

APRIL

1948

25¢

Swing





1. Bandleader Ted Weems, of Heartaches fame, renews acquaintance with old WHB listening friend
2. Burl Ives, "America's Mightiest Ballad Singer," recently originated his Friday night Philco show from
Kansas City. 3. The president of the National Association of Manufacturers, Morris Sayre, during
exclusive radio interview. 4. The girl at the microphone, University of Kansas City's Dorothy Smith
wins a contest sponsored by Berkson's of Kansas City, a flight to St. Louis and a position on the
reviewing board of Minx Mode, manufacturers of junior fashions. 5. and 6. The outside and inside
a tarpaper house-trailer, home of Donnie Platt, the brave little invalid, who recently won a raft
prizes from Mutual's Heart's Desire program.

foreword for April

FOR four springs now we have reported the coming of April as it looked to us—old softies that we are for lilacs and young love and the pink and silver explosions of the tulip tree. *Swing's* first April was the last of the war, and since that time it has been our hope to report the spring in terms as glowing as the finest days and that feeling you get inside. But alas for the state of the world! Each spring grows more troubled, and this one would seem almost the edge of disaster. Thus our account must run: bigotry, selfishness, hypocrisy, cruelty, lust for power, sanctimony, greed, stupidity. That's the story. There is no good news any more. And the fault is not in the stars.

Still, we cannot be one-sided. We must report the whole story—and the other half of it is that no matter what we've done to mess up the world, April has come to our part of it again packing its ancient wallop. And only those too stubborn to thaw will escape unscathed. April plays rough, tangling you up inside until you have the urge to behave as the lady poets would have you to and turn cartwheels down the wind in a backwash of apple bloom! There is that about the month that will not change in spite of us, and thank your lucky stars for that! April hits hard and not everyone has learned to duck. Look out, Mac! Here it comes again!

Jetta

Swing®

April, 1948 • Vol. 4 • No. 4

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APRIL'S *Heavy Dates* IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)

Loan Exhibitions: "Modern Art in Advertising" circulated by Container Corporation of America.

"Paintings by Kansas City Art Institute Instructors." This exhibition will include paintings by Ross Braught, Edward Lanning, Myron Sokole, Fred James and William McKim.

Masterpiece of the Month: "Madonna and Child," attributed to Nanni d'Antonio di Banco (circ. 1373-1421).

Concerts: Mondays, at 3:30 p.m., and Fridays, at 8:15 p.m., in the Gallery Auditorium.

Apr. 9, Conservatory of Music.

Apr. 11, Sigma Alpha Iota.

Apr. 23, Piano recital by pupils of Mrs. Paul Willson.

Apr. 25, Mu Phi Epsilon.

Apr. 30, Piano recital by pupils of Mrs. Miles Blim.

Motion Pictures: On April 2 and 4, *The Iron Duke*. On April 16 and 18, *The Eagle* (with Rudolph Valentino).

Special Events . . .

Apr. 1, Shrine Ceremonial, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Apr. 2-9, Ice Capades, Pla-Mor Arena.

Apr. 3, Campfire Girls, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Apr. 9, R.O.T.C. Circus, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Apr. 10, Tennis match, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Apr. 11, Eagle Scouts Meet, Music Hall, 3 p.m.

Apr. 27, Rotary Club Fair, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Apr. 30, DeMolay dance, Municipal Auditorium Arena.



Music . . . (Music Hall)

Apr. 4, Barbershop Quartet Program, Matinee.

Apr. 5, John Charles Thomas, baritone.

Apr. 7, Stan Kenton concert, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

April 8, High School Orchestra Festival.

Apr. 9, St. Mary's (Xavier, Kansas) Spring Festival.

Apr. 10, Mercury Caravan.

Apr. 26, Nelson Eddy, baritone.

Dancing . . .

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.) Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday.

Apr. 3, Russ Morgan

Apr. 10, Guy Lombardo.

Apr. 17, Del Courtney.

Apr. 24, Henry Busse.



Conventions . . .

Apr. 2-6, International Brotherhood of Boilermakers (Special), Hotel Phillips.

Apr. 3, Missouri Society of X-Ray Technicians, Hotel Continental.

Apr. 4-14, John Deere Plow Company, Hotel Phillips.

Apr. 5-6, American Society of Anesthesiology, Regional, Hotel President.

Apr. 7-9, Missouri Valley Electric Association, Engineering Conference, Hotel President.

Apr. 11-13, Missouri-Kansas Bakers Association, Hotel President.

Apr. 12-13, Missouri State Chamber of Commerce, Hotel Muehlebach.

Apr. 12-13, Institute of Dietetics, Hotel Continental.

Apr. 14-16, Midwest Hospital Association, Municipal Auditorium.

Apr. 17-18, Alpha Sigma Alpha Regional, Hotel Continental.

Apr. 17-19, Society of State Directors, Hotel Phillips.

Apr. 19-24, American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, Municipal Auditorium.

Apr. 26-28, Grand Council Royal & Select Masters and Grand Chapter Royal Arch Mason, Hotel President.

Wrestling . . .

Wrestling every Thursday night Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.

Apr. 6, Professional wrestling, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Boxing . . .

Apr. 2, Professional boxing, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Baseball . . .

Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games played Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.

Apr. 27, Indianapolis.

Apr. 28, Indianapolis.

Apr. 29, Indianapolis.

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Slickest swindle of all is the education fraud!



FAKE SCHOOLS:

Our Meanest Racket

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

A YOUNG Chicago business woman, possessor of two university degrees, always boasted that she could spot any confidence game a mile off. Yet she eagerly paid \$600 to a fake "talent school" whose glib salesman assured her that his institution could land her child a Hollywood contract after six months of schooling.

In Nebraska, an aging farmer and his sick wife who had saved pennies to pay for their daughter's education at a state teachers' college, were dazzled by a man in a handsome convertible coupe who raved about their daughter's voice.

"I represent a school in Kansas City directed by a former Metropolitan Opera star," he said. "Your girl is a born singer. But she needs development. After eight months at our school, she'll be ready for important roles in radio which pay even mediocre singers \$200 a week!"

Convinced that the girl's talents would be wasted as a schoolma'am, the parents gave her \$1,000—their total savings—and she drove off to heartbreak and disappointment in Kansas City.

In both the above cases, the parents were rooked by today's most ruthless racketeers, the education

peddlers, who sell jerrybuilt or phony courses in everything from piano tuning to book-binding.

The Chicago woman sent her child to school for several weeks until the promoters skipped town with the tuition money of 60 aspiring youngsters.

The Nebraska farm girl, whose voice was passable in a rural choir, actually couldn't sing free over any Kansas City radio station. But her hopes of fame, money and a future were nurtured by a crew of slickers and a broken-down tenor who received \$75 a week to keep his classes in an optimistic frame of mind.

Competent teachers later told the girl that she could never hope to be a professional singer. But she had no recourse at law to recover her parents' hard-earned money, for the sly schoolmasters had been careful not to promise her a job in writing.

Education today is America's most marketable commodity. Reliable schools of journalism, beauty culture, music, drama, business, law, accounting, welding, restaurant management, engineering and aviation report all-time highs in enrollment.

But riding along on the coattails

of reputable schools are a host of fly-by-nights whose only interest in students is quickly and painlessly extracting their dollars.

Legitimate trade school heads estimate that phonies rake in as much as \$25,000,000 a year in the education racket. In Chicago alone, more than \$5,000,000 annually is grossed by doubtful and crooked talent schools.

Most daily newspapers investigate schools before granting them advertising space. But the really clever operators baffle close scrutiny; advertising managers find it hard to spot all deception and misinformation.

Naturally, the phony schools try to take advantage of the G. I. Bill of Rights, which enables veterans to get additional education at Uncle Sam's expense. The majority of schools approved for veterans under the G. I. Bill are operated by competent educators or professional people.

But a vast body of Americans, with no G. I. Bill to rely on, afford juicy pickings for the racket schools. Consider the case of Edna P——, a Wisconsin widow who tired of her factory job which paid \$37 a week for assembly line work.

One day she answered the following ad:

"Many Women Report Earning \$100 a week as Cooks. Learn this Big-Paying Trade at School Two Nights a Week."

Soon, she was besieged by letters and phone calls from a "College of Cookery" in Chicago which offered her a cut-rate course for \$125.

Enthusiastic, she quit her job and went to Chicago, where she sat in class three nights a week memorizing

recipes from a 98 cent cookbook. After she could recite 50 recipes by heart, she and 20 other women were given diplomas and moved out quickly to make room for the next crop of suckers.

The "school" consisted of some rickety desks in a loft building, one bored woman instructor who graded the memorized recipes, and a staff of six salesmen who sold the course for 50 per cent commissions. This victim went to a lawyer who started action, but it was too late—the crooks had moved on to another city.

Some of the fraudulent schools unearthed by Better Business Bureaus would be laughable, were it not for the grief and financial loss they bring to innocent people.

One California school, which offered a widely-advertised automotive course for \$200, was taught by a man who didn't know how to drive a car!

Another school, "The Institute of Nature Lore," promised to make successful naturalists and forest rangers out of its graduates. Investigators discovered its promoter was a Manhattan con artist whose closest brush with nature had been his infrequent strolls in Central Park.

The fake educators are quick to build courses around new fields which are prominent in the headlines. One Pennsylvania rascal, calling himself "America's dean of plastic engineering," reaped \$20,000 in eight months by promising to make skilled plastic specialists of young men with no chemical or engineering backgrounds.

Another spurious school offered a "pre-radar" course, hinting that it could toss \$175-a-week aviation jobs

into the laps of graduates who had only third grade educations.

In Texas, one barnstorming education racketeer exploited popular interest in nuclear fission by promising he could turn out "atomic specialists" in a three-month course, two nights a week. He was put out of business when a newspaper exposed his racket.

Courses at the quack schools seldom cost less than \$150, usually cost much more. "Get their dough in advance!" is the battle cry of every pseudo-school head to his sales staff.

The down payment on tuition is as much as students can fork over. Some get-'em-while-they're-hot educators escort new students to loan companies which pay off the school in cash, accepting the students' notes at usurious rates of interest.



"You're joking, of course!"

PERHAPS the cruelest injuries are perpetrated on the winners and runners-up of radio and vaudeville amateur hours. Salesmen for the spurious talent schools clip newspaper stories giving the names and addresses of hopeful amateurs. A high-pressure campaign then follows, in which the contestants are assured of fame and fortune "after three months in our hands."

One Chicago outfit employed scouts to visit night clubs and coke joints where high school show-offs could be spotted. It was no trick at all for the suave salesman to convince a hammy high school boy that his gags and clowning—with proper schooling—could be bringing rich rewards in a short time.

Sometimes, the educational slickers buy out old, established schools and reap a harvest by making extravagant promises to prospective students. A West Coast business college, respected by business leaders for 30 years because of the quality of its teaching, was sold to a New York syndicate by the owner because of illness.

Within six weeks, the school enrollment had tripled, thanks to salesmen who used this spiel on high school graduates:

"I represent the telephone company, and would like to employ you in our office at a starting salary of \$40 a week. But we hire only graduates of the Blank Business College. If you will take a four-month night course at their school, we can assure you of a good job!"

This racket ended when the authorities closed the school, but not until

300 young people were gypped to the tune of \$180 each. Naturally, the telephone company had never authorized any promises of jobs.

Here are some practical questions to apply to schools which seek you as a student, whether for plumbing classes or stenography.

1. How long has the school been in business? Does it have a clean bill of health with your Better Business Bureau?

2. Will the school give you the names and addresses of recent graduates, whom you may interview as to

the worth of the course?

3. Will the school provide complete background information on its teaching staff, so that you may check on their references?

4. How does the tuition fee compare with fees asked for similar courses at well-known schools?

5. Are the school heads and teachers members of recognized educational fraternities or vocational associations?

6. Does the school "guarantee" you a job if you complete the course?—If it does, then it's a gyp, for no school can deliver on such a promise!

Oh, What a Beautiful Fringe On Top!

O KLAHOMA! opened at New York's St. James Theatre the night of March 31, 1943. It was an immediate hit, and in five years which have seen world-wide political and economic changes, it has survived and prospered with a vigor befitting those robust pioneers whose tale it spins.

Based on *Green Grow the Lilacs*, a play by Lynn Riggs, it was the first and most successful collaboration of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. It has broken more records, established more precedents and received more awards than any other musical in the nation's history.

In 1944 it received a special award from the Pulitzer Prize Committee.

With its fifth birthday performance on March 31, *Oklahoma!* will have played 2,134 times at the St. James, with total attendance there of 4,456,380. A USO troupe took the show to 1,500,000 members of the armed forces, and a second company has been touring the country for over four years. The road company broke the all-time record for any touring show with a gross of \$119,118.50 for one week in Oklahoma City's Municipal Auditorium.

Calculations on the Theatre Guild's patented abacus show that music from *Oklahoma!* is popular in its own right. More than a half-million record albums have been sold, probably an unequalled mark. And sheet music sales number in excess of two million, eclipsing the top figure for any other musical comedy score in music publishing history.

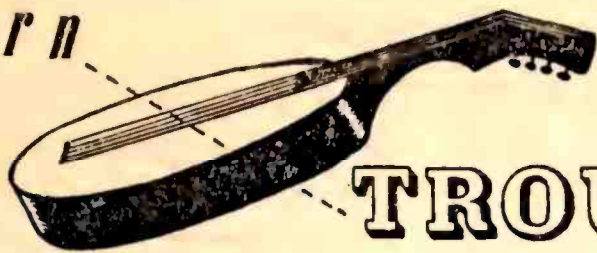
In all, eight million people have seen *Oklahoma!* while other millions, so many as to be countless, are familiar with its sprightly songs.

And still the show goes on. In its sixth year—a long, long time on Broadway—it is fresh, charming and gay. The Theatre Guild hopes it will become, like baseball, a national institution!



A woman, unfamiliar with railway vernacular, was standing near the depot as a freight train was being made up in Saginaw, Michigan. As the train backed up, one of the brakemen called to the other, "Jump on her when she comes by, cut her in two, and send the head end up to the depot." The woman fled, screaming for the police.

Modern



TROUBADOR

He has the oldest material in show business, but it packs a punch!

by ARTHUR S. POSTLE

JOHN JACOB NILES is the self-styled "front man" of the folklore movement. He is a slender, gray-thatched, earthy Kentuckian who sings *Barbary Ellen*, *Maid Freed from the Gallows*, *I Wonder As I Wander* and dozens of other legend-like tunes as he goes from Broadway across the continent to California college campuses interpreting and spreading folk songs with an almost fanatical zeal.

"The ballad," he says, "handed down from father to son like the tempered swords of old, has stood the trial of time and been found good. It has lasted in competition with popular and classical music, with swing and ragtime and all other kinds. Moreover, it is the music of the people, the common denominator of all races and classes in America."

Niles himself is equally at home in the little Blue Ridge Mountain meeting house and Indiana University's great auditorium. Mopping his forehead with a bandanna, he throws back his shoulders and breaks into melodies that entrance both hill people and college students.

His programs are made up of ballads of the 15th and 16th Centuries, ballads rooted in the old Anglo-Saxon and Gaelic traditions.

Sometimes he is mistaken for a hillbilly singer. Niles doesn't mind a bit. "Why should I?" he asks. "My best

friends are hillbillies."

He sings in a high-pitched, clear, smooth voice, curiously flavored with soft Southern inflections. After removing his coat, he opens the collar of his brightly colored shirt, throws back his head and opens his mouth wide. The sound that pours forth is startling. He makes extraordinary use of a controlled falsetto, enabling him to attain a wild, strangely appealing quality. His management of intricate rhythms is superb.

As he renders *The Gypsy Laddie*, *The Hangman*, or *Mary Hamilton* in lilting fashion, he accompanies himself on dulcimers of his own construction. He carries several of these instruments with him on his concert tours. They have flat wooden cases resembling out-sized guitars, with from four to eight strings, high to low away from the player, the reverse of mandolins, banjos and most stringed instruments. He once sang for the Presidential family at the White House, and gave Eleanor Roosevelt one of his home-made dulcimers.

Niles lectures at Harvard University, University of Redlands, Indiana University, University of Florida, Stephens College, University of Kentucky, and other institutions of higher learning. He sings over two broadcasting networks, and has made sev-

eral albums of records for RCA Victor. He has published over a dozen volumes of his collected ballads.

He began his unusual career at the age of seven in an open competition at Louisville, where he fairly overcame the judges, one of whom was "Marse" Henry Watterson, the famous editor. On that occasion he sang the full 17 verses of *Barbary Ellen*. His father was a sheriff, singer of folk music, and a caller at square dances. His mother had a classical music education, and was a church organist. She taught John Jacob to write musical shorthand, and encouraged him to keep a notebook record of all stray bits of music or words of songs that he heard.

A pilot in World War I, he miraculously escaped death when his plane was shot down by the Germans near Chateau Thierry. He was a ferry pilot, visiting many of the American units, so in his spare moments he jotted down the songs the doughboys sang. Later he published two books of them, *Singing Soldiers* and *Songs My Mother Never Taught Me*. After the Armistice he remained in France to study at the University of Lyon and the Schola Cantorum in Paris. Upon his return to this country in 1919, he studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory.

From the Queen City he went to New York, where he did everything from performing as a night club emcee to acting the role of Abie in a burlesque version of *Abie's Irish Rose*. Then came an opportunity for Niles to sing his folk melodies at a swank party. That proved a real break, because it brought him a chance

to team up with Marion Kerby, contralto, and to tour the United States, Canada and Europe with her in a successful series of concerts.

In 1936 Niles married Rena Lipetz,



a Russian refugee who had escaped to America after World War I. Miss Lipetz, who had been graduated from Wellesley College and had become a writer, first heard of him at a college concert.

With their two sons, the Nileses live at "Boot Hill," a small farm deep in the Blue Grass country, and on the Athens-Boonesboro Road out of Lexington. They are justly proud of the strawberries and blackberries they raise, and of the razorback hams that they home-cure to serve their guests.

Folksinger Niles has hundreds of ballads in his repertoire. But of them all, this one, learned from a small girl traveling with a band of evangelists, is perhaps the most charming:

*I wonder as I wander out under
the sky,*

*How Jesus, our Savior, did come
for to die*

*For poor orn'ry people like you
and like I;*

*I wonder as I wander out under
the sky.*

Also beautiful is the *Seven Joys of Mary*, an early religious ballad handed down by mouth to an old North Carolina mountaineer:

*Come all ye out of the wilderness,
And glory be;
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Through all eternitee!*

No one who has heard Niles sing those ballads will ever forget

their lovely, haunting melodies.

Periodically, he emerges from the quietude of the Kentucky hills to charm his countrymen with rediscovered gems of the past, gems which he presents with consummate skill. The traveling singers of the Old World's golden age of balladry were never more devoted to their calling—and certainly never so successful at it—as this modern purveyor of ancient folksongs.



A burglar and his pal had hidden a stolen stove in the loft of a garage. It took four men to get it down. The sheriff asked how they managed to get the stove up there all by themselves, and the more talkative of the two answered, "Well, I'll tell you, Sheriff, you can lift more when you steal it."



Russell Crouse, co-author with Howard Lindsay of the play *Life With Father*, who hasn't done any writing for quite a while, insists that when his son is old enough to attend school and they ask him, "What does your father do?" he'll probably answer, "My father is a Playwrote."



A Gopher for Mr. Golf

THE statue of a stylized gopher, "done in round" as sculptors say, has recently inspired art critics to praise, and moved golfers to destruction of more than a normal quota of household breakables as they loosen up for a summer on the links.

The sleek burrower is the original design of James Summers, an advanced student at the Kansas City Art Institute, and it will be used by the Kansas City Golf Association as an annual award to "Mr. Golf"—the individual designated as contributing most to the advancement of golf. Similar trophies will go to the four leading local golfers each year.

In a way, the Gopher is reminiscent of the Oscar, long a symbol of cinema success. But sculptural experts emphasize that Summers' design is artistically far superior to the "amiable little pseudo-Greek" who rules Hollywood.

Kansas City golfers hope the award will eventually bring golf the prominence accorded other sports. Their game, they point out, has been played far more than 500 years, and was the primary recreation of Scottish royalty of the 15th Century.

Today, 600,000 enthusiasts are hacking away each year on 4,817 golf courses in the United States. What is more amazing, they spend 135 million dollars annually in pursuit of the sport—exclusive of golf attire and gin bucks at the 19th hole.

Obviously, says the K.C.G.A., golf is good business as well as good exercise. And they're hoping their Gopher will encourage both!

