



Swing

25c

APRIL, 1951

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By Jo Coudert

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and single women!.....Page 102

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1. GEORGE "TWINKLETOES" SELKIRK (center), pilot of the Kansas City Blues, and Parke Carroll (right) general manager of the club, predict a thrilling season for baseball fans. Larry Ray (left), WHB's Sports Director, will do the play-by-play for WHB listeners. For details read "Larry Ray Talks Sports" on page 136.

2. FILM STAR SUSAN HAYWARD and her husband, J. Barker, visited Arbogast on WHB's "Club 710" show. Arbogast is the one on the left! Read "Arbogasts by Arbogast" on page 170.

3. MURRAY KORMAN, "King of the Pin-Ups," has photographed over 10,000 beautiful girls! Read his story on page 146; pictures 149-155.

4. THE CHAIR GROANED when Tiny Hill, 365-pound Mercury recording star, joined Bob Kennedy as guest disc jockey on WHB's Saturday afternoon Swing Session.

5. A LETTER TO GABRIEL HEATTER by Bill and Jane Poole of Kansas City was chosen for broadcast over the State Department's "Voice of America." WHB transcribed it for VOA. Read the letter on page 105.



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foreword

YOU open a book and the print starts up like starlings out of the grass. You reach for a pencil and find you've a radish and four sprigs of wild verbena for a hand. When you put on your shoes, a wing gets in the way. In the streets crowded with noon you wander lonely and ecstatic, over the dissonance of traffic hearing the willow buds open. Bending your head into the wind, you curse the rain, and your words bounce off and fall into a puddle, splashing you with jewels and mud. Then the sun explodes and the words curl up like petals and blow away. The world is a glass ball tumbling in space with you inside pell-mell with rainbows and apple trees. Your soul takes off its long underwear and catches cold and you sneeze and the miracle happens—any old miracle—your own private miracle. And you're agog with a strange emotion. It has a specific name. They call it April.

April . . . and things are young again with a special bursting sort of youngness that seems it must go on forever. We know a radio station like that. It was born on an April 29 years ago, and its heart is a red kite on a high wind. Spring courses through the veins of it to defy stuffiness as belligerently as a school-boy with mud on his knicker knees and a favorite taw clutched in his fist.

No private miracle, this. WHB belongs to the people it serves. We try to serve you well—you listeners, advertisers and friends! That's why WHB has become "Your Favorite Neighbor" to uncounted thousands. In spirit, WHB is definitely April!

(Revised from April Swing, 1947)

WHB • KANSAS CITY
Your Favorite Neighbor

The Land Of Widows



*Miami Beach—land of sun, sand
sea, stucco—and single women.*

by JO COUDERT

MIAMI BEACH has been called the land of sun, sand, sea and stucco. Suckers, too; but the Chamber of Commerce does not publicize that. And neither do they publicize the fastest-growing crop they have: widows, grass and sod, rarely home grown, almost entirely transplanted from other sections of the country. When a man retires from business he may take his family to California or to the north woods; but the women retiring from the business of marriage are heading for Miami Beach. There widows are there in droves and the numbers grow every day.

Throughout the rest of the country like Noah's Ark, the people come and go two by two; but Miami Beach is the city of the single woman; it is the married couple who are an oddity. Originally, many of them came to obtain the ninety-day Florida divorce. Then, rather than return home to face life conspicuously single, they stayed on.

The widows are women like Georgia. Married to an engineer, she spent most of her adult life in South America, moving from country to country, leading a glamorous, exciting life. When her husband fell in love with another woman, there seemed no place for her to go but back to the small Southern town where she had been reared. Knowing how much out of the life she would be there and knowing that they might well be secretly pleased at her downfall, she readed it. Before her ninety days in Miami were up, she had purchased a house. If you were to ask her about it, she would say, "The climate is wonderful, living is fun, and everyone I know is in the same boat I am. No sly remarks about having lost a husband. Right here is where I'm spending the rest of my life."

Helen's story is much the same. When my husband and I were divorced, I couldn't face the thought of going on living in the same town, being him with a new wife, being with couples who had been our friends and yet not being part of the crowd anymore. So I stayed on in Miami Beach. I'm glad I did. I'm happy here. Anyway, happier than I would be any place else."

YOU will find the widows on the beach and in the bars. You can recognize them by their cultivated manners, the slightly vague look that allows daily overdoses of alcohol, and the cynicism with which they speak about men. They are a disillusioned group, these widows. Whether married twice, thrice, or more times, all they are out for now is sun and fun,

not marriage. "Not ever again!" most of them say. Why give up that comforting cushion of alimony for another ride on the merry-go-round when nine chances out of ten all you will get is a lousy brass ring?

Maybe they are right at that. The men who live in Miami Beach the year around are there either for their health or for wealth, preferably other people's and of the sort that can be acquired without too much labor. One way is through marriage; but the widows are wary. The transient males, and there are plenty of those in season, are like vacationing males anywhere, only more so! They vanish northward when their two weeks are up with never a letter coming back to tell the ladies they still remember that night under the tropical moon.

Usually the widows have had one such experience as this, but on the whole it is not too often they come in contact with vacationing males. When Miami Beach is "in season" the widows are "out of season." That is the time of year they hibernate. They disappear to Havana where living is cheaper. Or you might find a few, always traveling alone, on freighters making their way leisurely through the tropics. Most of them scatter throughout Miami and its outskirts, however, holing up for the winter in cheap rooms. Why the exodus? Well, that is how the widows make their living, by moving out of their beautiful homes and renting them to tourists for the season. For some of them it is an extra two or three thousand dollars a year to buy the luxuries that alimony doesn't provide. For others,

it is what pays for the groceries. January finds them dispossessed people. Come May and like homing pigeons they return, pocketbooks jingling, to hold full sway until "the season" rolls around again.

Some of the widows are not so fortunate as to have houses to rent or alimony to live on. Margaret, an Englishwoman whose daughter married an American G. I., came over here to be near her daughter and then found that her son-in-law did not care to have her around. With no training and no particular skills, it was necessary for her to find some way to support herself. Knowing that many wealthy people had homes in Miami Beach, she went there. Now she is a governess to twin boys. "Where else could working be so pleasant?" she says. "I can spend all day on the beach, and when the family goes North, they leave me to look after the house. I have nothing to do then but enjoy myself in a beautiful home."

IF she has the talent and the iron nerves it takes, there is another way for the widow to pick up change, often heavy change, the kind that rustles. That is by gambling, not the spectacular kind involving the back rooms of the plush hotels and the whir of roulette wheels, but the quieter, and in the long run more profitable, gambling that is done at the card clubs. Bridge, canasta, and gin

rummy are heavy favorites as a way both of passing the time and financing the many jars of sun lotion needed to achieve those luscious tans. There are women who underwrite their expenses by knowing which hand the vital king is in; but they have to be good. The competition is terrific!

You might expect that the widows travel in packs or in pairs. If so, you are wrong. Groups of them can be seen at the beach but they come alone and they leave alone. Those who spend their days wandering through the fabulous shops do it not in pairs but alone. At the cocktail lounges it is the same story. These are lone women, women who have shed their male partners but who do not seek the substitute companionship of others like themselves. For many of them a dog or a cat is the only close attachment in their lives.

Christine, a still-beautiful woman in her fifties who has had two husbands, sums it up this way: "All of us down here have had homes broker up, close ties dissolved, and now we prefer to live in an emotional vacuum not caring much about anyone. We swim, lie in the sun, go fishing, play bridge, just pass the time each day and don't think beyond that. One wardrobe lasts all year round, the weather is superb, and on the long evening we can always go to the neighborhood bar where there are a dozen people just like us, alone. Where else in the country would it be better for a widow than in Miami Beach?"

Only a woman can rave over a pair of nylon stockings when they are empty.—
Guy Robertson.

When chivalry goes on vacation
It uses streetcar transportation.

—Howard Hayn.

A Voice of America

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Poole, 1200 East 11th Street, Kansas City, Missouri, wrote this letter for Gabriel Heatter's "Voices of America" campaign. It was chosen for broadcast over the State Department's Voice of America radio. Gabriel Heatter is heard at 6:30 p.m. Monday through Friday over WHB.

TO you, wherever you are and whoever you may be, my husband and I send our love and our hope that God will bless you and keep you as he has blessed and sheltered us.

Although we reach out to you somewhere in the world in a place we do not know, we are not strangers. We all have the same Father, and we all live in His world, and so we cannot be strangers to each other. It would be much better if we could really talk together, to learn to know each others' voices, and the thousand little traits that make us individuals. But we will tell you a little about ourselves so that you will feel you know us better.

My husband's name is William, but he is always called Bill. My name is Mary Jane. Bill is a veteran of the last war. When he came home he had lost his right eye, his right side was injured, and he weighed just 105 pounds. He is still slight, but he has grown stronger. We are working together to build up a little business in cabinet-making but it is the slow season now, so I have taken a job where I do office work. Bill is going to night school where he is learning upholstery.

We live in an old apartment building on the fourth floor where there is no elevator. The ceilings are high and the rooms are quite large for apartment rooms. There is the living room that opens on a small front porch. It has a high old fireplace with a mirror above it and the woodwork is dark oak, so we make the furniture and curtains gay and warm with color. The kitchen also has our table where we can eat and look out far over the city from the south window. A little hallway leads past the bath and back to our bedroom, where the windows face east. When we first married we bought only the things we had to have, but now Bill is making new furniture for our home. It is fun to bring in each piece however small, and watch our home grow. So far he has made the cherry-wood desk and some chairs and the little hassock—that was his first lesson in upholstery. We are proud of our home and glad to have our friends visit and we often laugh and say that they are good friends to come and see us, when they must climb so many stairs.

In summer we sit on the porch and watch the lights over the city and our neighbors come out on their little porch and we talk. We have a truck for the shop and we go fishing on weekends. When we are at home in winter we read and listen to the radio. My husband is quiet and reserved and I am inclined to talk and laugh a lot and so we are good for each other.

We wonder who you are who will read these words. Perhaps our life seems very simple to you. And so it is. And yet, it may not be so different from your own. What you think and what you feel, what you want from life and what you are, may not be so different. We are just average American people.

And having said so much, may we say one thing more? We love our country. It has been built on the sacrifices, the work and the prayers of many great men, and of many little ones like us. We love its beauty and its free-

dom to worship and to work and to play as we please, and to say whatever we think. We are proud to help to preserve these freedoms. But today the world has grown very small. It is no longer possible for men or women or nations to shut out the rest of the world and go about their own concerns.

People who know each other get along. Together they find friendship and hope and understanding, if they have the chance. That is why we are writing this letter. We hope that from even so small a start—just average people talking to other average people and coming to know and like them—there may come to be peace and understanding in the world. We believe that whoever you are and wherever you are, you value these same things—friendship and understanding, peace and hope. God bless you all.—Bill and Mary Jane Poole

When Comedian Danny Thomas arrived home after his first day's work in "Call Me Mister" at 20th Century-Fox, his daughter, Margaret, 12, began a searching quiz:

"Daddy," she asked, "do you get the girl in this picture?"

"You bet your sweet little life, I do," he said.

"Who? Betty Grable?"

"No, Dan Dailey gets her. I get Benay Venuta."

Margaret turned ecstatically to her mother, professionally known as Rose Marie Mantell, radio singer, "Oh, mommie!" she beamed. "Daddy finally gets a girl in the picture. Isn't that wonderful!"

"As long as he doesn't bring her home," said Mrs. Thomas, "everything will be all right."

An all-girl three-piece orchestra was playing at a New Hampshire summer hotel, where guests were chiefly elderly people. At the dinner hour the manager hushed the orchestra: "The ladies are complaining that you play too loud."

The girl leader protested: "But our orchestra's so small it can't be very loud. Besides we're only playing the music as it's written—forte."

The manager considered, then asked: "Well, couldn't you tune it down to 30?"

There is a certain small community which boasts that it is the home of three former governors. This fact is proudly proclaimed to the world on large billboards placed strategically on main thoroughfares entering the town. In smaller, but legible type is the added note:

"We also have natural gas."

A stingy husband, while out of town sent his wife as a present a check for million kisses. The wife, a little annoyed, sent back a post card: "Dear Jim, thank for the birthday check. The milkmaid cashed it for me this morning."

Driving up to the house to deliver the family's eighth baby, the doctor almost ran over a duck.

"Is that your duck out front?" asked the M.D.

"Yep, it's ours," replied the father "but it ain't no duck. It's a stork with legs worn down."



"Dear, this is Miss Hamilton . . . you always wanted to meet her."

Banish Gloom! Be A 'Proversationalist''



Let's take the "con" out of conversation.

by ELIZABETH R. SPHAR

AS a people, we Americans "go" more places than ever before; but too many of us complain every inch of the way: the water's too cold for swimming, the sun's too hot for tennis, it takes too long to get to Helen and Tom's for a party.

And at the party, our conversation is negative, fault-finding. Oh, we don't mean it to be. It's just a habit we've unconsciously developed—like existing a lock of hair, or pulling at a earlobe. "Business is terrible!"—"Wasn't that the lousiest ball game you ever saw?"—"You'd think the Linhams would paint their house, wouldn't you!"—"I hate mince pie—"

People are imitative, follow conversational patterns. Say you don't like something, be it Sanskrit, soup or capless gowns, and someone will go

you one better. You will have started a flood of "I don't likes—" which can degenerate from a thoughtless attempt at small talk into mean, disgusting remarks, which in turn can lead to serious arguments, and permanently injured feelings if someone's pet hobby or food has been tactlessly derided.

Someone always tries, often without success, to inject a cheerful, non-controversial remark into the tense situation. Other guests fidget or make blundering attempts at repartee. Had these heroic fixer-uppers made as much effort to be gay and entertaining in the first place, the whole embarrassing impasse would have been avoided, and guests would exclaim for weeks afterward, "Gee, the Blairs had a swell party!"

Originally, conversation meant "to talk with"; but by careless speech habits we've perverted it into *contra*-versation—talk against things. We've become like the deaf man at the rear of the auditorium, who, when asked

by a latecomer what the lecture was about, replied, "I dunno, but whatever it is, I'm agin' it." No wonder many social gatherings leave us with a feeling of dissatisfaction, of boredom and bad-humor.

It's easy and shallow to say, "That movie was rotten," "This book's no good." To notice excellent camera work or superbly drawn minor characters requires initiative and discernment. If you feel you cannot truthfully praise some phrase of a program or sermon, cannot quote one remark or incident with glee, cannot repeat one sincere, apt thought, why mention it at all? You and your listeners will depart in a better humor, will remain friends longer, if only you buy a good joke book, memorize it, and stick to telling jokes. But a *new* joke book, please!

A teacher once advised me, "Never belittle a man who earns honestly more money than you do, nor condemn a better book than you can write." That was my first lesson in *proversationalism*—optimistic, enthusiastic, positive-toned talk.

A *PROVERSATIONALIST* speaks with premeditated thoughtfulness from what Gelett Burgess calls the educated heart. If you know your listener detests seafood, don't "rave on" about shore dinners. If you're in doubt about your listener's feelings, make casual inquiries before going into "ecstasies" about any subject.

Don't be content to confine your comments to "My, isn't that too bad" or "Jim sure got a tough break" when you hear that an acquaintance just

lost his job. Make characteristic *proversationalist* mention of Jim's good traits. Perhaps your praise will be heard by or passed on to someone who needs an employee with Jim's abilities.

As a *proversationalist* you'll translate your optimism into action. Make your personal letters gay, interesting, confident. Instead of writing letters of complaint to editors, write letters of praise. Refuse to put down or paper the unfortunate rudeness you encountered in a store or on a bus. Instead, commend the public-spiritedness of some citizen or community organization. If the neighbor's dog dug up your favorite bulbs, don't quarrel about it. Work off steam by writing a note of appreciation to the druggist who gave free serum to a destitute family, or send a cheery card to a lonely relative.

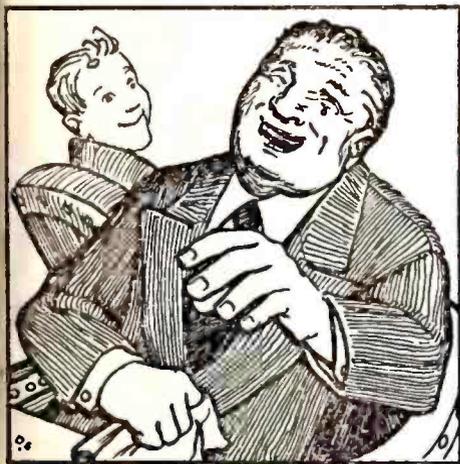
A man greatly respected for his even temper calms ranting *conversationalists* by saying, "I don't know why that person did that, but there's a reason." By thinking through the situation or by making careful inquiries he usually finds the reason. He doesn't criticize unless he can suggest a better method than the one he criticizes.

A *proversationalist* does not gossip. Even when not malicious, we are apt to stress people's weaknesses and failures, not their virtues and accomplishments. How foolish we are! Praise brings a glow to everyone, even the most blase. Disparaging remarks will never gain friends.

When a bigot slanders some person or group, it's unwise to counter, unless, with "Oh, you're all wrong

or "They aren't all that way." Bide your time, and when the opportunity occurs naturally, relate an incident wherein a member of the maligned group was self-sacrificing, or kind-hearted. Instead of ranting endlessly against communism, or any other -ism, cite incidents to prove that our democracy is working here and now, and exert more effort to make it work better!

To be a proversationalist compliment people whenever you can do it naturally and sincerely. Admire a pin or suit someone has on, or the flowers he grows. Likewise, whenever you receive a compliment, pass it on. Instead of making a half-embarrassed attempt to hide your pleasure, say, "Why, thank you, John Clark gave me this tie, and you know he has excellent taste." If someone praises your cake or roast, say graciously, "Mary Jones gave me the recipe," or "Mr. Smith always sells me such good meat."



A proversationalist avoids sweeping, exaggerated or belittling statements which make his listener uncomfortable

by giving him no opportunity for comment. We know that Mr. Sure-of-Himself who vehemently declares he'll never work for \$40.00 a week, or sit through another amateur show, or live with his in-laws. Inevitably he will have to eat his rash remarks. Though we know he has it coming to him, we don't like to witness either braggadocio or humiliation; so we move over to the group around the proversationalist telling an entertaining story.

A PROVERSATIONALIST has a ready supply of "proversation starters." I collect proverbs and family sayings. Whenever I ask someone to tell me his favorite family expression, which is invariably connected with a favorite story, a pleasant conversation results. Tell an amusing incident that happened on a trip or at a wedding, and your listeners will vie with each other to tell something amusing that happened to them.

Too many of us "talk shop" too much of the time. When talking about our jobs, we often resort to general statements, news-headline impressions or ordinary fault-finding. Then we fail to get the proper perspective about our jobs, fail to develop a fresh attitude about them. Every field has its peculiarities and its amusing side-lights which, though commonplace to those on the inside, are entertaining to outsiders. Make these part of your proversational repertoire. To tell how many miles of wire a mill uses daily in making bobby pins, or how many pounds of perfume go into the manufacturing of dishwashing soap may not involve wit, but it won't be as dull or

disconcerting as a continuous "This is what's wrong with my job" harangue.

Proversationalists are careful about replies to questions, and about responses as listeners. If the tone of voice in which you say, "That's lovely," or "Oh, the dinner was all right," is superior or sarcastic, your positive remarks are in reality negative ones producing disagreeable effects.

Proversationalists are neither naive Pollyannas, nor fact-ignoring, head-hiding ostriches. Rather they are confirmed optimists. They know that roses

have thorns, but think it unnecessary to overemphasize that fact. Instead they find keen enjoyment in calling attention to the exquisite coloring and delicate fragrance of the rose. Forget the sultriness of the afternoon; enjoy to the full the glorious beauty of the sunset that follows it. Emphasize the gay, the beautiful, the pleasant details of living. If you do, you'll be popular socially and successful in your job.

Be a *proversationalist* and you'll be happy!

At a recent gathering of showmen, a film exhibitor was overheard grumbling: "The movie business is getting too complicated. What with having to look at six pictures in order to buy one, and keeping the popcorn machine in working order, I just can't find time to sit at home with my family and look at television."

We suppose you've heard the one about the absent-minded professor who came home, turned on his radio, and seeing nothing, moaned, "My goodness, I'm blind!"

A small boy waiting in the beauty shop for his mother's hair to dry walked impatiently over to her and said, "How much longer will you be under the brooder?"

Three men sat in a railroad station cocktail bar, drinking a few before train time. One hour later one fellow looked at his watch and said, "Gosh! it's time for the train to leave." All three ran to the gate just as the train was pulling out. One man ran and caught the rear end and jumped on. Then the second man made it also. The third man stopped, sat down on the track and laughed and laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" said a bystander.

Third man: "They just came down to see me off."

A government entomologist lectured to a group of school children on the pest menace of the rat in Alberta, Canada.

The note of thanks he received read: "We didn't know what a rat looked like—until you came!"

Doctor—Your husband must have rest and quiet. Here's a sleeping powder.

Wife—When do I give it to him?

Doctor—Don't give it to him. Take it yourself.



"He's busy now—care to stick around awhile?"



POST OFFICE AUCTIONS

the biggest bargain counter in the world—your post office.

by DORIS E. TULL

SIXTY-FIVE thousand items from the world's oldest bargain counter were put on the block in one place this year. The occasion was an annual post office auction, at San Francisco, where for three days, any article in the queerly assorted lot went to the highest bidder.

There was some of almost anything imaginable from which to make a choice. Violins, watches, tires, inflatable life rafts, women's underwear, jewelry, canned goods—huge piles of goods from wearables to machinery—practically everything under the sun was displayed here for sale to the highest bidder.

This was but one of the many post office auctions. Here are a few of the thousands of items listed at a recent sale in St. Louis: 23 boxes of Dippy Blooms; 2 dozen ladies' Playtex girdles; dozen Dr. West's tooth brushes,

new; approximately 475 razor blades; four hundred day clock, damaged; electric pasteurizer, condition unknown; Sport King casting rod; man's suit, size unknown, slightly worn; one hamper of approximately 725 pounds scrap iron; sewer auger; 15 volumes Richards Topical Encyclopedias, new; set of Rogers' silverplate; one pair ladies' pajamas, nightgown, padabouts, size 38; and one world globe, slight damage! The material for all of these auctions come from the dead letter and dead parcel post divisions scattered over the United States.

The dead letter office is a landmark in the postal history of America. It was established in 1825, because of an accumulation of unclaimed letters and parcels that plagued the department. No record was kept of what happened to undeliverable mail, however, until 1865, when the Postmaster General felt so irritated and aggrieved about the vast collected mass that he included it in his annual report.

By 1917, conditions in the Postal Department had become so congested that the Dead Letter Office, then

located at Washington, D. C., was decentralized. Branches were established in five cities. At the present time, there are 1,240 dead letter branches set up to receive defunct letters and other first class mail. There, dead mail is held one year; after which time it becomes government property.

Undelivered parcel post meets with a slightly different fate. Dead parcels go to one of fifteen first class post offices conveniently distributed throughout the United States and its territories. These offices are located at Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Fort Worth, Honolulu, New Orleans, New York City, Omaha, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, San Juan (Puerto Rico), Seattle, and Washington, D. C. Each parcel is opened and its contents carefully examined. Records are made of the separate items. If the sender's name and address appears inside, he is sent notice of the amount he owes for return postage. In sixty days, if no answer has been received from him, the package is allowed to remain in the dead parcel office for a reasonable time, after which the contents are spread out for public auction.

There are from two to six such auctions held each year at each of the fifteen post offices, the time depending on the amount of unclaimed matter on hand.

In New York City alone, the revenue from post office auctions nets a cool thirteen thousand dollars annually. Every year, the government pockets thousands of dollars as a result of the mistakes made by residents

Post Office Sales Dates

Atlanta, Ga.—3 to 4 a year
 Boston, Mass.—3 to 4 a year
 Chicago, Ill.—3 to 4 a year.
 Cincinnati, Ohio—May
 Fort Worth, Tex.—May
 Honolulu, Hawaii—about
 July 1
 New Orleans, La.—about
 July 25
 New York, N. Y.—every three
 months: March, June, Sep-
 tember and December
 Omaha, Neb.—about June 1
 St. Louis, Mo.—3 to 4 a year
 St. Paul, Minn. — March 13;
 every two months
 San Francisco, Cal.—June 18.
 San Juan, Puerto Rico—May
 Seattle, Wash.—May 16
 Washington, D. C.—3 to 4 a
 year

Write to the nearest post office
 for time and date of next sale.

of our forty-eight states. The Attorney General once said in his annual report that he had that year handed over to the United States Treasury \$101,154.94. He added, somewhat on a triumphal note, that it was all gained from careless letter writers and package-mailers.

And here's why:

LAST year, Aunt Jenny, out in California, mailed a package to Cousin Lou's folks in Nevada. It was a big, odd-sized package, which would have traveled better in a strong box. But Aunt Jenny didn't have a box

The wrapping she used wasn't heavy enough, and she lacked sufficient string. Rather than make an extra trip uptown, she used materials at hand. Aunt Jenny didn't bother to insure her gift, either—she trusted Uncle Sam. En route, things began to happen. The paper split; the string broke; everything came apart, but thoroughly! Aunt Lou never got the package, for with no address left to guide them, postal authorities let it lie for the prescribed length of time; and then it became Government property.

The Smiths in Arizona mailed a box to the Joneses, in Vermont. It was properly wrapped and tied securely. There was only one little oversight—Mrs. Smith forgot to put a return address on it. As the Jones family had moved, leaving no forwarding address, the parcel ended up in the dead parcel office.

Mr. Blank helped feed the dead letter office. His handwriting was a scrawl that even he could barely decipher. But one day while Mrs. Blank was away, he answered an urgent appeal from Johnny at college, for a few extra bucks. He slipped a ten in an envelope and mailed it hurriedly. The post office couldn't read his writing, either.

And so it goes. All of the thousands of items collected in "dead" divisions, to be sold at auctions, or added direct to the Treasury's funds, came out of parcels or letters mailed by Mr. and Mrs. America.

For a year before the San Francisco auction, about one hundred workers worried and worked over the

big haul of letters and packages. It took a special staff two months to complete the sorting. It isn't fun—just headaches for those involved in the work to be done whenever one of these auctions takes place. And worst of all, it only stops hurting for an interlude—from the time the stuff is out of the way until it starts piling up again. But it could be cured by a few simple precautionary measures.

First, pack your parcel with care, taking thought as to the size and shape of its contents. Sharp pointed objects will work through containers unless shielded. Heavier items necessitate close packing, or the box may be battered and smashed before it reaches its destination. If your writing is not plain, and you do not type the label, print the address large and plainly; so that it is unmistakable.

Check all outgoing mail to make sure you have addressed it correctly and given a good readable return address in the upper left-hand corner. If your letter or package contains valuables of any description, register or insure it. In 1926, the postal service was improved by a service designated as "special handling." By paying ten or twenty cents extra—according to weight—in addition to the required postage, your parcel is treated as first class mail and goes through with the same speed. This is registration, and you will be given a receipt for your records. It is good business, as the post office also has your name and address, thus affording you more protection.

Insuring your mail is an even better policy. If for some reason it should be lost, you fill out a blank at the office of mailing, and the post office investigates your loss. If the mail cannot be found, you will be reimbursed the full amount of insurance after a short period, even to the amount of postage prepaid. There is every chance, however, that it will be recovered. And at least, your valuables will not turn up at a post office auction somewhere, to swell the Treasury with money you may ill-afford to lose.

Postmaster John A. Fixa, of the San Francisco post office, has some pertinent advice for the public.

"You should always include a return address, both on and inside your letter or parcel," he warns.

"Of course," he adds with emphasis, "some people have good reason not to include their names. Some items are doubtless stolen goods, for which senders obviously won't give a return address.

In a Massachusetts cemetery there is a gravestone with the following inscription: "Here lies Dentist Smith, filling his last cavity."

The young clergyman was soundly trounced in a golf match by a parishioner who was a good thirty years his senior, and he headed for the clubhouse in a disconsolate mood.

"Cheer up," said his opponent. "Don't forget, you'll win in the end—you'll probably be burying me some day."

"Yes," muttered the cleric, "but even then it'll be your hole."

"We've run across just about everything, in mutilated or otherwise undeliverable packages—from narcotics to greenbacks and gold. Nearly nine thousand dollars in money from this source went last year to the United States Treasury.

"Sometimes precious stones turn up; and they go on sale just like anything else. A few people walk off with surprising bargains.

