

Swing



25¢

Are You Looking for Accidents ?

Your mental attitude can make you a sitting duck for danger . Page 189
by David Norel

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Borrowing is what you make it—difficult or easy, cheap or expensive.

By Ellis Michael Page 173



1. Top bandman Paul Weston joins Jo Stafford in a guest appearance on Club 710.
2. The Cheyenne Mountain Dancers listen as Dr. Lloyd Shaw outlines plans for their March 31st appearance under the auspices of the Kansas City Advertising Sales Executives' Club. (For dancers in action, see page 15)
3. As a guest on *Swing Session*, Dick Contino examines one of the records that whirled his cordion to popularity.
4. Speaking to members of Kansas City Chamber of Commerce and the WHB listener audience, Vice President John Walker of Braniff Airlines stresses the importance of seven central and southwest "market basket" states.
5. Frank Wiziarde is Keeper of Crazy Hats on rollicking *Lullaby on the Plaza*, heard on WHB at 10:30 a.m. weekdays.
6. Band leader Chuck Foster dons headphones as he "cues in" a recording of "Music in the Foster Fashion."



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in the

Kansas City Restaurant Club

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foreword

ECONOMIC juggling is such a difficult and delicate feat that—if it can be performed at all—it must be done in a complete political vacuum, sheltered from the winds of chance.

So far as anyone knows, socialism is impractical. It has never worked, and is not now working anywhere in the world.

But if it could be made to succeed, of necessity it would be under a state of complete tyranny—totalitarian regulation of jobs, wages, expenditures, credit, prices, ownership, and business policies. It isn't possible to control less than 100 per cent of a nation's economy.

When socialism slips in the back door, human freedom gets kicked down the front steps.

Full comprehension of this cruel law of expediency came too late in Britain—and it may come too late in the United States.

We have little to fear from Communists, since we are more than alert to that danger. But we have all to fear from American social or economic "planners" motivated by short-sighted vote-getting instincts, who promise free medicine, free pensions, free prosperity.

You pay for whatever you get, under any form of government. And in a Socialist state nothing is free—not even the individual.

The Socialist promise is that everybody owns everything, but the Socialist actuality is that nobody owns anything, and the only person to get fat is the bureaucrat.

Bread Upon the Waters

AROUND the turn of the century, an English farm boy was so sick that little hope was held for his recovery.

Yet he did recover, and he was so grateful to the doctor who had saved his life that he announced he, too, was going to become a doctor. That decision meant much to the entire human race in the years to come.

However, before he realized his ambition, there were many obstacles he had to overcome. The biggest of these was the lack of money to pay for his education. For several years it looked as if he never would get to study medicine.

Both he and his parents worked hard, trying to save, but there was never enough money to get him started in school. Many youths would have given up their ideas and started looking for another career, but not this farm lad. He told his parents he had made up his mind, and no matter how long it took him, he was going to get through medical school someday.

The years passed, and the outlook didn't grow any brighter. If anything, it grew worse, until one evening he happened to attend a party with his parents. So far as the lad was concerned the evening was pretty dull until the talk swung around to vocations. Instantly he became interested and started to tell of his plans for the future. He was so enthusiastic on this subject that he attracted the attention of a middle-aged couple, who had been standing off to one side listening to everything that was said.

When the dancing started, they took him aside and began to question him. First they asked him why he was so intent on becoming a doctor. The lad told them. Then they asked him when he intended to start his studies. Sadly, he told them that he had no money. The man and woman thanked him for answering their questions, and let him return to his own group.

Later in the evening, though, they called him off to one side again. "Son," said the man, "Mother and I think you'd make a good doctor. If we lend you the money to go to school, will you study hard?"

He studied as hard as he had promised he would. The years passed, and finally he earned his degree: Doctor of Medicine. Then came World War I, and he marched off with his countrymen.

After returning to civilian life, he decided to spend his time in research. Before long he was lecturing at the Royal College of Surgeons. And one day, while working with his flasks and test tubes, he made an accidental discovery that gave the world one of its greatest drugs.

It was about this time that President Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin were holding their historic meetings. During one of these the Prime Minister of Great Britain caught a cold that quickly developed into pneumonia.

His personal physician flew to him from London. He brought along some of the new wonder drug, which doctors were starting to call *penicillin*. It helped save Churchill's life.

Thus a great man's life was saved because two people had faith in a lad who wanted to become a doctor. Their faith has helped save thousands of lives.

But there is still a stranger part of the story. One day Churchill was questioning his doctor about the discoverer of the wonder drug.

"His name is Alexander Fleming," said the doctor.

"Alexander Fleming," echoed the Prime Minister in surprise. "Why I know him!"

And indeed he did. For it was Churchill's own mother and father who had loaned Alexander Fleming, the farm boy, the money with which to study medicine.—Stanley J. Meyer.



A newspaper has passed, and a bright light has gone out.

by JERRY WYNN

“**T**HE Sun is Sold.” Just these four simple words headlined the January 4 edition of the New York *World-Telegram*, and told the world that after 116 years of uninterrupted publication the Sun had set. The *World-Telegram*, itself a merger of two great newspaper names, had taken on yet another great name, henceforward will be known as the New York *World-Telegram and the Sun*.

Although the masthead of the *Sun* will no longer be found on newsstands in New York and throughout the nation, it leaves behind a history, dynamic and forthright, that will not be forgotten easily. For the *Sun* was a leader in the battle for a free, vibrant American press. It served the public honestly and faithfully through a century that has seen the United States rise from a second-rate isolated nation to world leadership.

Under the inspired direction of Charles A. Dana, it gained an honored name that will remain a landmark of American journalism.

The *Sun* was born September 3, 1833, when New York—a metropolis of 250,000—had 11 other competing newspapers. It was founded by Benjamin H. Day, an ambitious young man of just 20 years. While working for the *Springfield Republican*, Day became convinced that New York was a good market for the establishment of a penny daily that would give the masses an opportunity to buy a “live” cheap newspaper. He set up a little shop, situated practically beneath the Brooklyn Bridge, and soon the New York *Sun* made its appearance on the streets as the city’s first penny daily. The little sheet, consisting of four pages of three columns each, was an immediate success, and at the

end of four months, had a circulation of 5,000, the largest in the city. It was the first paper in the country to publish police-court reports.

Although Day kept the *Sun* on a successful basis for a few years, it is doubtful that the energetic young publisher could have withstood the heavy competition for long had it not been for a sensational hoax he perpetrated on the gullible public. Those were the days of slow communication and rudimentary humor, when it was considered cricket for an editor to dream up almost any sort of fantastic fiction in order to sensationalize his paper. Day hired Richard Locke, a roving reporter of some fame, to pen a series of articles describing the wonders of the moon as seen through a newly developed telescope by a prominent British astronomer. The stories ran daily. At first they pictured the physical aspects of lunar geography. Then Locke warmed to his subject, and before long he quoted the astronomer as relating:

"We counted three parties of these creatures walking erect toward a small wood . . . Certainly they were like human beings, for their wings had now disappeared and their attitude in walking was both erect and dignified. . .

"About half of the first party had passed beyond our canvas; but of all the others we had a perfectly distinct and deliberate view. They averaged four feet in height, were covered, except on the face, with short and glossy copper-colored hair, and had wings composed of a thin membrane, without hair, lying snugly upon their

backs from the top of the shoulders to the calves of the legs.

"The face, which was of a yellowish flesh color, was a slight improvement upon that of the large orang-utan . . . The hair on the head was a darker color than that of the body, closely curled but apparently not woolly, and arranged in two curious semicircles over the temples of the forehead. Their feet could only be seen as they were alternately lifted in walking; but from what we could see of them in so transient a view they appeared thin and protuberant at the heel . . .

"We could perceive that their wings possessed great expansion and were similar in structure to those of the bat, being a semitransparent membrane being continued from the shoulders to the legs, united all the way down, though gradually decreasing in width. The wings seemed completely under the command of volition, for those of the creatures whom we saw bathing in the water spread them instantly to their full width, waved them as ducks do theirs to shake off the water, and then as instantly closed them again in a compact form."

Naturally, the stories caused a huge commotion. Rival papers reprinted them, and interest rose to a phenomenal pitch. By the time the entire episode was proved a hoax, *Sun* circulation had sky-rocketed to 20,000.

In 1838, Day sold the *Sun* to Moses Y. Beach, his brother-in-law and book-keeper. Beach and his sons were able newspapermen, especially on the business end of the ledger. The *Sun*

soon was equipped with the best presses in New York, and the paper kept its lead as the largest-selling penny daily. The Beaches were conservative, and the *Sun* maintained an even keel in politics during the seething mid-1800's.

In 1860, Beach leased his plant to a rich young man named Morrison for \$100,000. Morrison was one of the new school of religious enthusiasts that had blossomed forth from the Great Revival of 1858, and he made a short-lived attempt to instill the *Sun* with his moral beliefs. Prayer meetings were held at noon every day in the editorial office. When the Civil War began, he proposed that Union generals should be instructed not to wage battles on Sunday. Morrison did allow factual reporting of crime and disasters in the *Sun's* columns, but placed a greater emphasis on news with a religious significance, such as religious meetings and the doings of missionaries. But after two years at the helm, Morrison was forced to sell the paper back to Beach, his attempt unsuccessful. Through the war, the *Sun* remained Democratic, but was loyal to Lincoln and the Union cause while most other Democratic papers of the time lashed out at the administration.

The *Sun* was in a precarious state when Charles A. Dana and a group of associates bought the paper from Beach for \$175,000 in 1868. Dana was a newspaperman of considerable experience and ability. He had spent 15 years with Horace Greeley's New

York *Tribune*, and then he quarreled with the famed publisher and left the *Tribune* to go out on his own. Dana did some special assignments at the front for President Lincoln and served as Assistant Secretary of War in the late war years. With the cessation of hostilities, Dana became editor of the *Chicago Republican* for a year, and then returned to New York to raise money for the purchase of the *Sun*.

When Dana took over the reins of the *Sun* as its editor and publisher, the newspaper had a circulation of 43,000. When death removed him from the journalistic arena in 1897, circulation had risen above 125,000. In 1868, the *Sun* was just another four-page, two-cent newspaper. When Dana left it, it had achieved distinction as one of the leading newspaper publications in the nation. In just two and a half years as editor, Dana had been able to advertise in the rival New York *Herald* that his paper had the largest circulation—102,870—in the city.

Charles A. Dana was from the old school of journalists who demanded accuracy above all, and yet he brought to the newspaper world a new concept of what is news and what a newspaper should print. Dana declared that whatever was "interesting" was what the public wanted, and what the *Sun* would print. "I have always felt that whatever the divine Providence permitted to occur, I was not too proud to report," he once stated. "If a newspaper has not the news, it may have everything else, yet it will



be comparatively unsuccessful; and by news, I mean everything that occurs, everything which is of human interest."

And if nothing else, the columns of Dana's New York *Sun* were always interesting, colorful, and amusing. It did tend to sensationalize, but always with a live human-interest angle rather than a false, colored one. In all cases, Dana harped on accuracy. Words were *never* misspelled in the *Sun*. One of his major accomplishments, in a different light, was to bring to the *Sun* and the journalistic profession a flock of excellent newspapermen and editors to whom he gave considerable encouragement. Dana had on his staff such talented writers as James S. Pike, William O. Bartlett, and Francis P. Church. To John B. Bogart, his city editor for many years, goes credit for a saying that remains a by-law to most present-day editors. "When a dog bites a man," said Bogart to a young reporter, "that is not news; but when a man bites a dog, that is news."

Upon Dana's death in 1897, the affairs of the *Sun* took a bad turn. In his waning years, Dana had become an arch conservative, and the paper had lost much of the life and vibrance that had characterized it following the Civil War. Edward P. Mitchell, long Dana's chief assistant and friend, became the new editor. Mitchell was also a conservative, and the *Sun* soon fell far beneath its rivals, notably the *World* and the *Herald*, in the battle for New York circulation.

The *Sun* remained almost stagnant until 1916, when the bustling, flamboyant Frank A. Munsey arrived on

the scene. Munsey, the famous consolidator of newspapers, had had a fabulous career in his many and varied journalistic enterprises, and his appearance momentarily breathed new life into the *Sun*. His first venture was to combine the *Sun* with his own New York *Press*. Shortly afterwards, he completed a series of consolidations that left the newspaper world aghast and the public guessing as to what newspaper they were buying. He bought the *Herald* and merged the *Sun* into it. What was the old *Sun* now became the *Herald*. Then he changed the *Evening Sun*, another link in his newspaper chain, and called it the *Sun*. His last maneuver was to purchase the *Globe* and merge it with the *Sun* under the masthead of the *Sun*. Through all these moves, the *Sun* remained on the newsstands much the same as it had been at the beginning of the century—a conservative paper of high journalistic caliber.

Munsey died in 1925 and left his entire estate to the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York City. On September 30, 1926, William T. Dewart, Munsey's former business manager, announced that he had bought the *Sun* from the Metropolitan along with the *Telegram* for an approximate \$10,000,000. He soon parted with the *Telegram* to the Scripps-Howard organization in order to devote his full attention to the publication of the *Sun*. He appointed Frank M. O'Brien as editor and Keats Speed as managing editor, and the *Sun* once more was an independent, highly successful newspaper.

The Dewart family published the

Sun until its acquisition by the *World-Telegram* this January. After William T. Dewart's death in 1944, his son, William T., Jr., assumed control. But the new owner met with early death in 1946 in a plane wreck, and another son, Thomas W., was named president. Under the Dewart, the *Sun* enjoyed prosperity and fame, and the circulation of the *Sun* was above the 300,000 mark for many years. Its staff was one of the finest in New York City, and its columns remained intelligent, refreshing, and conservative. When Thomas W. Dewart sold the *Sun* and all its assets to the *World-Telegram*, he practically duplicated the move his father

had made 23 years before. The elder Dewart sold the *Telegram* to Scripps-Howard to start its New York dynasty. The new transaction completes it.

The *Sun* as an independent newspaper is now gone, but the story of Day, Beach, Munsey, and the Dewart will have a permanent place in the history of the American newspaper. For it was men of this sort, and a newspaper like the *Sun*, that made our press the finest and the freest in the world.

No longer will newsboys chant "Buy your New York *Sun*" on the sidewalks of New York. The *Sun* has set.



A man went to an insurance office to have his life insured. The insurance agent asked, "Do you drive?"

"No," said the applicant.

"Do you fly?"

"No."

"Sorry, sir," snapped the agent curtly, "but our company no longer insures pedestrians."



A harried housewife, trying to do some last minute shopping, was being hampered in her efforts by a husband who obviously had been celebrating too much. She marched said husband to a parking meter, opened his coat, buttoned him firmly around the stanchion, dropped in a nickel and went off about her business.

A little later she came back, collected her uncomplaining spouse and led him away, although the meter still allowed her eight minutes.



The occasion was the signing of a tax treaty with Norway. Dignitaries crowded around the signers, Under-Secretary of State James E. Webb and Norwegian Ambassador Wilhelm Munthe de Morgenstierne. Six newsreel cameras recorded the event.

From a desk set furnished by the State Department, de Morgenstierne pulled a handsome office pen and began affixing his long name to the treaty. Suddenly he laid down the pen. Looking up from the ribbon-bound document to the other diplomats, he said, "I can't sign that treaty."

"Why not?" asked a worried official.

Replied the envoy, "No ink."

Any Number Can Play

A POLITICAL worker down in Mobile, Alabama, helped a local bigwig get re-elected and called around shortly thereafter to receive his reward. What he wanted, he explained, was a soft job with big pay that required little physical exertion. He was dispatched to a government ship-building project. In a few days he returned to his benefactor and reported that he was going to quit his job.

"Isn't the job light enough?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes," came the complacent reply, "it's as easy as pie."

"Pay insufficient?"

"Nope," was the honest report, "it's ten times what I'm worth."

"Hours too long?"

"I can come and go as I like," the man replied.

"Then, for heaven's sake," the politician demanded, "what's the beef?"

"I'm worried," the man replied. "Ever since I went to work, a man has been following me around. I can't shake him—there's something queer about it."

"Why, you blasted fool!" shouted the politician, "That's your helper!"



A mother went to an Israeli Government office to claim the Family Bonus for families exceeding six children.

"How many children have you?" she was asked.

"Two," she replied.

"Then why ask for the Family Bonus?"

"Why!" she said indignantly. "Don't you trust me to have four more children?"



A small boy and a telephone operator had a misunderstanding. She could not understand the number he wanted and made him repeat it several times. Finally, he exploded, "You operators are so dumb!" She promptly cut the connection.

Fifteen minutes later a woman's voice inquired if this was the operator who had cut her young son off the line. The operator replied it was, and the woman said, "Just a minute please."

"My mother wants me to apologize for what I said," declared the small boy.

The operator accepted his apology and connected him with the number he had been trying to get.

Half an hour later the small boy called the operator. "My mother just went out of the house," he said. "I still think you're dumb."



A former United States ambassador was reviewing the exhibit of Austrian art at the National gallery the other day, and seemed particularly interested in a nude by Titian, *Danae and the Shower of Gold*.

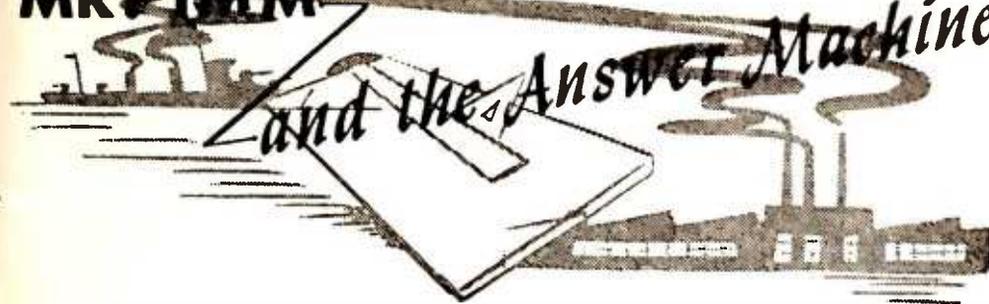
"Hmmm," he said. "That should be retitled, 'The Marshall Plan'."



A small girl came home from school recently and asked her parents for a dollar so she could join the Atom Bomb Bird Society.

MR. IMM

and the Answer Machine



by FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

From fantastically complicated fire control problems on down to what color is pink, Librascope has the answer.

IF you and the Little Woman fuss over the flavor of your breakfast coffee—and who doesn't?—you might look into the creations of Librascope, Incorporated, in Burbank, California, and consult with its vice president in charge of engineering, Nebraska-born Lewis W. Imm.

For \$500 or thereabouts, Librascope could make a perfect-coffee computer for you, to brew exactly the kind of java you like. The Librascope "thinking machine," using patented linkage-multiplier principles, would automatically combine such variables and their trigonometric relationship as the capacity of your coffee-maker, the content and quantity of water, the weight and grind of coffee and the flavor you like best. You'd twist a knob and, presto! the device would indicate to the split second how long your coffee should be brewed.

That automatic coffee control instrument is not yet on the Librascope drawing boards, but Imm and his engineers could easily whip one up if there were a market for it. They solve infinitely more complicated control problems every day. What's more, the device would be a full blood brother to the fantastically complex fire control computers designed by Imm for the Navy during the War; to the unique airplane load balance and flight computers used by airplanes in 47 countries and by Howard Hughes on his world-girdling flights; and to Librascope's newest entry in the industrial field—the Automatic Tristimulus Integrator.

Coupled with a spectrophotometer, this new computer can figure out the answer to a color-matching problem involving integral calculus before a man attempting the same job by mental calculations could sharpen his pencil.

Basis for these and other Librascope "thinking machines" is a mechanical hookup known as a "bar linkage." Bar linkages are not new;

they've been used for years to transmit forces in such simple mechanisms as the pantograph, the Universal drafting machine and the drivers on a steam locomotive. But somehow it took a young \$3200-a-year Bureau of Air Commerce engineer, who had a horse-sense outlook on mathematics stemming from life on a Nebraska farm, to discover new uses for the bar linkage. It was Lewis Imm who saw that a simple mechanical bar and pivot could be used to give—instantaneously—the answers to involved logarithmic and trigonometric problems.

Back in 1937, when Imm was only 32, he watched airline dispatchers turn gray trying to figure out by pencil-and-paper mathematics how to stow a given amount of cargo and passengers into an airliner for perfect balance. If their calculations were wrong, the plane might be nose heavy or tail heavy, put an extra burden on the pilot in fighting the wheel and cost the operators extra dollars in wasted fuel. A miscalculated "C.G." (center of gravity) could also mean a fatal crash.

Imm, an inspection engineer for the Bureau of Air Commerce, knew there had to be a better way. He took his theory, together with a handful of pencilled sketches, to Hall L. Hibbard, chief engineer of Lockheed Aircraft. Hibbard's response was, "Get me a working model in three days and you've got an order." Although Imm had never before built a mechanical device, he cleared off his kitchen table, bought a dime store drill, and out of pieces of a tin can, hairpins, cardboard and some plastic knobs contrived his first crude but effective load

balance computer. It took him two days, instead of three.

The job was completed on Sunday. Imm couldn't wait to show off his



answer machine, so he went to Hibbard's home to demonstrate and came away with an order for six of the new computers. He immediately quit his job, borrowed \$100, and started the company now known as Librascope, Incorporated.

The name, combining Latin and Greek, is literally translated as "a measure of balance." It also incorporates the 7th sign of the Zodiac—the scales. As Imm explains it, "The combination means 'to see the balance,' which is exactly what the computer makes possible."

Within two and one-half years the erstwhile plane designer and ex-CAA engineer had presented aviation with three major developments: the Load Balance Computer, the Power Computer, and the Flight Computer, all using the new principles of linkage multiplication. Lockheed, TWA, and Northwest Airlines, as well as airlines in 47 countries, were using the devices to reduce flying's advance work

to an absolute, mathematical science. Space-wise, the Librascopes contained their "brains" in a metal box weighing only five pounds and not much larger than a portable typewriter.

When the United States entered the war, Imm took his infant organization of six or seven employees into the General Precision Equipment family (still retaining complete autonomy) and began giving exact solutions to the Navy's harassing problems of ordnance fire control. "They'd come to us and say, 'We need a computer to do such-and-such,'" Imm reminisces. "It was up to us to break down the problem and create new computers that would provide the the answers."

The Librascope devices are "analog computers," as opposed to adding machines or "digital computers." As in any instance where computations are made in a series of steps, the personal factor enters into adding machine operation. Errors, once made, are multiplied at each successive step. But in Librascope linkage multiplication, personal errors are virtually eliminated, since the bar linkage computer's solution, once the inputs have been inserted, is continuous and instantaneous. That is why it can solve complex problems in one to three minutes, as compared to the ten hours required for some manual solutions.

As Imm and his associates see it, industry, in going to continuous processes to improve quality and lower costs, must have automatic control instruments that will give more accurate answers than the unaided senses. Imm believes that within 15 or 20 years

virtually all industrial processes will be automatically controlled. "No machine can yet replace human judgment or man's creative impulses," says Imm, "but when valve-turner Joe Smith doesn't feel up to par, the system breaks down. In rolling insulation material, for example, one error could build up to the point where corrections would take hours. During that time the output of off-grade product could mean huge losses. But an automatic control instrument, solving complex deviation problems faster and more accurately than the human mind, can collect and store the percentage of error in advance, before it exceeds standard deviation limits."

Today, Librascope is rated a top producer of automatic control devices using mechanical computing principles for coordinating several input variables. Imm's kitchen-table workshop has grown, in a little more than ten years, into a new \$500,000 single-deck plant now being completed in Glendale. It will house the company's personnel currently in two smaller plants. Librascope's present staff of 300 engineers, laboratory technicians and machinists, many from MIT, Cal Tech and other famed engineering schools, is being increased; in the new plant the company will have 500 or more employees.

While Librascope still supplies the Navy with many special computers, their new baby is the Automatic Tristimulus Integrator for the industrial and commercial field. It can classify 100,000,000 separate colors. It can color-match skin in skin-grafting operations and artificial dentures. In au-

omatic dye-process control, for instance, it can guarantee that little Susie's home-knit pink sweater is exactly the same shade as that of her twin sister's. In newspaper and magazine color printing it can reduce the time required for three-color process plates from days to hours. It can even aid, among other things, in the manufacture of your dinner-table catsup, making sure that one bottle looks just as appealingly red as another.

Meanwhile, stocky, shirt-sleeved, 44-year-old Lewis W. Imm—Librascope's top answer man—keeps telling his engineers that the best solution to a problem is not the most ingeniously complicated but the most ingeniously simple. Despite his university degrees, Imm still thinks of himself as a "farm-boy" mathematician—not exactly a bad attitude for providing industry with horse-sense answers.

The Art of Dickering

AN EX-SERVICEMAN, carrying a chair, entered the secondhand store. He approached the proprietor, set the chair down, and asked how much it was worth.

"Three dollars," answered the storekeeper.

The young man looked surprised. "Isn't it worth more than that?"

"Three dollars is the limit, son," the older man repeated, shaking his head. "See that?" He pointed to a crack in the chair leg. "And take a look here, where the paint is peeling. It's only worth three dollars."

"All right, then," said the young customer, tugging at his wallet. "I saw this chair in front of your store marked \$10, but I thought probably there was some mistake. For \$3, I'll take it!"



At the Stork Club, a lady stepped up to Emil Ludwig and asked, "How do you like America?"

Ludwig professed annoyance at such a generality and said, "That's like asking, 'How do you like life?'"

The lady replied, "I like it. I think it's a fine magazine."



The meanest man we have heard of lately is a business man who tests applicants for stenographic jobs by asking them to "take" and transcribe this sentence, "It is agreeable to view the unparalleled embarrassment of the harassed saddler or peddler serenely sitting upon a cemetery wall, gauging the symmetry of a perfectly peeled potato!"



One day during the Civil War, Jefferson Davis wanted a reliable officer for an important command. He asked General Robert E. Lee what he thought of a certain man named Whiting for the post. Lee commended him highly.

One of the latter's officers was much surprised and asked General Lee if he knew what derogatory things Whiting had been saying about him.

Lee answered, "I understand that the President wanted to know my opinion of Whiting, not Whiting's opinion of me."

NICE PUSSY,



KING SIZE

How to tame a lion, in four uneasy lessons!

by ANDREW D. COIZART

WHEN menagerie owner Bostock came home and found his young son in a cage with a lion, he fairly shook with rage and fear. He had sent the boy away to school armed with Latin texts, in an effort to thwart his craving to become an animal trainer. And what good had it done?

When his initial numbness faded, Bostock called, "My boy, if you come out of that cage alive, I'll give you the worst thrashing of your life!"

Young Frank Bostock did emerge unhurt, and, the thrashing forgotten in a wave of sheer relief, his father promised to start him on his career. Today Frank Bostock is one of the most famous animal trainers in the profession.

