7500). Barclay Allen, a man who left Freddy Martin to do very well on his own, has the most popular band in this distinguished green and gold room since Griff Williams left town. Right now Victor Borge is the floor show, with a few badly needed new routines putting him where he belongs among the ranks of the impressionists—close to the top.

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Stevens Hotel, 7th and Michigan (WABash 2-4400). It's still an ice policy here, mostly for the prom-trotting and convention trade. If that seems a strange combination of customers, credit it to the Hilton hotel boys who know a good entertainment parlay when they see it. Frankie Masters, the perpetual sophomore, still has that slick hair and an equally smooth band.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HARRISON 7-3800). Jerry Glidden plays the best society-type dance music in town, with an extremely helpful assist from Lona Stevens, who fills one of those plunging neckline evening gowns better than any gal currently gracing a Chicago bandstand.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State St. (SUPERIOR 7-7200). David Lee Winter continues to provide the music for the town's glamour oasis. The only legitimate news that is actually new about this spot is that Lucia Perrigo has joined the press staff of the Ambassador Hotels, Inc., which is Warner Brothers'

loss locally, if not nationally, according to a recent opinion poll taken among characters habitually seated at the press table.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUPERIOR 7-2200). This charming room, complete with blossoming camellia trees, offers nearly everything for a big evening, from excellent food to the society-brand music of Ron Perry.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th and Michigan (HARRISON 7-4300). Everyone's favorite, Peter Lind Hayes, is back with Mary Healy and Dick La Salle's orchestra in this popular supper spot. Its excellent reputation is well deserved.

★ **SWISS CHALET**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CENTRAL 6-0123). Chicago's newest and most unusual dinner and dancing rendezvous combines a charming Swiss background with the very best in out-of-the-ordinary food and good music.

★ **THE BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State St. (SUPERIOR 7-7200). Comedian Kay Kenton with Manchito and his orchestra provide a backdrop for the conversation in this attractive and intimate room. It is always well occupied by the Gold Coast gang and the post-college crowd.

The Show's the Thing . . .

★ **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (DELAWARE 7-3434). Joey Bishop, popular laugh man, has joined Jack Cole and his dancers, Mary Small, and Cee Davidson's band for a really good entertainment bill at Chicago's oldest night club. Mike Fritzel is reported to be rubbing his cash register gleefully.

★ **VINE GARDENS**, 614 W. North Avenue (MICHIGAN 2-5106). Phil Foster has replaced Joey Bishop in the comedy department here, while Mel Cole stays on the bandstand.

★ **COLLEGE INN**, Hotel Sherman, Clark and Randolph (FRANKLIN 2-2100). Ed Prentice, "Captain Midnight" on the pop-

ular Mutual kid-strip, rates nearly everyone's praise for his emceeing of the "Salute to Cole Porter" show. William Snyder and the Honeydreamers make the musical listening mighty enjoyable. Blossom Lee sings, too.

★ **LOTUS ROOM**, La Salle Hotel, La Salle and Madison (FRanklin 2-0700.) This handsome modern Chinese room offers the smooth music of Carl Lind and his Northmen, with petite, young Ann Estes doing the vocal charming.

Strictly for Stripping . . .

Despite the fact local politicians are denying the existence of any sort of a syndicate here in the Windy City, the G-String Gymnasts are doing business on the same old stages. For an early spring thaw try one of these all-girl shows . . .

the **PLAYHOUSE CAFE**, 550 N. Clark Street . . . the **FRENCH CASINO**, 641 N. Clark Street . . . the **TROCADERO CLUB**, 525 S. State Street . . . the **L AND L CAFE**, 1315 W. Madison Street . . . **606 CLUB**, S. Wabash Avenue . . . or the **EL MOCAMBO**, 1519 W. Madison Street.

Gourmet's Delight . . .

★ **BARNEY'S MARKET PLACE**, 741 W. Randolph (ANdover 3-9795). Popular with men. Wonderful steak and lobster and Barney's familiar "Hello, Senator" give this excellent restaurant a feeling of warmth and good cheer.

★ **LE PETIT GOURMET**, 619 N. Michigan Ave. (DElaware 7-9701). The patio entrance, and the open hearths for warmth and atmosphere, combine with the excellent French food to make this a favorite eating place.

★ **DON THE BEACHCOMBER**, 101 E. Walton (SUperior 7-8812). This highly atmospheric South Sea restaurant is famous nationwide for its wonderful rum drinks and unexcelled Cantonese delicacies.

★ **KUNGSHOLM**, 100 E. Ontario (SUperior 7-9869). The location of this famous restaurant in the gracious old Potter Palmer home offers a relaxing background, while the truly magnificent smorgasbord is tasty proof that the preparation of food is still an art. Plan to spend at least three hours eating.

★ **HENRICI'S**, 71 W. Randolph (DElaware 2-1800). This conservatively decorated spot has been a favorite with politicians and theatrical people for three generations. Probably because of its comfortable service and unexcelled food. You can't do better on Randolph Street.

Other Top Choices . . .

