LY- AUGUST, 1949

Swing

Dog, Devil or Prophet?

A New Look at Air Power

ll-Length Articles

ecial Features

BOOK CONDENSATION

ULCERS FOR EXECUTIVES

An easy solution to your stomach troubles

1. French movie star Corinne Calvert and her husband, John Bromfield, watch the fun at the WHB *Luncheon on the Plaza* show.

2. Warner Brothers' star Wayne Morris jests over a WHB mike.

3. John W. Snyder, Secretary of the Treasury, makes a moving appeal at the kick-off of the United States Opportunity Bond Drive.

4. Doris Fleeson, Associated Press featur writer, checks the latest flashes ticking int the WHB newsroom.

5. Bobby Driscoll, star of *The Window*, cor gratulates a Crazy Hat Contest finalist a *Luncheon on the Plaza*.

special message...

EFFECTIVE with this July-August issue, *Swing* becomes a bi-monthly publication.

It is the feeling of our editorial staff that the new schedule will make possible publication of the finest material available today, and permit *Swing* to continue bringing you high-quality contemporary non-fiction, fiction, cartoons and art.

The September-October issue will be on the newsstands throughout the nation by September 1st; and the November-December issue, November 1st.

There will be no other changes in policy or format, and we know you will enjoy *Swing* in the future as you have in the past.

Mori

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They Still Smell

PERHAPS because his own name was more suited to an African sentry than to a playwright, Shakespeare observed, "that which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet." But despite the Bard's sentiments on the subject, it's always a satisfaction to deal with someone whose name seems to have been tailor-made.

How can a bus commuter in Los Altos, California, look forward to a trip with anything but great expectations when he finds his driver is Mr. Fullride? Who in Peoria, Illinois, can have any doubt of the worthiness of that hard-working farmer, Earnest Character? And what student of marriage relations at Compton Junior College will sneer "practice what you preach" at an instructor named Mr. Lovelady? These names are recommendations in themselves.

Recently, residents of Salt Lake City relaxed when they heard that a rat extermination drive would be headed by William H. Slaughter. High school students in Elkhart, Indiana, take their text troubles to Miss Book, the librarian, and San Francisco engineering problems are skilfully solved by Deep C. Fisher (naval engineer) and I. Cleve Steele (construction engineer).

One of the most suitable names of this or any year came to light not long ago when a Miss Puddler of Weston, West Virginia, won a tobacco spitting contest with three feet to spare. Daniel Drunkard of Oklahoma City made a different kind of headline when he was booked for having too much alcohol in his blood. And in Eureka, California, four business men named East, West, North and South have been meeting for weekly bridge games longer than they can remember.

Most of us are not blessed with such appropriate labels, but, luckily, ours aren't embarrassingly inaccurate, either. Among those making the news recently with names that fitted as uncomfortably as GI shoes on a new recruit were these unfortunates:

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma—Never Fail filed a petition in bankruptcy. He listed debts of $2,268, assets of only $200.

Hartford, Connecticut—A 76-year-old man held by police on a drunkenness charge admitted his name was William Sober.

Santa Monica, California—Safety First was cited for his second traffic offense—driving 57 miles an hour in a 35-mile zone. Quick to uphold the honor of the name, however, were residents of Checotah, Oklahoma, who pointed out that Drs. Safety First, Sr. and Jr., have been bringing ounces of medical prevention to them for many years.

Waukesha, Wisconsin—Mrs. Truelove, charged with unfaithfulness, was divorced by her husband.

Jonesboro, Arkansas—Virgil and Dick Saint joined Louis Angel in jail. All were booked with disturbing the peace.

Cleveland, Ohio—Earl C. Money was found guilty of begging and sentenced to 30 days when he told the judge he couldn't pay a fine, because he didn't have a cent to his name.—*Dave Houser.*

▲

Mark of Genius

THE lieutenant governor of Massachusetts once found it necessary to dress hurriedly at his office in order to keep a dinner appointment. Everything went smoothly, until he came to his cuff links: he'd forgotten them. It was too late to send home for a pair, too late to buy new ones. But the lieutenant governor was undaunted. Taking a stapling machine, he simply stapled his cuffs together—and kept his appointment on time.—*Joseph C. Stacey.*

A New LOOK At Air Power

by J. S. THACH
Captain, United States Navy

MOST Americans take pride in the feeling that they are air-minded. War in the air, because it is dramatic, has captured the public imagination, yet of all the methods of waging war, aerial warfare in general and aerial combat in particular are least understood.

Some people have mistaken a change in application for a change in basic principle. One misconception is that the airplane has changed the basic principles of warfare. Such is not the case at all. On the contrary, flagrant violation of these principles, when dealing with air power, brings quick and certain military disaster. The basic principles of warfare do not change. Regardless of the weapons used, our combat striking forces should be designed to exploit to the fullest extent the principles of mobility, flexibility, versatility, concentration of force, surprise, and precision.

Our country is indeed fortunate in having two kinds of air power: land-based and sea-based air power. We will need both of them if we expect to survive in another war. Since no probable enemy has naval air power, some people wonder why we need it. We do need it, and it is a good point to remember, that no possible enemy has naval air power.

Suppose we are drawn into a war with a strong foreign power. Let's look and see what advantage naval air power gives us. Assume that at the outset this power is strong enough to occupy all or most of the European continent just as Germany did in the last war.

