

Swing



25¢

Death Falls Gently

A terrifying glimpse of what another war may bring—silent, invisible death for which there is no defense Page 49

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THE BRIGHTEST LAUGHS

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WHERE TO GO, WHAT TO SEE IN NEW YORK, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY

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GRAND PRIZES AWARDED

IN WHB

FAVORITE PROGRAM CONTEST



Three 1949 Fords have just been awarded the grand prize winners of the WHB "Favorite Program" contest.

1. Jahn T. Schilling, vice president and general manager of WHB, smiles approvingly as Mrs. Hal C. Hardin, Miss Ruth Payne, and Mrs. George F. Turner receive keys to their new autos from Benny Benthrop, Kansas City Ford dealer and owner of Broadway Motors.

2. Mrs. George F. Turner of Kansas City, first place winner, chose *Kate Smith Speaks* as her favorite program.

3. Second place winner Ruth Payne of Tapeka wrote her winning letter on *Life Begins at 80*.

4. The ladies are happy as they pose with their shining prizes. (Far picture of third place winner, see Page 41.)



Foreword
for
February

THE state of the world and the state of the weather, we have learned, have more in common than is thought. Both of them are the result of mysterious goings-on from way back, and only the most scientific observers can make forecasts of any accuracy at all. The weather you're having this February, whether it's damp and gray as old or rushing spring, is the logical, direct result of occurrences in the upper atmosphere months and months ago. The weather presses in the upper air, and even with the brash winds of March and that fine June night are in the making overhead. Considerably over a hundred miles or so. Likewise, current global events. They've been in the making for months, derivative from Potsdam and Yalta, happenings in Palestine, China, and Berlin.

As the past has determined our present, so the present is shaping our future. Today's act reaches fruition in a somewhere distant time. Peace, for instance, depends in part on the decision of this hour.

We must work now to insure not only peace, but our kind of peace, guaranteeing dignity to the human individual. If we fail, there will not be left in all the world enough love to justify one Valentine.

Jetta

Swing®

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FEBRUARY'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Loan Exhibitions: Paintings by Cady Wells and contemporary New England painting.
Masterpiece of the Month: "Parable of the Pearl of Great Price" by Domenico Fetti (1589-1626), Italian.
Lecture Series: Wednesday evenings at 8 p.m. Laurence Sickman, *Far Eastern Art*.
Concerts: (Sundays 3:30 p.m., Fridays, 8:15 p.m.)
 Feb. 4, Martha Callan, pianist.
 Feb. 6, Sigma Alpha Iota concert.
Motion Pictures: (No admission charge.)
 Feb. 11, 7:30 p.m., Feb. 13, 3 p.m., *Don Q., Son of Zorro* with Douglas Fairbanks.
 Feb. 18, 7:30 p.m., Feb. 20, 3 p.m., *Beau Geste* with Ronald Coleman.
 Feb. 25, 7:30 p.m., Feb. 27, 3 p.m., *All Quiet on the Western Front* with Lew Ayres.

Drama . . .

Feb. 9-13, *The Heiress*, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
 Feb. 14-20, *The Enchanted Cottage*, starring Margot. Resident Theatre, 8:30 p.m.

Lectures . . .

Feb. 7, Dr. Abram Leon Sacbar, *The Tapestry of American Life*, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.
 Feb. 14, Paul Wickman, *Scandinavia the Beautiful*, motion picture in color, Music Hall, 4 p.m. and 8:20 p.m.
 Feb. 16, Willard O. Thompson and M. Edward Davis, *Change of Life Problems in Men and Women*, Jackson County Health Forum, Little Theatre, 8:15 p.m.
 Feb. 28, Colonel John D. Craig, *Isles of the Spanish Main*, motion picture in color, Music Hall, 4 p.m. and 8:20 p.m.

Opera . . .

Feb. 4, *La Traviata*, San Carlo Opera Company, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
 Feb. 5, *Carmen* at 2:30 p.m. and *Il Trovatore* at 8:30 p.m., Music Hall.
 Feb. 6, *Aida*, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Music . . .

Feb. 1-2, Kansas City Philharmonic concert, Seymour Lipkin, pianist, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
 Feb. 6, Kansas City Philharmonic Pop concert, Music Hall, 3:30 p.m.
 Feb. 7, Bartbelson and Hoff, duo-pianists, University of Kansas City Playhouse, 4 p.m.
 Feb. 8, William Primrose, violist, and Dorothy Kirsten, pianist, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.
 Feb. 9, Robert Sink, voice recital, All Souls Church, 11 a.m.
 Feb. 11, Elmer Dresslar, voice recital, All Souls Church, 8:15 p.m.
 Feb. 15-16, Kansas City Philharmonic concert, Zino Francescatti, violinist, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
 Feb. 20, Kansas City Philharmonic Pop concert, Music Hall, 3:30 p.m.
 Feb. 20, Wolff, LeRoy, Britt Trio, University of Kansas City Playhouse, 4 p.m.
 Feb. 21, Bidu Sayao, lyric soprano, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.
 Feb. 23, Debut & Encore Association concert, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Special Events . . .

Feb. 1, Bob Hope, Municipal Auditorium Arena, 8:30 p.m.
 Feb. 6, Public Dance, Municipal Auditorium Arena, 9-1 p.m.
 Feb. 7-9, 12, Golden Gloves Boxing Show, Municipal Auditorium Arena, 8 p.m.
 Feb. 13, Count Basie, dance, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
 Feb. 17-19, Style Show, Merchants Association of Kansas City, Music Hall.
 Feb. 20, Lionel Hampton, dance, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
 Feb. 25-26, Big Seven track meet, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
 Feb. 26, Heart of America Cocker Club Dog Show, Municipal Auditorium Annex.
 Feb. 27, Heart of America Kennel Club Dog Show, Exhibition Hall.

Dancing . . .

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.) *Dancing every night but Monday and Wednesday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday and Friday.*
 Feb. 3-6, 11-13, Jack Everette.
 Feb. 17-20, 24-27, Jules Herman.

Conventions . . .

Jan. 31-Feb. 2, Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Hotel Phillips.
 Feb. 2-4, Missouri Ice Manufacturers Association, Hotel President.
 Feb. 3-4, Ralston-Purina Company, Hotel Continental.
 Feb. 6-8, Fact Finding Conference, Institute of American Poultry Industries, Municipal Auditorium.
 Feb. 10-12, Central States Safety Congress, Municipal Auditorium.
 Feb. 11-12, American College of Surgeons, Hotel President.
 Feb. 13-14, National Federation of Temple Brotherhoods, Hotel President.
 Feb. 13-17, Kansas City Gift Show, Municipal Auditorium.
 Feb. 14-15, Missouri-Kansas-Oklahoma Chapter International Association of Electrical Inspectors, Hotel President.
 Feb. 17-18, Midwest Feed Manufacturers, Hotel President.
 Feb. 18-19, Monument Builders of Missouri, Hotel Phillips.
 Feb. 20, Midwest Advertising Executives, Hotel President.
 Feb. 21-26, Certified Property Managers' School Regional, Hotel Continental.
 Feb. 24-25, Eagle Picher Sales Company, Hotel Phillips.
 Feb. 26-28, Midwest Circulation Managers, Hotel Muehlebach.
 Feb. 27-March 1, Missouri Egg & Poultry Shippers Association, Hotel President.

Wrestling . . .

(Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.)
 Feb. 22, Professional wrestling exhibition, Municipal Auditorium.

Basketball . . .

Feb. 4-5, 11, 18, High school basketball, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Hockey . . .

(United States Hockey League. All games at Pla-Mor Arena, 32nd and Main.)
 Feb. 6, Fort Worth.
 Feb. 9, Omaha.
 Feb. 13, St. Paul.
 Feb. 16, Tulsa.
 Feb. 20, Minneapolis.
 Feb. 27, Omaha.

The insurance company will stand the loss? Oh, no — you will!

YOU'RE BEING GYPPED!

by FREDERICK FREE

NOW resident in a women's prison for a long stay is a forlorn-looking little grandmother who once bore the monicker of "Insurance Annie." She earned the appellation through years of hard work lacerating her skin with combs, swallowing laundry soap, piercing her gums and doing other unpleasant things to herself in order to collect handsome awards from insurance companies.

As was inevitable, Insurance Annie tried her racket once too often and private detectives caught her in the act of injecting hydrochloric acid into her arm in order to induce a gangrenous appearance when examined by insurance doctors. That plus other evidence salted Annie away for five years, but there still are an estimated 2,000 sly souls who spend their waking hours thinking up ways to defraud the insurance companies.

When fraud is perpetrated successfully, it costs not the insurance companies but the policy-holders. That's because increased claim settlements or fraudulent injuries are soon reflected in hiked-up premium rates. And we, the policy-holders, pay for the cunning gyps of unscrupulous swindlers.

In 1947, our nation's 217 major casualty insurance companies paid claimants a staggering \$695,000,000.

The companies expended an additional \$130,000,000 merely in verifying or rejecting more than 4,000,000 claims for everything from lost false teeth to swollen toes.

Adjusters assert that at least 817,000 doubtful claims were paid solely because fraud could not be proved, although it was suspected. Insurance statisticians—a cautious breed—estimate that around \$20,000,000 was awarded to outright phonies who were skillful enough to confound all doubts as to their honesty.

This bill, in the long run, is paid by you, me, all of us who carry insurance covering personal injury, public liability, property damage or workmen's compensation. How to curtail this gigantic fraud practice is everybody's concern.

Fortunately, more than 65 major accident insurance companies are taking vigorous steps to fight the wave of fraudulent claims threatening to cause increased premiums for the long-suffering but honest John Q. Public.

These firms have created the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, with headquarters in New York and branches in many other cities. A keen former FBI man, Wayne Merrick, captains the bureau and has broken open 13 organized rings of insurance fakers in the past eight years.

Merrick, who once was chief investigator for Governor Thomas E.

Dewey, has a crack staff recruited chiefly from the FBI ranks. His main armament is a huge index system which probably has your name in it if you've made an insurance claim in the past ten years. These 12,000,000 names are listed alphabetically and phonetically. The case histories unfolded in Merrick's super filing system would provide bizarre plots for every mystery story writer in the world.

A typical entry might read as follows:

"Smythe, Martin, also known as Schmidt, Smith, and Smitt;

"This claimant asserted he was hit by a northbound Clark Street trolley in Chicago on November 3, 1945, causing dislocation of his knee. The street car company's physician verified claimant's injury.

"Our field office in St. Louis has identified Martin Smythe as the same person who received \$300 from a bus company in Cleveland in 1939 for a similar injury. Prior to that time, he had made approximately 20 personal injury claims in Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas.

"Confronted with the record, claimant admitted to the ability to dislocate his own knee at will, a capability acquired through a high school football accident. On January 4, 1947, Smythe pleaded guilty to obtaining money under false pretenses and was sentenced to four months in the Cook County jail."

The file on Smythe contains all biographical items investigators were able to uncover. His photograph is attached. Thus, if he makes another claim at some future time, by an in-



ricate cross-reference system Merrick's bureau very likely will expose him as a chronic fraud artist, and he will face another jail term.

"Actually," says Merrick, "fake accident specialists tend to repeat the same type of accident which once netted them money. They also favor aliases remarkably similar to their own. These failings help us spot them because all cases are classified by groups in our files."

The noteworthy thing about most successful insurance gypers is their superb acting ability. They can scream, sob, moan, groan, faint, slobber, weep and roar with horrific anguish.

Typical is Mary B., a Philadelphia woman of refined appearance, whose specialty is falling in public buildings. Mary knows that even old fractures show up in X-rays, and a 20-year-old skull fracture has netted her tens of thousands of dollars in the years since this only real accident befell her.

When Mary takes a tumble in an office building lobby, she covertly dabs blood from a tiny bottle into her ears and nostrils. This type of bleeding is associated with skull fracture. She made a fancy living from the practice until the Claims Bureau proved her a "repeater" and wangled a prison sentence for her. Now that she is out of the clink, Merrick's men expect a report of her renewed phony falls any day now.

One of the most ingenious insurance frauds uncovered by the Bureau was that practiced by a man who had twin sons—a normal child and a helpless robbing idiot. This man, whom we will call Joe Norman, would take the

normal boy for a walk through a department store. During the walk, Norman would manage to knock a heavy object from a shelf onto the lad's head.

After the crying child was taken home, Norman would retain a shyster lawyer and file a damage suit against the store. When insurance adjusters called at the Norman home, the sad father would exhibit the idiot twin and assert that his pitiful condition was caused by the store's negligence. A generous award usually was made on the spot in the face of such seeming tragedy.

Norman saw an easy path to riches and worked the diabolical plan eight times in as many cities under assumed names. But he was tripped up one day when an insurance sleuth paid a surprise visit when Papa Norman was away from home. The normal twin opened the door and showed him the mentally-deficient brother. The simplicity of the scheme dismayed insurance firms which had paid out large amounts to Norman, but a stiff penal sentence cut short this exploitation of an unfortunate child.

Restaurants are frequent victims of the insurance-cheating fraternity. One man in a Dallas restaurant ordered an expensive dinner. After the soup arrived, he turned livid and choked into his napkin. To the horrified waiter he exhibited a large insect and obtained the names of sympathetic witnesses.

A doctor, who was in on the conspiracy, swore that the man had suffered violent stomach pains for weeks after the incident, and the restaurant's insurers paid off to the tune of \$800. Emboldened, the man tried to work

the scheme in a San Francisco restaurant some months later. But the report of the Dallas incident and claim settlement was in the hands of the San Francisco insurance detectives who had combed the files for similar cases. Confronted with photostatic copies of his claim and his own signature on the settlement check, the insect-carrier—who toted his pets in tiny vials—confessed to attempted fraud and was dispatched to the pokey for six months.

Many insurance gypers obtain the collaboration of friends and relatives

by saying, "I'm not hurting anybody in making this claim. The insurance companies are big businesses; they've got plenty of money to throw around!"

If you ever hear this spurious assertion, think a moment and reflect that fakers who get awards literally are taking money out of your own wallet. Then notify the nearest insurance sleuth and help speed the rascal to the cell he merits. Remember, he's gyping you!

Whose Legs Are Where?

BRACE yourself. Here goes another illusion!

Some of those naked and scantily dressed girls you see on some calendars are painted partly from male models!

"Because," reports Zoe Mozert, a Hollywood artist who would qualify for modelling herself, "men have prettier legs than women, and men's figures provide the kind of lines calendar companies want." Thus, men models are often used for the basic lines of the paintings.

Some women, Miss Mozert states, are all right from the knees down, but above the knees are lines which can't be put on any calendar, regardless of the year.

Men have thinner ankles, better shapes at the calf muscles, and trimmer thighs which are "musts," the artist declared, and she cited the legs of Errol Flynn, Jack Benny and Tyrone Power as good examples. She just completed painting Flynn in tights for posters publicizing a new picture.

Miss Mozert is the artist who did Jane Russell in that haystack scene for *The Outlaw*, and just to prove her point she revealed that it was necessary to use another model for certain parts of Miss Russell.

What can a man believe in?—*Barney Schwartz.*



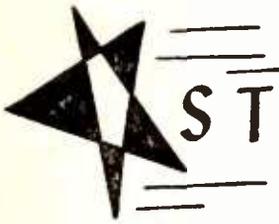
Several years ago, the well-known novelist, Louis Bromfield, was hired by Samuel Goldwyn. He was given a sumptuous office, a gorgeous secretary, and was paid a fabulous salary, but he received no specific assignment.

For weeks he sat in the office doing absolutely nothing but drawing his pay. Finally he became bored with this life of luxurious idleness. Determined to have a showdown, he barged into Goldwyn's office.

"See here, Mr. Goldwyn," he complained. "I want to break our contract. I realize you're paying me handsomely, but I'm not really earning it. I can't stand doing nothing."

"Now, now, you shouldn't feel that way," consoled Goldwyn, putting a fatherly arm around the writer's shoulder. "After all, we hired you for your name, Mr. Bromberg."—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait.



STAR TEACHER

by HELEN COLTON

IF YOU should ask many Hollywood stars, "Parlez vous francais?" nine out of ten who can answer you at all are apt to say, "Yes, thanks to Mrs. Salemson."

They refer to Mrs. Mary Salemson, a sweet-faced grandma who is Hollywood's foremost teacher, not of A B C's, but of "Oui, ouis." She teaches French to American stars and English to foreign stars.

Among those she has taught to "parlez" in French or English have been Norma Shearer, her husband, Martin Arrouge, and her two children; Burgess Meredith and his wife, Paulette Goddard; Mrs. Gary Cooper; Tallulah Bankhead; Daniele Darrieux; Annabella and her mother, Madame Charpentier; Katina Paxinou and her husband, Alexis Minotis; Jean Gabin; Philip Dorn; Barbara Whiting; Lon McAllister; Fernand Gravet; Aurora Miranda; as well as many directors, writers, producers and their wives and children; newspapermen; and society people.

Mrs. Salemson finds her famous pupils are no different from any others. Some love "school," others would just as soon throw spitballs or gossip with the teacher if it weren't costing them money for her time.

Teacher's pet is Burgess Meredith. Mary says she's prejudiced because

of his first modest phone call to her, asking her to take him on as a student. "Hello," he said, "this is Burgess Meredith."

She didn't quite get the name. "Who?" she asked.

"Burgess Meredith. You know, Paulette Goddard's husband."

She worked with him every day on the set of *G. I. Joe*. Between takes he never rested, but rushed eagerly to "school." At the end of six weeks he was chatting fluently with Jean Renoir, the movie director, who is a native Frenchman. "Ah, Burgess has the true scholar's love of learning," Mary sighs, remembering pupils who don't.

Jean Gabin, the Clark Gable of France, was one pupil who preferred to chat. Each lesson he would avoid work by acting out for his teacher another heart-rending chapter in his life story.

Every day Mary arrived at his house, telling herself that today she would not say one word more than was necessary in French, so that Gabin would be forced to speak English. But every day Gabin was so charming and funny, and so bursting with good stories, that soon they'd be conversing wholly in French, having a wonderful time but not getting any work done.

When his film, *Moontide*, began,

Gabin hadn't gotten very far with his American A. B. C.'s. To make matters worse, instead of practicing English between takes, Gabin would phone Marlene Dietrich and jabber away in his native tongue. In desperation, studio bosses cut off his phone calls and barred from the set anyone who could even say "Oui," including Mrs. Salemson. Gabin had to talk English.

Despite his dislike of school, Mrs. Salemson has a very soft spot for Gabin, who paid her what she considers her greatest compliment when he said in her hearing one day: "Mrs. Salemson speaks such impeccable French. If only I could speak my native tongue the way this American lady does."

Daniele Darrieux, the pert French actress, was somewhat more anxious to learn English than her compatriot was — about \$5,000 a week more anxious, in fact.

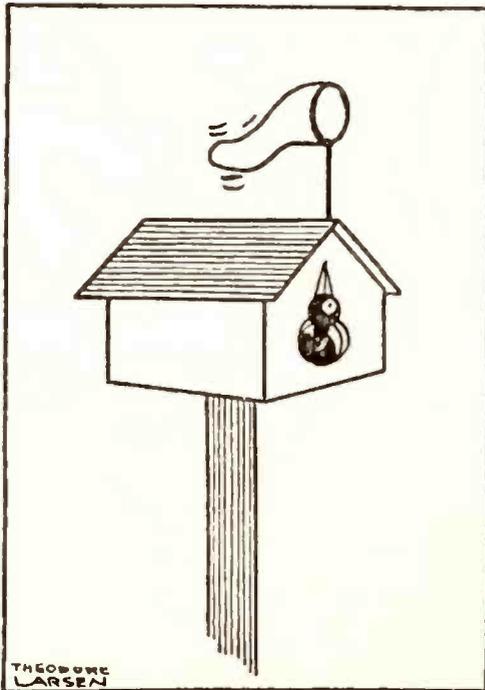
Universal Studios hired Daniele at \$5,000 a week when the studio was going through financial reorganization and didn't have the money to pay her. They kept her off the payroll by saying they couldn't use her yet because she didn't know English.

Mrs. Ad Schulberg, the star's agent, who had a 10 per cent interest in that \$5,000, called in Mrs. Salemson. In a week of hard drill, Miss Darrieux memorized a three-page screen test, syllable by syllable, not even knowing what the words meant. She made the test and astonished her bosses with her "knowledge" of English. Her pay checks began at once.

By the time she went into *Rage of Paris* seven months later, Universal was about \$150,000 poorer and Daniele was too good at her new tongue. She played a Parisian, and the writer had to insert a mistake, "I can took it," into her lines so she'd sound realistically foreign.

Life among the talented and temperamental can be hectic. Several years ago, Mrs. Salemson was teaching the top actresses of four countries at one time—Tallulah Bankhead of the United States, Daniele Darrieux of France, Katina Paxinou of Greece, and Dulcina de Moraes of Brazil.

Even in such exotic company, the terrific Tallulah kept her crown as First Lady of Excitement. Two minutes after the teacher came to Tallulah's apartment for an interview,



recommended by the actress' doctor, she was told, "You won't do."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because you're not talking French. Can you? Go on, say something. Talk to me in French."

Feeling rather silly, Mrs. Salemson spouted "Roses are red, violets are blue" in French. She was mercifully interrupted by the arrival of Claudette Colbert, who had come to have tea with Tallulah.

The hostess put her French-born guest to work testing Mrs. Salemson's French. They chatted and Claudette exclaimed, "Good heavens, Tallulah, this lady is French."

After studying with Mrs. Salemson for a half year, Tallulah was so pleased she insisted on paying more for her lessons than the price they'd agreed upon.

Like Claudette Colbert, many people think the gray-haired teacher is French. That's because she speaks the language exactly as a native does, with his idioms and inflections.

Actually she's a native of Chicago who lived in France with her two children, Harold and Paula, now Hollywood correspondents for French and Australian newspapers.

The wife of a Chicago physician, Mrs. Salemson had never been a teacher. To occupy herself while her children went to the *lycee*, she studied French at the University of Grenoble. She loved the language but didn't know many Frenchmen with whom she could practice it. So she would go to the markets and haggle with the merchants, "just to get the music of their language, the flavor of their disgust and annoyance. I'd fight

about fish or tripe, stuff I didn't even want, just to see what they'd say, and learn their expressions. I felt awfully cheap doing it, but I learned a lot."

In May, 1931, Mrs. Salemson, now widowed, settled in Los Angeles. If anyone had urged her to become a French teacher, she probably would have exclaimed, "Good heavens, what do I know about teaching?"

Her career began purely on a social basis. Her son, Harold, went to visit Robert Florey, a movie director whom he'd known in Paris. Florey, newly married to an American girl, was anxious to have her learn his native language. He asked Harold if his mother would visit Mrs. Florey and chat with her in French. Mary did so, and was soon coming back with lessons prepared in advance. She knew nothing about teaching, but she had become a very good teacher.

When Jean Renoir, the noted French director, and his son, Alan, came to the United States and wanted someone to help them perfect their English, Florey recommended Mary Salemson. The Renoirs, in turn, recommended others. In her fifties, Mary suddenly found herself a career girl.

Today the Renoirs are still two of Mary's most ardent "salesmen." She gets new clients entirely through word-of-mouth recommendations like theirs. She teaches her pupils only to speak French, not to read or write it. She gives lessons either at her students' homes or her own. She never gives written homework. "They're all too busy with their careers to do it anyway," she says, realistically. She uses no textbooks. Her teaching

methods she has devised herself, with each student getting personalized lessons according to his needs and the amount of time he has. Most of them study for a few months, wanting to know just enough to get by comfortably as tourists in France.

Sometimes when Mary has a pupil in for a lesson, she combines teaching with baby-sitting. She shares a house near the Hollywood Bowl with her son Harold, his wife Dorothy, and their little boy and girl.

The partnership extends to the family car, which Mary drives to her appointments. And if she's ever stuck when Harold has the car, she walks a dozen doors up the hill and borrows a car from her daughter, Paula, and son-in-law, Darr Smith, a columnist for the *Los Angeles News*.

With her charm and sense of humor, Mrs. Salemson has become not only a teacher but a dear friend to many of her pupils, particularly the foreign ones, who cling to her as they wallow in a sea of Americanese.

She once spent several weeks at Palm Springs with Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith. Part of the time Meredith had to go back to Hollywood. Plette (as the actor calls his wife) was afraid to sleep alone, and she asked Mary to sleep in her room. As they were dozing off one night, Mrs. Salemson broke the quiet with a giggle. "Paulette, I wonder what someone would pay me to take my place here tonight?"

She has also become fast friends with Madame Charpentier, Annabella's mother. Whenever Madame has American friends in to lunch, Mrs. Salemson translates for her.

