



Swing

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FEBRUARY, 1952

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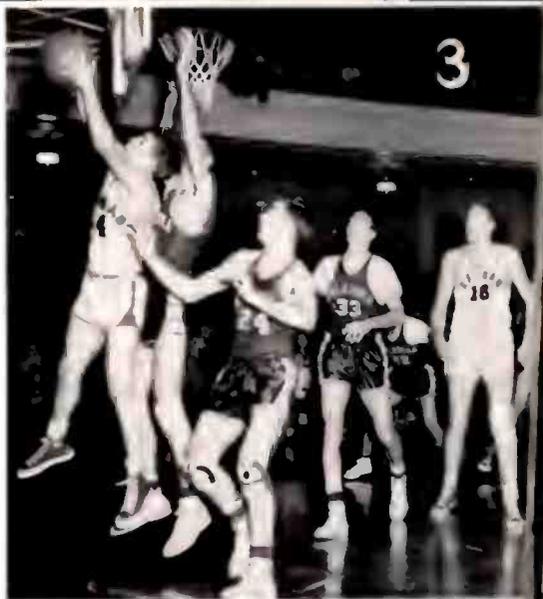
1. SENATOR JAMES P. KEM visits WHB on a swing through Missouri. Senator Kem addressed 150 clubs and civic groups.

2. THE DOWNTOWN Business District League held a recent meeting at the Muehlebach Brewery. Left to right: Judge Henry Bundschu, Thomas J. Gavin, Vice President of Muehlebach; Walter H. Negbauer, President of the League; Otis Bryan, President of Muehlebach; Ernest E. Howard, of the engineering firm of Howard, Needles, Tammen and Bergendoff, and Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director.

3. OKLAHOMA AND KANSAS clash in Big Seven competition at Lawrence. Dean Kelley, K. U. spark plug, controls the ball, and is contested by Norton and McEachern of O. U. Clyde Lovellette, K. U. All-American, looks on from the charity line. Larry Ray's broadcast point is in the balcony.

4. SPEAKERS at a Builders Association meeting: left: Douglas Haskell, Architectural Editor of *Architectural Forum* and *House & Home*; Arthur A. Hood, Editor of *The American Lumberman*; Edward G. Gavin, Editor of *The American Builder*.

5. AUDIE MURPHY, hero of World War II, led an appeal for blood donors, and presided at the opening of his latest picture, *The Cimarron Kid*, Fox Midwest Theaters.



Swing[®]

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WHB • KANSAS CITY

Your Favorite Neighbor

foreword

The Carlsen saga is now a matter of record. What was there about the courageous captain's adventure that held the fascination of the people? It was the drama of a man alone against the raging sea. It was speculation as to whether the *Flying Enterprise* would sink or float. It was applause for pluck. But more than these, people were eagerly awaiting a closer look at a man who, with every material thing to live for, was willing to be swallowed up in the waves rather than turn his back on his ideals.

Captain Carlsen seems almost a pure anachronism. In a mighty era of cynicism and indulgence, his demonstration of faith and selflessness came as a stream of refreshing air into a musty vacuum; a ray of light into an abyss; a bucket of water to the roots of a wilting vine—a stunningly clear show of morality in a civilization a lot of folks think is in full flight along the road to ruin.

Yet, the masses stopped in mid-passage to breathe, to see, to drink, to harken! For two generations, bludgeoned by lust and international wickedness, we had all but forgotten that idealism was left open to us as a way of life. Confronted with an epic illustration of it, we were enthralled. We stood up and cheered for the *man!* Captain Carlsen lost his ship; but we will save our world if we will let the inspiration he engendered set a pattern for the future.

The men and women who send you *Swing* in confidence, raise our hats to Captain Carlsen for showing the way.

DE



How to Keep Your Wife Young

A wife's age is not computed years, rather what the man in life does about them.

by LYNNE SVEC MARTIN

LET'S face it! Finally, after a history fraught with hardships flecked with stretches of deceptions, womankind is rolling headlong towards its Armageddon. Spearheading the drive and leading with her is the American wife. The rest following like cattle stampeded a canyon wall, and there is only one possible check — men! Husband that is.

The symptoms are clear and unmistakable. Pharmaceutical records show that housewives make up the majority of the 6,000,000 purchases of sleeping pills, ear stoppers, shades, and other defenses against insomnia, in which field they also

A Gallup poll reveals that 28,000 people have not seen a dentist in two years; 30,000,000 have avoided the dentist for four years. By far, most of the delinquents are the wives!

A recent Pennsylvania State legislative survey proves the wife to be the most poorly nourished member of the family. Her typical breakfast consists of a cup of black coffee, a slice of

perhaps a cigarette. Nine out of ten wives admit they often skip lunch, except to nibble a candy bar whatever fresh fruit happens to be lying about the house to stave off pangs of hunger. At supper, masculine demands bring about an overabundance of starch and fats.

Unintelligent dieting is the other side of the food habit story. 10,000 women, mostly wives, go haywire over such weird combinations as bananas and milk, watermelon and raisins, chopped liver and rye, peanut butter and lettuce. Where do these women wind up? They go to bed with debilitating spells.

Another survey by an Eastern women's college discloses that 72 percent of its alumnae, married five to ten years, described the state of their health as "much worse" than when they were on the campus.

What is the cause of these unhealthy symptoms? What do wives do at home? Let's face it again! They indulge in pernicious, around the clock monotony.

In the kitchen alone there are 300 utensils which require unrelenting attention. During the course of a week the homemaker will handle some 1000 objects. Next week she will handle them again, and the week after.

The wife spends 90 percent of the family income. She visits the grocery store four times a week; stops at the drug store every three days; cruises

through the dime store twice a week; pushes her way through crowded department stores thrice a month, and carries home most of her purchases—roughly 1850 pounds a year. While so engaged, she takes 20,000 steps a day; either worries about the children, or takes them along and gets into real trouble. When the children are not on her mind, she worries about money problems, her husband's work, their personal relationships—alone and introspectively. No five o'clock whistle brings surcease to her duties; they are continuous. The common complaint of the American homemaker is chronic fatigue.

DOCTORS are quite sympathetic of wives, and have come to their succor with constructive programs of exercise, diet and rest.

The eminent nutrition expert, author and lecturer, Dr. Gayelord Hauser, contends there is but one exercise a woman need do for the rest of her life. Here it is:

Draw the stomach in and up at the count of one. Draw it up further at the count of two. On three, draw the stomach in close to the spine. Try to hold this position to the count of ten. This is called the stomach lift, and can be practiced wherever she happens to be: in the bathtub; at the ironing board; standing in line or under the hair drier. With daily practice, Dr Hauser guarantees high morale and a flat, firm abdomen in 30 to 60 days.

One Svec Martin is a New York housewife away from home, and clearly can not have had herself as model for the monotony-shackled homemaker. When her husband was called back into armed service, Mrs. Martin packed up and went with him. You'd think Lynne to have a wide range of interests, and she has. She works in copper, makes paper and raffia crafts; rides horseback, skis, and is a devotee of the ballet. Her favorite subjects are children's, babies' and women's health.

A woman's daily food allowance should properly include a pint of milk, one egg, citrus fruit or tomato juice, one other fruit, a raw salad, another green or yellow vegetable, some butter or margarine, a small serving of potato, at least one serving of meat or fish and six to eight glasses of water.

Annual medical and dental check-ups should be a matter of form.

Notwithstanding the best intentions of the medical profession, married women have, in the last analysis, but one savior, their husbands.

Every husband wants his wife to have the appliances which lighten the load of housekeeping, but once he's bought them, he's done enough; he proceeds to take her and her work for granted. The average husband does not choose to consider his wife a domestic slave, so he entombs himself behind a newspaper rather than observe the evidence or help relieve it.

Husbands are heard to complain, somewhat as follows: "My wife goes to bed soon after dinner. She sleeps nine or ten hours a night and still is so exhausted in the morning she can hardly get out of bed." Dr. C. Ward Crampton, geriatric specialist, has a name for this common phenomenon, "Brain-beat." It is a physical reaction

to mental weariness. The deadening result of bucket-and-skillet routine yields only to a lifting of interest and a change of pace. The husband's is clearly cut out for him.

It takes a little cooperation from a husband to keep that ginger in wife's actions and a twinkle in eye. Wives get plenty of exercise but without enjoyment, it is only muscle strain. A wife ought to be able to alternate swimming with shopping, golf with grocery buying, skimming with scraping dishes, and husband should take the lead in seeing that it is done.

When a wife gives evidence of lagging intellectually, it doesn't matter much for him to bring her a stack of books for her to read while he follows through with shared interests. Occasional evenings of the going also will help preserve mental tone.

Married love must retain the spark of impulse. A surprise corsage for dinner and dancing date, a box of strawberries on a rainy day will work a wonderful alchemy in the heart of any wife. Give her that shot in the arm as often as possible. Only the husband in her life can stop the American wife at the canyon's brink—and himself a happier husband in the bargain.



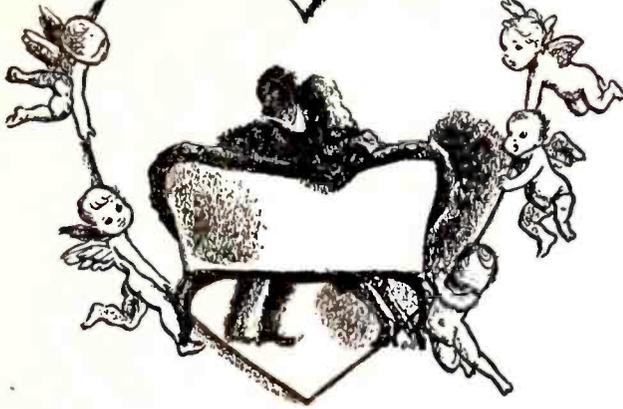
"How was the applause after your speech?" asked the fond wife, when her husband returned from a speaking engagement.

"Terrible," he moaned. "It sounded like a caterpillar in sneakers tiptoeing across a Persian rug."

"I've a job at last, Dad," the actor reported. "It's a new play, I play the part of a man who has been married for twenty years."

"Splendid!" said Father. "That's all right anyway, my boy. Maybe one of these days they'll give you a speaking part."

I LOVE YOU



*pite evidence to the contrary, three billion Valentines being sent
month the world over show that love is indeed the reigning emotion!*

by HELEN GRAY ORMAN

ROCK of love pitched by a
caveman may have been the first
valentine." Perhaps it was a lover's
bow twanged by an Indian brave,
winning his maiden by the forelock
at a sycamore tree. This year, around
February 14, roughly three billion
valentines will ride the
crest of the world's postal sys-
tem; will be exchanged in school cor-
ridors, classrooms and parties; slipped
under office desks; will warm the hearts
of soldiers of many nations no matter
how desolate and remote their quar-
ters. This count is exclusive of the
valentines expressing sentiments by candy,
flowers, diamonds . . . and mink coats.

Yet, no one can say for sure why it
is on this particular day we do such
business saying "I love you."

From the records, it would seem
that any of the three St. Valentines

might be aghast to find himself dubbed
the saint of all lovers. One St. Val-
entine, a Roman bishop, stood stead-
fast to the faith during the Claudian
persecutions. For his courage he was
thrown into prison where he restored
the sight of his keeper's daughter.
This act of mercy, discovered by his
persecutors, cost him his head.

Another St. Valentine choked to
death on a fish bone. In Italy and
Germany, prayers are said to him for
the cure of epilepsy. The third St.
Valentine leaves little record except
that he was one of the early martyrs
who suffered his solemn fate with a
group of companions.

The etymologist tells us that V and
G were frequently interchangeable;
that the Norman word *galatin*, a lover,
was often written and pronounced
valatin or *valentin*. So, through natu-

ral confusion of names, Valentine might have become established as the patron saint of sweethearts.

Another theory comes from the Roman feast of Lupercalia occurring in February in honor of Pan and Juno, who spent a lot of time in amorous pursuits on Mount Olympus. Names of young women were drawn from a box and each young man became the swain of the girl whose name he had hazarded. The clergy tried to stop the pagan practice of raffling off boys and girls by giving it a religious aspect and substituting the names of saints. The youth was to emulate for the next year the saint whose name he had drawn. The substitution was never popular, and the girls and boys emerged triumphant, playing the game by their own rules.



Bailey's, in 1721 the first of the great English dictionaries, gives another theory. It suggests that about

this time of year, birds choose their mates, and probably thence came the custom of choosing valentines or special loving friends on a day midway through the month.

Chaucer, in his *Parliament of Foules*, makes this reference:

*For this was Seynt Valentine's Day
When every foul cometh ther
to choose his mate.*



English literature following Chaucer contains frequent references to the day. In the Paston letters, 1475-1509, Elizabeth Brews wrote to John Paston with whom she hoped to arrange a match for her daughter: "A cousin mine, upon Monday is Valentine's Day and every boy chooseth himself a mate, and if it please you to come on Thursday night make provision that you may be here until then, I trust God that ye shall speak to my husband and I shall perhaps we may bring the matter to a conclusion."

In Samuel Pepys' time, it was the St. Valentine custom for a girl to declare her choice of sweethearts the morning in the expectation of receiving a gift. Churlish Pepys wrote in 1666, "By and by comes Mrs. Pi with my name in her bosom for a valentine, which will cost me mon

Helen Gray Orman is an outdoor enthusiast, an amateur golfer and photographer of the inspiring country around Sacramento, California. Besides her writing which she placed in the New York Times, She, Family Digest, Photoplay, Hillman and Ace Publications, Mrs. Orman makes a home for her husband and her father, and teaches business courses in California Junior High School. You may know this versatile lady by her names, Marcia Niles and Helen W. Gray.

Charles Lamb, 150 years later, wrote "This is the day on which those charming little missives, ycleped Valentines, cross and inter-cross each other at every street turning."

It is evident in Shakespeare's time valentine's custom had begun. In Helia's song we find:

*Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day
All in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine.*

The earliest known valentine is now preserved in the British Museum. It is written by the Duke of Orleans the fifteenth century while he languished in prison.



AT FIRST, a lover had to make his own valentine and also compose the verse. This arrangement wouldn't last because the poets were winning all the girls; so by the seventeenth century a number of valentine annuals appeared . . . Polite Valentine Writers. The booklets had sections for various trades and professions. Thus, a butcher might copy:

*My sweetheart art thou,
Thy skin is, I vow,
As white as most delicate veal.
Or a fisherman might plume to his
love:*

*You are the girl I take delight in,
Much more than haddock, smelts
or whiting.*

Kemmish's *Annual and Universal Valentine Writer* printed in London in 1797 had this verse for sailors which has a current slant:

*Dear Miss, I'm a tar, just arrived
from afar,
But now cruising about for a wife:
Your're young . . . I'm able
let's instant cut cable,
And sail through the ocean of life.*

In the early 1800's some cupid's helper began printing decorated sheets. A border of engraved lace often edged these early valentines, until one enterprising merchant discovered that good imitation lace could be cut out from paper.

Now, there are about 200 firms making valentines. And each year brings new and ingenious variations. We may expect atom bombs bursting with love, or supersonic flights to a heart shaped moon.

During World War II, service men bought quantities of V-Mail valentines. Instead of prewar lacy remembrances, they were decorated with ships, planes, tanks and parachutes. Dan Cupid appeared in Uncle Sam's top hat, and army, navy and marine emblems snuggled in lacy corners.

Early in Post Office history, high postage rates made mailed valentines a luxury. Envelopes had not yet come into use, and distant lovers used for correspondence gilt-edged paper

adorned with gilt cupids. The favorite verse was the best known of all valentine jingles:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you.

America's earliest valentines were imported from England and France. The first home products were credited to a New England stationer who began distributing them in the early 1840's. By 1857, three million were being sold each year. And by 1904, valentines had become so elaborate that a love smitten young man might pay as high as \$25 for a lacy effusion.

One enamored Frenchman built a valentine as tall as himself. At this time, mechanical valentines were the vogue. They were called "cobwebs," "rose-cages," and "mousetraps." By pulling a small tassel, an amorous scene was revealed.

CRUDE comic valentines appeared in the 1860's, lithographed on such cheap paper they crumbled quickly. One year, in the early 1900's, the

During World War II, the U. S. Government advertised for an economist. A bank manager applied for the post. At the same time, the Government asked the Union of American Bankers to recommend somebody for the position. The Union, not knowing that the manager in question had already applied, put his name forward, whereupon he was appointed.

A few months later he received a letter from his own department which read: "Dear Sir, We are very sorry we cannot entertain your application as the post has been filled by an economist of the first rank."

The consternation of the former bank manager was even greater when he realized that he had signed the letter himself.

Chicago Post Office rejected 25,000 comic valentines as not being fit to carry in the mail. A milder comic form for a braggart read:

You are the most conceited ass
That ever fed on hay or grass,
Go take a tumble, soak your head,
You won't be missed
when you are dead.

Comic valentines dealing with human frailties have practically disappeared now, and the typical comedy is expressed in puns and animated drawings.

The pull-out valentine originated in Europe. This three dimensional creation gave the ardent lover much for his money, turtling doves, waisted gentlemen, simpering ladies, golden bowers, rose trellises, pouting cupids, and a great profusion of color.

Now, however, the greeting card industry reports a preference for simplicity. The cards say "I Love You" without any coyness. Instead of flowery verse being declaimed from leafy arbor, the modern miss might read, "Hey, I really go for you! Let's get with it!"



¿Gusta Ballar?

FROM diplomats to cane strippers; school girls to fishermen—every Latin American can dance! The twenty republics, the colonies and islands all have characteristic dances. Some of them are pure Spanish; many are a combination of Spanish melody and African or Indian rhythms; others are nothing more than African drumbeat, unmingled and provocative. The rumba, the tango, conga and samba are pretty much ballroom standards across our own northern latitudes. But certain Caribbean, Central and South American dances can only excite Yankee wonder.

The rumba developed among the Cuban country people, who, in the intricate movements of the dance often imitate a man riding horseback or shoeing a mule, while the dry rattle of the maracas and the clicking claves maintain the enchanting rumba beat.

The conga, too, is Cuban. The long, swaying, gaily costumed street carnival conga can involve hundreds of people moving in bizarre unity, so that the line itself seems to be doing the dance.

Another important contribution from the queen of the Antilles is the Bolero in such songs as "Besame" and "Quiereme Mucho," both now a part of our own popular music tradition.

In the Dominican Republic, the merengue is not the frothy white topping of a lemon pie, but the national dance form. With little melody, it depends mainly on the sensitive and amazingly fast fingers of the drummer who scorns the use of sticks as he controls both pitch and rhythm to an ecstasy with his hands.

The beguine, which lent its pulsations to the American hit tune, "Begin the Beguine," is the dance of French Martinique. Up the curving island chain in Haiti, an Afro-French mixture hotly colors the native music, and demonic voodoo drums inspire the humble folk to physical exhaustion.

Dances dating prior to the landing of Columbus may still be seen in isolated regions of Mexico. Indians perform the Yaqui Deer Dance with dried cocoons rattling around painted ankles. Tribesmen erect a consecrated pole, and with great ceremony salute the four winds from its top. Then to the music of the flying pole dance, and lifted by ropes circling their waists, they fly around and around the pole—thirteen times before reaching the ground. Another ritual, the Jarabe Tapatio has become the national folk dance, its gay melodies and bright foot pattern revolving about a wide brimmed sombrero tossed onto the floor.

Every South American country has its traditional dances. Chileans dance the zamacueca, familiarly known as the cueca. It capered across the border into Peru where, during a war with Chile, it was renamed the marinera. The waltz-like bambuco is a favorite with Colombians. In rural Argentina, it's the gato (cat) that is danced most frequently. In the cities, the tango is favored. "La Cumparsita" first danced to in Buenos Aires, made the tango a world rage.

And in languid Brazil, Portugal and Africa have met to give birth to the samba. The Brazilian melting pot has equal passion for the maxixe, the congada, the batuque and the marcha.

A drum throbs out its eruptive rhythms for West Indians celebrating the harvest of the sugar cane; for fun-loving Brazilians in a carnival parade; for ritual dances in primitive Central America; and in the cooler clime of Patagonia stateliness prevails. Wherever the place, the romantic lands below our southern shores express every mood and trait in rhythm, melody and step, in an ever creative folk art.

—Elizabeth Searle Lamb.



THE LONG SHOT

Although excitement is expected on the turf, they still talk down in Texas, about the race between the Long Shot and the fleetest thoroughbred along the Rio Grande.

by ROSS PHARES

IF you think there were no tricks in the racing business before the advent of leased wires and professional bookies, you haven't heard the story of Sham Hays and the race he pulled off near Brownsville, Texas, nearly a hundred years ago.

The managers of the course, on the Monongahela, announced a race of one mile heats, purse of \$100, for anything "with four legs and hair."

In the settlement there lived a man named Hays, whose custom it was to ride a bull to mill, carrying sacks of corn. Hays determined to enter his bull in the race. So, on several moonlight nights, he took the ponderous animal to the grounds, and, in secret sessions, rode him around the track to show him the lay of the course,

and to practice running in one direction.

On the day of the race, Hays rode his bull onto the grounds. Instead of a saddle he used a dried oxhide. The head, with horns still on, joggled in anely atop the bull's rump. Hays rode with spurs, and carried a t horn in his hand.

When he appeared at the judge stand to enter his mount, the horse owners objected. Hays cited the terms of the announcement, pointed out that his bull had four legs and hair, and insisted that he had a right to enter the competition. The argument soon reached the "cussin" stage. The horsemen, of course, knew there was no hazard to their chances at the prize money; but "What a dang nuisance, having a bull runnin' amuck on a race track!"

Hays stood firm, and judges ruled that according to the announcements, the bull had the right to run.

The riders lined their mounts up at the starting post, the equestrians considering the bull phase of the race just a gag that would be over as soon as the horses broke and shot clear of the ignoble creature. Understandably the horses on either side of the bull were shy; but no matter.

The starting signal sounded, and the animals were off. Hays blew a blast on his tin horn, and sank his horns into the bull's sides. The bull bounded forward with a terrifying yell, at no trifling speed; the dried hide flapped up and down, rattling on every bound. Altogether there was a frightful combination of sight and sound never before experienced on a race course. The horses dashed frantically in every direction except down the track, and not one of them could be brought under control in time to get at the bull to the finish line.

THE horse owners, hopping with rage, cried "Swindle," that Hays was not entitled to the purse! But the spectators, ever on the side of the underdog, and enjoying one of the greatest shows ever seen at a race track, were loudly insistent that their favorite should get the money. The judges, in a dilemma, finally put the prize on the horn of the bull.

Then the owners contended that

had it not been for Hay's horn and the oxhide, which should never have been permitted on a decent track, he would not have won.

To the surprise of everyone, Hays coolly announced his bull could beat them anyway. If they would put up another \$100 against the purse he had just won, he would run again with neither horn nor hide.

The racers jumped at this fool's bet. Anybody who would ride a bull for a saddle animal about the community, and have the audacity to challenge horses of the blood to a race on even terms, was entitled to a good cleaning! To a man, they called his play.

And so the racers lined up for the second heat. At the signal, Hays ripped his rowels across the bull's ribs, and the brute issued a bellow that all but jumped the horses through their girts. They were nervous already from the first race, and doubtless expected a repeat performance. No pulling on the bits would line the horses down the track with the bull. From that first roaring bellow, the way was all his.

Nobody would have believed that a man could have won one race — to say nothing of two — in a day, riding a bull against the fastest horses along the Rio Grande. But Hays did! And from that day on he was known as Sham.



Cross Phares is Professor of English at East Texas Baptist College, Marshall, Texas— East Texas, where oil, cattle and tall stories mix to make mighty interesting reading. Mr. Phares has done a stint in vaudeville, been a bandmaster, athletic coach, and school principal. In World War II, he was an Air Corps photographer, and an historical officer. Mr. Phares has two books, "Reverend Devil" and "Cavalier in the Wilderness," the latter to appear in March. His syndicated column "Texas Parade" appears in several Texas newspapers.

Knock, Knock Come In

MY wife is a pushover for door-to-door salesmen. She can successfully resist the blandishments of department store salespeople. But comes a vendor to our door, and before he has quite finished his opening remarks, Ida, with a mesmerized glaze in her eye, says, "I'll take six of them."

Fortunately for me, yachts are not being sold door-to-door. We have practically everything else peddled in this manner.

Brushes? Friend, you never saw so many brushes. We have brushes to brush our backs, teeth, potatoes, walls, shoes, screens, draperies, rugs and a large dog named Desdemona. Mr. Fuller would trade his inventory for mine, sight unseen, any day.

Our shelves are stacked to the ceiling with bottles. We've enough Quick-Dry polish to brighten every stick of furniture in the Waldorf-Astoria, enough Crystal Clere window cleaner to keep the UN Building that way forever, and enough Sure Shot spot remover to make a panther of every leopard in Africa.

Our magazine subscriptions are financing the education of the entire freshman class at State University. Our knives have been honed at least twenty-five times by an itinerant knife grinder who, I'll bet, is lounging in the back seat of his Cadillac right now, clipping coupons and blessing the name Stocker.

I think it's because Ida is fundamentally such a sympathetic and soft-hearted person that salesmen make mince meat of her. She has a way of projecting herself into the shoes of other people, as when we go to the movies, for instance. The villain creeps up on the unsuspecting hero and Ida shatters the stillness of the theater with a shrill "Watch out!" Somebody on the screen gets a bullet in the belly and she emits an anguished "Ooomph!" Great little projector, that girl.

Well, I think it's the same with her and the door-to-door salesman. She puts herself in their shoes and imagines how she'd feel being turned away without sale, facing the prospect of returning empty-handed to a cold home, frail wife and seven hungry kids—of being strung up by the thumbs by a sneering sales manager. It is at about this point, I think, that the glaze comes into her eyes and the fateful words are uttered, "I'll take six."

I suspect that a little bit of deft flattery plays its part, too. A lady selling nylon hose needs only to tell Ida what pretty legs she has. My purring wife, a Trilby in the hands of this female Svengali, buys enough hose for the huxtress to knock out for a winter in Florida. The brush salesman remarks, in a studiously offhand way, that Ida has the most nicely furnished house in the neighborhood and goes out with his order book bulging. I sometimes think I can hear him chuckling softly as he strides up to the porch of the people next door and clears his throat preparatory to telling Mrs. Stevenson that she has the nicest-furnished house in the neighborhood.

I frankly haven't made up my mind just how to cope with this thing. I've thought of posting "Bubonic Plague" signs, but I suppose that all home offices have their men vaccinated. I've considered lashing Ida to the bed when I leave, but that seems somehow inhumane. I've debated whether, instead of leaving at all, I shouldn't just stay home and, whenever there's a knock at the door, race her for

Right now, for want of a better idea, I'm trying to teach my wife how to enunciate, clearly and distinctly, seven simple words, "No, thank you; we don't want any."

We rehearse every evening, for an hour. It isn't easy. Ida often chokes on and cries piteously, imploring mercy—to thrust red-hot needles under her fingernails instead, or throw away her favorite lipstick.

It wrenches my heart to watch that girl suffer. But this thing has to be whipped and now. Otherwise I'm going to arrive home some evening to find that somebody finally came around selling yachts, and Ida, bless her mesmerized soul, bought six.

—Joseph Stock



Champion Of America's Children

Now might drift through the school roof, or the kids might not get marshmallows in their hot-lunch cocoa. Whatever the problem, the P.-T. A. will not let it go unconquered.

by ROBERT STEIN

ON THE tiny Pacific island of Saipan recently, a group of American mothers gathered in a ramshackle meeting house. Wives of army officers stationed on the island, they had decided to build and furnish a school for the native children—one of whom had ever learned to read or write.

Recalling their activities back home in the States, they immediately formed a parent-teacher association—the Saipan P.-T. A. Then, they attacked the biggest obstacle to their plans: raising money for the school. After hours of fruitless discussion, a young lieutenant's wife stood up and shyly offered a suggestion.

"This may sound silly," she began colloquially, "but why don't we collect the empty pop bottles lying

around the island? There must be thousands. They've been piling up ever since our soldiers landed here during the war. If we turned them in for refund, we might get enough money to start building the school."

Next month, the Saipan P.-T. A. went to work. In a few weeks, the women and children had hauled in more than 700,000 pop bottles from every corner of the island. Then, they cashed them in for \$15,000—enough to build the school, buy books and hire teachers!

In the South Pacific or South Dakota, such ingenuity and determination are trademarks of more than 6,160,000 American men and women who belong to parent-teacher associations. They are members of 40,000 local P.-T. A.'s scattered throughout

large cities and small towns in each of the 48 states, Hawaii, Alaska and every remote corner of the world where an American flag is raised. Each year, they plan and often succeed in carrying out spirited campaigns for better and cleaner schools, more playground space, health clinics, child guidance, school lunches, highway safety and hundreds of other community improvements. Yet, all of these diverse drives have the same underlying goal: *to insure the happiness and well-being of America's children.*

No problem is too big for these determined parents to tackle. But unfortunately, not all P.T. A.'s have learned to direct their energies into constructive channels. In many schools, parents and teachers complain that their chapters are little more than long-winded debating societies. Other units are wracked by local politics and petty bickering. Still others rush into whirlwind drives to raise money—and then discover that they can't agree on how to use it!

THESSE shortcomings were underscored in a recent survey of 101 school superintendents and principals. Although most of the officials had high praise for their local chapters, 14 of them branded the P.T. A. as "undesirable." One irate superintendent put his dissatisfaction into these blunt terms:

"There are very few P.T. A.'s worth a plugged nickel. Most of them

lack leadership, worthy aims or objects. They are really trouble bureaus of the schools, dealing in personalities rather than worthy principles. Theoretically, a P.T. A. is a wonderful organization. In practice, it just doesn't work."