"Take, for instance, the man who bought a shaving brush for a few cents at the auction here. He unscrewed the handle, for some reason, and found a twenty dollar bill inside. He called up very happily to tell us about it; but he didn't offer to turn it over to the Treasury. We didn't ask him to, either. Here's the motto of our auction—"Let the buyer beware, and may he rejoice!"

An old saying states: "forewarned is forearmed." Let's paraphrase Mr. Fixa's "motto," and put it this way: Let the sender of mail beware, and he can rejoice!

Boss, to employee coming in late: "You should have been here half an hour ago."
Employee: "Why, what happened?"

"Could you," the specialist asked, "pay for an operation if I found one necessary?"

"Would you," countered the patient, "find one necessary if I couldn't pay for it?"

Asked one time if he'd ever had the DT's in Hollywood, W. C. Fields replied, "I don't know—there's no way of telling where the DT's leave off and Hollywood begins."

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE Backward Child



Ilga couldn't count to three or spell cat—but that's only the beginning of the story.

by TED PETERSON

THE nine year old girl was unable to read a syllable, and the instructor despaired of teaching her. All the other children had learned at five and six. But, through working with her in special classes, the teacher made the amazing discovery that if he read to himself, just skimmed over a passage, the girl could repeat out loud, with no apparent difficulty, everything he'd read. This strange ability applied, as well, to foreign languages, indicating that the faculty was exercised without understanding. It was the same with arithmetic. Backward in sums, the child had no trouble repeating calculations when they had first passed through the mind of the teacher.

Her name was Ilga, and her curious case puzzled the European doctors

and professors who examined her. She was classed as feeble minded, and on the surface there seemed no reason to question this finding. At seven, she expressed herself in the manner of a two-year-old. Her own family couldn't understand her until she was eight. By that time, however, she spoke enough of the native Lithuanian to begin elementary school. At school, Ilga was hopelessly backward; she could handle only single letters at a time. Even simple syllables were beyond her comprehension. Then her capacity for recounting the thoughts of her mother and teacher was discovered.

Ilga's story reached F. von Neureiter, professor of forensic medicine in Riga, capital of Latvia. In the summer of 1935 he asked that she be brought to him for examination and study. With members of the faculty of Riga University present, Dr. von Neureiter's tests were made. At first the tests went badly because Ilga was ill at ease in the presence of strangers and unfamiliar surround-

ings. So it was decided to conduct the tests in the child's home village. Improved results were immediately obtained from the tests held there. In fact, had they been conducted by anyone but conscientious scientists, the results would have been incredible.

In one case, " $4.5 \times 5.5 = 41$ " was jotted on a slip of paper, and handed to the child's mother for her to read to herself. Not quite understanding the directions the woman turned to von Neureiter, who explained it to her as a problem in multiplication.

"Forty-one" called Ilga, just at the moment her mother, following the explanation, had reached that amount.

Then while Ilga and her mother were out of the room, one of the men hid his watch under one of the many cushions in the room. Beyond the child's hearing he told the mother where the watch was. Ilga at once repeated the thoughts of the professor as voiced to the woman in a whisper. "The watch is under the cushion!" Indeed, Ilga's mother said that for years she had not been able to hide anything from the child, who always knew where to look.

ACTUALLY, Ilga seemed only to grasp the literal wording of the thoughts transmitted to her. That is, she could repeat the words exactly, but there was no meaning in them for her. For instance, the examiners told the mother to frame a thought ordering Ilga to put away the picture book with which she was playing. Ilga repeated the sentence, "Put away your book, Ilga," but kept right

on playing with it. Further, although she knew the watch was hidden under a cushion, she had to turn over several before finding it.

Ilga's most phenomenal accomplishments were in reading. As with her elementary instructor, she spoke aloud passage after passage from books read silently by her mother, despite the fact some were in German, French and English.

When von Neureiter tried silent reading before the child, there was no response, except that once she repeated the single word that caught the professor's eye just as he closed the volume. However, when von Neureiter showed pictures to Ilga's little brother, she described them without the slightest hesitancy or error.

It is far easier to relate Ilga's accomplishments than to account for them. The obvious explanation is that the demonstrations were fraudulent. But that theory will not stand up. The men who conducted the tests kept their eyes open for any sign of lip reading, or hand signals. They found none. Ilga was able to speak her mother's thoughts when the two were in separate rooms, and when they were back-to-back. Too, Ilga was a backward child. She would have broken down under the burden of even the simplest code. An intricate system of communication would have been fundamental to any scheme between the child and her family.

COULD mental telepathy be the solution? Professor von Neureiter had thought of that. But experiments in thought transmission

failed completely. Ilga could not probe the thoughts of others. She could repeat messages that they deliberately phrased in their minds, as in reading.

The best view seems to be that Ilga's almost miraculous ability was compensatory. We know that blind persons very often develop hearing and touch to a high degree as compensation for failure to see. Inversely, those who cannot hear often possess

extra-keen vision. Ilga's compensation would seem to be of a different nature—extra-sensory perception to compensate for very low mentality as judged by normal standards—the development of a little used part of the normal brain in an attempt to offset extreme weakness in other parts. Possibly that is the explanation. The final answer must await man's greater understanding of that most complex mechanism, man himself.

Art: "My girl's eyes are strange. One is red and the other is green."

Sam: "What difference does that make?"

Art: "Well, when she gets excited, both of them light up and I don't know what to do."

Lawyer, reading client's last will and testament to a circle of expectant relatives: "And so, being of sound mind, I spent every cent I had before I died."

Funny how sometimes you mean one thing, but say something entirely different.

A woman was hostess to her club. The gossip was fine and a good time was had by all. In fact, one woman later wrote, "I had such a happy visit with you, I couldn't let it go without an extra 'thank you' beyond the one said when I passed out at the door!"

A man, unable to sleep, consulted a doctor and was advised to count sheep. Next day he returned, more exhausted than ever.

"Sure, I counted sheep," he reported. "I counted up to 20,000. Then I began figuring. Those 20,000 sheep would produce 80,000 pounds of wool—enough for 30,000 yards of cloth. That would make up 12,000 overcoats! Man, who could sleep with an inventory like that!"

A class was studying geography. The teacher had a globe in her hand and gave it a spin saying at the same time that the world revolves around its axis. She told about the poles and then, to make sure that everyone understood she asked, "What is at the north and south ends of the axis?"

A little girl replied, "A bolt and a nut."



"You go in first . . . she's expecting you."

Benevolent Bequest

“I CHARLES LOUNSBERRY, being of sound and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interests in the world among the succeeding men:

“That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposition of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

“ITEM: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust to their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments; and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the deeds of their children shall require.

“ITEM: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every flower of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of the children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the trail of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

“ITEM: I devise to boys jointly, all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all the meadows, with the clover blossoms and the butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances; the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places, which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each in his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, or without any encumbrance or care.

“ITEM: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music, and aught else that they may desire to figure to each other, the last-ingness and the beauty of their love.

“ITEM: To those who are no longer children or youths, or lovers, I bequeath the power to have lasting friendships, the capacity for courage, and undaunted faith.

“ITEM: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I leave memory, the peace and happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.”

This is the unusual and heartwarming legal document that came to light in the Probate Court of Chicago. It was a will drawn up by the late Charles Lounsberry, a Chicago attorney, while he was an inmate of an insane asylum. Perhaps he was insane, as the courts ruled, but his sublime bequest is a gem of literature that warms the heart of all who read it—particularly at this time.

—Stephen J. Schmiedel.



VACATION The Easy Way

*The most important thing is
moderation.*

by STANLEY J. MEYER

WHEN the warm months arrive, some 60,000,000 Americans will be taking vacations. And, sad to say, some fewer millions, despite long planning and preparation, are going to run into trouble somewhere along the line.

If you follow a few simple rules the chances are you will be one of those who can return home and take up business life just where it was left—without additional expense or worry. While planning your vacation it is a good idea to make up a list of things to be done before you leave. Heading the list should be “Check all doors and windows.”

This might sound like a silly suggestion. At least that's the way it sounded to George W. last year. He took it for granted that his wife had locked up before they pulled away in the car, headed for a glorious fort-

night at the lake; but he didn't think to ask her until they were fifty miles from home.

“Why, I thought you had checked all the windows, George,” she said. There was nothing for George to do but make a long distance call to one of the neighbors—an unnecessary expense, and two uneasy minds for the entire vacation.

Paul M. wasn't as lucky. He didn't think of the windows until he was almost home. While he was putting 3,000 miles on his speedometer (the number of miles the average motoring vacationist will travel) someone had relieved his family of all the clothing and silverware in the house.

Burglars don't need an uncanny knack for knowing when a family is away on vacation. Most families leave tell-tale signs that even the uninitiated can properly interpret. Such advertising as a porch lined with sour bottled milk, or a lawn strewn with newspapers is common in any neighborhood from June through August. Drawn shades and stuffed mail boxes are equally eloquent of temporary vacancy.

The police in a small Ohio town nabbed a young man who had successfully broken into a dozen homes. Asked how he knew the families were on vacation he replied, "I entered only houses where the grass was high. That's a sure sign."

Intelligent vacationers always have their cars checked thoroughly before departure—with special attention to brakes, lights and windshield wipers. And they carry first aid kits and flashlights. The most dangerous part of any vacation is the time spent in transit. Speed is the chief nemesis. Drivers realize they have only two weeks vacation, and in order to enjoy as many days of it as possible, heedlessly try to get wherever they're going in the shortest possible time. The result, accidents! Other vacationists burden their automobiles with luggage, canoes, trailers or other vacation gear, so that control on the road is impeded, or front and rear vision blocked. The result, accidents!

MANY a driver seems to forget that he is driving in unfamiliar territory, and that traffic signals and regulations differ from state to state. Also forgotten is the fact that the driver cannot enjoy as much of the scenery as can his passengers. Neither is the driver a robot. It is impossible for the average driver to stay behind the wheel hour after hour without feeling strain and fatigue. If only one driver is available, it is wise to stop periodically for him to relax. Get out and stretch the legs!

Last summer Cliff T. headed for the far West, where, incidentally,

most Americans spend their vacations. He drove steadily for three days and a large part of two nights to reach his destination. When he finally arrived, he was so tired that he didn't enjoy the first three days of his vacation.

Most people seem to forget that the real purpose of a vacation is to relax. They try to crowd a whole year's outdoor fun into two short weeks. As a result hearts give out, nerves are snapped, and people become fatigued to the point of illness or break-down.

Take the case of a grocer who knew that his heart had been acting up. He enjoyed walking; so the first day of his vacation, he walked five miles. The next day he tried seven, and the next ten. He didn't think that walking would bother his heart. But it did, and today he's an invalid, because he tried to cram all the walking he could into a few short days.

One of the most pleasant sensations of all is lying out in the warm sun after taking a swim. But if you should happen to fall asleep in the sun, the sensations can become very unpleasant. Because the sun can burn badly—and often does!

Many a vacationist has spent nearly his entire two weeks on the flat of his back, trying to recover from a serious case of sunburn incurred the first day out. If you are a sun worshipper, use a good lotion, and take your tan in easy doses. And don't forget to wear good sunglasses!

If you're around the water, make sure of the depth before diving. Often there are rocks or other dangerous obstructions on the bottom.

The rule about not going into the water for at least an hour after eating still holds; and so does the caution about drinking impure water, touching unfamiliar plants and sampling unknown berries.

The one rule for a safe vacation that seems to sum up everything is: "Use common sense."

Betty, the farmer's daughter, was milking a cow when a bull suddenly charged toward her across the meadow. Betty did not move. Summer boarders who had dashed to safety saw, to their astonishment, that the bull stopped within a few yards of Betty, then turned and walked meekly away.

"Weren't you afraid?" someone asked the girl.

"No, I wasn't, but I bet he was," Betty laughed. "You see, this cow is his mother-in-law."



"Gee, I'll bet her feet are glad when she sits down!"

By going along at a slow, easy pace you'll find that you're enjoying your vacation much more than ever before. And when it's time to get back to the job for another fifty weeks, you'll find that you feel much more fit to do the job. After all, that's why you *take* a vacation!

A lady walked into a bookstore the other day and asked if they had any books interpreting dreams. The clerk showed her the only one in stock.

"No," she said firmly, "that isn't it. I am looking for a dream book written by a man whose name begins with G." She pondered for a while but still couldn't remember the full name. Just as she was starting to leave the store, the inspiration came. "Now I remember his name," she said, "It was Jehovah."

"Sorry," the clerk said. "We haven't that book, madam. But I can certainly assure you that the author is a very authoritative source."

As two hawk-faced buxom women watched a sky-writing pilot perform, one said: "Now I wonder what induced that man to go in for such fool things."

A man nearby spoke up: "Frustration, lady. His wife probably wouldn't let him smoke in the house."

A visitor to Louisiana was standing by the side of a bayou watching a shrimp lugger laden with passengers and produce glide by. A native was standing at the side of the visitor, watching with equal interest.

The native finally turned to the visitor and remarked: "That lugger will go on down the bayou to Plaquemine, and—if they've a mind to—the passengers can get on a river steamer that'll take them straight to New Orleans. At New Orleans they can get a bigger steamer that'll take them across the Gulf; they can go to Mexico and South America and on and on. Why, you can go anywhere on this earth from a bayou!"

Blessed Is the Boss Who—

—treats his secretary as though she has a brain, at least until it's definitely established that she does not.

—appreciates how often his secretary is called upon to be a mind reader in order to fulfill all his demands and keeps her advised just as carefully as he does the topmost executive. (Otherwise, she's just an automaton who writes his letters while groping in the dark for the background information necessary to do an intelligent job.)

—gives his secretary authority to correct his mistakes in grammar and otherwise improve the wording of his letters. (It's barely possible that she may be able to write a better letter than he can, even though she is a woman!)

—isn't afraid to delegate authority, after due consideration, and trusts those employees who have shown themselves worthy, instead of proceeding on the assumption that none is capable but the big guy.

—returns a letter to his secretary for an occasional minor correction instead of making it in ink on the original letter himself. (The good secretary can make a neat correction on the typewriter that won't be noticed if he doesn't make it impossible.)

—when he has some material to be copied, gives it to his secretary on the assumption that she can read too, instead of boringly dictating it to her, word for word, and at breakneck speed.

—recognizes the files as her domain and gives her access to them in doing her work. Otherwise, she's as handicapped as a plumber without his tools. (If he can't trust his secretary with the files, he'd better get a new secretary.)

—if he's agreed to sign and mail the rush contract his secretary stayed late Friday night to finish, fulfills his part of the bargain. (If she finds the important paper still on his desk Monday morning, can he blame her if she isn't too much concerned the next time he wants a rush job done?)

—understands when an occasional beauty parlor date makes his secretary a few minutes late getting back from lunch, since he always goes to the barbershop on company time.

—understands if shopping on her noon hour makes her a few minutes late now and then, since he sends her on personal errands for him during his lunch hour, and it isn't always a business engagement that takes him away for a two-hour lunch.

—doesn't expect his secretary to drop everything and come running, just because he yells, when she's on the telephone handling a business call.

—realizes that his secretary has a perfect right to leave at quitting time in the evening. After all, she does have to report for work on time in the mornings even though he can and does stroll in an hour later.

—gives his secretary some gay, frivolous assignment once in a while in appreciation for all the nasty jobs he's shoved at her. (Doesn't she deserve to represent him at lunch with an interesting client occasionally in exchange for all the pests she's had to take care of?)

—when he finds a good secretary without whom he would be lost, admits it and rewards her in the most convincing and acceptable manner known to the working girl—regular pay raises.

—Kathleen Mitchell.



The Charity Campaign Controversy



*People ask: "Why not all our begs
in one ask-it?"*

by TOM CAULEY

THE American scene is in the throes of an open fight between the large national charity agencies and those who contend that it can best be handled on the local level by the Community Chest. Encouraged by the National Community Chest and Councils, national advisory clearinghouse for local Chests, many communities are trying to work out some form of "federated fund raising."

Kansas City is the focal point of the federated fund-raising issue today. There is increasing pressure for the consolidation of money-raising efforts of all national and local health organizations and social agencies.

On the surface, the idea sounds deceptively good. One donation would cover all the local community agencies and the big nationals, like the Red Cross, the March of Dimes, Christmas Seals, Easter Seals, Crippled Children, Heart and Cancer.

It appeals particularly to civic-

minded persons whose services are enlisted for almost every money-raising drive in the community. It looks fine to average citizens, especially after they have had three or four solicitations in a period of weeks.

The trouble with the Super-Fund idea is that it is founded on wishful thinking. It has proved unsuccessful in Southern cities, and in Detroit, it resulted in a rash of separate fund-raising efforts carried out under the guise of "membership campaigns."

In that industrial center there has been nurtured for the past two years an organization called the United Foundation of Metropolitan Detroit. Its symbol is a blazing torch and its slogan, "Give Once For All." It is commonly called the Torch Fund.

The slogan has proved a fallacy. In 1950, after several drives were conducted, customarily covered in the Community Chest, irate citizens approached Torch Fund officials with this awkward question:

"What about the 'Give Once For All' deal?"

Since separate drives have been held

or are planned by the Red Cross, March of Dimes and the American Cancer Society, that indiscreet slogan will be further weakened.

Although Torch conducted an all-out propaganda campaign against the American Cancer Society when that organization decided to conduct its own fund-raising effort, it made little headway. In spite of billboards proclaiming that Cancer had been included in the Torch fund, the ACS took in close to \$150,000, only ten per cent less than the previous year.

WRITING in Nation's Business, a publication of the United States Chamber of Commerce, J. C. Furnas refuted claims made recently by Walter C. Laidlaw, manager of the Torch Fund.

Speaking at a meeting of the Citizens committee on multiple fund-raising campaigns, Laidlaw asserted that the Detroit chapter of the American Red Cross and the Detroit chapter of the March of Dimes had participated in the Torch Fund.

The truth is, according to Furnas, the Red Cross finally arranged in-plant solicitation "concurrent" with the Torch drive to spare management the grief of its regular drive in March. The money collected from this source was only a small percentage of the total Red Cross goal and it put an additional burden on the personnel and volunteer workers of this organization.

Basil O'Connor, president of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, has stated that there was no March of Dimes participation.

"The Wayne County (Detroit)

chapter, has never accepted Torch Fund money, has never been offered any, and has advised us that they would not accept it if offered," O'Connor said.

"As a matter of fact," O'Connor continued, "the American Cancer Society and other national agencies advise us that they are being misrepresented just as we are in Detroit."

The propaganda machine of the super-fund advocates went into action again a few months ago in Oakland, Calif., where the Public Charities Commission denied a permit for the 1951 March of Dimes drive.

The fact that the order was rescinded a few days later along with a public statement from the Commission urging support of the drive, did not alter the harmful effects of the earlier denial.

Here again, was a case of one selfish group attempting to "muddy the waters," causing confusion and uncertainty among workers and contributors, and above all, aiming to sabotage the fine programs which have been carried on through the years by these national health organizations.

AN incident which occurred during the recent March of Dimes drive in Kansas City illustrates the difference of opinion and the heated feelings over the issue.

At a large manufacturing plant, a group of workmen sought permission from the manager to solicit donations for the polio fund. He refused to permit this. He told them that he personally was in favor of one drive to cover all health agencies.

The men marched from his office,

obtained a 10-gallon container which they placed outside the plant entrance, and went to work collecting donations. That evening they turned over \$182 to the infantile paralysis fund.

This action cannot be construed as a defiant attitude towards the "boss." It simply proves that the average American wants to donate his money free from dictation of some super-committee.

Another factor which the Super-Chest advocates fail to take into consideration is the intense interest which people have in their own pet charities or organizations.

Naturally, the person who has had cancer in his family is most interested in helping to eradicate that disease. The same applies to other diseases like tuberculosis, heart or polio.

Some of the best contributors and the hardest and most effective workers in the March of Dimes drive are persons who have been hit by polio or who have had the disease strike members of their own families.

In the closing days of the 1951 drive, a 10-year-old school girl, stricken by polio during the 1946 epidemic, walked into the Jackson County Infantile Paralysis office and placed a bag containing \$239 on the desk of one of the workers. Although still crippled from the effects of the disease, she had canvassed the entire

neighborhood alone to collect that sum.

Then there are organizations like the Polio Mother's Club of Kansas City. They carry on a year-round program of work in behalf of polio victims, visiting them at hospitals and giving advice and solace to parents of the stricken children.

PERHAPS James J. Rick, active in the Jackson County (includes Kansas City) chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for ten years, put into fewest words the strongest argument against federated fund-raising.

"You cannot budget for an epidemic," is Rick's answer to proponents of the Super-Chest. And he has facts and figures to back up this statement. In 1946, Jackson County alone spent in excess of \$200,000 during the epidemic which struck that summer. And in the not-so-severe epidemic year of 1949, the chapter obtained an advance of more than \$50,000, from the epidemic fund of the National Foundation to meet its bills.

"How," asks Rick, "could our Community Chest meet an obligation of this size when today it is not able to budget adequately for the agencies under its control?"

"The Kansas City Community Chest has allotted Mercy Hospital \$150,262, effective January 1st, 1951. The budget for the hospital, set up last May, is \$404,526. This figure is the estimated cost for the actual operation and maintenance of the hospital for the fiscal year, thus \$254,300 must come from other sources. With the



Community Chest furnishing little more than one-third of the funds needed, Mercy faces the task of raising \$254,300. And because they are a Chest agency many contributors do not understand why they must conduct a separate drive.

"That the people of Jackson County appreciate the work being done by their polio chapter," said Rick, "is shown by the fact that in the January drive—in the face of determined and well organized opposition—contributions soared 10 per cent higher than the record set in 1950. I expect this figure to reach 25 per cent before the figures are totaled!"

THE Dayton (Ohio) story is another example of the bitterness and confusion that results when amateurish attempts are made to tamper with the work and activities of local agencies and national health associations.

In the same article in which he described the Detroit situation, Mr. Furnas gave a clear and concise picture of the Dayton debacle.

"With the blessing of most civic leaders," Furnas wrote, "Dayton in 1949 had its Community Chest ask local affiliates of nationals to come under the big tent. Without asking permission the American Cancer Society was included in this federated drive.

"When the Dayton A. S. C. asked the city for its customary permit to solicit, the request was refused on the ground that the local Chest had already taken care of cancer that year.

"This action resulted in a lawsuit against the city charging violation of civil rights. Today, Dayton has two rival cancer societies, each honest, earnest and stubborn."

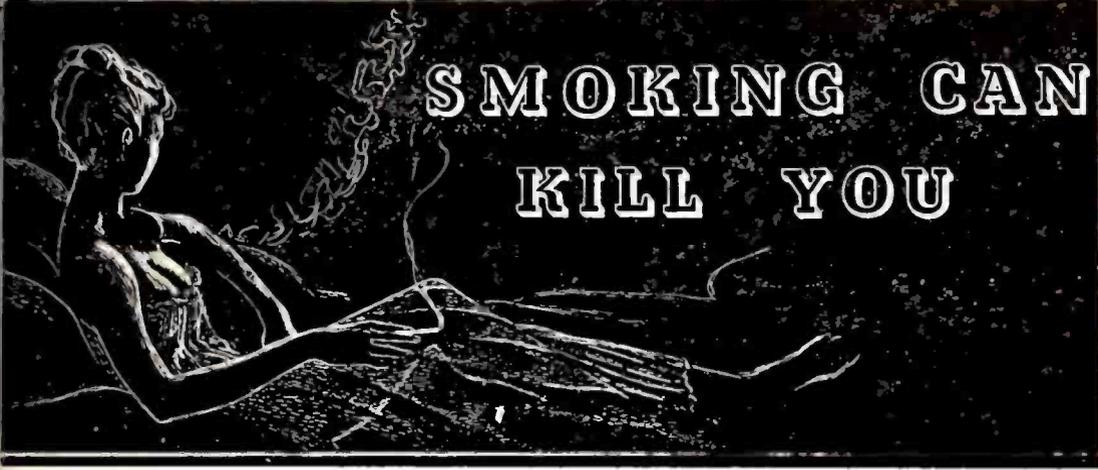
Furnas reports that in these days of growing government controls, federated fund-raising is a move toward voluntary, semi-private bureaucracy that could readily turn governmental.

"Growing reliance on the easy method of corporation gifts and payroll deductions amounts to a voluntary tax that all too readily could become legal and compulsory. The present mess is too much of a drain on people's time and dispositions, already strained by the drift toward war."

The position of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis is much the same as the American Red Cross in the matter of joining a federated fund-raising group. The heads of both national organizations have emphasized time and again that under no circumstances would they permit their organizations or any of their chapters to join a federated movement.

Last year, General George C. Marshall made this statement concerning the Red Cross and the federated drive which still stands as the policy and guide for the organization.

"Red Cross requirements demand from time to time the expenditure of funds in a community far beyond the capacity of that community to provide. The persistence of debate on whether or not the Red Cross should participate in federated drives is not only harmful to the Red Cross, but also to welfare organizations generally."



SMOKING CAN KILL YOU

*"... believed to have been smoking
in bed."*

by FRANK A. BARTONEK

IN Kansas City, Claude Lee Ross, Jr., bade his landlady "Good night" and went to his second story room about 1:45 a. m. on a March night. Leisurely, he prepared for bed, lit a cigarette, lay down and began reading the evening paper.

About an hour later, the shrill scream of "Fire" roused the other eight occupants of the rooming house, who fled pajama-clad into the bitter night. All escaped, except Ross, who had sounded the alarm. His body, scarcely burned, was found in his room a few feet from the bed—indicating suffocation as the cause of death. The fire chief said the victim apparently had been smoking in bed, dozed off to sleep and was overcome by smoke before he could break out into open air.

In Hollywood, Mme. Ouspenskaya, famous 73-year-old character actress,

went to bed and lit a cigarette. When weariness overtook her, Mme. Ouspenskaya fell asleep. She was found the next morning, dead—a burn in the mattress indicating a cigarette had been dropped on the bedding. The smoke.

actress had been asphyxiated by the

In Lowell, Massachusetts, a 55-year-old woman died of burns apparently after having fallen asleep while smoking in bed. In New York, smoke suffocated a small baby in his bed. Firemen said the mother had dropped a lighted cigarette on the mattress.

This list could go on for a hundred pages, covering only deaths caused by smoking in bed. If you smoke in bed, and persist in the habit, the odds are against your dying of old age. Just as you, the victims described above all felt they were careful smokers. And they probably were, until the day they smoked the last cigarette of their lives!

The most frequent victim is the smoker who sleeps alone, with the bedroom door closed. Men seem to have the habit more than women.

According to figures supplied by the Metropolitan Life Insurance company, of the men who died from burns, 33% were suffered while smoking in bed or an upholstered chair. Women burn victims indicated that 16% died as a result of smoking in bed.

The annual loss of life by fire has averaged 10,000 for a number of years, according to the National Fire Protection Association. This high level of death continues in spite of safety precautions and more efficient fire department operation. It is attributed largely to an increase in the smoking habit. Smoking is now so universal that carelessly discarded cigarettes and matches are ranked the number one fire cause.

THE National Board of Fire Underwriters has made studies of what happens to a sleeper who drops a cigarette on the bedclothes. The cigarette sets off a disastrous chain of events.

First, the cotton or wool around the burning cigarette is slowly heated to around 700° Fahrenheit. This distills flammable carbons from the fibers, producing carbon monoxide gas. Carbon monoxide is flammable and when a sufficient concentration is reached, the glowing tobacco can ignite it.

As the fibers glow, more heat is produced. Then an automatic acceleration process begins. The greater the heat, the greater the distillation, and the faster the fire develops. The chemical change in burning bedding doubles with every 18° Fahrenheit rise in temperature.

The cigarette then burns its way

deep into the bedding, where the wool forms an insulating barrier for the fire. The heat builds up. More fibers are distilled and more carbon monoxide is produced. The burning becomes more intense and the fire begins to have its effect on the smoker.

Some of the carbon monoxide burns and becomes carbon dioxide, which is asphyxiating in high concentration. When the sleeper breathes the dioxide, the lungs demand more oxygen and the sleeping victim breathes deeper and faster.

Now the process builds up the concentration of carbon dioxide in the blood stream to a lethal level. At this point, many die of suffocation even if the fire should remain small or be extinguished. This is proved by the thousands of smokers who died in bed with no burns on their bodies. Partially-burned mattresses testify to the cause of death.

In other cases, as the precious oxygen in the room is being consumed by the fire and by the sleeper's deep breathing, the fire goes on producing more carbon monoxide. When the room contains the critical concentration of the flammable gas, a breeze blowing through a window, or a suddenly opened door will introduce a new oxygen supply which may set off a flash combustion, engulfing the room in instant fiery ruin.