★ **FRITZEL'S**, State and Lake Street . . . **NORMANDY HOUSE**, 800 N. Tower Court . . . **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 E. Walton Place . . . **IRELAND'S**, 632 N. Clark Street . . . **AGOSTINO'S**, 1121 N. State Street . . . **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1016 N. Rush Street.

Current Top Shows . . .

These stage items will be around quite awhile according to the box office treasurers . . . **Finian's Rainbow** with Joe Yule, Mimi Kelly, and the incomparable Charles J. Davis (SHUBERT) . . . **Mr. Roberts**. Richard Carlson, Murray Hamilton, James Rennie and Arthur Keegan help make Thomas Heggen's script a memorable evening in the theater (ERLANGER) . . . **Make Mine Manhattan**, starring Bert Lahr (GREAT NORTHERN).

All's Fair

ALL'S fair in love and war—even a price war.

Hearing that his nearest competitor was selling coffee (which wholesales at 43 cents per pound) for 39 cents, a New Orleans super market manager figured out a way to take a mere one-cent loss (to his competitor's four-cent deficit) and still sell the same coffee for a lower price.

How?

He simply bought up all the coffee in the other store for 39 cents a pound—and sold it in his store for 38 cents.—Joseph C. Stacey.



Footprints on the sands of time are not made sitting down.

NEW YORK *Letter*

by LUCIE BRION

MOST of Manhattan's department stores have the Charge-a-plate system. These plates are metal, about the size of a small calling card, with the patron's name and address in raised letters. On the back is a place for a written signature. Since one plate serves as identification in most all of the large stores, they are not only great time savers, but a protection as well. However, in spite of the fact that every known precaution is taken against forgery, never a day passes in a large store without a mishap. Recently, we found our name on several charge slips from Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue for items we had not purchased.

In response to our objection, we learned that store thieves in the United States relieve department stores of millions of dollars annually, despite the vigilance of store detectives and guards. It seems that forgers of names on checks or charge slips are the most difficult to handle.

In most stores any item under ten dollars that is a "charge-and-take" can be okayed without a plate by a floor manager. Anything over ten dollars requires the plate or the verification of the signature. In this way forgers have a hard time getting away with higher priced items. Even so it is a pain to both the household and credit accounts. Usually, these forgers give the charge address and sign the name (the signature on our forged slips were a strange jumble of letters, to say the least); but if the package is delayed more than a few minutes, the thieves begin to get panicky, tell the clerk to send it, and scam. Consequently, some patrons receive strange merchandise they never purchased. This means no end of bother trying to straighten out an account. When a false signature is suspected, a store detective engages the purchaser in conversation until the all-clear signal is given. If the signal comes through to the contrary, an arrest is made on the spot.

Another form of store thieving takes place when legitimate packages arrive at hotels or apartment buildings. A package sent to a patron in a public dwelling



is intercepted and quickly taken back to the store with a demand for a refund. This latter method is extremely precarious, and usually the crook ends up with the small pleasure of a credit slip. Telephone calls to the credit department from patrons demanding to know what happened to an item of promised delivery is just another coal heaped on this fire of general annoyance. Even delivery men often are found guilty of stealing. They have a wonderful opportunity to snare some of the packages from their trucks.

It's a funny feeling to know that someone is going around impersonating you (not so funny to the credit department), and the mystery of who it can be and what he looks like is almost unbearable.

Shoplifters are an entirely different problem from forgers and, as a matter of fact, easier to handle. But with the millions of people milling around the stores, it is amazing that the detectives apprehend as many thieves as they do. Professional shoplifters are very clever and often resort to ingenious methods. Some years back, we heard of a gang that sent several women, wearing double skirts fastened together at the bottom, into New York stores. As the women dawdled through the clothing and yard goods departments, they stealthily slipped expensive articles of clothing and even bolts of material into the voluminous "skirt bags." The trick worked so well that they tried it a second time, only to find the alerted store detectives waiting for them.

Anyway, it's a good feeling to know that department stores are doing everything possible to stop store thieving, especially since cracking down on this unnecessary waste helps keep down the retail cost of merchandise. It's also good to know that patrons are not held responsible for forged signatures.

Robberies of personal belongings from hotels also are plaguing the Manhattan police and detective forces. Though a number of the light-fingered chaps are known to come over roof tops and through windows, a lot of work is done from the inside. Seldom is anything recovered. Evidently, foreign ports receive much of the stolen goods. It is an ordeal to keep everything under lock and key, but that seems to be the only thing for both Manhattanites and visitors to do until this racket is broken.

On to a more cheerful subject. This is the time of year when urbanites as well as suburban dwellers begin to feel the call of the earth. Everyone wants to plant bulbs or seeds some place to watch them grow. Not many crowded New Yorkers can plan a garden of any size these days. Mostly, it must be a compromise of salad-makings, herbs and cutting flowers. This, however, can be accomplished with very little space. The most practical garden plans we've seen come from the old charts of the George Washington gardens at Mount Vernon. Though these gardens cover nearly an acre of ground, they are planned so neatly in sections that the choice of one section assures a plot of both beauty and utility.