When Annabella and Tyrone Power separated, it was on a friendly basis. Their mothers remained friends, too. One Sunday not long after the splitup of their children, Madame Charpentier had Mrs. Power to lunch. She had made a resolution earlier not to discuss their children at all, and she kept it during the meal. As Mrs. Power was leaving, however, she gave in, not because she wanted to talk about the separation but because she was so proud of the new English expression she had learned from Mary to describe her feelings about it — "I shall get over it."

Mrs. Salemson's biggest problem (and the one she gets the most laughs out of), is to keep actors from using French words that have entirely different meanings in English.

She was on the set once when one of her pupils, a director, was testing a big star for a part. The director left the stage for a moment. "Wet for me a little, please," he said to the star. She looked startled. How far did these French directors go for realism? "Wet for me a little, I'll be right back," he went on. "Oh," the star said, relieved, "you mean *wait*." Mrs. Salemson promptly made a note to spend a little more time with her pupil on the pronunciation of the *ai* diphthong.

Another time she was teaching a French character actor and his young wife at the same time. The Frenchman, feeling that his wife was far ahead of him in learning ability said unhappily, "I am a big behind my wife."

Mary assured him that if he worked hard, he would quickly make his wife "a big behind him."

MASS MURDER IN



MASSACHUSETTS

Our American version of the Inquisition began as a hoax, ended in tragedy historians would like to forget.

by WILLIAM J. MURDOCH

“WITCH hunt!”

Nowadays that cry means someone is looking for a fall guy—a patsy on whom he can pin a bum rap.

But the phrase has grisly echoes, and they come ringing down the halls of history from a seething little Massachusetts village tucked in just off the coast.

Danvers it's known as today, but 150-odd years ago it was called Salem village. It was the scene of the infamous witchcraft trials which smeared American colonial history with a dark blot of horror and disgrace.

It all started in the winter of 1691-92, at the home of the Reverend Samuel Parris, pastor of the Salem village church. Parris had taken charge of the congregation two years before, after a parade of pastors, including the Reverend George Burroughs, had failed to make a hit with church members.

Burroughs, a strapping big man of God, gave up the Salem village pulpit as a bad deal after trying to badger his salary from church board members for three full years. Among other unpleasanties, he had been arrested on charges of failing to pay

for two gallons of wine quaffed at his wife's funeral. No wonder he took himself off to Maine, glad to be out of the quarrelsome air of Salem village.

But he was not gone for good. There was trouble brewing back in the little town—a veritable witch's brew into which he was to be plunged by the scruff of his shaggy neck.

Parris took over the church and soon proved himself a person not to be trifled with. When his salary was not forthcoming from the church, he grabbed village land as payment. According to history he pulled a few other shenanigans which did not make his flock like him any better.

Whether the events that followed were plotted by him to attract the attention of the disgruntled church members away from himself, or whether they just happened, no one seems to know for sure. Anyway, Parris' nine-year-old youngster and a group of other girls began meeting at his home of a winter's night to listen to the spooky witch tales told by Tituba, slave of the Parris household.

The girls became so obsessed with the slave's mystifying hocus-pocus that they literally thrilled themselves into fits. They fainted; they rolled their eyes; they babbled gibberish; they groveled on the floor and screamed.

The Reverend Samuel Parris called in the village doctor. This learned

man examined the children, then solemnly shook his head. They were beyond the help of pills and syrup. They were in the horny clutch of the Black Demon. They were bewitched.

The scare was on. Tituba was a native of the West Indies, where even today the ugly demons and fearful spirits are supposed to crowd the gnats and mosquitoes right out of the torrid air. She admitted she was a mistress of witchcraft. Her terrified husband tried to lessen her guilt by claiming that other old women in town aided and abetted her in her scheming black magic.

And so the blame spread. The childish members of the spook parties, their ages ranging from nine to the high teens, were either too frightened or too delighted by all the attention they were attracting to confess their faking. They heaped more coals on the fire. Skilfully prompted by grown ups who had old grudges to settle, they invented stories of the witchcraft plied by this doddering old neighbor and that. With their sharp, lying tongues they cut the pillars of respectability from under a goodly portion of honest Salem society.

Wholesale arrests followed. Men and women were tried on the flimsiest charges, condemned, and executed. Typical of the evidence was that pressed against the Reverend George Burroughs. One of the "bewitched" girls had once been a servant in Burroughs' home. She told of being spirited by the hulking preacher to a mountain top, where he showed her the evil kingdoms of the earth which would be hers if she would sign the Devil's book.

Another child told of being visited by Burroughs' ghost in the dead of night. He cruelly tortured her in his mad efforts to get her name on Old Nick's roster. She was also visited by the ghosts of two women who revealed themselves as Burroughs' murdered wives.

The constables who brought Burroughs back to Salem for trial had a story to tell, too. While they were escorting the prisoner through the forest, a terrific thunderstorm cracked overhead—an ominous sign of league with the Horned Monster down under. Other witnesses in the court told of Burroughs' tremendous strength—which was proof he was possessed by demons.

On this evidence, not a whit more outrageous than that leveled against many others on trial, the Reverend George Burroughs was convicted of witchcraft and hanged. As he stood on the gallows he forgave his persecutors, which moved many of those present to weep—until a preacher in the crowd grimly reminded them that the Devil always was an oily old orator.

Another victim was poor old Giles Corey, whose wife had been arrested on witchcraft charges. When Corey was brought in for hearing, he refused to plead either guilty or innocent of witchcraft. But his tormentors got their man anyway. To make him talk they subjected him to a rare punishment, entirely legal then. They laid him out and placed heavy weights on his chest, keeping him on a diet of bread and water. Corey, 80 years old and filled not with witchcraft but with good old colonial spunk, kept a

stiff upper lip for three agonizing days, then died. Four days later his widow climbed the steps of the scaffold on Gallows Hill and on the end

executed, hundreds thrown into prison. Even the governor's wife was suspected for sympathizing with a prisoner. Virtually no man or woman in the village was safe.



of a tight rope swung out in space to meet him.

Arrests, imprisonments and persecutions continued throughout that bleak winter. In all, 20 persons were

With the spring of 1693, sanity returned. The governor ordered a halt. He opened the jail doors and 150 prisoners, most of them women, breathed free air once more. The hounds of the witch hunt had been muzzled. Parris was denounced as the active agent of the terror. He admitted he had been in error—a slight mistake! He was dismissed from his church and left Salem village—20 lives too late.

Logic

SIX-YEAR-OLD Billy had always disliked going to Sunday school. Each Sunday morning there was a small struggle as his mother scrubbed his face, stuffed him into his best suit, handed him the money for the collection plate and sent him trudging off.

Then one morning he rebelled completely. "I'm not gonna go to Sunday school anymore, Mother," he announced.

Slightly disturbed, his mother tried to use psychology. "Of course you are, dear," she replied sweetly. "Why, they'll miss you if you don't come."

"Oh no, they won't miss me anymore," he explained. "You see, they've got a new little girl now who comes and brings a dime."



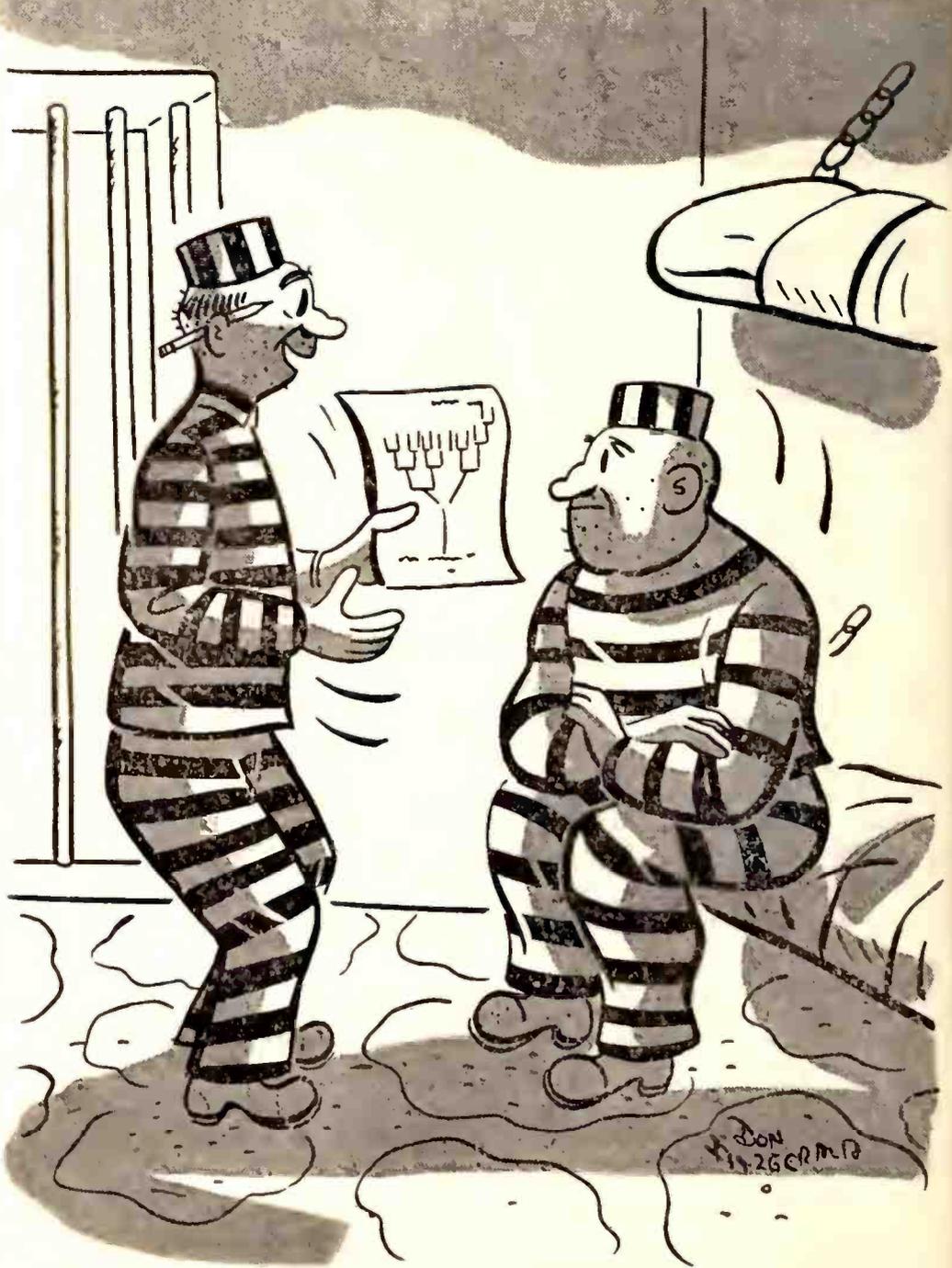
An exacting district railroad superintendent always made a special point of insisting that stationmasters send in an immediate report of any accident, however small. One morning he received the following alarming message: "Man fell from platform in front of moving train. Will send further details later."

After sweating out what seemed like an eternity, the harried superintendent received the second message: "Everything O.K. Nobody injured. Engine was going backwards."



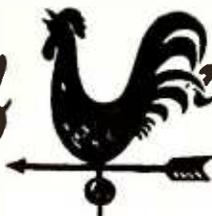
The late William Knudsen once was approached by a slick-tongued Washington senator who was trying to reap the fruits of some war contracts. The senator remarked that although his clients did not have any experience in making airplanes, they had plenty of money.

"Well," said Bill in an even tone, "I have noticed that when a man with money meets a man with experience, the man with experience gets the money and the man with money gets the experience.—Bell Syndicate.



*"Look, Joe, I've traced my family tree
all the way back to the Bastille!"*

Watchbirds of the Weather



by J. A. CHAPMAN

*We're going to have weather,
whether or not.*

A FUR trapper in northern Canada, far above the Arctic Circle, taps out cryptic numbers on his radio transmitter. Three hundred miles off Cape Elizabeth, the radio operator of the storm-tossed freighter S. S. Bayless sends similar numbers into the ocean night. The lighthouse keeper at Point Vincente reads his numbers into the telephone, and so does a forest ranger high in the Rockies.

From all these numbers, and countless others sent from all over the United States, Canada and Mexico, comes the short note in your morning paper: "Rain; continued cool and cloudy." So you decide to take your umbrella when you go out this morning. And there's no point now in washing the car. And something must be arranged to amuse the children if they must stay inside all afternoon.

You may not give a hang about weather conditions in the Yukon or off the New England coast or in southern California. You may not be worried, as you read this, about a blizzard sweeping northern Alberta or about the 94-degree temperature in Mexico City.

But the Canadian blizzard or the Mexican heat wave may change your life. Cold air from Canada, drifting

south, might stir up a tornado that could whisk away your home and property. Or, for another possibility, the warm air mass might move north, bringing a beautiful day; your golf date with an important client is consequently a success, and you get a bonus.

No matter what you do, your decisions are almost always influenced by the weather. It is one of the most common topics of your conversation. Everybody talks about the weather, but there are several hundred people who actually do something about it—members of the United States Weather Bureau.

The Weather Bureau people cannot actually control weather, and at present it seems doubtful that they ever will. Instead, they treat weather as a huge, uncontrollable giant whose actions they can chart and even predict, but whom they cannot govern. Watching this giant is a complex task, one that cannot be put aside for even a few hours. Weather is a 24-hour business, a world-wide business. The only way to be sure of tomorrow's weather is to keep constant watch everywhere today.

For this purpose, the United States Weather Bureau has set up one of the world's largest organizations to watch today's weather and predict tomorrow's. More than 400 local weather

stations and 12 regional forecasting centers in the United States, together with countless stations in other countries, constantly keep watch on the irrepressible giant which is the world's weather.

Most important of the members of this great family of watchers are the forecasters, all highly skilled technicians. They are responsible for the accuracy of tomorrow's weather forecast. But it is impossible to place all the weather factors in a formula and come up with a forecast, and for this reason the weatherman occasionally is wrong. What sometimes bothers the forecasters, however, is that people seem to remember only their mistakes, not the more frequent "on-the-head" forecasts. But most weathermen accept this philosophically. They accept without protest, too, the innumerable jokes about weathermen, their predictions that go wrong, and their "crystal ball" forecasting.

Actually, weather prediction is becoming less and less a matter of guesswork. The wet-finger-in-the-wind method has been replaced by scientific gadgets that never need rest and that can pluck weather information out of places in the atmosphere that men cannot reach.

For example, forecasters know that most of our weather is "manufactured" in the upper air, high above the normal range of airplanes. Information from these upper regions is necessary for more accurate forecasts, and the weatherman's most useful tool in this case is the radiosonde. This is

an uncanny little radio transmitter attached to a balloon which sails high into the sub-stratosphere, sending back temperature, air pressure, and humidity data as it goes. Another device follows the path of a small balloon as it soars aloft, recording its position as the winds at different levels blow it about.

In addition to these aids, the forecaster also has information gathered on the ground 24 hours a day by automatic mechanisms which record temperature, humidity, wind velocity and direction, and air pressure. Then too, pilots bring in reports of weather conditions along their routes, and sometimes special planes are sent out to investigate potentially dangerous storms. During the autumn months, squadrons of weather planes are kept ready in the southeastern states to fly out over the Caribbean and keep track of any hurricanes that may threaten the East Coast.

But these mechanical aids are secondary to the information from ground observers. Their reports clatter into the central offices every hour on the automatic typewriters. Forecasters use these local reports to check on changing weather conditions all over North America.

Today's weather in the Yukon or Mexico may be in your back yard tomorrow, but don't worry about it. The weathermen have their eyes on it. Maybe they can't postpone tomorrow's thunderstorm, but they can warn you in time to take your umbrella.



The driver is safer when the roads are dry; the roads are safer when the driver is dry.

Newest spectator thrill is the flight of the bumbleboys!

THE MIDGETS FLY



L O W !

by GEORGE STATLER

“**H**ERE they come — oops! — there they go.”

That was an airplane race.

If you ever tried to watch one, you probably found the swift passage of blurs which you guessed to be planes, together with hours of sitting in the hot sun, straining your red-raw neck for just one quick glimpse of the contest, added up to a most unsatisfactory afternoon. Up to now, that is.

Because now you can buy a ticket for a plane race and be sure you'll not only see what the planes look like, but will enjoy the whole affair from start to finish. You will hear the thin mad snarl of six tiny ships racing for the checkered pylon, see them seem to stand on one wingtip and, just when you and the other thousands of gasping spectators are certain all six will tangle in a heap, straighten out and streak down the back stretch in full view of the grandstand. Every whip-turn, every full-throttle dash—you will see them all.

With midget speedboats and Lilliputian autos buzzing the land and water for prizes, sooner or later had to come the pint-size racing planes. And a good thing, too. For this “backyard racing” presents for the

first time the kind of daring competition in the air which a crowd of fans can follow all the way, instead of only the start and the finish, as in the days just passed. Up until the very recent advent of the buzz-kite, airplane racing consisted of custom-built jobs or surplus war models trying for distance-speed records or circling the pylons in so-called closed course events like the Thompson Trophy race at the Cleveland Air Show.

The latter fracas was so spread out the pylons had to be marked with smoke columns before the pilots could find them. If the stiff-necked fan was alert, he would see the contestants zoom past at about 400 miles an hour and disappear again, hell-bent-for-joystick beyond the blue horizon. Few cities could accommodate the large courses needed for these planes anyway; consequently, their spectator value was almost nil.

The midgets, however, can turn on a wingtip after a quarter-mile or half-mile dash and streak away again. Though only a third as fast as their big brothers, they give an illusion of greater speed because of their size and maneuverability. Which is okay by John A. Thrillseeker. In this new

kind of race, long legs of the four-sided course are about 4,000 feet and short ones are about a thousand. Pilots belly down to 50 feet above the ground, but must stay at least 600 feet from the stands. This puts the whole spectacle approximately a thousand feet away from the onlookers—much closer than the fight fan in Madison Square Garden ever seems to get. Speed, therefore, is not as important as in the Thompson Trophy meet. Swift straightaway dashes, steep turns, the whine of the motors—all are more exciting close up. And that's the key word—closeup.

Like the midget autos, these small planes are piloted by old hands who at one time raced larger machines and then realized the midgets were the coming thing. There's lanky H. R. "Fish" Salmon, veteran speedster and test pilot who once flew in a second-hand Mustang and a battered fedora. There's "Hot-shot" Charlie Tucker, believed to be the original inspiration for Hotshot Charlie of the comics because he looks the part and because he flew with the Flying Tigers. Steve Wittman, who designed the slab landing gear now used by other racing pilots and the Cessna Company, is another. And there is Tony Levier, Lockheed test pilot who copped fourth place at Cleveland one year even though he had a ship conceded by one and all to be the slowest in the air that day. Hours before the race he memorized every inch of the course, and later when the fast strangers roared by him, he waved good-naturedly and munched along right on the beam while his confused competitors wandered all over Ohio

searching for the turns. Art Chester, quiet, sandy-haired old-timer, won a race one time because he carefully chalked off each lap as he completed it, figuring somebody else might lose count. His hunch was right. The lad in front throttled down one lap too soon, and Art putt-putted in ahead of him.

These are a few of the flyers who are pioneering a new sport in the air. Before the second World War they had taken part in mad scrambles involving expensive made-to-order planes. Later, when the surplus combat types went on sale cheap, these racing pilots were able to buy them at greatly reduced prices. Everybody seemed as happy as oysters in a bed. But at a meeting of the Professional Race Pilots Association a couple of years ago, President Art Chester had a worried look.

"Boys, I think we're hanging ourselves," he announced. "How long can we hope to fly these tired old 38's, 39's, and 51's? When they fold up, we will each have to pay maybe 100,000 dollars to build a racing plane, or we will have to get out of the business. And of the 25,000 or so put up for prizes, the most a pilot can win in one race is about ten grand. Right?"

Interested, the boys did some fast mental arithmetic, and then as one man they nodded: Right!

"We've got to start a new light class of racing plane," Chester said, aglow with the Big Idea. "A little something that might cost no more than \$5,000 to build and still leave race winners a profit."

The club members saw the chal-

lenge and the problems it entailed and immediately began planning to meet them. Thus was born this new kind of airplane race.

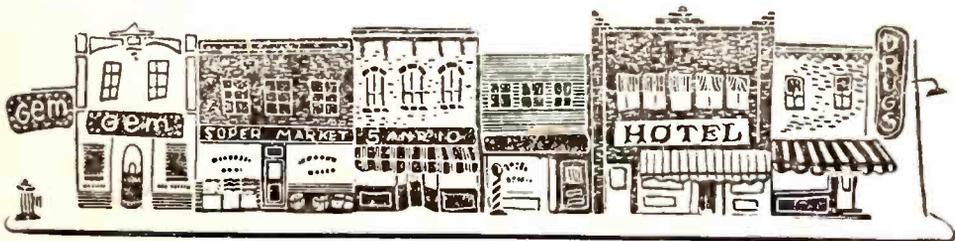
Despite the fact that the supply of left-over fighter craft gave air racing the boost it very much needed for a postwar comeback by temporarily removing the high-price spectre that threatened to end the sport, the 1947 Thompson Trophy Race clearly demonstrated that this fastest closed-course event is too hard on pilots for the fun and money derived. It turned out to be the roughest international speed classic ever seen. Out of the 13 starting, only 6 finished. Cook Cleland set a new world's record of 396.1 miles per hour in 20 laps over the 15-mile rectangular course, but not before four crackups and one death had taken place.

In direct and pleasing contrast was the Goodyear Trophy Race of the midgets. Of the 19 that qualified, Steve Wittman's red *Wittman Special* won the trophy and \$8,500. Paul Penrose flew Art Chester's green-and-yellow *Swea' Pea*; Salmon and Tony Levier piloted the latter's two *Cosmic Winds*. Mike Argander, Dwight Dempster and Bill Brennand flew other new small planes. All of them were so interesting and so air-worthy that one observer concluded,

"In this set-to there was more originality in each little plane than in all the big ones together."

The Goodyear race was run on the rules doped out in 1946 by Chester, Levier, Benny Howard and others of the PRPA. Their aim was to put air racing on a safer basis, increase spectator appeal, and stimulate designers' ingenuity. The midgets came through this, their first big trial, with no spills and nobody hurt. And the fans got kicks for their tickets.

Somewhat relieved, the pilots and designers who had put time and money into the project with no guarantee of success went back to work. And in their second big triumph they proved again that plane racing can be given back to the spectators. Ten planes competed in the Continental Trophy Race in last winter's All-American Air Maneuvers at Miami. Twelve thousand fans watched the ten-lap roundabout over the two-mile course. Art Chester clocked the 20 miles in a very nice 7 minutes, 43.5 seconds, for an average of 155 miles an hour in his butterfly-tail *Swea' Pea*. Winner of the event was 20-year-old Bill Brennand from Oshkosh, Wisconsin, who hurtled Wittman's tiny red ship around the pylons at 170.33 m.p.h. "Fish" Salmon took a second. Pressing close behind were W. L. Lefevers,



Jr., of Reidsville, N. C., and ex-RCAF ace Earl Ortman from Tulsa. With this second hurdle cleared, the sport had decidedly proved itself.

The products of home-workshop designers and pilots of somewhat limited means, the midgets are restricted to engines having 190 cubic inches of piston displacement. Propellers must have a fixed pitch. Wing loading (gross weight per square foot of wing area) may not exceed 12 pounds—about the same as that of the average two-place sport plane. Thus, a ship's performance depends almost entirely on aeronautical design and skillful handling. Landing gear is rigid. Planes must be tough enough to stand stresses six times the force of gravity in pre-race dives, and must successfully test-run three laps of the course at full throttle, turns included. To conform with all these "musts," the midget planes look dainty, are tough, fly fast.

When you see one for the first time, the impulse is to crack, "Does the guy ride this thing with or without a saddle?" *Swea' Pea* has a cockpit only 19 inches wide at the shoulders, while backrest and instrument panel are only 26 inches apart. Though her pilot isn't a midget, too, it's a tight squeeze for him, sitting three inches above the floor on a little rubber doughnut. The ship weighs only 590 pounds, and her owner hopes to knock off 50 by substituting fabric for plywood on the wings.

Wittman rebuilt his \$8,500 prize-winner from a higher powered model that set national and international 100-kilometer records in 1937.

Rules say that one pilot cannot cut in front of another until he leads

by 150 feet. This means the leader has to accumulate sufficient interval plus 25 to 50 feet of altitude in order to dive for pole position on a turn.



Superchargers and lift flaps are forbidden. Because of these rules, the pleased customer has been given a full-blown contest to enjoy.

"The midgets," Tony Levier said about a year ago, "should create a new form of competitive sport."