Most of the stories dealing with these tragedies of smoking in bed bear the words "believed to have been" or "probably" preceding a naming of the cause of death. In most of these fires, the evidence is destroyed, making the proximate cause difficult to determine.

Every time you lie in bed with a lighted cigarette between your lips or in your hand, you are tempting fate

and waiting your turn to join that group who paid the extreme price for the enjoyment of a last cigarette.

The idealistic intellectuals in Warsaw are bitterly disappointed, especially those who had hoped that Communism would really be good for mankind. They say: "Formerly one could lie freely. Now we have to lie as we are told."

Sally had just auditioned before a voice teacher under whom she had hoped to study. "I wouldn't go so far as to say your voice is heavenly," he decided. "Just unearthly."

On a long airline flight at high altitude things get a bit boring, and it is not unusual for passengers to look for an opening to start a conversation. One noticed the man riding beside him, wearing a loud necktie, was reading the *National Geographic*. The lonely one observed, "You know, I am unable to reconcile your tie with your magazine."

The other fellow replied, "I buy my magazines. My ties are given to me."



—Tut LeBlanc

"But I was under the impression you owned more land than this!"

Hiking along a country road, a man and his wife stopped to ask a farmer how long it would take to reach the nearest town. "Start walking," was his curt reply.

"Pardon me," the husband said, "but we'd like to know . . ."

"Start walking!" the farmer repeated.

Thinking it was useless to try to get further information, the couple trudged along. They had covered about ten yards when the old farmer called out, "It'll take ye about twenty-five minutes."

"Why didn't you say so before?" the husband asked.

"Well," the farmer drawled, "Had to see how fast ye walk 'fore I could rightly say how long it'd take ye."

One of the worst things that can happen to an actor is for his audience to laugh during a serious scene. John Barrymore handled a situation of this kind in a classic manner. He was playing *Richard the Third* in a New York theatre. When he came to the line, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," a man in the balcony let out a big guffaw. With one magnificent gesture, Barrymore pointed to the man, and said in perfect Shakespearean pentameter, "Make haste and saddle yonder braying ass."

This descriptive indictment appeared in the *Boston Journal* of 1855: "Among the curiosities lately placed in a museum is a mosquito's bladder, containing the souls of 24 misers, and the fortunes of 12 printers. It is nearly half full."

The teacher, trying to impress her pupils with the importance of original thinking, illustrated by saying: "Mickey, repeat these sentences in your own words: I see a cow. The cow is pretty. The cow can run."

Mickey said: "Boy, lamp de cow. Ain't she a honey! An' I ask you, kin she tak' it on the lam!"

The Sage of Swing Says—



This last war brought a lot of displaced persons; the next war will bring a lot of dispersed places.

The early bird doesn't always get the worm. Franklin discovered electricity, but the fellow who invented the meters made the money.

Insomnia: A contagious disease often transmitted from babies to parents.

Dimple: A depression enjoyed by all businessmen.

Those miracle drugs sound so exciting you feel you're missing something if you're healthy.

There is no way a woman can get into a '51 car gracefully, short of having the vehicle built around her.

A chemist says the first alcohol was made in Arabia—which may help explain those nights.

As long as a blonde can keep her hair light and her past dark, she's happy.

A good report card is not so much a reflection of the past as it is a prediction of the future.

There is much to be said for a college education. For instance, it keeps the boss's son from the business for four more years.

Don't have for a friend a man who is proud of having no enemies.

A saint has been defined as a person who is good even when nobody is looking.

Parenthood is the only job which requires infinite experience to perform and none whatsoever to get.

Success depends partly on whether people like you wherever you go or whenever you go.

If you're in the right, argue like a man. If you're in the wrong, argue like a woman.

The way to pick up a story or a speech is the way you pick up a puppy—a little before the middle.

The automobile hasn't completely replaced the horse. You haven't seen a bronze statue of a man sitting under a steering wheel.

Use what language you will, you can never say anything but what you are.

Perhaps the real basis for most gripes about the younger generation is that we no longer belong to it.

Home: The place where we are treated the best and grumble the most.

Debts: The certain outcome of an uncertain income.

Compared to the restless energy of a small boy in church, the atomic bomb is a fizzle.

A vacation is a period when the average person gives up good dollars for bad quarters.

A pessimist is a guy who sizes himself up and gets sore about it.

Try this one for size: Now that it's all over, what did I do yesterday that's worth mentioning?

It is better to have great desires than merely to desire greatness.

What one says when on his knees is of less importance than what he does when he rises.

A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can let alone.

Monday's masterpiece, my first city editor told me, wraps Tuesday's fish.

Experience is the cheapest thing you can buy if you're smart enough to get it second hand.

At the same rate per ounce charged for women's bathing suits, a man's overcoat would cost \$795.63.

Sooner or later, the man with a pull is ousted by the man with a push.

How a man plays the game shows something of his character. How he loses it shows all of it.

A dictatorship is a nation where men once had freedom, but didn't use it.

Lack of enthusiasm is mental anemia.

If you find the months getting shorter, you are getting older or else buying on the installment plan.

If you treat a guest like home folks, he may get mad and retaliate.

When a speech is boiled down, it isn't so dry.

God promises a safe landing but not a calm passage.

The book which most fascinates any executive is his volume of business.

The average man: 42 around the chest, 42 around the waist, 96 around the course, and a nuisance around the house.

Women's intuition: Suspicion that clicked.

The church is a hospital for sinners, not a club for saints.

A budget tells us what we can't afford, but it doesn't keep us from buying it.

A serious impediment to marriage today is the increasing difficulty of supporting the government and a wife on one income.

Thirty million Sunday drivers were out in fool force.

The one thing to be put on a toy to make it immediately attractive to every child is another child's hand.

No man ever becomes a Communist until he has given up all hope of becoming a Capitalist.

If you have something to do that is worthwhile doing, don't talk about it, but do it; your friends and enemies will talk about it.

Don't strut. The fact that you have a certain title or position does not prove anything except that maybe in selecting you somebody made a mistake that will be rectified later.



—Alfred Rosenberg.

Childhood Memories

DO you remember the gay, carefree times when you were young? Have you walked through the cool sparkle of a spring morning calling up shining moments of your boyhood? Memories . . .

Perhaps childhood is to you the feel of grass and earth when you go barefoot in May. Sometimes it is waking up with the grand sensation of Saturday morning leaping in your heart, smelling sausage and hot cakes, knowing there will be no dreaded school today. And then Saturday night, with joy and adventure in the air; waiting to get out on the streets, after your bath, and go "uptown." It's going clear down to the orchestra pit to see Broncho Bill shoot the villain dead twice, until the cracked slide flashes "Good Night" on the screen.

Childhood may be warm sand through your toes, or soft, hot tar bubbles in the streets, walking along a stone wall or a wooded path, smelling the damp earth and moss of shaded places. Perhaps it is the excitement of standing on the low edge of a roof, daring another boy to jump, knowing you must jump too. Perhaps it is prying around a house that is being built, or lying in a barn loft opening. Childhood may be that satiable destructive joy of throwing a round, heavy stone through the window of a vacant house when the red, ancient light of dusk blazons its windows; or of seeing how many skips a flat stone will take across the still river pool; or it might be watching your new baseball accumulate grass stain and swat marks until it becomes your old baseball.

Then it is going back to school in September, eager to see some kids . . . not so eager to see others, wondering if there will be any new ones in your room. It is the look and smell of the new geography, the pungent odor of freshly sharpened pencils, the solid, wealthy feel of new books and book-strap. It is taking the books home—devouring them with unfilled hunger until nothing remains. You go to bed warm against the frost-white moonlight out of doors. A dog barks, then two, in the distance. The nine-twelve freight wails its signal over on the other side of town in a transaction that doesn't concern you, but you wonder about it before going to sleep. In the morning it is ploughing through steeped autumn leaves toward school, hoping to continue an interesting project or game started yesterday; believing when you hear the school-house bell that things won't be so bad this year.

Do you remember waking up knowing it snowed during the night, feeling the numb, white presence of soft all-engulfing snow, hearing its hushed fall to earth, the scraping of the neighbor's shovel on the walk, and the muted stamping of the milkman on the kitchen porch? Childhood may mean Sunday morning, hearing sleigh bells outside, wanting to get your wraps on, but feeling peaceful, not exultant as on Saturday. Sunday papers are everywhere, as is the smell of father's mild tobacco. Mother's industry in the fragrant kitchen seems to make the whole house glow.

In a few reflective moments, these lights and shapes and tones of things swarm in your mind like a magic web of shifting, iridescent colors. For the places where you've lived are not just streets—not strips and designs, they are the ingredients of your life, the frame and stage for your whole World.

—R. Samuel Bush

Do Right By Your Dog



You can't love him one day and forget him the next.

by NELL WOMACK EVANS

WOULD you like to be patted on the back of the head by a hand you can't see? Would you wish always to be pleasant to complete strangers? Would you care to have a face with eyes like headlamps thrust suddenly into your own?

You wouldn't? Then maybe that puppy doesn't like it either. Maybe that is why he seems vicious. Sometimes an animal is vicious because people have done many foolish things with perfectly good intentions. And sometimes a puppy is sick because he has been neglected either in the manner or choice of food, or in the care exercised in sanitation or medication. Common sense is the basis for all real love and care of animals. A bit of know-how mixed with common sense will assure mutual love and respect between you and your canine collaborator.

First, do you really want a dog? Having responsibility for any animal is a high trust. It is no use loving an animal one day and forgetting about it the next: every animal needs regular daily attention. Ask yourself these questions:

How much time can I give a dog for exercise? How much food am I prepared to furnish him? How difficult will it be to keep my dog clean? Can I make arrangements for him when I go away for weekends or vacations?

If you cannot answer these questions with pride, then you should spend your money on something that does not feel, smell or see. But if your answers say you still want a dog, the choice of breed comes next.

WHEN choosing a dog it is well to remember that basic needs differ according to breed. Great Danes, St. Bernards, Bloodhounds and Bulldogs need less exercise than terriers, because they are built to guard or to pick up scent, and terriers chase and pounce. Springer Spaniels

are built to "spring" their game, as well as for speed on the chase or hunting field, in common with other gun dogs such as the Pointer and Setter.

Apart from breed, the amount of exercise a dog requires depends upon the length of his legs. Dachshunds, Cairns or Corgis, for example, are well suited to town dwellers with small yards; their short legs preclude great space needed for play.

Some authorities recommend getting a dog from five to six months old, this being the age at which his training begins to be effective; and at which age he becomes his own master to some extent. But since it is usually a much younger puppy that wins the human heart, an owner must be prepared to discharge the obligations that go with this added pleasure of dog-owning. The basic responsibilities are to set a definite feeding schedule; make up a wholesome diet; and provide adequate bedding. Most young puppies will miss their mothers the first night they are in their new homes. A clean, warm bed near the new master or mistress is sometimes all it takes to banish that fear of being alone. If your puppy wants more assurance of security, give him a hot water bottle wrapped in a towel to cuddle up to, and an old-fashioned ticking clock to remind him of the heartbeat of his mother. Then all will be well—for the puppy and for you.

YOUR dog will want to be fed at least three times a day until he is six months old. This food should consist of egg yolk, one per day beaten in milk for his breakfast; $\frac{1}{2}$

cup meal dampened in broth or milk in the middle of the day; chopped fresh beef, lamb or veal for supper in amounts adequate to satisfy a puppy appetite, depending upon the size and breed. Dog biscuits to gnaw on, good clean knucklebones are also a treat, and plenty of fresh, clean water at all times—except after 6 o'clock at night. This diet may be changed to include fish, cheese or table scraps without starchy foods as the puppy grows.

For adult dogs, one good meal a day, preferably in the evening, is usually enough, and its main content should be meat—cut up and mixed with biscuit meal or toasted brown bread.

Very few puppies are vicious. If they are unpleasant it is because they had an unsuitable upbringing. Indeed, it is said to be possible to meet a dog and tell the character of its owner! If an animal is unjustly treated when young, punished for reasons he doesn't understand, given no encouragement or affection, constantly kept on a leash, he will grow up with a grudge against the whole human race.

BEATING a dog is always useless, and cows its spirit. If a dog has been naughty, scold him, send him outside and tie him up for a short time, taking care that the punishment is associated with the offense. He is sure he has done something wrong if he is restrained: all young animals loathe restraint. The newspaper method is still the most efficient means of housebreaking. Place the newspaper by your puppy from the time he comes to live with you; when

he grows bigger, move the newspaper into the yard, and you'll find habit leading the puppy to it.

Immunization against distemper is the most essential veterinary treatment you can give your dog. Every dog should be given these shots by the time he is three months old and preferably the "puppy shots" before that time—to ride him over until he is old enough for the permanent shots.

"See your vet when in doubt," is a good rule to adopt when you give your heart to a puppy. Fits, attacks of hysteria, worms, all these are things for your vet. Good care, love and loyalty, kindness and understanding—all these are things you owe that puppy who will become one of the finest friends you will ever have.

So—come at him with hand upturned and coming upward toward his neck. He will love *that* kind of petting, where he can see your hand and know where it is going to touch him.

▲
In Georgia, a man stopped at a small town garage and told the mechanic, "Whenever I hit 70 there's a knocking in the engine."

The mechanic gave the vehicle a lengthy examination, and after much testing, wiped the grease from his hands and drawled, "I don't see nothin' wrong, mister. It must be the good Lord a-warning you."

▲
It was a little girl's first day at school and the teacher was making out her registration card.

"What is your father's name?" asked the teacher.

"Daddy," replied the child.

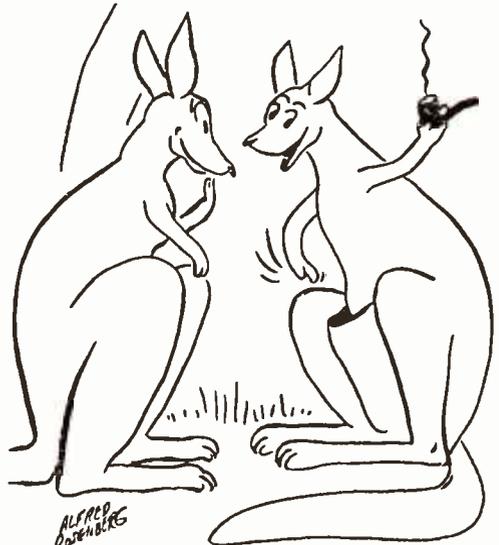
"Yes, I know, but what does your mother call him?"

"She doesn't call him anything. She likes him."

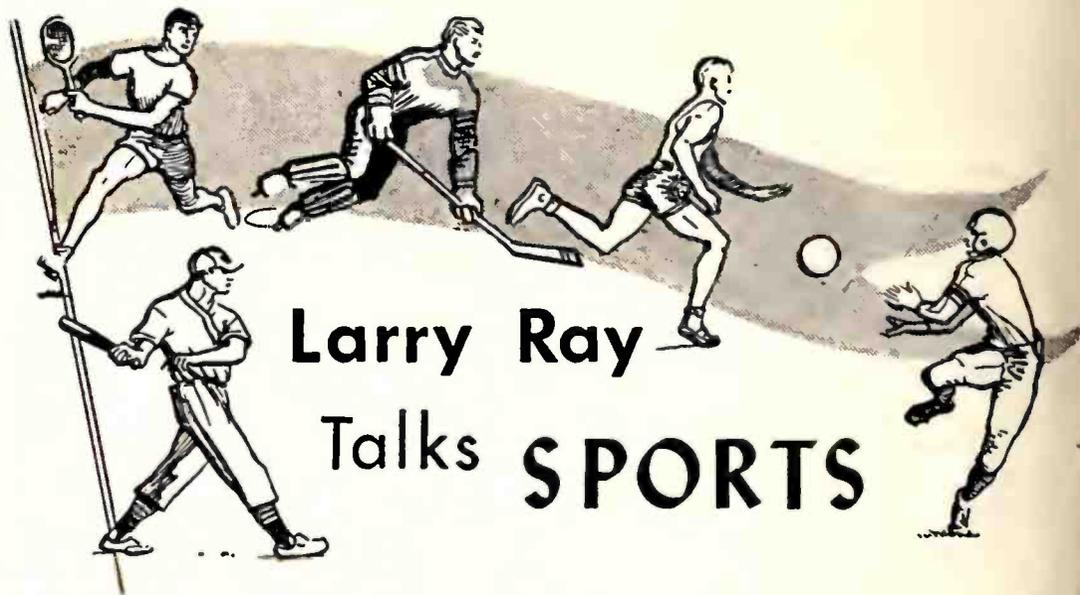
The tone of voice will convey your message to your pup; so keep it low and unexcitable. Don't show him off to all the neighbors and friends until he has become acquainted with you. That serves a dual purpose; he must know who his master is, and the neighbors' and friends' dogs may be distemper carriers.

These are little things compared to the big comfort and pleasure your puppy will bring you when he becomes that fine old dog, your best friend who knows you as well as you know yourself. Your old dog who has traded fire and style for dignity and pride. Your old dog, who has a little trouble with his ears, his eyes, or his hearing. Your old dog: your sweet and dependable and happy companion who will never let you down. But you must get that puppy now to have that old dog later!

Get that puppy and do right by your dog!



"I have tobacco in mine."



Larry Ray Talks SPORTS

SPRING is here and the sports world, which has been busier than the one-armed paperhanger with fleas, now goes into overtime.

Basketball in the Midwest boiled down to the Kansas State Aggies, who ran roughshod over the Big Seven conference and then walloped the Big Ten champions, the fighting Illini of Illinois, and played before more than 110 thousand people in the first year of the new fieldhouse at Manhattan.

Although the University of Kansas team was a great disappointment to the KU fans, Clyde Lovellette broke more records again this year and was named to almost every All-America team. The man mountain has re-written every page in Big Seven history. Ernie Barrett, the Kansas State whiz kid, was named on several all-star selections, and made almost every second team where he was not on the first line-up.

KU will begin construction of a

new 16,000-seat armory and fieldhouse on the campus at Lawrence in the near future; and already the gigantic fieldhouse at Manhattan has proved not large enough to accommodate the crowds.

That annual hoop circus in Kansas City—known to the nation as the N.A.I.B. (National Association of Intercollegiate Basketball)—drew over sixty thousand cash customers to the week-long event which was won by Hamline University of St. Paul. The tourney was sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Kansas City and the Jaycees are to be complimented on the wonderful way in which the affair was handled. The thirty-two honorary coaches and sponsors had even a better time than the players!

The greatest battle for tickets since the opening of *South Pacific* was the story in Kansas City as more than one hundred thousand people sought tickets for the annual National Collegiate

Athletic Association basketball tournament. Sixty thousand letters were returned unopened.

PLAY BALL—that bellicose roar will send millions of Americans into a dither as the battle for the pennants in a multitude of leagues, from the majors to the lowest sandlot, gets under way.

The National League race appears to be close with Brooklyn, on paper at least, the favorite and the defending champion Philadelphia Phillies the chief competition. Leo Durocher disagrees. The "big blow" of baseball predicts that his Giants, with any luck, will steal the gonfalon in the National.

Who would dare choose any team over the Yankees in the American? Although it is conceded that material-wise the Red Sox, the Tigers and the Cleveland Indians are as good if not better, the Yankees have a winning tradition that cannot be denied. The Yankees do not believe they can be defeated, and that winning confidence breeds victory. Joe DiMaggio sounded the feeling of all Yankees that day two years ago when fifty-thousand blase New Yorkers gave him the town. The "Jolter" said reverently, "Thank God I am a Yankee."

WHEN the Kansas City Blues answer the call against Louisville on April 17, they will help begin the Golden Anniversary season for the American Association. Bruce Dudley, the league president, anticipates a banner year.

The Kansas City Blues, under the management of George "Twinkletoes" Selkirk, the pet of the Yankee organization, will strive to win their way

back into the hearts of the Kansas City populace after three miserable years. WHB will again broadcast the Blues games exclusively and a huge Fan Club has been organized in Kansas City and the surrounding area. General co-chairmen are A. J. Stephens and Ray Edlund, with clubs throughout Kansas and Missouri. The clubs and presidents in Missouri are:

Kansas City—Leo Barry
Plattsburg—Frank Jaques
Hamilton—Dean R. Trospser
Excelsior Springs—Earl Purpus
Liberty—Jack Massey
Richmond—James A. Weltmer
Lexington—W. G. Abboud
Harrisonville—Arthur Conger
Carrollton—G. J. Keeler
Sugar Creek—Mayor R. J. Roper
Orrick—Clifford Gooch
Cameron—Joseph L. Van Horn
Raytown—Everett Miller



The clubs and presidents in Kansas are:

Kansas City—Dr. C. A. Gripkey
Atchison—Herbert G. Ham
Bonner Springs—C. W. Cavanaugh
Tonganoxie—George White
Valley Falls—H. D. Wyatt
Lawrence—George Noland
Olathe—Dewey Minnick
Paola—Ben Henry
Osawatomie—Otto Icenogle
Holton—Sam Anderson

Parsons—Harry Edwards
 Fort Scott—M. D. Kaufmann
 Pittsburg—Jim Morey

The annual Kansas Relays have become one of America's outstanding track meets with this year marking the twenty-sixth running of the affair at Memorial Stadium in Lawrence, Kans.



The Relay was the dream of Dr. John Outland, and through the aid of Phog Allen, then athletic director, the dream came true in April of 1923. In just one year the track event gained national prominence with 95 schools taking part.

The first post-war Relay in 1946 started it toward being the great meet it is today. Since Bill Easton took over the track coaching job at the University of Kansas, he has been sitting on top of the nest. The last two years has found the great stars of the track world requesting invitations to take part. The April Kansas Relays should again set Midwestern track fans ga-ga.

A POVERTY stricken little high school in the deep south had no gym, so the basketball team, minus

uniforms, played all its games outside. They became so good that interested sportsmen raised the money to buy uniforms and send them to the state championships. In the first game, on the opening tip-off, a little guard took the ball at center and fired at the hoop. Without looking, he turned his back on the play and walked to his defense position. Everyone gasped as the ball swished the cords. The youngster did this three times more, always running back to his defense position without waiting to see if the ball would go through the net. The crowd was wild about this sensational display of accuracy and nonchalance, and as the teams left the floor at the half, a reporter asked the lad about it. The boy was surprised.

"It's nothing," he said. "This playing indoors is easy after playing outside all your life. On long shots you just shoot for the hoop; you don't have to allow for the wind!"

Coach Pee Wee Bourette, who handles the public address system at the Kansas City basketball tourneys, ran into a snag during the NAIB. Thoughtless people in the upper balconies would sail paper airplanes down on the playing floor. George asked them not to do it, since a player could slip and be injured on one of them. His request went unheeded, and finally, a little piqued, Pee Wee spoke into the mike, "Look, you little kids, if you need some toys to play with maybe I can find some dolls for you."

Out of the thousands came a voice in reply, "Hey, Pee Wee, I've got a doll up here; but she won't play!"

There will be more when we get back from spring training.



The CREAM of CROSBY

—Not Bing, but John. SWING herewith reprints by permission excerpts from the N. Y. Herald-Tribune's syndicated column on Radio and Television.

by JOHN CROSBY

Forty Per Cent of Hamlet

THE Theater Guild's hour and a half long production of "Hamlet" was a formidable undertaking for radio on a number of accounts. In the first place, it meant cutting Prince Hamlet, admittedly a wordy fellow, down by two and a half hours. That's something like cutting a division down to 40 per cent of full strength and expecting it to maintain full effectiveness.

A large body of opinion holds that cutting Hamlet down to an hour and a half is a fine idea. In any case, it's quite a task. John Gielgud, who did the editing and also played Hamlet, performed this surgery about as neatly as anyone could, maintaining most of the story line as well as the power and splendor of its best known poetry. About all that was sacrificed was the philosophy, large hunks of it anyway, and radio is still too flighty a medium to take philosophy in large doses.

Another complaint, hardly the Guild's fault, was that N.B.C. television scheduled at the same time a salute to Richard Rodgers, the composer, with an all-star cast, including Mary Martin, Bing Crosby and about a million others. It was tough competition for the Bard. I had both radio and television set on at once in different rooms. Probably the only time I'll ever hear "To be or not to be" fighting it out with "People Will Say We're In Love."

* * *

The Amateur Turns Pro

THE motto at the base of the Statue of Liberty would make a very apt motto for television at its present state of development. "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses . . . the wretched refuse of your teeming shore." A good many tired (though hardly poor) folk from the movies, the theater and radio have crowded into TV and are cluttering up the joint with ancient routines designed specifically for other media.

Matinee idols of twenty or thirty

years ago—Neil Hamilton, Conrad Nagel, Buddy Rogers—are emceeing quiz shows or audience participation shows. The matinee idol comes from silent pictures, the program idea is borrowed from radio and the quiz questions are lifted from McGuffey's Reader. Almost everybody has got into the act now—Eddie Cantor, Edger Bergen, Jimmy Durante, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Burns and Allen. "Pretty soon," muttered one disgruntled network vice-president, "these people will have to be brought on in wheelchairs."

* * *

George Rosen in "Variety" reports: "Television in the short span of eighteen months has practically gone through what it took radio twenty-five years to exhaust. . . . Material that had a life-long guarantee in vaude and other show biz media has been drained, leaving the TV cupboard threadbare. . . . Everybody is asking 'Where do we go from here?'"

It might be instructive to turn back to radio for guidance. Television now is about at the same milepost as radio in 1929 and with almost the same type of big show. It was in that year that the Rudy Vallee show, a tremendous success from the beginning, was launched. The graybeards among you will remember that the Vallee show was a variety show which bore a startling resemblance to both the Milton Berle and the Ed Sullivan type television shows.

Vallee procured the best vaudeville acts, the best singers, the most noted actors, chatted with them a bit and then turned them loose to do their

turns. This is pretty much what Mr. Berle (though he never quite lets go) and Mr. Sullivan do now. The comedian or singer or whatever was on his own on the Vallee show and he brought his own material with him from vaudeville, night club or the stage. The Jack Benny-type of intimate, imaginative, character comedy was not born until 1932 and didn't really flower until a good many years later. Do you know who first introduced Mr. Benny to a microphone? He was a guest on the radio program of our old friend Ed Sullivan.

* * *

Mr. Vallee, as a bigtime radio entertainer, disappeared long ago and the type of show he broadcast is not to be found anywhere on the radio. Radio went on to develop its own forms. Some of them were pretty bad but at least they were distinctive to radio and could be found nowhere else. Jerry Colonna, for example, telephoning Bob Hope: "Bob, can you start building a forty-eight story building from the twelfth floor?"—"No!"—"Boys, come down!" That's a radio joke. It couldn't be told in any other medium.

The fact is, that television has lost its original innocence which was once its most appealing quality. Just four years ago, television was amateur sport. No one could conceivably make any money at it so no one tried. Man could be as creative or esthetic or plain elfin as he liked. Chicago fell with delight on "Kukla, Fran and Ollie." New York put on "Macbeth" which is out of Shakespeare and "The Black Robe" which came out of the Bowery. Television couldn't afford

Eddie Cantor so they settled for Dave Garroway.

* * *

As I say, television was amateur sport then and, just when it was getting to be a pretty good amateur, the darn thing turned pro. The TV broadcaster is now faced with the appalling prospect of earning money, lots of money and the dirty green stuff has paralyzed its initiative. Money is a terrible thing. And just as the performers were amateurs a few years back so was the audience. The set-owner was enchanted with the fact that he could see Milton Berle. Now he expects Berle not only to be visible but to tell good jokes, an impossible demand on Berle. He wants major league standards.

Well, back in 1929 radio was just beginning to get, as they say in the trade, big. It had its early amateurs like Stoopnagle and Budd, genuinely creative spirits, who were later overwhelmed by the big shows. Television, it seems to me, is about in radio's '29 to '31 phase. As an amateur it looked all-American. As a pro, it's still in the Three-I League.

* * *

Fully Clothed and In Her Right Mind

“THE (New York) Daily News’ was built on legs,” its late publisher, Joseph Patterson, once remarked, “but when we got enough circulation, we draped them.” This extraordinarily shrewd method of attaining success is not confined entirely to publishing. It’s been done in Hollywood, notably in the case of Hedy Lamarr whose first film to be

seen in this country displayed her almost entirely undraped. Subsequently, . . . well, there’s no sense crying over spilt milk.

Another conspicuous example of the same technique is Miss Faye Emerson, a girl of many talents, whose undraped neckline was easily the most spectacular fashion note of 1950. Well, Miss Emerson built her circulation to a point even “The Daily News” would envy. Then she draped. The new draped or heavily wrapped Emerson, in fact, could get through January in Fargo, North Dakota, without adding anything except her winter earrings.