But there are even more school officials who have nothing but praise for the P.T. A. Edwin A. Willard, high school principal in Chappaqua, New York, describes the parent-teacher group there as "a vital and effective force." And he adds: "Not merely does the community support the P.T. A.; the community is the P.T. A. The members reap rich benefits from sharing in the administration of the school, and the school in turn is enriched by their cooperation."

Such is the sharp disagreement of many educators on the value of P.T. A. But even the severest critics do not minimize the brilliant record of many chapters throughout the country. And the supporters of P.T. A. continually hold up the achievements of such units as shining examples for others to follow.

Like parents everywhere, P.T. A. members want the best of everything for their children. In many chapters, they are willing to roll up their sleeves and work to get it for them.

WHAT are the broad and deep aims of the P.T.A.? Mrs. Anna H. Hayes, president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers in Chicago—central headquarters

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for all P.-T. A.'s in the United States—explains them this way:

"Physically sound and mentally healthy children are not reared in unwholesome surroundings. Therefore, we campaign for good housing.

"Education isn't dispensed without financial resources. Accordingly, we do our part in working for federal aid.



"Spiritual strength and emotional security cannot be applied to our children from the outside. As a result, we work from within—through parent education, home and school cooperation, consultation with the clergy and the force of good example."

Fittingly enough, the P.-T. A. was started back in 1895 by an American

mother—Mrs. Alice Birney of Washington, D. C. After the birth of her third daughter, Mrs. Birney was inspired by the idea of a national organization to promote the welfare of children. Together with the wealthy widow of a United States senator, Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst, she contacted thousands of women's clubs all over the country. Like a powerful magnet, Mrs. Birney's "National Congress of Mothers" began to draw the sympathies and support of women everywhere—including the First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

Two years later, however, when Mrs. Birney called the first convention in Washington, the Congress' future was still in doubt. "I'd be satisfied," she told co-workers, "if only fifty mothers come—or even twenty-five."

On February 15, 1897, the convention began in the ballroom of the Arlington Hotel. But instead of 25 or even 50 mothers, there were women crowded into every corner of the ballroom, sitting on window ledges, overflowing the aisles and standing in the doorways—more than 2,000 eager converts to Mrs. Birney's crusade for children.

After that, state branches of the Mothers' Congress began to mushroom in all parts of the country. First New York, then Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa and New Jersey joined the parade. Within a few years, every state was in the field.

IT WAS not long before the mothers rediscovered an important point: The School and the Home are partners in shaping the lives of children. As a result, they invited teachers

to join their ranks. And in increasing numbers, fathers—among them, President Theodore Roosevelt—began to shoulder their share of the work for children's welfare. Thus, the National Congress of Mothers soon became the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

Over the years, P.-T. A. activity has faithfully reflected the deepest-rooted anxieties of American parents. Recently, they have become more and more concerned about the "comic-book craze" among their youngsters. In Grand Rapids, Michigan, the P.-T. A. voted an all-out attack on the problem. Angry parents stormed into the city attorney's office and demanded an ordinance banning the comic books from the stands. At the next P.-T. A. meeting, however, a soft-spoken teacher suggested an entirely different offensive.

"Why not," she asked, "show the children that real adventure and humor aren't limited to the cheap pictures and jokes in the comics?"

One member of the chapter, a children's librarian, drew up a list of suitable books for every age. Another member, a school supervisor, organized a "good books" program for the classroom. In each grade, children were asked to read and "review" books and then recommend five "best sellers" every week. The editor of the Grand Rapids evening newspaper joined the drive by publishing book lists and feature stories about children's reading.

Gratifying results came quickly. One group of enthusiastic youngsters began to stage performances of their favorite books for other classes. When

a children's author delivered a talk, more than 6,000 youngsters jammed the auditorium—and demanded a repeat performance. And in a radio broadcast, sixth-graders reported to other children on their startling discovery: *Good books are actually more fun than comics!*

Week after week, the Grand Rapids library has been reporting the heaviest circulation of juvenile books in the city's history. And the proposed ordinance banning the sale of comic books? Reverend Duane Vore, one of the leaders of the parents campaign, explains why it was never passed:



"Our good books program began working so well that we felt the ordinance was no longer necessary. The children themselves were already banning the worst comics!"

Although such community projects are the backbone of the P.-T. A., the national and state congresses also keep a lively hand in politics. Using high-pressure and propaganda techniques that closely resemble those of lobbying groups, the P.-T. A.'s wage a continuing legislative battle for more school land, better equipment, higher teacher salaries, anti-child labor laws,

better housing and child health measures. In Georgia, for example, the P.-T. A. recently helped push through a state law for the addition of a twelfth grade in public schools. And under P.-T. A. pressure, state after state has been raising its minimum wage scale for teachers in the past five years. Although strictly non-partisan, P.-T. A. politicians apparently exercise as much influence over legislators as any of the widely-touted "vested interests."

In their campaigns for children, well-organized P.-T. A.'s offer such a perfect example of democracy at work, that P.-T. A. has been playing a vital role in the postwar rehabilitation of Japan. With the guidance of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the Japanese have organ-

ized 31,000 P.-T. A. chapters with more than 15,000,000 members. According to occupation officials, the P.-T. A. is proving to be "one of the greatest forces for building democracy in Japan."

Here on the home front, after 57 years studded with remarkable achievements, the P.-T. A. is as young and vigorous an institution as ever, and the majority of P.-T. A.'s are moving forward. Even now, members are busy planning hundreds of new drives for increased school appropriations and better facilities. For above all, the P.-T. A. is constantly aware of its tremendous responsibility as the champion of America's most treasured possessions—our children.

Continued page 92



An atomic scientist went away on vacation. In his absence, a sign was hung on his office door reading: "Gone fission!"



"And then my sister broke up with him, and there I was . . . cut off without a dime."

All through the game, the excited fan had been yelling his home team to victory. Suddenly he became silent, turned to his neighbor and whispered, "I've lost my voice."

"Don't worry," was the reply. "You'll find it here in my left ear."

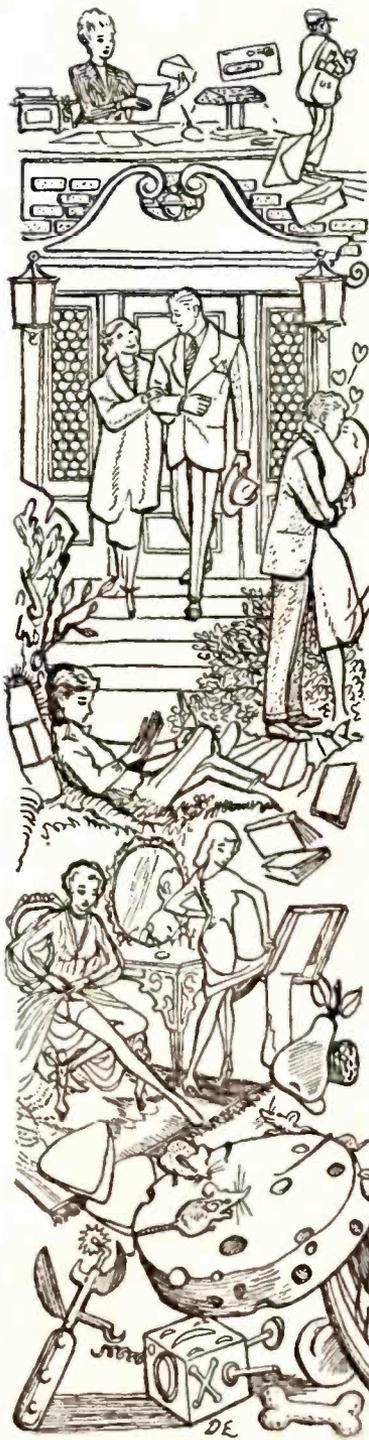


Ever stop to think what a wonderful thing the brain is? It never ceases functioning from the time you're born until the moment you stand up to make a speech.



The judge looked at the man who was seeking to obtain a divorce. "You claim false pretense?" he asked. "Misrepresentation. Isn't that a rather curious reason to want a divorce? You'll have to explain more fully."

"Oh, I can do that, Your Honor," said the man readily. "When I asked this woman to marry me she said she was agreeable. Well, she wasn't."



YOURS By the Month

Dates, lingerie, gold fish, free dinners, vacations, roses or a Rembrandt—anything can be yours for the price of joining a club!

by JAMES L. HARTE

BURDENED by bills that make household bookkeeping a headache? Your worries are over. The swan song of the housewife CPA is impending; no more avalanches of checks. Just join the Bill-of-the-Month Club. It pays your bills and loves it. You write only one check, payable to the club which sends you one overall bill a month.

The Bill-of-the-Month Club began in New York City early in 1951, it's fee \$6 annually. Like other of-the-month club ideas, this concept has grown, and if there is not yet a bill-paying club in your vicinity, there soon may be.

By-the-month shenanigans had their start in 1926, with the founding, by Bookman Scherman, of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Scherman, who had been selling the then popular *Little Leather Library* classics by mail, reasoned that millions of Americans far from bookstores really wanted to read. He felt they could be reached by mail, subscribing for books as they did for magazines. The club, its title a registered trade-mark, embarked with a system of book "dividends" and a monthly magazine of New York reviews as the gimmicks that assured its success.

Today, there are more than 60 book clubs for adults, and seven for juveniles. They appeal to every conceivable literary taste.

The early success of the Scherman plan brought a rash of others to the field. As the book groups prospered, the idea spread to so many other commodities, that at last count almost 200 of these dedicated organizations were doing business in this nation of eager joiners. The Bill-of-the-Month Club is one of the more recent arrivals on the scene, but, it is safe to say, not the last.

As a matter of fact, a later organization, born of human yearning in woefully man-short Washington, D. C. is the Date-of-the-Month Club. A group of smart, but lonely young ladies, many of whom have their own mink coats, pooled their resources and invited men to join, at no fee except to promise to telephone the club secretary at least once a month for dates with the smart young ladies. The club is burgeoning.

One of the most popular across the nation is the Gadget-of-the-Month Club, which sends its members "new, never before on the market," labor saving devices, guaranteed to be worth more than the subscription price. Like the literary experts who choose the volumes for book clubs, the gadget club has a jury to select gadgets, laboratory-tested before distribution.

Gadgeteers pay from one buck to \$100, depending upon the number and value of the gadgets they take. Some weird but workable contraptions, such as the non-blobbing catsup dispenser, have found their ways into thousands of homes by this method of salesmanship.

FOR gourmets, and food-lovers whose means prevent their living as gourmets, there are a number of organizations offering succulent edibles on the monthly plan. From Kenosha, Wisconsin, in the heart of America's dairy-land, varieties of American cheese go to the members of the Businessmen's Cheese-of-the-Month Club. A rival Hollywood club has a lureline of rare and exotic, foreign and domestic cheeses with information on where to buy them. Covering several Eastern states, and operating out of the Empire City, is a third cheese club, offering a selection of cheeses to imparadise any connoisseur.

Then there is an Epicures' Club which promotes \$100-a-year membership to an "Inner Circle." The Circle subscribers receive monthly packages of rare soups, especially prepared pate de foie gras, smoked turkey, and

other fare from far beyond the rainbow.

In the food line, there are the candy clubs, with at least five major ones catering to the nation's sweet tooth. There is a Fruit-of-the-Month Club and an Apple-of-the-Month Club. And in at least a dozen cities, there are Restaurant-of-the-Month Clubs. The New York society is typical. For \$5 a year, its members receive menus from a dozen elite bistros. With each menu is a certificate good for two meals for the price of one.



Nor has the stomach of man's best friend been forgotten; one club sends a variety of dog food along with other needs of the family pet.

White Plains, New York, is headquarters for the Tropical Fish-of-the-Month Club, and Maryland, where most of the gold fish sold in this country are bred, has spawned a Gold Fish Club. Like other mail order clubs, the fish clubs make a strong appeal to one unique facet of human nature. Almost anyone is delighted to get a package in the mail. A surprise package once a month with valuable and secret content is well nigh

an irresistible inducement to club membership.

CLOTHIERS have enlisted in the club corps with two necktie clubs, a shirt and a suit club. The latter is not quite a true type, for in the several cities where it operates, a suit a month is not forthcoming. Doubtless, many males would not afford such an extensive wardrobe, at that. The suit club works on the principle of a nominal monthly payment by each member, and, at the end of a year, he is rewarded with a new suit of his choice.

For the distaff side, there's a Hosiery Club and a Nylons Club, both of which distribute monthly packages of stockings, the shade changing with the season. One advantage to milady is that she is able to appear in public sporting the latest in hosiery hues well ahead of over-the-counter sales in stores. A Lingerie-of-the-Month Club provides other pretties.

One of the most popular merchandising organizations is the Bargain-of-the-Month Club which promises a "terrific bargain in established merchandise" twelve times a year.

Des Moines boasts the Plant-of-the-Month Club, offering its members a selection of plants and bulbs chosen by a board of professional horticulturists. An adjunct to the amateur gardener, at least, is the Garden Tool-of-the-Month Club.

IT is almost a certainty that anything you want can be secured this monthly way. A hobby club provides games for adults and toys for children. Music lovers can join a

Club-of-the-Month which mails newly published songs and records. A Magic Club sends out prestidigial tricks for parlor entertainment. A Charm Club offers little "replicas of famous art objects" to be worn on charm bracelets. And, if you are art minded, you can have famous paintings to grace your home, per month, *on loan*.

A Magazine-of-the-Month Club carefully selects the "best monthly issues" from a long list of newsstand periodicals for busy members who wouldn't have time to read every regular issue.

The total membership in the almost 200 monthly mail-order clubs is in the millions. An actual count is impossible as the clubs continue to expand, new ones appear, and others fail. Perfumes, cigars, cold meats, stamps and Navy surplus items monthly to boat owners and marine enthusiasts, are new clubs which add to the astronomical overall membership.

The clubs have swelled to such proportion in recent years that a trade association has been formed within the ranks. It is known as The National Merchandise-by-Mail Insti-

tute, with 26 member clubs joined to "maintain fair practices." Other clubs are entering the fold for protection and to assure their memberships honest values and merchandise.



In Brooklyn, where anything can begin or end, a Weekend-of-the-Month Club has lately formed. For the man or woman who must get away from it all once in a while, it is a candle in the night. This idea is sure to spread, and what comes next is anybody's guess. There's one thing sure, however; practically anything and everything can be yours — by the month!

What'll you have?



One of the First Grade teachers was looking over the shoulder of a little six-year-old who had drawn a picture of a church. The steeple was very tall and up above it was a horrible black mass.

"What is that above the church steeple?" asked the teacher.

"The cost," answered the child.

"The cost?" queried the teacher.

"Yes," said the boy, "that's the cost my dad keeps saying is higher than the church steeple."

A man on vacation had been told he would find good hunting on the lower end of a creek. Gun in hand, he wandered for miles without getting a shot. On his way back in the afternoon, he met a small boy.

"Is there anything to shoot around here?" he asked the lad. The boy thoughtfully shook his head. Then his face brightened and he exclaimed:

"Here comes the principal of my school."



THE SECRET OF HAPPY LIVING

When upon life's billows you are tempest tossed . . . count your many blessings . . . and it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

by DR. CLEM E. BININGER

“**I** HAVE learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content.” Philippians 4:11.

St. Paul was in prison, awaiting his trial—a trial which would probably end in death! Yet he was like a bird that has learned to sing when its cage is darkened. He had found the secret of happy living.

1 He refused to let the evil in any given situation blind him to the good that was there. He looked for the silver lining. To be sure, his health was poor; he had no regular income; he was homeless, unappreciated, and imprisoned; but he could not let all that blind him to his blessings. After all, the little Philippian church, out of its deep poverty, had sent to him in

his hour of need a gift. That made up for a lot; things might be bad and the future uncertain; but he still had a few friends! That was enough for the moment. Listen:

“I am full, having received the things which were sent from you.”

What an example! We read that a major crime is committed every twenty-two seconds of the day and forget the millions who are law-abiding. We hear of homes which dash themselves into divorce and forget the four hundred homes founded on a rock. A little child is born crippled and we lose sight of seventy who are sound. A minister's son goes astray and we overlook the long list who have won recog-

nitition in "Who's Who in America." The church cradles a handful of hypocrites and they nullify in our imaginations the ninety and nine who need no repentance. Over our teacups we decry the servant problem and forget to be thankful our income permits such a problem. A mean man goes out of his way spitefully to use us and we remember him long after we have forgotten the majority of men who do us good. How easy to become obsessed with the Roman prison bars and fail to rejoice in the Philippian gift!

Happiness is a state of mind. And what is a state of mind but the sum total of our habitual thinking? Think habitually of the false, the dishonest, the unjust, the impure, and the unlovely, and, alas, your soul will shrivel in discontent. Paul had the reverse formula:

"... whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things . . ."

No matter what "state" some of you are in at the moment, it could be worse! Moreover, you are not so bad off that there is not something for which to be thankful. In sickness, it may be only the consolation of a good doctor or a kindly nurse. In heartache, it may be only the promise of a future resurrection morn. The old gospel song sums it up,

"When upon life's billows you
are tempest tossed,
When you are discouraged,
thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name
them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the
Lord hath done."

2 Paul refused to let life's awful mysteries blind him to the creative task close at hand. When he landed in prison, he wasted no time asking "why" God had singled him out for trouble. His creative spirit was too busy asking "what," with God's help, he could do about the situation as it was. Prison bars separated him from his churches; but he could still write—write the joyous letters which have come down to us as the epistles of the New Testament. A pagan Roman guard was chained to Paul's wrist night and day, but to these guards Paul spoke of Christ; and tradition has it that it was these Roman soldiers who, during their off-hours, carried the gospel to the Imperial Court of the Emperor Nero. At any rate, in Philipians we read this from Paul:

"The things that have happened to me have fallen out . . . to the furtherance of the gospel; so that through my bonds Christ is talked of in all the palace and throughout the whole Praetorian guard."

Dean Wicks of Princeton used to tell of a cynical novelist, isolated from the world, who sought to "explain" life without seeking to "participate" in it. He lived and died in discontent, saying on his deathbed,

Clem E. Binger is pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Kansas City, Missouri, "a parson with a wife and three teen-agers." Reprinted here is his digest of a sermon "The Secret of Thanksgiving," presented as a talk before the Kansas City Mercury Club.

"I catch no meaning from all I have seen, and pass, quite as I came, confused and dismayed."

Contrast this "explaining" attitude of the unhappy cynics with the "participating" spirit of the radiant Jesus. Take a long look at His Cross. For one awful moment the mystery of it all pressed down upon Him and He cried in agony,

"My God, my God, why . . . ?"
But he refused to let the "explaining" attitude have the last word.

"For the Christ the cross was heavy,
For his hands the nails were sharp,



American Girl—1952

She doesn't have to stop and think how to handle men . . . she knows how naturally . . . she and her sisters are the world's prettiest, and they have the figures to prove it . . . No man ever understands the real comfort she gets from a good bawl . . . If she throws herself at a man, she's pretty sure he's wearing a catcher's mitt . . . And when she comes across a man who's learned all about women, she proceeds to unlearn him . . . She may make a fool of him, but never without some cooperation . . . Sometimes she gets in trouble by thinking with her heart instead of her head . . . And falls in love with a million dollars worth of wavy hair—which covers a ten-cent head . . . But she won't marry a short man, because she wants to look up to her husband . . . After marriage, she's satisfied with love, honor and her say.

—Roscoe Poland

▲
He arrived when there were other guests, and his hostess had to arrange for him to sleep on the couch in the living room. The next morning at breakfast she wanted to know if he had enjoyed a good night.

"Fairly good," he told her. "I got up from time to time and rested."

In the sun His thirst was exceeding great,
While the mob did rail and carp."

But, somehow, He must explain it tomorrow; today there was work to be done.

"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

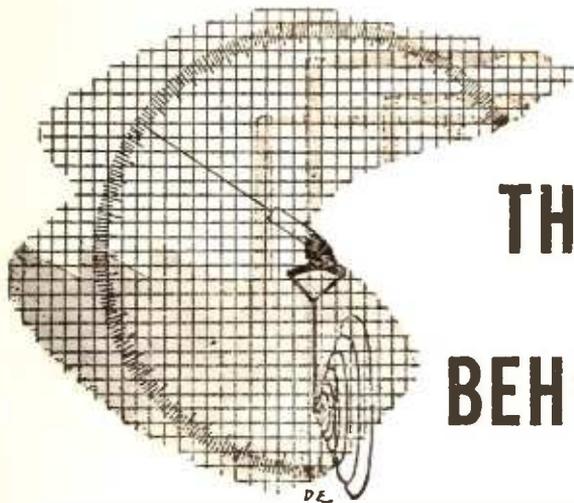
"Today, (thou thief) thou shalt be with me in paradise."

"(John) take care of my mother; mother, behold thy (new) son."

His not to reason why; His just to do—just to do and to die. Happy is he who thus faces life in the spirit of the Christ!



"To encourage thrift, each time the child inserts a penny, a token drops out which you redeem for a nickel."



THE INDUSTRY BEHIND INDUSTRY

The industrialist can go to the Midwest Research Institute with nothing in mind but a problem and the impetus for progress. The result may be a perfected design which will revolutionize his industry.

by MARVIN HAMMER

THOSE prolific mystics of old who predicted the future with a questionable degree of accuracy couldn't make the "first team" today. A far cry from tents and temples, Svengali and seance, and the hodgepodge of the crystal ball is the modern scientific researcher who daily weaves a pattern for the future from the threads of past and present reality.

Basing his discoveries on fact, not fiction, he has amazed believers and skeptics alike as he poured the miracle fiber nylon, and later orlon, from the test tube. He has silenced those who thought coast-to-coast television an impossibility. The same individuals who were so certain that radar could never be used for anything but defensive warfare are benefitting today from its applications in aeronautics and marine operations. These are rep-

resentative of the accomplishments which not only have indicated expanding sales horizons for industry, but have guaranteed that products and manufacturing techniques will not fall by the crusty competitive wayside.

And where do these "Modern Merlins" make their headquarters? Is it in some secluded garret where they can throw a few chemicals together or is it in an ivory-tower-type mausoleum where you can hear your blood pressure drop?

Neither of these is the case. The modern research institution of today is typified by Midwest Research Institute, Kansas City, located in six sprawling buildings and utilizing three-quarters of a million dollars worth of scientific equipment in modern, up-to-date laboratories.

Born in the minds of progressive industrialists who raised over a million and a half dollars from 430 public-spirited contributors as initial operating capital, Midwest appeared on the middle western scene in late 1948, as a non-profit scientific research organization designed to develop and encourage industry and agriculture through technology. While the Institute was conceived as an insurance to maintain the economic stability of the mid-central states, its scope of operations has increased so materially in the past seven years that it is currently serving clients from coast to coast and in Latin America.

The growth of this organization illustrates the ever-broadening sweep of industrial research in the past 25 years. In 1920, there were 300 industrial research laboratories in the United States, with nearly 7,000 scientists, spending about \$30,000,000 a year. Thirty years later, there are 3,000 laboratories with 20 times as many technicians, utilizing over a billion dollars annually in quest of the unknown.

Government matches this expenditure with a billion dollars of its own in the interests of national defense and public welfare. These figures not only attest to the growing stature of science in industry, but verify the importance of this activity which has become a generally recognized and accepted function of effervescently progressive management.

How does the independent industrial research organization fit into the picture? These institutions which have, strangely enough, grown up to fill a need created by the expansion of industrial technology, play a dual role in modern business. For the smaller companies with no research departments of their own, there is provided a fully staffed and equipped laboratory with no initial capital expenditure. In the case of the larger industrial firms, many of whom have their own research departments, these research institutes provide an able assistant for overworked technical facilities and a remedy for stalemated programs. Heads-up companies often adopt a parallel approach to a problem, with work assigned not only to their own staffs, but also delegated to an independent research group.

And if they are anything like Midwest Research Institute, they are also contributing substantially to the industrial and agricultural health and welfare of their region. As a result of programs processed by Midwest within the last year or so, there have been five new industrial plants constructed. Plant equipment and construction, purchased or on order as a result of improved processing and new industrial plants, has topped the million dollar mark.

At the same time, Midwest has not neglected the "little guy." Its projects have ranged from a \$25 test for radioactivity in ore, to a quarter-million

Marvin Hammer is a native of Kansas City, and for the past year and a half has been the disseminator of technical information for the Midwest Research Institute. He received his journalistic training at the Kansas State College School of Technical Journalism. Marvin is just 26, single and has three years of Navy experience behind him.

dollar long-range fundamental program for development of new processes and manufacturing methods in the glass fiber industry. In many instances, the Institute's technical contribution is the sole reason for increased sales for smaller companies engaged in manufacture of such varied products as plastic starch, engine cleaning solvents, and oral antiseptics.



Youthful, serious-minded president Dr. Charles N. Kimball puts it this way: To the Institute there is no such thing as a small business or a large industrial outfit, since we operate as the extension of our clients' facilities in either case. The only things we are interested in are satisfactory service, development of new and profitable ideas for our clients, improvement of existing processes and products, and strengthening the nation's future industrial and agricultural economy through planned research."

If that doesn't quite sound like the scientist's long-haired approach to the situation, that's fine. It isn't meant to be.

One of the continuing functions of the highly-specialized staff of 150 is

brushing away the cobwebs of the garret inventor with a bright new shiny broom from the world of plastics, atomic energy, supersonics, and futuristic, but practical, electronic devices.

Four major divisions at Midwest—chemistry, engineering, physics, and chemical engineering—have divided some 350 clients among them, including such diversified companies as the Corn Products Refining Company, Olin Industries, Maytag Company, Upjohn, Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, and Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

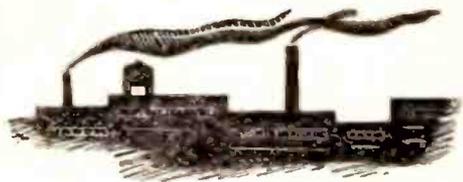
Of the more than 600 projects for 350 clients, Institute books indicate a 70% repeat business. They also show gains in dollar volume ranging as high as 40% during the past year. As a matter of fact, Midwest has just wrapped up its most successful year in terms of income, and at the same time, was involved in its greatest breadth of research projects, with respect both to variety of technical fields covered and to the geographical location of sponsoring organizations.

Among its extensively-planned laboratories in chemistry and allied fields, the Institute provides for research and development in wood technology, milling, cereal chemistry, petroleum, ceramics, biology, foods, fats and oils, fermentation and pharmaceuticals.

The physics division, with eight completely-equipped sections, has processed research and development work in design and application of precision optical instruments, microwave radar techniques, special instrument

designs, methods of printing plate manufacture, and industrial applications of radioactive isotopes.

Midwest's engineering division covers the fields of mechanical and electrical engineering, and has been active in the areas of machine design, thermodynamics, ballistics, advanced engineering mechanics and aircraft dynamics.



The chemical engineering division conducts research and development work, both theoretical and applied, in chemical and related process industries. This group has carried to successful completion such programs as the development of a process for production of soluble concentrates, and a design for processing equipment for drying granular materials by fluidization. In addition, chemical engineers have conducted industrial, resources and market surveys for a variety of clients.

Aside from its work for industry, the Institute is active in the fields of public health and national defense. Synthesis and testing of organic compounds for treatment of cancer are under way in two laboratories for the Federal Security Agency.

Programs in aerodynamics, electronics and ordnance for national defense agencies are being carried forward as part of Midwest's commitment to the nation's security program. The Insti-

tute maintains and operates several field stations in order to facilitate the work on this vital phase of national welfare.

Midwest Research Institute also serves as editorial headquarters for the internationally known engineering publication, *Applied Mechanics Reviews*. Selection of the Institute by the American Society of Mechanical Engineers to edit this magazine has made it a center of applied mechanics and engineering literature.

Projects at the Institute follow a general plan, which begins with a program of research intentions and procedures. This plan is quite similar to the approach of an architect who prepares for a building with cost estimates and expected results.

All programs are under the guidance of a steering committee consisting of client and MRI representatives. These groups meet monthly just after the client receives his regular monthly report.

In some cases, advanced work on a project requires equipment of special or unique design. This equipment is constructed efficiently, rapidly, and economically in the well-prepared shops at the Institute.



Upon completion of the project, all results are formulated, checked and delivered to the firm which financed the investigation.

While Midwest has participated in many patent-planned developments, the Institute itself does not hold any claim to discoveries made for its clients. The entire summation of results of any experimental study becomes the sole property of the sponsoring organization, and the researchers waive

any right to claim patent affiliation.

Now in its eighth successful year, the Institute is still looking for new fields to conquer. The middle west has become nationally-recognized as a center of applied science, and it is certain that as the business of research becomes a multi-billion dollar enterprise, institutions such as Midwest will become the "industry behind the industry" in stimulating economic progress throughout the nation.



An employment office of a large aircraft factory in Dallas recently had this amazing question from a job applicant. "I'm fillin' out this heah fohm, you all sent me," drawled the voice. "Now, down heah wheah it says 'telephone,' does that mean I phones you, or you phones me?"

The colonel had been promoted and to celebrate was giving a lavish banquet. He addressed his soldiers: "Fall upon the food without mercy, men—treat it as you would any enemy." Later, as the feast was ending, he saw a sergeant trying to hide a couple of bottles of wine under his blouse.

"What are you doing, sergeant?" asked the colonel.