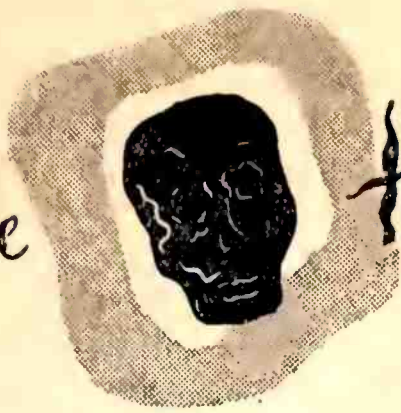


AUDITIONS - WHB
"Talent Hunt"
Today

DON
FITZGERALD

"We can't use your voice, Miss James, but come back when we've got television!"

the case of the Homeless Head!



It was a bizarre way to advertise—but the bobbies got results!

by TED PETERSON

MANY a man these days has lost his head over a woman. He has put up with her—and with the sympathetic cluckings of his friends.

So it was with John Hayes, a quiet, hard-working Englishman who fell for a shrewish camp-follower. But Hayes lost his head literally as well as figuratively. In fact, his head—minus the body—kept bobbing up around London so long it eventually brought his shamefaced murderers to justice. One of the murderers was his wife Catherine.

From the time he met Catherine, John didn't have a chance. When she was 15, Catherine left her squalid home in Birmingham for London. On the way she met some army officers who flattered her into joining them. After a time they tired of her. Friendless, she wandered about the countryside. John's parents, respectable farmfolk, sheltered her out of pity. She repaid their pity by snaring son John into a secret marriage.

When John's parents learned about the marriage, they sighed and tried to make the best of it. They gave the newlyweds a good start. The couple lived in the neighborhood for six years, during which time Catherine

bickered with everyone within tongue-range. She bullied John into moving to London in 1719.

Plodding John opened a shop in London and prospered. He piled up even more money by making loans on the side. Meantime Catherine cultivated her hobby of quarreling with the neighbors. Occasionally, to his friends, she spoke a kind word for her husband. To her own cronies, she confided that murdering him would be no worse than killing a mad dog.

Into the unhappy Hayes' home one day came a young man named Thomas Billings. He brought the simmering domestic troubles to a boil. Just who Billings really was is a question that perplexed crime chroniclers of the time. Some agreed that he really was Catherine's son, born in her lighthearted rambles before her marriage to Hayes.

At any rate, Billings and Catherine spent many a cozy night over the bottle. When business took John out of town, their revelry was so open that neighbors raised eyebrows. They whispered tales of the goings-on to John. The gossip was too much for even that patient soul. He gave his wife a blow or two.

Those blows evidently set Catherine to musing about murder. The unpleasant task of getting John out of the way was promised to be made easier by the arrival of Thomas Wood, an old family friend. Wood, who had no place to live, was invited into the household by Hayes. Catherine straightaway invited him to lend a hand in the murder of Hayes.

Wood declined the offer, pointing out the obligations of guest to host. With a light regard for truth, Catherine told him Hayes was a black-guard who had murdered a man in the country. He had even murdered two of his own children, she lied, and their corpses slumbered beneath an apple tree and a pear tree respectively. She shrewdly added that she would come into a small fortune on Hayes' death. Billings would help them kill John.

Still reluctant, Wood mulled over the proposal. Returning home a few evenings later, he found John, Catherine and Billings in a convivial drinking bout. John began to boast loudly of his capacity. Billings offered to pay for a half-dozen bottles of mountain wine if John could guzzle them without getting fuddled. Otherwise, John would have to foot the bill.

When John accepted the wager,

Catherine went with Billings and Wood to fetch the wine from a tavern. She pointed out en route that it would be a cinch to do John in when he was in his cups. Billings helped her out-argue Wood.

On their return, John manfully steeped himself in the gallon and a half of wine they had brought him. The trio nursed beers and watched. John began to sing and dance around the room in drunken gaiety. Catherine sent out privily for another bottle. A few nips of that finished John. He staggered into his bed and fell fast asleep.

The trio then went to work. Billings conked his slumbering host on the head with a hatchet. The blow fractured the skull. In pain, John stomped noisily on the floor as life fled from him, and Billings gave him a couple of more whacks for good measure. The noise had awakened neighbors, who complained that it was keeping them awake. Catherine apologized. John had been drinking with friends, she told them, but they were leaving and all would be quiet.

The neighbors' interference so frightened the men they could not think how to get rid of John's corpse. Catherine coolly suggested that the body could best be carried away with



the head off. The men got a pail, and Catherine lighted their way into the murder room. Billings pulled John's head over the edge of the bed. In the flickering candle light, Catherine held the pail to catch the blood while Billings cut off John's head with a pen knife. They washed the blood down the sink.

Catherine mentioned that it might be a good idea to boil the head for a spell, and added with good common sense that the bare skull would be hard to identify. The procedure struck the men as being needlessly thorough. They plopped the head into a pail and clomped out to throw it into the Thames. All this bustling about annoyed the awakened neighbors, who wanted to know what on earth was going on. Catherine said John was leaving for a trip to the country. For the neighbors' benefit, she loudly wished him farewell.

When the men returned, the trio began to work on the body. They tried stuffing it into a box until they had more leisure to dispose of it. As the box was too small for the body, Catherine proposed hacking off the arms and legs. Still the box was too small. A bit more cutting fitted corpse to container. The murderers left it there until the following night. Then, wrapping the limbs in one blanket and the rest of the body in another, Billings and Wood carried the pieces to a pond for disposal.

Meanwhile, though, the tide had failed to carry away John's head as the men had supposed it would. A watchman found it near a dock. Officers washed it, combed its hair and set it on a pole in St Margaret's church-

yard. If anyone recognized it, they figured, he'd let them know. The high constable ordered his underlings to keep an eye open for anyone with a burden looking like a dismembered body.

Of the thousands who saw the head on the pole, some recognized poor John. One man told Catherine he was sure the head was John's. Catherine told him John was quite well in the country, thank you, and berated him for spreading malicious gossip. To another visitor who chatted about the head, Catherine railed at the wickedness of the age and decried barbarous murder. Billings, too, told friends they were wrong in supposing that the head belonged to John, who was away in the country. Next Catherine put off inquiries about her husband with the tale that he had killed a man in a quarrel and fled to Portugal.

But her varying stories aroused the suspicions of some of John's friends. They minutely examined the head, which authorities had considerably preserved in a glass of spirits. They concluded that it was, alas, poor John. Authorities swooped Billings and Catherine in for questioning.

Almost as soon as she was in custody, Catherine begged to see the much-discussed head. When her request was granted, she fell to her knees.

"Oh, it is my dear husband's head!" she cried, embracing the glass and kissing it. "It is my dear husband's head!" A solicitous official withdrew the head from the glass and, holding it by the hair, offered it to her for closer scrutiny. She kissed it. An of-

ficial denied her request for a lock of the hair, on the grounds that she had already cut away too much of poor John.

That same day, the rest of John's body was discovered. Soon afterwards Wood was picked up for questioning. His part in the murder had been bothering him, and he made a full confession. Billings, figuring that the jig was up, gave his version of the crime. And then Catherine told of the events from her point of view.

At the trial, Wood and Billings pleaded guilty. Wood died in prison, but Billings lived long enough to be hanged. A jury lost little time in finding Catherine guilty. In her day a wife who murdered her husband was guilty of petty treason. The penalty was burning at the stake. About noon on May 9, 1726, Catherine was bound to the stake and her executioners heaped faggots about her. Three hours later she was ashes.

▲
Man considers facts stubborn things because they won't yield to his efforts to mold them to fit the pattern of his prejudices.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

▲
It was in a New York University classroom. The prof was speaking. "It is a strange thing. I was shaved this morning by a man who really is, I suppose, a little above being a barber. He is an alumnus of one of the leading American colleges; he studied in Heidelberg afterward, and spent several years in other foreign educational centers. I know also that he has contributed scientific articles to our best magazines, and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social standing in Europe and America. And yet," concluded the professor, "he can't shave a man decently."

"But, professor," a student said, "why is he a barber, with all those accomplishments?"

"Oh," replied the professor, "he isn't a barber. I shaved myself this morning."

▲
A youngster at one of those progressive schools where nothing is discouraged found a cute little brown mouse in the flat his family occupied. He was all for taking it to school with him, but his mother tried to discourage the idea.

"It's all right, Mother," said her young one. "We got lots of mice in school."

"Yes, but those are white mice," the mother argued.

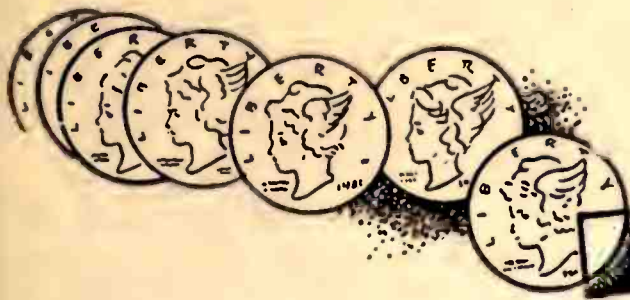
The moppett looked at her in disgust. "Aha! Race prejudice, huh?"

▲
You can always tell a hick town. That's where the Sunday paper can be lifted with one hand.

▲
As a rule, anything that is either shouted or whispered isn't worth listening to.

▲
A radical is a person who doesn't know any other way to hurt people who have more than he has.

▲
A cynic is a man who, when he smells flowers, looks around for a coffin.



THE DIMES MARCH ON

We've found the bug, and the Flit comes next!!!

by WALT ANGRIST

YES, the dimes are marching on—dimes and dollars from the American public to help polio victims walk again.

The greatest single step forward came in the middle of the recent March of Dimes campaign—the blunt announcement from a university laboratory that polio virus (commonly called infantile paralysis) has been collected in an almost 100 per cent pure state.

The first real move toward preventing this widely-feared disease seems to have been accomplished with little fanfare by a Czech refugee, Dr. Frank Gollan.

In technical language, the balding, mustached, unassuming assistant professor of physiology at the University of Minnesota reports he has:

“Isolated ‘MM’ poliomyelitis virus—which causes one strain of the disease family—and removed 99.94 per cent of impurities.”

The MM disease type, of which Dr. Gollan speaks, is fatal only to animals, but that does not detract from the vital importance of his discovery.

The real value of his find lies in the purification method used to affect isolation of the virus—for the scientist reports his way of separating

the deadly stuff is applicable to all strains of polio, including those which strike human beings in such a destructive and painful manner.

Medical experts engaged in polio research today generally agree the disease virus is the key to discovery of a vaccination which can eventually protect all children and adults from infantile paralysis.

Present in the bodies of all who are hit by polio is a substance called a filterable virus. Webster's dictionary defines it as the “poison or contagious matter of a disease, the essential parts of which are so tiny they retain deadliness after being passed through the finest porcelain type filters.”

It is from diluted solutions of disease viruses that medical science has procured protecting vaccines for such already tamed killers as small pox.

The research laboratory must first possess a particular virus in the pure state, then dilutions are made and the vaccines tried out on dogs and monkeys. The ultimate step is vaccination of human beings who offer themselves as guinea pigs.

Thus the achievement of Dr. Gollan, himself a polio victim as a child of three, is certain to be an important milestone on the path to vaccine protection from polio for human beings.

Up to now, science had been

at a loss where infantile paralysis was concerned. Much publicity was given to the Sister Kenny treatments for polio sufferers. But the good Australian nurse has no cure to offer, no preventive with which to step in when an epidemic rages. Sister Kenny's admirable efforts have been directed solely to alleviation of the disease results—pain and paralysis.

Science, always more attracted to the ounce of prevention than the pound of cure, was stumped because there was no pure virus available.

Before Dr. Gollan's discovery, the highest isolation of the disease was accomplished at Stanford University. There, two scientists announced a year ago that they had tracked down polio virus to a purity of 80 to 85 per cent.

Their work was hailed as "a long step forward in science's fight against infantile paralysis."

But the Minnesota expert's substance is 100 times more potent. It is so deadly that one ounce would be enough to infect 2,500,000,000,000 (2½ trillion) laboratory animals.

How Dr. Gollan arrived at his find is a story of the modern speedup which has extended from science to industry and back again since the war.

He began his experiments only five months ago by infecting laboratory mice with MM polio.

Then he mashed their brains and spinal cords—the places where polio attacks—in salt solution.

By slowly mixing the brain tissue solution with alcohol at freezing temperatures, Dr. Gollan caused the virus

to separate from all other matter in the solution, or "precipitate."

Painfully careful controls had to be maintained over the temperature and the amounts of alcohol, brain matter and salt strength.

Next, the scientist whirled the solution in a centrifuge test tube, and the virus—heavier than the brain tissue—was driven to the bottom of the container.

Dr. Gollan's virus was removed from the test tube and checked under the University of Minnesota's super-magnifying electron microscope. Magnifying 30,000 times, the microscope showed the concentrated matter consisted entirely of particles of the same size and shape. This was proof of the purity—plus the fact that the virus, diluted 10,000,000 times, still infected mice with polio.

There is much work ahead for Dr. Gollan and his kind. Scientists must now adapt isolation technique to human polio viruses. When these have been isolated, polio vaccines are next on the work sheets.

To produce a vaccine, the pure virus is usually weakened by treating it with formaldehyde or irradiating it with ultra violet rays. A point is reached where it will infect only slightly, just enough to cause the body to build immunity.

Years of effort may go by before the next successful steps are taken, but the way has been paved by Dr. Gollan's test tube discovery of polio virus in its pure form.

Oh, yes—Dr. Gollan's studies were financed by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

Your dimes DO march on!



MUSCOVITE JOKERS!

*The boys were cards, right enough,
but it nearly cost them a long stay
in Siberia.*

by LIZA ZOWN

THE year was 1889; the place, Moscow.

It was broad daylight on the Kuznetzkij Bridge when an archbishop appeared in full regalia, even to the mitre, and proceeded to conduct himself in anything but a clerical manner. He dashed breathlessly through traffic, brandishing his arms, got his feet tangled up in his robes, fell down, disentangled himself, got up and started sprinting again. All the while he kept shrieking, "Stop them, stop them!"

Everyone stood rooted to the spot in sheer fright, too amazed to make way for him, so that he was obliged to push through the crowd by main force. A policeman finally felt it was his duty to lay hold of the prelate.

"What's the trouble, Your Excellency?"

"You fool!" bellowed the archbishop. "Don't stop me, stop those crooks!"

"What crooks?"

"Those thieves! I'm no priest, I'm a jeweler, I'm Savchenko! They've robbed me, they've cleaned me out!"

Calmed, finally, Savchenko told his story. A week before, a couple of gentlemen had walked into the jewel-

er's store. They had come to Moscow, they said, from the city of Tula, commissioned to purchase an archbishop's vestments and a number of ecclesiastical articles and precious stones. They had quickly arrived at an agreement with him as to price. That morning they had come in again, as arranged, but this time at the noon hour, when all the help was at lunch. The jeweler had shown them the ordered articles.

"Wonderful!" they had exclaimed. "Exactly what we wanted! But we'd just like to see how the robes look on."

No sooner had Savchenko involved himself in the awkward garments and stepped before his customers, however, than he felt himself suddenly seized and held fast. The swindlers emptied his till, stuffed their pockets with the precious stones and fled . . .

Such was the initial exploit of a strange band of thieves which dubbed itself "the Knaves of Hearts" in a shameless but witty letter written to the Police Commissioner of Moscow. The tricks they pulled were full of humor and frequently seemed to be purposeless; the material gain involved apparently interested the rascals little.

The people of Moscow became more and more alarmed, but were at the same time much amused. They began to suspect that these pranksters were scions of the best Czarist families whose acts were prompted by boyish romanticism. The police followed one false scent after another.

At last, Chief Commissioner Schulgin, esteemed the cleverest man of the police force, was personally instructed to track down the Knaves and annihilate them. He at once released a press statement: the population of Moscow might henceforth rest easy. "In eight days at the latest we shall have our first Knaves of Hearts behind bars."

One thing is certain, Chief Commissioner Schulgin did get in contact with the Knaves exactly eight days later—but the meeting was not as he anticipated.

He was sitting at breakfast when a

four-horse sleigh, with liveried footmen in attendance, drew up before his house. One of the footmen had himself announced. It seemed he came from the Commissioner's friend, Countess Orlowa, who wished to speak to the Commissioner on urgent business. Time was of the essence. It might be, in fact, a matter of minutes.

Since there were still no private telephones in Moscow at this time, Schulgin had no alternative but to see his friend in person. He threw his beaver coat over his shoulders and flew off in the sleigh. The footman who had fetched him also accompanied him to the house of the Countess, relieved him of his coat and ordered the butler to announce the Commissioner.

The Countess was more than astonished to see her friend so early in the morning.

"For God's sake, has something happened, my dear Commissioner?"

"Didn't you send for me, Countess?"

"Send for you!"

"You didn't send your sleigh for me?"

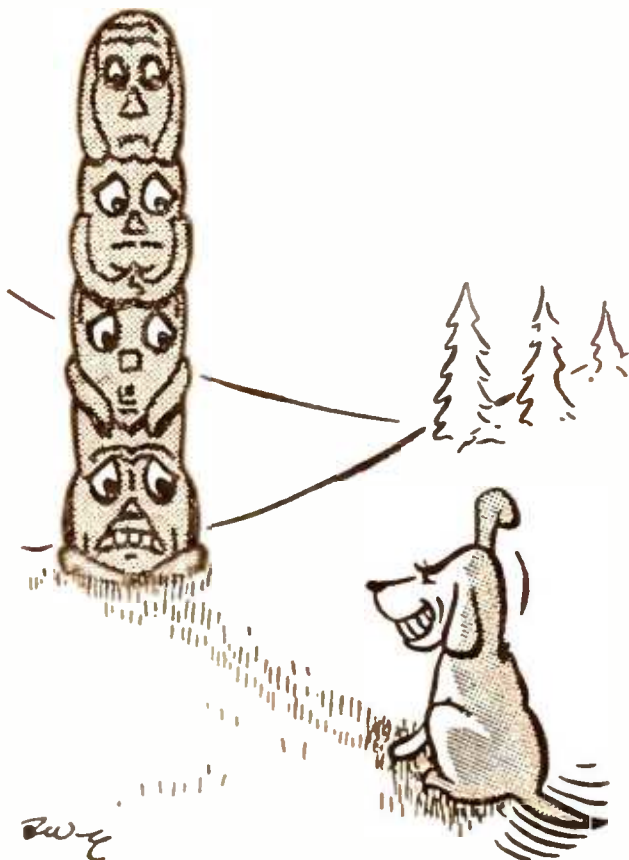
"I? Send my sleigh?"

"But—"

The Commissioner blushed suddenly, then excitedly related what had happened.

"God in heaven!" The Countess wrung her hands. "They've tricked you, don't you see? It's another trick!"

They sounded an alarm, but the sleigh had long since vanished—and with it the fur coat. The butler had assumed, of course, that the liveried



attendant belonged to the Commissioner. He had therefore paid no attention when the scoundrel bore the fur coat out to the sleigh.

This was a bit too thick for the top man of Moscow, Governor General Prince Vladimir Dolgoruskij. He lost patience. He relieved the Commissioner of the case and took over himself. He, too, was presumptuous enough to give out a statement, which concluded with the words: "I shall send every single member of this band to Siberia."

The very next day the Knaves sent him their answer. Toward noon he was advised that the Governor General Dolgoruskij—that is, he himself—was at that moment to be seen in a number of different points in the city.

Aha! The boys were waxing incautious in their insolence! The Governor General shouted for his secretary, the secretary for the footman, the footman for the coachman, and in a flash the Governor drove off to give his personal instructions to police in various parts of Moscow.

However, no sooner had he reached the Twerskaja, one of the main thoroughfares, than he was apprehended by a young policeman on the order of a man in a general's uniform who resembled him, the Governor, like an identical twin.

"Throw the bum in jail!" screamed the false Governor, rushing at the true Governor with well-simulated rage. "We've finally got you, huh? You've finally walked into our trap!" When the arrested man was led away, his double disappeared in the crowd.

The fury of the Governor General knew no bounds. It took hours before

he was released and had regained possession of his reason, so to say. That same day he appointed a commission of the most able detectives he could find to devote themselves exclusively to the case of the "Knaves of Hearts."

The result? The Knaves sold the palace of the Prince, with all its furnishings and contents, to two wealthy Englishmen—and the best of it was, the Governor himself assisted in the transaction.

The Knaves divided themselves into three groups in order to put the hoax through successfully. The first group served as a "Legal Advisory Board." The second was made up of pretended aristocratic idlers who scraped acquaintance with some wealthy Englishmen just come to Moscow. The third, consisting of only two gentlemen posing as merchants, presented itself in person to the Governor General. They told the Governor that certain prominent Englishmen had expressed a wish to view the interior of one of the noble, luxurious, imposing private palaces of which the whole world talked—but which were rarely exhibited to foreigners. It would be in the interest of friendlier relations between England and Russia, especially better trade relations, that the wish be gratified if possible. The two gentlemen succeeded in obtaining the Prince's consent to exhibit his own palace.