* * *

It’s the policy here to keep the readers informed of the new fashion trends in TV. And Miss Emerson is unquestionably the arbiter in these matters. Well, this is the late word, gals. Cover up. Not long ago, Miss Emerson was observed in a dress with the most enormous white collar seen in these parts since the days of the Pilgrims. Looked like something out of Nathaniel Hawthorne, modified by Louisa M. Alcott. The real Miss Emerson happened to be sitting about a yard away from the filmed Miss Emerson at the time which afforded an excellent opportunity to test the theory, advanced by several scholars, that transcribed women are preferable to live ones. Well, I don’t know. Preferable in what way? You can turn the transcribed ones off, of course. But in most other respects, there are serious shortcomings in electronics.

Where were we?

Besides dressing warmly, Miss Em-

erson has changed a lot of other things around on her show. Some time ago, Miss Lilli Palmer characterized the current crop of television females as "a lot of chattering dames." This was not only one of the most trenchant bits of criticism of the winter but one of the most effective.

* * *

Almost immediately, Miss Emerson began displaying her brains, of which she possesses a good many, almost as flagrantly as she had once . . . well, I mean the intellectual climate of the show changed radically. If you have been listening in on Faye recently, you would have heard Patrice Munsel and Garson Kanin discuss how to stage an opera.

The Emerson show is now entirely on film, which has brought along some problems. Miss Denise Darcel, for example, devoted a large part of a fifteen minute show filmed a month in advance to explaining how kind, how gentlemanly American men were. The next day, the tabloids were full of the story about her husband drenching her with champagne at El Morrocco.

* * *

How to Win an Audience

YOU know what a rating is? Well, sir, you sprinkle 1,500 audimeters around the country; these gadgets listen in on the radio habits of that many people and automatically determine the radio habits of the other 149,998,500 people in the country. Or you call a few hundred people in New York and by mathematical extension, acquire deep insight into the television tastes of the 11,000,000 viewers in the metropolitan area.

You may well argue that a 1,500-person sample, a ratio of 1 to 100,000, is entirely too small to provide anything like an accurate picture of what 150,000,000 people are listening or not listening to. It's an old, old argument, and you'd pick up a lot of company among radio or TV people to debate it pro and con. Those in favor of ratings, you'll find, have good ratings. That man on the left who says ratings are a lot of blankety-blank, #\$\$%&\$ nonsense probably has a rating of .02. A year from now, let's say, his rating climbs to 23. Then you'll find him on the other side of the fence, passionately defending the Hooper and Nielsen ratings like an ex-Socialist who has just inherited \$14,000,000 defending the capitalist system.

* * *

Four or five years back N. B. C. raided C. B. S. and picked up most of that network's most popular programs. The C. B. S. ratings dropped like bandits in front of Hopalong Cassidy. The maledictions heaped upon the head of C. E. Hooper around the C. B. S. corridors in those days would have delighted Falstaff, that great master of invective. Then C. B. S. did a little cattle-rustling on the N. B. C. range and picked up Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen, Amos 'n' Andy and a lot of other prime beef. N. B. C.'s rating sank like rocks. Now N. B. C., which once regarded Mr. Hooper as a statistical divinity, looks upon his successor, Mr. Nielsen, as an amateur tea-leaf reader whose ratings are about as accurate as a straw in a windstorm.

And so it goes. No matter what you think of the ratings, the advertiser

still depends on them and that means the listener is still going to get a high-rated comedian thrust down his throat, no matter how awful the listener thinks he is. Now television comes along and with it come the rating boys with their glittering figures.

* * *

If ratings were debatable in radio, they are wildly misleading in television. The man with the highest rating in television is still Milton Berle. Well, Berle has almost the absolute limit of television stations on which to display himself and he also has an excellent time. If you're on sixty-three TV stations, you're going to get a higher rating than a man on sixteen stations, even if you're reciting the classified telephone directory.

The big thing is to get on the air in as many cities as possible. Sammy Kaye, with a perfectly dreadful show, got ratings in the 80s, which is very, very high, in St. Louis. Well, St. Louis has only one TV station. You either took Sammy Kaye or you turned the set off. In its current issue, "Time" magazine surveys local television shows around the country and concludes sadly that people will look at anything. "Fireside Theater," which has maintained an amazingly consistent level of mediocrity, leads all television dramatic programs in popularity—if you believe the ratings. There are at least seven other dramatic programs which are far better, have higher budgets and greater box-office names in the cast.

* * *

"Television Magazine" points out that "in both the variety and dramatic categories, the programs with the

lower cost per thousand (viewers) are those that have been the longest on television." In general, the oldest programs grabbed the best stations (or the only stations) and the best times. You can hardly avoid them and they can hardly avoid a good rating.

And because they *have* good ratings, the advertiser assumes that these are the types of programs the public is deeply devoted to and strives to imitate them, no matter how bad they are. It has always seemed immoral to me to set a standard of taste through the manipulation of numbers as the ratings did in radio. In television, the rating system strikes me as not only immoral but as downright lousy arithmetic.

* * *

The Decline of the Name Band

THIS is a highly vocal age, and I don't pretend to understand why. If you prow through "Variety's" list of the top selling records, you'll find that twenty-one of twenty-three of what "Variety" generally refers to as platters are dedicated to the sound of the human voice. Only two are strictly band numbers. The vocalists from Patti Page to Dinah Shore, have swept the field.

Years ago and not so many at that, the list was studded with the names of bands. What has happened to the dance band, anyhow? Doesn't anyone dance any more? Many of the bands have been disbanded or are pulled together only occasionally—a loose collection of instrumentalists rather than a band—to make records. Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey, Bob Crosby, to name only a few, could all attract a sizable crowd who came to listen, conceivably to

dance, to the band. The singing was incidental. Where are they now? Benny Goodman has a quintet in Las Vegas. Bob Crosby long ago gave up the band and concentrated on singing where the money lies.

* * *

The big dance craze now is for Latin music—the samba, the momba and the rest of them. With all respect to our neighbors of the South, these are old men's dances. A fellow spends twenty years amassing a tall bundle of pelf during which he is too busy to dance. Suddenly, he feels life is slipping by and in a burst of belated youth, he goes to Arthur Murray's where he learns to wiggle his hips in a stately fashion, a method of exercise suited to his aging bones.

The dances of the '20s and the '30s, the Charleston, Black Bottom, the jitterbug, the Big Apple, were anything but old men's dances. They were terribly strenuous and designed especially for the ebullient young, a method of expression of their own delight in their youth, their health, their gay spirits.

With the arrival of Mr. Frank Sinatra and his host of successors of both sexes, the dance band ceased to have much importance except as an accompanist. The kids stopped dancing, which is a form of participation, and fell to simple listening, a rather alarming form of passivity for our young. When I was a boy, the records were identified by the name of the band—Paul Whiteman, let us say—and by a single word, vocal, reminded you that there would be some singing on it. Today, it is the band that is anonymous; the Dinah Shores and

Billy Eckstines get the billing.

In the '30s, Benny Goodman's band played on the Camel Caravan, depended almost entirely on band music and was very successful. The Camel Caravan has long since disappeared. The Hit Parade, originally a band program, has had to be hypoed by name singers to preserve its popularity. The only bands on television these days—apart from the Fred Waring type of thing which is essentially a big production number—are Cavalcade of Bands, which has run so short of bands that it has to repeat some of them like Xavier Cugat four or five times. Skitch Henderson "and his band" have appeared a couple of times, too. Actually, Skitch hasn't had a band in years. He simply recruits musicians for each performance.

* * *

In the fall of 1949, Victor records tried to arouse a little interest in bands again and issued a series of band albums which featured the music usually of one composer—Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, Richard Rodgers. These earned some \$600,000, which is considered only so-so. This year they went back to the vocalists—Perry Como, for example, singing a selection of Billy Rose's old songs—and they expect to earn at least one-third more with them.

There are still some good bands in existence—Jimmy Dorsey, Woody Herman, Harry James—but not a single one has made a record which can compete, for heaven's sake, with Mel Blanc singing "I Taw a Puddy Tat," which is tenth on "Variety's" list.

For Scholars Only

SCHOLARS of television history, a small but enormously erudite bunch of hard-drinking intellectuals, will never forget Dec. 4, 1950. It dawned clear, bright and cold, and somehow in the very air you could detect the odor of history about to be made, an acrid smell if you've never noticed. Dec. 4, 1950, is the day television's first soap opera, "The First Hundred Years," went on the air, thus instantly taking rank among historic dates somewhere between the fall of the Bastille and the death of Charlemagne.

"The First Hundred Years" is an apt title for a soap opera, each of which is designed to run at least that long, though, of course, it refers to the first hundred years of marriage as being rather more trying than the next hundred. In soap opera, marriages, though fraught with every sort of peril from mothers-in-law to flirtations, endure for centuries. The particular marriage commemorated in this epic is that of Chris and Connie Thayer, a couple of misty-eyed youngsters whose wedded life is already beset by extraordinary tensions.

For one thing, Connie's mother-in-law, a flibbertigibbet, lives across the street, which will lead to endless trouble. Chris' in-laws live near by. Across the street from *them* lives Scott Blair. Any student of soap opera will tell you that a man with a name like that is up to no good. The moment he walked on to my screen I distrusted him. Sleek good looks, curly hair and a mustache—obviously a scoundrel. He's a writer, too, and you know what those people are like.

One of the more striking characteristics of any soap opera is the pace of its plots, which is about half the speed of an aging snail. In his exhaustive treatise on the subject in "The New Yorker," James Thurber mentioned several specific examples of just how slow the action is in soap opera. In one case—if my memory is at all accurate—a man clambered into a barber chair to get shaved on Monday and hadn't even been lathered by Friday.

This tradition of slowing time almost to a halt is being nobly perpetuated in "The First Hundred Years." Two weeks ago, for example, the denizens of this opera started getting ready for a dance at the country club, a relatively simple operation anywhere except in soap opera where tying a black tie can take quite a while. They finally got to the dance last Monday. Elapsed time: eleven days. Getting them out of the country club is another matter. That may take up the rest of the winter.

* * *

Last week one day's plot consisted entirely of Connie and Chris getting into a spat over a girl he once knew named Mildred. Mildred crept into the discussion because Chris said he liked a song they were dancing to. Connie took umbrage and fled to her mother's house. The next day's episode was largely devoted to Connie telling her mother what Chris had said about Mildred, just in case anyone had missed it the day before.

Another soap opera tradition carried forward on this program is that of giving the listener the minimum of

(Continued on Page 194)



This lucky man has photographed more than 10,000 beautiful girls! His signature on a picture is a Trademark of Beauty on Broadway.

by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

WALK along Broadway any day, and in front of every night spot you'll see pictures of glamorous girls in fetching poses. Nine times out of ten the photographs were taken by a short, stocky, long-haired man in his middle forties, who has shot so many "cheesecake" photos in the last twenty years that he is generally conceded to be the "King of the Pin-Ups."

Murray Korman actually has photographed more than 100,000 of the world's most beautiful girls during his extraordinary career on Broadway. Chorus girls, featured performers, opera divas, models, socialites and debutantes flock to his Fifth Avenue studios because they know his signature on a picture puts the seal of approval on their beauty.

Male celebrities come to Korman, too, because they know he's a mighty good man with a camera. For the same reason, so do advertising concerns when they want outstanding pictures.

Known originally for his photos of scantily-clad chorines, Korman's jam-packed photo files virtually constitute an auxiliary morgue for the newspapers and syndicates. Whenever a beauty breaks into the headlines by way of scandal, divorce, murder or suicide, the newspapers are likely to call upon Korman for pictures.

Once, for example, when no news photos were available during the course of an important trial, Korman came up with just the thing. From his extensive files he dug up 49 first-rate glamour poses of the attractive showgirl sweetheart of an underworld lawyer who was the state's star witness. Korman's pictures stole the show in the sensational New York tabloids, and he realized about \$1,500 on them.

Korman has photographed such celebrities as Bobo Rockefeller, Mrs. Jacob Astor, Brenda Frazier, Lucille

Ball, Ann Sheridan, Jane Greer, Lauren Bacall, Loretta Young and Carmen Miranda. Among the male contingent have been Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Eddie Cantor. Frequently he does pictures used in advertisements for corsets, lingerie, eye glasses and women's clothing. His pictures, too, grace many a magazine cover. He gets anywhere from \$5 to \$10 for small photos used in magazines to several hundred dollars for covers. They have been featured by practically every picture magazine in the country.

As much a part of the Broadway scene as any Damon Runyan character, Korman practically invented the modern, glamour-type publicity picture. It came about, as have so many innovations, more or less by accident. After leaving grammar school in the eighth grade without bothering to graduate, Murray spent the next eight years as a kewpie-doll artist. By the time he quit this rather unusual but lucrative line of work, in 1924, he was earning \$300 a week running his own shop.

A year after quitting school, he began studying art at night school, and studied for five years. During this period, he did some free-lance drawing for newspapers. Some of his sketches of beautiful women were used by a tabloid newspaper, and Korman then got several assignments. Encouraged by this small success, he quit the kewpie doll business and opened his own portrait studio on Broadway.

His first big break came when Ziegfeld hired him to do a sketch of the "Follies" cast for newspaper pub-

licity. Korman received only \$3 for the job, but the prestige value was enormous. Theatrical producers began seeking him out, and he got many more assignments.

Eventually, Korman increased his income by selling drawings to the performers. Then he got the idea that he could photograph the original drawings and sell the prints. Finally, it occurred to him that he could photograph his subjects, instead of drawing them. He approached a photographer with the idea, and they merged forces. Six months later, Korman had learned so much about photographic technique that he opened up his own studio. Korman, however, still paints as a hobby.

AS a photographer of beautiful women, success came to Murray right from the very start. The same ability that once went into sketching a beautiful woman's good points merely was adapted to camera portraiture. "Cheesecake," a term that came into being when ship-news photographers posed beauties on a rail with lifted skirts, became his specialty when Broadway cabarets demanded them for their lobby displays.

One of Korman's first assignments as a photographer was to shoot pictures of the showgirls at the old Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway. Murray did such an expert job of just evading police censorship that some pictures lasted only overnight. Pictures were installed outside a night club. The next morning, when Korman came to look at the display, the frames would all be empty. The pic-

tures had been lifted by persons unknown after closing time. Instead of getting sore, Murray chuckled to himself. His art has never been more genuinely praised, he maintains.

Korman, who has photographed more celebrities than perhaps any other photographer, is never awed by them. He will order a society dame to "lift the skirt just a little" as readily as he will a chorus babe. One of the few times he has ever been embarrassed occurred some years ago when the editor of a fashion magazine came to his studio one day with a beautiful blonde in tow. "Give her the glamour treatment," the editor told Korman.

Murray shot some pictures, and the girl posed like a professional. After the pictures were taken, he said to the blonde: "I do some corset and lingerie work, and I could use you on a couple of jobs."

The girl thanked him, and said she was sorry, but she was too busy. Korman forgot all about the incident until he happened to see a copy of the magazine some weeks later. There was the picture of the girl he had photographed. It was Clare Boothe Luce!

His reputation is such that on Broadway they say Murray Korman

could photograph a mummy and make it look sexy. Korman, however, takes beauty matter-of-factly; "cheesecake" is strictly business with him. He remembers by name practically every girl whose picture he has shot; and he's virtually a walking encyclopedia of Broadway lore. But his attitude always is objective.

Korman breakfasts daily at Lindy's, where he is as much an habitue as Winchell. He frequents El Morocco, the Stork, and "21", where he's sure to bump into his friends and customers. The waiting room of his studio is often filled with chorus girls, debs, burlesque queens, Broadway and Hollywood stars, and assorted would-be glamour-pusses. His pictures of them are sure to satisfy both the subjects and those who collect glamour pin-ups.

Only once, in fact, has Murray failed to please a customer. The lady was a middle-aged opera star, and not even Korman could make her beautiful. Murray took some pictures that knocked about 30 years off her age, and still she wasn't satisfied. He took some more and retouched them himself, and still she kicked. Finally, he suggested that they hire a stand-in to model for the lady. Then she saw the light. "And even came back later for more pictures," Korman chuckles.

SWING'S Photo Insert this month features six of the thousands of women the "King of the Pin-ups" has photographed. In sequence, they are:

Beautiful and seductive Adele Jergens.

Frances Langford, currently starring with Lew Parker on "Star Time."

Vivacious Peggy Maley.

The center pages feature Nevada Smith, considered one of the most beautiful girls ever to grace a night club chorus line.

Nevada Smith gracefully models three masks.

Pert and cute Lillian Wells, complete with bustle.







Kurray
Korman
N.Y.





Urra
O'Man
N.Y.



ROYAL
ROYMAN
N.Y.





Swing Presents
Kenneth A. Spencer
The Man of the Month

by CHAS. E. ROSENFELDT

OUT of a young man's dream came an industry. The dream made a youthful industrialist a national figure, set a new pattern of industry, confounded the experts in Washington, and converted the Midwest into a "powder magazine for the arsenal of democracy."

The boy who nursed that dream, the man who made it become a reality, is Kenneth A. Spencer, president of the Spencer Chemical Company and the Pittsburg & Midway Coal Mining Company. The dream was improbable and impossible, any old-timer will tell you that. But young Spencer could see how to build a chemical industry in the mineral-rich section of Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma. Why, it was a golden opportunity for Kansas and the Middle West to establish a permanent peacetime industry in balance with agricultural production!

After graduating from the University of Kansas in 1926 with a B.S. degree and a major in geology, plus all the courses in mining engineering he could carry, young Spencer went to work for his father, Charles Spencer, president of the Pittsburg & Midway Coal Mining Company. Fortu-

nately, his entrance into the coal business coincided with the transitional period between traditional methods of mining and the modern, scientific operations he had studied in college—methods which stress usage of the by-products of any material. Spencer's mind was filled with his dream; but he was realistic. He knew the basic economy of his family was the coal business. The terrific competition of the gas and oil industries threatened the coal industry. In some way he had to find new uses for coal, increase its value, create larger markets. How could coal benefitiate the state and nation? Was there any other use besides just burning it? One "out" young Spencer could see was to utilize coal as a chemical raw material; find out what could be made from a plain coal base. He began to experiment.

As he learned the coal business, and thought of using coal as a basic mineral, he also thought of using the coal refuse in some way. With the aid of others, he helped invent a differential density cone process, a machine that separates certain minerals; and a pyrite recovery device which recovers pyrite (known as iron sulphite), form-

ing the base of sulphuric acid, and iron oxide, the heavy gravity solution used in the control of rotary oil well drilling.

In 1935, his vision began to take shape. He organized and became president of the Mineral Products Company, building a plant for the recovery of pyrite from coal refuse. In 1936, the young mine operator became president of the Osage Coal Company, which operated a strip mine near Ottawa, Ill., and vice-president and general manager of the Spencer family's big company, the Pittsburg & Midway. Then, in 1938, he helped organize the Midwest Radiant Corporation of St. Louis, Mo., which operated two by-product coke plants and a large strip mine in Illinois.

INCREASING management and financial duties did not stop young Spencer from thinking of the chemical industry. In 1939, with the aid of Dr. L. C. Heckert, head of the physical science department of Kansas State College in Pittsburg, Kansas, and a very able organic chemist, and C. Y. Thomas, a mechanical engineer now Spencer vice-president in charge of operations, Spencer built industries on paper and reduced the geological structure of the Ozark region to fit them. The plan had matured from a dream; he was ready. As a geologist he had appraised the storehouse of natural resources; as an engineer he had projected his factories on blueprints; and as a business executive he had a financing plan!

But with the outbreak of World War II and the need for defense plants, the Kansas miner recast his

region in the role of the "powder magazine for the arsenal of democracy." It took only a few alterations in his plan to change a commercial peacetime industry into a defense industry.

All of his plans were in what he affectionately calls his "old black book." Weighing several pounds, it assembled page after page of highly technical data and drawings. It contained questions and answers on every conceivable problem connected with the enterprise:

"What raw materials are required?"

"Where will cotton linters come from?"

"Where will sulphuric acid come from?"

"Where will ammonia come from?"

"Where will coal for ammonia come from?"

"What will happen to the waste sulphuric acid from the smokeless powder plant?"

"Where would large volumes of water be obtained?"

"How does the Tri-State area stack up from the standpoint of transportation?"

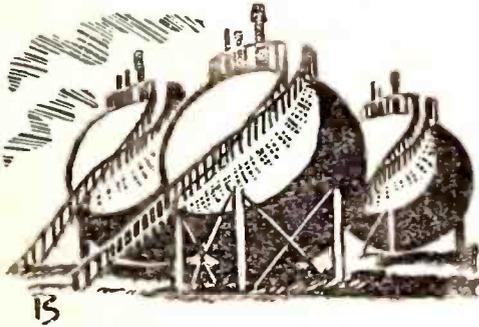
"What power is available to drive a 'family' of strategic munitions plants?"

"Who will man this 'family' of strategic plants?"

The notebook contained everything. Every mineral area was pinpointed and mapped. The data included: the power plants in the area with their capacity to produce; the amount of labor available in the three counties surrounding the plant location (23 per cent of the population was on

relief at the time); the population of the area with the density per square mile; the sources of power available such as coal, gas, oil and steam; charts and figures of the water level of the major rivers over the past twenty years; the minerals available and those that would have to be imported; how the climate would be a factor.

But that wasn't all. Spencer had planned a "family" of plants for the whole area, how they could be built and how they would be integrated. How the waste products from one plant would be utilized by another. He listed the types of transportation



available with maps showing their routes. He pointed out there was a surplus of agricultural products in the region and indicated how these would fit into the defense plant picture, then went on to figure out just how much increase could be expected and the cost of each product or material. He gave the cost of raw materials, the cost of shipping them in, the cost of the land to build the plants. Not one single item was overlooked.

HE titled his survey report "Power for the Arsenal of Democracy," put it into his briefcase and flew to Washington. There he met with engineers of the Ordnance De-

partment and the OPM. His title page said:

"There is no other area within the interior of the United States where all of the raw materials and facilities to produce strategic munitions, smokeless powder, T.N.T. and ammonium nitrate are concentrated within a given small area.

"Starting from zero, these all-important munitions could be more economically and quickly produced than at any other point within the interior of America.

"The Tri-State area eagerly awaits the 'all-out' signal to start the production of powder—is waiting only on approval from Washington. Time is an all-important factor.

"Upon command to proceed, those charged with the responsibility will find in the area construction materials on hand, power facilities standing idle, which can be put to work at once, and explosives may be delivered within a few months from that time.

"All the raw materials are at hand, transportation is more than adequate and American-born labor, desperately in need of employment, is standing by. Housing is adequate and decentralized. The population is high per square mile but distributed. Fuel is unlimited, land cost for sites is low and the climate is ideal for industrial activities. Skilled management is available. This manpower, these facilities, all await the command to proceed at once—all within the safest area in the world."

He organized himself as a one-man salesman. Back and forth went Spen-

cer; back and forth went officials of the government, testing, checking. In 1941 Spencer flew over 130,000 miles. He maintained eastern offices in New York and Washington. On Monday and Tuesday he was in New York; on Wednesday he was in Washington; back at Pittsburg, Kansas, on Thursday and Friday; Kansas City on Saturday and Sunday. Then back to New York for Monday and Tuesday of the next week. He maintained this tight and exhausting schedule 50 weeks out of the 52 weeks in the year 1941!

After months of waiting the plan was approved and the government ordered a chemical plant built. And insisted that Spencer construct and run the plant! At first he refused, but finally formed the Military Chemical Works, Inc., as a subsidiary of his coal company, and designed, constructed and put the plant in operation, the first ammonia plant in the U. S. to utilize the natural gas process. In rapid succession other plants were built by the government: the Sunflower Ordnance Works, a smokeless powder plant in Kansas; the Oklahoma Ordnance Works, a smokeless powder plant in Oklahoma; and the Kansas Ordnance Works, a shell loading plant in Kansas.

Spencer during this period was constantly so busy that he didn't have time to meet President Roosevelt! A meeting had been scheduled for Spencer, Gov. Payne Ratner of Kansas and Bob Lemon, president of the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce, to receive congratulations from the President. But that afternoon, Spencer was waiting for the chief of the ordnance de-

partment to sign the contract. The deadline for the White House meeting found Ratner and Lemon on hand. The moment came—no Spencer!

With the chemical plant in full production, Spencer offered specific plans for the plant if his company bought it after the war. He would convert 50 per cent of the plant capacity to produce ammonium nitrate farm fertilizers. The rest of the plant would be turned into the production of wood alcohol, formaldehyde, dry ice, and other basic chemicals.

In 1946, the government approved the transfer, the Jayhawk Ordnance Works became the first Spencer Chemical principal producing unit of the Company on June 2, and immediately began producing ammonia and fertilizer-grade ammonium nitrate. Spencer's dream had become a reality!



TODAY, Kenneth Spencer is better known as a chemical man. But his background is coal, being the third generation of the family who started the Pittsburg & Midway Coal Mining Company.

His grandfather, John W. Spencer, was a Union cavalryman in the war between the states. In 1866 he drove cattle up from Texas, homesteaded in Kansas and became a rancher. But not for long; one day he was thrown from his horse and crippled. Unable to continue the ranch work, he turned to mining the coal under his land.

"It's rather a coincidence," says Spencer, "but I was born in Cherokee County. When I was nine, we moved to Pittsburg. I had no thought of going back there to establish a plant, but now the Jayhawk works is back in Cherokee County where I started! There must be something in the saying about people returning to the land where they were born!"

Kenneth's father, Charles Spencer, grew up in the mining company and developed it into big business. Today, the coal company is big, but completely dwarfed by the step-child created by Kenneth Spencer, who is still president of the coal company.

Kenneth's father was effective without fuss, a tolerant and patient man with a rare capacity for absorbing other people's troubles. His mother was the intellectual stimulus, with a gay, quick mind and an interest in everything.

Today, Spencer recalls how his father provided him with the will to work. His father invited him to throw some bricks into a neighbor's yard without troubling to explain that the neighbor wanted them there anyway. Thus he was painlessly introduced to toil in the first decade of his life.

After high school in Pittsburg, Spencer went to Culver Military Academy and then on to the University of Kansas. During his sophomore year the president of his fraternity, Beta Theta Pi, called a meeting. The chapter was building a new addition to the house, and he wanted every member to write his life ambition on a piece of paper, which would be placed in the cornerstone for posterity. Young Spencer knew what his ambi-

tion was, and wrote: "I expect to run an integrated coal and chemical business."

At the university he divided his extracurricular activities between Beta Theta Pi, Sigma Gamma Upsilon and boxing, the latter under the professional Tommy Dixon.

Boxing stood him in good stead after his graduation. He went to work in the coal pits. Naturally, he was looked on as the "boss's son," one who was pampered and petted. Having heard of his boxing prowess in college, the miners taunted him to bring out his "gloves" sometime and take one of them on. Spencer figured that he would have to do it some day, and it would be best if he did it while he was still in condition. One day in February, he brought his gloves to the pits, the men made a ring by having four men stand holding a rope, and used as a gong an iron pot. It was agreed to have four rounds of two minutes each. A big, muscle-bound miner was selected to box Spencer. They stepped into the ring, the bell rang and they fought. Two minutes went by, the bell rang, but the miner didn't stop! He just kept on wading in. Spencer waited until the miner's feet were mixed up and knocked him down and out. "That was the last of boxing for me," said Spencer, "and it was the last I had to do."

KENNETH SPENCER is first of all an engineer, second a business man. An impressive man of 6 feet 2 inches and about 200 pounds, he is alert, aggressive and full of energy. And like most big men, he has a wonderful sense of humor. He is proud of what he calls his "one-track mind."

When he is working, he wants to finish the job:

"My work is never something that has to be done today or tomorrow. When you have an objective in mind, you just keep at it until it is done, whether it takes days, months or years."

Having grown up in the coal and chemical business, his heart is with the men in the plant. He likes to do business across a desk. When he talks to someone long distance for 15 minutes, he is likely to say, "Wait, I'll be down to see you in a couple of hours." Then he hops into his plane and keeps the appointment. "You can accomplish so much more when you are on the ground, next to the problem," says Spencer.

He has to get around fast! Spencer Chemical now has five plants: the Jayhawk Works at Pittsburg makes ammonia and nitric acid (it's the largest nitric acid plant in the world), fertilizer-grade ammonium nitrate, methanol and ammoniating solutions, and dry ice; the Parsons, Kansas, Works is leased from the government and makes nitrates; the Charlestown, Indiana, Works makes nitric acid and Spensol; the Chicago, Illinois, Works makes formaldehyde; and the Henderson, Kentucky, Works makes ammonia. Just recently a new ammonium nitrate prilling plant has been built at the Jayhawk Works. This, in addition to coal mines in six states!