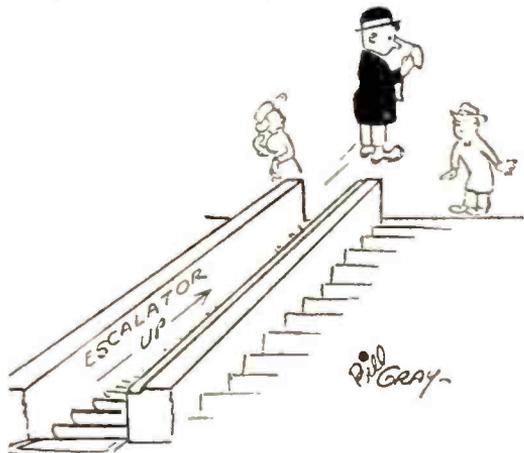
"Obeying orders sir," was the reply. "What we don't kill of the enemy we're supposed to take prisoners."

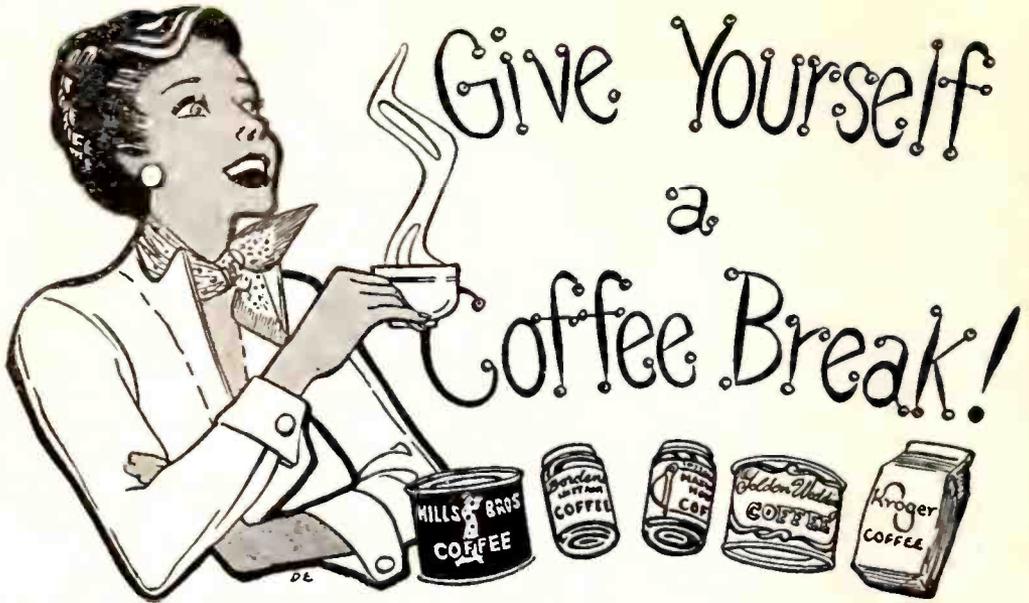
A horse thief had been arrested and released on bail. His lawyer, after a thorough investigation both of the evidence and the public sentiment, was convinced not only that the man was guilty but that any jury in the county would find him so. So he returned to his client and said, "You haven't got the chance of a snowball in hell. All the evidence is against you. No jury on earth would acquit you. The best thing for you to do is skip out of here." The man was bewildered and asked,

"You mean I ought to go somewhere else?"

"That's what I've been trying to tell you."

"But," asked the horse thief, "where can I go? Ain't I already in Texas?"





When you take ten minutes at 10:00 and 3:00 for that cup of java, you're indulging the number one habit of the nation!

by JAMES L. HARTE

LEGEND has it that an Arabian goat-herd, Kaldi, by name, in the year 850 A.D., plucked a few berries from a strange hillside bush and chewed on them experimentally. The flavor so exhilarated him that he rushed to tell his friends of his discovery, leaving the goats to scatter over the hills.

The twice-a-day respite of millions of American workers descends directly from Kaldi's chance find. The pause in the day's occupation for a cup of coffee has its foundation in the lowly goat-herd's intoxication with the taste of the coffee berry. And the coffee break today in America is fast approaching what tea time has long been in England.

For years, across the nation, coffee time had been forming and growing despite the fuming and fussing of employers against workers in mills, factories, offices and stores slipping out for the mid-morning and mid-afternoon pickups. Then World War II brought the practice to full flower, and promoted it into a national habit.

Steaming coffee urns were always full in mess halls and wardrooms; there was always coffee for the serviceman wherever he was stationed. When he returned to civilian life he refused to give up the hot umber drink. Meanwhile, the great army of workers behind the serviceman came into the act. Sociologists and labor experts, working with management to

increase both morale and efficiency in war plants, made studies that showed increased worker efficiency after a short break twice during a shift. So, with the added boost of scientific sanction, the 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. coffee breaks became an accepted and approved part of the country's work day.

The Navy Department had the temerity, at the end of the war, to ban the coffee break in its Washington, D. C., headquarters and other of its establishments, only to learn the futility of fighting the habit. In Navy offices everywhere filing cabinets became hiding places for hot-plates, dripolators and cans of drip-grind coffee. Where filing space did not permit this subterfuge, clerks, stenographers, executives and big brass came to work with thermos bottles—coffee filled—under their arms. The Navy found it best to rescind the ban.

The Nation's Capital, as it does with nearly everything else in these times, leads in the great coffee impulsion. The Department of Defense, in the Pentagon Building, reports the consumption of 32,000 cups of coffee daily, during the approved coffee breaks, in the enclosed city's snack bars and cafeterias. This adds up to more than 8,000,000 cups a year for approximately 30,000 Pentagon employees.

Snack bars are found in most government buildings and the twice-daily breaks are permitted by every branch of the government with the exception of the Post Office Department and the Census Bureau. Excluding these exceptions, government workers in

Washington consume a staggering 40,000,000 cups of coffee yearly.

Uncle Sam's personnel watchdog, the Civil Service Commission, worried lest the coffee break get out of hand, conducted a survey of the situation early in 1951. The Commission happily reported that the longest time any worker spent on the coffee period was eleven minutes, and that the average was slightly less than ten.

The Adjutant General's Office, concerned with military personnel and civilian employees of the War Department, made its own secret investigation, and concluded that the coffee privilege was not abused.



PPRIVATE industry in Washington does as Uncle Sam does. Most large department and other stores allow employees to stop for coffee twice a day. A check of banks and financial institutions in the city shows a standard practice of permitting one employee to go out and bring in coffee for all fellow-workers. The majority of private businesses have adopted the practice. The *Washington Post* provided snack bars in its new, completely modern building into

which it moved early in 1951, where all gentlemen of the press can get coffee during breaks in the daily schedule.

From Boston to San Diego, from Duluth to Del Rio, whether the order is for "black" or with "cream and sugar", the coffee habit persists. During the mid-morning and mid-afternoon recesses, traffic in Philadelphia almost approximates the early morning and evening rushes, and the police blame it on coffee. In Chicago, police say that Loop traffic is almost stalled at coffee time by the crowds of office workers pouring into the streets.

Sears, Roebuck & Co., among the nationwide chains, took the lead in establishing the two-a-day coffee breaks for all employees. In Allentown, Pennsylvania, Max Hess, Jr., youthful department store executive

whose innovations in merchandising have won him fame, credits the coffee klatches with an assist in the \$15,000,000 annual business done by the Hess Brothers Department Store in a city of 100,000—a volume regarded as the highest per capita of any U. S. department store area. Store personnel, executives and customers meet as friends over cups of the steaming, aromatic brew in the store's cafeteria.

Official statistics for 1950, these many centuries since Kaldi's legendary discovery, show that 16.1 pounds of green coffee beans were used that year for every man, woman and child in the United States. The 1951 figure is expected to run higher. So, it appears that the coffee break, the number-one habit of the nation, is here to stay, and—

Whoops! It's time for my afternoon cup!



A CORKING TIP

An eastern hotel posts the following instructions for guests who might smoke in bed:

1. Call the office and notify the management where you wish your remains sent. A very high percentage of hotel fires are caused by this careless practice.
2. Notify guests in adjoining rooms of your intention of endangering their lives. They can then make necessary precautions to protect themselves.
3. Locate the nearest fire escape, so that if you are fortunate enough to escape from your room, you may reach safety.
4. Now sit down and think how foolish it is for you to take this risk—you may enjoy your smoke while thinking it over.
5. Business may be good, but we do not have guests to burn, so please—**HELP US to Protect YOU and THEM.**

At the Right: LORRAINE MILLER of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios





W
H
B

Swing Presents
MARION A. RENO
The Man of the Month

by DON DAVIS

MARION A. RENO is a great believer in the follow-through and the follow-up. As general chairman of the first United Funds Campaign held in Kansas City, Missouri, North Kansas City, Independence, rural Jackson County and northeast Johnson County, he led a mighty army last fall in a successful charity drive for \$3,115,912—or 102.9 per cent of the campaign goal.

“I liked the job because it presented a challenge”, he says. “The community had never before conducted one united campaign for such a big goal. The idea was new and untried here—the idea of *one* campaign for the 67 agencies of the Community Chest, as well as Cancer, Heart, Arthritis and Rheumatism, Cerebral Palsy, plus the U.S.O. and Red Cross in chapter firms only. I knew that if we succeeded it would greatly broaden the base from which contributions are obtained. The formation of a United Fund chapter in every business and industrial firm throughout the community appealed to me as a task requiring careful planning, intensive organization, hard-hitting solicitation and relentless per-

severance. And, during the very early stages, the odds seemed against our success. Many leading citizens and civic leaders thought that, because of the disastrous July flood, the campaign had small chance of succeeding.”

That it *did* succeed is a tribute to Reno: to his capacity for organization, to his qualities as an executive, to his caliber as a fighter. On the United Funds Board he recruited the *services* (not just the *names*) of twenty-two top Kansas City executives—heads of major business organizations. (It is no coincidence that nine of them are members of the Man-of-the-Month Fraternity). He inspired his Board to *work* for the success of the campaign. He encouraged them to enlist effective assistants. As committee heads in the campaign organization, he appointed men he felt would get their respective jobs done. And they did!

Then came the Reno follow-through—the follow-up! Official Charter Plaques were presented to each firm which had organized its own United Fund Chapter. A plaque which recognized and commended the firm's record of giving. The plaques were

awarded at each place of business in special ceremonies to the employees—with commendation to each chapter chairman and his committee for their work.

But was Reno through? Indeed not. He pointed out the necessity of giving all *new* employees the opportunity to sign United Fund pledge cards at the time of their employment. The campaign itself might be over—but the work of fund-raising continues—all year! As a mail-order man, trained in the mail-order school of merchandising, Reno sent each firm a postal order blank for use in requesting additional pledge cards to be given each new employee. The new employees get a *choice* of pledge cards, too: they can pay in a lump sum, quarterly, weekly, or semi-monthly.

It's the Reno follow-through—the follow-up!

TRIUMPHANT execution of campaigns such as the United Funds drive is no new experience for the 52-year-old general manager of Sears, Roebuck and Company's Kansas City organization. In his 26-year business career with Sears he has repeatedly tackled projects that had never been undertaken before—and he succeeded with them! That's why General R. E. Wood, chairman of the Sears board, says of Reno: "I consider him one of the best executives in this vast company. He entered our service when the Kansas City plant was founded in 1926, at a small salary and at a very humble job. His progress has been steady because he showed the qualities of imagination, resourcefulness, initiative and great administra-

tive ability. He came to my attention at a relatively early age and I have watched his progress closely. He has that rare quality—a *truly creative mind*. He deserves all the honors that have been given to him."

Reno's creativeness has been exemplified in two major achievements at Sears . . . one, an achievement in salesmanship; the other, a revolutionary improvement in the method of handling mail orders. Both plans, as conceived and first tested by Reno here in the Kansas City plant, proved to be of such great value that Sears adopted them all for plants.

First comes salesmanship: the frequency with which Sears "calls" on its mail-order customers. Tradition in the mail-order business (as developed by Sears, Ward's, Bellas-Hess and other mail-order houses), had evolved the publication of two big general catalogs each year—one for spring and summer, one for fall and winter. Plus a mid-winter "flyer" (a smaller catalog) for a January-February sale; and a mid-summer flyer for mid-season selling.

Reno felt that calling on his mail order customers four times a year was not enough. Therefore, he began experiments with locally produced circular booklets—to achieve faster "pace" in merchandising; to level peaks and valleys in sales; to make the mail order house as mobile, as flexible, as a retail store. He knew Sears' customers are bargain hunters, and felt they would respond to special sale appeals. And they do! Now the Sears' pattern nationally is to mail seven catalogs a year to all regular, proved, mail order customers—with

special emphasis at Easter and at Christmas. Reno goes further. From Kansas City he continues to mail additional sales circulars to selected lists, to move seasonal merchandise and excess stocks. And each mailing pays its way in sales!

His other major contribution to Sears' operations was in the method of handling orders. In the pre-Reno era, when Sears paid on a weekly basis, business was highly seasonal by virtue of two big catalogs and two sale catalogs each year. Jobs were functionalized so that each person performed a simple operation which could be easily learned in a short time. One group of workers would open the letter, another count the money, while another would read the letter and so on. Similarly in order filling operations, pricing, filling, checking, and wrapping were performed by separate workers. The whole system was geared to seasonal fluctuations, frequent hiring and firing and unstable incomes. Reno believed that by combining mental and manual skills, the jobs would become more interesting and promote efficiency and enable the company to pay better wages and hire a high type of worker.

Combining operations performed many outstanding results. New equipment was required, new conveyors, new desks, mobile work carts, were designed and installed. Operations

were simplified to reduce effort and fatigue. Employees liked the variety of their new jobs. Gone were the monotonous and tiring manual operations, they were now required to think, remember and to make decisions and they liked it. Quality improved, errors decreased, and service improved. Formerly an average order filler walked 12 miles a day, now walks only one mile a day. Where it had once required three hours for an order to pass through a process it now required only one hour and forty minutes.

So outstanding were these innovations that Reno was called into the Parent Office in Chicago where he engineered these changes on a national basis in stores located in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, Memphis, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and Seattle from 1934 until 1940, when he returned to Kansas City as Mail Order General Manager. (While in the Parent Organization Reno standardized many changes.) Hourly wages supplanted weekly rates and wage incentive plans rewarding workers for high production and quality were installed. In addition Reno felt that something could be done about the "peaks" and "valleys" in business. First he developed the constant wage plan which guarantees work and pays for 40 hours work each week—regardless of how slow or rushed business may be;

Don Davis, WHB president who put this article together, acknowledges the generous assistance of J. B. Hann, Sears regional credit manager, and C. E. Converse, Sears' advertising manager in Kansas City. With Davis the job was a labor of love, recalling memories of his years 1919-20 in Chicago, when he worked for the late Henry Schott in Ward's advertising department, at the time General R. E. Wood, now of Sears', was Ward's chief executive officer.

each regular employee whether he works twenty, thirty or forty hours is paid for forty hours every week. The company advances the pay for the shortage of hours less than forty, the employee makes this up at time and one-half.

Working hand in hand, these operating changes and the Seven Catalog Program vastly increased the volume of business and produced a level of efficiency unheard of in the early 1920's.

Concurrently with these improvements in operating procedure, Sears developed its own electronic machine for maintenance of its mailing list—a machine that handles its millions of mailing stencils bearing customer names and addresses. Each stencil is punched for volume of purchase, frequency of purchase, and "recency". Webster's dictionary has no such word as "recency"—but Sears has it, and it means: "How recently has a customer made a mail-order purchase?" Unless you are a consistent customer, making purchases at frequent intervals in volume profitable to Sears, your name disappears electronically from the list of people to whom they send their beautiful catalogs!

BECAUSE of these catalogs, no business executive is more widely known throughout the Kansas City trade territory than Marion Reno. More than a million mail-order customers receive one of the Sears catalogs from him several times a year. Quite often the opening page of the catalog is a personal letter from Reno to his customers. His picture many

times appears on the fly-leaf of catalogs and on the heading of letters. Daily, hundreds of personal letters reach his desk from customers who have special needs, who want a catalog, who want special service, who have a complaint to make. They send him birthday cards and cakes—even ask advice about their personal problems. "The Customer is our Boss," says Reno, "and I feel flattered when they write me about their personal problems, or ask help in finding a doctor or dentist for their community.

"I suppose more of my time and thinking is given to our customers than to any other single phase of our business," continues Reno. "Our competition is very keen and we must know our customers—*what they buy, when they buy, how they buy, how much they will pay.* In today's market the customer is free to spend his money where and when he wishes; and he is a shrewd buyer! We will get our share of his business only when we give him better values and better service."

Selling by catalog to a million customers each year is a big and complex job, ranging from buying the millions of dollars of consumer goods



"Sb-b! He thinks it's some sort of a game!"
—Russ Nelson

required, to the highly specialized job of warehousing and filling the thousands of orders which reach the Kansas City mail-order plant each day. These orders come from the states of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado and parts of Iowa, Arkansas, New Mexico, Utah and South Dakota. On Sears' big map, that's the Kansas City mail-order territory.

A TRIP through the big Sears plant is a fascinating experience which displays Reno's amazing grasp of the myriad functions of the business. "I really grew up with the Kansas City mail-order plant," he says, "and you can't spend 26 years in a business like this without learning a great deal about it. Here you see a business which is truly American in its character. Sears started in a small way and as the national economy expanded, the company expanded its marketing facilities. Today there is back of the Sears catalog a large, highly specialized marketing organization which literally shops the markets of the world to supply the needs of our catalog customers."

Reno's engineering background shows up as he discusses the various phases of marketing by mail. "Actually," he explains, "we operate on a cycle which begins with buying the merchandise and ends when the customer receives his order."

FIRST in this cycle of mail order marketing is the all-important job of buying the merchandise. The parent merchandise buyer for the mail order store faces a difficult assignment. In the early fall he is buy-

ing goods for next year's spring and summer catalog. He must know what customers will want and what they will pay; he must buy in right quantities at a price which will permit a profit at the time the merchandise is sold. He must judge style and material trends correctly. He must anticipate market prices; he must sense the constantly changing customer demand for merchandise. Five basic principles guide the mail order merchandise buyer:

1—The merchandise must have proved customer acceptance. Basically, mail-order walks carefully or not at all into untried fields. It wisely allows others to pioneer, cataloging an item only when and after it has made a dent in the nation's buying consciousness.

2—The merchandise must have a volume potential. Competition for space in the catalog is keen—the item must pay its way in dollar sales if it is to justify its place in the book.

3—The merchandise must be priced to fit the pocketbook of the mail-order customer—nominally a person in the middle or lower income group. He is basically price conscious.

4—Production facilities must be adequate for anticipated demand. Unless production is assured, the item cannot be cataloged.

5—The merchandise must pay a profit. But this alone is not sufficient. A number of rigid specifications must be met: good quality, simple upkeep, low repair costs, reasonable shipping and packing cost.

The actual job of buying follows the normal pattern of merchandising—selecting the sources, placing the orders, providing for time and place of deliveries. Constant and exact accounting of customer demand is maintained as the basis for measuring and correcting the accuracy of the buyers' estimates.

Wherever practicable, contracts with the manufacturer provide year-round, stable production which is a dominant factor in the lower production costs from which the mail order buyer profits. The constant

search for better values at lower prices at times sends Sears production engineers to a factory with ideas and suggestions for improving quality and production.

At the disposal of the parent buying organization is one of the largest and most complete laboratory facilities in industry. There the catalog specifications of every item are tested and established. Rigid and exacting tests determine wear, color, shrinkage and washability. New processes and new materials are researched and developed. There is tomorrow's refrigerator, electric blanket and work shirt. Naturally, a great many nationally-advertised brands find their way into the mail-order catalog; and on such goods the reputation of the manufacturer replaces laboratory-tested specifications.

NEXT in the cycle of mail order marketing comes the job of catalog presentation. The first function of the catalog is to produce sales at a satisfactory advertising ratio. Cost of cataloging is measured in exact dollar terms for every section and every page. Anticipated sales determine the size of the catalog, the number of pages allotted to each line of goods, the space allocated to any one item on a page. Against the anticipated sales are thrown the advertising cost per section, page or portion of a page.

If the catalog is to produce sales it must make the customer see more value in the merchandise it displays. Accordingly the catalog presentation must show the merchandise—highlight the features which sell, and in which customers are interested. It must describe the merchandise in simple, clear, factual language. It must price the merchandise—stressing unit or quantity price as customer demand recommends.

Illustrations are dominant in the catalog. The reason is self evident—pictures sell merchandise. Certain merchandise sells better in color and pays for the added cost of color work. Fashion selling today requires live-model photographs. Hammers

and saws sell as well in black and white.

All catalog copy must be selling copy. Catalog copy must say all that a good salesman says, and say it better. Yet the catalog must not oversell, lest it incur customer complaints and the return of merchandise.

And then the catalog must be geared to the customer it sells. The catalog is in reality a big store—with its show windows, its departments, its counters and its displays. Because experience shows that women do most of the shopping, the show window space in the front of the big catalog is devoted to children's and women's wear. Then follows men's wear, home furnishings, etc. Illustration and copy run the gamut from smart Hollywood fashions to the cold facts and figures on automotive parts. The display and the copy must not only make the customer want this particular item in preference to any other; it must prompt the customer to get a pencil and write out his order!

The catalog must build for the future. Catalog buying is a habit; the catalog must establish that habit and project it into the future. It must establish the mail-order trade marks and a preference for them. It must build a reputation for quality and price which becomes the customer's standard of good value.

THIRD in the cycle of mail order marketing is catalog circulation. The mail order merchant sends his store to his customer. He knows from experience that his business depends on getting to the right customer at the right time. Years of study, research and statistics are in his files. His is a constant study of population trends, of economic and industrial changes.

If the editorial task of putting together the catalog is laborious, the mechanical job of printing is staggering. And it requires a swimming pool of ink. A big swimming pool. The general catalog, which weighs four and one-half pounds, has almost 10 million circulation. An edition fills 600 freight cars. Stacked in a single pile, one

edition would reach 270 miles high. With the seasonal catalogs and "flyers," Sears circulates some 70 million books annually. Kansas City's territory distributes about 10% of the total. More than twenty different printing companies print the various sections, which are then shipped to a central point for the mechanical job of binding, wrapping and labeling.

THERE remains one more step in the mail order marketing cycle—the all-important job of filling the customer's order. Into the mail chute of the mail order house pour literally thousands of orders daily. There they are sorted, scheduled, filled and shipped the same day. Only a highly specialized and systematized operation could do the job. From the weighing-in of the mail, which accurately replaces the laborious task of counting orders, to the multiple tabulating machines which record gross sales figures by departments and lines, every possible time and labor saving device is employed. There are acres of warehouse space, divided into hundreds of stock rooms, each housing a separate line of merchandise with rows of bins and racks and files, each designed for the merchandise it warehouses.

Into this carefully synchronized system drops a customer's order. The cash is registered; order tickets are created for each item; the amount of the purchase is entered on the customer's record card; each ticket keyed and time-scheduled for the moment when the merchandise must reach the shipping room; and then the ticket goes by pneumatic tube to the stock room. Up and down the aisles of the stock rooms travel hundreds of clerks, using specially designed trucks, selecting, pricing, wrapping, and labeling the merchandise. Then, on to the mechanical conveyors goes the customer's package, down the long chutes to the packing and shipping room, which is the focal point of every order. Here

hundreds of packers, weighers and billers process each order for postage and for any change in the order amount; after which the package goes by conveyor belt into the mail sacks of the branch post office located in the building.

THE SEARS CREED ON EMPLOYEE RELATIONS

“TREAT people fairly, honestly and generously and their response will be fair, honest and generous.

“Most employees are interested in job security, job satisfaction, fair pay and an opportunity to advance. Knowing this, Sears tries:

- 1—To individualize our relations with each employee, to know him, to talk with him, to let him know honestly where he stands.
- 2—To study his talents and help him develop them, to utilize his skill and experience to the maximum.
- 3—To handle his grievances fairly.
- 4—To make sure he receives recognition for the good job he does.

“We find the most effective operation comes from a horizontal-type organization which provides direct communication between top management and the Department Manager. Each employee, in turn, is directly responsible to his manager. We largely eliminate intermediate layers of authority. The result is closer contact with the employee and a better job interest and performance.”

—Julius Rosenwald

The year 1925 brought expansion of a new era in mail order marketing, an innovation tentatively begun in 1920 when General Wood was chief executive of Montgomery Ward's. It began with retail outlet stores located in the mail order plants,

offering to the counter shopper the same merchandise listed in the catalog. So successful were these outlet stores that others were opened in outlying cities in rapid succession. Today the larger mail order companies own and operate hundreds of retail stores in almost all major cities and in hundreds of smaller towns. Utilizing the already developed buying sources of mail order, these retail outlets have successfully continued the mail order policy of better merchandise at lower price.

Inherent in the success of the retail outlets are the warehousing and jobbing functions performed by the mail order units. There is no middle man in the mail order business. Utilizing the mail order plant for the triple function of selling, jobbing and warehousing allows the mail order merchant to pass along a substantial saving to his customer.

This hand-in-hand coordination of mail order and retail serves many practical and profitable purposes. The catalog serves to bring the rural customer into the retail outlet store. In turn the retail store has introduced the urban customer to the catalog.

In addition to retail shopping, the mail order companies also provide other shopping conveniences in the way of catalog sales departments in their retail stores, telephone shopping service, catalog sales offices in outlying smaller towns—a constant effort to answer customer demand for wider selections and better values.

OF RENO it could be said that “all of this I saw, and part of this I was—and am.” At 52, he arrives for

work daily at 8 a.m., and is usually the last to depart at 5:15 p.m. He likes to leave “a clean desk”—no matter how rigorous the day’s work—no matter how high his personal mail and memos stack up, crowding for attention. He has the knack of scheduling his affairs in such a manner that he never seems rushed.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

THESE are the things which count:

- 1—Ability to learn.
- 2—Initiative to take hold.
- 3—Desire to get ahead.
- 4—Preparation for greater responsibilities.

In any large business, the tendency is to become part of the system. Too many men are content merely to do their job. They fail to *prepare themselves for the job ahead*. It takes courage and initiative to rise above the ranks—yet, because of this very fact, the opportunities are tremendous for the man who can and will!

We try to teach Sears’ young executives that the success of the company depends upon *their* success. *Their* effort, *their* ideas, *their* contributions to company operating procedure will make Sears a better company in the years to come.

And create better jobs for the young men who “take hold.”

—Marion A. Reno

Here his ability as an executive is proved. His skill in delegating work and authority gives him “space.” He knows how to choose capable assistants—and reward them according to performance.

“Our company has a policy of promotion from within which fortunately is not just a theory,” says Reno. “It has been the basis for selecting our

top executives and six years ago placed at the head of Sears as president a man who years ago started work as an order filler. More important, it operates at the lower levels—with work heads, foremen and managers—as evidenced by the fact that 65 per cent of the employees of the Kansas City plant with fifteen years' service or more are employed in some executive capacity.

"Employees who seek advancement may study the mail-order business by mail through Sears Extension Institute, in a free home-study course available to any regular full-time or 'regular-extra' employee of Sears, Roebuck & Co., or of a wholly-owned factory or source. This plan enables employees, by using some of their spare time for study, to keep learning while still holding down a full-time job. Employee-students can go as fast or as slow as they wish with the lessons; they are strictly on their own. This helps strengthen their initiative. And, if a student fails, or drops a course, there is no black mark against him. The employee's performance is a strict secret between himself and the Extension Institute. His grade goes on his personal record only if he asks that it be entered there. Usually, successful completion of the course through an investment of time and effort by the student pays him dividends in the form of increased opportunities for a better job, with attendant raises in pay.

"**S**UPPLEMENTING these employee relations policies are a number of employee benefit plans which in sum total make long service attractive and worthwhile.

"The best known is, of course, the Employees' Savings and Profit Sharing Fund, which is owned entirely by the employees. 1951 figures on employees' investments in the Fund are not yet available. However, at the end of our last fiscal year, January 31, 1951, the employees of the Kansas City mail order plant owned 103,000 shares of the company stock, which together with cash holdings in the Fund gives them a total investment of \$6,543,000. All employees are eligible to invest in the Fund after one year's service. To the employees' dollars Sears adds a portion of each year's profits and the total is invested in the capital stock of the company. Once a year each employee receives a statement showing the amount of cash and number of shares of stock owned. Upon retirement, the employee's investment is available to him, either in company stock or in cash at the market value of his holdings.

"There are, of course, other benefits. A discount on all employee purchases is allowed. Illness allowance and a non-profit hospitalization plan provide financial help in the event of illness or accident. Group life insurance, paid in part by the company, provides low cost protection. Annual paid vacations start after one year's service and provide a maximum of four weeks for employees who have completed 25 years service.

"Culminating the employee's service, retirement at age 60 or 65 brings its reward of profit sharing, a service allowance, free group life insurance and lifetime employee discount privileges."

Reno points out that the value of

the company program of employee benefits goes farther than the building of a loyal and capable organization. "It is my sincere conviction," he says, "that a good employee creates good will for his company. If he likes his job, if he feels it pays him what he is worth and that it offers reasonable security and opportunity, it follows that he will feel a pride in and a loyalty to the firm which employs him. As executives, it is our concern that he express this pride and loyalty first at work, then at home and then among his circle of friends and acquaintances. In an effort to develop these natural interests the company conducts a continuous program to create employee understanding of what the company does and why; that our real boss is our customer; that our livelihood depends on serving customers well—that each employee has a necessary and important part; that because we do the job well we share in the benefits which accrue to a good employee.

