



Swing

25c

JUNE, 1951

Citizen-Angels In Show Business

By Jim McQueeney

The story of Kansas City's magnificent new
Starlight Theatre . . . with 11 pages of pictures *Page 248*

Radio and Television Reviews by John Crosby

Swing's nominee for "The-Most-Light-Hearted-
Critic-of-our-Time" *Page 239*

Gas Station Owners Die Young

By Jules France

But it's invigorating while it lasts—
witness California's Ben Alexander *Page 295*

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1. MARGARFT TRUMAN, appearing in Kansas City for a concert, was interviewed by popular Bob Kennedy for the WHB audience.
2. "THE WABASHFUL HUMORIST", Herb Shriner, matched wits with Arbogast (left) on WHB's "Arbogast Show". Read Arbogasts by Arbogast on page 276.
3. RECORDS BY MARIO LANZA from "The Great Caruso" were broadcast when the producer of the movie, Jesse Lasky, appeared on WHB.
4. AN ADDRESS BY THOMAS J. MURPHY, police commissioner of New York City, was broadcast by WHB from the annual dinner meeting of the Kansas City Crime Commission. He also attended WHB's Man-of-the-Month luncheon honoring Kenneth Spencer, and was made the first Honorary Member of the Man-of-the-Month Fraternity.
5. THE FAMOUS GUITAR DUO, Capitol recording stars Les Paul and Mary Ford, were guests on the "Arbogast Show". Their Capitol recording, "How High The Moon", has been a sensational hit.
6. FRED G. GURLEY, president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, told of its early history on "Club 710". He was in Kansas City for the premiere of Columbia Pictures "Santa Fe".



Swing®

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WHB • KANSAS CITY
Your Favorite Neighbor

foreword

ENTER these days of The Great Debate in your personal log book as America's "Year of Confusion." What people know and believe seems to depend upon which voices, of the many raised in controversy, they consider valid.

One thing is sure: Due to radio, television, newsreels and news-pictures in the press, Americans have never before had such a fine rightside seat at such a big fight!

The issues will be resolved, the decisions will eventually be made — and somehow, let us pray, America will go forward.

Meanwhile, steel, copper and aluminum are critical materials under rigid control of the National Production Authority. This will begin to show up soon in a shortage of supplies for the Great American Dream: refrigerators, washing machines, clothes driers, automobiles, Radio and TV sets, and all the other shiny gadgets America loves!

And speaking of the American Dream, take a look at the article beginning on page 301, called "Positive or Negative?". A lot of people may have forgotten the American history they learned in school; forgotten the original idea behind our country's founding; forgotten about the American ideals set forth in the Constitution.

Amid such gloomy prospects, it's heartening to see our K.C. Blues baseball team near the top of their League . . . and Kansas City's magnificent new Starlight Theatre almost ready to open for a dazzling first season. When pressure mounts, and you're inclined to say "To Heck With It," forget for an afternoon or an evening about the war, taxes and inflation. Take a breather at the ball park, or under the stars in Swope Park!

Let Fear Work For You



Fear is nature's useful tool to combat danger.

by CLAYRE LIPMAN

AN actress stands in the wings. She has played this part a hundred times, and shows only composure. Inside, her muscles are a constricted knot. Tonight, as her cue draws near, the paralysis of fear becomes stronger and stronger, until at the cue, "Celia," she is virtually helpless with fright.

"I can't!" she whispers. "I've forgotten every word. I can't remember!"

"Celia, darling, hurry!"

A prompter motions. Firm hands take the girl by the shoulders, and she is shoved on to the stage.

"Freddy, it's so nice of you to come for me." Instantly, the weeks of re-

hearsal, the years of discipline take hold. The lines come back, the stricture is gone and the actress is lost in another of the smooth performances for which she is famous.

THIS emotion is known to everyone as stage fight. It usually vanishes as soon as the performer swings into action. Curiously, those who get the worst attacks of shakes before a performance or speech often make the best impressions.

Fear is a useful tool given us by nature to help combat danger. When emergencies arise, a gland in our bodies pours out the "get mad" hormone, adrenalin. This makes our hearts beat faster; gets us ready for violent physical action. A shot of adrenalin enables a man to work harder, jump higher, run faster, fight harder than when calm. During fires, accidents, panics, people often perform heroic acts of strength and endurance far beyond their normal abilities.

Fear serves society in less direct forms, too. Many worthwhile reforms have been made because someone "got good and mad" at injustice or cruelty. Often one will say, "I got a look at those conditions, and my blood boiled!" or: "I was all hot and bothered . . ."; "I was steaming."

This is "good" anger because the person does something constructive. Actually, the anger comes from a fear that the evil may spread and touch their families, friends, or themselves.

One who fights, let's say, for freedom of speech is driven in part by the fear that freedom of speech for himself is menaced.

Many improvements made in the care of elderly, sick or crippled folks, as well as women and children workers have been the result of someone's "getting mad and doing something about it." Such "reformers" are not always liked but the world owes them a debt of respect and gratitude.

But what happens when a person is scared and does *nothing* about it? What becomes of the energy that is created and has no useful work to do?

MARTHA LEE found out. She didn't want to change the world or win glory. She was just a young, nice, scared housewife. Scared that people wouldn't like her . . . that she might lose her husband's love. And these fears pulled the trigger on her adrenalin every day. The strange and wonderful fluid toned her up for drastic physical action—but there was nothing physical that she could do. So her fears turned inward. Being a well-disciplined person, Martha tried to hold in while her emotions steamed and fizzed and finally exploded. She became ill. When her wise doctor could find nothing physically wrong, he began to ask questions. She told him about her fears.

"Fear is your enemy," the doctor said. "Fear has made you ill; it can destroy you. Your problems can't be met by physical action; they're too much for you. A great general-diplomat once said, 'If you can't lick 'em, 'Jine 'em!' That means—get over on their side. You do that by coming

out of the fort you're holed up in and get honestly interested in your husband and friends."

"But I *am* interested, Doctor! I love Dick, and—"

"You love him but you're not really interested in him as much as in his attitude towards *you*. You're afraid he'll lose his job, or that his blonde secretary will get him. Do you take pleasure in discussing his business problems, his hobbies, his dreams and wishes?"

"Well, yes—but I can never remember the difference between dry casting, Dow-Jones Averages and what you do with a ski-pole . . . talking about quartering the field always makes my head ache."

"If you'd rather have a headache than a heart ache, okay," the doctor said. "But I think you'd better start reading your husband's business magazines, and sharpen up on sports talk. And as for your friends and neighbors—find out what *their* fears are and try to help. Otherwise you really will have problems to worry about."

Martha tried; at first half-hearted. Then she found both business and human relations more fascinating than she'd ever imagined they could be. Her fears and worries disappeared and her life with Dick became more harmonious. She began to form rich and satisfying friendships. She looked, felt, and was a better person!

Martha's story is perhaps extreme, but it contains a valuable thought. Become really interested in the thing you're scared of, and watch it fade away.

MARVIN SMITH, fearing he would become ill and a burden to his family, was persuaded to find out some concrete facts about health. He did—and learned that his diet was too one-sided; that he needed mild, every-day exercise. He changed his habits, and has not only lost his terror of illness, but feels more rugged than he ever did before.

Clever, hard-working widow Nellie Green almost became a nervous wreck because she feared she would lose her well-paid job. Her immediate boss was cranky and demanding. Nellie solved her problem by learning to do her eight hours' work in seven, and using the saved time to help her boss get his job done more quickly. She studied his duties and when he

was transferred to another office, she was promoted into his place! "I guess it takes a little fear, sometimes, to make you see things," Nellie said later.

As one well-known physician has pointed out, some fears are normal—and some are disproportionate to the actual danger. Normal fear is generally temporary, and soon forgotten. But the other kind—the kind that stays with you—can drain you of your vitality, make you less a person.

So why not learn to make constructive use of the energy your fears generate? Look carefully at your problem. Figure its weakest point. Then attack, using the "small piece at a time" technique. You can—if you try—conquer your fears more quickly and easily than you'd ever supposed!

When Dr. Canfield was inaugurated at Ohio State University, President Eliot of Harvard said to him, "Well, Canfield, now you are president and everybody will call you a liar."

"Why, Dr. Eliot, did anyone ever call you a liar?"

"Worse than that," said Eliot, "they proved it."

The banker who had gone to a doctor for a physical checkup was told to get out into the open air, so he quit his job at the bank after 35 years and bought a filling station. The first morning he was open for business a man drove in and asked for 10 gallons of gasoline.

"Where are you going?" the former banker asked.

"To Iowa City and back," was the answer.

The banker looked at him sternly and said, "Don't you think you can get along on five gallons?"

The late Senator Thomas P. Gore of Oklahoma, used to tell of a colored soldier who was asked by his old boss when he returned to the U.S. how he liked military life.

"I don't like it a bit," he said. "I got court-martialed."

"Well," his boss asked, "what did you get court-martialed about?"

"I don't exactly know," was the reply, "but it was something about a furlong."

"Remus, you don't mean a furlong, you mean a furlough."

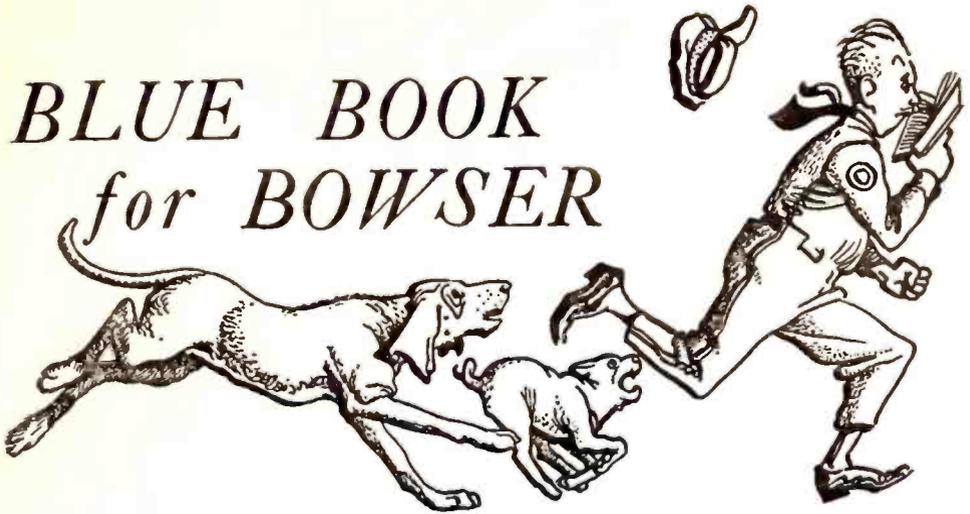
"No, suh, boss, I don't mean no furlough. I mean furlong. They accused me of going too fur and staying too long."

Two cats were about to have a duel. "Let's have an understanding before we start," said the first.

"About what?" asked the other.

"Is it to be a duel to the death or shall we make it the best three lives out of five?"

BLUE BOOK for BOWSER



*Los Angeles Meter readers go to
the dogs!*

by DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES

THE old rule that every dog is entitled to one bite isn't accepted by the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power. This public utility corporation has found a way to make even that first nip unnecessary, at least as far as company men are concerned.

To prove its point the department went far afield of its work of supplying water and electricity. It spent fifteen years of intensive research and considerable money in compiling a thick volume of over 100,000 listings—under continuous revision. The subject matter of this amazing publication would seem, at first glance, to be completely irrelevant to the company's activities inasmuch as the book is entirely about dogs.

Unofficially called the "Catalog of Canine Courtesy", it is one of the most democratic Blue Books ever published. Whether a dog has an ancestry as long as his tail or is a common curbsto-ner-setter, if he lives in Los Angeles or vicinity, his name, breed, disposition and habits are neatly recorded in the registry.

It all started in 1932 when meter readers, returning from their daily chores, too often had to apply for first aid before checking out. In those days dog bites were taken philosophically and regarded as a normal occupational hazard for meter men.

Then the department took steps first to study, then remedy the situation. A survey of canine habits was undertaken. Investigators went along with meter readers to observe the behavior of dogs and, incidentally, the manners of the meter men. From their findings the department, in collaboration with a well-known Los Angeles dog trainer, developed an indoctrination course for their men in the field.

The course was given an official name: "How to Make Canine Friends and Influence Dogs." It was an immediate success and records show that dog bite reports dwindled almost at once.

ONE feature of the course is teaching the proper technique in winning a dog's confidence. The men are taught that making friends with a dog is like befriending a child; keep the situation firmly in hand at all times by maintaining the initiative. Adopt a friendly, confident attitude by smiling and talking in an even, clear tone. Do not make sudden movements with the hands or feet. Above all, never show fear of the dog. Simply carry on a normal conversation as though he were a fellow man; never talk down to him. Dogs, according to the experts, are most receptive to strangers when treated as equals.

Meter men are instructed to act as guests when on private property. Investigation showed many employees lax in the social graces when making their rounds. Frequently they were careless about leaving doors open, or slamming them; cutting across lawns and flower beds. This behavior only invites trouble from watchdogs.

Pooches that merely scratch themselves when children or ordinary strangers invade their baliwicks, are suddenly lionized when electricity or water checker-uppers dodge around in an unorthodox manner.

METER men are required to turn in dog reports along with their readings each day for inclusion in the next edition of the dog book. Along with addresses they write such terse comments as "bad dog", "cocker spaniel named Flip—friendly", "mastiff—watch", "Rosey incapacitated—pups", "brown dog—snaps", "collie—bluffer", "Duke—died 5-20-51", and "Joe—mean, loose. Be sure you see him before he sees you."

One meter reader, with the accuracy demanded of his job, wrote: "Eight dogs here; two bite, one blind, three young and friendly, one barks incessantly, one so lazy he doesn't give a darn."

Often the water and power men learn to know more about certain dogs than do their owners. Recently a meter man turned in a report that read: "Owner is mistaken about Bowser. Says dog is very vicious, but I know better; I petted him!"



Searching the pockets before sending her husband's suit to the cleaners, a housewife found a piece of paper with a phone number on it. Aha, she asked herself, what's this? She dialed the number three times, got busy signals until she noticed that the number in the center of the dial was the same as she was dialing. Her husband had made a memo of the number after they had moved to a new address.

The young teacher, Miss Howard, was as cautious as Willie was conscientious. A bit surprised at the erudition displayed in a composition the boy had turned in she inquired suspiciously: "Willie, are you sure that this is strictly original?"

The youngster pondered the question briefly and then replied, "Well, Miss Howard, you might find a few of the words in the dictionary."



Are You Weighting For An Early Grave?

Be sensible. Excess weight will shorten your life!

by FAYE C. LEWIS, M.D.

“**D**OWN to two-forty-nine!” This was the exuberant exclamation of a patient of mine recently when she came in to be weighed. While this appalling figure still rates her at more than an eighth of a ton, I refrained from referring to it in that light. In fact, I congratulated her warmly, and urged continuance of her valiant efforts to reduce. For the first time she came in to see me she did not “tip the scales” at all. My office weighing machine takes cognizance of weights only up to three hundred pounds, and her avoirdupois was somewhere in the unknown beyond.

This is an extreme case, of course—one to be held up as a horrible example of what can happen to you if

you keep on promising yourself to take up a reducing schedule “tomorrow.” Other more serious examples might be cited—about the many who are in their graves years before they need have been, because of overtaxed circulatory and other vital systems due to excess weight. But the picture of this monstrous load of fat covering the landscape is effective enough.

Excuses for overweight are many: “It runs in our family;” “I must have some gland trouble;” “I have to eat or I get so weak I can’t work;” “I don’t see why I can’t lose; I just haven’t eaten a thing all month—well, hardly anything.”

How often I hear this last remark! Sometimes it is accompanied by an accusing look, as though it were all my fault and I were withholding some part of a magic formula that would pare off more poundage. If this look is too accusing, I take rather a malicious pleasure in worming out of the patient the actual list of things she has eaten in the past few days. Invariably there is listed, in the end,

enough food to have nourished adequately both the patient and a brace of European orphans.

I am continually amused by the importance the potato is given in the mind of the dieting patient. Doing without the humble root is many times the sole significant sacrifice the patient has made. When a slender silhouette is not forthcoming on the heels of this endeavor, keen disappointment sets in.

There is no use quibbling about it; you gain or lose weight according to the laws of human metabolism. These are more complicated, it is true, and have more interacting factors than, say, the laws of physics or inorganic chemistry, but basic causes and effects are just as real.

It is true that glandular disorders are sometimes a factor in weight gain or loss. But a great many abnormalities in weight attributed by the patient to "gland trouble" or a "family trait" are really attributable to family eating and exercise habits. There are a number of causes concerned in the padding of a once-slender torso. The forty-year-old furnace doesn't work as well as it did when new. The amount of fuel it once burned avidly to a clean, fine ash, is now more than it can accommodate. Unburned fuel and clinkers clog the grates. In the human organism the excess may clog the alimentary tract for a while and then be shunted off in desperation to every nook and cranny that can be used as storage space.

As this process continues, every organ in the body becomes ensheathed

in masses of fat. There are pads of it about the liver and spleen, and between the coils of intestines, filling the abdominal cavity until it bulges, thus making the two-way stretch a complete futility. The best of girdles can contain only so much!

THE surface of the body offers an almost limitless repository for fat. The skin is elastic, and will stretch to accommodate pounds of it. The kidneys may become buried in fat, and there may be so much of it about the heart as to impair its action seriously—to say nothing of the strain imposed upon the heart by having to supply the motive power for so much added weight. With all the available storage spaces thus crammed to capacity, the last thing in the world the body needs is more fuel. Yet that is just what is being supplied. And as it puts on weight, the body tends to become more sluggish. With inactivity may come restlessness, discontent, and boredom. Breathing becomes more difficult, and fatigue follows the mildest exertion.

Teen-age girls are apt to go on reducing splurges, nearly all inadvisable. But most of them give the physician little to worry about, as they seldom last long enough to do any damage. Other interests and healthy appetites are usually enough to overcome the transitory fasting notions. It is when people get on in the forties that weight most often becomes a problem that should have attention. It is then that a woman surveys her figure with dismay, and recalls with a pang the slimness of

the white dress in the attic that she wore as a bride.

While all doctors preach reducing diets, the surgeon becomes insistent. He thinks primarily of the greater technical difficulty of operating through hampering blankets of fat. In many cases weight must be removed before an operation is practicable. Small details of post-operative care may be much more difficult in the fat patient, also—such as getting a needle into a vein that you know is down there somewhere, but which is so deeply buried that there is no surface sign of it.

Most people who are overweight are well aware of their plight, but they need advice in doing something about it. Abstaining from over-eating by such general measures as refusing second helpings, omitting desserts, etc., will not hurt; but a rigorous reducing program should be undertaken *only under supervision of a physician*. Body nutrition is not expressed completely in pounds and calories. Vitamin and mineral needs must be taken into account. While a great many patients would never punish themselves to the danger point on a reducing diet, some of the more determined would, and have. Visual difficulties have resulted from diets not adequately safeguarded, and neuritis can occur severe enough to give partial paralysis of leg muscles.

IF you really want to lose weight, here is a sensible procedure to follow:

1. Find out how you rate according to a height-weight-age table. The insurance companies

publish tables as reliable as can be found anywhere.

2. If you have only a few pounds to worry off, you might go on a restricted diet on your own responsibility. Here is a simple one. For breakfast, eat one serving of any fresh fruit that is in season, one slice of whole wheat bread, one teaspoon of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk with your coffee or other non-caloric beverage. For your noon meal, choose one of these three proteins: one-fourth pound (one-half cup, chopped) lean meat or fresh fish, boiled, broiled or baked; or, two eggs, boiled or poached; or, one-fourth pound cottage cheese. Eat what you want of yellow or green vegetables—here is where you fill up! Have another serving of fresh fruit for dessert, with a cup of milk, and some tea or coffee if you wish, uncreamed and unsweetened, of course. For your night meal, repeat the noon program, with your own variations. This diet will provide about twelve hundred calories a day.

3. If, after a few weeks of Number Two you have become your old willowy self, and feel like a million dollars, you need not read further. But if you and Number Two haven't gotten along well, talk to your doctor about your reducing program. Maybe you need a stricter diet. If so, you must have supervision of your vitamin and mineral

needs. Maybe, on the other hand, you just need to know that somebody is apt to scold you if you don't show any progress when you come in for check-ups. If it is too difficult for you to curb your appetite, your doctor may give you some pills that will help. But take them only on his prescription and under his directions.

4. Be honest with yourself, and don't look for excuses when your weight creeps up again. Pounds don't settle on you out

of thin air. I recall one patient who was almost at the point of tears after her bi-weekly check on my scales. She just couldn't understand it. But my secretary had seen her at the bowling alley one night that week, having a midnight snack of pie a la mode!

5. Don't expect pills, or exercise, or doctors, or articles like this, to do the job for you. The big, stark, essential factor in your losing weight is in *doing without so much to eat.*

Patrick, an Irishman, was suffering from a toothache and went to the dentist. But, alas, Pat lacked courage.

The dentist, however, was an old friend, and he told his assistant to run out and get Pat a tot of whisky. Pat drank it and the dentist asked: "Have you got your courage now?"

"No," replied Pat. So another tot was brought, but still Pat said he hadn't enough courage to allow the dentist to proceed; and a third tot was brought with the same negative answer.

At last, the dentist, exasperated, sent out for a full tumbler of whisky. Pat disposed of it, and then the dentist said: "Have you got your courage now?"

Pat squared his shoulders: "I'd like to see the man who'd dare to touch me teeth now."

A fellow was interviewed recently by an FBI agent about a friend of his who was applying for a position in the government. Winding up the long interrogation, the agent asked: "And do you consider him well qualified for the job?"

"Depends. What's the job?"

"Sorry," said the G-man. "I'm not at liberty to reveal that. Confidential, you know."

Playing a joke on a friend from England, a man slipped out and procured two ducks, took them up to the bathroom, and set them sailing in the filled tub. The Englishman, after taking a brief nap, decided to have a bath before dinner. He called to his friend to see the strange sight in the bathroom. "Must have flown in at the window," said the host calmly. "Yes, yes," agreed the visitor from abroad. "No doubt! But how in the world did they manage to turn on the water?"



"Take an epitaph, Miss Jones!"

Mermaid Of The Mountains

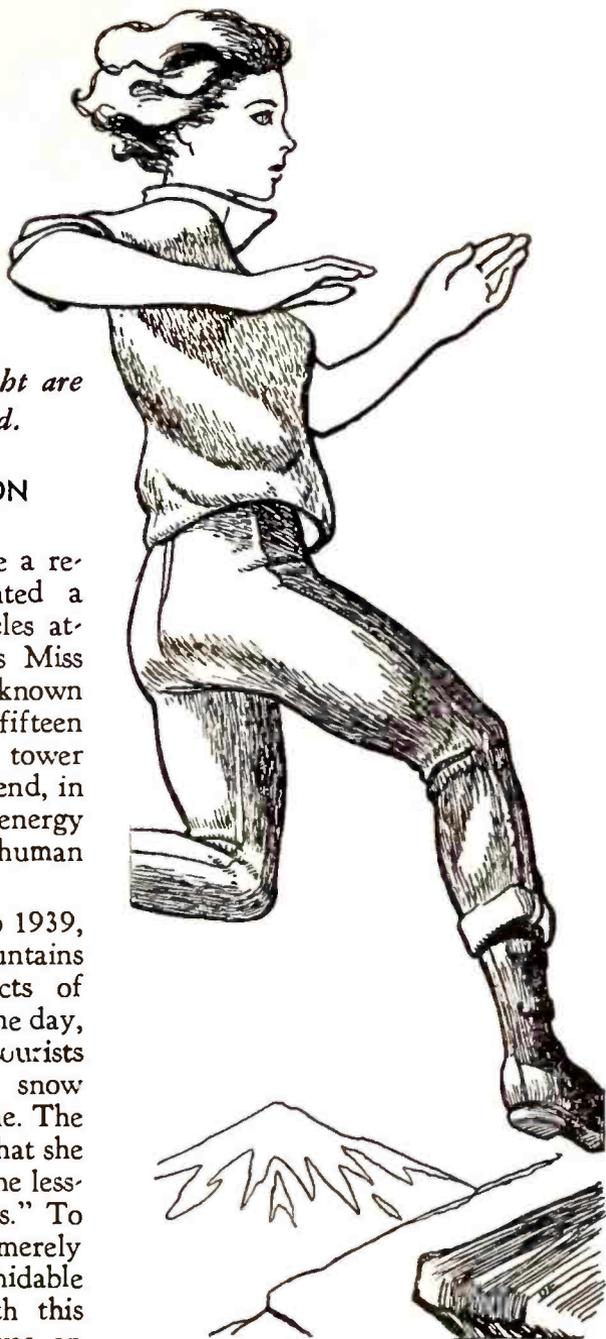
*Mountains to Freda Walbrecht are
barriers to be conquered.*

by WELDON D. WOODSON

“**Y**OU don’t have to make a religion of it,” commented a friend to the young Los Angeles attorney. The fervent lawyer is Miss Freda Walbrecht, nationally known as the first woman to climb all fifteen of the 14,000-foot peaks that tower above the Pacific coast. Her friend, in his remark, was referring to the energy and enthusiasm which this human chamois applies to her hobby.

While in Japan from 1936 to 1939, Miss Walbrecht thought of mountains solely as magnificent products of nature’s labor. For recreation, one day, she joined the gay throng of tourists who climbed Mt. Fuji, a snow capped 12,395-foot volcanic cone. The experience was so exhilarating that she spent future weekends scaling the lesser peaks of the “Japanese Alps.” To her, a mountain became not merely picturesque scenery, but a formidable barrier to be conquered. With this philosophy, Miss Walbrecht was on her way to becoming a full-fledged mountaineer.

Returning to California, she joined the Rock Climbing Section of the



Southern Chapter of the Sierra Club. Now mountain climbing became a hobby rather than an adventurous amusement. She mastered the art of descending the long precipice; discovered how only a small hand or toe hold would suffice to get one up a steep face of rock. She learned the use of rope and pick. Above all, she learned that the easiest and safest way to climb a mountain is to follow the practices of the expert mountaineers.

HER schooling completed, Miss Walbrecht resolved to master the 14,000-foot peaks strung along the United States Pacific coast. At that time there were fourteen known peaks of this class. As a starter, she went by trail to the 14,501-foot summit of Mt. Whitney, highest mountain in the nation. Then followed Mt. Shasta, White Mountain Peak and the Middle Palisade. In 1945, '46, and '47, she crossed off her list one by one the giant peaks of Mt. Sill, Mt. Langley, Mt. Russell, Mt. Tyndell, Mt. Ranier and Mt. Barnard.

By the time she had mounted the fourteenth, the American Alpine Club discovered that another—Thunderbolt Peak—ranked as a 14,000-footer. It was not until after the resolution had been made to ascend this new find, that Miss Walbrecht realized that she would be the first woman to have climbed all fifteen. Thunderbolt Peak derives its name from the lightning that flashed over its summit when the first party ascended it. It is located 250 road miles and 10 hiking miles from Los Angeles.

From Miss Walbrecht's diary of the

ascend of Thunderbolt in August of 1948, come these revealing entries. "Once across the bergschrund, steps had to be cut up a long ice chute. Due to the drought in the Sierra, rocks were falling constantly. We worked on to the steep buttress, and then to the top. Here a spectacular ridge with smooth granite walls sweeping down on the east to the main glacier, and a steep ice chute on the west lead over to Thunderbolt. The route goes around the first crag, drops down into a chute, and climbs a crack to the main peak. We hurried to get off the peak before dark. A glorious moon lighted our way down the glacier and the mean moraine. By eleven o'clock we reached Robin Egg Lake and firewood."

From her store of experience, Miss Walbrecht offers the following pointers to neophyte climbers who will be taking up the challenge of Rocky and Sierra Mountain peaks this summer.

NEVER climb alone. Some phases of mountain climbing are too difficult for a single climber. It would be foolish to start out on a climb, only to be blocked at the foot of some escarpment and have to turn back for want of help. There are dangers natural to the sport, and someone should always be available to give first aid in case of accident. Besides, the beauty and excitement of mountain climbing is always more complete when shared with others.

Once the summit is reached, relax. Spend an hour enjoying the view, identifying other peaks and taking pictures. Always sign the register. If

there is none, inscribe your name and the date upon a rock to show that you have been there.

Allow three days for a peak, although some require but two. Drive or ride by horseback to the end of the road at the base of the mountain. From there a knapsack trip of about seven miles, generally, will take you to timberline, between 11,000 and 11,500 feet elevation. Make camp at this last outpost of wood supply. The following morning, climb to the summit and return to camp before dark. Descend the next day.

Carry a light frame pack. Include a canteen of water, necessary food, sleeping bag, first-aid kit, and a camera. The full gear should not weigh more than thirty-five pounds. Carry an ice axe and a rope if the climb is to be difficult. Wear tough jeans, a warm shirt, thick-soled boots and heavy socks.

BEWARE of badly weathered rocks. Test before putting your weight on them. Watch for falling rocks; they can cause serious injury. Stay out of chutes where they frequently come down. Don't take unnecessary chances. Miss Walbrecht explains, "I believe most mountaineering accidents result from carelessness and lack of enough sense to be afraid where one should."

Now that she has climbed the fifteen, people ask her, "What next?" To this, Miss Walbrecht reminds them there are many lesser peaks worthy of climbing, many of them difficult. She has on her list several 13,000-foot peaks in the Sierra Nevada. In Southern California there are some 200 peaks over 5,000 feet in height. "These," she says, "are enough to make an interesting scramble for anyone."



"Get me some ballet dancers," ordered movie-director Gregory Ratoff, after a frustrated morning on the set.

"Ballet dancers?" protested his puzzled assistant. "This script doesn't call for ballet dancers."

"I know," roared Ratoff, "but I want *someone* on his toes around here!"



"This morning," said the teacher of an early Sunday School class, "the subject of the lesson is Ruth, the gleaner. Who can tell me anything about Ruth?"

"Well, Willie, what do you know about Ruth?" asked the teacher encouragingly. And Willie piped out in a shrill little voice, "He cleaned up sixty home runs in one season."

Malcolm Sargent was directing a rehearsal for Handel's *Messiah*. The female voices were giving him trouble, especially when they sang, "Unto us a son is born." Sargent advised clearly, "Now, ladies, sing this with more respect and less astonishment."



The sexton had been laying the new carpet on the pulpit platform and had left a number of tacks scattered on the floor. "See here, James," said the parson, "what do you suppose would happen if I stepped on one of those tacks right in the middle of my sermon?"

"Well, sir," replied the sexton, "I guess there'd be one point you wouldn't linger on."

American Success Story

AS we go through what may well be the most fateful year in the history of American freedom, our citizenry needs to be fortified with a better understanding and a re-vitalized appreciation of the American way of life. The story related recently by Helene Forster thus is timely—for it is a part of the sinew and the soul of America. Here it is:

The rumblings of Hitler's National Socialism and the trappings of the police state had begun to move ominously onto the stage in Germany when, in 1924, Johnny and Helene Forster, of Dresden in Saxony, bundled up their two boys and their meager personal belongings and made their way to Hamburg where they got passage in the steerage of an ocean liner bound for America. Upon arrival in New York they had \$12. They had no acquaintances, could not speak English. But for the first time in their lives they knew their opportunity had arrived. They were supremely happy.

