EPTEMBER 1948 25¢

1. Minus his golden trumpet, Charlie Spivak is still entertaining, as WHB listeners and announcer Lou Kemper will testify.

2. Hal Derwin, singing bandleader, croons for a Saturday afternoon Swing Session.

3. The charming Continental chanteuse, Diane Adrian, takes time out from an El Casbah engagement to plug her latest Columbia release in an exclusive WHB interview.

4. George Fiske, president of the Saddle an Sirloin Club, had a few words for Kansa Citians as he and 150 members of the clu left for the Frontier Days celebration c Cheyenne, Wyoming.

5. All was good fellowship as WHB joine other news services in covering returns of th recent Kansas City primary elections from polic headquarters.

foreword for September

YOU can relax now. It's all over. No more chigger bites or poison ivy or wet bathing suits for awhile. Summer is over and once again you have done your duty by the Outdoor Life, the outdoor bathroom, and the screwball habits of resort neighbors; by visiting relatives, Abercrombie and Fitch, the souvenir trade, Fred Harvey's, and all the traditional makeshift of vacation-time. You can rest easily now—and you have all those lovely memories of saddleburns, sunburn, and army cots as you come back to a stuffy old tile bathroom, the electric percolator and the innerspring mattress.

Some other things are over, too: the nominating conventions — all four of them—with their colossal bombast and platitudes. You know for sure now what the Republicans think of themselves, what the South thinks of Truman, what the Wallace converts think of Wall Street, and what the 80th Congress thinks of. A few things are out in the clear.

The crisis has passed for the moment in Berlin; things aren't much worse in Palestine than they were. By this time you have learned to live on wallpaper paste; and your worries about Southern Womanhood are all over. The KKK has promised to protect 'em. Yes, this has been quite a summer; but you've lived through it and everything is in hand. If we only knew *whose* hand. It's all over but the election, and all you have to worry about now is the draft, the price of meat and milk, and where to live this winter. Not another thing. Unless it's who to trust, what to believe, and by what name to call The Enemy: Soviet Russia? Big Dirty Money? Dry rot within? Or something rich and incompatible you had for dinner last night?

Jetta

Swing

September, 1948 • Vol. 4 • No. 9

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SEPTEMBER'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

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

Masterpiece of the Month: "The Kneeling Angel Gabriel," Spanish 15th Century alabaster.

Drama . . .

Sept. 16-19, *Oklahoma*, Music Hall.

Dancing . . .

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

Sept. 1-4, Hank Winder.

Sept. 5-11, Mal Dunn.

Amusement Parks . . .

Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect. Concessions open 2 p.m., Saturday; 1 p.m., Sunday; 6 p.m., week days.

Blue Ridge Roller Rink and Park, 7600 Blue Ridge. Rink open to public Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, 7:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sunday, 2:30 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Elliott's Shooting Park, Highway 50 and Raytown Road. Saturday, 12 noon to evening; Sunday, 10 a.m. to evening; Wednesday, 4:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.

Conventions . . .

Sept. 1-2, Nash Motors, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Sept. 2-3, Luzier's, Hotel Continental.

Sept. 4-6, American Legion, Department of Missouri, Municipal Auditorium Arena and Hotel President.

Sept. 12-14, Missouri Association of Insurance Agents, Hotel Muehlebach.

Sept. 12-17, Rexall Drug Company, Hotel Continental.

Sept. 13-14, Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Hotel Phillips.

Sept. 13-16, Commonwealth Theatres, Hotel President.

Sept. 17-18, Luzier's, Hotel Continental.

Sept. 20-22, Directors of State Accrediting Agencies, G.I. Bill of Rights, Regional, Hotel Continental.

Sept. 20-21, Skelly Oil Company, Hotel Phillips.

Sept. 27-28, Southwest Automotive Wholesalers, Hotel President.

Sept. 28-29, Trans Mo-Kan Shippers Board, Hotel Continental.

Sept. 30-Oct. 2, Missouri Bar Association, Hotel President.

Baseball . . .

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

Sept. 1, 2, 3, Minneapolis.

Sept. 5 (2), 6 (2), Milwaukee.

Special Events . . .

Sept. 12, Jazz Jamboree, Dixie Kiefer Post, Music Hall.

Sept. 15, Mexican Fiesta, Music Hall.

Sept. 27, Assembly of God, youth meeting, Music Hall.

Bowling . . .

Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost.

Clifford & Tessman Recreation, 2629 Troost.

Cocked Hat Recreation, 4451 Troost.

Country Club Bowl, 71st and McGee.

Esquire Bowling Lanes, 4040 Main.

Grindel-Lembke Recreation, 734 Minnesota.

Halin Bowl, 1610 West 39th.

Northeast Bowl, 112 N. Elmwood.

Oak Park Bowl, 4940 Prospect.

Palace Recreation, 1232 Broadway.

Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.

Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.

Sackin's Recreation, 3212 Troost.

Tierney-Wheat Recreation, 3736 Main.

Veretta's, 5th and Walnut.

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MAY KILL YOUR CHILD

by E. C. PRINCIPE

Infanticide via the cigarette is a proved possibility, and male sterility may result from smoking.

STEADILY, from the early 1930's up to the start of World War II, experiments with animals have proved that nicotine, the poisonous alkaloid of tobacco, consistently poisons lactation with the result that offspring die upon sucking the mother's breast; that it poisons offspring while in the uteri of their mothers, so that offspring are born dead or born weak and die easily; and that it causes sterility.

Obstetricians wondered for some time whether nicotine could affect human beings in the very same ways that it affects animals. First, they raised the question: "Does nicotine get into the milk of nursing mothers who smoke?"

Dr. William Benbow Thompson, now a ranking obstetrician in Hollywood, was one of the first to find nicotine in the milk of nursing mothers. And most recently, Dr. H. Harris Perlman and Dr. Arthur M. Dannenberg of Philadelphia found nicotine in milk samples from each one of the 55 mothers confined in the obstetric department of the Jewish Hospital there, no matter whether these mothers smoked occasionally, moderately, or excessively.

The question of obstetricians then became: "Can the nicotine in the mother's milk poison the infant?"

Dr. W. Raymond Barney, the veteran obstetrician of Cleveland, has reported a case of a week-old infant who became poisoned from the nicotine in the mother's milk to Dr. Alexander Mackenzie Campbell of Grand Rapids, now the Maternal Health Consultant of the Michigan Department of Health. Dr. Barney says:

"I well remember the case of nicotine poisoning in baby Kraus. It was as typical a case of such poisoning as one could see, and Dr. C. W. Wyckoff of Cleveland marvelled that the child pulled through. Nicotine in sufficient quantities for toxic effect was present in the milk."

Dr. Irene Greiner of Budapest and Berlin has observed a case of nicotine poisoning in a three-weeks-old baby boy. Her record on the poisoned child shows that the child kept losing birth weight and kept vomiting violently. He developed violent colic and refused all nourishment. His face was strikingly pale, his forehead wrinkled, his legs were drawn up and he cried for long periods of time. The soft parts of his skull were sunken, his pupils contracted, his lips pale, and his heart was rapid. His mother was well, took no medicine, but smoked from

30 to 40 cigarettes each day. Dr. Greiner only suspected that the mother's smoking was killing the child;

she had never heard of a child being poisoned through the mother's milk. After Dr. Greiner suggested to the mother that she stop smoking and the mother obeyed, the child's health gradually improved and his weight went up.

Yet today, many young women are ignorant of these facts because there are physicians who are not aware of the facts themselves—either because their experience has been limited or because they have not had access to medical developments.

Some women who are under the care of the few doctors who recognize the dangers of smoking find it hard to break their smoking habit just because they are pregnant. Dr. Campbell reports:

"A young woman who could not control her excessive smoking during the prenatal period was warned postnatally that unless she smoked very moderately the baby might suffer from nicotine poisoning, and she promptly weaned the baby rather than even moderate her smoking."

The mother who weans her baby because she cannot stop smoking ought to know, beforehand, the importance of breast feeding for her own personal good as well as for the development of her baby.

Not long before his recent death, Dr. Alexis Carrel, the internationally famous surgeon engaged by the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, made the following statement:

"The breast exerts a marked influence on uterus and ovaries. Suckling brings about rhythmic contractions of the uterus and prevents the occurrence of hemorrhage. It helps the recovery of this organ after childbirth.

"The nipple is perfectly adapted to the lips and tongue of the baby. The act of suckling requires contractions of the muscles of the face, the tongue and neck, alternative movements of the lower jaw, and breathing through the nose. This effort brings about the optimum development of the jaws, the nose, and the roof of the mouth. It enhances the beauty of the visage and the quality of the voice.

"Artificial feeding is partly responsible for the protruding upper jaw, recessed chin, ill-formed nose, flattened mouth arch, which many children display today. These malformations cause defective dentition, and predispose to infections of the tonsils, pharynx, ears and sinuses. It is highly probable that breast suckling considerably reduces the bills to be paid later to dentists and to nose and throat specialists."

AFTER determining in some measure how small babies are affected by the milk from smoking mothers, obstetricians began wondering:

"What does smoking do to the unborn child—can a child be born poisoned?"

Tests show that within two or three minutes of the time that an expectant mother starts smoking, her baby's heart rate goes up five beats. The reason for this is that the nicotine in the cigarettes the mother smokes passes into the baby's blood. Some doctors believe the passage of nicotine into the baby's blood is responsible for babies being born weak and underweight and for babies being born poisoned, "blue" babies.

Dr. C. W. Wyckoff, who witnessed the milk poisoning in the Kraus infant, recently wrote:

"There is no doubt that many infants are seriously poisoned by the nicotine in the mother's blood. The nervous system is either much overstimulated, causing excessive crying and feeding troubles for weeks after birth, or the infant may be very drowsy and dopey and it may be difficult to get any food into it. Then occasionally the infant's color is bluish or blanched for several days. A tremendous lot of trouble and anxiety is caused until the baby becomes normal. I absolutely discourage smoking during pregnancy or breast feeding for these reasons."

Dr. Edward L. Cornell of Chicago has reported to Dr. Campbell the case of a baby who was four weeks overdue with a birth weight of less than four pounds, showing all signs that nicotine was the cause. Dr. Campbell says, "The mother was a cigarette fiend—three to four packages a day."

When Dr. Perlman and Dr. Dannenberg finished their test they said that some infants may show no immediate effects of poisoning from the nicotine in their mothers' milk because, "The infants, exposed to the nicotine in their mothers' blood while in utero, had the opportunity to develop a tolerance to nicotine—practically from the time that they were conceived."

The late Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf, internationally known tuberculosis specialist, said:

"Such a child may only show the physiological poverty which so often precedes tuberculosis in infancy. Or, the definite pathological character of other diseases due to constitutional weakness may develop only in later life. To avoid a child being constitutionally enfeebled by nicotine poisoning and thus becoming more susceptible to tuberculosis or pneumonia, I plead with all future mothers not to smoke."

Now, perhaps you ask whether smoking can cause sterility in human

beings. Well, here's what the medicos say.

Dr. G. D. Royston, a prominent St. Louis obstetrician, has treated several childless women who have become pregnant only after they stopped

smoking. In a recent letter, Dr. Royston remarked:

"It is my impression that smoking has had a definite injurious effect on such individuals and routinely in all sterility patients. I try to have them stop smoking altogether. I had two patients who conceived two months after stopping smoking, with no other treatment, and one had her second pregnancy occurring again in this way. I feel that the smoking causes dietetic deficiencies, and it is difficult to make such individuals eat adequately and take exercise in the open air."

Dr. George F. Pendleton of Kansas City has also treated several childless women who have conceived after they stopped smoking. He advises all his sterile patients not to smoke. He maintains that, as tests for nicotine get on a better and cheaper grade, the subject of nicotine in relation to sterility will be advanced.

Of the impression that excessive smoking may cause a toxic depression in the formation of the egg and its preparation for fertilization and development, are Dr. Samuel R. Meaker of Boston and Dr. James Knight Quigley of Rochester, who say: "It is possible that excessive smoking might be an example of a toxin causing sterility."

Medical men who believe that the female is adversely influenced by the excessive use of cigarettes, feel it is equally logical to assume that the same habit in the male might be attended by a diminution in his fertility.

Recently, Dr. Bruce F. P. Williams, resident obstetrician at the Lying-In Hospital of the City of New York, reported one of his staff doctors had a patient with relative infertility.

"When the husband stopped smoking," said Dr. Williams, "she became pregnant for the first time after several years of endeavor."

But most convincing of all is the case cited by Dr. Lyle Graham Phillips, now practicing in Honolulu. A young woman, 27 years of age, had been married for five years and had not became pregnant. She was healthy in every respect and had no bad habits. In deciding to examine her husband, Dr. Phillips first tested a semen specimen. The sperm were all dead. He examined the husband further but could find nothing wrong with him that would explain why he produced dead sperm. His habits were good but he smoked from 20 to 30 cigarettes a day.

Dr. Phillips suggested that the husband stop smoking to see what would happen. One month afterwards, Dr. Phillips again tested a semen specimen. This time the sperm were all alive. The husband continued not to smoke and in two months the young woman became pregnant. A year later, the husband resumed his smoking, using two packages of cigarettes a day. A semen specimen was taken and tested. The sperm were all dead. He was told to stop smoking again. A month passed and another test was made. The sperm, as before, were all alive.

▲

With history piling up so fast, practically every day now is the first or second anniversary of something awful.

"And so we leave East Overshoe"
or
"Around the world in .35 millimeters"

by HELEN COLTON

JAMES ANTHONY FITZPATRICK, a blue-eyed, 46-year-old, red-headed Irishman from Shelton, Connecticut, makes a living doing what most people yearn to do once in a lifetime—he travels around the world.

FitzPatrick has covered more than a million miles by plane, train, auto, boat, bicycle, ricksha, horseback, muleback and afoot, taking his camera lenses along the world's byways as well as highways, bringing strange lands and exotic peoples to those American stay-at-homes who have to do their traveling on the screens of local theatres.

For more than 20 years, FitzPatrick has been "reluctantly bidding farewell to romantic, colorful Bali;" beautiful Benares; mysterious, intriguing Hong Kong; scintillating Ceylon; proud Prague; and to a couple of hundred other wondrous places, in the 200 TravelTalks he has made for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The only country he has yet to bid farewell to is Germany. He shot footage there but never released it because Hitler had come to power. An ardent advocate of the brotherhood of man, Fitz felt he couldn't speak well of Germany. "I want to speak well of every country," he says. "If I have to tear it down, I don't cover it."

His wish to see, hear or speak no evil about any country causes some moviegoers to complain about his

TravelTalks. "They're always so saccharine sweet," people have said. "He never shows you anything bad about a place."

Fitz is convinced people don't want to see that which is ugly. "When a tourist goes to a new country or city, does he look for the slums, or for the beautiful homes? There are enough ugly views right here at home without my bringing any more from other countries." If Fitz had his way, beautification of American streets would begin with giving ugly telephone poles the axe and stringing wires underground.

He has suffered for his determination to record only the sunny hours. Once he had an appendicitis attack high up in the Peruvian mountains, far from a doctor. It was three o'clock in the morning. His crew couldn't sleep and had gone to a boxcar on the edge of Lake Titicaca, to wait for morning and some shots of sunrise across the lake. Fitz lay alone in the hotel, racked with pain, without a soul nearby who spoke English.

Finally he dragged himself out of bed and down to the boxcar. His crew gave him a shot of whiskey and he fell asleep. In the morning he felt fine. They photographed a breathtakingly beautiful sunrise, its rays dancing on the lake. "People just don't realize what you go through to get a beautiful scene," he says philosophically, remembering that night of agony. "It would be easier to photograph the ugliness that's always at hand."

On trips, the movie entourage usually consists of FitzPatrick himself; one or two Technicolor cameramen; Paul Weill, his "right hand," and a representative of the government tourist bureau in whatever country he's filming.

Governments are delighted to cooperate with Fitz, knowing that his TravelTalks are often the way to the heart of the American tourist and the ever-popular "Yankee dollar." Several grateful governments have decorated him. He's a major in the army of the Sultan of Jehore, a colonel in the army of the Maharajah of Baroda, aide de camp to the governor of New Mexico, a Kentucky Colonel, a Texas Ranger, and has gone through the necessary rites to become Chief Rolling Stone of the Blackfoot Tribe.

When the Mexican army offered to make him an honorary general, a friend in the diplomatic service warned him against it. "Don't you accept that honor," the friend cautioned. "They have a bad habit of shooting generals in this country." Nevertheless, Fitz's proudest treasure is a Mexican award, the Aztec Eagle, which makes him feel as though he's almost gotten a Congressional Medal of Honor, its equivalent in the United States.

Paul Weil maps out the itinerary. He starts months in advance, and maintains a stream of correspondence with government representatives, travel agents, hotel managers and transportation officials, checking on visas, the weather, the kind of clothes needed, outstanding spots of historical and scenic interest, the hotel and travel situation.

Weil used to work in M-G-M's Paris office. He was assigned once

to help Fitz on a trip through France. Although they'd never met, Weil was able to walk right up to Fitz at Le Bourget airport and introduce himself. "Anybody with a passport that thick couldn't be anybody but Fitz," he explains.

Even though he speaks no foreign tongue, other than a few tourist words, FitzPatrick has been able to make himself understood by all the world's peoples. He has what he calls his own Esperanto—a smile and pantomime. An actor at heart (he once studied a year at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts), Fitz probably enjoys acting out instructions to the Peruvian Indian, the Balinese dancer, the Dutch tulip-grower or the Spanish farmer. The guides and interpreters he hires usually wind up helping tote baggage while Fitz takes over as his own interpreter.

His greatest problem while traveling is to preserve the delicate Technicolor film after it's exposed. Heat spoils it, so he has to carry dry ice in which to pack film until it can be shipped to the nearest Technicolor laboratory.

Once in South America, a nine-year-old boy was hired to carry the day's footage to a laboratory five miles away each evening. After several days, Fitz was horrified to learn that the kid was making the trip leisurely through the tropical heat by bicycle. Fortunately, much of the film could be salvaged.

In his early years, customs inspectors were the bane of his existence. "I hated them like poison," he admits. But after spending days hanging around customs offices, he began to see their side of it. Fifty pieces of strange-looking equipment, he realized, were the bane of the customs men's existence, too. By now, though, he has made friends with hundreds of inspectors throughout the world. They know he is an honest traveling man and no longer eye his baggage suspiciously.

Each year FitzPatrick spends about four months traveling and another four months at the M-G-M studios in Culver City, cutting and dubbing sound to his TravelTalks, for which his wife occasionally writes background music.

In between trips, he keeps busy with many other activities. He recently opened the first in a chain of travel agencies, which "will feature the truth for travelers." As he explains it, "If a traveler has heart trouble and wants to go to Mexico City, we'll tell her the altitude there may be bad for her heart, instead of letting her go there and be uncomfortable."

He will also issue travel guides for each country, giving rates, distances and menus which he plans to keep up-to-date with annual supplements. And he will develop the three islands he owns off the coast of Vancouver,

British Columbia, into vacation resorts, with guest cottages, swimming pools, tennis courts, boats and movies.