And they have. Before the end of this year it is expected that at least a hundred such races will be held around the United States. Promoters are getting interested in the "speedway in the sky" that puts the planes under the onlooker's nose, never out of sight. On the West Coast, the racing pilots are planning a race every week. Purses will be small at first, they expect, but should increase as the public catches on. Air-minded folk remember how California made the midget cars pay off, and they believe the quarter-ton airplanes can get to be just as much or more of a big thing. Besides the Los Angeles get-togethers, races are planned for Cleveland, Miami and Tulsa. Since the California fly-boys find it cheaper to stay around home, they will race for small

purses or a percentage of the gate; therefore most of the competitive interest thus far centers around Los Angeles, where the sport got its start. Of the 21 midget planes entered in last year's Cleveland Air Races, 15 were from the City of Angels and parts nearby. Thus, the West Coast version of backyard barnstorming has a head start. How quickly the small plane pilots in other parts of the country rally 'round to boost competition in the East, the South and the Midwest, will determine how soon in the immediate future inhabitants in other sections will be able to enjoy midget racing.

They say Steve Wittman assembled his small craft in six different garages. Though termed "homemade" and "garage manufactured," these planes are in no way amateurish. Their builders and often their pilots are aeronautical engineers, using their skill and ingenuity to design superplanes by day at the factory and small ones at night, for a hobby. Besides

providing a new entertainment for air enthusiasts and more profit for pilots, these 85-horsepower concoctions are adding to engineering knowledge. Already improvements have been made on light planes as a result of experience with midget ones.

So when the mighty mites roar, audiences who never before shook to the thrills of an airplane race will pack the stands. Thousands will flock to Cleveland on Labor Day to see the midgets in action. Everybody'll be in the act, and there'll be fun for all. Each tiny plane may represent the work of an engineer, a draftsman, and a mechanic—in the hands of a pilot. Financing the project may be an oil executive, fascinated by the novelty as well as the advertising. Donating the prizes will be tire or engine makers. And thoroughly enjoying the thrills and the color in the performance of this new and different kind of three-ring air circus will be the people in the vast new airplane racing public—maybe you.

It's a Horse on the Duke!

OVER in Spain, the Duke of Alba is erecting a monument to Babieca, the noble horse which carried Godrigo Diaz de Vivar to so many victories over the Moors. The Duke proudly announces it will be one of the world's outstanding monuments.

It doesn't, however, hold a cornerstone to the one in Enterprise, Alabama, which was erected to the boll weevil. This monument to the worst pest of the cotton fields was erected in 1919, "in profound appreciation of the Boll Weevil and what it has done as the herald of prosperity."

The structure, in the center of the town, came after farmers of the area realized the weevil's destructive habits prompted them to diversify their crops. The result was that income skyrocketed to three times that of the best cotton years. Out of the evil of the weevil, they gained a new security!



History is the record of how other nations have always been wrong.



Speeder: One who plays the hearses.—*Magazine Digest.*

Dooley Noted . . .

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION HUMAN PIN-CUSHION is a gypsy king who won the honors at one of the annual pin-sticking contests in Old Bohemia. He won this title by thrusting an all-time high record of 3,000 pins through the flesh of his own left arm and holding them there for 31 hours before a single one popped out.

A CHINESE WROTE THE WORLD'S FIRST DICTIONARY. Pa Out She was his name. In his works he listed 40,000 Chinese characters and their definitions. His work was the inspiration for dictionaries in other tongues. Ambrose Caleppini compiled the first dictionary of words, which he produced in Venice in the year 1500. In 1755 Samuel Johnson compiled the first English dictionary, omitting words beginning with "X," and Noah Webster's dictionary appeared in 1828.

THE LUCKY FOUR LEAF CLOVER is held to be lucky because it is believed that Eve, being expelled from the Garden of Eden, reached down and plucked one to carry with her. Because it was believed a living bit of the Garden, to find such a clover in one's own garden grew to be considered good luck. To find one while walking was even luckier. As far back as 1648, Herrick wrote in his *Hesperides*: "Oh, lucky four leaf grasse; the while the crowd of younglings sing and drown ye with a flowerie Spring."

THE SCOTCH BAGPIPE is not Scotch at all. It originated in ancient Egypt and was the favorite instrument of the earliest Greeks. It was the official musical instrument of the Roman Legions, who later carried it into the British Isles. Monks of old sang their hymns to its squeaky strains. It is a first cousin to the old Swiss Dudlestick. The Scotch simply liked it well enough to learn to play it, and it is now identified with them almost exclusively.

THE POLICE CAR "BLACK MARIA" was named for Black Maria, a Negro Amazon of the old Boston water front. Her strength was that of many men, and when sailors became too unruly for handling by the constables, they yelled for Black Maria—who simply picked up the culprits and carried them off to the village bastille. She was a highly respected person, so when four-wheeled wagons finally were outfitted to cart away belligerent bums, they were dubbed "Black Marias" in her honor.

PRESERVATION OF MEAT WITH ICE is recorded in Chinese poems dating 1100 years B.C. The method of cutting, as well as proper dimensions, are described along with rules for lasting storage. The idea was to preserve slaughtered lambs for sacrificial services.

HEDGEHOGS CAME FROM ENGLAND with the Pilgrims on the Mayflower. In those days no English home was without a few of these little fellows who slept all day but sauntered about at night, seeking their favorite food. There was no Flit, D.D.T., or insect powder, and, what's more, no need for them, for the hedgehog made their use unnecessary. So the Pilgrims brought hedgehogs along to kill off roaches, ants, water bugs and flies.

Yours Truly, Mr. Dooley

It's a roundabout way to make a living, but this impresario of odds-and-ends does handsomely at it.



THE SULTAN OF SWAP!

by JAMES Y. OTIS

IN THIS inflationary era, the prices of stuffed penguins, ostrich feathers, moustache cups, African war spears and riveting machines have gone up, too.

This hard economic fact saddens Savino Morizzo of Chicago, the "Sultan of Swap," who sells and trades incredible bric-a-brac with the same aplomb that your corner grocer hands out canned goods and bread.

"Still, business is good," Morizzo philosophizes, "for somewhere there is always a person who wants to buy or swap something valuable for a copper bathtub, a box of skulls, oil paintings or gold-encrusted cuspidors."

Savino isn't kidding. Daily, the mailman staggers into his five-story junk house on Chicago's Lake Street, carrying pleas for the strangest merchandise in the world—most of which is carried in stock.

Those letters—plus a personal following which ranges from Cairo, Egypt, to Nome, Alaska—enables the dark, wiry little Morizzo to arrange 10,000 trades and 5,000 cash sales a year. His business is stimulated by his own magazine, *The Traders Journal*, which is a startling compendium of

the weird gadgets and seemingly useless junk he has on his shelves. Five thousand people the world over buy his journal each month.

Some sample ads:

"Have lithograph of Custer's Last Stand. Will trade for hair clipper."

"Need Lord's Prayer written on pin-head in exchange for tattooed ear."

"Can you use miniature steam locomotive suitable for kiddie park? Will swap it for early Edison phonograph."

"The *Journal* is one of the world's best advertising media, if results are an indication," Morizzo boasts, flicking some dust from a mounted wild boar which he'll probably swap for a Model-T Ford.

"Our readers include retired sea captains, aviators, old maids, business leaders, entomologists, soldiers, explorers, curio shop owners, college students, teachers and clergymen. What they unearth in their attics and basements is amazing but true."

And Morizzo proudly displays his wares—gallons of hair dye, old coins by the hundreds, pictures of every United States President, stereopticons,

a tree-bark tablecloth, ancient type-writers, silverware from kings' palaces, tattooing kits, swords, Borgia poison cups, and Civil War uniforms, to name but a few of his "staples."

Once, Morizzo bought a toboggan and friends crowed that he would regret his hasty purchase. Unruffled, he put the toboggan in front of his store. Snow began to fall immediately, and he made a quick profit in five minutes.

Another time, this peerless trader accepted \$50,000 worth of oil paintings on consignment from an Oklahoma oil king. The magnate wanted an apartment house in exchange for his treasures.

It took Savino several weeks of scurrying around to museums, art dealers, real estate agents and private collectors, but he swung the deal and made \$5,000 commission on this, the biggest swap of his career.

MMORIZZO was a penniless, eight-year-old immigrant boy from Italy who started selling newspapers in Chicago to support his family. He soon achieved stature among fellow newsies as a sharp swapper.

"Before long, I had a corner on jackknives, marbles, tops, balls and bats; and boys all over the city were asking me to be a middleman in arranging exchanges of boyhood treasures," says Savino.

But it was inevitable that the shrewd, fast-talking lad should become a salesman in his teens. Later, he dabbled in graphology, public speaking, economics, and psychology—but he was unhappy.

"My first love was swapping," he says, "and I was successfully operating ten cosmetics stores in Chicago and St. Louis when I decided to chuck my profitable business and become a modern horse trader."

Around this time, the depression closed down on the land and Savino's small shop in Chicago became a mecca for barter hounds, intent on staving off poverty by trading odds-and-ends for the necessities of life.

A typical customer was Tom, a barber, who had a cellarful of fine red wine although he was busted financially. Tom had a perpetual toothache and needed the services of a dentist. Savino knew a dentist who was desperate for patients, and quickly arranged a barter deal: ten gallons of wine for four fillings and an extraction.

Morizzo's cut was two gallons of wine. Everybody was happy. He exchanged his wine for three alarm clocks, then traded the clocks for an electric stove. Later, the stove sold for \$10 and Savino concluded that the swap business was a good money-maker, bad times or prosperity.

Last year, he sold or exchanged more than \$1,000,000 worth of bizarre products and services. As his usual commission is ten per cent, it's easy to see that swapping is better than an oil well for a fellow like Savino!

Savino is a philosopher as well as a trader. A bachelor, he likes to aid young lovers, and once he accepted an engagement ring in exchange for a car. But on a hunch, he held the ring in his safe.

Several weeks later, the ring's orig-

inal owner returned, highly excited, and told Savino he had made up his quarrel with his girl and wanted the ring back. Did Savino know who had it?

"I have," said Savino. "I thought you'd come back. Sweethearts always do." And he gave the boy the ring, took the car back, and muttered gloomily about the ways of love which keep a smart swapper from making a quick buck.

As the "housewives' pal," Savino became famous during the war. Women turned to him by the hundreds for such hard-to-get items as

nylon stockings, electric toasters, clocks, and other scarce things.

Now, with merchandise becoming plentiful, Savino is getting rid of such items.

"What I need are Indian head-dresses, Roman coins, clothing for midgets, deep sea diving equipment, and other out-of-the-way products," he explains. "To a swapper, such things bring a glow of excitement. Anybody can make a profit out of autos and houses now. The trick is to make a little fortune on 3,000 Chinese jade backscratchers—which I can get for you, bub."

Typing the Mountain Unclimbers

CLIMBING a mountain is tough enough, but unclimbing one is tougher. You can take that from a group of 100 volunteer rescuers at Boulder, Colorado.

This rescue group, headed by Professor Charles Hutchinson of Colorado University, has plucked many a human being off the rocks high up, people who made it up there but stalled and couldn't come down.

Naturally, such rescuing leads to typing, and the group has designated three major classifications.

Type One is the profusely thanking kind. He's usually so scared sitting on the heights that all he can see is a red or a green shirt, not the rescuer himself, coming to save him. Once the treacherous descent has been accomplished, the thanks begin to pour out. But, the next day on the street, Type One doesn't even recognize the persons who saved him.

Type Two is too cooperative. He's the specimen who listens to all instructions and plans and then tries to start down the rope before the rope is anchored. The rescuers have learned to whisper around this fellow.

Type Three is the emotional type. Once saved, this one rolls all over the ground, kisses it, rubs his face in it. Then, suddenly, he gets up on his feet and runs like—well, like he never wants to see a mountain again.—*Barney Schwartz.*



An American tourist, smugly assured that his high school knowledge of French was excellent, swept into a Paris restaurant, seated himself with a flourish and began to order his luncheon in French.

"Garson," he began in a loud voice, "je desire consomme royal, et un piece of pang et burre, er, hang it, une piece de burr . . ."

"I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted the waiter tactfully. "I don't speak French."

"Well, don't just stand there," snapped the tourist, "get me someone who does!"



"Like this, Reverend Whitehead?"

YOUR ~~OF AGUSTROPHOBIA~~ CAN BE CURED CLAUSTROPHOBIA

A CHICAGO business man, who was healthy and well-balanced for years, moved to a skyscraper office building and engaged sumptuous offices on the 42nd floor.

Immediately, he became a changed person. In the morning at his desk, he was pale, irritable, nervous. At home, he complained of loss of appetite and snapped resentfully at his wife and children.

Finally, in a talk with his physician, he said:

"This sounds so silly that I can't believe it, but I think those elevators in the new building have caused this change in me. When I enter the elevator, I grit my teeth, my stomach seems to cave in, and my heart pounds like mad until the operator lets me out at my floor. After that, my business day never seems to go right. What do you make of it?"

The physician questioned him and learned that for 15 years he had occupied a second-floor office in a building two blocks away. He had always walked up and down. During that period, the business man had never noticed these distressing symptoms.

"You've got one of the commonest fears in the world—claustrophobia," the doctor said. "It's the fear of closed, confined spaces. Some people experience it in automobiles, airplanes and Pullman berths; others experience violent fright in a dark theater or in a closet at home. Probably 10,000,000 Americans have claustrophobia, some

The morbid dread of confinement is alarmingly widespread. But it can be cured quickly and easily by rooting out the memory which causes it.

by ALVIN K. HOLMES

in small degree, others to an incapacitating extent. The sad thing is that people don't realize this fear can be uprooted and banished, once the cause is brought to light."

Psychiatrists and psychoanalysts have several reasons to advance for claustrophobia. Frequently, a violent shock in adult life will cause it. One Pittsburgh woman opened a bedroom closet and found the body of her husband, a suicide, dangling at the end of a rope. For ten years thereafter, she was unable to open a closet door unless a friend or member of the family was at her side. But once she had told a psychiatrist how the fear developed, she started to lose it—for the very act of talking about the irrational dread was beneficial.

Some authorities believe that guilt feelings play a large part in this common neurosis. Declares Dr. Donald Gregg, former president of the Massachusetts Society for Mental Hygiene:

"Parents are frequently responsible for the development of claustrophobic fears in their children. The worst thing a mother or father can do is to thrust a young child into a closet or tiny room for disciplinary purposes."

A 30-year-old secretary came to a municipal psychiatric clinic in Chi-

cago with a strange tale. She lived in dread of entering an auto, and for 11 years had never been in a car. All that time, she had used busses, street cars, and elevated trains. When public transport wasn't available, she would walk for miles rather than step into an auto.

Patient dredging of her early years, and relentless probing of her earliest memories, finally uncovered the key to her problem: At the age of four, she had broken an expensive doll in a moment of anger. As punishment, her mother locked her in the family sedan parked in front of the house. For two hours, the terrified little girl had screamed as nightfall approached and nobody came to her rescue. When her father finally took the exhausted child out of the car, a deep-seated neurosis had been planted within her mind, to flower years later into a fearful aversion to entering an auto.

Once this patient remembered the buried incident, she was able to talk about it with the psychiatrist. She was able to see for herself how the repressed experience had burgeoned dangerously in her subconscious. Within ten days, the old fear had been dissipated, and she was able to ride cars and taxis with complete mental ease.

Dr. Albert C. Buckley of the graduate school of medicine, University of Pennsylvania, thinks claustrophobia affects everybody to some extent. He says:

"The fear of being confined and closed in is the most common and widespread of fears. Every man, woman and child carries a little of this

fear around with him. Some of us control it so that it doesn't bother us; for others, it makes life miserable."

Actually, extreme claustrophobia is a *pathological*, or abnormal, fear, as distinguished from the prudent fears which keep us alive, such as the dread of a poisonous snake, the fear of an onrushing truck, or the aversion to sharp and dangerous knives or blades.

Claustrophobia, which at first may be merely a nuisance, usually becomes aggravated and more distressing as the years go on and its underlying cause is undetected. Indeed, numerous cases of "heart trouble" are not that at all; they are the associated symptoms of claustrophobia.

Doctors explain that the person with an abnormal fear of being closed in—once he thinks he is trapped in a small room or space—finds that his heart pounds furiously and he grows dizzy and fearful. Before long, he gets a heart fixation, and concentrates on the alleged heart condition instead of the mental attitude which causes the heart to act violently and distressingly.

Other victims of the most common fear in the world report that they have stomach upsets, asthma, headaches and excessive fatigue. In almost all cases, true claustrophobes who complain of these troubles don't have them at all; their *symptoms* of ailments and disorders are sparked into life whenever their old fear of being hemmed in is awakened.

A 50-year-old woman, who was forced to take a job in a small shop when her husband died and left her penniless, suddenly found that she had

an erratic and sensitive stomach. At home, she was all right, but as soon as she reported for work her digestion became upset, she suffered cramps and diarrhea, and complained of acute headache.

The tiny store in which she worked barely accommodated a sales person and several customers. But on a busy day, as many as 12 people would crowd in—and her stomach distress always became worse on such days.

She quit her job and went to work for a department store. The stomach distress didn't reappear. Her physician, to whom she told her story, said:

"You have mild claustrophobia and never knew it until you went to work in that small shop. The feeling of being hemmed in, of suffocating, was aggravated by the many people in a

small space. That accounted for your stomach's sensitive reaction to your environment. But when you changed jobs and found yourself in a large department store with a wide open space around you, the phobic fear lessened and so did your associated stomach pains!"

Few people can afford long and expensive psychoanalysis in order to get at the bottom of their unreasoning fear of being shut in. Actually, it seldom is necessary to go to this trouble and expense. Psychiatrists are busy enough with thousands of serious neuroses and psychoses, without having to treat at length every case of claustrophobia which might be solved by honest self-examination on the part of the patient.

A new technique, that of the so-called "truth drug," is highly effective, costs little, and takes a fraction of the time in getting to the seat of a claustrophobe's trouble. A Texas man, who was fine as long as he was on his ranch in the wide open spaces, confessed that he felt panicky and wanted to scream every time he came to Fort Worth on a cattle deal.

"The little stores and offices make me feel like I were buried alive," he said with a sheepish grin. "I know it's screwy, but I can't spend the rest of my life out on the plains. Can you help me?"

The psychiatrist could and did. He administered one of the new relaxing drugs, and under its influence the cattle man from the plains told his story:

As a boy on his father's ranch, he had disobeyed his parents and gone



"That bum! He told me he was a liver and heart specialist!"

hunting with another boy. They returned home at midnight. The irate father, to punish the lad, locked him in a woodshed and kept him there until daybreak.

The boy fainted when he was released, but seemingly forgot the harrowing experience in a short time. He bore his father no grudge for the incident.

Yet, in later life, when he went into the large Texas cities, the inexplicable fear of being "buried alive," as he termed it, would seize him. He couldn't account for the fear—until

the truth drug and the psychiatrist's friendly presence enabled him to fish the forgotten adventure out of his buried experiences.

If you have such a fear, sit down and patiently go over your life, seeking to remember what may have precipitated it. Don't be discouraged if several hours' trudge over Memory Lane fails to unearth the buried trouble spot. Keep at the job, and usually you'll be able to strike the root of your own unreasoning fear. The release from dread is well worth the effort to track down old bogeys.

It's A Fact . . .

THAT ONE MINUTE ago in this country:

15,220 gallons of coffee were consumed; 38,220 cups of tea were emptied; 13,320 gallons of milk were drunk; and 5,700 quarts of ice cream were finished off.

654,488 cigarettes were smoked; 600,000 matches were struck; 112,920 telephone calls were made; 71 automobiles stalled (due to battery, ignition, and/or carburetor trouble).

20 persons were injured (3 in traffic accidents); 3 serious crimes were committed; 1 criminal was jailed; 9 persons were caught breaking traffic laws; 6 babies were born; 3 persons died; and 5 couples were married.—*Joseph C. Stacey.*



The inspector of tenement houses was surprised to find four families living in one barren room. Chalk marks traced on the floor quartered the room for each family.

"But how do you manage to live with so many people crowded into such a small space?" asked the worried inspector.

"Well, we was gettin' along pretty good," said one of the men, "until the old lady in the north corner started taking in boarders."



There's nothing very unusual about a movie in California. That's why the manager of a local movie house stopped the show one evening during the freakish cold spell which hit California in January.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced from the stage. "It is snowing outside. There will be a short intermission so that everybody can see the snow."

The audience filed out in a body, gaped at the snow for several minutes, and then returned to their seats to see the remainder of the movie.



Two little city boys who had never been to the country before were wandering about on their first visit to the farm. Suddenly, one spotted a trash pile of empty condensed milk cans. "Hey, Joe, come here quick!" he called excitedly, "I've found a cow's nest!"

*Fifteen men on a Dead End kid,
Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of milk!*

THE CAPTAIN WAS KIDDING



by TED PETERSON

THINK of pirates today, and the mind turns to Captain Kidd. One sees him, cutlass in hand, shooing captives off the plank, plundering gold-heavy galleons and burying iron-ribbed chests of treasure on desolate beaches.

The picture, alas, is strictly phony. As a pirate, Captain Kidd was a complete flop. No swashbuckling scourge of the high seas, he was a timid amateur with one shabby murder and four arsons as his worst record in an age when professional plunderers sacked entire towns for provisions and at least one was so wicked that legend said he had the Devil for a sailing-mate.

Captain Kidd prudently avoided the bloody waters where the tough pirates hung out and high-tailed it when the going looked rough. No captives walked the plank of his *Adventure Galley*. No towns were sacked at his command. No men fell beneath his cutlass. The weapon in his only murder was a wooden bucket with which he conked one of his own gunners because the man had become disgruntled at the skipper's timidity. And the treasure that Kidd is supposed to have buried would scarcely be worth the trouble of outfitting a party to search for it.

On a May day in 1701, the law led Captain Kidd to the gallows at Execution Dock in London. It hanged him there, just across the Thames from the spot where he had embarked on his indifferent fling at piracy five years earlier. Even as the river lapped his dangling body, ballad-writers were busy writing songs about the buccaneer, whose name is now surrounded with romance that has little basis in fact.

Captain Kidd turned to piracy in a scheme that had the blessing of the king himself. Kidd had served his king faithfully and courageously against the French. For his good work in driving off privateers, the Provincial Council of New York had authorized him a reward of 150 pounds. Before weighing anchor on the cruises that were his downfall, Kidd was a respected family man of property in New York.

He lived in an age of piracy. In his day—and for more than a century afterward—waves of piracy invariably tagged the heels of wars. One reason was that the privateers who got a taste of freebooting during the war seldom lost it with the coming of peace. Another was that nations could not spare vessels to police the seas. In the late 17th Century, a series of

wars left the seas dotted with ships flying the black flag.

The plague of piracy left England in a ticklish spot. Subjects with investments in the East yelled for suppression of the freebooters. But subjects in the American colonies, a spawning ground for buccaneers, welcomed pirates because they kept the cost of living down. In insisting that Americans trade exclusively with the mother country, Britain was charging higher prices for goods than pirates charged for their illicit wares.

Crafty King William III thought he saw a chance to stuff the royal wallet. He agreed that a ship should be outfitted to stamp out piracy. However, he proposed that this ship should be sent out as a private undertaking, since the government couldn't spare one. The king himself offered to kick in with 3,000 pounds toward the venture. Although he later weasled out of the promise, a couple of bigwigs with an eye on an easy buck promoted the scheme. Among them were Lord Bellomont, governor of New England, and Colonel Robert Livingston, a wealthy New York landowner, who suggested that William Kidd was just the man to head the pirate-hunting expedition. He was to capture buccaneers—"the King's enemies"—and to impound their merchandise and treasure, which would be divided among the promoters, Kidd and his crew.

And so Kidd set sail in February, 1693, from Deptford in his 287-ton *Adventure Galley*, with 34 guns and a crew of a hundred. He had at least one strike against him from the start. Neither he nor his crew was to collect

any pay unless they took a prize. Further, Kidd had to repay Bellomont if he failed to bring in enough prizes to pay off the cost of the expedition. The second strike against him came in New York, where he anchored to replace a fifth of his crew that had been impressed into British naval service. Newcomers, who brought his strength to 150, had a hankering for unlawful plunder.

Logically, Kidd should have struck a course for Madagascar, where pirates were as numerous as fish. Instead, he carefully avoided that coast for 15 months. He cruised about for more than 12 months without taking any prizes except a small French vessel, which he had picked up en route to America. It helped buy groceries but didn't line the pockets of the crew.

In one week, 50 of the crewmen died of cholera. The unhappy, payless sailors who remained began muttering about doing a bit of piracy. Far from striking terror into the hearts of fellow skippers, Kidd couldn't even keep his own men under control.