Spencer has three able men to help him run the ever-growing and complex company: C. Y. Thomas, vice-president in charge of the operations division, John P. Miller, vice-president

in charge of the treasury division, and J. R. Riley, vice-president in charge of the sales division.

Spencer feels strongly about the position of his chemical industry in the economy of the area which it serves. "The good earth is the cornerstone of our economy," he says. "Therefore, industry should put forth every effort to make agriculture more efficient and to assist the farmer in obtaining both the material and information he needs to assure low cost production." His chemical plant has indeed achieved this, making possible low cost fertilizer to enrich the soil.

One of Spencer's proudest possessions is a citation from the University of Kansas in 1943, presented for his outstanding contributions to his university, state and nation. It reads:

"For his imagination and his remarkable abilities to organize and translate dreams into reality in the field of industrial development, for the abilities to use the results of chemical research in effective war production and for improved standards of living in peace, the Alumni Association of the University of Kansas cites Kenneth A. Spencer of the class of 1926, president of the Pittsburg & Midway Coal Mining Company. He is the originator and president of the Military Chemical Works, Inc., which operates the Jayhawk Ordnance Plant at Pittsburg, Kans., a project to be transformed at the end of the war into a great peacetime industry, and directing official of other coal and heating companies in Illinois."

An enthusiastic sportsman, Spencer likes to hunt and fish. In his tight schedule, time is an important factor, so he uses his twin-engine Beechcraft to get from place to place. He has flown from Alaska to Nassau for fishing and vacations. He is an ardent booster of air travel, is an avid fly fisherman and loves to attend prize fights. Photography is his special hobby, but even though he has a dark-room in his home, he admits that he has little time to use it.

In 1927 he married Helen Foresman of Pittsburg, Kans., whom he met in high school. A patient and understanding wife, she is also devoted to travel. She has had to adapt her life to the erratic hours her husband keeps. They live at 5800 Mission Woods Road.

Vivacious and full of charm, Mrs. Spencer has always cooperated in everything her husband has done. "My wife," says Spencer, "deserves as much credit as I do. She has paralleled me in all of my work; has been a full partner since she packed my first lunch when I worked in the pits. Without her constant support and encouragement, I could not have accomplished as much as I have."

SPENCER is on the boards of many major companies. He is a director of: Kansas City Power & Light Co., the First National Bank, Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, National Bituminous Coal Advisory Council (set up by the Secretary of the Interior), Business Men's Assurance Company of America, Armco Steel Corporation, Kansas City Fire & Marine Insurance Company, and others.

He is chairman of the board of governors of the Midwest Research Institute and one of its original founders. He serves on the Board of Trustees of Baker University in Baldwin, Kansas, Board of Trustees of the University of Kansas Endowment Association, and the National Coal Association. He has been president of the Associated Industries of Kansas for three terms.

His clubs include: Kansas City Country Club, University Club, Kansas City Club, Union League Club of Chicago, Chemists Club of New York, American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, Racquet Club of St. Louis, River Club of Kansas City, and Sigma Tau, honorary engineering society.

Above all, he is a student of the businesses he serves as a director.

He is president of the Spencer Chemical Company, The Pittsburg & Midway Coal Mining Co., the Osage Coal Company, and the Mineral Products Company.

Although he is at home in the plush, efficient, beautifully-equipped offices of the chemical company, it is easy to imagine him in the field, one of the men. A dynamic man, who doesn't look his age, he was born in January of 1902, and has the energy and drive of a man ten years younger.

Swing salutes Kenneth Spencer as the modern version of an American tycoon who has adapted the pioneer spirit to an age of high taxes and government controls, a builder for the sake of building. Swing is proud to name him its Man of the Month.

Swinging the Dial 710

CURRENT EVENING

THERE are a great many things to celebrate this spring. For WHB it means looking forward to its 29th birthday on April 15, it means that delicious feeling when you know spring is really trying to arrive, and it means baseball will begin and find office boys and their bosses keeping their office hours at the ball park in the afternoon!

Throughout the spring and summer, Larry Ray, sportscasting dynamo and WHB's Director of Sports, will broadcast the play-by-play of all Kansas City Blues baseball games. Out of town games will be recreated by Larry with the aid of Western Union and Gibby Gibson. On Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, Larry will take the air at 8 p.m. On Sunday, games will start at 1:30 p.m., on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 p.m. For a listing of the games to be played in April and May, see the inside back cover.

And don't forget that Larry Ray is heard every Monday through Friday in his nightly sportscast at 6:15—a quarter hour packed with up-to-the-minute news, plus stories of your favorite sports figures. You'll like his infectious personality, his rapid-fire delivery and his lore of sports morsels, all projected through the mike to you.

WHB continues to lead in the kid shows, with adventure unlimited for all young fry from 5 to 6 o'clock every afternoon except Sunday. Here's the way they line up:

Monday . . .	5:00 p.m.—Mark Trail
	5:30 p.m.—Clyde Beatty
Tuesday . . .	5:00 p.m.—Straight Arrow
	5:30 p.m.—Sky King
Wednesday . .	5:00 p.m.—Mark Trail
	5:30 p.m.—Clyde Beatty
Thursday . . .	5:00 p.m.—Straight Arrow
	5:30 p.m.—Sky King
Friday	5:00 p.m.—Mark Trail
	5:30 p.m.—Clyde Beatty
Saturday . . .	5:00 p.m.—Bobby Benson
	5:30 p.m.—Challenge of the Yukon

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6	00 K. C. Blues Baseball	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
	15 K. C. Blues Baseball	Larry Ray, Sports
	30 Wild Bill Hickok	Gabriel Heatter
	45 Wild Bill Hickok	Evening Serenade
7	00 Martin Kane, Pvt. Eye	Hashknife Hartley
	15 Martin Kane, Pvt. Eye	Hashknife Hartley
	30 True Detective Mysteries	Crime Fighters
	45 True Detective Mysteries	Crime Fighters
	55 True Detective Mysteries	Bill Henry, News
8	00 Ray Rogers	Today's Hits
	15 Ray Rogers	K. C. Blues Baseball
	30 Nick Carter	K. C. Blues Baseball
	45 Nick Carter	K. C. Blues Baseball
9	00 Oklahoma Symph. Or.	K. C. Blues Baseball
	15 Oklahoma Symph. Or.	K. C. Blues Baseball
	30 Oklahoma Symph. Or.	K. C. Blues Baseball
	45 Oklahoma Symph. Or.	K. C. Blues Baseball
10	00 News—Mutual	K. C. Blues Baseball
	15 Serenade In the Night	K. C. Blues Baseball
	30 Serenade in the Night	Frank Edwards, News
	45 Serenade—News	Serenade in the Night
11	00 Swing Session	Arbagent Show
	15 Swing Session	Arbagent Show
	30 Swing Session	Arbagent Show
	45 Midnight News	Arbagent Show
12	00 Swing Session	Arbagent Show
	15 Swing Session	Arbagent Show
	30 Swing Session	Arbagent Show
	45 Swing Session	Arbagent Show
1	00 WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY

Adventure in any form, from the frigid mountains of Alaska to the hot, steaming jungles of Africa, that's the list of kid shows on WHB!



PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

EVENING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Iton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Evening Serenade	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Evening Serenade	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Evening Serenade	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Evening Serenade	Natl. Guard Show Twin Views of the News Comedy of Errors Comedy of Errors	6 00 15 30 45
unt of Monte Cristo unt of Monte Cristo ficial Detective ficial Detective ficial Detective ll Henry, News	Hidden Truth Hidden Truth International Airport International Airport International Airport Bill Henry, News	California Caravan California Caravan California Caravan Proudly We Hail Proudly We Hail Bill Henry, News	Magazine Theatre Magazine Theatre Soft Lights, Sweet Mus. Soft Lights, Sweet Mus. Soft Lights, Sweet Mus. Bill Henry, News	Twenty Questions Twenty Questions Take a Number Take a Number Take a Number	7 00 15 30 45 55
day's Hits C. Blues Baseball C. Blues Baseball C. Blues Baseball	"2,000 Plus" "2,000 Plus" Family Theatre Family Theatre	Today's Hits K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball	Today's Hits K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball	Hawaii Calls Hawaii Calls Cowntown Jubilee Cowntown Jubilee	8 00 15 30 45
C. Blues Baseball C. Blues Baseball C. Blues Baseball C. Blues Baseball	Frank Edwards, News Mutual Newsreel Guy Lambardo's Orch. John Thornberry, News	K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball	K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball	Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air	9 00 15 30 45
C. Blues Baseball C. Blues Baseball Frank Edwards, News Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night Serenade in the Night Serenade in the Night Serenade—News	K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball Frank Edwards, News Serenade in the Night	K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball Frank Edwards, News Serenade in the Night	News—Mutual Serenade in the Night Serenade in the Night Serenade—News	10 00 15 30 45
Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	11 00 15 30 45
Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	12 00 15 30 45
WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	1 00
TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME

Morning and afternoon schedules on next page

The old Saturday night lineup has returned to WHB. With basketball out of the schedules until next season, listeners enjoy:

- 7:00 p.m.—Twenty Questions: the "animal, vegetable, mineral" quiz game.
- 7:30 p.m.—Take a Number: a quiz show with wonderful prizes.
- 8:00 p.m.—Hawaii Calls: music and interviews direct from Waikiki.



- 8:30 p.m.—Cowntown Jubilee: stage show from Kansas City with top Western stars as guests.
- 9:00 p.m.—Chicago Theatre of the Air: a full hour of the best in operetta plus Colonel McCormick.
- 10:00 p.m.—Mutual News: the latest world-wide news.
- 10:15 p.m.—Serenade in the Night: a program of instrumental music featuring all-time hits.
- 11:00 p.m. to 1 a.m.—The Arbogast Show: unique disc jockey show featuring the current and choice in music and unpredictable Bob Arbogast.

"Cowntown Carnival," a new Saturday morning feature from 10:15 to 1:30 p.m. on WHB, presents the recordings of America's top Western singing stars. Can't find better anywhere, pardner!

10:15 a.m.—Gene Autry's Song Roundup
(Continued on Page 167)

CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

MORNING

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

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
12:00	Fulton Lewis at Home	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith
12:15	Report from Pentagon	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
12:30	Operation Drama	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
12:45	Spotlight on Glamour	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News
1:00	Alan Ladd, "Box 13"	Eddy Arnold Show	Eddy Arnold Show	Eddy Arnold Show	Eddy Arnold Show
1:15	Alan Ladd, "Box 13"	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
1:30	K. C. Blues Baseball	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
1:45	K. C. Blues Baseball	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
2:00	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast
2:15	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast
2:30	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast
2:45	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast
3:00	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast
3:15	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast
3:30	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast
4:00	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	K. C. Blues Baseball	Club 710, Arbogast
4:15	K. C. Blues Baseball	Bob Kennedy's Showcase	Bob Kennedy's Showcase	Bob Kennedy's Showcase	Bob Kennedy's Showcase
4:30	K. C. Blues Baseball	Bob Kennedy's Showcase	Bob Kennedy's Showcase	Bob Kennedy's Showcase	Bob Kennedy's Showcase
4:45	K. C. Blues Baseball	Bob Kennedy's Showcase	Bob Kennedy's Showcase	Bob Kennedy's Showcase	Bob Kennedy's Showcase
5:00	K. C. Blues Baseball	AP and Sports News			
5:15	K. C. Blues Baseball	Mark Trail	Straight Arrow	Mark Trail	Straight Arrow
5:30	K. C. Blues Baseball	Mark Trail	Straight Arrow	Mark Trail	Straight Arrow
5:45	K. C. Blues Baseball	Clyde Beatty	Sky King	Clyde Beatty	Sky King
5:55	K. C. Blues Baseball	Clyde Beatty	Sky King	Clyde Beatty	Sky King
		Victor Borge	Bobby Benson	Victor Borge	Bobby Benson

WHB — 710

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	5:30
News, W'ther, Livestock Don Sullivan, Songs Honk Williams Show Cowntown Wranglers	News, W'ther, Livestock Don Sullivan, Songs Honk Williams Show Cowntown Wranglers	6:00 15 30 45
AP News—Ken Hortley Musical Clock	AP News—Ken Hortley Musical Clock	7:00 15 30
AP News—Ken Hortley Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Ken Hortley Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	8:00 05 10 15 30 45
Unity Viewpoint Kennedy Colling Plozo Program Kennedy Colling	Unity Viewpoint Wells Colling Wells Colling News—Cecil Brown	9:00 15 30 45
Luncheon on the Plozo Luncheon on the Plozo Queen For a Day Queen For a Day	Your Home Beautiful G. Autry Song Roundup Georgio Crockers Georgio Crockers	10:00 15 30 45
News—Tune-O Musical Tune-O Sandro Leo, Shopper Freddy Martin's Orch.	News—Roy Rogers Roy Rogers Cowntown Wranglers News—Dick Smith	11:00 15 30 45

- 10:30 a.m.—The Georgia Crackers
 11:00 a.m.—Dick Smith News
 11:05 a.m.—Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers
 11:45 a.m.—Dick Smith News
 12:00 noon—Man on the Farm
 12:30 p.m.—Boogie Woogie Cowboys
 1:00 p.m.—Songs by Don Sullivan
 1:15 p.m.—Boogie Woogie Cowboys

"Report from the Pentagon" is one of several new shows on Mutual. "Report" is a new series of public interest broadcasts keyed to the nation's defense mobilization activities. Heard at 12:15 p.m. every Sunday, it features interviews with Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps personalities who have just reported back to the Pentagon in Washington from their posts abroad.

Another new program is "Dr. Scott, Family Counselor." Dr. Scott, a minister who has traveled all over the world, invites listeners to write him their troubles. Every Wednesday over WHB at 11:45 a.m., he tries to find a solution to family or personal problems. Homey and interesting!

Dramatizations of true-to-life stories of adventure, romance and intrigue are heard in a new series, "Magazine Theater," over WHB at 7 p.m. every Friday. The stories, taken from the pages of MAGAZINE DIGEST, feature top-notch dramatic stars in radio-adapted tales making headline news. Al Helfer, Mutual's outstanding "sports voice," is the host and narrator for these broadcasts.

The new "Fulton Lewis, Jr., at Home" series, featuring a thirty-voiced choral group, is heard at 12 noon Sundays. The program originates from the commentator's home town of Hollywood, Md., where he directs and plays the organ for the singing group. The new series spotlights a little known phase of the famous Washingtonian, the fact that he is an accomplished organist and choir director.

Yes, spring has zing over WHB! The program schedule is a winning team, and like a winning team it has the crack of a clean base hit or the solid sound of a home run! And listeners are cheering!

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	Man on the Farm Man on the Farm Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys	12:00 15 30 45
Eddy Arnold Show Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys Guy Lombardo's Orch.	1:00 15 30 45
Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast	K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball	2:00 15 30 45
Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast	K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball K. C. Blues Baseball	3:00 15 30
Club 710, Arbogast Bob Kennedy's Showcose Bob Kennedy's Showcose AP and Sports News	K. C. Blues Baseball Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session	4:00 15 30 45
Mark Trail Mark Trail Clyde Beotry Clyde Beotry Victor Borge	Bobby Benson Show Bobby Benson Show Challenge of the Yukon Challenge of the Yukon	5:00 15 30 45 55

Never Too Old

THE dear old lady had a problem for the doctor. "It's like this. I have the greatest trouble dropping off to sleep. And when I finally do drop off, I have the strangest dream. Always the same one. I dream a handsome young man is chasing me."

The doctor nodded understandingly. "Simple, my dear. I'll just fix you up a little something—harmless little pill that'll make you go off to an immediate, dreamless sleep each night."

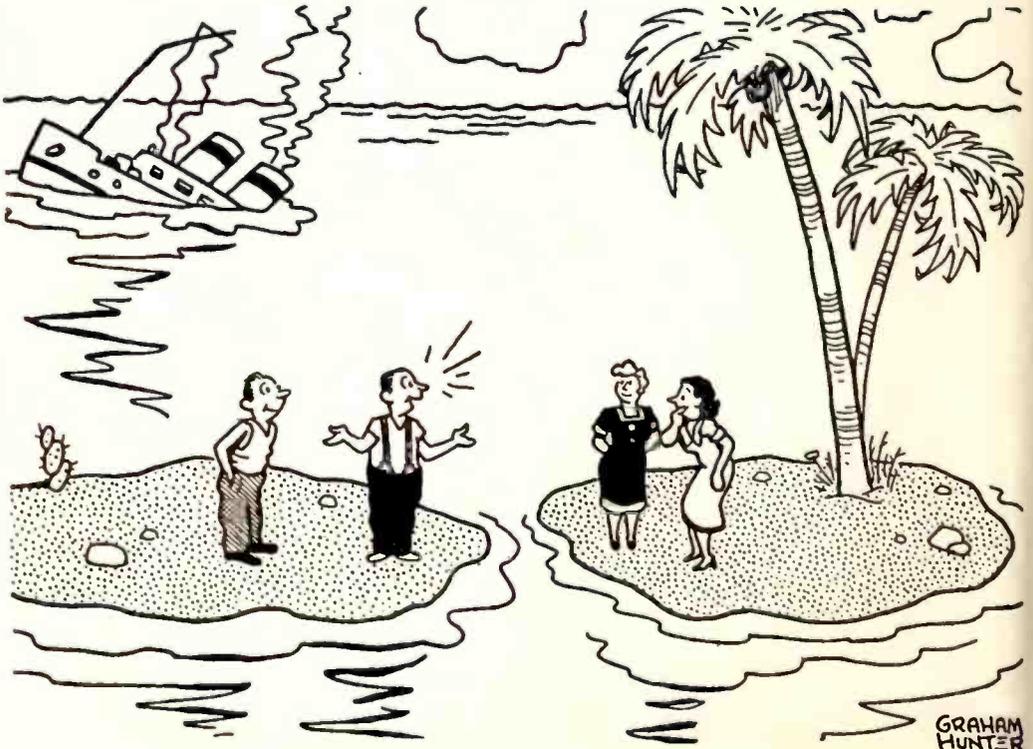
The dear old lady thanked the physician as she paid him and departed with the prescribed medicine. But, less than a week later, she was back at the doctor's desk.

"Doctor—er—those pills you gave me. They're fine—just fine. As you said, they have given me instant dreamless sleep. But—but doctor, could you give me something, now, to dream just a little? You know, I miss that young man!"

—Herbert E. Smith

Not until middle age is a man likely to take more than one view of things, and then he is probably wearing bifocals.

Regardless of how many or how few birthdays you've had, you're old if it takes you longer to rest than it does to get tired.



"George was wondering if we might come over this evening?"

Money That Grows on Trees

THE people of central Florida laugh at the old saying that money doesn't grow on trees. They know from experience that it does. Of course, it's not freshly-minted U. S. currency; but it works just as well. It's Spanish Moss, and many a family in this sub-tropical region makes a good year-round living just by picking it off trees.

No expense is necessary for a man to set himself up in this unique business. All he needs is a hooked bamboo pole and the ability to raise his arms overhead. Spanish Moss does not suffer the fluctuations of most other crops. It is a dependable producer, growing plentifully in good season and bad; so there is no danger of a man's business going on the rocks due to a scarcity of raw materials.

Many people consider Spanish Moss a useless parasite; but they are wrong on four counts. It is not Spanish. It is not moss. It is not useless. It is not a parasite.

Spanish Moss is a member of the pineapple family, growing in long black, hair-like strands covered by a fine grey bark. Its blessed events take place in two ways: it may spread from the migration of seeds which float through the air on tiny feathery parachutes; or a new growth may spring up from a fragment broken off an old plant. The tiniest strand of Spanish Moss can eventually fill a whole tree with grey festoons ten to twelve feet long.

Although it may kill its tree host by smothering it, Spanish Moss is not a parasite. It is an airplant, like an orchid, and it takes all of its nourishment from the rain and air.

Nor is Spanish Moss useless. It is an excellent source of high-grade upholstery material. It is highly resilient, almost indestructible, and naturally mothproof. Louisiana discovered the value of this veil-like growth shortly after the Civil War, but in Florida moss manufacture is a comparatively new industry.

There are three steps in moss production: picking, curing and ginning. An average picker can gather about 500 pounds of moss a day. In Florida, however, the whole family, from Grandma to the toddlers, troop along with the picker.

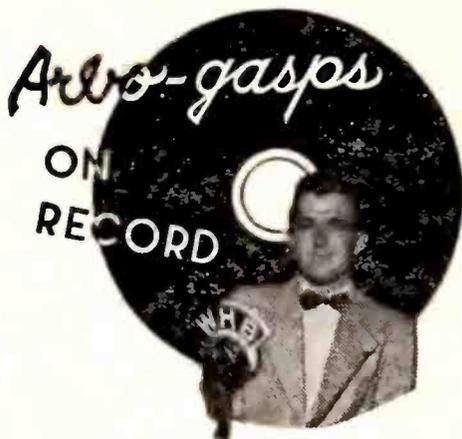
The large curing yards pay only 50 cents for 100 pounds of the green moss; so the smart pickers cure it themselves. This is very simple and increases the profit angle considerably. Cured moss brings from six to eight times as much as the uncured.

To cure it, the green moss is merely stacked in piles in the open about five feet high. Then it is thoroughly wetted to hasten the disintegration process. After about six weeks, it is turned over with a pitchfork and wet again. It takes about six months to produce the finest black moss.

There is a constant demand for this cured moss from the gin factories dotting central Florida. Many of them ship three or four carloads a week of the "ready-to-use" moss to furniture manufacturers all over the country. Others use it in on-the-spot making of specialized Florida furniture. All of them can use more moss than they get.

Although the Spanish Moss industry is new to the Florida scene, it has already zoomed into the big business category. When a man is out of a job he never need ask for government relief. Just go out and pluck money from trees.

—Frank Rose



with ARBOGAST

ALORS (apologies to Ransom Sherman) ze spring.

The season strictly for the birds and for the happy people—anticipation time for summery baseball days.

Music and spring go hand in hand and, whoever you are—and wherever—you're singing or whistling today. You can't help it.

You feel great and spring is responsible—spring and music.

For, as long as there's music—ah, but let George Shearing tell you about it.

As welcome as the proverbial breath of spring air in this era of bombastic music, is Mr. Shearing's version of, "AS LONG AS THERE'S MUSIC."

On an M-G-M label from the Shearing album called, "YOU'RE HEARING GEORGE SHEARING," the melodious "AS LONG AS THERE'S MUSIC" is but one of eight great sides available on 78, 45, or LP's.

Written by the team of Jules Styne and Sammy Cahn, "AS LONG AS THERE'S MUSIC," as played by George Shearing and the quintet, gives you the feeling that the composers and the performers are quite serious about music meaning everything. Shearing's marvelous piano impressions are inspiring.

Put "AS LONG AS THERE'S MUSIC" down as a "must" for lovers of intrinsically good stuff.

And while you're about it, check out on

the entire works of Shearing, who, we believe, will be the biggest thing in American popular music before year's end.

On to some others.

Such as, "AELUNA MEZZUMARE" (The Butcher Boy). Emil Dewan and the Quintones on Mercury.

Remember a thing with lyrics like "Mama, dear, come over here and see who's looking in my window"? That was featured as "The Butcher Boy" about 10 or 12 years ago. Now Emil Dewan and five frolicking gentlemen have come out with the straight Italian version under the original folk-songish title of "AELUNA MEZZUMARE." It could well be the sleeper of the season. We've fallen for it and featured it as our candidate for hitdom on both our day and nighttime spinning stints.

"AELUNA" rocks. The heckling background voices lend to the song the folksy spirit needed to make it authentically Italian. But what sold us on the thing is the joking "bop" wind-up that follows the street scene folderol. We bet you'll want it for your own—unless you prefer Ernest Tubb. Us? We're Tubb-Thumpers, we cater to Dewan's "MEZZUMARE."

But we digress—let's get outta here.

And on to another.

IT has been suggested that a song is a song is a song. 'Tis so, possibly. But, when a song is good (and truly so) it is always good.

And, since we'll be baseballing it soon, the song we have in mind here fits perfectly.

"JOLTING JOE DIMAGGIO" (Les Brown Orchestra . . . Columbia Label). This may be the Yankee Clipper's last year—we are nostalgic enough to hope not—but he has said as much. This tune by Brown is all about Joe and his tremendous exploits as a comparatively new Yankee ballplayer. Now Joe is legendary—and still, to us, the greatest. Musically and historically it gives the Dimag' story a fine treatment. The liberal use of special effects on the disk makes it unique.

Let's see, what's next, Herman?

SEPTEMBER SONG (Walter Huston . . . Decca Personality Series). Veering from the popular norm, the rendition by the late actor is as composer Kurt Weill meant it to be. Huston introduced the song in 1938 in the Broadway musical, "Knickerbocker Holiday," and it's been recorded by virtually every top-flight artist. But this is the one we like best, because it was meant to be done as Huston did it. If you're looking for lilting voice quality, you won't find it here. Huston tells a story and tells it well. But not a la Sinatra. It's the story of an elderly man lamenting, in music, the fact that he's too old to catch a girl . . . that he waited too long while young and the time is now short. But he's singing to a "someone" who's with him at the time; so all is not bad. He'll have something to make his November and December brighter. To out-cliche a cliché, this one is haunting, but really. And the Walter Huston voice makes it, if anything, the most beautiful of the bunch. Soon or currently available at local dischouses.

DAVE BRUBECK TRIO (Fantasy Records). The hottest thing to come out of the West since Kenton. The piano of Brubeck, the bass of Ron Crotty, and Callen Tjador on the drums, make for the most pleasing and interesting stuff we've heard in years. The Brubeck Trio plays "different" music in a most inoffensive and sparkling manner. They imitate no one and their own new treatment is good enough for us. Such sides as "Tea for Two," "Black Magic," and "September Song" will give you the idea. Only once, when the trio grows to the Brubeck Octet for "The Way You Look Tonight," are the Brubeckians overly wild. Overlooking that side (and it's not a trio waxing, anyway) we believe Fantasy has a winner.

DAVID ALLEN (Discovery). "The Touch of Your Lips" and the flip, "I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me" should propel Allen on the way to stardom. His style is his own and that's recommendation enough . . . since the style is good. Watch for his new ones . . . he gets better as he goes along . . . and he can go nowhere but up.

SOMETHING I DREAMED LAST NIGHT (Kay Penton-Teddy Wilson). Just a word. We talked about this in the last SWING. Kay with a torchy, sentimental and melodic vocal . . . maestro Wilson with the perfect piano assist. Formerly on Musicraft, it's now on MGM as a re-release. Teddy Wilson is currently with MGM in New York and thinks the song good for the top now. We think so . . . have always thought so . . . and we look for it to connect. Wonder, by the way, what happened to Kay Penton since the record (on Musicraft) first came out about 15 years ago? It's from "George White's Scandals" (1935). We loved it then . . . which dates us, doesn't it?

GUMBOS AND GOODIES about which things must be said and questions asked:

The show of many Arbogasts and one Sully and a Pete has been searching frantically for a thing called "Freelancing Again" by a guy named Jack Mason. We came across it on the Coast about two years ago and spotted it as a natural. We were chagrined to find that it went the way of most good music lately . . . namely nowhere. We'd like to find it, though, and give it the boost we think it needs. If anybody has it or knows where it can be found (locally or anywhere), please give us the word. It is backed by "Moonlight in Vermont" by Mason, if that'll help. But we don't remember the label. HELP!

Tab this for a sleeper: Vocal duet by Joe Stalin and the Russian Minister of Finance on the "Red Bank Boogie" . . . a different treatment of a Volga theme.

And Mahatma Nehru and the Bombay Symphony Orchestra on "I Only Want A Buddah, Not A Sweetheart."

It was J. P. Yeglin who once said, "Time heals all wounds." He was wrong. I've been wearing a Benrus over my black-eye for six months and I still can't see a thing.

Which is an excuse for winding this thing up.

Not the Benrus . . . the column.

Family Pet Names

SOME parents just call their children the kids, or the young ones or the small fry. Others use more definite, and sometimes more appropriate ones, such as the following:

FAMILY NAME

Horne
Bull
Buck
Barr
Rose
Hood
Coates
Blank
Bush
Speck
Stone
Poole
Fountain
Bell
Foote
Cook
Price
Katz
Roos
Thorne
DeForest
Wood
Nichols
Knapp
Nail

THE KIDS ARE CALLED:

Hornets
Bullets
Buckets
Barettes
Rosettes
Bonnets
Jackets
Blankets
Bushels and Shrubbery
Speckles
Pebbles
Puddles
Droplets or Drips
Chimes
Toes
Cookies
Priceless
Kittens
Roosters
Briers
Saplings
Chips or Kindling or Splinters
Pennies
Sacks
Tacks

—Aubrey G. Lockhart.