Meanwhile, however, the second group—the playboys—had offered the palace for sale to the Englishmen they'd met.

Considering the costly furnishings, the purchase price seemed reasonable enough. As the prospective buyers passed through the rooms of the pal-

ace they examined everything closely. The Prince, who accompanied them but did not know a word of English, was astonished to see them run their fingers appraisingly over every piece of upholstery and every rug, and bestow especial scrutiny upon the silver. He was able to answer their questions only with the help of the interpreter whom the foreigners had brought along.

Next day the Englishmen returned, but this time as proprietors—without their guide. They had in their possession the bill of sale, all notarized. What took place at this second meeting is not known to history—but it

is known that the following night the Prince personally led his police on a manhunt through Moscow, and that he got no sleep for more than 48 hours.

All to no avail. The police succeeded only in seizing the equipment of the "Legal Advisory Board."

No Knave was ever caught, and strangely enough not one was heard from again after this bold stroke. There was not even a farewell letter. The Knaves had played their game, won, and were content to retire to the less conspicuous ways of respectability.

Famous People

William Lyon Phelps, the incomparable Yale professor, enjoyed telling this story about a man who had a predilection for the word "gotten."

One day the man, who was out of town, sent his wife the following telegram: "Have gotten tickets for the theatre."

When his wife received the telegram, it read, "Have got ten tickets for the theatre." So that evening, she met her husband in the theatre lobby, accompanied by a group of eight eager friends.

DeWolf Hopper once stopped at the United States Hotel in Saratoga Springs. His room was at the rear, adjacent to the railroad yard, where a switch engine spent the night panting and hooting. In desperation, he finally called the night clerk, asking, "I say, young man, can you tell me what time this hotel gets to Chicago?"

Early this summer, as I was en route back to the United States after spending the past five years in North Africa and Europe, a Chinese traveler came to my table in the ship's dining room.

"I'm sorry to intrude upon you, General," the Chinese said, "but I want to tell you that it is a pleasure to see you nagging the Russians so consistently."

"Nagging them? But I'm not nagging them," I said.

"Yes, you are," he replied smiling. "You just don't understand the meaning of nagging in Chinese. According to one of our proverbs 'nagging is the constant reiteration of the unhappy truth.'"—General Mark Clark.

George Washington was seldom given to telling jokes, but when he did indulge he made them count. During a Congressional debate on establishing the Federal Army, one member offered a resolution limiting the army to 3,000 men. Washington countered with an amendment providing that no enemy should ever invade the United States with more than 2,000 soldiers. The resolution was smothered in laughter.

Here's a hobby that beats walking—but barely!

THEY'RE STILL



ROLLING!

by MAXINE BLOCK

SPREAD throughout the country are some 600 enthusiasts—they might be called fanatics—for whom the days of high button shoes, moustache cups, peg top trousers and nine cent beefsteaks still exist. Their symbol of the past is, of all things, the horseless carriage—an ancient gas buggy which once rolled down cobblestoned streets on spindly, high-pressure tires.

The Horseless Carriage Club, to which these 600 *aficianados* belong, is a hobby dedicated to nostalgia. Among its members are Edgar Bergen, James Melton, Tom Breneman and a varied assortment of doctors, ranchers, lawyers and other busy men who collect and still drive these old-time equipages during periodic “meets” of the Club.

One such assembly of the Horseless Carriage Club—the California chapter—took place recently on the sun-baked Rancho Rinconada of member Lindley Bothwell. Bothwell, who devotes his time to growing oranges, when he isn't collecting old automobiles, played host to the other members of the Horseless Carriage Club. He put his own Fords, Havers, Stearns, Stanley Steamers, Ramblers and Maxwells through their paces in competition with the other painted

and polished oldsters which assembled at the Rancho under their own power.

Of the 50-odd old cars that Bothwell owns, his 1906 six-cylinder, right hand drive, open touring model Ford is one of his prize exhibits. There are also six Model-T fire engines, once actually operated by the Los Angeles Fire Department, when the City of the Angels was still thinking of itself as a sleepy, overgrown pueblo. Bothwell houses his collection of horseless carriages in two huge barns. They're looked after by his own staff mechanic, who once tooled a chain drive speedster in the Vanderbilt Cup Races back in 1905. Most of the Bothwell cars have been overhauled, rejuvenated, repainted and polished, so that even today they make a pretty, if old-fashioned sight lined up in neat rows in the Bothwell “museums.”

Just why the members of the Horseless Carriage Club chose old cars as a hobby is something that even they themselves cannot clearly explain. It's not exactly an inexpensive amusement, though some of the old cars were picked up for nominal sums. Perhaps the hobby is nothing more than a unique expression of their own love for the quieter, mellower past. Yet several of the Club members are younger than the cars they own! On

display at the recent meeting was a 1910 EMF, which the owner, a lad of 19 or 20, had discovered abandoned under a pepper tree in an old pasture. He bought the car for \$45, spent his spare time for a year cleaning, painting and polishing it, then proudly drove it up heavily-traveled Ventura Boulevard to the Club meet, garbed turn-of-the-century style in long duster, heavy goggles and autoing cap.

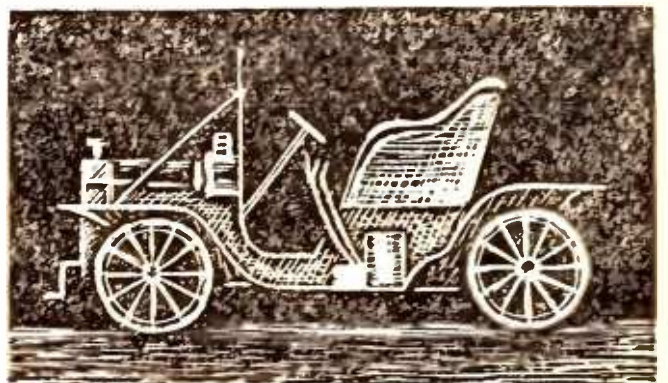
Some of the Club members own anywhere from two to ten early day cars; others are content with one; still others have none at all. Yet they qualify for membership by virtue of their deep affection for anything that pertains to their nostalgic hobby. There are members who are happy with nothing more than a comprehensive assortment of vintage spark plugs. Some specialize in radiator emblems of the thousand and one automobiles once on the market but now virtually forgotten. One Club member maintains an astonishing collection of brass auto lamps, while still another owns what is acknowledged as the most elaborate and complete library of old automobile catalogs and literature in America.

Among the members, trading is active in the old cars. They like to exchange their acquisitions, taking, say, a vintage RCH for a one-cylinder Cadillac. But should they sell a car to another member, it must be sold for the same price at which they obtained it. Once, one new member tried to make a little profit on his transaction, but he changed his mind quickly when it was intimated that

this type of black marketing would end in his being eliminated from the group.

Of the California *aficianados*, radio comedian Edgar Bergen is probably the most prominent and certainly one of the most enthusiastic. Among his own collection is a still-virile White Steamer, which was coaxed to the meet by Bergen's mechanic. Passengers in the tonneau of the car were friends of the comedian, dressed in keeping with the spirit of the occasion: full, sweeping skirts, shirtwaists, picture hats and veils for the women; goggles, motoring caps and full-length dusters for the men. When the photographer who was shooting pictures asked one of the ladies to pose alongside the vehicle and to pretend that the engine might explode at any moment, she had no trouble getting the proper expression of alarm. "I'm not pretending," the girl admitted. "It really might blow up at that!"

For ten years now the Horseless Carriage Club has been keeping alive their verdant memories of the past with these nosegays on wheels. They're still rolling along, perhaps at



no more than a noisy 15 mile-an-hour pace, but they seem to like it that way.

Crank 'er up!

With painstaking care, he built an unassailable place in the history of science

FRANCIS GALTON...



... *human yardstick*

by CAROL CARTER

AT 18 months of age, the precocious boy could recite the alphabet forward and backward. At two, he was solemnly telling nursery stories to older children, and at three he could write his own name.

This was Francis Galton, the shy but likable boy who later was to shun the sports and pastimes of other youths in favor of monastic seclusion and endless study.

Galton's mother was a brilliant, unconventional woman who was gossiped about by her neighbors in the England of the early 19th Century. She busied herself with politics and economics, scoffing at demure women who stayed in their parlors and left weighty subjects to the men.

Francis' father was a lifelong student and teacher. His greatest pleasure was to buy his pedantic little son books and maps which the child preferred to any toys.

Small wonder that this lad, born in 1822, was to grow into one of the towering intellects of the 19th Century, renowned in a score of fields. He was to become Sir Francis Galton—anthropologist, meteorologist, fingerprint expert, psychologist, explorer,

writer, inventor, statistician and physicist.

His *Meteorographica*, published in 1863, was man's first real effort to chart the weather on an extensive scale.

Lured by his cousin Charles Darwin's revolutionary book, *Origin of Species*, Francis Galton became the first of the anthropologists. The restless, eternally curious fellow measured the heads, noses, girth, height and weight of thousands of human beings, from naked savages to Mr. Gladstone, the prime minister. What he learned, Galton presented in a series of daring papers which fathered the new science of eugenics.

The many-sided Galton won renown for his investigations of color blindness, mental imagery, instincts, number forms, and criminality. He originated the process of composite portraiture. He was the Burton Holmes of his era, always running off to strange lands which he described in travelers' guidebooks and lectures to stay-at-homes back in England.

Yet this successful man nearly gave up the battle for life before he was out of his 'teens.

In 1837, the sensitive, gangling Francis finished secondary school and was apprenticed to a Birmingham doctor.

For a while, his master thought young Galton would make a fine physician. After all, hadn't he tinkered with retorts and crucibles in a drug store when other boys thought only of games and pranks?

Galton's master sent him to King's College Medical School in London. The Galton family was confident that he would hang up a dazzling college record and win glory as a physician.

But they hadn't reckoned with the sensitive, brooding spirit and the unstable constitution of Francis Galton.

"I am revolted by what I see at medical school," he told his few intimate friends. "If this is medicine, then I want none of it!"

To escape his ugly memories of the dissection rooms, blood, skeletons, and the jeers of tougher-fibered students, Galton quit classes and sailed for the Far East. A sea voyage, he told himself, might set his jangled nerves in order.

After the trip, he felt fit enough to tackle medical school again. But after weathering it for three years, Galton chucked college permanently in the face of a looming physical and mental breakdown.

Once again, journeys to far places eased the tortured student's despair and blotted out his thoughts of failure.

This time, he plunged into the wilds of Cape Colony, where he lived for two years with the little-known Damara tribe—so retarded that they couldn't count the fingers of one hand.

The ignorant savages liked and trusted the gentle youth who pursued them with sweets and bangles in one hand and a tape measure in the other.

For the first time, Galton felt steady and happy as he jotted down thousands of measurements in his little notebooks. He wrote every day of the minutiae he observed. (In the twilight of his life, while sitting for his portrait, he counted the brush-strokes made by the famous painter commissioned to do his picture!)

Galton peered into the natives' mouths, examined their teeth, faithfully chronicled their weird but wonderful surgical and healing methods. There was no frivolity or play in his makeup: Galton made an applied science of everything which awakened his interest.

Back in England, he idled in the seaports and talked of the ocean's vagaries with grizzled captains. But it was the details of winds and currents which fascinated the austere Galton; stores of piracy and adventure left him cold.

For a full month, Galton busily charted the reported observations of the weather which were made three times a day at his request. From many coastal lighthouses and ships at sea, he assembled weather notes which he correlated—for the first time in maritime history—into a practical weather system.

Night after night, Francis toiled until dawn over his weather charts. From them he was able to reconstruct the story of how Atlantic storms were gestated and why they waxed and waned. He proved to himself and to seafaring men that hot

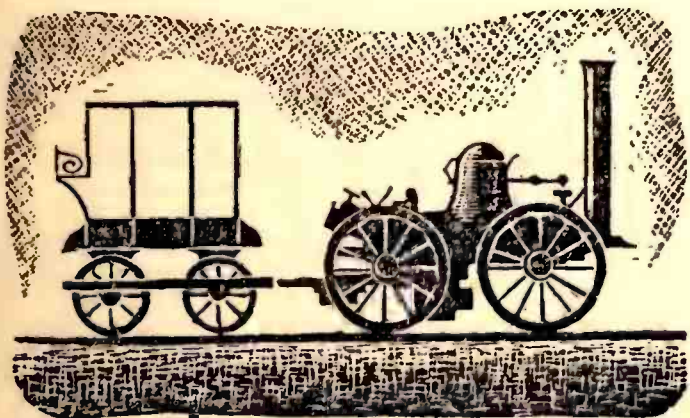
moist winds as they rise suck in cool air moving in a definite predictable counter-clockwise direction.

You've seen the delicate, automatic self-recording drums on which weather data are recorded? That drum was Galton's contribution to safety at sea. It charts wind velocity, barometric pressure, temperature, rainfall and humidity—all indispensable to the mariners of the world.

AFTER his cousin Darwin startled the Victorians with his theory of evolution, Francis Galton endorsed Darwin's findings.

"Everything by measurement!" became Galton's unshakable credo in all his pursuits and hobbies. He braved rebuffs and insults to induce people to let him measure their physical and mental capacities.

From gentlewoman to castle slavey, noble lord to London guttersnipe, nobody was safe from the calipers and measuring tape wielded by "that crazy Galton."



He filled countless notebooks with columns of figures detailing his subjects' talents and strength. How was this coach driver at weighing substances of differing weights?

Could this Oxford-trained teacher hit an inflated bladder as hard as could the brawny sailor whose coop-

eration Galton purchased for a few drinks?

What were the comparative breathing capacities of a London street girl and a baronet's sheltered daughter?

Could an undernourished slum boy detect color variations as acutely as could the well-fed, mannered child of wealth?

All of these questions gave Francis Galton original background knowledge of human capabilities and behavior. He was insatiably curious about right- and left-handedness. Was handedness inherited—and, if so, why?

Obsessed with the desire to learn if well-born people had greater natural attributes than impoverished workers had, Galton spent years assembling family histories of aristocrats and paupers. He concluded that intelligent parents tend to have bright children; brawny parents pass on strong physiques to their youngsters.

Naturally Galton strongly believed in the survival of the fittest. Though a true democrat, he announced that society would do well to encourage marriages between well-endowed partners and to discourage mating of dullards and weak stock.

Out of incredible years of measuring, questioning and analyzing came the infant science of eugenics—introduced in Galton's notable work, *Hereditary Genius: English Men of Science*.

In six years, Galton measured 10,000 people. The great Mr. Gladstone popularized anthropometry by willingly allowing Galton to apply the calipers to his head while newspapermen described the incident.

In his career, Galton drew up amazingly complete reports on 35 pairs of identical twins, 783 brothers, and 150 families. His studies led him to proclaim grimly that bad housing, long hours of toil, and inferior heredity were sapping the strength of English city dwellers.

When the new science of fingerprinting caught Galton's fancy, he soon became an expert in that field, too. Galton discovered that fingerprints do not reveal a person's race, as some investigators had believed. He stated flatly that they do not indicate their owner's intelligence or character, thus shattering another misconception.

But Galton noted that every loop and whorl was different. By cataloging his friends and their fingerprints, he found that he could identify any person on the list merely by examining his fingerprints.

To M. Bertillon, the Paris fingerprint pioneer, Galton wrote a letter suggesting that criminals be indexed by their prints—the procedure now followed by police departments everywhere.

Another time, the attendants at a zoo were amazed to note strange things happening when a sedate man with muttonchop whiskers strolled by the monkey cage. The little beasts screamed and gibbered angrily whenever the man appeared.

This was Galton, carrying a specially-constructed cane fitted with a whistle which was inaudible to human ears. By squeezing a rubber bulb concealed in the cane's head, Galton learned that small animals—dogs, cats, monkeys—were oddly affected by the high note of the whistle.

His adventures with his magic walking-stick paved the way for super-sonic discoveries of the present age. "Galton's whistle," a gadget indispensable to psychological laboratories, is another of his legacies to the science of acoustics. The whistle accurately tests the effects of sound on various human eardrums.

PERFUMERS can thank Galton for inventing the arithmetic of smell. By assigning numbers to various odors—attar of roses, camphor, peppermint—Galton was able to do sums by using odors in place of digits.

His experiments have been extended in recent years by odor engineers who likewise have assigned numbers to thousands of scents and their many combinations—a service of commercial value to the perfume industry.

Psychologists think kindly of Galton for his pioneering efforts to learn more about visual imagery. He tapped the hidden world of imagination which children know.

To experience the sensations and agonies of the mentally-afflicted, Galton deliberately created illusions and hallucinations in his mind in order to record his impressions.

To know at first hand the delusion of persecution, he spent an entire day walking around London with the fixed idea that the world was spying on him.

He stared suspiciously at flower vendors, policemen, passersby, horses and dogs, telling himself repeatedly: "They are watching me, they are trailing me every minute!"

Such self-punishing research into abnormality almost pushed Galton into a nervous breakdown. His con-

stitution was undependable as a result of his youthful mental crises. But he survived his experiments mentally intact and described his reactions in a remarkable paper called *The Visions of Sane Persons*.

Today every science has a statistical underpinning. Guesswork is held to a minimum. It was Francis Galton who first proclaimed the virtues of the statistical method. Years of drudgery and note-taking, undeterred by banter and ridicule of his theories, were rewarded ultimately by world-wide ac-

ceptance of his statistical principles.

It was Galton who learned that a really intelligent person is born once in 4,300 times. A genius actually is one in a million. Before his time, nobody knew such things with any degree of accuracy.

When he died in 1911, Galton was hailed as a scientist's scientist. The boy who was too frail and emotional for the rigors of medicine had braved laughter and contempt to push back the frontiers of human knowledge.



"I'm getting paid by the hour . . ."

Fool for a Day

ALTHOUGH April has no monopoly on the world's foolishness, there is something about April Fool's Day that brings out the practical joker in most of us. It may, if we are not careful, bring out the fool, too.

Frenchmen probably started all of the horseplay when they adopted a new calendar in 1564, thereby establishing January 1st as the beginning of the new year. Previously, March 25th had been New Year's Day, and the week before April 1st had been a time for celebrating and exchanging gifts. Came the next April 1st, and the more quick-witted ridiculed those who had forgotten to change their calendars by staging a mock celebration according to the old tradition.

Whatever April Fool's origin, we mortals thoroughly enjoy ribbing each other on this day. London police will never forget April 1, 1860, when the following invitation, carrying an inverted stamp for official effect, was mailed to many prominent citizens: "Tower of London—Admit bearer and friend to view annual ceremony of washing White Lions on Sunday, April 1. Admittance only at White Gate." Duped by the authentic looking invitation, the distinguished "guests" snarled traffic all morning while they searched frantically for the non-existent White Gate.

A London newspaper advertisement offering a fabulous price for every black cat presented at a certain address wrought havoc on another April Fool's Day. Eight hundred people, carrying squirming, squalling cats, milled around the "address," an empty house, while the police patiently explained the joke.

Waggish newspaper editors often wink at the truth on April 1st. Before the war, "hoax" editions of popular European newspapers were eagerly anticipated every year. In 1934, too many American editors sheepishly admitted they had innocently copied from one of these "hoax" editions the picture of a man flying unaided.

One Vienna editor sent his readers hurrying to the Danube Canal on another April 1st to see three visiting American submarines which supposedly had sailed up from the Black Sea. The subscribers realized too late that they had been victimized by a "hoax" edition.

Fate sometimes employs the April Fool jest to her own ends. A pair of royal prisoners managed a daring escape from their prison at Nantes, France, on one April 1st long ago. Although warned in advance, the guards shrugged off the informer as an April Fool prankster.

On a recent April Fool's Day, J. Henry Smith of Goshen, New York, informed that his wife wanted him to come right home, scurried off and arrived in time to see smoke belching out of the windows. Putting out the fire, Smith later learned that his wife had plugged in the electric iron and then had left. Thanks to some jester, Henry's timely arrival kept the loss to less than a hundred dollars.

Most April Fool buffoons rely on tried and true fool's play. Their ideas have changed little since English pranksters centuries ago sent their victims searching for a copy of *The History of Eve's Grandmother*, or for a pint of pigeon's milk. The tomfoolery is the same, so is the April Fool spirit, a laugh at someone else's expense.—Frank Gillio.



MOURNING

The flag-pole sitter felt quite bad,
His wife had passed away;
And so, he climbed the pole and sat
At half-staff all that day.

—F. G. Kernan

The **MAGIC** WORDS OF **ELMER WHEELER**

*Meet America's super sizzleman,
who takes your money and makes
you like it!*

by CARL CLAYTON

A SMILING, teen-aged youth, who was selling gardenias to tourists in Mexico City, sidled up to the stocky American and said: "Buy the flower, meester; it will make you feel important all day long!"

"Did you hear him?" yelled the American to his companion. "That's a Tested Selling Sentence if I ever heard one. You've made a sale, boy; give me those flowers!"