Johnny Forster found work here and there, often hard manual labor. When he arrived home in the evenings the family would have dinner, then Helene would leave him with the babies and go to her work as char-woman in a Central Park mansion or Manhattan office building. In time the family moved to Chicago and Johnny got work at the stockyards. And, as the boys were by now in school, Helene worked daytimes too. Their love for America grew. They were now naturalized.

On their modest earnings the Forsters furnished a home, gave their sons wonderful American Christmases—and saved a nest egg. Johnny got a job with a service station. In a few years he was operating his own. And the couple continued to save money. One summer the Forsters took a trip south in their own car. In southern Missouri, on the west bank of the Mississippi, they found a perfect location for the business they had saved for and dreamed of.

On heavily traveled U. S. 61 just north of Cape Girardeau, the Forsters built a modern tourist court. This was in 1939. Soon the war was upon them and their plans were disrupted. They were faced with the demand for severe sacrifices. "We tried to repay Uncle Sam a little for the happiness he gave us," Helene Forster said. "Our sons went to the Navy and were in the fighting. My husband, too. I kept the home and business going. We would do it again to preserve this freedom we so highly cherish."

The lack of understanding and appreciation of the American way of life, especially among some of the younger people who stop off at their tourist court, worries the Forsters. "They talk," she said, "as if they knew nothing at all about the value of freedom. How lucky we people in America are.

"Words in any language cannot adequately tell what we feel about our country," she said. "Where else on the globe can anyone starting with two babies and \$12 show what we have? It is like a miracle. Sometimes my husband and I go across the highway and look from there at our place. We pinch each other to be sure it's really true.

"These Communists cannot tell just one little success story like ours. Our system of government is the best on earth. And I am sure there are millions of Uncle Sam's nieces and nephews who have success stories like ours."

That's a good guess too. So we all have the job of getting the facts and passing them on to others. The freedom flame must be kept burning high in American hearts during this crisis.

—The Harding College Letter.

ETCHED For The MASSES

*Unknown artists whose portraits
sell by the millions.*

by JAMES L. HARTE

BEHIND the weather-stained facade of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in the nation's Capital are seven little cubicles. In each sits an artist. Their names are unimportant for, as artists go, they are virtually unknown. Yet their pictures sell by the millions!

Anyone who has ever mailed a letter anywhere in the United States has pasted on the envelope a picture that came out of one of the seven cubicles. Anyone who has ever saved stamps has thus framed some of this art etched for the masses. For the seven occupants of the cubicles are the picture engravers who carve the dies used in the mass production of Uncle Sam's postage stamps.

These pictures as they are cut on metal are technically divided into two classes, portraits and vignettes. Portraits, of course, are of those individuals who have carved their niches in American history. In addition to many Presidents, recent ones have included Wilbur and Orville Wright, Samuel Gompers, Edgar Allen Poe and Casey Jones. Vignettes are glimpses of American scenes such as are shown on commemorative issues.

With the authorization of a new issue of stamps, the Post Office Department submits a general idea for its design to the Bureau of Engraving. Bureau designers go to work, making wash drawings of the proposed design which go back to the Department for approval. The draft approved, a final, intricate wash drawing, four times the size of the actual stamp, is made and sent as a guide to the picture engraver in his cubicle. The artist then goes to work.

In place of brush or crayon, the engraver's tools are acids and scalpel-like cutting instruments. His canvas is soft steel, and his number one assistant is a powerful magnifying glass. Before he uses these tools, the design is reduced in size, photographically, to that of the actual postage stamp. Retaining the larger wash drawing as his guide, the artist traces the outlines of the photographic reduction on to celluloid, very carefully seeing to the proper face shadings if the design is a portrait. The celluloid outline is then covered with a coating of wax.

Next the coating is placed face down on a plate of soft steel and rubbed gently and evenly until it leaves the tracing on the metal. The tracing is then stained with a weak solution of acid, following which etching ground, a liquid containing asphaltum, is poured over the tracing.

Now the artist begins to put numbers of fine dots on the portrait by means of an etching point, an extremely hard and sharp-pointed tool that resembles a rat's tail. The dots do not, as the uninitiated might think, give the subject a measles or poxed appearance. Actually, they give the portrait a softer tone as they mellow the sheer, hard outline. When the work is done, they are not noticeable to the unpracticed eye.

Dotted as the engraver desires, an etching acid is poured over the whole. This bites below the surface of the metal and makes the outline more prominent. Next, with a knifelike instrument known as a graver, the picture is fashioned in more detail as the artist cuts in lines, dashes, and

dots. The lines afford darker tones, the dots the lightest, and how much of each is up to the engraver. This is the real test of the artist, for picture engravers have styles of their own and those in the business can recognize another's work by the technique.

ONE postage stamp looks much like another to the average person, but any one of the seven Bureau engravers can look at a particular issue and, without previously knowing, tell which one among them cut the design. "The way a man puts a picture on steel," one engraver assures, "is practically like putting his name on it."

As the work progresses, the artist makes constant comparison with the original design. He has proofs run off so that he may check: is it too light, or too dark? Are certain features too prominent, or not prominent enough? He works with a deft, light touch, preferring to have the work too light rather than too dark to begin, for it is much simpler to darken than to lighten. To darken, all he has to do is deepen a line, dash, or dot. But to lighten, he must erase his lines with a fine scraper, then punch the surface back to its proper level by exerting pressure on the back of the metal, then retouch the area to be corrected.

The picture engraver does not do any lettering. A specialist in lettering engraves the necessary frame and lettering on the die, taking the same care as the picture artist. A portrait takes from two-and-one-half to three weeks to cut, and a vignette about two weeks.

Meanwhile, the engraver has had to guard against his worst enemy, rust. Mere perspiration from the hand can ruin a die. Therefore, while it is in preparation, the engraver at the end of each day washes it clean with special cleaning fluid and covers it with protective grease overnight.

When at last the picture is completed, the die is heat-treated to harden it, in order that rolls may be taken from it for use in making multi-subject plates. The process in which the design is transferred from the roll to the plates actually used in the printing of the stamps is called siderography. The plates are then machined, hardened, and bent into half-cylinder form to be fitted on a rotary press that prints the stamps in web sheet form. The press is itself a model of man's ingenuity, for it wets the paper, inks and polishes the plates, applies

the gum to the back of the stamps, dries the entire and then rolls it up for further processing.

That is the story behind the U. S. postage stamp, the product of the artists whose pictures reach the great masses of Americans in millions of copies. The seven of them work constantly, not just turning out metal pictures of Presidents and other historical personages for stamps; but for bonds and other official paper. They have also, on official order, limned in metal a number of portraits that have been stored away in vaults, held against the day when new currency is to be issued and the old pictures of Washington, Lincoln, Franklin, Salmon P. Chase, and others made by engravers long since departed, are replaced with figures of more recent years.



"He used to play second pistol with Spike Jones!"

Two modern little girls coming home from Sunday school were solemnly discussing the sermon.

"Do you believe there is a devil?" asked one.

"No," replied the other promptly, "of course not. It's just like Santa Claus. He's your father."—*The Balance Sheet*.

"If we could only use the \$2,000 in my savings account to buy a new car, we wouldn't have to pay any financing charges," a lady said to a bank teller.

"Then why don't you?" asked the teller.

"Because my husband would ask how I saved so much money. If I told him, it would spoil his fun. When he began playing the horses, I offered to place the bets for him. Instead I took them myself. When his horse won, I paid him off, and when he lost, I put the money in my savings account."—*New York Times*.

Solving Crimes By Numbers

CRIMES usually are solved by checking fingerprints, chasing down tips and grilling suspects. But seven members of an unconventional crime-busting force in Boston have a simpler method. They solve crimes by numbers—and with spectacular success.

These unorthodox sleuths—members of the Emergency Police Communications Bureau of the Massachusetts Registry of Motor Vehicles—never move from their office while on duty, never see a criminal or the scene of his crime and meet other law enforcement officials only socially. Moreover, they usually don't know they have solved a case until they read their newspapers.

The bureau's numerical clues are the registration numbers of the nearly 1,200,000 cars, trucks, trailers and other motor vehicles in the state, and the engine numbers of these machines. Complementing this storehouse of information are the names, addresses and descriptions of the more than 1,500,000 persons licensed to drive in the commonwealth.

Working at night when the tempo of crime increases, the bureau has become a rich source of leads for regular police in cases ranging from handbag snatches to homicides. The registration number of a car seen near the scene of a holdup, the engine number of an abandoned truck, a name mentioned in a police questioning—all have been turned into arrests with the bureau's aid.

When the "Mutt and Jeff" bandits were terrorizing small store owners in Greater Boston, police found a car believed to have been used by the pair abandoned in the woods. The registration plates and the engine number were sent to Communications as possible clues.

Workers found the plates had been stolen and were of no help. But the engine number was. Turning to its file of engine numbers, the bureau traced the machine through eight transfers of ownership. The last owner was one of the holdup men and arrests followed shortly.

Communications also supplied the break in the slaying of a Boston patrolman. City detectives had picked up a suspect who under questioning blurred out the last name of a youth believed to have been involved in the shooting and the robbery that preceded it. The suspect then "clammed up."

With only the surname and the supposed location of the second suspect's home, Communications consulted its file of licensed operators and within an hour had provided police with a description of the youth and his home address.

The bureau's ability to check thousands of names and numbers within a few minutes has resulted in other quick arrests. When a woman was injured by a hit-and-run driver, a passerby noted most of the license plate numbers and informed police. A quick call to Communications and a squad car sped to the driver's home and was waiting when he turned into the driveway with the tell-tale damaged car.

Much of Communication's work is more prosaic. A Registry inspector may telephone to learn the name and address of the owner of a speeding car from the license plate number. A sheriff in Oklahoma may radio or teletype for information on a Massachusetts car involved in an accident.

The bureau often is queried by motorists who have forgotten where they parked their cars on Boston's winding streets, and worse still have forgotten their registration number. Many a jealous suitor also has telephoned to find out who owns the car parked in front of his girl's home. Not wishing to become an aid to the love-lorn agency, bureau workers usually reply, "Sorry, we can give information only to police officials."

—Edward Quarrington.



Charles C. Kelder has an eye for values.

by FRANK A. BARTONEK

“**I** BUY Anything!” . . . Sounds like a slogan that can lead a man to adventure and early bankruptcy.

Serving as a clearing house for white elephants has been the unique profession of Charles C. Kelder of St. Joseph, Missouri, for two decades. One morning spent in his main store at 2210 Messanie Street, or on tour of the sundry buildings where the chattels are impounded, gives convincing evidence that Mr. Kelder thoroughly enjoys life, and is exceedingly solvent.

Nothing is too large or too small for Kelder to buy. He will give you an offer on anything potentially useful. His shrewd business eye leads him unerringly to purchases he can convert

to profit or to publicity. Admittedly mellow now, he doesn't go in for publicity stunts as much as he used to.

One year, Kelder purchased the old post office building at St. Joseph for \$77.34. The price included 1,998 pieces of office furniture, desks, chairs, vaults and cabinets. “I Buy” razed the ancient structure to make way for the new federal building, then sold the salvagable materials and the office furniture.

DURING the drought years of the 1930's, a disgruntled farmer stopped with a truck load of water-melons in front of Kelder's store. He eyed the “I Buy Anything” sign with skepticism, but stepped inside to put his produce on the block. The melon market had broken that morning, and the raisers were faced with recovering nothing but the seed for next year's crop. Kelder bought that truckload and

three others for \$50 a load. Then he invited every kid in town to a mammoth free watermelon feed in the city ball park. Needless to say, that feast is still remembered in St. Joseph.

Sometimes Kelder's merchandise must undergo a complete transformation before it finds a purchaser. On one occasion, he bought a horse-drawn hearse. For months the relic remained on Kelder's lot ignored by the public. Finally, "I Buy" removed the tell-tale upper structure, and constructed a truck body on the sturdy chassis. It sold the same week, and is serving to this day on a midwestern farm.

Kelder has a soft streak despite a gruff exterior. One day a small boy brought in a thin, half-caste kitten, and offered it for sale. The feline was bought for 25c. Another small boy appeared quietly, and when he left, the kitten left, too. Later, a third urchin showed up with the catling nestled in the crook of his arm, and again Kelder bought her for 25c. Finally, after five beaming boys had quarters tucked away in their jeans, Kelder called a halt to the junior-sized racket.

When trading, Kelder gives each item a quick appraisal as to its low value to the seller and possible greater value to a buyer. He is never in a hurry to buy or sell, and never quibbles over prices. Whether buying or selling, his offer is made on a "take it or leave it" basis.

KELDER began his career in a casual way. He was reared and trained in the art of show business by a circus clown. During slack seasons or between shows, Kelder repaired office furniture to augment his income. One day, he accepted a broken chair in payment for a repair job. The chair was made usable and sold at a profit. Soon Kelder became known as willing to trade his labor in part for merchandise. One day, on a repair call, he was offered the contents of the customer's attic. After an appraisal, Kelder made a bid, and was accepted.

When one of his friends saw the strange and apparently useless conglomeration of "junk", he remarked, "Charlie, I think you'll buy anything!" But Charlie sold the rummage for considerably more than he paid, and had started a career.

As his reputation spread, his stock of merchandise and his profits increased, until the St. Joseph store was decided upon. The accumulations of the years are now housed in 21 separate buildings, basements, and attics, and are crowded to the ceiling of the main building.

Charles C. Kelder has found contentment and prosperity in a singular profession, born of necessity and built to robust maturity by heart, wit and enterprise.

▲
Poverty: A miserable state of existence which deprives one of many things he is better off without.

▲
There are the people who roll out the carpet for you one day and pull it out from under you the next.

Delivery Man's Dilemmas

Parcel delivery men lead exciting lives—posing for artists, feeding babies, walking dogs.

by ROBERT STEIN

AFTER disposing of a package, a Milwaukee delivery man was about to drive off in his truck when the customer called him back.

"I'd like to shake your hand," explained the friendly old man in the doorway.

Smiling, the delivery man put out his hand. A second later, when he tried to withdraw it, he found himself held in a vise-like grip by the old man, who was still grinning pleasantly. Ten minutes later, two husky men in white came rushing out of the house to free a badly-shaken delivery man.

Such unusual behavior by their customers is nothing new to parcel delivery men, however. According to the United Parcel Company, its drivers are regularly requested, among other things, to pose for art classes, make Junior eat his cereal, walk dogs,

feed cats, fix the plumbing and protect frightened housewives from mice. In Hollywood, a nurse asked a delivery man to model several evening gowns for her. And in Denver, an all-night poker player wanted a driver to deliver candy and flowers to his wife, then hide all the baseball bats and rolling pins in the house when she wasn't looking.

Dogs are the delivery man's greatest occupational hazard. Every day of the year, some unsuspecting young man with a package is nipped from behind by an innocent-looking fox terrier. In Chicago recently, George Gebhardt lost the seat of his pants to a snarling canine pet. When he reported the incident to the police, he found them waiting with a warrant for his arrest. The indignant customer charged that Gebhardt had intimidated her dog.

Yet, experiences like these have not embittered the majority of drivers. Recently, Ed Dowling—who has been nipped a dozen times in the line of duty—was driving his delivery truck through Darien, Connecticut when



he spotted a small dog trapped on an ice cake in the middle of a pond. Despite his unhappy memories of household pets, Dowling stopped.

From the back of his truck, he pulled out a long rope, tied it to a log and tossed it out to the shivering puppy. At the same time the dog's owner came running up to the other side of the pond, dragging a long ladder. Slipping it on to the ice, the youngster began crawling out along the ladder to his pet. He was inches away when two other dogs scampered out along the ladder, upset his balance and sent him plunging through the thin ice.

Seeing the boy's head disappear below the surface, Dowling quickly stripped down to his underwear and socks, tied a rope around his waist and handed the other end to a bystander. Breaking the ice with his back, Dowling reached the boy and dragged him to safety. A few minutes later, firemen arrived and rescued all three dogs in a rowboat. The boy went home with his dog, shivering and wet, but unharmed. Nursing severe body bruises, Dowling drove off on his rounds—still no dog lover.

Somehow, people make a habit of overestimating their pets' intelligence. Ed Marcus found this note waiting for him on the door of a Los Angeles home: "Leave the package on the back porch. And don't worry about the dog—I told him you were coming."

MOST women are fussy about more than their pets alone. Arriving with 20 pieces of furniture,

two delivery men were greeted by a Milwaukee housewife who had just finished waxing her floors. Following her orders, they carried a table to the door, stopped, took off their shoes and then proceeded into the house. On the way out, they put on their shoes and went back for a dresser. After an hour of slipping in and out of their shoes, the exhausted delivery men gave up. They telephoned the company, which hurriedly sent out two reinforcements. While the sharp-eyed housewife kept watch, the two new men brought each piece of furniture from the truck to the front door. There, they handed it to the shoeless delivery men, who carried it into the house.

In Englewood, New Jersey, a delivery man was greeted by this scrawled message from a housewife: "Knock, bang, scream or stamp on the porch, but don't ring the doorbell. It makes enough noise to wake the dead."

Children, too, provide their share of headaches for the man with the parcels. In southern California, Sandy Seneger found a freckle-faced youngster handcuffed to the door of his truck. After Seneger had spent two hours fumbling with the lock, the boy's playmates came back and released him.

In Connecticut, a driver stopped at a house where a small boy was mowing the lawn.

"Is your mother home?" he asked cheerfully.

"If she was out," replied the youngster sourly, "you don't think I'd be mowing the lawn, do you?"

While making their deliveries, drivers run into every conceivable type of household emergency. George Davis was carrying a package up to a Los Angeles home when the lady of the house came running out in a state of high excitement.

"My little boy," she gasped, "is trapped."

Davis dropped the package and rushed into the kitchen. There, he found a small boy wedged between the kitchen stove and wall. Borrowing a wrench, Davis quickly disconnected the stove and freed the whimpering youngster.

BECAUSE they travel around so much, delivery men are often the first to discover an accident. On a lonely road near Summit, New Jersey, driver Phil Mack found a boy left stunned and bleeding by a hit-and-run motorist. Mack applied a skillful tourniquet and called an ambulance in time to save the boy's life. During his first day on the job, delivery man Harry Alexa plunged into a Mount Vernon, New York lake and saved a ten-year-old girl from drowning. And in Capistrano, California, driver Jimmy Loy discovered that a gas truck had overturned only a few feet from the railroad tracks. Fearing that a passing locomotive would explode the gas fumes, Loy raced ahead—just in time to flag down a crowded com-

muter's train approaching the danger spot.

Money, of course, is always a ticklish problem for delivery men. One of them, bearing a package for \$10.76 was given a check for \$10.66 by a housewife. For the ten-cent balance, she handed him two empty ginger ale bottles to return to the corner grocery. And a Los Angeles driver was delighted to find a note telling him "to keep the change" for a \$2.99 C. O. D. parcel. Inside the accompanying envelope were three dollar-bills.

Probably the most unusual tip ever offered a delivery man came from a Long Island matron. After the driver had unloaded a heavy set of porch furniture on a sweltering summer afternoon, she fished a pair of swimming trunks out of a drawer and invited him to take a dip in the private pool on her estate.

Even a touch of mystery comes into the delivery man's daily routine. A driver and his helper were carrying a long table into a Wisconsin home when the driver suddenly felt the end behind him drop. When he looked back, his helper had disappeared. After a search of the house, he discovered the missing assistant in a cellar bin—covered with pillow cases and dirty overalls.

He'd fallen through a laundry chute.

▲

Asked by his son how soon he would be old enough to do just as he pleased, a wise father answered, "I don't know, son; nobody has ever lived that long yet."

▲

To fish in the stream of life one must use wisdom as bait.

Swing Low

THE folk music of our country is divided into two distinct categories. The broad dividing line was drawn by our singing ancestors in the early days of our country's development. One group was songs of physical love, passion and desire, bawdy music to the strains of which the disciples of Satan danced and cavorted down the primrose path only to topple into that bottomless pit where the fires of hell consumed all sinners. The other group of songs was sung by the saints, and those who had "seen the light." The road they traveled was the Glory road and, instead of the pit of purgatory, they sought the Promised Land beyond the Jordan river, convinced that He awaited them and that He would call them home.

The first group represents "things of the world" and, in the early days, a convert who had turned to religion had to promise to give up these "sinful" songs and sing only those in group two, the "spirituals." This belief and practice was common among all singers of folk music. However, the folk singer who found religion was rewarded with a vast stockpile of melody to cheer his way along the road to glory. These melodics, in general, are referred to as the "Negro spirituals."

Basically, the so-called "Negro spiritual" is a white revival song with many phrases and lines, many melodic ideas, rearranged and adapted by the Negro. The most distinctive Negro characteristics added to the revival song are the Negro "shout," the steady beat, the complex rhythm and counter-rhythm, the ever present syncopation, the feeling for blend in group singing, and the Negro's distinctive vocal style, which differs greatly from that of the white folk singer. An example of the Negro adaptation of a white revival song is the stirring spiritual which he recreated out of the Old Testament story of Joshua and the Battle of Jericho.

It is quite understandable that the Biblical symbolism upon which the Negro fashioned his spiritual should have rather a different meaning for the Negro than for the white. The Negro was concerned more with real woes, and less concerned with the clutches of Satan than the white, whose thoughts of purgatory sometimes troubled him considerably. It is quite understandable that the Negro slave experienced different emotions from his white brethren when singing songs about the comforts of heaven. As a slave, the Negro was without human identity, a "motherless child" whose "promised land" seemed far, far away.

In the days before the Civil war, thousands of such "motherless children" moved along a "phantom railroad," a railroad that had no tracks, no trains, no rates, no schedules. It operated only in the deep darkness of night. Power was supplied by human courage and the love of human freedom. It was called "the Underground Railroad." Along these hidden lines, thousands of slaves moved northward, its abolitionist operators providing secret "stations" along the way for rest and food. The chief engineer on this underground road was an escaped slave woman named Harriet Tubman. She it was who risked her life and liberty time after time to slip back into the southland and lead her people along the underground way to freedom. Down in the slave states, \$10,000 reward was offered for Harriet Tubman, dead or alive. To her Negro followers, Harriet Tubman was a divine being, and they called her "Moses," the savior of her people. According to legend, the great spiritual, "Go Down Moses," was created for Harriet Tubman. Negro troops sang it during the Civil war, and today it is sung the world over.

—Colonel Robert R. McCormick.

FOR FUN - TRAIN A SEAL



Profit or pleasure — there's little competition in this field.

by KAY L. SNOW

OUT of one hundred-fifty million people in the United States, only a handful, eight, to be exact, devote their lives to training sea lions, the sleek, black sea mammals you've seen balancing brightly colored beach balls on their whiskered snouts, and barking insults at the spectators. It's said seals are endowed with a natural sense of rhythm, at any rate, they are affectionate, intelligent and make outstanding theatrical performers.

There is an open field for the frolicsome pinnipeds in show business, and the men who train them drive big automobiles and dress as though they have the proverbial dollar in a sound bank. Financial returns are en-

ting. Mark Huling of New York has pocketed \$3,000 for one week's appearance with Sharkey, a California sea lion about twelve years old and in his prime. Albert Spiller is making the pot boil on a South American tour with Nina, Gilmore and Sally. Homer Snow has earned \$300 a day with his trained Sandi, Kelpi and Cindi. Roland Tiebor and his favorite, Dewey, gross \$1,000 every week of their stay with the Shrine-Pollack Brothers Circus.

IF you would like an income of this kind, but can't dig it alone, why not let a sea lion earn it for you? Inquire at the nearest zoo where to obtain a seal pup. It will cost around \$250, about the price of a good pedigreed canine puppy. At Kansas City's Swope Park Zoo, a magnificent new seal pond has been opened this spring.

It is a circular outdoor pool, ninety feet in diameter, and six to eight feet deep. The graceful comedy of six young sea lions as they plunge through the clean water has delighted a continuous throng of visitors since opening day, a convincing display of genuine entertainment.

When you get your seal pup home, some challenging problems will face you immediately, but every moment should be a pleasure. Your neighbors may fear and loathe a captive wild animal in close proximity. They will complain of fish odors, one of the marks of sea lion lodgings. The S. P. C. A., the Board of Health or the police might be knocking at your door.

Do not let these small annoyances stand in your way, for our lawmakers have not provided for disputes involving sea lions in homes. You are safe; that is if you are careful to see that fish scraps don't elude your daily cleaning. Negligence here may set you up for well grounded nuisance complaints. Do your part, and the seal will do the rest; he is among the cleanest of animals.

While the sea lion's natural habitat is water, a pool is not required. A small porcelain or galvanized tank three feet wide, equally deep, and five feet long—or even a discarded bathtub will substitute royally.

Your training quarters should be enclosed to protect the seal from his worst enemy—well intentioned people. The number of animals killed by kindness is legion. Concentrations of peanuts, beer, popcorn, fish hooks and banana skins will kill off the hardiest aquatic trouper in short order.

The food problem is of paramount

importance. To keep sea lions in top condition requires plenty of fresh salt water fish. Ten pounds a day will keep the average seal frisky and strong, and, if you live on the coast, the cost should run well under \$400 a year.

Though a sea lion wasn't born with a ball on its nose, he does have an inherent sense of timing. Most sea lions are natural clowns, and loads of fun. They love applause and appreciation, especially from their trainers.

In putting on a show with your marine comedian, much depends on whether or not you are a good showman. Don't worry about the seal, he is! If you are adept at fast patter, you can whip up a good five minute act the minute your seal is stand broken.

WHETHER you decide to travel or put on your show for the home town kids is up to you. If you take the road, it must be on a first class basis. Get a trailer with a water tank in it, a deep freeze unit to keep your fish fresh; then you are ready to see the world, with all expenses paid by your seal.

But a word of caution. Because of his earning power, you must guard that animal of the sea as you would the Hope diamond. Nothing must take you away from him for more than an hour at a time. He has become your bread and butter, a promise for later ease and luxury. As such he is entitled to the best you can give him in care and consideration.

One trainer, after a hard season on the road, went to San Francisco for a

night of gaiety. He and his wife left their seals in the care of a conscientious understudy. The assistant was cautioned to keep the animals out of a draft. If the wind changed, he was to close the doors of their cages.

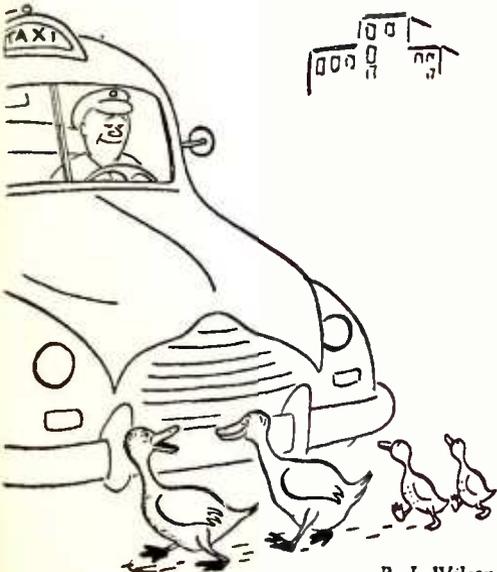
The wind did change; the assistant did close the doors. But so eager was he to please that he closed the transom as well. Result: three seasoned, well trained seals dead of suffocation. For one evening of relaxation, this trainer lost years of hard work, and more important, the seals he loved, and who loved him.

A sea lion's life expectancy is about

twenty years. His training begins at eighteen months, and he is good for fifteen years of active show business. Those years can be crammed full of genuine enjoyment for you—introducing your seal in children's hospital wards, to theater or benefit audiences, or to a person who is offered a friendly flipper on command. You'll be amazed to recall that at the outset of your career, there were only a handful of men, eight, to be exact, in the entire field.

So if you really want to train a seal, get the ball bouncing! One hundred-fifty million enthusiastic spectators are waiting!

This ad appeared in a German paper: "The beautiful blonde who disappeared the moment she realized she was being watched by a student is requested to contact him so he may have permission to see her again."



—R. J. Wilson

"If we were pedestrians, we'd be dead ducks by now."

Four days later the reply appeared: "The beautiful blonde is, if you will excuse the bitter truth, not only the mother of two equally beautiful children but she has also been my wife for four years. She requests that I advise you, under these conditions, to spend your time following your studies instead of blondes, especially if you want a passing grade on your exam. (Signed) Professor _____, member of the examining board."

Brevity has its points, but it, like other rules to short cuts, can be carried too far. In the State of Washington, for example, when the Government was banding some crows, to study their migration habits, the experts were up against the problem of how to band a bird with "Washington Biological Survey, United States Government." Finally they decided to resort to abbreviations, and the band as used, read:

"Wash. Biol. Surv. U.S.G."

Several months later the Government office received a letter written on butcher-shop wrapping paper with a pencil stub and plenty of wrath. Said the taxpayer:

"Sirs: I shot one of your crows. I followed directions. I washed it. I biled it. I surved it. But it was still tuff."

Science Skins The Beaver

BUSY as a beaver, did you say? Just a minute, friend. Some authoritative voices are being raised to tell us we've been all wrong about the beaver. They say he isn't busy at all—just makes it look that way. Spends most of his time loafing and lolling around in the water. He's no good as a woodsman, either, and he's a cockeyed engineer. Chops trees down without rhyme or reason and builds a dam way up there when any sensible human could see it ought to be way down here.

These are the shocking findings of Dr. Leonard Butler, assistant professor of genetics at the University of Toronto and former biological adviser to the Hudson's Bay Company. Surely nothing less than scientific integrity could induce a Canadian to get up in public and take the hide off his totem animal in this brutal manner. In a recent lecture to the Royal Canadian Institute dealing with fur conservation the professor—but just listen:

"The idea that a beaver can make a tree fall in any desired direction is not well founded. If the tree falls toward the water that's because it just happens to lean that way. . . . Most beavers are not methodical and leave a great mess behind them with no attempt to utilize more than a fraction of what they cut down."

Really, it is hard to take the man seriously. And yet the professor is not alone in his defamatory statements. Dan Morgan, a highly reputable naturalist of Algoma, Ontario, supports him. Morgan asserts that the beaver is one of the dumbest and laziest of animals, working only about two months of the year and spending the rest fooling around having a good time; that he will neglect handy timber at a stream's edge to go a quarter of a mile into the woods for trees; that he seldom builds his dams straight and often puts them in unworkable places. And then Morgan makes the unkindest cut of all in this character assassination. "What's more," he says, "beavers do not use their tails as shovels."

Now how do you like that? Why, anybody could tell you the beaver used his tail to scoop up mud and plaster his house. It was one of the very nicest things about him. But now . . . Well, that's science for you; nothing is safe anymore.

But the *beaver!* Model of industry, marvel of woodcraft and engineering know-how, using his tail like a shovel. . . . Why couldn't they leave it that way? But that's what the man said.