Charts of this old garden are available by writing to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association at Mount Vernon, Virginia. This is the Association, by the way, that is responsible for keeping Mount Vernon the well-groomed show place that it is. Surface wells, or cisterns, are indicated in several sections on the chart. These were installed in accordance with the old theory of using tepid surface

water for plants. Apparently, the practice brought fine results; it's the next best thing to rain water. Even now, we are told, expert gardeners are loathe to use chilled water on vegetation. For beginners in gardening, it is best to follow a professional plan so that height, breadth, beauty and utility will blend together.

Manhattan theatres report a falling off of box office receipts on certain nights during the week. They attribute this slack-off to the 'hit' shows on television. Though some of the television programs are too corny to describe, there are enough good ones to carry on for the duds. And when they are good, nothing could be more enjoyable. Televised sports programs always are super. Though television is still in the process of development, and very expensive, it is amazing to see how many small, remote houses in the country have the tell-tale aerials perched on their roof-tops. At first, television power only extended over about a 30-mile area; but now, with auxiliary stations, it goes hundreds of miles. There's no use in fighting television; it's here to stay. Expert theatrical producers are beginning to plan shows for it; and with their knowledge of show business, coupled with higher salaries for the actors, the next year should bring forth some excellent entertainment.

The business dip that everyone is watching with a dubious eye, certainly has become manifest in retail stores in Manhattan. At last, the poor, weary shopper is being encouraged to buy! The frigid, unaccommodating species of clerk that predominated during the war years rapidly is becoming extinct. To everyone's relief there has appeared a new type of shop clerk—pleasant, attentive, and even willing to search for items not within reach. A day of shopping again has become a reasonably pleasurable excursion. Perhaps, this is the one bright part of the downward business trend!

▲ A diplomat is a man who can make his wife believe she looks fat in a mink coat.

▲ Nightclub: an ash tray with music.

NEW YORK Theatre



Current Plays . . .

★ **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.** (Dec. 8, 1948). This lavish production of Maxwell Anderson's historical tragedy makes impressive and entertaining theatre. The play chronicles the disorderly, troublesome period of English history in which Henry VIII ruled the Tudor court and made love to proud Anne Boleyn. Rex Harrison and Joyce Redman offer enthralling performances as the lusty king and his ill-fated queen. Elaborate sets by Jo Mielziner and magnificent costumes combine to make *Anne of the Thousand Days* handsome drama—but, by no means Anderson's greatest. Shubert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **AT WAR WITH THE ARMY.** (Mar. 8, 1949). This is a fast-moving, rough-house comedy with one laugh after another. The plot about the boredom of life in an Army camp in Kentucky is weak and insignificant. But audiences don't seem to mind the lack of intellectual messages as long as the spirited gags keep coming thick and fast. One high moment in the lively farce is the incident of the Coca-Cola machine which has gone haywire and spits bottles and nickels at a wistful private played by Tad Mosel. Others in the merry cast are Gary Merrill, Mike Kellin, and William Lanteau. The realistic military set is by Donald Oenslager. Booth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE BIG KNIFE.** (Feb. 24, 1949). Clifford Odets has returned to Broadway, after an eight-year absence, with a

melodramatic story about a Hollywood star whose personal integrity is destroyed by his own success. Notable is the sensitive performance by John Garfield as the screen idol who becomes alienated from his wife when he sacrifices "art" for money. The actor is finally driven to suicide after being forced by studio politics to sign a long term contract rather than face the scandal of a hit-and-run accident. There is an interesting Hollywood interior set by Howard Bay, and expert support by the cast, including J. Edward Bromberg, Joan McCracken, Nancy Kelly, Paul McGrath and Reinhold Schunzel. National, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **DEATH OF A SALESMAN.** (Feb. 10, 1949). This is the magnificent tragedy of a man who has struggled for success all his life, only to be faced with the hopeless recognition that he is a failure. Broken by the relentless burden of trying to rise above his modest economic status and disillusioned because his sons have failed to live up to his dreams, Willy Loman at 63 has one course left—to take his own life. With this eloquent and deeply moving study in futility, Arthur Miller, who received recognition for his 1947 success, *All My Sons*, has established himself as a significant contemporary playwright. The sympathetic characterizations by Lee J. Cobb as the tragic salesman, Mildred Dunnock as his loyal wife, and Arthur Kennedy as the son, have won high and well-deserved praise. *Death of a Salesman* undoubtedly is the outstanding play of the season. Morosco, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