His first act of piracy came in September, 1697, when he met with a Moorish ketch captained by an Englishman. From the ketch, Kidd got several bales of pepper and coffee and some myrrh. But he couldn't find any money. A more serious-minded pirate would perhaps have beheaded a few of the crew to loosen the tongues of the others, but not Kidd. He had some of the sailors drubbed with cutlasses. Still they wouldn't talk, so Kidd helplessly let them go off in their ship. He kept the captain and a Portuguese, the latter apparently for future use as interpreter.

His voyage was spiced with a bit more action. He was attacked by a Portuguese frigate, which he successfully fought off, and some of his crew were beset by natives when they went ashore for water.

In reprisal, Kidd ordered one of the natives shot and some huts set afire, then again set sail. Before long he came upon a Dutch ship, the *Loyal Captain*, which his men were all for plundering. The crew grumbled about Kidd's refusal to attack the vessel. A gunner named William Moore, while grinding a chisel, did some grumbling within earshot of Kidd himself.

Kidd and Moore exchanged words. The captain called the gunner a lousy dog. Retorted Moore, "If I am a lousy dog, you have made me so." Kidd paced the deck a few moments, then bashed the upstart over the head with an iron-bound bucket. Next day the gunner died.

Thereafter, Kidd turned to piracy in earnest. In quick succession he captured a French, a Dutch and an Armenian ship. None of these successes amounted to much. Best of the lot was the Armenian vessel, the *Quedagh Merchant*. And her capture gave Kidd cold feet because of "the great noise" it would make in England. If his crew had let him, he would have returned the ship to her captain.

As Kidd feared, the owners of the

Quedagh Merchant raised a fuss in England. Political enemies of the backers of the pirate-hunting expedition began hinting that Kidd had been sent out with orders to do a little piracy on the side. Even the king wasn't above suspicion. The government acted fast. Kidd was posted as a pirate, and a squadron went in search of him.

Meanwhile, Kidd had put in at Anguilla in the West Indies, where he learned that he had been proclaimed a pirate. Insisting on his innocence, Kidd turned to Bellomont for protection. That gentleman informed Kidd that if he were as innocent as he said, he would indeed be protected. Reassured, Kidd set sail for Boston, pausing at Gardiner's Island off Long Island to dispose of part of his loot from the *Quedagh Merchant*. In Boston, Kidd was thrown into jail. He and his men were sent as prisoners to London for trial.

In May of 1701 Kidd was tried in the Old Bailey for the murder of William Moore and, with some of his crew, for three acts of piracy. The jury gave him the death sentence.

The hangman who carried it out bungled the job on his first attempt. The rope broke and Kidd fell to the ground. A second time Kidd mounted the scaffold. This time the rope held, and Kidd plunged to his death—and into legend as a scoundrel of the seas.



He rounded a curve at close to 50. A sudden skid, and the car lurched into the ditch, smashed into a telephone pole and came to a jarring stop. They found themselves thrown together unhurt in the front seat of the wrecked car. Shaking slightly, he put his arm around her waist, but she pulled away from him.

"It's very nice," she sighed, "but wouldn't it have been easier to run out of gas?"

Sauteed Marcus a la Old Mother Gallico

(Since the following correspondence was sent us by a friend who suggested we publish a magazine, SWING cannot vouch for its authenticity.—The Editors.)

Mr. Paul Gallico

New York City

Dear Mr. Gallico:

Several months ago one of our customers asked at our Epicure Bar why Neiman-Marcus did not publish a cook book. We wrote a few people and asked them what they thought of the idea. They liked it, sent us some wonderful recipes and fascinating stories about the origins of the recipes and incidents relating to them.

The book is now beginning to take some form, and we hope to have it ready for publication by fall. In addition to the recipes, the book is going to make good reading. It will include recipes from interesting people all over the world, but will have a strong regional flavor.

We would like very much to have one of your favorite or most successful recipes. We would prefer it to be one with a story attached—pertaining to the origin of the recipe, how you obtained it, or perhaps some humorous or unusual situation in which you have served it.

Particularly we are interested in recipes for canapes, and hors d'oeuvres, soups, salads, vegetables, sauces, fish, meat and eggs.

To meet our publication date it is essential that we have these recipes at the earliest possible date, and we are looking forward to receiving one or several of your most interesting ones.

Cordially yours, Stanley Marcus.

Mr. Stanley Marcus

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas, Texas.

Dear Mr. Marcus:

Your letter requesting that I send you a recipe for the book you contemplate publishing, with a story attached, humorous or otherwise pertaining to its origin, received, and it delighted me.

By an odd coincidence, one of my editors who has just paid me \$1,500 for exactly such an article was asking me the other day why I did not start a store instead of beating my brains out at a typewriter. I wrote a few people and asked them what they thought of the idea and they replied—great, particularly if I could get the merchandise contributed gratis.

My store is now beginning to take some form. I hope to have it open by summer. I would like very much to have one of your favorite or most successful pieces of merchandise. I would prefer it to be one with a receipted bill and guarantee attached.

Particularly I am interested in a fur evening wrap for a small blond woman, about size 14, solid gold cuff links, a fine rod and reel for deep sea fishing, a pair of diamond and sapphire clips, with earrings to match, a hunting rifle with telescopic sights, a 16 mm. moving picture sound projector, a set of Paris negligees, lingerie and nightgowns for a small blond woman, about size 14, a television set with large screen, a fine silver service, a fitted alligator traveling bag (woman's) and a complete set of Sevres or Copeland china to serve 12.

To meet my opening date, it is essential that I have this merchandise at the earliest possible date, and I am looking forward to receiving one or several of your most interesting items.

Cordially yours, Paul Gallico.

Long Way from SAINT LOUIE...

by DON MARSHALL



THE wooden chest was addressed to Tom Farr in Saint Louis. It rested on the wagon bed and was partially covered by a red and brown Indian blanket. Jed Collins couldn't see the chest from his position on the driver's seat of the Jersey wagon, but knowledge of its presence weighed heavily upon him. The chest was empty now. Later, it was to hold a body.

The presence of Julius P. Pfrimmer, self-styled doctor and professor of physiognomy, bothered Jed even more than the chest. He had wished a hundred times in the past half hour that he and the sinister doctor had never met, that he was still doing small chores for the Reverend Worcester. Jed sighed as the phrenologist's incisive voice prodded him:

"The dilapidated cabin on your right was once the home of Sequoyah, English name—George Guess. Folks called him lazy and shiftless because he allowed his place to become run-down. And all the time what was Sequoyah really doing?"

"What was who doing?" Jed asked dully. He was still thinking about the chest and the gruesome cargo it was to hold. According to Pfrimmer, a Dutchman by the name of Voorman

had been taken in adultery and hanged by a frontier mob. The phrenologist hoped to reach the body ahead of a detail of soldiers from Fort Gibson. He desired the body for research purposes, especially the head.

"What was Sequoyah doing, addle brain? What was the Indian doing, whom people termed shiftless and lazy?"

Jed didn't know what Sequoyah was doing. He had once viewed a portrait that the Cherokee was supposed to have done of himself. In the picture, Sequoyah wore a turban of roses and posies, and a long blue robe over a checkered calico tunic. He recalled vaguely that the Indian also wore buckskin leggings and was smoking a long-stemmed pipe.

"Smoking his pipe," Jed suggested hopefully.

His companion snorted his disgust. "If you had any bulge to your forehead you would know that Sequoyah was working on the Cherokee alphabet. George Guess was the only man in history to conceive and perfect in its entirety an alphabet or syllabary."

Jed's mouth was sulky as he wound the rein ends about his big, freckled, red hands. He might not have any bulge to his forehead, but he was the

only man on Beattie's Prairie who could throw Sherd's bull just by twisting its neck. That took muscle bulge.

"If folks had taken the time to examine Sequoyah's head they wouldn't



have made that mistake," Pfrimmer continued. "The head is the only infallible index to character and achievement." He turned the full power of his blue eyes upon Jed. "There are two types of fools, Jed. One is the harmless variety, the people with too much bulge to their foreheads. The other is the dangerous type without any bulge. That's where you come in, Jed. That's the type who usually end up dangling from a rope. We wouldn't want that to happen to you, would we, Jed?"

Jed squirmed under the hypnotic power of Julius P. Pfrimmer's bright eyes and his sulkiness increased. He could throw Sherd's bull, just by twisting its neck, but he could never amount to anything because his forehead wasn't the right shape. His forehead was shaped like that of an Osage, slanting back from a ruffle of brows and ending in a peak at the back of his head. The main difference was that an Osage mother strapped a board to her baby's forehead to produce the phenomenon, and Jed's was natural.

He stole a resentful look at the small man seated upright beside him and was instantly conscious of a peculiar illusion. It seemed as if the phrenologist's head was independent of body, floating along a few inches above the narrow shoulders that were wrapped tightly in a green blanket coat. The illusion persisted until an extra hard jolt seemed to join head and body once again.

Jed admitted grudgingly that Pfrimmer had a finely proportioned head. He had removed his broad beaver and the bristling red hairs failed to conceal the perfect half circle of his arching skull. His noble ears were located so that one-third of the skull was behind the ears, two-thirds before. Jed's own ears looked as if they had been pulled too often in childhood and the elastic bands that held them to his head had become overly stretched. Pfrimmer's nose was harmonious, his eyes well centered, forehead both broad and full. The pointed red beard was a tag of dignity.

"Whip it up, Jed," the phrenologist commanded. "I wouldn't want anybody to beat me to the Dutchman."

Jed touched up the raw-boned mare, not because he was in any hurry to reach the body but because, although the mare and the wagon were his, his time belonged to the man beside him. He had accepted Pfrimmer's employment because a dollar a day was more than he could make working for the Reverend Worcester, and searching for specimens had sounded like more exciting work than cutting wood and doing small chores around the mission. But that was before he had learned

about the Dutchman. Afterwards he had been afraid to back out. There was some quality in the phrenologist's eyes that rendered him spineless. Maybe it was his great knowledge. Maybe it was because he had promised to keep Jed from being hanged.

The Jersey wagon bumped across a field of dried sunflowers. On the far side of the field stood a shanty, and directly behind it a beard-like fringe of hickories and oaks. Jed turned his head and questioned the other man with a brief look.

"Don't stop at the house," the phrenologist instructed, "drive straight back to the grove."

A young woman came to the open door of the shanty. She wore a faded pink kimono and her hair looked like strands of coarse rope. But she had a pretty face. She gave Jed a smile and let her kimono gape in a suggestive fashion. Instinctively the youth pulled on the reins.

"Get on!" the phrenologist commanded sourly. But Jed noted that Pfrimmer was looking backward over his shoulder.

"Is she the one who got the Dutchman hung?" Jed asked. There was a strange tingle playing up and down his spinal column.

Julius P. Pfrimmer revolved and fixed the frontier youth with his burning blue eyes.

"Such women are an abomination. Nothing spells surer trouble—unless it's having no bulge to your forehead."

"Why didn't the person who discovered the Dutchman's body cut it down and take it to the fort?" Jed asked, voicing a thing which had puzzled him.

"Because he had bulge to his forehead," Pfrimmer said curtly. "You can get yourself into a lot of trouble cutting down bodies without the proper authority."

"You got the proper authority?" Jed demanded bluntly. They had reached the fringe of timber and Jed halted the wagon.

Instead of answering Jed's question, the phrenologist sprang agilely to the ground and pointed his beard at the youth.

"You stay here till I return. I want to talk with that woman. If her husband is home, he should be able to lead us straight to the Dutchman's body. It will help him out of an awkward situation and it will save us time."

Jed inclined his head sullenly. He wasn't certain about Pfrimmer's true motive for returning to the house. He remembered how friendly and pretty the young woman had appeared.

While the other man was gone, Jed looked around. He didn't see any trees that looked stout enough to support the Dutchman's body. The thicket was mostly composed of scrub oak and second growth hickory. He hoped that the soldiers from the fort had already found the Dutchman.

When Pfrimmer returned he climbed back into the wagon and told Jed to turn around.

"Looks as if we had our trip for naught, Jed," the phrenologist said. "The woman tells me that a detail was through here late yesterday and recovered the body."

Jed was glad, but surprised that Pfrimmer took his loss so calmly.

There was an almost sinister quality to his calm, as if he had never actually expected to find the Dutchman, as if he might have had an entirely different mission. Adding to Jed's uneasiness, the doctor had seated himself in the rear of the wagon, atop the empty chest, where it was impossible to keep him under observation.

Across the field of dried sunflowers the Jersey wagon jolted on its return trip. Jed squirmed on the driver's seat. He could almost feel the phrenologist's burning eyes boring into the base of his skull.

"I deeply regret the empty chest," Julius P. Pfrimmer said. "My partner in Saint Louis will be greatly disappointed. I promised him a specimen of the degenerate frontier type. Jed, if you should finish up at the end of a rope, I should like your skull."

Jed attempted to locate the speaker from the corner of his eye, but apparently Pfrimmer had shifted his position. Beads of perspiration formed on the youth's sloping brow.

The wagon rattled on. They were approaching the cabin that had once been inhabited by the Indian Sequoyah.

"A vast pity I haven't been able to locate the skull of Sequoyah," Pfrimmer soliloquized. "The skull of a genius and the skull of a degenerate. What a wonderful study in opposites."

Jed checked the mare suddenly and faced about. It wasn't intuition, his nerves just couldn't take any more. Pfrimmer had risen from his seat upon the chest and was creeping forward, a naked hunting knife gripped in his

right hand. As Jed turned he lunged.

There wasn't time for Jed to avoid the blow, but he managed to hunch his left shoulder as Pfrimmer struck, taking the sharp steel in the fleshy part of his arm.

The knife penetrated to the bone, and the shock and pain seemed to release Jed from the hypnotic spell cast upon him by the man's burning, fanatic eyes. He circled the phrenologist's neck with his powerful right arm and bent the man backward relentlessly until there was a snap and the frail body went limp.

He must locate the Reverend Worcester. Jed's slow mind settled on that one important fact. No one else would believe his story. Gradually he made a second decision. He would hide the body until he had had an opportunity to talk with the minister. His eyes rested upon the wooden chest. It was fastened by a padlock hooked through an iron hasp, but Jed located the key in Pfrimmer's pocket.

Jed placed the limp body in the chest, relocked it, and threw away the key. It was an effort to climb back into the driver's seat because he was losing blood rapidly.

Sometime later Jed reached the fort and drove his Jersey wagon through the gateway in the palisades that was flanked by the rude block houses.

A group of soldiers watched curiously as Jed attempted to dismount from the wagon and fell on his hands and knees in the dust.

"Reverend Worcester," Jed gasped faintly, and then lost consciousness.

When Jed opened his eyes, the hazy

countenance of Reverend Worcester floated before him.

Jed felt a strong surge of relief. The minister's skull wasn't nearly as well proportioned as the phrenologist's. It looked a little as if it had been squeezed in a vise, but it was beautiful as far as Jed was concerned. He didn't feel like talking, just yet, but he had to know about the chest.

"Don't worry, Jed," the Reverend Worcester said soothingly. "There was a river packet leaving for Saint

Louis about an hour ago and some of the men saw the chest safely aboard. It was addressed to Tom Farr of that city, and while you were delirious you kept mumbling that Pfrimmer had promised Farr some specimens and he mustn't be disappointed. From your words I gathered it was important that the chest be dispatched at once."

Jed closed his eyes. He thought maybe he could afford to rest a while before he told his story.

▲
A young student was greatly annoyed by the slovenliness of his landlady, who never bothered to clean the boarding house. Dust was thick on the furniture, cobwebs gathered in the corners, and the floor was always littered.

One day when he returned from class, he was amazed to discover a card tacked on the front door by his landlady. "CLEAN YOUR FEET," it said in big letters.

The exasperated student took out a pencil and on the same card, immediately underneath, wrote, "ON GOING OUT."—*American Legion Magazine*.

▲
The guest at dinner was obviously unused to formal dining and seemed very ill at ease. He overdid himself in his attempt to be polite, nervously passing things and fumbling at the array of silverware.

The others succeeded in ignoring this until dessert was served. When the maid placed the sherbet in front of him, he immediately offered it to the person on his left. The maid returned and seeing he had none, put another sherbet at his place. This he handed to the person on his right. Slightly exasperated, the maid gave him a third dish. "Look, mister," she said, "you might as well keep this one. They're all alike."

▲
"Were you the person who broke this window?" said the policeman sternly.

"Well, yes, I guess so, sir, but it was an unavoidable accident," stammered the little boy. "You see, I was cleaning my slingshot and it went off."

▲
The man anxious to catch his train on time was worried. The clock in the station office said quarter till four, and the one in the waiting room said five after four. Finally, the man questioned a porter.

The porter looked at both clocks and shook his head doubtfully. Then suddenly he grinned, "Well, it don't make a bit of difference 'bout them clocks. De train goes out at fo' ten, no matter what."

▲
A man who had learned to share taxis in crowded Washington, D. C., went to Boston on business. At Boston's South Station, he jumped into a cab with another passenger, having heard the first fare give a destination close to his. He sat back with a cheery smile, turned to the other passenger and said, pleasantly, "My name's Johnson."

"Mine," retorted the Bostonian frigidly, "is not."



Tom Collins Says...

A totalitarian state is one where everything is compulsory that is not forbidden.

Some girls would look more spic if they had less span.

Nothing is ever accomplished by a committee unless it consists of three members, one of whom happens to be sick and another absent.

Instead of footprints in the sands of time, some people leave only the marks of a heel.

A big game hunter has been missing for weeks. It is feared that something he disagreed with ate him.

Many wise words are spoken in jest, but they don't compare with the foolish words spoken in earnest.

Stenographer: A girl you pay to learn to spell while she's looking for a husband.

He was as uneasy as a baseball umpire being shown through a bottle factory.

A chiropractor is a man who works behind other people's backs.

The slogan of the modern girl is, "If at first you don't succeed, try a little ardor."

Press agent: A man who hitched his braggin' to a star.

When a woman lowers her voice, it's a sign she wants something; when she raises it, it's a sign she didn't get it.

Night baseball is increasing the life expectancy of office boys' grandmas.

Her mind was like a bachelor's bed—never made up.