—Lee Conner.



When you are completely satisfied, remember what happens to a fat turkey.



Hate: Hell's gift to the primitive mind.



The difference between in-laws and outlaws is that the in-laws promise to pay it back.



A smart girl puts her foot down on a flat heel.



What if a woman does marry a man for his money? The chances are ten to one she'll earn it.



Murder Is A Fine Art

Watch out! This man kills two or three people every week.

by R. E. GURVITZ

THE desk sergeant picked up the receiver, and a tense voice came through, "This is the 68th Street Pharmacy. I gotta tip for you boys. There's a guy in here with murder on his mind. Been asking a lot of questions about cyanide; . . . wants to know how long it'll take to do the job!"

A few minutes later, a chagrined druggist was making apologies to Charley Russell and some irate policemen. It seems Russell did have murder on his mind all right, but then, you might say, murder is his business. He kills two or three people every week.

As producer of TV's mystery thriller, *Danger*, it's Russell's job to see that the show goes off without a hitch, and since murder forms a definite part of every plot, he's become an inquisitive, insatiable hunter of murder facts and instruments.

According to Russell, it all started when he administered a lethal dose of cyanide to one of his actors. The actor swallowed his cyanide and tea, immediately clutched his throat, and expired. He'd barely hit the floor when the station was flooded with phone calls from doctors, chemists and other "crime experts" pointing out that it takes much longer for cyanide to work.

It was then that Charley Russell began to do some really serious study on violent death, and today he has a file of almost every poison, its effect on the taker's behavior, and the approximate time it takes to work. Now, if one of his actors drinks strychnine, he dies in the proper manner and time. Russell has a stop watch handy to check him down to the last twitch.

GUN wounds are harder to work with. A famous by-word for all TV heroes is, "It's only a flesh wound." One night after wounding an actor with a Colt .45, Russell received a call. An authoritative voice iden-

tified the owner as a pistol expert and champion marksman. "I'll stake my reputation," said the voice, "that a Colt .45 bullet fired at that close range would have blasted him off the set."

As a result, all gunshots are checked against a ballistics file, and it's a rare hero who gets away with a mere flesh wound. If he does, it's authentic.

Another script called for Iris Mann, playing a diabolical little child, to charm a polecat ferret into killing her aunt. Charley read the script and reached for his aspirin. This time he had a killer, but he didn't know what it was. "I narrowed my problem to three essentials. First I had to find out what a polecat ferret was. Then I had to figure if it could actually kill a human being. After that, could it be charmed into doing it?" After a hectic afternoon on the telephone, he reached a naturalist who explained that the ferret was a killer rodent native to Europe; that it had been known to kill children when hungry or enraged, and that it could probably kill an adult of the aunt class. "He was vague about the charm angle," says Russell, "and asked me if I had any I was planning to charm."

But all *Danger* scripts don't work out as easily. Once Fay Bainter, playing a murder victim, was to take a rare and exotic poison ordinarily requiring from three to four hours to take effect. Still Miss Bainter had to expire before the commercial. "That was a problem," said Charlie. "The whole script depended on the poison, so we couldn't substitute, and obviously she couldn't die during the

commercial. We had to figure a place in the script where she could die." They managed it by fading in on a clock, fading out and then fading back on the clock turned ahead to indicate the passage of time. "By this time she was out colder than a mackerel, and we all breathed easier," said Russell.

OCCASIONALLY, when the stories are set in bizarre locales, the murder instrument is likely to be an animate object . . . snakes, leopards, scorpions or phirana fish. "It may not matter to some one else," he says, "but it means a lot to me to know that phirana devil-fish can strip the flesh off a human in three and a half minutes. Why, when I get rid of a murder in that time, think how much we've got left for solving it."

An entomology text forms part of Russell's extensive murder library, and the dangerous insects are all catalogued according to size and deadliness in a small file marked *Murder weapons, Insects*.

As a result of his production of *Danger*, Russell has made some valuable observations on audience reaction to murder programs. "The audience wants to know how it happened," he says. "If you kill a man by drowning, they want to know how long it took, whether he was hit on the head, and a myriad other details." Although his TV murders are temporary, causes and effects are worked out with an eye to detail. Even autopsy reports have to be accurate.

Once, Lee Tracy, playing the mur-

derer of a woman, was confronted with an autopsy report in which the coroner described the condition of her throat after the murder. Russell, then assistant producer, listened hard and rushed to his file. The doctor had described a throat strangled by rope, but the script called for Tracy to use his hands. The autopsy was changed. "You'd be surprised how many letters we'd have received had we let a thing like that ride," sighed Russell.

ACCORDING to Russell, lawyers comprise fully their share of the audience. "Those birds," he says,

"sit at home and wait for you to make a legal mistake. For instance, when Sarah Churchill played the part of a woman facing a first degree murder charge, lawyers by the hundreds wrote us that the most she could be tried for was manslaughter. Some even offered to defend her."

You'd never believe that Charley Russell murders people. He's a quiet, soft-spoken, pipe-smoking man who plays golf on Sundays. But sometimes even on the fairway, he'll heft his club menacingly, swing it over his head and look at his partner wonderingly. Then you know he's planning next week's murder.



Smith was proudly showing his new sedan to his neighbor.

"I thought your other car was less than a year old," said the neighbor. "You drove it only about 8,000 miles, didn't you?"

"Yes, it was still as good as new, but, of course, it was hopelessly out of date as soon as the new and improved model came out."

"How is the new model different?"

"Why, you can see it at a glance. The automatic cigarette lighter is an inch nearer the steering wheel this year."



An alcoholic was finally cornered by his wife in a bar where he was dreamily contemplating a slug of rye. Being in a genial mood, he offered her a sip, but when she took it, she gagged and spluttered. "How can you drink that horrible stuff!" she gasped.

"See?" said the husband, "and all the while you thought I was having a good time."



A woman, having an upstairs room painted, was worried because the workman was making such slow progress and she was paying him by the hour. She listened at the foot of the stairs and couldn't hear a sound.

"Mr. Henry," she called, "are you painting?"

"Yes, ma'am," came the reply.

"That's funny. I can't hear you working."

"Listen, lady," was the exasperated reply, "I ain't putting it on with a hammer!"

They Flew Backwards!

A STRONG wind was blowing across Belmont Park in New York. The gossamer craft was buffeted to and fro, straining with its frail might first against one anchor rope, then the other. Spectators looked at each other and smiled. They were a curious lot; many had come just to laugh at the pilots who claimed aeroplanes were here to stay.

It was October, 1910, seven years since the Wright brothers had made the historic first flight from Killdevil Hill, Kitty Hawk, N. C. To virtually the entire world, the aeroplane had yet to be proved as more than a stunt, a feasible means of transportation.

Ralph Johnstone and Arch Hoxsey held their scarves aloft to gauge the velocity and direction of the wind. They were pioneer flyers who had joined the Wright Flying Team, a collection of dare-devils under the tutelage of Wilbur Wright. "Wind's getting stronger by the minute," said Hoxsey.

"Once we get above it we're all set," was the calm rejoinder. Hoxsey peered into the sky at the high racing clouds, grinned and said nothing. "At any rate, we've done crazier things," Johnstone added. The two had completed many dangerous "tricks" in the aeroplane. In fact every time the plane left the ground, the flyers were in for a hazardous time. The need for precision instruments and air-ground communication was not greatly felt because all flying was done on a daylight, contact basis; but the frail structure was entirely at the mercy of the treacherous air. As yet, nobody knew how much wind pressure it could withstand.

In September, Johnstone had set the endurance record of three hours, five minutes and forty seconds at the Boston Aviation Show. Hoxsey, at about the same time, had flown to an altitude of 11,500 feet to break the record of 9,741 feet set by Johnstone. Only a week before, Hoxsey had taken Theodore Roosevelt for a ride at the St. Louis Aero Club Show.

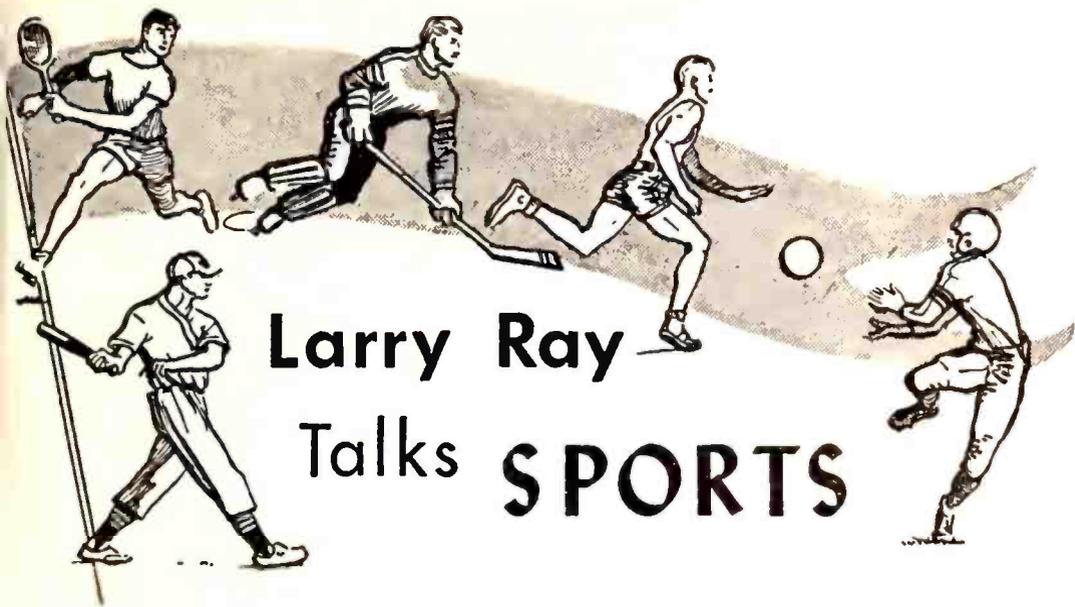
Johnstone and Hoxsey held to one principle: never disappoint a crowd! From the standpoint of aviation, it was an excellent policy, for the critics of air-flight were legion, and there was only one way to convert them.

"Let's go!" Johnstone shouted through the rising wind. Like actors the flyers warmed to the task of winning the skeptic crowd. The ground lines were untied and cast into the wind. The men slipped into the kite-like bi-plane and revved up the motor. There was a cough, a cloud of black exhaust, and then a propeller spinning merrily, causing the entire craft to shake violently. At the controls, Hoxsey gunned the engine to full throttle, and while the crowd held its breath, the little plane skittered over the park grounds into the wind, wavered and was quickly airborne.

Below, the crowd applauded. The aeroplane climbed for a time. Its struts and side panels creaked and groaned under the strain. In the cockpit, the daredevil pilots, amid the scream of wind and wire and the blast of the motor, knew they were in for a struggle. A half mile down, the spectators were suddenly gripped with alarm. The plane seemed to stall; the machine built for sweeping man through the sky was now hung in quavering suspension, with no forward motion whatever. The fighting propeller was just matching the roaring gale. But the wind continued to rise, and the plane was forced back—back out of the Park area, and out of sight of the crowd. Johnstone and Hoxsey, although they were holding the ship's nose into the air stream, were flying in reverse. They were carried backwards for twenty-five miles!

Finally they escaped the clutches of the gale, and landed with no damage in a pasture. But they had established a record for backward flight which stands today. No one has even tried to duplicate it.

—Barney Schwartz.



Larry Ray Talks SPORTS

BASEBALL rules America these days and although attendance at games is still off, there seems to be more interest than ever. The American League is better balanced than at any time in recent years with five good clubs, while the National League promises to be a real scramble. The experts are beginning to think the Yankees and Dodgers will meet for the World's Series in October.

The American Association, too, is more evenly balanced. The tailenders in the prediction list have been making the experts look foolish. The Kansas City Blues, with a young ball club under the splendid leadership of "Twinkletoes" Selkirk, have been the sensation of the early season with a club no one figured could go anywhere. John Schulte, the bull pen coach for the Yankees under Joe Mc-

Carthy, is coach and assistant to Selkirk.

Bob Cerv, the muscle man from Nebraska, continues to astound everyone with his tremendous clouts. He's the talk of the league—and every hot stove club.

ALTHOUGH baseball holds the attention of the fans, spring football drills have been completed, as well as spring basketball. At Kansas, the Oldtimers, with names like Ettinger, Evans, Fambrough, Griffith, Schnellbacker and others, brought back memories to all Jayhawkers when they defeated the Varsity. At Missouri, the Oldtimers also defeated the Varsity as stars of days gone by played good football to teach the youngsters a trick or two. At Kansas State, new coach Billy Meek surprised a lot of people when his varsity de-

feated the old grads. He further amazed everyone who knew Jim Tatum, his former boss, when Billy deserted the Split T and came up with the Tennessee version of the single wing.

Golf is fast becoming a world-wide pastime. The latest nation to get the fever is Japan, where they're going for golf as have Americans in the past.

Kansas City has been guaranteed another big league, pro-football game this fall when the Washington Redskins and the Chicago Bears signed for a September meeting.

SPEAKING of football . . . experts from coast to coast are predicting that Notre Dame will come back this year in a new blaze of gridiron glory. Which reminds me of the latest Leahy story. A friend who had not seen Coach Leahy for some time asked, "Frank, how many children have you now?" Leahy replied, "Seven," "Same old Leahy," he said. "Never knew when to keep the score down!"

Glenn Davis, one of Army's two great All-Americans of a few years ago, always got a lot of fan mail. One day a letter from a female fan said: "I pray for you every Sunday." He showed the letter to his All-American teammate, Doc Blanchard, who made a practical suggestion. "You had better write and tell her to pray for you on Saturday afternoon. That's when you need it most!"

During a football season, a group of carnival Indians visited Green Bay, Wisconsin, and hooked up with a department store on a promotion idea. Several of the big wheels were made

honorary members of the tribe. One selected was the Green Bay Packers backfield star from Oklahoma, Jack Jacobs. Jacobs didn't crack a smile as the carnival Indians awarded him a certificate that said, "This Pale Face has been chosen ——" But he prizes that award highly, because Jacobs is three-quarters Indian.

The broadcasting of college football games had not yet become a standard radio practice in 1924. And, perhaps, it was just as well. For in 1924, the Haskell Indian Institute of Kansas was playing a big-time schedule. You can imagine the tribulations a broadcast of a Haskell game would have been to an announcer with this Haskell line-up: Bible, Big Buffalo, Sleeping Bull, Moonshine, Running Wolf, Two Hatchets, Antelope, Hungry Man, Little Boy, Big Bone, and Kicks-His-Wife!

That's all for now! Good listening to ya.





The CREAM of CROSBY

"You must come back again, real soon" — and John Crosby does! — with these nimble little essays on Television Conversation, Benny Goodman, Sam Levenson, March of Time, Horse Players' Proclivities, Movie Gossip Girls, The Nature of Television, Gracie Allen, Baby Talk, Seventh Heaven, Marimba Players and Henry Morgan.

by JOHN CROSBY

"Tbis Is Madness! Sbeer Madness!"

MY wife and I are as derivative as lizards, changing the color of our thoughts and our speech habits according to our environment. Since we have been exposed to television, it has left a deep mark on our conversation. It was just the other night, speeding the departing guests, that I found myself exclaiming:

"Goodbye for now. You've been a perfectly wonderful audience."

The guests, a non-TV crowd, turned a little pale, I thought. Uneducated people.

My wife, who knows her lines as well as Wendy or Faye or any of the girls, threw in that classic, almost unavoidable line: "You must come back again—real soon."

The guests fled. Haven't seen them since. It's just possible they didn't have a good time. My wife and I were discussing it just the other day, employing only the very best cliches.

"John, you don't think"

"I don't know *what* to think."

If you follow the well-established precedents laid down by television's emcees and quizmasters, "the wonderful audience" and "come back again real soon" are the only respectable formulas for getting the

guests out of the house. Getting them into the house is another matter. Our favorite, a line that must be declaimed with the utmost joviality, is:

"Almost anything can happen in this house—and it usually does."

I think this is a perfectly wonderful opening gambit but it does seem to unsettle the guests. Not nearly so much, though, as our new form of introduction, something we also picked up from TV:

"I want you to meet the most wonderful girl in the world AND HERE SHE IS—MARY CROSBY!" The cheers and wolf whistles and tumultuous applause are provided by my small son, another devotee of television, who can imitate an audience of 500 persons with the utmost ease.

My wife's opening line here is: "We have some perfectly marvelous drinks coming up. But first, a word about something that I'm sure will be of interest to *everyone*."

She has another line, this one for use when we are doing the visiting in other people's houses. She says brightly: "I feel as though I'm sitting right in your living room." The last time she used it, the host snapped back: "You *are* sitting right in my living room." I ought to explain that he is a non-television churl, a man unacquainted with the ordinary civilities of life, especially televised life.

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It was a stiffish and, in the end, disastrous visit we had that night, though we tried everything to put them at their ease. "Here we are again, folks," I exclaimed, "with a half an hour of fun and frolic all for you." They didn't seem to think it was all for them and they didn't take very kindly to the fun and frolic, even the custard-pie throwing which has always been a surefire bit in our repertoire.

In fact it was just about then that we got thrown out of the house. My wife got in a good line though, just before she was tossed out: "This is madness! Sheer madness! I should never have come."

I got in an even better one. Just as I hurtled out the front door, I fixed my host with a steely glance—difficult thing to do in midair—and declared, ringingly: "I'm seeing you now—for the first time—as you really are!"

We don't see them any more, either. As a matter of fact, we don't seem to have any friends any more.

Who's Deceased?

YOU never quite know who is or who isn't deceased on "Lights Out" but I can give you a couple of hints, if you care to hear them. The dead, almost without exception, have a wise, all-knowing air about them; when threatened with death or injury, a small inscrutable smile flickers across their lips. They feel sorry for us poor dopes, the living.

Long-Haired Music, Short-Haired Disk Jockey

"ONLY yesterday, jitterbugs were dancing in the aisle of the Paramount to my band," says Benny Goodman on his Sunday afternoon symphony hour on WNEW in New York. "There certainly has been a change since that time. Today a lot of the kids have learned to like classical music as well as jazz. The long hair label doesn't scare 'em any more."

This is heartening news, especially heartening to Goodman who is trying to break down the barriers in music, who thinks that music is music and that it shouldn't be compartmentalized into classic, jazz, popular, or folk music and that its devotees shouldn't compartmentalize them-

selves into certain categories and cut themselves off from the other categories.

Theoretically, on his Sunday program on which you will hear the great works of Beethoven, Brahms, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Goodman is a long-haired disk jockey. But his comments are very short-haired, exceedingly sensible and frequently witty.

On the subject of other music commentators, for example: "Some of these commentators sound as if they're reading off the back of a phonograph album . . . 'Notice in this composition, the strong tonal contrasts and the slight contrapuntal in the second theme in the third movement.'—Why must everything be so solemn?"

Goodman's comments are anything but solemn. But they're pretty darned learned. "The next and last item on today's agenda," he's likely to tell you, "is a composition by Brahms with an assist by Haydn. To be specific, it's Brahms' variation on a theme by Haydn. This variation business is an interesting process. It seems as though a musician wants to express something and then has to figure out several dozen other ways of saying it. In classical music the composer takes a theme—either his own or another composer's—and writes variations around it. In jazz, the musicians take a theme and play variations on it, usually extemporaneously.

"In my opinion the best variations are those in which the basic theme is never wholly lost or forgotten. As an example, I will interpolate a record of 'After You've Gone' which I made with the sextet . . ." And he did, after which he said, "That should be enough of an introduction, so let's listen to Arturo Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic playing 'Brahms Variations On A Theme By Haydn.'" That's Mr. Goodman's method, both musically and verbally, of breaking down the barriers between the classic and the jazz camps. Very good method.

Goodman loves to poke holes in the pomp and circumstance surrounding music, both classic and jazz. "A dozen people I know won't have anything to do with Tschaikowski's music. It's too popular. But would I like to hear a wonderful

little madrigal by Monteverdi—or a sensational Bach cantata that practically no one has ever heard before? Same thing goes with jazz. A lot of people wouldn't set foot in a Broadway theater to listen to a band. The band is too popular. If you're really 'with it' you'll go to this little place on such-and-such street. It's only twelve steps down and you might not be able to fight your way through the smoke—but, boy, do they make music there."

This astringent point of view is very refreshing in a field as surrounded by snobbery as music of all sorts. Goodman also likes to take a swing at the Hollywood screen treatment of great composers. "You know the thing I mean. A fellow walks into this music publisher's office. The publisher says: 'Sorry, my boy, your work isn't commercial,' shows him the door, saying: 'What's your name?' The composer says 'Bach. Johann Sebastian Bach.'

"Later we see Bach playing the clavier in a little cafe full of smoke. He's very despondent and in walks a lovely little fraulein—right up to the clavier. He doesn't notice her but she picks up a copy of sheet music—upside down—and says, 'This is sensational.' That's all she says but right off—they both know. It's love. Yes, it's love but they break up in a little while over some trivial matter like who threw the diminished seventh in the stew.

"I don't know how Hollywood could explain away Bach's eighteen kids or the fact that he was a very quiet and industrious fellow but I imagine they could find a way."

Speaking of Kids

SAM LEVENSON is succeeding in doing something that a number of noted comics have recently claimed could not be done. He is kidding the pants off us, spoofing our shiny American civilization, our habits and our prejudices. Several contemporary humorists—Abe Burrows, to name only one—have claimed that America was in no mood to be kidded about itself, that Will Rogers couldn't exist today because our institutions had become too sacred to be profaned by laughter.

But Levenson does it, so gently that we don't quite know what he's doing. On our fetish for psychiatry, for example. Says Levenson: "The baby is sucking his thumb. Emotional instability. They take him to a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist says he's disturbed. Huh! He's disturbed! He doesn't know whether he's a boy or a girl." On the modern shoe store: "Today every shoe store is a clinic. They x-ray the kid's feet. He hasn't even got bones, yet."

Levenson's must have been a happy childhood, if you believe the psychiatrists, because none of it is buried in his subconscious. His childhood, of which he has apparently forgotten nothing, is all on the surface of his mind and comes out in warm, appealing chunks on his program "Papa says either the dog goes or you go. So I took the dog outside. Papa says: 'You're staying?'"

It is very human comedy and after half an hour of Levenson, you are likely to feel glad that you are a member of the race, that human beings aren't such schmoes as we had been led to believe. A nice feeling for a change. Levenson's comedy technique is rudimentary to say the least, consisting largely of his moon-faced, engaging grin and a pair of hands that he flails around helplessly.

He deals heavily in nostalgia—the old days contrasted with the new—and makes no effort to conceal his preference for the old. "The modern kitchen. Everybody has got the magic eye dishwasher. We had it, too. Mama would take one look at you with her magic eye and the dishes were washed."

Time Marches On

THE golden touch of Henry Luce has always failed him in the case of "The March of Time," one Luce enterprise which has not been marked by the preposterous success of most of the others. However, throughout the years, "The March of Time" has shot a good deal of valuable and expensive footage which has been lying fallow since its original release in theaters.

Now, in a noteworthy salvage operation, selections from these films are on view

again on a weekly television show called "March of Time Through the Years." Hitler, Mussolini, the Spanish Civil War—well, all the panoply of disaster of our recent past are put on parade again. It's a sort of pictorial "I Can Hear It Now."

We are in a reminiscent mood these days. Albums of records, commemorating the sounds and voices of twenty years ago. Picture books which capture the great moments of the '20s and '30s. And now "The March of Time Through the Years." We are examining the recent past with almost morbid intensity.

If you're in a reminiscent mood, these are pretty good films.

The narration is performed by the "March of Time" voice of doom in a prose style that has been so sharply modified in recent years that it sounds a little archaic to hear it again. "Of grave concern to the U.S. were dispatches from Tokyo." It reminds me strongly of Wolcott Gibbs' celebrated sentence concerning *Time*. "Backwards ran the sentences until reeled the mind."

If your thirst for the sights of the last fifteen years is too great to resist, you'll have quite a good time with this show. I just wish the films extended over a period longer than fifteen years. It's been a pretty dismal fifteen years, if you ask me. The series is sponsored in various cities by local banks, which intercede briefly to tell us that banks like to lend money. (I'll be right over.)

Same Man or Same Thing?

MY old friend Robert Mainwaring of Scarsdale, a man who keeps his ear very close to the ground around Westchester, swears to this: "That guy who plays 'The Flight Of The Bumblebee' at forty-five miles an hour on an accordion—it's the same one on all the programs—Godfrey, Heidt, the Amateur Hour. I got it straight from a man in the control room. They just change his face around a little. Sometimes they change his sex. But, you notice they can't change his technique and they can't change 'The Flight Of The Bumblebee' either. That's the only tune he knows."

I consider this an extreme view. I've heard accordion players on the talent shows who played something besides "Flight Of The Bumblebee," though, off-hand, I can't recall what it was. I don't agree with Mainwaring that this is the same man doing the same thing. I think it's a whole lot of different men doing the same thing.

The Chalk and The Hunch

JOHN McNULTY, the Third Avenue historian, has a new book out, "A Man Gets Around," and a very nice little series of essays it is. The reviews were universally favorable since no one in his right mind would ever give McNulty a bad notice if for no other reason than that he would be exiled from all the saloons on Third Avenue for life.

One thing that struck me about these reviews is that most of them contained references to McNulty's horseplaying proclivities, which are extensive, though horseplaying doesn't figure in this book very much. McNulty is strictly a chalk player, a student and scholar of the form sheets. Chalk players scorn and, I think, misunderstand hunch players, of which I am one. I don't think anyone has ever stood up and explained the hunch player and his problems so, if no one minds, I thought I would.

A hunch player is one who gets bets on a horse because its name reminds him of his aunt or some such thing. There are probably as many hunch players as there are chalk players and, though it'd be a pretty hard thing to prove, I think they do just as well as the chalk players and maybe a little better. Your true hunch player won't touch a form sheet because it'll interfere with his instincts. He'd get to thinking about past performances, the condition of the track and other nonsense when he should be looking for portents.

A portent—one type of portent, anyway—is something in the name of the horse or his sire or his dam which relates to your own life or recent experience. I remember once my small son got himself locked in the bathroom and couldn't contrive to unlock himself. We had a terrible time getting him out of there.

Well, that afternoon at the track, there was this horse whose sire was Shut Out. A clear portent and a rather easy one. He won easily, too.

Some hunches are a good deal more complicated than that. At Santa Anita one time, I was introduced to Mickey Rooney, who is not only a horseplayer but also a horse owner. Well, Rooney, is locally renowned in Hollywood as the alimony kid. By the age of twenty-five he had already paid out several hundred thousand dollars in alimony which, considering his age and weight, is probably a world's record. In the next race there was a horse named Larceny (or Grand Larceny or some such thing.) That was enough for me. It won at 7 to 1.

Now follow closely here. A couple of years elapsed and I was at Saratoga. In the last race of the day a horse named Alimony was running. I remembered the Santa Anita incident and acted accordingly. Alimony paid \$18.20 for a \$2 ticket which is all I had on him. This is known as playing a hunch based on a prior hunch, a very delicate operation and one that doesn't happen often.

One thing that differentiates a hunch player from a chalk player, most of them anyway, is a sense of guilt. A chalk player who stays up all night figuring performances, bloodlines, and other abstruse matters feels he's earned the money if he wins anyway. A hunch player feels he's stealing the stuff and tries to return it to where it came from. Mostly he succeeds. But not always. I know one hunch layer who's in a terrible predicament.

"I had \$10 on this horse," he explained, "and it wins and I get paid \$54. Well, the man behind the window gives me a \$50 bill and four singles. It's maybe the second time in my life I've had a \$50 bill. I carried it around for weeks, not wanting to spend it, of course. I felt a moral obligation to return this \$50 bill to the proper authorities.

"Well, I'm out at the track again one day and I get a strong hunch on a horse called Asterisk for one reason or another. On the tote board this horse is 20 to 1, for heaven's sake. I figure this is a splendid opportunity to restore this \$50 bill to its rightful owners. First \$50

ticket I ever own." His face took on a stricken look. "Asterisk comes in by eight lengths. And you know what they do—they pay me \$100 bills. I'm walking around with ten \$100 bills that don't belong to me."

"Well, you could always go bet the hundreds," I suggested.

"I tell you why I don't, what's keeping me awake nights. Suppose I land one of these here \$100 bills on a longshot and they pay me in \$1,000 bills. There ain't a horsepark in the world got a \$1,000 window. I'd have to spend the stuff."

I understood him perfectly. He's in a terrible fix.

Crime on the Intellectual Level

IN Baltimore there's a bookie who has lost caste. He wasn't called before the Kefauver Committee.

Would They Or Wouldn't They and Who Cares?

SEMI-ANNUALLY, I catch up on the fabulous doings of the Hollywood folk as sprayed throughout the Eastern seaboard by those two great ladies, Louella and Hedda, on their respective radio programs. If you don't know the last names of Louella and Hedda, then you've been out of touch too long to have much interest in Hollywood anyhow.

It was a bad night to pick, April 15th. The girls got me even more confused than usual. The whole country was hanging, breathless. Would Lex make it up with Arlene? Was this irrevocable, this quarrel about who was to meet whom where and at what time? The first word came from Hedda who comes on at 8 p. m., E.S.T. Sundays: "Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker won't be married," said Hedda with what seems in the light of subsequent developments unwarranted confidence. "She kept him waiting outside a department store." He was furious, according to Hedda, lit into the girl and left her weeping.

"I don't believe in divorce," declared Arlene (according to Hedda). "It's a good thing we found out in advance."

In other words, everything was off and I, like millions of other sentimental Amer-

icans, was heartstricken. I waited till 9:15, when Louella blows in. "My first exclusive," said Louella. "Lex flies in to take his bride back." It was, she said, just a misunderstanding. "They're going to get married."

Well, you can imagine my state of mind! Would they or wouldn't they? And who was left waiting outside the department store? There was considerable disagreement here. Press reports the next day seemed to concur that it was Arlene outside the department store, not Lex. She was supposed to meet Lex at a cocktail party at Ceil Chapman's but she couldn't find a taxicab. That's why she was late.

A great deal of print was expended explaining about girls always being late (and Miss Dahl, it was intimated, is especially prone to this weakness) and about boys getting terribly irritated about girls who show up half an hour late. I studied all the reports carefully, weighing things in my mind. After considerable deliberation, it seemed to me that Miss Dahl was no later than most girls ever get and that Lex got no madder than most men ever get under similar circumstances.

One point that neither Hedda nor Louella touched upon—and a very important one, too—was the fact that Arlene was trying to get that cab at Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street at 5:30 p. m. on a Friday night. Now, any lawyer could tell you that Friday night is a terrible night to get a cab anywhere in New York, that 5:30 is probably the worst hour and that Fifth and Fiftieth is easily the worst street. Arlene had a strong case there. There isn't a district attorney in the country that could break it down.