"Also," says Reno, "I believe we must go one step further in our employee relations. We must encourage active employee participation in *community activities*—in those things which make our communities a better place to live. In this I feel management has a very real and very important responsibility of leading the way. Our company believes that good citizenship is an integral part of good business. As General R. E. Wood, Chairman of our Board of Directors, so aptly puts it: 'Neither we nor any other firm has a moral right to take profits out of a community which have been created by the efforts of

others, and not put back some effort and some of those profits into that community.'

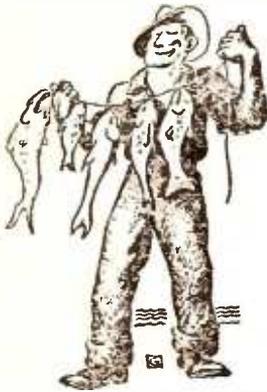
"We at Sears feel a duty and a responsibility as good citizens to support worthwhile civic and charitable organizations. Our stores hold active memberships in the Chambers of Commerce. The company and the employees give support in time and money to the Community Chest, the Red Cross and other civic activities. I am proud that our employees are widely represented in school, church and club activities.

"Nationally our company has recognized its responsibility to the rural communities in pioneering sponsored projects for better livestock and agriculture production. We are able to provide scholarships for deserving young men and women. Through the 4-H clubs and the Extension Services of the agricultural colleges we have been able to help in sponsoring projects which are improving poultry flocks, helping to build up better dairy breeding stock and establishing grape-growing in certain areas of the Ozark Region."

AND Marion Reno has more than an agricultural interest in the Ozarks. Years ago, the man who was then general manager of Sears' Kansas City plant, Ralph DeMotte, took young Reno with him on Reno's first fishing trip other than those, as a kid in Kansas, when he used to fish with trot-lines and throw lines. DeMotte and Reno drove down to Gravois Mills in the Ozarks to fish for bass. DeMotte showed the younger man the intricacies of bait casting; and on his

very first attempt, DeMotte landed a whopper—the only fish, as it turned out, that they caught all day!

But the urge to fish was firmly planted; and fishing has since become Reno's principal relaxation. He and Mrs. Reno make frequent week-end fishing trips to the Lake of the Ozarks and to Norfolk Lake in Arkansas; they fish together for trout and bass; they go on vacations to the west coast for salmon; they fly to the interior lakes and streams of Canada for trout and pike; and they deep-sea-fish in the Gulf, the Atlantic and the Pacific for marlin and sailfish.



With Mrs. Reno, learning to fish was a defensive mechanism. In the Ozarks, she used to row the boat while Marion fished; she thus became an expert guide; then learned to handle rod and reel as skillfully as any man. The Renos like Guaymas, in Mexico, as well as any fishing spot. It's a true desert resort (like Arizona's finest, but on the *seacoast*)—on the pearl-rimmed shore of the Gulf of California. Sun. Dry desert air. Nerves soothed, untangled. Soft warm sea. Soft evenings. Grateful sleep. More marlin than anywhere else in

the world. Lush sea life. Fifty-foot sharks. Giant rays that weigh 4,000 pounds. Mako sharks, beautiful dolphins sporting offshore, schools of Spanish mackerel, and rare and exciting rooster fish, tuna, yellow tail, giant white sea bass, albacore and bonita.

As a catalog man, Reno fishes through the entire catalog!

He likes *all* sports. He gave up hunting in favor of fishing and he doesn't play much golf; but you'll usually see him at the fights, particularly amateur boxing. He doesn't read much at home. "I have to read too many things at the office," he says.

BORN in Scammon, Kansas, Dec. 7, 1899, Reno is one of five brothers, two of whom work for Sears. Brother James is assistant to the operating superintendent of mail order in Seattle; Brother Henry is a buyer for mail order in Memphis. The two other brothers, Harold and Maurice, operate Kansas City's well-known Reno Construction Company.

Scammon is in the coal, lead and zinc mining region of southeastern Kansas, eight miles from Columbus—a region of man-made white mountains of "chat," residue from the mines, topped occasionally with gaunt black hills and separated by dusty roads, railroad tracks and patches of rock and cinder-covered wasteland. Here Marion's father Henry operated a general store and meat market, a business descended from Marion's grandfather's trade of selling fresh meat to the Welsh, French, Italian and Belgian miners of the area on a route he traversed by wagon.

Young Marion worked in his

father's store; but his mother refused to let him enter the mines. A deeply religious Roman Catholic, Rose O'Malley Reno prayed that her boys would acquire an education and find a better life than that of a mining community. Marion attended high school in Columbus—walking the eight miles there and back when he didn't have the 10-cent interurban fare. He was an "E" student, played first base on the baseball team, and on hot summer days enjoyed swimming in the strip pits with the neighborhood kids. This was in an era before the invention of swimming trunks.

At sixteen, Marion got a vacation job when the MKT Railroad was building its YMCA building at Parsons. His employer was a young engineer named H. H. Johntz, whom Reno says taught him how to use the "rule of thumb" instruments of practical engineering—and encouraged him at night to work on computations for the job. The next summer, Marion was able to work as a rodman and chainman with Johntz. Then, instead of attending engineering school, as he would have preferred to do, Marion entered Pittsburg Teachers' College in the military training period following World War I, when college students received pay for military service in the R. O. T. C.

During vacations, he "grew up" in the MKT engineering department; and in January, 1919, left college to construct grade revisions and bridges in Oklahoma and Texas, working out of Parsons, Kansas, for five years.

His Texas travels led him to Denison, where he met, wooed and won the petite, beautiful and black-haired

Gladys, daughter of George McDonald, proprietor of the Hotel Ourand. He and Gladys were married in December, 1923; went to Detroit on their honeymoon; and there he took a job building streets and sewers for a new Detroit subdivision. A brief experience later as a real estate salesman proved disappointing; and the couple returned to Texas.

RENO ON "AMERICA"

"I HAVE a sincere faith in the future of Kansas City, and the resources of our great Mid-West . . . in the people who live here . . . in the courage and initiative which characterized the growth and expansion of this vast and rich agricultural territory.

"The American Customer today enjoys a freedom found nowhere else in the world—freedom to shop where he pleases—to spend his money how, when and where he alone decides. That is what has built our great American System of Free Enterprise. It is our American Way of Life. It gives to any merchant, large or small, the right to go into business for himself, to compete with other merchants for the customer's dollar, to prosper in the measure that he gives fair value in goods and services.

"It seems to me vitally important that we folks in America understand how valuable our American Way of Life is to us. We as individuals, as citizens, as employees, as employers, must realize that this American Way of Life is the way we live—that we are part of it, and it is a part of us. That America is me, my family, my home, my job, my business, my government. If each of us shoulders our share of these responsibilities, we can continue to live and to work as we in America do."

Then a friend of the family, James McDonald (no relation), who operated a chain of small-town banks in southeastern Kansas, introduced Reno to the late E. F. Swinney of Kansas City's First National Bank. Swinney got Marion a construction job on the building project for Sears' great plant at 15th and Cleveland. (That's the 15th Street that is now Truman Road.) When a group of Sears' Chicago executives were here to set up the Kansas City Sears organization, they were attracted to Reno; selected him for the Kansas City staff; and sent him to Chicago for six months' training in mail order methods. He has been a Sears man ever since.

The Renos have a 15-year-old son, now a student at Rockhurst College; and their daughter, Alice, is married to Jack Pieschl who is Sears' credit manager at Coffeyville, Kansas. The Pieschls have two sons—Marion's

MARION A. RENO

MEMBERSHIPS

Kansas City Club
Saddle and Sirloin Club
Trustee, Midwest Research Institute
Director of Central Bank
Advertising and Sales Executives Club
Rotary
Director of United Funds
Director of Community Chest
Honorary Directors Association of Rockhurst College
Blue Valley Manufacturing and Business Men's Association
Art Institute
Conservatory of Music
Minute Circle Friendly House
Whatever Community Project
Chamber of Commerce—Revenue Maintenance Committee
Board of Governor's American Royal

grandchildren—Jack, age 4 and Stephen, age 3.

Probably they will work for Sears one of these days, too! The Reno follow-through and follow-up!



"Author!"

"Bobby," asked the teacher, "in what battle did General Wolfe say 'I die happy' when he heard that the enemy was running?"

Happily and with logic, Bobby replied, "His last one."

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom; youth is the season of credulity.

One of life's greatest blessings is that you are not compelled to believe everything you are compelled to listen to.

Until a man is 40 he needs to build a strong foundation. After that he usually needs a strong foundation to hold up his build.

Swinging the Dial 710

M-G-M Stars Move to Mutual

WINTER is Wonderful on WHB! Don't step out into the cold, the best entertainment in town is as near as 710 on your Radio Dial! Beginning the first of the year, Mutual's tie-in with Metro Goldwyn-Mayer became a listener reality, with the launching of the biggest program-sequence in the history of radio. The M-G-M people are staging ten top shows a week aired over Mutual and WHB. The average family in our area is again becoming accustomed to the sound of radio as the dishes are washed and dried in the kitchen—and Sonny hasn't asked for the car since New Year's. Nowadays, they don't even put out the kitty in Kansas City!

Bette Davis stars as a newspaper reporter in *Woman of The Year* at seven o'clock each Monday evening. This is the first regular radio series for the celebrated Academy Award winner. Immediately following at seven-thirty, the WHB audience hears sizzling *Crime Does Not Pay*, crack stories with a moral twist dramatized by a parade of screen personalities.

Tuesday evenings at seven, jekyll-ish Orson Welles narrates hair-raising and authentic Scotland Yard cases in *The Black Museum*. You are pulled back to mirthful sanity the next half-hour with the ever popular *Adventures of Dr. Kildare*, starring Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres.

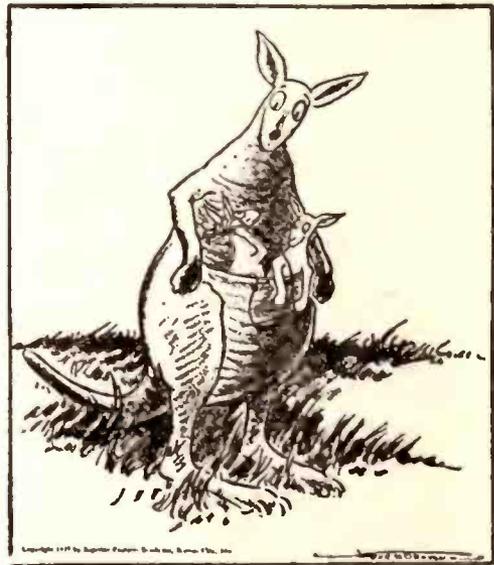
At seven Wednesday evenings, in

the hour-long M-G-M Musical Comedy of the Air, sparkling music and rollicking humor are compacted into a dazzling package and dumped right into the laps of the WHB audience. These great musicals feature an All-Star Hollywood cast, with music by David Rose, his orchestra and chorus.

Thursday, at the same hour, Errol Flynn shares his valuable nocturnal time with us in *The Modern Adventures of Casanova*. Then hear the beloved *Hardy Family* during the next half-hour, with Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney and Fay Holden re-enacting their original movie roles.

For heart warming humor stay tuned Friday at seven for Ann Sothern and *The Adventures of Masie*. Next comes the slangy humor of *The Damon Runyon Theater*.

WHB brings you *The M-G-M Theater of the Air* Sunday at six. This program combines the talent of



"They're advertising a Swell New Baby Carriage Over WHB."

Hollywood's top actors, writers and producers to give you the best in dramatic radio entertainment. The esteemed *Chicago Theater of the Air* follows at 8:00.

Whodunits

IINTRIGUE and death stalk the air lanes each weekday evening on WHB. Mondays at 8:05, *Crime Fighters* gives you lucid insight to the mechanics and activities of our various law enforcement agencies. At 8:30 you board your train for a rendezvous with the dark-cloaked *Mysterious Traveler* and another of his yarns—calculated to unravel your nerves. Tuesday at 8:05, Mutual presents that long-time favorite, *Official Detective* with an actual criminal brought to justice. *Out of the Thunder*, based on great achievements of man since his creation, is a recent addition to the Mutual-WHB roster. Hear it at 8:05 Wednesdays. *Harvey Desmond*, Attorney unscrews the inscrutables of crime and confounds the guilty every Thursday at 8:05. The sound of the gong ushers in *The Sealed Book* whose pages yield tales of unabashed horror Friday evenings at 8:30. Radio's musketeers of adventure, Jack, Doc and Reggie, are heard Monday through Friday at 9:00, in the *I Love A Mystery* serial.

Mutual's famed Sunday afternoon "Mystery Block" keeps WHB listeners glued to their seats with the following programs:

- 2:00 *Peter Salem*
- 2:30 *Danger Dr. Danfield*
- 3:00 *Box 13, with Alan Ladd*
- 3:30 *Under Arrest*
- 4:00 *The Shadow*
- 4:30 *True Detective Mysteries*

- 5:00 *The Gabby Hayes Show*
- 5:30 *Nick Carter*

Sports

THE only difference between Larry Ray, Bill Stern and Ted Husing is that Larry is both at the same time—plus himself! Tune in the WHB Sports Director any of the following nights and you'll visualize more Big Seven basketball than you would from your auditorium or field house seat!

- Sat., Jan. 26 *Kansas vs K-State.*
- Wed., Jan. 30 *Kansas vs Okla. A & M.*
- Sat., Feb. 2 *Colorado vs K-State or Iowa St. vs Kansas.*
- Mon., Feb. 4 *Colorado vs Kansas.*
- Sat., Feb. 9 *K-State vs Missouri.*
- Mon., Feb. 11 *Kansas vs Iowa St. or Oklahoma vs Missouri.*
- Sat., Feb. 16 *Missouri vs K-State or Nebraska vs Kansas.*
- Tues., Feb. 19 *Okla. A & M vs Kansas.*
- Mon., Feb. 25 *Missouri vs Kansas.*
- Sat., Mar. 1 *K-State vs Nebraska or Kansas vs Oklahoma.*
- Mon., Mar. 3 *K-State vs Iowa St. or Nebraska vs Missouri.*
- Fri., Mar. 7 *K-State vs Kansas.*
- Mon., Mar. 10 *Oklahoma vs K-State or Kansas vs Colorado.*

The March 10 game will be carried only in case the championship rides on either game. Otherwise Larry will head right into the N.A.I.B. Tournament which also begins the evening of March 10, and continues for six nights. March 21 come the N.C.A.A. Western Play-offs.

Monday through Friday at 6:15, Larry Ray talks sport for fifteen high-gear minutes, capped by a fresh, memorable sport story. Come March, Larry will daily be scooping the world's press from spring baseball practice in sunny Florida. For the best in sports stay put on 710, WHB and Larry Ray! —Continued page 61

CUSTER'S LAST MAN



General Custer and five companies rode up the valley of the Little Big Horn to their deaths. The one survivor lives today to tell about it.

by IRVING WALLACE

JACOB HORNER is one of the luckiest men on earth. He has been living on borrowed time for over seventy years—ever since the Custer Massacre.

"I'm alive today," the old sergeant said, "because I was a cavalryman without a horse."

In 1876 the United States Government ordered the Sioux Indian tribe to move from their ancient hunting grounds in Montana. The entire Sioux tribe rose under the leadership of Sitting Bull. On June 25th, General George A. Custer courageously tried to surprise Sitting Bull's warriors at Little Big Horn River, although he had a force of only 262 men with him. An historian writes, "The United States troops were wiped out to the last man."

Col. Irving "Speed" Wallace's writings have been published in over 100 different magazines including *The Post*, *Collier's*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Liberty*, *American Legion*, *True*, *Argosy*, *Pageant* and *The Country Gentleman*. He has three best-sellers to his credit, "Mexico Today," "Wing of Scarlet," and "Mystery in the Tropics."

Jacob Horner was a member of the Custer outfit and barely escaped being massacred along with his comrades. He is now ninety-five years old, and exceptionally spry, spending his summers in Western North Dakota and the winter months in California. He is the only man living who served under General George A. Custer.

THE hard-boiled recruiting officer looked up from his desk in the St. Louis Army recruiting office to see a mild-looking youth dressed in button shoes and fashionably tailored European clothes. Young Jacob Horner had just returned from Alsace-Lorraine, where he had been attending school.

"I want to fight Indians," Horner announced. He gestured toward a large poster depicting the adventurous life in the Army. "I want to go out West where there's some action."

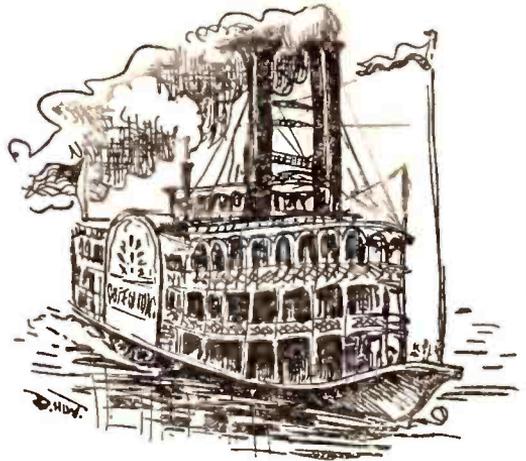
The officer looked him over. "That's a man's job," he countered.

A little argument convinced the Army officer that Horner was of age and was determined to enlist. He was soon in the Army and on a steamboat heading up the Mississippi to Fort Snelling.

The cultured young man was already learning that the Army was much different from his expectations. There was nothing in those days at Fort Snelling but a cluster of log shacks. The recruits were placed in an old barn, which served as a barrack. The diet of hardtack, sowbelly and beans was primitive for a former student of Eastern and European schools.

Horner and the other recruits did

not stay long at Fort Snelling. The Government was preparing an expedition which was to start out after the Sioux tribe from Fort Abraham Lincoln on the Missouri River near Bismarck, Dakota Territory. They were elated when it was learned their group was being sent to join the Seventh Cavalry at Fort Lincoln. Here they would be under the command of George Custer, one of the most colorful cavalry officers the Civil War had produced.



At that time the railroad was built only as far west as the Missouri River at Bismarck. It took Horner and the other seventy-seven replacements ten days to make the five-hundred-mile train trip from Fort Snelling at Minneapolis to the frontier town of Bismarck. They reached there May first. Fort Lincoln was across the river, and they had to go without rations until a steamboat arrived to ferry the command across. None of them had money. The replacement recruits had been in service long enough to know how to gripe—they spent their time until the boat arrived cussing the

country, Army, Indians, and especially the commissary. Horner sold a plug of Government issue chewing tobacco for enough to buy a couple of beers in a local saloon. He stretched them out as long as he could while he raided the free lunch counter.

Horner recalls that his first days at Fort Lincoln were so full of excitement over the coming campaign that he forgot his troubles.

GENERAL CUSTER set May 17th as the day to leave Fort Lincoln in pursuit of the Sioux Indians, who were under the leadership of Chief Gall and Crazy Horse. Chief Gall later proved to be the most fearsome of all Sioux warriors. He led the Indian horsemen in the battle which annihilated Custer. Sitting Bull was the most fanatic white man hater in the West. He was the master mind of the Sioux warriors, cunning and as sly as a prairie fox.

The Government had signed treaties with the Indians which allowed them to keep the Black Hills territory for their own hunting grounds. White men were forbidden to enter the area. Nevertheless, gold was discovered in the Black Hills and prospectors flocked in by the thousands. Soon the Sioux hunting grounds were ruined and the Indians driven out. The Indians went on the war path, and many of the military men disliked the job of going out and rounding them up. Besides the breaking of the treaty, there were other things that were equally irritating. Government supplies for the Sioux were sent to Indian agents for distribution; some agents stole the

goods and sold them to trading posts up the river.

When General Custer learned of this he reported it to Washington. The scandal implicated President Grant's Secretary of War, Mr. Belknap, who was impeached. President Grant refused to believe the charges, and never forgave General Custer. Just before the expedition left Fort Lincoln, the President took the command away from Custer and gave it to General Terry. Custer was ordered not to accompany the expedition in any capacity, but General Terry interceded for him, and he was allowed to command his own regiment, with Terry as his superior officer.

"I'LL never forget our departure," Horner said. "It was a colorful sight as our command moved out of the Fort on that bright May morning in 1876. Our heavy wagon trains made a column more than two miles long. I remember how proud General Custer was when he took his place and rode at the head of our Seventh Cavalry with its beautifully matched companies of grays and browns. He looked every inch the great leader he was."

"Do you remember Mrs. Custer?" I asked.

The old Indian fighter's eyes beamed. "Indeed, I do. She was both charming and beautiful. She accompanied us on that first day, and returned to the Fort that evening in the company of the paymaster—never to see her husband alive again."

"I guess there wouldn't be much use of a paymaster going along on such an expedition," I joked.

Mr. Horner cocked his Western hat over his right eye and smiled. "You know," he said, "soldiers were pretty much the same as they are now. General Custer was an old campaigner and knew all the answers. He had the paymaster ride out and give us our pay on the prairie—far from the saloons and gambling halls that infested the frontier town of Bismarck." The old soldier's voice lowered, "It might have been better if the boys could have had one last party, for most of them never came back, and the Indians rifled their pockets after the massacre."

The Custer cavalryman said he would never forget how sore his feet got on that fatal 325 mile trek across the plains of Dakota and Montana.

"I thought cavalrymen rode horses," I said.

"They do," he answered. "But this was one time I was the exception. When we were shipped in as replacements, mounts were ordered for us. Somehow, the Army supply service slipped up and there were not enough horses for all of us, and I was among that group.

"Custer wanted to take as many men as possible and we wanted to accompany him, so we cavalrymen—without horses—walked like the infantry, but in clumsy cavalry boots that weighed six or seven pounds apiece. We were expected to walk ahead and throw the rocks out of the way so the horses could find footing. Night after night we would come straggling into camp hours after the rest, so footsore we didn't care whether we lived or not. Our scouts warned

us constantly of the danger of lagging behind. We would have been easy pickings for the Sioux. Their favorite trick was to skulk closely behind an expedition and kill off the stragglers.

"**C**AMPAIGNING in those days was no picnic," Mr. Horner continued. "We didn't have an Engineer Corps to go ahead and lay out roads and bridges. When we came to a river, we all pitched in and cut down cottonwood trees until we had a bridge that could carry the weight of our heavy wagons. I still remember how General Custer waded out to his belly in the Heart River to show us recruits how to build a bridge. When I see our well equipped soldiers now, with their jeeps that whisk them along at sixty miles an hour, I can't help thinking how they'd have laughed at us. In all the five years I spent out in the frontier country fighting the Indians, I never saw a pillow. On one campaign, lasting eight months, I didn't see a vegetable."

The expedition from Fort Lincoln was to meet General Crook and his men coming from the south, at Powder River. Neither General Crook nor his scouts showed up. Later—but too late—it was learned why. He had already met the Sioux in such force that he was thrown back in disorder.

The other generals completed their plans: Custer was to take his men southwest toward the source of the Little Big Horn River and then follow the stream north; Terry and Gibbon were to go to the mouth of the river and follow it southward. They expected to meet in the Little Big Horn

Valley on June 27th and trap the Sioux. On June 25th General Custer met the horde of Sioux warriors and found he was greatly outnumbered.

Everybody today knows the history of what happened at Little Big Horn. General Custer and his entire command of five companies were wiped out to the last man. Major Reno and the remainder of the Seventh suffered heavily and were barely able to hold off the charge of the Sioux redskins until Terry and Gibbon arrived two days later to rescue them.

"How did you escape?" I asked.

"By the time the walking cavalrymen reached Powder River," Mr. Horner answered, "we were unfit to accompany our outfits any farther on foot. It was decided to leave us to guard the newly established base camp on Powder River while Custer, Terry

and Gibbon continued on toward the Little Big Horn. There were several lame mules left with us. When the boys pulled out, we were the laughing stock of the whole outfit. They called us the Jackass Battery. We didn't mind, because even a mule looked good to us after our long trek over the prairie."

"You surely were a lucky man," I said.

"Luck does play an important role in one's life," the old veteran said. "Just before our outfit pulled away from Powder River, my buddy, Charlie Schmidt, and I learned about there being one horse available. Both of us wanted desperately to go along. We matched coins for the horse. Charlie won. I was left behind in charge of the mules while he rode away with Custer. I never saw him again."

WANTED:

A man for hard work and rapid promotion; a man who can find things to be done without the help of a manager and three assistants.

A man who gets to work on time in the morning and does not imperil the lives of others in an attempt to be the first out of the office at night.

A man who listens carefully when he is spoken to and asks only enough questions to insure the accurate carrying out of instructions.

A man who moves quickly and makes as little noise as possible about it.

A man who looks you straight in the eye and tells the truth every time.

A man who does not pity himself for having to work.

A man who is neat in appearance.

A man who does not sulk for an hour's overtime in emergencies.

A man who is cheerful, courteous to everyone, and determined to make good.

This man is wanted everywhere. Age or lack of experience does not count. There isn't any limit except his own ambition, to the number or size of the jobs he can get. He is wanted in every business.

—Industrial Management Bulletin.



NO TIME TO LIVE

Why do we have so little time? Where does it go? Why isn't 24 hours enough? Here are some suggestions about how to gain more leisure.

by JOHN ISE

EVERY Thursday I have to write a check for the laundryman. Two or three days later Thursday comes around again and I have to write another check; and I am always puzzled as to what has happened to the other days that are supposed to be in the weekly calendar. I seem to have slept over most of them. These weeks are my life, for life is made up of weeks; and I seem to find little in them—except my classes, which are a great joy—that I can remember as worth-while or significant. This adds up to the conclusion that, aside from my classes, my life is pretty dull, meaningless, for the most part, and that some day I will find that I have used up my allotment of time and won't be able to figure out what I have got out of it.

The years slip by in the same way.

A year looks like a lot of days, a stretch of time long enough to get some real kick out of life, and perhaps do something worth while. Yet I find that I just about finish dismantling the Christmas tree when I have to go poking around in the closets to find the decorations again. How many years can pass in a little while, pass almost unnoticed and unsung!

A few years ago I had two little boys, dear little boys. (The neighbors called them onery brats; but the neighbors didn't understand them.) I enjoyed my little boys more than most men do, I believe, because I had a presentiment that they would grow up and be gone some day—some day far in the future. Twenty years ought to be a long time, a time

full of good fun with the boys. But I awoke a year or so later to find the boys grown up, graduated, gone out into the big world, to repeat the mistakes I had made.

Twenty years! What had I done with them? What did I get out of them? They went so fast that I had time only to blink at each one, no time to sample the golden hours as they passed. No time for anything but work and trivialities; that seems to be my trouble, and it is a common complaint of busy men, those who can sit still long enough to think enough to complain.

Why have we so little time? Where does it go? Or, rather, why isn't 24 hours enough? I never had more than that, but I can remember when I had time—long Sunday afternoons when I could read books, undisturbed, and with no feeling that there were a dozen other things I should be doing; evenings that seemed like whole evenings, to play the piano or sing or read, or in winter study my lessons. It was an unhurried life we led, more than a generation ago. We had only a few good friends, and when we visited them we stayed much of the day—a leisurely day that did not fly past like a tumble weed in an April wind.

When we came from Downs to Lawrence to college we did not expect to make the trip in four hours; but rode the slow Central Branch, changed trains a time or two, making connections if we were lucky; if not, lounging around the depot for some hours or perhaps all night. I remember well the evening my sister and I missed connections at Beloit, and sat out be-

hind the depot most of the night, reciting poetry and talking of our plans and ambitions, and theories of the good life. It was full moon, and there was a mist on the field of ripening wheat across the fence, and the frogs were croaking from the creek nearby. Sister has been gone these many years, but I can close my eyes and see that lovely, peaceful scene as if I had been there only yesterday. An interruption of our journey, at which I no doubt cursed with vigor, had enriched my life with an unforgettable experience. It was an enforced leisure, but how rich and enduring!

SOME classes of people probably have more leisure than they used to have. The vast productivity of modern industry has made it possible to reduce the work day of laborers, and they doubtless have more leisure. In the home, the washing and ironing machines, dishwashers, dis-



"... Sincerely yours, etc. Now read me back your version, Miss Lamson."

posalls, electric toasters, mixers, percolators, sweepers, waxers—a score of machines of various kinds—have provided leisure for the housewife, no doubt; and if we could just invent a machine for raising the children, she would have more freedom than the constitution guarantees. But even the housewife may and sometimes does take up bridge or culture and uplift clubs until she has no time. Most of the housewives I see complain that they have only one pair of hands and so can't get their necessary work done. In dreams I sometimes see that one pair of hands, scarred and roughened from its myriad tasks, one of which may be shuffling the deck.

It is, I think, the middle and upper classes, business and professional men, who find the stress of life growing. The machines have brought them no free time, no leisure. The automobile could be used to cut down our time needed to go places, and so provide more leisure; but it appears merely to make us think of more places to go. Measured in miles, or in the speed with which we cover them, we live a rich life; measured in significant things done, we verge on pauperism.

On fine spring or fall days, for instance, we start out on a round of calling, with a suit case full of calling cards, and two hours later return home to find an equal number of cards piled up around the front door. A philosopher friend of mine says that his hardest problem is to avoid most of the social contacts that mod-

ern transportation and communication make possible.