Doing nothing is the most tiresome job in the world because you can't stop and rest.

~~~~~ Centerpiece ~~~~~

AS Miss February 14th, *Swing* suggests Ann Miller, dark-haired Texas beauty occupying the center pages of this issue. Miss Miller, regarded by many critics as Hollywood's top feminine dancing star, played opposite Fred Astaire in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Easter Parade*.

SWINGSHOTS

1. MRS. HAL C. HARDIN beams as she chats with HANS SCHWIEGER, conductor of the Kansas City Philharmonic, during a special backstage interview during intermission at the Kansas City Music Hall. Mrs. Hardin selected the Philharmonic broadcasts as her favorite WHB program. Her entry on the subject (see below, right) won third place on a 1949 Ford.



2. SOLVIEG LUNDE, who flew at last minute's notice from her native California to appear with the Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra as guest pianist, was enthusiastically acclaimed for her brilliant rendering of Grieg's Concerto in A Minor. In a WHB interview after the concert, Miss Lundie recalls a previous appearance with the Kansas City Philharmonic in 1947.



"My favorite program on WHB is the semi-monthly Tuesday night broadcast of the Kansas City Philharmonic concert. Having listened to this, attending the concert on Wednesday night becomes a double pleasure, for we find that the 'preview' has sharpened our appreciation and understanding of the great music played, and its early repetition brings that satisfying sense of familiarity that makes music become truly a part of one's self . . . We feel that these broadcasts have increased the value of our season tickets a hundredfold, and if, by any chance, we are unable to attend on Wednesday night, we *still* don't have to miss the concert—thanks to WHB!"—Excerpts from the prize-winning letter of Alice E. Hardin.







... presenting W. E. BIXBY

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

ED BIXBY, currently the number one man of American life insurance, is a quiet, delicately-proportioned executive of vast personal charm. To smile, he squints a little, letting the rest of his face follow at a distance. He is retiring, extremely modest, almost shy. Yet this year he will travel approximately 50,000 miles, visiting in Canada and every state of the United States the 221 member companies of the American Life Convention, which he serves as president. When his term ends, in early October, it is estimated that he will have made ten major addresses and numerous speeches, having been exposed to something more than three dozen Rotary, Kiwanis, and Chamber of Commerce luncheons.

February is a heavy month, but on all his trips, Bixby works an exceedingly tight schedule. Conferences begin at breakfast and continue throughout the afternoon and evening, usually breaking up just before midnight. The discussions are devoted largely to legislative proposals which will affect policyholders, investments, or corporate structure.

The American Life Convention was founded in 1906 by 14 small companies located west of the Mississippi. Its purpose was to evolve a general code of ethics, and to promote the growth of the life insurance business. There was, at that time, a sim-

ilar association in the East to which none of the Western companies belonged. Both organizations are still in existence, but all of the large Eastern companies are now members of the American Life Convention. ALC companies have written 93 per cent of all life insurance now in force in America.

Three Kansas Citians preceded Ed Bixby at the national helm. One of them was Mrs. Bixby's father, J. B. Reynolds, who helped found the Convention and served two terms as its president.

In origin and enthusiasms, Bixby is thoroughly Midwestern. His father, who died when Ed was quite young, was a public utilities official. Ed was born in Champaign, Illinois; attended grade school in Springfield, Missouri; and was educated further at Culver, Drury College, and the University of Missouri.

World War I interrupted his formal schooling. He served in the Transportation Corps in England and France, then returned to the United States to take a job with a traction and light company in New York.

Still, Ed had a yen for the Midwest. He found work with the Liquefied Petroleum Gas Company of Tulsa, and went out to the oil fields, where he was a timekeeper, then field boss in charge of capping the wells, then a field tester.

In 1923 he moved to Kansas City. He has been a resident of Missouri ever since, but just barely, since the Bixby house is on State Line Road, and it is difficult to turn out of the driveway without putting two wheels into Kansas. Especially if you're turning a Cadillac, as Mr. Bixby is.

For the dozen years since its completion, the Bixby house has been a gold mine of material for the editors of ladies' picture magazines, and has served as inspiration for Hollywood set designers.

It was the first large modern residence built in Kansas City. Mr. and Mrs. Bixby spent a long time in its planning, and actually had rough sketches for nearly two years before calling in an architect. Another year and a half went into technical work before the ground was broken. The result is 20 spacious rooms plus basement "play space"—all air conditioned, spotlighted, functional and utterly livable.

The house has been a perfect background for the Bixbys, including Walter, Jr., and Joseph, the two sons. Walter is a high school senior, and Joseph, an Air Corps veteran, is now married and in a home of his own.

Community duties, as well as responsibilities in the life insurance field, often call Ed Bixby away from his black marble hearth on State Line. A leader in many civic activities, he is a director of the Salvation Army, a trustee of the Midwest Research Institute, and a director of the Kansas City Council, Boy Scouts of America. For 12 years he has worked on the American Royal Livestock and

Horse Show, and he is a governor of the American Royal Association. From 1945 through 1947 he served as a police commissioner, devoting one afternoon and evening every week to local police matters.

The Red Cross, too, has claimed a great deal of Bixby's time and talent. He has recently completed his second busy term as chairman of the Jackson County Chapter, American Red Cross. In the course of it, he completed negotiations for the sale of the old Red Cross building, and the purchase of new headquarters. Workers agree that the transaction resulted in the acquisition of a more efficiently designed and conveniently located building.

ANGELINE BIXBY shares her husband's interest in the Red Cross. She has served on nurses' aid, and keeps posted on the problems and progress of the chapter.

Mrs. Bixby plays and enjoys what she describes as a "horrible" game of golf, and Mr. Bixby is an amateur photographer. But these are the only hobbies in which they do not have mutual enthusiasm, since they embark on most recreational pursuits as a team.

Long ago, Mrs. B. determined that she would not become a hunting widow. So she purchased all necessary clothing and equipment, and began going along on shooting forays. Now she endures freezing duck blinds with as much stoicism as any one of the gun-totin' Bixbys—which include the two boys and Joe's wife, who has taken up hunting on the advice of her mother-in-law. Guests at

Joe's wedding were taken aback to hear the groom's mother confiding to the bride that, by all means, she should get a shotgun immediately.

For Ed and Angeline Bixby, fishing occupies a recreational niche no less important than hunting. They spent a hilarious week, recently, on a "fish and float" expedition down the Ozarks' White River, and are looking forward to Canadian trout this June, when the bulk of Mr. Bixby's traveling assignments will be behind him.

Deep sea fishing is a phase of the sport which they haven't neglected, either, and their recreation room features a tremendous marlin which Ed hooked, lassoed, and eventually landed. The marlin shares honors with a large blonde piano, a custom blonde-and-chrome pool table, and a built-in display case which houses a collection of several hundred miniature liquor bottles.

"Esquire Hall," just off the game room, is papered with *Esquire* cartoons, clipped in the day when that publication was having difficulties with United States postal authorities. The popular series of "Mr. Bixby" gags drawn by Sims Campbell predominates, of course.

Photo murals serve as wall treatment in the chrome and blue leather bar adjoining the recreation room. The jumbo blow-ups picture the Bixbys hunting, fishing and roughing it. One very excellent shot shows Ed in a beat-up sombrero, well worn chaps and an open-throated shirt, standing in a rakish hell-bent-for-sagebrush attitude beside a cow horse. The horse, Mrs. Bixby likes to point out with a

chuckle, is securely tied to a fence.

But Bixby is no box-top cowboy. He runs a thousand head of Hereford cattle, including a registered herd of 400, on his 15,000 acre ranch in Wyoming. The ranch is in Converse County, 35 miles east of Casper, 155 miles north of Cheyenne, and 5400 feet above sea level. Called the Bar-BX, it was originally the property of Joseph M. Carey, first governor of Wyoming and first United States Senator from that state. The tract purchased by the Bixbys includes the large, three-story Carey home.

Ed is completely captivated by the ranch. He spends as long as two months there in the summer, time permitting, and whenever possible gets out for the two or three weeks required for branding in the spring. He occasionally handles a rope in the corral, although he figures it will be some time before he graduates to lariat-swinging on the open range.

It does him good, Bixby claims, to get completely away from city life. "It clears the cobwebs," he says, "because the atmosphere is entirely different."

He smiles, first with his eyes, then with all of his face, and adds, "I suspect there's a good bit of the farmer in all of us—and an extra dose in every Midwesterner."

In the eight years he's had the ranch, Bixby has done everything possible to mechanize it. Labor costs being what they are, every power mower or baler spells large-sized savings.

Even so, the payroll exceeds 20 persons (including two cooks) during

the winter months, and hits 35 with the addition of a haying crew in summer. Four thousand tons of hay were put up last year.

Ed Bixby is genuinely interested in the improvement of American cattle, not only because of his own ranch, but because—like many Kansas Citians—he is keenly aware of the importance of livestock to the economic structure of the Middle West.

“When we stage the American Royal,” he says, “sometimes we’re prone to over-emphasize the horse show. That’s spectacular, sure, but horses are mostly a hobby for wealthy people. One way or another, most of us make our living from cattle, sheep and swine. We can’t afford to forget that Kansas City is a cowtown.”

Although the proudest moment of Bixby’s boyhood was the one in which he was assigned to the Black Horse Troop at Culver, a mark of accomplishment, his active interest in horses has waned over the years. At the Bar-BX, he keeps only working horses. He rides now and again, but finds a jeep is far more efficient as regular transportation, even if no more comfortable.

Mrs. Bixby has a fear of horses, which she strives at least once or twice each summer to overcome. “I hope I’ll lick it some day,” she says, “but I never really expect to.”

The Bixbys spend two or three hours in the stands at the University of Missouri stadium every fall afternoon when the Tigers are playing a home game. With the Francis Wornalls, they drive the 125 miles to

Columbia on Saturday morning, spending the night in hotel rooms reserved by the season, to return home after a late, leisurely Sunday breakfast.

Ed Bixby is president of the Kansas City Life Insurance Company, America’s largest non-participating company writing only ordinary life policies. The 54-year-old company has 425 employees in the home office, and 2,100 representatives in the field. There are 42 Kansas City Life Insurance agencies in 39 states and the District of Columbia.

Proof of Ed Bixby’s modesty is the fact that in the first 14 years of his association with Kansas City Life (13 of those years as an officer), he did not allow his name to appear in the company’s house organ. He made an exception in 1937, when he became executive vice president, and another in 1939, when he was elected to the presidency. Both the assets of the Kansas City Life Insurance Company and the amount of insurance in force have doubled in the 11 years Bixby has headed the business.

This June, in Quebec, the agents of Kansas City Life are holding a convention in commemoration of Ed Bixby’s silver anniversary. Wives are invited. To qualify for attendance, an agent must produce a quarter million dollars worth of business, but many of them have already met this requirement.

“I thoroughly enjoy life insurance,” Bixby says. “It’s wonderful. Any business is wonderful that gives a man a chance to have so many fine friends.”



DEATH FALLS GENTLY

What will the next war bring?

Death, of course, but silent and terrible death.

by F. D. FLEMING

GIANT capsules of sudden death and utter destruction hurtling down from the skies upon the cities of men—that is the picture of the next war which has been drawn for us.

But will it be like that when it comes? Not necessarily, say the experts.

There is another picture, less dramatic, but just as horrifying, which rises like a nightmare in the minds of scientists and other thoughtful people all over the world. It looks something like this:

High up in the sky, unheard and unseen from the ground, and far beyond the range of effective anti-aircraft fire, fly the planes of the enemy. They are over the target area only a few minutes, spreading their loads of bacteria-laden dust; then they return to their base.

Slowly, silently, the invisible, lethal dust descends unnoticed upon crowded city streets. Later, perhaps days, even weeks, the calls begin to come in to the hospitals; slowly at first, gradually increasing in volume and urgency until the staffs are virtually buried under them. Perhaps the victims can breathe only in labored gasps. Perhaps their symptoms

are similar to those of pneumonia in an advanced stage. Or they may be seized with killing cramps, or any one of a dozen or more other symptoms.

A deadly epidemic has broken out in the area. It may be yellow fever, Tularemia (rabbit fever), undulant fever, typhus, or Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Or it may be the result of super-virulent microbe strains as yet undiscovered and unnamed.

That is a picture of bacterial warfare, a grim assortment of nightmarish horrors fully as destructive as the atomic bomb, and for which no mechanical control can be devised. It is the diabolical side of bacteriology. Its major weapons are pathogenic; i.e., disease-producing bacteria or other agents of infectious diseases.

The idea is not new, although it has never yet been used on a large scale. Back in 1346, the year when the Black Death first smote Europe, the Tartars were laying siege to Caffa. The plague broke out among the invading Tartars. The besiegers are said to have infected their foe by throwing over the walls corpses of persons who had died of the plague. And, only a few years ago, at the very moment of Japan's surrender,

we were ready to spray Japanese fields with a chemical agent that would have withered the enemy's rice crop before the harvest.

Global bacterial warfare was first discussed in French medical literature about ten years before World War II began. It was a secret military project of all combatant nations during the war—and it still is. The largest biological laboratory in the world, operated by the army at Camp Detrick, Maryland, has been working unceasingly upon biological weapons. So have laboratories in Canada, Great Britain, and you may be sure, Soviet Russia.

The prospect of bacterial warfare is grim because such warfare seems impossible to control, and equally impossible to prevent. Atomic warfare is complicated, costly, and elaborate. Bacterial warfare, on the other hand, can be developed cheaply by any nation to which the methods of bacteriology are available. For bacterial warfare is, so to speak, biology turned inside out. The same data which enables medicine to minimize the damage and halt the spread of disease epidemics shows biological war researchers how to make epidemics virulent and widespread.

No elaborate and costly laboratories are needed to produce the weapons of bacteriological warfare. The necessary equipment may be found in any brewery. For that matter, the necessary cultures and containers can be produced in any back room. Hun-

reds of liters of the most powerful bacilli or virus suspensions are easily prepared. One single drop of the dangerous psittacosis virus, which produces a very serious, pneumonia-like disease, contains a million deadly human doses. Bacterial energy can be very easily transported. A whole cargo can be carried in a suitcase; or in the pockets of spies and agents behind the enemy's lines.

Biological warfare may not be just around the corner. But, certainly, it has moved from the realm of imaginative fiction to the practical domain of reality. We like to believe that any responsible government would refrain from using some of the possible bacterial weapons. But might not some future dictator, in the desperation born of imminent defeat, launch a pandemic of psittacosis or plague against his conquerors—or even his associates? And should we be his conquerors, we might also be his victims.

Bacterial warfare may be carried on in more ways than one. Enemy agents can contaminate food and water with deadly germs from vials concealed in their pockets. Enemy airplanes can spread an invisible cloud of some poisonous chemical agent over crop areas.

It is not a pleasant subject—this creeping, insidious warfare fought by an enemy whose ally is gently-descending death. But it is a reality, a practical possibility of vital concern to each of us, and we may be up against it—some day.

▲
 "Hopkins," remarked the nouveau riche, as the butler swung open the front door for his exit, "I've just had a tiff with the mistress. You may slam the door after me."

Financially, the Pony Express was a flop. But there is more to the story.

POSTMEN ON PONYBACK



by MAURICE E. COTTON

ONE day, nearly 90 years ago, the Pony Express offices closed their doors for the last time—\$400,000 in the hole! But the company and its backers didn't consider the enterprise a total loss. They had just written the final chapter in one of the most thrilling stories of the early West, and had been instrumental in opening a path for commerce across the breadth of the country.

Russell, Majors and Waddell, the freight carriers who instituted the horseback letter service, didn't intend to make money on their mail contract. All they wanted was a chance to show the feasibility of establishing a regular railroad route to the West Coast. They were successful.

The Pony Express set some phenomenal records in its time. Its riders, galloping over 650,000 miles of wilderness, carried some 30,000 pieces of mail with the loss of only one mail pouch. The service also gave the West some of its most colorful characters.

Aided by Senator Gwinn of California and promised government aid, the freighting firm began organizing the Pony Express in 1860. Those men

had to prove to the country that a central route over the Rocky Mountains, in any kind of weather, could be established and maintained.

Military outposts, hundreds of miles apart, had to be included in the new route plotted to the West Coast. And the schedule demanded fast riding. The first main station, 12 hours out of St. Joseph, was Marysville, Kansas. Other stops were Fort Kearney, Nebraska, 34 hours; Fort Laramie, Wyoming, 80 hours; Bridger, Colorado, 108 hours; Salt Lake City, Utah, 124 hours; Carson City, Nevada, 188 hours; Placerville, California, 206 hours; and Sacramento, 240 hours.

Men were hired. Horses were bought. Four hundred employees, including riders, went on the payroll to man the 190 relay stations. The firm's experts, who really knew horses, often paid 200 dollars for animals with stamina and speed.

No chances were taken in hiring men. They had to be wiry and in their early twenties. They were chosen for their honor, ability to ride and weight. No rider could weigh more than 135 pounds.

Being God-fearing men, Russell,

Majors and Waddell expected their employees to be the same. Every man was required to take an oath that he would not swear, fight with other members of the service, nor use liquor. Each rider was given a Bible which he carried at all times. But the men weren't sissies.

For protection they carried two Colts and a bowie knife, but these were for emergencies only. Rampaging Indians and bandits were to be dodged by the riders' skill and the speed of their horses.

Then, in 1860, as the last rays of an April sun glowed faintly over St. Joseph, Missouri, hundreds of people stomped nervously. Men cursed and women shrilled. All were impatient for the start of the Pony Express.

A clatter of hoofs silenced the milling crowd. Old-timers checked their watches. "Yep, seven o'clock," someone muttered. "The boys are starting on time." Straining, pushing and shoving their way forward, spectators tried to catch a glimpse of the rider.

"There he is!" some shouted. Riding low in the saddle, Johnny Frey or Bill Richardson—even old-timers can't agree which—galloped through the streets of St. Joseph, cheered by the crowd. The first leg of the history-making ride had begun!

Over Indian-infested prairies and treacherous mountain trails, Pony Expressmen raced through the westward trip in 9 days and 23 hours. But on the trip back the men were less fortunate.

Riding a spirited white bronco, Harry Roff thundered out of Sacramento. He made the first 20 miles in

50 minutes. A strange, gimlet-eyed man, known only as "Boston," took over the mail at Placerville. Fighting time, Boston pushed his horse unmercifully into the mountain trails of the Sierra Nevadas.

Heavy snows had blocked the trails. But the express company was ready. Pack mules were kept clogging over the trails. Men cursed and mules balked, but the way was cleared. The eastward mail was several hours late when the tired rider dumped it in St. Joseph.

For two months the service kept a tight schedule. Then came the greatest setback in the entire 18 months of its life—Indian trouble.

Savage bands of Indians stalked the riders in the lonely Nevada hills. Kill-crazed redskins swooped down on the outposts, scalping men, stampeding horses, burning buildings. Hard-pressed riders had no relief. Finally they had to admit defeat, and the company hired Indian fighters. In less than a month the service was resumed.

The express began a new semi-weekly schedule. Soon the country was amazed when a six-day record was made in carrying Lincoln's inaugural address to the coast. Although the message was carried only from Fort Kearney to Fort Churchill, the run was made with astonishing speed.

These saddle kings did not ride in vain. Some of them became toasts of the West. Even today some few oldsters can still recall their fabulous deeds. They especially remember a slim, clean-cut, hard-riding youngster of 14 who walked into the office of the saddle boss in the summer of 1861.

"I want to ride for the Pony Express," the young man stated.

"We want riders—not kids," the boss said to himself. But he was impressed by the youth's self-assurance. So William F. Cody—Buffalo Bill—became a Pony Express rider.

Determined and confident after his first few rides, Cody asked for a "man-sized job." He got it. Picking up the mail at Red Buttes, Montana, Bill streaked across western Nebraska, toward Three Feathers. There he found smoldering buildings and the body of the relief rider, mutilated by Indians. Without hesitating, young Bill prodded his tired horse 116 miles eastward to the next station. Grabbing a quick bite to eat, he saddled a fresh horse and made the return trip in time for his next relief. His complete ride totaled 384 miles.

This phenomenal dash was nearly equalled by "Pony Bob" Haslam. Pony Bob, one of the original riders, stayed with the service until it disbanded, setting two all-time records.

Exchanging horses five times, Pony Bob covered 120 miles in 8 hours and 10 minutes. He scored a second record by whipping 380 miles through the High Sierra Nevada mountains. Wrecked stations, mangled bodies and scalps of his comrades greeted him in

three successive stops. In the distance he could hear occasional yelps of the Indians. Keeping an eye open for ambushes, Haslam pushed his horse on to the next station. Battered and tired, the horse and rider pulled into the fourth station only three hours behind schedule.

The courage and bravery of these pioneers of the mail soon became unnecessary, however, as the march of science began to establish bigger and better records. Fast horses and tough men could not win the battle against electricity. Telegraph lines had been stringing steadily westward. In 1861 a line had been completed to the West Coast. The same day that the first message was sent over the wire, the Pony Express was disbanded.

The service had been a costly enterprise. Russell, Majors and Waddell had plunked down an initial investment of 100,000 dollars, and 30,000 each month following. They later estimated their total loss at 400,000 dollars. But they had proved their point.

An overland route direct from St. Joseph to California was feasible. In July, 1861, an overland stage was begun. Years later, the first transcontinental railroad trains chugged over the same route. The Pony Express had proved its worth.

The Facts of Life

IN answer to five-year-old Bobby's questions about his new brother or sister soon to arrive, his mother finally gave him a rudimentary explanation of birth, using the chicken and the egg as an example.

It must have made quite an impression. On a family picnic a few weeks later, his mother was leaning over the fire toasting marshmallows. Bobby watched anxiously for a minute, then came up and tugged at her arm. "Mother," he whispered. "You better not stand so close to the fire. You might hatch!"

COMMITTEE
ROOM

COMMITTEE ON COMMITTEES

DOK
F726CR 182

"Remember to include members of the opposition, gentlemen. We've got to have someone on whom we can blame our mistakes."

SAFETY

in

PIGTAILS

*Aviation takes a queue, and
radio navigation becomes safer.*

by FLETCHER PAYNE

VIOLET tongues of lambent flame leap from the propeller tips as the aircraft plunges through the storm. The passengers inside the plane are in no direct danger from this discharge; but the crying, squealing sound by which the disturbance makes itself known wipes out the radio range and radio compass signals upon which the pilot must depend when he flies by instruments alone. If a pilot is ten degrees off course, this static interference may prevent him from perceiving the difference in signal strength which is his only guide.

In days of old, before men sailed the air, those who sailed the sea often gazed in wonder at the lurid lights which played around the masts under the murky skies of a tropical storm. Landlubbers, too, noticed these circles of light dancing about the tops of church spires and trees, the manes of horses, and even human heads. Pliny records such flames on the spears of Roman sentinels pacing their rounds at night; and Cossacks riding wildly across the steppes on stormy evenings tell of seeing such flickerings on their lance-heads.

This phenomenon, which takes place in an atmosphere charged with

electricity, is often called St. Elmo's fire. How it came to be so designated, no one seems to know. It could be a contraction of St. Erasmus, the name of a bishop whom Mediterranean sailors regarded as their patron saint.

St. Elmo's fire was a source of awe, even of veneration, to those ancient mariners. But to modern mariners of the sky, it is a very real danger. More than one airplane disaster can be traced to the blurring of the signals that are so necessary for blind flying. And it is this particular form of static which causes the blurring. Naturally, a great deal of time and study has been given to the matter.

The cause now has a new name. It is referred to, not as St. Elmo's fire, but as precipitation static. This is not the same as "atmospherics," the usual crackling noise we hear on our radios.

Precipitation static has been the subject of a long series of investigations in the attempt to do away with this serious menace to aerial navigation. It was not until 1939, however, that losses in pilots and planes had mounted to such proportions that large-scale research was organized. With the rapid expansion of aviation

which resulted from World War II, these investigations were coordinated under military auspices.

A central laboratory for both flight and ground testing was set up at World-Chamberlain Field, Minneapolis. Pilots and observers went out looking for trouble in all sorts of weather.

As the result of these experiments, there has been developed what is known as the "pigtail." It is a small, flexible, plastic tube through which run cotton cords which have been sufficiently mineralized to become mildly conducting. A plane equipped with "pigtails," three each on the