DIAMOND LIL. (Feb. 5, 1949). With her characteristic allure and low, sexy voice, Mae West is fascinating audiences at the Coronet. The show is gaudy with fabulous costumes and elaborate scenery, and only slightly impaired by a plot which revolves around the conflict of Diamond Lil's assorted lovers and climaxes with the stabbing of a Brazilian woman who gets in Lil's way. The cast includes Steve Cochran, Richard Coogan, Jeff Morrow

and Walter Petrie, but the low wolf whistles punctuating fervent applause are all for Miss West. Coronet, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.** (Dec. 27, 1948). This brilliant, witty make-believe about a mad countess who lives in shabby grandeur in a Paris street cellar was translated from the French of Jean Giraudoux and possibly will duplicate its successful two-year run in Paris. An English actress, Martita Hunt, gives a superbly touching performance as the Madwoman who attempts to rid the world of greed by calmly murdering several wicked schemers in her cellar. The result—an admirable satire that is both charming and amusing. John Carradine, Estelle Winwood, and Vladimir Sokoloff are excellent in the supporting roles. Vivid costuming and sets by Christian Berard. Belasco, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED.** (Feb. 20, 1949). This revival of Sidney Howard's drama seems a little too dated to live up to its 1924 Pulitzer Prize-winning standard. It is the story of a middle-aged Italian vintner who wants children and wins a mail-order wife by substituting the photograph of a handsome young workman. The twist, which has lost the shock it had in the 20's, is that a child results from the wrong father. Paul Muni gives an interesting characterization in the lead, but Carol Stone's interpretation of the truant wife is even more memorable. Music Box, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **TWO BLIND MICE.** (Mar. 2, 1949). This is a dizzy, hilarious comedy about bureaucracy in Washington. One crazy situation after another arises in the Office of Seeds and Standards run by two little old ladies who take in assorted tenants to keep the place going. A newspaper man carries off an astounding hoax by spreading the word that the Bureau is involved in some secret work as vitally important as the atom bomb. Melvyn Douglas, back from Hollywood, is pleasantly skilful as

the reporter; and Laura Pierpont and Mable Paige are enchanting as the old ladies. With a grand supporting cast, including Jan Sterling, Jane Hoffman, Geoffrey Lumb and Frank Tweddell, the play is fast-moving and refreshingly funny. Cort, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Established Hits . . .

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Feb. 4, 1946). Garson Kanin's pungent comedy about a conniving junk dealer and a blonde ex-chorine. Pleased audiences continue to enjoy the sparkling fun with Judy Holliday and John Alexander. Henry Miller, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40 . . .

EDWARD, MY SON. (Sept. 30, 1948). Audiences find this evening of villainy to be fascinating entertainment. The drama follows the career of an unscrupulous Englishman who is driven to commit arson, blackmail and murder by an obsession for his wastrel son. Superb performances by Robert Morley and Adrienne Allen as his alcoholic wife. Martin Beck, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . .

GOODBYE, MY FANCY. (Nov. 17, 1948). The return of a beautiful Congresswoman to her alma mater for an honorary degree results in a triangular love affair with a dignified college president and a caustic *Life* photographer. Starring Madeleine Carroll, who proves she can act, Conrad Nagel, Shirley Booth, and scene-stealer Sam Wanamaker. Fulton, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . .

LIFE WITH MOTHER. (Oct. 20, 1948). Delighted audiences welcome back their favorite family—the redheaded Days, with Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney. The sequel matches the charm of *Life With Father* because it's simply a continuation of the same lovable, laughable family fun. Empire, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . .

LIGHT UP THE SKY. (Nov. 18, 1948). Although a little uneven in parts, Moss Hart's comedy has some superbly funny situations. The play follows the hopes and misgivings of a group of show people trying out their new play in Boston. Clever acting by

Virginia Field, Sam Levene, Audrey Christie, Barry Nelson, Glenn Anders, Philip Ober and Phyllis Povah. Royale, evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40. . . .

MISTER ROBERTS. (Feb. 18, 1948). A salty story about a restless crew sweating out boredom on a behind-the-lines Naval supply ship during the war, with Henry Fonda as the competent, humane Mr. Roberts and David Wayne as Ensign Pulver. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30. . . .

PRIVATE LIVES. (Oct. 4, 1948). A boisterous revival that has lost much of the dash and sophistication of Noel Coward's 1931 comedy. Tallulah Bankhead dominates with a rowdy, blustering performance opposite Donald Cook, in this tale about divorced mates who meet again on their respective second honeymoons. Plymouth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40. . . .

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

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE. (Dec. 3, 1947). This magnificent play won the Pulitzer Prize for author Tennessee Williams. The stark tragedy of a woman's degeneration in a squalid New Orleans slum is brilliantly enacted by Jessica Tandy, Karl Malden, Kim Hunter and Marlon Brando. Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Current Musicals . . .

★ **ALL FOR LOVE.** (Jan. 22, 1949). Expensive, flashy costumes and gaudy settings cannot hide the glaring lack of worthwhile material in this lavish musical. Paul and Grace Hartman, struggling with the vulgar burlesque, perform without their usual dash. Bert Wheeler's flash of wit in his parody of *Edward, My Son* is

one of the few clever moments in the whole evening, although there's a funny ballet satirizing four choreographers. The music is by Allan Roberts and Lester Lee. It seems unfortunate that such expensive production produces no more than a mediocre show. Broadway, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **ALONG FIFTH AVENUE.** (Jan. 13, 1949). An imposing roster of top talent heads the cast: Nancy Walker, Carol Bruce, Hank Ladd, Johnny Coy and others. With such proven performers, the show is pleasant enough, but it takes a lot of fine dancing and singing to make up for the deficiency in humor. The songs by Gordon Jenkins with lyrics by Tom Adair are bright, lilting and entertaining, but Charles Sherman and Nat Hiken fail to achieve more than vulgarity in most of their sketches. It's simply a big, brassy review. Imperial, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 2:45.