So the machines haven't provided leisure. On the contrary they produce so much of so many things that we feel impelled to hurry to get the money to buy and the time to enjoy as much as possible. There are too many things that we can do, too many things to want, too many kinds of entertainment, too many ways of spending time; but why should this not be the happiest situation imaginable? Too many things, too many ways of enjoying ourselves, that's an odd complaint to make. The trouble is that so many of the goods are shoddy, so much of the entertainment we should be ashamed of. Over the door to the Twentieth Century should be inscribed in flaming letters: "Too Much And Too Poor."

So great is the pressure to take in as many sorts of entertainment as possible that we often try to enjoy several at the same time. So, at breakfast, I turn on the radio to get the news, read the newspaper, eat what I assume is my breakfast, and rub the dog with my foot, under the table, on the theory that the dog must be entertained too, perhaps also carrying on a desultory conversation with my wife, who is reading the Ladies Home Journal and pedaling the other side of the dog. So we have to listen to the car radio while driving, talk or read or do both while listening to the radio concert, and, on the other side, perhaps try to figure out whether we can afford a new rug.

Professor of Economics at the University of Kansas and author of a standard text on the subject published by Harper's, John Ise isn't always as pessimistic as this article would have you believe. Statistics show that he has his tongue in his cheek a good percentage of the time, particularly when writing or making speeches.

I seldom go to the movies, but last week a certain famous movie was being shown in Lawrence, second showing, and my wife and I argued and cudgled our brains trying to remember whether we had seen it or not. We never did decide. If we had seen it, it must have made a very strong impression! Try remembering the titles and plots of a score of movies, and you will realize what a dent they make on your consciousness. Too many movies, even if they were good, and there's no way of making so many movies good. So I commonly hear, "No, I don't care about seeing that. I'm pretty sure I saw it once."

When Macbeth comes to the city, do we say, "Oh, no, I saw that once?" Yet I think we would if Shakespeare had promoted a drama corporation and had turned out 20,000 plays in 20 years. When I hear Brahms's First Symphony I really do not turn the radio off, saying, "I've heard that before," because Brahms wrote only four symphonies, all supremely good, and not a thousand, all supremely bad. "Too much and too poor" describes too much of our cultural and recreational provender, but the stuff takes our precious time. Indulging in it, the people remind me of cattle eating straw in a hard winter, working full time, but losing weight steadily.

THE emulative spirit is of course a destroyer of leisure. We must keep up with the Jones's; and here they are, flaunting their new cars and fur coats and nylons before us, cheapening everything we have, sowing in our hearts the seeds of envy and malice where Christian brother-

hood ought to reign. Modern cars, radios, movies and advertising make us more conscious of what they have.

I wish the Jones's would move to New Caledonia or Borneo, for they are a worse nuisance than the Kallikaks, worse even than the bureaucrats—or do I go too far? The Jones's have destroyed more wealth than all the tornadoes, cyclones, floods, Japanese beetles and grasshoppers in America, have caused more unhappiness than love, divorce, influenza and communism. We see this numerous, ubiquitous outfit wherever we go, and they always make us unhappy, and force us to work when we don't want to. Why doesn't the F. B. I. rid us of this family, so that we won't need to keep up with anyone?

According to capitalist standards of morality, leisure is a sin anyhow. We must succeed, and we don't succeed by enjoying leisure. I can imagine a typical ambitious father saying goodbye to his son who after graduation is going out to seek his fortune. "My dear son, you are on your own now, but I hope you will hold fast to the traditions of your father. Remember that life is real, life is earnest, and success is its goal. Don't ever do anything merely because you want to, for that won't lead you anywhere. It is true that you might enjoy it, but forget about that.

"If you are to succeed you must do mostly hard work, the things that you don't want to do; and if you do such things for fifty years you may be a very famous man, perhaps a millionaire or a congressman or a diplomat or a writer of books; or at any rate you may pile up enough of

a fortune to endow your widow for her second husband, after heart disease has taken you off, and you have become the richest man in the cemetery. Life is for work, and not vice versa. Early to bed and early to rise, as Benjamin Franklin said; and they're good for you, my son, because you don't like either one. At any rate I hope, my dear boy, that you'll be a success, whether you enjoy your life or not."

Many years ago my first boy started to school, and as I saw him trudging away down the street, turning to wave at us, I thought sadly: "He's stepping into the tread mill, poor boy, and he'll never get out of it until the glass wagon carries him off."

THE American habit of joining organizations must bear a major share of the responsibility for our



"Ub, Tommy, do you want some cake? Candy? Ice cream?—Martha, he's ready."

busyness; our lack of leisure. Organization often seems necessary, indeed, to accomplish certain ends. We seem to have to have a separate organization for the protection of share croppers, racial minorities, children, wild life, Redwood trees — about everything. But most of our organizations have no purpose but to "get together" and waste time.

Well, what can we do about it? Is there any way of simplifying life to a point where we can have a little *time*? In a profit-motivated society, we can hardly expect a shift from quantity to quality in the flood of goods, newspapers, magazines, music, drama and books. Profit must be served; and there is profit in the shoddy stuff. The best we can do is to pick and choose, on the theory that it takes less time to choose the little really good than try to digest the entire output. I can't brag about my success, but I am making progress. Of course I usually buy little, and that the best I can afford.

In the newspapers I have narrowed my interests to the significant national and international news. I have managed to cut my magazine list somewhat; but I still receive some 20 publications, and a few of them will have to go.

Books are one of my hardest problems. I have been buying the books that I should read, then putting them up on the shelves to be read in a future which never came. There on my shelves they stand, glaring at me reproachfully, reminding me that I shall have no leisure until they are read. I often wonder if a fire wouldn't afford me a better conscience and

more leisure. As to new books, I find that I can save time by going through the book catalogues and marking the books that I want, then throwing the catalogues in the waste basket.

THERE are a few ways of utilizing time that would otherwise be wasted. At the family dinner table, a really good book, read aloud to the family, will raise the tone of the dinner; but it is difficult to manage with a full mouth. I have read some Shakespeare, and a lot of Mark Twain in this way, discussing them with the family. A book would not need to be very good to run somewhat above the ordinary dinner table patter.

And I am no longer a joiner. I want to do what I want to, when I want to. I think we must be individualists, stubborn individualists, if we are to have any time. We must learn to enjoy being thought a bit crazy, perhaps even somewhat impolite. For instance, it has become a fashion to send out Christmas cards to all our relatives, friends, acquaintances, and some strangers in various parts of the world from Siberia to Guadalcanal. In my timid youth I fell in with the fashion, until I had to fix up a card index to keep track of my friends et cetera, and was on the point of engaging a secretary to manage the business.

Then a great light fell upon me, and I sent a notice to several hundred thousand people that I was their very dear friend, loved them and would treasure their love and friendship till purgatory froze over or until further notice; that in the meantime would they please put my name down as a friend and think of me at Christ-

mas time or as soon thereafter as convenient and practicable, as I would also vice versa and reciprocally; but I would not spend two weeks before the birthday of the Prince of Peace getting out enough Woolworth cards to give the mailman arthritis for his Christmas. Oh, I do care for my friends, and I reply to all such cards if I can, but not in Christmas vacation, and I don't just send the printed lines about the joys of the non-existent peace; but tell them how I am, and my wife, and the boys and the dog—something intimate and confidential. Similarly I long ago dropped the custom of giving anyone but the children presents. If it's the custom, I'm against it, particularly since by being so I can save money and time.

I have discovered, finally, that to a considerable extent we must choose between leisure and personal importance. I had much more leisure when I held a less important job than the one I now hold—there is a less important job than that of professor. As assistant professor, I let the deans make the speeches, and let the older professors serve on the committees to guard student morals. I had no car, belonged to no clubs, owned no radio, of course, had few responsibilities of any kind, and could often take a long, leisurely walk on Sundays, or could read books that I wanted to read.

Like most men, I find that as I grow older I take on some new functions and new responsibilities; but I am learning to choose. And I'm learning that most of what I do is of little importance. I'm making progress, and perhaps I may solve my problem. If

I can't do it in some way, I suspect that heart disease and hardened

arteries and high blood pressure will do it for me.



(Continued from page 49)

Swinging the Dial 710

Sandra Lea

Sandra Lea, WHB's home making authority, has a new name and a new format for her mid-morning program. *Sandra Lea Chats* is the new title, and each day at 9:30 a.m., Sandra gives charmingly feminine treatment to a different subject. Mondays, Sandra offers taste-tested recipes and other cooking and kitchen hints. Tuesday is fashion morning, with interviews with leading figures of the fashion field. Wednesday, Sandra takes up child care, giving sound and interesting information on this modern science. Thursday, Sandra goes into home decorating, interviewing leading area decorators, and giving valuable pointers on home beautifying. Friday is club day, and Sandra suggests ideas for club programs; interviews club leaders, and reads club notes.

Western Music

WHB runs the chuck wagon when it comes to western flavor! A solid breakfast consists of WHB's own Cowtown Wranglers, who open the day for thousands of folks with their 6:45 a.m. show. Then Hoby, Harold and Jimmy team up with WHB's perennial favorite, Don Sullivan, to make the real meat and potatoes of Kansas City's noon hour

radio fare. Another generous helping is the recently acquired Haden Family, who can get everything out of a guitar but milk, and do, every week-day at 1:30. Dessert, Western style, is the Cowtown Jubilee each Saturday evening from the stage of Ivanhoe Temple. The WHB regulars are billed with popular guest stars and especially talented amateurs for forty-five minutes of smash, fast-moving old-time hoedown! Saturday mornings, there's the 10:00 to 11:45 "Cowtown Carnival", on which Don Sullivan is heard as a Western music disc jockey.

The News

FOR news still burning from the AP wire, the telephone and the local constabulary, not to mention on-the-spot coverage, WHB remains unexcelled. Excluding news of bulletin importance, there are more than twenty periods a day devoted to news broadcasts, commentary or analysis. Beginning with the 6:00 a.m. news and weather forecasts, popular WHB news periods are:

- 6:00 a.m. Ken Hartley
- 7:00 a.m. Ken Hartley
- 8:00 a.m. Ken Hartley
- 8:05 a.m. Weather Man
- 10:25 a.m. Les Nichols
- 11:15 a.m. Baukhage Talking
- 12:00 noon Dick Smith
- 1:00 p.m. Dick Smith
- 1:25 p.m. Sam Hayes
- 3:00 p.m. Dick Smith
- 4:00 p.m. Dick Smith
- 4:45 p.m. Dick Smith (news and sports)
- 5:55 p.m. Cecil Brown
- 6:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr.

CURRENT

EVENING

6:15 p.m. *Larry Ray (sports)*
 6:30 p.m. *Gabriel Heatter*
 6:45 p.m. *Roch Ulmer, The Weather and You*
 6:50 p.m. *Dick Smith, Good News*
 6:55 p.m. *Robert F. Hurleigh*
 8:00 p.m. *Bill Henry*
 9:15 p.m. *John Thornberry*
 9:30 p.m. *Frank Edwards*
 9:45 p.m. *Mutual Newsreel*
 10:15 p.m. *Weather Forecast*
 10:55 p.m. *Mutual Reports the News*

11:00 is the bewitching hour on WHB. For a cozy quarter hour it's an intimate chat between Bea Jay and you, her boy, couched in sentimental music. From 11:15 p.m. until sign-off time at 1:00 a.m., comes *Roch Ulmer Show*. Roch spins all the popular discs, interesting novelty songs, and new music predicted to make the hit parade. Roch welds the show together with quick wit and spontaneous phrasemaking . . . in any one of his many dialects.

1952 has opened a bright new vista for the WHB audience. The program schedule glitters with the names of showdom's great, and WHB's own talented performers. There's a roster of shows to keep the whole family home listening, as we Swing into Spring on 710.



The county agricultural agent dropped in to see old Moss Smith. The old hillbilly came out of his cabin and said, "howdy."

"Howdy, Moss," replied the agent. "Seems to me the Russian thistles are bothering you a lot in your grain field."

"Them thorny things ain't botherin' me near as much this year as they did last," Moss replied.

"No?" said the agent, incredulously.

"Nope," Moss said. "I got me some shoes to wear this year."

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6	00 M-G-M Theater	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
	15 M-G-M Theater	Lorry Roy, Sports
	25 M-G-M Theater	Lorry Roy, Sports
	30 M-G-M Theater	Gabriel Heatter
	45 M-G-M Theater	The Weather and You
	55 M-G-M Theater	Good News, Dick Smith News, Robert Hurleigh
7	00 This Is Free Europe	Woman of the Year
	30 The Enchanted Hour	Crime Does Not Pay
	45 The Enchanted Hour	Crime Does Not Pay
8	00 Chicago Theater of Air	News, Bill Henry
	15 Chicago Theater of Air	Crime Fighters
	30 Chicago Theater of Air	Mysterious Traveler
	45 Chicago Theater of Air	Mysterious Traveler
9	00 John J. Anthony	I Love A Mystery
	15 John J. Anthony	News, John Thornberry
	30 Armed Forces Review	News, Frank Edwards
	45 Armed Forces Review	Mutual Newsreel
10	00 Armed Forces Review	In the Background
	00 Mutual News	Serenade in the Night
	15 Weather Forecast	Weather Forecast
	20 Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night
11	25 Mutual Reports News	Mutual Reports News
	00 The Jock Loyton Show	The Beo Joy Show
	15 The Jock Loyton Show	The Roch Ulmer Show
	30 The Jock Loyton Show	The Roch Ulmer Show
	45 The Jock Loyton Show	The Roch Ulmer Show
12	00 The Jock Loyton Show	The Roch Ulmer Show
	15 The Jock Loyton Show	The Roch Ulmer Show
	30 The Jock Loyton Show	The Roch Ulmer Show
	45 The Jock Loyton Show	The Roch Ulmer Show
1	00 WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY

"Here," announced the engineer, displaying the latest novelty dreamed up by his staff, "we have combined: an inkwell, a small clock, a pencil sharpener, a memo pad, an interest table and a calendar. On top is a miniature elephant with a cask on his back for holding postage stamps, matches and buttons, while on top of the cask is a pin cushion. Don't you think that's a dandy combination?"

The prospective manufacturer stared at the weird contraption, a frown on his brow. "There's something lacking," he finally announced. Then he smiled: "I know what it needs! From somewhere should come music."



Never borrow from a friend what you can buy from a stranger.

PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

EVENING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Fulton Lewis, Jr. Lorry Roy, Sports Lorry Roy, Sports Lorry Roy, Sports Gabriel Heotter The Weather and You Good News, Dick Smith News, Robert Hurleigh	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Lorry Roy, Sports Lorry Roy, Sports Lorry Roy, Sports Gabriel Heotter The Weather and You Good News, Dick Smith News, Robert Hurleigh	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Lorry Roy, Sports Lorry Roy, Sports Lorry Roy, Sports Gabriel Heotter The Weather and You Good News, Dick Smith News, Robert Hurleigh	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Lorry Roy, Sports Lorry Roy, Sports Lorry Roy, Sports Gabriel Heotter The Weather and You Good News, Dick Smith News, Robert Hurleigh	Novy Star Time Twin Views of News Twin Views of News Comedy of Errors Comedy of Errors Comedy of Errors News, Cecil Brown	00 18 25 30 45 50 55
The Black Museum Dr. Kildore Dr. Kildore	M-G-M M. C. Theater M-G-M M. C. Theater M-G-M M. C. Theater	Modern Cosanovo The Hordy Family The Hordy Family	Mosie (Ann Sothern) Damon Runyon Theater Damon Runyon Theater	Twenty Questions Bonds for Bonds Bonds for Bonds	7 00 30 45
News, Bill Henry Official Detective Who Yo Loffin' At? Who Yo Loffin' At?	News, Bill Henry Out of the Thunder Family Theater Family Theater	News, Bill Henry Horvey Desmond, Atty. Proudly We Hoil Proudly We Hoil	News, Bill Henry Mogazine Theater The Sealed Book The Sealed Book	Cowtown Jubilee Cowtown Jubilee Cowtown Jubilee Missouri Hayride	8 00 15 30 45
I Love A Mystery News, John Thornberry News, Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel In the Background	I Love A Mystery News, John Thornberry News, Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel In the Background	I Love A Mystery News, John Thornberry News, Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel In the Background	I Love A Mystery News, John Thornberry News, Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel In the Background	Hawaii Colls Hawaii Colls Lombardolond USA Lombardolond USA Lombardolond USA	9 00 18 30 45 55
Serenode in the Night Weather Forecast Serenode in the Night Mutual Reports News	Serenode in the Night Weather Forecast Serenode in the Night Mutual Reports News	Serenode in the Night Weather Forecast Serenode in the Night Mutual Reports News	Serenode in the Night Weather Forecast Serenode in the Night Mutual Reports News	Serenode in the Night Weather Forecast Serenode in the Night Serenode in the Night	10 00 15 20 55
The Beo Joy Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show	The Beo Joy Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show	The Beo Joy Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show	The Beo Joy Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show	The Jock Loyton Show The Jock Loyton Show The Jock Loyton Show The Jock Loyton Show	11 00 15 30 45
The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show	The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show	The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show	The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show The Roch Ulmer Show	The Jock Loyton Show The Jock Loyton Show The Jock Loyton Show The Jock Loyton Show	12 00 15 30 45
WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	1 00
TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME

Morning and Afternoon Schedules on Next Page

The young matron listened attentively while her doctor prescribed a remedy for her nervous condition. "Madame," he said, "you require frequent baths, plenty of fresh air, also you should dress in warm clothes."

That evening she told her husband all about it: "The doctor says I'm in a highly distraught condition and that it is essential for me to go to Palm Beach, then to a dude ranch out West, and buy myself an ermine wrap."



Ignorance in diapers is one thing, but it's another in striped pants and a Hom-burg.

Men who are familiar with mules know too much to be familiar with them.



During a rehearsal of Beethoven's Wellington's Victory, the orchestra brass and drum sections were divided into groups representing French and English armies, for the purpose of creating battle effects. After the French Army drummer constantly miscounted his "booms" and added a few at the end of the number, conductor Monteux shouted at him:

"You have lost your measure. Besides you cannot change history. You know England must win!"

CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

MORNING

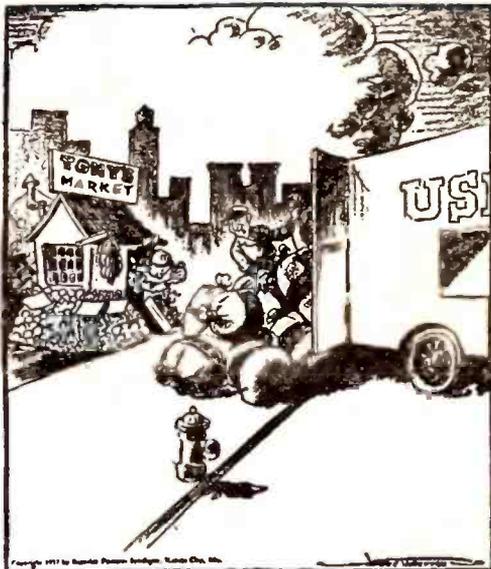
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
5:30		Towa & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time
6:00 15 30 45	<i>Silent</i>	News, W'ther, Livestock Sings by Don Sullivan Cowtown Wranglers Cowtown Wranglers	News, W'ther, Livestock Sings by Don Sullivan Cowtown Wranglers Cowtown Wranglers	News, W'ther, Livestock Sings by Don Sullivan Cowtown Wranglers Cowtown Wranglers	News, W'ther, Livestock Sings by Don Sullivan Cowtown Wranglers Cowtown Wranglers
7:00 15 30 45	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade Sun. Sun Dial Serenade Sun. Sun Dial Serenade Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	News, Ken Hartley Musical Clock Musical Clock Musical Clock			
8:00 05 15 30 45 55	News, Leu Kemper Weather Forecast Wings Over K. C. Land of the Free Bible Study Hour Bible Study Hour Bible Study Hour	News, Ken Hartley Weather Forecast Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Cresby Greens Musical Clock The Ken Carson Show	News, Ken Hartley Weather Forecast Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Cresby Greens Musical Clock The Ken Carson Show	News, Ken Hartley Weather Forecast Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Cresby Greens Musical Clock The Ken Carson Show	News, Ken Hartley Weather Forecast Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Cresby Greens Musical Clock The Ken Carson Show
9:00 15 30 45 55	Sunday Serenade Sunday Serenade Sunday Serenade Sunday Serenade Guest Star	Unity Viewpoint Your Favorite Neighbor Your Favorite Neighbor Sandra Lea Chats Your Favorite Neighbor	Unity Viewpoint Your Favorite Neighbor Your Favorite Neighbor Sandra Lea Chats Your Favorite Neighbor	Unity Viewpoint Your Favorite Neighbor Your Favorite Neighbor Sandra Lea Chats Your Favorite Neighbor	Unity Viewpoint Your Favorite Neighbor Your Favorite Neighbor Sandra Lea Chats Your Favorite Neighbor
10:00 05 25 40 45	News, Leu Kemper Barbership Harmonies Barbership Harmonies Nw. Univ. Review Stand Nw. Univ. Review Stand	Ladies Fair Ladies Fair News, Les Nichels Queen For A Day Queen For A Day	Ladies Fair Ladies Fair News, Les Nichels Queen For A Day Queen For A Day	Ladies Fair Ladies Fair News, Les Nichels Queen For A Day Queen For A Day	Ladies Fair Ladies Fair News, Les Nichels Queen For A Day Queen For A Day
11:00 15 30 35 45 60	Guy Lombardo Hour Guy Lombardo Hour Guy Lombardo Hour Guy Lombardo Hour Guy Lombardo Hour	Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary News, Frank Singiser Sandra Lea Sandra Lea Sandra Lea	Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary News, Frank Singiser Sandra Lea Sandra Lea Sandra Lea	Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary News, Frank Singiser Sandra Lea Sandra Lea Mystery Melody	Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary News, Frank Singiser Sandra Lea Sandra Lea Mystery Melody

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
12:00 15 30 45	News, F. Van Deventer Magic of Believing Operation Drama Serenade In Blue	News, Dick Smith Don Sullivan Cowtown Wranglers Cowtown Wranglers			
1:00 05 15 25 30 45	Top Tunes with Trendler Top Tunes with Trendler Top Tunes with Trendler Top Tunes with Trendler Top Tunes with Trendler Bill Cunningham Com. Your Income Tax	Missouri & Kansas News Eddy Arnold Show Eddy Arnold Show Don Sullivan News, Sam Hayes The Haden Family Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Missouri & Kansas News Eddy Arnold Show Eddy Arnold Show Don Sullivan News, Sam Hayes The Haden Family Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Missouri & Kansas News Eddy Arnold Show Eddy Arnold Show Don Sullivan News, Sam Hayes The Haden Family Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Missouri & Kansas News Eddy Arnold Show Eddy Arnold Show Don Sullivan News, Sam Hayes The Haden Family Boogie Woogie Cowboys
2:00 15 30 45	Peter Salem Peter Salem Danger Dr. Danfield	Club 710 Club 710 Club 710			
3:00 15 30 45	Box 13, Alan Ladd Box 13, Alan Ladd Under Arrest Bobby Benson	News, Dick Smith Club 710 Club 710 Club 710			
4:00 05 15 30 45	The Shadow The Shadow The Shadow True Detective Mysteries True Detective Mysteries	News, Dick Smith Club 710 The Showcase The Showcase News & Sports, Smith	News, Dick Smith Club 710 The Showcase The Showcase News & Sports, Smith	News, Dick Smith Club 710 The Showcase The Showcase News & Sports, Smith	News, Dick Smith Club 710 The Showcase The Showcase News & Sports, Smith
5:00 15 30 45	The Gabby Hayes Show The Gabby Hayes Show Nick Carter Cecil Brown Comments	Bobby Benson Show Bobby Benson Show Wild Bill Hiccek Commentary, C. Brown	Sgt. Preston of Yukon Sgt. Preston of Yukon Sky King Commentary, C. Brown	Green Hornet Green Hornet Wild Bill Hiccek Commentary, C. Brown	Sgt. Preston of Yukon Sgt. Preston of Yukon Sky King Commentary, C. Brown

MORNING

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	5:30
News, W'ther, Livestock	News, W'ther, Livestock	6:00
Songs by Don Sullivan	Town & Country Time	6:15
Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	6:30
Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	6:45
News, Ken Hartley	News, Ken Hartley	7:00
Musical Clock	Musical Clock	7:15
Musical Clock	Musical Clock	7:30
Musical Clock	Musical Clock	7:45
News, Ken Hartley	News, Ken Hartley	8:00
Weather Forecast	Weather Forecast	8:05
Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	8:10
Musical Clock	Musical Clock	8:15
Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	8:30
Musical Clock	Musical Clock	8:45
The Ken Corson Show	Musical Clock	8:55
Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	9:00
Your Favorite Neighbor	Your Favorite Neighbor	9:15
Your Favorite Neighbor	Your Favorite Neighbor	9:30
Sandra Lea Chats	Your Favorite Neighbor	9:45
Your Favorite Neighbor	Your Favorite Neighbor	9:55
Ladies Fair	Georgia Crockers	10:00
Ladies Fair	Georgia Crockers	10:05
News, Les Nichols	News, Les Nichols	10:25
Queen For A Day	Rex Allen Show	10:30
Queen For A Day	Red Foley & Co.	10:45
Curt Massey Time	Don Sullivan Show	11:00
Capital Commentary	Don Sullivan Show	11:12
News, Frank Singiser	Don Sullivan Show	11:25
Sandra Lea	Roy Rogers Show	11:30
Sandra Lea	News, Dick Smith	11:45
Sandra Lea	News, Dick Smith	11:50



"Here Y'are, Tony!—The Mail Orders from Your WHB Program."

AFTERNOON

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
News, Dick Smith	Mon On The Form	12:00
Don Sullivan	Mon On The Form	12:15
Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	12:30
Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	12:45
Missouri & Kansas News	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	1:50
Eddy Arnold Show	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	1:10
Eddy Arnold Show	G. Hill's Westernaires	1:15
Don Sullivan	G. Hill's Westernaires	1:25
News, Sam Hayes	News, Sam Hayes	1:30
The Hoden Family	Dunn On Discs	1:45
Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Dunn On Discs	1:55
Club 710	Swing Session	2:00
Club 710	Frank Singiser	2:15
Club 710	Swing Session	2:30
	Swing Session	2:45
News, Dick Smith	Swing Session	3:00
Club 710	Swing Session	3:15
Club 710	Swing Session	3:30
Club 710	Mystery Melody	3:45
News, Dick Smith	Coribbean Crossroads	4:00
Club 710	Coribbean Crossroads	4:05
The Showcase	Coribbean Crossroads	4:15
The Showcase	Air Force Hour	4:30
News & Sports, Smith	Air Force Hour	4:45
Green Hornet	G. Hill's Westernaires	5:00
Green Hornet	Les Brown Show	5:15
Wild Bill Hickock	Bondstand U.S.A.	5:30
Commentary, C. Brown	Capital Commentary	5:55



"I Dunno—I Just Don't Feel Right! Guess I'll Try That Tonic They've Been Advertising on WHB."

Is Everybody Happy?

OUR word *Happiness* comes from an old word *Hap* which meant chance or luck. From the first sense of the word come such present day forms as happen—to occur by chance—and perhaps—through or by chance. The luck sense of hap had a connotation of good luck. Thus a man who had hap—or was hap(py)—enjoyed good luck in health, economic prosperity, or both. By the same token, a man who had no hap—or was hap(less)—was chronically unlucky and without fortune.

Today, and, in fact, for as long as a man's destiny has been in his own hands, we have stopped thinking of happiness in terms of luck. Happiness now is a quality which every man has a right to go out and find for himself, with luck only an incidental factor.

There are two schools of thought on the search for happiness, and accordingly, two definitions for the word in modern usage. First is the tenet that happiness is material success, that the search for happiness has gone as far as it can when wealth, health and family have been joined together in the same person. Extremists of this school maintain that happiness comes only when a person has everything he wants. These things are what luck brought in the archaic hap.

Second is the now prevalent belief that happiness is peace of mind. Thus, a man disease-ridden and lying in the street is happy if he is content to be in that condition. One who has no hap at all, then, is happy if his mind is at ease.

The chief difference between the two meanings seems to be that one deals with the physical conditions that logically should inspire a certain state of mind, while the other is concerned only with the state of mind wherever it is found.

It is a relief to know, however, that a man can be happy by having done a good piece of work; by looking forward to future pleasures; by walking abroad on a sunny spring morning, or merely by feeling nothing much at all. This allows most of us to be happy every day of our lives, and spares us the unhappiness of trying to be happy.

—Richard T. Norton.

Happiness sometimes sneaks in through a door you didn't know you'd left open.



In our youth sin was a word describing something which nowadays is termed experience.



The thinnest thing in the world is flattery, yet it is the hardest to see through.



Gold is tested by fire; man by gold.

You can never trust the innocence of a woman. She asks a question like a child, straining ears for information; and behind the uplifted eyebrows lies knowledge greater than your own.



Goodness is more important than knowledge. A clever man may devastate the whole world; only good men can save it.



Truth, like iodine, helps when it hurts.

At the right: June Haver, pert and lovely star of motion pictures, is one lass who isn't putting her faith in Cupid. With her own bow-string drawn, she typifies the true spirit of Valentine's Day, this Leap Year, 1952





M-G-M Stars Move to Mutualand to WHB



Reading clockwise from the upper left are: BETTE DAVIS in *Woman of the Year*, Mondays at 7:00 p.m.; CHARLES LAUGHTON in *M-G-M Theater of the Air*, Sundays at 6:00 p.m.; MIMI BENZELL in *M-G-M Musical Comedy of the Air*, Wednesdays at 7:00 p.m.; ORSON WELLES in *The Black Museum*, Tuesdays at 7:00 p.m.; FAY HOLDEN, MICKEY ROONEY and LEWIS STONE in *The Hardy Family*, Thursdays at 7:30 p.m.; KATHRYN GRAYSON in *M-G-M Musical Comedy of the Air*.