outer trailing edges of the wings, can maintain radio communication through interference conditions several times worse than those which would place an unprotected plane in serious danger.

In the discovery of this singular remedy, it would seem that the mountain labored and brought forth, not a mouse, but a pigtail. For literally dozens of engineers and physicists combined their knowledge and skill; and thousands of dollars were spent to bring into existence this small, black, fuzzy-tipped gadget which has contributed so much to the safety of blind flying.

▲
Sign on a college lawn: "Don't ruin the gay young blades."
▲

Two tourists were driving through the maple syrup district of Vermont. Noticing the shiny tin buckets hung low on the trunks of the trees, one exclaimed in astonishment, "My goodness, they certainly must have a sanitary bunch of dogs around here!"

▲
Two very English Englishmen were the sole survivors of a shipwreck. They floundered in the water near each other for several minutes in silence. Finally one turned to the other, coughed, and said politely, "Pardon me, old chap, for addressing you without an introduction, but—could you tell me the nearest way to Southampton?"

▲
After the visitor had talked the greater part of the evening about the size and ferocity of the mosquitoes, the old Southerner was becoming slightly annoyed.

"Just look at them swarm," the guest complained. "Why don't you screen this porch?"

"That, sir," replied the old man, "would be unsportsmanlike. We use mousetraps."
▲

A college prof was being rowed across the stream in a boat. He said to the boatsman, "Do you understand philosophy?"

"No, I never heard of it."

"Then one-fourth of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?"

"No."

"Then three-fourths of your life is gone."

Just then the boat tipped over and the professor and the boatsman were dumped into the river. The boatsman cried: "Professor, can you swim?"

"No."

"Then all of your life is gone."

Underdog Bites



MAN!

*A new conception of news value is responsible
for Australia's most powerful newspaper.*

by JULES FRANCE

“**M**AN bites dog” is the traditional gauge of news for most of the world's Fourth Estate. The exceptional, the outstanding, the bizarre, the berserk—every freak and freakish event of the world's sideshow—these furnish the headlines for most of the news read from Nome to Cape Horn, Calcutta to New York.

The *Christian Science Monitor* has won well-deserved fame by ignoring some of these sacred journalistic tenets, and barring from its columns certain types of “sensational” news. But across the Pacific is an influential newspaper even more unusual than the *Monitor*, the amazing and powerful *Smith's Weekly* of Australia.

Although its first issue didn't appear until 1919, *Smith's* was born on the day a youthful Australian cub reporter named Claude McKay was fired from the *Melbourne Age*, back in 1896. McKay, it seemed, had acquired the quaint notion that crime was not news.

Called on the carpet for a flagrant disinterest in murders, robberies and rapes on his beat, the young newsman advised his astounded editor, “News is what affects the *average* man, who doesn't expect to be robbed or assaulted. But he might lose his home

or job unjustly. Or he might get pushed around by a government bureau or business firm. Since that could easily happen to anybody, that's real news!”

The editor didn't think so. He emphatically did not think so. Claude McKay got a job on another paper. It turned out that his new editor didn't think so, either. Just as emphatically.

Since the hardboiled Fourth Estate and the idealistic young reporter apparently could not see eye to eye, McKay threw up reporting in disgust. He became a theatrical publicity man, soon earning the fabulous (for Australia) salary of \$6,500 a year. But for 23 years he nursed a secret ambition. He wanted to prove to the unimaginative editors who had fired him that he was right.

His chance came unexpectedly after World War I. Too old for a uniform, McKay had offered his services free to the then Lord Mayor of Sydney, Sir Joynton Smith, to ballyhoo war loans. He had talked so many citizens out of their money that Sir Smith, a millionaire who had emigrated from England as a cabin boy, handed him a personal check for \$1,500 in appreciation.

To the Lord Mayor's astonishment, McKay spurned it.

“Nobody ever refused to take

money from me before!" Sir Smith gasped. "Tell you what I'll do, then. You're always talking about starting a real newspaper to show up all the others. If you mean it, I'll back you for \$70,000."

McKay named the paper after its angel—*Smith's Weekly*. It was to have national circulation. Ignoring the daily newspapers, it would print only McKay's kind of news. And if it wasn't news yet, he would make it news. The masthead bore the threatening slogan, "The Paper That Makes You Think."

It made advertisers think—twice. They boycotted the paper for almost two years. With a good-natured

groan, Sir Smith dug deeper in his ample pockets, for a total of \$325,000.

But from its birthday issue in 1919, *Smith's Weekly* was a bombshell. Vol. I No. 1 featured a slashing attack on slum-owning landlords who jacked rents, made no improvements. Treading brashly where angels feared, it actually named names—one in particular. The day after its debut, *Smith's* had a libel suit for \$32,500 on its fisted hands.

McKay won the case. To this day he disclaims responsibility for the inspired act of his chauffeur. The jury and principals in the trial had gone out to inspect the landlord's properties, to determine whether he had



"Tell us, Mr. Blakely, how does it feel to be our \$279,000 giant jackpot winner?"

really been libeled. Returning to their cars for the ride back to court, they began to scratch themselves furiously. In their absence, McKay's chauffeur had quietly emptied cans of bedbugs into their cars!

Immediately after his court victory, Claude McKay turned the next issue of *Smith's* over to another, even more scorching roast of the fuming landlord. That worthy snarled back by slapping a new suit for \$32,500 on McKay. And lost again.

McKay promptly loosed a third blast against him. Goaded to desperation, the landlord appealed the previous decision, won a new trial, and finally was awarded a verdict of one farthing. But it was more than merely a pyrrhic victory, since *Smith's* was ordered to pay all costs. These came to \$50,000, or \$17,500 more than the original amount of damages claimed by the landlord!

Since then, McKay considers it a boring morning when he arrives at the office to find no summons server waiting. *Smith's* has thrived on law suits throughout its defiant career. McKay estimates that if all the libel claims on *Smith's* were totaled, they would easily surpass several million dollars.

He's won most of the court battles. And learned almost all there is to know about libel and slander—the hard way. The hard way still costs *Smith's* about \$30,000 a year in legal fees. One of McKay's high-priced battery of lawyers, until he rose high in government circles and at the United Nations, was Dr. Herbert Evatt.

"I never lose a case these days with my eyes open," says McKay. "Happens only when something slips into *Smith's* that I don't catch. If I get a very hot potato of a story, I make the writer go out and get affidavits from the people making the charges. Then I don't care whose toes get stepped on, if my facts are right, and I can prove in court that the public benefits from knowing them."

One of McKay's hottest tilts with big business occurred when he allowed his star writer, Brian Fitzpatrick, to accuse the J. Walter Thompson advertising office in Sydney of attempting to corrupt the editorial opinion of certain leftwing newspapers by placing big ads with them. Since, challenged crusader Fitzpatrick, the readers of these papers were obviously not logical purchasers of heavy industrial equipment—the products advertised—the Thompson agency's action could only be interpreted as an indirect attempt to stifle criticism of their powerful clients.

McKay was not bored the next morning. He was served with a \$32,500 writ for libel. Writer Fitzpatrick received another. And the publisher received a third. J. Walter Thompson insisted that *Smith's* produce black-and-white evidence of all the ads which they were supposed to have placed in leftwing newspapers on behalf of their clients.

That was a first-class headache. But McKay had a bright idea. He phoned a friend in the agency business who gave him a list of all the Thompson accounts. Then he persuaded a court to issue subpoenas to all these companies, ordering them to

produce their books so that a list of all their advertising could be compiled.

Indignant phone calls burned the wires of the Thompson agency the next morning. Red-cheeked and nervous, the agency's executives hastily phoned McKay to tell him they were ready to drop the suits. But McKay, who had expected this, wasn't. Not until the agency agreed to pay Smith's costs in the matter. They did. Then he did.

Being a crusader on behalf of the little man is not without its physical dangers. McKay has been threatened many times. When he was running an expose of Australia's business underworld, he received a police permit to carry a gun. There was an almost daily phone call to the effect that if he didn't lay off, Smith's would be minus an editor. But McKay continued to invite an abrupt funeral until the racketeers and crooks were finally cleaned out.

As spokesman and fighter for the little guy who is pushed around, Smith's has become the nation's most widely-read newspaper. To the man in the street it is synonymous with John Smith, the nobody who is everybody. The indignant threat, "I'll write to Smith's about this!" is feared by bureaucrats and tycoons alike.

Pick up any issue and you find bold headlines over news, McKay's kind of news, which is conspicuous by its absence in the daily press of Australia. Page one of a typical issue featured as its big front-page story an article demanding justice for an Australian ex-serviceman. He had returned from overseas to find

that his divorced wife had left for America, taking their child, to join her second husband, an American ex-G.I. The government, Smith's thundered, had erred in granting the "kidnapped" child a passport, and should take immediate steps to return the child to her father.

The same issue went to bat for the average Aussie who was bewildered at being unable to buy woolen clothing in the world's largest wool-producing country. This paradox, snarled Smith's, resulted from manufacturers being allowed to export woollens to United States buyers at a higher price—\$12 a yard—than they legally could be sold for at retail in the Commonwealth.

A third article spotlighted government ministers in the act of trying to vote themselves lifetime retirement pensions. A fourth poured hot typewriter lead over the heads of Aussie rehabilitation officials for hamstringing veterans.

Smith's wields more influence in the Australian Parliament than any paper in the Commonwealth. The daily press, being anti-labor, stands in bad repute with Canberra. But Smith's, no friend of the dailies, and no enemy of anyone except enemies of the public, has an enviable record of successes in getting wrongs righted—and with remarkable alacrity.

McKay's biggest crisis as an editor occurred one day before England's fateful reply to Germany's invasion of Poland. Until the Sunday following, the world had no way of knowing whether the answer would be peace or war. But Smith's, un-

happily, had an inflexible Saturday deadline. And the issue was too momentous—too important to the average man—to ignore.

McKay made a tremendous decision. He would have to prophesy peace or war—and he couldn't be wrong. If *Smith's* headlines roared war for a solid week, and it was peace, McKay's weekly would be laughed out of business. But McKay guessed war, and the presses rolled on schedule. Astonished editors of the daily press wondered afterwards what inside track McKay had at 10 Downing Street.

Each issue of *Smith's*, planned at a Tuesday morning conference of editors and reporters, is a purely creative effort. Unlike the dailies, whose columns are easily filled with overseas cables and skimmings from police blotters, *Smith's* has stuck tenaciously to McKay's concept of news.

The editorial conference is primarily a review of current injustices, to decide which deserve to be made news by *Smith's*. Although the crusading weekly carries advertising, no one hesitates to suggest exploding an injustice perpetrated by one of *Smith's* big advertisers. McKay explains casually:

"To hell with the ads. We practically ran without them during the war, when paper was short, and we still paid 15 per cent dividends. So any advertiser who doesn't like what we print about him knows what he can do."

And he means it. *Smith's* has even run blasts against industries owned by W. J. Smith, Australia's wealthiest

man. This is all the more surprising since, when Sir Joynton Smith sold out his interest in the weekly, W. J. Smith—no relation—became the principal stockholder. And he, like two other unrelated Smiths who are stockholders, Charlie and Bowman, respect the integrity of the weekly by letting the chips fly where McKay pleases.

Most of Australia's top-notch black-and-white artists owe their careers to *Smith's*, which goes in heavily for art work and satirical cartoons. When Alex Ladd, an Australian who had been abroad drawing for the old *New York World*, returned home, McKay put him in charge of a school for illustrators. Then he paid Aussie artists to go to the school!

Smith's fourth issue, back in 1919, featured a cartoon sent in by a contributor named Hallet. The cartoon was a blast at Australia's shipping monopoly. A few days later a dejected young man walked into McKay's office. "I'm Hallet," he told the editor. "That cartoon I did for you lost me my job."

McKay was astonished. "How did that happen?"

"Well, you see—I'm a clerk with the shipping company!"

McKay promptly offered him double the salary he had been making to attend *Smith's* art school. Today the ex-clerk earns one of Australia's highest salaries as an editorial cartoonist.

Many Australian papers and magazines buy syndicated art work, stories and articles from America, but McKay doesn't. "It's not that we're in-

sular," he explains, "but we believe our main job is to keep our focus on Australia. And that means using Australian artists and writers, not starving them out by buying syndicated American pieces because they're offered cheaply."

A seven-time visitor to America, McKay considers Uncle Sam's international perspective "cockeyed."

"You persist in regarding San Francisco as your back door," he scolds Americans. "It's your front door. You ought to be watching the Pacific, not Europe. The 18th Century belonged to Europe; the 19th, to America; and the 20th is Australia's opportunity."

McKay's favorite story about Smith's deals with the libel case he lost when, shortly after the first World War, the paper labeled a public malefactor a "German." It turned out the man was all Smith's said he was, and worse—but he wasn't a German. Smith's had to pay off for that mistake.

As McKay left the courtroom with his chauffeur—the same one who had dumped cans of bedbugs into jurists' cars—the chauffeur sighed heavily. "You made a mistake, chief," he reproached McKay sadly. "You should have done something with the jury. It's the only proper way of getting British justice."

However, the average Australian wouldn't agree with that. There's a much better way, which has worked like a charm for the last 29 years.

Just write a letter to Smith's *Weekly*.

FEBRUARY

MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6	00	Town & Country Time
	15	Weather Report
	25	Livestack Estimates
	30	Harrington Trio
	45	Ray & Lannie
7	00	AP News—Bob Grinde
	15	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade
	30	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade
8	00	News
	05	Weather
	10	News
	15	K. C. Council of Churches
	30	Shades of Black & White
9	00	AP News—Bob Grinde
	05	Guy Lombarda's Orch.
	15	Marriage for the Mill'ns
	30	Dave Dennis' Orch.
	45	Dave Dennis' Orch.
10	00	AP News—Bob Grinde
	05	Cavalcade of Music
	15	Cavalcade of Music
	30	NW. Univ. Review Stand
	45	NW. Univ. Review Stand
11	00	AP News—Bob Grinde
	05	Wings Over Jordan
	15	Wings Over Jordan
	30	Sunday Serenade
	45	Sunday Serenade

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
12	00	AP News—Dick Smith
	15	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
	30	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
	55	Missouri-Kansas News
1	00	Queen for a Day
	30	Bing Sings
	45	Cattanwood Ranch Boys
2	00	Cedric FASTER
	15	"BB" Keys
	30	Lanny Ross Show
3	00	Say It With Music
	05	AP News—Dick Smith
	15	Embassy Club
4	00	Songs—Jahn Wahlstedt
	15	Guy Lombarda's Orch.
	30	Cliff Edwards Show
5	00	Swingin' on A Star
	15	Club Copacabana
	30	AP News
6	00	Let's Waltz
	15	Captain Midnight
	30	Nick Carter
7	00	Nick Carter
	15	Nick Carter
	30	Nick Carter

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

PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

MORNING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Roy & Lonnie Harrington Trio	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Harrington Trio Roy & Lonnie	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Roy & Lonnie Harrington Trio	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Harrington Trio Roy & Lonnie	Town & Country Time Weather Report Town & Country Time Roy & Lonnie Harrington Trio	6:00 15 25 30 45
AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock	AP News—Lou Kemper Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock	7:00 15 30
AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Lou Kemper Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	8:00 05 10 15 30 45
Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Vaughn Monroe's Orch.	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Vaughn Monroe's Orch.	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Vaughn Monroe's Orch.	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Plaza Program Vaughn Monroe's Orch.	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Wy. Hi Radio Workshop Library Lady	9:00 05 15 30 45
AP News—Bob Grinde Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's M'bg Memory Time	AP News—Bob Grinde Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's M'bg Memory Time	AP News—Bob Grinde Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's M'bg Memory Time	AP News—Bruce Grant Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's M'bg Memory Time	AP News—Bruce Grant Xavier Cugat's Orch. Magic Rhythm Magic Rhythm	10:00 05 15 30 45
Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade	11:00 05 15 30 45

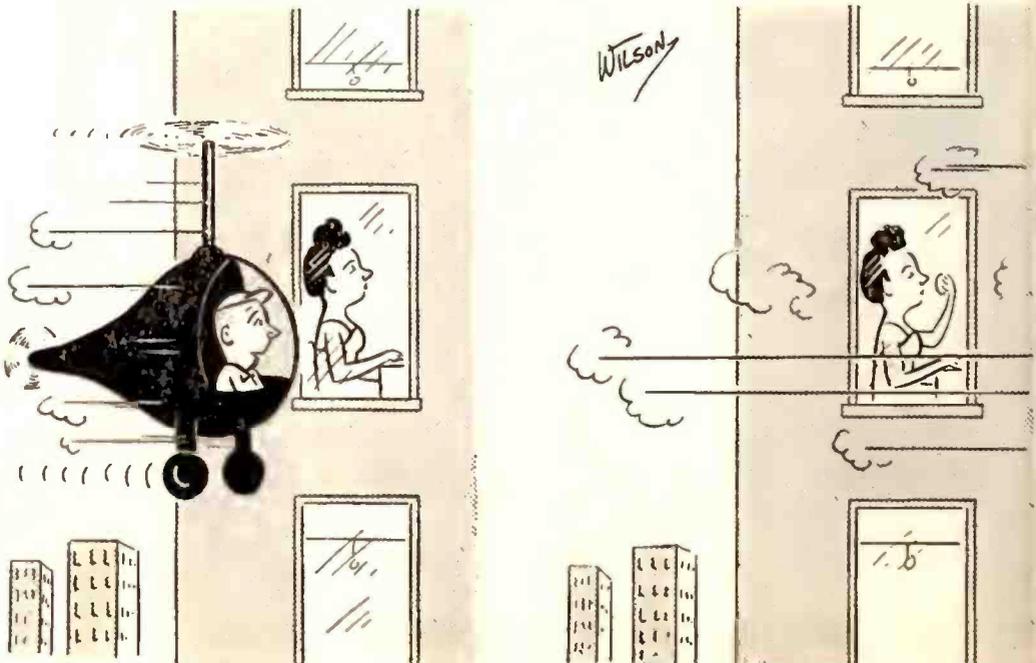
AFTERNOON

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
AP News—Dick Smith Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	12:00 15 30 55
Queen for a Day Bing Sings Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Bing Sings Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Bing Sings Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Bing Sings Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Coast Guard on Parade Poole's Paradise Poole's Paradise	1:00 30 45
Cedric Foster "88" Keys Lanny Ross Show Say It With Music	Cedric Foster "88" Keys Lanny Ross Show Say It With Music	Cedric Foster "88" Keys Lanny Ross Show Say It With Music	Cedric Foster "88" Keys Lanny Ross Show Say It With Music	Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session	2:00 15 30 45
AP News—Dick Smith Embassy Club Songs—John Wahlstedt	AP News—Dick Smith Embassy Club Songs—John Wahlstedt	AP News—Dick Smith Embassy Club Songs—John Wahlstedt	AP News—Dick Smith Embassy Club Songs—John Wahlstedt	Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session	3:00 15 30
Guy Lombardo's Orch. Italian Serenade Swingin' on A Star Club Copacabana	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Italian Serenade Swingin' on A Star Club Copacabana	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Swingin' on A Star Club Copacabana	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Swingin' on A Star Club Copacabana	Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Furlough in Music Sports Time	4:00 15 30 45
Straight Arrow Let's Waltz Captain Midnight Tom Mix	AP News Let's Waltz Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Captain Midnight Tom Mix	AP News Let's Waltz Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Russ Hodges' Quiz Show Russ Hodges' Quiz Show True or False True or False	5:00 15 30 45

Evening schedule on next page

FEBRUARY PROGRAMS ON EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
6 00 15 30 45 55	The Falcon The Falcon Moyor of the Town Moyor of the Town Johnny Desmond	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill
7 00 15 30 45 55	Mediation Board Mediation Board Mamas far Music Mamas far Music	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Sherlock Halmes Sherlock Halmes Hy Gardner Says	Geo. O'Honlan Shaw Geo. O'Hanlan Shaw Official Detective Official Detective Hy Gardner Says	Can You Top This? Can You Top This? Scattergood Bains Scattergood Bains Hy Gardner Says	It Pays to Be Smart It Pays to Be Smart Western Hit Review Western Hit Review Hy Gardner Says
8 00 15 30 55	Under Arrest Under Arrest Jimmie Fidler Twin Views of News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Network Dance Bond Bill Henry News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Air Farce Hour Bill Henry News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Family Theatre Bill Henry News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Mysterious Traveler Bill Henry News
9 00 15 30 45	Secret Missian Secret Missian WHB Mirror News—John Thornberry	Amer. Forum of the Air Amer. Forum of the Air Passing Parade News—Jahn Thornberry	Karn's A-Krockin' Karn's A-Krockin' Passing Parade News—John Thornberry	Comedy Theatre Comedy Theatre Passing Parade News—John Thornberry	The Ed Wilson Show The Ed Wilson Show Passing Parade News—John Thornberry
10 00 15 30 55	Don Wright Charus Don Wright Chorus Eddy Howard's Orch. News	"The New Listen" "The New Listen" Xavier Cugat's Orch. News	"The New Listen" "The New Listen" Ted Lewis' Orch. News	"The New Listen" "The New Listen" Bayd Roeburn's Orch. News	"The New Listen" "The New Listen" Art Mooney's Orch. News
11 00 15 30 56	Billy Bishop's Orch. George Winslow's Orch. Henry King's Orch. Midnight News	Dan Rath Trio Goy Claridge's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.	Dan Rath Trio Sherman Hayes' Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.	Dan Roth Trio Lawrence Walk's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.	Dan Roth Trio Sherman Hayes' Orcb. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.
12:00 1:00	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY



EVENING



FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Hawaii Calls Hawaii Calls Robert Siegrist News Guest Star Guest Star	6:00 15 30 45 55
Gt Scenes from Gt Plays Gt Scenes from Gt Plays Yours for a Song Yours for a Song Hy Gardner Says	Twenty Questions Twenty Questions Take a Number Take a Number Take a Number	7:00 15 30 45 55
Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel The Enchanted Hour Bill Henry News	Life Begins at 80 Life Begins at 80 Guy Lombarda Guy Lombarda	8:00 15 30 55
Meet the Press Meet the Press Passing Parade News—Jahn Tharnberry	Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air	9:00 15 30 45
"The New Listen" "The New Listen" Richard Himber's Orch. News	Network Dance Orch. Network Dance Orch. Ted Lewis' Orch. News	10:00 15 30 55
Dan Rath Trio Gay Claridge's Orch. Dee Petersan's Orch. Dee Petersan's Orch.	George Winslaw's Orch. George Winslaw's Orch. Barclay Allen's Orch. Midnight News	11:00 15 30 55
Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	12:00 1:00
FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME

JAMES MELTON, Kitty Carlisle, Dorothy Maynor, Jan Peerce and Eleanor Steber are among the artists whose extensive talents already have contributed to the success of radio's brightest new musical program, *Songs by Great Singers*. The series is heard over WHB each Sunday at 12:45, CST.



The Midwest's January 18th blizzard stranded members of the Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra, assembled for pre-concert rehearsal, at Music Hall in business suits, slacks, plaid shirts and sports jackets. At 8:30, Hans Schwieger mounted the podium in a brown turtle-neck sweater, determined to prove that great music need not be played in white tie. A hardy handful of spectators applauded the casual appearance of the orchestra, and the huge WHB audience which hears every regular Tuesday evening broadcast of the subscription series safe by radio and fireside, found the performance to be one of the richest musical experiences of the current season. The eighth concert, featuring Seymour Lipkin, pianist, will be presented over WHB on February 1.



Important figures in the news appear each week on *The American Forum of the Air*, radio's pioneer public discussion program, to present at least two sides of a currently controversial question. The program is now broadcast on Monday evening at 9 o'clock. Theodore Granik, founder of the *Forum*, serves as moderator.



Clarence Buddington Kelland's famous fictional character, *Scattergood Baines*, will be brought to life in a new series of Wednesday evening dramatic presentations over the Mutual network and WHB at 7:30 p.m. Wendell Holmes, versatile radio actor, has been chosen to portray the lovable citizen of Cold River. The first *Scattergood* story will be presented on February 2.



Some Things I Learned on the WOW Farmers' Trip to Europe

by BILL WISEMAN

That solid, substantial, sincere, respectable Midwest American farmers are the finest traveling companions anywhere!

That these men, in the so-called "isolationist Midwest," have a most sincere and genuine interest in their fellow soil-tillers across the seas.

That the people of Europe—in all countries and without exception—are far more polite than we Americans.

That the people of England are courageous, patriotic, proud. They are certain "there will always be an England."

That the Danes are wonderful. Jolly, fun-loving, hard-working, highly respectable. Danish food and beer are tremendous.

That there should be more people in the world like the Dutch—particularly here in America. They, too, are fun-loving, industrious, intelligent. There's more truth than fiction in their saying that "God made the world but the Dutch made Holland" (by reclaiming land from the seas).

That the Belgians are prosperous, wise economists, hospitable, and that their country is more like the United States than any country in Europe (except possibly nearby, tiny Luxembourg and Switzerland).

That His Holiness Pope Pius XII is a wise and gracious person, cordial to members of all faiths (there was only one Catholic in our group).

That there are more bicycles than people in Europe.

That most every family in Europe loves flowers and plants.

That "Nature Boy" is a "new hit tune" in the fashionable Club Champs Elysees, and as yet they haven't heard of "Buttons and Bows."

That European boys and girls work a zillion times as hard as our own.

That if you dislike cabbage, Brussel sprouts, jugged rabbits and three kinds of potatoes at a single meal—better stay away from England.

That English who have heard the American system of radio generally prefer it to the British state-operated programming.

That the next generation throughout Europe will nearly all speak English.

That the Germans were never licked. When the next world blowup comes they'll go whichever way the wind blows. That I felt real pity for the younger Germans who had nothing to do with the war. They deserve a chance, and aren't under present conditions getting it.

That the airlift is one of the great miracles of all military history. It's a most amazing project that makes you mighty proud to be an American.

That Switzerland is the only country in the world which has better money than the Great American Dollar! That what some call their "selfishness" is understandable after you visit there.

That the Italians have (to me) the most beautiful language of all. They are soft-spoken, human, hospitable, easy-going, and thoroughly likable folks.

That Paris and all France is lovely, but their money system is cockeyed.

That crossing the Atlantic by air is wonderful.

That there isn't much difference in Europeans and Americans. We're all human beings, all with pretty much the same goals and objectives in life.

—Reprinted from *The WOW News Tower*.



Have you ever noticed that a knocker is always on the outside of the door?

The Swing WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

Harry S. Truman has placed himself in a situation rare in United States presidential history. He has all the power and prestige belonging to a newly elected president. In addition, he has few political debts to pay off, since few political promises were made. Although there was a large amount of money thrown into the campaign, most of the funds came from regular party channels and very little of it from the powerful, personal donors who so often demand political rewards.