Most animal trainers learn the trade from their parents. Training is in their blood. As children they play with a lion or tiger cub as other youngsters play with a puppy or kitten. They learn that the preparation of a ferocious lion for appearance

in a well-enclosed arena is a long and dangerous procedure.

Somewhere, in the rocky plains or hills of Africa, the beast is trapped, thrown struggling into a strong box, and shipped to a distant land. Prior to the last war, Hamburg, Germany, was the world's greatest market for animals of every description.

During the trip by boat, the beast is kept locked in a small cage. Of course, he is allowed no exercise. Food is cautiously presented to him at the end of a long pole. Frightened, but far from having spent his fury, the animal burns to kill anything alive.

He is still in this frame of mind upon arriving at the circus or menagerie which is to become his home. Having been shoved immediately into a larger cage, he flings himself against the bars at everyone who passes by, angrily snarling and roaring. The trainer assigned to him pays a daily visit to his ugly charge, feeding him at regular intervals, but never attempting to enter the cage. After a few days the lion becomes accus-

tomed to this being whose presence he associates with food, and his disposition improves. Now, the actual training can begin.

The technique, when dealing with felines, is to make them understand that their efforts are useless: that man is to be feared. In order to achieve this, several methods are used. The most popular is to introduce a chair into the cage. Swift as lightning, the beast springs, smashes the chair to bits. Day after day the process is repeated until the lion no longer pays attention to this object he cannot permanently destroy. Lesson Number One has been successful.

The next step is taken when during a deep sleep produced by a narcotic mixed with his food, a strong collar is fastened around the lion's neck. A chain tightly secures the collar to the bars of the cage. On awakening, the lion sees the trainer sitting on a chair inside his cage. Roaring ferociously, with jaws open, he springs, only to feel the heavy chain throw him violently to one side. Following attempts are no more successful, and after about eight days of this treatment, the lion stops springing.

Now comes the most dangerous part of the training, and it calls for all the trainer's courage and experience. Again a drug is used. The lion's collar is removed and the trainer steps into the cage. Over his shoulder he wears a thick leather pad, and his chest is protected by a straw mat on which the beast's sharp claws will slip. He is armed with a two-pronged pitchfork, which he holds firmly in his right hand. In his

left he grips the lion's first enemy—the wooden chair.

Angrily, the animal leaps for the man's throat. Expecting this, the trainer steps agilely aside. At the same time he thrusts the pitchfork sharply into the lion's most sensitive part—his nose. With a yowl the animal retreats to the end of the cage. But it isn't long before he makes another attempt, and again the fork comes into action. Meanwhile, the trainer is very careful to stand behind the chair which the lion knows to be invulnerable.

After a length of time which varies according to his disposition, the pupil begins to realize that man is stronger than he. He attacks no more and becomes more amenable. Considerable progress has been made, for the lion now at least tolerates the presence of his trainer. Next, he will learn to obey the master's commands and to perform the standard animal tricks—dragging a cart, sitting on a block of wood or on a seesaw, jumping over obstacles or through a ring of fire. A piece of raw meat always rewards his good will and obedience.

Some animals learn quickly, others are slower. But, gradually, they form a habit; and, provided their training goes on daily and without interruption of routine, eventually they are ready to appear before the public.

During the training period, the beast's natural reactions are never suppressed, but rather they are encouraged. A feline, by a sort of instinctive revolt, always springs at the door the instant his trainer closes it after leaving the cage. This habit

becomes part of the act for the future enjoyment of an enthralled audience.

Members of the cat family are all quite different in temperament. Lions respond most readily to kindness, and even have been known to protect their trainer from an infuriated captive. But tigers, and particularly panthers, are never to be trusted. Even after six or seven years of association with their trainer, they would kill him as readily as on the first day if given a fraction of a chance. Fear, alone, holds them in check. A trainer, even badly hurt, must never register the slightest sign of pain. His beasts would feel it and attack immediately. For the same reason, an intoxicated man entering a cage loses all control over his animals.

Hamburger, the celebrated lion tamer, enjoyed telling this story:

For several months he had noticed a man sitting in the front row who never missed a performance. His curiosity awakened, Hamburger turned to the spectator one evening after the show.

"My lions seem to interest you very much, sir," he remarked.

"Not at all," replied the man. "I'm waiting to see them make a meal out of you."

In this particular instance, the on-

looker's gruesome perseverance was not rewarded. Nevertheless, accidents happen, and frequently at the moment they are least expected. An experienced trainer is always on the alert.

The seemingly peaceful and good natured lions or tigers we see going through their act without missing a cue may suddenly fly into a rage for no apparent reason. They give almost no warning and strike blindly. A wild beast is never tamed. But his fiendish instinct is dominated by the trainer's will, force, and that mysterious power over animals that seems to have been born in him. Deep within the beast, however, lies a smouldering hatred which he is looking for an opportunity to unleash.

Most feared by animal trainers is the sudden change of temperament that comes over lions when they are about ten years of age and over tigers in their eighth year. It is a kind of rebellion against their captors. The animals go into a frenzy, become irascible, and cannot be approached. This state may last for a few days only, or may become permanent, making it necessary to dispose of the beast or send him to a zoo.

Contrary to general belief, the growl of a lion and the lashing of his tail does not denote anger, but rather contentment. It is when the tail becomes rigid, pointing straight out behind him, that the beast is about to attack. Then the trainer must get out of the cage as fast as possible. If he is taken by surprise, all his skill, coolness and agility are needed. In most cases the whip or fork restores order. In more unfortu-



nate instances, the trainer may slip or make a false move, and another name is added to the long list of those wounded or killed by the terrible teeth and claws of their charges.

But for trainers, risking their life is all in a day's work, and giving up the job on that account never enters their heads. On the contrary, the fascination that comes from dominating fierce creatures is such that a trainer, even seriously injured, is eager

to get back to the arena. Out of it he is just an ordinary man, but when facing the animals he is conscious of his power. When lions and tigers are finally driven into submission after a display of ugly moods, there is no greater reward for a trainer than the cheers of an appreciative audience held breathless by his daring, and his calm display of patience and dominant will power.

Always Say Something Nice

SEVERAL years back, actor Edward Arnold wrote a book entitled *Lorenzo Goes to Hollywood*. In a published book review, H. Allen Smith summed it up as follows: "*Lorenzo Goes to Hollywood* is a feeble book in every respect except one—it has a nice sturdy binding."



In Westminster Abbey, beside the tomb of the Duke of Buckingham, the first American asked, "Who's this?"

Said the second American, "What! Don't you remember him in *Forever Amber*?"



With a plate in her hand and a puzzled look on her face, the waitress stopped beside a table.

"Are you the boiled cod?" she asked curtly.

The customer smiled wearily. "No," he replied. "I'm the hungry sole with an empty plaiice, hoping for something to fillet."



A young psychoanalyst complained to his superior that he was having difficulty with his patients. Said the older doctor, "Let's assume I'm a patient being interviewed by you for the first time."

"Here's the first question," began the young analyst. "What is it that wears a skirt and from whose lips come pleasure?"

The veteran answered, "A Scot blowing his bagpipe."

"Right!" said the younger one. "Now, the second question is, 'What has delightful curves, and at unexpected moments becomes uncontrollable?'"

The veteran answered, "Bob Feller's pitching."

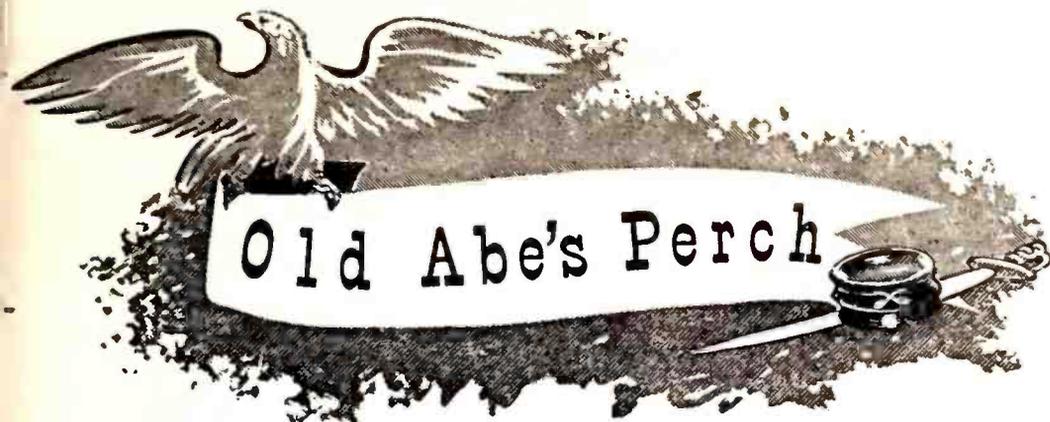
"Correct. The final question, 'What do you think of when two arms are slipped around your shoulders?'"

"Sid Luckman's tackle!"

"Right," answered the young analyst dejectedly. "They're all right. But you'd be amazed at the silly answers I keep getting."



Some radio stars are so concerned about their rating that they finally become hopeless Hooperchondriacs.



It was nearly a hundred years ago that Wisconsin got the bird!

by BARNEY SCHWARTZ

NEXT time you see the statue of an eagle atop a war monument, think of Old Abe. He probably was the model for it. Old Abe was a distinguished bird, an eagle among eagles. Any time he's on a war monument, he deserves to be there.

Leonard W. Volk, the American sculptor, thought so, both because Old Abe had a celebrated war career of his own and because he had the proper figure for a model, as eagles go. He weighed only slightly over ten pounds. His wingtip measurement was six feet, and he was brown with bright yellow legs, black claws, and off-white head and neck. He was bald, as a self-respecting bald eagle must be.

Old Abe's claim to fame rests on several laurels, including the facts that he was named after Abraham Lincoln, that a regiment was named after him, and that he is the only

eagle on record to live in a State House building.

Those points alone are marks of distinction for a feathered rogue who was once sold by an Indian chief for a bushel of corn. But there's much more to Old Abe's biography.

He was quite young at the time of the bushel-of-corn transaction, and he didn't seem to mind when he was sold again for \$2.50 to soldiers of the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers during the Civil War. It was in the army that he got his big break.

Company C of the regiment claimed him, and Old Abe voluntarily claimed Private Jimmie McGinnis as his buddy and master. McGinnis trained the eagle with unerring wisdom. Before long Old Abe was the darling of the regiment and quite proud of his station in life, a point best exemplified by the way he strutted saucily about the camp.

He conducted himself like a company commander on a Saturday morning inspection.

Such an attitude needed something to go with it, so the soldiers built a perch for him and decorated it with a red, white and blue shield. From that time on, nothing short of an artillery barrage could dislodge the feathered celebrity while a parade was in progress. He loved a parade. He also loved the applause crowds gave him, and there were times when he actually looked crestfallen if the plaudits were not thunderous.

He also was the only "private" of the Civil War to be saluted by officers of the regiment to which he belonged. That happened often when the Volunteers passed in review. Old Abe, of course, was on the reviewing stand with the commanding officers.

In the 36 battles in which he took part, Old Abe had no hankering for a Purple Heart. He remained on his shield with patriotic fervor until shots were fired, and then he took off. But, despite the confusion and mix-ups after the gun fights, he'd return to be cheered by his comrades in arms. Never once did he come back to the wrong regiment.

He was a terrific morale-builder, so much so that Confederate General Price, opposing the Wisconsin infantry at Corinth, remarked, "I'd rather have him than a whole brigade."

It was only natural that Old Abe's outfit should be named the "Eagle Regiment."

Such singular honors didn't turn

his bald head one whit, nor did they deter him from going AWOL every now and then. Army life bored him at times and he soared away on a sort of vacation to do a little hunting or fishing. Seemingly satisfied with his self-ordered "furlough," he'd fly straight to his master, McGinnis, who didn't scold him for his errant whim.

Old Abe and McGinnis were mustered out in 1864, and the eagle was presented to the State of Wisconsin and went to live in the State House at Madison. McGinnis went with him as trainer and caretaker. They still had some important duties to perform.

At the Chicago Sanitary Fair, Old Abe headed a campaign which brought a total of \$16,000 for sick and injured soldiers; and later he was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, again on behalf of disabled veterans.

He was ever a welcome guest at conventions and veteran reunions. He had no trouble readjusting himself to a law-abiding civilian life, and lived happily for 15 years.

Then, one tragic day in March, 1881, the Wisconsin State House caught fire. Old Abe conducted himself like a good soldier, but he breathed smoke from the flames and died in McGinnis' arms. He was mourned throughout the nation.

A taxidermist preserved him for posterity, and sculptor Volk immortalized him, mostly in bronze for the tops of monuments. Old Abe thus found a new perch on war memorials.

(Continued on page 121)

L One World, B.C.

by BETTY ZIDELL

THE concept of "one world" wasn't original with Wendell Willkie. A young king of Egypt had the idea first, about 3,300 years ago. Unfortunately, folks of that day weren't yet ready to accept this advanced thinking, and his plan failed miserably. But he set, in more ways than one, a pattern for posterity.

The creator of the world's first "new deal" was the young king Amenhotep IV, who took over the Egyptian throne in 1375 B. C. When he became ruler of the world's most prosperous kingdom, he was only about 12 or 13 years old, a pale, sickly youth with a large head and a small body; but for a little boy he had a lot of big ideas.

He dreamed of a unified world where all men were equal, living was easy, and war was a thing of the past. He named his doctrine "Atonism" in honor of the god who had supposedly revealed it to him, and promised an ideal state to all his loyal supporters.

Now Aton was the *only* god in the universe, according to the king, and a god of love and peace who loved all men, regardless of their color or language. Nothing would please Aton

more, Amenhotep declared, than a universal brotherhood of man. Then, like many modern rulers, he promptly took some very unbrotherly steps to gain control over the people.

Although the young ruler assured his subjects that he wished only to promote their welfare, the methods he used are strangely reminiscent of those employed by a modern police state.

He began by changing his name to something more suggestive of his new status as Aton's head man, and became "Akhnaton—he in whom Aton is content." By so doing he established a precedent followed to this day—it is no accident that "Stalin" in Russian means "steel."

But he went even further. Not content with changing his own name, he sent his agents into the tomb of his father, Amenhotep III, and changed his name, too. He removed the name from the very coffin in which the dead king lay.

His next step, logically, was to destroy the opposition, in this case the clergy. The state religion at the time was built around the worship of a chief god named Amon and a host of lesser gods and goddesses. The clergy

consisted of the priesthood of Amon, an organization so powerful that up until then it had exercised considerable control over even the king's action. Akhnaton not only stripped the priesthood of its authority, he took over its lands as well.

Of course he took over the army. He had his own general, a young man named Horemheb, whom he put in charge.

The only measure Akhnaton omitted in his campaign to make his god of love the one god of the universe, was the book purge. He left this out only because the Egyptians at the time had no books. But he did the next best thing, he sent his hatchet men throughout the kingdom with orders to chop out the name of "Amon" wherever it appeared—public buildings, monuments, even tombs. One tomb has been discovered in which the word was hacked out nine times.

Finally, he ordered the plural word "gods" stricken from the Egyptian vocabulary. Then he settled back to enjoy his reign of peace and prosperity for all.

There was only one flaw in the plan. The people didn't like it.

No matter how thin you slice it, they complained, it's still regimentation. We don't want equality. We're a superior people, a master race, and it'll take more than a royal proclamation to make those dirty, ignorant Asiatics as good as we are.

(If this begins to sound familiar, try to remember that this took place in the 14th Century B. C., not the 20th Century A. D.)

Besides, the population argued, what was so wrong with the way things were in the good old days? Then, at least, when we had the old gods, we could be sure of getting protection in the hereafter. With this new religion, we don't know what we'll get.

Little by little the faithful began to return. The clergy, now driven underground, but still flourishing, helped spread dissatisfaction.

The army, too, was discontented. It was a good army, strong and well-trained, but it didn't have anything to do. To Akhnaton, peace meant literally "no war" and he would not even permit the army to fight defensively.

Hostile tribes to the north and south of Egypt lost no time in taking advantage of the king's no-fight policy, and grabbed off huge chunks of rich land while the army stood by helplessly.

It was becoming plain to all but the king that the new deal in Egypt was not a success. It was, in fact, a complete bust.

Horemheb, the king's own hand-picked general, brought things to a head. Foreseeing the end, he secretly united the three groups opposing the emperor.

Akhnaton, finally faced with the truth, was in no condition to resist. Always weak and sickly, he was forced to admit the failure of the religion in which he had truly believed. He watched his empire fall into ruins about him: his treasury bankrupt, and his kingdom torn apart by revolution and land-hungry bar-

barians. He made a few ineffectual gestures, but could not prevent his ultimate defeat.

At last, in the 17th year of his reign, his heart broken by the knowledge that he had run the largest and most prosperous kingdom in the world into the ground, aware that he was a has-been even before he reached his 30th birthday, he died.

Horemheb, that wily general, quickly gained control of the throne and began to set Egypt back on its feet. He restored the priesthood to its original power and re-established the worship of Amon. Then, like

Akhnaton, he set out to obliterate all traces of his predecessor.

Akhnaton was openly denounced as a villain and heretic. His tomb was opened and all identification and royal insignia stripped from his body. The tomb itself was hidden under rocks and debris.

There he rested through the centuries, the youthful dreamer who first visualized a world united through the worship of one true god, a world where only love would rule, and there would be no need for a sword. Bitterly opposed to force of any kind, he could not see that it was his own use of force that defeated him.

OLD ABE'S PERCH

(Continued from page 118)

McGinnis missed him most of all. He recalled many of the eagle's habits, particularly one idiosyncrasy which Old Abe couldn't be talked out of. He didn't like boys or dogs. He had been teased by them during his lifetime.

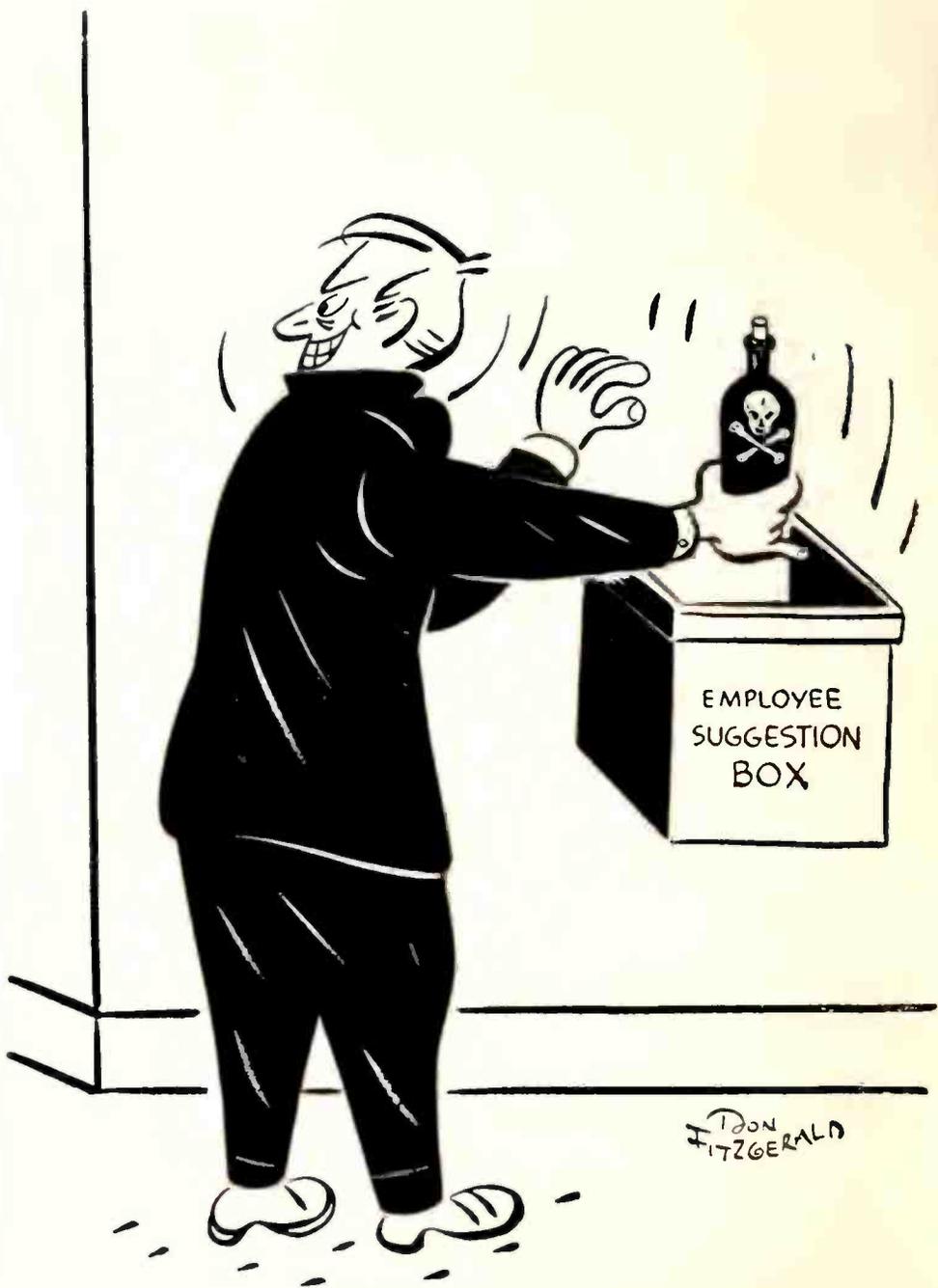
Yet, Old Abe did put up with the drummer-boy of the Eagle Regiment. "Maybe it was because the boy was in uniform," McGinnis opined, "and anybody wearing the Blue was a friend of Abe's."



"The way in which readers come to identify cartoon characters as real individuals is a constant revelation to me—and sometimes a rather grave responsibility," says Milton Caniff, cartoonist.

"During the war I had placed one of the characters in my daily cartoon strip on furlough in Boston. Action required that he be called to immediate duty in the Pacific theatre. Accordingly, a cablegram was prepared, showing an authentic Boston address, which I had carefully checked in advance, to make sure it was an apartment building rather than a private dwelling.

"The morning this particular strip appeared, reproducing the cable, the Boston newspaper carrying the feature received a plaintive telephone call from the wife of the building custodian. 'I wish,' she pleaded, 'you would send someone out here to do something. There are 20 people milling around out in front, and they won't believe me when I tell them I haven't a vacant apartment!'"



DON
FITZGERALD



The census taker is looking for you, and there are 200 questions he wants to ask!

by J. B. DONNELLY

C-DAY this year is April 1.

On that day, the Seventeenth Decennial Census of the United States will begin.

On that day, about 140,000 enumerators—fact-finders for the nation—will begin a canvas of 45 million American dwelling units and over 6 million farms containing 150 million Americans.

On that day, the job of collecting the largest single body of data available for general use, the largest single statistical survey ever made, will get under way.

The United States Census had its beginning in the heated debates of the Federal Constitutional Convention of

1787 over the question of whether states should have equal or proportional representation in the Congress of the United States. The struggle resolved itself in the true democratic fashion of compromise. Two seats in the Senate were provided for each state and a varying number of seats in the House of Representatives in proportion to the population of each state.

To implement this provision, the framers of our Constitution provided for a population count of each state at ten-year intervals. Three years later, in 1790, the first count was taken and the Decennial Census of the United States was born.

Compared with later ones, that first

Census was a simple undertaking. Only the names of household heads were listed, and the facts sought were two: the number of males and females in each household; and whether free or slave.

Two hundred questions—though not everyone will be asked all of them—make up the questionnaires for this year's census, covering population, housing, and agriculture; two hundred questions to be asked from the Mississippi Delta country to above the Arctic Circle; two hundred questions to be asked from the Maine lobster pots to the smudge pots in the California orchards.

The Census Law requires completion of all reports by December 31, 1952! And by December first of this year the official population figures for each state must be compiled and given to the President so he in turn can pass this information on to the 82nd Congress!

Even if this were not the age of supersonic missiles and jet propulsion, speed in assembling and analyzing all data obtained in the big 1950 Census would be of the greatest importance. Because, as any business man knows, there is no value in facts that are outdated, and there is no use for facts that are available only in one huge undigestible mass—unsorted and unanalyzed.

With today's modern machine methods the job can be done, and the Bureau of the Census of the United States Department of Commerce knows how to do it. They know, as does the business man with vision, that this is not only the Atom Age,

it is also the Age of the Punched Card.

The millions of facts collected in the Seventeenth Decennial Census will be recorded on 270 million punched cards—one for every person, one for every dwelling unit, and eight or more for every farm.

If, for example, you are presented by the enumerator with one of the questions asked for every fifth dwelling unit, the fact that you have or do not have a television set will appear as a small rectangular hole punched in the proper column of an IBM Card.

Let us follow that punched hole for one moment.

The card in which that hole is punched will contain all the other information obtained about the dwelling unit in which you live. The cards will then be automatically sorted, and those cards with a hole in the place coded for television set owners will be selected from those cards with no punched holes in that spot. Then statistical and accounting machines will print the results into desired tables.

The scope of the sorting operation alone can be visualized best when we realize that the task of transferring the basic facts from Census questionnaires to the cards by means of key punch machines will take about a year, and it is said that approximately two million cards will be punched every day at operation peak.

All this seems like an impossible task, but American engineering skill and the vision of American business must also be considered. The International Business Machines Corpora-

tion, which under the leadership of board chairman Thomas J. Watson has done so much to increase the productivity of business and industry, has added the speed of electronics to the accounting machines which have already done yeoman service throughout the world.

The Electronic Statistical Machine, used for the first time in the Seventeenth Decennial Census, is specially designed by IBM for the Census task.

Prior to the development of this machine, it is estimated that working by hand it would take 500 persons all their working lives to accomplish what the IBM Electronic Statistical Machine will do during the 1950 Census period.

In one operation this machine combines the simultaneous functions of classifying, counting, accumulating, and editing. It then prints the statistical data resulting from groupings of information and automatically balances the totals to insure their accuracy.

One of the most fascinating features of the new machine is its editing function, which automatically detects and rejects punched cards containing improbable data. For example, a card might indicate through error that an eight-year-old boy is a war veteran. The electronic machine's editing feature will automatically reject this card. This automatic editing feature eliminates the need for manual editing, involving visual examina-

tion of millions of questionnaires to make certain that entries were properly made in the right places and that the information is both reasonable and consistent. In other words, the money that is to be spent on the 1950

Census will be spent in obtaining facts, and not in the time-consuming and costly task of verifying them.

But still, the correct facts have to be ready in time, and the IBM electronic wonder fills the bill in this direction too. It has speed as well as versatility. It can count up to

10,000 units in each of 60 classifications while at the same time sorting the cards, which contain the data, into predetermined groups at the rate of 450 cards a minute. For the facts to be readily digestible—to be of use to American business and our government—the totals for major classifications can be broken down into smaller classifications. For example, the total number of farms in any given state can be counted at the same time they are being broken down into as many as 60 classifications covering size and ownership.