▲
A man recently had a new house built. Inspecting it, he concluded that it didn't look very strong. He mentioned it to the architect.

"Well, after all," replied the architect, "you've got to consider that we haven't got the wallpaper on yet."

▲
Success is making hay with the grass that grows under other peoples feet.

▲
An old man was sitting on the porch of a little country store when a big shiny car drove up with two strangers in it.

"Hey, there," one of them called out. "How long has this town been dead?"

The old man looked at them over the rim of his spectacles.

"Well, not long, I guess. You're the first buzzards I've seen."



"And when she was born I was disappointed because I thought I wouldn't have anyone to help me with the garden and lawn!"

Not One Little Wind



A mother must plan many years ahead for a small son.

by A. S. HEWITT

ROSA was making tortillas for Emilio's supper. In great haste she patted the flat rounds paper-thin between her palms. The blessed baby fretted and grew more and more insistent. Soon now she would pick up the little boy and again hold the warm softness of him in her arms.

Emilio, her husband, liked plenty to eat. He was fat and thrice her age. But he was kind, and he owned the house they lived in.

The walls were greyed by sun and rain and had small cracks where the boards were warped. The roof leaked just a little. But Emilio's house stood bravely under the largest pepper tree in the street. This afternoon not one little wind disturbed the pendulous

branches. With the heat of the sun, the spicy odor poured in through the open door, heavy, pricking her nostrils.

Rosa patted and turned and turned and patted the last tortilla. All at once she stopped to listen. Yes. Someone was coming up the street.

Before she saw him, Rosa knew it was Lalo. She knew his step by the beating of her heart. He had come! Gentle, cautious Mr. Otro had kept his word to Rosa. He did all she asked without question.

Straining, Rosa watched Lalo swing into the shade on the hard-trodden earth alongside the house.

Tonight, at sundown, they would be alone.

Rosa reached for a drink of water. She touched her beads. For a small son a mother must plan—with prudence—many years ahead. The Holy Father helped those who helped themselves.

NOISELESSLY Rosa moved to the screen door. Emilio sat on the porch steps. Every day he sat in the same shady place. Lalo came up and sat down by Emilio on the splintery wood. Three times Lalo had come to sit with Emilio since the army let Lalo go. Not once had she been alone with him from the day he went away, many, many months ago.

"Emilio, amigo," Lalo said now, "this time I bring news."

The baby began to cry, and Lalo turned to look inside. But Rosa bent quickly to pick up the boy and soothe him into contentment.

Emilio lifted the elbows from his knees. He took off his sombrero. With one sweep of his shirt sleeve, he brushed the beads off his wide brown face. "Your voice sings, Lalo, and the smile is big on your lips. You are the bearer of good news."

"Quien sabe, amigo," Lalo teased. He slipped his bare feet out of his shoes. "I come from Mr. Otro at the Big Market—he with the barren wife. He wants a man to bring cantaloupes from Yuma in his truck, maybe three, maybe four trips. He will pay good money to a man who can drive all night and be back early in the morning.—Fine job, eh, Emilio? The night is cool for driving."

"Marveloso, Lalo, I am glad for you, my young and handsome friend. When do you start?" Emilio put his hat back on. He pulled it over his eyes and once more leaned on his elbows.

"But, Emilio, you fat goat!" Lalo gave him a poke. "You do not understand. I give this fine job to you."

"To me, Lalo?" Emilio turned his head half way around.

"Si, amigo! You have a family—a girl wife and a little son. I have nobody. I come, I go. I need none of all this money."

"I could not take your job." When Emilio shook his head, the sombrero flopped. Once more he straightened up and turned his wise smile on Lalo. His small eyes glittered. Rosa edged closer to the door to hear. "Rosa would not like to be alone," he said.

"Madre de Dios, I swear she will not be alone! I, Lalo, will guard her and the boy while you are gone." Rosa watched his bare feet squirm on the hard soil. The brown toes stretched and curled.

"Too much, amigo!" Emilio glanced behind him through the door, but Rosa busied herself with the tortillas at the little stove. "We still have beans. We have corn meal for tortillas. My little wife is thrifty and clever, too. Last winter she made a serape and sold it to Mr. Otro for much money. There is yet some left. Mr. Otro brings gifts of meat, fruit and greens—many, many things.—No, Lalo, I must not take this job. I have too much!"

"Santissima,—would you turn me into a selfish pig, viejo?" Lalo made a face. "A pig with a greedy snout—no, amigo! You need much, very much, to feed your son. He must grow big and strong."

Rosa hugged the baby close. Her trembling lips sought its neck.

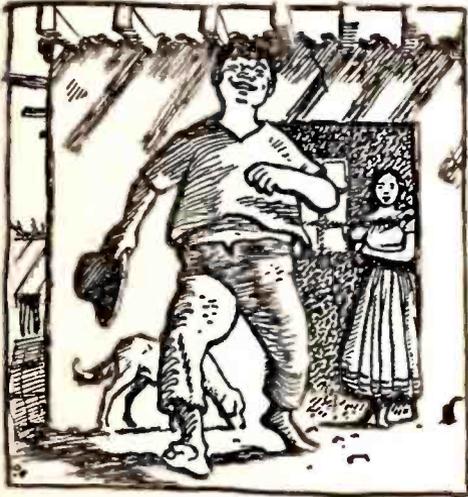
"Si," Emilio sighed, "si, si. The boy must grow big and strong. I had not thought of that."

"Then go quick to Mr. Otro and

tell him you can drive like . . . like an angel, careful and fast." Lalo prodded Emilio up from the steps toward his shoes which stood wide and empty on the brown soil. "I saw a rebozo in old Felipe's window . . ." the tone of his voice was a song to which Rosa's heart beat like the strumming of a guitar. "Que rebozo! Colors of the rainbow in its weave! Tomorrow, you can buy this silken thing for your beautiful wife."

The beating of her heart grew loud, hard to bear. With eyes closed, she could see the tilt of Lalo's chin, the masterful persuasion in his eyes, and how the smile played with his lips around the white glistening teeth.

"I will tell Rosa." Emilio stuck his sun-blackened feet into his shoes and came up the steps. Rosa pushed open the screen for him.



LALO'S smile faded. His nostrils quivered as he turned his back on them and plucked a limp cigarette from behind one ear. A lizard ran out of a crack on the porch and darted into another.

"Rosa," Emilio said behind her, "I must go away in a truck to Yuma and bring fruit to the Big Market. I will make money, much money."

"You are a good husband." Rosa put the boy into his crib. He cried lustily. "Put on this tie, Emilio, while I make the enchiladas. I am glad the tortillas are ready. Such a good supper for your journey! See, I will put a lid on the bowl and tie it in a cloth."

"Si, Rosa. The good smell of gravy makes me hungry." Emilio patted the baby on its head. When it stopped crying, he looped the already knotted tie around his neck and pulled it straight. He took the supper dish from Rosa. Their faces were moist with the heat.

Rosa wiped Emilio's cheeks with her apron and pushed him through the door gently. He came back inside for his sombrero.

"If Mr. Otro brings wine . . . send him home to his wife."

"Si, Emilio, I will. But, my husband, it is a little thing he asks—to share a bottle of wine—he is a generous friend."

Emilio nodded.

Rosa followed him outside, the baby in her arms. The sun was sinking low behind the pepper tree. "Buenas noches, Lalo," she said.

Lalo looked up. "Ai, Rosa, como te va?" The cigarette smoke poured leisurely from his nostrils. "I will take good care of your family, Emilio . . . sleep here on the porch tonight." He made a wide gesture.

"Thank you, amigo. Rosa will prepare your supper." Emilio started off. He lifted a hand in salute. In an-

other moment his broad back was out of sight around the corner of the house.

Rosa and Lalo heard him walk down the street. They listened until the sound of his big shoes on the pavement merged with the noise of traffic in the distance.

Lalo's eyes found their way to Rosa's.

THE baby groped hungrily at her neck. She kissed the top of its head. Lalo watched through half-closed lids. He picked the cigarette from his lips and threw it away. Rosa's gaze followed its arc and came back to Lalo's toes where they bent and spread on the earth.

The sun was down. A glow behind the pepper tree lit up the elegance of trunk and foliage.

"Are you happy, Rosa?" Lalo looked at the green tracery as he spoke.

"Si, Lalo." Her cheek smoothed the baby's hair. "Si, si!"

"NO,—you cannot be!" He was at her side. His face bent close to hers. "Why did you marry Emilio?" he whispered. "Why?"

Rosa closed her eyes. "I love my husband. He is a steady man who owns a good house."

"You promised to wait for me," he said. "You did not wait very long, did you, Rosa?"

"Long days . . . long weeks . . . I could not wait . . ." She stopped. It was hard to breathe. "I was lonely."

The frown on Lalo's face made deep lines above his nose. "I, too, was lonely."

"Emilio . . . Emilio took care of

father so I could work. Two weeks after you left . . . father died. Emilio was good to me. I did not know how to find you. He helped me and I . . . I love him." She threw back her head to defy the longing which clutched her throat. "You did not hurry back fast, Lalo. You stayed too long!"

"IN the army you cannot hurry back. You have to go, and you have to stay a long time, even be killed almost, and go to a hospital." His husky voice caressed and seared. She ached for his arms, her legs grew weak. "I saved my pay and my pension, but when I came back my Rosa was married to Emilio, her father's friend. I came to see. Three times I came. Rosa is thin. Her eyes are not gay. Her laugh does not go up and down like music. I wanted to speak to her alone."

"I knew," she whispered, "I also wanted to see you."

"I was lucky,—Mr. Otro sent me . . ."

"I told him to."

"How can you tell him what to do?" Lalo gripped her arm. His fingers were strong. They burned her skin and she shivered.

"This baby . . . Mr. Otro is afraid I will tell his wife . . ."

Lalo shook her. Hurt and scorn twisted his lips. "So . . . Why did you not wait for me?"

"You did not write . . . how could I find you?"

"We were betrothed! We were betrothed . . . before the Holy Mary."

"Please!—I love Emilio."

"You lie," he whispered back,

"you married Emilio. You love Mr. Otro!"

"No, no, no! The night you left he brought wine to cheer me. I took so little of it . . . he drank too much . . . he slept. When he woke up . . . on my bed he . . . well, he . . . I love only my husband . . ."

"You lie, he is old!"

"He gave me this house. He is good to me and . . . the baby. He too, thinks the baby is his."

"Who then, in the name of the saints, is the father?"

"You are, Lalo."

"I? Rosa,—you speak the truth?"

"Yes, Lalo." She pushed him away, weakly.

"We must tell Emilio—at once!"

"Never, Lalo! He is old. It would kill him. He is proud of his son. Mr. Otro also is proud. Let them be. It is a fine thing they have . . . to live for."

A Russian escaping from Stalingrad was halted by police of the country to which he was escaping, and was questioned and searched.

"What's this?" police asked him, concerning a bottle of pills.

"Oh, that's against headaches," the Russian said.

"And what's this?" they asked him about another bottle of pills.

"That's against toothaches."

They came to a picture of Stalin and demanded, "But what's this?"

"That," said the Russian, "is against homesickness."

"You say her favorite sport is fishing through the ice?"

"Yes, trying to get the cherry at the bottom of a Tom Collins."

It is the fresh egg that gets slapped in the pan.

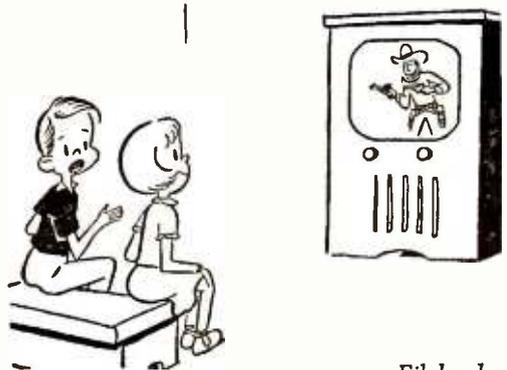
"A son should be with his father."

She shook her head. "You have no roof for shade or shelter for one so small, no four walls to keep out the wind. You come, you go."

"I will build a house—far better than this one! It shall have two doors and a bell which will sing when we press it. 'Rosa, open the door!' it will sing. 'Lalo and his son are here.'—I must find paper and pencil and come back to draw the plan. My son shall have many things!" He waved his arms and swung down the steps excitedly to pick up his shoes.

Rosa smiled and slipped inside the door. She fastened its hook and bent her cheek to the child's. "It is wisdom and great wealth, little one, to have three fathers,—one for shelter, one for the daily bread, and one . . . for many joys . . . in days to come . . ."

Actually, the so-called weaker sex is the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.



"I wonder what will become of television when Hopalong finally cleans up the West?"



2,000 PLUS

"WHEN
WORLDS
MET"

by JUDITH and DAVID BUBLICK

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

BROADCAST MAY 3, 1950

PRODUCED BY:

SHERMAN H. DRYER
ROBERT WEENOLSEN

MUSIC: Opening Theme

Announcer: (Echo) "2000 Plus"!

MUSIC: Shiver and Under With Suspense

Announcer: (Cast mike) Let us send our imaginations forward into time—into the years beyond 2000 A.D. What strange adventures—what exciting things will we find in the world of tomorrow?

MUSIC: Surge

Announcer: (Echo) (over) "2000 Plus"!

MUSIC: Up to Climax

Announcer: Today—an adventure of outer space—"When Worlds Met."

MUSIC: Opening Up and Under

Announcer: It is the year 2000 plus twenty. At the giant space port in Washington, D. C., temporary capital of the Federated World Government, an enormous throng—tense with expectancy—jams every available inch of space surrounding the rocket landing base. All eyes

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strain upward into the clear blue sky—for today is the day—April 21, 2000 plus twenty—and the audio and televox networks of the World are at the rocket field to cover the epic event.

SOUND: Babel of throng, swish of rocket planes in distance, down into B.G. under
Cast: LIVELY WALLA WALLA.

Wilson: Ah, yes, ladies and gentlemen, this is the day—the day we've been waiting for. In a matter of minutes now, out of that brilliant blue sky will come an interplanetary space ship—carrying in its gleaming hold the first load of uranium taken from the pits of Luna, satellite of Earth. Since the beginning of—(suddenly excited) One moment, folks, there's a signal from the tower! This may be it. Take it away, Fred!

BOARD: Dead air 3 seconds

Haskins: (Tense) Fred Haskins reporting from the control tower. Our escort planes have been in contact with the space ship from Luna for the past twelve minutes. They are now approaching the field from the northeast, and any moment we can expect to—

SOUND: Crowd roar and down into B.G. start fading in rocket engines gradually
Haskins: (Voice cracking with excitement) And there she is! The rocket ship Chronos—17 hours out of Luna City—her magnesium hull white hot from the friction of the atmosphere—her jet brakes belching fire. She's right over the field now . . . She's coming down . . . down . . . down.

BOARD: Dead air 3 seconds

SOUND: Tremendous blast of motors down and out under

Haskins: (Big) She's landed! Mark well this date, my friends . . . This is the dawn of—the Interplanetary Age!

MUSIC: Epic segue to slightly suspensy

SOUND: Klaxon . . .static

McCabe: (Filter) Earth calling Moon. Earth calling Moon. Come in Luna Ci—

Dixon: (Right on mike) Luna City, Johnny Dixon.

McCabe: Dixon! Where've you been? You're three minutes late!

Dixon: Sorry, McCabe. All shipments as scheduled. Everything routine.

McCabe: Report noted. Checkout.

Dixon: Checkout.

SOUND: Click

Paul: Sometimes I think we're crazy. Spending our lives cooped up in this pressurized shell. Breathing synthetic air—risking our necks every time we step out onto that cold, barren, pitted piece of green cheese. For what?

Dixon: Who're you kidding, Paul? You know the answer. We're space happy, that's all that's wrong with us. We pulled every wire and practically tore the World Federation apart getting this assignment to the moon, and we'll do it again when the first flight into deep space gets under way—next month, next year, or whenever they get it ready.

Paul: Yeah, I guess that's it. But right now, what wouldn't I give to see a tree again—and those Kansas wheatfields.

Dixon: Me, I want to hear a bird sing, and watch the lights go on in the skyscrapers along the river front. I want to dance with my girl, and breathe in the sweet smell of lilacs. Boy if—

SOUND: Mars shimmer effect (1)

Johnny: (Puzzled. Just a little scared): Wh-what was that?

Paul: Huh?

Johnny: That—that sound . . . that vibration . . . it—

SOUND: Mars shimmer effect (2)

Johnny: There! Did you hear it?

Paul: I-I'm not sure whether I heard—or felt it. Like a current of air, passing by me.

Johnny: That's it! Some kind of pulsation. Makes my skin tingle. I—

SOUND: Two Mars effects in quick succession

Paul: (Eerie) Listen! Sounded different, didn't it?

Johnny: Yeah. A different pitch.

Paul: The instruments are all steady. Nothing on the visiscreen. Radar's negative. What is it, Johnny? Where's it from?

Johnny: It's not Earth, I'll swear to that. I've got a notion, Paul, a crazy notion that someone's trying to signal us . . .

Paul: You mean—

Johnny: (A little unnerved) I don't know what I mean. (Trying to shrug it off) Maybe McCabe's right. Maybe I have got a touch of—

Paul: Johnny, what is it?

SOUND: Mars tones overlapping

Johnny: Look, Paul. Look at the direction finder! It's swung all the way round. Those sounds—those waves—are coming from outer space! I've got to—

SOUND: Static and Klaxon

McCabe: (Filter) Earth calling Luna City. Earth calling Lu—

Johnny: Luna City to Earth. Go ahead, Earth. Go ahead, McCabe.

McCabe: (Filter) Dixon! What's going on up there? What's the idea of beaming out those hammy signals?

Johnny: Signals?

McCabe: The harp effect—the music of the spheres stuff. It's giving our boys on the monitors down here the heebie—

Johnny: You—you got them too, McCabe? You picked them up on Earth?

McCabe: Certainly. What's it all about?

Johnny: The signals—if that's what they are—are coming from one definite spot in outerspace!

McCabe: Outerspace!

Johnny: That's what I said.

McCabe: Johnny, get your space suit ready. We'd better have a conference.

Johnny: But—

McCabe: Have your men tune up Rocket 307. Blast off at 0800. We'll be expecting you on earth in the morning!

MUSIC: Stirring Segue to Neutral

McCabe (Irritated): Ten days now we've been getting those signals—and not one of you geniuses has come through with a plausible explanation.

Wolfsen (Slightly German): Very well, Mr. McCabe. If you know of anyone who can do it better—

McCabe: Take it easy, Professor Wolfsen. You don't have to be so touchy. But ten days! What do you say, Dr. Lee?

Lee (Chinese): Ten days or ten years—it makes no difference. If those sounds or signals are code, it's in a language unknown to man.

McCabe: You're sure of that?

Wolfsen: We've consulted the foremost cryptographers of the world. We've tried every way to break the code.

McCabe: What does that add up to?

Wolfsen: That message, if it is a message, does not come from anywhere on Earth . . . or from any man of Earth.

Johnny: I told you, chief! It's what I've been saying all along. Of course you can't

decode those messages in any known language, living or dead, because they come from Mars.

Wolfsen: (React) Mars! Impossible.

Johnny: Yes, Mars! My directional finder on the Moon indicated it—and McCabe here pinned it down. Look at the graph.

SOUND: Rattle paper

Wolfsen: Directional signals can be wrong.

Johnny: Yes, sir . . . but get this. I've been timing those signals. They come at intervals of exactly 24 hours 37 minutes and 22 seconds—

Wolfsen: The length of the day on Mars!

Johnny: Yeah. If we were trying to signal them, we'd do it, say, every night at eight-hundred. That's what they're doing to us.

Wolfsen: In that case, the next signal is due—



McCabe: In ten minutes and thirteen seconds, and we'll be sitting here like lum-moxes, feeling our scalps tingle while the message drifts past us!

Lee: Gentlemen, excuse please. But it seems to me the message need not necessarily drift past us.

Cast: (Ad lib surprise)

Lee: By the message I do not mean the sounds or the words that are being transmitted. I refer to the thoughts themselves . . . the thoughts that perhaps are being transferred from the Martians to us.

Johnny: Thought transference? That's telepathy!

Lee: We have discarded that charlatan's word, Mr. Dixon. But we do know that there is extra-sensory perception of thought impulses. Just as there are sound waves which your ear has learned to interpret and light waves which your eye and brain transform into a picture—so there are thought waves, electrical impulses discharged by the brain, which vary with the particular thought.

Wolfsen: An intriguing idea, Dr. Lee. If only we had some instrument that could pick up and sort out these impulses.

Lee: There is such an instrument, Professor Wolfsen.

Cast: (*Ad lib reaction*)

Lee: I have been working on it for many years. It involves a scanning screen intercepting an electrified field.

McCabe: Well, what are we waiting for?

Lee: You understand, the telepathator has only been tested for short distances—

Johnny: The signals are reaching us—that's the only important thing, isn't it? How soon can we—

Lee: The instrument is in the next room. I took the liberty of bringing it with me, hoping it (*start fade*) might conceivably be of some use. This way, gentlemen, if you please. (*Out*)

McCabe: (*Fading in*) (*incredulous*) You say this little machine can take thoughts and turn them into words we can hear—they won't be in *English*!

Lee: Ha! Not only will they be in *English*, Mr. McCabe. The telepathator will translate thought impulses into any language for which you set the dials. You think of something, Mr. Dixon. Now listen . . .

First I set the dial for French.

Machine: (*French*) Epatant, les chinois!

Lee: German.

Machine: (*German*) Wonderbar, deise Chineser!

Lee: And English.

Machine: (*English*) Darn clever, these Chinese!

Cast: (*Chuckle*)

Lee: You must understand—

McCabe: Excuse me, Dr. Lee, we'll have to postpone your demonstration now—only fifteen seconds to go—set your dials for remote pickup. Stand by everyone.

(PAUSE)

Johnny: (*Whispers*) Nothing.

Lee: More power.

McCabe: Well, it was a good try.

Johnny: Wait. I've got that feeling again—my skin's beginning to crawl.

Wolfsen: Yes, I too—

McCabe: Oh, no. It's just your imagi—

Lee: Quiet!

SOUND: Mars effect speeded almost to a chord

Lee: They are coming through now—

Machine: (*Very deep and distinctive*) Planet four greeting planet three . . .

McCabe: Mars!

Machine: The fourth planet from the sun greeting planet three. Planet four calling planet three. We are trying to reach you, planet three.

Cast: (*React in several languages*)

SOUND: Mars chords

Machine: If you receive our signal, respond. If you receive our signal, respond. We will communicate again . . .

SOUND: Shimmer of Mars blend to

MUSIC: In with Mood and Segue to headline uproar

Haskins: Life on Mars! This week, ladies and gentlemen, the question that has bedeviled mankind ever since the day he first stood erect and gazed into the heavens has been answered! There is life on another planet—Mars . . . intelligent, articulate life. The country—the World—tonight seethes with excitement. Has Mars received our responding signal? Has our telepathator succeeded in projecting, as thoughts, the messages spoken into it by human beings? (*fade*) Or can it merely receive the thoughts . . .

MUSIC: In with mood. Segue to serious

SOUND: Crickets. General country effects at night

Johnny: Ah, the smell of lilacs, Terry! I'll never get enough of it.

Terry: It's lovely, Johnny. And look—there's a moon out tonight.

Johnny (*Stung*): Moon. Oh, please. It's hard to believe that back in 1950 people could still get romantic over that cold, dead, pockmarked, heavenly yo-yo! Now that red star up there—Mars—that's a different proposition. It's alive—there are living beings up there—and

Terry: Johnny, it's staggering! It's beyond imagination. It's—

Johnny: Rubbish! Why shouldn't there be life up there?

Terry: But they're so advanced — space ships and interplanetary signals, and maybe even . . .

Johnny: Maybe you've got a point at that. *(Laughs)* We thought we were so smart because we reached the moon. Our space ships aren't developed enough yet to get to Mars.

Terry: It's just as well.

Johnny: Why?

Terry: Because you'd want to be the first to go—

Johnny: Wouldn't you like that? I'd be quite a hero. You could point at my picture and say—"That's my guy."

Terry: You're my guy anyway, Johnny.

Johnny: Sure, Terry. But don't worry, honey. We won't be seeing any Martians for a long time!

MUSIC: Bridge

Paul (PA): All personnel — stand by. Stand by for X-M signal.

McCabe: That'll be Mars! Hop to it, Johnny.

Lee: Telepathator setting 212 degrees 18 seconds. Frequency 600,000.

McCabe: Got that, Johnny?

Johnny: Check.

(PAUSE)

SOUND: Mars effects

Machine (Mars): Planet four calling planet three. Planet four calling planet three. We greet you in peace. Your response received. *(Group reaction)* The time has come. At this moment which marks the beginning of the great interstellar age between worlds it is fitting that there be between us a meeting of minds. Therefore, we would like to send representatives to visit your planet.

Cast: (Reaction)

Machine (Mars): A ship will depart tonight and enter your magnetic field in seven of our days. Have landing instructions ready. We come in peace. We come in peace.

MUSIC: Ominous

SOUND: Crowd buzz down into B.G. under

Wilson: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Mack Wilson bringing you a report of the emergency session of the Federated World Government. Never has

an assembly meeting taken place in such an atmosphere of excitement, panic and re- crimination. And here on the floor of the assembly chamber, all the emotions aroused by the stunning message from Mars have been boiling and clashing all day.

Senator: I say keep 'em out! We've enough troubles of our own.

Senator: Then I rise for a point of information. As civilian head of the world military government, I want to know why those Martians have beaten us to the draw! **Lee:** Gentlemen, if the decision we are to make is to be a wise one, we must lay aside passions and fears and consider the question calmly. The Martians are coming, and we must receive them either with friendship or hostility.

Senator: Drive them off! Blast them out of the skies!

Lee: That may not be as simple as it sounds. Remember, my friends, these Martians are advanced scientifically, perhaps, far beyond us. They have conquered deep space, they can transmit thought waves, they may have weapons beside which our nuclear bombs are as toy pistols.

McCabe: Dr. Lee is right, gentlemen. We don't dare meet them with force. The risk is too great.

Secretary: They come in peace. They have said it over and over again. Let us so receive them!

SOUND: Crowd roar up

Cast: (Ad lib agreement)

Senator: Very well, if such is the will of this body. Let them be received in peace. But as civilian head of the World Military Government, I assure you all—we will not be caught off guard.

MUSIC: Tumultuous and down

SOUND: Transmitter effects

Johnny: Earth calling Martian Interstellar ship . . . earth calling Martian Interstellar ship. Here are the landing instructions of the Federated World Government. Three earth days from this hour, which will be the sixth Martian day of your flight through space, you will be met by an escort of 20 pursuit rockets. We will greet you in the name of peace. *(Cross fading to senator)* and will escort you *(out)*

Senator (Filter, low and secretive): Instructions to Commission of Defense! All escort rocket ships assigned to accompany

Martian space ship will carry the following armaments: death fog sprays, magnetic disintegrators, atomic missiles Class B... (fade) All weapons shall be on the...

CROSS FADE TO

Johnny (Fading in): . . . and upon your entry into the Earth's atmosphere, you will circle our globe once and then make landing at the space port at Los Alamos (fades) which will be ready to receive you—

CROSS FADE TO

Senator (Fading in): (filter . . . low) The space port of Los Alamos shall be mined to a depth of 50 feet with tritonium land mines, the field encircled with radioactive flame throwers (fade) and a reserve force

CROSS FADE TO

Johnny (Fade on): From the landing field you will be conducted to the seat of the World Government at Washington, D. C., where you will be received and housed in suitable accommodations. We welcome you—in peace and friendship. Check out.

SOUND: Click

Johnny: We welcome you in peace—we hope!

MUSIC: Ironic



SOUND: Footsteps on marble corridor

Johnny: Suitable accommodations! Trust McCabe to hand me a crackpot assignment like this!

Terry: Why, Johnny, you're the big space man. You're supposed to know what constitutes suitable accommodation for a Martian.

Johnny: Don't, Terry! I haven't the slightest notion in the world what they'll look like or what they'll need, except some crazy ideas I picked up from science fiction. For all I know—

Terry: All right, that's why we're here. The head of our Anthropology section has more ideas than any science fiction writer you've ever read. Here we are.

SOUND: Door rolls open

Wolfson: Ah, Terry, come in.

Terry: Hello, Professor. This is Mr. Dixon, the young man I told you about.

Wolfson: I know Dixon.

Johnny: Professor, I've got a problem that's got me . . .