★ **KISS ME KATE.** (Dec. 30, 1948). A very pleasant mingling of Shakespeare and Cole Porter makes this the top musical on Broadway. The story is about a production of *Taming of the Shrew*. Patricia Morison and Alfred Drake are delightful as Katherine and Petruchio in the inner play, and as quarrelsome off-stage lovers. While the kidding of show business and Shakespeare is amusing, the real brilliance lies in Cole Porter's charming songs. Jaunty dances choreographed by Hanya Holme are skilfully executed by talented Harold Lang, Lisa Kirk and a fine supporting cast. From the scarcity of tickets, it looks like Broadway is more than glad to have Cole Porter back! Century, evenings, except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

LEND AN EAR. (Dec. 14, 1948). Here's one of the most refreshing revues to reach Broadway this season. The show sparkles with bright, vivacious newcomers—such as the new deadpan, blonde Carol Channing, and William Eythe, Yvonne Adair and Anne Renee Anderson. The sassy sketches are often completely hilarious. Audiences alternately chuckle and shudder at memories stirred by "The

Gladiola Girl," a burlesque of a 1925 musical. Young, talented Charles Gaynor wrote the lyrics and music, as well as the sketches. The costumes and staging are cheerfully intimate—in fact, everything seems to click to produce a very happy evening. Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Established Hits . . .

★ AS THE GIRLS GO. (Nov. 13, 1948). With broad gags and brassy songs, it's a peppy show filled with a lot of good old-fashioned hilarity. Funnyman Bobby Clark, as the husband of the first woman President (Irene Rich), spends his time leering at beautiful women and making gay nonsense out of the affairs of state. It's not a political satire, simply a lot of fun. Winter Garden, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . HIGH BUT-TON SHOES. (Oct. 9, 1947). A gay bit of nonsense results when two grafters come to 1913 New Brunswick. Keystone cops, bathing beauties, pleasant dancing and delightful tunes combine to make charming entertainment. With Phil Silvers, Joan Roberts, Jack McCauley, Mark Dawson

and others. Broadway, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3 . . . LOVE LIFE (Oct. 7, 1948). Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are enchanting as two lovers striving to maintain marital happiness through 150 years of rapidly fluctuating American life. With Michael Kidd's dances and Kurt Weill's score the show is fanciful, sentimental and very entertaining. 46th Street Theatre, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3 . . . WHERE'S CHARLEY? (Oct. 11, 1948). This 55-year-old farce has been vivaciously rejuvenated, thanks to the crazy antics of Ray Bolger. Disguised as a chaperoning aunt from Brazil, he's frantically funny in curls and petticoats. Allyn McLerie is his pretty and talented dancing partner. St. James, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Openings Not Reviewed . . .

★ THE BIGGEST THIEF IN TOWN, Mansfield, Mar. 22.

★ DETECTIVE STORY, Hudson, Mar. 23.

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

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

He could not have been over four, as he stood in front of the lost and found desk. He hardly reached the top of the desk, and there were traces of hastily wiped tears on his chubby face as he inquired in a quavering tone, "Has any mothers been turned in this morning?"—Pageant.

NEW YORK *Ports of Call*

Atmosphere . . .

★ **AU CANARI D'OR.** An authentic touch of Paris night life can be found in this petite, friendly club. The decor, the waiters, and the fine food are all very French. A special delicacy are the piping hot canapes which slide down easily with a cool drink. 134 E. 61. TE 8-7987.

★ **BRUSSELS.** An atmosphere of old world dignity lends a quiet charm to this luxurious room. Here the epicure may feast on specialties ordered a la carte from the fine French and Belgian cuisine. It's elegant dining at expensive prices, and reservations are a must. 111 E. 56. PL 8-0457.

★ **ENRICO & PAGLIERI.** A famous old restaurant in the Village serving inexpensive, well-prepared Italian foods. The ravioli is wonderful, and the spaghetti is the long kind you have to wind up on a fork. It's a favorite with Village "natives," so out-of-towners may find that Bohemian atmosphere they're seeking. 66 W. 11. AL 4-4658.

★ **HOLLAND HOUSE TAVERNE.** Unusual and authentic Dutch cuisine served in a pleasant Netherlands atmosphere. Just leave your wooden shoes outside. On Monday night, the special is a staggering feast called the Rijsttafel, a Javanese meal of 30 items. Chances are you won't recognize what you're eating, but you'll like it. 10 Rockefeller Plaza. CI 6-5800.

★ **AMBASSADOR.** You'll mingle with mink and Chanel No. 5 in the elegant Trianon Room. William Scotti's orchestra provides music for dancing, and the sophisticated set finds it smart to sway to

Ennio's rumba selections. Closed on Sundays. Park Avenue at 51. PL 5-1000.