The delighted traveler was Elmer Wheeler of New York City and Texas, who hunts astute selling phrases with the same cunning that other men stalk deer. As the inventor and owner of the Tested Selling Sentences Institute, this former farm boy has made a fortune brewing the word magic which unlimbers your pocketbooks.

Today his field agents are deployed into cities and hamlets, chasing potent phrases and lures which will help sellers of shoes, soft drinks, shaving cream, clothespins, shirts and hundreds of other products play a merry tune on their cash registers.

A blind man in Manhattan remem-

bers Elmer with gratitude. His proceeds from peddling were trivial until Wheeler stopped him and gave him a new sign. It read: "It's spring—and I am blind." The vendor's sales tripled after that Tested Selling Sentence plunged home into human hearts.

Once, a shoe store owner gloomily showed Elmer a stockpile of hundreds of children's moccasins which his clerks couldn't unload at any price. Mothers were impervious to all moccasin sales talks.

Elmer fingered the moccasins, watched the parade of mammas and moppets, then scribbled some words on an envelope. Next day, the clerks tossed the moccasins at every child who entered the store, casually repeating Elmer's formula: "... the kind the *real* Indians wear, sonny!"

From that point on, the kids became the salesmen and their mothers gave in. The entire stock was sold in three days.

Elmer Wheeler's uncanny way with words was first demonstrated when he sold eggs on his grandfather's farm. The youth ordered a fancy sign, "Fresh Eggs," in three waterproof paints which he hoped would catch the eye of passing motorists. But sales were spotty and discouraging.

Then a storm wrecked the gaudy, professional-looking sign and Elmer

made a crude poster to replace it. Because it was badly drawn and the letter "S" was backwards, Sunday drivers thought Elmer was a rube who didn't know what his eggs were worth.

So they stopped in droves and bought all his eggs, thinking they were foxing a hayseed. Actually, Elmer and his grandpa prospered exceedingly from his stratagem.

His real burst of salesmanship came when he landed a job in Rochester, New York, as a grocery clerk. He outsold employees who had been in the business 20 years and longer.

Later, Elmer wrote advertising for the *Rochester Journal* and worked on newspapers in Albany, Los Angeles and Baltimore. Visiting a Baltimore department store one morning, the young advertising man learned that its widely-promoted shirt sale was a dismal flop. The cherubic Elmer, al-



ways curious, took a clerk's post behind the counter. He discovered that the sales force had memorized too many canned virtues of the shirts. As

a result, they floundered and failed to impress women shoppers.

Elmer said to his first woman customer: "Lady, these buttons are anchored on. They can't pop off. Here, you pull them!" The women pulled and were convinced. This single selling point was a compelling one, and the shirts sold rapidly. After that, Elmer had a new job coining sentences that sell. He's been at it ever since.

"Selling things to people is a trick—but it isn't trickery," he tells you. "Trickery can be used once on a customer but it fails the second time."

Even street beggars were studied by this word wizard who wanted to know why some mendicants prospered and others failed.

Elmer discovered that panhandlers who stopped squarely in front of pedestrians fared the worst. They were irritably pushed aside and failed to make their mooch.

But the cager who fell in step with a passerby and walked alongside his "touch" usually ended up with a dime or a quarter.

"There's a lesson here," says Wheeler, grinning. "Don't block people in trying to sell something. Fall in step with them—with their likes, their phobias, their habits. That way, sales resistance melts."

For the Statler Hotel chain, which swears by him, Elmer has devised a host of sentences and stratagems which please guests. If a man enters a Statler dining room with a grouch, or with a hangover, the waiter serves him a cup of coffee before asking for his order.

If an unescorted woman shows up

in a Statler restaurant, the headwaiter doesn't say: "Are you alone?" That blunt query implies she is ugly and unpopular. Instead, Elmer's Tested Question, "Table for one?" is asked, and the diner's self-esteem is preserved.

TO CREDIT jewelers who sought his counsel, Elmer said:

"Don't be so happy about a 50 cent down payment, even though you advertise merchandise that way. If a man is buying a ring or watch for his girl, ask him: 'How much would you like to pay as a down payment?' The average man hates to look like a cheapskate. Instead of 50 cents, he's likely to offer five or ten dollars."

Jewelers who followed Elmer's advice found it worked like a charm and that two out of three customers shelled out down payments of five dollars or larger.

To Wheeler, boxcar figures are commonplace. He has 105,000 Tested Selling Sentences in his files. They have been tried on 19,000,000 customers before getting the Wheeler nod of approval. In a single year, he personally told 1,000,000 merchants and their sales staffs how to replace tired, broken-down phrases with newly-minted alluring ones.

In Dallas, Elmer's personal appearance one day was heralded with pomp and pageantry usually reserved for presidents. Flags were hung out and bands tootled as Elmer and his staff marched into the famous Cotton Bowl to address 20,000 citizens on better "sizzlemanship," as he calls his art.

Unimaginative filling station attendants ask customers, "Check your oil?" in a flat tone which anticipates

rejection. Elmer believes such a question is a waste of breath. He fished around for a new one and came up with this:

"Is your oil at a safe driving level?"

Tests have proved that it worries drivers and produces two sales where one was made before.

Wheeler saves important money for business firms. A New York department store in one year saved \$7,000 in delivery costs by using this artful Wheeler question on women:

"Wouldn't you like to wear your new purchase tonight?" The ladies couldn't resist and gladly toted their heavy bundles home in order to show hubby.

Because Wheeler once had a toothache, thousands of patients are spared the mental torture of watching the dentist get his tools ready.

"Place your instruments *behind* the patient," Wheeler told members of a dental association. Those who obeyed found their patients writhed considerably less as a result of such thoughtfulness.

Newspaper photographers, too, have profited from Wheeler psychological pointers. "Remember that photo of you in a bathing suit with a blonde?" is an unsubtle Test Question which changes the mind of the most resolute camera dodger. He becomes anxious to pose for a new picture.

Want to keep canvassers and vagrants away from your door? Try this Wheeler-composed sign: "Beware the *Hungry Dog!*" Householders swear by it.

Most women have a horror of moving-van men who are presumed to de-

light in dirtying rugs, soiling walls, and recklessly handling furniture. Elmer tackled this public relations problem for the moving-van industry and brewed a smooth question for truckers: "Lady, where may I wash my hands?"

Even your fussy Aunt Nellie would be softened by a burly mover who evidenced this consideration for her nice things.

In his half-dozen books on "sizzle-manship," Elmer prescribes honeyed words for motorists to use on tough traffic cops, tells wives how to get bigger allowances from their husbands, informs men how to compliment a woman who is on the unattractive side.

Occasionally, he has his setbacks.

When Elmer tried to think of a word or phrase to supplant "taxes," he had no luck, but he's still searching for a palatable substitute.

Even his staff of secretaries has become proficient in thinking up "Wheelergrams" as Elmer dubs his better Tested Sentences. One girl, watching efforts to keep a man from jumping off a Manhattan skyscraper, tried a dozen arguments on the fellow with no success.

Finally, she snapped: "Come down off that ledge—you're making yourself look silly!" That did the trick, and the despondent one sheepishly came down into the arms of the police.

"That," says Elmer Wheeler, "is sizzle-manship in its finest form!"

Words for Our Pictures

1. The finalists shake as basketball coach John R. Wooden of Indiana State congratulates Bernard "Peck" Hickman, University of Louisville mentor whose hoopsters won the recent N.A.I.B. tournament in Kansas City.

2. Joe Hutton, athletic director and basketball coach of Hamline University, puts his farewell address on airwaves as he retires from the presidency of the National Association of Inter-collegiate Basketball.

3. WHB special events chief Dick Smith interviews the University of Missouri's famous track triumverate: Bud Gortizer, holder of the unofficial world's record for indoor high hurdles; Tom Hobbs, M.U. coach; and Ed Quirk, Big Seven shotput champion.

4. Discussing community problems at a Man of the Month Club dinner in honor of Albert F. Hillix are R. Crosby Kemper (October, '47), Mayor William E. Kemp, (May, '47) and Mr. Hillix (March, '48).

5. Cadet Balay, top student of Wentworth Military Academy, wins first place on *It Pays to Be Smart*, the weekly high school quiz show sponsored by the University of Kansas City and WHB. He is shown receiving a \$25 United States Savings Bond.

6. Watching the pretty CARE representative behind the microphone are William Hannon, Netherlands Consul; William E. Kemp, mayor of Kansas City; W. Taylor Harney, advertising manager of the Palace Clothing Company; Captain H. Cotton-Minchin, British Consul; and George W. Catts, executive director of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce.

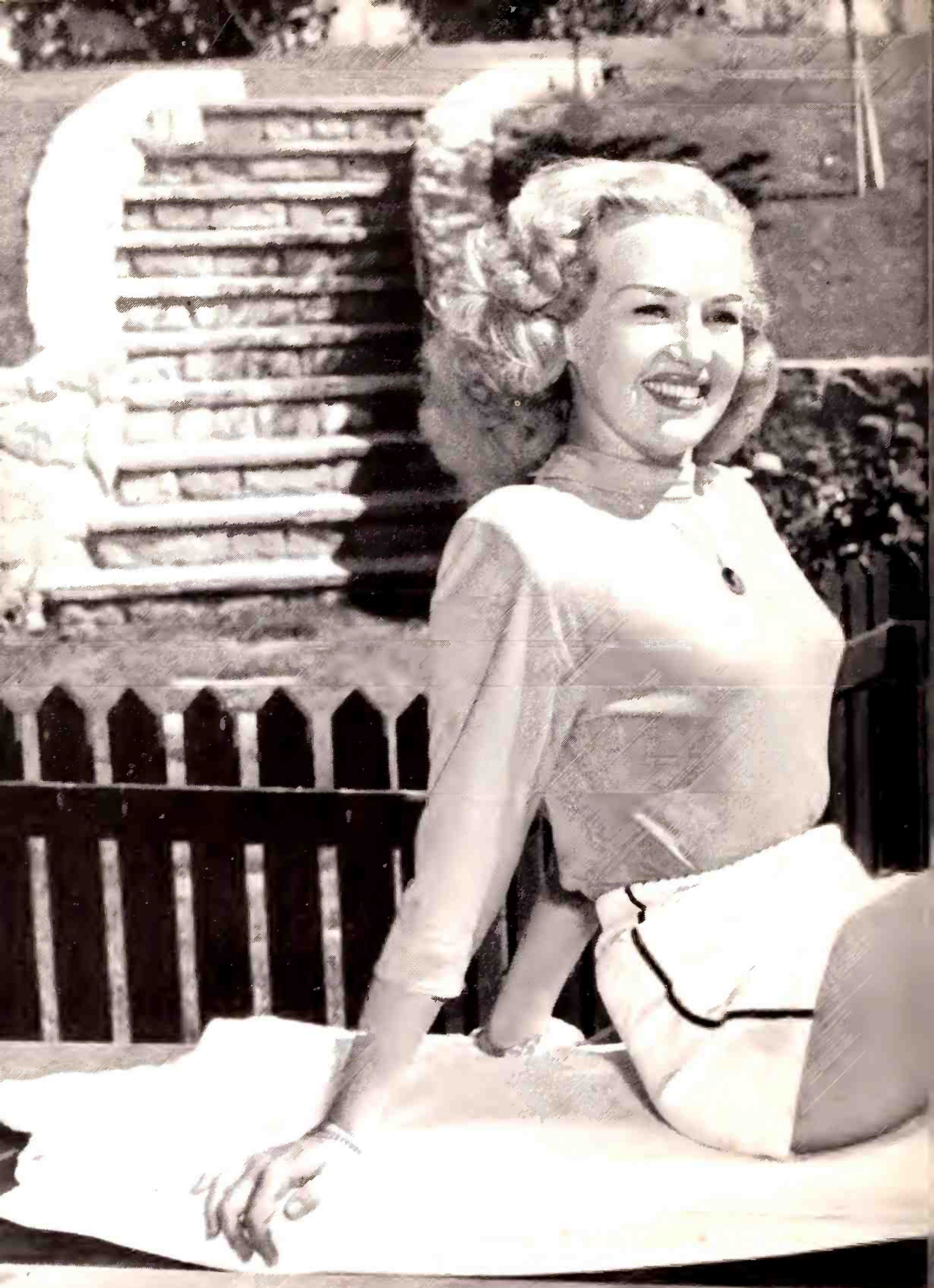
Centerpiece

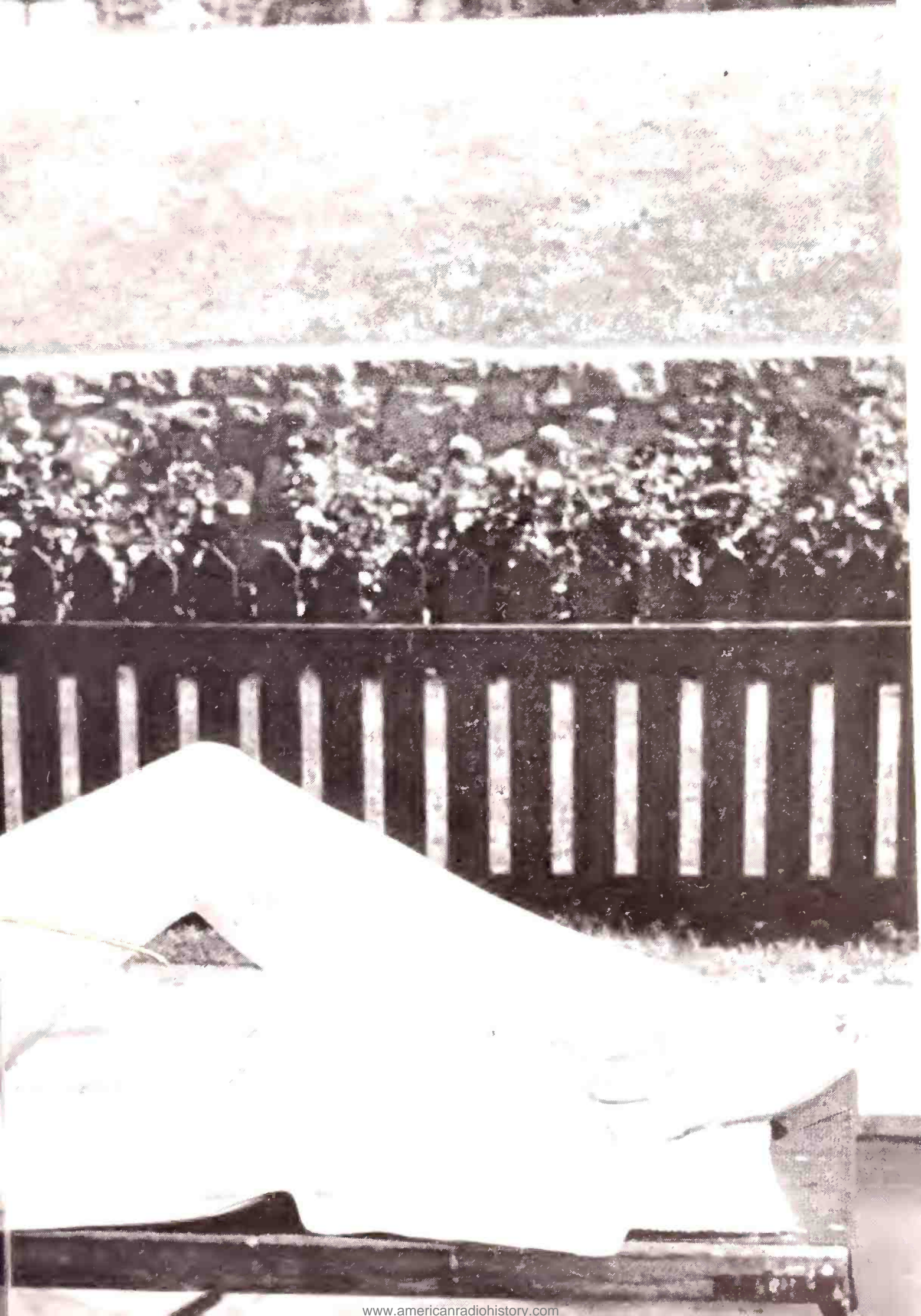
Springtime in the United States is summertime in Hollywood, so 20th Century-Fox star Betty Grable takes advantage of early sunshine to pose beside her swimming pool.



and in CIVIC AFFAIRS









. . . presenting GEORGE C. FISKE

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

GEORGE C. FISKE, peppery chairman of the shiny new Citizens Association of Kansas City, can feel the eyes of America boring holes in the back of his neck. For Kansas City—having experienced the longest, strongest and most complete political machine rule in history—has become a sort of national laboratory for the Citizens movement.

Municipal reform was effected, after several years of effort, by a coalition of Republicans, Democrats and Independents. The question is, can such diverse groups be held together indefinitely in the interests of good government?

George Fiske thinks they can, especially with the aid of his exceptionally capable executive committee and board of governors.

Fiske is a businessman, engineer, sportsman and civic leader. He has never held an elective public office, and aspires to none. He is not a crusader, he says, but believes in good government as a matter of "common sense."

Former Governor Lloyd Stark of Missouri has called Fiske "a courageous patriot and an eminent Missourian. He is both. Yet his heart will ever be in the salt marshes "down in Maine," near his boyhood home at Kennebunk. He owns that home now, visits it every year, and plans to re-

tire to it. It is a mile from the ocean, set above a bend of the Kennebunk River, where a six-foot tide runs. Someday he wants a motorboat on that river, partly for the joys of boating, but mostly so that he can tear the engine down and reassemble it.

Of his large store of early Maine memories, most vivid to George Fiske are remembrances of wintertime. He was janitor of the one-room schoolhouse a mile and a half from his home. The little building housed all students of the first eight grades. For firing the stove, shoveling snow and otherwise tending the grounds, George received three dollars a year. It was a good job, he recalls, except during blizzards and especially bad cold spells. There were neither telephones nor radios, so each mother exercised individual judgment as to whether school would be held. But, as janitor and keeper of the flame, George couldn't afford to guess wrong. So his mother would put a beaded fascinator around his head, veil all of his face below the eyes, and wish him Godspeed as he set out on homemade snowshoes.

Whatever else that experience did to him, it thickened his blood considerably. He keeps thermostats at home and office set in the low 60's and insists on having at least one window open all of the time.

George used to hunt pa'tridges down in Maine, and trade with the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Indians. In one of his swaps, he acquired a 22-foot birch bark canoe, the pride of his young life. It was a fragile craft, and a pitch pot was standard equipment. He used to run it on the rocks just for the fun of patching it.

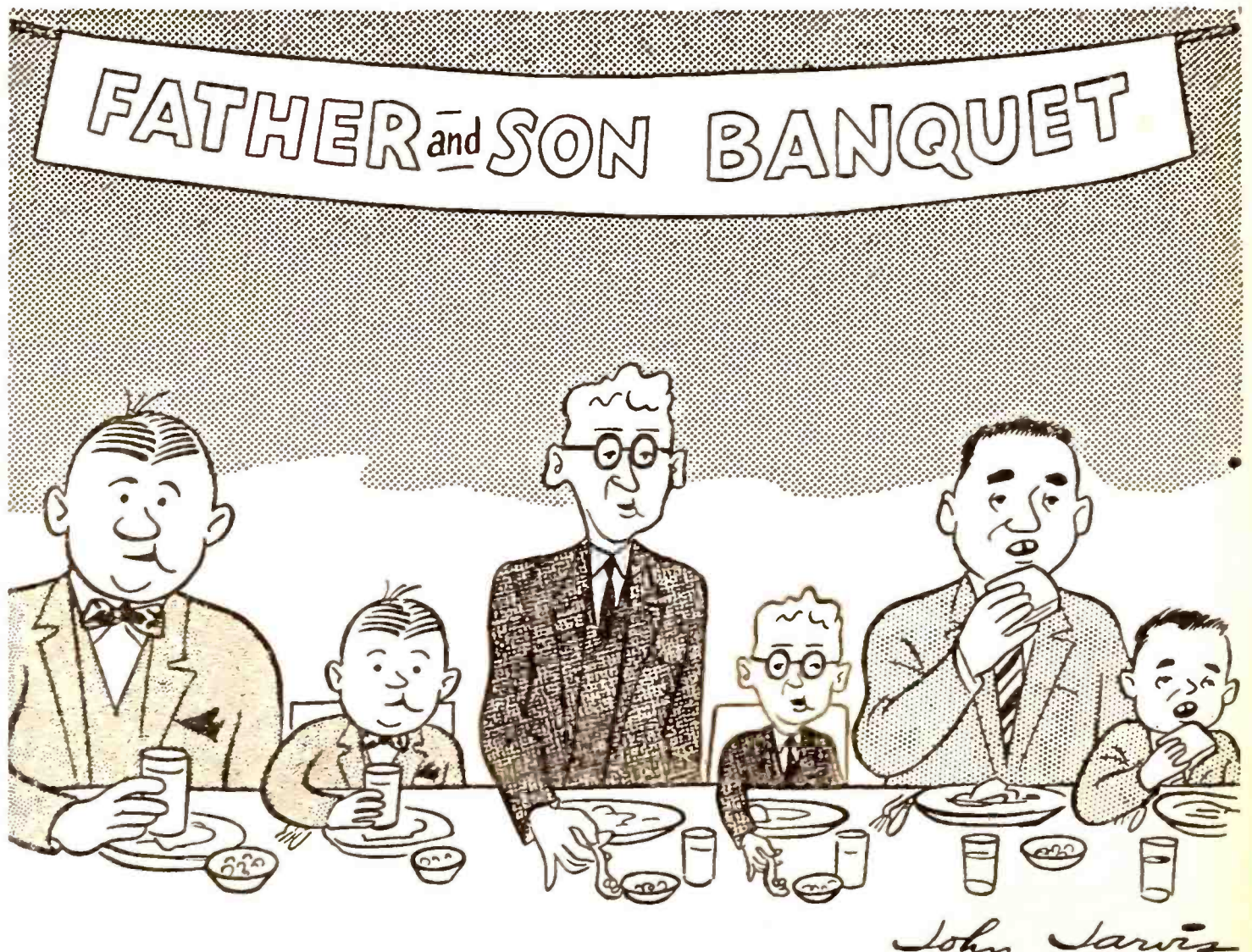
At 17, he got a job in a resort hotel as bellboy and assistant pastry cook. One of the guests borrowed his canoe and when he returned it gave him a box camera and a small developing outfit. George converted one pantry into a part-time darkroom, and has been an enthusiastic amateur photographer ever since.