But, at that point, (9:17 p. m. E.S.T. Sunday), the issue was: could Lex explain? Would Arlene forgive? Louella said they'd get married. Hedda said they wouldn't. Millions of us tossed in our beds that night, wondering. We had to wait until the Monday papers to find out. Then, in the "Mirror," we found Miss Parsons trumpeting: "While you are reading this, they (Lex and Arlene) may already be aboard a plane, New York bound, for their wedding." The "News," Miss Hopper's paper, went even further, contradicting their own columnist, and

said Lex and Arlene *were* flying back to New York together and would get married. And they did. Even while you are reading this, they are living happily ever after.

It was touch and go for a minute, though, and, on the whole, I think both Hedda and Louella acquitted themselves well in covering one of the great news stories of our day. Of course, Hedda did get it wrong but then she comes on earlier in the evening. A bride could easily change her mind forty-two times between 8 and 9 o'clock, could tell one columnist one thing and the other, another thing.

Anyhow, best of luck, Lex and Arlene. Just take it easy, Lex. Next time she says she's going to show up at 5:30, arrive at 6:30 and you'll meet her coming in.

Some More Firsts

TELEVISION'S first bubble bath is claimed by the "Vaughn Monroe Show." A singer named Shaye Cogan scored this striking premiere in full view of the cameras while singing "About A Quarter To Nine."

Out in Akron, the world's first underwater radio interview with a stripteaser was accomplished not very successfully by a disc jockey named Jerry Crocker. Carrying a microphone, he dove into a tank of water and gurgled briefly at a nightclub entertainer named Divena. Didn't get much information out of her.

In Little Rock, Ark., the Hoopering people finally managed it after all these years. A Hooper surveyor got Ernest Howard, announcer at KARK, on the phone right in the middle of his evening newscast, asked him what he was listening to.

Over in England Averil Ames, ex-showgirl weighing in at fourteen stone, and a housewife named Mrs. Black, thirteen stone, are rigidly dieting and appearing on television every day to show how much they've lost. Half of Britain is following the course of events as entranced as we were with the identity of Mr. Hush. A stone, in case you're interested, is fourteen pounds. Do your own arithmetic. (You'll find they're both pretty hefty girls.)

The Nature of Television

THE Kefauver Committee hearings in New York were sponsored by "Time" magazine over a nineteen-city television network (and were broadcast unsponsored over a good many other stations) to an audience estimated at 20,000,000 persons.

I bring up the size of the audience because it is probably the most controversial point raised by the televised hearings on a number of counts. The fact that millions of persons were viewing the proceedings sharply modified the answers and the behavior of witnesses. Ambassador O'Dwyer at one point in his testimony protested that he wanted the record on a particular matter made very clear because so many people were watching. The implication was plain that he wouldn't have cared so much if the cameras weren't on him.

The question of invasion of privacy was brought up several times by James Carroll, of St. Louis, who wouldn't testify before the cameras, and by Frank Costello, who wouldn't allow his face to be shown. On strictly legal grounds, it's hard to justify the question of privacy. Public hearings have been held in this country since earliest times and, in the nation's infancy, were held in a meeting-house where the whole community could crowd in and watch. In a city of 7,500,000, that's no longer possible, but television has taken us a long ways toward making it so.

A good deal of the criticism and comment concerning television's role in the Kefauver hearings, it seems to me, overlooks or misrepresents the fundamental nature of television. As a conspicuous example of this misunderstanding, take Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz's statement to Yale law students.

While praising TV for "informing and moulding public opinion" during the hearings, the famed Brooklyn judge went on to warn that the hearings had also shown "what a sinister weapon of slander, what a Frankenstein monster that television camera can become if proper safeguards are not set up to control its use."

Judge Leibowitz, astute as he is, is

ignoring the fact that the television camera, far from being a Frankenstein monster, is simply an instrument, a method of communication, a recording device. As *Broadcasting* magazine wisely points out: "Television has an absolutely impartial eye and ear. It does not edit nor interpret. It simply sees and hears. It cannot turn a hearing into a carnival unless the hearing itself is so conducted. It cannot make a man a bum unless he is one."

The magazine states further: "To a large extent the evolution of government from the monarchical authoritarianism of feudal times to the parliamentary democracy of today has depended upon the opening of government activity not only to public participation but also to public scrutiny. The Star Chamber courts, whose dark secrecy protected the most unjust verdict, gave way to public trials and the jury system . . . The evolution has been slow and at times painful (the U. S. Senate met behind closed doors until 1792 when forced by editorial pressure to admit the public) but it has been made inevitable by the very nature of democratic progress."

Television just carries that evolution to almost the ultimate point in public scrutiny. Judge Leibowitz quite properly points out that, while the Kefauver investigation was a dignified one, there might come a time "when some inquiring body will go off into a smear campaign." And, if the cameras were on the witness, the smear, of course, would be spread to an audience of millions. That would hardly be the fault of television but of the people who were conducting the hearings. People have been smeared before in Washington without any help from the cameras and they probably will be again.

And I'm not at all sure that television will abet the evil; my feeling is that it will lessen it. I have too much faith in the common sense of the American people and, more importantly, in their deep respect for fair play. Unfair and prosecutory methods, I'm convinced, will be detected and condemned very easily by the people. With television, the examiner is under scrutiny as well as the witness.

Some of the reactions have been decidedly curious. Even Senator Kefauver

noted with some alarm that large segments of the populace showed a tendency to sympathize with the witnesses, no matter how shady their past. Similarly, Senator Tobey, God's Angry Man, and Rudolph Halley, the coldly relentless inquisitor, were not universally popular with the masses and were decidedly unpopular with many people.

In fact, the one person who appears to have won universal acclaim after a stint before the cameras was Virginia Hill, which suggests that this isn't so Puritan a country after all.

To be quite honest about it, we have been conditioned by the movies, by the theater, by books to dislike the prosecutor who is trying to send poor Barbara Stanwyck to jail when we all know she's just shielding her idiot brother. The feminine audience especially has a tendency to confuse some of these hoodlums, the well-dressed and successful ones in particular, with Humphrey Bogart and to romanticize them accordingly. In the suburbs, the well-heeled matrons have picked Senator Kefauver as their matinee idol, a sort of Laurence Olivier with a briefcase.

Television, in short, has contributed not only to popular enlightenment but, more importantly, to public maturity. But we've still some distance to go before we can view such a hearing with anything like the cool skepticism and judicial impartiality it deserves. Television is a wonderfully potent instrument for arousing the populace and in this case, it's arousing it against organized crime, a fairly non-controversial thing.

In the General MacArthur speeches, the question is not anything so open and shut as our opinions on criminals; it is the question of foreign policy and how to conduct the war in Korea. We judge the proceedings, not alone on the physical attractions or personal problems of the witnesses, but, of all things, on what they have to say.

Another point has been raised by eminent legal brains—that of sponsorship. It has been darkly hinted that Mr. Costello and his friends could, if they chose, have a lively legal case against "Time" for sponsoring a program on which they were

the reluctant entertainers. One columnist has offered the opinion that the hoodlums ought to be paid the going rate for their appearance, like actors. This sort of opinion unfairly narrows the value of television. According to this point of view, TV is nothing more than a means to bring Milton Berle into as many homes as possible, an entertainment medium and nothing more.

But TV is essentially, I repeat, a method of communication far more than it is sort of a home movie. Advertising pays its bills. Advertising also pays the bills of newspapers and of the news magazines. And believe me, kid, the Kefauver hearings didn't hurt circulation. If "Time" is guilty of sponsorship, then any advertiser in newspapers during the hearings was just as culpable of commercializing on the woes of Mr. Costello and his friends.

Gracie Allen . . . and Bing

MISS GRACIE ALLEN has always been a favorite of mine because of her special and magnificent gift for feminine irrelevance. Irrelevance, of course, is not confined entirely to Miss Allen, all women being pretty gifted in this direction. But Miss Allen is especially comforting to male listeners who have been driven nuts from time to time by their wives' habit of wandering about a mile away from the point. After listening to Gracie for a bit, you breathe a sigh of relief and reflect that the old girl isn't that bad.

Most of the Gracie gags are as visual as possible on the Burns and Allen TV show. Gracie, for example, reading a cookbook: "For best results, frankfurters should not be cooked long." So she chops them up short. Gracie is a menace whenever she dips her nose into a cookbook. Once she read that fairly familiar line: "Roll in cracker crumbs." She rolled in them. Well, what can you expect from a girl who drives with the emergency brake on so as to be ready for any emergency? Or one who says: "Oh, that's too bad. I hope he didn't die of anything serious."

While we're passing out posies to the old, old pros, I might as well toss one to

Bing Crosby who is practically the only entertainer alive who has not yet appeared on television. The Crosby radio show is still a tuneful, relaxed, amiable show which manages somehow to conceal the hard work that goes into it.

Except for a few wisecracks between Mr. Crosby and his announcer Ken Carpenter, comedy has been tossed out almost entirely. This is just an old-fashioned songfest, a type of activity for which I have a great fondness. When you get those two professionals—Mr. Crosby and Miss Judy Garland together, the joint really rocks. Crosby himself refers to his program as a jukebox and that pretty well defines it. Except you don't have to put any nickels in the box.

Baby Talking Baby

SOMEWHAT reluctantly. I tackle the popular song profession, a field I don't understand at all, simply because there's a program around called "Songs For Sale." My interest in the popular song dodge flagged after someone wrote "Save Your Confederate Money, Boys, The South Will Rise Again." You've all heard it, of course. It contains that immortal line, "When we whup them Yanks, we'll open them banks and declare a dividend." The songwriting art reached a peak right there that will never come again.

At least, that's what I think. It's only fair to point out that other scholars in this specialized field disagree. Mitchell Rawson, a world recognized authority, favors that great World War I song, "If He Can Fight Like He Can Love, Then It's Good-bye Germany."

"I know he'll be a hero when he's over there.

"Because he's a bear.

"In any morris chair."

But let's not start singing the old songs. We'll be here all night. "Songs For Sale" is, according to the opening announcement, "the big chance for unknown songwriters to have their songs played by Ray Bloch and sung by Rosemary Clooney"—if that is any inducement to you young unknown songwriters. None of the unknown songwriters has yet touched the pinnacle of genius of those two songs I've mentioned

or got anywhere near it. But they're trying awfully hard.

Not long ago, "Songs For Sale" introduced for the first, and just possibly the last, time on the air a song called "Baby-Talkin' Baby." Its lyric was almost exclusively devoted to baby talk. Not quite so much baby talk as you find in "I Taw A Puddy Tat" but, if my insensitive ears are to be trusted, a bit more expert baby talk than that of "Bouncy Bouncy Ball-y." I could be wrong about this. My experience is limited.

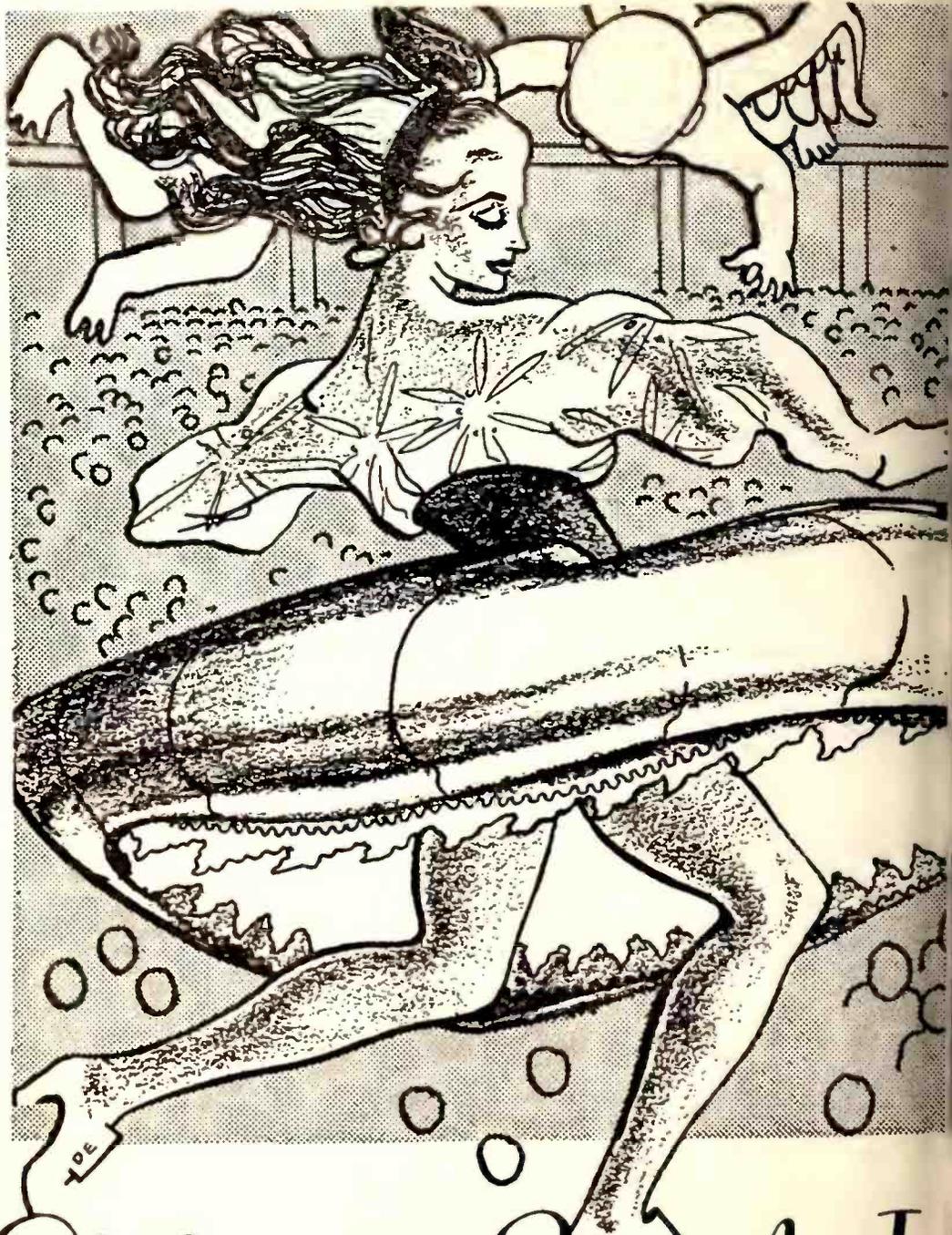
The program possesses a panel of experts who hand down indictments on these songs, and one of these experts, Russ Morgan, the bandleader, spoke up vehemently on this one. "Personally, I don't like baby talk lyrics," said Mr. Morgan. "Personally, baby talk failed in my first marriage." I consider this opinion biased, immaterial, irrelevant, incompetent and un-American, and I think Morgan ought to be barred from uttering it.

Just because Mr. Morgan's first marriage foundered in a sea of baby talk is no reason Tin Pan Alley should abandon baby talk and learn English. One of the comforts of my middle years is the mental picture I conjure up in periods of stress, of a couple of balding, paunchy songwriters trying to find a rhyme for "Snookums." Just between you and me, I too, am working on a baby talk song, "Let's 'oo and Me Play Pattycake But Not Here, For God's Sake." I'd hate to think that the baby talk lyric had been ruled unconstitutional before I got my song ready for "Songs For Sale."

The program, which seems to have got elbowed aside in this column, is presided over by Jan Murray, a sort of thin Morey Amsterdam. He tells jokes. "A good husband is hard to find," says one contestant. "You're telling me," ripostes Mr. Murray. "My aunt has been trying to find her husband for ten years." Want to hear some more of Mr. Murray's jokes? No? You're sure? Positive? Well, all right.

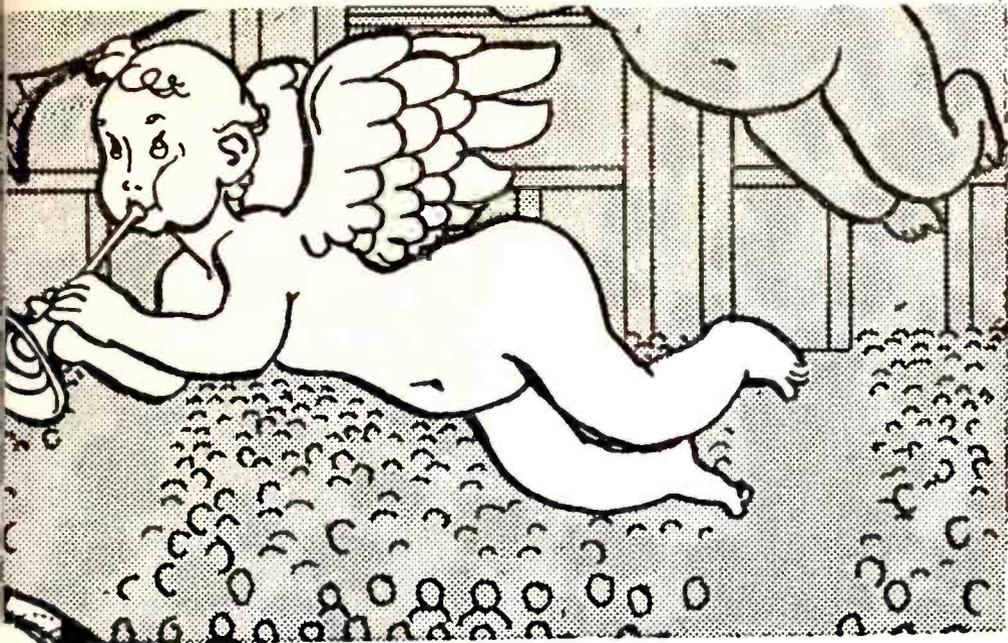
Along with the songs by unknowns you'll hear a good many songs by well-knowns and the difference, I must confess, is sometimes slight. Still, the unknown

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10E

Citizen Angels IV



Everybody has a wing in Kansas City's new, community-owned "Starlight Theatre," where tickets are priced to fit every purse.

by JIM McQUEENY

HOLLYWOOD BOWL, move over! Greetings, Lewisohn Stadium! And hi there, all you cities with outdoor "summer opera!" Kansas City, boasting a magnificent new million-and-a-half dollar outdoor "Starlight Theatre" in its 1727-acre Swope Park, this year moves into the outdoor theatrical "big time," presenting a 10-week summer season of the finest and most-loved light operas and musical comedies. Seven nights a week! In an amphitheatre seating 7,600 persons!

Indeed!

With all the aplomb of a veteran actress making her big entrance, the Starlight Theatre in Kansas City moves into the spotlight June 25th, after an overlong wait in the wings.

The theatre's struggle for actuality and recognition probably dwarfs that of any player who will strut upon its stage during the 71-night season. It has been in the civic mind for more than two decades. There

Show Business

have been countless meetings in its behalf and the published words about it would fill a king-size historical novel. It has been wildly embraced one season and shamelessly neglected the next. It has survived legal complications, engineering difficulties, personality clashes, budget problems, material shortages, railroad strikes, and all of the vicissitudes of wartime construction.

But all this is behind the Starlight Theatre. Now its *shows* are the thing! Like Minerva who sprang fully-grown from the head of Jupiter, the theatre starts its first season as a full-blown operation. As such, it represents one of the greatest gambles in show business. A trim, likeable fellow named Richard H. Berger has the dice. He's rolling out on a two million dollar lick.

The ten musical comedies and operettas he's pulling together for a season of seventy-one consecutive nights aren't new to the community but the method of presentation is. It's a new concept of entertainment in an area where show-goers have a reputation for eating their young.

The *al fresco* productions are a pleasant admixture of the legitimate theatre, circus, ice extravaganza, ballet and midway spectacle.

"Solid entertainment," Berger says. "This is a theatre where people can relax and enjoy themselves. It's not 'culture' and people don't go because they want to look at each other. Nor does the husband recommend the shows to his wife and children with 'It'll be good for you, dear'—while he stays home. These shows are for the *entire family*."

If the shows had to depend entirely

Starlight Theatre Admission Prices

For Ten Performances—Season
Tickets

Orchestra	\$22.95
Boxes	32.40
Loges	27.00
Arena (First 20 rows)	18.00
Arena (Next 17 rows)	11.70
Arena (Next 11 rows)	5.85
Single Admissions	
Orchestra	\$ 2.55
Boxes	3.60
Loges	3.00
Arena (First 20 rows)	2.00
Arena (Next 17 rows)	1.30
Arena (Next 11 rows)	.65

During the season, box office at Starlight Theatre opens 7:00 p.m. Monday through Friday; at noon on Saturday and Sunday.

on regular theatre patrons they'd die. A curbstone estimate of a normal legitimate theatre season in Kansas City, without a "South Pacific," would be 100,000 admissions. That's the Starlight Theatre's capacity for *two weeks!*

In attendance at Sigmund Romberg's "The Desert Song," the opening production June 25 through July 1, with the famous composer himself directing the overture, will be many persons who have never before seen a musical production. Even some people, perhaps, who have never set foot in a legitimate theatre. The attendance at the ten productions will come from WHB's five-state area as well as the city and its environs where 808,231 persons live.

WHB will preview each Starlight Theatre attraction Sundays at 12:30

p.m., presenting interviews and music from the show opening the next night.

THE City owns the theatre; but for \$1 and other considerations it has leased it to a non-profit production group, which is bankrolling the season. Some 700 business firms and individuals are the angels, putting up \$100,000 in cash and another \$100,000 on call. As part of the agreement with the city, 400 free seats must be made available to at least 80 per cent of the performances with the balance of the admission prices attuned to the average family's bank account.

The production budget for the 1951 season is \$400,000. That's not a figure picked out of the air, but a total at the bottom of a 15-page cost sheet over which the business manager, William M. Symon, works continually. No simple pie-man is Symon. He has fought the civic culture wars in Kansas City for thirty years—as convention manager of the Chamber of Commerce, business manager of the Philharmonic Orchestra, president of the Art Institute; and now, as business manager of the Starlight Theatre. As a mother fights for her young, Bill Symon through the years has fought the good fight for an outdoor theatre—and now that it is a reality, no one knows better than he that in order to break even, approximately 60 per cent of the theatre capacity must be sold at all performances. The weatherman, too, must be tolerant, as the budget won't stand more than two or three cancelled shows.

Because of the theatre's capacity the season has been planned to appeal to

a wide audience. Linked with Sig-mund Romberg's musical romance are "The Chocolate Soldier" and "Naughty Marietta," appealing to those who voted for William McKinley; "Babes in Toyland" for the young in heart; "Brigadoon" and "Song of Norway" for the contemporary audience; and "Roberta," "Rose Marie," "Rio Rita" and "Bittersweet" for those who like good music and plots on the plausible side.

The construction bill on the theatre amounts to \$1,243,000 to date. At least \$350,000 in additional funds will be included to add two more permanent buildings backstage and to build pergolas at the rear and along the outer aisles; so the spectators may find haven in the event of a sudden shower.

Everything's been done with a bold hand. The electrical contractor tells you there are more than five miles of conduit, carrying 25.5 miles of wire of various kinds and sizes. A substantial portion of the conduit and wire may be seen in an underground tunnel that is four feet wide and six feet deep, extending from the stage to one of the pylons in the rear of the theatre, a distance of 300 feet.

The Park Board, headed by R. Carter Tucker, has been a great help. Exclusive of the time spent by the architect and various consultants, more than 17,000 man-hours have been expended by surveyors, inspectors and personnel in the Park Department's engineering office—surveying, inspecting, and paper work.

The backstage area is a city peopled with more than 200 artists, craftsmen, specialists and players—in the ballet

and chorus rehearsal pavilions; dressing and wardrobe buildings; office; music library; shops; paint scaffold; transformer room; first aid station; and cafe. The stage is occupied from morning until night, seven days a week. The production director has a large staff of experienced stage practitioners who whip together a new show for Monday night opening each week from June 25th through September 3d. The scenic designer has a crew busy building and painting sets that roll over the concrete slabs on rubber tire casters.

One of the brick pylons down front

houses the \$64,000 dimmer board controlling banks of lights. On the light bridge suspended between the two rear pylons are spotlights with sufficient power to throw a white-hot light on a singer or dancing ensemble 250 feet away. Here, too, is the control board for the sound system with its ten stage microphones that will pick up even a whisper. A special feature is a tunnel underneath the stage that will be used by orchestra members in taking their places in the pit; and by singers and dancers in crossing from one side to the other.

(Continued on Page 311)

Starlight Theatre Facts

Construction cost to date.....	\$1,243,000
Permanent construction to be added.....	\$ 350,000
Production cost budget—1951 season.....	\$ 400,000
Cash-in-advance ticket sales—to May 15.....	\$ 150,000
Seating capacity.....	7,600
Number of play dates, 1951 season.....	71
Total audience, playing to capacity.....	539,600
Audience required to "break even".....	277,200
Attendance at St. Louis Municipal Opera, 1950 Season.....	807,186
Attendance at St. Louis' Record Season, 1949.....	898,103
Play begins every night.....	8:15 p.m.
Parking space for.....	1,500 autos

Theatre is near Swope Park Shelter House No. 2

By Auto: Meyer or Gregory Blvd. east to Swope Park; South on Paseo to 63rd St., turn left; South on Swope Parkway; South on Brookside Blvd to Meyer Blvd., turn left.

By Transit: Connect with 63rd Street bus from Broadway (routes 4 and 5) and Armour-Paseo (route 3) motor busses; Prospect-75th (route 43) trolley bus; and Country Club (route 56), Troost-63rd (route 50) and Swope Park (route 53) street cars.

With the opening of the Starlight Theatre, there will be continual 15-minute daily and Sunday service by bus to the doors, until the nightly show is over.



John A. Moore, president of the Starlight Theatre, and Richard H. Berger (seated), director of productions, discuss plans for the 71 performances to be presented this summer.

•
Roland Fiore, below, is musical director of the Starlight Theatre.

STARLIGHT THEATRE

SWOPE PARK • KANSAS CITY



1951 SEASON

Director Richard H. Berger in New York selecting costumes for the 10 great musical productions.





VICTORIA SHERRY

as Margot

BRIAN SULLIVAN

as Pierre

Book by
Otto Harbach,
Oscar Hammer-
stein 2nd,
Frank Handel

Music By
Sigmund Rom-
berg. Mr. Romberg
will conduct the
Overture at the
opening perform-
ance

First produced —
Casino Theatre,
N. Y., Nov. 30,
1926



THE DESERT SONG

June 25
through July 1

CAST

Pierre Birabeau— <i>The "Red Shadow" and son of the Governor</i>	Brian Sullivan
Margot Bonvalet— <i>The Governor's fiancee</i>	Victoria Sherry
Benjamin Kidd— <i>A society correspondent</i>	Buster West
Susan— <i>The Governor's ward</i>	Lucille Page
Sid El Kar— <i>The "Red Shadow's" lieutenant</i>	Donald Clarke
Ali Ben Ali— <i>Caid of a Riff tribe</i>	Richard Wentworth
General Birabeau— <i>Governor of a French Moroccan province</i>	Truman Gaige
Clementina— <i>A Spanish lady</i>	Joyce Sellinger

HIT SONGS

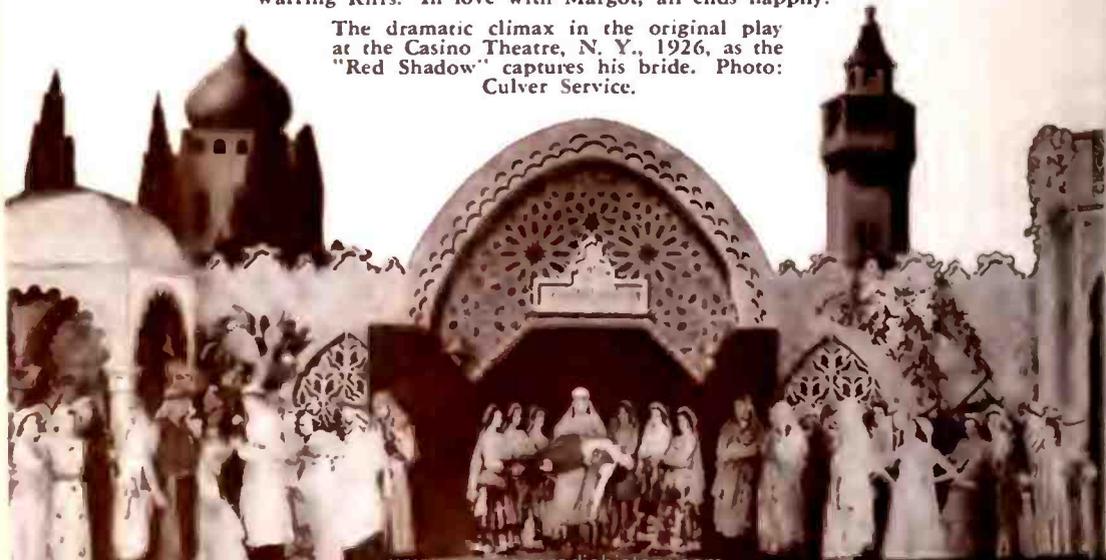
The Desert Song
One Alone
The Riff Song

Feasting Song
Blue Heaven
The Sabre Song

Farewell
Eastern and Western Love

Set in North Africa of 1925, the story concerns Pierre, the "Red Shadow", leader of a band of warring Riffs. In love with Margot, all ends happily.

The dramatic climax in the original play at the Casino Theatre, N. Y., 1926, as the "Red Shadow" captures his bride. Photo: Culver Service.



DONALD
CLARKE
as Jim



TERRY
SAUNDER
as Rio Rita



RIO RITA

July 2
through
July 8

Book by Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson
Music by Harry Tierney
Lyrics by Joseph McCarthy
First produced—Ziegfeld Theatre, N. Y.,
Feb. 2, 1927

CAST

Rio Rita—*Singer in a cabaret*..Terry Saunders
Jim—*A stranger*Donald Clarke
Esteban—*A "great" general*....Leonard Ceeley
Chick Bean—*A bootlegger*.....Tim Herbert
Ed Lovett—*A lawyer*.....Don Saxon
Roberto—*Rita's brother*.....Earl MacVeigh
Katie Bean—*Chick's wife*.....Joyce Sellinger
Dolly—*Cabaret girl*.....Betty Ann Nyman

HIT SONGS

Rio Rita
Rangers' Song
You Are Always In My Dreams
If You're In Love You'll Waltz

Jim, from the original
Broadway production.
Photo: Culver Service



A Texas Ranger on a bandit-hunting mission
Mexico falls in love with Rio Rita, the Spanish
American cabaret singer, whose American fath
had settled there.



MURIEL O'MALLEY

as Mother Grieg

JOHN TYERS

as Edvard Grieg



Book by Milton Lazarus, from a play by Homer Curran. By special arrangement with Edwin Lester.