Fitz approaches this last project very practically as a money-making proposition. To build up that section of the United States and Canada as a tourist attraction, he will give a series of radio talks on its beauties from the island, "Hideaway," which he is keeping for himself.

During lay-off periods in years gone by, FitzPatrick produced shorts on great music composers, and on noted American and European historical figures. For a long while he was ambitious to produce a full-length picture. Republic Studios gave him the chance a few years ago. The result was *Song of Mexico*. One reviewer capsuled the opinion of most of his colleagues when he wrote, "And now, without reluctance, we bid farewell to FitzPatrick's *Song of Mexico*."

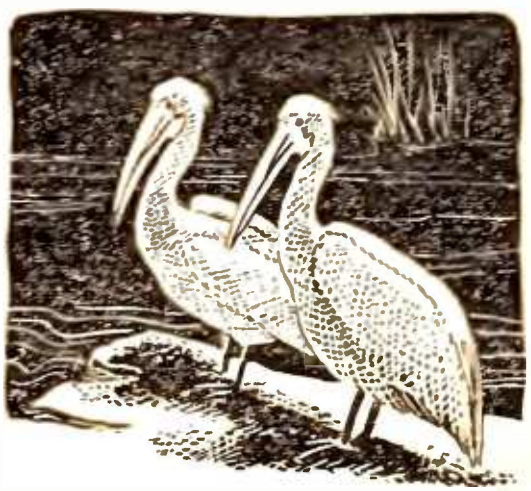
FitzPatrick has freedom of enterprise because he has always adhered to the "lone wolf" technique in business. He has never worked for anyone, nor in partnership. His Travel-Talks belong to him, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer only distributes them. Costing from $20,000 to $25,000 each, not one of them has ever lost money.

FitzPatrick considers himself less a romantic adventurer than a missionary, spreading good will and brotherhood throughout the world. He enjoys being the bearer of wondrous sights to armchair travelers. It pleases him that a blind woman in Monterey, California, is his most ardent fan, who "pictures the scenes as being even more beautiful than they are on the screen."

A Yale man, he became a professional traveler in 1929 when he made a ten-minute travel film, *From Barcelona to Valencia,* during a trip to Spain. When he returned to New York, the movies had learned to talk. Fitz made a record at the RCA Studios in Camden, New Jersey, narrating his film.

It was the first screen narration, and when he showed the film and played the record for film executives, to get a booking in the Loew theatres, the moguls were of the opinion no one would listen to "a voice without a face."

Fitz got the manager of the Olympia Theatre on upper Broadway to run his film. It was a hot summer afternoon. The theatre executives came to test audience reaction. During the showing, heat expanded the



wax record and the needle got stuck. Over and over, Fitz's voice kept saying, "And it is here that the ladies of Spain—And it is here that the ladies of Spain . . ." The audience laughed it off the screen.

The manager agreed, reluctantly, to run the short again during the

next show. Fitz sat in the projection booth, holding his finger on the needle bar. At the end of the film, he was near collapse from the heat and nervous tension. A round of applause from the audience revived him. The Loew executives agreed to take his film, and shortly thereafter he left on the first of many 'round-the-world trips to shoot more Travel-Talks.

For many of his traveling years, Fitz was a bachelor, free of home ties and responsibilities. But one day in 1938, walking up the gangplank of a ship in Shanghai, he bumped into a pretty young lady burdened, among other things, with a birdcage. Gallantly, he offered to carry the birdcage.

Back in the States he married the young lady, Lesley Champlin, a former Chicago newspaperwoman. For a honeymoon, the famed traveler who knew all the world's lush, romantic paradises and could have gone to any one of them, ended up at Niagara Falls, which he had never seen.

Now a happily married man with five young children, he finds plenty of adventure and excitement without going beyond the walls of his spacious Tudor-style home in Beverly Hills.

Gone are the days when he could dismiss with a fatalistic shrug such plane crashes as his own plunge into the English Channel. On that occasion, he lost ten reels of valuable film and all his photographic equipment.

Another time he was involved in a forced landing in Iraq. As he trudged to the British army post nearby for help, he heard his own voice coming from the camp theatre, talking about *Tibet, Land of Isolation.*

Now, for the sake of his wife and family, he's more concerned with safety than with speed.

Fitz has become such an ardent family man that—although he won't admit it because he thinks it's bad for his reputation as a globe-trotter—it is rumored he is tired of traveling and would like to stay home and sit by the fire of an evening in his slippers, having bid a happy and permanent farewell to strange and exotic lands.

His motto has always been, "See the world before you leave it."

"Personally," someone recently remarked, "I suspect he'd prefer to leave the world without seeing any more of it."

▲

The public opinion pollsters are still finding eight per cent of the people without opinions. We wonder why we never come in contact with any of these undoubtedly charming persons.

▲

When the recent war stopped and peace "broke out," the dove of peace didn't bring an olive branch in its bill; it brought only the bill.—*Wendell Noble.*

▲

When Paramount got tired of a lot of trash around the lot, it paid $2.50 a load to have it hauled away. The *Great Gatsby* script called for a scene in a city dump. So Paramount ordered the junk back, at $2.50 a load. *Des Moines Register.*

"Why, Carol—you're back! And I thought you'd used up your eligibility!"

Electricity serves and it slays—so don't get your wires crossed!

THE Shocking TRUTH

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

A DESPONDENT young man in Ohio, tired of it all, climbed to the top of a high tension electric tower and theatrically waved farewell to horrified watchers below.

But in the midst of his dramatics the youth accidentally brushed against a live wire packing a potent punch of 33,000 volts—15 times the voltage used in any efficient electric chair. The juice flowed through him and he plunged 30 feet to the ground.

But despite his tumble and the amazing electric shock he received, the young man was unhurt and scratched his head in puzzlement over his good fortune.

"Thirty-three thousand volts and I'm still here! Guess it's intended that I stay alive." And he did.

That was a typical caprice of electricity, man's good friend and murderous foe. A Toledo mother wasn't as lucky in her experience with shock.

Intending to give her baby a bath, she warmed the water in a metal tub with a small electric immersion heater. Then she placed the cooing infant in the water without removing the heater. As the appliance had an undetected flaw, a sufficient electrical charge was built up in the water to kill the baby instantly.

Actually, the ordinary 110-volt outlet in your house or office is deadlier than mighty charges of tens of thousands of volts. Indeed, your home is potentially more hazardous than a power station. The most dangerous "shock spots" are the laundry, kitchen and bathroom. More than 50 per cent of all accidental home electrocutions occur in the bathroom.

Typical of such tragedies was that which befell a Philadelphia broker who complained of a stiff neck. Foolishly, he massaged the sore neck with an electric vibrator while he lay at ease in a hot tub of water. Immediate death resulted when moisture combined with the electricity flowing through the appliance.

"Does the electric chair always kill its occupants at once?"

This frequently-asked question is answered in the negative by many researchers. They believe that actual death comes to a condemned man in the autopsy room and not in the hot seat.

This belief was almost put to the test in 1928 when a resourceful attorney for murderess Ruth Snyder served a last-minute writ on Warden

Lewis Lawes of Sing Sing forbidding an autopsy after the electrocution of his client.

"I've got a physician ready at a nearby sanatorium," he confided to associates. "We'll rush Ruth's body straight from the electric chair to the sanatorium, where the doc will give her injections of adrenalin the moment we arrive. That way, we may save her and she'll be legally free and alive, though executed according to law!"

The scheme was deflated when the undaunted warden, counseled by his own lawyers, ignored the writ which hadn't been correctly signed by a judge. The electrocution and subsequent autopsy went off as scheduled for the murderess of the decade. But scientists think that the lawyer's plan might have saved his client if the warden had permitted this legal stratagem.

"Does electrocution cause horrible pain or blessed oblivion?"

A. B. Rose, an electrician of North Carolina, has the answer to this one. To all intents and purposes, Rose was thoroughly electrocuted when he held a grounded wire at the very instant lightning struck it!

"I thought every bone in my body was individually snapped like a twig," he related. "Each tendon cracked with prolonged torture and agony. Then I saw a sheet of blue flame inches from my face and all my pain ebbed away. I knew nothing more until I was revived."

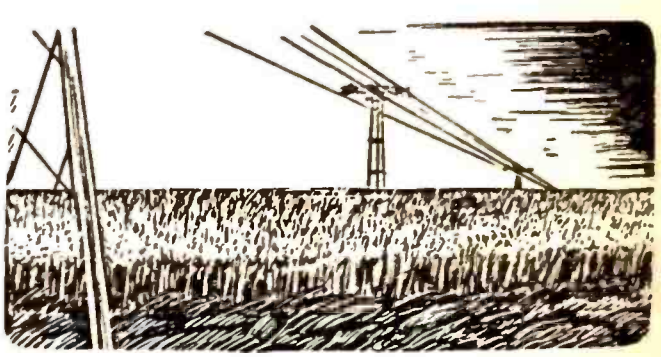
Doctors who worked over him say that Rose was "dead" for 15 minutes. That he lived is attributed to the strange fact that a man has a better chance to escape with his life after a 50,000-volt shock than he has following a 110-volt hit.

STRANGE facts about shocks were gathered by Dr. Livingston Ferris of New York, who used 1,000 guinea pigs and 500 sheep, dogs and cats in his experiments with high and low voltage. He found that high voltage paralyzes the nerve centers and breathing stops—but the animals were revived.

Low voltage, peculiarly, affected the heart in every case and caused that organ's muscles to flutter violently and irregularly, bringing certain death within a few minutes.

And a European "shock detective" inserted tiny glass windows in the chests of dogs and cats, before shocking them with currents of varying intensities. His observation of their hearts bore out Dr. Ferris' finding that low voltage was three times as risky as high power shocks.

Another shock sleuth is Dr. Leo Alexander, who worked with the Boston City Hospital and Harvard Medical School to discover just what hap-



pens when made-to-order lightning smacks frail human flesh. As a result of his studies, Dr. Alexander warns that no electric shock victim should be considered beyond hope un-

less he has had 12 hours of artificial respiration applied by first aid experts.

"I could say amen to that!" exclaims a Bellevue Hospital X-ray technician in New York, who lives today though he was gripped by 75,000 volts of electricity. This happened when he mistakenly touched a live plate. An alert helper quickly switched off the machine and the unconscious technician—considered a sure candidate for a coffin—was sped to an iron lung respirator.

For hours, his limp body was automatically furnished with oxygen by the mechanical lung. His dormant nerve centers were revived and he came back to the world of the living, a dazed but grateful man.

A similar experience was endured by Ernest Heglund, who touched a live wire in a New York power house. His heart had stopped by the time fellow workmen shut off the 70,000 volts racing through his body. But knowing the tricks of electricity, they didn't give up but worked over Heglund in relays until he was resuscitated.

If you've had a stunning electric shock and survived it, you may thank your skin for intervening between you and death. For your susceptibility to shocks is determined by your skin resistance, which varies from one person to another.

Water always reduces your skin's ability to withstand electric current. Wet hands and wet feet can be lethal if you tinker with appliances hooked up to the ordinary 60 cycle, alternating-current house circuit. With dry hands, you can seize a live 100-volt wire and it may cause a severe tingle and muscle soreness. Grab the same wire with damp or perspiring fingers and you're almost certain of a prompt funeral.

The electric chair uses only 2,000 volts and less than eight amperes of current. Its electrical contacts are moistened with salt water to lower the occupant's skin resistance. Yet accident records show that 88 per cent of all individuals who are shocked by 40,000 or more volts—20 times that of the electric chair—recover with no apparent injuries!

Did you know that one shock's effects may be overcome by another electric shock administered soon afterward? Even a current of one ampere, enough to light a 100-watt bulb, was sufficient to start heart pulsations in animals which to all appearances had been electrocuted in the laboratories.

But always play safe and respect electricity—despite its vagaries—for the killer it is. Here is a case in point:

A Newton, Massachusetts, high school boy, hurt in a football game, applied an electric pad to his thigh. During the night, he perspired from the heat and the pad was soaked through. He was electrocuted while he slept—another victim of the force which serves and slays.

▲

As the latest answer to the traffic problem, the city of New Castle, Indiana, is reported now to be selling $10 books of parking tickets which entitle the buyer to 20 parking violations a year.—*American.*

Or So They Say

A well-known newspaperman was engaged by a Hollywood producer as a technical adviser in a drama of newspaper life. He watched in amazement as reporters, true to movie tradition, rushed about with sheaves of galley proofs. "Why don't they calm down?" he asked. "Reporters never move that fast. And reporters never see galley proofs."

"They look impressive," explained the director.

The picture continued on its hectic way. Reporters dictated headlines, ordered compositors to hold up the press, and periodically told off the editor. Resignedly the expert watched, drawing his $50 per day plus expenses.

Only once was his counsel heeded. He noticed that when the camera was set up before the editor's office, the lettering on the door faced into the room. He mustered up courage to point out the error. As workmen were changing the door, the expert heard the director say to his assistant, "Where did you get that guy? Say, he's great!"—*Lookout.*

▲

A large company had moved its payroll date up a day and the clerks were working late to fill the rush order. A few of the men sweated at their desks past midnight, past one a. m., past two a. m. Finally at two-fifty they put on their coats to leave.

As they started out the door, a girl typing the results of their calculations looked up. "Aha!" she charged. "Clock watchers."

▲

The gentleman's attitude was polite but firm. "I'm sorry," he told the young woman who was selling tickets for the charity concert, "but I won't be able to attend the concert. It's for a most worthy cause. Although I can't be there, I assure you that I shall be with you in spirit."

"Fine," exclaimed the young woman. "Give me two dollars and I'll give you a ticket so your spirit will have a place to sit."

▲

Delivering a speech at a banquet on the night of his arrival in a large city, a visiting bishop told several anecdotes he expected to repeat at meetings the next day. Because he wanted to use them again, he instructed reporters to omit the jokes from any accounts they might turn in to their papers. A cub reporter, in commenting on the speech, ended his piece with the following: "The bishop told a number of stories that cannot be published."—*Louisville Courier-Journal Magazine.*

▲

The only creature able to croak and climb at the same time is a toad. —*Canadian Business.*

▲

Explaining the meaning of certain words to her class, the teacher finally came to "sufficient."

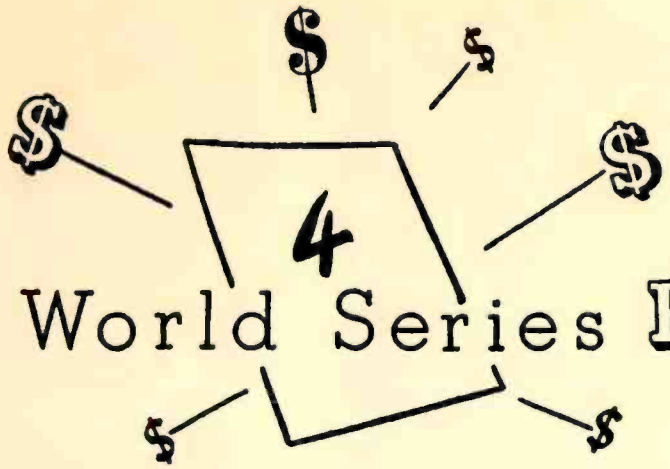
"Now," she said brightly, "suppose there was a cat here, and I gave it a saucerful of milk, which it drank. Then I gave it another saucerful and it drank all that, too. But when I gave it the third saucerful, the cat would only drink half of it. We can now say that the cat had sufficient. Now, Tommy, what is the meaning of 'sufficient'?"

"A catful of milk."

▲

Business prophets tell what is going to happen; business profits tell what has happened.

With a three, five, seven or four, the odds seem to be in your favor.



Win That World Series POOL!

by FREDERICK A. REED

EARLY each October, Americans go on their biggest gambling spree. The impetus behind this money-changing orgy is the World Series, which serves as a shill for millions and millions of numbers pools that operate with each World Series game.

Buying a number in a World Series pool is as nationwide as the measles. But unlike measles, these pools infect the same population segment year after year, in addition reaching new victims as they spread to epidemic proportions each fall. For when the autumn baseball classics begin, barbers, bartenders, shop foremen, salesmen and even the boss's secretary suddenly turn bookmakers and start making up pools. Ready customers for these amateur bookies come from all levels of life. Even the little lady at home can probably find opportunities to buy a pool number no farther away than the neighborhood drug or grocery store.

The great appeal of the World Series pool is its absolute amateur status. Because there is no "take" for those men who earn their livelihood from games of chance, these pools are safe from the professional gamblers. There can be no "fix." A person merely draws a number from a candy box, hat or other receptacle which holds ten pieces of paper numbered from one to ten. Each number costs the same amount of money — ten, twenty-five or fifty cents, perhaps one or five dollars—depending upon the jackpot of that particular pool. The winning number is the one that coincides with the total score of that day's game, or the final digit of the score if the number totals more than ten. Each pool pays off tenfold, or 100 per cent, to the person holding the winning number; consequently, there can be no rake-off for the promoter.

Undoubtedly you have read about people who spent weeks flipping a coin only to find that heads and tails landed uppermost approximately an equal number of times. From a percentage stand-

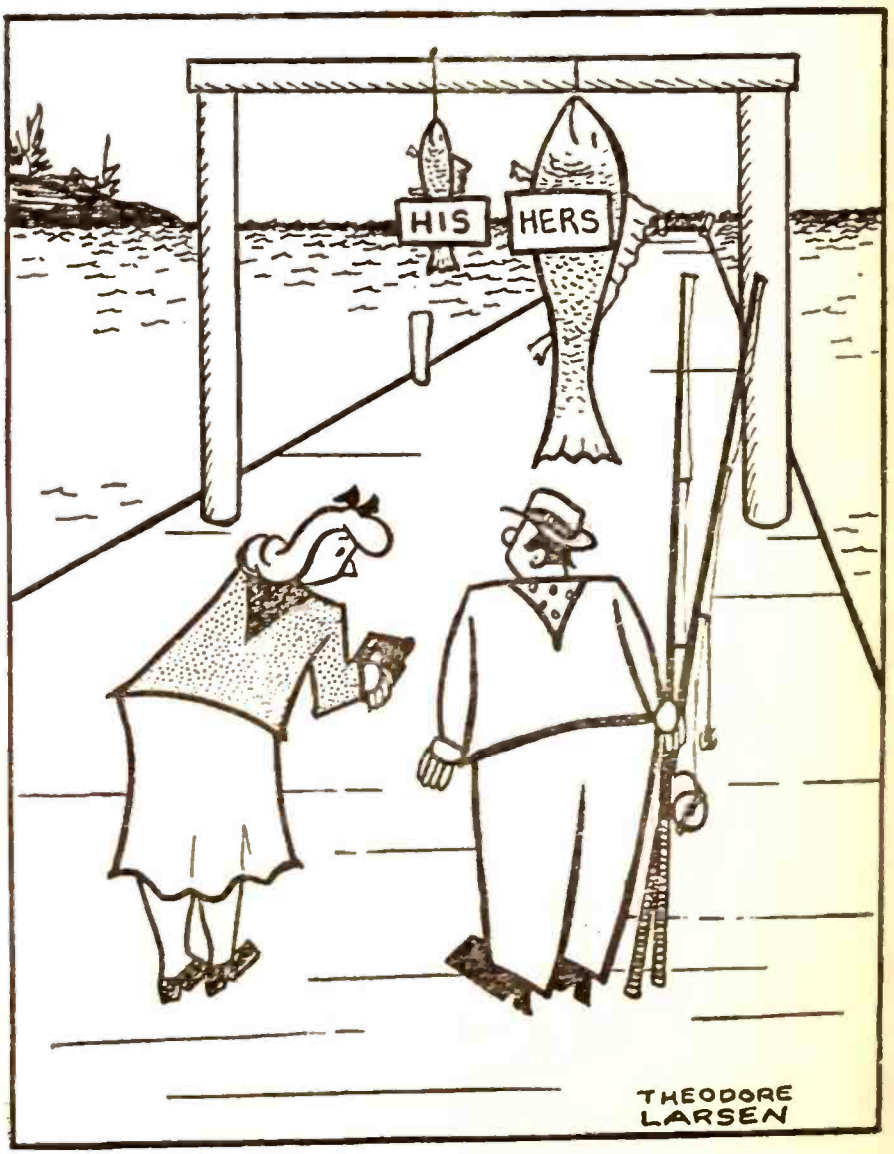
point, any of the figures from one to ten in the World Series pools should, like the head or tail of a coin, come out on top approximately the same number of times over a long period. However, in the case of the World Series pools, the old law of averages fails to function, and a study of the record books proves that the baseball classics do have certain favored numbers.