Eating . . .

★ **AL SCHACHT'S.** There's a new clubhouse on the top floor here, which is a wonderful place for big parties. And television, on the second floor, is bringing in new fans for Al and his super steaks. A fine place if you're a visitor from non-television parts of the country, because there are still mighty few good restaurants set up for television here in our town. 102 E. 52. PL 9-8570.

★ **CAVANAGH'S.** When Chelsea was "uptown" and gas lights cast a welcome glow, fashionable New York dined here. Time only enhances the comfort and leisure of this fine old restaurant. Sea food and steaks are the specialties now as then—from luncheon on through supper. 258 W. 23. CH 3-1938.

★ **DIVAN PARISIEN.** This restaurant just off Fifth Avenue is famous for its special dish, Chicken Divan—a sumptuous concoction of broccoli and breast of chicken blended with melted cheese. Attractive waiters urge large portions, so be sure to take a second helping of the divine salad. For dessert, try the "Oriental"—ice cream topped by a crackly bird's nest of spun sugar and big black Bing cherries. Umm! Delicious! 17 E. 45. MU 2-8795.

★ **HARVEY'S SEAFOOD HOUSE.** Third Avenue has its share of the best uptown seafood restaurants. An established clientele of fish-fanciers enjoy steamy clam chowder, mussels, broiled live lobster, swordfish and other daily specials in season. A fine selection of wines to accompany your seafood choice. 509 3rd Avenue. MU 4-9442.

★ **PEN & PENCIL.** Just a few steps down from the street brings you into the main dining room of this famous steak restaurant. Lobsters and steak are the favorites of the clientele, but a large menu assures you of other good food. The lighting is soft; the wall murals and decorations as well as the low ceiling make an instantly comfortable and pleasing atmosphere. 203 E. 45. MU 2-9825.



KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .

★PUTSCH'S 210.

Anyone can discover the charm of New Orleans by simply stepping across the threshold of No. 210 on the Plaza and into one of America's loveliest dining rooms. Here, the wrought-iron grillwork, roses, and deep green walls recreate the quaint atmosphere of the French Quarter. The chatter and merriment continues all evening, for full course dinners are served as late as midnight. The distinctive music of Henry O'Neill at the piano alternates with Gene Pringle's trio of violin, piano and vibraphone. For leisurely dining in the gracious manner of the Old South, there is the Victorian lounge, softly lighted by large brass candelabra. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.



★SAVOY GRILL. A venerable old restaurant named Brown welcomes patrons into a dark green-tiled, mahogany-paneled room which remains unchanged since 1903. Some prefer to dine here in the Grill proper, where the solid dignity of tradition permeates the atmosphere. Others choose the bright, modern surroundings of the new Imperial room, splendid with wide mirrors, ivy wall boxes and a soft colored lighting effect. In both rooms the food is superior, especially the seafood dishes. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★NANCE'S CAFE. For over 45 years, appreciative Kansas Citians have been enjoying the excellent food at Nance's, located on the Union Station Plaza. Of course, it's always a favorite with out-of-towners who look forward to a delicious Kansas City sirloin or a juicy roast beef dinner during train stopovers. The walls of the attractive dining rooms are crowded with pictures of celebrities who have feasted here. The "Biscuit Girl" wanders among the tables with piping hot biscuits that melt in your mouth. 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.

★WEISS'S CAFE. Recalling the early days of 19th Century Kansas City, this

restaurant is situated in the Coates House, one of the distinctive landmarks on old Quality Hill. Following an established tradition for delicious food and courteous service. Weiss's offers roast duckling, thick steaks, capon, and fresh live lobster flown from Maine daily. In contrast to the huge fireplace dating back to 1867 is the adjoining cocktail lounge with its smartly modern decor. Coates House. VI 6904.

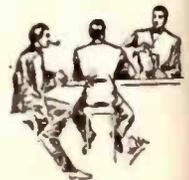
In a Class by Itself . . .

★PLAZA BOWL. Here is a spot to score a strike three ways—in eating, drinking—and of course, bowling. Work up an appetite on one of the 32 brightly polished alleys, then forget the noisy pins by stepping into the sound-proofed cocktail lounge for a quiet drink below the artistic pioneer murals. There'll be plenty of cash left for bowling again after dinner since a filet mignon with potatoes, rolls and butter costs only \$1.20. This bright restaurant is also a favorite for lunches and between-meals snacks with its crisp salads and toasted double-decker sandwiches. A perfect place for private parties is the stylish Green Room upstairs. 430 Alameda Road. LO 6659.

Class with a Glass . . .

★TROCADERO. An overnight sensation in Kansas City—the unique piano styling of Cliff Goforth is still drawing crowds to the Trocadero. It's delightful music for dancing or cocktail sipping. The wide variety of mixed drinks proves that the bartenders here really know their business. Bob Ledterman, the genial manager, meets guests at the door with a friendly smile. The decor is in a South Sea motif which adds to the gaily informal atmosphere. It's in the midtown area—so why not drop in for a cocktail on the way home from the office? 6 West 39th. VA 9806.