Music by Edvard Grieg
Lyrics by Robert Wright and George Forrest

First produced—Philharmonic Auditorium, San Francisco, Jan. 12, 1944; Imperial Theatre, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1944

A story based on the life and music of Edvard Grieg, the Norwegian composer

SONG OF NORWAY

July 9
through
July 15

CAST

Edvard Grieg—*A young man of charm and humor, not too concerned with the profundities of life*.....John Tyers
Countess Louisa Giovanni—*A handsome, vital and worldly woman*.....Helena Bliss
Rikard Nordraak—*A sensitive man with a devout love for his country*.....Donald Clarke
Maestro Pisoni—*Impresario of the Royal Opera*.....Leonard Ceeley
Mother Grieg—*Symbol of the Scandinavian Mother*.....Muriel O'Malley
Nina, Hagerup—*An attractive young woman*.....Lillian Murphy
Count Peppi Le Loup—*A dapper boulevardier*.....Truman Gaige
Henrik Ibsen—*A writer*.....Earle MacVeigh

HIT SONGS

Strange Music
Three Loves

Freddy and His Fiddle
Midsummer's Eve

Two scenes from the original Broadway production. Photos: Theatre Arts Magazine





JACK GOODE
as Huckleberry Haines

SIBYL BOWAN
as Scharwenka

Book and Lyrics by Otto Harbach
Music by Jerome Kern
Adapted from Alice Duer Miller's "Gowns by Roberta"
First produced—New Amsterdam Theatre, N. Y., Nov. 18, 1933

A glorified fashion show where in a jilted football player visits an aunt in Paris and falls in love.



ROBERTA

July 16
through July 22

CAST

Stephanie— <i>A dress designer</i>	Terry Saunders
Huckleberry Haines— <i>A crooner</i>	Jack Goode
Ladislav— <i>The doorman</i>	Glenn Burris
Scharwenka— <i>The star customer</i>	Sibyl Bowan
John Kent— <i>A jilted football player</i>	Biff McGuire
Aunt Minnie— <i>Kent's aunt and owner of the Roberta dress shop</i>	Muriel O'Malley
Sophie Teale— <i>A debutante</i>	Joyce Sellinger
Lord Henry— <i>A friend of Roberta</i>	Truman Gaige

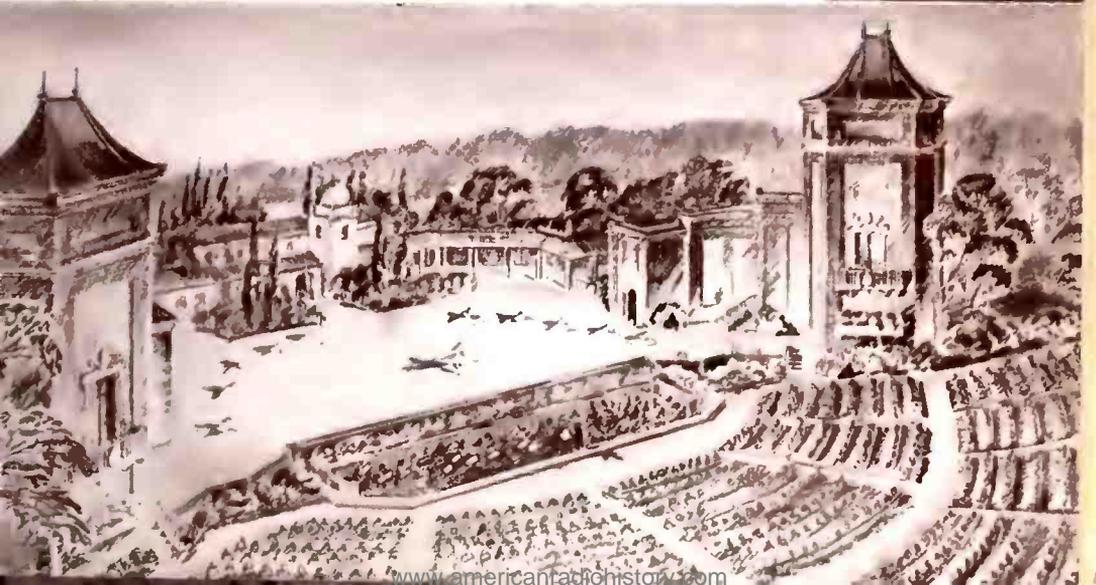
HIT SONGS

Smoke Gets In Your Eyes	Let's Dance
The Touch of Your Hand	Yesterday
Lovely to Look At	I Won't Dance
	Hard to Handle

Fay Templeton (right) in a scene from the Broadway production of Roberta.

Photo: Theatre Arts Magazine

An artist's sketch of the new Starlight Theatre.





LEONARD CEELEY

OLLIE FRANKS

as Lady Jane

EARLE MacVEIGH

(below) as Sgt. Malone

Book and Lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein
2nd

Music by Rudolf Friml and
Herbert Stothart

First produced—Imperial
Theatre, N. Y., Sept. 2, 1924

A romance of the Canadian
Northwest



ROSE MARIE

July 23
through July 29

CAST

Jim Kenyon— <i>A wild, romantic adventurer</i>	John Tyers
Rose Marie La Flamme— <i>Sister of a fur trader</i> ..	Terry Saunders
Hard Boiled Herman— <i>A comic gold hunter</i>	Jack Goode
Lady Jane— <i>Proprietor of a saloon</i>	Ollie Franks
Ethele Brander— <i>A chaperone</i>	Joyce Sellinger
Sgt. Malone— <i>Northwest Mounted Police</i>	Earle MacVeigh
Dance Specialty	Rex Cooper

HIT SONGS

Indian Love Call
Rose Marie
Totem Tom Tom

The Door of My Dreams
Why Shouldn't We?

The original Totem Tom Tom dancers (below) at the Imperial Theatre in New York, 1924. Photo: Culver Service.





BILLY GILBERT
as Col. Casimir Popoff

HELENA BLISS
(below) as Nadina

Original Book and Lyrics by
Rudolph Bernauer and Leo-
pold Jacobson; English ver-
sion by Stanlius Stange
Music by Oscar Straus
First produced—Casino
Theatre, N. Y., Sept. 13,
1909

A comic opera about the war
between Bulgaria and Serbia
in 1885. Bumerli tries to
escape the Bulgarians and is
helped by Nadina.



THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER

July 30 through August 5

CAST

Bumerli—A Swiss soldier in the Serbian army, nicknamed "The Chocolate Soldier".....	John Tyers
Nadina—Daughter of Colonel Popoff.....	Helena Bliss
Alexius—A young Bulgarian hero.....	Glenn Burris
Col. Casimir Popoff—A Bulgarian.....	Billy Gilbert
Aurelia—Wife of Colonel Popoff.....	Muriel O'Malley
Mascha—Cousin of Colonel Popoff.....	Joyce Sellinger
Captain Massakroff—A Bulgarian.....	Earle MacVeigh

HIT SONGS

My Hero
Sympathy

Falling in Love

Forgive
The Letter Song

Scene from the Broadway production at the Century Theatre.

Photo: VanDamm Studio.





GLENN BURRIS
as Charles

BETTY BARTLEY
as Meg Brockie

Book and Lyrics by
Alan Jay Lerner
Music by Frederick
Loewe
First produced — Ziegfeld Theatre, N. Y.,
March 13, 1947

A musical fantasy about two twentieth century Americans who lived in an 18th century village, based on a Scottish legend.



BRIGADOON

August 6
through August 12

CAST

Charles— <i>A village suitor</i>	Glenn Burris
Meg Brockie— <i>A Scottish lass of determination</i>	Betty Bartley
Tommy Albright— <i>A New York boy on a holiday</i>	John Tyers
Jane Ashton— <i>A lass in love with Tommy</i>	Joyce Sellinger
Mr. Lundie— <i>The village teacher</i>	Truman Gaige

HIT SONGS

Come to Me, Bend to Me
There But For You Go I
Almost Like Being In Love
From This Day On

Waitin' For My Dearie
Brigadoon
The Heather On the Hill
I'll Go Home With Bonnie Jean

A scene from the original production at the Ziegfeld Theatre in New York, 1947.
Photo: VanDamm Studio





GLENN BURRIS
as Carl Linden

TRUMAN GAIGE
as the Marquis of Shayne

Book, Music and Lyrics
by Noel Coward

First produced—Ziegfeld Thea-
tre, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1929

Dolly, promised to someone else,
is in love with a jazz band
leader. Her aunt, the Marchion-
ess, tells her story of the same
problem



BITTERSWEET

August 13
through
August 19

CAST

Sarah Millick—*A young girl with a future*.....Helen Bliss
Carl Linden—*Sarah's music teacher*..... Glenn Burris
Marquis of Shayne—*Second husband of Sarah*... Truman Gaige
Capt. August Lutte—*A rival for Sarah*..... Earle MacVeigh

HIT SONGS

I'll See You Again
Zigeuner

If Love Were All

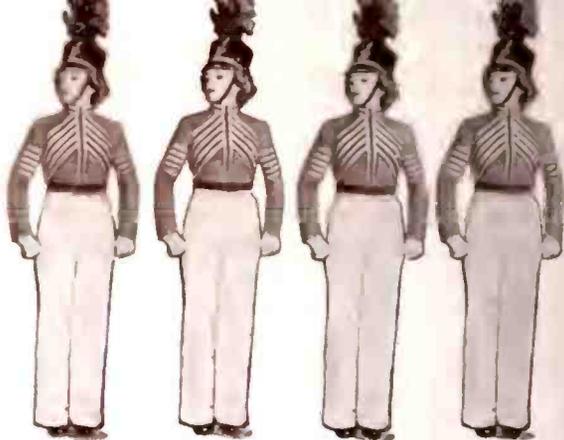
Kiss Me
To-Kay



A scene from the St. Louis Municipal Opera production of Bitter-
sweet. Photo: Theatre Arts Magazine.



BIFF McGUIRE
as Alan



Book and Lyrics by Glen MacDonough
Music by Victor Herbert
First produced—Grand Opera House, Chicago,
1903; Majestic Theatre, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1903

An operetta set in the land of Fairies and
Mother Goose.

BABES in TOYLAND

August 20 through August 26

CAST

Alan—*Nephew of Uncle Barnaby*.....Biff McGuire
Santa Claus—*Spirit of Christmas*.....Richard Wentworth
Uncle Barnaby—*A rich miser*.....To Be Announced
Specialty Dances by Nirska, Harold, Lola

HIT SONGS

March of the Toys Toyland	I Can't Do That Sum Hail to Christmas Song of the Poet
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Scene from the original production on Broadway in 1903.
Photo: Culver Service.





RICHARD WENTWORTH

as Rudolfo

ROSEMARIE BRANCATO

as Marietta D'Altena

Book and Lyrics by Rida Johnson Young
Music by Victor Herbert

First produced — New York Theatre,
N. Y., Nov. 7, 1910

Set in the New Orleans of 1780, Capt.
Dick has been sent to capture the
pirate, Bras Pique



LUCILLE PAGE as Lizetta

NAUGHTY MARIETTA

August 27 through September 3

CAST

Marietta D'Altena

An irrepressible girl

.....Rosemarie Brancato

Lizetta—*A comedienne*

.....Lucille Page

Capt. Richard Warrington

An American.....Donald Clark

Rudolfo—*A marionette theatre*

owner.....Richard Wentworth

Etienne—*Governor's son, the*

pirate Bras Pique

.....Earle MacVeigh

Lt.-Gov. Grandet

Province Governor.....

.....To Be Announced

HIT SONGS

Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life

Naughty Marietta

Italian Street Song

I'm Falling in Love With Someone

It Never, Never Can Be Love

If I Were Anybody Else



Scene from the first Broadway production. They were singing "Live for Today." Photo: Culver Service





Swing Presents
William N. Deramus
The Man of the Month

by CHAS. E. ROSENFELDT

THE most appropriate way to tell the story of William N. (Bill) Deramus is to an accompaniment of telegraph keys and a chorus of railroad workers singing "Our Bill." Both would be symbols of why he is president of Kansas City's only hometown railroad, the Kansas City Southern.

Handsome, rugged Bill Deramus has come a long way since his birth on March 25, 1888. There were no telegraph keys within his hearing then; but he could hear the roar of the Louisville & Nashville locomotives as they flashed by his home town, Coopers, Alabama. Perhaps that is what started him on his career, for the sounds have been in his blood ever since.

Bill was one of seven children born to W. N. Deramus, farmer and merchant of a small village set in a scraggly section of cutover pine and worn-out cotton land. There was little time for leisure. Whatever his thoughts, they turned, always, to railroading. It represented the outside world, a new and better way of life, a chance to be someone.

Although he and his younger brother, Louis F., loved the wail of the whistle, the throb of the rails, the roar of the train's passing, one sound was ever above the others . . . the click of the telegraph key. Bill watched his hero, the local telegrapher, casually and effortlessly speed words to a distant point. The telegrapher, with all the aplomb of a king, smiled down at the eager boy from his pedestal and, unknowingly, set young Deramus' feet on the first rung of the ladder to success. He suggested Bill take the job of keeping the yard switch lights clean; and light them every night. In return, Bill would be paid \$4 a month.

Aged 14, Bill eagerly accepted the job!

Thus it was that railroading became a part of Bill Deramus—and Bill Deramus dedicated his life to railroading. Taking care of his regular lamp-lighting and cleaning, he studied his favorite job, telegraphy, on the side, under the capable Coopers operator.

Bill got his first regular job—as a relief operator for the L & N—when

From

humble

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he was 15. He was proficient enough to be trusted with a little telegraph and water station buried in the piney woods, "nine miles from nowhere." Every afternoon at 6 o'clock he took the train to his job. He was back at 8:30 the next morning, with just enough time to sleep and eat before taking the train to work again that night. All this for \$40 a month!

But this small job was to be his most important one. It was to become the foundation for his future success. In the lonely woods there were few trains during the night. The hands of the clock seemed glued to the face, his eyes grew heavy with sleep. To keep awake, young Bill began to pretend that he was a dispatcher, one of the most glamorous of jobs. The dispatcher was the master brain and hand that safely guided trainloads of life and treasure. By listening to the clicking of his telegraph sounder, Deramus could follow the movement of all the trains on the division and imagine he was the real dispatcher with the fate of these trains in his hand. What would he do? How would he handle them? Through this nightly competition with the real dispatcher, Deramus taught himself the business.

After serving as an apprentice for three years on the L & N, Deramus moved to the Atlantic Coast Lines in 1906, and that same year, he moved on to the Southern Railway in a better paying post. In 1907, he was promoted to dispatcher at Memphis.

He was now 20 years old, with a philosophy that all ambitious young people have: "Get your head above the crowd." There were thousands of young hopefuls who were just as good telegraphers—or dispatchers. With this fundamental knowledge, Deramus determined to learn his job in record time, and then learn the job above him. This was to pay off—and soon.

IN Memphis he had worked under a Chief Dispatcher named C. R. Duncan, who had gone west to join the still young Kansas City Southern lines at Pittsburg, Kansas. Duncan remembered the eager Deramus and wrote him. He described the west in glowing terms, as a place where a young man could find plenty of opportunity to advance. At the end of the letter he offered Deramus a job as a telegrapher—a step down, but at a much better salary than Deramus was getting in Memphis as a dispatcher. Weighing his chances of promotions with the Southern, Deramus decided to "Go West."

The arrival of Deramus in Pittsburg on Nov. 7, 1909, was the start of a swift rise within the ranks of the Kansas City Southern—always with the idea of getting his head above the crowd. In a few months he was sent to Heavener, Okla., as dispatcher. A year later he came back to Pittsburg as Chief Dispatcher for the Northern Division. Promotions indeed were rapid!

The General Superintendent of the road, E. H. Holden, frequently visited

beginnings

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Deramus, stopping in to talk over various problems. Impressed with what he saw, one day in 1918 he phoned:

"Now, Bill," Holden said, "I'm going to do the talking. I've discussed this with the President and everyone else. We want you to come up here as Superintendent of Car Service the first of next month."

It was an executive job in Kansas City, and a big leap up the ladder of success. While Deramus was trying to get his breath, Holden said:

"What's the matter? Don't you think you can handle it?"

"Sure," replied Deramus, "I could handle your job!"

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

Now his rise became even more rapid. With an eye to the future, the company in 1925 made a deliberate move to broaden the experience of a picked man by transferring Deramus to Texarkana, Texas, as Superintendent of the Southern Division. Where-

ever Deramus went, he made friends—with executives and with the people who worked under him. And he worked! Nights, Sundays, holidays were spent learning how best to get his job done, looking into all the operational problems, always learning the job above him.

In three years, as head of the Southern Division, Deramus acquired much of the practical knowledge and experience which today underlies his reputation as one of the nation's ablest railroad men. When one of his closest friends, Charles E. Johnston, became President in 1928, Deramus was moved back to Kansas City as General Manager. It was in this spot that Deramus made his great record as one of the finest operating men in railroading. Hacked out during the great depression, this experience was to prove invaluable to the Kansas City Southern. By 1934 he was a Vice President, and in 1938 he became Executive Vice President of the road. Upon the death of H. C. Couch in 1941, and with promotion of C. P. Couch, then President, to Chairman of the Board, Deramus, with his wealth of background and experience, was a "natural" to head the heavily indebted line. This included presidency of the Louisiana & Arkansas, a separate road, but part of the Kansas City Southern system.

ON becoming President, Deramus had "a big cat to whip" keeping the Kansas City Southern out of receivership. All reasonable logic said

the line should be in the hands of receivers by 1950—only nine years away. A bonded debt of 67 million dollars was falling due; and there was nothing in past records of earnings to pay off any part of the debt.

The future looked bleak. Part of the trouble was that board control and policy-making were in New York, far from the scene of the problems. In 1944, Grant Stauffer successfully sparked a group of Kansas City businessmen to put board control as well as the executive office definitely in Kansas City hands. Then Deramus and the new board went to work to save the Kansas City Southern. A railroader who had made his reputation as an operating man was to do his biggest job in financing.

Million after million had been shoveled by their builders into the magnificent railroads crossing the nation. The Kansas City Southern had been built by a high powered promoter, a salesman and a dreamer named Arthur Stilwell, who had attracted the necessary millions to build it, even in the depths of the 1890's panic. Now the job of Deramus and the new board was to try to shovel out the millions again until the line could handle its debt. In order to refinance the bonded debt, 67 million had to be whittled down to 40 million.

Time was short and the basis of their temporary salvation, heavy war-time traffic, was ending. A large share of the earnings was in a high bracket where the government took

85½ per cent, leaving little to save a railroad.

In various ways the debt was reduced to 46 million dollars. But the investment bankers were firm: no refinancing until the debt was down to 40 million. Deramus accordingly went to commercial banks for the needed six million, and got it at a low rate of interest.

Today the refinancing is complete and the railroad is in sound financial condition. Under the Deramus leadership the Kansas City Southern has become a magnificent property. Besides following a consistent program of general modernization, the line has pursued a wise policy of refinancing and dieselization. In addition to its passenger and switching operations, over 80 per cent of the railway's road freight service is now diesel drawn, resulting in greatly improved movement and substantial operating economies.

WHEN word of Deramus' election to the presidency was flashed down the line, a spontaneous system-wide celebration began. Nothing could attest more to his hold on the working personnel, to the wide regard all over the system for the new chief who had come up the hard way.

Much of this regard stems from the fact that he is a friendly person, a man who has a real and lively interest in the people he meets and their particular problems. Coupled with this is an extremely winning manner, an infectious sense of humor and an ex-

Deramus

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traordinary memory. Up and down the line, Deramus can greet station porters, track walkers, dispatchers by their first names. And they, in turn, speak of him as "Bill." That's the way he wants it.

The "Boss," as Deramus is called by the office force, is dramatic and homespun at the same time. Heavy dark eyebrows and a wide mouth are constantly on the move. His range of facial expressions is amazing and complete, and speak his thoughts before the words get out of his mouth. A mobile mouth, constantly moving, reflects his feelings.

A complete stranger walking into his office becomes a friend within five minutes. He has a human warmth that surrounds people and makes them feel at home. Someone once said, "Bill Deramus still has the first friend he ever made"—and that sums it up completely. He makes friends easily—and keeps them.

The Deramus family has done well in the railroad field. Bill's brother, L. F., began his career as a telegraph operator, following the same path to become general manager of the Southern railroad at Cincinnati, and before retiring, chief executive officer of the Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville.

A replica of Deramus, and the apple of his father's eye, is W. N. III, now President of the Chicago Great Western Railway Company. After thoroughly equipping himself for the practice of law by graduating from Harvard law school, the younger

Deramus threw a legal career aside to begin railroading at the bottom, with the Wabash line. Working with the same drive as had his father, he rapidly rose in the ranks. During the war, he was sent to India to help run the Army's railroads. On his return, Grant Stauffer, who meanwhile had been named President of the Chicago Great Western, grabbed Bill as an experienced young man to help him run the road. During Stauffer's subsequent long illness, the young Deramus was virtually in the driver's seat. After Stauffer's death, the directors kept him there as President.

Although Bill Deramus admits to no hobbies other than the Kansas City Southern, his grandchildren receive all of his spare attention. There are four of them now: W. N. IV, 7, popularly called "B.D."; Patricia Nicholas, 4, called "Nicky"; and the twins, Jean and Jill, aged 2. Every weekend spent in town will find grandfather Deramus with the children.

One amusing story shows how Deramus combines his hobby and his family interest. A neighbor, John A. Marshall, ran into Deramus one day in Swope Park. He was puzzled to see "B.D." and Deramus board a miniature train. Deramus hurriedly explained that he was accompanying his grandson. But he must have had another motive. When the ride was completed, Deramus reported:

"I would say the line's roadbed is in good condition, its rolling stock

rose to be

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well handled, and I hear its financial statements are more than satisfactory!"

Deramus' time is divided 50-50 between his office and trips on the line. Emergencies, especially during the winter or in flood times, will find "Bill" Deramus wherever there is need—right beside his men! He is constantly on the move, inspecting facilities and new track proposals, checking on the condition of the line. Always with him is his assistant, L. Orval Frith, who worked under him when Deramus was Superintendent of Car Service. In 1939, when Deramus rose to Executive Vice President, Frith became his secretary, and later his assistant.

But Deramus now spends much less time in the office and on the job than he did a few years ago. Mrs. Deramus, the former Lucile Nicholas, of Pittsburg, Kansas, whom he married in December of 1911, is thankful for that. During the war, when there was a constant strain, he worked 12 to 14 hours a day, seven days a week. Now he has cut it down to 9 or 10 hours a day. But he still does it seven days a week! He works Sundays, holidays—365 days a year.

The physically-fit, vigorous Deramus indulges in no muscle building outdoor sport—nor indoors, for that matter! The only time he ever plays is when it accidentally ties in with business. There has been an occasional deep-sea fishing trip; but the exercise, though strenuous, is entirely involuntary and incidental. His nervous

energy is only dissipated by inspection tours of the tracks.

TALKS with close friends reveal six outstanding conclusions about Deramus:

First, even though he is an *authority*, Deramus is still a *perpetual student* of railroading. He is continually striving to iron out kinks in the Kansas City Southern system by devising specific remedies for the solution of each problem. He keeps informed of every technological advancement in the field, and has himself contributed to railroad science through his own inventions and ideas.

Second, although his background would seem to preclude such knowledge, Deramus knows railroad finance as well as any other railroad president. He is as familiar with financial problems as any leading railroad banker. Attributable to Deramus is the fact that the value of Kansas City Southern stock today is *eight times* what it was in 1940; that the common stock is now paying dividends, where the preferred stock paid none before! Deramus handled all the contacts with the banks, dealt with the Interstate Commerce Commission and the investment brokers, and was as much at home negotiating these transactions as he would be superintending a track repair operation.

Third, through his efforts, the line has made immense physical improvements. The road now has a high percentage of diesel units in operation, with more planned. The road bed has

a great

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been vastly improved. Fast passenger and freight trains run where slow ones ran before. Locomotives powerful enough to pull 125 or more freight cars over the rugged Ozark and Ouachita Mountains are now a part of the system. And today's trains maintain schedules!

Fourth, Deramus knows that the fundamental function of his line is service to the people. He understands their needs, and conducts the company's operations accordingly.

Fifth, new industries have been developed, mainly due to Deramus' efforts. He has sold the area along the line to industries: steel, grain, rubber, chemicals, and many others. By showing them the manpower, natural resources and transportation available, great industries have been persuaded to locate in this virgin territory. Stock raisers, oil men and steel men have been helped and befriended.

Because of the increase and distribution of industries along the line, the Kansas City Southern is now able to maintain a full schedule of both short and long hauls. Under Deramus, the freight tonnage hauled by the road has increased to three times its best prior year; and, because of these things, the standing of the line within the railroad industry has changed completely. Where it had been among the lowest-ranked lines, it now stands among the highest class railroads in the country.

Sixth, Deramus, personally, is meek and humble, and works too hard for

his own good. He is energetic; but a leader rather than a driver; and is liked and respected all along the line. Too, he knows every inch of track and wherever there is trouble, there is Deramus!

Any member of his organization will tell you that Deramus will not be satisfied until he has the best railroad in the world. And back of his determination to provide unsurpassed rail transportation, they will cite his desire to prove his conviction that the Midwest and Southwest, with their great natural resources and other advantages, are destined to supply America increasingly with her most vital needs.

At present, the Kansas City Southern has 891 miles of main line; the Louisiana and Arkansas has 756 miles of main line, for a combined total of 1,647 miles. Add to that, yard, industrial and side tracks. Certainly it is not the biggest railroad in the country, but obviously one of the most progressive. It is important to Kansas City not only because it is the only railroad with general offices located here; but it is the only railroad to carry the name of Kansas City.

Swing salutes William N. Deramus, not only for his success, popularity, and many civic "good deeds"—but as an example of a typical American who rose from the bottom to the top through exercise of his ability and skill in the American way, under the system of free enterprise!

railroader

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Swinging the Dial **710**

THE Sunday mystery schedule on WHB has been altered to accommodate the afternoon Kansas City Blues baseball games, broadcast by Larry Ray. Here is the mystery schedule until September:

- 1:00 p.m.—Box 13 with Alan Ladd
- 1:30 to 6:00 p.m.—K. C. Blues Baseball
- 6:00 p.m.—Murder by Experts
- 6:30 p.m.—Wild Bill Hickok
- 7:00 p.m.—Martin Kane, Private Eye
- 7:30 p.m.—The Shadow
- 8:00 p.m.—Challenge of the Yukon
- 8:30 p.m.—Affairs of Peter Salem
- 9:00 p.m.—John Steele, Adventurer

Wild Bill Hickok at 6:30 p.m. is a new show based on the exploits of the famous marshal who helped keep law and order in the old West. Guy Madison is featured as Wild Bill, and Andy Devine as Jingles, his deputy and sidekick. Packed with adventure, it has already zoomed way up on the list of best-liked shows!

During the week, WHB presents mystery and adventure shows every night. Among them you will be sure to find your old favorites!

Monday

- 7:00 p.m.—Hashknife Hartley
- 7:30 p.m.—Crime Fighters

Tuesday

- 7:00 p.m.—Count of Monte Cristo
- 7:30 p.m.—Official Detective

Wednesday

- 7:00 p.m.—Hidden Truth
- 7:30 p.m.—International Airport

Thursday

- 7:00 p.m.—California Caravan

Friday

- 7:00 p.m.—Magazine Theatre

CURRENT EVENING

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	Guy Lombardo
7	00 Martin Kane, Pvt. Eye	Hashknife Hartley
	15 Mortia Kane, Pvt. Eye	Hashknife Hartley
	30 The Shadow	Crime Fighters
	45 The Shadow	Crime Fighters
55 The Shadow	Bill Henry, News	
8	00 Challenge of the Yukon	Today's Hits
	15 Challenge of the Yukon	K. C. Blues Baseball
	30 Peter Salem	K. C. Blues Baseball
	45 Peter Salem	K. C. Blues Baseball
9	00 J. Steele, Adventurer	K. C. Blues Baseball
	15 J. Steele, Adventurer	K. C. Blues Baseball
	30 Donce Orch.	K. C. Blues Baseball
	45 Donce Orch.	K. C. Blues Baseball
10	00 Serenade in the Night	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	Arbogast Show
	15 Swing Session	Arbogast Show
	30 Swing Session	Arbogast Show
	45 Midnight News	Arbogast Show
12	00 Swing Session	Arbogast Show
	15 Swing Session	Arbogast Show
	30 Swing Session	Arbogast Show
	45 Swing Session	Arbogast Show
1	00 WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY

WHB carries a complete schedule of newscasts and commentaries—in all, 100 every week. Bill Cunningham, popular Mutual news commentator, is now heard on the Sunday schedule at 12:15 p.m.