Since the Great American Game began staging its annual finals in the fall of 1903, there have been 257 World Series games. With that many games already in the record books, each of the pool numbers, one to ten inclusive, should have been a winner 25.7 times in order to match par for the course. Only four numbers have, however, met and bettered this average. These numbers are: *three,* 46 times a winner; *five,* 33 times a winner; *seven,* 31 times on top; and *four,* which paid off 29 times.

The other and below average numbers finished as follows: *nine,* 25 times; *two,* 21 times; *six,* 21 times; *eight,* 20 times; *one,* 20 times; and *ten,* 11 times.

By far and away the sweepstake winning pool number in 43 years of World Series games (there was no Series in 1904) is the number three. For example, if you had laid down a 50 cent piece for the number three in a pool for each World Series game since 1903, you would have paid out $128.50 and would have received back $230. In contrast to this, the cost of the number ten in a 50 cent pool for each of the World Series games would also have been $128.50—but your take would have been only $55.

Between 1919 and 1922, a mild but definite revolution took place in the Great American Game. The cause of this revolution was a gradual increase in the resiliency of the baseball itself. This resulted in the rabbit ball, a ball that was purposely designed to travel farther when hit by the batter. Although the rabbit ball made long hits,



especially home-runs, a more important factor in deciding World Series games, it changed the pattern of winning pool numbers but slightly. A compilation of the 163 games played since the 1920 Series shows that the numbers three, five, seven and four continue to land on top most often and in that order; that nine is an average winner, and that the other six numbers are below the 16.3 average which they should have maintained to be ten-to-one-shots.

The way the numbers finished in these 163 games is as follows: *three,* 24 winners; *five,* 23 winners; *seven,* 22 winners; *four,* 18 winners; *nine,* 17 winners; *eight,* 15 winners; *one,* 13 winners; *two,* 13 winners; *six,* 13 winners; and *ten,* 5 winners.

So there you have it; three, five, seven and four are the numbers to draw in a World Series pool. If your draw isn't so lucky in this fall's World Series, probably you can find opportunities to trade your unlucky numbers for those that have proved to be the ones most likely to win.

But remember, "anything can happen in a ball game—and usually does." This is equally applicable to World Series pools. For instance, number six has twice been the winner in these pools the "hard way"—once, in the first game of the 1907 Series when the Cubs and Tigers tied, 3-to-3; and again, in the second game of the 1922 Series when the Giants and Yankees played to a similar deadlock. And "boxcars," that enemy of dice players, brought smiles to those holding the number two, when the Red Sox and Giants had a 6-to-6 affair in the second game of the 1912 Series.

Yes, anything can happen in a World Series pool. It's even possible that number ten might blow hot this fall. Ten hasn't brought home the heavy sugar since the 1939 Series. It's due, and it's a repeater, having won twice in 1903, in 1914 and again in 1928.

▲

A man was commenting on the increasing difficulties faced in getting an education. "I recall," said the gentleman, "that I myself had a little trouble in the first grade. But I declare, before I got through the second grade, it made me so nervous that I could hardly shave."—*World Cal.*

▲

Under the windshield wiper of a brand new car was a sheet of paper on which was neatly written, "Att'y—am inside attending to business."

Below, also neatly written was, "Policeman—I attended to mine outside." On the door was a parking ticket.—*PM.*

▲

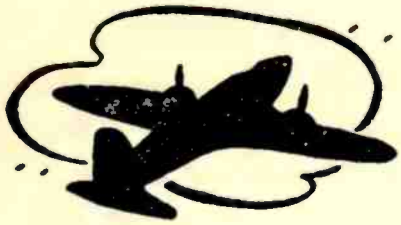
A machine has just been invented to do the work of 100 ordinary men . . . No machine will ever be invented that can do the work of one extraordinary man.—*John L. Collyer.*

▲

Sir Harry Lauder once stopped off at Butte, Montana. The town was about one mile from the station, and the famous Scot inquired irritably of his buggy driver why they had built the station so far away. "Maybe," replied the old man, "it was to have the depot near the railroad."

▲

Instead of choosing the lesser of two evils, many people choose the one they haven't tried before.—*Cedar County News.*

Salt Mine  IN THE Sky

The cost of high living is hard work!

by NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

THE TWA official who was a Very Important Person on board Flight 187 couldn't keep back a frown. Everything seemed to be going according to flight plan aboard the DC-3, but still the man seemed disturbed and mildly annoyed. He was a very curious Brass Hat and the stewardess was giving him something to worry about.

It had been a rough flight from Kansas City. However, now that dinner was over, and in some cases up, things had quieted down somewhat. The cabin would have looked more as the travel ads promised though, except for the strange actions of the stewardess. She was searching intently for something — peering around seats, standing on the toes of her neatly polished uniform shoes—with the intense concentration of a female who at the very least has lost a family heirloom.

When the V.I.P. could stand the strain no longer, he summoned her with an executive finger and demanded to know the object of her search. Was some part of the plane's equipment missing? Should the pilot be notified?

"Oh, no," the girl replied a little sadly, "I'm just looking for the glamour this job was supposed to have."

The true facts are that the job of stewardess on any airline is exceedingly short on glamour. Few girls who progress beyond the probationary period expect life on the airways to be bounded by John Robert Powers on the east and Louis B. Mayer on the west. The girls in flight service usually work hard. Their job has nothing in common with modeling, debutanting, or posing for cheese-cake photos in Hollywood. Legs are used strictly to get a girl up and down the aisle, and the charley-horse is close to being an occupational hazard.

The popular romantic conception of the stewardess probably stems from the movies, the Faith Baldwin school of magazine fiction and the fact that it is still considered unusual for a young female to earn her daily bread 8,000 feet in the air.

Ruth Garlid, who gave up teaching school in a small town to go to work for United Airlines, says that she doesn't miss the glamour at all. "Maybe the job had some in the old days, but not any more. Now it's just plain hard work taking care of 50 passengers. I like the job because of the freedom and variety it offers, and because I like people. I find it's a lot easier to please passengers than the members of a small town school board."

The girls who survive the stiff selection and training program main-

tained by the airlines can be sure to find themselves, upon graduation, in situations calling for strong strains of the pioneer woman. True, they aren't asked to fight off the Indians, but there are other problems to surmount. Problems, incidentally, that have nothing to do with danger. Being level-headed young women, they believe the insurance statistics and worry less about accidents than the earth-bound maiden who must brave the 5:15 traffic crush at 12th and Grand. The difficulties they encounter are largely an accumulation of all the minor things that can go wrong when trying to get 50-odd passengers across the country in a hurry—feeding them, humoring them, and leaving them dazed but cheerful in New York or Los Angeles. This requires hard work, responsibility, and a cheerful tolerance of people who may be normal human beings on the ground but sometimes don't act like it while in the air.

Contrary to the glamour legend, airline stewardesses are not creatures set apart. Also, few of them are nurses, with that antiseptic cheerfulness common to the bedpan trade. Instead, most of them are feminine, popular, extrovertish—not too far away from college and not too far away from the altar. Some of them are ex-school teachers, like Ruth Garlid, or escaped secretaries. All of them who satisfactorily pass probation are dependable females who somehow manage to submerge their battered nerves, tired feet and personal feelings until they can get off the plane.

While on duty, a stewardess is expected to combine the cheerful efficiency of a tea room waitress with Greer Garson's sweet coolness—with something of the Florence Nightingale touch for good measure. All this and conversational ability, too, brings a modest pay check. Some airline officials still seem to feel that they're doing the girls a favor by letting them put on a uniform.

Hollywood notwithstanding, few stewardesses marry either pilots or those dashing, successful young passengers who are supposed to brighten their lives with dates at the Stork Club or Ciro's upon the completion of a flight. Why?

(1) Because, for one thing, most pilots are already married or otherwise amorously entangled. For another, being human they are disposed to seek the company of females who consider them to be very romantic creatures. The girls who work with them are inclined to take a more realistic view.

(2) Because the girls get quite enough of the Successful Young Businessman while he's on the plane. Some of the girls feel their job brings out the Casanova in many males—sometimes only shyly, but sometimes with considerable force. One enterprising maiden who flies for Braniff has written down all the "lines" she has heard. "There aren't very many new ones," she complains. "You just hear the same old 'con' over and over again."

Stewardesses more often marry the boy back home or some male encountered during off-duty hours. These fellows usually think it a wise plan to get them up to the altar as soon as possible, which accounts in part for the large number of girls who are on the job less than a year.

Some of the others who quit, or are fired, are tired of flying, of being cheerful, of the hard work, of airsick passengers. Others get tired of the "brakeman's life" of working irregular hours—of walking into a strange hotel room at three o'clock in the morning to find that two other stewardesses have claimed the best beds. When any of these things happen, some man is going to find himself married, but soon.

Dating an airline stewardess calls for a considerable amount of patience, a comprehensive knowledge of the flight schedule and a willingness to meet planes at strange hours. Social engagements are apt to be broken without notice because of the weather, tired feet or the whims of the little men out at the airport who sit in the office marked "Crew Schedule."

Also, the man in an airline girl's life must possess the capacity to tolerate a community existence on the part of his beloved. Most stewardesses live three to five in an apartment in their terminal city. Between trips there is a constant washing of clothes. Drying blouses, slips and girdles are festooned over everything in sight, particularly in the bathroom and kitchen. The man who makes a social call is likely to find himself dispatched to the corner grocery for another box of Duz.

On duty, the job is a strange combination of the same tiresome, routine chores and the new and startling. That so many girls like the work and thrive on it is a tribute to the resourcefulness of the young American female.

Norma Repaid is a good example of the kind of stewardess that passengers write glowing reports about. Called "Jo" by a large portion of American Airlines, she is a Detroit girl whose uncle is Billy Repaid, the radio commentator. She gave up teaching two years ago to attend American's stewardess school at Ardmore, Oklahoma. Now stationed in Chicago, she lives with two other stewardesses in a tiny apartment on Drexel Boulevard. Currently the girls are engaged in a running battle with their landlady over a rent increase. Their only other unhappiness stems from the fact that their telephone number was only recently abandoned by a taxicab company, meaning an average of three wrong numbers an hour, night and day.

Because she is assigned to an early morning trip, Jo has to get up before dawn and propel herself out to the airport the best way she can. After checking in with the other members of the crew, Miss Repaid is ready to receive the first eager, worried, annoyed, happy, amorous or slightly soggy passenger. Then the hungry must be fed, landmarks identified, the timid reassured, the airsick comforted. The cabin of a plane is no place for a prima donna, or a maiden who bursts into tears easily.

There are endless experiences. Jo likes to tell about the time she served the gravy for the bean soup on her

first nervous trip after graduation from stewardess school. And then there was the little character who boarded her plane after fortifying himself at the nearest saloon. He felt compelled to dance soon after leaving the ground and floated up and down the aisle with Jo in pursuit. She has also had her share of men misunderstood by their wives, grandmothers who couldn't speak a word of English, babes in arms, and Babes anxious to impress the stewardess and everybody else in earshot. She says, "I just let 'em play Queen for a Day."

An occasional misfit spoils the record now and then, but Jo Repaid and the other successful stewardesses have developed a happy faculty for taking in stride any number of bizarre situations, from the ridiculous to those that would try the patience of a seasoned diplomat. Basically they're good at their job because they enjoy doing things for people.

There's no yearning for glamour. Most of them would turn down a date at the Stork Club to eat Dutch Treat with the other members of the crew at Greasy Phil's hamburger joint across from the airport. There no one would notice the consumption of that third hamburger.

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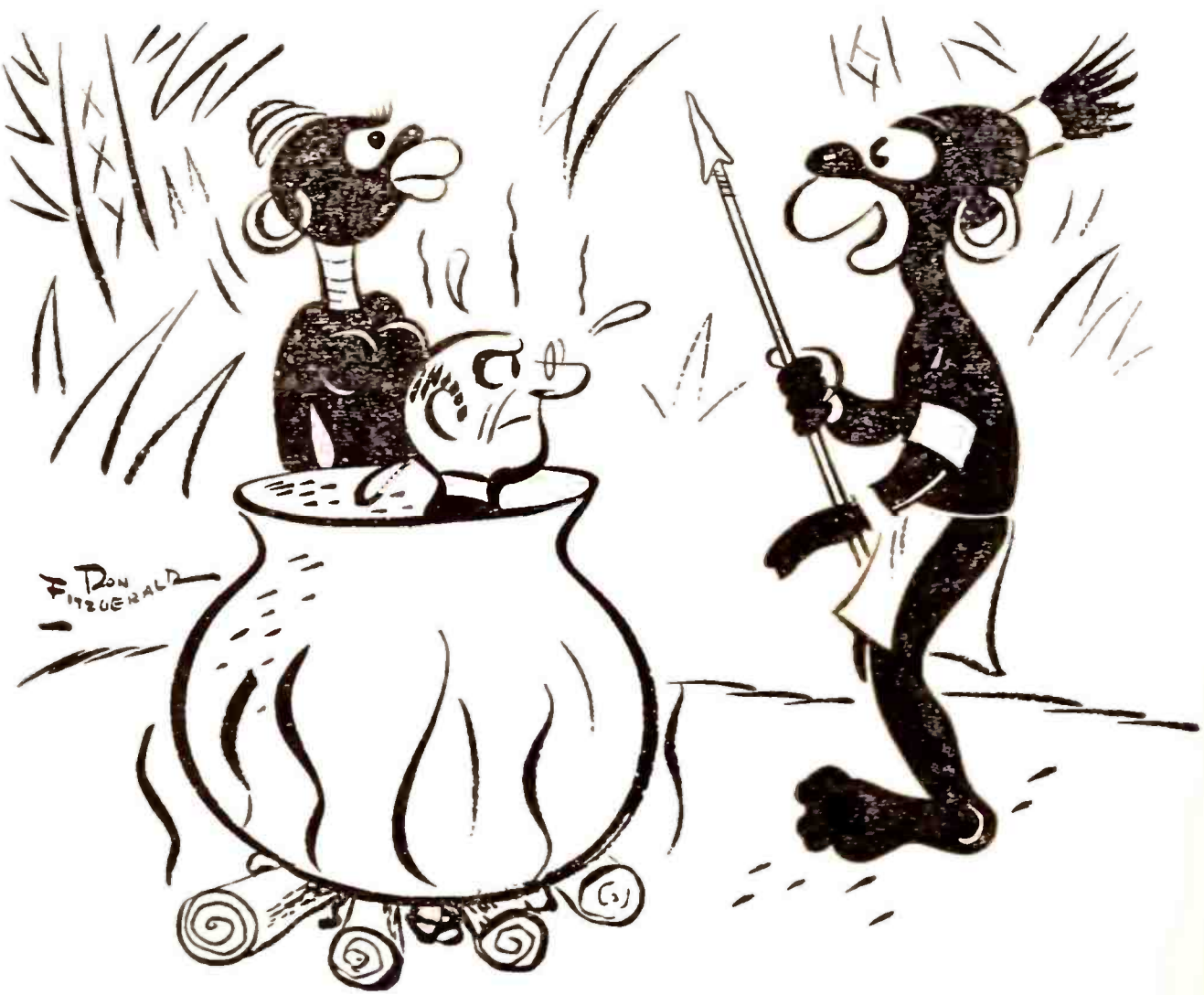
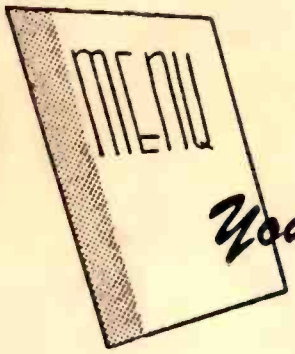


"Hi, kid! Who's cookin'?"

Duncan Hines



Your Tummy's Best Friend!

In the hands of Mr. Hines, the pen is mightier than the board.

by MORTON L. GIBBS

THE most worried people in America are the restaurant owners and their chefs. They never know when a suave, argus-eyed, former printing salesman named Duncan Hines will pop into their places, take a few bites of their specialties, and make or break them with some well-chosen words about the cuisine.

They have good cause to be apprehensive. For the benign nod of Mr. Hines can mean as much as a $100,000-a-year increase in sales to a large eatery. Just as Americans pin their faith on Emily Post (manners), and on Angelo Patri (child care), so do they entrust their stomachs to the watchful Mr. Hines, our foremost food fancier.

If you've ever zoomed over the highways and spotted places flaunting neat little signs reading, "Recommended by Duncan Hines," you may have wondered how this fellow gets around and eats in the thousands of restaurants which sing hosannas to his name.

The answer is—he doesn't. No one gourmet could eat in all of America's dining places, though Hines once tried his best to do exactly that. Nowadays, he depends on a group of 60 friends who do "spot checking" for him. Trained in Hines' rigid requirements, and possessing magnificent appetites of their own, these food scouts are garbed in the anonymity which cloaks Secret Service operatives or the Russian OGPU.

A restaurateur never knows when a Hines agent is eating in his place. If he has been previously approved and listed by Hines in his guidebook, and has since become careless in his service or fare, that information is wired or airmailed to the vigilant Mr. Hines. The only punishment is swift removal from Hines' annual best-selling handbook, *Adventures in Good Eating*. That's a fate worse than death to any wise restaurant man.

It isn't the cost of a dinner that influences the implacable Mr. Hines. It's taste alone—plus cleanliness.

"Price means little!" he snorts. "The best lemon pie I ever tasted in my life sold for ten cents a slice in a town with a population of 50. One of the worst was served in a Manhattan hotel—and it set me back 40 cents!"