At present, Mr. Truman is entering into the "honeymoon" period with Congress. But this period, when Congress and President work smoothly together, promises to be of fairly short duration. Congress, by no means, will vote for all the liberal measures Truman asks. The 81st Congress is a Democratic Congress, but it is divided into many factions. There will be violent explosions of controversy, especially when discussion turns to the civil rights program and the Taft-Hartley Act.

The new Congress is harboring a fear that the expected downward trend in business during 1949 will be attributed to the 81st Congress. Because of this apprehension, legislation against business will not be as harsh as we have been led to believe. Threats of the excess profits tax and price controls may be only bombastic talk, a sort of psychological appeasement for labor and wage demands.

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An internationalist outlook will pervade the new Congress. The 1948 election reduced the extreme isolationist bloc in the Senate by one-half and in the House by one-third. The resultant internationalist majority in the House should cause important repercussions in the functioning of United States foreign policy. In recent

times, our foreign relations have been tied up closely with fiscal appropriations granted by the House. This legislative influence on foreign policy has been further strengthened by the founding of the Economic Cooperation Administration. The former efforts of isolationist Congressmen to deny appropriations in order to block certain laws already approved by both House and Senate probably will not recur in the 81st Congress. Isolationists have been so depleted as to make their voice almost ineffective. Consequently, the bipartisan foreign policy should have easier sledding in the future.

Since the new Secretary of State Acheson is one of the formulators of the present United States foreign policy, it is unlikely that he will advocate any extreme changes. No doubt, Truman will assume more authority in directing foreign relations than he did with Secretary Marshall.

In the 1949 session, Congress will approximate demands that ECA Administrator Paul Hoffman deems necessary to carry out the second year of the Marshall Plan. It is possible that the ECA will attempt to extend aid to the Middle and Far East trouble areas.

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The military will not lack support. Truman's budget request for 15 billions probably will be granted, depending on the situation abroad. Part of this amount will be used to begin the arming of Europe. Six hundred millions will go for stock piling of essential materials. A new weapons evaluation organization has been put into effect to study the types and quantities of weapons actually needed. This should be some assurance to the people that the money is being spent effectively. A greater consolidation of armed services will be

enacted. But universal military training will not occur in 1949.

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The Taft-Hartley question is salient in domestic policy. Sweeping repeal is unlikely, although labor leaders are fighting hard with the faint hope that they can restore the Wagner Act in full. Many of the Senate and House members are not in favor of such drastic action. It is probable that the course adopted will be more deliberate, with extensive revision in place of outright repeal. It is practically certain under the revised legislation that unions will not be liable for unauthorized strikes. The ban on closed shops will be removed, and the secondary boycott will become legal again. It is expected, too, that the minimum wage floor will be raised. Thus, Congress will attempt to reward unions for their election campaigning by granting much of what union leaders ask. But the legislation will not satisfy labor demands completely. The requirement that unions must submit financial reports will remain in effect. And the efficiency of government methods for handling business-labor disputes will be increased.

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Social legislation will consume much of the national spending. The social insurance system will be expanded, and benefits increased. Servants, employees of non-profit institutions and the self-employed will be brought under the old age and survivor's insurance system. An attempt to raise the scale of benefits under this system and the establishment of long term benefits is expected.

Expenditures on public health, hospitals and clinics, aid to dependent children, lunches for school children and other forms of public assistance will be increased.

Federal aid to education, which was successfully shelved last session by its opponents, will be revived with the probability of passage this year. Senator Taft, who fathered the education bill last year, has promised also that this session will see some action on slum clearance legislation. The Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill to this effect was defeated by its opponents in the last session. But Democratic resurgence assures that the slum question will be brought up for reconsideration.

By enacting such social legislation, Congress will live up to its title of "liberal." However, its actions will seem far less "liberal" when dealing with business.

The controversial civil rights program will receive its share of attention later in the session. Northern Democrats will seek to run through the entire civil rights program, including anti-segregation and the federal FEPC, as Truman asks. But the battle will be hard-fought and bitter. There is almost no hope that the program as a whole will pass. However, the anti-lynching and anti-poll tax provisions have strong support.

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The first hint of the business dip is the excess of stock in stores and warehouses over the nation. Slashed-price sales to get rid of the overload of merchandise are taking place everywhere. There is an over-supply of such items as women's and men's apparel, electric and household appliances, furniture and leather goods.

Some manufacturing firms have been dismissing employees, and the hours of the work week have been cut. The result will be increased unemployment, but not in overwhelming numbers. Although pessimists will be quick to label this as the beginning of a serious recession, it is probably only a temporary downward slip.



"Go on, ask him," eight-year-old Tommy said to his little brother Billy, aged seven.

"Daddy," said Billy hesitantly, "suppose a man has promised a girl a swimming pool, a convertible, a penthouse and marriage. Can she sue him for breach of promise?"

"No, son, breach of promise cases are no longer legal in this state."

Tommy nudged Billy. "There, you see," he whispered. "I told you there was nothing to worry about."

Platter Chatter . . .

WELL, gleeful record companies across the nation are scurrying to get new releases off the presses now that the record ban is over. Wonder what Petrillo will do to the boys that made those boot-leg records during the ban? Probably there'll be some new insurance salesmen pounding the pavements after realizing the sad truth in the old chant, "You can't enjoy the show without a program," or in more familiar terms, "You can't play the show without a card, boys." . . . Three up-and-coming Kansas City musicians who compose the Don Roth Trio have several new releases forthcoming on the Damon label. Watch for their first coupling, *Marguerite* and *Don't Come Back Cryin' to Me* . . . With tears in our eyes, we report that Stan Kenton has announced that he is retiring as a band leader in order to study medicine. Evidently, the rapid tempo was too stiff for Stan in his shaky physical condition, and after long deliberation, he's finally decided to change occupations. We wonder if med school will be less strenuous? One bright spot—the Kenton band will continue intact under another director . . . Paul Weston has cancelled plans for a nationwide tour with his orchestra, because Capitol wants to take advantage of the ending of the recording ban by waxing new Weston discs in Hollywood . . . The Deep River Boys, Victor recording stars, are mixing business with sight-seeing abroad. They'll headline an important music festival at Cannes, France, on February 27, followed by a four week engagement at the famed Palladium in London, beginning March 1 . . . Disc jockey Peter Potter and his English bride, singer Beryl Davis, have purchased a \$35,000 home in Los Angeles . . . Jesse Rogers, former WHB cowboy singing star, has recently signed a new RCA Victor contract. Rogers rose to fame by plucking a unique kind of guitar in which the tones pass through a specially designed amplifier that gives the resonant effect of organ music. Imagine—all that from one little guitar! . . . Victor also has snatched singer Anita O'Day for a 1949 recording session . . . Sax Dynamo and his high-flying sextette will boast of new sustans after their one-nighter tour of the



with BOB KENNEDY

South and Southwest this month . . . The Chamber of Commerce of Seattle, Washington, has adopted a new official song for their city. Believe it or not, it was penned by Ted Weems and saxman Glenn Martin. You'll hear it on the new Mercury recording, *Go See Seattle* . . . Count Basie is now on a hop, skip and jump one-nighter tour of the country. The jumping-off place was the Eastern seaboard, and the destination is California—to be reached sometime this spring. Rotund James Rushing, vocalist with the Count, has decided to stay safe within the fold instead of going out on his own . . . Sarah Vaughn, top sepia star, is expected to win a release from her Musicraft contract and start recording for one of the major labels soon.

Betcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . Ted Weems will celebrate his 25th anniversary as a bandleader this month . . . Al Jolson's new recording, *Down Among the Sheltering Palms*, is really 34 years old. It was introduced by Al himself, way back in 1915 . . . Bing's recording of *White Christmas* passed the five million mark in sales this past holiday season, a new all-time sales record for recordings.

Highly Recommended . . .

DECCA 25423—Gordon Jenkins and orchestra with chorus. *My Funny Valentine* and *Temptation*. Here's another one of Mr. Jenkins' fine orchestral arrangements. The first tune will be familiar as a hit in the MGM pic, *Words*

and Music. You'll like the vocal by Charles La Vere (the lad who won applause for *Maybe You'll Be There*) and the smooth background styling by the orchestra. The flip is that old standard sharpened to new brilliance by the Jenkins crew and a sensational mixed chorus.

VICTOR 20-3288—Perry Como with orchestra and the Fontaine Sisters. *N'Yot N'Yow* (*The Pussycat Song*) plus *Roses of Picardy*. Perry is back with another fine coupling. You'll particularly enjoy the novelty tune, *The Pussycat Song*, when Perry ad libs. The Fontaine Sisters join in the purring over the backfence, and everybody has a meowing good time. The reverse is a nostalgic oldie with fine interpretation by Perry, backed by Russ Case and the boys.

COLUMBIA 38371—Elliot Lawrence and his orchestra. *These Will Be the Best Years of Our Lives* and *Left in the Corner*. The first is a promising new ballad that's sure to edge its way into the top ten. Jack Hunter aptly handles the vocal assignment while Elliot and the boys set up the smooth instrumental background. Incidentally, there's a pleasurable emphasis on that fine Lawrence piano styling. *Left in the Corner* features Jack Hunter and Roz Patton teamed for a fine vocal duet. It's an unusual up-tempo tune that drums a solid dancing beat.

CAPITOL 15312—Jo Stafford with Red Ingle and his Natural Seven, *The Prisoner of Love's Song*; plus Jo Stafford with Tex Williams, *The Traveling Salesman Polka*. Well, if you like your music fun on comedy, this is the disc for you. The label reads that "Cinderella's back and Ingle's got her," a hint that anything can happen, and most of it does on this disc. The reverse finds Jo teamed with Tex Williams to spin a hilarious three minute tale about an unpredictable traveling salesman. No wonder it's a riot everytime you whirl it!

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside, JA 5200.

VICTOR 20-3237—Tex Beneke and his orchestra. *Bye, Bye Blues* and *Congratu-*

lations. That mellow Beneke band is back with a fine new coupling that's bound to please the entire family. The Blues side is a smooth instrumental that reminds you of the beloved old Glenn Miller platters. The flip is a new tune written by Paul Weston and Sid Robin. Punning the title, we say "congratulations" are in order for the fine vocal job by Garry Stevens, the Moonlight Serenaders and the Beneke crew.

CAPITOL 15300—Julia Lee and her boy friends. *Cold Hearted Daddy* plus *Living Back Street for You*. Here's Kansas City's own jazz singer with an all-star line-up of musicians. Appearing with Julia Lee on this disc are a host of jazz names, including Red Norvo, Benny Carter, Dave Cavanaugh, Baby Lovett, Red Callender. Of course, Julia is right at home with these two blue mood tunes, and you'll recognize her own distinctive beat on the 88. If you like solid jazz, this is real gone.

COLUMBIA 38370—Buddy Clark with orchestra under the direction of Mitchell Ayres. *It's a Big, Wide, Wonderful World* and *The Song of Long Ago*. If you're a fan of Buddy's, you'll rush down to grab this new waxing. The first side is a big, wide, wonderful waltz tune with lilting background effects by the orchestra. *The Song of Long Ago* is a haunting old folk tune with new lyrics by comedian Milton Berle. You'll agree that Milton's venture into songwriting has produced good results.

DECCA 24530—Evelyn Knight with orchestra and chorus. *Powder Your Face with Sunshine* plus *One Sunday Afternoon*. Evelyn does it again with a follow-up hit to *A Little Bird Told Me*. Lyrics for this first tune were written by a hospitalized war veteran. Luckily, they were brought out of obscurity by the musical Lombardo family, and Carmen set the words to music. The steady beat sets you drumming your fingers or tapping your toes. The reverse starts in slow tempo and winds up in bouncy style.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

CHICAGO *Letter*

by NORT JONATHAN

THE word has gone out to the police captains around town that the lid is on in Chicago. However, the Men Who Count—the precinct committeemen and ward bosses—seem to have missed the signals from the City Hall entirely, or else they have got them slightly scrambled.

The truth is that during the recent furniture show—our town's biggest semi-annual convention—any lad with a leaning toward a little action could find same with no difficulty whatsoever. If he wanted to place a bet, the bookies awaited him with open purses. If he wanted an after-hours drink, anything from beer to a boiler-maker was available in the joints which specialize in staying open all night long, or at least until the last customer has spent his last buck. If he wanted to yell, "Take it off!" there were at least a hundred spots ready to accommodate him with a bar stool or a ringside table.

This situation is still reputed to prevail, in spite of the protestations from the pious in the City Hall that "the lid is on." The truth of the matter is that the boys who operate the night clubs and just plain "joints" are so far in the hole that the ward politicians will overlook almost anything to help them clamber out. New Year's Eve helped somewhat. So did the furniture convention. Now a wide-open town will be maintained as long as possible—to help the saloon operators get back some of the money they contributed to aid Jake Arvey in carrying Chicago for Mr. Truman. This, of course, helps make the Windy City the favorite "unconventional" gathering place for the boys who wear the cooky-shaped badges and suffer through hours of tired oratory, just so they can make a fast break for the Rio Cabana or the French Casino the moment convention business is finished for the day. Some don't even wait for the closing gavel to bang.

The girls in the night clubs and joints will do their part to make sure that no convention visitor goes away disappointed or dispirited. If necessary they will peel down to their last G-string to satisfy the boys and, incidentally, to help pay off the

creditors. Anything goes—and everything goes.

The zipper artists work their trade all over town, but roughly there are three geographical sections of the city which give sanctuary to the sisterhood of the break-away bra. First, there are the plushy cafes of the near north side, employing only the more curvaceous and exotic sirens. Here, in what might be called the Major League of Strip, the girls sometimes do manage to get a little imagination into their uncovering, using such props as gardenias that glow in the dark, snakes, birds, or dummies realistically constructed as part of their costume to resemble Satan, a gorilla, or a two-legged wolf in evening clothes.

In the minor leagues of stripping—on North Clark Street, Howard Street, South State Street, and West Madison Street—none of the girls bothers to be imaginative. They just stride and strip. The idea is to



shed all, but in as long a time as possible. This stretches the show and makes it look like a big production.

There are no longer any burlesque theaters worthy of the name in Chicago. The old burlesque houses, which once featured such peereesses of peeling as Margie Hart, June St. Clair, and Lois De Fee, plus a red-nosed comic with a long tie and baggy pants, a ragged line of tired chorines, and a Victor Herbert baritone, couldn't stand the competition from the strip joints. They converted to double features several years ago—and the boys

who used to gape from the balcony moved to the bars. The visibility is better there anyhow.

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Busier than a West Madison Street stripper working a schedule of ten shows on Saturday night is a young man in radio named Jim Ameche. In addition to several network announcing stints a day on programs originating from Chicago, young Mr. Ameche (who has an older brother named Don) also finds time to star in several programs on local stations every day, transcribe a few dozen spot announcements every week, and star as the narrator in the *Salute to Gershwin* show at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman twice every night.

Mr. Ameche, who started out in radio as Jack Armstrong, the all-American boy, faces a daily broadcasting schedule that calls for considerable stamina, steady nerves, and a good memory. Dashing from studio to studio requires precision timing and a way with cab drivers and elevator starters.

In spite of his backbreaking daily schedule, Jim usually finds the time to emcee most of the benefit shows around town and cook a little spaghetti at his home out in Oak Park. Since leaving the Jack Armstrong show a number of years back, he has somehow managed to appear in more than 12,000 broadcasts from Hollywood, New York and Chicago, get married, and start raising two sons.

One evening shortly before Christmas a small group was having "one for the road" in the Mich-Boul bar on Michigan Avenue. An ambulance whizzed by the door, scream-

ing northward toward the Tribune Tower, siren wide open, red lights flashing. Somebody cracked, "That must be Jim Ameche, on his way to WGN to make a quick Bulova time announcement."

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Over in the Lotus Room of the La Salle Hotel, a fellow named Carl Lind is proving to a growing number of customers that a band doesn't have to depend on Tin Pan Alley for hit tunes. Carl manufactures his own, among them *Dreamy Serenade*, *My Secrets*, *Just An Old Family Tradition*, and *Where Was the Moon?* The customers like the tunes. They also like Carl's band, billed as The Northmen, and his vocalist, Ann Estes. Miss Estes is one of the gal band singers believing that a girl vocalist need not be artificial or affected to make a hit. Her natural charm and easy style make her numbers with the band extremely pleasing.

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Mr. Roberts apparently has a profound influence on practically everybody who sees the stage hit at the Erlanger Theater. Jimmy Savage, who is the *Tribune's* brand-new "around the town" columnist, tells the story of the sweet young thing of 19 or 20 who was apparently still under the spell of the play and its extremely salty "mcn among men" dialoguc when she left the theater on the arm of her escort.

"Wherec would you like to go now, darling?" inquired her escort.

"Oh, any blankety blank blank place you wish, Mister," she replied dreamily.

The Military Life

A very meticulous British officer was in command of a company of soldiers who had pushed deep into the steaming, wild jungle country. Disgusted with the increasing slovenliness of the men as they moved farther and farther from civilization, the officer summoned his first sergeant and asked how long it had been since the men had changed shirts.

"It's been over a month, sir," was the reply.

"But the regulations state that the men must change their shirts once a week, at least," insisted the officer.

"Yes, sir, but supplies have been cut off and there aren't any fresh shirts to change into," returned the sergeant.

After a slight hesitation came the crisp command. "Then let them change shirts with each other."

CHICAGO *Ports of Call*

by JOAN FORTUNE



Very High Life . . .

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State at Monroe (RANdolph 6-7500). The green and gold decor provides a beautiful background for the fine music of Barclay Allen, with a brand new show sparked by Evelyn Knight and Landre and Verna. The constant popularity of this room is well deserved.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HARRison 7-3800). Jerry Glidden is back with Lona Stevens and an always popular show, in this favorite afternoon and evening meeting place.

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th & Michigan (WABash 2-4400). A lovely room all dressed up with a terrific new ice show, featuring the Three Rookies, and that ever popular and always entertaining maestro, Frankie Masters.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUpErior 7-7200). Our town's glamour spot. There are always a lot of celebrities on hand. Sunday morning brunch is a specially fine way to continue a good week end. The food and drink is always the best, but a little steep financially.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUpErior 7-2200). A beautiful room, decorated to match its name. Ron Perry is still on the bandstand.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 636 South Michigan (HARRison 7-4300).

Beatrice Kay, the famous gay nineties girl, teams with Dick La Salle, his piano, and his society orchestra to make up the new show at this favorite room.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CENtral 6-0123). Jimmy Featherstone has broken away from Art Kassel to form his own band and offer a fine evening's entertainment here in the paneled elegance of the Bismarck. Upstairs, the brand new Swiss Chalet offers a unique setting of old world charm and some mighty tasty Swiss dishes.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (SUpErior 7-8500). George Scherban and his orchestra provide the background for the graciousness that is distinctively the Yar's. Here the Russian influence is far from agitating, offering a wonderful evening for relaxation and fine food.

The Show's the Thing . . .

★ **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (DElaware 7-3434). The ole happy boy, Ted Lewis, leads the entertainment, with both Cee Davidson's orchestra and the Jack Rodriquez Rumba Band playing for dancing.

★ **VINE GARDENS**, 614 W. North Avenue (MICHigan 2-5106). Joey Bishop is still holding forth in this excellent dine and dance spot. He gets ready assistance from Mel Cole and his band, alternating with Pancho's rumba music.

★ **BLACKHAWK**, Wabash and Randolph (RANdolph 6-2822). Art Kassel waves the baton for a very gala wintertime revue featuring Gloria Hart. The food is good and the atmosphere more casual than most of Chi-Town's supper spots.

★ **CUBAN VILLAGE**, 715 W. North Avenue (MICHigan 2-6947). Emphasis is on the South American touch in this dimly lit room. Frankie Ray and Don Nordo do most of the honors with two rumba bands and a special jam ses-

sion every Monday night that's worth sitting in on.

Strictly for Stripping . . .

Despite the cold winter drafts, the most curvaceous feminine pulchritude strips right on down here in the Windy City. If you find need of raising the temperature several degrees, try one of these all-girl spots . . . the FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark Street . . . EL MOCAMBO, 1519 W. Madison Street . . . 606 CLUB, 606 S. Wabash Avenue . . . the TROCADERO CLUB, 525 S. State Street . . . L AND L CAFE, 1315 W. Madison Street . . . or the PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark. In fact, you'll probably think you're sitting on a Florida beach before some of these shows are halfway through.

Gourmet's Delight . . .

★ BARNEY'S MARKET CLUB, 741 W. Randolph. This is hardly what you'd call a dignified place, but it has a wonderful feeling of warmth and good cheer, plus probably the finest steak in the city.

★ KUNGSHOLM, 631 N. Rush. Located in the gracious old Potter Palmer home. The smorgasbord is proof that the preparation of food is an art.

★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER, 101 E. Walton Place. Unexcelled in producing Cantonese delicacies and exotic rum-based drinks. Highly atmospheric, with a South Sea background.

★ FRITZEL'S, State and Lake. Especially good for before or after the theatre dining. The food and drink are exceptional, and you'll likely see many show business celebrities.

★ LE PETIT GOURMET, 619 N. Michigan. A place of charm as well as good food, it's a reminder of the New Orleans French Quarter.

Other Top Choices . . .

IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 E. Walton . . . NORMANDY HOUSE, 800 N. Tower Court . . . LONDON HOUSE, 364 N. Michigan . . . GENE'S AND GEORGETTE'S, 500 N. Franklin . . . HENRICH'S, 71 W. Randolph.

▲
A tourist was lost in the Ozark Hills. After wandering helplessly for over an hour, he finally stopped and called to a man in overalls resting in the shade of a big oak tree. "Say, could you tell me how to get back to the highway?"

The man glanced up, squinted, and slowly shifted his wad of tobacco to the other cheek. "Yup, I reckon," he drawled. "Let's see, you foller this here road a piece till you come to a fork. Take the left fork until you reach the schoolhouse. Turn left there and keep on that same road for 'bout three miles."

The tourist nodded. "That's clear enough. And does that bring me to the highway?"

The man smiled. "Naw, that brings you right back where you are now."

The tourist gasped. "Back here! But I don't understand!"

The man bit a fresh hunk from his wad of tobacco before he answered. "That's so you can git the rest of the directions," he explained. "If I told 'em to you all at once, you might git confused."

▲
The sudden entrance of a wife has caused many a secretary to change her position.—*Scripts 'n Pranks.*

▲
Three women coming out of a lecture hall were discussing the speaker they had just heard.

"I tell you," said one woman enthusiastically, "Dr. Lindquist can dive deeper into the truth than any lecturer I've ever heard."

"Yes," said the second woman, "and he can stay under longer."

"And," echoed the third, "come up drier."

NEW YORK *Letter*

by LUCIE BRION

ARE we in a mild depression, recession, or whatever you want to call it? That is the current topic of conversation in Manhattan. Department stores are looking at their orders and inventories with a jaundiced eye, and real estate in the suburbs is uncomfortably slow, with Manhattan "To Lets" growing by the week. All of a sudden everyone seems to be going conservative. There isn't any apparent scare about anything, just a general slowing down. Many Manhattanites say that it is a relief after being pushed around for so long. But if it goes too far, we'll hear a different story.

And wouldn't you know, after several years of fighting to get theatre tickets for any one of the few Broadway hits, the list of fine shows is now so long that the critics are worn out trying to compose new paeans of praise, and the public is overwhelmed with the problem of which show to pick. There is an offering for every mood, serious to gay, so take your choice. All are exceptionally good. If a play or musical isn't good, it won't last long enough these days for you to get a ticket.

Light Up The Sky is a comedy which is causing a lot of talk. One of the most amusing things about the play is the manner in which show people (the audience is always packed with them) accept it. It's a sometimes obtuse and sometimes penetrating satire of well known actors and producers. Some of the victims can take it, others can't. Intermission comments are priceless, "It shouldn't be allowed" . . . "It's wonderful" . . . "They should drop dead."