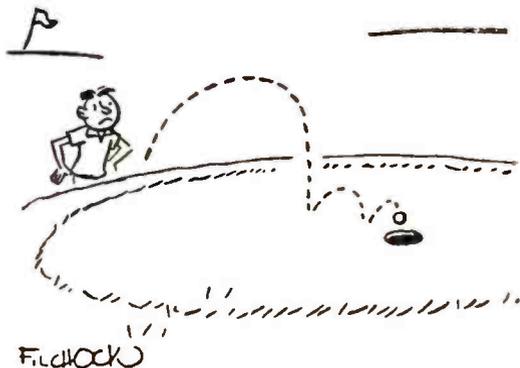
PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

EVENING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Fulton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Guy Lombardo	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Guy Lombardo	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Guy Lombardo	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Guy Lombardo	Nail. Guard Shew Twin Views of the News Comedy of Errors Comedy of Errors	6:00 6:30 6:45
Monte Cristo Monte Cristo Official Detective Bill Henry, News	Hidden Truth Hidden Truth International Airport International Airport Bill Henry, News	California Caravan California Caravan Proudly We Hail Proudly We Hail Bill Henry, News	Magazine Theatre Magazine Theatre Freddy Martin's Orch. Freddy Martin's Orch. Bill Henry, News	Twenty Questions Twenty Questions Take a Number Take a Number Take a Number	7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45 7:55
Today'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 Lombardo Land, U.S.A. Lombardo Land, U.S.A.	8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45
C. Blues Baseball C. Blues Baseball C. Blues Baseball C. Blues Baseball	Frank Edwards, News Mutual Newsreel Dance Orch. Dance Orch.	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 9:15 9:30 9:45
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	Serenade in the Night Serenade in the Night Serenade in the Night Serenade—News	10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45
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 11:15 11:30 11:45
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 12:15 12:30 12:45
WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	1:00
TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME

Monday through Friday, Fulton Lewis, Jr., is heard at 6:00 p.m.; Gabriel Heatter at 6:30 p.m.; and Frank Edwards at the conclusion of the baseball games. The complete list of news periods during the summer:

Sunday News Broadcasts
 8:00 a.m.—Lou Kemper
 10:00 a.m.—Lou Kemper
 12:15 p.m.—Bill Cunningham
 9:55 p.m.—Mutual News
 10:55 p.m.—Mutual News
 11:55 p.m.—Mutual News



CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

MORNING

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

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
12:00 15 30 45	Washington Whirl Bill Cunningham, News Starlight Theatre Starlight Theatre	AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansos News	AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansos News	AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansos News	AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansos News
1:00 15 30 45	Alan Ladd, "Box 13" Alon Ladd, "Box 13" K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll	Eddy Arnold Show Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Eddy Arnold Show Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Eddy Arnold Show Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Music Till Come Time	Eddy Arnold Show Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys
2:00 15 30 45	K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll	Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast Where'd You Get Hot? Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast	K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll	Club 710, Arbogast Where'd You Get Hot? Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast
3:00 15 30	K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll	Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast	K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll	Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast
4:00 15 30 45	K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll	Club 710, Arbogast The Lou Kemper Show The Lou Kemper Show AP and Sports News	Club 710, Arbogast The Lou Kemper Show The Lou Kemper Show AP and Sports News	K. C. Blues Baseboll The Lou Kemper Show The Lou Kemper Show AP and Sports News	Club 710, Arbogast The Lou Kemper Show The Lou Kemper Show AP and Sports News
5:00 15 30 45 55	K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll K. C. Blues Baseboll	Mork Trail Mork Trail Clyde Beatty Clyde Beatty Popsicle Clubhouse	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Sky King Sky King Bobby Benson	Mork Trail Mork Trail Clyde Beatty Clyde Beatty Popsicle Clubhouse	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Sky King Sky King Bobby Benson

WHB — 710

MORNING

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	5:30
News, W'ther, Livestock Don Sullivan, Songs Hank Williams Show Cowntown Wranglers	News, W'ther, Livestock Don Sullivan, Songs Hank Williams Show Cowntown Wranglers	6:00 15 30 45
AP News—Ken Hartley Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Ken Hartley Musical Clock Musical Clock	7:00 15 30
AP News—Ken Hartley Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Ken Hartley Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	8:00 05 10 15 30 45
Unity Viewpoint Wells Calling—News Plaza Program Wells Calling	Unity Viewpoint Wells Calling Wells Calling Wells Calling	9:00 15 30 45
Wells Calling Wells Calling—News Queen For a Day Queen For a Day	Gene Autry, Songs Gene Autry, Songs Cowntown Carnival Cowntown Carnival	10:00 15 30 45
News—Post-O Musical Post-O Sandra Leo, Shopper Freddy Martin's Orch.	News—Don Sullivan Roy Rogers Cowntown Carnival Cowntown Carnival	11:00 15 30 45

AFTERNOON

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Boogie Woogie Cowboys Cowntown Wranglers Cowntown Wranglers	12:00 15 30 45
Eddy Arnold Show Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Salute to Reservists Salute to Reservists Red Nichols Show Music Till Game Time	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 The Lou Kemper Show The Lou Kemper Show AP and Sports News	K. C. Blues Baseball Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session	4:00 15 30 45
Mark Trail Mark Trail Clyde Beatty Clyde Beatty Popsicle Clubhouse	Bobby Benson Show Bobby Benson Show Challenge of the Yukon Challenge of the Yukon	5:00 15 30 45 55

Monday through Friday News

6:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
7:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
8:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
9:25 a.m.—Frank Singiser
10:25 a.m.—Frank Singiser
11:00 a.m.—Dick Smith
12:00 noon—Dick Smith
12:55 p.m.—Dick Smith
3:00 p.m.—Dick Smith
4:45 p.m.—Dick Smith
6:00 p.m.—Fulton Lewis, Jr.
6:30 p.m.—Gabriel Heatter
7:55 p.m.—Bill Henry
9:00 p.m.—Frank Edwards
10:55 p.m.—Mutual News
11:55 p.m.—Mutual News
12:55 a.m.—Bob Arbogast

Saturday News Broadcasts

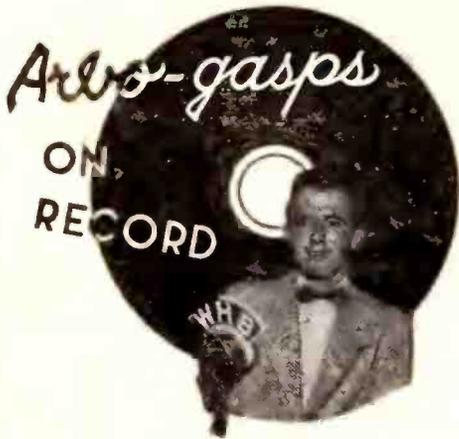
6:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
7:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
8:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
11:00 a.m.—Dick Smith
12:00 noon—Dick Smith
6:55 p.m.—Cecil Brown
10:55 p.m.—Mutual News
11:55 p.m.—Mutual News
12:55 a.m.—Bob Arbogast

Take your pick! News, music, mysteries or sports—you'll find them on WHB—Your Favorite Neighbor—in Kansas City!



—R. J. Wilson

"Wish me luck, Uncle Charles!"



with ARBOGAST

ISN'T this great? This summer kick, I'm talking about. Terrific!

Ricky of the "Ravens" pegs it right with that line that tells us that it's "Summertime, and the living is easy."

Man, Dad, Pops, and Jack—or what have you—you're so right.

And if we're at all sensible, any of us, we'll pay more than a little attention to the Mills Brothers' annual suggestion that we accompany them "Up the Lazy River"—or any number of other suggestions taken from any number of other songs about summer.

All of which poses an interesting question: What *are* some of the real good songs that extoll the merits of the vacation season? Summer, I mean.

Good idea—and while we're trying to answer our own question, we can put down some kind of a listing as to which artists have made records in the summer vein—and on which record labels said songs by said performers appear.

Just for kicks, tu sabes, so let's give it a go, shall we?

Well, for a starter, how about the tune, "Summertime," itself? We like it best by George Shearing on an M-G-M label. And, too, by the "Ravens" on a somewhat off-brand National disc. Try these on your record-beer-beach-pretzel sessions.

And how about the deal on Decca by Gary Moore called "Song Satire," that tears apart, in fun-poking fashion, the

daddy of all Augustish songs, "In the Good Old Summertime"? It's from Mr. Moore's album and is the funniest record I've ever heard. Matter of fact, all of the take-offs by Moore in the album are classics for comedy, to my way of thinking (which is usually pretty weird, so perhaps you'd best forget it). (Unless you'd like to give it a try.) (Well, do then.) (Don't just sit there—this is a time for lightning-like action, man . . . On your feet! Win this one for the Gipper! Go, go, go!)

Oh, dear, now I'm talking football, which is a good excuse for forgetting the summer pitch and getting on to other more exciting things.

AS you may know, if you've heard our late show (11 p.m. 'til 1 in the wee hours on WHB), we've made it a point to feature a lot of early Goodman, Lunceford, Basie and Barnet. Lots of the good stuff, I mean, from that late-lamented era called the "Golden Age" of the thing called Swing. Well, there's good news for you if you're one of those who advocate the return to prominence of that sort of music. We do, believe me. And that's porque we're a mite ecstatic over something these days. And we owe our unconfined joy to a little girl.

She is Rachel, the teen-age daughter of the King of Swing himself, Benny Goodman. For, if it weren't for her, we might never have known that there existed some of these fine sides we're going to tell you about.

The story: On January 16, 1938, in New York, Benny Goodman and 25 of the greatest jazz musicians ever assembled under one roof, brought swing for the first time to Carnegie Hall.

The performance, billed as the "Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert," featured, among others, Harry James, Ziggy Elman, Gene Krupa, Jess Stacy, Count Basie, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Bobby Hackett, Johnny Hodges, Cootie Williams, Lester Young and Martha Tilton.

It goes without saying that the performance was tremendously well received. It paved the way perfectly for more of the same in later years—one of the greatest things that could've happened for modern music of the swing variety.

Then, as time would have it, the B.G. concert was all but forgotten.

Until now—thanks to Rachel.

Seems Rachel was rummaging through the Goodman family attic and found that which caused all of our happiness stashed away under lampshades and musty letters and such other violent mementos of time passed.

For there, Rachel found the master recordings of every tune played that night at Carnegie—recordings that Benny had forgotten were anywhere around.

Thanks, Rachel.

You can guess the rest.

Columbia has released the music from the Carnegie session on both LP and 45, and it's nothing but soul-stirring. It'll cost ya, but it's worth it—like nothing you've ever heard, if, indeed, you like that kind of stuff in the first place. Me? I love it. The fee: ten bobs on the current mart—a small setback for some 21 brilliant swing songs by the greatest swing musicians of our time. Among the sides: "Sing, Sing, Sing," that lasts by itself, over a quarter of an hour; "One O'Clock Jump"; "Shine"; "Honeysuckle Rose"; "Body and Soul"; and "Blue Skies."

I could talk for pages about the featured solos, but I'm a bit incapable of describing greatness of this sort with words. Do yourself a big musical favor—hear it. When you do, you'll buy it. It's the "must" to terminate all "musts," ever.

A couple of sidelights or three regarding the B.G. session. It has been said by at least one record-reviewer that Gene Krupa's drumming shows lack of taste (and even an occasional lack of beat). We don't concur. We can see the man's point, but we don't feel that his criticism is justified. Rather, we think that Krupa's performance on these sides, good or bad (and we leave that up to you), was brought about by the very drama of the evening. Let's face it, it was the biggest night for modern music of the Golden Era kind—there'll probably never be another like it. If Krupa went a little too wild on occasion, it didn't detract from the overall picture—rather it added, and made the whole session more vibrant.

In the words of our producer and music connoisseur, Pete Robinson: "There's something about an in-person performance

that brings a drummer out of his usual background position. The fans get worked up; things go a little wild, but there's hardly a better place or time for such goings-on. Whatever the concert recordings lack in polish and recording studio technique, they certainly make up for it in on-the-spot excitement and feeling." (end quote Mr. R.)

And, too, while we're taking our hats off to Columbia, we'd like to pass along yet another bit of good cheer to music lovers of a type, to wit:

With a view toward revival of the good old days, Columbia has re-issued some other fine things, like "Pound Cake", "Clap Hands, Here comes Charlie", both by the Count Basie band. (Basie is an alumnus of WHB, by the way—a "by the way" of which we are properly proud.) The Basie band on these sides includes Lester Young, Buck Clayton and Harry Edison.

Still another chapeau-doffing to the Columbians:

Benny Goodman and a full band have cut some heretofore unused Fletcher Henderson (now a very sick man in New York) arrangements written in 1938-40—a fitting tribute to a wonderful musician.

Columbia seems to be showing the way on a big scale. We hope the others follow.

For a wind-up to this thing, how about this goodie:

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN IS SAYING HIS PRAYERS . . . Kay Starr—Capitol. An A. A. Milne poem set to music (Milne's the inker who brought the fabulous "Winnie the Pooh" to the world) from A. A.'s "When We Were Very Young". Miss Starr doesn't give this her usual raucous (but fine) vocal treatment as with "Mama Goes Where Poppa Goes" and "Lonesomest Gal In Town"; but she does Mr. Milne full justice. This, to us, is the greatest lullaby-type since "Rockabye Baby on the Treetop". Try it as a sleep-suggester for the li'l monsters at home . . . although they'll probably like Kay so much, they'll keep ya up all night . . . which is a good thing, I guess, if ya happen to be a pilot who works nights. But don't get me wrong, I love Olathe.

See ya later . . . I'm going to the beach.

The Sage of Swing Says—



Many a reformer stumbles over a pile of trash around his own door when he sallies out to clean up the world.

The extent of some people's religion is that they know the name of the church they stay away from.

The trouble with the world is that the stupid ones are cocksure and the intelligent ones full of doubt.

Class reunion—Mixing old grad with Old Granddad.

Instead of loving your enemies, treat your friends a little better.

Honesty isn't any policy at all; it's a state of mind or it isn't honesty.

An orator—A man who says vague things with extreme violence.

It is said that man will work 8 hours a day for pay, 10 hours a day for a good boss, but 24 hours a day for a cause.

Envy yells at Reputation, "You're an accident." And Reputation wonders idly who is making that funny squeaking noise way down at the bottom of the hill.

What a pity the average man cannot dispose of his experience for as much as it cost him.

Cast your lot with a woman who has money enough to build a house on it.

Many a small boy is the kind of kid his mother wouldn't want him to play with.

Courtesy is a form of consideration for others practiced by civilized people when they have the time.

An expert—A person who avoids all the small errors as he sweeps forward to the grand fallacy.

Nothing can hold liquor as well as a bottle.

As we understand the doctors, you can live longer if you quit everything that makes you want to.

Gizmo: A gimmick that's better educated than a gadget.

A medicine cabinet is nothing more than a home drugstore without sandwiches.

The reason teaching has to go on is that children are not born human. They are made so.

If you don't believe in co-operation, just observe what happens to a wagon when one wheel comes off.

It is frighteningly true that a bad education may be more dangerous than no education.

The most beautiful sentiments ever penned weigh less than a single lovely action.

The thing that turns people into inveterate gamblers is the misfortune of winning the day they start.

Don't let yesterday use up too much of today.

A man is like a tack, he can go only as far as his head will let him.

A great statesman is generally a politician who dies before his laws have had time to produce their natural effects.

Laziness is only a disease. That's one more science has not found a cure for.

With some people, you have only to be a good listener to win their acclaim.

There is a difference between making money and earning it.

The nearest thing to perpetual motion is two women discussing another woman's affairs.

Taking time off is easier than putting it back.

Mind is more than mechanical, yet you see few fully wound up.

An open mind with a closed mouth, that's wisdom.

Many of us often suffer from acute indiscretion.

Many a man's idea of charity is to give unto others the advice he can't use himself.

Getting acquainted with a pretty girl is like running to a fire, you go with the crowd.

A crank is something of an expert on a subject in which you are not interested.

The nearer worthless an article is, the more luxurious wedding gift it makes.

One must have a lot of faith in his fellowmen to believe the speedometer reading on a second-hand car.

A dollar in your hand is only a dime, after taxes are deducted.

Is there such a thing as getting into trouble without your own help?

Libel is written abuse. Slander is oral abuse.

One reason you notice the mistakes of a newspaperman is because everything he says is down in black and white.

Too often a man's character would never be able to recognize his reputation were they to meet.

Nobody has ever produced a substitute for constructive thinking.

The trouble with resisting temptation is that it may never come again.

Conscience gets a lot of credit that belongs to cold feet.

Putting it off until tomorrow is the reason we had so little to do yesterday.

The more dishwater a wedding ring sees the longer it will last.

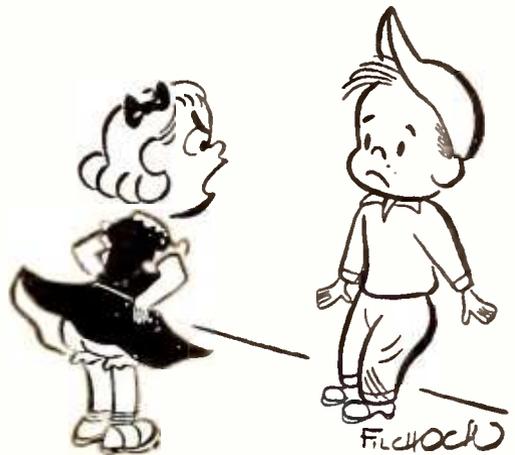
Better than gold is the peaceful home.

A gentleman is one who apologizes to a woman when he's right.

A modern home is a place where a switch regulates everything but the children.

Education is wonderful but what amazes us is the ignorance that persists.

A medicine cabinet is a place where you keep \$20 worth of nasty drugs you forgot to take before the meals while you were getting well.



"If you had one inch of backbone you'd ask for a raise in your allowance."



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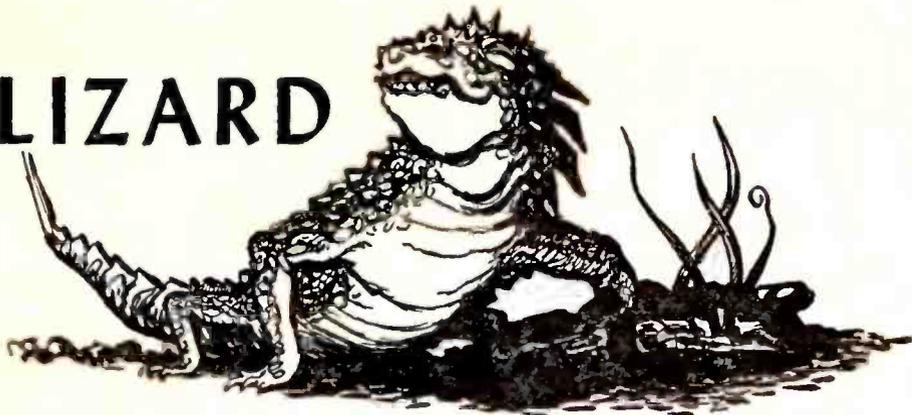
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Everything has its place in the sun. Even . . .

he LIZARD



by VICTOR T. KURE

ED SIMMONS hung up the receiver and walked slowly out the back door, forgetting even to brush at the flies clinging to the screen. He leaned his cane against the woodbox, then sat in the unpainted, slanted chair in the middle of the jumble of rocks and bushes that he and Sue called a patio. The realtor hadn't been too optimistic. "Twelve thousand is all they'll go, Mr. Simmons," he had said in a cool voice. "Maybe twelve-five. They're driving up from San Francisco to see you now. It doesn't look too good. They want something more—well, new, and modern."

Ed wished he had taken that offer of fifteen thousand last year. Values were coming down, and his place *was* old, but it was comfortable. He sat there musing in the sun. Beneath his thick white hair, light-blue eyes, set in a brown, thin face, played from one familiar object to another. His knobby fingers touched the earth tenderly and intimately. If Sue were alive they'd manage some-

how, as they had for thirty years. Never more than one paycheck ahead of being broke, but never really wanting.

He crossed his legs and sighed, and settled back to fill his pipe. The smoke wisped back on the breeze as he sat almost motionless, reviewing the years of work that had not brought them security in their old age: the garden that Sue had bent over every spring to satisfy their vegetable needs; the redwood grove just up the slope, where they had relaxed in the evening and watched the family of racoons gradually become friendly enough to eat out of their hands.

He leaned over to spit at the bank, but checked himself. Below him he saw the dark, foot-long lizard that usually dozed on the hot woodbox set against the south side of the house. "You've been here a long time too," he said aloud, and stretched out his hand. The lizard scooted behind the box, then the scaly pointed head poked out from behind it, the black eyes bright and unblinking, the mouth

curved. He knows I won't hurt him, he thought.

WHEN he heard the car stopping in front he went carefully down the stone steps of the sloping walk toward the two people who had just gotten out of the buff convertible. The man was tall, with a soft pink face that was fleshy and naked under a receding hair-line. The red-haired woman was stepping on the gravel driveway as if she were walking a tight-rope. Green slacks clung to her hips and her yellow halter bulged. Behind green-rimmed sun glasses was an expressionless face, obviously darkened by tanning lotions.

Ed extended his hand. "Good morning. Mr. and Mrs. Hurst?" He led them through the rooms, watching them, trying to appear unconcerned. Doesn't she ever smile? he thought, and then saw the interest in her mask-like face as she stepped up to the shelves of Oriental vases. Of course, he thought. Sue had loved those, and that Japanese print—wonderful folk art. He took the picture down from the wall. "See, this isn't painting at all; it's knitted. Perfect, isn't it?" He watched her examine it. The man's feet shuffled behind him, and he felt a vacuum of sound and action. This isn't going too well, he thought, and coughed, and felt relief when she went into the kitchen. He stood beside Hurst in front of the fireplace and wished he had built a fire. It seemed cold, all at once, here in the house, and he led the way out into the sunshine. They waited for

her. She came out smiling for the first time.

"Everything's handy, anyway, although it's pretty small, Frank," she said. Ed waved his arm in a wide circle.

"Nice here, especially on a hot day. This patio—my wife and I hauled rocks all one summer for the garden and pool, and the walks."

She said, "Rock gardens seem rather crude, to me. 'Course, yours is nice, really." She put her nose against one of the wistaria blossoms that covered the overhung gateway. "Mum. So fragrant, aren't they? The hybrids, especially."

He remembered how Sue liked flowers too, so he smiled at her and then led the way up the winding path to the redwood grove. Here several dozen of the great trees dwarfed them in the cool shade of a soft-looking clearing that contained a lawn swing, three chairs made of redwood limbs, and a small open fireplace. Near one edge hung a Mexican rope hammock. As they stepped into the clearing a quail scuttled across it and disappeared into the undergrowth. Hurst swiftly swung an imaginary gun to cover the bird.

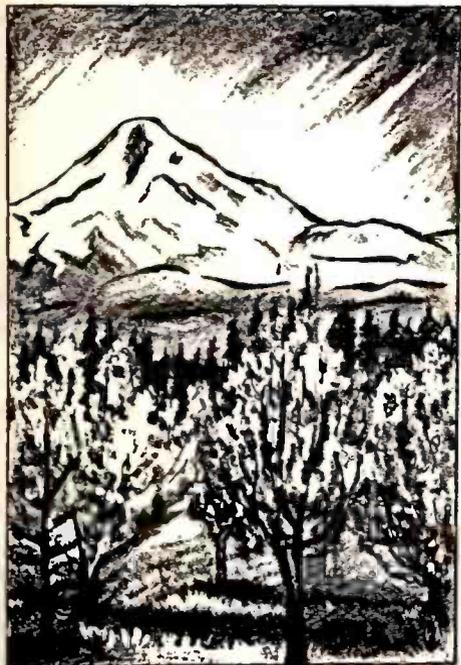
"Say, quail on toast for dinner," he said. "Many of them here?"

"Quite a few," Ed said, "but I quit feeding them. The people across the way got a cat that snoops around, and feeding them makes them tame. One morning I found two little ones drowned in that dish under the faucet." He showed them the hammock. He and Sue had saved for ten years to make that Mexico trip.

Mrs. Hurst drew her hand along the rope. "Beautiful colors, aren't they, Frank?"

Her husband tugged at the swinging hemp. "That's about all, though. Just junk they peddle to the tourists."

Ed closed his mouth and watched them move with vague indirection around the clearing. What do these people like? he asked himself. He stood in the center of the open space waiting until they turned back to him, and then led them down to the orchard.



THE trees were already heavy with green fruit, apples and cherries and several fig trees that were almost naked in contrast to the thick foliage of the others. He stopped to scratch his head and tilt his hat back to let the wind cool the sweat on his fore-

head. His stomach began to knot into that sick feeling that came so regularly these days. The dizziness started behind his eyes. Hurst was saying, "These trees aren't in rows. You plant them?"

"Some of them were here when I got the place." He felt the rigidity of his jaws and reached up for a branch to steady himself. The thought kept pounding through the waves of dizziness: It's worth more than they've offered. Damn if I'll sell for twelve.

He led Hurst toward the orchard edge, to the brush that marked the beginning of the lot thick with spreading bay trees, white oaks, and thick bushes.

"This piece could be sold separately," Hurst said. "Someone could build on it. Is that another redwood grove up there?"

Ed nodded. "You could sell this to someone you'd like for a neighbor. Even then he wouldn't be too close to you. I've had plenty of offers for it." He saw the blankness that spread over Hurst's features veiling his thought.

"Would you consider selling the rest for ten thousand, and keeping this? I really don't need it."

He felt he ought to turn and walk away. "No. The whole thing, or nothing, the way I feel—for fifteen thousand."

"Guess I could sell it." The tall man's head moved from side to side, and Ed glanced toward Mrs. Hurst seated detached in the patio chair.

"We'd better find out what Mrs. Hurst thinks," he said. He wished the

realtor were here. This selling was not his line. Money, money, he thought. If only he were younger. If only Sue were alive. He brushed sweat from his forehead again and wondered if the dizziness came from walking on the uneven ground, and knew it didn't. I keep forgetting my cane, he reminded himself.

She looked up. "What have you two decided?"

"Mr. Simmons wants fifteen, for all of it."

"How about the place we talked about yesterday?"

Ed felt the anger within himself. They had been figuring all the angles. He spoke quickly. "A great deal could be done here. You could landscape it." His lips were dry. "What do you think of the house?"

She took off her glasses for the first time and chewed on one of the bright-green prongs. "It is small. And—do you think it's too old, Frank? But I adore the fireplace. Would you include the vases?"

He knew Sue would object if she were alive. He tried to push the thought of her aside. "Yes, and the prints. And the bookcases. I'll even throw in the stove and refrigerator." He spoke directly to Hurst now. "You must have noticed how solid the house is built. That hardwood floor cost plenty. If I were feeling better I wouldn't sell at any price." Maybe with those fixtures, and that authentic folk-art—. He thought of something then. "Would you like to see the flowers and shrubbery on the other side?" Maybe he should have showed her around there first. Women liked flowers.

THEY followed him as he began to pass by the woodbox. Hurst was saying, "I'll go to twelve-five, Mr. Simmons," but he pretended not to hear. He stopped and pulled up on the lid of the woodbox. It was a false lid, raised so that there was a space an inch high between it and the real top of the box.

"Would you like to see my pet?" He tried to sound friendly. As he pulled up on the planking the lizard curled and straightened out on the box top. It twisted jerkily toward the wall just as Mrs. Hurst screamed and jumped back and fell into a thorny bush. He saw Hurst grab up the cane, raise it high, and crash it down on the box. A long piece of it flew up against the house with a dull clatter and then dropped back on the patio. Hurst cursed.

"Missed him," he rasped. Ed could hear branches crackling behind him. For an instant he thought that he should turn and help her, but he knew he couldn't. He closed his mouth and felt his nerves loosen slightly. Hurst said, "Are you hurt, Myrna?" as Ed peered around the corner and saw an armored tail disappear under the house. He breathed deep and walked back to the patio, closing his eyes for a few seconds against the dizziness. He didn't look back as Mrs. Hurst swore briefly but viciously.

Their steps scuffed hesitantly behind him in the dirt and he turned to face them. His mouth moved but no words came. Then his lips met and he said, "You can work out all

the business details with my realtor. I can move out in two weeks." He led the way down the incline of steps, then halted again. "Goodbye," he said, not holding out his hand, not even wanting to look at them. He turned toward the path up to the

redwoods. As he passed through the flowered arch of the patio gateway his knees weakened and he flung out an arm toward the leaf-covered post. The wistaria blossom felt cool and soft as it crumpled into dry mash in his cold palm.

Discouraged by a laundry that kept sending his clothes back so shrunk out of shape he couldn't get into them, a customer finally got mad and sent them a large railroad spike. To it he wired a note, saying: "I'll bet you can't shrink this." Eventually the laundry returned to him a small bundle. In it was a carpet tack and a note. It said, "The heck we can't."—Woodmen.

"I'm Mr. B's wife," said the brunette, introducing herself to a blonde at a party.

"I'm his secretary," said the blonde.

"Oh," said the brunette, arching her eyebrows slightly. "You were?"—Forest Echoes.



"It all began when John started a correspondence course in plumbing . . ."

A midwestern preacher in the middle of a long sermon was horrified to look up and see his young son methodically shooting the parishioners in various spots of their anatomies with a bean blower. Just as he started to scold the youngster, the boy shouted:

"Keep preaching, Pop. I'll keep them awake for you!"

A tramp knocked at the door of an inn known as "George and the Dragon." The landlady opened the door and the tramp beseeched:

"Could you spare a poor, hungry man a bite to eat?"

"No," she said, slamming the door.

A few minutes later the tramp knocked again. The landlady came again. He asked: "Could I have a few words with George?"

A geology professor overheard a friendly argument about the attractions of life in Los Angeles. A man from Mason City, Iowa, said he wouldn't like the torrential rains in winter, the bald, brown hills in summer, and the ever-present possibility of an earthquake.

The Californian was a match for this. He said, "Brother, we don't have earthquakes in California. They're just big movements in real estate!"

It's well known that when grandma was a girl she did not do all the things that girls do today . . . but, too, grandma did not do the things that grandmas do today.

If you can tell the difference between good advice and bad advice, then you don't need any.



When she gets in the act, Joan Brandon haunts the haunTERS!

by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

SHE was allowed to ask three questions for her dollar. She wrote them on a slip of paper, addressing them to her dead sister Ann. Then she signed the name Jean Hilton, and eagerly awaited the answer.

The woman in the center of the circle swayed slightly. When at last she spoke, it was in a voice which seemed to come from another world. "Ann is calling to her sister, Jean Hilton," she intoned. "She is so happy to greet you and send you all her love."

Immediately, the blonde young woman rose from her seat and exclaimed to the startled audience: "This woman is a fraud! My name is not Jean Hilton and I've never had a sister!"

Joan Brandon was the amateur sleuth in that audience, and her greatest pleasure is exposing fake

mediums wherever she finds them. A professional magician who has entertained thousands of people although she's still in her twenties, she has made it her mission to uncover the fakers who every year mulct millions of dollars from the public. Heedless of personal danger, she fights the fake spiritualist racket at its source.

Once, for example, she watched a nationally-known medium from Hollywood perform a blindfold billet reading. After being blindfolded with a large white cloth, the medium sat at a table and shuffled the papers with the questions on them. When she started to read, Joan broke up the meeting by explaining to the audience that anyone can be blindfolded and read anything on a table before him, no matter how tightly the blindfold is tied.

Another time, Miss Brandon met a Milwaukee couple in Los Angeles. Their young daughter had recently died, and they were heartbroken. Seeking solace, they went to a medium. They were completely taken in by her tricks. The father, in fact, even showed Joan what purported to be a spirit picture of his daughter, complete with a halo around her head.

Joan decided to investigate the case. She learned that one of the medium's confederates in Milwaukee had obtained a picture of the dead girl from the morgue of a local newspaper. The rest was simple. A photographer achieved the halo effect by using well-established darkroom technique.

Nevertheless, the girl's father was still skeptical of Joan's explanation. She had to bring in her own photographer to reproduce the halo on the

picture before the parent's very eyes. Only then were they convinced that they had been duped.

DAUGHTER of a famous magician and ghost breaker, Joan knows every trick in the fake medium's book. Wherever she travels, she visits local mediums, posing as a convert, disguised so that she won't be recognized. Her brother, Jack Brandon, a husky young man who is her agent, is her only bodyguard. Despite threats of violence, she has exposed hundreds of fake mediums all over the world.

Levitation, spirit photography, blind-fold reading, materializations, trumpet blowing and all the rest of the medium's flim-flam are just old-fashioned magic, according to Joan Brandon. Being an accomplished magician herself, she can perform these stunts easily. About the only thing she can't do is produce a materialization—or ectoplasm, as the mediums call it—because it is necessary to regurgitate a piece of gauze and Joan confesses she has a weak stomach. But all the spectral effects, table raisings, voices-from-the-beyond, mysterious rappings and other tricks in the fraudulent medium's repertoire can be duplicated by this magician who has made a specialty of debunking the medium's magic.

Some time ago a survey showed that there were eight million people in the United States who were convinced that spiritualism, as demonstrated by mediums, was the real thing. A recent estimate put the number of mediums in the country at 6,000, and they were reaping possibly \$25,000,000 a year from well-meaning but gullible

persons. These facts are a constant challenge to ghost breaker Joan Brandon. Unscrupulous practitioners of the magician's art, she claims, prey upon the heart-aches and sorrows of bereaved persons as well as offering advice, often misleading or insidious, at a price.

One medium, for instance, told one of her followers not to have an operation. When the woman protested that her doctor had advised the operation, the medium replied: "I don't care what your doctor said. The spirits tell me you should not have an operation."