Hines and his agents pay for all the meals they sample. They are adamant on this point. Nor does Hines accept

restaurant advertising in his handbook, for he has a horror of what his public would think of his objectivity if an ad crept in.

The mammoth Hines enterprise and his rise to culinary greatness began some years ago when Duncan and his wife took a cross-country motor trip. They jotted down the names of several dozen restaurants which they liked, solely for the guidance of their friends.

Soon, friends of the friends—and then a drove of strangers—were begging Hines for mimeographed copies of his list of quality eating places. Finally, in 1936, Hines took a chance and paid for the publication of 1,000 copies of his first modest guidebook. The result was nerve-shattering.

Overnight, Hines had become a celebrity and the owner of a flourishing annual publishing venture which ever since has been in the best-seller category.

Later, Hines was compelled by his adoring public to print a companion guidebook, *Lodging For the Night,*

which like his first volume sold for $1.50. It recommends hotels, motels, tourist homes and other caravansaries which he or his deputies vouch for.

America's restaurant hosts thank Hines for his emphasis on good manners. A Southern hotel man comments:

"Hines saves our industry half-a-million dollars a year, or more, by insisting on polite smoking habits! Formerly, we suffered astronomic dollar damage to carpets, napkins and table cloths. But our losses are now at a minimum, because the people who follow his guidebooks also observe his hints on genteel behavior. He's a godsend!"

Hines takes a dim view of fancy French names on menus. He likes to know what he's eating. Fifteen million disciples heartily agree.

They agree with him so completely about everything that they beat a dusty trail to his headquarters in Bowling Green, Kentucky, which has become a national shrine for those who value their digestions.

Here, he edits his famed guidebooks and will sell you a delicious hickory-smoked ham if he thinks you'll appreciate its flavor. If you beg him, he'll sell you his own cookbook containing treasured recipes from the best eating houses, famed and obscure. But first Hines makes certain that you're an individual who really likes good cooking and not just a nosey boor.

Few chefs can resist his invitation to surrender their most secret and cherished recipes. One Los Angeles cook, a dour Frenchman who chased kibitzers from his kitchen with a meat cleaver, held out for 15 years.

But when Duncan paid a visit to his kitchen, he succumbed to the Hines dignity and charm and gave his all on the altar of cookery—a magnificent

prescription for preparing artichoke bottoms stuffed with crab or lobster.

"In your hands it is good, Mr. Hines!" he purred happily.

Hines' supply of rare recipes comes from housewives, grandmothers, Army chefs, writers, artists, globe-trotters and farm wives. A Chicago doctor entrusted Duncan with the know-how for making out-of-this-world Philadelphia scrapple. A Long Island farmer surrendered the recipe for "bogberry omelet," a scrap of paper which money couldn't have bought.

Now 64, Hines is a courtly and trim figure. He hasn't the shadow of a tummy. That's because he eats sparingly, though he confesses that often he'd like to savor a meal right through to the final course.

In fact, he sometimes eats only one meal a day in order to keep his taste-buds functioning perfectly. Restaurant owners seldom recognize him. Few photos have been taken of the master gourmet. That's because Hines shuns the preferential treatment which would be given him if he were known.

After having traveled more than a million miles hunting the best dining places, Hines still likes to give his finest accolade to tiny, hard-to-locate places. The more difficult a restaurant is to find, say his followers, the greater the appreciation of its cooking.

That explains what happened in Deadwood, South Dakota, where a small restaurant languished for years until Mr. Hines bowled along on a motor trip. Chancing a meal, he fell

in love with the "Calamity Jane" steak served at this humble eatery.

He made due mention of it in his next guidebook, and overnight the place became famous. Soon, the owner was taking reservations by phone and wire from palpitating travelers as distant as 200 miles away.

If you like ice water with your dinner, then Duncan Hines is your champion. He sets great store by a place whose waiters put shining glasses and a burnished water pitcher before the guests without being asked to.

Men like him because he has waged a lifelong campaign for bigger ashtrays. "A guy as regular as that could endorse asparagus soup and we'd love it!" says a Chicago fan. He's so right!

▲

In the block where I live is a friendly Negro cook named Mary. Very often when she thinks I am ill, she brings me little tidbits. One day she brought me a plate of hash. It was delicious and I asked her how she made such wonderful hash.

Mary's face glowed with pleasure at the compliment. "Beef is nothin'; peppah's nothin'; onions is nothin'; but when I frows myself into the hash —dat's what makes it what it is."—*Julia W. Wolfe.*

People Are Like That

LAST winter, Kenneth Roberts was scheduled to give a lecture in the auditorium of the Boston Public Library. When the day of the lecture arrived, a moderate snowstorm was in progress. About five in the afternoon, Mr. Roberts phoned from his home in Maine to cancel the engagement. "What!" exclaimed the librarian, "the man who wrote *Northwest Passage* can't brave two inches of snow?"

Mr. Roberts kept the engagement.—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

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Millard Hopper, of New York, is a disillusioned man. Tired of hearing his friends brag about Mayflower ancestors, Hopper took up the offer of a genealogist and had his ancestry traced. Anxious to confirm the report, he went to the Holland Society which provided information that his great-grandfather was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. Records there indicated that the century-old Stephen Merritt Funeral Parlors had prepared the body for burial. Mr. Hopper wrote for corroboration. Within a few days, he was advised by the Parlors his ancestor had not only had the deluxe $385 complete funeral in 1850, but that only $200 of this amount had been paid, and would he please remit $185.—*Parade.*

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Long skirts have the women hemming and the men hawing.

▲

"What am I to say to Mrs. Gumble when she arrives, dear?"

An editor's wife has a special cross, compounded of too many husbands.

by RICHARD E. GLENDINNING

IN the days before Harry Johnson became a member of the *Enterprise's* editorial staff, he had been a normal newspaperman with no more than his share of the usual city room inhibitions. But when he began to write editorials, an insidious change crept over him, as it does to all those who exercise the Editorial We.

He was not content to influence readers alone with the plural pronoun. Each night, after locking all unfinished business in his desk, he took the Editorial We home with him, forcing his wife, Gretchen, and Lucy, their husky cook, to contend with it. Actually, the trouble started there, because the pair was never able to discover just where the We had come from.

Lucy was really the first to come to grips with the pronoun on an otherwise inauspicious Sunday morning shortly after Harry became privileged to write in the first person. He wandered into Lucy's kitchen and ran his left finger around the edge of the mixing bowl. Licking chocolate icing from the probing digit, he remarked, "Lucy, we like this."

Lucy was scrubbing a pan at the sink. She turned and, seeing no one at the mixing bowl but her employer, asked, "Who's that with you, Mr. Johnson?"

"No one but us, Lucy."

"Meaning you and me?"

"That's all."

"Then who besides you is at the mixing bowl? I'm over here."

"I'm the only one. I said we liked it."

Lucy's large eyes rolled owlishly. "Yes, sir, Mr. Johnson, I guess we sure do." She sidled toward the kitchen door, ready to make a hasty exit. Later, when Harry repeated his antics, Lucy got a short length of lead pipe from the basement, which she kept within easy reach at all times.

Trying as Lucy's experience might have been, it was Gretchen Johnson who suffered most from Harry's editorial prerogative. She found the plural pronoun to be particularly unnerving when there was company. One night, for example, the O'Briens came over for bridge and were paired against Gretchen and Harry.

Mrs. O'Brien mentioned a spade.

"We bid two hearts," said Harry.

"I'll speak for myself, dear," Gretchen murmured.

"Of course," Harry said, "but the bidding hasn't come to you yet. You'll get your chance, so be patient."

"Then please don't tell them how I'll bid. As a matter of fact, I didn't have hearts in mind at all."

"Gretchen, I was not telling them your bid."

"You said that *we* bid two hearts."

"Yes, we, meaning me."

The softness in Gretchen's voice vanished, leaving only sharp edges. "Oh, so I don't count for anything around here!"

"Gretchen," Harry sighed, "don't be ridiculous."

The O'Briens became uncomfortable. Suspecting that the Johnsons had devised a complicated method for signaling hands, they went home early, in an obvious huff.

Several times during the next few days, Gretchen wished that she had gone with the O'Briens.

In the midst of small household arguments, Harry had the annoying habit of calling upon his unseen collaborators for assistance. "Gretchen," he would say, "we do not agree with you." Invariably, she would surrender with the hopeless feeling she had been outnumbered.

As a direct result of Harry's newly acquired idiosyncrasy, a domestic crisis arose one morning. He came down to breakfast after a night of conviviality at his club. He was pale and his eyes were red-rimmed. In a tired voice, he said, "Lucy, we don't feel right this morning. Tomato juice might fix us up."

Lucy slammed down her skillet and made straight for her mistress. She announced that she had stood for a great deal in the past few weeks, but that she could stand for no more.

"What," Gretchen asked, "did he say this time, precisely?"

"He accused me of drinking. He said we both got hangovers!"

"Lucy, *we* must be brave," Gretchen said, meaning it just that way. "But there's got to be a show-down. We won't have peace until there is."

The show-down came sooner than anyone expected. It came that very evening when Harry limped into the house, dragging his right leg behind him.

"What's wrong?" Gretchen asked worriedly. She had cause to worry. If Harry were seriously hurt, she might have him around the house for several days.

"We tripped on the sidewalk and threw our hip out of place."

Calling upon Lucy for help, Gretchen got Harry up the stairs and into bed. She made him comfortable while Lucy phoned Dr. Van Horne, the family doctor.

The doctor arrived within a half-hour and rushed to Harry's bedside. He peered down at the patient, clucked his tongue sadly and tilted his head to one side. "Well, Mr. Johnson," he said at last, "well, well. Just where do we hurt most?"

"We don't feel so good all over. Our hip is—"

"Hah-hah! The joke's on me," the doctor said, a strange gleam in his eyes. "I mean yours."

"My what?"

"Your hip."

"Of course, it is."

Dr. Van Horne wagged his finger

under Harry's nose. "You said it was ours."

"Don't be silly. Does this look like your hip?"

The doctor was plainly perplexed. "There, there, Mr. Johnson, we mustn't exert ourselves, must we? Just rest a moment and then tell us all about it."

Harry breathed deeply. "We were walking up the—"

"You and your wife?"

"Just me—and we tripped on the sidewalk. That's all."

The doctor snatched Harry's wrist and took the pulse. He felt Harry's brow. Finally, he felt his own. "All right," he said, pursing his lips, "rest is what we need. We must remain in bed perfectly still until our hip is all well again." With a final mop at his brow, the doctor got out of the room as quickly as possible.

A moment later, Gretchen bustled in. "What did he say, dear?"

Harry snorted derisively. "He wanted to get in bed with me, or some such fool thing. He wanted to rest his leg. Either he's crazy or I am."

Gretchen murmured something.

"Dammit, Gretchen, don't mumble! What did you say?"

"I said, 'You said it'."

Lucy stomped across the room and none too gently set a pot of tea on the bedside table. "We sure did!" she said.

▲

Toward A Broader View

Albert Einstein attended a banquet at which a number of windy speeches were delivered. Late in the evening the principal speaker, who was determined to speak longer than anyone who had preceded him, was introduced. Two hours later he was still going strong, although his audience was yawning openly.

Einstein, bored like everyone else, turned to the man next to him and whispered, "Now I am beginning to comprehend infinity!"—*Hollywood Reporter.*

▲

When Mr. Finnegan greeted St. Peter, he said, "It's a fine job you've had here for a long time."

"Well, Finnegan," said St. Peter, "here we count a million years as a minute and a million dollars as a penny."

"Ah," said Finnegan, "I'm needing cash. Lend me a penny."

"Sure," said St. Peter, "just wait a minute."—*Journal of the Switchmen's Union.*

THE GREAT TENNIS NET!

ENTHUSIASTIC tennis fans, who follow the thrilling annual broadcasts of the National Tennis Matches, have an extra treat in store this year. Because of the tremendous success of this air series, the sponsor, A. G. Spalding and Brothers, has purchased broadcast rights for the 1948 Davis Cup play-offs. Both tournaments will be played in September at Forest Hills, Long Island.

The story behind these broadcasts is unusual, inasmuch as they are not carried by any one of the regular networks. Instead, they are aired over a number of key American stations tied together by special arrangement for the duration of the tournament only.

This "custom-built network" is the work of the Stanley G. Boynton Radio Advertising Agency, and represents a distinct accomplishment in the field of radio.

Boynton's first experience in constructing such a tie-up was a baptism by fire. It came 18 years ago, when Congress was considering an agriculture bill which farm leaders felt would be detrimental to their best interests.

The Boynton Agency was asked to arrange an emergency nation-wide broadcast which would point out the undesirable features of the proposed legislation. Within 24 hours, they had succeeded in connecting 32 stations from coast to coast with special Grade A telephone lines for a one-hour period. Before 11 a. m. of the following day, more than 250,000 telegrams poured into Washington, protesting passage of the bill . . . electrifying response, indeed!

This was the first instance in radio history where a "one-shot" network was built, in an effort to reach a major portion of the American radio audience when the regular networks would not furnish time.

Although Boynton's did not try to exploit the custom-built network business, the reputation it gained from this beginning venture placed it first in the field.

It was this reputation which led Elmer Layden, then president of the National Football League, to call Stanley Boynton to Chicago to arrange the broadcasting of such contests as the All-Star game and the National Professional play-offs.

Within ten hours after landing in Chicago, Boynton had built an 80-station chain; cleared the time; arranged for the construction of all lines, loops, and connections; hired the necessary engineers and technicians; handled all financial arrangements for the sponsor—Wilson Sporting Goods—including payment of rights to the Pro League; and procured Harry Wismer as announcer. To make the story even more incredible, Boyton obtained for his network every one of the 80 stations which he contacted.

With this experience in manufacturing networks, it was only natural that Boynton would be on hand when tennis entered the scene, six years ago. Up to that time, tennis matches had never been broadcast on a national

(Continued on Page 54)

Radio Station **WHB in Kansas City will present the National Tennis Matches, September 18 and 19, at 2 p. m. CST. The broadcast will also be carried by these stations:**

WNEW	New York
WQXR	New York
WSPR	Springfield (Mass.)
WCOP	Boston
WIP	Philadelphia
WARL	Arlington
KQV	Pittsburgh
WBNY	Buffalo
WKMH	Dearborn
WKRC	Cincinnati
WCFL	Chicago
WMIN	Minneapolis
KXLW	Clayton (Mo.)
WREC	Memphis
WGST	Atlanta
WPDQ	Jacksonville
WWL	New Orleans
KTRH	Houston
WRR	Dallas
KTBC	Austin
KFEL	Denver
KUTA	Salt Lake City
KWKW	Pasadena
KFVD	Los Angeles
KGER	Long Beach
KYA	San Francisco
KXA	Seattle
WPAT	Paterson
WGAR	Cleveland
KROW	Oakland

MEET *Miss Kansas!*

1. Miss Vera Ralston of Wichita will rep resent her native Sunflower state in the Miss America Pageant to be held Sep tember 6-12 in Atlantic City.

2. The 18-year-old photographic mode won her title in a statewide competitio staged by radio station WHB in Kansa City.

3. The winnahs! With Miss Ralston ar second place winner Billie Jane Edgar an Joan Elaine Rodgers, who placed third i the bevy of beauties.

4. Bob Kennedy, WHB disc jockey, con gratulates the new Miss Kansas, who is 5 5″ tall and weighs 117 pounds. He measurements: bust, 37½″; waist, 23½″ hips, 35½″; thigh, 20″; ankle, 8″.

2

3

4

. . . *presenting* ERNEST E. HOWARD

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

"UNTIL there is real demand for an engineering school, we won't have one."

With those words, Ernest Howard denied a bright and shining love.

Howard has been chairman of the board of trustees of the University of Kansas City since 1930, three years longer than the physical plant of the University has been in existence. From the first, it has been his idea that the University should serve the needs of the city as they develop.

"Our desire is to provide whatever educational facilities the community wants and will support," he says.

The University's 'round-the-calendar schedule and 15-hour-a-day operation, and its large strides in adult education, are evidence that the policy is being carried out.

But it isn't always easy.

Ernest Howard, in turning an executive thumb down on an engineering school, did so with something of the feeling of a man forced to spit in his own poor, dear mother's face.

For Mr. Howard is himself one of America's outstanding consulting engineers. He is chairman of the United States delegation to the Third World Congress of the International Association for Bridge and Structural Engineers, to be held this month in Liege, Belgium, and will preside over one of the sessions of the Congress, to report on recent developments in long-span steel bridges. He is a past director and a past vice-president of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

Still, with the best interests of the University at stake, he subdued his pardonably intense professional pride long enough to concede that nearly any boy of the Kansas City area who really wants an engineering degree can get one at any of several top schools.

Although a college of engineering is in abeyance for the present, the University is still expanding. This year, 3,500 students are attending the 16-year-old institution, and it is expected that a more or less steady enrollment of 6,000 can be accommodated by 1950.

Discussions concerning the establishment of a local four-year college began as early as 1929, and at that time several men went out to see what they could raise in the way of donations.

Howard approached a certain banker. After he had outlined the plans, the banker murmured, "I see," then asked, "What do you want of me?"

Mr. Howard didn't equivocate. "One hundred thousand dollars," he said. "We're trying to raise five million."

"Tell you what," said the banker. "You go out and get the other $4,900,000—then come back and we'll talk some more."

Howard dispiritedly related the conversation to his colleagues. "It's plain," he concluded, "that we can't sell an idea. We've got to have something tangible."

The late William Volker agreed to purchase a tract of land for a campus. The eight-acre Dickey estate, in Kansas City's rolling and wooded Rockhill district, was decided upon.

And on December 16, 1930, a new board of trustees for the University of Kansas City was formed. Ernest Howard was elected chairman.

It was three years, however, before the first student-filled saddle shoe crossed the threshold. The opening was a matter of conjecture until the last minute. National economy was at its nadir. There was considerable speculation as to the number of students who would enroll; whether the University would then fill a need; whether it should be opened at all.

Those were matters Ernest Howard and the trustees had to decide in the spring and early summer of 1933. They had an obligation, they felt, to operate the school. But how deep was that obligation? Should they operate a university for three students? A dozen? Fifty, or five hundred?

Finally they plucked an arbitrary figure out of the air. If 125 fully-qualified students should enroll, they decided, classes would be held. They personally underwrote faculty salaries for the first year, hired Dean O. G. Sanford and 18 instructors, and announced an opening date.

Long months stretched flat across a shimmering Midwestern summer, but with the first soaking September rain, students came, 264 of them to crowd the three-story converted mansion with the raucous noises of young minds at work. The University of Kansas City was in session.

At first, it was a touch and go operation. Although 30 to 40 per cent of all Kansas City high school graduates go on to college (about twice the national average), it took a while for the idea of a four-year university right at home to penetrate.

Still, Mr. Howard and the trustees did not actively solicit students. They wanted the growth of the infant institution to be natural, not forced. They assembled a good faculty, built a sound curriculum and worked endlessly to enlist financial aid.

In 1936, Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth was appointed first president. Summer courses were offered and proved popular.