Hard Cash Counts

MONEY may or may not be everything—depending on how you look at it. But almost anything can serve as money if it's hard enough to obtain.

Wampum, strings of colored corn, was the Indian cash when white men first met him. Redmen of the Pacific Northwest of 100 years ago used the scalps of red headed woodpeckers for currency. There was good reason. A scarce item was needed, and shooting a woodpecker with bow and arrow wasn't easy. As the Indians saw it, the scalps would never become commonplace, and a man's wealth would depend on his skill.

But when the white men arrived with firearms, it became a comparatively easy task to go out and lie in wait for the little birds to settle in trees, then shoot them down. The Indian who learned to use a gun came home with his belt full of money. Wise heads in Indian councils saw the evil in this situation, and outlawed the currency before the woodpeckers were all killed.

In West Africa, natives still use elephant tail money. A good tail will buy two slaves on the open market. A bristle pulled from an elephant tail makes acceptable small change, being worth about three American pennies.

In like manner, rhinoceros horns, tiger tusks, claws of rare birds all serve as money in various parts of the world.

The largest chunk of cash on record is a 1,000 pound stone "donut" on the Island of Yap in the far Pacific. At current prices, it will buy one wife, one canoe, and 10,000 coconuts. This coin isn't for anybody's purse. It is twelve feet across, and although difficult to move, it does get around—serving its purpose well.

Of course, after its bartering days, America had many types of legal tender. The most unique was the currency designed for Tubac, Arizona, in the 1860's. Etchings of barnyard animals designated the worth of each bill.

A pig was "one bit," or 12½ cents. A calf was "two bits," or 25 cents. Fifty cents was represented by a rooster, and a horse meant a dollar. Big money was the five dollar bull.

Because few of the settlers could read, picture money was used to avoid confusion and swindling.

The Tubac paper money, now reposing in the safes of the treasury department, marked the only time the United States government has deviated from its policy of portraying presidents on its folding currency.

—Barney Schwartz



THE AMERICAN CAR

It's a vehicle which the average man pampers far more than he does his family . . . When it's new, its proud owner shoos away butterflies lest they trample the paint-work . . . But when it's old, the blast of a flame-thrower would just slightly annoy him . . . It's usually two inches longer than old-style garages . . . When the weatherman sees it being washed, he confidently predicts "Heavy Showers" . . . Most Americans can drive it—and some who can't, try . . . For although it's now almost fool-proof, it's not yet fool-driver proof . . . There are now about 44 million of them

in use . . . And they all seem to be on the street when you start to work in the morning . . . New seat covers improve its appearance immensely—but they do make your own clothes look so worn out . . . Mechanics say the most common fault of motorists is "riding" the clutch—but some husbands complain their wives "ride" the driver too much . . . A last thought: those who reach 80 on the speedometer aren't too likely to reach that age.

—Roscoe Poland

▲
Prices are rising so fast that a dollar saved is 50 cents lost.

Kuwait, Post War Shangri-La

KUWAIT is a country that literally has too much money. Its government is positively embarrassed with revenues which flood its treasury. There is no poverty; and the country's rulers, practically at their wits' end to discover bona fide public projects that could be financed out of government funds, recently sent a delegation to the United States to seek new ways of making the people happier.

This strange mission was headed by Ezzat Gaafar, who has the title of Bey. He is aide-de-camp to Shiek Ahmed Ibn Jabira Subah, Kuwait's ruler. Arriving in America, the delegation took a quick look around New York, then headed for Hollywood in the hope of picking up some new ideas on ways to spend money—evidently impressed with the stories of fabulous financial dealings in the cinema capital.

The Cinderella-like rise of Kuwait from rags to fantastic riches since the war is the result of the country's single product—oil! Situated on the northwestern shore of the Persian Gulf, the midget nation adjoins Saudi Arabia, largest of the Arabian peninsula states. It is a shiekhdom of about 250,000 persons and has but one city of considerable size. Al Kuwait, the capital, boasts a population of 150,000. Saudi Arabia, also a country of many oil fields, has a population of more than 4,000,000.

American oil companies, chiefly a group of California and Oklahoma firms formed into an amalgamation called the American Independent Oil Company, is developing the oil resources of Kuwait. The tiny shiekhdom has proven oil reserves of 11,000,000,000 barrels. One field, recently opened, is now running 150,000 barrels of black gold a day—from only 18 wells.

Gaafar Bey, a polished gentleman who speaks perfect English with only a slight accent, created a stir in Hollywood. Strikingly handsome in his native Arabian dress and wearing a short pointed beard and mustache, he attracted several film offers from producers who offered sizeable sums if he would consent to turn actor. The Bey graciously refused. He pointed out that it was his mission to find ways to spend money, not to acquire more. "We are all rich in Kuwait, and happy, too," he said. "I am here to learn how to use our wealth to make our people even happier."

Free hospitals and clinics have been established all over Kuwait. With no taxes the people are free to make money for themselves and they even receive dividends from the government for the oil concessions. Pious Moslems, they have formed the habit of going oftener than the traditional once-in-a-lifetime journey to Mecca, across the desert to the south. In fact, most of them are so well off that they can make the trek in style whenever they wish. Diversions at home, too, are enticing. There are oases and beautiful women which, unlike wine, are not forbidden to the faithful.

A very few years ago, however, Kuwait was a moth-eaten, poverty-stricken little shiekhdom in debt to its more prosperous neighbors and with small prospects of ever paying off its obligations. In prewar Kuwait a citizen who owned a couple of camels and a few mangy goats was considered a rich man. Now the jeep has replaced the camel and railroads will soon criss-cross the desert. Passenger cars are being imported and the need for real highways across the wasteland is becoming imperative.

Like Saudi Arabia, Kuwait has no forests nor rivers. Its greatest handicap is lack of water. The government is keenly aware to the need of a better water supply and keeps crews constantly at work searching for the precious fluid. "Every time we drill for water," complains Gaafar Bey, "we strike oil!"

Plans are now being considered which may ultimately alleviate this critical situation. It has been suggested that a fleet of tankers be purchased and put into service to bring water to Kuwait and the government is eyeing the practicability of such a project, an expensive one even for a rich little nation.

"Wouldn't it be ironic," Gaafar Bey muses, "if we had to spend the wealth we are being showered with from oil discoveries—just to bring in water so that we may live?"

—Douglas Nelson Rhodes



The CREAM of CROSBY

With the keen blade of wit, but modestly withal, John Crosby first pierces then lifts the veil of enchantment surrounding television, then with taste and discernment proceeds to prune the great industry, until we wonder will anything but the skeleton remain!

by JOHN CROSBY

Year End Report

1952 is with us. In retrospect, let's examine 1951. I have during the year jotted down on the head of a pin a few of the more profound happenings of the year, a disconnected diary. Let's see now. I suppose the most important of these jottings came from "Variety" which lamented that television had run through material in eighteen months that it took radio twenty-five years to exhaust and asked: "Where do we go from here?"

There were signs of an approaching shortage of marimba players, indicating that Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts and Horace Heidt might have a hard time finding winners next year and might have to settle for losers. In Detroit a husband charged that television had ruined his marriage. Said his wife stayed up so late looking at it she wouldn't get out of bed in the morning and cook his breakfast. She wasn't alone, either. A survey indicated that many, many people who used

to be in bed by 11 were staying up till all hours with their TV sets, a deplorable trend.

There were some grievous losses. Sam Levenson, a fine gentle humorist, disappeared from TV though he's still on the CBS payroll and will be back eventually. So did Jack Haley, Dave Garroway's evening show and the Goldbergs. "Kukla, Fran and Ollie" were cut to fifteen minutes, causing sincere mourning from the Atlantic to the Pacific. "Mr. I. Magination," one of the best of the children's shows, was cancelled, breaking the hearts of thousands of small fry.

There were some pretty fine things, too. Toward the end of the year, Edward R. Murrow unveiled "See It Now," conceivably the most literate and intelligent and moving news show ever to come along on television; earlier he had given us another fine radio show of the same ilk called "Hear It Now." Both shows were greeted with enthusiasm by all critics. Lilli Palmer, a beautiful vixen with pointed

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eyes, inspired the most exclamatory prose of the year and possibly the least objective criticism for her intelligence and charm.

Faye Emerson, the pioneer in the female her "Wonderful Town" show which endeavored to be informative, entertaining and pretty to look at and, surprisingly enough, was all three. 1951 was a year in which formula took an increasingly harder grip on a formula-ridden industry and Miss Emerson's break from formula which had served her well was one of the conspicuous examples of courage of the year. Another man to defy formula and try something new was Ed Sullivan who on "Toast of the Town" did some fine biographies on Oscar Hammerstein and Robert E. Sherwood.

1951 will go down in history as the year Margaret Truman made her debut as a comedienne and a pretty darned good one on Jimmy Durante's show; as the year in which the world's first underwater interview with an underwater stripteaser was conducted by a disk jockey (or anyone else); as the year a girl took the first

out that the Milton Berle show had risen in cost from \$10,000 to \$100,000 an hour.

The older comedians began to sound a little frayed and worn out and it looked as if NBC was beginning to scrape the bottom of the barrel. Among the new comedians, Herb Shriner, after a brilliant interval as a substitute for Arthur Godfrey, found his own show and formula which was stolen substantially from "Our Town." Steve Allen came out of the West and looked like a very promising addition to the field. Garry Moore set a high standard for afternoon television. Bob Hope set a new low for evening television.

Television embraced Kate Smith (or Kate Smith embraced television, take your choice) and millions of housewives wept with joy. Frank Sinatra, who got the press on his neck for his eccentricities, was thrust by CBS up against Milton Berle and knocked off just enough audience to drop Berle into second on the rating list, an historic occurrence.

CBS color became the law of the land but NBC color won the approval of most critics, largely because of its compatibility. Color seemed years away anyway after the government closed it up to conserve production facilities for defense needs. "The Big Show" went to London and Paris and laid an egg, and Talullah went to court where she did everything but.

Quite a year, 1951.

1951, to resume this ominous reckoning, was a year in which television fell increasingly under the grip of formula. Panel shows sprouted like mushrooms; celebrities of all kinds vied strenuously to guess the man's occupation or his name or his atomic weight; all emcees began to resemble John Daly and frequently they were John Daly.

The reliance on previously successful formula is essentially a sign of timidity. There was plenty of evidence that timidity reigned. For one thing sponsors and ad agencies, while refusing to endorse "Red Channels," continued to refuse to hire the writers and actors named in it simply to stay out of trouble. This lamentable desire to stay out of trouble was manifest in the shape that television programming was beginning to assume, the sort of rigidity and sameness that overtook radio.



televised bubble bath (on the Vaughn Monroe show). More serious students may pinpoint 1951 as the year television may have started to price itself out of existence. Mohawk Carpets, one of the first TV sponsors, quit, declaring TV had got too rich for its blood. J. H. S. Ellis, president of the Kudner agency, warned that television was getting out of hand, pointing

Along with the glut of panel shows, there were far too many private eyes, suspense or horror series and whodunits. If they didn't have Ilka Chase or a private eye, the new shows were—like "Amos 'n' Andy" and "Break the Bank"—simply picture versions of successful radio shows. There is nothing fundamentally wrong with any of the formulas except there are too many of them and too few shows which broke new ground, which challenged any of the old precepts.

Day-time television, last year a whisper, became thunderous. The Kate Smith show, a sort of grab bag operation, spent as much as \$12,000 on sets and costumes alone. ABC-TV blew \$37,000 a week on the Don Ameche-Frances Langford show. The emergence of these expensive day-time shows is significant in light of what happened in radio. It wasn't the much-publicized evening shows—the Jack Bennys and so on—which made network radio rich; it was afternoon radio which poured an unending stream of gold into the NBC and CBS vaults. This year we may expect network television to move boldly into the morning field, starting with Dave Garroway's early show "Today."

What shape day-time TV will finally take is hard to say. There are now half a dozen television soap operas, but it's too early to predict whether soap opera will preempt the field as it did in radio. In radio, soap opera's great virtue was not its popularity—actually, soap opera never grabbed even half the available audience—but its cheapness. And televised soap opera is not cheap.

Network television became big business, very big business, indeed, this year, but its economic structure was still in a ferment. NBC-TV outstripped NBC radio in gross income and proudly proclaimed itself the leading advertising medium in the world. (It was grossing at the rate of \$126,000,000 a year.) However, NBC's parent, RCA, was still very much in the manufacturing business, and the vast amount of NBC-TV red ink has been absorbed by the much vaster black ink from RCA television set sales.

Could advertising continue to pay the expanding TV bills and provide the set

owner with something besides John Daly? There was a lot of talk about subscription television and theater television. In Chicago subscription television was tried out in an extremely limited experiment and was very successful. The Joe Louis-Lee Savold fight was piped into a handful of theaters and attracted crowds beyond anyone's dreams. Alarmed by dwindling revenues, promoters continue to black out sports events to the great distress of the fans. The National Collegiate Athletic Association attempted a rather miserable experiment in which football games were telecast only outside their immediate areas in order to bring the local populace in at the pay window. It infuriated a lot of football fans and apparently didn't prove very much.



The two most spectacular broadcasts of the year were in the field of public affairs—the Kefauver hearings and the return of General MacArthur. The Kefauver hearings succeeded in making a national figure out of a previously obscure lawyer, Rudolph Halley. Television can claim most of the credit for electing him to the presidency of New York's City Council against the opposition of both Republican and Democratic candidates.

Of all the potentialities demonstrated by television in 1951, its potency as a political force, its ability to stir and challenge the people on public issues, was perhaps the most important. It has made at least one candidate; it can break a lot of others. And 1952 is an election year. The candidates had better look and sound convincing.

Two Oceans at Once

“THIS is an old team starting a new trade,” remarked Edward R. Murrow at the outset of “See It Now,” C.B.S.’s

enormously impressive new television news show. He was seated in the control room of Studio 41—a logical spot, he explained, to start out from—and presently he called on Camera 1 to bring in the Atlantic Ocean.



The Atlantic Ocean, a small wet segment of it, swam into view on one monitor screen. Then Murrow called on the crew in San Francisco to show us the Pacific. The Pacific, overhung with San Francisco's customary fog, was a less telegenic body of water, but we did catch a glimpse of it. Then Murrow, more or less acting as quarterback, called on his crews to show us first the San Francisco Bay Bridge, then the Brooklyn Bridge, the New York skyline, then San Francisco's skyline—all on live television.

"We are impressed," said Murrow, "by a medium in which a man sitting in his living room has been able for the first time to look at two oceans at once."

I am too. I am also impressed by the intelligence of the men—chiefly Murrow and his producer, Fred W. Friendly—who dreamed up this simple trick to bring home to the viewers the wonder of this electronic miracle. "See It Now," which has been in preparation for six months, is the logical extension to the highly successful album of records, "I Can Hear It Now," and to its radio counterpart, the Peabody-award winning "Hear It Now." It is not—and is not intended to be—a complete review of the week's news; it is instead an almost entirely new form of journalism, "told in the voices and faces" of the people who made the news, a technique that offers a deeper insight into the headlines and the people who make them—who they are and what sort of people they are.

There was, for example, a film of Winston Churchill during his London Guildhall speech, an aged, aged Churchill, the great voice dimmed by time, the prose style—though a great improvement on Clement Attlee's—subdued into just a whisper of its former thunder. A deeply revelatory picture it was. There were other pictures—of Eden in Paris telling Vishinsky to stop laughing and read the disarmament proposal, of Senator Taft purring with a cat-like contentment while Senator Dirksen told an assemblage what a great candidate he was.

Murrow—handsome, relaxed, urbane—sewed the pictures together with a running commentary which, I should say, neither over-played nor under-played the significance of the events, and also conducted interviews with some of the C.B.S. news staff members—Eric Sevareid, in Washington, Howard K. Smith, in Paris. Smith remarked good naturedly of the relations between Russia and the West that "the mutual ill-will is entirely unimpaired."

Then Mr. Murrow shifted us to Korea for one of the most intimate and instructive glimpses into that battleground that I have yet seen. This bit was especially remarkable in its avoidance of all the newsreel cliches. There wasn't a single shot of a soldier yanking a lanyard on a 105-mm. cannon, no shots of bombers tearing great holes in the Korean real estate. Instead, the cameras concentrated on the soldiers of Fox Company of an infantry regiment, catching them as they ate and slept and gambled and groused and joked, catching the tedium of warfare, the waiting, the humor of an essentially unhumorous occupation, the humanity of an essentially inhuman profession.

We followed Fox Company, as it took position in the front line on a mountain-top and left them there, anticipating trouble that had not yet come. Evening had fallen; the rocket flares were out; a few shells sounded their cricket calls in the distance; the Chinese were astir; but nothing had happened yet. It was a dramatic close. "We wanted," said Mr. Murrow, "to narrow the distance between those of us sitting comfortably at home and those in the line." The news of the week from Korea was the murder of 5,500 captive

American soldiers. This was the other side, more dramatic in its sheer uneventfulness.

I think they have the feel of the thing already, but I expect it'll get better as it goes along, that Mr. Murrow and Mr. Friendly have the simplicity of mind and the sweep of imagination to understand what television can do best in the news field and what television cannot do and should not attempt.

Songwriters in the Dark

I DON'T, as usual, know what the public is up to these days but "Sin," according to the Hit Parade people, is still the nation's favorite tune for the fourth week in a row. This deplorable state of affairs has led me to conduct a partial, completely unscientific survey to find out what the songwriters were thinking about. I like to keep a finger on the pulse of the songwriters, feeling that these minnesingers pretty accurately reflect the state of mind of the rest of us.

I don't know whether it means anything or not but most of the songsmiths are all limning the virtues of lumber, of night, of dreams. "And So to Sleep Again," "A Kiss to Build a Dream On," "My Dream Christmas," "We Kiss in a Shadow," "Deep Night," "In the Cool Cool Cool of the Evening," "Loveliest Night of the Year"—those are just a few of the titles among the most popular network favorites. Frankly, I think this preoccupation with darkness is an unhealthy thing for Tin Pan Alley. Come on, lads—get out of bed. The world is waiting for the sunrise.

Operation Chaos

"GRAND OLE OPRY," a noisy, mad, disjointed operation that has been on NBC for a quarter of a century, has driven a succession of producers nutty, including its current one, Jack Stapp. One of those New York fellows, Stapp was appalled when he got to Nashville where the show originates to discover that the performers were accustomed to walk around backstage, smoke, talk, play and sing and pay absolutely no attention to cues.

A man on stage will say into the mike: "Where's Jim? Saw him around a minute ago. Well, he'll be along." Somebody else fills in until Jim in his own good time

wanders in. The performers—Roy Acuff, Red Foley, Hank Williams, all great hillbilly stars—have successfully resisted any attempt to bring order out of this chaos and Stapp now thinks it would probably



wreck the show if he did. Still he occasionally gets a little irritated and not long ago, when things got a little out of hand, he screeched: "There's too goddam much talking on the hymn."

The performers kid Stapp unmercifully, one device being to talk about him as if he weren't there. "Shall we give him notice?" one man will drawl. "Why?" says another. "We ain't paid him no mind for five years." New performers on the show also take quite a razzing from the old hands. The first time Minnie Pearl, Grand Ole Opry's hillbilly comedienne and monologist, did her act she was greeted by thunderous applause. Going backstage, feeling quite pleased with herself, she encountered one of the old hands who inquired: "Bin on yet?"

Minnie (real name: Sarah Ophelia Colley) spent three years travelling through remote rural areas in the south to pick up material for her acts, and her conversation is studded with odd hillbilly phrases. As a measure of distance, she's likely to remark: "Oh, it's about six-wagon greasings away"—an expression that stems back to the time when folks had to grease the wheels at regular intervals. When she first met her husband, Henry Cannon, she said: "We backed off about four axe handles."

The hillbilly stars—Acuff, in particular—have all been made wealthy by their recordings of hillbilly songs, drive Cadillacs and live well but, according to Minnie,

they could go back to their hillbilly ways without a murmur if the money ran out. They're not far removed from the old life, anyway. Eighty-seven year old Dave Macon, who has been on the show for all of its twenty-five years, playing the banjo and singing, once motored to California with Roy Acuff. In the back of the Cadillac was a big wooden box, containing a Tennessee ham. At every restaurant they stopped, Uncle Dave would lug in his ham and explain. "I'm Uncle Dave Macon from Grand Ole Opry. Will you cut me off a piece of ham? I can't eat nothing but home food."

"He wore his big bib the widder woman gave him," remarked Minnie. (Uncle Dave has since given up the widder woman, fearing a breach of promise suit.)

The popular hillbilly and cowboy songs on "Grand Old Opry," admits Minnie, are not authentic folk songs or even very close to them. Real folk songs, she points out, have about twenty-eight verses apiece and they haven't that much time on the show. However, one of their singers, Hank Williams—also a songwriter—sings songs whose mood is authentic in that they all deal with heartache and trouble. ("I'm the same old trouble you done bin through," is a line from one of them.)

The fiddle tunes, though, are real old-time fiddle tunes; there hasn't been a new one on the show in eleven years. The local folk who turn out in droves for the "Grand Ole Opry" broadcast love fiddle tunes and the show always opens with one. Though the network carries only half an hour of it now, "Grand Ole Opry" actually goes on for four-and-a-half hours and WSM in Nashville carries all of it.

It is broadcast from Ryman Auditorium in Nashville, a former opry house which seats 5,000 people. The sixty-cent tickets are as hard to get as tickets for "Guys and Dolls" and people arrive three hours early for the privilege of sitting on the hard wooden benches inside. The whole family comes—grandpaw, pop, mama and nursing babies, some of whom are nursed right there. Even after the auditorium is filled, throngs stay outside, hoping somebody will leave. Few do. During the broadcast, the younger children play games in the aisles; vendors hawk soda pop, candy and

song books in the aisle. There's nothing else like it in radio.

Emotional DP's

I DON'T know about the future of women in television or, for that matter, anywhere else. "Time" magazine in a recent article on the younger generation, referred to modern American women as "emotional DP's," a fine phrase for them. Just now an awful lot of these displaced persons are being displayed on television.



Formula for Mr. Shriner

THE problem of what to do with Herb Shriner, one of the more serious dilemmas of our generation, has occupied the faculties of some of the deeper thinkers in television for some time now. It's a terrible problem. Shriner is at his best when he walks out in front of a curtain and tells his gentle stories about home life in Indiana—unassisted by Milton Berle, singing dogs or dancing girls.

And that ain't television, Mannie. It's got to have Milton Berle, singing dogs or dancing girls, preferably all three. Yet these ingredients are so essentially foreign to Mr. Shriner's personality that other avenues had to be explored. The man simply couldn't stand out there and be funny or people might die laughing and besides how would the audience get a chance to slip out to the icebox and get a beer?

It had to have a formula and I'm happy to report that someone has come up with a pretty good one. The Shriner formula, now encased in a new show called "Herb Shriner Time" reminds me a good deal of a crack made by the late Ernie Byfield, proprietor of the Pump Room which rather

specializes in flaming foods. Byfield was once sitting in the Pump Room with Lucius Beebe who was a little perplexed by the abundance of small fires leaping up from samovars all over the room. "Why all the flames?" he inquired.

"Well," said Byfield, "the customers like it and it doesn't hurt the food very much."

Similarly, the Shriner formula satisfies the requirements of this game called television and it doesn't hurt Shriner very much. The comedian strolls out in front of the cameras and starts talking about, say, the local postmaster. "We didn't mind when he read all the mail but when he got to answering it . . ." Presently, this leads into a story about a local lady who is long on genealogy but short on cash. "She'd be in the 400 if we had that many people here," says Shriner. Her daughter is in love with the son of a man who is in the reverse position, awash with money but unlimned in the social register.

That, of course, is a story that has been told before. You might say it's the basic story of all time which isn't to be held against it. Presently the characters appear and the task of getting these gene-crossed lovers together assumes dramatic shape. While they're acting out their problems, Shriner wanders in and out of the proceedings, using the "Our Town" technique as narrator. That is, he's sometimes invisible and unheard, sometimes part of the plot.

The plots are likely to lead you all over town—into the local barber shop, the library, the city council, and a lot of front porches—and you meet a good many of the townfolk on the way. The stories themselves are, I'm afraid, rather sticky with sentiment but they are relieved and enlivened by Shriner's comments about his town—"Our town got a college, too. Sort of made up for not having a high school."—and about its people. "Being dumb like that he almost had to get rich or he couldn't make a living."

In anyone else's hands this assignment would be either pretentious or silly but Mr. Shriner is heavily endowed with good looks, charm, a wonderful sense of timing, and a grin that would melt an iceberg at fifty paces. Sentimentality that might ordi-

narily be a little trying becomes instead touching and, at the same time, amusing.

My enthusiasm for Mr. S.'s comments are not entirely untempered, though. Lately, conceivably because he burns up an awful lot of material, Mr. Shriner has been uttering jokes which are not unlike those of any other comedian, jokes on which the fingerprints of gagwriters are clearly visible. I suppose it was inevitable that the writers would gather around Mr. Shriner but I hope he keeps them decently in hand.

Incidentally, the comedian does his own commercials which are as deft and funny as any you'll find on the air. The sponsor is Arrow shirts and Mr. Shriner likes to ramble through the factory where the shirts are being made, talking away about the materials and the women employees: "These girls have been here a long time. Well, they lose one now and then. Girls go on making shirts for men this way—they get so they want to meet one." I don't know if it sells any shirts but it's certainly nice on the audience and the sponsor deserves a nice little kiss for permitting it.



What Uncle Miltie Needs

THE Milton Berle show has been pretty dreadful this year. Uncle Miltie is not entirely to blame either. He is an enormously energetic and gifted fellow; several times he has done wonders of improvisation with terribly tired material; he has worn at least as many wigs, baggy pants and funny jackets as last year—perhaps a few more. Still, some sort of spark is missing.

What the Berle show needs, I think—and what occasionally it seems to be grop-

ing for—is a shred of dignity and a general elevation of taste. All the other proprietors of big variety shows—Ed Sullivan, Jimmy Durante, Sid Caesar, Ken Murray, Sinatra—have introduced moments of reasonable seriousness or charm; at any rate, moments when the clowning stopped and some elements of humanity crept in. The Berle show needs not only some fresh gags, it needs a heart.

Profile of Robert E. Sherwood

BACK when I was a boy, the ambition was to be profiled in "The New Yorker" or, if you couldn't manage that, to wangle some sort of success story in "The American" magazine, which at the time was in love with anyone who had earned \$3,000,000, especially if he had started out as a shoe clerk.

That's all over now. The new thing, the latest word, is to be profiled on television by Ed Sullivan, the Boswell of Helen Hayes, Oscar Hammerstein, and most recently Robert E. Sherwood. They're all estimable people—offhand, I can't think of three people more worthy of biography—but I keep thinking that they are doing more for Mr. Sullivan than Mr. Sullivan is doing for them. Miss Hayes brought along her charm and her talent; Mr. Hammerstein brought his lyrics; Mr. Sherwood, excerpts from his plays—all pearls of great price. In return Mr. Sullivan fell all over himself with awe at their great accomplishments—not, however, getting so thunderstruck as to forget to advise us to go buy a Mercury.

Whether the biographees are being had or not is the concern of their business managers. In any case, the Sullivan biographical shows are darned good shows, bringing us not only some wonderful songs and playwriting but also an extraordinary roster of talent. The Sherwood story was enacted variously by Alfred Lunt, who was making his first television appearance; Helen Hayes, and Mr. and Mrs. James Mason. If things had worked out, Humphrey Bogart would have been around, too, playing his old role in "The Petrified Forest."

But things didn't work out. Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Sullivan would have liked to have presented excerpts from "The Petrified Forest," "Reunion in Vienna,"

"Idiot's Delight" and "Waterloo Bridge," but the motion picture companies, which own these properties, were farsighted enough to insert television clauses in their contracts as far back as 1927 and they wouldn't release even an excerpt from them for television.



That took out of action four of Sherwood's best plays but quite a lot was left. Miss Hayes opened the proceedings with a long speech from "Acropolis," a play that has never been produced in this country. The Masons, playing the roles originally played by Jane Cowl and Philip Merivale, followed with a substantial portion of the second act of "The Road to Rome," Mr. Sherwood's first play. This bit, in which the wife of a Roman consul talks Hannibal out of capturing a defenseless Rome partly by the exercise of her brains and partly by the exercise of the rest of her, is historically preposterous but is so entertainingly written that you don't really give a damn.

Mr. Massey delivered the farewell-to-Springfield speech from "Abe Lincoln of Illinois," which is hardly typical of Mr. Sherwood since it was about 90 per cent authored by Abraham Lincoln. (This about evens up Sherwood and the White House. Sherwood wrote a lot of President Roosevelt's speeches. Mr. Lincoln wrote a lot of "Abe Lincoln of Illinois.")

Easily the most moving passage came at the end in a scene from "There Shall

Be No Night," when Alfred Lunt, looking every inch the Nobel-Prize winning scientist he was playing, stated the theme which has run consistently through a lot of Mr. Sherwood's work. Simply stated, this thesis, a debatable one, is that warfare is a psychological disease which will eventually be conquered like any other disease.