Another medium told a woman to put her property in someone else's name because her son-in-law was scheming to take it away from her. The son-in-law was completely innocent, of course. The medium would have succeeded in creating a rift in the family had it not been for Joan Brandon's intervention.

Many messages-from-the-beyond delivered by mediums result in dire consequences. People have been known to commit suicide after receiving such messages. They also have made bad investments, bought or sold property willy-nilly, done other senseless things merely on some fake medium's say-so.

MISS BRANDON is not attacking a religion, nor the many sincere people who believe in spiritualism. Instead, she fights the mediums who use lies and trickery to convince people of their powers. In lectures before civic groups, clubs and colleges, she has endeavored to bring her message to the public. Going into the medium's temples and meeting places, she has exposed their sorcery during

actual seances, explaining and demonstrating to their converts how the mediums achieve their spectral hoodwinking.

On a recent trip to Detroit, for example, Joan uncovered a medium who made ingenious use of an odd-looking, talking statue. The spirits, according to the medium, talked through the statue. For an extra fee, in fact, the spirits would suggest a lucky number to be played in the numbers racket. Joan discovered his method, and now uses a replica of the statue to demonstrate one more aspect of the fake medium's trickery.

Another trick, used by a medium in Texas, was almost as ingenious. A bright light shining in a glass vial convinced his followers that a spirit was present. Joan performs the same trick for audiences, claiming no supernatural powers whatsoever.

Convinced that such mediums are merely second-rate magicians, Joan has a standing offer of \$10,000 to any medium who can produce psychic phenomena legitimately. Like the similar offer made by the great Houdini, it has never been successfully challenged. Every medium who has been tested by a magician has proved to be a fraud.

APETITE blonde, whose looks could win her a showgirl's job in any Broadway musical, Joan Brandon could get by very well without exposing the fake mediums who infest the country. Miss Brandon, however, has magic in her blood. Her father was the Great Brandoni, a famous magician who spent many years as a ghost breaker himself. Joan, who was born in New Orleans, spent most of her

early life touring the country with him. As a child, she was part of her father's act, and he would produce her out of an empty box on the stage. By the time she was five, she could take rabbits out of hats and accomplish other feats of legerdemain. At the age of fourteen, she was a vaudeville headliner. At fifteen, she was booked into the Hotel Savoy in London. This was the start of an international career which took her to France, Portugal, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, and other European countries. At one time or another, she also has performed in Australia, Hawaii, Mexico, Cuba, and Canada, as well as all the 48 states. She has been called "America's First Lady of Magic" and the "World's Greatest Lady Magician" for her aptitude at sleight-of-hand.

Her other accomplishments are equally amazing. Besides being the first girl magician to appear on television in London, Paris, and New York, Joan also has led her own dance orchestra, played the drums and saxophone, is an amateur flyer, and at present is writing a book to be called "Frankly Spooking." Her magic act, featuring such stunts as pouring 100 different drinks from a cocktail shaker—anything from a Scotch-and-soda to a Bromo Seltzer—as rapidly as an audience requests them; raising a table easily just with the palms of her hands; making a cane dance apparently unsupported in mid-air; and others stamp her the equal of famous masculine performers.

All these achievements, however, are of secondary importance to the remarkable Miss Brandon. Debunk-

ing racketeer mediums is her greatest interest. She has made an exhaustive study of spiritualism and has found that the belief in it is world-wide. And not only ignorant people fall for the fake medium's wiles, she says ruefully. Many men of science have been convinced that certain mediums possess supernatural powers. Joan Brandon, however, sees such stunts through the magician's eyes. On guard for trickery, she has uncovered their most baffling stunts.

MODERN spiritualism is 100 years old, she will remind you, and its entire history has been one of sheer hypocrisy and sham. It started in Hydesville, N.Y., when two little girls, Margaret and Katy Fox, dropped an apple off a bed about a hundred years ago. Their superstitious mother then told the neighbors there were spirits in the house. The girls thought



it amusing, and kept up the deception. No one would believe such innocent looking children could be guilty of perpetrating a hoax, of course. Later, they

were too frightened to admit they were only playing a little game. They learned to crack the joints in their toes, and their mother called it spirit rapping.

The news spread, and the family decided to make capital of it. Admission was charged to go into the Fox home. Soon the house was too small for the audiences that came to see the sisters. Then they went on tour, appearing before credulous audiences in various cities throughout the United States. In later years, though, Margaret's conscience got the better of her, and she signed a confession which was published in the old "N. Y. World." In part, it said: "I do this because I consider it my duty, a sacred thing, a holy mission to expose spiritualism. I want to expose spiritualism because it is a fraud and a deception. It is a branch of legerdemain. If I cannot do it, who can? I, who have been the beginning of it."

Spiritualism, however, was to survive and mediums multiply down through the years. "It was too good a thing for the quacks to let go. There was too much money in it for the mediums to cast it aside. And there were millions of people ready to pay good money in return for being fooled in the most insidious way."

WHEREVER she may be, Joan is ready to track down the fake mediums. Some time ago she found one not far from her home in New York City. Joan previously had a friend telephone the medium and arrange an appointment. The friend told the medium that her younger sister, Joan, was despondent because her

fiance recently had died. When Joan arrived at the spiritualist's temple, she sat in semi-darkness for a while. A phonograph played soft music. After that, there was a period of quiet meditation before a woman appeared. The medium asked for gold and jewels to be made into a cross. Then she gave messages. Joan's was completely ridiculous. The medium told her that the spirit of her fiance said that she must not take her own life because then they would never be reunited in the spirit world!

PEOPLE ask mediums comparatively few questions, Joan Brandon explains, and this makes their work simple. Mainly, questions asked deal with love, money, health, business, marriage, friends, trips, and investments. A person with any imagination at all can give plausible answers. If the sitter seems dissatisfied, the mediums can easily cover up or generalize. You may try to put on your best poker face but the experienced medium will detect the slightest flicker of the eyes or trace of expression, and draw conclusions from it. That is known as

"fishing," one of the most reliable ways of answering stock questions.

If the subject is wealthy, the fraudulent medium will go to any length to get information about him. Mediums not only use telephone directories of cities all over the country, they also resort to their own books which are carefully cross-indexed. Other data is obtained from neighbors, servants, trades people, newspaper morgues, and confederates posing as door-to-door salesmen. The city directory and even the tombstones in cemeteries likewise provide the medium with information. Thus equipped with many of the answers, the medium convinces nearly everyone that he is in communication with actual spirits.

After putting questions to hundreds of fake mediums during her career as a ghost breaker, Joan is convinced only one ever gave her the proper answer. Once she asked a medium whether she herself should become a medium. "Yes, you should become a medium," was the reply. "I will be your guide. You would make a wonderful medium."

"Sure, I would," Joan wryly agrees. "I know all the tricks."

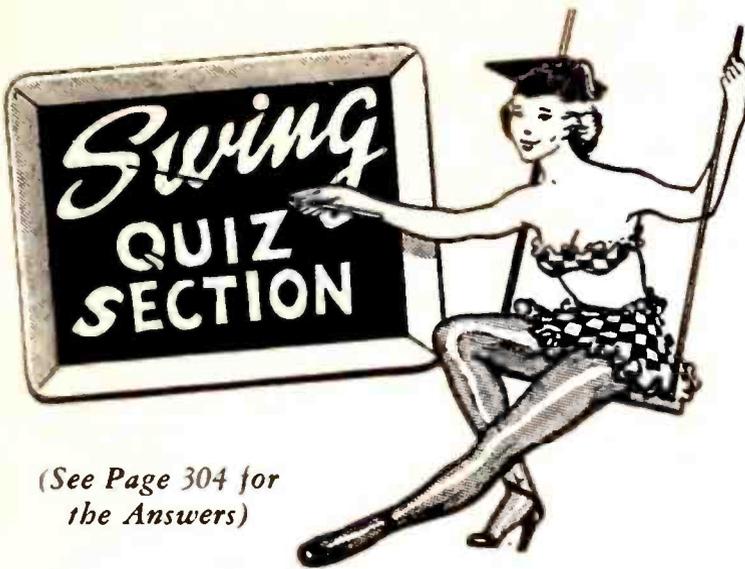


The very rich man was interviewing an applicant for a job as his personal valet. "You may have trouble with me," he said. "I have a wooden leg, a glass eye, a toupee, an artificial arm and false teeth."

"That won't bother me," replied the applicant. "I used to be on the assembly line at Lockheed."



Neighbor Brown has a new car and is rather proud of it, now that some of its eccentricities are smoothed out. It seems the car had several unexplainable rattles and squeaks. All but one were tracked down and corrected. The mysterious rattle was traced to a rear window, where—hanging by a string from the inside of the framework—was a small bottle. Inside the bottle was a note which read, "How long did it take you to locate this one?"



(See Page 304 for
the Answers)

KNOCK THE CHAMPS OUT

by Lawrence R. Barney

In the past sixty-eight years there have been sixteen Heavyweight Boxing Champions of the World. The left-hand column gives the years in chronological order during which each Champ held his title. The right-hand column gives the names of all the heavyweight crown-holders in a scrambled order. See how many of the title-holders you can knock out by correctly pairing each Champ's name with the years he held the Heavyweight Crown.

ANSWER	YEAR(S)	TITLE HELD	CHAMP'S NAME
() 1.	1882 to 1892		(A) JOE LOUIS
() 2.	1892 to 1897		(B) JACK SHARKEY
() 3.	1897 to 1899		(C) VACANT
() 4.	1899 to 1905		(D) JAMES J. CORBETT
() 5.	1906 to 1908		(E) MAX SCHMELING
() 6.	1908 to 1915		(F) JESS WILLARD
() 7.	1915 to 1919		(G) JOHN L. SULLIVAN
() 8.	1919 to 1926		(H) MAX BAER
() 9.	1926 to 1928		(I) PRIMO CARNERA
() 10.	1928 to 1930		(J) EZZARD CHARLES
() 11.	1930 to 1932		(K) GENE TUNNEY
() 12.	1932		(L) JACK JOHNSON
() 13.	1933		(M) TOMMY BURNS
() 14.	1934		(N) ROBERT FITZSIMMONS
() 15.	1935 to 1936		(O) JACK DEMPSEY
() 16.	1937 to 1949		(P) JAMES J. JEFFRIES
() 17.	1949 (N.B.A. only)		(Q) JAMES J. BRADDOCK

PAGE BOY

by Gregory Spooner

Can you guess these well-known "boys" from the cues given? If you get them all, congratulations. Or in the vernacular, Atta Boy.

1. Oliver La Farge's Pulitzer boy
2. Genus bred in Cambridge, Mass.
3. Can she make a cherry pie?
4. This one is Mr. Peck's
5. Sabu's vehicle
6. By Gainsborough
7. A Whittier creation
8. The Londonderry Air
9. Al Jolson's baby
10. Play by Clifford Odets
11. Harold Lloyd was IT
12. Giddyap Whoa!
13. Eden Ahbez' brain child
14. He knew Mr. Pickwick

SPELL IT ANOTHER WAY

By Boris Randolph

There's another equally correct way to spell each of the words below. Do you know it?

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. Jeweler | 16. Anemic |
| 2. Gaiety | 17. Tepee |
| 3. Partisan | 18. Defense |
| 4. Skeptic | 19. Sirup |
| 5. Ketchup | 20. Inferable |
| 6. Plow | 21. Manikin |
| 7. Mustache | 22. Fiber |
| 8. Jail | 23. Banns |
| 9. Program | 24. Peddler |
| 10. Drafty | 25. Doggie |
| 11. Kidnapor | 26. Catnip |
| 12. Splendor | 27. Valkyrie |
| 13. Whisky | 28. Phantasm |
| 14. Check | 29. Rhyme |
| 15. Raccoon | 30. Bark |

THE BIG ONE GOT AWAY!

by William C. Boland

If your fishing trips wind up with that well-worn alibi—"you should see the big one that got away!"—be prepared to defend yourself. Was it trout, bass, or dolphin you didn't catch? Pick the fish in each category below. Getting 13 or more right makes you excellent; 10 to 12, fair; below that, buy a fisherman's guide.

- | | | |
|---------------|-------------|----------|
| 1. Cormorant | Marlin | Badger |
| 2. Tern | Bison | Muskie |
| 3. Snook | Bustard | Ocelot |
| 4. Wagtail | Striper | Emeu |
| 5. Pollack | Tapir | Dhole |
| 6. Koodoo | Jackdaw | Carp |
| 7. Toucan | Pumpkinseed | Chamois |
| 8. Squaretail | Shrike | Dodo |
| 9. Windhoover | Gibbon | Bluegill |
| 10. Platypus | Pickrel | Jerboas |
| 11. Flamingo | Flycatcher | Togue |
| 12. Perch | Bullfinch | Grosbeak |
| 13. Magpie | Crappie | Ouzel |
| 14. Hawk | Ibex | Walkeye |
| 15. Bittern | Pilchard | Heron |

BEWARE THE PLATITUDE

by Theodore Simonson

Ever since Adam, people have loved to hand out advice. And nothing is more impressive than a time-honored platitude—or more contradictory! Measure your defense against “careless counselling.” Match each famous quote on the left with its *contradiction* on the right.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. | A. Travel teaches tolerance. |
| 2. Absence makes the heart grow fonder. | B. Naked came we into the World, and naked shall we depart. |
| 3. Fools are aye fond o' flittin', and wise men o' sittin'. | C. He that questioneth much shall learn much. |
| 4. A penny saved is a penny earned. | D. He who hesitates is lost. |
| 5. Too many cooks spoil the broth. | E. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. |
| 6. When in Rome do as the Romans do. | F. Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist. |
| 7. One man is as good as another. | G. Penny wise, pound foolish. |
| 8. Curiosity killed the cat. | H. Out of sight, out of mind. |
| 9. Clothes make the man. | I. Two heads are better than one. |
| 10. Haste makes waste. | J. Men are made by nature unequal. |

SOWING FLOWERS

by Gerard Mosler

If each of the persons described in the left column would have sown the corresponding object described in the right column the word combination will result in the name of a flower. For example: If a NETHERLANDER would sow a WIND INSTRUMENT the resulting flower would be a DUTCHMAN'S PIPE. How many flowers can you identify in this way?

IF THEY . . .	SOW THESE . . .	WHAT FLOWERS HAVE YOU?
1. The first man	A pointed tool	...M'.
2. An unwed male	A fastening device	.A.
3. An infant	A single respiration	...Y'.
4. A royal son	A part of plumage' F.
5. A noblewoman	A light shoe' L.
6. A patriarch	A device for climbing	...O'.
7. A flirtation	A deadly poison	W.'
8. A Roman goddess	A catching device	.E.'
9. A keeper of sheep	A small pouchR'.
10. A church dignitary	A headgear	..S.'

CAN YOU BE A SALESMAN?

by Michel Lipman

Ask your man-on-the-street, and you might hear, "Son, I couldn't sell a kitchen match to a freezing excelsior merchant!"

If this is the common attitude, then we have news! The big commissions in selling stem from these factors. If you have the kind of personality that wins friends; if you have a sincere factual approach, a good product, and a little hustle, you possess the raw materials of salesmanship. To be sure, why not run through this test?

- | | Some- | Never |
|--|--------|-------|
| | Always | times |
| 1. Are you genuinely democratic in your association with others? | _____ | _____ |
| 2. Are you tactful in all your relations with others? | _____ | _____ |
| 3. Is your health good? (except for minor illnesses) | _____ | _____ |
| 4. Can you be cheerful without straining? | _____ | _____ |
| 5. Do you really enjoy lending a hand to others when possible? | _____ | _____ |
| 6. Can you keep plugging on the job regularly without a boss to watch you? | _____ | _____ |
| 7. Is your attitude usually optimistic and friendly? | _____ | _____ |
| 8. Can you keep going without discouragement even when everything seems against you? | _____ | _____ |
| 9. Do you keep your appearance neat and manner cordial at all times? | _____ | _____ |
| 10. Do you make sincere friends on the strength of your personality? | _____ | _____ |
| 11. Are you a "self-starter" with respect to whatever job you tackle? | _____ | _____ |
| 12. Would you rather go to a meeting or other gathering of people than stay home with a good book? | _____ | _____ |
| 13. Are you able to see two sides to every question? | _____ | _____ |
| 14. Can you accept criticism for constructive self-improvement? | _____ | _____ |
| 15. Have you a sense of ethics with relation to the representations you may make? | _____ | _____ |
| 16. Do you find it easy to take a real interest in others, their problems, and their hopes? | _____ | _____ |
| 17. Do you think you have sufficient "bounce" to come back time and time again after turn-downs? | _____ | _____ |
| 18. Do you have a fund of enthusiasm that will trickle over and infect a customer without washing him away? | _____ | _____ |
| 19. Are you sufficiently sure of yourself that you can reassure others who are a little fearful about you, your product, and the world in general? | _____ | _____ |
| 20. Do you have the ability to work steadily, earnestly, and objectively toward your goal? | _____ | _____ |

Each "always" counts 5; each "sometimes" 3, and each "never" rates 0. Now add 'em up.



Gas station owners die young !

*They cope with swindles, pests and
grouches—and love every minute
of it!*

by JULES FRANCE

TAKE it from a guy who saw Sai-pan, Leyte, Okinawa and the rest of the Pacific from an aircraft carrier, working out a living from behind your own gas pumps jangles the nerves. But Ben Alexander, who might well bear the sobriquet "Mr. Filling Station," was hypnotized by a flivver at the age of six, and has been sticking his head under motor hoods ever since.

He cracked the mysteries of carburetion and differentials during high school vacations when he was paid \$9 a week to hand-pump gas and rake gravel at a Union Oil station. The outbreak of war a few years later found him still selling gas for Union Oil—but at a microphone, as announcer for their radio show.

Then Ben enlisted in the Navy. On his return home, he found that the announcer who had pinch-hit for him had been signed for another year. So, with three of his ex-navy buddies, Ben bought a Union Oil station on lease, and went back to selling oil the hard way.

And, brother, it is the hard way!

A PART from the usual gas station pests, there are the swindle artists to cope with. It took Ben's boys' time—and costly experience—to be wary of the man who buys gas with a twenty-dollar bill, then discovers he has a five when the attendant returns with his change. In the confusion and fast talk of rejuggling the transaction, the short change operator drives off with a full tank, and \$20 profit.

A new racket pops up every week. There was the girl who drove in with the tearful story of no gas or money to meet her husband coming into San Diego on a tramp steamer. If she

could only have ten gallons . . . she'd leave her wedding ring for security.

Ben subsequently found out that Woolworth's had an abundance of "wedding rings," so it was hardly surprising that the girl never came back. But misfortune was the lot of another female when she called at Ben's station only a week later with an identical yarn. One of Ben's boys stalled her until the police arrived. The woman's handbag revealed the two-bit bands of a dozen "marriages."

If these characters weren't enough to make Ben eye wistfully the lion tamer's placid profession, there's also the customer who pulls into the station with profound distrust in his heart. He's the man who's grateful to his dentist for advice that he needs fillings. But when Ben suggests that a worn-out part needs replacing, the customer invariably rewards him with a stare of utter disbelief and suspicion.

Paradoxically, Ben finds the customer who automatically assumes he's being cheated is the easiest to win over—like the school teacher who gets out of her car to watch the tank-filling process. On this type, Ben uses the psychology of diplomacy. He gives her a little *more* than she's paying for. If this draws comment, he shrugs, "Oh, that's all right. The boss doesn't care if I give you a little extra." From then on she can't be beaten off with a club, ever hopeful that the "mistake" will be repeated.

LIKE most gas station operators, Ben has found it necessary to use subtle selling techniques. The general idea is to suggest to the motorist alternatives, either of which entails spending money. Instead of asking

"Shall I fill 'er up?" Ben queries, "Shall I fill it up with 76 or 7600?" Most men—especially those with girl friends at their sides—lack the courage to order, "Just give me four."

Ben checks the oil without asking, then shows the gauge to the driver. "You need a quart," he'll say. "Do you want Triton 30 or 40?" He then checks water and tires, saving the windshield for last. This leaves him in a position to chat with the driver about anything he's discovered wrong with the motor or tires.

You can't get rich selling gas at a gross profit of 3c a gallon. And to dispense 5,000 gallons a week, grossing \$150, requires the full-time service of one attendant. Ben's real profits accrue from the miscellany—sale of oil and parts, parking fees, wash and lube jobs and repair work.

Because competition is keen and customers are fickle, Ben never misses a chance to extend himself in the line of service. He's found that this pays off in loyalty, where a penny slash in prices is quickly forgotten.

Shortly after Ben took over his Hollywood station, Reese Taylor, president of Union Oil, persuaded him to return as announcer for the company's new Monday night program. Saying nothing about his new career, Ben would grease cars at the station right up to the last moment, then rush to the studio for his broadcast.

One night Taylor and some Union Oil bigwigs came to the program. There was Ben Alexander, standing in front of the microphone clad in greasy overalls. The executives were baffled. What was this—television? After the program, Ben sheepishly ex-

plained that he was not only an announcer now, but a dealer as well.

"Gentlemen!" Taylor exclaimed. "Here's an announcer who read his commercials so persuasively he convinced himself!"

BEN knows almost everybody in Hollywood, but he insists he hasn't made a nickel out of his personal friends. They came in for a while for the novelty of having radio's Ben Alexander fill up their tanks, but soon seemed more annoyed than pleased at his success. That's Hollywood.

Sometimes Ben meets a friend under unexpected circumstances, as when the handbag hospital across the street from the Cahuenga station burned down. Fire engines roared in; the hook and ladder was run up. A fireman, ax in hand, scrambled up the rungs toward a smoking window. Half-way up the ladder, he happened to spot Ben across the street. Letting out a whoop, he clambered down, rushed over to the station and pumped Ben's hand. "Why you old rascal—!" Then remembering the fire he raced back across the street, up the ladder and to work.

Hollywood stars who call at the station are sometimes more a handicap than a help. They're one of the

reasons why nobody but an attendant is allowed to put a car on the hoist. One day a man from Monticello, N. Y., drove in. Before anyone noticed, he had raised his car four feet on the hoist, with him inside.

Just then Martha O'Driscoll drove up and yelled a greeting to Ben, who was pumping gas out front. The man from Monticello recognized the star, got out of his car for a better look, and stepped into four feet of space. He was knocked cold on the pavement.

Although Ben's two stations are only two blocks apart, they cater to different clientele. At the Cahuenga station he gets Hollywood business men, and at the Yucca station, housewives driving in from San Fernando Valley. Women, he's found, rarely know anything about cars; expect more service than men, and won't allow anything to be done for the car because, "My husband won't let me buy anything without his OK."

The toughest customers Ben has to deal with are those who, like himself, drive new cars, trade them in early, and dish out nothing but punishment in the interim. "I never keep a car long enough to wear out the battery," Ben confesses, "so I never bother to have it checked. People like me make terrible customers, and I'm darn glad I'm less prevalent!"

▲
If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

▲
Little boys would learn to write much faster if blackboards had the appeal of fresh cement.

▲
Compliment: The applause that refreshes.

▲
Civil Service is something you get in restaurants between wars.

THE CREAM OF CROSBY

(Continued from Page 247)

songwriters whose work is bandied about on "Songs For Sale" have remained without exception spectacularly unknown. Tough racket to break into, songwriting. I haven't been able to find a publisher for my other baby-talk song, "How Can Itty Bitty You Be Such A Great Big Lousy Tramp?"

Historic Occurrence

THERE is a thrice-told tale about Leo Tolstoy ("War and Peace") waking up in the middle of the night crying: "A yacht race! I left out a yacht race." It's virtually the only thing he didn't include in that massive novel. After listening to Lux Theater's revival of "Seventh Heaven," it occurred to me that the playwright, Austin Strong, might have had a bad night after the play opened, too.

"A deathbed scene!" he might have cried. "I left out a deathbed scene."

He didn't leave out anything else. "Seventh Heaven" contains all the other ingredients of popular drama—sex, sadism, religion (faith lost, faith regained), poverty (followed by an inheritance), war, peace, renunciation, and love, love, love. The hero goes blind. The heroine gets flogged. War separates them. Another man—she thinks the hero dead—almost gets her. The darn thing abounds in picturesque scenery—the slums and sewers of Paris—and in picturesque characters—the old taxi-driver Boul', the gentle priest, the sewer rat, Diane's absinthe-maddened sister, the lamplighter, gendarmes. Oh brother! There's only that deathbed scene missing and it bothers me that Strong didn't work it in somewhere.

Actually, "Seventh Heaven," is a magnificently skillful piece of popular theater and it has shown extraordinary durability. Originally produced on Broadway by John Golden in the fall of 1922, the play ran 704 performances and was once the fifth longest running play of them all. (Of the five longest runs on Broadway in 1925, Golden had produced three—"Lightnin'," "The First Year" and "Seventh Heaven"). In 1927, it was made into a preposterously successful motion picture

with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell conceivably the movies' most successful romantic team. For her performance, Miss Gaynor won an Oscar the first year they gave those things out. (1928)

"Seventh Heaven" was the play broadcast on the premiere production (1934) of Lux Theater, now radio's most popular program (if you believe the ratings), and it has since been done on that show three other times. On the recent revival, Lux dug out of retirement the two screen originals, Charles Farrell, now the proprietor of the Racquet Club in Palm Springs; and Miss Gaynor, who is married to Adrian, the dress designer. The old magic—either the magic of the Gaynor-Farrell combination or that of "Seventh Heaven"—is still working. Lux was deluged with 5,000 requests for studio tickets to an auditorium that holds only 1,200.

I bring all this up because this "Seventh Heaven" production was primarily an historic occurrence, something akin to the resurrection of William Jennings Bryan declaiming the Cross of Gold speech with the original cast. Naturally, you view an event of that kind a little differently than you view Tallulah Bankhead, who's been on view almost uninterruptedly (4 p. m. till midnight except on Sundays and holidays) since the twelfth century.

It was a fine show, "Seventh Heaven," and, listening to it, it occurred to me that the literary wheel has just about completed full circle. "Tale of Poor Lovers," for example, a pretty fine contemporary Italian novel, is a lot closer to "Seventh Heaven" than it is to "Grapes of Wrath" in spirit and in structure with one happy exception—"Seventh Heaven's" black-and-white, two-dimensional characters.

As for the acting, Mr. Farrell, the Jimmy Stewart of his time, still sounded arrogant, youthful, tender and tough in proper proportion for the part. His timing was off badly, but then it's hard to compare it with his performance in the picture, which was a silent film. With Miss Gaynor I find no criticism whatsoever. She took me right back to 1927 when we were just rehearsing the 1950s. President Roosevelt once described her as "cute as a button" and I don't think I can improve on that.

"It's Howdy Doody Time"

TO an adult, Howdy Doody is both irritating and baffling. It contains nothing that adults normally consider entertainment; the plots through which its mixture of puppet and live characters wander are so child-like and at the same time so devious as to be totally incomprehensible to adults. (To the kids, the story line is a cinch.)

After witnessing it once, the exasperated parent is likely to head for the cellar or the roof to escape the darned thing. Howdy Doody, however, is pretty hard to get away from unless you live in an awfully large house. From the moment it opens with a chorus of forty children piping "It's Howdy Doody time" at the top of their lungs to the closing, the program is conducted at a noise level roughly five times that of Berle, or about twenty times that of Frank Costello.

Bob Smith, the inventor of Howdy, is dressed in a costume which is a mixture of an African explorer and Hopalong Cassidy. Howdy is a freckle-faced Huckleberry Finn of a puppet. Clarabell is a male clown who can't talk and issues her—pardon me—his signals by means of an auto horn. Are you getting confused? You must be over nine years old, then. For the benefit of parents who wonder when they can get rid of Howdy, the age group is from two to nine. After that they graduate—or should graduate—to Hopalong. If he's still mad about Howdy after age nine, send him to a psychiatrist.

Marimba Player Surplus

THIS great American sport of talent hunting, instituted by the late Major Bowes—may he rest in peace—is creating a whole host of social problems, disturbing to many deep thinkers. Horace Heidt, whose thinking on the subject has been both profound and remunerative, has been beating the bushes for years, trying to find a marimba player in Sheboygan, Wis., better than the one he just left behind in Waterbury, Conn.

This activity has aroused in a great many young breasts an excessive and, I think, wholly unreasonable ambition to become a marimba player. The marimba-playing

population then rises far in excess of the normal demands for marimba players in a city the size of Sheboygan. After Mr. Heidt and his troupe pass through, what happens to all those marimba players? Mr. Heidt's motto is: "It's better to build boys than to mend men." But how do you mend a marimba player, how do you transform him into something socially useful after his appetite for marimbas is aroused? That's a problem for the next generation. We've got enough of our own.

Mr. Heidt has introduced one nice wrinkle to give us a rest from the marimba players. He introduces the local dignitaries—the mayor, the local managing editor, the resident leader of Civic Culture and Uplift League. Each one tells him what a splendid thing he is doing for the youth of America. He says what a splendid city Sheboygan is, listing its principal rivers and exports, and in the case of Sheboygan, even adding warm praise for the local basketball team.

"And now it's goodbye to the wonderful city of Sheboygan," he cries at the end, like Burton Holmes leaving Bali, like all white men who invade exotic lands and leave behind their strange customs and terrible diseases. And marimba players.

Earmarks of Success

HENRY "If-At-First-You-Don't-Succeed" Morgan is with us again on a TV program which has all the earmarks of success, a terrible thing. At least, a terrible thing for Mr. Morgan who has carved out a fruitful career for himself by failing at most everything he did in radio. However, his were not ordinary failures. When a Morgan show folded, the air was full of clamor and controversy, stimulating stuff to the industry, the columnists and, I suspect, Mr. Morgan himself.

Back when I was a boy, the native population could be divided roughly into two classifications—those who listened to Morgan and to nobody else on radio, those who didn't listen to Morgan and listened to everything else. This made it easy to cast a dinner party. You put a pro-Morgan next to an anti-Morgan, all the way down the line. Within five minutes the pros

would be breaking soup plates over the heads of the antis and everyone would have a lively time. It was a surefire way to break a lease, too.

Now success looms. He's got a sponsor and everything. Pretty soon, the teenagers will be annoying him for his autograph, the tradespeople will expect him to pay his bills, he'll have to learn how to deposit money, and, in general, life will be vexing.

To get down to the show itself, "The Great Talent Hunt" is a parody on all the talent shows that infest television. That in itself is significant. When television starts parodying itself on a regular weekly basis—it's been done intermittently before—it has reached a degree of self-analysis which is one of the first inklings of maturity.

In announcing his new show, Mr. Morgan said he was seeking odd talents. "You know, a man who tapdances on Jello, things like that." I don't think anyone has tap-danced on Jello yet but the talents on display have been almost equally curious. At various times, Morgan has produced the world's champion lady wood-chopper, a lady punching-bag expert from South America, a farmer who played castanets with his muscles, a welder who played "Sleepy Time Gal" on a matchbox, and a couple who sang arias while standing on their heads.

An appearance on his show, Mr. Morgan cheerfully confesses, is the first step on the ladder to oblivion. "Immediately after his appearance here," said Morgan of one contestant, "a very important producer called him. He rushed to the phone, fell through the cellar door and broke his neck."