Two years later, 33-year-old Clarence R. Decker assumed the presidency. He was the youngest university president in the United States, and president of the youngest university.

That fall, enrollment climbed to 1,500, and the Kansas City School of Law, founded in 1895, became the School of Law of the University.

The student body continued to grow, and so did the school. In 1941, the Kansas City-Western Dental College, fifth largest in the country, became the School of Dentistry. Two

years later, the Kansas City College of Pharmacy, founded in 1885, became the School of Pharmacy.

Today, the campus covers 85 acres. Administrative offices occupy the original Dickey house, and ten additional buildings have been erected. Newest of these is the University Playhouse, which will open this month. Although it is repertory size, seating an audience of approximately 500, it has the largest and best-designed stage of any college workshop theatre.

The University drama department, until now relegated to a garage, has been unusually successful. Six graduates are currently appearing in New York stage plays.

"If six actors can come out of a garage," Howard says, "it will be interesting to see how many come out of a theatre."

A bachelor for many years, Ernest Howard is a mild, modest man, given to understatement.

As senior partner of Howard, Needles, Tammen, & Bergendoff, he heads what is likely the world's largest bridge designing firm. They have designed 12 bridges spanning the Mississippi River and 18 across the Missouri. The firm and partners have been responsible for many important structures in 40 of the 48 states, in Canada, Mexico, and other countries. Their recent work includes Akron's $9,000,000 express highway system, the $6,000,000 Duluth to Superior St. Louis River Bridge, Wilmington's $40,000,000 Delaware River Bridge, the $20,000,000 Maine Turnpike, Kansas City's $3,000,000 Southwest Trafficway Viaduct, New York City's $28,000,000 Deegan Boulevard, and the $11,000,000 twin Potomac River Bridges in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Howard and Mr. Bergendoff are resident in Kansas City; Mr. Needles and Mr. Tammen, in New York. Completely staffed design offices are maintained in both cities, with project offices elsewhere as conditions require. They regularly employ about 125 graduate engineers, although during the war, while designing a number of special projects for the government, their staff was more than 500.

As a wartime project, the firm wrote and prepared for publication TM 5-286, the 350-page War Department Technical Manual on semipermanent highway and railway trestle bridges.

OUR BACK COVER is the Great Falls of Yellowstone National Park, viewed from Artists Point. The fall has a total drop of 308 feet. (*Photo courtesy Union Pacific.*)

Howard, a great Bible student, is the son of a Presbyterian minister. He was born in Toronto, but his family moved to the United States while he was still young. He graduated from the University of Texas as a Phi Beta Kappa and Tau Beta Pi, and instructed in the engineering school there for a year before joining Waddell & Hedrick, a Kansas City engineering firm.

Much of his early work in bridge design came in repairing damage caused by a flood of the Kaw River in 1903, and he had many large structures to his credit by the time he went to the engineering corps of the Army as a captain in World War I. Rapidly, the reputation of this young engineer spread. His first employer, Dr. J. A. L. Waddell, originated and built the first vertical lift bridge. Howard developed the design further, recommended it, and has had the satisfaction of seeing it become a well established and widely used structure. Several years ago, he was awarded the Thomas Fitch Rowland Prize for his technical paper on vertical lift bridges.

In 1939, he received an honorary Doctor of Engineering degree from the University of Nebraska.

An unusually scholarly person, Mr. Howard is a student of early civilizations. He has combined his profession with his hobby of archeology, to become a recognized authority on engineering, design, and city planning throughout the centuries. Field trips to Egypt, Europe, and Asia Minor have furnished him material for several treatises which are lightened by his quiet, dry wit.

Friends say that Howard, who collects objects of art, has an unerring sense of classic beauty which is evident in the design of his bridges. The Passaic River Bridge at Newark, designed by the firm, received a first place award as the most beautiful movable bridge built in 1941.

But to the artistic imagination bridge design requires, several decades as a practical engineer have brought tempering qualities. They have outfitted the dreamer with tools, and made Ernest Howard thoughtful, judicial, thorough. They have fitted him ideally, in fact, for his post as legal head of a young but great university.

At that university, the careful planning of a good designer is apparent as yet one more autumn bears the clear strains of *Alma Mater*.

▲

"Yep," said Grandpa, "newspapers are just like women."

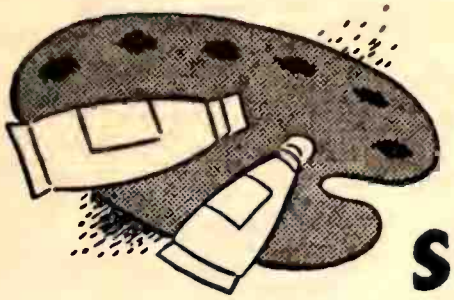
"But, Gramp," questioned his college grandson, "I don't get it. What do you mean?"

"Well, son," said Grandpa, "it's like this. They both have forms, back numbers are not in demand, they always have the last word, they are well worth looking over, they have a great deal of influence, you can't believe all they say, there's small demand for the bold-faced type, and every man should have one of his own and not borrow his neighbor's."

▲

"Why is it that the fussiest women can hold on to the best of servants?" asked the lady of the house of her cook in a moment of confidence.

"Ah, there you go with your compliments again, ma'am," replied the pleased cook, "but I'm sure I don't know."

YOU  Can be a SUNDAY PAINTER

The dead have no monopoly on art. It can be created by living Americans—you, for instance.

by EDWARD LINDEMANN

TIRED of the same old work and the same old hobbies?

If you are, there's something so challenging to do, so fascinating to explore, that you'll forget you were ever tired. That's painting pictures.

"But I can't even draw a straight line!" you're undoubtedly screaming genteelly. To that we must reply, also genteelly, "Neither can an artist—he uses a ruler." Or, to put it another way, art is something that has never been defined to anybody's satisfaction, and neither has an artist. Anyone can produce art of some kind.

For instance, an old lady of 86 in Eagle Bridge, New York, has become world-famous for her "modern primitives," which sell at hundreds of dollars each. Her name is Grandma Moses. "I had arthritis and neuritis so bad that I could do but little work," says she, "but I had to keep busy to pass the time away. I tried worsted pictures, and then tried oil, and now I paint a great deal of the time."

Then there's Bill Traylor, a former slave, who lives in Montgomery, Alabama. At 92 he is painting on the backs of old pieces of cardboard simple pictures of animals and human beings that critics have called "incredible" and have exhibited in Alabama, New York and elsewhere. His work is an unconscious re-creation of the cave drawings of prehistoric man—whose fine sense of form and simplification have delighted artists and public ever since the first "picture-gallery" cave was discovered.

Then, of course, there was Gauguin, who, as a broker, used to paint on Sundays and did so well at it that he became one of the French impressionist masters. (He also threw up his job and family and ran off to the South Seas. This, however, will not be necessary for you.)

And alongside wild man Gauguin was the meek and careful little French customs official, Rousseau, whose Sunday paintings hang in museums all over the world today.

You can do at least some of what they did in those spare hours on Sundays and during the week. Exhibition of your work in museums is not guaranteed, but the exhibition of them on your living room wall, or maybe merely in the kitchen, is just as possible as you yourself make it.

What's needed? Materials and some ideas. To try yourself out, you can start very simply and inexpensively. It isn't necessary to have an easel, palette and a dozen brushes. Oil colors are not imperative. Pastel, for instance, is a good medium for ex-

perimenting. A box of these colored chalks will cost you about a dollar in an art store, and you'll be delighted at the variety of beautiful colors in such a collection. A large pad of drawing paper will cost another dollar or so. A good size is 15x20 inches—smaller sizes are not desirable, for they encourage a beginner's tendency to work in a cramped way.

Or water colors will serve very nicely. You can buy them either in a set of little cakes, or in tubes. Paper intended for water color use is best, but ordinary drawing paper will certainly do for your experimental efforts.

The old-fashioned idea in pictures was to select a nice dreamy, sentimental subject and then paint it as vaguely and unimaginatively as possible. Art reflects people; it's not like us today to swoon gracefully over a pile of euphemisms, as grandma did, or mistily paint a misty moon over a misty meadow.

So choose some forthright subject and go about it with a, "This is *it*," feeling. Use your pastels, water colors or oils at their full color brightness. When blending is called for, preferably blend clear strokes of one color into clear strokes of another, rather than smear them together. Let your vigor speak out. Don't worry about portraying details meticulously and exactly—the proper place for that is in architects' drawings.

Again, as you value your imagination and the fun you'll get from Sunday painting, don't copy other pictures! Even if you think your first attempts are terrible, let them be your *own* terribleness. Half the joy of painting comes from the stimulation it gives the imagination. Art is not intended to do the camera's work of reproduction—rather it wants to say some special thing about an object in a very special way. It wants to comment from some unusual angle of thought and feeling, to stimulate us to a fresh viewpoint.

Let's assume you want to do a simple still life of an apple. How many ways can you "look" at an apple? Dozens! The first way is the most obvious way—a nice roundish red apple with white high-lights, and a nice smooth shadow on the shadow side.

Instead of trying to paint it that way, let's consider some of these approaches: The apple isn't a circle, but two ovals overlapping each other. It isn't oval, it's square. It's red, but so is the cloth on which it rests. and so is the wall behind—each a different kind of red. It's not a red apple, but a blue one. And its shadow is green. Or its shadow is pink.

Those are exercises in the appearance of the apple. Now let's think about the "philosophy" of the apple. What's the most important thing about an apple? Let's say it's the fact that it has seeds in it that can create a whole new tree: the wonder of life and how it keeps going on, creating and re-creating. To suggest this, an artist might show the seeds at the same time that he shows the outside of the apple covering them. Or he might paint an outline of the seeds as big as the apple, or bigger, right on top of the image of the apple itself. Or he might draw a seed, an apple and a tree all in one image, the side of the

apple perhaps becoming also one side of the tree's trunk.

Or it may seem most important that the apple is a living thing made of protoplasm cells, and so is related to all other life on earth. Here an artist might bring into one design a suggestion of the apple, of a baby's head, of a butterfly, of a hand doing work, of a single living cell as it is seen through a microscope.

And then in the end, the apple's visual beauty may seem the most important aspect of it. Here again the Sunday painter, like all artists, has the privilege of exaggerating, changing and intensifying that beauty at will, through imaginative use of color, form, brightness and darkness.

In this you'll find through experiment that it isn't only the color you select for the apple that counts, but also the color you put next to it—just as with a dress and accessories. The forms next to the apple's roundness are just as important as the apple's form. And an object is bright only when it's seen against something dark—or vice versa. Here once more painting teaches us philosophy—that everything in life affects everything else; nothing is isolated.

Many beginners get so enthusiastic about painting that they try to get 17 pictures into one. They overload their landscape or still life with many objects. It's better to select one object at first, or one dominant object and just one or two "added attractions."

But how to keep several different elements from fighting? This you must do, for if the beholder's eye and mind are drawn constantly from one object to another and back again, he gets tired and annoyed. The secret is to make one object dominant, and the rest must serve it rather than fight it for attention. You can make one element in a picture dominant by placing it higher than the others, or painting it in brighter colors, or giving it a jagged, dynamic shape against smooth flowing shapes, or painting it darker against light tones. There are other ways of doing it, which you'll discover when you have brush in hand.

But composition isn't that simple, really—which is what makes it so interesting. The tendency of a beginner is to put the dominant object right spang in the middle. But you'll find it more pleasing finally if you shove it aside a bit—let's say to the right. When you do this, however, the picture will seem to "fall over" to the right and will feel unbalanced. Now somewhere on the left you'll need another object, not as big as the main object, probably, but just strong enough, through dynamic color, tone, or shape, to balance the main one without fighting it. Some pictures

are made up of three or four sets of complicated balances. But start with one.

Another way beginners tend to over-fill their pictures is in being fussy with lines and strokes. The average person making a doodle while telephoning will create his design from just two or three strong lines; but if you say, "Draw a face," he usually makes six or seven light little strokes for the nose alone, and dozens for the whole face. The psychology behind this is the psychology of uncertainty. "If you're not sure of yourself, go slowly and look busy."

Practice seeing a line of an object in your mind's eye and then drawing it in *one* stroke (and it shouldn't be a copying stroke, remember, but an interpreting one). Even if you don't like the line you've put down, you've achieved much in developing the habit of being bold and free with it. The best artists never fuss over each pore in a face—they recreate the *spirit* of that face with a few bold strokes. The classical-style drawings of Picasso, which are without shadows or details, are excellent examples of such free simplification.

Another consideration is the question of what people are reminded of by certain lines, colors or tones, what psychologists call "association." A lot of black, for instance, induces a mood of dreariness and death; yellow and orange make us cheerful because, often unconsciously, they remind us of open fires and lamplight in the home.

Similarly, through association, certain lines speak specific moods to us. Vertical lines suggest tall buildings, people who carry themselves erectly, bookcases, doorways—in short, dignity and poise. Horizontal lines suggest the horizon, beds, gardens, restfulness, peace. Diagonal and jagged lines convey energy and action, because we see such lines in animals and human beings jumping, running, swimming, dancing, fighting. Curved lines have a special grace and peace, through association with mountains, shore lines, the female figure, and so on.

It isn't only objects that make a picture, but also the spaces between the objects. Spaces that are jagged in shape will never make a restful picture, and spaces that are flowing and graceful in shape will never make a dynamic picture. A good way to study all the shapes and tone relations in a picture is to squint at it through half-closed eyes. This reduces it momentarily to its most basic form, and you can judge one part against another without being distracted by detail.

These are a few of the facts of Sunday painting that are such fun to work out in practice. You'll discover more of them as you go along, and even occasional contradictions of them.

If you don't want to go in so seriously for rules, you can just forget them and go your own merry way because, no matter which way you do it, painting is fun!

▲

I sometimes wonder which is going to reach the moon first, rockets or prices.—*Paul Whiteman.*

THERE IS HOPE FOR THE FEEBLE MINDED!

Here is the amazing truth. Backward children can be cured!

by DON TREMAINE

JOHNNY'S father, looking wan and harassed beyond his years, looked sadly at his son and then returned his gaze to the pleasant young schoolteacher.

"I'm glad you're taking him into your class, Dr. Schmidt," said the man, "but I'm afraid it's quite useless. Johnny is feeble-minded. We've been sure of it since he was a year old!"

"Let him stay," said comely Dr. Bernardine Schmidt of Indiana State Teachers' College at Terre Haute. "We've learned surprising things about supposedly feeble-minded children."

Johnny stayed — and liked Dr. Schmidt and the way she taught school. After several weeks in Terre Haute, Johnny's troubles were diagnosed to his incredulous parents by Dr. Schmidt, who said:

"Your son isn't feeble-minded. To the contrary — he's bright. But his eyesight is quite poor and he'll need glasses and sight-saving treatment. He was embarrassed to tell his public school teachers that he couldn't see the blackboard; that's why they considered him dull and stupid."

Johnny entered Dr. Schmidt's sight-saving room in Terre Haute, where other kids with weak eyes had life made easier for them. He was happy to write with big sticks of yellow chalk instead of the traditional white. His blackboards were green, not black.

And the books he read were duck soup for the eager Johnny. They were printed in big, 24-point characters which are affixed to Dr. Schmidt's special typewriter.

Up above Johnny and 30 other children, a watchful photo-electric cell protected their sight. If the sun was reluctant to come out, the cell promptly switched on ultra-powerful room lights. If the sun burst forth, the cell immediately reduced the lights to the right brightness.

In addition, Johnny took lessons in strengthening his weak eye muscles. Dr. Schmidt watched his progress with pride. After one year at the Terre Haute school, Johnny was sent to high

school, where he has since made an enviable record.

Successes like that which crowned her work with Johnny are an old story to Bernardine Schmidt, the Chicago schoolma'am who has revolutionized our thinking about supposedly feeble-minded kids.

She startled the educational world some months ago by announcing that 254 boys and girls, previously adjudged hopeless mentally by doctors, teachers, and parents, had been placed on an intellectual par with normal children after specialized training.

Today, there are 83 of this once sorry crew of children holding positions with salaries of $32 to $85 a week. Furthermore, 17 of them are in supervisory or managerial posts, calling for a high degree of responsibility and resourcefulness!

In the eight-year experimental period with the 254 children, Dr. Schmidt saw to it that 27 per cent finished high school successfully and that five per cent entered colleges and universities.

Back of this amazing record with children considered morons and idiots lies a personality which took to teaching like a duck takes to water.

Bernardine Schmidt in 1935 was a young, recently-graduated teacher—so young that the Chicago Board of Education wouldn't let her teach. That didn't deter her; she opened a private school in a crumbling old building.

Because she needed pupils, she accepted the dull-witted along with the alert. Soon, people began to comment about her astonishing triumphs with kids previously considered fit for the scrap heap.

Then the Board of Education awakened to the fact that it had overlooked a bet in the resourceful young woman who had insisted on teaching. It created a post for her—teaching classes of retarded kids.

Within three years, Dr. Schmidt had sent 254 children on the way to normal lives. For five years after they parted from her, she kept track of their work and their I.Q.'s. All of the 254 were happy and well-adjusted, with Intelligence Quotients as high or higher than the "normal" level for their ages!

"Many of these children had abnormal fears of going out on the street, to stores, to school by themselves," Dr. Schmidt relates. "My job was to acquaint them with the world we live in."

She accomplished this, in part, by setting up a model store in her school room. Here, children acted as clerks and customers, wrapped packages, made change, issued receipts. They set up their own newspaper with the help of a mimeograph machine.

Chicago merchants and manufacturers heard about the experiment and were impressed. They donated merchandise, groceries, books, visited the school, took the children on tours of their own establishments. Later, many of these once backward pupils landed well-paying jobs with their benefactors.

Some who had never been on street cars or busses by themselves posed a problem to their teacher. She sent them out alone with written direction slips pinned to their shirts and dresses. Sure enough, these kids—proud of

(Continued on Page 49)

So far as Slim Hoffman is concerned, the boom is on!

ONE MAN ATOM BOMB!

by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

FOR over 35 years one man has been blowing up so much stuff that he might well be considered the only human being who rivals the atom bomb in sheer destructiveness.

He is 76-year-old Walter Hoffman, a well-paid Hollywood hireling who blows down walls, sets fire to buildings, provides smoke and flame for roaring cannons, creates earthquakes, wrecks bridges and performs other acts of a not-too-peaceful nature all for the benefit of the grinding cameras in the studios and on location. As a destroyer of life and property—all make believe, mind you, but awfully realistic—he has few equals.

"Slim," as he is known to those in the West Coast movie industry, started his unique career in the old silent picture days—those days when the perils of Pauline were all too, too real. The "cliff-hangers," as they're sometimes called, had more than a fair share of blood-and-thunder, and it was Slim's job to cause the explosions, landslides and raging battles that endangered such heroines as Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Ruth Roland and other luminaries.

His fine talent for creating devastating scenes has continued right up to the present. Recently, for instance, he was responsible for the harrowing scenes in the Betty Hutton version of *The Perils of Pauline,* and *Unconquered.* The latter, a Cecil B. DeMille opus, was right up his alley, calling for considerable gun-play on a mass scale and much powder, smoke, noise and flame, all in the manner of DeMille's grandiose productions. It was calculated to gladden the heart of this veteran dynamite man.