Even the playwright admitted later that there was a little too much of "Sherwood on the soap box," and while I didn't mind this, I think there was far too little display of Mr. Sherwood's great gifts at comedy writing. At the end, Mr. Sherwood, all six feet seven inches of him, appeared, and, in his jerky, diffident, altogether charming way, said a few words about his association with President Roosevelt. He is a man of imposing sincerity and monstrous integrity, and all of it was clearly visible on the screen. Come to think of it, all three of the people profiled by Mr. Sullivan—Miss Hayes, Mr. Hammerstein, Mr. Sherwood—have possessed a simplicity and dignity and sincerity of mien that left you with the feeling you had seen something of importance, something that would stick to your ribs a lot longer than a comedy skit in a hotel bedroom.

I was a little annoyed when they brought on the half-naked dancing girls for the usual close. Seems to me that in

this case, they could have eliminated the dancing girls or, at very least, clothed them. Incidentally, Mr. Sullivan plans to do about one of these profiles or—as he calls them—salutes, about once a month.

TV's Most Endearing Show

KUKLA and Ollie could lay claim very easily to the title—oldest television stars on the air, having made their debut in department store experimental television fourteen years ago. Vast changes have been wrought in the four years they have been on network television. The Eddie Cantors and Bob Hopes and Jack Bennys have invaded the place. Ginger Rogers has been signed for \$1,000,000 for five years. NBC-TV with \$125,000,000 in annual billings now preens itself as the largest single advertising outlet in the world. Milton Berle was invented.

Yes, television has come a long way. The only thing television lacks—what with the big name stars and the dancing girls and all the scenery—is material. And that's the one thing "Kukla, Fran and Ollie" has; an unending stream of dry, human, satiric material that has delighted millions of people for years. Even at fifteen minutes it's still a grand show and certainly the most endearing one on the air.

Harold Ross of "The New Yorker"

HAROLD ROSS'S contributions to modern journalism are so far-reaching and pervasive that they are as hard to explain as the air around you. We take them for granted. To understand properly the impact Ross had on all of us, you have to go back a bit and examine the journalism of the pre-New Yorker era.

I should like to reprint one reporter's lead on one of the greatest of news stories, the end of the fighting in World War I.

"They stopped the fighting at 11 o'clock this morning. In a twinkling of the eye four years' killing and massacre stopped, as if God had swept His omnipotent finger across the scene of world carnage and cried, 'Enough!'"

Such a sentence would hardly be tolerated today; the reporters have got God out of their prose and got down to the facts. Not only has the style of journal-



"Yes, she's home. Who shall I . . .
whom shall I say . . . Who shall . . .
What's your name, Bub?"

ism been drastically revised but a far healthier point of view toward the responsibilities and the purpose has been established.

Journalism—pre-Ross journalism—didn't reflect very accurately the people who were being written about or the people who were doing the writing, generally a hard-bitten crew whose conversation bore no resemblance at all to its prose style. Ross's stable of very talented writers introduced a style that was far more colloquial and—since style is largely determined and conditioned by content—they got a lot closer to the essential facts.

"The New Yorker," said Ross, "was founded to make sense and to make money." It made a lot of both but, much more importantly, it shamed practically every American who writes into making—or trying to make—sense, too. It's rather odd that a man whose own rather untidy life was hardly dictated by common sense should have imprinted common sense into the journalism and a large part of the fiction of the nation.



But then Ross was full of contradictions. Robert Benchley swore that Ross once said to him: "Don't think I'm not incoherent." And he was. Yet, he expected and demanded of his writers a degree of coherence that has rarely been equalled. "The New Yorker" is surrounded by an aura of elegance but Ross's great preoccupation was not elegance; it was clarity. He drove his writers crazy

with a host of explosive, frequently profane and often hilarious marginal notes—"Who he?", "What mean?", sometimes just a wild curlicue indicative of hopeless desperation. A. J. Liebling once got back a manuscript containing 160 of Ross's peppery, petulant marginal notes, the world's record at "The New Yorker." This immense thirst for clarification, amplification and accuracy spread far beyond the covers of "The New Yorker"; it touched and deeply influenced everyone who read "The New Yorker"; ultimately, it influenced writers who hadn't read the magazine but who were under the spell of writers who had.

Ross, of course, had much more in him as editor than a simple thirst for accuracy: he was an intuitive genius who knew when writing was right and when it was wrong (though frequently he didn't know why it was wrong). But the intuition died with the man; it could hardly be imitated. The hatred of bunk, of which "The New Yorker" and especially Ross was a personification, left its mark on everyone who writes or edits or publishes. An awful lot of malarkey disappeared from journalism in the 25-year history of "The New Yorker."

Rumple Their Hair a Little

THE weakness of most interview programs: everyone is just too darned polite to everyone else. You can't ask really searching questions because searching questions are likely to be embarrassing questions. And you mustn't embarrass a celebrity or he won't play. I hasten to add that this desire to rumple the hair of the famous folk is not sadism on my part—not entirely, anyway—but a simple healthy desire to put a little ginger into these programs.

This I Believe

IN his opening broadcast Edward R. Murrow stated the general principles and objectives of "This I Believe" much more succinctly than I could so I repeat them here. "This I Believe. By that name we bring you a new series of radio broadcasts presenting the personal philosophies of thoughtful men and women in all walks of life. In this brief time each night, a banker or a butcher, a painter

or a social worker, people of all kinds who have nothing more in common than integrity, a real honesty will talk out loud about the rules they live by, the things they have found to be the basic values in their lives."

And that's what they do on the five minute program (heard only in five cities on C.B.S. stations)—people like C. Jared Ingersoll, a member of the board of directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Eleanor Roosevelt, General Lucius D. Clay, Helen Keller, Quentin Reynolds, Prof. Harry A. Overstreet, the philosopher, and a lot of other oddly assorted people. The program grew out of a conversation held in 1949 by four businessmen who felt that spiritual values were being drowned in a sea of material values.

A year was spent in planning the series and six months in setting an editorial policy. It wasn't, Mr. Murrow explained in his opening broadcast, entirely easy. "Except for those who think in terms of pious platitudes or dogma or narrow prejudice . . . people don't speak their beliefs easily or publicly. In a way, our project has been an invasion of privacy, like demanding a man to let a stranger read his mail. Gen. Lucius Clay remarked it would hardly be less embarrassing for

an individual to be forced to disrobe in public than to unveil his private philosophy."

Nevertheless, more than 150 men and women have disrobed their philosophies publicly for this program. Naturally, any program which is interested in searching into spiritual values has a certain religious tone to it. But "This I Believe" is not essentially a religious program and, while reverence for God is expressed by some (but not all) speakers, the thread that runs consistently through all of them is a rather more difficult article of faith—faith in that cussed, often misled, frequently cruel mankind, faith in his enormous creative powers and spiritual growth, faith in his abilities to cope with the most hopeless tasks, and a sort of astonished wonder at his infinite capacity for survival.

Mr. Murrow, who avoids cliché skillfully in his own utterances, has not entirely succeeded in eliminating it in his guests but the program does succeed in keeping it to the irreducible minimum. These articles of faith, these credes of hope in man, are expressed in different ways. I like Gen. Clay's: "I think the troubled world we live in should not dismay us. I believe the world today is a historically better world than the world of the past. Though ruthless men still maintain power through force and would extend it through conquest, people everywhere are becoming more tolerant and understanding than ever before." I think that statement indisputable and it's well to be reminded of it.

Professor Overstreet, who wrote that remarkable book "The Mature Mind," said that his mission was to expand the areas of his awareness. "The great principle of love depends on this. He who loves another tries truly to understand the other . . . Socrates gave no finished catalogue of the truths of the world. He gave, rather, the impulse to search. This is far better I feel than dogmatic certainty. When we are aware that there are glories of life still hidden from us, we walk humbly before the great unknown."

Here Prof. Overstreet states two themes that run constantly through these little talks, namely that man's mission is twofold—to love his fellow man by under-



"Remember, don't jump up to go home the minute they start yawning. They never do when they're visiting us!"

standing him, to develop his own powers to the fullest degree. Mrs. Roosevelt is almost fatalist in her pursuit of these truths. "I came to the conclusion that you had to use this life to develop the very best that you could develop. I don't know whether I believe in a future life. I believe that all you go through here must have some value, therefore there must be some reason."

Each speaker, whatever his credo, leaves you feeling that there is some hope for battered mankind, that being a man in this troubled world is not such a bad thing after all. I can think of no higher praise for a program. Incidentally, booklets of talks will be printed from time to time.

The Name Is Beecham . . .

TONY BEAUCHAMP, Miss Sarah Churchill's husband, is also on her program, usually shakes hands with the visiting celebrity, and then vanishes discreetly. I consider this an improper or at least insufficient use of a husband, but then I expect it's none of my business. Beauchamp, incidentally, is pronounced Beecham. Don't know how they pronounce Beecham in England. Worcestershire, probably.

All of which brings us back to the future of women in television. Women, as Ed Wynn has sagely remarked, are prettier than men—except on kinescope. But, if they're just going to stand around being decorative, it's going to give the sex a bad name.

Confusion in the Afternoon

IF you ever had any doubts about the abundance of life in this country, all you have to do is turn on day-time television where life is not only abundant but extraordinarily complicated. Day-time television is the refuge of astonishing gadgetry whose existence I never suspected. I'm not yet sure these things do exist, that Kathi Norris isn't just making them up as she goes along.

A baby carriage, for example, that can be transformed—after Junior learns how to get around by himself—into a rolling cocktail bar. It was demonstrated on one of the day-time programs the other day; I was so transfixed by this transformation I forgot to write down which program.

All these gadgets seem to have four or five purposes. Chairs unfold and become tables. Tables fold and become chairs. Just push a button and the cocktail fork becomes a cigarette lighter or just possibly a fountain pen. And you can get it in chrome steel or blonde wood, \$37.50, all this paraphernalia which I have succeeded in getting along without all these years.

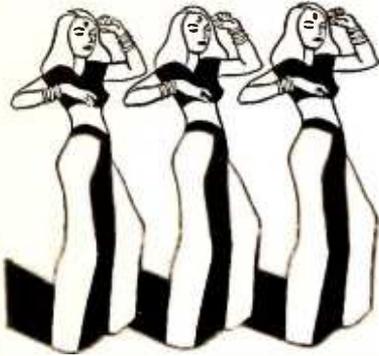
I'm not sure the pitchman will survive forever on television, but he has up to now demonstrated with alarming success that the American people will buy anything, especially if it writes under water and is earthquake-resistant.

When not dazzled by the profusion and complexity of goods on day-time TV, you will find a great variety of other things. On the Buddy Rogers show I saw a scientific hand analyst analyze Mr. Rogers. Mr. R., said the analyst, had very good will power in his thumb. His third finger, "the finger of Apollo," had a spatula which indicated an original and flexible mind. The hand analyst then went away and a girl singer appeared and sang, "I Got a Feeling You're Fooling," a deliberate affront to scientific hand analysis.

At various other times, I have been instructed by day-time TV in flower arrangements, Chinese tea-drinking ceremonies, basket-weaving and every form of cookery known to man. On Susan Adams Kitchen you could not only watch the food being prepared but also watch the celebrated folk eat it—if that sort of thing appeals to you. On that daytimer, Ruth St. Denis chomped her way through a salad. Thirty members of the Dumont crew ate twenty-four fried chickens. Gene Cavallero, of the Colony Restaurant, ate breast of chicken and strawberry shortcake. Another restaurateur, Mr. Bruno, ate boiled shrimp with Remoulade sauce. Robert Straus, publisher of Omnibook, ate asparagus soup. It's a rather specialized and delicate form of amusement, watching other people eat, but there are those of us who love it.

The fact is that day-time TV is a vast open space and the broadcasters have not yet made up their minds what the housewife wants to look at all day. So he's giving her everything—the gadgets, the cookery, the scientific hand analysis,

jokes, soap opera, tap dancers, and Bert Parks. Some of the programs attempt to be all things to all women. An excellent example is ABC's expensive hour-long Frances Langford-Don Ameche show, as untidy an operation as has come along in some time.



When it first opened, the Ameche-Langford show was an exercise in hopeless confusion. The confusion has abated but I can't help wondering just what the producers are trying to prove, exactly. During a typical hour, you'll see—let's see now—Mr. Ameche demonstrating polka dot paint, a man explaining how to make things, a trio of Oriental precision dancers, Duke Ellington (a guest) playing the piano, a little bit of culture (a woman from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for example, showing off replicas of Egyptian art), quite a few songs from Miss Langford and Mr. Ameche, a few hints to the housewives and a sort of running sketch called "The Couple Next Door," which consists of fairly harmless, non-habit-forming comedy.

None of it is very bad; some of it is very good, especially the dancing and Miss Langford's velvety voice, but no single part of it seems to bear any relation to any other part of it. Mr. Ameche and Miss Langford wander through this multiplicity of proceedings, exclaiming much, much too often that the dancers are wonderful, the household hints are wonderful, the audience is wonderful and that daytime television is completely wonderful. It isn't that wonderful, kids.

Want Some Aspirin?

COME to think of it, all of the comedians have been in a doctor's office at some time or other this season, looking for surcease and getting nothing but trouble. If they want aspirin, they wind up filled with miracle drugs and explode. It's been a tough season on the medics, all around, and it reminds me strongly of Bill Mauldin's wartime cartoon of a bearded veteran telling an Army medic: "I already got a Purple Heart. Just give me the aspirin."

Sing a Song of Ballantine's

THE other day on television, a lovely young woman was discovered writing a love letter—no, not to Cary Grant, Junior—to her refrigerator. Men, I'm fully aware, are being eliminated in every other line of work, but in this one I thought we'd hang on a few more years. But no. This lady's heart had been won by the stainless, sixty cubic inch, lifetime-guaranteed contrivance with the extra-large freezing compartment. Next year, I expect, the refrigerator people will add a new wrinkle—a letter-writing gadget so that the darned thing can answer its mail.

It's not entirely surprising either, this amorous feeling toward mechanical objects. Our lust for them is being cultivated on television in some wonderfully ingenious ways. I'm not one of those people, you understand, who gets upset by commercials. In fact, I rather like them. What, I keep asking myself when the pitchman comes on, are they going to do to me now? Just how are they going to frame this appeal to my pocketbook?

Next thing I know, Frankie Laine appears driving a mule train through the wilderness. Presently, he comes on a pair of starving mountaineers, whips back the canvas of his wagon and what do you think? It's stuffed with Kellogg's Corn Flakes whose nutritive qualities he sings about to the tune of the song he's most closely associated with—and if you don't know what that is, you oughtn't to be reading radio columns.

They creep up on you, these modern commercials. No matter who the guy (or girl) is, no matter how he's dressed or what he's doing—sooner or later the pack-

age of SPIV, the all-purpose cleaner, is unveiled, usually to the accompaniment of song. Along about Thanksgiving every year keep a wary eye out for John Alden and Priscilla. They always get a heavy play and they're always selling something. One year, I remember, John and Priscilla were discovered in pleasant dalliance in an all-steel Hotpoint kitchen, which, they decided, exemplified all the virtues the Pilgrims came over here to practice. Another year, if my memory isn't playing me tricks, John was out gunning for a turkey, missed the fowl and was then comforted by Priscilla on Thanksgiving Day with a can of Campbell's Soup.

As a matter of fact, most of the history I know has been learned at the knee of my television set. The Ballantine people have been especially helpful.

"Nero fiddled while Rome burned down
 "He played sweet music in his velvet gown
 "He played till flames just filled the sky'n
 "Then he asked for Ballantine."

"Your husband made the perfect after dinner speech," a club member told a wife.

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Give me the check'."

A young man in evening dress came dashing into the police station early on New Year's eve and handed a suitcase to the property room clerk.

"Here are my pajamas, shaving equipment and a change of clothes," he explained. "I'm off to a party and I'm pretty certain to be along here before the night is over."

When Dorothy Parker visited Harvard, a Latin instructor greeted her with the remark, "I always like to meet an author before I read his or her book."

The witty Miss Parker flashed back, "That's interesting. But tell me, how did you work it with Homer?"

Every little American boy has a chance to be president when he grows up and it's just one of the risks he must take.

That last rhyme, incidentally, is high among my all-time favorite bits of poesy. I'm also partial toward another bit of historic verse from the Ballantine collection. "In a royal barge upon the Nile so green
 "Sat Cleopatra the Egyptian queen
 "Her slaves brought nectar from the vine
 "But she clapped her hands for
 Ballantine."

Suds in your eye, Cleo. And that brings to mind another unlikely toast, Miss Faye Emerson toasting her trip to Paris on her recent "Wonderful Town" show in, of all things, Pepsi-Cola. There are three people I'd like to get together in a sort of general all-purpose beverage commercial — Cleopatra and her Ballantine, Faye and her Parisian Pepsi-Cola, and Arthur Godfrey lifting a glass of Lipton's while advising us—as he always does around this time of year—to stick to tea and lay off that other stuff.

I'm indebted to Miss Emerson for another of my favorite television commercials. She was dressed as a cowboy and was shooting Pepsi-Cola bottles off a bar,

Inflation is getting to the point where the things that most of us would be better off without are costing too much.

Life is like Christmas. You are more likely to get what you expect than what you want.

A great many people are beginning to worry that the certainties of death and taxes may merge—that taxes will be the death of us yet.

Selective Service: Weed the people.

Some self-made men should be patented to prevent there ever being any more made like them.

Yes Man: One who stoops to concur.

Time was when men lost their shirts in the stock markets. Now it's in the super markets.

One way for a man to keep his head above water is to stay out of expensive dives.

suggesting—as I see it—that if you didn't want to drink the stuff you could always use it for target practice.

Then there's the weather commercial. Whenever a man starts telling you about weather—it's going to be a nice day, it's going to rain, everyone out for a typhoon—watch out. He's got a product up his sleeve. It's sort of a game around our house to figure out what the product is. I remember one weather commercial which showed a toothsome young lady on a street corner, the wind blowing her skirts up to her neck. I thought we were in for a pitch about seamless nylons. But no. A guy drives up in a Chevrolet, doffs his hat and, well, she climbed right in. I went right out and bought a Chevrolet but the wind hasn't blown very hard in our neighborhood ever since.

Even the Comedians Are Surfeited

I'M pretty well surfeited by comedy and sometimes, especially this year, I think

the comedians are, too. "I had no confidence in that joke from the beginning," said Jerry Lester on "Sound Off Time" the other night. Several other times during the same show, he was forced to express grave doubts about his own jokes and I must admit some of the doubts were justified.

Over on Milton Berle's show, Mr. Television has engaged in this practice for years. But it seems to me that this year he's been at it more extensively than in the past. "That's a joke, folks," he informs his studio audience which wasn't paying the proper attention. "I've lost you," he'll say sadly when a joke sails off into space unaccompanied by laughter. Sometimes, Mr. Berle even goes so far—a dirty trick—as to lay the blame on somebody else. "We get all our material from Henny Youngman," he'll say after a particularly bad egg.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," was what the professor wanted to say. Instead he phrased it this way: "A nomadic portion of the metamorphosed igneous or sedimentary deposit of the Proterozoic era accumulates no bryophytic plant life."



JIM SAWYER

If some people preached what they practiced, it would have to be censored.

Some of our college girls pursue learning. Others learn pursuing.

If you make your job important it's quite likely to return the favor.

As a rule a fellow who prides himself on being frank and truthful is regarded as rude and disagreeable to others.

A drunkard's life has two chapters: 1st, he could have stopped if he would; 2nd, he would have stopped if he could.

Gossip is a cancerous disease of character. Unless a person checks up on himself frequently, the illness may reach an almost fatal stage before he knows he has it.

Grandpa was so backward that he thought Korea was a disease of the mouth, and I doubt that the world gained a whole lot when it found it wasn't.

I can't remember any time in the prior history of comedy when jokes were so persistently followed by a formal apology from the comedian for uttering them. Buck up, men. The jokes aren't that bad. It's just that too many people are giving vent to jokes over too many broadcast hours and, well, surfeit has set in.

Zanies From Boston

THE special essence of Bob and Ray, whose last names (Elliott and Goulding, respectively) were apparently left up in Boston, is pretty hard to explain. From their radio program, for example, will occasionally spurt such cryptic messages as "Portions of this program were on micro-film."

On their opening television program, they appeared as a couple of disembodied heads floating over a candle. "Will the man or very large lady who has been making that ring of right-footed tracks in the snow, kindly call the Museum of Natural History?" said one of them. Probably scared the hell out of the children and certainly baffled a great many of the adult members of the television audience who had not received prior training on Bob and Ray on the radio.

They take you unawares, this pair of deadpan New Englanders, and they take

some getting used to, especially on television. Come right down to it, Bob and Ray will have to get a little used to television which doesn't afford the flexibility of radio and which slows them down a little.

You find them sitting at a desk, exchanging non-sequiturs at which they're past masters, when a news ticker starts to tick away. Bob leaps up, grabs the tape, and exclaims: "Will the mother who left the little boy in a blue suit in the laundromat, please take him out? The colors are running and ruining the other tenants' clothes."

From there they go immediately into a commercial for Sturdley's anchovies, "the only anchovies which smell like anchovies, feel like anchovies and, I understand, taste like anchovies." Or they'll conduct one of their impartial surveys on subjects which are no dizzier than those the ad people conduct their impartial surveys on. One of the recent impartial surveys was concerned with whether one barrel of monkeys was having more fun than another barrel of monkeys. I forget who won.

From there they plunge into a sort of continuing soap opera "The Lives and

The chronic knocker gets more discomfort from his continual criticism than do all of the people that he is raving against.

▲
A bride becomes a wife, full blown, when she can resign herself to the accumulation of things that need fixing carried over from one year to another.

▲
In Africa a man can't hold office until he has shot a rhinoceros. Over here voters consider a man qualified if he can shoot the bull.

▲
Why bother about breakfast foods sponsored by athletes? Find out what the beetle eats. He can lift five hundred times his weight.

▲
A house empty of children and friends is as useless and lonely as a railroad station on an abandoned line.



"Yoo boo, Honey! Look who I ran across on the way home."

loves of Linda Lovely" which contains my favorite television actress, an empty-headed young lady who for no reason at all bursts into song or the Charleston but never, never utters a word of dialogue. Bob and Ray play all the parts in this soap opera—an explorer who has just returned from eight years in Africa where he was searching for a Dr. Murchison (he didn't find him), kindly old Dr. John who has been just a little too kindly to the explorer's wife, an idiot cousin who incessantly makes peanut butter sandwiches and currently owns a collection of 75 of them. The dialogue: "Sit down, John Wingate, private eye and good friend."

And, so it goes, at a dizzy pace, with Ray finally signing off with some such words as: "Friends, have I that distinguished gray look? If I have will you write Distinguished Gray Look, care of NBC." The format has not ripened altogether for television and, as I say, you better look at them four or five times before making up your mind.

Since Boston released them into the protective custody of NBC only a few months ago, this zany pair has come along

awfully fast. They're now on air—radio or television—a total of fifteen hours and forty-five minutes a week. Heaven knows where it will all end, conceivably in the total collapse of Bob and Ray.

Or possibly the collapse of radio and television whose pomposities are their special target. They've spoofed about everything in the industry. Arthur Sturdley and his No Talent Scouts, for example. Bob plays Arthur who has twenty Hawaiian shirts and a change of ukelele for each one and Ray plays the No Talent, including basso profundos and bird imitators. Or Uncle Eugene who answers all questions whether you ask any or not. Or Mary McGoon (Ray again) who passes along wonderfully useless tips on homemaking. Or Bosco, the sports announcer who has all the details but the score.

They have apparently absorbed all the clichés of radio and advertising and twist them out of shape just enough to make exquisite parodies of them. It's a very adult, unusual and Charles Adams-like style about them and ordinarily I'd predict that they would go far—except that they already have.

A schoolboy making a speech about the national debt said with more truth than he realized: "It is too bad that future generations cannot be here now to see the wonderful things we are buying with their money."

Your share right now, if all the gold in the world were distributed equally, would be \$21.39.

A vagrant was arrested, but reluctant to tell the police when he had had a bath. You need it," an officer told him. "How long has it been since you had a bath?"

Evasively the other replied: "Well, I haven't never been arrested before."

Any friendship you can buy costs more than it's worth.

Overheard at a football game: "Try these field glasses. It makes it almost as good as television."

No TV or radio program ever was so good that somebody in the room didn't think his two cents worth of chatter was better.

A man looking at some ties tossed one or two aside contemptuously. Lingered after having made his purchase, he noticed that the clerk put those he had so positively rejected in a separate box. "What becomes of those?" he asked.

"We sell them to the women who come in to buy ties for men."

A bridegroom-to-be was depressed because he could not find a place to live and the wedding day was drawing near. "Why," suggested a friend, "don't you live with her parents?"

"That's no good," shrugged the prospective husband. "You see, they're still living with their parents."

Jefferson's Words on Government

IT WAS George III whom Thomas Jefferson had in mind when he wrote: "He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance."

Here, from the vivid pen of Thomas Jefferson, are other sentences that illuminate the American way in 1951 as they did in Jefferson's day.

A little rebellion now and then . . . is a medicine necessary for the sound health of government.

If we can prevent the Government from wasting the labors of the people, under the pretense of taking care of them, they must become happy.

What a cruel reflection that a rich country cannot long be a free one.

We should look forward to a time, and that not a distant one, when a corruption . . . will have seized the heads of government, and be spread by them through the body of the people; when they will purchase the voices of the people and make them pay the price.

Wretched, indeed, is the nation in whose affairs foreign powers are ever permitted to intermeddle.

We are able to preserve our self-government if we will but think so . . .

An honest man can feel no pleasure in the exercise of power over his fellow citizens.

What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that the people preserve the spirit of resistance?

The policy of the American Government is to leave their citizens free, neither restraining nor aiding them in their pursuits.

Taxation follows public debt, and in its train wretchedness and oppression.

We must make our election between *economy* and *liberty*, or *profusion* and *servitude*.

Whenever the people are well-informed they can be trusted with their own government.

I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of mankind.

I would rather be exposed to the inconveniences attending too much liberty than to those attending too small a degree of it.

The flames kindled on the Fourth of July, 1776, have spread over too much of the globe to be extinguished by the feeble engines of despotism; on the contrary, they will consume these engines and all who work them.

Such were Thomas Jefferson's words on government.

—Wheeler McMillen in *The Pathfinder*.

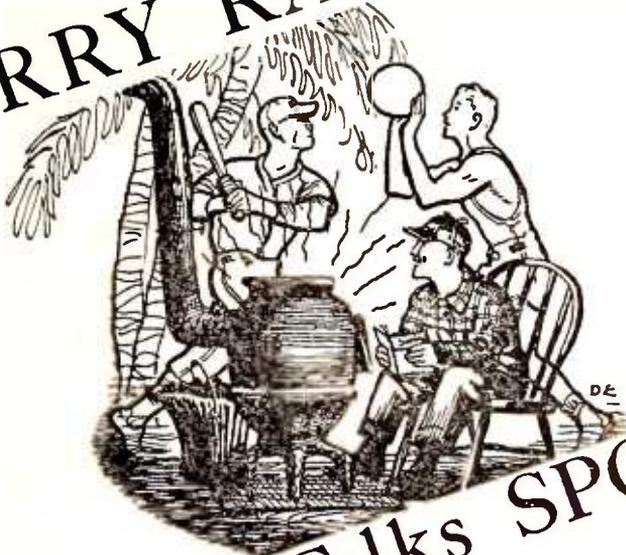
A captain said to a newly appointed sergeant: "Look here, there are men coming into camp night after night after 'Lights out' has been sounded and it's got to stop."

A few days later he asked the sergeant if the situation were improved. "Oh, yes, sir. The last man in blows the bugle, now."

A new dad was boasting about his new baby and as he stood at the bar he described the newcomer as weighing 9 pounds and measuring 22¼ inches long.

A fellow elbow bender, tuning in on the conversation a little late, inquired, "b or pike?"

LARRY RAY



Talks SPORT

by LARRY RAY

1952 ROLLED into the sports record books with the bowl games as the feature. This year it was a sweeping victory for the T formation over the single wing, a direct reversal of form over the year before. Maryland pulled the big surprise at the Sugar Bowl by walloping the number one Tennessee team. The Rose Bowl led only to a greater feeling of inferiority for the Pacific Coast Conference as the Illini hit Stanford with everything out the goal posts to win 40 to 7. It was the first time in years that a Big seven team didn't participate in post season football. Oklahoma, the favorite New Orleans, was passed by, if for no other reason, because the Sooners had taken a stand against bowl participation.

Football attendance was down across the nation, and the schools tried many ways to determine the causes. The N.C.A.A. had attempted a controlled TV plan, but little was learned from it. Writers like John Crosby panned the N.C.A.A. Here is an excerpt from his radio and television column.

"It seemed to me at the time the N.C.A.A. . . . imposed its controlled football telecasts on a nation which is becoming increasingly apathetic toward football, that it was trying to put a genie back into the bottle, a very difficult business . . .

"The television public was accustomed to televised football, uncontrolled and unrestrained. Its reaction to an experiment which limited them to the games the N.C.A.A. prescribed

(and frequently blacked out football in some areas altogether) was anger—uncontrolled and unrestrained. And scant wonder. A good many of the N.C.A.A. actions have made very little sense.

"The Michigan State-Notre Dame game was as good an example of no sense as any. The Mid-West is one of the few remaining citadels of the old-time football mania; yet this game, an automatic sellout, was to be telecast only to the East. Washington was also blacked out for this game, though it didn't have a local football game to attend. The Michigan-Illinois game, which had been sold out for months, also was not telecast in the Mid-West. Yet this scheme was hatched primarily to protect the box-office.