Wolfson: Terry and I have discussed the problem. Of course, no one can know. But it is my theory that the Martian will, in most important respects, have the characteristics of—Earthman.

Johnny: What's the basis of your theory, Professor?

Wolfson: It's quite simple. The known accomplishments of the Martians parallel our own. It stands to reason that our evolutions are parallel too, though they may be at different stages. Only a being with opposable thumbs can fashion the intricate devices necessary for space ships; only a being with a nervous system like our own could master communication. Only a creature with a brain like ours could dream of peace.

Johnny: Makes sense, Professor!

Terry: That's one side of it, Johnny. A lot of other anthropologists think differently. They feel that the Martians, living on a dry planet with little vegetation and very little water, will be creatures that crawl on the ground, like our insects, enlarged a few hundred times.

Johnny: I give up! With forty-eight hours left, I can't prepare accommodations for every conceivable form of life. We'll just have to improvise—after they get here. (Slightly savage) I just hope they don't get too sick when they first look at us!

MUSIC: Ironic then boil up to climax and into end of "United Nation" song

SOUND: Crowd murmur

Wilson: This is Mack Wilson again, reporting from the space port at Los Alamos. A tremendous crowd is gathered here from all parts of the Earth . . . we are awaiting

the appearance of the space ship from Mars which is being escorted by twenty pursuit rockets from the rendezvous near Moon. According to reports, all has gone well so far. The Martian ship was . . .

SOUND: Bell clangs

Wilson: One moment, please (*pause*) An audiovox announcement is going to be made to the people assembled.

Secretary (PA): Your attention please. The ship from Mars and its escorts will be seen any moment from the East.

Wilson: You heard that—any moment the ship from Mars—

SOUND: Crowd murmur

Wilson: There they are—they're coming in. The leading rocket ships first.

SOUND: Rocket ships slap by

Wilson: And now the ship from Mars—

SOUND: Infinoid effect

Wilson: The Martian ship is idling over the field now . . . casting a huge shadow over the landscape. It's an awe-inspiring spectacle. The ship is tremendous . . . it appears to be eighteen to twenty stories in height, several city blocks long, and (*start fade*) its large windows seem to be fashioned of some kind of transparent metal . . .

Senator (Filter very low): Civilian commander to special defense patrol. Man battle stations.

Wilson (On mike): Our technical experts are staring at the craft in open-mouthed wonder. Mr. McCabe, what is your reaction?

McCabe: I-I'm dumfounded! The ship doesn't seem to operate on a rocket principle—there's no exhaust flame—no clouds of smoke! I keep wondering what kind of fuel they use, what principles of propulsion, what metals.

Wilson (Tenser): Thank you, sir. The ship is almost touching the ground now, and . . .

SOUND: Subdued buzz as in awe

Wilson: . . . the crowd's getting uneasy—they're falling back—as though there were something—(*straining*) I see it now! It's a blue haze misting about the Martian ship, forming a twenty foot blanket of whatever it is!

Senator (Urgent filter): Commander defense patrol! Zero hour. Re-orient all weapons . . . remove safety controls. Stand by to detonate mines. Stand by to fire.

Wilson: The secretary of the World Federation is going to speak.

Secretary (P.A.): As your great ship settles on our soil, we salute you—the emissaries of space! We wait eagerly for your appearance.

Wilson (Urgently): And now the blue mist has completely vanished, and all eyes are on the ship—waiting for the first Martian to appear. There's so sign of activity yet.



Secretary: Will you respond to our greetings, Martians? Will you show yourselves at this time?

Wilson: Nothing stirring—no gangplank lowered—no sign of life! Perhaps they were not prepared for atmospheric conditions here. Perhaps, on the very brink of success, death has struck within that awe-inspiring vessel . . .

SOUND: Great crowd Aaah!

Cast (Ad lib): Look! Up there! It's moving!

Wilson: Wait! It looks—yes, it's moving! A tremendous section of the ship's prow is opening out in front. Like a gigantic tongue, it thrusts forward and drops to earth, forming a great ramp from the ship—to our soil. Now it's down (*excited*) and the surface of the ramp—the surface of the ramp is like nothing ever seen on this earth! A shimmering impalpable iridescence unbelievably radiant—and beautiful. . . . The throng of spectators is in rigid

silence scarcely breathing . . . waiting to see—the first Martian emerge.

(PAUSE)

And still nothing. No one—no thing comes down the ramp—there is nothing but silence . . .

(PAUSE)

SOUND: Mars shimmer in chords

Wilson: Listen! That must be the Martian communication vibrations we were told about—the men on the field are operating the telepathator and the—(cut off by)

Machine: Earthmen! We ask that you send one representative to board our craft. We assure his safety.

SOUND: Shimmer out . . . crowd murmur

Cast (Ad lib): No—What? Did you hear that?

Lee: There is no cause for alarm, gentlemen.

Senator: I think there is! They want a hostage—or a specimen to take back with 'em!

Secretary: There's no time for wrangling. They are waiting for a decision.

McCabe: Mr. Secretary!

Secretary: Yes, Mr. McCabe?

McCabe: If it's all right with the committee, I'd like to go aboard. Technical information, sir.

Dixon: No!

McCabe: Quiet, Johnny.

Johnny (Hot): This is my dish, McCabe! I was slated for the space run to Mars, remember? You're not doing me out of this! Besides, you're too valuable to waste. Mr. Secretary, tell them I'm coming aboard!

Secretary (P.A.): Men of Mars, we comply with your request. Our representative is about to board your ship!

MUSIC: Ominous sting into rhythmic beat then into *mysterioso* and under

Johnny (Filter): Get ready, Johnny Dixon . . . this is it! Take a good, long look at the sun and the sky . . . take a deep breath of the earth's good air . . . you may never get another, after you meet . . . whatever is waiting at the end of this long ramp . . .

The ramp! It's pulling me forward like a conveyor belt . . . it's beginning to rise into the air!

SOUND: Faint whoosing of gears

Johnny (Filter): Get a move on, Johnny . . . (panting whisper) Get into that ship

. . . get into that ship—fast (relief) Made it!

SOUND: Soft ponderous thump

Johnny (Filter): Locked in. Now what? No one here . . . nothing except that dancing light. I'll follow it . . .

SOUND: Footsteps on very big echo. Stop

Mars Voice: Enter, Earthman.

Johnny: Huh? How can I? I'm closed in by four solid walls.

Mars Voice: Follow the light, Earthman. The walls will not impede you.

Johnny (Filter): Molecular re-orientation! Changing the density of solid matter at will!

Mars Voice: We achieved that ten thousand cycles ago, Earthman.

Johnny: Where are you, man of Mars? This room is flooded with light, but I see no one.

Mars Voice: We are not ready to reveal ourselves.

Johnny: The people of Earth are waiting to see you, to welcome you. There is nothing to fear.

Mars Voice: We are not afraid (pause—strange intonation) Dixon.

Johnny: You know my name!

Mars Voice: We know many things. That is why we are sad, and filled with revulsion.

Johnny: I don't understand! What do you mean?

Mars Voice: Through the dark spaceways we came to you in peace. You said to us—"come in peace." But the escorts you sent to honor us were armed for destruction; the very ground on which we now rest seethes with radioactive potential!

Johnny: Wait! You've misunderstood us. These weapons are for defense against you—not attack.

Mars Voice: Many cycles ago we of Mars learned, as you earthmen will someday learn, that wars are fought, men are slaughtered and civilizations wiped out, by those who attack with "weapons of defense!"

Johnny: But our world is at peace now . . .

Mars Voice: Your peace is not peace. It is a thin cloak which covers the hates, and fears and savagery of primitive beings. Observe, Dixon. On this large visiscreen we have for hours been viewing your people . . . in many parts of your earth. Watch!

SOUND: Effect

Johnny (Whispers): The Senator!

Mars Voice: Listen!

Senator (Filter): I warned you it was a trap! We'll never again see Dixon alive. I told you not to trust foreigners. Just give me the word, and I'll blast 'em all into kingdom come!

SOUND: Out

Johnny: You must not be deceived! He's only one man. The rest of us are different.

Mars Voice: Are you? Look at this—from another part of your civilized earth . . .

SOUND: Effect

Voice No. 1 (Continental accent): You have been a traitor to our party! You have been guilty of bourgeois thinking, you have sold us out to the enemies of our people. You will pay the penalty—but first—you will confess! Confess! (start fade) Confess! Confess! (Out)

SOUND: Out

Johnny: That's a backward part of our planet—it's not fair to judge by them.

Mars Voice: Then we reveal a more civilized area . . . the country of your birth, Dixon . . .

SOUND: Effect

Woman (Screaming): No-no no!

SOUND: Angry crowd roar

Voice No. 2 (Over Crowd): The law be damned! Trial's too good for him. Hang him, I say, Hang him! The rope! String him up from the highest tree in the square—lynch him—lynch him—lynch him (Out)

SOUND: Out

(PAUSE)

Mars Voice: Now you know why we shall not reveal ourselves to you. If you are like this to these of your own kind—what

will you think—what will you do—when you see us strange as we are?

Johnny: Don't go! We know you may be different from us. But we can all meet in peace.

Mars Voice: Earthman, peace must be achieved through toil and sacrifice of those few among you who understand its meaning. It may take many cycles but in the end, the day will arrive. Then and then only, we will return. Go back to your people, man of Earth—and give them—the Message from Mars!

MUSIC: Ominous, then ascend. Out on trailing whisper

Announcer: Next week another exciting drama on "2000 Plus" . . . "The Silent Noise." In the year 2000 plus 20 an important man is murdered. How will the police of the future track down a killer? And what new methods of assault will the criminals of tomorrow use? Well, listen next week and you'll find out.

MUSIC: Sneak closing theme

Announcer: "2000 Plus" is produced by Sherman H. Dryer and Robert Weenolsen. In today's story Ken Williams played Johnny, Luis Van Rooten played the Martian, Lon Clark played McCabe, Frank Behrens was the Senator, Amzie Strickland was Terry, Gil Mack was Dr. Lee and Sandy Bickart was Paul. The orchestra was conducted by Emerson Buckley, music composed by Eliot Jacoby. Script by Judith and David Bublick. Sound by Walt Shaver and Ade Penner. Engineer, Bob Albrecht.

MUSIC: To tag

Announcer: This is the Mutual Broadcasting System.

"How are you getting along in your driving?" inquired an interested friend of the novice.

"Oh, fine," she bragged. "Yesterday I went 50 miles an hour and tomorrow I'm going to try opening my eyes when I pass another car."

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

Applicants for appointment to the FBI are required to state whether they drink. One aspirant had the idea that an admission of sobriety might militate against him. He answered, "Applicant does not drink, but is a good mixer."

A bewildered man entered a woman's specialty shop. "I want a girdle for my wife," he said.

"What bust?" asked the clerk.

"Nothing, it just wore out."

Educating Against Accidents



High schools teach their students to drive—safely.

by KENNETH L. MEYER

THE afternoon prior to April Fool's Day, 1950, an automobile in Hammond, Indiana, suddenly careened out of control. There was a jarring impact, a crash of rending metal, a tinkle or two, then silence. The driver, an eighteen year old high school girl, whimpered in agony, pinned between the crumpled sedan and a brick wall. She was new to the command of an automobile, and slowing for a turn, had stepped on the gas instead of the brake.

At Dyer, Indiana, a one stop-light town, a beginning driving student nudged his car out into the speed lanes of U. S. highway No. 30, also the town's main street. But the car shot forward, and in a flashing second was astride the opposite sidewalk, stopped, but with engine roaring, and a sixteen year old youth frozen to the wheel. He, too, had fed the accelerator instead of the brake, but the automobile had been pulled up

just short of disaster by the instructor's reflex use of the dual controls.

The difference between a tragic situation and a merely frightening one was the difference between trying to drive without, and learning to drive with supervision.

The training of automobile drivers is an unfortunate paradox. Take the game of basketball; players are drilled for weeks to develop skills, and generally don't get on the floor until they have mastered them. The airplane pilot is rigorously examined and schooled both in dual and solo flight before being given a license. The automobile driver? Well, a drive around the block plus a couple of correct responses—answer-book in hand—will, in most states, get him a license to practice what is potentially America's most hazardous big-time occupation. Because it is so easy to acquire legal entitlement to operate an automobile, the efforts of beginners to learn its proper handling are often desultory, and even tongue-in-cheek.

In the absence of strong license

laws, voluntary driver training is the best bulwark against accidents.

Proficiency in driving depends upon three things: alertness, coordination, and judgment. These are qualities which any person can develop through training. Having this much to work with, more and more responsible agencies are setting up constructive driver-training programs.

It is at high school age that most youngsters become keenly automobile conscious. It is at that age that they are ready to develop alertness, coordination and judgment. Then is the time to teach them to become safe drivers. Through the high schools the mass of youth can be reached, and driver-training courses are well suited to high school curricula.

OUR high schools have picked up the job of training drivers in admirable fashion. In most instances, it is made possible by the American Automobile Association. The details are handled by their branches.

When a high school administrator decides he wishes to install the course, there are three major duties to fulfill. They are (1), to contact a dealer concerning the procurement of an automobile, (2) to contact the nearest branch of the AAA, and (3) to obtain a qualified instructor.

The procurement of a car is usually an easy item. The Motor Clubs will aid the administrator in securing loan of a car from a dealer. The autos are leased to the schools; they do not own them except in isolated instances. In return, the school agrees to maintain

the car in a manner stipulated by contract. The dealer, when the car is returned, sells the vehicle as a used auto. The resultant loss, if any, is written off as advertising.

The driver training instructor must be a qualified teacher. This means holding a teaching license (usually the result of four years of training in fields of education) plus a special driving certificate.



Driver instructor courses are sponsored by many colleges across the nation. In most cases, they have been established with the aid of the AAA and later incorporated into the college curriculum. They vary in nature from the forty-hour short course to the full semester course.

Once driver education and training is established in the high school, the problem of scheduling confronts the administrator and instructor. There are numerous plans; the best is usually that tailored to fit the specific school situation.

The automobile is equipped with dual controls. The instructor's controls, located on the right side of the car, consist of a mechanical linkage from the regular clutch and brake. There is neither a gas feed nor a steering wheel in the instructor's compartment. It is a point of debate whether the latter two items are desirable. Sideswiping is a hazard over which the instructor has little control, but seldom have accidents of this nature been reported.

There are more than 5,000 dual-controlled automobiles in operation for high school training today. Reports made to the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies for the school year of 1948-49 showed 5,191 schools in 43 states having driver-education courses. Not all of these schools offer the behind-the-wheel phase of the training. In Indiana, for example, there were 425 high schools offering driver education courses—221 of which used dual-control automobiles. The 6,191 high school courses enrolled 481,723 students. There is still much room for expansion, and each succeeding year should bring an increase in the number of schools offering this vital safety education.

BEFORE attempting to school the beginner in traffic, driver instructors are in agreement that a sound foundation of fundamentals must be laid. Just as the concert pianist must learn his fundamentals at an early age, so must the every-day driver. When in sudden danger, the driver will not have time to *think*

about using the brake first—he must *use* it! When turning a corner in traffic, the driver has no time to think about the clutch-gas coordination involved in the action of shifting. It must be a well-trained habit! The accomplished basketball player when receiving a pass on his way to the basket does not have to think about which foot should go up first in his take-off for the lay-up shot. He just does it! He has performed the stunt so many times that a well-coordinated neuromuscular pattern has been set up. The automobile driver, say authorities, must concentrate similarly on the development of good fundamental driving habits.

These habits may be grouped into four categories. Under each of the four are five distinct points to be learned. To the beginner they comprise the "Twenty Points of Driving."

A. STARTING THE ENGINE:

1. Adjust the seat.
2. Adjust the mirrors.
3. Declutch and check for neutral.
4. Switch on.
5. Press starter and release immediately.

B. STARTING THE CAR:

1. Put in gear.
2. Release parking brake.
3. Check mirror.
4. Check blind spot.
5. Signal.

C. STOPPING THE CAR:

1. Check the mirrors.
2. Signal.
3. Foot off gas pedal.

4. Declutch.
5. Foot brake on.

D. PARKING THE CAR:

1. Return to neutral.
2. Parking brake on.
3. Switch off.
4. Foot off clutch pedal.
5. Foot off brake pedal.

The clutch-gas coordination is taught in between categories B and C. The above listings tend to routine the beginner's actions. By following the routine, sound operational habits are soon formed. One driver instructor compared the check-list to the SOP (Standard Operating Procedure) that Air Force personnel utilized during the past war.

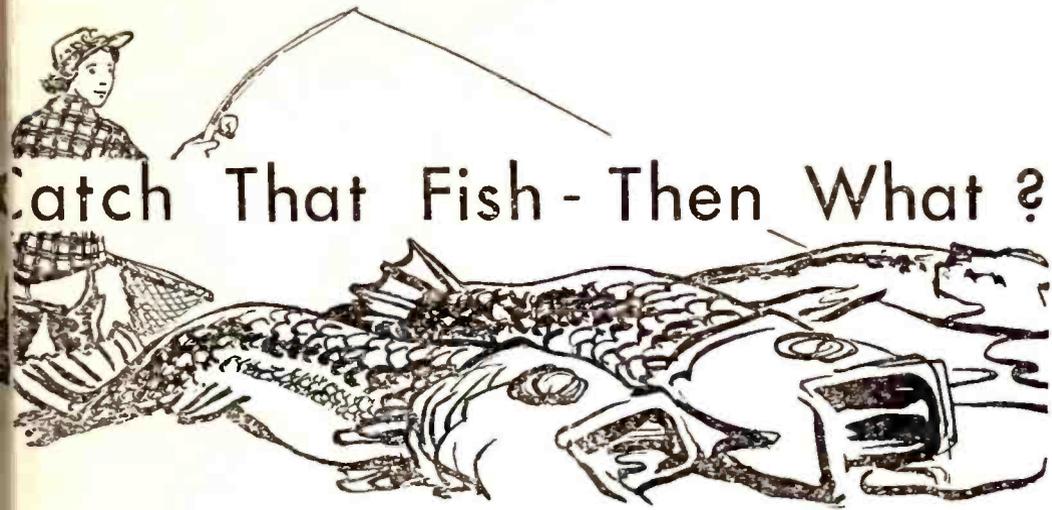
Knowing how to handle an automobile fundamentally well does not mean, however, that accidents will be eliminated. On U. S. highway No. 6, south of Hammond, another teenage girl was driving. Her speed was approximately forty-five miles per hour, and she was controlling the automobile well at a safe distance behind a fruit truck. The truck, without warning, pulled its right dual wheels off the pavement in front of of a fruit stand and stopped! The instructor halted the car a few feet behind the truck and started to query the young lady about her intentions. He had not spilled the first words from his lips when a speeding car flew by in the same direction, on the inner lane, doing no less than sixty miles per hour! Quietly she said, "Why, I was just going to pull around the truck." Another costly

accident and possible destruction of lives were saved by the use of head-work and dual controls. A vital lesson in the importance of checking the mirror and blind spot was learned.

The driver's attitude is of utmost importance. Every driver has been antagonized by discourteous highway travelers. A driver may be the most gentlemanly individual at a formal party, but behind the wheel he may demand his right-of-way in a most high handed fashion.

High school driver-training instructors place a premium on the formation of wholesome attitudes. Teen-agers are forming attitudes which will be made steadfast by maturity. To place "mentally-safe" drivers on the roads is a grim responsibility, but one that is being accepted by our schools. It cannot be accomplished by "scare" tactics, the educators firmly insist. It is appalling that in 1949 there were 31,500 traffic deaths on U. S. highways. Accident costs totaled over seven billion dollars—about one-sixth of our national budget—but this doesn't "scare" teen-agers who want to drive. Grisly death scenes won't aid in developing a cautious attitude, either. *Common sense teaching and education that reaches the learner is the only answer.* They have to WANT to drive safely before they will do it.

Our schools are to be commended for their forthright approach to a very realistic problem. As the years roll by thousands of youngsters will become mature, trained drivers. Hopefully we look forward to a generation of safety on our streets and highways.



Catch That Fish - Then What ?

Handy tips on hook-to-skillet technique.

by REGINA M. WOMACK

WANT more fish! Several years ago my husband and I went placer mining in the high altitudes of the Colorado Rockies. Although we found no gold, we did have fish. Good mountain trout! In fact, there was little but fish. If I were to keep my husband coming back to camp for meals it behooved me to learn the tricks of preparing this staple of mountain diet.

The first thing I learned was that so many people get pleasure only from catching fish. Fishermen and their wives would come to our creek; tag their fish; keep them out of water until time to go home; then, seeing that the fish had spoiled, would throw them away. If your sustenance depends upon fish, your blood will boil at this waste, just as mine did.

Whether catching fish is a pleasure

or a necessity, properly caring for fish is an obligation. For fish, like other animals, or like minerals under the ground—the gold we didn't get—are natural resources. They are as depletable as the forests. Most of us catch fish now and then. We should be determined to lend our support to their proper use. If the following principles are put into practice by all fishermen, good sportsmanship will result.

First, kill the fish immediately after it is caught; draw, and remove the gills. With the thumb nail remove the kidney, which lies along the spine at the back of the visceral cavity.

Do not wash the fish. If the fish is to be held for several hours wipe dry with a cloth, paper—or grass. The bacteria which cause spoilage increase rapidly on a moist surface. Dry grass is very good for packing in the creel, as it allows the air to circulate freely around the fish, keeping it dry. This dry condition is most desirable, and especially with trout, which soften

and deteriorate rapidly. Deterioration is retarded at high altitude; but if your fishing is done in the low humid atmosphere the grass-packing trick is an especially good one to remember.

Do not put the fish in water. The fish will lose much of its savoriness if allowed to become water-soaked. The same is true if you allow fish to remain in the sun. Salt-water soaking is also bad, as it draws out the juices and toughens the flesh of what would otherwise be good fish. Without the juices most of the inherent goodness of any fish, or meat, is gone.

Another practice that is detrimental to the tastiness of fish is to leave them strung on a line for a period of time. It may look sporty to swing that line of fish along, but it causes nervousness in the fish while they live. Secretions of the endocrine glands pass into the blood stream of the fish, impairing the flavor. If you find this hard to believe, run a chicken round and round before it is killed and eaten! You'll see. Don't think keeping the fish alive longer will enhance the flavor; it will only cause you to set an inferior dish on your table.

If ice is available, use it; but do not keep fish in an ice box that excludes air. You'll be sorry!

GOOD cooking is part of good fishmanship. If fish are worth catching, they should be treated with respect in the kitchen. A method of cooking with mushrooms made our eating-off-the-land program quite enjoyable. The mushrooms were not nearly so hard to catch!

Fried Fish with Mushrooms.

1 trout (or other variety) per person.
Salt Eggs Pepper
Milk Dry Bread Crumbs

Dip prepared fish in mixture of beaten eggs, milk, salt and pepper. Roll fish in bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat heated to 375 F. for 3 to 4 minutes, or until brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Drain off the fat from the pan in which the fish was fried. Saute mushrooms until golden brown; garnish each serving of fish with a piece of lemon and helping of the mushrooms. Serve hot, and if possible, have hot cornbread muffins, and black coffee.

Baked Fish In Tomato Sauce.

Fish for each person (about 2-3 pounds or two trout.)

Butter or other fat.

Onions, about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, chopped.

Celery, about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, chopped.

Green peppers, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup, chopped.

Flour, salt, pepper.

Tomatoes, canned, about 1 cup.

Bay leaves, whole cloves, cayenne.

Melt fat, add onion, celery and peppers; cook until tender but not brown. Blend in the flour. Add tomatoes and seasoning; then cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Remove bay leaves and cloves. Pour sauce over fish, and bake in moderate oven 350° F. for about 30 minutes, or until tender. I used these proportions for two persons, or two small trout per person. The ingredients could be increased for more servings, and of course fish from the market can be used.

Freshly caught fish is preferable though; and if you ever get the habit

you'll agree. I hope you will also join me in thinking of fish as a natural resource—deserving to be treated as such.

During the quail season, an old man was hunting with an ancient pointer. Twice the dog pointed. Each time the old man walked over, kicked at the matted growth, wheeled sharply and fired into empty air.

Asked why, the old man answered: "I knew there warn't no birds in the grass. Old Jim's nose ain't what it used to be. But him and me have seen some wonderful days together. He's still trying hard and it'd be mighty little of me to call him a liar."

The housewife was interviewing an applicant for a job in her household. "Do you know how to serve company?" she asked.

"Yes, mum," replied the applicant, "both ways."

"What do you mean, both ways?" inquired the housewife.

"So's they'll come again or stay away."



"What's my opinion of the world situation, dear?"

Get out that fishing gear! Go to your favorite lake, pool or stream, and catch that fish! Then know what to do from hook to skillet!

Wilson Mizner, the late humorist who spent many years around San Francisco, had a favorite fable about a pair of Nob Hill grande dames who went "slumming" along Skid Row. In the first block they were stopped by a wise old hand who sensed an easy mark for some money.

"Y'gotta help me, ladies," he croaked. "I ain't had nothin' to eat for three days."

The first member of Nobhillity was shocked. She turned to her companion. "Did you hear that?" she asked with a tear in her voice. "This man says he hasn't eaten in three days."

Then she turned back to the hopeful panhandler, laid a hand on his shoulder and said firmly, "My good man, you must force yourself to eat!"

A literary critic's five-year-old son struggled through *The Three Little Pigs*, his first work of fiction. Finishing the story, the lad said judiciously, "Dad, I think this is the greatest book ever written."

Three Yorkshire tailors were proud of their skill in measuring their clients at a glance. They met in the street one day. "You see that man at the corner?" said the first. "If he kept still I could make him a fine suit."

"So could I—even if he were starting to walk around the corner," said the second.

"Amateurs," said the third. "Just show me the corner after he's gone around it—that's all I need."

He wanted some testimonials from some big names and sent his assistant out to get them. But somehow, using them didn't improve his mailing returns. Trying to dig to the bottom of the problem, he called in his assistant. "Are you sure these people are well known?"

"They certainly are," reported the assistant. "Why, they've got their pictures hanging in every post office in the U. S.!"

THE CREAM OF CROSBY

(Continued from Page 145)

plot and the maximum of commercial. "The First Hundred Years" opens with an extensive paean to Tide, a detergent, set in prose and in song and including both live action and cartoons. This elaborate operation takes about three minutes. There is a reprise just before closing. Altogether, this leaves about ten minutes to investigate the marital woes of Chris and Connie.

* * *

To be quite fair to the show, there has yet been little of the mood of sustained anxiety which is both the curse and stock in trade of radio soap opera. Soap opera heroines are perpetually on the brink of losing something valuable—their careers, their husbands, their homes, their virtues—to list them more or less in the order of their soap opera importance. Chris and Connie are relatively free of worries so far, but I wouldn't bank on their continuing to be for long.

About the only other thing to tell you about this historic show is that it is set—according to a press release—in a middle-sized town "somewhere east of the Rockies and west of the Alleghenies," which takes in an awful lot of real estate. The lead on this press release, incidentally, is a classic of press agency. "Television, the young giant, reaches maturity with the start of a new day-time dramatic serial show. . . ." Reaches *what?*

* * *

Time On the Coaxial Cable

"**T**IME" says Webster's New International Dictionary in part, "is the point or period when some-

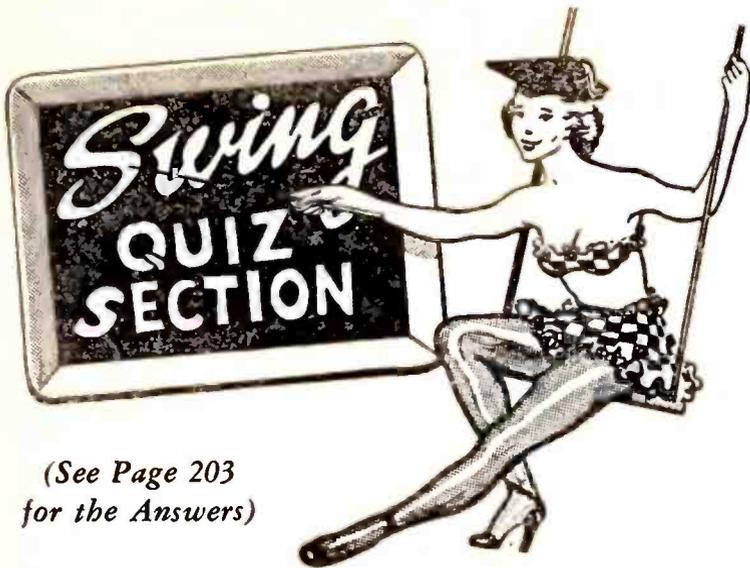
thing occurs . . . fitting moment, proper or due season." Difficult thing to grasp, time, and now that we have television it's getting slipperier by the moment.