About the only thing you might say while you scratch your head in amazement over the new IBM machine is that the darned thing doesn't talk.

But then, it does at that, in its own way. It has two separate printing mechanisms, which operate in a manner similar to a typewriter carriage. These allow the machine to print on



a single line not only the totals for each of the 60 groups, but also the grand totals. And—as a further check for accuracy—the printed totals of each of the 60 groups are balanced automatically against the grand totals!

But that's not all . . .

At the same time these other operations are being performed, all of the information can be relayed automatically to another machine connected by cable to the statistical machine and punched into cards for use later on in the preparation of still other statistical reports.

Just in case you're wondering what this machine contains that enables it to do such an amazing job, here is a list of component parts:

- 144 tubes.
- 283 relays.
- 240 unit counter positions.
- 75 circuit breakers.
- 30 emitters.

10 high speed accumulating positions.

270 possible printing positions.

13,500 taper plug connections.

50 miles of wiring.

The application of electronics to the 1950 Census will insure its being done in the time allotted—and done correctly. And just as periodic inventories and current operating statements are the practice in any successful business, so our country's increasingly complex activities and inter-relationships must be inventoried and evaluated. Measuring the economic and social changes of the nation is the present-day job of the Census Bureau. What started out in 1790 as a relatively simple population count has grown into what really is the world's biggest continuous statistical operation. For, just as American ingenuity built our country, so has American ingenuity given our country tools with which to measure that growth.

Never Too Old for Success

JOHN C. GARAND was a 55-year-old mill janitor when he invented and perfected the "United States Rifle, Caliber .30, M1."

An aged foreman of a Yonkers, New York, bedstead factory conceived and developed an idea for a "magic lift." Elisha Otis was his name, and his elevators still take people the world over up and down.

After spending the first 26 years of his life preparing for the ministry, and the next 26 in it, Dr. Lloyd C. Douglas turned to writing and penned two of the most startling best-sellers in publishing history, *Magnificent Obsession* and *The Robe*.

Ex-oil field worker William Piper learned to fly at the age of 50, and eventually became the world's largest manufacturer of small, inexpensive planes—the famous "Piper Cubs."



A small boy, being asked by his teacher to write briefly concerning the manners and customs of the people of India, chewed his pencil for five minutes and then wrote, "They ain't got no manners and they wear no customs."



The Boss is a Glamour Girl

Pretty is as pretty does—all day long.

by NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

PEOPLE who have the idea that fashion and photographic models are beautiful but dumb have never met Patricia Stevens. Miss Stevens is young, lovely, talented, and possesses a remarkable aptitude for bookkeeping. She is, in fact, Patricia Stevens, Incorporated—a chain of more than a dozen model training schools, model employment agencies, and a mail order house offering charm to maidens living in even the most remote outposts of civilization. Branches are located in most of the principal cities, including Dallas, Cincinnati, Detroit, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Kansas City, with all activities directed from a national headquarters which occupies several floors of an office building in Chicago's Loop.

With this knowledge, it would be easy to think of Pat Stevens as a rather formidable young woman—the high-pressure career girl type with at least four secretaries at the outer portals

guarding the executive presence within. That would be doing her an injustice. She is friendly, genuinely modest, and unaffected by her success as an executive. Her reaction when she discovered that she had been included in *Who's Who* was typical. "I'll send several copies to mama," she decided. "She'll wear them out showing them to the neighbors."

In addition to being the most photogenic of the top female executives, Pat is probably the easiest—as well as the most pleasant—to see. She is her own best advertisement. On meeting her for the first time, her naturalness and simplicity immediately win the confidence of the girls who take her courses. They see in her what they hope to become.

It is easy for Pat to make new students feel comfortable because she remembers her own start in the modeling business vividly. A South Dakota girl with a widowed mother and a small army of brothers, Miss Stevens

learned early in life to work hard for what she wanted. After completing a business course, she decided to try her luck in the big city. She journeyed to New York to visit a maiden aunt and track down a secretarial job. Then the memorable Stevens face and figure—plus Irish charm and South Dakota freshness—inspired friends to encourage her to try modeling.

In order to join the ranks of the highly paid fashion models—all tall girls—Pat invested in a pair of black pumps with the highest heels in New York. The high heels, plus lifts and padding at strategic points, hoisted her up to a teetering five feet eleven. She successfully entered the select circle of top fashion models, even though the feat meant walking practically on her toes during business hours.

Her work as a high fashion model saved her from parading before department store buyers or commercial photographers in such modeling trade "objectionables" as girdles, brassieres, and sheer nighties. "Those jobs pay more money than most assignments," she explains, "but they put you into an unwelcome classification with advertising agencies and photographic studios. Admen figure that if the strap-hangers have gawked at you in a Vassarette, you never again can appear before the camera fully clothed."

Pat Stevens remained a major league model in New York for more than eight years, a record length of time for a business in which newer and younger faces and figures force many girls to "retire" in a short time. Then she decided to try Hollywood.

She felt that although her face and figure had been busy earning a good income in New York, her mind hadn't been called upon to do much work during business hours.

She set out for California, but never got beyond Chicago. Stopping over for a few days to visit some friends, it occurred to her that our second largest city needed trained models. So in May of 1942 she borrowed a desk, paid a month's rent, had some fancy letterheads printed, and went into business as the Patricia Stevens Models' Finishing School equipped with considerable courage and \$82.00 in the bank.

Then things began to happen. During her first week in business, two young ladies enrolled in her charm academy. Her dwindling bank balance necessitated doing all the work herself, including planning the courses, teaching, counseling, and licking envelopes and stamps.

In less than a month's time, two dozen girls were studying to be models. By October of the same year Pat had tripled her office space. In November she went into the business of booking models for photographic, fashion and commercial film work by purchasing the model agency of a Chicagoan who had found greetings from Uncle Sam in his mailbox. The employment division of her business was named Models' Central Casting. Under her supervision, the agency soon was handling something like 1,500 calls a month for all types, from glamour girls to babies. Merely by picking up the telephone, her lieutenants could marshal a whole platoon of men with hair on their chest

for a commercial movie depicting the making of steel, a lovely lass for a calendar illustration, and a moppet with two front teeth missing—all within fifteen minutes.

With the Chicago situation well under control, Pat opened schools and model employment agencies in other cities, putting her veteran instructors in charge of the new operations but continuing to direct activities from her headquarters at 30 West Washington Street in Chicago. The results of all this energetic activity have been remarkable.

Patricia Stevens-trained starlets are on the contract lists of most of the major Hollywood picture companies. Her girls are heavily represented in newspaper and magazine advertising, and are featured in the majority of fashion shows staged in key cities. Graduates of her schools are usually easy winners in most of the important beauty contests held each year, including the Miss America marathon in Atlantic City. Miss America of 1947, Barbara Jo Walker, was one of nine Patricia Stevens graduates in the contest, along with Miss Chicago, Miss Illinois, Miss California, Miss Hollywood, Miss Texas, Miss Missouri, Miss Kansas, and Miss Michigan.

However, the large majority of the thousands of trainees are career girls and young wives not looking for modeling fame and fortune. They are young women who want to be gracious and charming—and as lovely as possible. Pat is serious about charm because she feels that it, far more than actual physical beauty, is the stuff that feminine success stories are

made of. "Not everyone can be beautiful, but nearly everyone can be charming," is a personal belief that thousands of girls have discovered contains a considerable amount of



truth. She knows that even though a young woman may not want fame, she wants love; that all women want to be needed. Her schools are built around the principle of making the modern girl realize the latent value of her charm-power.

Almost a third of the girls currently enrolled in the career girl courses are going to school either wholly or partially at their employers' expense. Retail stores and other commercial organizations employing large groups of young women who meet the public have been quick to recognize the dollars-and-cents value of charm.

When an aspiring girl enrolls at any of the Pat Stevens schools, a ledger sheet of assets and liabilities is drawn up for her by a personal counselor. She then studies the sheet, learning how to emphasize assets and play down liabilities to the point where they become negligible, or no longer exist.

By the end of her training period

the average girl has mastered the elements of poise, grooming, and grace. She has learned how to walk, talk, make up her face, do her hair, choose her clothes, and handle any wolves wandering her way. Also she has learned what Pat feels is the most important thing of all—to view herself objectively.

An average Pat Stevens day brings her down to the office about ten in the morning for a full nine to twelve hours of report-reading, dictation, and direction of the Chicago school and headquarters. Several days a week she finds time to get over to the Models' Central Casting offices at 360 North Michigan Avenue on Chicago's "advertising row." She usually doesn't leave her office until the final evening

classes have been dismissed. She spends a lot of time talking to enrollees, both in the Chicago school and in the out-of-town branches. In all of their consultations and classes, Pat and her staff stress natural femininity and the development of that quality that lies within—the intangible something that is charm.

It is obvious that Patricia Stevens, the Irish girl with spunk from Clear Lake, South Dakota, could head anybody's list of successful young women. It may be stated that she loves her job—or rather, all three or four of them.

The position she likes best, incidentally, is that of Mrs. Tom Fizzle, housewife.

And to the Point!

SIX-FEET-SIX and 300 pounds, a man who often consumed 30-course dinners, Chicago's "Long John" Wentworth holds the record for the shortest campaign speech of any mayoralty race in American history.

In 1857, he walked to a platform before a crowd of cheering voters, clamped his hat on his massive head and shouted, "you damn fools, you can either vote for me for mayor or you can go to hell!" Without further ceremony, he strode off the platform.

He was elected. He served that term and was rough on lawbreakers. He declined the next term but ran again in 1860—and was elected by a sweeping vote.—*Barney Schwartz.*

▲
"Can you describe your assailant?" asked a passer-by, coming to the aid of a downed man.

"Of course I can," was the quick reply. "That's why he hit me."

▲
Several household appliance firms had been explaining in full-page ads that they were not only merchants but experts concerning the operations of their products. One advertiser in the field could not make such a claim. But his smaller, less-presuming ad attracted more than passing fancy. "I don't know from nothin', but I sell cheap."

▲
It's a great pity that things weren't so arranged that an empty head, like an empty stomach, wouldn't let its owner rest until he put something in it.

▲
Women have their ears pierced—men just have theirs bored.

Coincidence.



in TAXARAS

Roast chicken, coming up!

by HAROLD HELFER

TXARAS, Mexico, not far from Monterey, is a dusty, depressing community with the look of an unkempt slattern sleeping in the sun. The shabby buildings framing its central square form a drab background for the one possession of which Taxaras is understandably proud—a beautifully sculptored bronze chicken set upon a large and handsome marble pedestal.

This magnificent monument, in ludicrous contrast to its seedy surroundings, commemorates a miracle—or, at the least, a highly improbable coincidence.

You see, many years ago there was in Taxaras a man named Pedro Valez. Pedro was extremely popular because he had a jovial nature, a spontaneous smile, and because he was forever giving people presents: the old women,

shawls; the old men, tobacco; the pretty girls, jewelry; and the young children, chocolate bars and molasses candy.

The governor of the province, however, took a dim view of Pedro Valez' high spirits and generosity. This was, of course, a manifestation of the official attitude toward bandits, but it was said that the governor was especially resentful of Pedro because of his popularity with the people and also because a theory persisted in circulating that Pedro Valez, although a common lawbreaker, was actually cleverer than the governor himself.

This theory seemed at least partially based on the fact that for a dozen or so years Pedro Valez had been conducting his banditry with business-like regularity in the vicinity of Taxaras, although the governor constantly increased the number of his *federale* soldiers.

But one day Pedro Valez took a rather foolish chance with a stage-

coach because he had heard it was carrying several big cartons containing licorice, and everybody in town, the young and the old, liked to chew licorice. Outnumbered 73-to-1 by the *federales*, Pedro was captured and whisked promptly away to a cell.

Not more than half an hour later, a bland smile on his face, the governor of the province himself called on Pedro Valez and said to him, "It is tomorrow at noon for you. And I do not wish you to think that I am setting such a swift execution date because I believe you are clever enough to escape. It is only that you are so long overdue for the rope already."

Pedro Valez shrugged indifferently. "I have never had to manage the problems of jail characters," he said. "It would be presumptuous on my part to tell you what to do."

The governor left after posting a triple guard around the jail and a quadruple guard by Pedro Valez' cell, but he dropped in on the prisoner again next morning. He was in good spirits.

"I have come to see if you have a last request," the governor remarked, beaming.

Then his eyes narrowed sharply as he added. "Of course, it must be a reasonable request. I am fully aware, you may be sure, of the fact that under the law of this province if sentence has to be postponed for more than 48 hours it is interpreted as divine intervention and the condemned man is set free. Therefore, I assure you, any request of yours that is designed out of supposed cleverness to postpone the hanging

due three hours hence, will promptly be rejected."

Pedro Valez shrugged.

"I do not know that I have any last request to make, as I never have given much thought to such things," he said. "However—"

"Yes?" asked the governor, a little warily.

"Well, it's only that I am fond of roast chicken," the bandit said. "Especially the breast part, done up real brown."

The governor emitted a laugh made gusty by a simultaneous sigh of relief.

"I shall grant your last request," he intoned with condescension and magnanimity. "You shall have the roast chicken before you go to the gallows."

Chicken, of course, is not ordinary jail fare, so the governor dispatched one of his *federale* soldiers to the market place to purchase a fowl. He was somewhat annoyed when the guard returned to report that the last chicken had just been sold.

"Well, go to the restaurant and obtain an order of roast chicken from there," the governor instructed. "And be quick about it."

Some 20 minutes later the *federale* reported back with information that the restaurant did not have roast chicken or any kind of chicken on its menu that day. The governor frowned. "There's a little farm a mile and a half to the west of this jail," he said. "I passed there this morning and I saw a great flock of chickens promenading about the yard. Go and obtain a hen there."

The soldier kept his eyes on the toe

of his boots when he reported back the third time, hours later, for the governor's face was not a pleasant sight to see. "I am sorry to be so late," he said, "but I spent the time helping the people look for the flock. Apparently a red fox suddenly came upon the birds and scattered them into the wildness of the woods. We searched all afternoon without being able to find a trace of them."

Night was falling. The governor looked tired as he said, "Well, it's too late to do more about it today. We'll get a chicken tomorrow. It will not hurt to postpone the execution that much longer. I'll send two dozen men out on the mission first thing in the morning."

The governor was a determined man, and when morning came he dispatched on the hen detail not two, but three, dozen men. One by one they came back, bedraggled, dusty—and empty-handed. One group of families, related by blood and marriage, had just rounded up their entire flocks and eaten them in one gigantic feast in memory of a late, lamented ancestor. Another family had recently disposed of its chickens because the father had had a dream in which a chicken had risen up and slain everyone around him: man, woman and child. Still another family's hens had been wiped out by a scourge, one right after the other. The *federales* came back with many stories, but no chickens.

"It is all very fantastic, like some kind of portent," said a captain of the *federales*, not without awe. "Do you intend to hang him even if we cannot find a chicken?"

"Of course not," shouted the governor. "I can't go back on my word where a last request is involved! Such a thing would be unheard of."

"I shall go out and find a chicken myself. It is incredible that there should not be a chicken around somewhere. Things cannot go wrong with every chicken in the world at one and the same time. There is still some time left before the 48 hours expires into an automatic reprieve. This is a job I'll do myself!"

It wasn't until early morning that the governor returned. Somehow he wasn't as bedraggled and as dusty as a common ordinary *federale* soldier, but he was just as empty-handed. He sank down into a chair at his desk and stared dazedly ahead.

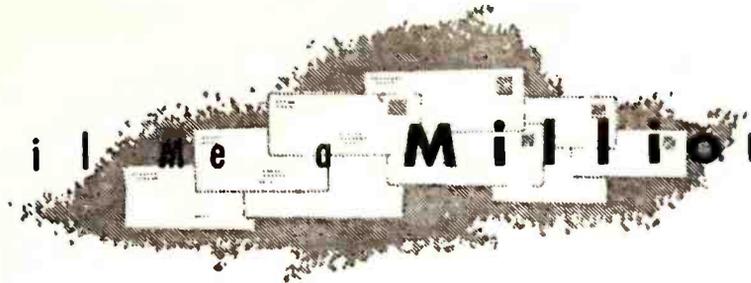
"Imagine a family having a chicken that swallowed a cartridge and then got too near the heat of a bonfire and exploded," he muttered to himself.

And thus it was that the life of Pedro Valez, the most popular citizen who ever lived in Taxaras, was saved.

It is an incredible story, but true. Even today, there are in Taxaras a few old-timers who can vouch for the authenticity of the legend because they saw the note.

Scrawled on cheap paper with a heavy pencil, it was just a brief note. Only a few lines from Pedro Valez to a henchman, explaining the chance he was taking in robbing a certain stagecoach, and suggesting that—in the event of his capture—word be passed to the populace to let no chicken, not even one, fall into the hands of the authorities.





Mail me a Million

In small bills, please.

by JAMES L. HARTE

“HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!
H YOU have ONLY THREE
MORE DAYS to send me your
DOLLAR!”

This little advertisement, so worded and so stressed with capital letters, appeared in a number of newspapers and small household-type magazines last year. Beneath it was a California name and address. There was no mention of what “your dollar” was to buy, yet thousands of gullible Americans addressed envelopes and mailed dollars to the advertiser.

Then the minions of one of the most diligent and hard-working but least publicized of Uncle Sam’s forces for the protection of the public, the United States Post Office Inspectors, stepped into the picture. Surprisingly, they found that the Californian was violating no law. He was simply appealing to people to send him dollars, offering nothing for sale and promising nothing in return, and was not thereby guilty of using the mails to defraud. He could not be made to

return the thousands of dollars he had collected.

The postal authorities, however, convinced the party that he was treading on thin ice and they persuaded him to obey a cease-and-desist order.

Less fortunate was a New Jersey sharpster who ran an ad in weekly newspapers and other media not too particular of the type of advertising carried, the ad reading: “Mail me ONE DOLLAR today and by return mail I will send you ONE YARD of real silk! Five yards for five dollars. Check your color: red, blue, green, brown, yellow, white, black. SEND CASH.”

Truckloads of mail poured in, each letter bearing a dollar, two, five or ten in cash. The advertiser mailed, in return, the appropriate yardage in real silk *thread*. Thread he had purchased, 100 yards to a spool, at 40 or 50 cents a spool. His take was tremendous until the wary, indefatigable postal inspectors cracked down. And this get-rich-quick schemer is now spending a long term in a Federal penitentiary.

The guardians of the mail appealed

to the common sense of a Midwesterner whose newspaper and magazine display ad read: "Send me ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS and I will invest it for you. I UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEE THAT YOU WILL NOT LOSE ONE PENNY THAT YOU WILL GET YOUR MONEY BACK IN FULL WITHIN TEN YEARS! And, meanwhile, if there is any profit, I will share it with you!"

With every hundred dollars the fellow received—and he took in plenty—he immediately purchased a United States Savings Bond (maturity value \$100 at 10 years) for \$75, in the name of the investor, and mailed the bond to him. Then he used the \$25 difference for speculative investment.

Investigating authorities discovered, to their amazement, that the advertiser was maintaining an honest set of books on the monies he received, the speculations made, and that he was showing a healthy profit not only for himself but for many of his "clients." The hint of fraud that showed in the advertisement disappeared in the cold light of investigation. Official pressure, however, brought an end to the advertising lest some less scrupulous individuals latch on to the idea and use it to bilk the public.

Such intergrity as that of the Bond buyer is rarely found. Most of the financial schemes promoted through the mail are fraudulent in varying degree. The originators of the schemes prey upon peculiarly American traits of character: the willingness to take a flyer in some minor speculation and to look upon it as a joke if buncoed; the inability to say "no" to an unusual request for a handout.

The latter is well illustrated by the Ohioan who used direct mail methods to gain his fortune. He purchased a number of mailing lists and used telephone directories to compile additional lists. To the thousands of names on his lists he addressed a simple letter stating: "I have always wanted to be a millionaire. Would you like to help me reach that goal? If you send me a dollar, it won't hurt you; you'll never miss it; but if enough people do so, I will become a millionaire."

Thousands of dollars poured in, from persons who grinned and couldn't deny such a simple plea. Unfortunately, this fellow tried to pull the wool over the eyes of Uncle Sam's Internal Revenue agents and thus came to an abrupt halt on the way to his goal.

It is the crooked schemer, however, who brings worry and work to



the understaffed Post Office inspection forces. Late 1949 saw a whole new list of such get-rich-quick schemes make an appearance and, as for some unknown reason they seem to follow a cycle, the authorities are paying extra careful attention to the current year. The public is warned against entrusting its dimes and dollars to the mails in reply to advertisements of other than known reputable sources. And, as a matter of fact, late in December of 1949 the Post Office Department advised a list of 20 magazines to screen their advertising better or be subjected to revocation of their mailing privileges.

One of the most heinous schemes brought to a hasty end recently by postal inspectors acting on a Federal Food and Drug Commission complaint was that of a 20-year-old Brooklyn high school youth. He offered, via magazine and newspaper advertising, "an amazing new formula for preventing polio; ONLY \$4.95." The deluded hopefuls who sent cash, checks or money orders received in return a "formula" consisting of ten simple health rules, scrawled in pencil on cheap copy paper. A few of the simple rules were: "Stay out of crowds." "Don't swim in polluted waters," and "Keep your garbage clean."

One scheme in particular, phrased in a dozen or more variations, flourishes despite a great number of crackdowns and convictions in the past months. Here are three variations of the theme, all from the same issue of the same magazine.

"THE ALL-PROFIT PLAN. No

printing, no stationery, no mimeographing, no postage necessary. All you need is one small ad. Complete instructions sent for 25 cents in coin."

"GET QUARTERS BY MAIL and bank the difference. They keep coming. This made me rich and you can get the same results. Send 25c and get started."

"ORIGINATOR EARNED \$93,000! Hardly any work. Brings free advertising, dollars, friends. Dollars still coming in to me after 17 years (sic) without effort. Not much education required. Send \$1.00 for information."

In each case, for the coin or the dollar, the gullible who request information receive the reply: "Place the same ad I did."

Others of the same stripe, from still another household journal, read: "MAKE MONEY BY MAIL! Others do and so can you. Send 25c for particulars." "BROKE? NO JOB? You don't need to slave to make a living. A dollar bill brings details." And, of course, the "suckers" are again advised, for their investment, to "Place an ad like mine."

If all the persons who succumbed to the racket were to take out such advertising, the famed "Five Foot Shelf of Books" would appear scrawny in comparison to the pages needed to hold the volume! But the majority of those who have parted with 25 cents or a dollar to secure this information grin sheepishly and conceal their chagrin.

Unfortunately, technicalities within existing laws prevent postal and other legal authorities from taking

sufficiently drastic steps against these petty but irritating schemes to milk the ever-susceptible public. The chain letter has been successfully barred from the mails because it is in violation of the anti-lottery provisions of Postal Laws and Regulations. Fraud and misrepresentation such as the silk-thread venture and the fake polio cure can be summarily dealt with, but, admits a top official of the Post Office Department, too many loopholes permit the "mail me a million" schemers to continue to operate.

The present session of the United States Congress will be called upon to plug some of the loopholes. In addition, publishers' associations, Better Business Bureaus and other responsible public agencies are doing their

best to bring about improved advertising standards, and a concerted effort is afoot to rid the nation of the flimsies and fly-by-night periodicals which exist chiefly on the advertising of slickers and schemers.

You can help. Take the advice of Pennsylvania's Congressman Franklin Lichtenwalter, in the van of the fight against petty thieves and tricksters. He says: "Uncle Sam is doing his best to help you; why not help him to do so? Don't hurry-hurry-hurry to get rid of your dollar in the false hope of getting something for nothing."

"If you've got a dollar to spare," he adds, "give it to some deserving local charity where it will do some good."

An Expensive Slide

ALL OF the telephones in Olcott, New York, went out of service recently when 12-year-old Willie Kross slid out of his father's hayloft. Matches in Willie's pocket ignited, setting his jacket afire. Willie got the jacket off before he was burned, but couldn't stop the flames racing through the hay.

Volunteer firemen were unable to save the barn or its adjacent silo, and the buildings burned to the ground with a loss estimated at \$7,000. The fire burned through the town's main telephone cable, putting 57 lines and 400 telephones out of service. For 13 hours the whole town was without telephone service as a result of little Willie's slide.



A bright lad of seven has picked up a new hobby, moths. The youngster has quite a collection by now and is reading a lot on the subject. Last week he saw a volume in a bookshop window and asked Dad to buy it for him. It was called, *What Every Young Mother Should Know*.



Artur Rubinstein has always been nervous before a concert. At a recital in London, a music lover accosted him in front of the hall with a desperate plea for an otherwise unobtainable ticket.

"I have only one seat at my disposal," said Rubinstein, "but you are most welcome to it."

"Thanks a thousand times," exclaimed the music lover. "Where is the seat?"

"The seat," was the reply, "is at the piano."

History's



Strangest PIRATE

*The boldest buccaneer of them all
actually cheated the gallows.*

by WEBB GARRISON

SHIMMERING, stabbing midsummer-afternoon heat swathed the trim pirate ship. Calico Jack Rackam and his men, celebrating the capture of a sloop in the waters of Jamaica, set out to get gloriously drunk.

One by one, the crew of the captured vessel were brought on deck and invited to join the freebooters. The ape-like bosun slit the throats of those who refused, and tossed their bodies to the slim grey sharks which had gathered, hungrily circling the bloody ship.

Just as the buccaneers began sprawling about the deck in drunken contentment, the lookout spied a British man o' war. Calico Jack himself staggered to the helm and did his best to escape.

Flight proved to be futile. Within a matter of minutes, a shell dropped across the bow of the pirate vessel. Rackam and most of his crew decided

to give up and offered no resistance to the heavily armed boarding party from the warship.

But Harry Read, Calico Jack's lieutenant, was in a fighting mood. Two of the soldiers who rushed to the attack died from lightning stabs of the pirate's heavy cutlass. Unable to keep the pursuers at bay any longer, Read jumped overboard. Determined that so bloodthirsty a scoundrel should not cheat the gallows, the king's men made a daring rescue before sharks could strike.

Headed back toward Port Royal with the subdued pirates chained in the hold, the captain of the warship congratulated himself heartily. Any officer in the British Navy would give a great deal for the honor of capturing one of the most notorious gangs of cutthroats that sailed the Spanish Main in the Year of Our Lord 1720. Of the pirates, none was so dangerous as Read.

Since early adolescence, the freebooter's life had been one of trickery, bloodshed, and murder. Under a disguise, Read had managed to enlist in Marlborough's infantry at the age of

13. After several campaigns, there followed a stretch in the Flemish cavalry. Discharged from the service, Read kept an inn for a short time before becoming a deckhand on the Dutch schooner that was to lead to the New World.