"The purpose of the experiment, in the words of the N.C.A.A., is to see 'if Collegiate football and TV can live together.' The overwhelming vote in favor of the plan by the colleges can be pretty well ascribed to the smaller schools who were panicked at the prospect of millions of people sitting home watching Notre Dame while Old Gooseberry was playing its little heart out against Little Bramblepatch, unwept, unsung, and above all, unattended."

THE BIG SEVEN TOURNAMENT in Kansas City once again woke the roundball addicts out of their winter slumber, and some great games were written into the records. As the regular season gets under way it looks like Kansas University or Kansas State for the conference title. Judging from tourney play, Missouri

and Oklahoma will have a say in the final standings.

It won't be long until March and the play-offs which will decide college championships, and to a great extent the makeup of the U. S. Olympic basketball team. It looks now as though K. U., K-State, St. Louis, Kentucky, New York U., Washington U., and U.C.L.A. will be furnishing the material for the Helsinki trip.

THREE of the area basketball coaches who are prominent in the national hoop picture are Sparky Stalcup of Missouri, Jack Gardner of Kansas State, and Dr. Phog Allen of Kansas.

In his sixth season at Missouri, WILBUR N. "SPARKY" STALCUP belongs to the select set who teach possession basketball. And, after 16 years of coaching, the colorful and popular Sparky has done right well with the deliberate, controlled offense which, with rugged defense, is the trade mark of his teams. The 40-year-old mentor has driven a hard bargain with rival coaches. His over-all record now stands at 272 games won, and 103 lost. Over a five-year span at Mizzou, his Tigers have won 70 games against 51 setbacks.

Stalcup played at Maryville (Missouri) State Teachers College under Herb Iba, now basketball mastermind at Oklahoma A & M. Sparky was an all-around athlete, winning 11 letters in all-conference recognition in basketball, football and track, and was dubbed basketball's second-team All-America guard in 1932.

Iba went to the University of Colorado in 1933, and just a year out

school, Sparky was made head basketball coach, track coach and football coach at Maryville. In 11 years his basketball teams were never out of the first division in their conference, and made six trips to the I.A.I.B. Tournament in Kansas City.

ACK GARDNER is in his 19th year of coaching and his 8th as head coach at Kansas State. During this time he has risen from the tutelage of the Los Angeles Athletic Club team to a secure position as one of America's top coaches. Last season Gardner missed by one game reaching the highest achievement in college basketball. His boys finished second behind Kentucky in the N.C.A.A. finals. Before going to the National Collegiate finals in Minneapolis, Kansas State had topped the Big Seven Conference ranking; their second Big Seven Pre-season Tournament championship, and had waltzed through the Western C.A.A. play-offs.

Before the advent of Gardner at Kansas State, the Manhattan five had not won a conference championship since 1919 (that would be back in Missouri alley days). Now, with splendid coaching and material, the Wildcats are automatic top contenders every year.

Gardner's teams are fast-breaking, not shooting, beautifully conditioned. Perhaps the keynote of the modern Wildcats is teamwork and poise; the kids don't know what it is to get rattled, and you'll see five men score 12 points apiece before you'll see one tally 26.

R. F. C. "PHOG" ALLEN is knee deep in his 35th season on

the banks of the Kaw. At an age when he could be absorbing basketball in front of a radio, the 65-year-old dean of coaches is enjoying one of the best years of his career. His Jayhawks are, at writing, cruising along on a 13-game victory skein, and are at the pinnacle in national team ratings.

Although the Jays have taken 21 conference titles under Allen, they have yet to nail down an undisputed championship in the recently formed Big Seven. This may well be their year.

Phog hasn't limited himself to building title winners. He was one of the founders of the National Basketball Coaches Association. For many years he served as a member of the National Rules Committee. He was instrumental in founding the N.C.A.A. Tournament. One of his prime accomplishments was an almost single-handed effort in putting basketball in the Olympics, a goal made in Berlin, 1936.

The Dr. is also an author thrice over, his books being "My Basketball Bible," "Better Basketball," and "Phog Allen's Sports Stories."

In 1950, Phog Allen was voted Basketball's "Man of the Year" by his fellow coaches at the National Basketball Coaches' Association meeting in New York—"For unselfish effort and contribution to the game over a long span of years."

IN FEBRUARY the baseball teams move into spring training once more. In the National League the Brooklyn Dodgers will get a lot of attention as will the New York Giants—that rivalry this year should fill the stands

for each of the 22 games of the season.

In the American League, who is going to go against the Yankees—even without Joe DiMaggio. Cleveland, you say? Boston with Boudreau? You might be right, but slowly the realization prevails—the Yankees are PROS.

THE KANSAS CITY BLUES
Open at home this year against St.

Paul under the same strong leadership as last year. George Selkirk will manage the club and hopes for even better year than last when he brought the Blues in third. WHB will broadcast all of the Blues baseball game this summer and the Muehlebach Brewing Company will be the sponsor for the third straight season.



Continued from Page 16

TO keep their youngsters off the streets at night, members of the Butte, Montana PTA purchased eight adjoining city lots. Then they persuaded the mayor to give them a large abandoned WPA shack at the edge of town. Moving the dilapidated structure onto their new property, more than 100 fathers and mothers went to work. They repaired and painted the building, installed stoves, built cabinets and clothes racks, and set up two giant floodlights. The result: a home-made skating rink for the children—and for family skating parties.

In New York City, the United Parents Association fought an unsuccessful running battle with school officials for more than 10 years. Their objective: to get school wash rooms equipped with soap and towels. When the polio epidemic hit New York two summers ago, the parents swooped down on City Hall. They pointed to a Health Department edict for frequent hand-washing to forestall the disease. They got the soap and towels.

When the Taos, New Mexico schoolhouse needed expan-

sion, the town's PTA bought several surplus barracks from the Army at Las Vegas, 75 miles away. One weekend, the men of the town drove their trucks to Las Vegas, dismantled the barracks and hauled back the lumber. A few weeks later, the school annex was completed.

Many chapters are justly proud of successful projects they have been operating for years. The Flint, Michigan association collects children's outgrown clothes, mends and cleans the garments, and distributes them to needy youngsters. In Fort Wayne, Indiana, the PTA has founded and helps run a school for the handicapped. And the Bronxville, New York chapter provides scholarships that keep four young people in colleges and trade schools.

Parent-teacher groups serve hot lunches in 3,600 schools throughout the country and help support hundreds of other such units—with much of the food grown and canned by PTA members. Not long ago the Helena, Montana PTA received a rush call from the railroad depot. Could they use a

carload of surplus peaches that were on the verge of turning overripe? In a race against time, the PTA women organized five daily shifts for canning their sudden windfall. Working 14 hours a day, they put up 4,060 cans of fruit for school lunches—without losing a single peach!

Each year, PTA's in hundreds of towns conduct a "Summer Round-Up of Children." This unique project, now 25 years old, starts each spring with a search for children who will be entering school in the fall. PTA members visit their parents and persuade them to send the youngsters for a medical and dental check-up. In many cases, they set up health stations for the examinations. In almost every town, the Round-Up has increased school attendance and sharply reduced medical problems.

Time and again, PTA's discover that even the youngest children can solve their own problems—with a little adult guidance and understanding. In South Bend, Indiana, the first-grade and kindergarten classes wanted a rug for the

reading corner their classroom. How were they going to get the money for it? Very simple. All they had to do, the children decided, was raise vegetables in the school garden, make soup and sell it to the other students!

Their parents' first reaction was to snicker at this ambitious project. But they were their amusement pitched in to help. When the vegetables were ripe, the PTA wheedled 17 pounds of soup bones from the local market. The mothers prepared soup stock, while the children cleaned and cut up their vegetables. A local merchant donated small packages of crackers; the youngsters set shop in a school corridor between classrooms.

When the day over, parents looked at the cash box in amazement. The first- and six-year-olds had sold more than 400 cups of soup. Reaping a profit of \$19.62, they bought a rug for \$19.25 and contributed 37 cents to the school fund.

At a PTA meeting in Wilmington, aware last year, an exasperated teacher stood up to register a complaint.

"For years,"

aid wearily, "we've been trying to set up rest room where children in the lower grades could take a nap during the day. But every time we ask for help we get the same answer: No money. No equipment. No labor."

While the teacher poked, Harold Welch, business man, father and president of the PTA chapter, stened thoughtfully. When she'd finished, he turned to her and romised:

"You'll get your rest room—and soon."

Next day, Mr. Welch and another father went out and bought a truckload of hardware and lumber. One way home, they called on the president of the Board of Education. They left with the president's promise to donate all the canvas and muslin they would need.

While their wives sewed the canvas, Mr. Welch and other fa-

thers hammered together several dozen cots. Then, they painted and decorated an empty storeroom in the school and moved in the home-made cots. In the meantime, teachers trained a squad of older students to make up the cots, scrub the room and keep the linen closet in order. A few days later, the children began taking rest periods.

Characteristic of many PTA's is the concern of members for all children, not just their own. Two years ago, the San Francisco PTA received a shocking report from Mrs. Dorothy Holley, an ex-member of the chapter who, with her husband, had become a government teacher on the Navajo Indian Reservation at Toadlena, New Mexico. None of the 60 children in her school, Mrs. Holley wrote, had ever owned a toy.

Few possessed comb or toothbrush. Not one of them had ever seen a hook, chair or desk before coming to school. And they were happy to sleep two and three on a worn-out mattress—because none of them had ever known the luxury of sheets or pillows before.

Aroused by the teacher's letter, the San Francisco PTA went into action during Thanksgiving week. Dozens of them sent packages directly to the reservation. Mrs. J. P. Henthorne, the mother of a four-year-old little girl, organized a door-to-door campaign for funds. And instead of asking for "Trick or Treat," a flock of costumed youngsters collected clothes and toys for the Navajo children. By the end of the week, more than 1,000 pounds of supplies were on the way to New Mexico.

The Holleys immediately distributed warm underwear, socks, sweaters, sheets, dresses and shoes. And at a Christmas party, Navajo youngsters and their parents received candy, toys, combs, soap, mirrors and handkerchiefs. From the flood of gift packages, there was enough overflow to hold parties for children of three other Navajo schools.

But the San Franciscans haven't settled back to hask in the glow of this humanitarian gesture. Instead, they are now working to keep regular contributions flowing to the New Mexico reservation. In addition, they have been campaigning to get permanent relief agencies set up for the Navajos. One San Francisco mother explains it this way:

"We won't be able to rest until we know

that the Navajo children are getting as decent a start in life as our own."

In much the same way, other PTA's work tirelessly to combat juvenile delinquency. In the town of Nanakull in the Hawaiian Islands recently, PTA members appointed themselves special truant officers. They visited the homes of juvenile delinquents and dispensed some scathing, straight-from-the-shoulder talk to parents who were shirking their responsibilities. Within three months, the school's truancy rate fell from 25 to 5 per cent!

On a larger scale, Chicago mothers have formed a "foster-PTA" for young offenders—most of them from broken homes. With patience and understanding, the PTA women from other sections of the city attempt to give street-hardened youngsters motherly guidance.

"After a few weeks," explains one of these "foster" mothers, "I found that the boys weren't really much different from my own children. Through no fault of their own, they had simply missed out on something—love and understanding. When I'm with them, I realize that there but for the grace of God—and a good home—go my own sons."

According to Chicago officials, the project is paying off in two important ways: Many potential young criminals are being steered back to honest paths—and valuable information on how to curb juvenile crime is being circulated to PTA's throughout the nation.



"We'd love to have you visit us. Wouldn't we George? George!"



QUIZ SECTION

LIGHT ON THE GLOBE

Mrs. Isabel Williams

As big brother for much of the world, we owe it to ourselves to possess at least a surface acquaintance with the family. To get the ball rolling, select in each group of three, below, the country or state having the greatest area in square miles. Double the score if you put all three in proper order. When finished, check your answers with an atlas as well as with our answer page.

WHICH IS THE LARGEST?

- | | | |
|-------------------------|--------------|---------------------|
| 1. a—Korea | b—Norway | c—Alaska |
| b—Greece | c—Colorado | 8. a—Australia |
| c—Utah | 5. a—Egypt | b—Canada |
| 2. a—Japan | b—Turkey | c—U. S. A. |
| b—Finland | c—Texas | 9. a—The Netherland |
| c—New Mexico | 6. a—Burma | b—Switzerland |
| 3. a—Formosa | b—Sweden | c—Indiana |
| b—Belgium | c—California | 10. a—Poland |
| c—Maryland | 7. a—Peru | b—France |
| 4. a—Philippine Islands | b—Manchuria | c—Montana |

TRUE CRIME QUIZ

By Joseph C. Stacey

Come gather around all you "arm-chair" detectives, and let's see how you really know about crime, criminals, and crime-fighters. Below are questions. Try "snooping" your way through at least 7 of them for a passing grade.

1. Thomas Byrns, who originated and instituted the "Third Degree," was a member of what police force?
(a) Chicago (b) New York City
(c) Philadelphia
2. Who is known as the "Father of Modern Detectives?"
(a) Bertillon (b) Gross (c) Vidocq
3. True or false?
An arsonist usually uses explosives setting fires?
4. How many crimes were punished by death in 17th century England?
(a) 100 (b) 200 (c) 300
5. The first use of the "wireless" the detection of crime was made by Fra

roest, late Superintendent of Scotland
ard, and resulted in the arrest of what
famous criminal?

- (a) William Burke (b) Jack the Ripper
(c) Dr. Crippen

6. The examination of hairs in crim-
al investigation was made for the first
me in what European city in 1847?

- (a) Paris (b) London (c) Berlin

7. How many of our 48 states use the
ectric chair as a mode of execution?

- (a) one-third (b) one-half

(c) two-thirds

8. According to the National Associa-
tion of Women Lawyers, how many fe-
male judges are there in the United States?

- (a) 44 (b) 76 (c) 108

9. True or false?

Confucius was a Chinese Magistrate and
Minister of Crime in 500 B. C.

10. In what year was the first murder
committed in the United States?

- (a) 1630 (b) 1690 (c) 1711

CLYDE BEATTY'S CIRCUS LINES

If you're greener on gillies than a first of May, just match Clyde Beatty's
lossary of circus terms with their definitions and you'll know that brass isn't
or gazoonies to use in mitt camps, and you can make a pitch to any canvasman
nder the big top.

- | | | |
|--------------------|-------|--|
| 1. Bally girl | _____ | 1. Large, barred cage for wild animal acts. |
| 2. Blow the date | _____ | 2. Payment to authorities for privilege to operate. |
| 3. Brass | _____ | 3. Member of show who loudly buys first ticket. |
| 4. Canvasman | _____ | 4. Fortuneteller's booth. |
| 5. Ding | _____ | 5. Tickets resold to cheat owner of show. |
| 5. Dishpans | _____ | 6. Eating tent for show people only. |
| 7. Floss joint | _____ | 7. Put circus wagons on train. |
| 8. Front | _____ | 8. Diner on train. |
| 9. Fuzz | _____ | 9. Helps put up tents and shows. |
| 0. Gazoony | _____ | 10. Engagement sponsored by local group. |
| 1. Gilly | _____ | 11. Almost anyone not connected with show business. |
| 2. Grab joint | _____ | 12. Main circus tent. |
| 3. Grifter | _____ | 13. Put up markers to indicate where tents go. |
| 4. Load the flats | _____ | 14. Front constructed of canvas. |
| 5. First of May | _____ | 15. Poles wagons on and off train flatcars. |
| 6. Mitt camp | _____ | 16. One who is on his first circus tour. |
| 7. Mugg joint | _____ | 17. Put up the tents and shows. |
| 8. Pie car | _____ | 18. Girl who performs only on outside platform,
not inside. |
| 9. Pitch | _____ | 19. Used for money when salaries are not paid. |
| 0. Poler | _____ | 20. Cotton candy stand. |
| 1. Rag front | _____ | 21. Hot dog stand. |
| 2. Rehash | _____ | 22. A persuasive speech. |
| 3. Roughy | _____ | 23. One who sets up and tears down tents. |
| 4. Set up | _____ | 24. Hot dog stand with stools. |
| 5. Show cookhouse | _____ | 25. Money earned. |
| 6. Sit-down grab | _____ | 26. Circus location during off season. |
| 7. Stake-out lot | _____ | 27. A worthless character. |
| 8. Big top | _____ | 28. Not open the show. |
| 9. Stick | _____ | 29. A sharper. |
| 0. Still date | _____ | 30. A plea for money. |
| 1. Take | _____ | 31. A small, cheap circus. |
| 2. The fix | _____ | 32. Reflectors on top of light towers. |
| 3. Town mark | _____ | 33. Police. |
| 4. The big cage | _____ | 34. Photographer's booth. |
| 5. Winter quarters | _____ | 35. Entrance of show, including pictures and
bally signs. |

MUSICAL THEMES

By Lawrence R. Barney

Early in the development of popular dance bands, it became customary for band leaders to use favorite or appropriate tunes as "Theme songs." Now as a band grows in popularity its theme song becomes its trade mark with the public. Many of the themes listed below you will readily identify, others may not be so easy. 15—13 is Excellent.

1. GUY LOMBARDO'S THEME SONG IS:
(a) Auld Lang Syne, (b) Kaye's Melody, (c) Because of You.
2. WOODY HERMAN'S IS:
(a) Cold, Cold Heart, (b) Jersey Bounce, (c) Blue Flame.
3. BENNY GOODMAN'S IS:
(a) Blue Skies, (b) Let's Dance, (c) Does Your Heart Beat for Me?
4. HARRY JAMES' IS:
(a) Flying Home, (b) Ciribiribin, (c) Singing Winds.
5. PAUL WHITEMAN'S IS:
(a) Rhapsody in Blue, (b) Summertime, (c) April Showers.
6. KAY KYSER'S IS:
(a) Snowfall, (b) Nola, (c) Thinking of You.
7. RAY ANTHONY'S IS:
(a) Young Man With a Horn, (b) Memphis Blues, (c) Sometime.
8. LOUIE ARMSTRONG'S IS:
(a) Sleepy Time Down South, (b) Minnie the Moocher, (c) Star Dreams.
9. TEX BENEKE'S IS:
(a) Sunrise Serenade, (b) Moonlight Serenade, (c) Serenade in Blue.
10. TOMMY DORSEY'S IS:
(a) Always, (b) I'm Getting Sentimental Over You, (c) Star Dust.
11. WAYNE KING'S IS:
(a) The Waltz You Saved for Me, (b) Anniversary Waltz, (c) Blue Danube Waltz.
12. ARTIE SHAW'S IS:
(a) 1 O'Clock Jump, (b) Nightmare, (c) La Cucaracha.
13. FREDDIE MARTIN'S IS:
(a) If I Loved You, (b) 4 O'Clock Jump, (c) Tonight We Love.
14. VAUGHN MONROE'S IS:
(a) The Desert Song, (b) Racing With the Moon, (c) Candy.
15. COUNT BASIE'S IS:
(a) 1 O'Clock Jump, (b) Lover, (c) St. Louis Blues.

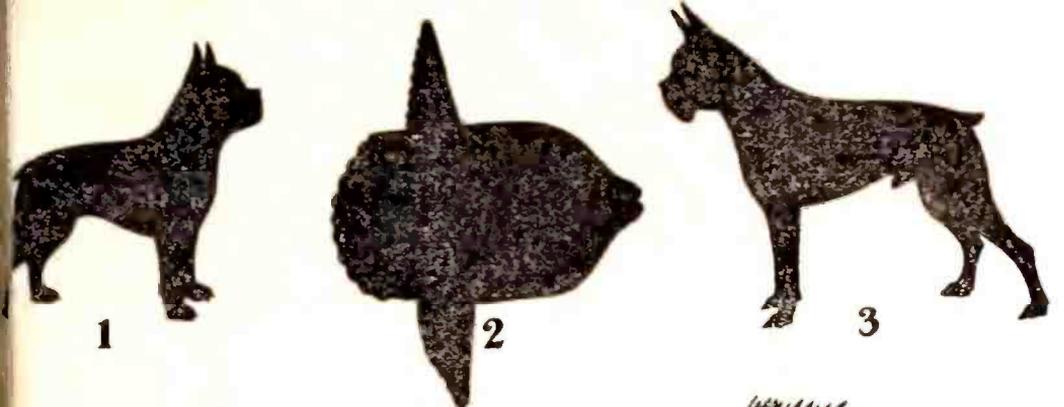


BEYOND A SHADOW OF DOUBT

by Norman Daly

Most anyone would recognize a detailed portrait of George Washington, but silhouette might prove difficult. Could be Adams, Lafayette, Monroe, etc. The illustrations at right are faithful silhouettes of six popular breeds of dog and six well known species of deep sea fish. If you are half the sportsman we think you are you will not find this quiz too rugged.

Answers—Page



1

2

3



4

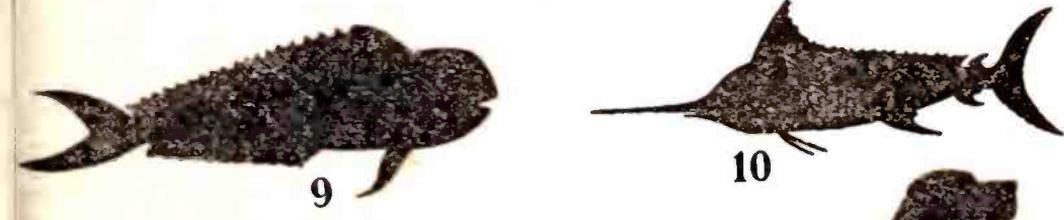
5



6

7

8



9

10



11

12

The Sage of Swing Says—



There are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies and statistics.

Economy is a way of spending money without getting any fun out of it.—*Chain Gang*.

Good judgement comes from experience and experience comes from poor judgement.

Inflation—In 1941 you went broke so you ate hamburger for a week. Now you eat hamburger for a week and go broke.

A soft answer will prevent a lot of hard feeling.

If you're wondering what happened to the old-fashioned girl, you'll probably find her at home with her husband.

Few daughters nowadays get to use mother's wedding gown. Mom is still using it.

There's a battle going on in every woman's purse. When her billfold says she can have dessert, her mirror says she can't.

The baggage stickers of a Naples hotel read, "The almost in comfort and convenience."—*The New Yorker*.

Beware when she starts stroking your hair. She's probably after your scalp.

A paratrooper is a guy who has to pull strings to hold his job.

A wise husband buys his wife such fine china that she won't trust him to wash dishes.

The silliest woman can manage a clever man; but it takes a very clever woman to manage a fool.—*Kipling*.

Prohibition—A time when America was dried and found wanting.

I know a lady who loves talking incessantly that she won't give an echo fair play.

Protect the birds: the dove brings peace and the stork brings exemptions.

Do not resent growing old. Many have denied the privilege.

A man could retire nicely in his old age if he could but sell his experience for what it cost him.

Habit is either the best of servants or the worst of masters.

All work and no plagiarism makes dull speech.

It isn't necessary for a man to have his face lifted. If he waits patiently it will grow up through his face.

A small girl wrote in an essay on Parents that "The trouble with parents is that when we get them they are so old, it's very hard to change their habits."

All things come to the other fellow if you only sit and wait.

A man who keeps his feet on the ground never gets hopping mad.

The mink may be the only American animal to lose an election since the elephant.

Not all the teeth put into laws these days are wisdom teeth.

Bacteria: Rear end of a cafeteria.

LIGHT ON THE GLOBE

		Sq. Miles			Sq. Miles
1. Korea	Korea	85,225	6. Burma	Burma	216,749
	Utah	84,990		Sweden	173,341
	Greece	51,304		California	158,297
2. Japan	Japan	146,690	7. Alaska	Alaska	586,400
Finland	Finland	130,160		Manchuria	503,143
	New Mexico	122,634		Peru	482,133
3. Formosa	Formosa	13,836	8. Canada	Canada	3,466,882
	Maryland	12,327		U. S. A.	3,022,387
	Belgium	11,775		Australia	2,974,581
4. Norway	Norway	124,556	9. Indiana	Indiana	36,354
	Philippines	114,400		Switzerland	15,940
	Colorado	104,247		Netherlands	13,440
5. Egypt	Egypt	383,000	10. France	France	212,741
	Turkey	296,185		Montana	146,997
	Texas	265,896		Poland	119,703

(Source—Information Please Almanac)

TRUE CRIME QUIZ

1. New York City (b).
2. Francois Eugene Vidocq (c).
3. (False) Arsonists seldom use explosives in setting fires.
4. 300 (c).
5. Dr. Hawley H. Crippen (c).
6. Paris (a).
7. One-half (b).
8. 44 (a).
9. True.
10. (a) In 1630, by John Billington, who elimated a quarrel with a John Newcomer by waylaying him and killing him with a blunderbuss.

BEYOND A SHADOW OF DOUBT

1. Boston Terrier
2. Sunfish (Salt water)
3. Boxer
4. Swordfish
5. Sailfish
6. Fox Terrier
7. Sting Ray
8. Dachshund
9. Dolphin
10. Marlin
11. Pekinese
12. Cocker Spaniel

CLYDE BEATTY'S CIRCUS LINES

1. 18	7. 20	13. 29	19. 22	25. 6	31. 25
2. 28	8. 35	14. 7	20. 15	26. 24	32. 2
3. 19	9. 33	15. 16	21. 14	27. 13	33. 11
4. 23	10. 27	16. 4	22. 5	28. 12	34. 1
5. 30	11. 31	17. 34	23. 9	29. 3	35. 26
6. 32	12. 21	18. 8	24. 17	30. 10	

MUSICAL THEMES

- | | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------|--|------------------------------|
| 1. Auld Lang Syne (A) | 6. Thinking of You (C) | nade (B) | 13. Tonight We Love (C) |
| 2. Blue Flame (C) | 7. Young Man With a Horn (A) | 10. I'm Getting Sentimental Over You (B) | 14. Raging With the Moon (B) |
| 3. Let's Dance (B) | 8. Sleepy Time Down South (A) | 11. The Waltz You Saved for Me (A) | 15. 1 O'Clock Jump (A) |
| 4. Ciribiribin (B) | 9. Moonlight Sere- | 12. Nightmare (B) | |
| 5. Rhapsody in Blue (A) | | | |

Russian Work: Labor slaving device.

The cold gal never gets the fur coat.

Dear World Peace: Having a bum time. Wish you were here.

The man who always says what he thinks is courageous and friendless.

The woman's work that is never done is most likely what she asked her husband to do.

A woman's guess is much more accurate than a man's certainty.—Kipling.

It's A Lollapalooza!

POKER players have a language all their own. Such poker slang, however, is not to be confused with some of the more serious, but far more rare, terms of the game as applied in certain locales. These terms are for special hands recognized in various parts of the country, but which are illegitimate as far as Hoyle and the majority of poker players are concerned. Since Hoyle does not list such added hands, the rules of the house or host where the game is played must be taken as the final authority.

One inveterate poker player found the meaning of such a rule to his everlasting chagrin. The clubman, visiting in the South, sat down for a game in the back room of a neighborhood saloon.

The game progressed for several hands without incident, with poor hands and little betting. Then, with an exceptionally large pot at stake in which the visitor, holding a straight flush, had deposited much coin, the lightning struck. Called, the clubman spread out his straight flush and began to rake in the chips. "Hold on," barked the caller, "that's my pot." He displayed a sequence of 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 which he called a "Lollapolooza." The visitor objected until his attention was directed to a sign on the wall of the room. It read:

LOLLAPALOOZA — 2-4-6-8-10 — BEATS ANYTHING

The poker player gave up the hand but kept it in mind. Much later he drew the Lollapalooza sequence and, as fortune would have it, the man who had previously beaten his straight flush was the final man in the pot with him. Raised and re-raised he finally called. The townsman laid down a full house. Then the visitor triumphantly exhibited his Lollapalooza and started to rake in the chips. Again he was stopped.

"Friend," his opponent said, "I guess you didn't read that sign very carefully."

The clubman examined the sign more carefully and learned something else about house rules and odd poker hands. Beneath the huge bold letters of the sign was a smaller line of very fine type:

(Only one a night)

—James L. Harte



The Average Man

HE secretly feels quite different from everyone else—that's why he's an average man . . . When he's young, the height of his ambition is often five feet two or so, but very blonde . . . He thinks scientists really eager to help mankind would perfect a painless way of getting up early . . . For he gets up to go to work after being awakened by an alarm clock on which he paid a "luxury" tax . . . He may have just \$2 in his pockets, but he can still tell you just how to beat the stock market . . . He's so human—hollers so loudly about things that annoy him, and keeps so quiet about those that please him . . . He will readily admit he's not handsome, yet his head swells when he's told his son looks just like him . . . He'd never be in an accident if he always drove as he does when passing a police station . . . He immediately loses control of his car when his boy gets a driver's license . . . The three hardest words for him to say are: "I was wrong" . . . But all in all, he's a good fellow, on the average.

—Roscoe A. Poland



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Clockwise from upper left, the stars are: AVA GARDNER in M-G-M Theater of the Air, Sundays at 6:00 p.m.; WALTER PIDGEON in M-G-M Theater of the Air, Sundays at 6:00 p.m.; MONICA LEWIS in M-G-M Musical Comedy of the Air, Wednesdays at 7:00 p.m.; ERROL FLYNN in The Modern Adventures of Casanova, Thursdays at 7:00 p.m.; IAN KEITH in Crime Does Not Pay, Mondays at 7:30 p.m.; ANN SOTHERN in The Adventures of Masie, Fridays at 7:00 p.m.; LIONEL BARRYMORE and LEW AYRES in The Adventures of Dr. Kildare, Tuesdays at 7:30 p.m.



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