★OMAR ROOM. It's so easy to follow Omar Khayyam's care-free philosophy with wine and song (you bring the women) at the Omar Room, where a cushiony davenport invites long, lazy sipping about the circular, mirrored bar. The



nimble fingers of young Eddie Oyer, "Keyboard Atom Splitter," entertain nightly. He plays requests and will oblige with anything from fast boogie to slow blues. For a quiet tete-a-tete over cocktails, there's the Alcove, a cozy nook off the main lobby. Stretch your expense account by taking advantage of two cocktails for the price of one from three to eleven p.m. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

★ **ADRIAN'S MART RESTAURANT.** Be careful—the tempting smorgasbord invites over-eating. But that's only one of the reasons Adrian's is so popular. Everybody knows about that famous, delectable 16-ounce sirloin steak which is featured on the attractive menu. Another house special is a tasty seafood dish—shrimp Creole with rice. There's always a crowd, but the modern cocktail lounge makes pleasant waiting. Travelers find it only a short walk across the square east of the Union Station. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ **UPTOWN INTERLUDE.** With Charlie and Dale mixing good strong drinks at the bar, elbow-bending is a popular sport at the Interlude. During the first part of April, the famed Joe Mooney quartet will draw crowds. The Mooney group is another in the succession of excellent big name entertainers that will continue to appear here. Delicious, crispy fried chicken and steaks are fine remedy for hunger pains, and business men find the inexpensive luncheons ease the strain on pocketbooks. Lots of people think it's fun to turn Sunday night into Monday at the Interlude Bar after midnight. 3545 Broadway. WE. 9630.



★ **PLAZA RESTAURANT-CAFETERIA.** Another point in favor of the Country Club Plaza as an ideal shopping and business center is this three-in-one restaurant. There's a cafeteria for those busy people always in a hurry, a restaurant-bar offering full table service for dinner or cocktails, and a spic and span soda

fountain for snacks. A full line of pastries is prepared daily in the bakery for carry-home purchases. 414 Alameda Road. WE 3773.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** The cosmopolitan atmosphere of Pusateri's New Yorker begins outside, where an incredibly uniformed doorman assists patrons from their cars. Inside, whether you sip a dry martini at the bar under Daniel MacMorris' Manhattan skyline mural or feast on a thick filet chosen from a tempting menu, you'll enjoy the distinctive air of this modern restaurant and hotel. Of course, Gus and Jim Pusateri will be table-hopping to chat with their many friends and to see that everyone is having a good time. Music by Muzak. 1114 Baltimore. VI 9711.

★ **PENGUIN ROOM.** A sleek, sophisticated atmosphere that's the perfect setting for mink and orchids. Dim lighting and an Oriental touch in design mark this attractive room. The chef has a well-deserved reputation for an excellent cuisine. The stylish music of Stuart Russel and his trio is delightful for dancing. His smooth, smart arrangements, with vocals by Chuck Henry and Betty Jane, are making quite a hit with the supper crowd. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ **EL CASBAH.** That inimitable entertainer, Dwight Fiske, with his full repertoire of sophisticated ditties will be at the glittering El Casbah until April 7. Then—and this is big news—straight from a smash success at Ciro's in Hollywood comes the Chilean sensation, Malu Gatica. Remember her as the guest star on *Duffy's Tavern* not long ago? She's famous for her very alluring type of "whispered blues." A superb cuisine is served with a Continental flourish in this elaborately mirrored room. It's elegance in dining and the best in smart entertainment, with no cover or minimum. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Something Different . . .

★ **KING JOY LO.** Confucius say, "Best Chinese food in town found at King Joy Lo." Intricately inlaid tables and Oriental waiters create an authentic atmosphere

in which to enjoy the chop suey, dry rice, egg foo young and delicious almond cookies. You may sip hot tea from handleless cups in the privacy of enclosed booths or look down from the oversize view windows at busy Kansas Citians bustling past the 12th and Main corner. For the strictly American taste, there are steaks, lobster and chicken. 8 West 12th Street (2nd floor). HA 8113.

★ S H A R P ' S
B R O A D W A Y
N I N E T I E S .

"Hail, hail, the gang's all"
—at Sharp's Broadway Nineties having a wonderful time!

You'll join in lustily as everybody sings *Little Brown Jug*, *The Man on the Flying Trapeze* and other traditional old favorites



to the accompaniment of a friendly pianist. Of course, singing makes you hungry—and what could taste better than spicy jumbo shrimp, thick broiled steak, or delicious hickory smoked barbecued ribs? Eating, singing and making merry at Sharp's all add up to a gay evening! Broadway and Southwest Blvd. GR 1095.

★ UNITY INN. After a delightful meatless meal here, most people will agree the vegetarians have got something. Big leafy salads are featured, and rich pastry for that comfortably-full feeling. Incidentally, the attractive decorations match the salads—they're done in a refreshing green. The managers, the Unity School of Christianity, planned the cafeteria especially for busy people who dread long waits. Closed on Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

MAN OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 44)

ing the reins on to his older son, Bob, Jr. "That will give me," he says, "a lot more time for fishing."