Greedy and cunning, it was the stripling's ambition to become immensely rich. In the 18th Century, piracy was the shortest road to wealth. The Dutch vessel, while fighting her way through a storm, was challenged by a large sloop boldly flying the skull and crossbones. When the pirates took the merchant vessel, young Read quickly agreed to become one of them.

Buccaneers became so numerous and bold that King George I declared open war on them in 1718. Amnesty was granted to all who surrendered prior to September 5th of that year. On the precise day that His Majesty's ships dropped anchor in the harbor of Providence Island in order to accept the surrender of pirates gathered there, Calico Jack Rackam and his crew defiantly sailed out under the Jolly Roger.

His swarthy villains thumbed their noses at the spruce British seamen, and even fired a mock salute as they passed. No longer cramped by the competition of the pirates who had surrendered, they preyed indiscriminately upon the shipping of all nations. Within 12 months, so much loot had been taken that it was necessary to go ashore and bury the bulk of it in order to make room for more.

This, then, was the vicious crew on

the way to Port Royal and execution. The captain of the warship chuckled dryly. Already he could see, in his mind's eye, a grim row of gibbets. He had no trouble in imagining a pirate dangling from the outstretched arm of each. Rackam and Read would decorate the first two, the subordinate pirates the remainder. Justice would be done, and the brave captain would receive a bonus, if not indeed a promotion!

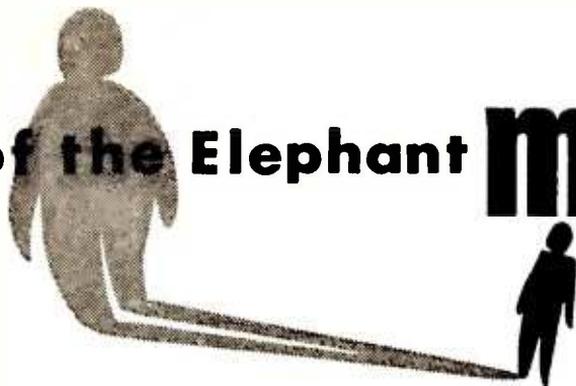
Not one of the pirates denied the charges, and sentence was duly passed. Came the day set for the execution, and the entire citizenry of Port Royal turned out to witness the grim pageant.

Each in turn, the villains took the fatal drop—but one gibbet remained without a victim. Lieutenant Read, the only pirate who had resisted arrest and who was doubly guilty because of the death of two would-be captors, cheated the gallows—for Lieutenant Read was pregnant!

The illegitimate offspring of an Irish lawyer, she was born Mary Read. Very early in life, she adopted male clothing and changed her name to Harry. Several times she dropped the disguise for a brief, passionate romance. But most of her 27 years she spent fighting, dueling, and looting as a man.

And while the noose flapped idly to and fro in the wind, awaiting the victim of whom it had been cheated, Mary Read—the plundering, murdering pirate—died of fever resulting from childbirth.

Return of the Elephant **men**



How many ex-servicemen have brought back elephantiasis, dread scourge of the tropics?

by JOSEPH BERNSTEIN

YOU don't see those nightmarish figures any more in Charleston, South Carolina. But several year ago, if you walked through the streets of that historic city, you might suddenly be stopped short by a sight that would make you rub your eyes with incredulity. It would be a Negro, either sitting limply in front of a house, or hobbling painfully along in the street. But your eyes would be riveted to his legs. One of them, and sometimes even both, would be swollen to such a monstrous size that it seemed miraculous that it could be moved, much less lifted.

Every one of these pathetic victims of this horrible affliction has since died. To see their like, you would have to go to the moist, tropical areas of Africa, Asia, the South Sea Islands,

the West Indies, and certain parts of South America, where people with such elephant-like proportions in certain parts of the body are still very common.

The culprit responsible for this condition has long been known to science. It is a small, white, thread-like worm (belonging to the roundworms) with the somewhat formidable scientific name of *Wuchereria bancrofti*. More commonly it is known as the filaria worm.

The infection by this parasite is called filariasis. But when the disease is aggravated to the point where it produces fantastically enormous enlargement of body parts, it is most appropriately described as elephantiasis. When this disease at last died out in North America at the Old Folks Home in Charleston—30 years ago, more than 35 per cent of the inmates there were infected with filaria worms—filariasis and its pathological transformations became only a quaint curiosity to American scientists.

The picture has now changed with a vengeance. Filariasis is now one of

the major scientific problems, and not long ago, an important series of discussions concerning methods of coping with it was held in New York City, attended by top-flight scientists. This change was caused by the recent war. As our troops poured in ever-increasing numbers into the islands of the South Pacific, many of them were laid low with painful swellings of the arms, headaches, loss of appetite, and fits of depression. *Wuchereria* was soon clearly implicated. When it was learned that there are about 189 million victims of filariasis throughout the world, and that infected servicemen were returning in large numbers to this country, the concern of medical authorities can well be imagined.

And so it was that the bizarre tryst the young of the filaria worms kept nightly (and sometimes daily) with blood-sucking mosquitoes became more than a mere curiosity of natural history and a subject of controversy among parasitologists. It became a problem of grim urgency. For behind this unusual "tryst" lurked a hazard to precious human lives that had to be fought with all the skill and resources at the command of science.

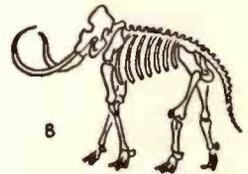
The adult filaria worms live in the lymph glands and ducts of the body, often in tangled masses. There the females give birth to their young. These new-born worms, called "microfilariae," then migrate to the skin, where they are sucked with the blood into the bodies of mosquitoes. After undergoing various transformations in the bodies of these insects, they finally come to rest in their mouths, having

previously traveled from the stomach to the thorax, and from there to the proboscis. In the mouth of the mosquito the young filaria waits.

When night falls, the mosquitoes go out on their forays in quest of blood. As they bite their human victims, the young worms break free from the mouths, crawl out on the skin of the human host, and penetrate the wound. And here is the reason why *Wuchereria* thrives so well in a moist, hot climate. The warmth stimulates the young worms into the activity necessary for quick penetration, and the moist air prevents their tiny, soft bodies from drying up during the process.

Now, perhaps the person who has been thus bitten and inoculated is already a victim of filariasis. During the day, young embryos of *Wuchereria* have been lurking in the deeper recesses of the body. But with the fall of night, these embryos have begun a steady migration to the blood vessels of the body's surface. Between the hours of 10 p.m. and 4 a.m., the blood vessels in the skin are teeming with larvae.

Seemingly in wait for them, having arrived at the most propitious time, are the mosquitoes — the intermediate hosts



vital to the further development of the filaria worm. And as the mosquitoes introduce higher-developed worms into the bodies of the hosts, they swallow the filaria embryos into their stomachs, together with blood.

Comes the dawn, and the insects retire to their hiding places to digest their repast. But what happens to the swarm of embryos in the blood vessels of the skin which have not been so fortunate as to make good their escape? Back they retreat to the deep parts of the body, there to wait for the next nightfall, when they will again swarm to the body's surface for their tryst with the mosquitoes. Perhaps their luck will then be better.

The man who first described this unique nocturnal meeting was the great parasitologist, Patrick Manson. His interpretation did not meet with universal acceptance, the stiffest opposition coming from Dr. C. Lane. The latter claimed that the so-called tryst was in reality due to the females producing their brood about the same time of day. And the reason why these young could be found in the blood the next day, declared Dr. Lane, was that their lives were so extremely short. The embryos were believed by this scientist to perish 24 hours after birth, if not swallowed by mosquitoes.

This great "tryst controversy" raged back and forth in recent years, until formidable support for Manson's ideas appeared in the experiments performed by another parasitologist, Dr. J. Knott. Knott actually transfused filaria embryos into a native who had never had filariasis. Fourteen days later, these embryos were still present in the blood of this heroic native. This disproved Dr. Lane's contention that the embryos cannot survive beyond a day.

But Dr. Knott discovered some-

thing equally significant. Every night there was a swarming of the young worms in the blood of the skin. Yet, in the daytime, the embryos could no longer be detected in such blood.

This is not all there is to the story of the periodic tryst. In some areas, particularly in the Pacific islands, mosquitoes are day-biters. Then the filaria embryos are found in the blood in the daytime—when the mosquitoes are out in force—and recede into the inner depths of the body at night. Such a change in the habits of *Wuchereria* may signify that a different species of the worm is involved.

Let's return to the adult filaria worms living in the lymph glands and ducts. It is there that the males and females mate. It used to be thought that the grotesque swellings in the host were produced by the worms clogging the lymph ducts, obstructing the flow of lymph. This was believed to divert this fluid to other areas, where it accumulated and produced the abnormal enlargements.

More recently it has been felt that the blockage and obliteration of the lymph channels were caused by an allergic reaction of the body's tissues to proteins released from the breakdown of dead worms. Where the disease remains untreated for a prolonged period, and there is steady reinfection, elephant-like swellings develop because of the periodic attacks. The affected areas are most frequently the legs, but they may be also the arms, breast, genitals, head, and neck.

Potent new drugs have recently been developed, which are able to

destroy completely these parasites in the human body. One of the most recent of these is an organic compound known as "Hetrazan," which is now being produced by a large pharmaceutical company.

Filariasis is a disease about which we shall have to give serious thought in this country. Just how many servicemen bearing these parasites in their bodies returned to this country will perhaps never be known, but they probably number several thousands. Should several such men live in a community with a considerable mosquito population, there would be the possibility of this dread disease estab-

lishing a new foothold in this country.

Medical authorities must therefore be alert about detecting cases of this ailment. It has been suggested that a central headquarters be created where all such cases could be reported and regularly checked.

What is just as important is the need to wage vigorous and unflagging warfare on mosquitoes. The newly perfected insecticides which can be spread over large areas by airplanes should prove a powerful weapon in our efforts to eradicate these pests.

We must prevent the return of elephant men in America.

The Impossible

JOSEPH DUNNINGER, the master mentalist, appeared in a New York City traffic court with an overtime parking ticket, and proceeded to entertain Judge Anna Kross by telling her of her plans to send her daughter to college. He also demonstrated several other mind reading stunts.

"Amazing," was her comment. "Now, what about the fine?"

"I can read your mind but I can't change it," commented Dunninger.

"Right," replied the Judge, "four dollars!"



Bill Green found a little girl hunched on the curbing before school on a December zero morning.

"Anything wrong?" he asked kindly.

She shook her head.

"It's so cold—why don't you wait inside the school building?" Bill persisted.

"I'm sitting in the cold," the little girl explained, "because I'm trying out my new coat."



Lucien Guity was being nice to his hostess, "You're becoming younger every day!"

"Flatterer!" challenged the lady.

"All right," replied Guity, "let's say every other day."



A house agent was showing a possible tenant over a house where moisture was running down the walls. The would-be tenant looked around doubtfully.

"It's a bit damp, isn't it?" he asked.

"Damp!" echoed the agent. "Of course it's damp; think what an enormous advantage that would be in case of fire!"



Their courage is the spur of the moment kind.

by ROBERT STEIN

ON a recent fog-shrouded morning, William Madgey, who drives a milk wagon in Philadelphia, set down two bottles at the doorstep of a ramshackle house. As he turned back toward his wagon, Madgey was pulled up short by a sudden burst of light in a nearby window. Peering inside, he saw flames shoot from an oil stove and fan out over the room.

Momentarily stunned, the milkman quickly regained his senses and battered open the front door. Snatching a coat from the hall closet, he began to flail it desperately at the fire. But the flames slithered out from under the coat and leaped toward the stairway.

Shouting upstairs to rouse the sleeping family, Madgey raced out of the house and turned in a fire alarm. Dashing back, he saw a man and woman with five children leaning anxiously out of a second story window. Madgey, who has two

youngsters of his own, thought fast.

"Tell the children to jump," he yelled, holding out his arms.

One by one, four youngsters poised themselves on the window ledge and dropped into the milkman's arms. Trembling, the mother held out the last—a four-week-old baby—and let it fall. Madgey made a perfect catch.

Quickly, he shepherded the children to a safe distance and, with the help of a neighbor, rushed a ladder to the side of the burning building. Uninjured, the mother and father climbed down to rejoin their children. By the time firemen arrived, Madgey was back on his rounds, delivering milk.

While you sleep each morning, the man who delivers your milk may be doing double duty as a two-fisted defender of your home. Each year, thousands of milkmen all over the United States drop their bottles to put out fires, grapple with sneak

thieves, sniff out escaping gas or avert a dozen other kinds of early morning tragedy.

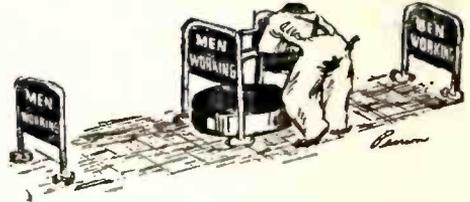
Although sudden fires are the most frequent challenge to our heroic milkmen, they also tackle more than their share of pre-dawn criminals. When three armed thugs held up a woman on a lonely Boston street one morning, they didn't count on any interference from milkman Thomas J. Buckley. Spotting the holdup men, Buckley bounded from his milk truck and raced after them. Chasing the bewildered thieves through backyards and alleys, Buckley caught up with one of them in time to snatch back the victim's purse containing \$185 in cash.

In the past 11 years, 148 heroic milkmen like Madgey and Buckley have been awarded Pasteur medals for bravery by the Milk Industry Foundation. Unlike firemen and police officers who become heroes in the line of duty, milkmen are not required to report their acts of courage to superiors—and seldom do.

Delivering milk in Elmhurst, Illinois, La Verne T. Orton heard a child scream. Racing around to the backyard of a house, Orton caught sight of a small boy—hanging from a tree by his neck. The child had slipped from a garden swing, his scarf catching on a crosspiece. As Orton ran across the yard, the boy's flailing arms and legs suddenly became still. Frantically, the milkman tore loose the scarf and gently lowered the child to the ground. Half an hour later, a perspiring doctor told Orton that his quick action had

saved the boy's life—by several seconds.

Riding past a school house in New Haven, Connecticut, milkman Carl Knapp felt a sudden tug on the reins of his wagon. Horror-stricken, Knapp saw his horse bolt directly toward a group of children milling around the school entrance. Denying the



urge for self-preservation that told him to jump clear, the milkman stayed with his wagon. Leather cut into Knapp's palms as he reined the horse aside. Lurching on, the wagon went past the schoolhouse and toppled over, a block away. Knapp was painfully injured in the smash-up, but all of the children escaped unhurt.

Like our intrepid mail carriers, milkmen aren't easily discouraged from making their rounds. When a part of Green Township, Pennsylvania, was cut off by a howling blizzard, milkmen John Straub and Merritt Johnson drove their truck to the edge of the snowbound area. From there, they loaded their milk on a bobsled and set out across the snow-blanketed fields. After a few hundred yards, the bobsled bogged down.

Undaunted, Straub and Johnson put on snowshoes and trudged the last mile and a half with the milk strapped to their backs. For the next eight weeks, the two milkmen

kept repeating the jaunt, giving up their days off to carry supplies to the marooned townspeople. Like the mail, the milk got through.

Your telephone service man, too, often performs heroic deeds beyond the call of duty. Whenever fire strikes, he is one of the first arrivals on the scene. Usually in a dead heat with firemen and police emergency squads, he rushes into the burning building to dismantle telephone circuits, and sometimes comes out carrying an unconscious victim of the blaze. In many instances, telephone service men are on the spot to intercept household disaster even before it strikes—as in the case of Lawrence Strandquist.

On a windy afternoon in Chicago last winter, Strandquist was busily splicing cable in an alley behind an apartment house. Suddenly, he stopped and sniffed the air. From a first story window directly above him, he saw smoke tumbling out in thick, grey spirals.

Strandquist dropped his repair kit and raced out of the alley. At a nearby grocery store, he put in a quick call to the fire department and dashed back to the burning apartment house. Bounding up the stairs, he ran into a dazed housewife who was wandering aimlessly about the smoke-filled first floor landing. Strandquist took her firmly by the arm and led her out of the building.

On his second trip upstairs, the telephone man found a sobbing young woman clutching two infants in her arms. Gently prying the children from her grasp, Strandquist started down the stairs. But the

terrified mother didn't move. He ran back and began to prod her with his knee. Regaining her senses, the woman finally started down the stairs. Just as Strandquist was about to follow, he heard screams from the floor above.

Still holding the two babies, the repair man ran out to a second story balcony and shouted to bystanders below. As they held out their arms, Strandquist dropped the two youngsters to safety. Then, he took a quick gulp of air and started back in the direction of the screams.

Halfway up to the third floor, Strandquist found two red-eyed little girls clutching a handrail. Farther on, six more frightened youngsters were milling about the third floor corridor. The telephone man quickly gathered the children together and, like a smoke-covered Pied Piper, led them out of the building to safety.

Strandquist's feat of saving 12 lives in as many minutes may be a record for high-speed rescue work, but such courage is not unusual among telephone service men. Each year, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company presents the Vail Medal for valor to dozens of its heroic employees in all parts of the United States. Many of these men exhibit their bravery during floods, earthquakes, blizzards, hurricanes and other natural disasters.

During a Texas tornado, telephone lineman Bill Owens found himself with two wounded women on his hands. Driving a mile directly through the storm center, he borrowed a home telephone and climbed a nearby pole. Hooking the phone

up to the last remaining live wire, Owens perched himself on the swaying pole and put in a call for a doctor, who arrived in time to save the two women. One of them was Owen's wife.

When a flood isolated a shore community near Baltimore, service men Charles Lane and Robert Brooks found four women, six children and a man marooned in a one-room cottage. Searching out two swamped rowboats, Lane and Brooks bailed them out and tied them together. Then, they loaded the panicky women and children into the rowboats, and began to push and tow them to higher ground. Guiding themselves by familiar telephone poles, Lane and Brooks maneuvered the boats through heavy rain and darkness. For five hours, they remained in the water, wading and swimming alongside the boats. Just before midnight, they delivered the marooned families safely to high ground.

Though they rise gallantly to meet such large-scale emergencies, most telephone service men distinguish themselves in the course of seeming-

ly simple, routine assignments. In Bethesda, Maryland, Martin Poole was working on a minor repair job when a half-choked woman came rushing over from the adjoining house. Poole followed her as she waved him frantically to an upstairs bedroom. There, the repair man found a 27-month-old baby, overcome by gas fumes. The child was barely breathing.

Quickly, Poole forced open the bedroom window. Then, he ran downstairs and scrambled up the nearest telephone pole. Connecting his test set, he put in a hurried call to the police emergency squad. Running back to the house, Poole began to administer artificial respiration—first to the baby, then the mother. By the time the police ambulance arrived, mother and child were both well on their way to recovery—and Poole was back finishing up his repair job next door.

Give another thought to your early morning friend, the milkman, and to that other unsung hero, your telephone service man, for someday you may be deeply indebted to them.



Guglielmo Marconi, the genius of radio, was entertaining a friend one night in his lab. The two discussed the most intricate phases of wireless communication.

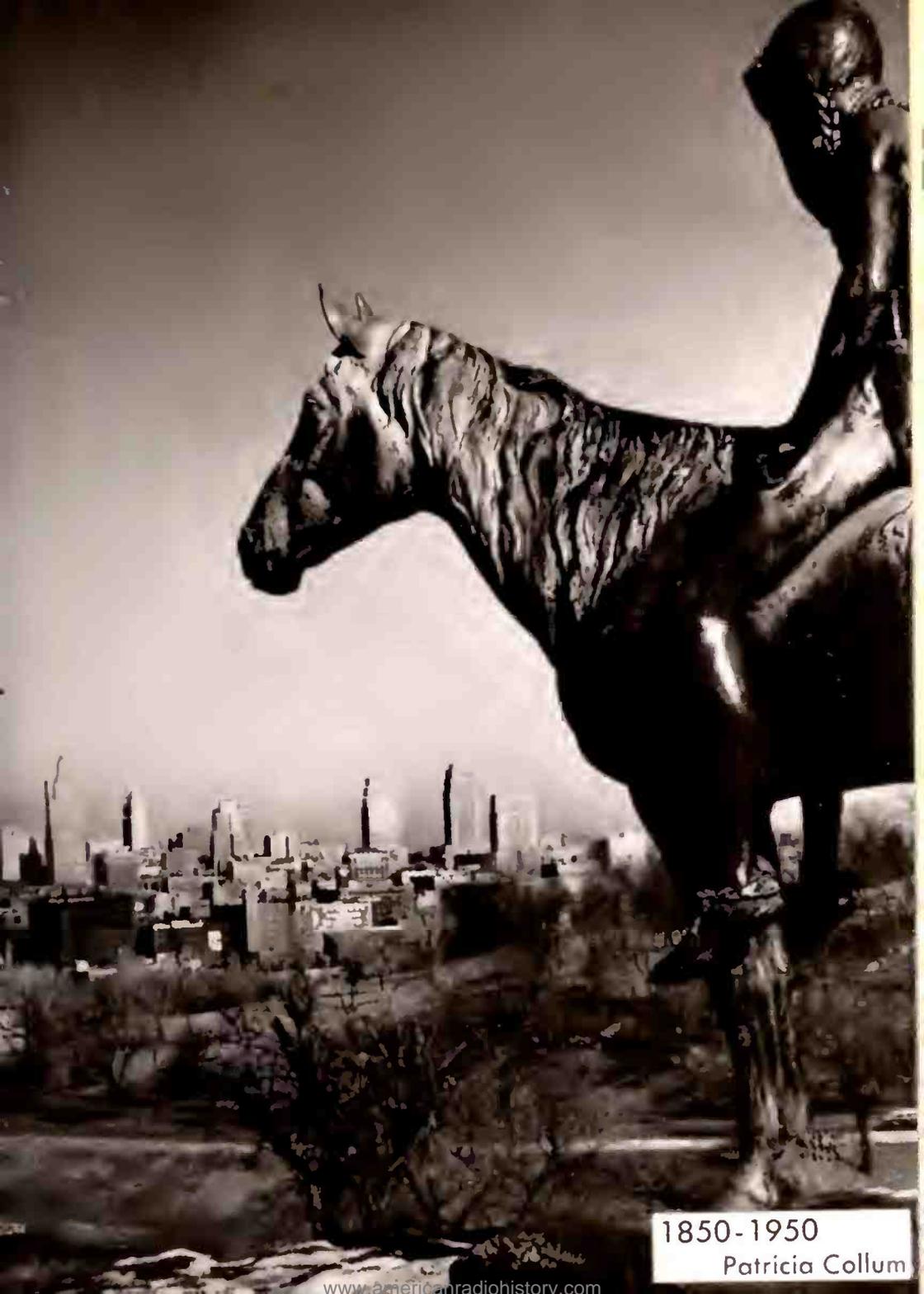
Finally, at dawn, the friend suggested they retire. As they were leaving the lab, Marconi looked back over his shoulder and said, "All my life I have been studying this phenomenon, but there is one thing I simply can't understand about radio."

"Something you don't understand about radio?" smiled the other. "What is that?"

Marconi mused, "Why does it work?"



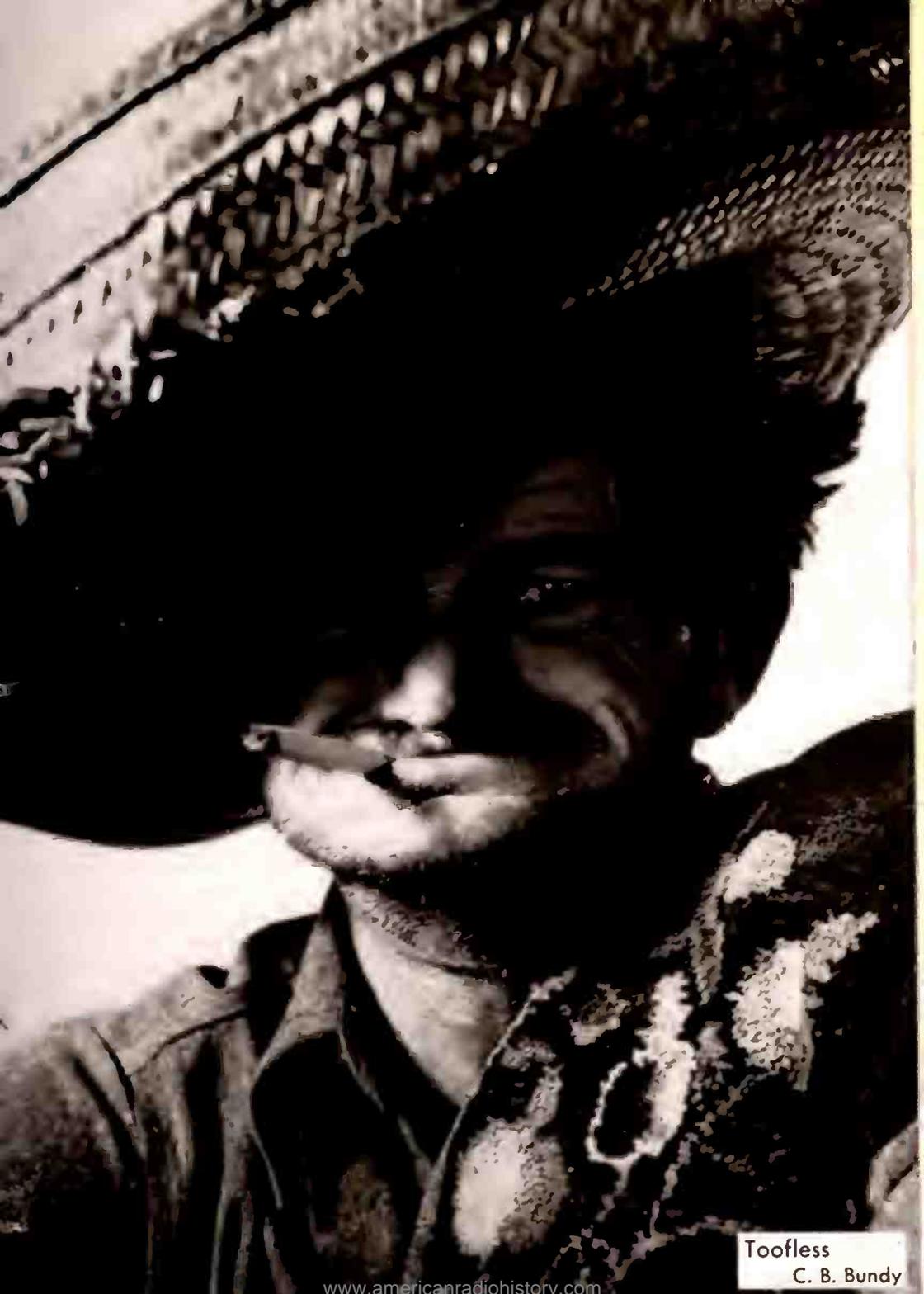
Marriage has been described as giving half one's food to get the other half cooked.