The next year he ran a rotary con-

verter station for the transit company, and went from that to a job with General Electric.

He was the man, he figured, General Electric had been waiting for. With their organization and his knowledge of electricity, the future was bright.

It was a considerable surprise, then, to learn that GE had not only a lot of employees who knew as much about rotary converters as he did, but some few who knew more. He was in competition with graduates of Cornell, Harvard, M. I. T., and other top engineering schools throughout the country. So he spent his nights for the next four years at engineering classes in Lynn and Boston.



In all, Mr. Fiske has served General Electric in eight cities during the past forty-four years, and has come to be the company's most fervid booster. He is eager to tell all who will listen that General Electric is composed of six divisions, each under a vice-president, and that the chemical division, for instance, is the nation's largest producer of plastic board. GE's part in the war is one of his favorite subjects. Of the company officers, whose autographed pictures are grouped on the wall opposite his desk, he says: "Finest men in the world! Only wish I could work with them another 44 years!"

Fiske had been with General Electric 11 years when the United States entered World War I. He and his wife, Margery, were in Minneapolis. He enlisted, and was sent to the engineering officers training school at Fort Leavenworth, where he became a first lieutenant. In France he earned a captaincy, and at war's end he returned to Minneapolis, Margery, General Electric and his first look at Mary Helen, the ten-month-old daughter born in his absence.

The Fiskes moved to Omaha a few months later, and to Kansas City in 1923. They've been there ever since—all, that is, except Mary Helen. She's a big girl now. When she was graduated from the University of Kansas she became Mrs. Joe Robertson. Now she lives in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, and has a son.

In Kansas City, George Fiske has flourished. He declares it to be the friendliest town he has ever seen, with the finest people. But much of that is a reflection of his own person-

ality. To Fiske, all people are fine people, and because he likes everyone, he finds himself a popular person. He winds up chairman or president of nearly every group with which he associates. He has been chairman of the special gifts division of the Community Fund, leader of the Red Cross Drive, commander of his American Legion Post, commander of the Military Order of the World Wars, president of the Kansas City Officers Club, president of the Rotary Club, chairman of the Electrical Association of Kansas City, chairman of the Kansas City Chapter of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. He is the new president of the Saddle and Sirloin Club.

During World War II, he was air raid commissioner in charge of 500 wardens. He became Colonel Fiske of the 3rd Missouri Infantry, and served on the Military Council of Missouri. He is a past national committeeman of the American Legion, holds the Meritorious Service Medal for outstanding military service to the State of Missouri.

Mrs. Fiske has been a Woman's City Club officer and chairman of the Parent-Teacher's Association of Kansas City. But she doesn't even try to keep up with her husband. Just keeping track of his activities and trying to remember what nights he'll be home for dinner and what nights he has meetings is enough for her. Besides, most of the time she has animals to look after. Her husband loves animals.

An excellent trap-shooter and a frequent hunter of birds, George Fiske refuses to kill an animal. He

thinks all moose and deer should be armed, so they can shoot back at their red-hatted annihilators. Once he brought a wounded crow all the way from a pheasant hunt in South Dakota. He made a wooden leg for it and kept it around the house until it died a year or two later.

As a pet, the crow left something to be desired, though. Fiske liked his skunks much better. He had a pair of them — deodorized — for quite awhile, and afterwards had a raccoon. The raccoon was fine. He thinks maybe he'll see if he can't get another one.

George Fiske's first brush with politics came in 1939, when he served as a member of the Jackson County Grand Jury. It was a panel carefully picked for courage, one unafraid to tackle the political house-cleaning so badly needed at that time. The jury worked a little over a month and brought more than 150 true bills. They indicted the prosecutor, as well as a member and a former member of the County Court.

Shortly thereafter, the state legislature succeeded in passing a bill designed to remove the police force from machine control. It placed the Kansas City police directly under a board of four commissioners responsible to the governor. George Fiske was the only Republican appointed to a commissioner's post.



The board hired FBI man Lear Reed as police chief, and undertook an anti-vice, anti-racket campaign which scrubbed the town from top to bottom and left it shining clean.

In 1939, activities of that sort were highly unhealthy. They required a special kind of determination.

The next year, a coalition of various political groups calling itself the Charter Party swept its candidates into office. The party became inactive following the victory, was revived for the next election, became inactive, was revived, became inactive again.

But now, these groups have set up the Citizens Association of Kansas City, Missouri, what they hope will be a permanent organization. They're off to a good start, and it will surprise no one if their ticket wins handily on March 31st.

Since the Association is the country's outstanding experiment in non-partisan government, it is attracting a considerable amount of attention. Success in Kansas City will bring a new conception of municipal government home to a number of major cities, particularly to the ever-growing list of those employing city managers.

As first chairman of the new Association, George Fiske was undoubtedly a happy choice. He bears responsibility well. Friends agree that his outstanding qualities are his willingness to give time freely to any worthwhile project, and his complete dependability.

So much time does he give to community service that there are many nights when the car pool with which he ordinarily rides draws up to the

Fiske home with no George. Instead, someone brings in a package he has sent, saying "It's an electromagnet," or, "It's a bombsight." Mrs. Fiske patiently lugs the gadgets down to the basement workshop, knowing that Mr. Fixit, as she calls her husband, will spend the coming weekend up to his blissful ears in armatures and flywheels.

Part of the basement is given over to an elaborate darkroom, replete with enlargers, blowers and electronic timers. George loves to take pictures of his friends and give them prints. "Everybody loves pictures," he says, "especially pictures of himself." On the Saddle and Sirloin Club's Operation Santa Fe last September, he took color movies and 144 stills.

The Saddle and Sirloin Club is one of his chief spheres of interest. He rides there, trap-shoots, and all winter has played archery golf with his friend Ed Phelps, of Swift and Company. Phelps, who originated the sport, uses a windage and elevation scale on his bow, claiming archery golf is a game of scientific skills. But Fiske handles the rig like it were a gunload of scatter shot. He shoots, he says, like an Indian. What's more, he wins his share of matches.

Fiske was marshal of the American Royal parade last year, but all during Royal week he had trouble with his hat.

Saddle and Sirloin members wear their flat-crowned Stetsons the entire week that the Royal is in progress,

and are liable to a one dollar, on-the-spot fine whenever they are remiss.

For Fiske, who goes hatless all summer, it is an easy matter to forget the Western sky-piece—a thoughtlessness which proves expensive.



One particular day he left his office in the Power and Light Building at 14th and Baltimore and set out,

briskly but uncovered, for the Kansas City Club one block north. Halfway along he was stopped by another Saddle and Sirloiner, fined a dollar. At the door of the Club he was hit for another buck. Finally he went to a telephone and called his secretary. "Bring that damned hat up here," he instructed her, "or I may not have enough money to get back to the office!"

With two other Kansas Citians and Governor Phil M. Donnelly, Fiske was recently dubbed a Knight of Saint Patrick by the engineering college of the University of Missouri. He appreciated the honor, but was a little sorry it interrupted work on an electric clock he is rebuilding. He has quite a store of gadgets, many of them in varying states of repair and assembly. They should come in handy, he figures, for a profitable spell of trading with the Penobscots and the Passamaquoddies, down in Maine.

Nothing was stolen on the prison farm during the day when the trustees were at work. But when night came, it was necessary to establish a watch of prisoners to stop the public from stealing the produce.

Our Lighthearted Presidents

Strange Likeness

Actor Joseph Jefferson and Grover Cleveland were very good friends and often went on fishing trips together. Jefferson never missed an opportunity to have fun at the President's expense.

One of his favorite stories was about the time he visited the cabin of an old Negress who lived near his home in Louisiana. The only picture on the wall was a campaign lithograph of Cleveland.

"Mammy," said Jefferson, "whose picture is that?"

"I doan' know fo' sho'," was the answer, "but I think it's John de Baptis'."

Low-down From Lincoln

When Abraham Lincoln was practicing law in Illinois, a New York business firm once wrote to him, asking for information on the financial status of one of his neighbors. Lincoln's reply is a classic: "Gentlemen:—Yours of the 10th inst. received. I am well acquainted with Mr. ———, and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together, they ought to be worth \$50,000. Secondly, he has an office, in which there are a table worth \$1.50 and three chairs worth, say \$1. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat hole which will bear looking into. Respectfully, A. LINCOLN."

First Lady

When the term of President Rutherford B. Hayes expired, and he and Mrs. Hayes got ready to move back to Ohio, they naturally expected their faithful Negro servant, Winnie Monroe, to return with them.

But they got a surprise. Winnie had no intention of leaving Washington.

"Law, chile," she told Mrs. Hayes, "I can't stay in no Ohio—not after I been de 'fu'st cullud lady in de land!"

Big Racketeer

William Howard Taft was probably the biggest and most corpulent man who ever became President. In the days when he was Theodore Roosevelt's Secretary of War, he used to take his family to their summer place at Murray Bay in Canada.

One day the father came upon ten-year-old Charles in tears. Inquiring the reason, he found the boy was upset because his sister would not play tennis with him.

"Never mind, Charlie," comforted the parent, "I'll play with you."

The tears vanished instantly. A huge grin overspread the boy's face.

Surveying his father's portly form, he said, "If you play with me, Dad, you'll beat me sure. You'll have me laughing all the time."

Changed Man

While Theodore Roosevelt was President, his old friend from New York, "Big Tim" Sullivan, came to Washington to ask a pardon for a man in the Atlanta penitentiary. The President agreed to grant it if Sullivan would report to the White House one year later in regard to the fellow's conduct.

Twelve months later, to the day, "Big Tim" appeared.

"How has that chap been behaving?" asked "T. R."

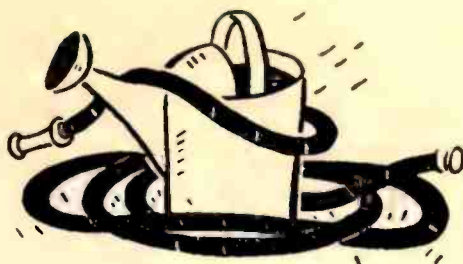
"He's been perfect, Mr. President," answered Sullivan.

"What's he working at now?"

"As soon as he got back to New York, he landed a job behind a roulette wheel in a gambling house, and he's been doing fine ever since."

—James Aldredge.

A Garden for



MRS. NELSON

by FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

Richards was entitled to one small rebellion, for there are things some men don't take to easily.

WITH his slow lope, Richards walked over and picked up Mrs. Nelson's garden spade. *This is no way to sell an insurance policy, he told himself. Mr. Schwimmer isn't going to like this at all.* The spade was an old one, but the blade was clean of rust and the worn, smooth handle felt comfortable in his hands. He took off his jacket, letting the April sun heat his skin pleasantly through his white shirt. *It will take only a few minutes, Richards decided. You can do her this favor.*

"Right about here, Mrs. Nelson?" he asked, as he waited with his foot on the edge of the spade.

"Yes," said Mrs. Nelson. "It's to be a bed for my annuals, you know." She looked up a little hesitantly at the tall insurance man. Her glasses, he noticed, were sliding down the bridge of her nose again. White adhesive tape held the left lens and the ear piece together. "I shouldn't take up your time like this, insurance man—"

"This isn't my busy day," Richards lied. He had long been fond of this funny, gentle old girl, with her faded blue garden hat and the high laced shoes she always wore. *Where on earth, he had asked himself the first time he noticed those odd shoes, does she find them?*

"When Mr. Nelson was alive—he was a printer, you know—" she was saying, "he always made my garden in the spring. But I don't seem to have the strength for it any more." She sighed. "I do wish I could afford to take out another policy from you. But it's all I can do to pay you every week for what I've got now."

"Don't worry about it, Mrs. Nelson," Richards said. He spaded and turned the warm, moist earth of the new bed. His forehead was beaded with perspiration. Not that he had really counted on having any luck with Mrs. Nelson, but there was always a chance he could persuade her to sign up for just one more quarter-a-week policy. Yet Richards knew he would never high-pressure her; in the entire debit—his weekly policy collection territory which took in some ten blocks of Maplewood—she was his favorite client.

Client, customer, policy-holder? Richards asked himself. Just what did you call these people on the debit—the housewives who, when you rang their bell or knocked on the door, reached into egg dishes or worn purses or behind picture frames for the money with which to pay for their premiums? Some were pleasant, some surly or cold, but Mrs. Nelson had

been his friend ever since that first day, three months ago, when he had started out as a new *Cosmopolitan* agent.

Richards was nearly finished with the small flower bed. Mrs. Nelson had gone into the little white frame house for a moment. He looked down at his shoes; the soles were thick with the soft, moist earth, and the frayed cuffs of his gray trousers were heavy with small clods. He had neglected to roll up the cuffs, just as, for the moment, he had forgotten to think of Schwimmer, the company manager, and the agents' pep meeting they were holding at the downtown office later that afternoon. An efficient man, that Schwimmer; really an efficient man, but a little too loud of mouth for Richards' taste.

Mr. Schwimmer would enjoy seeing me now, Richards thought; he'd really have something to shout about. No, he hadn't liked him much the first time they'd met, and he didn't like him any better now. He could



just hear the manager explode: "Jeez, digging a goddam garden, when you haven't brought in a single application all week."

Well, Richards decided, Mr.

Schwimmer can go to hell. The devil with him and the *Cosmopolitan* and its never-ceasing exhortations to its agents to be "businessmen." "Businessmen!" said Richards, aloud. "Nuts!"

"Talking to yourself, insurance man?" Mrs. Nelson asked. Richards hadn't heard her walk down the brick path from the house and he looked at her almost angrily, a little ashamed that he had been overheard. Mrs. Nelson went on, "I talk to myself all the time. I guess lonely people can't help it." She looked down at the flower bed Richards had dug, at the rich, brown loam. "You know how, don't you?" she smiled.

"Must be the farmer in me," Richards answered, feeling a trifle silly. "Maybe you'd like to hire me for your gardener."

"You're really a nice young man, aren't you?" Mrs. Nelson said, as though stating a fact. "Now you stop and rest and I'll whip you up some of my nice lemonade. I can't have you wearing yourself out on my account." She took the spade from him and leaned it against the fence. "Go sit down on that bench there. I won't be but a minute."

Richards smiled to himself as he rolled down his shirt sleeves. *Wearing myself out!* That was funny. He walked slowly over toward the green garden bench. On it, where he had deposited it when he began digging, was his black debit collection book—a heavy, thick volume with a wide rubber band stretched around the cover. The pink *Cosmopolitan* application blanks, tucked underneath, showed their edges; they were worn and a little grey at the creases now.

Yes, I am worn out, Richards decided, but not quite the way she means. He sat down. He felt warm and very tired and suddenly empty. He reached into his pants pocket for a cigarette. His elbow accidentally brushed the collection book; it slid off the bench, plopping to the grass at his feet, the white ruled pages open. The breeze fluttered the sheets as he watched. The glare of the sun on the white paper made his eyes squint. Richards leaned over to pick up the book, then drew back. "No," he said aloud. "No." He prodded the book with his toe, then, without thinking, brought his foot down heavily on the open pages, as though he could bury the book deep in the earth, forever away from his sight. "Stay there," he choked, stamping on the book again, "stay there, damn you." He saw Mrs. Nelson coming from

the kitchen, carrying a tray. The tinkle of ice in the glasses made a pleasant sound. "Here you are, insurance man," she said. "Nice, cold lemonade." Suddenly she stopped,



looking at the open collection book on the ground, its pages rumpled and dirt-cruste'd. "Your policy book," she exclaimed. "Why, it's all soiled."

"I dropped it," Richards said. He stood up and reached for one of the filled glasses. "Thanks, Mrs. Nelson," he said. "I needed this."

▲
A warden had been in charge of a prison for ten years. He decided to celebrate and called all the prisoners in to ask, "What kind of party would you boys suggest?"

"Open house!" was the unanimous reply.

▲
And then there is a friend who claims a bum asked him, "Can you spare \$10 till payday?"

"When is payday?" asked our friend.

"You ought to know," the bum said, "you're the one that's working."

▲
Today success is making more money in order to pay the taxes you wouldn't be paying if you hadn't made so much money already.—*London Answers*.

▲
A landlady inserted an ad for a tenant in the *New York Times*. "Conservative and refined" it specified, and a thousand apartment hunters thought they answered the description.

Harriet Van Horne, radio editor of the *World Telegram*, apparently wrote the best letter, for the landlady called her. The description of the sub-lease made it sound like a dream-buy. "There is only one condition," said the landlady, "when my little boy, Roger, misses the last train to the country, where we live, you'll have to allow him to sleep on the parlor couch."

"Well," ahemmed Miss Van Horne, "how old is your little Roger?"

"Twenty-nine!" was the answer.—*Hollywood Reporter*.

John Bull Sounds

Take heed, Americans!

Socialism and collectivism will not work in a free democracy. Great Britain is proving that right now!

I CAME a few weeks ago from a collectivist society, for that is what Britain is to some extent today. I came to observe and to learn. Some of the nostrums of my home country have been freely discussed, and some have been practiced in the United States here, and in Canada, and elsewhere. They are to the effect that the state can do something better for you than you can do it for yourself.

Before I go back to my country with its shilling's worth of meat a week, its declining standard of life, its business desperately entangled, please let me tell you, my friends in the United States and in Canada, that the road Great Britain is traveling is the road you should not travel. The experience is not worth while. It is a road which has led to the degradation and lowering of our human standards in which you and we believe.

How, you may ask, did this crisis in Britain arise?

I think it is fair to say that the crisis arose because the British people have fought two wars; they lost a great deal of their overseas investments; they sacrificed their industrial potential for a war potential; they were obliged to eat up their interior

capital which might have been used for rehabilitation, and high taxation rules every class in the community. It has done so, I may say in parentheses, for 50 years, retarding the proper tooling of industry.

If we have fallen on difficult days—I do not say evil days, but difficult days—it has been because of no greater fault than having attempted to do more than perhaps was within our grasp. We have always tried to do big and sometimes we have failed.

Any government which came into power after this last war would have been in trouble. Our Socialist government, inheriting trouble, sought for further trouble. And they have got it.

During our election which brought the Socialist government to power, I suggested that what the country needed was a period of two or three years of rest. Our Socialists did not take that view. They added to their inherited troubles several troubles of their own making.

In place of realizing that a country is infinitely poorer after a great war, our Socialists sedulously spread the idea that we were somehow a much richer nation, and we could afford shorter hours, higher pay, and less work. Their election campaign was

a WARNING!

by SIR WILLIAM Y. DARLING, M.P.

crowded with the most reckless and foolish promises. And enough of our people believed the promises to give the Socialist government a majority of more than 200 over all other parties in the House of Commons.