In the more than 35 years Slim has been working for the movie companies, he has "killed" about 200,000 film actors and extras. He has caused box cars to be blown off railroad tracks, landslides and battles galore. For one picture, *All Quiet On the Western Front,* he set off ten tons of powder and had 68 assistants. For *Unconquered,* he set off 500 pounds of black powder, 300 pounds of dynamite and 50 pounds of flash powder. He and his staff of expert helpers had a field day with 1,500 arrows without flames, 500 arrows with flaming points, 300 fireballs and 50 flintlocks. High explosives were used to recreate

the siege of Fort Pitt in the picture, and Hoffman's task was to provide the special effects required to duplicate the fighting on both sides.

During the filming of the picture, almost 30 movie extras suffered minor burns caused by the flaming fireballs which were made of dried moss wrapped in birch bark and soaked in kerosene. These, however, seemed minor casualties to this veteran of the celluloid battles. He has scars all over his body, which he has incurred in his hazardous occupation. His legs are covered with such souvenirs. One of his arms has been broken in 14 places. A leg once was severely injured by shrapnel from an exploding mountain. This occurred in 1930, when a one and a half ton dynamite charge, which was planted in a cliff, blew up slightly off-schedule—and inflicted a scratch on a then unknown young actor named Clark Gable.

Slim learned his business the hard way. He picked up a lot about explosives during 16 years in the United States Army. His big chance came during the San Francisco earthquake in 1906. Slim aided in stopping the spread of the great fire by dynamiting buildings. He also fought in the Spanish-American War and the Boxer Rebellion in China. In 1898 he was one of those who helped install the first guns on the rock that is Corregidor. It was altogether fitting and proper that he was the one to blow them up for the benefit of the cameras in 1943.

Away from his diabolical chores, Slim is all for the peaceful life. He has five sons who fought in World War I, and five grandsons, who by a not too-strange coincidence, saw service with Uncle Sam's forces in World War II. Slim himself, being too old actually to get in the fight, helped out during the recent war by teaching the art of fighting incendiaries to Los Angeles classes in the Office of Civilian Defense. But the ways of peace find more favor, of course, with a man of his years. His film work brings him a nice income, and he lives comfortably.

Hoffman, who now is regularly employed by Paramount, is proud of his art. Still in excellent physical condition, he is a rugged six-footer with a weather-beaten face, who can swear in first-rate Army style when something goes wrong. Mostly, though, he takes things calmly on his job these days. That, of course, comes with experience. He has a ticklish job; he knows it and plans things accordingly. Usually, he plots every move actors will make in a scene before it is shot. He holds conferences with the director beforehand so as to help keep mishaps to a minimum. In his younger days, he took a lot of chances during the shooting of pictures. Now he has grown older and wiser.

According to Slim, the greatest fire ever filmed was that in *Gone With the Wind*, a job which he had nothing to do with, much to his regret. But his work in so many other pictures puts him at the head of his class, it is generally agreed. He is always experimenting to find ways to produce bigger, better and more realistic disasters for the benefit of the cameras. But, like everyone else, he stands in awe of the destructive power of the

atom bomb. After seeing the terrifying "mushroom" in the newsreels, he stated that there was nothing that compared with it—and Slim certainly is one man who knows his explosives. As for himself, he'll stick to the job of providing excitement for those who frequent the movie emporiums throughout the world. It's a lot more peaceful.

There Is Hope for the Feeble Minded

(Continued from Page 46)

their independence and the confidence reposed in them—learned to take care of themselves in Chicago's roar and bustle and none were reported lost or strayed.

Today Dr. Schmidt is given pretty much a free hand at the Terre Haute school. She has 100 pupils to care for, ranging from 4 to 21 years old. Children living within the school district don't pay a penny for this service. Those who live outside the district pay from $3 to $6 monthly.

Look around and you'll see a tiny girl bustling around the school building with an electronic hearing aid tucked in her ear. She is bright and sociable. Yet, when her parents brought her to Terre Haute, they considered her beyond hope mentally, for she couldn't say a word at the age of three.

After testing her ears, Dr. Schmidt saw to it that a Terre Haute civic club became interested in the child and donated a hearing aid. Today new worlds have opened to the little girl, for she studies and plays with other children in a classroom fitted up with loudspeakers and many types of hearing devices and microphones.

Every week, dozens of saddened and perplexed parents write, phone or visit Bernardine Schmidt, asking her to accept their "feeble-minded" children in her schoolroom.

"Not every child can be helped, of course," she says, "but far more of them can be aided than anybody has realized. We try our best—and here are some of the results."

She then shows you a thick packet of "before-and-after" photographs. These reveal children with sullen, bewildered faces *before* training under Dr. Schmidt, and then you see the same faces a year or two *after*. The difference is incredible.

Any parent, after viewing the snapshots, may feel a new flow of hope that his so-called backward child may in time become a useful, well-adjusted member of society.

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A little boy of six was being taken over his trumpet exercises by the instructor when he was asked, "Can you play an E major scale without any mistakes?"

The boy promptly went through it.

The instructor then said, "Now play an E minor scale."

The boy hesitated, then asked, "With or without mistakes?"

"Is there any chance for advancement here . . . or are all the bosses happily married?"

the MOTH

In sheep's clothing he lurks, the hungriest villain of our day.

by BARNEY SCHWARTZ

IN these days of conservation, the moth is an immediate international problem.

This gluttonous rascal cares not a whit for "eat-less" days. Nor does he care that he brings about the destruction of so many world necessities at a time when so much hinges on those necessities. Eating is his business, and eat he does.

Scientists have revealed that one clothes-moth and her descendants can destroy as much wool in three years as an equal number of sheep can produce in the same period. And that's only a split fraction of the moth's sinister capabilities.

No wonder, then, that moths annually cost the nations of the world billions of dollars. No wonder the moth bill in the United States alone runs far, far into the millions.

The clothes-moth lives off the nap of the land, and causes more changes in sartorial plans than the style-designers of Fifth Avenue and Paris. Its diet may include a chunk out of Mrs. Gildcrust's ermine, or spots out of Uncle Timothy's red flannels.

However, the clothes-moth is not a lone scoundrel. He has both kith and kin. In North America, there are 8,000 different types of moths, all bent on a reckless life of destroying everything from tobacco to tree foliage, to fruit and gardens, to your wardrobe.

It's the moth in the caterpillar stage that does the damage. This caterpillar is a larva, and he must eat his way to wingdom, into the order of *Lepidoptera.*

For if the caterpillar survives his time in that stage, he goes into a pupal sleep and emerges as a scale-winged moth, perhaps very colorful. He is called scale-wing, or *Lepidoptera,* because of the glistening silvery powder which covers his wings and certain portions of his body.

Once he gets his wings, he goes hedge-hopping from garment to garment or crop to crop. The female lays a great many eggs and makes ready the next generation. The eggs produce the caterpillars—and the life cycle continues.

If too many of them are allowed to reach the winged stage, that's solid proof that caterpillars are eating

unsuspecting folks out of house and home.

Most of the caterpillars you see are moth larvae, notwithstanding that butterflies start life the same way. The butterfly is far outnumbered. While there are 8,000 types of moths, there are only 700 types of butterflies.

Even the American silkworm is a moth larva, and like its cousins, has a gargantuan appetite. During its 56 days as a caterpillar, it eats oak and other leaves in the amount of 86,000 times its own weight. That's a heap of eating per pair of silk stockings.

While the silkworm is busy spinning its cocoon for the silk market, the grape-berry moth, the grape-leaf-folder and the plume moth are busy in the vineyards. The havoc they wreak doesn't help lower the prices of jams, jellies, champagnes or other wines.

The tussock moth goes in for stripping shade and fruit trees of foliage. The cotton worm and tobacco worm are moth larvae too, and work violence in their own areas. The garden cutworm and the tent caterpillar will one day sprout wings and become mature moths if unhampered.

The moth is a world-traveler. Back in 1869, the gypsy moth decided to see America. It came here from Europe and immediately proceeded to damage the trees of New England.

National boundaries go for naught, particularly with the clothes-moth. Speculation in textiles and grains doesn't interest him, and stock market reports are mere columns of figures—but watch the exports. This scoundrel will be there, ready for overseas travel. He'll make sure he has first-class accommodations in some type of fabric. He likes wool, but he'll adjust his diet and be satisfied with cotton, silk or nearly anything else.

But somebody is always taking the joy out of a moth's life. Farmers bring out eradicators when the caterpillars ravage their crops. Even airplanes are used to spray compounds snuffing out the fat and obnoxious larvae.

Tree surgeons apply to leaves a poisonous mixture designed to prevent defoliation. The grape-growers, tobacco-farmers and the cotton-raisers aren't content to sit back and watch their crops lose out against the various worms which will one day be moths.

The housewife, too, is a bitter warrior. Ammunition for her crusade of annihilation includes moth balls, cubes, powders, liquids and crystals.

But at best it is a constant battle, with no one sure of the outcome. The housewife who stored winter clothing saturated in anti-moth preparation will be unpacking it soon. With indrawn breath she will shake out the folds, scrutinizing each one to see who has won this latest round—she, or the villainous moth in sheep's clothing.

The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

The price of steel, always linked to that of many manufactured products, is going up!

Wage and coal price boosts will account only partly for this increase. In addition, the abolition of the basing-point system will cause many steel users to pay higher freight charges than ever before. As a consequence, this increased cost will be passed on to the consumer.

The House small business committee recently protested to the Commerce department about heavy shipments of steel to Sweden. That country is already producing more steel than it needs for its domestic use, *and is shipping the surplus to Russia!* Yet the United States is shipping more steel to Sweden than any other country. American manufacturers, in the meantime, are so short of steel that they cannot fill all their military orders.

In July, steel production declined to 88.8 per cent of capacity, largely because of idleness at the coal mines in the early part of the month. Estimates on the supply of steel for autos next year indicate that the waiting period for new cars will not lessen, and that prices will be jacked still higher.

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The Voice of America will shortly increase its family of language broadcasts to 32. The ten new languages will include Ukrainian, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Portuguese, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Finnish, and Dutch. After considerable debate as to its merit, *Voice of America* was granted 28½ million dollars for foreign radio and cultural operations this year. This is quite an increase over last year's 10½ million.

American libraries in foreign countries are being increased up to 25 per cent, and American embassies abroad have enlarged their information staffs considerably.

About the middle of last month, the State Department heard from radio monitors in Europe that Russia seemed to be jamming *Voice* broadcasts with interference. However, the whole matter is being handled fairly quietly, to avoid starting a contest in which the United States and Russia would try to ruin each other's broadcasts.

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A decline in meat prices should help the harried housewife's overstretched budget. The only point upon which economists are not agreed is: *how soon?*

Many agriculture agents believe that the big corn crop, possibly a record 3½ billion bushels, will mean cheaper pork chops by fall. They think that pigs will start coming into the markets in larger numbers and heavier weights in the next few months because many farmers who have been hoarding their stocks of last year's corn will feed it to their spring pigs now that this year's bumper crop is assured.

Meat packers are inclined to take the long view, claiming that nature cannot be hurried, and that it will be a year or two before fat hogs and cattle can be produced for slaughter. Their point is that stocks of cattle on farms are now near an all-time low, and that it will take time to build up a sufficient supply.

At any rate, the American housewife can look forward to more pigs, cattle, milk, chickens and eggs at lower prices—practically the only bright spot in her price-troubled future.

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Prospective home buyers are receiving a shot in the arm from the Republican housing program. Its chief feature is a part revival of federal mortgage insurance, aimed at encouraging new apartment construction.

Another feature of the program makes it easier for individuals to buy new houses,

by reducing down payment requirements. Previously, the Federal Housing Administration could insure up to 90 per cent of the first $6,000 loaned by a bank for the purpose of a new house, and up to 80 per cent of the next $4,000.

Under the new law, the government will insure up to 90 per cent of the first $7,000 and 80 per cent of the next $4,000. In other words, where a man formerly had to make a down payment of $2,400 on an $11,000 house, he now is required to make only a $1,500 down payment.

The government will insure loans on houses up to $16,000, but above $16,000 it will insure no part of the loan.

Government housing experts have been warning prospective home buyers to consider the fact that reduced down payments mean higher monthly payments, and to consider whether their incomes will continue at the present relatively high levels or drop with the first economic recession.

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Radio listeners were sure the long-expected had happened, recently, when, at the end of a quiz program, the announcer said, "Tune in again next week, friends, when we will give away—NBC, the National Broadcasting Company." The automatic cut-off had snipped the program, and the system cue had been given, thus creating the impression that the network was going next. It fitted perfectly Gabriel Heatter's contention that the Grand Canyon would soon be privately owned by some telephone answerer.

A few days later, the Federal Communications Commission applied the brakes—and not too lightly—to the snowballing accumulation of radio quiz shows when it termed many of the shows illegal lotteries which would have to be banned from the air. In fairness to the individual sponsors, each show will be reviewed separately.

Actually, it is believed that the networks feel relieved, for the system of trading merchandise prizes for free plugs on the air made it unnecessary for the donating manufacturers to buy their own time, all of which cut into network income.

It looks like the end of an era in broadcast advertising has been reached. Goodbye fur coat dyed by America's outstanding furrier; goodbye art carved diamond ring, frozen food, 3,000-dollar trailer and vacation trip for two. Guy Lombardo, hello!

THE GREAT TENNIS NET!

(Continued from Page 32)

scale. Therefore, when Spalding's representative, C. P. "Cec" Hanley (formerly with Ferry-Hanley in Kansas City, but at that time with Hanley, Hicks, and Montgomery of New York), asked that a special network be set up to carry the National Tennis Matches, another "first" was chalked up by Boynton. Though this was set up through a brother agency, Boynton handled the radio end of the job.

To discover the most colorful method of broadcasting tennis matches, an announcer was sent to Cleveland, where he covered a set-up match from a mobile studio. Tests were carried out all of one day, and transcriptions made. As a result, the actual broadcast was a huge success.

Aired nationally for the first time this year, the Davis Cup Series (September 4 to 6) will be carried in seven cities from coast to coast on another Boynton tailor-made network. If it proves as popular as the National Matches, its network will be expanded considerably next year.

Two weeks later, on September 18 and 19, the same special 31-station network which has carried the National Matches in the past will again broadcast them. Listeners who last year thrilled to the sensational play of champions Anne Brough, Marie Osborne, Jack Kramer, Frank Schroeder, and Jack Bromwich will find most of their favorites back for this year's contest.

Thus, despite the fact that regular network coverage of these important tennis tournaments is impossible, listeners throughout the country may follow them, set by set, thanks to the ingenuity of Stanley Boynton and his amazing "custom-built networks!"

Platter Chatter

with BOB KENNEDY

THE latest news from the *Nature Boy* retreat is that there will be a new addition to the family soon. Mr. and Mrs. will find no wall plug for the bottle sterilizer, so they must move back to civilization. Wouldn't it be fine if it were a *Nature Boy*? . . . Don't miss out on a truly great novelty combination which features Hoagy Carmichael and Cass Dailey singing *Fightin' Love* on a new Decca platter . . . Kate Smith (if you'll pardon the observation) may not be built for speed, but her speedboat zoomed over the line to cop the trophy at the annual Lake Placid regatta. Kate is now the proud owner of a silver cup . . . The Page Cavanaugh Trio has been signed for two pics yearly following their success in *Romance On the High Seas* . . . Extra-curricular activities in Capitol's roster are engaging the King Cole Trio and the Peggy Lee-Dave Barbour combination; they're eyeing fall radio shows . . . Stan Kenton and crew are taking it easy after completing a full booking of concerts and dance dates. June Christy is still staying with Kenton, despite rumors . . . Beryl Davis is being groomed for movie roles, and her partner on the *Hit Parade*, Frank Sinatra, can relax for another 13 weeks; L.S.M.F.T. signed on the dotted line . . . It is predicted by the experts that within the month the country will be humming, singing and whistling another English importation titled, *Underneath the Arches* . . . If you haven't heard *At the Flying*, give a listen to Elliot Lawrence's version. It's the best Columbia platter he's put out to date . . . Dick Maxwell, formerly heard on the Mutual airer, *Hymns We Love*, has been signed to a recording contract by Tru-Tone Records . . . Louis Jordan and Ray McKinley will be the double-barreled feature at New York's Paramount Theater this month . . . Frankie Laine, Mercury's star crooner, will head east this month for a super Carnegie Hall appearance . . . Jo Stafford is back on the West Coast after the hospital tour with Paul Weston. Rumors persist and the question remains: Are Paul and Jo man and wife? . . . Larry Clinton is now on his first postwar nationwide tour and getting rave notices . . . The pop tune, *Now Is the Hour*, is not a British number and not an original Maori-New Zealand tune; it was actually written 35 years ago as a piano solo in Sydney, Australia, by Clement Scott and titled, *Swiss Cradle Song*. The Maoris borrowed 16 measures, wrote a four-line poem and adopted it as a closing song for their religious services. And that information is direct from the co-writer of the tune, who, by all rights, should know.

Betcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . That Kate Smith's hobby is collecting antiques . . . The Three Suns are known to each other as "Sol" . . . That, although the name Georgia Gibbs would make you think she was born in the South, Georgia was born in Worcester, Massachusetts . . . One of the first quartettes in history was composed of members of the ancient Roman Senate who sang to the accompaniment of drums on holidays. Julius Caesar sang baritone.

Highly Recommended

M-G-M 10237—Blue Barron and his orchestra. *Somebody Else's Picture* and *Every Day I Love You (Just a Little Bit More)*. Here's sweet music at its best with the national favorite, Blue Barron. The first side is a sprightly, toe-tapping song and it's the kind of melody that's easy to remember. The reverse is also a catchy number from the pic, *Two Guys From Texas*. Played in typical Barron style, the song is given a soft, smooth interpretation by the band and vocalists

Charlie Fisher and the Blue Notes. Good for both listening and dancing!

UNIVERSAL U-100—Gene Austin with Les Paul accompaniment. *My Blue Heaven* and *Keep A-Knockin' (But You Can't Come In)*. Gene Austin's back, and it sounds as if the Universal recording people have him. For nostalgia, you can't overlook *My Blue Heaven*; its success seems to be unending with this new waxing. The reverse is an amusing novelty. You'll find Gene is ably assisted on both sides by Les Paul's fine guitar. Tops in entertainment!

MERCURY 5158—Frankie Laine and Carl Fischer's orchestra. *Ah, But It Happens* backed by *Hold Me*. This latest Laine disc will win new friends for the crooner because it's truly a combination of fine tunes and slick crooning. *Ah, But It Happens* is bound for stardom, and Frankie sings it with all the feeling humanly possible. The reverse is an oldie but we haven't heard it for so long that it sounds like something new. Carl Fischer, handling the music for Frankie, does an excellent background job. Another moon, June, croon—Swoon!