1850-1950
Patricia Collum



Oops-a-daisy!
Knutson-Bowers



Toofless
C. B. Bundy



Worry

George C. Bolt



Hands of Time
George Tourtellot, Jr







Batula Alba
Sam Gillham



Sunset on the Missouri
J. M. Jones



Bedtime Business
Louise M. Purman





. . . presenting MILTON MCGREEVY

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

ALONG lower Baltimore Avenue in Kansas City, solid, substantial Milton McGreevy is known as "Morgan," after the late J. P. of that name.

The resemblance is there, all right, and it is gilt-edged. McGreevy is a big man physically, socially, and financially. He stands six feet two and a half, belongs to the best clubs, and heads the brokerage house handling the city's largest volume of securities transactions. He's possessed of sound judgment and a remarkably retentive memory.

"Milton has a mind," one associate says, "like a quotations board that has been crossed with a set of *Standard and Poors Statistical Records*. On any given security he can reel off opening and closing prices, book value, par, or corporate history."

McGreevy admits his memory is a tremendous asset, but only because it has been painstakingly trained over a long period of time.

After a public school education at the Norman School and Westport High, he learned the brokerage business in his father's firm of Strandberg, McGreevy & Company, working sum-

mers as a mailing clerk, switchboard operator, board marker, and bookkeeper. He studied at Harvard College, where he rowed on the crew, and was graduated from the Harvard School of Business with a master's degree in 1926.

Milton's father gave him a job in the cage then, with a salary of \$25 a week, and insisted he live within his income so that he might learn the value of a dollar.

Apparently Milton learned rapidly, for three years later he became a full partner upon the retirement of Alva J. Strandberg. In 1930, Strandberg, McGreevy & Company, with its five branch offices, merged with Harris, Upham & Company, and Milton became a general partner in the 23-branch firm. A year later his father retired, leaving 28-year-old Milton as the head of Harris, Upham's Midwestern activities.

In a way, young Milton had received his baptism by fire. He had come into the business during the booming 20's, and borne the brunt of the bust of 1929.

He will never forget those action-

crammed months of September, October, and November, 1929, when daily transactions reached the many million share mark, and all hands worked from sun-up until midnight.

It was a trying period. In the rush, a number of mistakes were made. One of them was amusing, and it had the happiest ending any broker could hope to hear.

The loan of a customer who held 500 shares of Paramount was under-secured, and it became necessary to liquidate. So a harassed clerk wrote an order to sell 500 shares of Fp, the Paramount symbol standing for "famous players." However, in his excitement he transposed the letters, so that the sell order was for 500 shares of Pf—symbol for Prairie Oil.

It was the next day before the error was discovered. In the meantime, Prairie Oil, sold by mistake, had dropped ten points. Paramount, held by mistake, had climbed eight points.



The happy accident netted a nine-thousand-dollar profit—four for the customer and five for the firm.

Through those hectic days and nights, McGreevy's bride of a few months saw very little of him. In fact, she recalls most incidents of their married life in relationship to the major flurries of market activity which serve as guideposts to memory. Describing a particularly pleasant vacation, she is apt to say, "That was—let's see . . . the year England went off the gold standard."

Attractive Mrs. McGreevy, a lively lady of great charm, is a daughter of Tom James, china merchant. She is also a distant relative of Jesse James. For her husband, the relationship is not distant enough, however. Jesse James was her grandfather's first cousin, but Mr. McGreevy—if forced to discuss the matter at all—likes to say that Jesse was her great-grandfather's nephew. It's the same thing, but it sounds like an even more inconsequential kinship.

Mrs. McGreevy collects ladies' fans. She has 26 of them, many more than a hundred years old. They are exquisitely hand-painted, delicately ivory with age, and occupy two large break-fronts in the McGreevy living room.

The McGreevy's home is large, but too lovely and too livable to be called pretentious. It was planned with care over a two- or three-year period, although it really resulted from a spur-of-the-moment shopping splurge.

In the depths of the depression, Mrs. McGreevy one day was browsing uptown Manhattan shops. Her husband was in conference with his partners downtown when he received a

call from her, saying there was something she wanted him to see.

"Barbara," he exclaimed, a little annoyed at the interruption, "I'm terribly busy. If it's a hat you want, go ahead and buy it! I'll see it at dinner."

"It's not a hat, Milton," she told him. "It's a paneled room."

"Hold it!" he said. "Give me that address and stay right where you are. I'll catch a cab.

"Oh, and Barabara—"

"Yes?"

"You'd better sit down and rest till I get there. It will only be a few minutes."

It was only a few minutes. And it was a room, too. He'd heard correctly. It was a paneled room, roughly 17x17 of beautifully carved old Norway pine, with two sculptored niches, two built-in bookcases, and a marble fireplace. A decorator, forced to withdraw to smaller quarters, was offering it at a real bargain price.

Milton wanted to buy it at once, but his wife persuaded him to wait until they could call upon professional advice. So early the next morning, a Kansas City architect, Edward B. Delk, woke to the ringing of a telephone. It was the McGreevys. They thought they might build a house someday, they said, around a room they'd just found. What would he advise?

The startled designer counselled them to inspect window widths, which might affect the exterior plan of the hypothetical house; ceiling height; and certain other components. Then, because he couldn't possibly go back to sleep after an experience like that, he went downstairs to brew coffee.

Three years later the room was removed from packing cases and carefully installed as a study in the new house the McGreevys had planned around it. Several portfolios on Italian architecture grace it now, along with a few of the more than 200 architectural volumes which provide McGreevy with leisure-hour relaxation.

There are four McGreevy children. Jean is a junior at Vassar, the school of her mother, great-aunts and great-grandmother. Tom is a Pembroke-Country Day student who hopes to enter Harvard College in the fall. Ann and Gail are at Sunset Hill School for Girls, where Ann is in seventh grade and Gail—a six-year-old with unusual poise—is in first grade.

In a recent burst of hospitality, Gail was offering taffy to one of her father's guests. "Go ahead and take some," she urged. "It's real soft. We get it that way so it won't pull the braces off my sister's teeth."

MILTON MCGREEVY likes the investment business because it is affected by a number of constantly shifting currents, some political, some economic. Keeping up with developments in business and government around the world is an exhausting but interesting task. In addition to predicting trends, he tries to foresee periods of extra activity and prepare for unusual demands on his energies.

On the evening of the last Presidential election, the McGreevys were visiting friends a few blocks away. They listened to the early returns without anxiety, but about 11 o'clock McGreevy turned to his wife and said, "We'd better go, dear. It looks like

tomorrow will be a bad day."

At home he went immediately to bed, asking her to stay up and listen to the radio. "If the tide turns," he instructed, "wake me up and tell me. I'll sleep better for the rest of the night."

He got up at four-thirty and was at the office at six, making preparations for what was to be the heaviest day of trading in recent years.

McGreevy is strictly a broker. He makes no offerings of securities, on the theory that if his house were to invest in securities for resale, there might be a tendency to overlook the best interests of the customer.

He is considered by his New York partners to be an extremely valuable member of the firm, for several reasons.

One reason is that the McGreevy offices in Kansas City, Wichita, Omaha, Bartlesville, Tulsa, and Oklahoma City helped carry the load for the Harris, Upham chain during the depression. They were able to keep overhead down while maintaining a reasonable volume of business.

Another reason is that McGreevy decisions are always sound and generally right. Much of this is due to perspective. Living in Kansas City, McGreevy is well removed from Wall Street rumors. He is able to evaluate information objectively.

The Kansas City business man, says McGreevy, is in a peculiarly advantageous position. Business activities there are widely diversified, yet the size of the city makes it possible for the heads of all businesses to meet often at lunch, parties, or the same few clubs. They exchange informa-

tion, and are able to construct a clear picture of the general economic situation.

In business matters, McGreevy is analytical. He is fundamentally conservative, and likes time to think things through. Friends comment on his conscientious attitude toward social or civic obligations. He arrives promptly at meetings, and stays until they are over. When he starts a project, he sticks with it.

Friends are Milton McGreevy's chief joy. Although frequently modest to the point of reticence, he loves to be surrounded by good companions, and he is an energetic, seemingly tireless host. The McGreevys entertain a great deal and have an especially large party at their home every Christmas Eve. It is a great disappointment to McGreevy if an old schoolmate passes through town without sampling his hospitality. Although most of his college friends live in the East, he corresponds with them regularly and makes a point of seeing them when business takes him to New York, which is usually for two-week periods, two or three times a year.

The locale of McGreevy vacations varies. Last summer, after seeing Jean off on a European trip, the balance of the family went to Cambridge for the 25th anniversary of McGreevy's graduating class. Slightly over 75 per cent of all living members of the class were there. In an uncomfortably warm cut-away and plug hat, McGreevy was a class Aid, charged with lending dignity to the proceedings as he escorted candidates for honorary degrees to the platform. It was a relief, a few days

(Continued on Page 188)

by STANLEY BAAR

A UNIQUE, carefully planned "industrial revolution" has brought to Puerto Rico today a new brightness that adds an extra dividend to the Caribbean island's traditionally golden weather.

It is a brightness reflected, in part, from many physical improvements brought to life these past few years in a land regarded until recently as the neglected "backyard" of the United States.

It shines from white and coral tinted walls of plants housing 50 new industries providing employment for thousands; from new schools, hospitals and health stations; from new low-cost housing developments, one of them the largest in the world; from a new network of roads; from the spillways of new hydro-electric projects feeding power into the island's expanding industry.

But, above all, it is a brightness reflected from the new "We can do it!" spirit of our fellow American Puerto Ricans themselves. All these economic and social improvements have been no mere series of happy

accidents for the island, where tropical beauty masked for years the increasingly desperate problem of an agricultural economy providing too few jobs for too many people. They represent, instead, jigsaw pieces in a carefully mapped program—much of it financed from rum revenues—to insure Puerto Rico's economic future by building a solidly founded, broadly diversified industrial base.

The amazing progress achieved since this "Operation Bootstrap" was first launched from scratch in 1942 has given Puerto Ricans new confidence in themselves and their future. So much confidence that Governor Luis Munoz Marin, first elected governor and sparkplug of the drive, has offered the island's "know how" to help President Truman carry through the latter's "Point Four" program for assistance to the world's undeveloped areas.



Not that Puerto Rico feels that its own problems are now entirely licked. Talk to the Puerto Ricans from Governor Munoz Marin to his "jibaro" friends in the fields and they

see a long road ahead. But you sense their excited awareness that Puerto Rico's recovery to date represents the start of a new and real "tomorrow" finally dawning for the island, newest yet oldest part of the United States.

It is a tomorrow holding special meaning for the youngsters of Puerto Rico, for they are the ones who will fall heir to a new era of industrial opportunity. And to insure the ability of the island's youth to make the most of this legacy, the insular government is expanding educational and public health facilities as fast as possible. Among other things, the world's largest industrial trades school has been established at the University of Puerto Rico, where enrollment has doubled in the past few years.

Financing school construction and other phases of the insular government's forward-looking program is naturally a problem. As pointed out by a recent Columbia University report, Puerto Rico is now spending \$21,000,000 a year for education alone, or one-third of its average postwar annual budget, and needs still more to keep the system in pace with the island's economic development program.

Yet Puerto Rico has been able to do the things it has on a pay-as-you-go basis. Its public debt of some \$13,000,000 is less than half of what it was in 1940, and the government has never defaulted on a bond issue.

The story of this accomplishment is in good part the story of Puerto Rican rum. The island's famous dry, light-bodied rum has, in fact, literally

been Puerto Rico's "liquid gold," for tax revenues from its sale have financed a good part of "Operation Bootstrap." To Puerto Rico, rum consequently has become the symbol of more schools, more hospitals, more industry and more of all the public works and social improvement projects now under way. The pungent government bonded warehouses where more than 20,000,000 gallons of rum are aging for shipment might easily be called the "Fort Knox of Puerto Rico."

Rum's vital role was a natural development. When the insular government first mapped its drive to attract new industry to the island, Puerto Rico had little to work with except determination. The island—ceded by Spain in 1898—has colorful beauty, but it is a strip of land 100 miles long by 35 wide that holds few resources. Only half of its 3,423 square miles are suitable for agriculture, mostly along the coastal plains that tilt upward to a mountain-ribbed interior.

But the urgency of providing new sources of employment and economic stability were pressing. The island simply could not hope to survive on an agricultural economy. Of all United States possessions, Puerto Rico is the smallest. But its population of some 2,250,000, increasing rapidly because of one of the world's highest birthrates, is by far the largest. Of the island's total labor force of 700,000, some 230,000 depend on agriculture for a living. Seventy thousand are unemployed and a far greater number get along on partial employment.

Sugar production, backbone of Puerto Rico's one-crop economy, em-

ploy the most people, but work is seasonal. And, since sugar production is limited by a quota assigned by the United States Department of Agriculture, there is little possibility for appreciable expansion.

Next to sugar, rum is Puerto Rico's second most important industry. But its importance to the overall economy is particularly vital because of income the government derives from tax revenues on its sale. During the 1943-44 wartime peak, it amounted to \$63,884,358, or nearly 62 per cent of total revenues. That is one reason why Puerto Rico holds its rum in such respect, taking particular pains to preserve its dry, light-bodied qualities and its world-wide reputation. As one sign of respect, the government has enacted a Mature Spirits Act to insure that only well-aged rums go to market. For years it has been conducting a scientific research program at the University of Puerto Rico into all phases of rum production.

It was tax revenues from rum which enabled Puerto Rico to put "Operation Bootstrap" in motion. As one of the first and successful steps to prove Puerto Rico's industrial possibilities and smooth the way for private risk capital, the government-founded Puerto Rico Industrial Development Company set up five subsidiary corporations for the development of such

basic industries as cement, glass, clay products, paper and shoes. State ownership was undertaken only to break ground for private enterprise. Unlike those governments that are planning to nationalize privately owned industries, Puerto Rico is arranging for private ownership to take over those companies now owned by the Puerto Rican government.

In a steady stream, new private industries have come to Puerto Rico. They include a rayon mill, knitting mill, and factories to make pearl buttons, plastic products, leather goods, artificial flowers, handbags, women's clothing, radio and television sets, drafting instruments, artists' supplies, optical supplies, slippers, fur coats, brushes, candy, china, ceramics and jewelry.

Some of these plants are still under construction. All told, they will employ an additional 8,000 people and boost annual industrial income by nearly \$50,000,000.

Statistics are usually dull. But there's a dramatic story in the fact that Puerto Rico's social income has tripled since 1940, to a present total of around \$630,000,000. There's still a long day ahead, since the average cash income of a wage-earning family is less than one-fourth the mainland average. But Puerto Rico's "tomorrow" is definitely starting.

A Critic's Outlook

A PRODUCER was telling George Jean Nathan how many actors hated him, but the vitriolic drama critic merely smiled as he replied, "There are two things I always want to be sure of—the love of God and the hatred of actors."



Tom Collins Says...

Courtesy is the key to success. There is no lock too complicated for it.

▲
Only those who learn to keep silent can truly think through an idea. Silence is the beginning of philosophy.

▲
Good judgment comes from experience and experience comes from poor judgment.

▲
Laziness grows on people. It begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

▲
Men usually get somewhere when they develop a brake for the tongue and an accelerator for the brain.

▲
Opportunity knocks at the door only once; temptation hammers on the door for years.

▲
A man's ignorance is betrayed by his suspicions and his prejudices.

▲
There is more to life than increasing its speed.

▲
How easy it is to attack the dead. They are so silent.

▲
Blessed is the man who has a skin of the right thickness. He can work happily in spite of enemies and friends.

▲
A college education is one of the few things a person is willing to pay for and not get.

▲
You don't maintain a family circle by taking sides.

▲
Pay no attention to what critics say. Never has a statue been erected in honor of a critic.

▲
What we are is God's gift to us. What we become is our gift to God.

▲
If you can laugh at your troubles you will never run out of something to laugh about.

▲
The trouble with some people is that they say what others only think.

▲
Don't expect a guy to see eye to eye with you if you look down on him.

▲
A dangerous substitute for thinking is to follow the accepted practice.

▲
A man without ambition is like dough without yeast.

Which twin had the phony?

Mary's Little Lamb



by WILLIAM J. MURDOCH

WHEN a certain snow-white lamb gamboled up out of literary New England more than a century ago, the playful little creature kicked up a dispute that is not settled yet to everyone's satisfaction.

This is the well-known lamb that belonged to Mary and followed her everywhere she went, even into school, where his antics incited the little boys and girls into infractions of the anti-gaiety rules.

Where did he come from, Massachusetts or New Hampshire? And who was responsible for shepherding him into the poem that has become so great a favorite of children, Mary Sawyer Tyler or Sarah Buell Hale? Therein lies the argument.

Mary said the lines were written by a young gentleman friend in tribute to her childhood self who was the Mary in an actual happening that

the poem commemorates. Sarah said no, indeed; she herself wrote the poem and the whole business came right out of her head.

The difference came to light in the 1870's, when Mary Sawyer Tyler, then far along in years, came forth with her version of the origin of the little poem which had become so popular. It all happened when she was a little girl in Sterling, Massachusetts, she said. One morning she and her father went to the barn. There they found two newborn lambs. One could barely muster a feeble baa, so Mary hurried him into the house and cared for him until he grew strong.

Thereafter, Mrs. Tyler said, the lamb became so attached to her that he followed her everywhere—even to school once, just as the poem said. She hid him under her desk, but when she was called to the front of the

classroom to recite, the lamb trotted up the aisle after her. This caused the disturbance that has become so familiar. John Roulstone, a young chap in Sterling, was so amused by the incident, said Mary, that he recorded it in rhyme for her. Mrs. Tyler could not substantiate her story, for the original manuscript had long since disappeared and Roulstone had been dead for 50 years.

This story was severely questioned by Sarah Hale, and with apparent good reason. Mrs. Hale, editor of *Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine* for 40 years and a public-spirited woman of many accomplishments, claimed authorship herself. Years before, when she had been a young widowed school teacher in Guild, New Hampshire, with two small children to support, she had turned to literary work for extra income. She, and no one else, had written the *Mary Had a Little Lamb* which appeared in her book of poems published in 1830. Furthermore, she said, she wrote it at the request of Lowell Mason, a Boston composer, who set it to music and included it in his *School Song Book*, with her name as author.

The evidence favors Mrs. Hale. New Hampshire supports her claims by memorializing the *Mary Had a Little Lamb House* in Guild. This is a story-and-a-half cottage, formerly the school in which the young widow Hale taught and where, presumably, she was inspired with the lamb rhyme.

Massachusetts does not seem to be vividly impressed by Mrs. Hale's account, however. Just outside of Sterling, Massachusetts, you may see the *Mary Sawyer House* where the little girl nursed her pet lamb. And in South Sudbury, in a grove of pine trees, stands the red sandstone schoolhouse where the determined bundle of wool allegedly created such a commotion so many, many years ago. Henry Ford moved the building from Sterling as one of his colonial museum projects. A boulder in the yard bears an appropriate plaque.

Perhaps, after all this time, none of the legatees to the dispute, if any there be, cares whether the true author of the poem is properly credited. For *Mary Had a Little Lamb* has passed from the possession of any one person. Like laughter over simple things and secret delight in puckish impudence, it belongs irretrievably to American childhood.

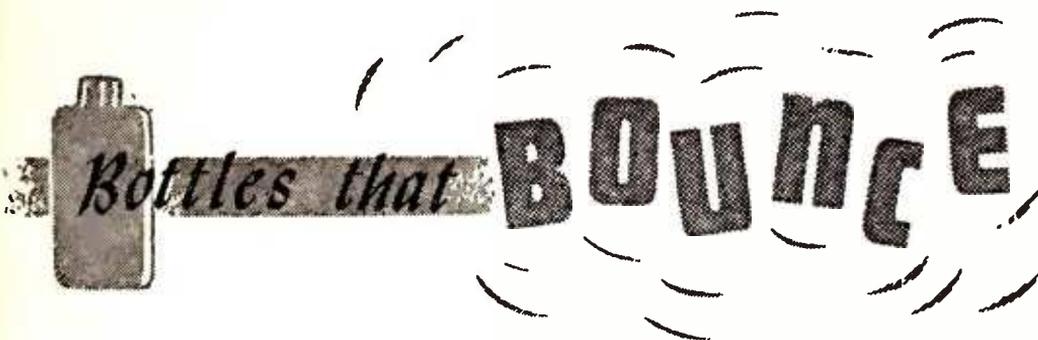
Curse of the Mechanical Age

In the little town of Centerville, Mississippi, it was rumored that dial telephones were going to be installed. One young mother was very upset about it and insisted that this would deprive her of going out at night.

She wrote about it to the company, which asked how dial telephones would cramp her social life.

"You see," the letter read, "now when I go out and leave the baby home all I have to do is to phone the operator and say, 'Honey, I'm going over to Miz Louise's, and I'm leaving Bobby asleep here in his crib. But I'm hanging this here telephone receiver nearby and if you hear a baby cry, you ring me up at Miz Louise's and I'll come home and see about him.' But, now I ask you, how can a dial phone baby-sit?"

The old chestnut about squeezing the bottle is strictly passe now.



by CHARLES BRUNELLE

THEY look like bottles, but you can squeeze them, bounce them off the floor, even throw them against the wall—and they won't break. You can bang them on a table top and they won't mar the finish.

Science and plastics are at it again. The unbreakable, squeezable plastic bottle is young, yet it is already in use as a package for countless products ranging from acids to delicately scented perfumes.

New products have been created, old products rejuvenated, and entirely new standards of safety and convenience established with these new bounce-able containers. The plastic bottle's usefulness is difficult to measure, as its possibilities have been barely scratched.

Take, for example, its use as a container for hydrofluoric acid. This highly valuable industrial chemical attacks most substances viciously and has always been difficult to package.

One of its important applications is etching glass.

Before the plastic bottle came along, hydrofluoric acid was contained in wax vessels. Wax is one of the substances it will not corrode. Wax, however, softens with heat and becomes brittle in cold. It was never an ideal packaging material for the acid.

The plastic bottle is. It is made of a material known as polyethylene, a plastic that is immune to most chemicals. It is a flexible material and remains flexible at temperatures much lower than the lowest encountered in arctic regions.

This ability of the plastic bottle to resist highly corrosive fluids and powders simplifies the handling of acid in the laboratory and in shipping channels. The old problem of breakage and heavyweight containers has been eliminated.

But it is in the field of consumer packaging that the bottle is making its

most significant advances today. The big names in cosmetics are using it for everything from talcum powder to baby lotions. A new baby gift kit features one of the bottles as a dispenser for baby shampoo and liquid soap. The bathing fluid is transferred from a glass refill bottle to the plastic one, a convenience that affords parents the comfort and ease of a bottle that cannot break. Besides unbreakability, the bottle is light in weight—about one-fifth that of a glass bottle of equivalent size—and noiseless, a boon to the nursery and dressing table alike.

Another important and basic advantage of the bottle is the fact that it is squeezable. This feature is being widely employed by deodorant manufacturers. Instead of a separate atomizing device on the top of the bottle, the plastic bottle itself provides the bellows action for vaporizing a fluid or powder. The only other device necessary is a spray plug—a small orifice with a small plastic tube attached.

Atomizing a cologne or deodorant is an economy to be reckoned with. The fluid can be directed just to the spot desired. There is no waste, no excessive fragrance on the fingers. If the bottle happens to be dropped, little or no damage has been done in the way of spreading any odor throughout a room or home.

Getting back to acids, the manufacturer of a portable utility lamp found the polyethylene bottles un-

usually helpful. The batteries used for this lamp are of the wet cell type, a smaller edition of the battery used in automobiles. Wet cell batteries, if allowed to remain on the shelf for any length of time, lose some of their power unless they are kept under a mild charge.

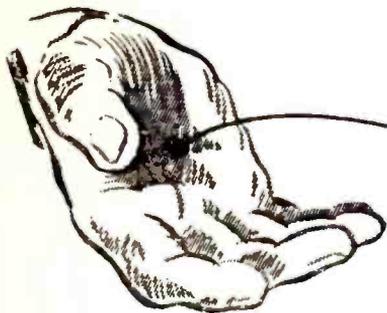
The lamp manufacturer discovered that he could send out his lamps equipped with a dry charged battery, with the fluid—a sulphuric acid solution—supplied separately in plastic bottles. Purchasers of the utility lamps can obtain them with the full battery charge unimpaired by time lost on the shelf or in transportation. All the owner has to do is add the electrolyte fluid when he is ready to put the lamp into use.

Room deodorants, insecticides, windshield defrosting fluid, and pharmaceuticals are all going into the new bottles.

But the girls are the ones who are seeing and buying most of the products packaged in squeezable bottles. In fact, milady's dressing table is undergoing quite a change in packaging scenery. In many colors, shapes and sizes, these flexible, lightweight bottles are taking their place alongside toiletries packaged in more conventional materials. Intricate and extremely attractive cologne bottles developed by the Plax Corporation, pioneer plastic extruders, are much in evidence, and plastic manufacturers are literally bouncing their new bottles to prominence in the drug and cosmetic fields.

▲
Many people who wouldn't dream of speaking with their mouths full, insist on talking with their heads empty.

If you plan to disregard the admonition of Polonius, at least you can do it scientifically.



HOW TO BORROW

Money

by ELLIS MICHAEL

“IF I don't get my hands on some ready cash by next week, I don't know what I'll do!”

Almost everyone has found himself in this critical situation at one time or another. If you're an average American of moderate income, you may even be searching for the solution to such a financial problem right now and wondering how you can borrow money cheaply and easily.

Curiously enough, many persons who ordinarily manage their business affairs with dispatch are abysmally uninformed when it comes to arranging for personal loans. Often, they'll turn to friends or relatives instead of going to commercial lending agencies. The result can be embarrassment and shattered friendships—as a young Midwestern insurance agent found out recently.

The agent's wife had just given birth. When the hospital and doctor bills started to pour in, the young

father found himself in need of \$150. He knew that his credit rating was good enough to qualify him for a loan from a local bank or loan company, but rather than go to the trouble of visiting a commercial agency, he went to his next door neighbor with whom he was on friendly terms and asked him to lend the money. The neighbor advanced the \$150—but not until he'd made it quite clear that he felt he was being imposed upon. Despite his embarrassment, the insurance man accepted the loan and repaid it within three months. But by this time the relationship had cooled to the point where both men studiously avoided one another.

Some time later, the agent learned to his dismay that his neighbor had just taken out a sizable insurance policy—not from him, but from a rival company. Actually, the \$150 loan had cost the young insurance agent several hundred dollars in commissions!

Many persons know that borrowing from banks, licensed loan companies and other lending institutions is usually the best policy. Yet in many cases they refuse to take the time and trouble to shop around for the agency that offers the most inexpensive loan.