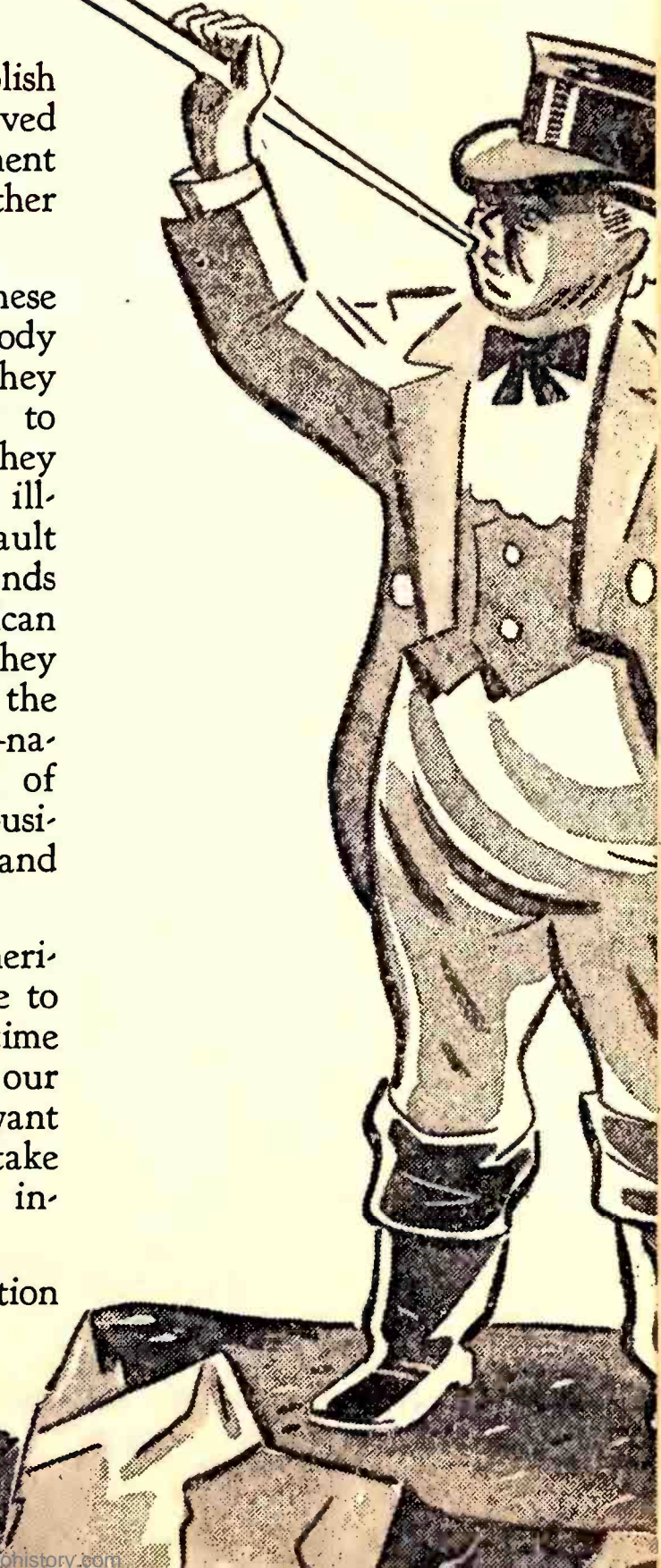
I think the Socialists have failed in these two years—failed in many ways. Nobody would have wanted them to fail, but they have failed, and it is historically proper to mention it. They have been maladroit, they have been unlucky, and they have been ill-advised. But their major fault was the fault of two years ago. They leapt with both hands and feet at the possibility of an American loan. They thought that with the loan they could perpetuate, or at any rate sweeten, the policies to which they were committed—nationalization of the banks, nationalization of railroads, nationalization of the haulage business, and nationalization of coal, steel, and all the essential industries.

I voted against the acceptance of the American loan. I believed that then was the time to face economic realities; that then was the time for the British people to say: "This is our decision. Whatever the Americans may want to do affecting us, we cannot afford to take a loan with all the difficulties which are inherent in such a step."

I say to you that a loan between one nation

Reprinted from the Congressional Record.

Drawing by Don Fitzgerald.



and another—and I say this with deep conviction—is almost certain to be the cause of international difficulties. The first of the difficulties is that the man who makes the loan on behalf of his people is not the man who receives the payment. Mr. Truman makes a loan to Mr. Attlee, but the Trumans and the Attlees are gone when the difficulty is actually faced if the loan is not repaid—as it may not be. And there are many difficulties arising in the world. Tariffs may be raised or lowered—and these are inevitable difficulties to those who have borrowed from one another. They all arouse bad feelings between one nation and another.

Now, there are alternatives. There is no use in voting against an American loan unless one has an alternative. We have had—and this seems to be forgotten—countless loans between individual citizens and private groups in our respective countries. Many have been successful; some defaulted. But the point I am making is that no international complications arise from them.

Another disadvantage of a state loan is that every taxpayer of the government making the loan—you in America—feels, quite naturally, that it is his loan. But this is what happens: The cotton exporters want their share, the tobacco people their share, the film people their share—endless claims, endless annoyances leading to misunderstandings, if not to war; but almost certainly to internal disquietudes which no nation should willingly have imposed upon them.

Now let me come to the point which I think most concerns all of us. It is what some of you in America refer to as “big government.” I believe that the organization of communities on a large scale is the greatest danger with which the world is faced.

Government is a piece of machinery. It was invented by men for their convenience; and I am sorry to say politicians, sometimes, and I am a politician, exploit it for their own good. By and large, the record of government, throughout the world, is not good.

What can governments do that we as individuals cannot do? Let me give you an example. I look at government as having one supreme unique function—a function which private enterprise cannot handle; it is the defense of the country. National defense is the supreme duty of government. That, surely, will be conceded. Yet most of you have lived through two wars; some, three. In no war has your country, or my country, or indeed any country, been ready to start; government has had to rely upon private persons to fill its ranks, develop its army, make its munitions and its fighting machines.

Why should we imagine then that government, which fails to be ready for its supreme and unique task, should be entrusted with tasks which private citizens have done better for themselves?

Still there is a widespread belief among those who are Socialists, a

deep-rooted conviction that, somehow, government can do things better than the people can do it for themselves. So our Socialist government in Britain is attempting it. I can tell you the result very simply by quoting the remark made by one of my electors. She is a woman, and this is what she said to me:

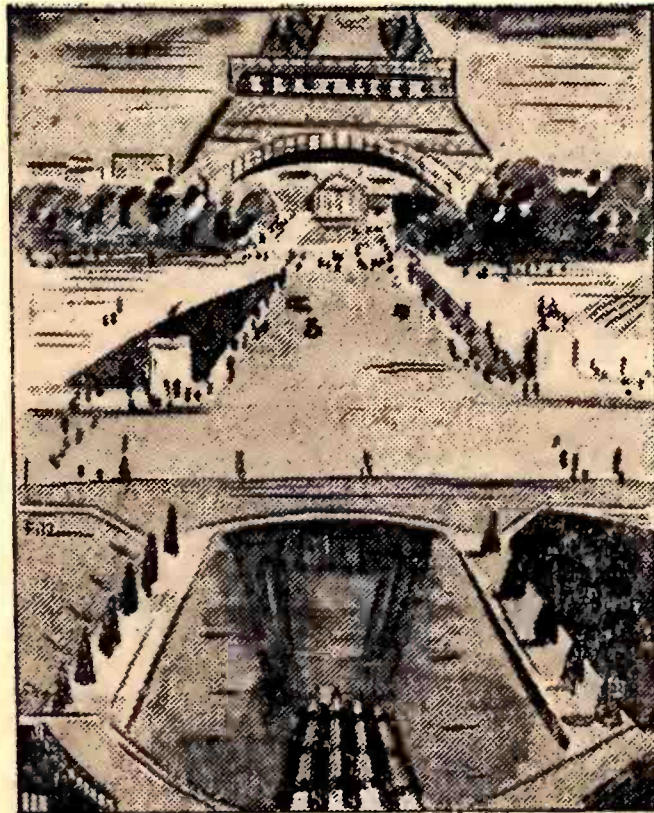
"This nationalization," she said, "is a very queer thing. The more you own, it seems the less you have. We own now the Bank of England in Britain, but I am no better off. We own the coal mines, and I have less coal. We own the railroads but I can't get a train for my holiday. This is socialism. The more we own, apparently, the less we get."

All that my woman constituent said is true—and more. We discover that we are approaching a real dictatorship, because the British citizens have no choice but to accept what is offered to them; and even then, they have less of the satisfactions which they formerly enjoyed. Under nationalization we have less coal than even during the war. We have a worse and more costly railway service. We have re-

strictions on power to such an extent that in my own business I am invited to work a night shift permanently in order to lighten the load upon other factories' day shifts.

All of these things, in my opinion, have arisen out of the application of this theory that ownership by the state, or by the community, carries with it some unique advantages to the individual. One of the complications arises from the Socialists' failure to realize in my country, that Britain is a handicraft country. It is not tooled for the economies of mass production, and therefore it cannot produce on a competitive basis what machine-using communities can produce working only five days a week. The Socialists' introduction of the five-day week has been, quite frankly, disastrous. It may turn out better in the future but it is disastrous today. Production has fallen substantially in almost every industry in which it has been applied.

Our housing is another example of governmental maladroitness. No houses have been built except under the direction of the government. There are hundreds, and probably more than hundreds of houses in the United King-



OUR BACK COVER is Paris in April, with the famous Eiffel Tower mirrored in a formal pool. (Kodachrome courtesy Trans World Airlines.)

dom which stand roofless because the planning went wrong. And I would like to know if it is fallacy for I have submitted it to hundreds of thousands of persons without being challenged.

All that I have told you makes a sad picture. It is no pleasure for me to describe it. These evils are due to the fact that for over half a century now, in the United Kingdom and elsewhere, men of affairs, businessmen with experience and "the know-how" have been decried until they have been distrusted. Politicians—and I am speaking again as a politician—do not seem to realize that when they deal in promises, if these promises are to be fulfilled, they must be fulfilled not by the politicians but by the citizens themselves. The politicians go on telling the people that businessmen cannot be trusted to handle the affairs of the nation. That policy has become a god which bureaucrats ignorantly worship.

They speak of social security. Where does it come from? Not from the government. It comes from taxing the people. So does the public housing which politicians like to promise.

I have said in the House of Commons, I have said before chambers of commerce, that the businessman is actually the choice of the people. He cannot exist unless the people vote for him every day—by purchasing from him what it is he has to sell every day. I submit that no man can be even moderately well off in business except by the economic vote of his

constituents—his customers. They choose him. If they choose him in large numbers they make him a success. If they pass him by or choose him in small numbers, he is a failure.

Yet businessmen almost everywhere have been frightened off from public service because the politicians tell them they are not vote-getters. But men of affairs have defaulted in their duty—their duty to themselves, to their country, to civilization—by failing to defend their system of private enterprise and by not taking their part in community and in national affairs.

I have said to groups of men of affairs whom I have had the privilege of addressing in the United States and in Canada, that Britain's difficulties are largely due to the failure of men who lead in the fields of production but shrank from their responsibilities in politics. They left that field to the theorists—and the Socialists, in Britain, moved in.

I want to put it to you that the people who supply you with the goods and services which you freely choose or freely reject—these are the persons who are warranted and entitled to manage your affairs.

May you, on this side of the Atlantic, profit by our mistakes and our blunders, and we have made many. For us it may be a long, rough road back again, but Britain, that ancient civilization, will come back. In that faith let me thank you and say God-speed.

▲
A bum met the proverbial well-dressed gentleman and asked him for a quarter. The gentleman retorted haughtily, "I never give money to anyone on the street."

"Well," replied the bum, "I can't open up an office just for you."



"Oh, Mother, you're so old fashioned!"

The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

Russia's continued aggression in central Europe indicates but one thing: Russia is bent on converting Eurasia into a solid Communist bloc before another year. Activity is even more aggressive in Asia than in Europe. In fact, Communist activity in the Far East has reached its last stage, that of military action.

Czechoslovakia and Finland have sealed their own fates. Italy is next on the timetable, and may fall to a Communist coup within the next month. The one thing that could forestall such an event would be increased strength in the affected areas. Dollar aid is not enough! Czechoslovakia came through the war in better shape than almost any other European country. The popular conception that desolate, starving Czechs turned to communism as a last resort is inaccurate. If need for financial aid were the true criterion of a country's acceptance of Marxist theories, Czechoslovakia would have been the last to accept the Red banner. What actually happened was that the Communists seized police power, after which freedom of the polls became a myth. The United States can not salvage any European country by the Marshall plan alone. Without American military power as well, Italy may be the next in Stalin's camp.

• • •

The United States is weak in many ways. Its foreign policy is completely unimpressive. Its abandoned stand for partition of Palestine was embarrassing to many government officials who felt that pandering to the Arabs to protect American oil interests, while claiming to support partition, was far from ethical. Belatedly, that attitude has been repaired.

The United States is weak militarily. Since this is an election year, and nothing matters quite as much to those in office as staying in office, it is unlikely that anything will be done about strengthening

our armed forces. President Truman has gone to bat for the universal military training bill. Opponents of the bill have attacked it on the grounds that it is too expensive, and that atom-bomb type warfare makes the use of large ground armies obsolete. America's top strategists claim that push-button warfare is still far in the future; and that, should it come, the United States would still need an organized reserve of trained men to handle civilian defense and to seize enemy bases. Opponents of the bill say it would cost three to seven billion dollars a year. However, the President's advisory commission, a civilian group, says it would take only one and three-quarters billions; that at least half a billion dollars a year could be cut from the military appropriations since it would remove the necessity for basic instruction of men joining the armed forces; and that there would also be reduced cost of recruiting.

Ellsworth L. Raymond, former chief of the United States Army's Russian economic section, says the entire Soviet military strategy for the future is keyed to the idea that men and morale, rather than atomic bombs, will decide the next war.

There can be little doubt that the Soviet does intend to Communize the United States. Just as Hitler boasted of his plans for conquest long before anyone took him seriously, so too have the Communists predicted their course of action. In May, 1928, when William Z. Foster was the Communist candidate for President, he made the following statement in a public speech:

"Our party creates no illusions amongst the workers that they can vote their way to emancipation. The working class must shatter the capitalist state. It must build a new state, a new government, a workers' and farmers' government—the Soviet government in the United States.

When a Communist heads a government of the United States—and that day will come just as surely as the sun rises—that government will not be a capitalist government but a Soviet government, and behind this government will stand the Red army to enforce the dictatorship of the proletariat.”

• • •

The aims of the Communist party in America are simple.

The public mind must be filled with Red propaganda so that confusion will result and the ordinary democratic processes of the republic will be unable to function.

Many front organizations will be established for the purpose of smearing all men and women of importance who attempt to fight communism in America.

Groups of pacifist-minded people will be established and promoted. These groups will demand that America remain unarmed and unprepared for aggression.

Satellite nations in Europe will be re-industrialized as quickly as possible and manned with slave labor. Unemployment will be created in the United States by dumping underpriced products on the world market and thus destroying America's export market.

Ultimately, a huge general strike will be called through Communist controlled labor unions. This could paralyze the nation and facilitate mob violence and race riots.

Many of the points in the above plan are well underway right now. The Communists mean business!

• • •

Competition, a factor which many manufacturers were able to ignore for the past few years, is beginning to rear its head again. Within another year, competition may be strong enough to prevent price rises—not because the theory of checking inflation calls for it—but because manufacturers won't be able to sell at higher prices.



Platter Chatter

My Happiness, a tune put out by Vic Damon of Kansas City, is going great guns. Four thousand new copies are being pressed every week, and still the distributors clamor! . . . Victor star Robert Merrill has been signed for his first motion picture role, but he won't have to go to Hollywood. For him, the cameras will come to New York . . . Anticipating the removal of Petrillo's television restrictions, the Three Suns have formed a company to produce films featuring—you guessed it—the Three Suns . . . Les Paul's trick guitar antics for Capitol are sensational. By superimposing on a series of masters, he comes up with a full and fine 12-guitar orchestra in which he plays all instruments himself. Be sure to latch onto his *Brazil* and *Lover* . . . Count Basie's orchestra sounds more like Ellington's every day. Listen to his cut of *Robbin's Nest* . . . Kate Smith does a nice job on *Now Is the Hour* for M-G-M . . . Guy Lombardo and his aggregation, heard on Decca, this month embark on their most extensive personal appearance tour in the past ten years. The tour, lasting until July, will take them from coast-to-coast in a series of theatre, hotel and ballroom engagements . . . Our best to Sammy Kaye, a right guy who is going all-out to raise funds for entertainment equipment in veterans' hospitals . . . A 1932 recording of Mahatma Gandhi's voice is being reissued by Columbia. It is a summary of his spiritual philosophies entitled *The Justification of God*. For it, Gandhi is reported to have received \$200,000 which he turned over to the Indian National Congress Party . . . Gordon MacRae, of the Capitol stable, has taken over the Tony Martin radio spot for good . . . So great is the demand for personal appearances by Sarah Vaughan that she is already booked well into 1949 . . . Woody Herman and the herd are heading east this month, probably for an engagement at the Commodore in New York . . . Frankie Carle's newest composition is *I Don't Want to Meet Any More People* . . . Watch for Count Basie's first Victor album, out this month . . . Burl Ives' Decca contract expires in April but the chubby balladeer won't sign a new one unless he receives contractual assurance that his



with BOB KENNEDY

recordings will be distributed and pushed in rural areas. "Out in the country," he says, "that's where my people are."

Betcha Didn't Know

Before the war, Victor Borge was the staff organist of a large cemetery in Copenhagen. He stills holds that official title . . . Dick Jurgens was a trumpet man until his lip was smashed in an auto accident . . . Kate Smith sends all first pressings of her recordings to the White House . . . The first jazz recording ever made was *Tiger Rag* backed by *Bluein' the Blues*. It was issued by Victor in 1917, and featured the original Dixieland Jazz Band of New Orleans . . . Stan Kenton was once assistant musical director of Earl Carroll's theatre restaurant.

Highly Recommended

COLUMBIA ALBUM C-148—*Whistling for You*, with Fred Lowery. Here indeed is an unusual musical treat in this new album by one of America's most versatile whistlers. A guitar and Novachord accompaniment provides a good background effect. Many standard favorites are included in the selections, and you will particularly enjoy *Trees*, *Caprice Viennois*, *La Paloma* and *Stardust* . . . It's whistling at its best!

CAPITOL 15040—Jo Stafford with Paul Weston and his orchestra. *It's Monday Every Day* plus *It Was Written in the Stars*. Jo again, and that means another fine platter. *It's Monday Every Day* is on the upbeat, with Jo there all

the way. The flip-over is a minor, weird and difficult piece of music which Miss S. undauntedly handles with smooth precision. Paul Weston's group, as always, furnishes excellent support. You can't go wrong on this.

M-G-M 10145—Jimmy and Mildred Mulcay with Pat Karen and the Three Dons. *When Veronica Plays the Harmonica* and *Blue Prelude*. Mr. and Mrs. Harmonica in an out-of-the-ordinary offering. The *Veronica* side is a bouncy novelty, while the reverse gets down to some serious and well-done mouth organing. With harmonicas coming back into public favor, M-G-M has a potential winner in this disc.

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.

DECCA 24296—Al Jolson with orchestra. *If I Only Had a Match* and *Let Me Sing and I'm Happy*. Punning aside, the *Match* number is a real torch song. Sung in Jolson's best footlight style, it is a first rate recording of a song tailor-made for Al's personality and delivery. The flip-over is a Jolson favorite of old—almost as famous as *Sonny Boy*. Naturally, if you are a Jolson fan you'll love it.

VICTOR 20-2722—Tex Beneke and his orchestra. *St. Louis Blues March* plus *Cherokee Canyon*. W. C. Handy's famous song, tricked out in march time with emphasis on the drum beat and a fine solo sax passage, becomes a highly interesting and irresistible gloom chaser. On the other side you'll find the type of song on which Tex does his best vocal work. Mark this down for good listening and dancing!

CAPITOL 15041—Gordon MacRae with an orchestra conducted by Carlyle Hall. *Matinee* and *That Feathery Feelin'*. If you haven't a MacRae disc, this is a good one to start on. The boy has a

fine baritone voice and does a splendid job on *Matinee*, which is a sequel to *Ballerina*. He sounds like Monroe, only better. The reverse is a pleasing melody in an easy tempo. Gordon's pipes, incidentally, receive full justice from the rich background arrangements. A-1!

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

COLUMBIA 38090—Frankie Carle and his orchestra. *Dreamy Lullaby* and *Lost April*. The first tune should certainly be a winner. It is a Carle original featuring the band for the first chorus with a modulation into Gregg Lawrence's vocal on the second. Frankie's piano sparkles throughout . . . *Lost April* is the theme of the movie *The Bishop's Wife*. Carle is spotlighted and Gregg Lawrence comes in to sing the words. These two sides will give Carle fans a genuine treat!

MAJESTIC 1191—Eddy Howard and his orchestra. *Now Is the Hour* and *True*. Gracie Fields is credited with importation of *Now Is the Hour*. As the Maori *Farewell Song*, New Zealanders have been singing it for years. Be that as it may, it now receives full and impeccable treatment from Eddy, his trio and orchestra. *True*, another sweet ballad, is an equally valuable addition to any library.