COLUMBIA 38262—Kay Kyser and his orchestra. *Too Much-A-Manana* and *Ring, Telephone, Ring*. The first is about a poor senorita having not-so-good neighborly relations with one very unromantic American. Professor Kyser and the orchestra lend solid support to Gloria Wood and the Campus Kids. The flip-over is sung by Harry Babbitt, who is smooth as silk on this ballad. Good entertainment on both sides, and well worth the pesos!

***Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.**

VICTOR 20-3003—Count Basie and his orchestra. *Ready, Set, Go* plus *Seventh Avenue Express*. This fellow Basie gets mellower with the seasons and you'll find ample proof in this newest release. *Ready, Set, Go* is a new Sunny Skylar tune with plenty of lively rhythm supplied by the Count's crew, and a fine Jeanne Taylor vocal. The reverse, *Express*, is just what it's name implies. It doesn't slow down from beginning until 2 minutes and 31 seconds later! Tops for jazz fans.

DECCA 24472—Mills Brothers vocal with guitar. *Two Blocks Down, Turn To The Left* and *I'll Never Be Without a Dream*. The brothers offer two fine sides, the first being reminiscent of *Between 18th and 19th On Chestnut Street*. There's close voice blending in addition to their original orchestral choruses which made them famous. The flip is a nice ballad with a powerful sentimental appeal done in the Mills Brothers' unique style. Nothing but applause for both sides!

CAPITOL 15148—Nellie Lutcher. *Cool Water* plus *Lake Charles Boogie*. Here's that Lutcher gal with her unique piano and song styling, giving her version of Bob Nolan's *Cool Water*, and with surprising results. The reverse is top-notch boogie with a vocal; and, incidentally, it's a Lutcher original written about her home town — Lake Charles. Rhythm you won't want to miss.

COLUMBIA 38286—Jerry Wayne with rhythm accompaniment. *You Call Everybody Darlin'* and *Cuckoo Waltz*. Here's a superb new voice with two superb ditties. The first side Jerry takes in easy-going fashion with the familiar "Busse" rhythm in the background. The tune is one of those novelty tunes that appears to be headed for the top. This one is backed by a revival—one of those "nobody owns it" public domain melodies titled *Cuckoo Waltz*. And you can be sure that in addition to the vocal by Jerry, there are cuckoo effects—every chorus, on the chorus.

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

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When Ole Bull, the great violinist, was asked to bring his fiddle to a dinner party, he accepted for himself, but he sent word that it would be silly to bring his instrument since all it ate was a little resin, which, he trusted, would not be included in the menu.—*Gourmet*.

CHICAGO *Letter*

by NORT JONATHAN

CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD is a busy Indian these days. On Sundays the Chief, who is a full-blooded Winnebago, s the featured attraction out on the north-west side of Chicago, where the Olson Rug Company maintains a highly realistic out-door exhibit. Weekdays the Chief teaches ndian lore for the Chicago Park District. Evenings you can find him at Thunder-loud's Indian Curio Shop on Dayton treet, or substituting for one of the In-lians at the Railroad Fair on the lakefront. t would seem that even an Indian working or the Santa Fe railroad would want a night off once in awhile.

Thundercloud, however, is strictly a usinessman. He'll keep on working as ong as there is a job to be done. In slacks nd a sport coat he looks like a local citizen who has realized his ambition to stay out n the sun until burned to a bronze hue. n his native dress, complete with paint nd feathers, he is indeed an awesome sight. He is also a polished actor who never lets he public down. Whether he is conduct-ng a Winnebago initiation ceremony or cting like a big chief is supposed to act when confronted by civilization, Thunder-loud is every inch a chieftain.

No phoney chief, Thundercloud is roud both of his ancestry and his ability o turn his considerable talents as a red-an into hard cash. He does not need an gent and makes all business arrangements imself. He can figure down to the last ead and feather how much he will have to spend for costumes when outfitting one of his productions. Anything but lazy, he believes in keeping busy and in the profit system.

As this is being written, Thundercloud is contemplating adding an authentic at-mosphere to the Indian Trailer Corpora-tion's exhibit at the Cook County Fair. Complete with family, Thunderbird and tepee, he is planning on moving to Burn-ham Park for the occasion. At a recent meeting with the Indian Trailer people and their advertising agency, he carefully went over each and every item of the proposed budget for his exhibit. When somebody questioned the high cost of a head-dress for one of his braves, he patiently in-quired, "Have you people tried to buy any fine feathers lately?" There was no further comment.

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The previously mentioned Cook County Fair looks as though it will be quite a show, with or without Thundercloud. The promotional reins are in the extremely capable hands of a couple of Irish gentle-men named Orville Cullerton and Frank Hogan, who are well known hereabouts for their yearly sport and travel show which plays to capacity crowds for two weeks every March. Having nothing much to do until the snow flies, they decided that a fair, complete with a ferris wheel and dancing girls, wouldn't do Cook County any harm and might very con-ceivably do Cullerton and Hogan a lot of good. So now Chicago will have its first bonafide County Fair in several decades—a sort of junior Century of Progress. It'll continue into the second week of Sep-tember, with appropriate prizes for the best homemade quilts, preserves and canned strawberries. This will be something new for our local housewives, who aren't used to competitions of this kind.

The boys are promising a king-sized mid-way, just so that Daddy will not feel left out of things. Combined with the Rail-road Fair, which is just down the Outer Drive, this Cullerton and Hogan produc-

tion ought to provide a hot time in the old town.

• • •

Hollywood is also discovering Chicago these days. A movie company has been around these parts shooting exterior scenes for a new Alan Ladd film and drawing bigger outdoor crowds than a bad accident. Mr. Ladd has been moving among our citizens as unobtrusively as the Paramount press agents will let him. However, the word gets around fast and each appearance of the movie company on the streets has drawn at least a few thousand citizens eager to see Hollywood at work. Watching her hero in action had a disillusioning effect on one of Mr. Ladd's feminine fans. After inching her way to the front of the crowd and taking it all in for at least an hour, one bobby-soxer turned away from her hero with the disgusted comment, "All he did was get into a taxicab and it took him 15 minutes to do it right."

• • •

Keeping order throughout the filming of street scenes were Chicago's newly mounted traffic policemen. The last of the police horses were retired several months ago, to be replaced by shiny three-wheeled motorcycles. The traffic detail itself was augmented by hundreds of new patrolmen. Now it's practically impossible not to get a ticket if you insist on violating any of the town's traffic laws. Citizens who thought nothing of parking all day in a 15 minute zone now hurry back to their jalopy in less than 14 minutes. Apparently non-fixable tickets are the reason.

This tightening of the traffic regulations has had a stimulating effect on the city treasury. A good patrolman can write several hundred tickets a day without getting writers' cramp, and Mayor Kennelly is encouraging the boys in blue to write Chicago out of the red.

• • •

In September, our third television station, WENR-TV, should be in operation. This new addition will give Chicago saloon-keepers another source of free entertainment. Those who like sports will now be able to choose between wrestling and hockey, or baseball and the prize-fights almost any night. Video hereabouts has been the answer to the sports fan's prayer. Both of the stations already on the air have done a good job of telecasting all available sport events.

However, studio programming has lagged far behind. Television productions originating in the studios haven't attracted much interest. With the exception of WBKB's *Junior Jamboree* and WGN's realistic courtroom drama, and perhaps three or four other shows, writing, acting and production have been either unimaginative or just downright crude.

The precocious eight-year-old daughter of one of our town's better radio actresses doesn't care much for television. After watching her parent emote in a particularly over-acted dramatic sketch, she turned off the receiver with the critical remark, "Mother is certainly slipping."

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Even after becoming boss of a great railway empire, James J. Hill retained his habit of extreme thriftiness. Making one of his periodic inspections one day, he discovered a perfectly good spike lying on the roadbed. With fire in his eye and the spike in his hand he sought out the foreman.

Luckily, the foreman saw big Jim coming. Like every employee, he knew Hill's reputation, so he rushed to meet him with the exclamation: "Thank goodness you found that spike, Mr. Hill! I've had three men lookin' for it for a week now!"

▲

At long last Mrs. Jones had graduated from her advisory position in the back seat directly behind the steering wheel. She was at last engaged in the actual act of driving the car. Silent and fearful, her husband sat beside her.

As the difficulties of driving began to accumulate, Mrs. Jones began grudgingly to betray some concern.

"Oh dear," she finally confessed, "I don't know what to do next."

"Maggie," ventured her faithful mate, "That's easy. Just tell yourself what you would tell me to do and go ahead and do it."

CHICAGO *Ports of Call*

by JOAN FORTUNE

Very High Life . . .

BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, th at Michigan (WAB 4400). The ice ıow continues here into the autumn sea- ɔn, but Benny Strong's orchestra has re- laced Chuck Foster on the bandstand.

BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 300 N. State Street (SUP 7200). Sonny Ioward, our local Rose Murphy, is still acking in the patron's at Mr. Byfield's elightfully intimate spot across State treet from the Pump Room.

CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Iichigan at Walton (SUP 2200). Paul parr has replaced Ron Perry as the music- ıaker. Otherwise there's no change in ıis beautiful and deservedly popular room ɔr dining and dancing. The same striking ecor; the same smooth dance rhythms.

EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State nd Monroe Streets (RAN 7500). Florian ıabach, the Alan Ladd of the music busi- ess, has taken over the Summertime Revue ere. It's hot weather entertainment lanned and beautifully executed to please ıe crowds who are in town for the Rail- ɔad Fair in Burnham Park.

GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan Congress (HAR 3800). Jerry Glid- en's orchestra, with Lona Stevens as its eatured vocalist, is going into its ninth ıonth in this lake-front spot. Open for ɔcktail dancing at four, with dinner and ıpper music following.

MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, th at Michigan (HAR 4300). As this is written the management is repairing and redecorating the Mayfair Room following the terrific beating the place took during the all too short engagement of Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers. They did everything but push back the walls and hang customers on the lovely chandeliers. Come September first, Phil Regan, the Irish thrush, takes over for his 14th return engagement. Apparently, all has been forgiven by the management, as Phil is coming back to his old home after breaking the string of return engagements with one appearance at the Palmer House.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUP 7200). The guests are the floor show, and you may feel like joining in the act. There are tele- phones available at every one of the sleek booths, just in case you want to impress somebody by phoning Aunt Mabel in Paw- huska, Oklahoma.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEN 0123). Billy Bishop and his music from Mayfair will play out the summer and early autumn season. The short floor show features a new dance team every ten days or so.

★ YAR RESTAURANT, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (DEL 9300). George Scher- ban has played romantic music here for years, and if you're really serious about eating, the Yar is certainly a gourmet's de- light. Everything is gypsy-like but the prices.

★ MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (LON 6000). George Olsen is the current music- maker, with Paul Sydell and his pooch, Scotty, making a return appearance in the floor show. Dancing is back indoors again, following the annual September first clos- ing of the Beach Walk.

★ CELTIC ROOM, Hotel Sheraton, 505 N. Michigan (WHI 4100). Dinner and supper dancing nightly to the tunes of Gloria Van and her Vanguards.

The Show's the Thing . . .

★ CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (DEL 3434). Chicago's own Danny Thomas headlines the show, with consid- erable help from Martha King, who sings

very well, and Marty Gould, who plays very well. Mike Fritzel and Joe Jacobsen seem very happy with this trio, and they'll probably keep them around well into September.

★ RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (DEL 3700). The beauty parade continues, with

as much bare skin as the police department will allow the consistent main attraction. There's a small band if you feel like dancing instead of looking.

★ VINE GARDENS, 616 W. North Avenue (MIC 5106). Joey Bishop, a comedian with allegedly new material, is the main draw at this near-northside spot. Marie Lawler is a longtime singing favorite here, too.

★ JAZZ, LTD., 11 E. Grand Avenue. Hangout for the Dixieland crowd, with Sidney Bechet currently holding forth.

★ COLLEGE INN, Sherman Hotel, Randolph at Clark (FRA 2100). Currently closed for repairs, redecoration, and economy's sake until Ernie Byfield gets a new entertainment idea.

★ GLASS HOUSE, Graemere Hotel, 113 N. Homan (VAN 7600). Ricky Barbosa is dishing up south of the border rhythm. You can dance here, comfortably, because on week nights there are more waitresses than customers.

Strictly For Nature Study . . .

The strip tease, with very little tease, is always on tap at these north and west side haunts of nature-lovers. One shapely babe after another saunters on and takes her clothes off at the FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark Street . . . EL MOCAMBO, 1519 West Madison Street . . . PLAY HOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark Street . . . L and L CAFE, 1315 W. Madison Stree . . . the 606 CLUB, 606 South Wabas Avenue . . . the TROCADERO, 52 South State Street. Some people repor unhappy experiences in these joints wher it is time to pay the check.

Gourmet's Delight . . .

★ MIKE FRITZEL'S, State at Lake Streets You won't find better food at a more rea sonable price anywhere in the Loop Plenty good service, too, as Mike Fritze believes in having two captains around t supervise every waiter.

★ WRIGLEY BUILDING RESTAU RANT, 410 N. Michigan. Very popula for both lunch and dinner, with Lou Har rington presiding behind one of the fines bars anywhere in town.

★ BARNEY'S MARKET CLUB, 741 W Randolph Street. Noisy, friendly — anc fine for steaks, chops and sea food.

★ CIRO'S, 816 N. Wabash. Open late for the crowd that likes to eat after mid night.

★ GIBBY'S, 192 N. Clark. Favorite hang out of the Randolph Street gang. Well known for steaks and a boisterous atmos phere.

★ HENRICI'S, 71 W. Randolph. A big restaurant in the old-fashioned tradition Fine pies and pastries in addition to a cosmopolitan bill of fare.

★ LE PETIT GOURMET, 619 N. Michi gan. Very French. Not expensive.

★ JACQUES, 900 North Michigan. Very French, very expensive.

★ RED STAR INN, 1528 N. Clark Street. A busy German restaurant with genuine old-country charm. Wonderful food. Won derful beer.

★ ST. HUBERT OLD ENGLISH GRILL. 316 S. Federal Street. The roast beef is internationally famous. So are the com fortable surroundings.

Other Top Choices . . .

★ A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 N. Rush Street . . . SHANGRI LA, 222 N. State . . . SINGAPORE PIT, 1011 Rush Street, OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph Street, SINGERS' RENDEZVOUS, Rush at Superior . . . IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 E. Walton Place.

NEW YORK *Letter*

by LUCIE BRION

WITH the exception of a very few stragglers, most everyone is back om summer vacations. Some took a raight week or two, others spread the in over a series of long week ends. The ngth of time didn't matter nearly as uch as the amount of enthusiasm ex-nded. Beaches, tennis courts, golf links, rses, boats—all did an enormous busi-ss. And sightseers clogged Manhattan r an all-time high. Everyone seemed to ve money.

The various summer sports attracted parate followings which kept aloof from ach other, while exhibiting marked airs f superiority. Dancing was about the only ctivity that seemed to blend them all on a appy middle path. Fortunately, there was lenty of that, and country night-life did a ecord business.

• • •

Recently, I met an American with a Norwegian wife who could speak not one ord of English. And the gentleman spoke nly a sort of tourist Norwegian. I in-uired as to how they got along together on hat basis. He explained, "It's wonderful! Ve never have a quarrel. We can't get ngry because, outside of a few pleasan-ies, we can't converse. We never have nkind words to remember the next day."

A new angle on happy married life!

• • •

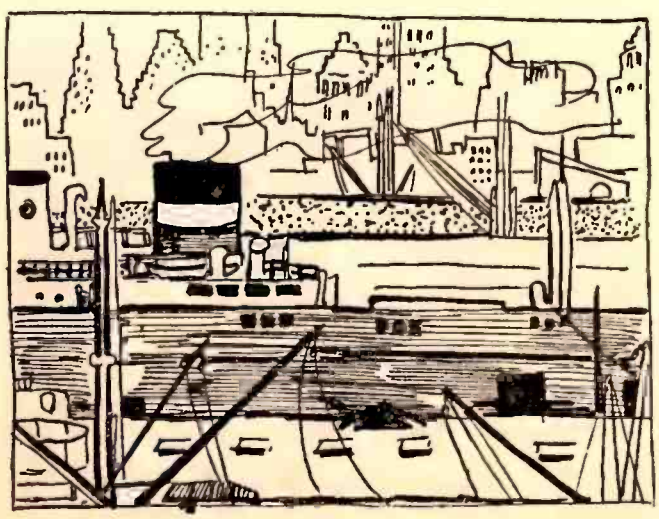
The overseas service brought the mayor f Westminster and his wife to New York he other day. They are a young couple, ery good looking, very British, and with o end of charm. The day before we met, hey had attended to business as usual in ondon, caught the four o'clock plane, ined in Ireland, had six-thirty breakfast t La Guardia Field, enjoyed a full day's unning, swimming, sailing and relaxing. hat's the way things are these days.

When asked what he would particularly ke to see, the mayor quickly put in a re-uest for Jones Beach. He had heard of he tremendous recreational facilities there, nd he said that his tour of the United States was a quest for ideas to improve the living conditions of his people. He wouldn't, or couldn't, enter into any discussion about his government, but he gave the impression that England is very hopeful, and making a valiant effort to pull out of her postwar despondency. In regard to conditions on the Continent, he said that food supplies are very spotty. The cities are doing all right, but many rural sections remain in a state of emergency. There is more to this feeding job than packing a basket—it has to get there.

• • •

Manhattan and environs are full of television these days. Now that the price of television sets is making it easier for the average radio fan to own one, New York newspapers are carrying page after page of ads to promote their sale. As a result, the television market is crowded with orders. Everyone enjoys seeing as well as hearing programs of news and amusement. For hospitalized persons, interest in television is unbounded. Programs improve daily and everyone wants to get into the act.

An amusing incident happened over in New Jersey recently. A saloon-keeper, who had put in a television set to attract customers, noticed that the children in the neighborhood peered through his window daily during the *Children's Hour* program, which lacked any appeal for his customers. So, on impulse, he shooed out his paying



guests, closed down the bar, and invited all the kids in to enjoy the show. The idea was received so gratefully that he made it routine. His audience grew to 87 appreciative youngsters. Other saloons began to copy the idea. Everyone was happy. Then came the blow. The saloon-keeper was arrested on the charge of allowing minors in a bar. Although the outcome is still to be decided, it isn't likely the children will give up their daily delight without protest. What better method could be found to keep children off the street than to give them a regular television show?

• • •

Mister Roberts continues to be the biggest hit on Broadway. Standing room only unless one plans in advance. The theatre is air conditioned, and the whole thing adds up to perfection. This play wasn't written for the ladies, but the ladies are delighted with it. As for the men, they practically roll in the aisles. Some of the lines are quite unfamiliar to females in the audience—to the point of being lost. However, early in the play, a lady learns not to ask her escort to repeat a lost line. Wha is said on the stage and what an escort ca repeat are two entirely different thing And yet the presentation couldn't possibl be accused of being offensive. The play so quiet and smooth, and at the sam time so packed with drama, that time slip by unnoticed. This story about a section c the Navy assigned to an old cargo bucke which fought its hardest fight agains Monotony, is perhaps one of the greate war reports ever written.