Consider, for example, the St. Louis man who some months ago bought a used car for \$306. He paid \$206 down, leaving a balance of \$100 which was due the following week. Instead of taking his time and looking around, the car purchaser dashed over to the nearest finance company and obtained a \$100 loan. The contract stipulated that the loan was to be paid off in eight monthly instalments of \$20—a total of \$160.

That evening, the new car owner told a friend about his purchase and boasted about the quick loan he'd obtained.

"But why didn't you take a few more days and get the money from a bank?" the friend wanted to know. "It would have been much cheaper. Here, I'll show you."

The friend took out pencil and paper and showed the automobile purchaser what the cost of a personal bank loan would have been. The total interest came to \$7—less than one-eighth of the \$60 charged by the finance company.

Why do people make such needless errors when arranging for personal loans? The head of a nationally known loan company supplies this

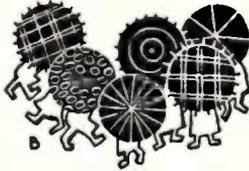
answer: "Most persons don't bother to find out how to borrow until they're forced to apply for a loan. When that predicament arises, they're usually too nervous and worried to think straight. For them, the important thing is to get their hands on the cash—immediately."

There's a reason why many people don't bother to learn beforehand how to borrow money. Most of us still look with scorn at the idea of securing loans for personal needs. "I'll never owe a cent if I can help it!" is a boast heard often enough. The person who tells you this honestly believes that he'll never run into an emergency where he'll be in need of a loan.

Yet such an attitude is completely unrealistic, explains a well-known economist. He adds, "Nearly all of us at times have need for credit or cash with which to meet an emergency such as marriage, birth, sickness, death, or the furnishing of a home."

The wise course to follow, therefore, advises R. W. Pitman, president of the Charter Bank of Philadelphia, is to *prepare for emergencies well in advance by finding out now what borrowing facilities are available in your community.* Among the different kinds of institutions that will grant you a personal loan are commercial banks, loan companies, credit unions, and industrial banks.

From the borrower's point of view, one of the most favorable developments in the last ten years has been the extension of small-loan departments in commercial banks. Some 10,000 of the country's 15,000 com-



mercial banks are now engaged in the personal-loan business. Such staid institutions as the Chase National Bank and Irving Trust Company in New York, Philadelphia's Pennsylvania Company and Detroit's Independent National Bank handle banking business for the nation's greatest industrial concerns. Yet they'll also be glad to lend you up to \$300 to purchase furniture, pay your son's tuition at college, finance household repairs or landscape your garden. One man even finances his vacations through loans from a neighborhood bank.

"For years I put part of my salary into a special 'vacation fund' drawer each week," he explains. "But an emergency always seemed to arise, and by June the drawer was usually empty. So I started borrowing our vacation expenses from the local bank just before I got my two weeks off. If it weren't for these loans, my wife and I would never be able to go to the seashore. We've found that somehow it's easier to pay off the loans afterward than to save up the expenses beforehand."

Most commercial banks charge from 12 to 13 per cent interest on personal loans. This is comparatively low for this type of borrowing. But banks can afford to charge this small rate because personal loans are only a sideline to their regular banking business. Consequently, there is only a small additional overhead. Another reason is that the depositors' funds used for such loans are available to the commercial banks at a low interest rate.

The only hitch in obtaining a small loan from a commercial bank is that your credit rating must be spotless. In some cases, a person whose credit rating is good enough to qualify him for a loan from other types of lending agencies finds that he is not a good enough risk to get a bank loan.

The commercial loan or finance company is another place where you can borrow money for personal needs. Today, these agencies, together with small-loan departments of commercial banks, account for more than one-half of all consumer-installment loans. Unlike banks, the loan company handles nothing but personal loans. Its charges are somewhat higher, but there are good reasons. For one thing, overhead is much higher. In addition, finance companies are less conservative than banks and take bigger risks. Often persons whose credit ratings are not high enough to enable them to secure bank loans can get the money from a loan company.

In most states, reputable finance companies like the mammoth Beneficial Management Corporation and Household Finance Corporation are licensed, bonded and supervised. Charges range from two and a half to three and a half per cent a month on the unpaid balance of the loan. A common belief is that this means the yearly interest rate runs from 30 to 42 per cent of the sum borrowed originally. It isn't true.

Since you're charged the monthly interest rate only on that part of the loan which remains unpaid, the yearly interest rate on the sum originally borrowed comes to much less. If

you've obtained a \$100 loan at three and a half per cent a month, for instance, each time you pay a monthly instalment, the unpaid balance decreases. The three and a half per cent is applied only to what you still owe. If the loan is for one year, repaid in equal installments, the real cost of the loan comes to only \$22.75—or $22\frac{3}{4}$ per cent interest on the original \$100 loan.

Borrowing from a loan company isn't as difficult as many persons think. When you visit the company, a trained interviewer talks to you and determines your qualifications for the loan. Later, the agency will have an investigator make a confidential check on the information you've given.

Your salary and property, however, aren't the only factors that determine your eligibility. Loan companies will not grant loans which they feel borrowers can't handle. Among the other considerations they take into account are the applicant's age, health, physical ability and number of dependents. "In some cases," explains one veteran loan company interviewer, "we find that a person earning \$3,000 a year is better able to pay off a \$300 loan than an individual making \$6,000. His personal habits, standard of living and past record of repaying debts may make him a much better credit risk."

One of the most interesting types of personal-loan agencies is the credit union. It's an institution that's run by plain, everyday folks who have got together to meet their own credit needs. Credit unions are located in industrial plants, labor unions, churches, schools and dozens of other

places. There are now some 9,000 throughout the country.

Organizing or joining the credit union is a simple affair. You can start one by getting together with your neighbors, fellow-employees or lodge brothers. A charter is obtained by applying to the national government under the Federal Credit Union Act of 1934. In order to become a member, you pay a small entrance fee—often as little as 25 cents. Then, you subscribe for at least one share of stock—usually at five dollars a share.

Once you've joined, your stock draws interest and you're eligible to apply for loans at a maximum interest rate of one per cent a month. This low rate is possible because credit unions are run on a non-profit basis. In addition, employers usually encourage them by supplying free office space and other facilities.

The credit union idea was introduced in this country back in 1909 by Edward A. Filene, a prominent Boston merchant. And it's grown by leaps and bounds. Today, the "amateur bankers" who run these organizations point with pride at their record. During their 40-year existence in the United States, losses among credit unions have averaged only one-eighth of one per cent!

Too often, borrowers will overlook credit unions completely when applying for loans. One employee in a large machine tool company was forced to get loans four times in two years to meet family emergencies. Each time, he went to a commercial lending company. Too late, he discovered that he could have obtained

the loans at a cheaper rate from the credit union run by his fellow-employees.

Oddly enough, he'd often seen notices referring to the credit union posted on the company bulletin board. "But I never bothered to read them," he confesses sheepishly. "Frankly, I never knew what a credit union was—and I never did take the trouble to find out."

Still another agency for personal borrowing is the Morris Plan Industrial Bank. These institutions are located in cities and towns throughout the land. Like commercial banks, they charge from 12 to 14 per cent a year, plus a small additional service fee. Started in 1910 by Arthur J. Morris of Norfolk, Virginia, the purpose of these agencies is to lend small sums of money at relatively low rates to people with regular incomes but without the type of security required by commercial banks.

Financial authorities agree that the personal borrower is in a better position today than ever before. A recent study by Clyde Phelps of Chattanooga University reveals that the past 30 years have seen a steady drop in the cost of personal loans. The result has been an increase in small-loan borrowing to the point where the present yearly turnover for such loans exceeds three billion dollars.

In addition to cutting the cost of personal loans, lending agencies are now far more liberal in granting them, too. Twenty-five years ago, a person who applied for a loan without col-

lateral or co-signers was looked upon with suspicion. In most cases, a private detective would be assigned to follow him. And reports would read something like this: "Suspect left home at 8:30 a. m. . . ."

Today, however, almost anyone with a good credit rating and steady income can obtain a small loan from a reputable lending agency with little or no difficulty.

Yet the shocking truth is that Americans still borrow \$100,000,000 a year from illegal money lenders. The reason: haste on the part of the borrower. In most cases he doesn't bother to find out what reputable lending agencies are located in his city or town.

Take the case of the Dallas, Texas, hotel employee who some years ago borrowed \$20 from a loan shark to meet the cost of a hospital bill. He kept paying off the debt for ten years. At the end of that time, he had paid the money lender a total of \$1053—and he still owed \$25! Yet such cases occur every day.

Fortunately, federal and state governments have been getting after these high-interest illegal lenders. At the same time, reputable loan companies are constantly engaged in educating unwary borrowers against applying for loans from unlicensed agencies.

While the experts agree that there's no longer any reason for prospective borrowers to turn to loan sharks, they also warn that the borrower himself should follow businesslike practices when securing loans. When indus-



trialists or business men borrow money for expansion programs or to ward off emergencies, they follow a well thought out plan. This enables them to make the best use of the borrowed funds. In the same way, you as an individual should observe the following rules when borrowing for your personal needs:

1. *Anticipate your credit needs well in advance.* Most business executives sit down at their desks at the beginning of the fiscal year and carefully list what they will need in the way of credit for new equipment, merchandise and seasonal emergencies. So can you list the things you will need in the coming months—washing machine, new radio, money for expected births, income tax payments. Then, if you find that you'll have to borrow to meet these needs, you'll have plenty of time to arrange for loans that are inexpensive and convenient to repay out of your regular budget.

2. *Shop around carefully.* Once you've decided on your borrowing requirements, find out which institution will lend you money at the most reasonable rates. Information on interest rates and other contracted terms can be secured by writing, telephoning or visiting several lending agencies.

Another source of information is your local bank. Even if you're not eligible for a loan from the bank's small-loan department, your banker will usually be glad to advise you where to go. Finally, a call to the nearest Better Business Bureau will enable you to check on the reliability

of a particular lending agency in your locality.

3. *Don't overborrow.* Just as in business, the most important principle to follow in borrowing for your personal needs is not to borrow more than you can repay out of your expected income.

Many persons borrow more than they can afford because they've got into the habit of living beyond their means. This can have tragic consequences. Several years ago, the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore, Maryland, analyzed the reasons for embezzlement. The findings showed that next to "gambling and/or drink," the most frequent reasons why employees steal from their bosses are "living beyond their means" and "accumulation of debts." A more recent report by Virgil W. Peterson, operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission, underscores this warning. Extravagant living expenses, concludes Peterson, is the second most frequent reason why honest people steal.

4. *Repay your debts on time.* When banks or finance companies mark you as a "good credit risk," their rating is based chiefly on your promptness in paying off past debts. Many persons mistakenly believe that there is no way of checking their past borrowing records. Actually, your credit rating is easily checked by a credit bureau which gives this information to banks, loan companies and other institutions. These bureaus clip newspaper notices, examine court records and investigate dozens of avail-

able sources of information in an effort to obtain a complete, up-to-the-minute record of your past credit history.

A failure to repay loans in a prompt, businesslike way, therefore, can have serious results—as in the case of Mr. J., who took out small loans from two commercial banks some years ago. Several months later, he lost his job and let the payments lapse without giving the banks a reason. They sent him letter after letter—which he ignored. Finally, they sued him for the balance of the payments and won. But since he had no assets, he was convinced the banks couldn't touch him.



Some time later Mr. J. got another job. To his astonishment, the banks immediately had garnishee orders slapped on his salary. This meant that Mr. J.'s employer was required to send the banks part of his weekly wages until the loans were repaid.

Four years later, Mr. J.'s wife needed an operation. He tried to get a \$300 loan to cover her medical expenses. But not one bank or loan company was willing to advance the money because of his poor credit rating. In the end, he was forced to turn to friends and relatives in an effort to scrape together the necessary cash.

Yet this and hundreds of similar cases could have been averted easily. In actual practice, banks and loan companies are not the dunning, heartless institutions many people believe them to be. On the contrary, they are

usually willing to help out a client who finds himself in a temporary financial hole.

Should you find that you cannot meet loan payments agreed upon because of an emergency, there are a number of courses open to you. One solution is to go directly to the bank or loan company and explain the situation. The bank or loan company executive will probably be glad to work out a different plan. Perhaps he'll refinance the loan and give you a longer period in which to pay it off.

Another way out is to place your problem with the manager of your local credit bureau. In a great many cases, these agencies are able to arrange moratoriums for hard-pressed borrowers. Later, when the borrower's financial situation has eased, the credit bureau manager arranges for the loan payments to be resumed. And the borrower's credit rating remains unimpaired.

Whichever of these two paths you choose to get you out of the financial woods, the key lies in going directly to the official—whether it's the bank president or credit bureau manager—and telling your story in an honest, forthright manner.

These, then, are the four rules for borrowing. Today, borrowing is an essential tool of our economy. Business men borrow to meet emergencies or to expand their operations. During the war, our government borrowed billions to defeat the German and Japanese war machines. Everyone who purchases a house on a mortgage plan is a borrower, whether he realizes it or not. Borrowing money to purchase

that new car, refrigerator, fur coat, or to meet family emergencies, therefore, should no longer be considered cause for embarrassment.

Carried out in a businesslike manner, borrowing can help raise your

standard of living. It can also be a means of soothing the temporary aches and pains that almost everyone suffers in the course of his daily financial life.

The Magic of Words

A professor was delivering the last lecture of the term. He told his students that he expected them to devote all their time to preparation for the final examination. "The examination papers are now in the hands of the printer," he concluded. "Now, is there any question you would like answered?"

Silence prevailed for a moment; then a voice piped up, "Who is the printer?"

▲
"You've got a pretty place, Frank," said the departing guest. "But it looks a bit bare yet."

"Oh," explained Frank, "it's because the trees are rather young. I hope they'll be grown to a good size before you come again."

▲
A superintendent of schools visited a sixth grade class one day during a geography lesson. The teacher invited him to question the pupils on the topic of discussion—"The composition of the earth."

Phrasing his questions conversationally, he asked the children what they would find if they dug a hole deep into the center of the earth. In vain he tried to draw out such answers as "hot" or "fiery." One little boy said it would be dark down there. But beyond that the children were stumped.

Embarrassed, the teacher asked the superintendent to let her question them. "Class," she asked sternly, "what is the nature of the interior of the earth?"

As one, the children rose to their feet and parroted, "The interior of the earth is in a state of igneous fusion."

▲
An official who had occasion to write to a member of a Chinese colony, mindful of the Oriental's appreciation of flowery language, and of his own duty to the cause of good public relations, ended his letter with the wish, "May Heaven preserve you always."

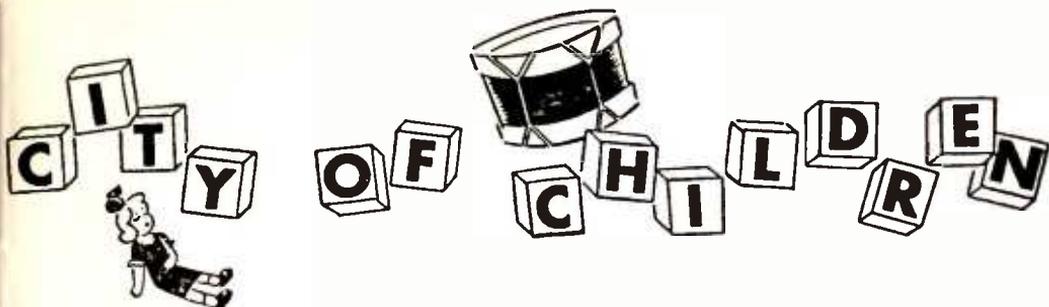
To the delight of the official's office staff, the Chinese responded with, "May Heaven pickle you, too."

▲
To ameliorate their reception of American tourists, Paris merchants and hotel proprietors this year decided to greet them in English. Some results were very curious distortions of the language of Shakespeare.

For instance, one modiste on the Rue de Rennes displayed a notice in her shop window reading, "For Sale: Dresses for Night Life and Street Walking."

There is a typewritten sign in the lobby of a hotel in the Latin Quarter which reads, "Guests are invited to make noise after 10 p.m. as little as possible."

A pint-sized community has a heart as big as a moose!



by JEANNE ROBERTSON

WHEN Lloyd George, the famous British statesman, arrived in America in 1923, he named the two places he wanted most to see—Lincoln's monument and Mooseheart. Father Flanagan found Mooseheart a help in formulating his idea of Boys Town. Today more than 200,000 visitors flock to the unusual Illinois community annually.

Mooseheart is a city located 30 miles west of Chicago in the Fox River Valley. It has a hospital, stores, schools, post office, bank, and surrounding farms just as any other town in Illinois. It has the large green lawns and shaded streets of a small town. But there's something different about Mooseheart, for its citizens, nearly 1,000 of them, are all children. Mooseheart is the City of Childhood; its citizens the children of deceased members of the Loyal Order of Moose. They come from 31 states, and range from babies to 18-year-olds. Nearly 5,000 children have resided in Mooseheart since its founding in 1913.

Mooseheart is not an orphanage in any sense of the word. There are no fences surrounding the city. The children live together in cottage groups as families, and there is no regimentation, no uniform. Mooseheart calls itself "the school that trains for life." The educational system is based upon the belief of Mooseheart's founder, the late Senator James J. Davis of Pennsylvania, that "every child is entitled to at least a high school education and a trade."

So Betty, who wants to be a beauty operator, leaves Mooseheart at the age of 18 with a high school diploma and a license to practice beauty culture in the State of Illinois. Jerry, who wants to be a printer, is trained in that trade as well as the academic arts. Joe, who wants to become a doctor, takes up barbering to help him earn spare money and work his way through college. The Mooseheart children are given a chance to "try out" several of the more than 20 trades available when they are in the eighth grade. When they are in the tenth

grade they make their choice of vocation and half of their school time is given over to this training.

Mooseheart is probably the one city in the world where every citizen attends church services regularly. The Moose fraternity makes a promise to its members that children will be reared in "the faith of their fathers." One time a Mormon family from Utah lived at Mooseheart and it was necessary to take the children to Chicago to attend Mormon church services. But the children went to Chicago and the Moose promise to their father was kept.

A unique \$1,500,000 church called the House of God will be dedicated next August 20, during the 62nd annual convention of the Moose. This church will serve the 25 religious denominations represented at Mooseheart.

Mooseheart children are given frequent and thorough physical examinations. Mooseheart practices a preventive medical program. So effective has been its system of inoculation against disease that, until the recent outbreaks of polio, Mooseheart had not had a single case of contagious disease.

In 1929, the Mooseheart Laboratory of Child Research came into being under the direction of Dr. Martin L. Reymert from Wittenberg College. Into the hands of the Laboratory were given the vocational and personality guidance of the children. The Laboratory tests every child for reading ability, speech defects, musical, mechanical, art judgment as well as vocational attitudes, native intelli-

gence, and personality. Current records are kept on every child.

It is understandable that some of the children entering Mooseheart have problems, fears, or personality disorders. Most of them have gone through the shock of losing a parent and have been uprooted from familiar surroundings to come to Mooseheart. Peter, aged six, came to Mooseheart when his mother died. Either he couldn't or he refused to speak, although it was reported that he had talked at home. The Laboratory applied play therapy for two years before Peter finally began to talk. He now appears to be a normal, well-adjusted child. When asked about him his housemother laughs and says, "He talks too much."

This is typical of some of the problems Dr. Reymert's Child Laboratory has to meet. Sometimes valuable scientific information evolves from the work with children. The Mooseheart psychologists were the first to note that often a speech impediment and hearing defect went hand in hand.

Dr. Reymert and his staff don't pretend to have overcome every adjustment problem every child has. Like children in good homes all over America, Mooseheart children probably have some secret fears, inhibitions, or aggression impulses. But the important thing is that Mooseheart children are encouraged



to express these attitudes and have them accepted—a measure that leads eventually to elimination of the problem.

There is no such thing as a juvenile delinquency problem at Mooseheart. When asked about juvenile delinquency, Dr. Reymert rather cryptically replies, "Children are delinquent because we adults in our daily life are delinquent. Just let us remind ourselves of tax evasions, traffic violations and the like."

F.B.I. records indicate an almost unbelievably low rate of misdemeanors on the part of Mooseheart graduates. Of the more than 5,000 children who have lived at Mooseheart, only one-tenth of one per cent have ever come into conflict with the law. Dr. Reymert says, "I can count them on the fingers of one hand." Quite a record over a period of 37 years!

Mooseheart children live much as any other children. There are many small dwellings, each of which has a pleasant living room for games and reading, a dining room not at all like a mess hall, and bedrooms which have space for personal belongings. The children help out about the house, work in the gardens and lawns, and receive an allowance for their work. They buy their own clothes at the department store. They have their own form of student government, R.O.T.C. unit, and athletic program. All five of the Mooseheart football teams went through the 1948 season unbeaten, playing and winning 29 games. This unique city has just about every after-school joy known to youth. There are movies,

roller and ice skating, dances, a swimming pool, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, including Cubs and Brownies.

Like parents, the administrators of Mooseheart are eager to develop each child's every faculty. A child may learn to play any musical instrument or receive voice instruction. There are several local bands and orchestras, and the children stage amateur plays throughout the year. Boating on a picturesque lake is encouraged, and a large memorial stadium welcomes crowds of children at all seasons.

Mooseheart invests more than \$1,200 a year in every child. In 1946, the Albert Wuchte family of Joliet, Illinois, came to Mooseheart. When Albert Wuchte died, he left ten children and a widow expecting a baby. He had been a Moose member for five years and \$2 of his annual dues had gone to the support of Mooseheart—a total of \$10. Mooseheart estimates that it will cost \$100,000 to care for and educate the Wuchte family.

But the money and training invested in Mooseheart children pays off. They go out into the world fine citizens, like Lt. Edward L. Silks, who received the Distinguished Service Cross in World War II. Or like the Reverend Edward M. Catich, priest and professor at St. Ambrose College. The three other members of the boys' gang he belonged to before he came to Mooseheart became criminals. "And the difference between me, a Catholic priest, and my three companions—lifer, dead bandit, and embezzler," Father Catich says, "was the grace of God and Mooseheart."



"Well, well, if it isn't ol' Charlie Brown! Golly, it's
www.americanartofhistory.com
ol' Charlie Brown!"

"Let them eat cake," says Henry of the Stevens.

My Compliments



to the CHEF

by RICHARD FRANCIS PRINDIVILLE

LAST July, Shriner Harry S. Truman sat at a banquet in the Grand Ballroom of the Stevens Hotel in Chicago, surrounded by several thousand lodge brothers. It was the climax of the annual convention of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Toward the end of the banquet, a far door of the huge ballroom swung open, and a strange parade snaked its way among the guests to the table of honor. A hush of surprise fell across the hall. The President watched curiously as the procession of waiters approached him, each waiter bearing an exact replica of the Shriner fez, made completely of ice cream and mysteriously lighted from within. Each convention member received a life-sized fez, while Mr. Truman found himself confronted with a special model two and a half feet high.

As the delegates proceeded to dig into their ice cream fezzes, their

wonderment heightened even further. For under each one they found a small dry-cell battery and bulb which lighted up the unusual dessert like a miniature Christmas tree. A most remarkable treat, the President thought.

It was remarkable indeed, but not an uncommon feat for Henry Wagner, executive chef of the Stevens. Henry is quite adept at conjuring up unusual surprises for the tongue and eye. Such notables as Franklin Roosevelt, Thomas E. Dewey, Cardinal Stritch of Chicago and ex-Governor Green of Illinois have dined at the Stevens through the years and smacked their lips in satisfaction at Henry's creations, some of which are as much a feat of engineering as of cookery.

When Governor Green came to the Stevens, Henry devised a special treat, the state capitol building of Illinois made of sugar, complete in

every detail, with a lawn of green cake in the foreground.

For a recent chef's exhibit, Henry constructed a cake that was an exact six-foot replica of the Stevens Hotel. Every detail of the huge hotel, even the windows and flag-pole, were clearly represented in cake or frosting. But this was one cake that was too good to eat. The Stevens retained it as a showpiece.

However, constructing cake and ice cream monuments is by no means Henry Wagner's sole ability. Some of the most popular food creations offered in the Stevens dining rooms are products of his inventiveness. He has conjured up such delicious and original dishes as "Romance of Turkey" and "Chicken Hollywood" from ordinary fowl — plus orange juice, avocados, broccoli, cream cheese, and certain secret ingredients.

Yet Henry longs for the old days. Life is not what it used to be, he says. People have lost their fine, discriminating taste for rare and delicate dishes. They prefer hamburger to pheasant, beef stew to venison. "Why, the demand for quail has dwindled to nothing, and the Stevens hasn't received an order for bear meat for at least ten years," Henry complains.

Henry's concern for what the public eats is professional as well as esthetic. As the Stevens' number one

chef, he is in constant touch with the preferences of America's palate. Each day some 9,000 meals are served in the many restaurants, banquet halls, meeting rooms and dining rooms of the Stevens. It is Henry's unenviable task to pit his culinary expertness against the finicky tastes of would-be critics. But there's nothing to it any more, he says. Present-day people simply prefer the plainer foods.



Food is Henry's life. As a boy of 14 in Germany, he began his career as a cook's helper. Since that time—almost a third of a century ago—Henry has continually pursued perfection in his art. His first job was in the *Englischer Hof* in Frankfurt, the hotel made famous in fiction by the meeting of Sherlock Holmes and Professor Moriarity. Then came jobs in France, Italy, Egypt, Turkey, and America, each one a promotion in the ranks of his trade. In 1922, Henry Wagner came to the United States, and since that time he has held a half-dozen jobs in a series of American cities. In 30 years he has risen from kitchen helper to executive cook at the largest hotel in the world.

The hierarchy of rank in the cooking trade is worthy of note. Old-line chefs such as Henry follow the ancient European custom of indicating the rank of a chef by the size of his hat. The higher a chef's hat is, the higher the rank he holds. Dish-

washers wear small skull-caps. Then come vegetable peelers, salad pantry attendants, and the frying chef, roasting chef and pastry chef—each with a respectively higher headpiece. Last of all comes the executive chef. When he wears a hat, the sky's the limit.

Henry is quite proud of his hat, a custom-made, miterlike headpiece over two feet high which causes its owner to genuflect slightly when passing through a door or under a low-running pipe.

The duties of a chef extend far beyond the flipping of omelets, broiling of steaks, and general supervision of French fried potatoes.

Henry Wagner has complete charge of the extensive Stevens Hotel food plant, a department covering major portions of two floors. Several hundred people work at the task of transforming raw ingredients to highly palatable delicacies fit for consumption by a discriminating clientele.

It is a well-organized procedure. The Stevens' great food plant looks more like an assembly line than a kitchen. Each course has its own department, staffed by specialist chefs. There are separate departments for seafood cocktails, salads, vegetables, pastries, meat courses, and so on. The departments are laid out so that a waiter may pass through the kitchen, select in order each course desired by a guest, and exit directly through swinging doors into the proper dining room—without once retracing his steps.