DECCA 24307—Hoagy Carmichael. *Who Killed 'Er* (*Who Killed the Black Widder*) plus *I'm A-Comin' A-Courtin' Corabelle*. In an original number about the "black widder," Hoagy proves he's lost none of his unerring feeling for the comic and bizarre. It's an amusing story set to music, and should fascinate young, old and all the in-betweens. On the flip is a pop tune of the day presented in the unique Carmichael style. Entertainment tops!

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.

▲
The stout old gentleman breathed heavily as he tried to mount the steps of the bus. "Take your time, pop," said the driver sarcastically, "we've got all day."

"I'm trying," gasped the old fellow.

"You should eat more yeast," said the driver, "then you'd be able to rise."

"Yes," the elder agreed, hoisting himself triumphantly upward, "and if you ate more yeast you'd be much better bred."

CHICAGO *Letter*

by NORT JONATHAN

PITY the poor commuter! No matter how many streamlined trains the railroads proudly put on the rails to snare the buck of the cross-country traveler, the guy who commutes between Chicago and South Burlap every morning and night has to put up with the same old antiquated equipment and haphazard service. Some of the cars used in commuter service look as though they had originally been a part of Lincoln's funeral train.

Your Windy City commuter must put up with this sort of thing unless he is fortunate enough to live near the Illinois Central railroad, which is the only road operating new cars on fast, frequent, and clean trains. The IC is electrified, too, and seems to feel that even commuters have some rights and are entitled to a seat at least a couple of times a week.

However, the Burlington, Northwestern, and Rock Island all proceed on the theory that the commuter should be discouraged from traveling at all. During the summer months their tired cars, with all windows tightly closed, fry in the switch yards until the temperature inside gets up to around 120 degrees. Then their battered engines push them into the station, where the commuters are jammed aboard to stew until departure time—which may be anywhere from ten minutes to half an hour after the time advertised on what is laughingly known as the suburban timetable. When air finally does reach the groggy passengers black coal smoke and cinders come right along with it.

The winter story is the reverse, of course, but just as uncomfortable. After November first the cars become rolling refrigerators. There are long, freezing waits on unprotected suburban platforms for trains that show up long after the scheduled hour. In really bad weather some trains don't bother to show up at all.

The Chicago commuter pays well to endure this torture. His ticket continues to advance in price, with the railroads



seeming to feel that he has no rights at all. It is highly likely that even Robert Young himself couldn't get the Northwestern railroad's brass hats to install electric lights in some of their more archaic cars. Those gas lamps will be with us until the cars, like the wonderful one hoss shay, finally fall apart. The trouble is, the commuters are likely to fall apart first.



Sheila John Daly, who is the Chicago *Tribune's* teen-age columnist, has written a book which will solve many an entertainment problem. It's her second book in about two years, and has the appropriate title *Party Fun*. If you're at a loss to know what to do when the teen-age crowd descends on your mansion, *Party Fun* has plenty of clever answers to help you entertain your teen-age son or daughter's high school friends.

Sheila Daly is the youngest of Chicago's four fabulous Daly sisters. Maureen, who wrote the best-selling novel *Seventeenth Summer* when she wasn't much older than that herself, is an associate editor on the staff of the *Ladies Home Journal*. Kay, who is in her twenties, is a highly paid expert on what milady will want to wear next season if her husband is still solvent. Marguerite is one of Chicago's best fashion models, and is the mother of young Brigid—who threatens to surpass her talented aunts. In fact there is a current rumor on Chicago's Literary Lane that even now Brigid is at work on the Great American Novel.

While on this literary theme, we'd like to confess shyly that we have written a new book, too. Under pressure we're prepared to admit that the title is *Guidebook for the Young Man About Town* and that the volume sells for two and a half bucks at any bookstore. Modesty will not permit a longer plug, but perhaps it's all right to add that the volume is dedicated to Art Ellison—that longtime stalwart of Kansas City drama and radio.

We have it from no less an authority than the man himself that Harry Conover's charm and personality school in Chicago is for career girls. The gals who want to become models will have to look elsewhere for training because Mr. Conover is interested in brightening the marriage and career chances of the nine-to-five females in the offices and factories.

Mr. Conover has been around these parts for some time now, shepherded here and there by the energetic Maraleita Dutton, who undoubtedly qualifies as our top female press agent. Better still, Conover's lovely wife, Candy Jones, has been with him most of the time, thus brightening the lives of disc jockeys, newspaper feature writers, and characters who write columns.

Easter will bring the usual beautiful flower show at the Garfield and Lincoln Park conservatories. It's sad that all too

few Chicagoans know what a breathtaking display may be seen for the cost of a bus ticket. If you're going to be in town this spring, make the Park District's flower show a "must" on your schedule of things to see.

The crash of a Delta Airliner at the Municipal Airport last month made all the front pages, with the usual hue and cry and demand for a thorough investigation. This is all very well, but we'd like to point out that the safety record of the Chicago airport is unmatched anywhere. In the middle of a highly congested district, with hundreds of planes landing and taking off every 24 hours, there have been only two bad accidents in eight years—which is a record that shouldn't be forgotten.

The sap is beginning to run, and so are the politicians. Both the Republicans and the Democrats have provided themselves with little in the way of opposition in the primary election scheduled for this month. The primary is considered in Chicago as merely a warming up period for the more serious business to come next fall. Impassioned orators are pointing to the record on the radio again. Billboards, elevated platforms, and fences are blossoming forth with bright posters extolling the virtues of men, instead of pills and toothpaste. Spring is here.

Complaining about his new son-in-law, a man said, "He can't drink and he can't play cards."

"But that's the kind of a son-in-law to have," consoled a friend.

"Naw," said the man. "You don't understand. He can't play cards . . . and he plays. He can't drink . . . and he drinks."

"I see you have a sign in your shop 'We aim to please,'" remarked the customer.

"Oh yes," gushed the clerk, "that's our motto."

"Well," said the customer, "you ought to take a little time off for target practice."

"These shoes are too narrow and pointed," said the customer.

"But sir," replied the salesman, "they are wearing narrow, pointed shoes this season."

"That may be," answered the suffering man, "but unfortunately, I am still wearing last year's feet."

CHICAGO *Ports of Call*

by JOAN FORTUNE



Very High Life

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State (SUP 7200). This spot gets less publicity and/or acclaim than the Pump Room across State Street, but apparently doesn't need to be talked about to be popular. Phil Gordon is packing them in again.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (RAN 7500). Murray Arnold's orchestra and songstress Kay Ballard are featured as the current winter-time revue winds up a long run. It's one of the best shows in town—plus lavish new decor. It's a pleasure to add up the check in this atmosphere.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HAR 3800). During the cocktail hour you'll hear rhumba music. After six in the evening, you'll hear all the tunes on the hit parade. A good choice for a drink and a dance.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th at Michigan (HAR 4300). Jimmy Savo puts on a hilarious new show. Ray Morton is currently providing society dance music, which means you're sure to hear *Where or When*, *Zing Went the Strings of My Heart* and *It Was Just One of Those Things* sometime during the evening.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 State (SUP 7200). As you've probably heard, this is the most glamorous filling station between Hollywood and New York. The food is either frozen stiff or in

flames—and all the ham isn't on the menu. The customers provide one of the best floor shows in town. Don't plan to dance because there probably won't be room.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEN 0213). Good dance music, fine German food, and the least crowded dance floor in the Loop make this lovely room justly popular with many Chicagoans. Joseph Sudy's suave music and the paneled bleached mahogany decor are both noteworthy.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (DEL 9300). Russian food. Russian decor. Russian music. Moody Russian waiters. Capitalistic prices. Those who should know claim it's the best spot in town to begin a new romance, or polish off an old one.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (LON 6000). That long-time favorite, George Olsen, plays for dancing in a room whose beauty a succession of interior decorators hasn't been able to damage. It's a 20-minute ride from the Loop but well worth it.

Gourmet's Delight

★ **MIKE FRITZEL'S**, State at Lake. It's the new favorite spot of the serious eaters. A great place to eat if you have two hours for luncheon, or three hours for dinner.

★ **WRIGLEY BUILDING RESTAURANT**, 410 N. Michigan. Consistently fine food at consistently moderate prices. Sane people patronize the restaurant proper. The advertising and radio crowd jams the bar, where Lou Harrington mixes the best manhattans and martinis in town.

★ **CIRO'S**, 816 N. Wabash. The show business crowd likes to greet the dawn in this new restaurant with a Times Square atmosphere. Excellent food and open very late.

★ **GIBBY'S**, 192 N. Clark. You can't do better if you want a steak.

★ **BARNEY'S**, Halsted at Randolph. Ditto above.

★ **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 N. Rush. Ditto above.

For an international atmosphere, try these justly well-known places: **JACQUES**, 900 N. Michigan, for French cuisine . . . **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 N. Rush Street, for smorgasbord . . . **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State Street, for exotic Cantonese dishes . . . **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush Street, for meats barbecued to a crisp turn . . . **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph Street, for hearty German food . . . and the **SINGER'S RENDEZ-VOUS** at Rush and Superior for Italian dishes and Italian tenors.

The Show's the Thing

★ **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (DEL 3434). The most pretentious and expensive show west of Hoboken, starring funnyman-dancer Ray Bolger. Marty Gould's orchestra and Don Chiesta's rhumba band take turns with the music.

★ **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (RAN 5544). Ralph Berger's spot has become the stronghold of the rhumba. The minimum charge has been lowered, possibly none too soon.

★ **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (DEL 3700). This place has a South American flavor but the girl strippers all look as if they came from Cicero. It's a favorite hang-out for conventioners who don't care where their next hangover comes from. All girl show—eye-filling but monotonous.

Just for a Drink

The cozy bar atop the Allerton Hotel, Michigan at Huron . . . **MARTIN'S** on LaSalle Street in the heart of the financial district . . . The virile men's pub at the extreme south end of the Stevens Hotel . . . The luxurious **TOWN AND COUNTRY** room at the Palmer House . . . **HENRICI'S** in the Merchandise Mart . . . the **PRESS ROW** bar on Madison Street, where the newspaper guys and gals gather.

Strictly for Stripping

You'll find the loveliest girls in all of the take-it-off business in these north side

and west side hangouts for conventioners and visiting buyers. But be sure to take along a full billfold and a few bank checks when you visit the **FRENCH CASINO**, 641 N. Clark Street . . . **EL MOCAMBO**, 1519 W. Madison Street . . . **THE PLAYHOUSE CAFE**, 550 N. Clark Street . . . **L and L CAFE**, 1315 West Madison . . . the **606 CLUB**, 606 South Wabash . . . the **TROCADERO CLUB**, 525 South State Street.

Mostly for Music

★ **JAZZ, LTD.**, 11 E. Grand Avenue. This is where the addicts are gathering these days. It opens late and closes somewhere around four or five. A steady procession of the best jazz men in the country keeps the cash register ringing.

★ **COLLEGE INN**. Sherman Hotel. John Kirby is the big attraction these days. Favorite place of the coke and steak sandwich set.

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash and Randolph. Through the years consistently one of the best spots to dance. Art Kassel is currently the bandstand attraction.

★ **GLASS HOUSE**, Graemere Hotel, 113 N. Homan. This residential hotel on the near west side has come up with another good band, as Don Fielding and the Townsmen take over in place of Don Orlando's five-piece combination.



NEW YORK *Letter*

by LUCIE BRION

THERE has been some doubt in Manhattan as to whether or not there is such a thing as spring. What a winter! And when will it ever give up! Gardeners are hopeful that the tremendous moisture of the winter will make fine lawns and gardens. Also, they say that snow makes a good fruit year. Certainly if moisture has anything to do with it we should have the best of everything. Penthouse planting is likely to start any minute now, along with the popular window boxes. And while we're on the subject of growing things, Macy's is going to offer a new product that will without doubt take housewives by storm. It's a chemical that preserves cut flowers forever. Take a bunch of flowers, dip them in a pan of this stuff, let them dry—and there they are for keeps. The only thing they don't retain forever is their fragrance . . . and they'll probably fix that before long. This product may turn out to be a pain in the pocketbook to florists, but it will be mighty handy around the house.

Many Manhattanites are planning short motor trips into Virginia to see the famous spring gardens and home interiors. Williamsburg is the favorite objective. It's best to go by car in order to be free of time schedules and transportation intricacies. For those without a car there is always the Hertz-Drive-It-Yourself agency here which is more than satisfactory and not too expensive. Williamsburg is less than 400 miles away and can easily be done in a day. The "easily" doesn't include the first 80 miles out through New Jersey. That is pretty grim, crowded and confusing. But once that is over, the roads and countryside are breathtakingly beautiful.

The Williamsburg Inn is as charming a place as one could ask for and the service is superb. It is furnished and maintained in the mood of long ago. At least two days are required to take in everything of historic interest in and near this quaint village.

A tip to motorists . . . the Inn puts out marvelous box lunches which are time-savers on the road as well as being delicious.

It is difficult to go straight to or from Williamsburg, because of the hundreds of other fascinating spots in this part of the country. And the temptation to linger is almost overwhelming. Williamsburg, however, is a must.

One can't mention the theatre these days without speaking of *Mister Roberts*. Here is a show that for the first time in years of Broadway openings received the designation of "Flawless." Even the most hardened critics have had to review this most amusing and touching war story without pulverizing a single act. Henry Fonda does the best job of his career, and no doubt the whole show will run as long as there is a curtain and a light left. Tickets? Well, all we can say is to have a try at it.

To the ladies: Isn't there another word besides "housewife" that can be used in filling out form papers with the question "Occupation?" It sounds so much like hair-curlers and wrappers and ironing boards.

Being a housewife is an occupation all right, but with all the things it covers the title needs a little glamour. The job of handling complaints, supplies, entertainment, repairs, and budgets is no small matter.



"Chairman of Miscellany" or "What Next?" might cover it lightly. Anything but that vague and dull sounding "Housewife."

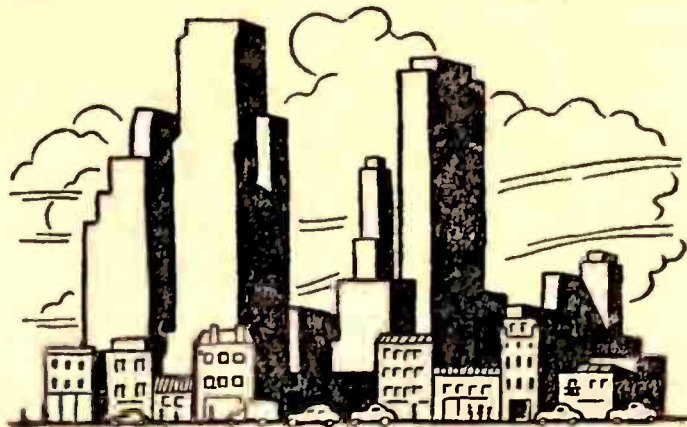


In spite of the terrible soot in Manhattan, windows must be properly draped. The problem of materials and prices is something else again; one that can turn the pocketbook inside out. Recently we have found a place here that auctions off materials which go for an amazingly low figure. Jacobs and Son, at 393 Broadway. This firm buys up odds and ends of fine materials from all over, and off they go to the highest bidder. There is everything from the finest of satins and brocades to the lightest of chintzes . . . and plenty of yardage for average usage.



Fashion shows are popping out all over town. The prices are not pleasing to the purse but the creations are yummy. Everything is quite long and very feminine. Tailored suits have rhinestone buttons or an unexpected bow someplace to offset any leaning towards masculinity. Hats are as foolish and enchanting as ever. Eve-

ning clothes are completely dreamy—although the price tags are a nightmare. One wonders who buys them; evidently someone does . . . Shoes are no longer toeless



(another blow) but a lot more practical. Flowing hair is out. It is now very short, or up high, or done in a bun at the nape of the neck. If the whole thing were less of an investment it would be lots of fun.

April in Paris is something to see, or at least it used to be. But Manhattan is something to see all the year round. And now that spring is coming it will offer a fine careless rapture like no other place in the world.

Dimples in Your Golf Ball

HAVE you ever wondered why a golf ball has dimples, or whether a smooth ball wouldn't travel farther? You don't have to be an expert at the game to be entitled to a guess. The layman will probably suggest that a smooth golf ball should serve the purpose much better, since it would offer less resistance. But that's not the right answer.

Those who know golf balls best, the manufacturers, say that it's the dimpled ones all the way. To demonstrate their proof they use, in place of a big, healthy golfer, a machine which is capable of giving the ball a 250-yard ride. First, several regulation dimpled balls are driven straight down the fairway and land a good 230 yards from the tee. Next, a few smooth balls are swatted, but not one of them travels more than 50 yards.

This demonstration is perfectly understandable after the aerodynamic explanation is given. As the smooth ball soars through the air, air eddies swirl around behind it, creating a semi-vacuum area with suctionlike qualities. The suction becomes stronger and stronger until the ball drops to the ground under the pull of gravity. The dimpled balls stir up the same number of air eddies, but as the dimples in the ball whirl through the eddies they dump some air into the potential vacuum and thereby lower the pull of gravity.

—John Warington.



The steps of Progress are considerably shortened by the tight skirts of Prejudice.

NEW YORK Theatre



Current Plays . . .

★ **FOR LOVE OR MONEY.** (Nov. 4, 1947). June Lockhart gets the roses for adding charm to this rather mediocre comedy. Also in the cast are John Loder, Vicki Cummings, Paula Trueman and Mark O'Daniels. Henry Miller, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **JOY TO THE WORLD.** (March 18, 1948). Alfred Drake, Marsha Hunt and Myron McCormick in a play by Allen Scott. The effort is directed by Jules Dassin and produced by John Housman and William R. Katzell. Plymouth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **MAN AND SUPERMAN.** (Oct. 8, 1947). A 1903 version of Shaw's ideas on women and marriage. Maurice Evans stars in his own production, supported by Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcom Keen and Chester Stratton. Hudson, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **ME AND MOLLY.** (Feb. 26, 1948). Based on *The Goldbergs*, a radio serial, this comedy retains most of the weaknesses when it is tried on the stage. Leading the cast is the author, Gertrude Berg, who plays opposite Phillip Loeb. Belasco, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, at 2:40.

★ **MEDEA.** (Oct. 20, 1947). In this Robinson Jeffers revision of Euripides, Judith Anderson gives a powerful and frightening interpretation. Dennis King and Florence Reed are in the supporting cast. Royale, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **MISTER ROBERTS.** (Feb. 18, 1948). Here is an instance in which a successful book can be turned into a successful play. Henry Fonda heads the cast in this roaring, penetrating, tragically-true comedy which also includes David Wayne and William Harrigan. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.** (Jan. 14, 1948). Filled with comical situations, most of which have little meaning. Joan Tetzels and John Archer are at the top of a somewhat large cast. Morosco, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3:00.

★ **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.** (Dec. 3, 1947). Vying with *Mister Roberts* for top honors of the season, this play by Tennessee Williams has critics applauding. Jessica Tandy gives a very commendable performance in the lead role, backed by Marlon Brando, Karl Malden and Kim Hunter. Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE WINSLOW BOY.** (Oct. 29, 1947). A worthwhile play centered around a famous lawsuit against the crown. The cast, which is from England, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby and Valerie White. Empire, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **YOU NEVER CAN TELL.** (March 15, 1948). Another Shavian revival, this one a Theatre Guild production directed by Peter Ashmore. In leading roles are Leo G. Carroll, Tom Helmore, Frieda Inescort and Ralph Forbes. Martin Beck, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

BORN YESTERDAY. (Feb. 4, 1946). Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas as an ex-chorine and crooked junk dealer, respectively, in this still wonderfully funny Garson Kanin comedy. Lyceum, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . **COMMAND DECISION.** (Oct. 1, 1947). An expertly written drama concerning our Air Force in England. The all-male cast includes Paul Kelly, Jay Fasset and Edmon Ryan. Fulton, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40 . . . **HARVEY.** (Nov. 1, 1944). Frank Fay, Josephine Hull and some rabbit. 48th Street, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . **THE HEIRESS.** (Sept. 27, 1947). Wendy Hiller supported by Basil Rathbone in the Goetz adaptation of Henry James' *Washington Square*. Biltmore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

Current Musicals . . .