Don't miss it, or at least read the book

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If you like the green and growing, tr this: Take a fair-sized open bowl, cove the bottom with absorbent cotton, ad water to make it thoroughly moist, an then sprinkle a scant handful of whea seeds over it. Keep it in a shaded spot and within a couple of days you will se the grain begin to sprout. Then, with th addition of a little water from time to time you will have a bowl full of tall gree blades. It's very decorative and fascinatin to watch, and can be a household projec at any time of the year.

NEW YORK *Ports of Call*

Dancing . . .

★ LARUE. Very much the place to find the socialite progeny, and their elders as well. A delightful retreat for dance lovers, the music here is played solely *for dancing* (which is quite an innovation hereabouts).

Cocktail time and later in the evening ap pear always to be busiest, though it woul be difficult to find any reason for no staying on through dinner. 45 E. 58 VO 5-6374.

★ LITTLE CASINO. Opening Septembe 7 for more good two-piano entertainmen and very funny ditties. which are special ties of the house. Those who go late t the Village won't suffer the disappointmen of finding this favorite haunt closed. Th entertainment begins at 10:30 if you'r early. 245 Sullivan. OR 4-9583.

★ NEW YORKER TERRACE ROOM Fall clothes will seem more suitable, likel be more comfortable, in this setting witl the ice show and it's miraculous, suddenl frozen floor. The big kick, of course, i trying to figure how the skaters perform so effortlessly on that small rink. There'

lways lots of good entertainment, good ood, and still plenty of time for dancing etween the shows. 8th Ave. and 34. IE 3-1000.

PIERRE CAFE. Year 'round, this small afe is lively and well patronized. Come utumn and walking weather, either in Central Park or just up The Avenue, this all the more a satisfying stop. Music or dancing begins at 5:45 p.m. Lanuages and people provide the out-of-owner with a glimpse of interesting visiors to this country. 5th Ave. and 61. RE 4-5900.

Eating . . .

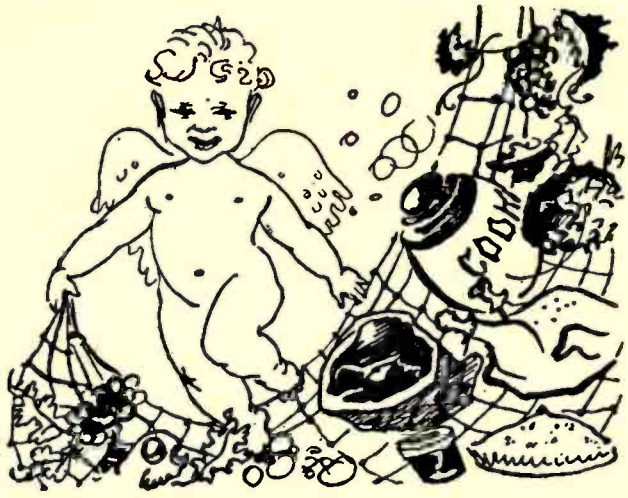
NAUTILUS. Oysters "R" in season gain—happy-making news for all the ivalve eaters. They're cooked to perfecion in this tiny, shiny restaurant. All of he seafood delicacies are here as well, accompanied by equally luscious salads for hose who recognize the best. 267 W. 23. CH 2-8429.

BRUSSELS. In deference to a special uncheon or dinner it's wise to choose one f the town's finest restaurants. Exquistely prepared French and Belgian food, with a choice of wines from a superlative list. An expensive but memorable uisine known to most discerning New Yorkers. 26 E. 63. RE 4-1215.

HOB NOB. As true as interesting books ome ofttimes in plain covers, so do the estaurants we blithely walk by daily. uncheon time is for men—no wonder. But after the rush the same delicious food s served through the afternoon and eveing. Vegetables are fresh from the morng market, meats are top quality, but oted above all are the famous fresh fruit ies, hot from the oven. Dinner is leisurely nd quiet, right here in the Grand Central rea. Not least, it is inexpensive. 108 E. 41.

McCARTHY'S. Admirable roasts and teaks here haven't yet reached the proibitive price bracket. Need more be said? The substantial diners-out prefer this tile loored, well lighted setting, so don't exect to find anything fancy except the ood. 2nd Ave. and 4. VA 6-6131.

OLD HOMESTEAD. Go to the source or the supply. In the heart of the wholeale meat section of town is this old English chop house. The drinks are as sturdy and genuine as the food. If you have to wait for a table, at noon or night, you'll be glad you did. 56 9th Ave. CH 3-3346.



Out of Town . . .

★ BIRCHBROOK INN. A lovely, accessible location just a few blocks from the main part of town makes this Colonial inn a Westchester landmark. The food is good year in and out, hence entertaining here is always a pleasure. Luncheon and dinner hours are set, so it is advisable to call for reservations. 48 Parkview Ave., Bronxville, New York. 2-7171.

★ MAYFAIR FARMS. A beautiful late afternoon or early evening drive from town makes this worthwhile just for the ride. The lovely "farmhouse" of Colonial origin has conceded only a few modern touches, including an orchestra for dancing after 9 p.m. The food is excellent, and chicken prepared in any of several ways seems to be the most popular choice. 431 Eagle Rock Ave., West Orange, New Jersey. Orange 5-9134.

★ SPINNING WHEEL. Somehow the name used long ago better described this picturesque place. Then it was known as Tide Mill Inn. Otherwise it is unchanged: the same lovely veranda over the harbor, fine food, gracious, unhurried service. Sunset time is the loveliest to be here, though meals are served from 12 noon till 8 p.m. Harbor Road, Southport, Connecticut. Fairfield 9-4822.

NEW YORK *Theatre*

Current Plays . . .

★ MISTER ROBERTS. (Feb. 18, 1948). A fine, thought-provoking war story—as powerful as it is hilarious. Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen scored this hit, which is the best of many seasons. Henry Fonda stars at the top of the excellent cast which includes David Wayne, Robert Keith and William Harrigan. The theatre, incidentally, is air conditioned. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ THE PLAY'S THE THING. (Apr. 25, 1948). A very fine revival of what Molnar liked about the Italian Riviera on the sophisticated level. Among the players are Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, Faye Emerson, Ernest Cossart and Claud Allister. Booth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE. (Feb. 9, 1948). For a change, the audience gets a rather clear picture of what makes up race hatred. Jean-Paul Sartre's melodrama is definitely an improvement over similar attempts by a number of playwrights. Meg Mundy is splendid in the lead role. *The Happy Journey*, a bit by Thornton Wilder, serves as a curtain-raiser. Cort, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:45.

Established Hits . . .

BORN YESTERDAY. (Feb. 4, 1946). Judy Holliday and John Alexander 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 Kelley, Jay Fasset and Edmon Ryan. Fulton, evenings, except Monday at 8:40. Matinees Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3 . . . HARVEY. (Nov. 1, 1944). James Dunn, Josephine Hull and some rabbit. 48th Street, evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . THE HEIRESS (Sept. 29, 1947). Beatrice Straight supported by Basil Rathbone in the Goetz adaptation of Henry James' *Washington Square*. Biltmore, evenings, except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE. (Dec. 3, 1947). The toast of Broadway, this Tennessee Williams Pultizer Prize winner mirrors the tragic end of a woman's life. Uta Hagen, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden and Kim Hunter star in the superb cast. Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Current Musicals . . .

★ INSIDE U.S.A. (Apr. 30, 1948). Everyone concentrates on Beatrice Lillie in this big and colorful Arthur Schwartz-Howard Deitz revue. She's the perfect comic in spite of slightly anemic material. With the help of Jack Haley and an exceptionally good dancer, Valerie Bettis, the show is well worth your time. New Century, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ MAKE MINE MANHATTAN. (Jan. 15, 1948). The funny stuff is handled hilariously by comics Julie Oshins and Sid Caesar, and a couple of Arnold B. Horwitt's sketches are out of this world. Richard Lewine wrote the songs. You'll agree that they combine to fill a delightful evening. Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

ANGEL IN THE WINGS. (Dec. 11, 1947.) A rather average revue held together by Paul and Grace Hartman. Their six very amusing numbers make up for everything else, including sketches by Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae and Peter Hamilton. Coronet, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (May 16, 1946). Mary Walsh is doing her best while Ethel Merman is on vacation. Imperial, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday 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 . . . HIGH

BUTTON SHOES. (Oct. 9, 1947). Delightful nonsense with Joan Roberts at her best. Also, Jerome Robbins' Mack Sennett ballet and Joey Faye. Shubert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

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NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Adelphi, 152 W. 54th	CI 6-5097	E	International, 5 Columbus Circle	CO 5-1173	
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd	CI 5-6868	W	Lyceum, 149 W. 45th	CH 4-4256	E
Barrymore, 243 W. 47th	CI 6-0390	W	Majestic, 245 W. 44th	CI 6-0730	W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th	BR 9-2067	E	Mansfield, 256 W. 47th	CI 6-9056	W
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th	CI 6-9353	W	Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th	CI 6-6363	W
Booth, 222 W. 45	CI 6-5969	W	Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd	BR 9-3970	E
Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th	CI 6-6699	E	Morosco, 217 W. 45th	CI 6-6230	W
Century, 932 7th Ave	CI 7-3121		Music Box, 239 W. 45th	CI 6-4636	W
Coronet, 230 W. 49th	CI 6-8870	W	National, 208 W. 41st	PE 6-8220	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th	BR 9-0046	E	Playhouse, 137 W. 48th	BR 9-2200	E
Empire, Broadway at 40	PE 6-9540		Plymouth, 236 W. 45th	CI 6-9156	W
Forty Sixth, 226 W. 46th	CI 6-6075	W	Royale, 242 W. 45th	CI 5-5760	W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th	BR 9-4566	E	Shubert, 225 W. 44th	CI 6-5990	W
Fulton, 210 W. 46th	CI 6-6380	W	Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th	CI 5-5200	
Hudson, 141 W. 44th	BR 9-5641	E			
Imperial, 249 W. 45th	CO 5-2412	W			

▲

Shortly after her marriage, Mrs. Ike Eisenhower was attending a party at Fort Meade and came upon the Secretary of War. The Secretary, trying to make polite conversation with the young Army wife, inquired what her husband did best.

Mamie drew up proudly without hesitation and replied, "He plays an awfully good game of poker." The Secretary laughed and laughed.

That night Mrs. Eisenhower told her husband what she had said. "He nearly fainted," she remembers with amusement. "But I thought the Secretary wanted to know about Ike's sidelines. I took it for granted that everyone knew that he was a wonderful soldier."—*Evening Bulletin.*

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. To find the quickest way to your heart, just step through the door at 1104. Before you ever finish one of Pusateri's famous steaks, you will have made a date for another one. And that roast beef is something to remember! Genial Jerry plays host, and will have you at a table with drinks from the bar 'fore ya know it. The soft musical background is by Muzak. The New Yorker Hotel and Restaurant, featuring Pusateri's fine food, will be open about October first. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. Cool and quiet, with the fine, mellow atmosphere of true distinction. The old Savoy is an institution as well as a landmark. Specialties include lobster broiled in butter, swordfish, red snapper and excellent steaks. For luncheon, the steak sandwich may be unequivocably recommended. A visit to Kansas City isn't complete without a meal under those famous historical murals, so don't let friends go away disappointed! There's a fine stock of imported and domestic liquors. 9th and Central. VI 3890.

★ WEISS' CAFE. The featured attractions here are choice steaks, roast duckling and capon served in a distinctive Continental style. But if you're caught in that noon-hour rush, you can drop in and order a Weiss Special salad bowl in no time at all. It's a real treat. If you've never seen the ornate fireplace of the original Coates House which has been there since 1867, be sure to look it over before you leave. The cocktail lounge offers the best in well-prepared drinks. Coates House. VI 6904.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ RENDEZVOUS. When you next feel that searing September sun beating against your head, take the advice of the old-timer and make tracks for the Rendezvous. Sitting right in the heart of the business district, this cool and lovely room is certainly the proper place to get rid of your troubles. Light luncheons or full meals at your convenience. 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. A delightful, little circular bar, deep-cushioned seats, soft music from Betty Rogers and Florence Nay. A perfect retreat if you have romance in your heart and that girl on your arm. Just down the hall from El Casbah. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ PUTSCH'S. Nothing could be finer than to be in Putsch's 210 every evening of the week. The 210 is certainly one of America's most beautifully appointed dining rooms. Yet dinners are available for as little as $1.65! You'll like their juicy steaks and the mountain trout which is air-expressed from Colorado daily. The "In a Hurry" businessman's luncheon is only a dollar. The customer is king here, so get your crown and hurry out to the Country Club Plaza. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ OMAR ROOM. Whether you like a delightful, little tete-a-tete in a quiet corner or are just plain thirsty and prefer the bar, the Omar Room will make a hit with you. Find a place on either of the two attractive levels and enjoy the distinctive artistry of Betty Leamound at her Hammond. The Alcove, a cozy nook directly off the main lobby, is recommended if you have something special to say to someone, or something to say to someone special. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

In a Class by Itself . . .

★ PLAZA BOWL. Everything you could want for a knockout evening—a clean, bright restaurant, 32 splendid bowling alleys and a smartly decorated, soundproofed cocktail lounge serving tall, cool drinks. One of the headliners on the restaurant menu is a tender filet mignon with potatoes, hot rolls and butter for

$1.25. Or for a short snack, try the huge, green salad bowl or a "super sandwich." Businessmen and socialites hold private meetings, luncheons and dinner parties upstairs in the lovely Green Room. Music by Muzak. 430 Alameda Road. LO 6658.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★TERRACE GRILL. Hub of a wide variety of social activity, this lovely room could well be high on the list for your next party. George Olsen and his orchestra, who will be around from mid-month on, know just the right combination for soothing music. The food is sometimes wonderful, the drinks completely adequate. Gordon, the head man, will be waiting for you. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★DRUM ROOM. Is it something cool, quiet and congenial you're looking for? Well, then, point your shoes toward the Drum Room—just a block away from the busiest street in town. The upper level is a slick bar, and a few steps down you'll find music for dancing. It's an ideal spot for luncheon, dinner or supper. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★EL CASBAH. All those people who take their music with a samba beat and a showmanlike flair come here for it. And Bill Snyder, dramatist of the piano, doesn't disappoint them. Flaming sword dinners, flaming desserts, good drinks and courteous service. No cover or minimum. There's a luncheon dansant on Saturday. Incidentally, El Casbah is now celebrating its fourth anniversary. You can help make it a party! Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★PENGUIN ROOM. For a memorable evening of dining and dancing, people go to the Penguin Room, located on Kansas City's "melody lane." The chef has that delicate touch which is a necessity with good food, and there are so many good, cool drinks you'll want to try them all—but don't. The Don Roth Trio, heard over WHB from 11:00 to 11:15, Monday through Friday, makes the town's smoothest, smartest music. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

Something Different . . .

★KING JOY LO. Looking for distinctive atmosphere? Go no farther; at King Joy Lo's you'll find it aplenty, along with the most delicious Chinese food you've ever had. American food is also served, and you can enjoy lobster, chicken or steaks. Look down to the busy street corner below through huge picture windows, and chuckle in your air-cooled comfort. If you like privacy, ask for one of the enclosed booths. 8 West 12th Street (2nd floor). HA 8113.

★UNITY INN. A cool, charming little cafeteria operated by the Unity School of Christianity. Here you can get meatless meals the way they should be—big salads, delicious desserts, surprisingly splendid vegetable dishes. The pie is the town's best. Businessmen hurry this way at noon. The food is inexpensive and you'll want to come back for more. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

★ADRIAN'S MART RESTAURANT. Be ye ever so hungry, there's no place like the Mart. This air conditioned, attractively decorated restaurant is designed for your comfort. Just a train's length from the Union Station, you'll find dollar dinners of delicious fried chicken with hot biscuits and honey. Have smorgasbord with or without your dinner—and come in time for cocktails. Prices are surprisingly reasonable, and that's only one reason why the Mart's popularity is mounting so rapidly! Parking just south of the building. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★UPTOWN INTERLUDE. This is the the home of that golden fried chicken you hear so much about—just like your mother wished she could make. And if you are in the Uptown district at noon, don't overlook the inexpensive businessmen's luncheons and green salads. Riley Thompson supervises the bar, and the man at that hot piano is Joshua Johnson, the boogie-

beating recording star who is a Kansas City favorite. Come over at midnight when Sunday meets Monday and chase those blues away. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ CABANA. The perfect stop in the 12th & Baltimore vicinity. WHB's staff organist, pretty Alberta Bird, is responsible for those sweet Hammond melodies which brighten any day. One of the luncheon specialties is a tender little steak, all wrapped up in a bun—plus a late mimeo'd news flash. No meals served in the evenings, but lots of drinks—all of them top-hole. Get a seat by one of the glass-muralled walls and see what a wonderful time you're having. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ LA CANTINA. Most everyone at some time during the week longs for a quiet, cozy little spot with a good drink. When your time comes, just walk down those magic-carpeted stairs and be carried away by the charm of the pert and bright Cantina. Delicious snacks may be ordered from a special menu. The "jb" music is always sweet and low, and so is the tariff. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

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Put Emotion To Work

IF YOU have read that valuable volume, *Showmanship in Business*, by Zenn Kaufman and Kenneth M. Goode, you may remember the Seattle Chrysler dealer, who discovered that there was one location on his salesroom floor where cars sold more rapidly than anywhere else in the place. Investigation revealed, finally, that the success secret of that one spot was a full-length mirror on a nearby wall. The prospect was able *to see himself behind the wheel* the moment he climbed into the driver's seat.

We'll make a small bet that a man who had thus seen himself—and sold himself—would never admit that the mirror clinched the sale. Chances are that his explanation to the little woman, and the fellows in the office, was full of the virtues of the car itself . . . its special attachments, the mileage he'd get, and so on.

We have the relatively new-fangled science of psychiatry to thank for the explanation of many such quirks of human behavior. According to the psychiatrists, that prospect was involved in a *rationalization*. His reaction to the vision of himself behind the wheel of that streamlined car was an *emotional* reaction; he liked what he saw, and decided to have it. But society has imposed certain rules on all of us; and one of those rules is that a man doesn't just up and buy a car because he likes the way he looks behind the wheel. So. Mr. Prospect's mind dug around, found some plausible "reasons," and put them into his conversations with his wife and his office pals.

Certainly we can't hold it against him; we all do the same thing in dozens of situations every day. And we encounter this "rationalization" procedure in the people we work with. The Big Boss, let's say, just can't stand the color brown. He may not even realize that he detests the color, but bring him a product sketch showing a brown shade and he's likely to turn it down with the statement that "brown doesn't sell well;" or maybe he won't mention the color, but will complain about the size or the design. Your best customer suddenly falls for the sleek appearance of your competitor's product, even though yours is made better; and he *rationalizes* his emotional reaction by talking about "better performance" as his "reason" for switching his loyalty.

But there's another side to the story. By stressing the emotional appeal of your product or service, you can *put emotion to work for you!* It won't work on everybody—not by a long shot—but it'll work on any prospect who's interested in the way he looks in the mirror. And—come to think of it—what prospect isn't?—*Edison Voice Writing.*

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