We observed Louis B. Mayer and his wife chuckling discreetly, and stared at Marlene Dietrich, the world's most glamorous grandma, in an unusual gold head-dress . . . whether or not she approved, she was all smiles. Billy Rose, who took his Eleanor to the opening night performance and joined in the applause at that time, decided later that he didn't like the characterization of himself and wife. So in his column he proceeded not only to



pan the show generally but to rename it *Louse Up The Sky*. Other columnists took exception to that attitude, and the battle was quite heated for a time. Altogether, the enjoyment of *Light Up The Sky* has been more fun and lasted far longer than the price of the ticket.

On the list of recent hits are: *Anne of the Thousand Days*, *As The Girls Go*, *Edward*, *My Son*, *Goodbye*, *My Fancy*, *Kiss Me*, *Kate*, *Lend An Ear*, *Life With Mother*, *Love Life*, *Red Gloves*, *The Madwoman of Chailot*, *The Silver Whistle*, *Where's Charley?* . . . and well, there are more to be mentioned but this will give you an idea.

. . .

Dogs have worn out, or spotted out, their welcome in Manhattan hotels. By general agreement the doors have been closed to their canine majesties due to the difficulty of getting reparations for damage done to rugs and furniture—to say nothing of untimely barking. Dogs that were residents when the O.P.A. was established, however, cannot be evicted, which gives them no end of a chance to lord it over the poor newcomers who must put up with kennels. Being as how dogs are people in Manhattan, this situation is the source of many arguments, but to no avail. Up to date the rule stands unshaken and unbreakable.

. . .

Story from an ex-Navy commander: On an observation cruise to Greenland,

this commander took with him a professional photographer. Shortly after sailing, a Naval intelligence officer warned the commander that the photographer was a known Communist. The commander paid little attention to the information, as the cruise was of no vital importance and the photographer was one of the best he had ever found. Later, however, when warned again, he decided to have the man transferred. This accomplished, he thought no more about the incident.

Over a year later he met the photographer again. The Communist camera-clicker was still working for the Navy, and when asked what he had been doing, replied, "Oh, I've just covered the Yalta Conference."

Apparently the United States delegation at Yalta contained more Communists than Democrats.

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To visitors who are theatre-bound in Manhattan: Don't go to any restaurant with an orchestra. You'll get hooked for four or five dollars extra, which is added

to your check as entertainment tax. Besides, the music starts so late there is scarcely time to get one foot on the dance floor before time to dash for a taxi. It is much more fun to dance after the theatre anyway, and our good shows these days put one in a dancing mood.

• • •

Milton Berle is taking a bow as the outstanding video personality of 1948. His show on Tuesday nights is a riot from beginning to end, and the Texaco commercial is as funny as the acts. Laurels for 1949 will be much more difficult to win, however, because television programs and their stars are improving rapidly, and competition is getting very keen. Arthur Godfrey has a new video show and is proving himself to be a tremendous hit. His lazy manner and droll humor come right out of the screen with a bang. The television network already extends as far west as Chicago and St. Louis, we're told. It will soon stretch across the nation and, one day, around the world.

NEW YORK *Ports of Call*

Eating . . .

★ **ARMANDO'S.** The younger set and the college crowd like the cozy and intimate atmosphere here. They know, too, that the dinners are excellent and within reach of a student allowance. Soft piano music after nine-thirty. Closed on Sundays. 54 E. 55. PL 3-0760.

★ **ENGLISH GRILL.** Here's a perfect ringside seat for the free skating show on the rink at Rockefeller Center. It's warmer inside away from cutting February winds! Fine food (try the thick cuts of beef) at average prices. It's a pleasant way for visitors to get acquainted with the heart of New York—Rockefeller Center. Downstairs right. 610 Fifth Avenue. CI 6-5800.

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

★ **MECCA.** The lure of the Near East is here. It's exciting to try to solve the mystery of Syrian cooking, which employs all sorts of unusual ingredients, including an ample supply of garlic. The waiter will be glad to advise the proper technique of eating with your fingers. The rich pastries and thick, sweet coffee make a sumptuous dessert. 6 E. 30. MU 4-8586

★ **PALM.** Don't let the sawdust floors and cartoons on the walls fool you. This isn't an inexpensive place to dine. But you'll agree that one of those famous Palm steaks is worth the small fortune it costs. You'll have to elbow your way in because there's always a crowd. 837 Second Avenue. MU 2-9515.

★ **REUBEN'S.** Important people of the literary and art worlds can be spotted here in the wee hours of the morning. If you're not celebrity-hunting, but mainly interested in good food, focus your attention on the scrambled eggs with sausage, the pastrami, or the delectable cheesecake. 6 E. 58. PL 9-5650.

★ **RUBY FOO.** Amateur critics in the after-theatre crowd may be found discussing the latest Broadway shows at Ruby Foo's. But there's also an enchanting air of the Far East, especially when the Oriental waiters bring forth those authentic Chinese dishes, notably chop suey, egg foo young and the delicious chow mein made with finely cut, crisp noodles. Try your hand at the chopsticks. 240 W. 52. CO 5-0705.

★ **SEAFARE.** A favorite haunt of seafood lovers on the east side. It's full of sea atmosphere and the tantalizing fragrance of hot, steaming oyster stew. The menu lists soft shell crabs, red snapper, clams on the half shell, broiled lobster—everything from the briny deep. 1033 First Avenue. PL 9-4176.

★ **THREE CROWNS.** An attractive Scandinavian setting with a dazzling array of delicacies on the revolving smorgasbord table. The Swedish dishes are fascinatingly unusual. You'll enjoy things you never thought edible—such as pickled eel! The prices, however, are surprisingly modest. 12 E. 54. PL 8-1031.

★ **VOISIN.** An intriguing Continental atmosphere distinguishes this French restaurant on Park Avenue. The connoisseur will be enthusiastic about the fine selection of vintage wines and the excellent Provincial dishes. You don't have to know French, but it helps when you're trying to understand the menu. 375 Park Avenue. PL 3-8074.

Entertainment . . .

★ **COPACABANA.** The gaudy show at present features Carl Ravazza and Mitzi Green, backed by those luscious Copa choruses. In between shows, there's music for dancing by Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. Don't forget to eat—the food is excellent! 10 E. 60. PL 8-1060.

★ **COQ ROUGE.** This is still one of the landmarks of Manhattan night life. The



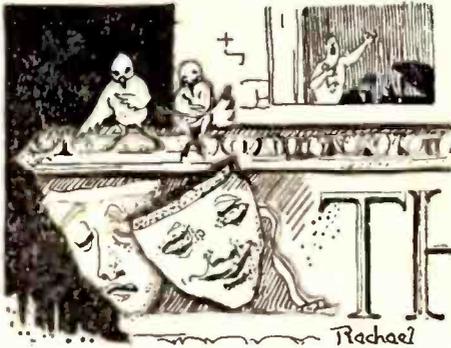
atmosphere is sophisticated and gay, ideal for a late supper and dancing. Music with a Latin touch by Ralph Rotger's rumba trio. 65 E. 56. PL 3-8887.

★ **ROYAL ROOST.** This jazz stronghold boasts a changing supply of bands which claim fame in the bebop world, such as Charlie Ventura, Flip Phillipps, Charlie Parker and others. The music includes a lot of frenzied experimentation in the bebop beat which only the initiated can comprehend. 1580 Broadway. CI 6-9559.

★ **VILLAGE BARN.** It's a merry free-for-all here, with the customers and paid entertainers sharing the limelight. The loud, noisy square-dancing usually ends in a few minor riots and a lot of uninhibited hilarity. The people at the next table probably will be as funny as the floor show. 52 W. 8. GR 3-8841.

★ **WEDGEWOOD ROOM.** Best to make reservations for dining in the stylish Wedgewood Room, especially now that Dorothy Shay is crooning her hillbilly ballads to the delight of the supper crowd. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's orchestras take turns making music. The atmosphere is glittery, the prices high. Waldorf-Astoria, Park Avenue at 49. EL 5-3000.

NEW YORK Theatre



Current Plays . . .

★ **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.** (Dec. 8, 1948). Maxwell Anderson presents a splendid historical spectacle which recreates the Tudor Court during a turbulent period in Henry VIII's reign. The complex characters are brought vividly to life by Rex Harrison as the lusty monarch and Joyce Redman as wilful, sensitive Anne Boleyn. It is impressive theatre, although certainly not the masterpiece that some admirers have acclaimed it. Shubert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **GOODBYE, MY FANCY.** (Nov. 17, 1948). The return of a beautiful Congresswoman to her alma mater for an honorary degree results in a triangular love affair with a dignified college professor and a caustic *Life* photographer. Playwright Fay Kanin skilfully and unobtrusively has woven a message about the world situation into her gay comedy. Starring Madeleine Carroll, who proves she can act, Conrad Nagel, Shirley Booth, and scene-stealer Sam Wanamaker. Morosco, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **LIFE WITH MOTHER.** (Oct. 20, 1948). Delighted audiences welcome back their favorite family—the redheaded Days, with Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney. This time it's a domestic crisis caused by Mother's determination to get an engagement ring which suddenly turns up in the hands of Father's old flame.

The sequel matches the charm of *Life with Father* because it's simply a continuation of the same lovable, laughable family fun. Empire, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **LIGHT UP THE SKY.** (Nov. 18, 1948). Moss Hart's rib-tickler deals with the ups and downs of a group of show people intensely concerned with the pre-Broadway opening of their new play. It's very funny comedy, especially since several among the rich gallery of characters can be identified with real celebrities. Deft performances by Sam Levene as the producer, Audrey Christie as his sarcastic wife, Glenn Anders as the director and Virginia Field as the temperamental leading lady. Royale, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.** (Dec. 27, 1948). A charming, witty fantasy adapted from the French of Jean Giraudoux by Maurice Valency. In this ironic fairy tale, an insane, imperious countess lures several wicked, parasitic members of Paris society to her tawdry street cellar, where she neatly does away with them. There is a bit of touching sadness in the wonderfully funny comedy, especially the scene with the four lunatic women. The English actress, Martita Hunt, gives a superbly brilliant performance in the difficult title role and is ably supported by Estelle Winwood, John Carradine and others. Belasco, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **OH, MR. MEADOWBROOK!** (Dec. 26, 1948). A wobbly little comedy about a shy, elderly English taxidermist who follows his psychiatrist's advice to come to Connecticut in search of sex. Ernest Truex, Vicki Cummings and Sylvia Field do their best to bolster the meager material, but the result is pretty weak. Golden, evenings except Monday at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ **PRIVATE LIVES.** (Oct. 4, 1948). This boisterous revival of Noel Coward's

1931 comedy seems to have sacrificed much of its dash and sophistication for mere vulgarity. Tallulah Bankhead is her rowdy self as she mauls her leading man, Donald Cook, in this tale about divorced mates who meet again on their respective second honeymoons. It's noisy fun for Tallulah's admirers. Plymouth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

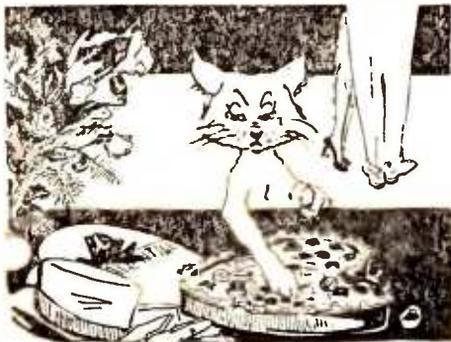
★ **RED GLOVES.** (Dec. 4, 1948). Author Jean-Paul Sartre feels that the Broadway production has done his play an injustice, but audiences have found it to be gripping theatre. The story tells of conflicting philosophies within the Communist party in a small European country before the war. The success of the play rests greatly on the powerful performance by Charles Boyer as the old-line party leader who must cope with the dissension of a young idealist, played by John Dall. Mansfield, evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **THE SILVER WHISTLE.** (Nov. 24, 1948). Posing as an old codger of 77, a wandering hobo brings a bit of light to the drabness of an old people's home with his youthful capers and specious yarns. Although the story is uneven at times, it is pleasantly unconventional. Above all, it boasts of a captivating performance by Jose Ferrer. Biltmore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Feb. 4, 1946). Garson Kanin's pungent comedy about a conniving junk dealer and a blonde ex-chorine. Pleased audiences continue to enjoy the sparkling fun with Judy Holliday and John Alexander. Henry Miller, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40 . . . **EDWARD, MY SON.** (Sept. 30, 1948). Audiences find this evening of villainy to be fascinating entertainment. The drama follows the career of an unscrupulous Englishman who is driven to commit arson, blackmail and murder by an obsession for his wastrel son. Superb performances by Robert Morley and Adri-

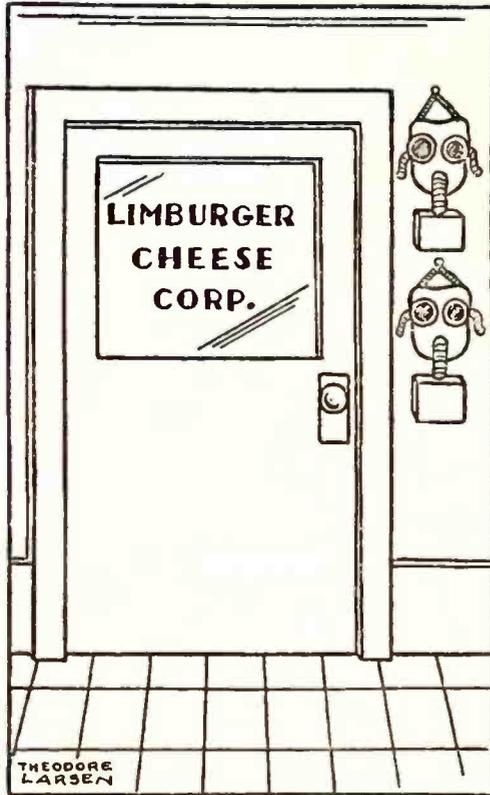
anne Allen as his alcoholic wife. Martin Beck, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **MISTER ROBERTS.** (Feb. 18, 1948). A salty story about a restless crew sweating out boredom on a behind-the-lines Naval supply ship during the war, with Henry Fonda as the competent, humane Mr. Roberts and David Wayne as Ensign Pulver. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **A STREET-CAR NAMED DESIRE.** (Dec. 3, 1947). This magnificent play won the Pulitzer Prize for author Tennessee Williams. The stark tragedy of a woman's degeneration in a squalid New Orleans slum is brilliantly enacted by Jessica Tandy, Karl Malden, Kim Hunter and Marlon Brando. Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.



Musicals . . .

★ **AS THE GIRLS GO.** (Nov. 13, 1948). With broad gags and brassy songs, it's a peppy show filled with a lot of good old-fashioned hilarity. Funnyman Bobby Clark, as the husband of the first woman President (Irene Rich), spends his time leering at beautiful women and making gay nonsense out of the affairs of state. It's not a political satire, simply a lot of fun. Winter Garden, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **KISS ME, KATE.** (Dec. 30, 1948). After a long absence, Cole Porter has brought another smash hit to Broadway with his bright, lilting tunes. The book by Bella and Samuel Spewack is about a



production of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, and is full of gay, saucy comedy. With brisk dances, gorgeous sets and costumes, and a host of talented people, this fast-moving show can easily be ranked as the most entertaining musical to open in 1948. Just under the wire, too. Heading the splendid cast are Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, dancer Harold Lang and singer Lisa Kirk. Century, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **LEND AN EAR.** (Dec. 16, 1948). From the West Coast comes this sparkling review bubbling over with fresh new talent, notably Yvonne Adair, George Hall, and a new deadpan blonde comedienne, Carol Channing. Of the several wonderfully youthful and sassy sketches, the best is "The Gladiola Girl," a riotous satire on a 1925 musical. Charles Gaynor achieved a triple triumph by writing the

sketches, lyrics and music. National, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **LOVE LIFE.** (Oct. 7, 1948). A musical extravaganza which includes a little bit of everything from a trapeze act to a Punch and Judy show. Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are enchanting as two lovers striving to maintain marital happiness through 150 years of rapidly fluctuating American life. With Michael Kidd's dances and Kurt Weill's score the show is fanciful, sentimental and very entertaining. 46th Street Theatre, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **MY ROMANCE.** (Oct. 9, 1948). The matinee trade is largely responsible for the survival of this typical Sigmund Romberg operetta. The story is unfortunate—something about an Italian diva and a stuffy New York clergyman. Luckily, there are the charming Romberg tunes and a fine comic performance by Luella Gear. Anne Jeffreys sings opposite Lawrence Brooks. Adelphi, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ **WHERE'S CHARLEY?** (Oct. 11, 1948). This 55-year-old farce has been vivaciously rejuvenated, thanks to the crazy antics of Ray Bolger. Disguised as a chaperoning aunt from Brazil, he's frantically funny in curls and petticoats. It's amazing and amusing as he defies gravity in his magnificent dancing. Allyn McLerie is his pretty—and talented—partner. St. James, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

HIGH BUTTON SHOES. (Oct. 9, 1947). A gay bit of nonsense results when two grafters come to 1913 New Brunswick. Keystone cops, bathing beauties, pleasant dancing and delightful tunes combine to make charming entertainment. With Phil Silvers and Joan Roberts. Broadway, evenings except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3 . . . **INSIDE U. S. A.** (April 30, 1948). A color-splashed musical by

Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz. Jack Haley and Beatrice Lillie make merry while Valerie Bettis exhibits great talent in dancing. Majestic, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Openings Not Reviewed . . .

★ THE SMILE OF THE WORLD. Lyceum, Jan. 12.

★ ALONG FIFTH AVENUE. Broadhurst, Jan. 13.

★ THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER. Booth, Jan. 18.

★ FORWARD THE HEART. 48th Street Theatre, Jan. 20.

★ LEAF AND BOUGH. Cort, Jan. 21.

★ ALL FOR LOVE. Mark Hellinger, Jan. 22.

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

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



The teacher was making a list of holidays during the school year. "Johnny," she said, "look at the calendar and tell me what the date of Thanksgiving will be. Remember, it's the last Thursday in November."

Johnny appeared puzzled.

"Well?" said the teacher impatiently.

Johnny looked at the calendar again. "But there isn't any last Thursday in November," he explained. "It ends on a Wednesday."



Three workmen were engaged in an excavation task involving shovels, hand operated. Two of the men were quite playful, and at noon they drew a picture of a donkey's head with chalk on the back of the more somber workmen's coat. But as they left for home that evening he asked, "Which one of you wiped his face on my coat?"



"I will not start today's lecture until the room settles down," said the professor.

"Why don't you go home and sleep it off, sir?" asked a student.



Some people are like rivers; whatever is in them comes out at the mouth.

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .



★ NANCE'S CAFE.

There are three large, lovely dining rooms here—but all three are usually crowded. That's because Nance's has been popular with out-of-towners, as well as Kansas Citians, for over 45 years. Thick Kan-

sas City sirloins and juicy roast beef dinners are the favorites of the clientele, but the menu assures a wide selection of other fine foods, too. If you have a passion for hot biscuits the way mother used to make them, get acquainted with the "Biscuit Girl" who wanders among the tables. A hint to train travelers: Nance's is located on the Union Station Plaza. 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.

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

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

★ WEISS'S CAFE. At the turn of the century, fashionable Kansas City dined in

the Coates House up on Quality Hill. Today, Weiss's Cafe carries on this long-established tradition for distinguished food and service. Modern decor has been added, including a sleek glass bar, but a large open stone fireplace remains untouched as a reminder of the old days. The excellent menu offers a choice of lobster, capon, steaks, roast duckling and a wide variety of fine wines. Coates House. VI 6904.

In a Class by Itself . . .

★ PLAZA BOWL. This should strike you as a perfect spot to while away a whole evening because it's a place for eating, drinking and playing—all wrapped up in one. Thirty-two mirror-smooth alleys invite several hours of pleasurable exercise. Then it's easy to forget the noisy pins by stepping into the sound-proofed cocktail lounge for a quiet drink below the artistic pioneer murals. The Bowl restaurant next door features crisp salads, triple-decker sandwiches and amazingly inexpensive dinners. Business men and socialites have found the stylish Green Room upstairs to be just right for private parties. Music by Muzak. 430 Alameda Road. LO 6659.

To See and Be Seen . . .



★ PUTSCH'S 210.

The winter resort season fills everyone with a longing for the sunny gaiety of the South. But anyone can discover the warmth and charm of New Orleans by simply stepping across the thresh-

hold of No. 210 on the Plaza and into one of America's loveliest dining rooms. Here, the wrought-iron grillwork, roses, and deep green walls recreate the quaint atmosphere of the French Quarter. The chatter and merriment continues all evening, for full course dinners are served as late as midnight. For leisurely dining in the gracious manner of the Old South, there is the Victorian lounge, softly lighted by large brass candelabra. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ **PENGUIN ROOM.** A sleek, sophisticated atmosphere that's the perfect setting for mink and orchids. Dim lighting and an Oriental touch in design mark this attractive room. The chef has a well-deserved reputation for an excellent cuisine. Beginning February 14, there will be music for dancing by Dink Welsh and his Copy Cats plus a clever pantomime floor show at 9 and 12 p.m. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

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

★ **PLAZA RESTAURANT-CAFETERIA.** Another point in favor of the Country Club Plaza as an ideal shopping and business center is this three-in-one restaurant. There's a cafeteria for those busy people always in a hurry, a restaurant-bar offering full table service for dinner or cocktails, and a spic and span soda fountain for snacks. A full line of pastries is prepared daily in the bakery for carry-home purchases. 414 Alameda Road. WE 3773.

★ **UPTOWN INTERLUDE.** Clustered about the piano is the usual crowd of jazz lovers watching with admiration as recording artist Joshua Johnson drums out a boogie beat on the 88. And at the bar is another group which knows that Interlude barmen turn out strong, tall drinks. Of course, everybody likes the crispy brown fried chicken and sizzling steaks. If you're in the Uptown area at noon, take a tip from the business men who have found that luncheons are delicious and inexpensive here. Incidentally, the bar's open after midnight Sunday. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

Class With a Glass . . .



★ **OMAR ROOM.** There's always an air of carefree gaiety in this attractive room, a perennial favorite with the cocktail crowd. The bar is strictly taboo for women, so the fairer sex sink into the cushiony davenport

seats around the wall to enjoy the fine liquors. A featured pianist, Eddie Oyer, the "Keyboard Atom Splitter," plays everything from Bach to boogie. Many wise people, including college students trying to stretch father's allowance, frequent the Alcove off the main lobby where drinks are two for the price of one. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ **TROCADERO.** Something new in Kansas City—the unique piano styling of Cliff Goforth now drawing crowds to the Trocadero. It's delightful music for dancing or cocktail sipping. The wide variety of mixed drinks proves that the bartenders here really know their business. Bob Ledterman, the genial manager, meets guests at the door with a friendly smile. The decor is in a South Sea motif which adds to the gaily informal atmosphere. No food is served—but who cares! 6 West 39th. VA 9806.

Something Different . . .



★ **SHARP'S BROADWAY NINETIES.** If you grow nostalgic when the oldsters rave about the "good old days," you'll enjoy a mellow evening at

Sharp's, where everybody has fun the way Grandpa used to. A real old-fashioned quartet in gay plaid vests croons the 'way-back favorites, and everybody joins in lustily on the choruses. There's a pretty little pianist who tries to keep the singing partially on tune. The food has a tasty home-cooked flavor, so be sure to try the spicy jumbo shrimp, spaghetti and meatballs, beef tenderloin, or the hickory-smoked barbecued ribs. Just park your

tandem bicycle outside the swinging doors. Broadway & Southwest Boulevard. GR 1095.

★UNITY INN. This bright little restaurant offers meatless meals that are surprisingly attractive and delicious. There are big leafy salads, colorful vegetable plates, and rich pastries for that comfortably-full feeling. The managers, the Unity School of Christianity, planned the cafeteria style service for busy people during the noon hour rush. It's a haven for hurried business men! Closed on Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

★KING JOY LO. You don't have to

take a slow boat to China to find delicious, authentic Chinese foods. On the busy corner of 12th & Main, King Joy Lo's offers a wide selection of Oriental delicacies—chop suey, dry rice, chow mein, egg foo young, almond cookies and sweet tea. Tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl, high private booths, and attentive Chinese waiters complete an atmosphere for unusual dining. Incidentally, there's also a large variety of American foods on the menu, including fine broiled lobster. 8 West 12th Street (Second Floor). HA 8113.

▲
A gentleman in the optical business was instructing his son in the technique of chiseling a fair and honest price out of a customer. He said, "Son, after you've fitted the glasses to the customer and he asks, 'What's the charge?' you say, 'The charge is ten dollars.'

"Then you should pause and watch for the flinch. If the customer doesn't flinch, you say, 'That's for the frames; the lenses will be another ten dollars.'

"Then you pause again, but this time only slightly—and again you watch for the flinch.

"If the customer doesn't flinch, you say, 'Each'."—*Sundial*.

▲
Father (to daughter coming in at 4 a.m.): "Good morning, child of Satan."

Daughter (sweetly): "Good morning, father."—*Scripts 'n Pranks*.

▲
There was a little boy sitting on the curb with a cigarette in one hand and the neck of a flask protruding from his rear pocket. A little old lady came up to him and said, "Sonny, why aren't you in school?"

"Hell, lady," he replied, "I'm only three!"—*The Scarlet Saint*.

▲
"It must have been thrilling to dine with such an intellectual man as Dr. Smithfield," gushed an envious friend. "You know, he's an accomplished linguist!"

"Yes," was the dubious reply, "during the dinner he was silent in seven languages."

▲
"What is your age?" asked the magistrate. "Remember, you are under oath."

The woman blushed slightly, then replied, "Twenty-one and some months."

"How many months?" prompted the magistrate.

"One hundred and eight."

▲
"And what is the child's name?" asked the minister benignly.

"Shirley," the father replied. "You know, after the famous Shirley Temple."

"Yes, yes, of course," the minister beamed. "Let me see, who's the preacher there now?"



1. Aboard a mack streetcar at the annual Kansas City Public Service Company party (rear seats, left to right) are Ed Birr, Dick Smith, Ed Dennis and Jahn T. Schilling, all of radio station WHB. On the front seat are Dan Davis, WHB president and a governor of the Kansas City Safety Council; and Dan L. Fennell, Safety Council past president, and executive vice president of the Kansas City Public Service Co.

2. The WHB hourly broadcasts of progress towards the goal of "100 deathless days" is shown graphically in the Kansas City Star. There were no traffic deaths for the first 22 days of 1949.

3. Safe drivers receive archids from Jahn Tharnberry, "Yaur Neighbor with the News." On his 9:45 p.m. WHB newscast, Tharnberry honored Art Bryant and Mrs. Ola L. Brawn, each commended by the police for care and courtesy while driving.

4. Kansas City's worst winter in two decades finds WHB Newsbureau facilities working overtime to serve the area.

During the mid-January blizzard, WHB presented hourly newscasts, made special announcements to school children and industrial workers, surveyed traffic conditions, broadcast cancellations of meetings and work schedules. Full facilities of the station were made available to the public at no cost.

*This Is
Kansas City's
20th
Day
Without a Traffic
Fatality
In 1949*

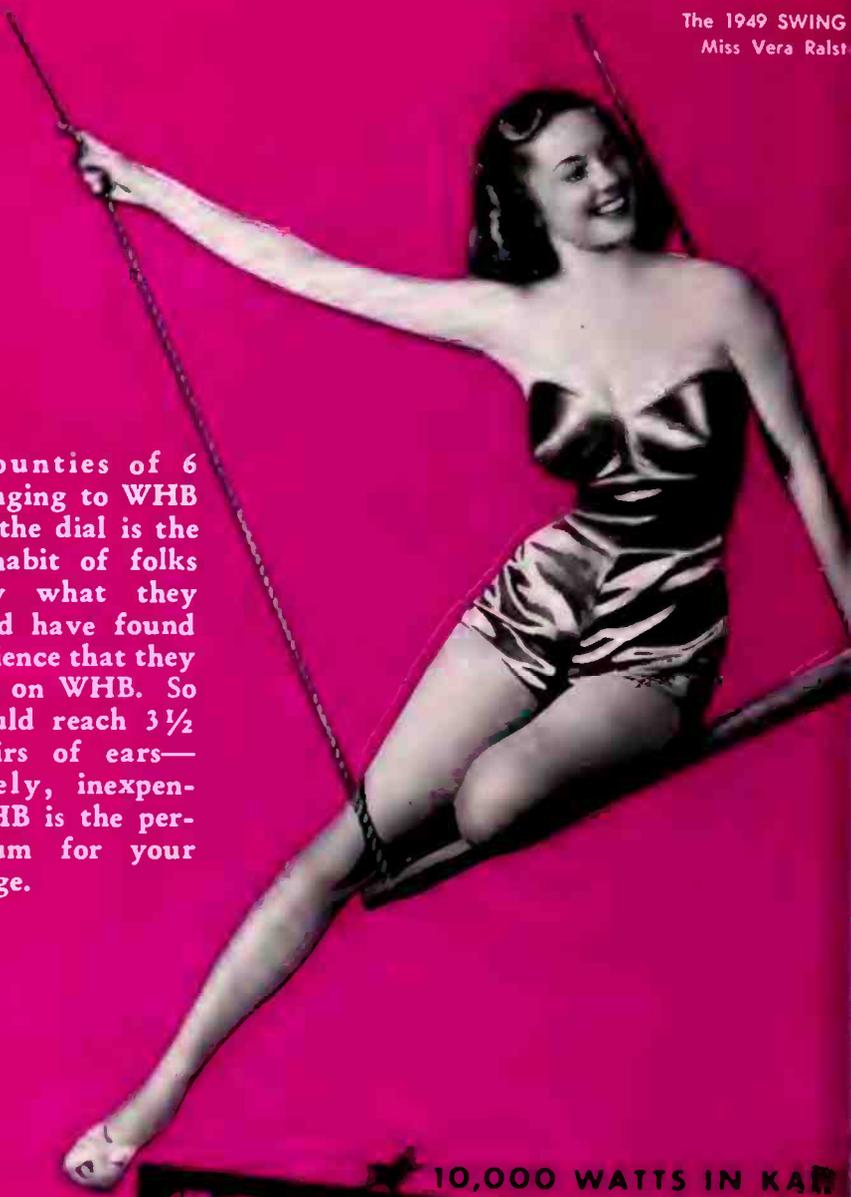
...dest winter
...wenty years
...ns Kansas City
...ly carrying on.



The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

The 1949 SWING
Miss Vera Ralston

In 133 counties of 6 states, swinging to WHB at 710 on the dial is the everyday habit of folks who know what they want — and have found from experience that they can hear it on WHB. So if you would reach 3½ million pairs of ears — immediately, inexpensively — WHB is the perfect medium for your sales message.



10,000 WATTS IN KANSAS CITY

WHB

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MUTUAL NETWORK • 710 KILOCYCLES • 10,000 WATTS