★ **ALLEGRO.** (Oct. 10, 1947). Richard Rodgers' music carries the burden as Oscar Hammerstein and Agnes deMille ride along. The book and the ballets add little to the production. In major roles are Annamary Dickey, John Conte, Robert Jonay and John Battles. Majestic, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **ANGEL IN THE WINGS.** (Dec. 11, 1947). Several comic numbers by Paul and Grace Hartman make this revue worth seeing. The remainder leaves much to be desired, however. With Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae and Peter Hamilton. Coronet, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY.** (Dec. 29, 1948). This is an accomplished company including Martyn Green and Darrel Fancourt. All of the

old favorites will please you. New Century, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **HIGH BUTTON SHOES.** (Oct. 9, 1947). Delightful nonsense with Nanette Fabray at her best. Also, Jerome Robbins' Mack Sennett ballet is wonderful! With Phil Silvers, Lois Lee and Joey Faye. Shubert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **LOOK MA, I'M DANCIN'.** (Jan. 29, 1948). The ballet is taken for a ride as Nancy Walker goes ballerina in reverse. George Abbott directs the cast claiming Harold Lang, Janet Reed, Katharine Sergava and Alice Pearce. Adelphi, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **MAKE MINE MANHATTAN.** (Jan. 15, 1948). Songs by Richard Lewine and book by Arnold B. Horwitt add up to an engaging evening. David Burns and Sid Caesar are fine in the comic leads. Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (May 10, 1946). Loud and irresistible Ethel Mer- man still going strong. Imperial, evenings,





except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **BRIGADOON**. (Mar. 13, 1947). A musical

fantasy with dancing and singing and David Brooks and Marion Bell. Ziegfeld, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **FINIAN'S RAINBOW**. (Jan. 10, 1947). A leprechaun comes to Missitucky and an accomplished cast takes it from there. 46th Street, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **OKLAHOMA**. (March 31, 1943). Still the toast of the musical comedy world. St. James, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Adelphi, 152 W. 54th.....CI 6-5097	E	International,	
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....CI 5-6868	W	5 Columbus Circle.....CI 5-4884	
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.....CI 6-0390	W	Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....CH 4-4256	E
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....BR 9-2067	E	Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....CI 6-0730	W
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.....CI 6-9353	W	Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.....CI 6-9056	W
Booth, 222 W. 45th.....CI 6-5969	W	Martin Beck, 402 W. 45th..CI 6-6363	W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th....CI 6-6699	E	Henry Miller,	
Century, 932 7th Ave.....CI 7-3121		124 W. 43rd.....BR 9-3970	E
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.....CI 6-8870	W	Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....CI 6-6230	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....CI 5-4289	E	Music Box, 239 W. 45th....CI 6-4636	W
Empire, Broadway at 40th..PE 6-9540		National, 208 W. 41st.....PE 6-8220	W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th....CI 6-6075	W	Playhouse, 137 W. 48th....CI 5-6060	E
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th..BR 9-4566	E	Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....CI 6-9156	W
Fulton, 210 W. 46th.....CI 6-6380	W	Royale, 242 W. 45th.....CI 5-5760	W
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....BR 9-5641	E	Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....CI 6-9500	W
Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....CO 5-2412	W	Zeigfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th..CI 5-5200	

▲
What most of us need is a kick in the seat of our can'ts.

▲
"Look here, Mister," snarled the customs officer, "you told me there was nothing in the suitcase but clothing and I found a bottle of whiskey!"
"Sure," replied the accused one, "that's my nightcap."

▲
Man knows his age—woman computes hers.—*Transit News*.

▲
In too many cases, heavy artillery in oratory is combined with blank cartridges in ideas.

▲
Little Junior had taken his first dancing lesson. When he arrived home, proud mama asked him how he liked it. "Why mother, it's easy. All you do is turn around and keep wiping your feet."

New York PORTS OF CALL

★ **HOUSE OF CHAN.** As authentic as a China boy's queue, you can struggle along with a pair of chop sticks if you want to make like a foreign correspondent. It's really simple—the upper stick is held in the triangle formed by thumb, index and middle fingers; lower stick is held by middle finger, ring finger, and rests in the "v" of the thumb. Faces belonging to people who make news are seen here enjoying their chow mein and rice. 800 7th Avenue. CI 7-5785.

★ **WALDORF-ASTORIA.** Always a star floor show in the Wedgewood Room. Spacious and dignified, the Sert Room for string music at luncheon and dancing in the evenings. The gorgeous Flamingo Room is the place if you wish to dine and dance more informally. Whatever your wish for dining, dancing or entertainment, you'll find it at the Waldorf. Park Avenue at 50th. EL 5-3000.

★ **COPACABANA.** Top billing here means as much to the show world as playing the Palace in vaudeville days. Ah, such luscious showgirls, each looking like a Petty or Varga creation—only in the flesh! Don't let your food grow cold while taking in the amusing and entertaining floor shows—'cause the food is good, too! 10 E. 60. PL 8-1060.

★ **LA MARTINIQUE.** Dinner a la carte accompanied by lilting, gypsy music. Rhumba and samba music and two fine floor shows after ten bells. If you're a proponent of Latin American dancing,

executed "properly," you'll find delightful company here. 57 W. 57. PL 5-4754.

★ **BARBETTA'S.** Wispy trails telegraphing the delightful odors of genuine Italian cookery greet the gourmet at the doorway. They know how to use garlic here, too. Heaping platterfuls of spaghetti and other Italian dishes at surprisingly low prices. Truly a wonderful place. 321 W. 46. CI 6-9171.

★ **BRUSSELS.** Old world French and Belgian cooking a la carte will pass the taste-bud-test given it by the most critical gourmet. Serene, dignified and expensive. The service is courteous and European charm prevails. 26 E. 63. RE 4-1215.

★ **TOKAY.** Shades of old Hungary! Such goulash! Excellent wines and American food as well. The gypsy music is the clincher even for the well-filled date book. It may be crowded; but good food and music explain the reputation of this delightful place. 1591 2nd Ave. RE 4-9441.

★ **DIAMOND HORSESHOE.** Billy Rose, show king of the show world, presents his eye filling displays of beautiful girls twice a night during the week, and thrice on Saturday. The costumes are as brief as the girls are pretty—and that's sayin' an eye-ful! Always funny and always worth the price. Ample tribute to the floor shows is that we never remember what our food tasted like! 235 W. 46. CI 6-6500.

★ **VILLAGE BARN.** Most hilarious place in the Village. Sing for your supper or the waiter will sing for his! Floor shows featuring uninhibited customers; just as funny as the paid performers! Square dancing, minor riots and an old-timey atmosphere. What a place! 52 W. 8. ST 9-8841.

★ **SEA FARE.** A reminder to visit one of these famous seafood restaurants while there's an "r" left! The downtown restaurant is crowded; but the fine seafood is always worth waiting for. 41 W. 8. At 1033 1st Avenue (Sutton Place) is a charmingly decorated branch of the original restaurant. Moderate prices. OR 4-3973 or PL 9-4176.



Kansas City PORTS OF CALL

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. Here you eat and drink like royalty. The roast beef and steaks are supreme—and don't forget to order a plate of those French-fried onions! The salad bowl, of course, is a must. Jerry will find a place for you at a table unless he decides you're happier sitting at the bar. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.



★ SAVOY GRILL. The oaken panelling and the famous murals take you back to the turn of the century. When the atmosphere works its charm you're likely to glance outside to see if your hansom driver is still waiting. The food is prepared exactly as it was years and years ago . . . wholesome, generous, delicious and appetizing. Specialties are lobster broiled in butter (\$2 per pound), swordfish, red snapper and excellent steaks. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★ WEISS CAFE. Located on the first floor corner of the historic Coates House—which has played host to Grover Cleveland, Sarah Bernhardt and other personalities of that golden era—Weiss' features Continental style cooking. The beautiful fireplace at the south end of the cafe dates back to 1867. Menu attractions are live Maine lobster, choice steaks, roast capon, Long Island duckling and excellent chicken. A luncheon specialty is the Weiss salad bowl. Come for cocktails! Coates House. VI 6904.

Class With a Glass . . .



★ BLUE DAHLIA ROOM. The genial George Conabhan presides over this attractively lighted room. You'll always find sports personalities "swapping experiences" here and a feel-

ing of friendliness seems to pervade the atmosphere. Phil Provost plays the piano with one hand and the Solovox with the other and it all adds up to delightful music. Comfortable leather seats in which to enjoy your excellently-mixed drinks. Hotel Commonwealth, 1216 Broadway. HA 4410.

★ PUTSCH'S 210. This exquisitely decorated bar and restaurant is one of the most beautiful anywhere. From the gorgeous glass mural extending the length of the bar to the New Orleans wrought-iron-and-rose effect in the large dining room, the restaurant is superbly styled and decorated. Tables in the softly lighted Victorian lounge may be reserved for private luncheons. A gorgeous dinner may be had for as little as \$1.65. Air-expressed Colorado mountain trout, choice steaks and primes ribs of roast beef are excellent dinner suggestions. And, of course, the succulent lobster. The waiter takes the meat out of the claws if you wish and he does it without leaving a single delicious morsel in them. The "In a Hurry" businessman's luncheon is a treat and it costs only a dollar! A typical luncheon includes baked pork chops with Southern dressing, mashed potatoes, chef's salad, hot rolls and butter, a drink and pie or ice cream! All for a dollar! The 210 is a "must" on everyone's list. Come to the Wyandotte side of the 210 for a fine cafeteria meal. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ RENDEZVOUS. Handy downtown bar-restaurant. At the wave of your hand a nattily dressed waiter will whisk a table cloth in front of you and serve your meal. Noon luncheon for about 65 cents, with beverage extra. In the evenings, roast beef for \$1.50 and steaks from \$2.50. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Little brother to El Casbah, but quite a personality in its own right. Continuous entertainment. During April, Betty Rogers and Edna Linn play smooth piano. The atmosphere is decorous but not formal—you'll no doubt call it just right. Excellent drinks. Hotel Bellevue, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

To See and Be Seen . . .



★ **DRUM ROOM.** A large drum marks the entrance to a pleasant circular bar, with tables and leather wall seats surrounding it. In the Drum Room proper, just down a flight of steps, you can order excellent dinners for

as little as \$1.85. Nick or Junior will seat you and see that your party is happy and comfortable, but Joe, waiter Number 17, is the one to ask for. Dick Carlton and his smart music furnish delightful dinner and dance tunes. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Head man Gordon hovers attentively at the entrance of this artistically decorated basement supper club and manages to find you a table, nowadays. Musical attractions for April are Victor Lombardo followed by Clyde McCoy. Right across the street from the Katz drugstore. 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **EL CASBAH.** Ralph Sterling and his society band, direct from the Camellia House of the Drake in Chicago, is currently entertaining at El Casbah. The Flaming Sword dinners and Flaming Desserts are truly works of culinary art. Maitre d' hotel Herman Hermany will take your telephone reservations. Remember—no cover charge! Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

★ **ADRIAN'S.** Soft lighting and an attractive bar are a prelude to the fine food you'll get at the Mart Cafe. Noonday meals for as little as 70 cents. The evening smorgasbord with ham, beef or other meat entrees is a treat. You can have a complete dinner for \$1.50—and believe us, it's delicious! Notable for excellent coffee. Convenient parking just south of the building. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.



★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Dale Overfelt's place on south Broadway is a mecca for jazz enthusiasts as well as those

who seek good food and drink. Joshua Johnson, the man with the "clean" left hand, can really punch out the jive. Riley Thompson mixes your drink; and it's always a swell appetizer for one of those dollar dinners. The fried chicken is tender, as is the roast beef. Good salads. Come to the Broadway Interlude after midnight to ease that Sunday thirst. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ **CABANA.** Luncheons for less than a dollar—meat entree, two vegetables, rolls and butter. Quick service—tasty. Lou Vogel is manager and does a fine job. Alberta Bird, WHB's staff organist, does delightful things to the Hammond and she'll be happy to play your request. The place is always packed with friendly people having a good time. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **LA CANTINA.** A spacious downstairs room with bright decor. The bar and soft seating accommodate the usual weekend rush. Just down the stairs from El Casbah, the atmosphere is inviting and ear pleasing with the quiet strains of JB music. No tax. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Something Different . . .

★ **BIRCHWOOD GRILL.** Grace Ortega is the hostess, and those choice, 16-ounce sirloin steaks are prepared by chef Leon Rohovit. Incidentally, along with your steak you get a generous serving of long branch potatoes, Birchwood Chef's salad, bread and butter—all for \$2.50. Other specialties are prime ribs of beef, Southern fried chicken, fresh fish and filet mignon. That beef is right from the Heart of America! The Birchwood Grill is convenient for downtown businessmen, and the service is quick and efficient. Hotel Commonwealth, 1216 Broadway. HA 4410.



★ **KING JOY LO.** This outstanding restaurant serves both Chinese and American food. Chinese entrees (and they're many and varied) are accompanied by a bowl of dry, steamy rice, homemade soup,

carefully brewed tea and cookies. We always order a plate of egg foo yong to enhance the chicken or beef chow mein. American specialties include lobster, golden fried chicken, and juicy steaks. Booths for privacy or a window table overlooking the busy intersection of 12th & Main. The service is so courteous! 8 W. 12th (2nd floor). HA 8113.

★UNITY INN. A unique and excellent eating place, surprisingly inexpensive. Meatless meals are prepared in a most attractive way. The green salads and vegetarian dinners are the best ever. Operated by the Unity School of Christianity. Enjoy your meal in a pretty latticed room with walls of a restful shade of green. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

... that certain *Something!*

YOU HAVE a certain something inside of you that put you where you are today. You may call it ambition, or drive, or stick-to-it-iveness, or maybe just plain luck; but we think it's a combination of those things, with an identity of its own. For want of a better name, let's just call it "*that certain something.*"

That certain something has done a lot for you in the past; it helped you at school, it guided you into your career, and it no doubt assisted you in getting the job you now hold.

But—to paraphrase a joke we heard the other day—what has it done for you lately?

Science says that most of us go through our whole lives using only a small fraction of our mental abilities. And that's merely another way of saying that too many of us have a great supply of *that certain something* which is going to waste.

Maybe that's not true of you. Maybe you're still using *that certain something* as diligently as you did years ago. If so, you're in select company; you're a member of a group of successful people who've never stopped using it.

Edison developed the storage battery after his 50,000th experiment with it; he might have stopped at the 49,999th. A 40-year-old bookkeeper named Frederic Goudy one day decided to put his facility with the pen to better use; he started to design type faces, and eventually became one of the world's greatest type designers. He didn't have to do that; he might have continued as a bookkeeper. Murray Spangler was a janitor in a department store, who looked on his job as an opportunity rather than a dead-end street. He used his supply of *that certain something* to invent a suction cleaning instrument which three million users know today as the Hoover vacuum cleaner.

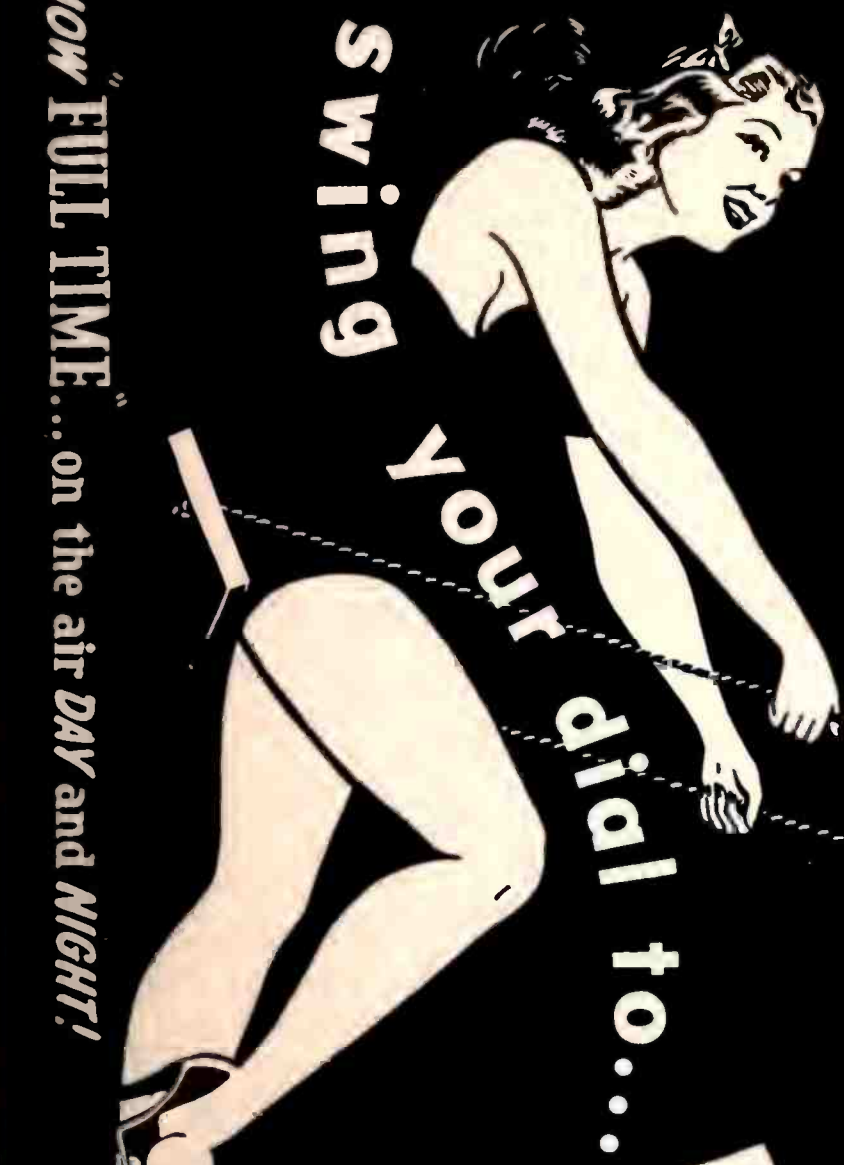
You probably can think of dozens of other examples . . . people who may not be as famous as those we've mentioned, but who have looked beyond the desk, beyond the job, who have fulfilled their early dreams—and a lot of later ones too.

We hope you're one of those people yourself. Because if you are, you can't miss. You view each task, not as a chore, but as a chance for a new achievement. You view your occasional failures, not as catastrophes, but as necessary and valuable stepping stones on the pathway to success. You view every day, not as a number on the calendar, but as a proving ground for your abilities.

And if you're not using *that certain something* as much as you once did, just remember that it's still there . . . waiting for you to turn it on again.

Either way, we think you'll admit that when it's used properly, *that certain something* is really *something!*—Edison Voice Writing.

JUNE, 1948 PROGRAM SCHEDULE — Keep This by Your Radio



710

W H B

**10,000 WATTS DAY
5,000 WATTS NIGHT**

"NOW FULL TIME" on the air DAY and NIGHT!

SUNDAY

A. M.

- 7:00—Sunday Sun Dial Serenade
- 8:00—News & Weather
- 8:15—K. C. Council of Churches
- 8:30—Tone Tapestries (MBS)
- 9:00—AP News—Bob Grinde
- 9:05—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra
- 9:30—Navy Air Show
- 9:45—Dave Dennis' Orchestra
- 10:00—AP News—Bob Grinde
- 10:05—Dave Rose's Orchestra
- 10:15—Power Parade
- 10:30—Northwestern Univ. Reviewing Stand (MBS)
- 11:00—AP News—Bob Grinde
- 11:05—Cavalcade of Music
- 11:30—Sunday Serenade

P. M.

- 12:00—William L. Shirer—News (MBS)
- 12:15—Mutual Music Box (MBS)
- 12:30—Vaughn Monroe's Orchestra
- 1:00—Army Air Force (MBS)
- 1:30—Bill Cunningham—News (MBS)
- 1:45—What the Veteran Wants to Know (MBS)
- 2:00—Freddy Martin's Orchestra
- 2:30—Juvenile Jury (MBS)
- 3:00—House of Mystery (MBS)
- 3:30—True Detective Mysteries (MBS)
- 4:00—Under Arrest (MBS)
- 4:30—What Makes You Tick (MBS)
- 5:00—Those Websters (MBS)
- 5:30—Nick Carter (MBS)
- 6:00—Evening Serenade
- 6:30—Gabriel Heatter (MBS)
- 7:00—Alexander's Mediation Board (MBS)
- 7:30—Jimmie Fidler (MBS)
- 7:45—Twin Views of the News (MBS)
- 8:00—Meet Me at Parky's (MBS)
- 8:30—Quizspiration
- 9:00—Voices of Strings (MBS)
- 9:30—WHB Mirror
- 9:45—News & Sports
- 10:00—On the Beam With Tex Beneke (MBS)
- 10:30—Mutual Dance Bands (MBS)
- 10:55—News (MBS)
- 11:00—Swing Session (Local & MBS)
- 11:55—Midnight News (MBS)
- 12:00—Swing Session
- 1:00—WHB Signs Off

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



Next month, we anticipate, WHB in Kansas City will offer greatly expanded facilities to carry *your* sales message to the rich Midwestern Marketland. WHB is swinging up to—

**10,000 WATTS • 710 KILOCYCLES
FULL TIME**

Get next to a good thing today, Mr. Advertiser!
See your John Blair man and join the Swing to WHB.

10,000 WATTS IN KANSAS CITY

WHB

DON DAVIS
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