Twelve large steam vats cook from

100 to 150 gallons of soup apiece. A huge roasting oven cooks 90 28-pound turkeys or the same number of 30-pound prime rib roasts at one time. This roaster can attain a temperature of 559 degrees Fahrenheit.

Small wonder that Henry gets grey hairs. In the last analysis, everything depends upon him. If breakdowns or emergencies occur, as inevitably they do in any kitchen, it's Henry Wagner who must find a solution.

On one occasion, a large order of spareribs was being prepared for a banquet when the roasting oven inexplicably went out of order. A minor panic seized the kitchen staff. What to do? A thousand people waiting for spareribs and no roasting oven!

All eyes turned to Henry. He took a long chance, and ordered the ribs transferred to the baking oven. If the gamble failed the guests would go hungry. But it did not fail. In fact, the results were so satisfactory that ever since the Stevens staff has used the baking oven when preparing spareribs.

Aside from creative sprees, Henry seldom cooks. For the most part, he is the supervisor. But occasionally someone wants an ice cream replica of the Taj Mahal or a "Mephisto" chicken prepared with one of Henry's own secret formulas. Then Henry's eyes light up like those of a traveler re-glimpsing home. With precision and deft skill he sets to work—a busy and very happy man under a white cap two feet high.

MAN OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 164)

later, to relax on the cool golf links of central Canada.

McGreevy is an enthusiastic golfer. He belongs to Mission Hills Country Club, is immediate past-president of Kansas City Country Club and president of the Missouri Golf Association. He deprecates his own game, although he shoots in the mid-eighties on difficult courses.

Until a few years ago, he played squash racquets every afternoon at the University Club. But he gave it up following an exhibition match in which he was soundly trounced by the Iowa Junior Champion—a 90-pound, 15-year-old boy.

When associates say they remember Milton McGreevy arriving at dancing school with patent leather pumps in a velvet bag, the well-remarked McGreevy memory goes blank; he can recall no such nonsense. But he did go to dancing school, and to this day is a graceful dancer. Mrs. McGreevy—who with high heels and a hat on comes just to her husband's shoulder—says he is her favorite dancing partner. Several of her friends say he is their favorite partner, too.

For several years, both Mr. and Mrs. McGreevy have been active members of the Friends of Art, an organization which selects, purchases, and donates the work of living artists to the Nelson Gallery of Art. McGreevy was president of the group in a recent year. In addition, he and his

wife have given four or five paintings to the Gallery.

Last December, the presidents of Missouri, Kansas, and Oklahoma universities met to select Milton McGreevy as one of three trustees of the William Rockhill Nelson Trust, which operates and supports the Nelson Gallery of Art.

McGreevy is a governor of the Kansas City Art Institute, a trustee of the Midwest Research Institute and the Sunset Hill School, chairman of the finance committee of the Kansas City Board of Trade, and a member of the advisory board of the University of Kansas City.

He has planned his civic activities with the same care he has applied to his family and business life, and despite his tongue-tying modesty, he has good reason to be satisfied with his accomplishments in all three.

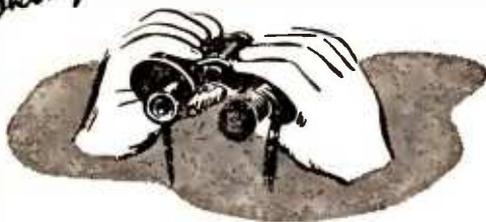
In addition to the University and country clubs, he belongs to the Kansas City Club, Saddle and Sirloin Club, Harvard Club of New York and Harvard Club of Kansas City.

He is also a member of the Wine and Food Society, but the only delicacy he insists on preparing personally is coffee *brulot*. He has been taking it easy on that, though, since the dining-room explosion which hospitalized two labor leaders in Detroit, recently.

"It wouldn't do," says McGreevy with a slow, slight grin, "to have headlines about a broker being injured critically while setting fire to brandy."

▲
A clock-watcher is seldom the man of the hour.

Are You Looking For Accidents?



Proper mental adjustment is a big step towards safety.

by DAVID NOREL

IN five years one Packard employee had fourteen factory accidents. During the same period he was involved in nine traffic accidents. The man was accident prone, a term psychologists use to describe persons who have more than their share of mishaps.

Plant psychologists studied the man's case and analyzed his personality. He was a hot-headed practical worker with too much time on his hands. He was asking for accidents. The foreman switched him to a more responsible position and his accidents stopped.

Take a look at your mental and emotional state. Psychologists will tell you that you can build up attitudes that are closely connected with accidents. Most sane persons refuse to sprinkle tacks on their oatmeal or jump into their cars from second-story windows, yet the same persons will hold grudges indefinitely or assume that a late bus is an omen of their bad luck. Both can be as dangerous as doing hand springs on a flag pole.

People afraid of having accidents are more likely to have them than people who are not over-fearful. Take Jeffy. As a child his mother cautioned him against running or jumping lest he break his legs. He was afraid to take part in sports or games and remembered never to run. Yet he tripped on a crack in the sidewalk and injured his ankle while walking. In the Army, Jeffy forgot his fears while running for foxholes, and returned home without a scratch.

One out of every four accident repeaters has a fear of accidents, according to Doctor Alexandra Adler of the Boston City Hospital and the Harvard Medical School. She tells of soldiers who were sent on a cross-country horseback ride. One group, called the experimental group, was warned that a ditch lay ahead. The other group, called the control group, wasn't told about the ditch. Of those falling into the ditch, three out of four were in the experimental group. She explains that if our automatic reactions are hampered by fear, as were

those of the soldiers in the experimental group, we are hindered in meeting dangerous situations.

Harry was born with only two thumbs, but he soon found he had ten of them. If he held a cup of coffee he would spill it on himself. If he closed a door he forgot to take his hand out first. Harry knew dogs bit him because he was born unlucky. In one day he managed to fall off a ladder, scald his foot with hot water, and cut his finger on screen wire. Harry always talked about an unlucky star. People who have a year-in year-out feeling of bad luck usually do have bad luck, as far as accidents go. Twenty-five per cent of all accident repeaters fear bad luck.

Every normal individual desires attention and affection, but if you crave to be pampered and fussed over, chances are you will have your satisfaction—in a hospital somewhere. One out of every five accident repeaters craves the attention he gets following an accident.

Trying to get even with some friend or relative can be a solid way of inviting an accident. Mary liked things to be even. She repaid word for word and kick for kick. One night while trying to "fix" her brother's cigarette lighter to get even with him, she set her own clothing afire and was severely burned.

If the boss embarrassed you in front of the club, or your neighbor backed his car over your rose bush, go ahead and plot your revenge, but remember that among people who "have" accidents, one out of every eight is carrying a chip. Doctor Adler says that in such persons, accidents are

a substitute for suicide. Such people would like to punish someone by committing suicide. They don't want to go that far, but they are loaded with ideas of revenge and seeking an outlet. They usually do find an outlet—in an accident.

Industry has long tangled with the problem of accident proneness. It has tried to weed out those employees who are likely to prove costly through several accidents. Researchers at Purdue University mingled 25 accident repeaters with 25 accident free workers. In all other respects they were closely matched.

After exhaustive examination involving hand and eye coordination tests, personal history and psycho-analytical methods, the researchers were unable to point out which men were accident repeaters and which were accident free. Screening is of little help. Accident repeaters have to be culled out after one or more serious accidents, and put on less hazardous jobs.

When some important emotional disturbance is corrected, the accident prone worker may stop having accidents. John suspected that some young man in his neighborhood was paying attention to his wife while he was working on the assembly line. His accidents multiplied so fast that his bosses blamed his irresponsible attitude. John might have lost his job, but his problem was solved when the young man in question moved to another city. John stopped having foolish accidents.

Another worker, whose accidents grew as his resentment toward his job increased, was called into the office.

He told how he hated his job and continued working because he needed the money. However, when relatives supported him while he trained in a new profession, his accidents dropped, even though his new work was more hazardous.

Most accidents aren't accidental. They are closely tied in with attitudes. If you want to stop falling down stairs or getting stuck in revolving doors, take a careful look at your emotions and attitudes before blaming bad luck.

Wanna Bet?

THUNDER storm raging down your way? It's 423,108.72 to 1 that you won't be killed by lightning.

Expecting to become a parent? Odds against the birth of twins are 89 to 1; triplets, 8,846 to 1; quadruplets, 599,921 to 1.

Will your child reach the age of 65? If it's a girl, the odds are 4 to 3 against it; a boy, 5 to 3.

Been stung by a bee? It's 1,000,000 to 1 that it won't prove fatal.

Playing golf? The odds are 9,366 to 1 that you won't make a hole-in-one.

Trying a hand of poker? Before the draw, odds are 617,253 to 1 that you won't hold a royal flush; 3,957 to 1 against four of a kind; 1½ to 1 against a measly little pair.

Shooting dice? It's 17 to 1 that you won't make 4 straight passes, shooting for 7 or 11 or your point. Odds against making 8 straight winning throws—287 to 1; 10 straight winning throws—1,181 to 1.—*Joseph C. Stacey.*



Walt Disney recently returned from Europe, and a photographer was on hand to meet him. Referring to Disney's next movie venture, *Treasure Island*, which will be produced entirely without cartoons, the photographer said, "I hear you're working with people now, Mr. Disney." "Yes," said the great cartoonist with a twinkle, "it's quite a come-down."



A Westerner unfamiliar with the quirks of television strode into a bar in Bettendorf, Iowa, where the customers were watching an Iowa-Oregon football game. The score stood 17-6 for Oregon. "You just can't beat . . . West Coast teams," he said, quaffing his beer. The other customers offered to bet Iowa would win. "You guys are crazy," retorted the Westerner. "You're on!" When Iowa won, 34-31, he sadly paid off. It was a movie of the previous week's game.



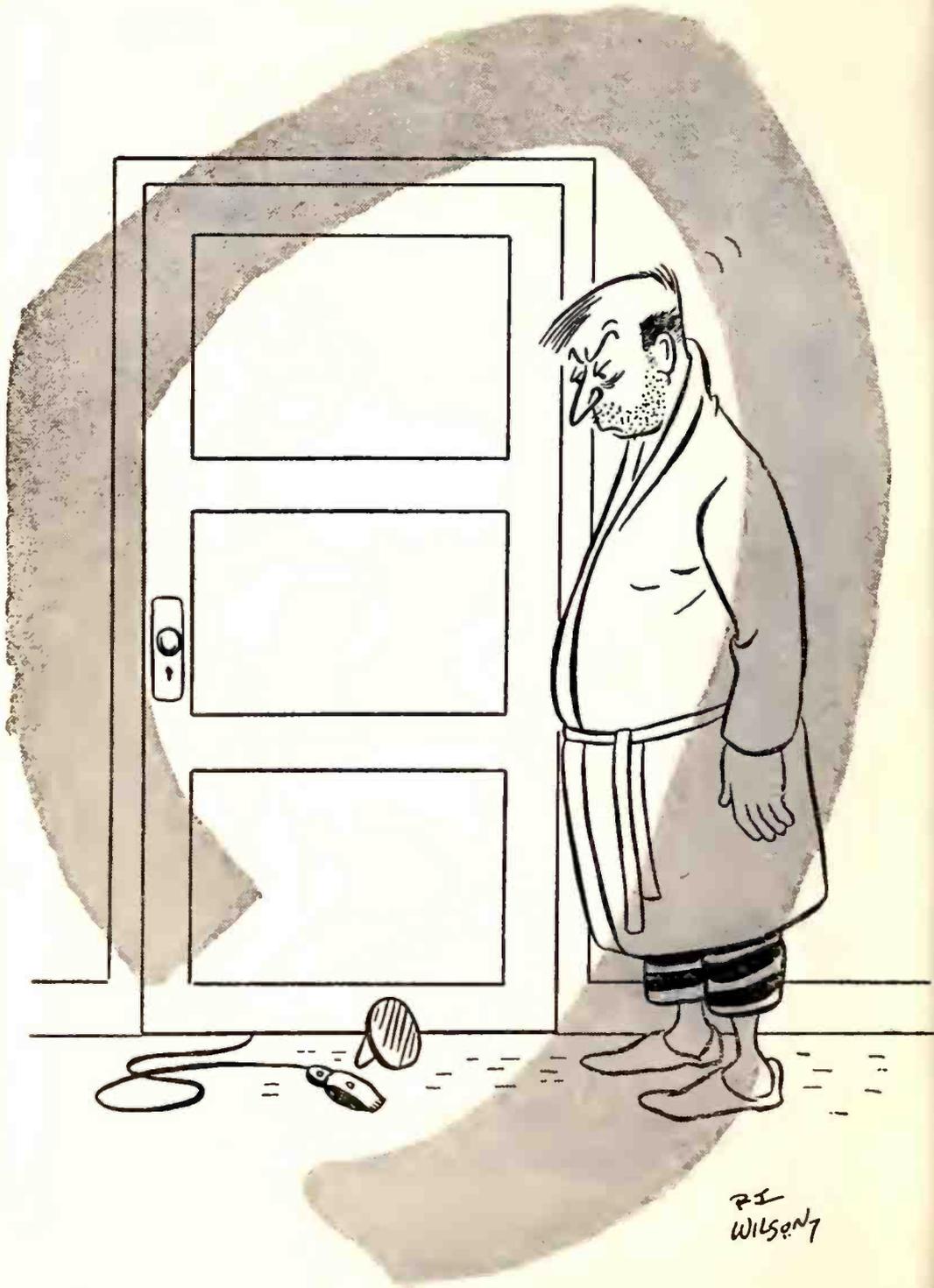
Two modern little girls coming from Sunday school were solemnly discussing the lesson.

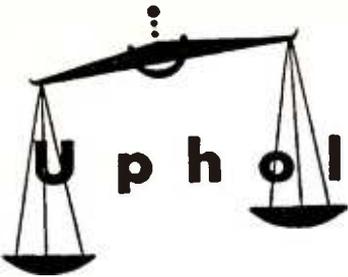
"Do you believe there is a devil?" asked one.

"No," replied the other promptly. "Of course not. It's just like Santa Claus—he's your father."



A wise woman leaves her husband long enough each summer to increase his appreciation, but not long enough for him to seek consolation.





T h e U p h o l d i n g

by K. C. ANGUS

HARLEY TARRANT leaned back and regarded the anxious young man facing him across the desk.

"Yes," he admitted heavily. "That's quite true. I am selling *Home Story* to Kelsey Publications. What about it?"

The young man hesitated before answering. Tarrant noted the hesitation wryly. At 60, he liked to say, he did as much as two men of 30, but the doing exacted its toll in ease of mind, and the staff never knew just what action or remark of theirs would fuse one of his famous outbursts.

"But, Mr. Tarrant, *Home Story* is our—your oldest periodical. When your father founded the firm, *Home Story* was—"

Tarrant shifted impatiently. "I'm familiar with the history of the house, Davidson. The fact remains that *Home Story* magazine has been slipping for years. It has improved since you took over, admittedly, but Kelsey's offer was too good to refuse. It's all settled."

"But Kelsey's, Mr. Tarrant! *Home Story* is a good magazine. Kelsey's will change it into another cheap, trashy—"

"As the owners, that will be their business entirely." Tarrant stood up and walked to the windows siding his office. The reflection showed his slender height dimly, and in the window his gray hair added nothing of age to his thin features.

He turned back to Davidson. "You needn't worry about your job, you know. There will be a place for you here."

Davidson nodded unhappily. "Thank you, sir."

Tarrant looked at him. A good kid, he thought, a loyal, earnest worker. Davidson really cared about *Home Story*. Tarrant thought he would like to make Davidson understand.

"Davidson, *Home Story* isn't our most successful publication, is it?"

"No, sir, but circulation is rising—"

Tarrant interrupted. "In fact, our least successful. It is a type of maga-

zine no longer popular."

Davidson ventured, "I was changing it gradually, sir, to—"

"I noticed it. You were doing splendidly." Tarrant smiled pleasantly. "But when I am offered a sum exceeding the magazine's profit over several years, I can scarcely let sentiment intervene, can I?"

"I suppose not." Dully, Davidson turned to go.

Tarrant returned to his desk. "No man ever went wrong taking his profit, Davidson. That's a principle that never betrayed me. Nor I it."

Alone, the brief feeling of friendliness ebbed and irritation swamped him. It was always so by Friday night. Mondays began well, but as the week ground on, his patience and humor rasped away, and the editorial staffs trod softly.

But the week ends restored him. Tarrant smiled as he took his hat and strode through the deserted outer office. . . .

THE cottage stood untouched and unharmed. Tarrant's recurrent anxiety faded as he opened the front door. All the way, he had fretted over possible catastrophes, but the cottage was still intact, still secret.

Secret. The word was amusing, yet accurate. Because this small, clapboard and shingle retreat, three hours hard drive from town in the coupe, a mile from the highway and screened by whispering woods, was known to him alone. No one shared it. None of his acquaintances knew it existed. It was his sanctuary after five days of brain-searing concentration, his sole road of return to peace and sanity.

Setting the large basket of restaurant-prepared food on the kitchen table, Tarrant sank onto one of the cheap chairs and unknotted his tie, smiling at the scuffed linoleum, the chipped sink with its hand pump, the high-legged wood stove. It was not yet dark, and he sat awhile letting the cool quiet of the place settle around him.

It had been a lucky day, a miraculous day, when, driven in desperation from his bachelor apartment, he had seen the For Sale sign at the highway end of the tree-crowded track that led here. For his apartment was bedlam. Sunday-working editors phoned over minor details. Business friends phoned with stories and invitations. Agents phoned, celebrities' managers phoned, writers phoned, until the telephone never stopped ringing.

But now that was changed. His week-end whereabouts was unknown. Tarrant was sardonically aware of the ribald speculation which abounded, but no one knew. They wondered but dared not ask. He had escaped them.

After a time he stirred and opened the food basket. The milk would have to be put in the cellar. Then he would take a walk through the woods, eat, read a little, and turn in.

He was lifting out the bottles when a voice hailed from out front.

Tarrant's easing nerves set panic-taut. Who could have located him here? If they had found him, his privacy was irretrievable. He was suddenly furious. Some one must have trailed him. By heavens, they would regret it! Breathing rapidly, Tarrant went to the front door.

The man outside was a total stranger. He was short and fat, his gray suit dusty and rumpled, his felt hat exposing his shiny forehead. A two-gallon can was at his feet.

He spoke in a tired, shrill voice. "Can you spare me some water? My car's back on the highway, boiling."

"Why, sure." Relief turned Tarrant friendly. "Come inside."

He filled the can at the kitchen pump. The fat man flopped onto a chair, breathing listlessly.

"I'm beat," he complained. "That track must be five miles long."

"About a mile," said Tarrant.

The fat man glanced around. "Funny, this. House, but no clearing. Just woods."

Tarrant nodded. "The previous owner intended clearing, but never did."

"Nice little place." The fat man got up and peeked into the single bedroom. "Nice for Saturday night parties. Noise wouldn't disturb anybody. I like parties noisy." He grinned unpleasantly.

The can overflowed and Tarrant stopped pumping. "There. I'll drive you back to the highway."

In the coupe, the can on the floor between them, the fat man said casually, "Yes, a nice little place. Thought of selling?"

"No!" Tarrant spoke abruptly. The suggestion alarmed him.

"Wouldn't consider an offer?"

"No." Tarrant switched on the headlights. Trees on both sides switched at the windows. "It's not for sale."

The fat man wheedled. "What would you consider a fair price?"

With deliberate unfriendliness, Tarrant repeated. "It's not for sale."



"Oh, well. If you don't want to—"

The fat man's car was steaming hard. Tarrant cautiously poured the water into the radiator.

"It could use more. Wait here and I'll fetch some."

"I'll come with you. I want to see that place again."

The fat man prowled the cottage as Tarrant angrily re-filled the can. He returned to the kitchen finally and put one foot on a chair.

"Real nice for week-end parties. What do you say to three thousand dollars?"

"No," said Tarrant quietly. He realized now that the fellow could not be insulted. He could only keep refusing.

The fat man's lower lip came out. "Not worth any more," he challenged.

"I know."

"Then why won't you sell?"

Tarrant grinned secretly. "Sentimental reasons."

The fat man scowled. "That's no reason. Honest now: did you ever let a business deal go sour because of sentiment?"

Constrained to honesty, Tarrant admitted, "No."

"Sure not. When you see a profit you take it, right?"

Tarrant hesitated, concentrating on the pump. "Yes, but this isn't business. This cottage—"

"Business is done when money changes hands," the fat man pursued eagerly. "What real reason have you got?"

None that concerns you, Tarrant thought resentfully. Yet despite an uneasy sense of being cornered, he answered in courtesy. "I like it here, that's all. Why don't you try elsewhere? There are plenty of places like this."

"But not so handy. I travel this way regularly. Come on, now, what about it? Three thousand dollars."

"No." Tarrant's breath was uneven. "No. No."

The fat man gestured. "Like you say, there's other places. You can find one. I'm a traveling man and can't. Look: you name a price."

"I don't want to sell," Tarrant cried desperately. "I won't have this peaceful place given over to booze parties. It wouldn't be right."

Taken aback, the fat man laughed nervously. "Well, what I do with it will be my business, won't it? After it's mine?"

Tarrant could not reply.

The fat man leaned forward. "Tell you what: whatever you paid for it,

I'll raise it by one thousand bucks. What could be fairer than that?"

Tarrant's trapped mind twisted frantically. I don't want his rotten money, I don't need it. I want to refuse and kick him out. But how can I? Davidson, how can I?

"A thousand bucks," the fat man repeated with relish. "Grab it, pal. No man ever went wrong taking his profit."

I can't, thought Tarrant, I can't.

"Did he?" the fat man insisted.

Tarrant stood staring at him, hating him. . . .

AN hour later, Tarrant drove away into the darkness. With him went the fat man's binding check, and a written agreement to conclude the deal Monday. The fat man was left in possession.

As the lights of the cottage faded through the trees, Tarrant's anger rode with him, groping. Part of his life was forever lost. No other place could have the happy, spontaneous secrecy of that one. His refuge had been wrested from him.

Monday morning he would fire young Davidson.



An Arkansas hillbilly brought his overgrown son into a country school at the beginning of the term, and said to the teacher: "This here boy's arter larnin'. Whuit's yore bill o' fare?"

The teacher said: "I teach arithmetic, algebra, geometry and trigonometry."

"That last one'll do," said the mountaineer. "Load him down with trigonometry. He needs it. He's the only pore shot in the fambly."



A treaty used to be something you made with your enemy; now it's something you try to negotiate with your allies.



When some people shift for themselves, they shift into neutral.

*Even the boys who humiliated
Brinks have something left to learn!*

LITTLE ADAM'S



**Grand
Larceny**

by ARTHUR GREENBERG

"I CAN make crime pay. Stealing \$10,000 or \$100,000 can be accomplished with the same ease." The room was silent as the assembled gangsters listened in awe to "Little Adam." They knew this was no idle boast.

Adam Worth, alias Harry Raymond, well deserves the title of "The King of Crooks." Never resorting to violence or murder, and putting into practice the usually untenable theory of honor among thieves, he is still remembered in American and European history as one of the most successful racketeers who ever lived.

Born in the 1840's, Worth got started on his crooked career by deserting, then re-enlisting several times in the Northern army in order to collect the thousand-dollar bounty offered by President Lincoln for new recruits. When the war ended, Worth could not find himself an honest job that would pay the big money of

which he dreamed. Burglaries and robberies followed. His criminal associates began to realize that this was a man of no ordinary talent, and soon Little Adam was directing the procedure of several bank thefts.

To Worth, stealing was a business. The usual habit of the underworld was to pull a job, and then live in splendor until the money was dissipated. Little Adam was too farsighted and shrewd to live by this method. Half of all the money he made went into a sinking fund to finance his next job. The rest he split among his fellows. Because of this system, he was able to pull one of the most amazing, yet nonchalant, bank robberies of the 19th Century—the "Boyston Bank Robbery" in Boston.

Always on the lookout for a good thing, Worth had agents all over the country. Traveling from New York to Boston on a tip, Worth found the

ideal set-up. His first move was to buy the barber shop immediately adjacent to the bank; this would never have been possible without his fund. Then, converting the barber shop into "The New Patent Bitters Company," he lined the windows with bottles so passers-by could not see in. Worth then built a wooden partition in back of the counter, where he and his three assistants started to dig a tunnel into the bank. During the day, one of the crooks posed as a clerk to wait on the trade. Little did the citizens of Boston realize that a one-million-dollar theft was taking place right under their collective nose. After breaking in the vaults while the city was asleep, Worth and his men split the loot and were off for different parts of the world.

Worth's first stop was in Liverpool, where he entered a pawn shop with a forged key, and thereby added \$125,000 to his already immense fortune. Not finding anything else big enough for him, he left for London. His Piccadilly apartment served as a key-point of his operations for many years.

His methods, by this time, had been polished to near-perfection. Criminals from all over the world flocked to him for help or guidance. If they wanted a paper forged, he only had to flip through his index in order to summon up a man like Charles Becker, believed by many to be the most ingenious craftsman that ever lived. If they wanted to rob a bank, he would be able to supply not only the complete floor plans, but keys to the various boxes and doors. His fee was a percentage of the take.

His success, in a large measure, was due to the manner in which he treated his friends. When any one of his colleagues needed help, Worth was always ready to part with a few thousand dollars or give some free advice. This practice insured him loyal workers. Charles Becker and three of his companions once were seized by some Turkish officials while setting up a job for Worth. They were sentenced to seven years in a prison at Istanbul. Becker and his men were far too valuable to Worth for him to let them serve their term. So Little Adam vanished from the London scene for a short time, and appeared in Istanbul making friends and passing money around to the right parties. A prison break resulted; Becker and two of his friends escaped, the third could have gotten away but was sick at the time.

On the way home, Little Adam stopped long enough to engineer a robbery of the French registered mail between Boulogne and Folkestone. He supplied the keys to fit the vans and parcels, and made exact duplicates of the mail bags down to the minute seals. The take was about \$146,100. Worth never bothered with small stakes.

One is struck by the simplicity of the method Worth employed to steal the Gainsborough painting, "The Duchess of Devonshire." He merely clambered through a window at night and took it—knowing beforehand the complete layout of the building, and where all the occupants would be at any given time. This single theft netted him over \$50,000.

By this time, Worth had bought

himself a yacht, *The Shamrock*, and purchased a stable and a string of thoroughbred horses. He was frequently seen at clubs, operas, and swank affairs. His pleasures were manifest, but his business eye was always open. On his trips aboard *The Shamrock*, every port touched by Worth had reasons to regret his visit.

The London police were, meanwhile, clamping down on him. His hotel was watched, his messages were intercepted, and his steps were followed. Disliking such close scrutiny, Worth left for some big game hunting in Africa. The trophies of the trip were the diamonds of South Africa.