It's a wonder some of the high prices don't come down once in a while to get acquainted with the country they were raised in.

As an army chaplain in Korea looked up at the sky, he meditated that a brigadier general had one star; a major general, two stars; a lieutenant general, three stars; a general, four; and general of the Army, five stars. But his Boss "had a whole sky full of them."

—Jacob F. Weintz.

It's a very gentle, disarming and rather surprisingly handsome Morgan who wanders through these innocent proceedings. "Welcome, to the great Talent Hunt or as it is often called 'Movies are better than ever.' This program is performing an enormous contribution to television. Makes all the other shows look good." Then on come the people who play xylophones with their kneecaps. I don't know what enchanted forest Henry flushes these people out of but he seems to have an inexhaustible supply of them.

Morgan treats them gingerly, as if he were afraid they might disappear before his eyes. There is no real meeting of minds. The lady punching-bag expert, a humorless lady, didn't seem to know what Henry was doing there or what he stood for exactly and Henry seemed a little puzzled about it himself.

Arnold Stang, Morgan's perennial sidekick, whose face matches his ludicrous accent in every particular, has passages at arms with Mr. M. when the talent gets out of the way. Very funny exchanges, too, these two supplementing each other perfectly.

"Got a terrific act to close the show," says Stang.

"Baboon?"

"No."

"A flight of pigeons?"

"No, this is a person."

"Oh, people!"

"What's the matter with people?"

"We've already had 'em on the show."

I couldn't vouch for that last statement.

A reluctant conscript faced the army oculist who asked him to read a chart.

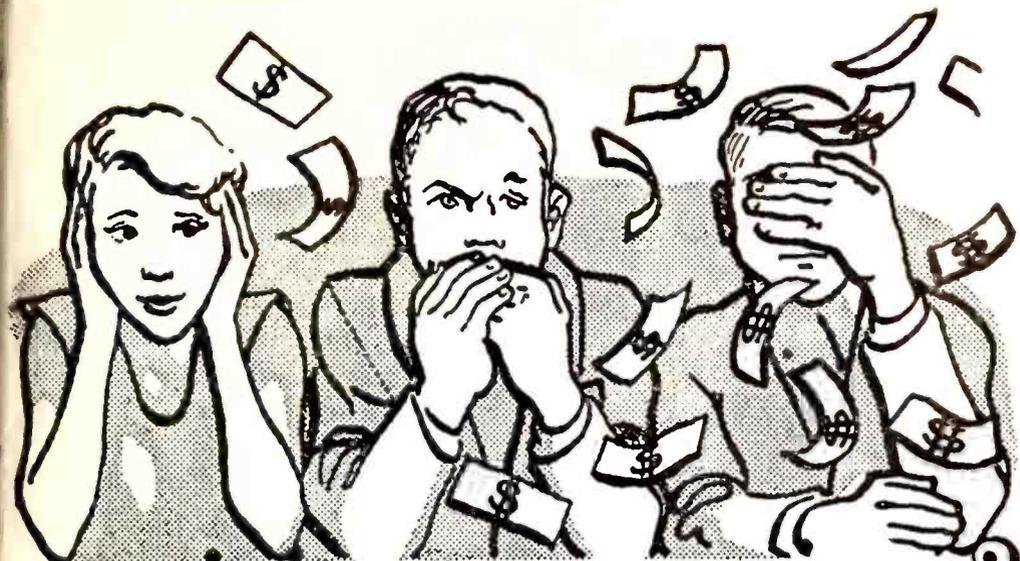
"What chart?" asked the draftee.

The doctor persevered: "Just sit down in that chair and I'll show you."

Deferred because of bad eyesight, the draftee went to a nearby movie. When the lights came on, he was horrified to discover the oculist in the next seat.

"Excuse me," said the conscript as calmly as he could, "does this bus go to Mobile?"

—Woodmen.



positive or negative?

How do you want the next generation to live?

by W. H. BRADFORD

LET'S forget politics and think about the type of American life we're going to give to the generations coming up.

There is growing up in America today a generation of youngsters who don't know the comparative prosperity they enjoy, who don't know what makes our American way of life tick, and who are unconsciously a fertile field for the development of all the "isms" that have been imposed upon other peoples of the world.

Most of us are on the negative side of the ledger when it comes to any action on the national governmental scene. Our Federal Government has grown to such large proportions that

We The People find it difficult to realize:

1. that *WE* choose the kind of government we wish, dictate its size and scope, elect city, county, state and federal officers;
2. that we have the right to approve or veto their actions each election day;
3. that on the average we pay one week's income out of every four in taxes to support the government;
4. that we send our sons to fight for our way of life;
5. and that in the last analysis, the responsibility for good or bad government, inflation, socialism, communism, and crime rests with us.

Our country, because of its rich resources and a standard of living that has never been equaled, has always had enemies attacking it from without. But every generation of Americans has had a positive attitude about American democracy, based upon a firm knowledge of the system and active participation in determining its policies. And no enemy from without has ever been able to make any progress in destroying the freedoms of the individual American.

Today, however, we have termites boring from within the American free enterprise system and making such alarming progress that our freedoms, guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, are being lost through default. We The People are not sufficiently concerned to dig into our government and economic tangles to straighten out the confusion that exists among millions of Americans.

AN insidious threat to our system is the "something-for-nothing" attitude that is becoming so instilled in Americans today . . . the theory that the government owes us something. This is Socialism . . . the kind of government that is destroying individual initiative in Great Britain today, gradually curtailing more and more of the individual freedoms of the British people, and lowering their standard of living to where it is just one-third of the American standard.

Nothing is free . . . especially a government service. We pay in direct and hidden taxes for every service the government renders and the more service we demand, the more taxes we must pay. Where taxation becomes

excessive, controls become so numerous that democracy disappears.

Twenty years ago, there was one government employee for every 40 people. Today there is one to every eight of the working population. It is estimated that taxes absorb 75 to 85 per cent of all savings. In the past these savings have been used to provide security in old age, buy homes, farms, insurance, pay doctor bills, provide schooling, finance private business ventures, etc. As individuals find themselves unable to provide for their own future security, the demand for government protection grows. The inevitable result is absolute control of all individuals by a central government.

As people find themselves unable to provide for their later years, they join the demand for old age protection.

As people find little left to pay doctor and hospital bills, they demand socialized medicine.

As investment in industry decreases, men find it difficult to secure jobs and the demand for unemployment insurance increases.

The demand arises that government "take over" and people are soon working for government—a welfare state—where there is no incentive to work, to save, to educate.

Taxes are the rent we pay for living in America . . . dues that we pay to a nationwide union that has existed 175 years for the express purpose of preserving our individual freedoms. Some taxes are surely needed to carry on the necessary functions of government, particularly in a time of national emergency.

We are expected to "tighten our belts" during this emergency. We have every right to expect our government to "tighten its belt" and eliminate unnecessary non-defense spending.

Taxing all people to pay off obligations to pressure groups can only result in more and more non-producers, living off fewer and fewer producers. The cost of living for every worker goes up (to help support the non-workers), his standard of living goes down (fewer autos, furniture, clothing, meat, homes, luxuries, etc.)

A big portion of America is accepting government benefits; all of us pay; but only a handful protest or make any attempt to take a positive stand.

IN recent months, newspapers, magazines, congressmen and people in all walks of life have become aroused to these danger signals in our national life. Every effort is being made to

awaken people so we can fight before it is too late. We have allowed ourselves to lapse into a negative attitude with the thought that "I am just one of millions—what can I do?" If you want to preserve your freedoms, if you want your children to know what America is, *you* as an individual, must take a positive stand now—read your newspapers, listen to your radio, look at television, review the story of America and learn what has made it tick 175 years to provide the highest living standard and greatest individual freedom that any group of people has ever known—be positive and express your convictions to your children, your neighbors, the people that you put in public office.

Again—it's not a matter of political parties. Each party is offering what they think the people want. So . . . it's up to the people. What do *we* want . . . what will we give the next generation?



Have you ever noticed how often a narrow mind and a wide mouth go together?



Wolves are like railroad trains—you like to hear their whistles even if you don't want to go any place.



An optimist is a person who thinks humorists will eventually run out of definitions of an optimist.



About the only thing some people save for a rainy day is the watering of the lawn.



If you think you have troubles, just picture a giraffe with a sore throat or a centipede with corns.

Answers to Quiz Questions on Pages 291-294



CHAMPS

1. (G) JOHN L. SULLIVAN—London Prize Ring (bare knuckles champion),
2. (D) JAMES J. CORBETT (1st Marquis of Queensbury Champion).
3. (N) ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.
4. (P) JAMES J. JEFFRIES. Jeffries abandoned the title (1905) and designated Marvin Hart and Jack Root as logical contenders and agreed to referee a fight between them, the winner to be declared champion. Hart defeated Root in twelve (12) rounds (1905) and in turn was defeated by Tommy Burns (1906) who immediately laid claim to the title. Jack Johnson defeated Burns (1908) and was recognized as champion. He clinched the title by defeating Jeffries in an attempted comeback (1910).

5. (M) TOMMY BURNS.
6. (L) JACK JOHNSON.
7. (F) JESS WILLARD.
8. (O) JACK DEMPSEY
9. (K) GENE TUNNEY (Retired)
10. (C) VACANT.
11. (E) MAX SCHMELING.
12. (B) JACK SHARKEY.
13. (L) PRIMO CARNERA.
14. (H) MAX BAER.
15. (Q) JAMES J. BRADDOCK.
16. (A) JOE LOUIS.
17. (J) EZZARD CHARLES (National Boxing Association only).

BOY

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1. Laughing | 8. Danny |
| 2. Harvard | 9. Sonny |
| 3. Billy | 10. Golden |
| 4. Bad | 11. Grandma's |
| 5. Elephant | 12. Pony |
| 6. Blue | 13. Nature |
| 7. Barefoot | 14. Fat |

THE BIG ONE

1. Marlin, 2. Muskie, 3. Snook, 4. Striper, 5. Polluck, 6. Carp, 7. Pumpkinseed, 8. Squaretail, 9. Bluegill, 10. Pickerel, 11. Togue, 12. Perch, 13. Crappie, 14. Walleye, 15. Pilchard.

SPELL IT

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| 1. Jeweller | 16. Anaemic |
| 2. Gayety | 17. Teepee |
| 3. Partizan | 18. Defence |
| 4. Sceptic | 19. Syrup |
| 5. Catchup or Catsup | 20. Inferrible |
| 6. Plough | 21. Mannequin |
| 7. Moustache | 22. Fibre |
| 8. Gaol | 23. Bans |
| 9. Programme | 24. Pedlar |
| 10. Draughty | 25. Doggy |
| 11. Kidnapper | 26. Catnep |
| 12. Splendour | 27. Walkyrie |
| 13. Whiskey | 28. Fantasm |
| 14. Cheque | 29. Rime |
| 15. Racoon | 30. Barque |

PLATITUDE

- 1—E, 2—H, 3—A, 4—G, 5—I, 6—P, 7—J, 8—C, 9—B, 10—D.

FLOWERS

1. Adam's Needle.
2. Bachelor's Button.
3. Baby's Breath.
4. Prince's Feather.
5. Lady's Slipper.
6. Jacob's Ladder.
7. Wolf's Bane.
8. Venus's Flytrap.
9. Shepherd's Purse.
10. Bishop's Cap.

SALESMAN

YOU'RE IN THE 85-100 GROUP. You have what it takes to land in the high commission brackets.

YOU'RE IN THE 70-84 GROUP. This is a good average, and you can do well in the selling profession.

YOU'RE BELOW 70. Chances are, salesmanship isn't your long suit. This doesn't mean you have no possibilities of success. Realizing that your personality isn't the most favorable type, (for purposes of salesmanship) may be an asset. You can't "high pressure", so work hard on technique. Studies show that the biggest annual sales records are made by men who (a) give the prospect most sound sales arguments; (b) show prospect more items. Like your product, like your customer, and your customer will like you!



ENCHANTED · HILLS

Wonderful new horizons are opened by this recreational camp for blind children.

by GLADYN CONDOR

VACATION days are here, and most youngsters are throwing off the shackles of school to plunge into the sunny weeks of adventure called summer. But the happy season holds little enjoyment for the child who is blind. His monotonous life continues, always dark, often lonely, generally confined to home.

Imagine, then, what it means to blind, or even partially blind children to be given a summer camp all their own—with tent areas, a snug lodge with a large cheerful fireplace, a filtered swimming pool, a lake, a running stream and forest trails—all under a canopy of blue sky and tall California redwoods. A real camp where horseback riding, hiking, boating, swimming, fishing and games of all kinds are the order of the day. Even its name, *Enchanted Hills*, causes

the handicapped child to thrill with anticipation.

But how can such a thing be possible? Isn't it dangerous to take blind children near such hazards? Is it possible to teach them these feats of sportsmanship? It's like asking a child to ride horseback, or learn to swim, or bat a baseball blindfolded. It seems almost fantastic.

ROSE RESNICK, founder of the highly original and charitable project, knows that it can be done. Her own life, taken as an example of her personal determination and success, is abundant proof that she is capable both of accomplishing what she sets herself to do and of being an inspiration for others.

Miss Resnick, blind from childhood, has refused to allow her personal handicap to interfere with happiness and success. Well-known as a pianist and lecturer, she received a B.A. from Hunter College and holds a general teaching certificate and master's degree from the University of Cali-

fornia. Pioneering in New York state with *Lighthouse Camp*, a project-camp for the blind, she served many summers as a camp counselor. Possessing a magnetic personality and an ability to push herself above handicaps and disappointments, she inspires and assists others to help themselves. It is not surprising that out of a heart so full of compassion and concern should come the dream of a camp for children handicapped by blindness.

Convinced that one of the deepest desires of those without sight is to realize a normal place in society, Miss Resnick made a thorough study of the matter. Her own convictions that the visually-handicapped need activation and expansion of recreation were substantiated by authorities in New York and California.

THE first camp for visually-handicapped children of the west was held in August, 1947, at Los Altos. Twenty boys and girls between the ages of eight and fourteen attended. So keen was their enjoyment of swimming, hiking, and horseback riding, as well as the participation in square dancing, baseball, crafts and campfire song fests, none wanted to leave. Most of the children had never been to camp before, but their improvement in self-reliance and adjustment to each other as well as to sports and skills, made Miss Resnick even more positive that her dream was a must for other blind children.

For three years Miss Resnick and her committee, aided by donations from friends, rented a camp and gave summer vacations to a small number of blind children. Limited funds and

facilities made it impossible to accommodate more than 50 children. This was such a small percentage of those who begged to attend, that Miss Resnick yearly set her goal higher, endeavoring to reach more and more youngsters.

Aided by Nina Brandt, a registered nurse and professional worker in psychiatry and pediatrics, a committee of philanthropical citizens, and a highly trained staff of camp counselors, she finally saw her dream realized.

On Feb. 6, 1950, *Enchanted Hill* was acquired. Located on the gentle slopes of the west ridge of the Napa Valley, the camp boasts 340 rolling acres. It is reached by a scenic road, winding down Mt. Veeder for eleven miles through towering redwoods. It's the first permanent camp of its kind in the western states, and will make possible a new outlook on life for hundreds of blind children.

As Miss Resnick's dream becomes more and more a reality, literally thousands of sightless youngsters, children for whom a summer vacation held no anticipation of joys to come, nothing but a drab monotony of being left on the sidelines while their friends ran and played, will share a new delight and freedom.

DURING a publicity campaign for the camp funds, Kelvin, a small five-year-old lad, was posed with Mayor Robinson of San Francisco. Not entirely satisfied with the arrangement, the photographer said unwittingly, "Look up at the Mayor, Honey."

Quickly Kelvin complied. Putting out his hand, he touched the Mayor's

face and smiled as he "looked" at him with his fingers.

The fact that when one sense is lost, the others become keenly augmented, has been well established by medical science. Though deprived of eyesight, an individual can be trained to "see" by means of sound, smell and especially by touch or feel.

This is the principle put into practice at *Enchanted Hills*. Plants, flowers, trees, are recognized by their form, texture and fragrance. Sound readily comes into usage, as in baseball. The pitcher rolls the ball to the boy at bat, who kneels and listens, then bats when the ball sounds close enough. He also runs by sound, as the voice of the fellow at first base calls, "Come on, Dick, come on."

Perhaps one of the greatest of thrills came to little Johnnie when he first "saw" a horse. Eagerly he ran his fingers along the soft nose and through the long mane.

"We understood each other right away," cried the delighted boy. "While I was 'looking at' him with my fingers, he 'spoke' to me by nuzzling my ear with his nose."

Certainly here is a marvelous opportunity to help youngsters "in the dark." Blindness can mean isolation, uselessness and complete lack of independence unless an opportunity to develop self-reliance, personality and skill is afforded them. It is amazing how children can advance mentally and physically in one short month.

There are no charges of any kind, nor any racial restrictions at *Enchanted Hills Camp*. As many children are accommodated as time and

funds permit. All funds for the operation of Recreation for the Blind are acquired through donations of interested friends. It is strictly a non-profit organization.

DESPITE the long, hard road still ahead in her enterprise, Miss Resnick is confident of ultimate success. It has become more than a dream, more than just a place where children can come to laugh and live for a brief period. It is a mile-post in the education of the public to the capacities and needs of the blind. It is a step toward interesting technicians in adapting and inventing tools and aids which will broaden the fields of pleasure and usefulness in the lives of those so handicapped. And as a research plan for exploring the possibilities of farming, gardening, poultry-raising, and other vocations, it may help to establish hobbies and even sources of livelihood for these children.

While walking with a counselor, seven-year-old Billy began to fall behind his companions.

"We'd better hurry up, Bill," the counselor advised. "The others are getting ahead and I can't see our group."

"Don't worry," replied Bill confidently. "I have a good 'hear-sight'."

Coupling her own "hear-sight" with enterprising "fore-sight", Miss Resnick and her associates are aiming persistently at their goal, the passage of more and more children through the Golden Gate office toward wonderful new horizons.

A country storekeeper who could not write had his own methods of keeping his accounts.

"Say, Jed," he said one day to a customer, "don't forget you owe me for that cheese you got a couple of months ago."

"I never bought a cheese from you," replied the customer. "It must have been some other fellow."

"Wait a minute," replied the storekeeper, "I'll take a look at the book. That's right, Jed, you don't owe me for a cheese. It was a grindstone you got. I didn't see the dot I put in the middle of the picture."

"Is there any legend about that mountain?" asked the tourist of a native.

"Yep," was the reply. "Two lovers once went up the mountain and never came back again."

"Is that so? And what happened to them?" the tourist inquired breathlessly.

"Went down t'other side."

Malicious Mrs. Brown said to her neighbor: "I'm surprised to see as 'ow you 'as an odd stocking on."

"I can't quite understand your surprise, dear," replied the woman, "but it quite often 'appens to ladies wot 'as more than one pair."

Wife: "I cannot understand, John, why you always sit on the piano stool when we have company. Everyone knows you cannot play a note."

Husband: "I'm well aware of it, dear. Neither can anybody else when I am sitting there."—*Life & Casualty Mirror*.

A bank last summer had a \$200 check drawn on it signed "Santa Claus." The bank refused to pay it but the bank's spokesman assured reporters that they didn't want to be put on the record saying there isn't any Santa Claus. "Just say," he begged, "that Santa Claus has no account in our bank."

Stalin's aides urged him to ban an American film, saying although it was supposed to show average life in America, it actually showed how our millionaires live and thus was a propaganda film.

Stalin agreed, asking, "What's the title of the film?"

Replied his aides: "Tobacco Road."

The young man waited impatiently for the lady to finish with the drugstore telephone directory. After she had turned page after page he said, "Madam, can I help you find the number you want?"

"Oh, I don't want a number," she replied, "I'm looking for a pretty name for my baby."

A little tired of their daily budget battles, the wife glared at her penny-pinching husband.

Wearily she asked, "Did you by any chance understand me to say, 'Love, honor and no pay?'"

"Friends," said the speaker, "I know I've been a little lengthy here tonight, but I feel justified in so doing because I am speaking for the benefit of posterity . . ."

"Yeah," yelled a heckler, "and if you don't hurry, they'll hear you."



—Filchok

"I just wanted to see if your father would notice."



Robert E. Lee Lives On

Stratford", his home in Virginia, has become a national shrine.

by MAUDE GARDNER

in which the patrician families of early Virginia lived, and reflects the stature of the Lees by being itself an outstanding example of unaltered Colonial architecture.

The building was designed to stand in the center of a large square, with smaller brick domestic buildings at each of the four corners. A brick wall unites the domestic quarters to give the residence a fortress-like appearance.

THE mansion itself was constructed in the form of an H, with a long flight of steps called "Welcome Stairs", leading to the entrance on the second floor level. Two great clusters of chimneys, four in each, rise to the right and left of center. From an observation post in the middle of one cluster, Governor Lee could look out across the Chesapeake Bay to sight the return of Stratford's own sailing ships which plied the trade between the Virginia estate, Boston and England.

In the nineteen-room mansion were

MANY tributes have been paid to the memory of General Robert E. Lee since his death eighty-nine years ago, but none would the great soldier and scholar more heartily approve than the restoration of the Lee family home, Stratford, on the west bank of the Potomac estuary, Westmoreland County, Virginia.

Stratford was built, with assistance from the King and Queen of England, between 1725 and 1730 by Thomas Lee, Royal Governor of Virginia. It replaced an earlier Lee home destroyed by fire. The deep red brick, fine grained and smooth, was sent from England; the huge oak timbers were cut from trees on the estate.

An old home that has been closely associated with great men and events conveys a concrete lesson. Stratford is such a place, for it shows the mode

born Thomas Lee's six sons, two of whom became signers of the Declaration of Independence, and all six noted for service to their native colony.

Stratford in later years became the home of General Henry Lee, better known as "Lighthorse Harry", a brilliant officer under Washington's command during the Revolution. Washington's boyhood home, Wakefield, is little more than a stone's throw from the Lee abode.

Lighthorse Harry's fourth son, Robert Edward Lee, whose fame was to pale that of his noted ascendants, was born at Stratford on January 19, 1807. There he lived until 1820, when after nearly a century of Lee tenure, the estate passed into other hands. In the following decades, the mansion and grounds deteriorated.

Comparatively recently, 1929, the historic site was lifted from oblivion by the formation of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, whose purpose was to acquire the property, restore and maintain it for the nation.

NO other American, perhaps, had held a higher place in the affections of his countrymen than Robert E. Lee. All sections wanted a share in the project, and in a few years the purchase price had been donated. On October 12, 1935, representatives of 44 states gathered at Stratford to witness its dedication as a national shrine.

A fine highway makes the famous old mansion and its typical colonial plantation easily accessible to the thousands of visitors who tour historic tidewater Virginia each year. Much has been done to restore the activities of

the estate as they were in the days of Thomas Lee and his sons.

Colonial times are relived with the rebuilt grist mill at Stratford clattering and creaking once again, furnishing adjacent farms and homes with meal ground between millstones already worn by ten score years of service. Although there were many fine examples of old mills throughout the country, the search for pre-Revolutionary wooden machinery was nearly abandoned before an exact type was found in a two hundred-year-old mill in Maryland.

In a letter to his wife in the fall of 1861, General Lee said: "In the absence of a home, I wish I could purchase Stratford. That is the only place I could go now, accessible to us, that would inspire me with feelings of pleasure and local love. We could make enough for our support, and the girls could weave us clothes."

BY reviving the arts and industries it is hoped to make Stratford a self-sustaining plantation. From the restored smoke-house Virginia hams, hung over hickory coals for the curing process, are being shipped to far parts of the country. Sausages, preserves, pickles and jellies are made in the kitchen and sold in the plantation store.

Fine cattle and thoroughbred horses graze the sunny acres, flocks of fowl dot the barnyard, there is activity all about. The old Lee home re-echoes the life of colonial days for the instruction of the entire nation. It is in this way a fitting memorial to an illustrious family.

CITIZEN ANGELS IN SHOW BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 252)

KANSAS CITY'S "Mr. Show Business"—a man who was never active in amateur or professional theatricals, but who has been doing much of the acting, singing and dancing through Kansas City's civic circles in behalf of an outdoor summer theatre for the past eight years—is John A. "June" Moore. As president of the Park Board, Moore got interested when the Board in 1943 wanted to build a \$10,000 band shell in Swope Park. Moore brought Edward Buehler Delk into the picture as architect. And the first thing they discovered was that outdoor musicals were a bigger attraction in many cities than band or orchestra concerts. But you couldn't stage such productions in a band shell! However, if an outdoor stage suitable for theatricals were built, a portable band shell could easily be placed on such a stage. That idea did it!

When Moore resigned from the Park Board in 1945, he was made chairman of the outdoor theatre committee on the Citizens' Planning Council; and subsequently, chairman of a like group on the Citizens' Bond Committee. He was disappointed when they cut the proposed outdoor theatre construction budget from \$750,000 to \$500,000. But he kept at it! "He nursed it, rehearsed it and gave out the news." And last year, when Kansas City celebrated its Centennial, funds subscribed by citizens for an outdoor historical pageant made possible construction of a skeleton Starlight Theatre Amphitheatre.

Starlight Theatre Association

OFFICERS

President	John A. Moore
Vice-President	Herbert H. Wilson
Vice-President	R. R. Irwin
Secretary	Cliff C. Jones, Jr.
Treasurer	R. Crosby Kemper
Business Manager	W. M. Symon
Publicity Director	Jim McQueeney
Mgr., Ticket Sales	Catherine S. Jones

PRODUCTION STAFF

Production Director	Richard H. Berger
Scenic Designer	Albert Johnson
Stage Director	Robert Ross
Stage Managers	William Meader Harry Howell
Ass't Stage Manager	Tony Ferrara
Ensemble Director	Warren Boudinot
Musical Director	Roland Fiore
Assoc. Conductor	Harold Decker
Choreographer	Vonn Hamilton

<i>Kansas City Office</i>	<i>New York Office</i>
5th Floor, City Hall	Room 904
414 East 12th St.	666 Fifth Avenue
Kansas City 6, Mo.	N. Y. 19, N. Y.
'Phone GRand 5510	Plaza 9-4285

No architect, meanwhile, had ever approached a professional task with greater zest than Delk. Talented and temperamental, he had built castles for Oklahoma oil kings; planned suburban shopping centers and store buildings that became models for real estate developers throughout the nation; he had designed memorial towers and public buildings. But the outdoor theatre was a *dream* assignment! In order to make it as attractive and practicable as possible, Delk visited every outdoor theatre of consequence in America, conferring with architects and theatre officials on technical details.

When the Starlight Theatre Association—the producing group—was formed last July, the founders decided there would be no archangels. Little angels, yes, but no big ones. The theatre, they felt, belonged to the people, and if any individual were allowed to put up sufficient money to underwrite a major share of the production costs, he or she might be inclined to dictate policies.

That's how it was decided (and eventually achieved) to enroll some 700 Kansas City firms and individuals as guarantors for the 1951 season—to the tune of \$200,000.

▲
A middle-aged lady was chatting with a friend of hers. "I'm approaching the age of 40," she said. Her friend looked at her for a moment, then inquired: "From what direction, darling?"

▲
A six year old girl submitted the following composition on "people" to her teacher:

"People are composed of girls and boys, also men and women. Boys are no good at all until they grow up and get married. Men who don't get married are no good either. Boys are an awful bother. They want everything they see except soap. My ma is a woman, and my pa is a man. A woman is a grown up girl with children. My pa is such a nice man that I think he must have been a girl when he was a boy."

▲
A college graduate opened a store and it fizzled so badly he soon had to sell out. Some months later he visited the new proprietor and found the store was prospering.

"How in the world did you do it?" he asked in great astonishment. "I have two college degrees and you have no education at all."

"Very simple," was the answer. "I buy something for \$1 and sell it for \$2. I earn my 1 per cent profit and I'm satisfied."

Chosen as production director, Dick Berger surrounded himself with top drawer scenic designers, stage directors, managers, conductors, and technicians. The singers and dancers who will appear in the musical productions are favorites in St. Louis, Louisville, Memphis and in other cities where an outdoor operatic season is firmly established.

Almost the only unknown factor in the enterprise (aside from the weather) is how the people of Kansas City and its tributary area will support the summer season.

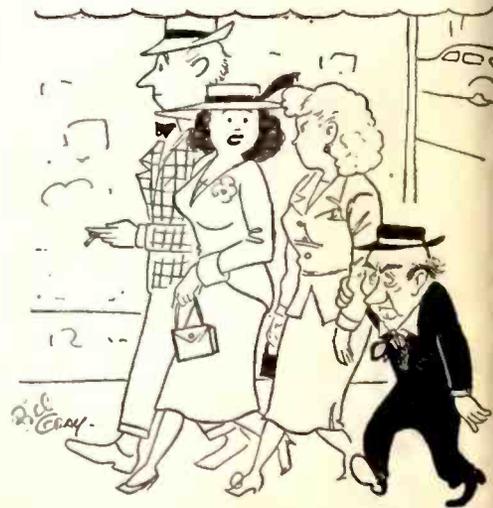
That's the two million dollar gamble.

"Say, Doc, if there's anything wrong with me, don't give me a long scientific name. Say it so I can understand it."

"Very well—you are lazy."

"Gee, thanks. Now gimme the scientific name. I gotta report it to my boss."

—Forest Echoes.



"All Harry said was that he was an actor . . . how was I to know he meant a character actor?"

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HOME GAMES

June 1, 2, 3.....Milwaukee
 June 18, 19, 20, 21.....Toledo
 June 22, 24 (2).....Columbus
 June 25, 26, 27, 28.....Louisville
 June 29, 30, July 1 (2).....Indianapolis
 July 3, 4 (2).....Milwaukee
 July 5, 6, 7.....St. Paul
 July 8 (2), 9, 10.....Minneapolis
 July 18, 19.....Minneapolis
 July 20, 21, 22 (2).....St. Paul
 August 7, 8, 9.....Indianapolis
 August 10, 11, 12 (2).....Louisville
 August 13, 14, 15, 16.....Columbus
 August 17, 19 (2).....Toledo
 August 26 (2), 27.....Milwaukee
 August 29, 30.....Minneapolis
 August 31, Sept. 1.....St. Paul

GAMES AWAY

June 5, 6, 7.....Toledo
 June 8, 9, 10 (2).....Columbus
 June 11, 12, 13, 14.....Indianapolis
 June 15, 16, 17 (2).....Louisville
 July 11, 12.....Minneapolis
 July 13, 14, 15 (2).....St. Paul
 July 16, 17.....Milwaukee
 July 24, 25, 26, 27.....Louisville
 July 28, 29 (2).....Indianapolis
 July 30, 31, Aug. 1, 2.....Toledo
 August 3, 4, 5 (2).....Columbus
 August 21, 22, 23.....St. Paul
 August 24, 25.....Minneapolis
 Sept. 2, 3 (2).....Milwaukee
 Sept. 5, 6.....St. Paul
 Sept. 7, 8, 9 (2).....Minneapolis

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