The Mehornays' other son, John, is also in the furniture business. Both Mehornay boys were Navy lieutenants in World War II—Jack as a pilot and Bob, Jr., as an aviation materiel officer. Each holds a commercial flying rating.

Elizabeth, the Mehornay daughter, is married to Robert A. Bachle, an ex-tank corps major who is now a banker in New York. Their son brings the total of Mehornay grandchildren to four.

Mrs. Mehornay is a native Kansas Citian, and was Bob's high school sweetheart. She is enthusiastic about the promise of more fishing, because she loves to fish, and usually catches more than her husband.

"Certainly she does," Mehornay admits. "That's because they're run-

ning away from me!"

On the question of his intention to ease off, though, the lovely and gracious Mabelle Mehornay has some reservations. She says, "Bob will never stay away from the business entirely, nor from his other activities. Work is his hobby. It always has been. Recently he got interested in cardiac research, so now he is a member of the executive committee of the American Heart Association."

But Bob Mehornay has an answer for that one, too. "I've always tried to keep busy on at least one interesting civic job all the time," he says, "and I think every man with any taste for that sort of thing should."

"After all, Kansas City has been awfully good to me. America's been good to me. I have a full life with a lot of advantages. So when I work, I'm not 'giving' anything. I'm only paying debts."

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUSIC
IS YOURS



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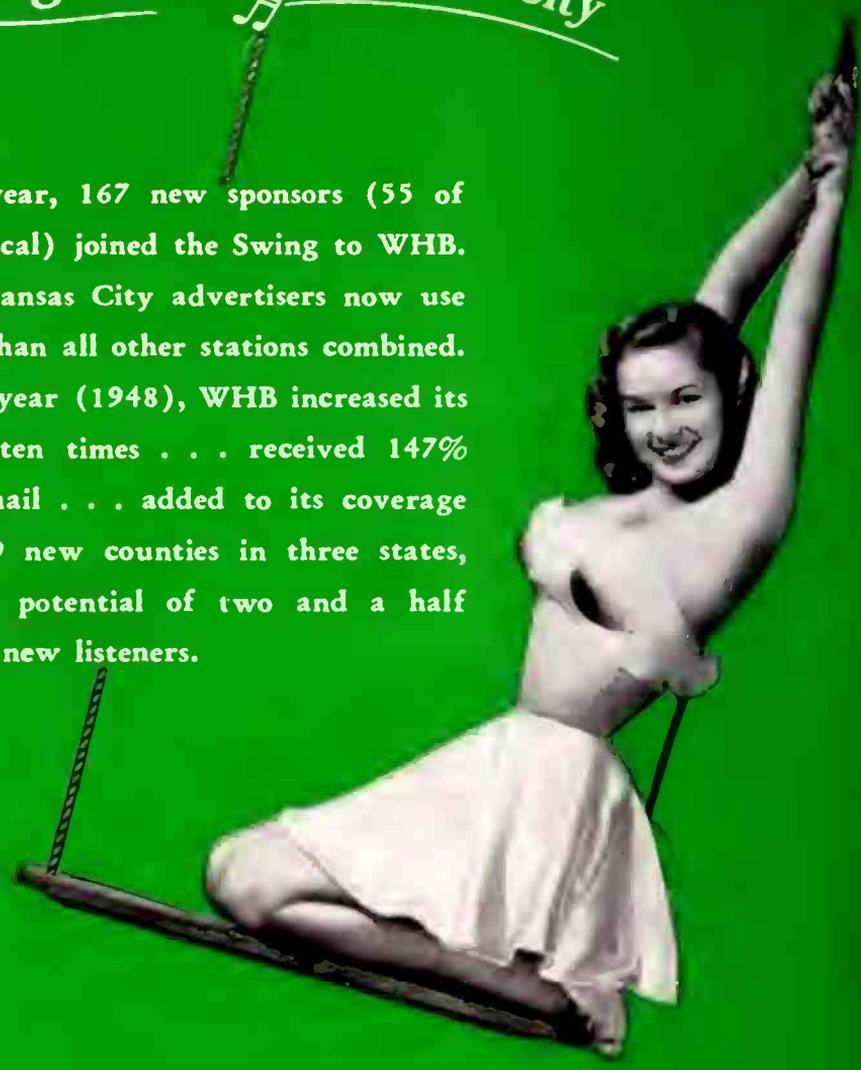
Falstaff Serenade

DINNER MUSIC, that is! A charming selection of soothing, melodic tunes makes a perfect background for your dinner conversation every evening. The works of your favorite American composers—Sigmund Romberg, Cole Porter, George Gershwin, Lorenz Hart, Irving Berlin, Oscar Hammerstein, Jerome Kern, Victor Herbert, David Rose, Vincent Youmans, Arthur Schwartz—magnificently arranged and played in an enchanting style—just for you! The music all America loves is yours each evening Monday through Friday at 6:15 over WHB. It's the finest in dinner music, brought to you by the beer which stands among the world's finest—premium quality Falstaff!

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