While in Capetown, he discovered that a stage brought a weekly shipment of diamonds direct from the mine to the Capetown post office. They were kept in the post office long enough to note the address and then they were shipped to England on a steamer. The stage was too well-guarded to rob directly, so Adam decided to find some way to delay the gems overnight in the post office. On the way to the post office,

the Capetown stage had to cross a certain waterway by ferry. Worth cut the ferry loose, and by the time the diamonds reached Capetown, the steamer had left. That night, Worth entered the post office by key, went straight to the vault, avoided all alarms, and took a collection of diamonds worth about \$500,000.

Due to a comrade's blunder, Worth was finally apprehended while pilfering the registered mail in Belgium. His sentence was only seven years in prison, and even this short term could have been avoided had he given the authorities the Gainsborough portrait still in his possession. He didn't trust them, however, so he served his sentence and was released from jail in his late 50's.

In the end, Worth was inclined to believe that crime does not pay, for what benefits he acquired in worldly goods he lost in peace of mind. He stole more than two and a half million dollars during his fabulous 30-year career, but he emerged from the Belgian prison a bitter, harassed old man, broken in health and spirit.



A mother recently visited her newly married daughter. At home she attended the Baptist Church and she did not feel at all comfortable when her son-in-law took her to his own church. She did not participate in any way in the Episcopalian ritual—not even to the extent of singing. Afterwards, her son-in-law said, "Mother, I know that at home you particularly enjoy singing the hymns. Today we had some of your old-time favorites, but you didn't sing a note. What was the matter?"

At first the mother didn't know how to explain. She looked severe and uncompromising but finally blurted out, "I'm on another network!"



After the shipwreck a sailor was washed up on a lonely tropical island. Thinking himself the sole survivor, and full of dread that this might be the abode of cannibals, he went exploring. Presently he saw smoke ascending from a clump of shrubs. Just as he was preparing to bolt, he heard a voice say, "Why the %&# did you play that #%& card?"

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed joyfully. "They're Christians!"



Platter Chatter . . .

THE next few months should see a startling trend toward the soft, sentimental music of the zither. Anton Karas, a poor zither player in a Vienna wine garden who thoroughly impressed two famous film directors, has skyrocketed to fortune. He is in great demand at all European night spots and in this country too. His zither playing makes an enchanting background for the new movie *The Third Man*, and his records waxed by a London firm have already sold over a half million discs . . . Here's news about Barclay Allen, Capitol recording artist and top 88-key man who was injured in a car accident in California. He is now confined to a hospital bed, but in good spirits even though it will be a long while before he is out. Freddy Martin, long-time friend of Allen, is turning over to him all proceeds from his Victor record, *Timbales*, a Latin American number . . . Count Basie, another top piano man, is completely reorganizing his band at the present time—but with no innovations, just the same wonderful swing he's been putting out for years . . . With warmer weather heading our way, the newest music says:

"Spring is comin' and the ice will break
And I can't linger for a woman's sake
She'll see a shadow pass overhead
She'll find a feather beside my bed."

It's by way of the new folk song that's come up on the heels of *Mule Train*. Although you may be tired of *The Cry of the Wild Goose*, look for more "earthy" numbers coming up soon. As one melody dies, another appears to take its place . . . Clyde McCoy has come back full of vigor after a short retirement. His new original number has become a novelty as popular as the game it glorifies, *The Canasta Song* . . . Vaughn Monroe, now a Hollywood "shoot-em-up" cowboy star, is heading South and West after a series of successful Eastern appearances . . . Attention vocal groups! Tommy Dorsey is looking for a vocal quartet or quintet for his band . . . Watch for Elliott Lawrence's latest Columbia release, *The Ritual Fire Dance*. Incidentally, most of Lawrence's future recordings will be instrumentals . . . Ralph Flanagan, Victor artist, has been upped from the 49c Bluebird label to the 79c Victor class, proof of his band's rapid rise to popularity . . . Mitchell Miller, former musical director of Mercury Records, has now moved to

Columbia Records . . . Duke Ellington has invited none other than Joe Louis to be one of the angels in his forthcoming Broadway show . . . Gary Crosby, Bing's 16-year-old son, has been deluged with requests by waxeries to sign a record contract, ever since Gary showed up his Dad on a recent broadcast . . . Stan Kenton is now on a coast-to-coast concert tour with a 40-piece band—and with fiddles included! . . . Buddy Stewart, former Gene Krupa vocalist, was killed in an automobile accident in New Mexico . . . Hoagy Carmichael's newest tune is called *King Be-Bop's Dream* . . . Tommy Dorsey plans to launch a chain of music schools throughout the country.

Betcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . that Van Johnson, who in his early years played the violin in an orchestra, admits that his secret ambition is to lead a band . . . Jo Stafford made her professional debut in 1935 with her sisters, Pauline and Christine, in a vocal group called "The Stafford Sisters" . . . Vaughn Monroe has sold 20 million records for Victor . . . Helen Kane, the "Boop Boop a Doop Girl" of 1929, will return to films in a new picture at MGM.

Highly Recommended . . .

COLUMBIA MM-895*—*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. This new show album features the original cast of the Broadway hit that has been hailed by critics as one of the best musicals in a long time. From overture to finale you'll enjoy a choice armchair seat for a top musical. Such tunes as *Just a Kiss Apart* and *Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend* are slated for stardom.

*Also available on LP

COLUMBIA 38696—Tony Pastor and his orchestra. *The Wedding Samba* plus *Can I Come In For a Second?* Here's the genial gent, Mr. Pastor, with a socko double feature. The *Samba* side should catch on fast, and the flip is an amusing novelty with the vocal cleverly handled by the maestro. Good for dancing or for listening.

DECCA 24863—Bing Crosby with Vic Schoen and his orchestra. *Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy* and *Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo*. Smooth crooning plus a fine rhythm beat make this waxing a wonderful buy. Bing is at home with both numbers, and with *Shoe Shine Boy* going fine these days, the reverse is due for hit category. It comes from Disney's latest movie, *Cinderella*. Solid entertainment.

DECCA 27869—Artie Shaw and his orchestra. *Love Walked In* and *I Get a Kick Out of You*. Artie is back in the recording groove, and this time on the Decca label. The titles herewith are familiar oldies, but the recently formed 17-piece band led by Artie paints them with new brilliance.

VICTOR 20-3688—Ralph Flanagan and his orchestra. *Rag Mop* and *You're Always There*. The smooth, bright styling of this new band is bound to please. You'll swear you're hearing the old Miller outfit. The *Mop* side is bouncy and swings from beginning to end. The other is a nice ballad with Harry Prime coming in for the second chorus. Fine dancing background.

VICTOR 20-3681—Mindy Carson with orchestra conducted by Henri Rene. *Candy and Cake* and *My Foolish Heart*. Mindy has gained a host of fans since her last hit on Victor, and this latest will add to her ever-growing popularity. The "sweet" side is a zestful three minutes, with Mindy singing the *Candy and Cake* routine. The reverse is a splendid ballad with superb tone and phrasing by Mindy. Hail a top vocal star!

MERCURY 5354—Clyde McCoy and his orchestra. *The Canasta Song* and *Sister Kate*. The real McCoy is back with a Mercury double that is a potential hit. A thousand copies were sold before release date on the strength of the novelty *The Canasta Song*. It's timely and features the voice of Chris Abbott and the McCoy trumpet. The underside is another sure-fire revival hit of that old favorite, *Sister Kate*. Really new!
*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, Kansas City, Missouri, VI. 9430.

My Mistake!

Most dairy farmers are thoroughly conscious of the need to keep their cows and barns in tip-top sanitary condition, but it was not always easy to get their cooperation in years gone by.

For instance, a pair of experts working a farm survey stepped into a man's barn at milking time. The barn hadn't been cleaned for a month. The man eyed them suspiciously. "You fellers ain't state inspectors, are you?"

They assured him they weren't.

"Well, it's a good thing, or I'd of throwed you out. One of them birds was in here just last week. He said I ought to have concrete floors. That shows how little them tinhorn experts from college know. I sure put that feller in his place. I grabbed a scoop and all I had to do was dig down six inches to show him he didn't know what he was talkin' about. I got concrete floors!"



"I can't marry you, honey," she said. "I'm anemic."

"That's all right, dear," he said. "You go to your church and I'll go to mine."



Mr. Brown rushed to the telephone and called the doctor.

"Doctor, Doctor, come at once!" shouted Mr. Brown. "My wife was sleeping with her mouth open, and a mouse ran into her mouth."

"I'll be there as soon as possible," said the doctor. "While you're waiting try waving a piece of cheese in front of your wife's mouth. You may be able to coax the mouse out."

But when the doctor raced into the house, Mr. Brown was waving a black bass in front of Mrs. Brown's mouth.

"Good heavens, man!" said the doctor. "I said cheese. No mouse is going to come out for a fish."

"All right, all right," said Mr. Brown, "but first we've got to get the cat out."

CURRENT MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6	00	Cowlawn Wranglers Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Dan Sullivan, Songs
	15	
	25	
	30	
	45	
7	00 Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	AP News
	15 Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clack
	30 Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clack
8	00 News	AP News
	05 Weather	Weatherman in Person
	10 Wings Over K. C.	Fruit & Veg. Report
	15 K. C. Crucial of Churches	Musical Clack
	30 Sbnades of Black & White	Cresby Croons
45 Sbnades of Black & White	Musical Clack	
9	00 AP News	Unity Viewpoint
	05 Plus 40 Forum of Air	Unity Viewpoint
	15 Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Martha Lagan Kitchen
	30 Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Plaza Program
45 Guy Lombardo's Orch.	G. Heatter's Mailbag	
10	00 Human Side Hollywood	Melody Time
	05 Dave Rose's Orch.	Melody Time
	15 Dave Rose's Orch.	Melody Time
	30 NW. Univ. Review Stand	Luncheon on the Plaza
	45 NW. Univ. Review Stand	Luncheon on the Plaza
11	00 D'Artega's Orch.	Kate Smith Speaks
	05 D'Artega's Orch.	Kate Smith Speaks
	15 D'Artega's Orch.	Shep Fields' Orch.
	30 Sunday Serenade	Sandra Lea, Shopper
	45 Up to Date in K. C.	Dan Sullivan, Songs

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
12	00 Sidney Walton, News	AP News—Dick Smith
	15 Voices of Strings	Dan Sullivan, Songs
	30 Edward G. Robinson	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
	55 K. C. U. Workshop	Missouri-Kansas News
1	00 Natl. Guard Adventures	Dan Sullivan, Songs
	15 Spotlight on Glamour	Eddy Arnold Show
	30 Count of Monte Cristo	Queen for a Day
	45 Count of Monte Cristo	Queen for a Day
2	00 Bastan Blackie	Club 710
	15 Bastan Blackie	Club 710
	30 Juvenile Jury	Ladies' Fair
45 Juvenile Jury	Ladies' Fair	
3	00 Hapalang Cassidy	Club 710
	15 Hapalang Cassidy	Club 710
	30 Martin Kane, Pvt. Eye	Club 710
4	00 The Shadow	Guy Lombardo's Orch.
	15 The Shadow	Bing Crosby
	30 True Detective Myst's	Prom Presents
	45 True Detective Myst's	AP News—Dick Smith
	55 True Detective Myst's	Larry Ray, Sports
5	00 Roy Rogers	Mark Trail
	15 Roy Rogers	Mark Trail
	30 Nick Carter	Tom Mix
	45 Nick Carter	Tom Mix

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

PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

MORNING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Cowtown Wranglers Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Cowtown Wranglers Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Cowtown Wranglers Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Cowtown Wranglers Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Cowtown Wranglers Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	6 00 15 28 30 45
AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	7 00 15 30
AP News Weatherman in Person & Veg. Report Musical Clock Cresby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Cresby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Cresby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Cresby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Cresby Croons Musical Clock	8 00 05 10 15 30 45
Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Plaza Program G. Heatter's Mailbag	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Plaza Program G. Heatter's Mailbag	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Plaza Program G. Heatter's Mailbag	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Plaza Program G. Heatter's Mailbag	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Library Lady Wyan. Radio Play'se	9 00 05 15 30 45
Melody Time Melody Time Melody Time	Melody Time Melody Time Melody Time	Melody Time Melody Time Melody Time	Melody Time Melody Time Melody Time	Your Home Beautiful Your Home Beautiful Sammy Kaye's Orch.	10 00 05 15 30 45
Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	
Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Guest Star Sandra Lee, Shopper Sandra Lee, Shopper	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Shep Fields' Orch. Sandra Lee, Shopper Don Sullivan, Songs	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Guest Star Sandra Lee, Shopper Sandra Lee, Shopper	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Shep Fields' Orch. Sandra Lee, Shopper Don Sullivan, Songs	Freddy Martin's Orch. Freddy Martin's Orch. Freddy Martin's Orch. Man on the Farm Man on the Farm	11 00 05 15 30 45

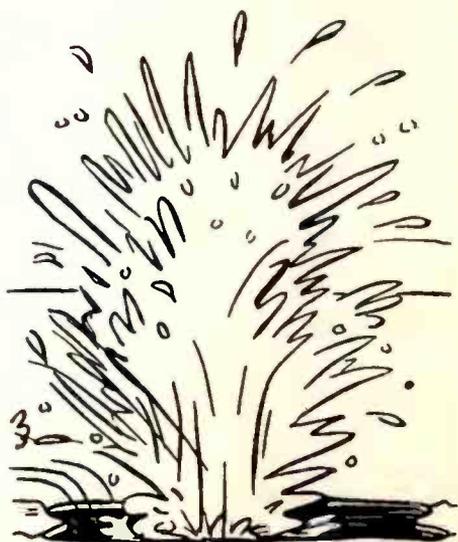
AFTERNOON

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	Man on the Farm Man on the Farm Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	12 00 15 30 45 55
Don Sullivan, Songs Eddy Arnold Show Queen for a Day Queen for a Day	Don Sullivan, Songs Eddy Arnold Show Queen for a Day Queen for a Day	Don Sullivan, Songs Eddy Arnold Show Queen for a Day Queen for a Day	Don Sullivan, Songs Eddy Arnold Show Queen for a Day Queen for a Day	Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs Meet the Band Meet the Band	1 00 15 30 45
Club 710 Club 710 Ladies' Fair Ladies' Fair	Swing Session-Club 710 Swing Session-Club 710 Swing Session-Club 710 Swing Session-Club 710	2 00 15 30 45			
Club 710 Club 710 Club 710	Swing Session-Club 710 Swing Session-Club 710 Swing Session-Club 710	3 00 15 30			
Guy Lombardo's Orch. Bing Crosby Prom Presents AP News—Dick Smith Larry Ray, Sports	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Bing Crosby Prom Presents AP News—Dick Smith Larry Ray, Sports	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Bing Crosby Prom Presents AP News—Dick Smith Larry Ray, Sports	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Bing Crosby Prom Presents AP News—Dick Smith Larry Ray, Sports	Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session KCU Camp. Personal. KCU Camp. Personal.	4 00 15 30 45 55
Mark Trail Mark Trail Tom Mix Tom Mix	Mark Trail Mark Trail Tom Mix Tom Mix	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow B-Bar-B Ranch B-Bar-B Ranch	Mark Trail Mark Trail Tom Mix Tom Mix	True or False True or False Stars on Broadway Hollywood Quiz	5 00 15 30 45

Evening schedule on next page

CURRENT PROGRAMS ON EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
6 00 15 30 45 55	The Falcon The Falcon The Soint The Soint The Soint	Helzberg's Tello-Test Meredith Wilson Gobriel Heotter Fulton Lewis, Jr. Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Helzberg's Tello-Test Evening Serenade Gobriel Heotter Fulton Lewis, Jr. Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Helzberg's Tello-Test Gobriel Heotter Meredith Wilson Fulton Lewis, Jr. Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Helzberg's Tello-Test Evening Serenade Gobriel Heotter Fulton Lewis, Jr. Fulton Lewis, Jr.
7 00 15 30 45 55	Mediation Board Mediation Board Mediation Board Enchanted Hour Enchanted Hour Enchanted Hour	Lorry Roy, Sports John Thornberry, News Lonny Ross Show Affairs of Peter Solem Affairs of Peter Solem Bill Henry News	Lorry Roy, Sports John Thornberry, News Lonny Ross Show Official Detective Official Detective Bill Henry News	Lorry Roy, Sports John Thornberry, News Lonny Ross Show International Airport International Airport Bill Henry News	Lorry Roy, Sports John Thornberry, News Lonny Ross Show Sports for All Sports for All Bill Henry News
8 00 15 30 55	Opera Concert Opera Concert Colifornio Corovon Colifornio Corovon	Murder by Experts Murder by Experts Crime Fighters Crime Fighters	J. Steele, Adventurer J. Steele, Adventurer Mysterious Traveler Mysterious Traveler	Mr. Feathers Mr. Feathers Family Theatre Family Theatre	Limerick Show Limerick Show Comedy Playhouse Comedy Playhouse
9 00 15 30 45	Mystery Is My Hobby Mystery Is My Hobby Hockey, Lorry Roy Hockey, Lorry Roy	Frank Edwards, News I Love o Mystery Behind the Story K. C. on Porode	Frank Edwards, News I Love o Mystery Behind the Story K. C. on Porode	Frank Edwards, News I Love o Mystery Behind the Story K. C. on Porode	Frank Edwards, News I Love o Mystery Behind the Story K. C. on Porode
10 00 15 30 55	This Is Europe This Is Europe Serenade in the Night News	Colling All Detectives Network Donce Bond Serenade in the Night News	Colling All Detectives Network Donce Bond Serenade in the Night News	Colling All Detectives Network Donce Bond Serenade in the Night News	Colling All Detectives Network Donce Bond Serenade in the Night News
11 00 15 30 55	Network Donce Bond Network Donce Bond Network Donce Bond Midnight News	Network Donce Bond Network Donce Bond Deems Taylor Concert Deems Taylor Concert	Network Donce Bond Network Donce Bond Deems Taylor Concert Deems Taylor Concert	Network Donce Bond Network Donce Bond Deems Taylor Concert Deems Taylor Concert	Network Donce Bond Network Donce Bond Deems Taylor Concert Deems Taylor Concert
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



KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ **N A N C E ' S CAFE.** Nance's tall glass windows fronting busy Pershing Road afford the passer-by a tantalizing view of the delicious food being served inside. And once you are seated at a comfortable table in one of the three spacious dining rooms, your menu suggests a host of tempting specialties. Steak for two, served with french fried onion rings, french fried potatoes, and salad, is always a favorite. Nance's savory chicken soup is a feature every Sunday, and during the Lenten season you'll find many specially prepared dishes. The "Biscuit Girl", with her basket of golden, steaming biscuits, can be counted upon to stop several times at your table. For 47 years, local customers and celebrities, too, have found their way to Nance's when looking for really good food. And travelers like its convenient location across the street from the Union Station. 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.



★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** You'll find none of the hubbub or confusion of the big city, but all of its pomp and sophistication, at Pusateri's. As you relax in a well-padded booth facing the unusual Manhattan skyline mural above the bar, you'll enjoy watching Kansas City's most distinguished faces passing your table. This cosmopolitan atmosphere extends even to the smiling doorman in incredibly bright livery who helps you from your car. Service is gracious and the food, which Gus and Jim Pusateri carefully supervise, is uniformly delicious. A variety of seafood, juicy roast beef, and flavorful Kansas City steaks are always specialties on the menu. You'll find that every drink, particularly that wonderful dry martini, is suited to your taste. The soft, smooth music provided by Musak adds the last touch to this scene set for pleasant, restful meals. 1114 Baltimore. VI 9711.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** So that Kansas Citian will never forget the heritage that is their and the colorful early days of their town everything at the Savoy is just as it was many decades ago. Above the old foot-rail bar, the same that was originally constructed in the Savoy, is a recently rejuvenated mural, saluting Kansas City's pioneers. As you cross over the shiny tiled floor to a deep, spongy leather booth, you will marvel at the high beamed ceiling and tiny stained glass windows. Food at the Savoy is traditionally excellent. Rare delicacies, such as frog legs, fowl, oysters and unusual seafood, as well as those ever-popular steaks, are served by courteous old waiters who seem to be as old as the Savoy itself. For comparison the Savoy has its modern Imperial Room where abundant planting, mirrors and coral red walls produce an equally distinguished setting for the same good food. Look for the sign of the Lobster at 9th and Central. VI 3800.



★ **P U T S C H ' S** 210. The gay freshness of springtime mingled with the charm and elegance of the deep South to make Putsch's your first choice for leisurely dining. You are surrounded here by cool green walls and delightful oil paintings depicting life as it ought to be lived in the New Orleans French Quarter. Sunken overhead lighting weaves imaginative patterns through luxurious ferns and authentic wrought-iron grill work. Rich lobster, tender filets, rockfish, snapper, and of course, those man-sized salads are prepared by veteran chefs who cater to discriminating palates. Businessmen and shoppers find Putsch's 210, which is located on the Country Club Plaza, an ideal for a hearty luncheon, and the theatre crowd always enjoys a late evening drink there. A back-lighted glass mural above the bar is a popular topic of conversation.

ion at the small glass-topped tables in the adjacent cocktail lounge. Don Tiff with his trio and Henry O'Neill are on the current entertainment agenda, each with his own unusual talent for pleasing patrons. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

Something Different . . .

★ **KING JOY LO.** A visit to King Joy Lo's offers a perfect opportunity to try something new. The Oriental cuisine includes a variety of unusual delicacies—hop suey, dry rice, egg foo young and fried Maine lobster, Chinese style. But such American dishes as seafood, excellent steaks, and fried chicken, also appear on the menu for the more conservative tastes. Chinese waiters pad silently among the intricately inlaid tables and enclosed booths. Seated by large windows, guests may watch the hustle and bustle on busy Twelfth Street below them. And there is a certain thrill to sipping tea from handleless tea cups and struggling to master the involved art of eating with chopsticks. A timelessness pervades the atmosphere at King Joy Lo's, which is created partly by the ingenuity of proprietor Don Toy, and partly by the authenticity of this Far Eastern charm. 8 West 12th Street (Second floor). HA 8113.



★ **S H A R P ' S B R O A D W A Y NINETIES.** The spirit of the Kansas City Centennial thrives lustily here where customers are carried back to the gaudy days of the gay

nineties. You can count on an evening of good old fashioned fun—the free, informal sort—and an opportunity to demonstrate your vocal talents at Sharp's. A congenial crowd gathers there every evening to sing *When You Wore a Tulip*, *There's a Tavern in the Town*, *Beautiful Dreamer*, and many other old favorites, while Paul Weiss accompanies obligingly on the piano. The waitresses and bartenders wear hilarious gay nineties costumes, and the tall drinks are typical of that period, too. You'll enjoy old fashioned slides and movies which are flashed on a wall screen during the evening. An authentic tandem bicycle over the bar brings back the days of many years ago to all who share this friendly gaiety. Broadway and Southwest Boulevard. GR 1095.

★ **BRETTON'S RESTAURANT**—Gleaming copper and brass fixtures highlight the decor in the modern setting at Bretton's Restaurant and Copper Lounge. Kansas City is justly proud of this—its own unique Continental restaurant. With a distinguished clientele you will enjoy delicious appetizers and soups, fish, poultry, steak, and lobster. But Bretton's is noted especially for its European specialties, an unending variety of unusual foreign dishes. And you'll want to sample something from the gourmet's Nasch Table—sheer delight in exciting tastes and aromas. The salads and desserts at Bretton's excel any you may have tasted, and are surprisingly inexpensive. For luncheon or for dinner, for a party or for two, you'll be taken care of graciously at Bretton's. 1215 Baltimore. HA. 5773.

▲
When they say there is a beautiful tie between father and son, the kid is no doubt wearing it.

▲
"To my son," was the bequest of a father whose patience had reached its ultimate limit, "I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For 25 years he thought it was mine."

▲
Selfridge's in London once created a sensation and blocked traffic by putting a peephole in a curtained window with the label, "For the clean-minded."

Behind it was a display of towels.

The Last Laugh

"Where have you been the last three hours?" demanded the minister's wife, somewhat annoyed.

"I met Mrs. Black on the street and asked how her married daughter was getting along," sighed the weary pastor, "so she told me."

▲
An onion is a vegetable which builds you up physically and tears you down socially.

▲
The lawyer was browbeating the witness. "I understand," he said fiercely, "that you called on the defendant. Is that so?"

"Yes," replied the witness.

"What did he say?" continued the lawyer.

At this point the counsel for the opposition objected that evidence as to the conversation was not admissible. An hour's argument ensued. Then the court retired to consider the point, returning after considerable time to announce the question a proper one.

"What did he say?" repeated the lawyer, with a confident smile.

"He wasn't home, sir."

▲
It is rumored that the same person invented the telephone booth, the breakfast nook and the upper berth.

▲
"What a change has come over your husband Zeke since we persuaded him to join the church," exulted a preacher in the hillbilly country. "Have you noticed it?"

"Sure have," agreed Zeke's wife. "Before, when we went visitin' on Sundays, he carried his jug o' whiskey on his shoulder. Now he hides it under his coat."

▲
"No, certainly not," said a woman to a man who had knocked at the door and begged for food. "Go away at once or I'll call my husband."

"'E ain't at 'ome," said the tramp.

"How did you know that?" asked the woman.

"'Cos a man what marries a woman like you is only at 'ome at meal-times."

Words for Our Pictures

1. Matching wits in a game of Canasta are Bob Kennedy and his *Swing Session* guests, Clyde McCoy, composer of *The Canasta Song*; his wife Maxine; and their song plugger.

2. Mona Freeman, in Kansas City for the opening of her new picture, *Dear Wife*, lends charm to a meeting of Club 710.

3. *Hi, Neighbor*, *The Hut-Sut Song*, and *How Soon?* are sung for the *Swing Session* audience by their composer, handsome Jack Owens.

4. February 14th at *Luncheon on the Plaza* finds 41 ladies bedecked in an array of Valentine headgear.

5. Earl Wells, Chill Wills, and John Barrymore, Jr., harmonize for the amazement of Club 710 listeners.

6. The Kansas City Blues' new business manager, Parke Carroll, predicts a thrilling season for baseball fans this year.



Larry Ray Swings to WHB

Midwest's No. 1 Sports Announcer . . .

is seasoned, colorful Larry Ray—former professional athlete and veteran radio personality at the age of 35.

Larry's wealth of background, active contact with stars and coaches, his easy manner and microphone perfection, make him Kansas City's "most-listened-to" sports announcer.

Larry Ray is now doing daily sports-casts at 4:55 p.m. and 7 p.m. Monday through Friday over WHB; plus play-by-play Kansas City Mohawks hockey, Big Seven basketball, Kansas City Blues baseball this summer, and Big Seven football next fall.



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is WHB, offering the *only complete coverage* of local and regional contests—in addition to the World's Series, All-Star Football, All-Star Baseball, National Tennis Matches, New Year's Bowl Game, Indianapolis Speedway Classic, and Mutual's new "Game of the Day"—American League play-by-play baseball every day, scheduled for summer, 1950.

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