Take Christmas on television. Its proper or due season before TV was circa Dec. 25. Since TV it is celebrated uninterruptedly for months. This year someone in the Ralph Edwards' empire slipped up badly, and sent out the wrong can of film. As a result, "Truth or Consequences" Christmas show was celebrated on the coaxial cable on Dec. 14. Actually, this wasn't the first Christmas on TV. Fred Waring beat Mr. Edwards to the punch with a tableau of the Nativity, suitably limned by Christmas carols, on Dec. 10, then continued to celebrate it for two more weeks, making it quite a birthday, all in all.

Comes today a letter, dated Feb. 17, from Phoenix, Ariz., a one-TV-station town which is not yet blessed, if that's the word for it, by the coaxial cable. "I don't know why it should be so long, but it seemed kind of weird the other night to be wished a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year (on TV). One of the kids said 'When is Christmas, Daddy?'"

Tough question, sonny. Years ago, editorial writers had no more difficult queries to answer than "Is there a Santa Claus?" Now we've got to pinpoint Christmas in Phoenix, Ariz. Well, I don't know, Junior. Next year Christmas in Phoenix will be determined by a lot of variables—the efficiency or lack of it of the Edwards' organization, Fred Waring's production schedule and the whereabouts of the coaxial cable. My advice

(Continued on Page 204)



(See Page 203
for the Answers)

WAITER AND WAITRESS VERNACULAR

by John B. O'Meara

How many of these "old time" expressions can you figure out?

1. "Six in the Grease"
2. "Blindfold two"
3. "Dogs in the Grass"
4. "Adam and Eve on a Raft"
5. "Graveyard"
6. "Thousand on a Plate"
7. "Irish Turkey"
8. "Man wants to take a chance"
9. "Turn two and hit 'em"
10. "Money Bowl"
1. "Mistreat two—butter the brown"
2. "Mary Hadda"
3. "Kitty-fish"
4. "String of Flats"
5. "Shorty Brown"
6. "Railroad it"
7. "In the alley"
8. "Meat Burner"
9. "Soup Jockey"
0. "Stiffs"

MYSTERY FAN QUICKIE

Complete the following mystery book titles. Correct answers on Twenty—"Master of Mystery Fiction"; Fifteen or Sixteen—"Super Sleuth"; Ten to Fourteen—"Private Op"; Ten or less—"Shamus."

1. "_____, Wrong Number."
2. "Farewell, My _____."
3. "The Murder of Roger _____."
4. "Journey into _____."
5. "A _____ for Dimitrios."
6. "Crime and _____."
7. "The Mystery of the _____ Train."
8. "Murder in the _____ Coach."
9. "The Great _____."
10. "The _____ Op."
11. "Arsenic and Old _____."
12. "The Case of the _____ Bride."
13. "_____ at End House."
14. "Finders _____."
15. "The Bride Wore _____."
16. "The _____ Bug."
17. "The _____ Without a Key."
18. "_____."
19. "The _____ of the Baskervilles."
20. "And Then There Were _____."

KNOW YOUR NATIONAL PARKS?

by Helen Laura Renshaw

Uncle Sam has set aside several beautiful spots of special national interest and called them National Parks. A visit to any one of them is a fine holiday, but do you know where to go to find them?

1. Yellowstone National Park—Arizona
2. Glacier—Colorado
3. Yosemite—Wyoming
4. Grand Canyon—Montana
5. Olympic National Park—Oklahoma
6. Mount McKinley—California
7. Rocky Mountain National Park—Utah
8. Mount Rainier—Colorado
9. Crater Lake—Arkansas
10. Sequoia National Park—Kentucky
11. Mesa Verde National Park—Virginia
12. Zion National Park—Alaska
13. General Grant National Park—North Carolina
14. Acadia National Park—California
15. Bryce Canyon—Oregon
16. Great Smoky Mountains National Park—Utah
17. Shenandoah National Park—Washington
18. Hot Springs Reservation—Maine
19. Platt National Park—California
20. Birthplace of Lincoln—Washington

ARE YOU MAN OR MOUSE?

by S. Suttles

Don't know how you men will do, but you mice ought to have no trouble turning down your noses at the one item in each set that isn't cheese!

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1. a. Cheddar | 5. a. Brioche |
| b. Cheshire | b. Brie |
| c. Cusk | c. Edam |
| 2. a. Neufchatel | 6. a. Stilton |
| b. Nesselrode | b. Pineapple |
| c. Gruyere | c. Hilton |
| 3. a. Murbe Teig | 7. a. Zabaglione |
| b. Ricotte | b. Liederkranz |
| c. Jack | c. Caciocavallo |
| 4. a. Parmesan | |
| b. Provolona | |
| c. Pompano | |

WHAT DO WE OWE THESE NEWCOMERS?

by Gerard Mosler

In the left-hand column are the names of twelve people prominent in our time . . . names which have become associated with the explanatory words in the right-hand column to form familiar expressions. How many identifications can you make by matching the two columns?

- | | |
|--------------|------------------|
| 1. Einstein | a) Method |
| 2. Geiger | b) Chair |
| 3. Coxwell | c) Hut |
| 3. Molotov | d) Rifle |
| 5. Link | e) Equation |
| 6. Lindbergh | f) Recovery Plan |
| 7. Stader | g) Trainer |
| 8. Nissen | h) Cocktail |
| 9. Garand | i) Splint |
| 10. Kenny | j) Law |
| 11. Maginot | k) Counter |
| 12. Townsend | l) Line |

INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE

by H. M. Castle

You must have money in any country to buy what you want. But would you know in what country you were if you had the following pieces of money? Match the money with the right country. Unless you have traveled extensively, you'll do well to get ten of them.

- | | |
|-------------|----------------|
| 1. krone | A. Mexico |
| 2. cordoba | B. Iran |
| 3. guilden | C. Spain |
| 4. peso | D. Poland |
| 5. bolivar | E. Peru |
| 6. lira | F. Nicaragua |
| 7. piastre | G. Netherlands |
| 8. rial | H. Greece |
| 9. franc | I. Venezuela |
| 10. dinar | J. Iraq |
| 11. peseta | K. Switzerland |
| 12. lei | L. Rumania |
| 13. zloty | M. Italy |
| 14. sol | N. Turkey |
| 15. drachma | O. Norway |

ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE

Correct answers on Ten—"Mystery Moster"; Nine or Eight—"Super Sleuth";
Seven or Six—"Private Eye"; Five or less—"Gumshoe."

1. John Shuttleworth offers a reward of \$1,000 for information leading to the arrest of a dangerous criminal on:

(a) The Shadow	(c) Martin Kane—Private Eye
(b) True Detective Mysteries	(d) Nick Carter—Master Detective
2. A Ghoul is a:

(a) Ghost	(c) Mechanical man
(b) Type of shroud	(d) Grave Robber
3. "Corpus Delicti" is:

(a) A city in the Southwestern part of the U.S.A.	(c) Basic facts necessary to commission of a crime
(b) An extinct bird	(d) An English Pudding.
4. If a man is dead when the law arrives on the scene, the victim is tagged:

(a) d.o.a.	(c) a.d.
(b) r.s.v.p.	(d) r.i.p.
5. "Jack, the Ripper" was famous for:

(a) His ability at Cricket	(c) Cutting throats
(b) Dashing, debonair manner	(d) Custom-tailored clothes
6. Lizzie Borden's favorite weapon was:

(a) A milking stool	(c) Arsenic
(b) A lug wrench	(d) An axe
7. A "Three Time Loser" is:

(a) An ambitious bigamist.	(c) The father of triplets
(b) An unskilled dice player	(d) By law an habitual criminal
8. Double Jeopardy is:

(a) A Canadian card game	(c) A type of fur coat
(b) Facing trial for a crime of which you have previously been acquitted	(d) A popular song
9. The term infanticide suggests:

(a) A deodorant	(c) A child's fantastic dream
(b) An anti-freeze	(d) The murder of a child
10. If you were asked to describe the function of a Polygraph—would you say it was:

(a) A device of recording the cry of a parrot	(c) A police map
(b) A lie detector machine	(d) The brief biography of a politician

SUCCESS IN LIFE

by Peter Murgaski

All of us have been a success in life. It slips our minds just who we are. Can you help us to remember? You shouldn't have too much trouble with at least 16 of us.

1. I invented dynamite for the benefit of mankind. _____
2. My magic touch turned everything into gold. _____
3. I was an Ace during World War I, and was lost on a raft in World War II. _____
4. My business was bringing back live animals from the jungles. _____
5. I'm pretty much of a success at keeping crooks in line. _____
6. I was known as the Iron Man of baseball. _____
7. Fame and fortune came to me through my dancing feet. _____
8. My wizard-like touch in electricity brought light to the world. _____
9. I was a cabinet maker and built the first railroad sleeping cars in 1858. _____
10. I first worked in Chicago for \$400 a year, but became the owner of the world's largest department store. _____
11. I came to Chicago in 1875, and became the world's meat provisioner. _____
12. I came from St. Louis, settled in Chicago and developed the first great mail order house which still bears my name. _____
13. A "G" string made me famous, and later on I began writing books. _____
14. I have become the world's No. 1 "RED." _____
15. At one time I was a shorthand champ, but took up show business for a living—and I also write a daily column for the newspapers. _____
16. George Washington forced me to surrender at Yorktown during the days of the Revolution. _____
17. During the days of World War II, I was given command of the soldiers known as the Commandos. _____
18. I was the only four-footed lactress that really knew how to sell milk for the Borden Milk Company. _____
19. In 1926, I was the first American woman to swim the English Channel. _____
20. On the billiard tables I have been considered champ of them all. _____

IS YOUR BODY A STRANGER?

by Albert Lippe

We are human, but how many of us can really identify the various parts of our skeletal structure? Below you will find ten bones of the body. It is up to you to put these bones in their right places.

- | | | | |
|--------------|----------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Clavicle | (a) jawbone | (b) bones of fingers | (c) collar bone |
| 2. Sternum | (a) kneecap | (b) bone of the arm | (c) breast bone |
| 3. Maxilla | (a) leg bone | (b) facial bone | (c) vertebrae |
| 4. Humerus | (a) arm bone | (b) bone of the thigh | (c) wrist bone |
| 5. Phalanges | (a) rib bone | (b) finger bones | (c) neck bone |
| 6. Coccyx | (a) tail bone | (b) leg bones | (c) bone of thumb |
| 7. Carpals | (a) wristbones | (b) bones of the foot | (c) ribs |
| 8. Patella | (a) cranium | (b) hip bone | (c) kneecap |
| 9. Femur | (a) thigh | (b) first rib | (c) shoulder blade |
| 10. Ulna | (a) leg bone | (b) bone of forearm | (c) bone of spine |

Weather Is Their Business



Two young men turned weather into big business.

by C. J. PAPARA

“FRIDAY will be a bright, sunny day with the temperatures in the 80’s. Should be a good day to sell straw hats.”

That was the report given on the preceding Tuesday to a Milwaukee department store by two young Chicagoans who are making a successful career of furnishing mid-western firms with accurate and valuable weather forecast data.

The Milwaukee store placed its advertising and put the straw hats on display. On Friday, the alcohol hit 87, and there was a run on straw hats.

The two former air force meteorologists, licensed by the Department of Commerce to receive daily teletype weather reports, are John R. Murray and Dennis W. Trettel, who comprise the firm of Murray and Trettel, Industrial Weather Consultants. Their timely reports have enabled many a business man to reap a profit

where lack of advance weather knowledge might have resulted in heavy losses.

Murray and Trettel tell a Chicago foundry when to plan a week of high production — temperature, humidity and wind velocity will be just right for maximum operating efficiency.

Murray and Trettel advise a giant Chicago department store that a six hour rain will commence at 8:00 a. m. the day the store had planned to capitalize on special advertising. Forearmed with this information, the store management cancels the ads along with calls for extra sales help for that day. Thousands of dollars have been saved.

Murray and Trettel warn an Iowa poultry farmer of a developing storm. He trucks his birds to market a day early. Speculators on cash crops receive advice on whether to buy or sell, depending upon the weather at harvest time. The firm advises the Illinois Highway Department when and where to have its snow ploughs when drifting snow is imminent.

Length of the cold or warm spell, road condition and air pressure and

humidity reports are made seventy-two hours in advance, giving businessmen ample time to make adjustments. After the first report is sent, others follow in greater detail, giving full information on all relevant weather developments. Each Murray and Trettel forecast carries one of three ratings:

1. A high confidence forecast . . . the two men will swallow the paper it's written on if the forecast is wrong.

2. A normal forecast . . . reasonable certainty as to what the weather will be.

3. Low confidence report . . . they think they know, but won't take any bets on it. In a recent six-month period, sixty-eight high confidence forecasts were 100% correct. Of 334 normal forecasts, 292 were correct, for a score of 87.4%, while about 70% of the low confidence forecasts were on the button.

TO attain this accuracy the firm has access to daily government forecasts, now highly dependable because of the increased number of weather observation stations, and developments in the science of meteorology, both results of World War II. Besides teletype reports from the entire United States, Mexico, Canada and Alaska, Murray and Trettel utilize six-hourly synoptic weather maps; 10,000, 20,000, 40,000 and (when available) 60,000-foot upper air charts; adiabatic diagrams; isentropic charts; and northern hemisphere synoptic charts. In former years, business men accepted weather hazards as one of the risks of the

game, but with this excellent service at their command, there need be no more uncertainty over the weather than about the cross-town mail.

But the forecast is only one aspect of the Murray-Trettel client service. "Before the business man can intelligently and successfully use a forecast," says John R. Murray, "he must know what effect the forecast weather will have on his business . . . So it is that our first service to a new client is to tie down, as best we can, the effect of the weather. This is done at times by simply correlating the firm's records with the historical weather data available. In other cases it necessitates setting up an entirely new, weather-sensitive bookkeeping method. In many instances special weather readings must be made in order to build up a record of that particular weather element which peculiarly affects a certain business operation.

"After this correlation has been completed," continues Murray, "the client can pick up a forecast and quantitatively apply the weather information to a business decision such as the number of sales personnel necessary, the disposition of labor, the production to be expected on a certain day, and so on. Once this correlation has been made the forecasts take on a new meaning. This correlation is known as a Weather Parameter. The parameter can be refined as new aspects of weather in the client's business appear."

ENTIRELY logical, you say. Why hadn't weather consultants appeared on the industrial horizon be-

ore Murray and Trettel? Nearly everybody is a weather prophet, and perhaps that is the reason. Each man's private forecast, together with the published reports, was considered sufficient until the two young men came along with their bright idea. They set out deliberately to refute Mark Twain's well known witticism concerning what people think, but don't do about the weather. Trettel studied at New York University as a soldier in the Army Air Force before going to Texas for meteorology and navigation. There he met Murray who had had similar schooling at Michigan and Chanute Field, Illinois. While still in navigation training, the

two young men began receiving phone calls from Texas business men who had a stake in the weather. At the time, weather information was under restriction, but the calls gave them the idea for their business.

Murray and Trettel decided even before the war ended that with their training they should be able to provide a service that would be of importance in the business world. Now with their shingle out over the Chicago Loop, and clients ranging from candy manufacturers to building contractors, the two young men have proved they were as right as a typical Murray and Trettel high confidence forecast.

Sign in restaurant: "Pie like mother used to make before she took up bridge and cigarettes."

"With your ready speech," remarked a young minister to Dr. Andrew Thompson, "I wonder why you spend so much time on your sermons. Many's the time I've caught a salmon and written a sermon before breakfast."

"Well," replied Dr. Thompson, "all I can say is, I'd rather have eaten your salmon than listened to your sermon."

The young bride had just taken her first driving lesson and was telling a friend about it. "My husband went along with me," she said, "and oh, did we have a frightful time! I stalled the car right on a railroad crossing and there was a train coming . . ."

"My dear," the husband interrupted, "there was no train coming."

With a frigid look in his direction, the bride answered, "There was a train coming *sometime*," and continued with her story.

The optimist says, "Please pass the cream."

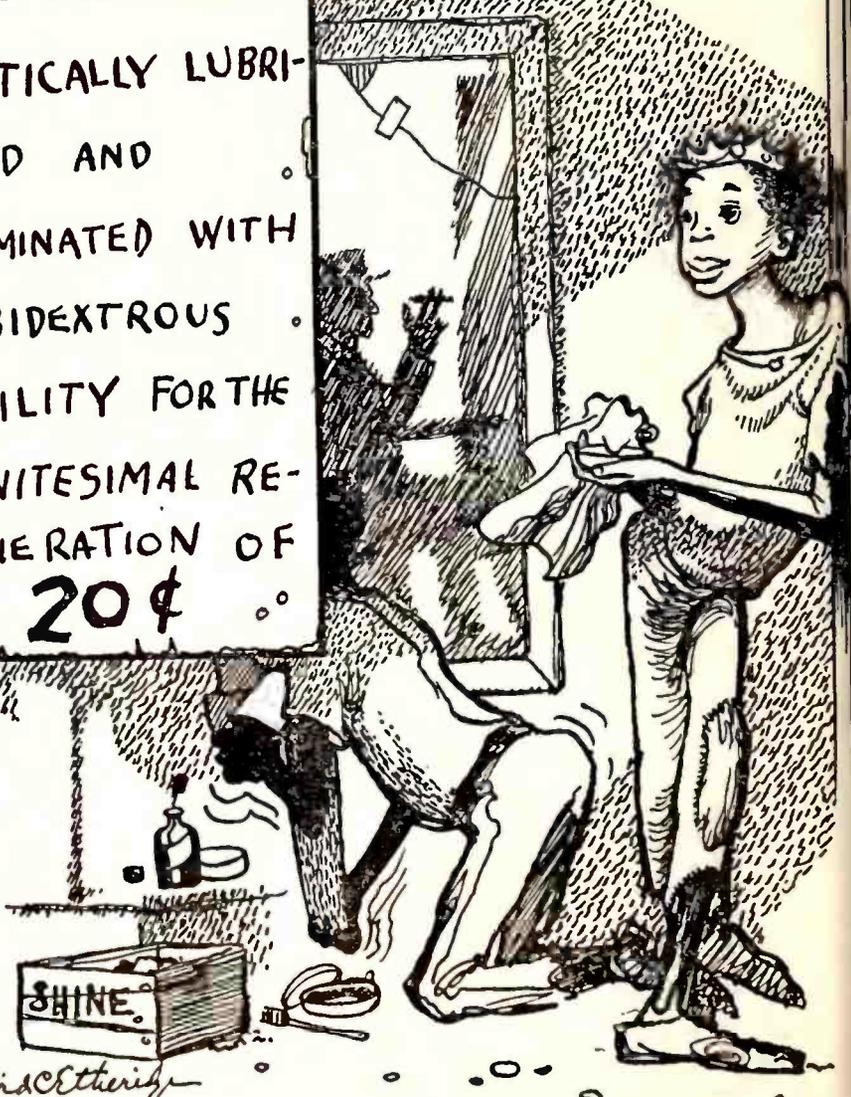
The pessimist says, "Please pass the milk."

The realist says, "Please pass the pitcher."



"I know you'll beat me if the rain washes the ball into the cup, but I think we should set a time limit on it."

PEDAL HABILIMENTS
ARTISTICALLY LUBRI-
CATED AND
ILLUMINATED WITH
AMBIDEXTROUS
FACILITY FOR THE
INFINITESIMAL RE-
MUNERATION OF
20¢



David Etheridge

Answers to Quiz Questions on Pages 195-198



WAITER VERNACULAR

1. One half dozen fried oysters.
2. Two fried eggs, basted.
3. Frankfurters and sauerkraut.
4. Two poached eggs on toast.
5. Milk toast.
6. Baked beans.
7. Corned beef and cabbage.
8. Hash.
9. Two fried eggs over hard.
10. An a la carte bowl of soup.
11. Two scrambled eggs and an order of buttered toast.
12. Lamb stew.
13. A small, whole catfish served on the lunch or dinner.
14. A term used in railroad eating houses, meaning hot cakes.
15. Short ribs and browned potatoes.
16. Hurry up this order.
17. An a la carte order.
18. Name used to designate a poor cook.
19. Term used by cooks to designate the waitress who "drives" in her orders. This means carrying in an order in each hand instead of all on one arm, and holding the hands out rigidly in front, similar to the position used in driving a horse.
20. Customers who fail to tip.

MYSTERY FAN

- | | | |
|---------------|------------------|-------------|
| 1. Sorry | 8. Calais | 14. Keepers |
| 2. Lovely | 9. Impersonation | 15. Black |
| 3. Ackroyd | 10. Continental | 16. Gold |
| 4. Fear | 11. Lace | 17. House |
| 5. Coffin | 12. Curious | 18. Laura |
| 6. Punishment | 13. Peril | 19. Hound |
| 7. Blue | | 20. None |

NATIONAL PARKS

- | | | |
|---------------|----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Wyoming | 8. Washington | 14. Maine |
| 2. Montana | 9. Oregon | 15. Utah |
| 3. California | 10. California | 16. North Carolina |
| 4. Arizona | 11. Colorado | 17. Virginia |
| 5. Washington | 12. Utah | 18. Arkansas |
| 6. Alaska | 13. California | 19. Oklahoma |
| 7. Colorado | | 20. Kentucky |

MAN OR MOUSE?

1. c, 2. b, 3. a, 4. c, 5. a, 6. c, 7. a.

WHAT DO WE OWE?

- 1e) An equation for the mutual conversion of mass and energy.
- 2k) A device that detects the passage of every ionizing particle through a tube.
- 3b) An upholstered easy chair with inclined back.
- 4h) A crude hand grenade.
- 5g) A mock airplane that simulates flight conditions.
- 6j) A law providing penalty of life imprisonment for transporting a kidnapped person across state boundaries.
- 7i) A splinting device for holding broken bones together.
- 8c) A barrel-shaped prefabricated shelter.
- 9d) A semi-automatic gas-operated rifle.
- 10a) A new treatment for infantile paralysis.
- 11f) The line of defensive fortifications France had built after W. W. I.
- 12f) A proposal to award each person of 60 or over \$200 per month upon retiring from active employment.

EXCHANGE

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

ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE

- | | | |
|------|------|-------|
| 1. b | 4. a | 8. b |
| 2. d | 5. c | 9. d |
| 3. c | 6. d | 10. b |
| | 7. d | |

SUCCESS

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Alfred Nobel | 11. Gustavus Swift (meats) |
| 2. King Midas | 12. Montgomery Ward |
| 3. Eddie Rickenbacker | 13. Gypsy Rose Lee |
| 4. Frank Buck | 14. Joseph Stalin |
| 5. J. Edgar Hoover | 15. Billy Rose |
| 6. Lou Gehrig | 16. Lord Cornwallis |
| 7. Gene Kelly | 17. Lord Mountbatten |
| 8. Thomas Edison | 18. Elsie the Borden Cow |
| 9. Pullman | 19. Gertrude Ederle |
| 10. Marshall Field | 20. Willie Hoppe |

IS YOUR BODY A STRANGER?

1. (c), 2. (c) 3. (b), 4. (a), 5. (b), 6. (a), 7. (a), 8. (c), 9. (a), 10. (b).

THE CREAM OF CROSBY

(Continued from Page 194)

is to start heckling Daddy around Thanksgiving and keep it up until Easter.

The unpredictability of television time has also made a shambles out of these talent contests from which a winner is selected by audience applause. The city editor of "The Beaumont (Tex.) Enterprise," for example, got a press release postmarked Jan. 27 with the names of the winners on the Horace Heidt amateur show for Jan. 29. (The show is filmed a month in advance.) Now that the heat is on at Madison Square Garden, the gamblers could make a handsome thing out of prior information on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. (Get down on the marimba player, Joë. It's a boat race.)

▲
Ogden Nash, the humorist, was addressing a midwestern women's club, and began with a heartfelt comment: "Ladies, I have 100 good reasons for speaking to you today. 99 of them are monetary."

▲
The pianist Leopold von Mayer was requested to play for Ferdinand. After the concert the monarch said, "It pleased me very much. I have already heard Thalberg . . ."

Mayer bowed.

"I have heard Liszt . . ."

Mayer bowed deeper.

". . . but you, but you . . ."

"Oh, your majesty, you are making me . . ." stammered Mayer, and bowed his deepest.

"But you, my dear Mayer," concluded the ruler, "sweat more than either of them."

If you are, like myself, a collector of television and radio firsts, here are a few others for your collection. Last Friday on "You Asked For It," the first underwater struggle between a man and an octopus was shown through the beneficence of the Skippy Peanut Butter Company which sponsors the show. WOR-TV claims another notable first. How to prepare for maternity and paternity was brought right out in the open for the first time on TV on its discussion program "The Women Talk It Over."

And Mrs. Amanda Glen, of Thief River Falls, Minn., won the distinction of being the first woman to faint as she was being crowned Queen on "Queen for a Day." Congratulations, Mrs. Glen. If your thirst for firsts is still unslaked, drift over to the National Antiques Show where the first falsie is on exhibition in close proximity to the first sermon delivered in the United States.



Currier

"Gwan! You sound like a comic book character!"

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Kansas City Blues Baseball Games**
Sponsored by Muehlebach Beer

AT HOME*

ON THE ROAD*

<i>Date</i>	<i>Team</i>	<i>Broadcast Time</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Team</i>	<i>Broadcast Time</i>
Tue. May 1	Indianapolis	2:15	Tue. Apr. 17	Louisville	8:15
Wed. May 2	Indianapolis	2:00	Wed. Apr. 18	Louisville	8:15
Thu. May 3	Indianapolis	8:15	Thu. Apr. 19	Louisville	8:15
Fri. May 4	Indianapolis	8:15	Sat. Apr. 21	Indianapolis	8:15
Sat. May 5	Louisville	2:00	Sun. Apr. 22	Indianapolis (2)	1:30
Sun. May 6	Louisville (2)	1:30	Mon. Apr. 23	Indianapolis	8:15
Mon. May 7	Columbus	8:15	Tue. Apr. 24	Columbus	8:15
Tue. May 8	Columbus	8:15	Wed. Apr. 25	Columbus	8:15
Wed. May 9	Columbus	2:00	Thu. Apr. 26	Columbus	8:15
Thu. May 10	Columbus	8:15	Fri. Apr. 27	Toledo	8:15
Fri. May 11	Toledo	8:15	Sat. Apr. 28	Toledo	2:00
Sat. May 12	Toledo	2:00	Sun. Apr. 29	Toledo (2)	1:30
Sun. May 13	Toledo (2)	1:30	Thu. May 17	Milwaukee	8:15
Tue. May 15	Milwaukee	8:15	Fri. May 18	Milwaukee	8:15
Wed. May 16	Milwaukee	2:00	Thu. May 24	St. Paul	8:15
Sun. May 20	St. Paul (2)	1:30	Fri. May 25	St. Paul	8:15
Mon. May 21	Minneapolis	8:15	Sat. May 26	Minneapolis	2:00
Tue. May 22	Minneapolis	8:15	Sun. May 27	Minneapolis (2)	1:30
Wed. May 23	Minneapolis	2:00	Tue. May 29	Milwaukee	8:15
	(2) Indicates doubleheader		Wed. May 30	Milwaukee (2)	1:30
	*Schedule subject to change		Thu. May 31	Milwaukee	8:15

(For balance of schedule, see June Issue.)

Larry Ray's Nightly Sports Round-Up
—Monday through Friday 6:15 p.m.

SPRING HAS ZING ON WHB!
*with Sports, News, Music, Mysteries and
these "Lucky Thirteen" Program Blocks*

Town and Country Time—5:30 to 7 a.m.—Monday through Saturday
News and Musical Clock—7 to 9 a.m.—Monday through Saturday
Kennedy Calling-Unity Viewpoint—9 to 10 a.m.—Monday through Friday
Audience Participation Shows—10 to 11 a.m.—Monday through Friday
"Luncheon On The Plaza" and "Queen For A Day"
News, Tune-O and Music—11 a.m. to 12 noon—Monday through Friday
News, Boogie Woogie Cowboys—12 noon to 2 p.m.—Monday
through Friday
"Club 710" with Arbogast—2 to 4:15 p.m.—Monday through Friday
Tune-O and News—4:15 to 5 p.m.—Monday through Friday
Mutual Kid Shows—5 to 6 p.m.—Monday through Friday
News, Sports and Music—6 to 7 p.m.—Monday through Friday
Mystery, Adventure, News, Baseball—7 to 10 p.m.—Monday
through Friday
Serenade In the Night—10 to 11 p.m.—Monday through Sunday
The Arbogast Show—11 p.m. to 1 a.m.—Monday through Saturday

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

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