Having occupied Europe, an enemy may then attempt an air offensive against America. Because he has no ship-based aircraft and no advanced bases at our doorstep, an enemy would have to fly all the way from the other continent. This involves distances of 3,500 to 4,500 miles as a combat radius, and it requires aircraft that can carry about two railroad tank cars of

gasoline plus the bomb load. Such enemy planes would have to weigh at least 300,000 pounds, and would be relatively slow and unwieldy. Because of this, and the fact that they could not be accompanied by fighter escort, they would be like sitting ducks for our United States Air Force jet fighters of the Air Defense Command.

In designing an airplane for maximum range, not only performance but armament and speed must be sacrificed. Long-range bombers and high-speed bombers are contradictory. The plane capable of the highest speed will have only a fraction of the range of the other, and vice versa. So the problem of shooting down long-range enemy bombers with jet fighters or propeller driven fighters is fairly simple if they are detected in time to make the interception. In stretching their range to the limit, they would have to follow very closely a great circle course. This would bring them across hundreds of miles of American-controlled air without fighter escort. Knowing that they must fly from a fixed base to a fixed target, we can set up wall after wall of defensive fighter screens that they would have to come through.

Some people are afraid that they would be able to sneak through at night or during low visibility. This is not as easy as it might seem. During the last half of the war in the Pacific, carrier-based night fighters using the early model airborne radar of only two miles range, engaged 117 enemy bombers at night and shot down 103. Improved night fighter radar has greatly simplified the process of making night interceptions. Furthermore, a tremendous advantage has recently been given the fighter by the development of the rocket missile adapted to air-to-air firing. The unique thing about a rocket is that the very nature of the rocket missile prevents it from being used by a long-range enemy bomber against our fighters. Because of the forward motion of the firing plane, the rocket "weather cocks" into the wind as soon as it is released, and turns into the line of flight of the aircraft from which it is fired, even if it is fired at a right angle to this flight path. The fighter's weapons are fixed firing forward, and he points his plane at the target he wants to hit. The fighter has a choice of attack. He can take his time, fire the rockets while still out of range of any weapon the enemy bomber can carry, and make sure of the kill. The fighter can carry many of these rockets, any one of which will destroy a bomber.

We could not afford a stalemate with a great power occupying the European-Asiatic continent because that power would be self-sufficient while we have to import vital materials. Therefore we must mount a better air offensive than it can throw at us —and fortunately we have the means to do this.

We can do the job successfully with our combination of land-based air and naval air. Naval air power is mobile air power.

One of the outstanding developments of World War II was the technique of operation and coordination of a large team of aircraft carriers.

What would a fast carrier task force look like if you could see it all at once? First, the carrier itself is a mobile high-speed air base equipped

with all the necessities for operating its embarked air group, including field repairs, maintenance servicing, changes of wings, engines, landing gear, radios, radars, etc. Ability to stay at sea over long periods of time is a distinguishing characteristic of our naval vessels, and they possess it to a degree unmatched by any other seagoing force. A fast carrier task force consists of two to five task groups. The task force is divided into task groups in order to provide for flexibility in maneuvering in action, suitable defense dispositions, and to permit orderly control by the task force commanders. Task groups operate in a circular formation. In the very center are normally four or five attack carriers, each with destroyers located close astern and ahead as plane guards. These destroyers are for the purpose of rescue, and to add to the overall anti-aircraft gun power. Surrounding the carriers and destroyer plane guards are high-speed, heavy anti-aircraft ships. In some cases, these vessels may form roughly two or more concentric circles. In a much larger circle around the perimeter of each task group are 25 to 30 destroyers. These not only provide an anti-submarine screen, but assist in the over-all anti-aircraft power and make it particularly difficult for low flying planes to get through. The distance across the circle of a task group formation is normally such that the destroyer screen on one side is out of sight of the destroyer screen on the other side. Of course, the distance between ships and the size of the circular formation can be varied at will depending upon the circumstances. Each ship is in constant communication with the others by high frequency, short-range radio; blinker light; or flag hoist signals.

The Author

Much decorated for bravery, leadership and the development of naval air strategy, Captain J. S. Thach was the famous Butch O'Hara's squadron commander and later served as operations officer of Task Force 58 under Admiral Marc Mitscher. He supervised "Operation Paralysis," the softening up of the Philippines mentioned in this article, and several other of the most highly successful air-warfare campaigns in history. At present, Captain Thach is the assistant officer in charge of United States Naval Air Training.

Located some distance from the task force formation are radar picket groups stationed to provide early warning of enemy approach. These picket groups control intercepter fighters which are stacked high above them for greater defense in depth for the task force. Submarines may also be part of a carrier task force. They can operate close to the enemy shoreline, not only for early warning but for the rescue of any pilots who may be forced down.

The important thing about these seagoing air bases is the fact that they move at high speed. Within 24 hours after their location is disclosed, a fast carrier force can be anywhere in an area of approximately *two million square miles.*

The Philippine campaign is a classic example of the overwhelming advantage of mobile air power in paving the way for occupation of distant enemy

territory. You may remember that the original plan for reconquest of the Philippines called for invasion of Mindanao in the southern Philippines, which involved the capture of Yap Island. But during the pre-invasion phase of this campaign, carrier-based aircraft were so successful in gaining and maintaining control of the air over the Philippines that Admiral Halsey recommended, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff agreed, that the time table could be stepped up—we could by-pass Yap and Mindanao by moving into a central position, such as Leyte.

In paving the way for this operation, the fast carrier task force went to work on supply lines, ships, and the enemy land-based air forces at the 122 air fields in the Philippine archipelago. Within the space of 45 days, carrier aircraft had destroyed 2,620 enemy planes.

The fast carrier task force would usually make a high speed run in toward the islands at night, to launch strikes commencing at dawn. If heavy fighter opposition was expected, the first strike would be predominantly fighters. This concentration of fighter force swept the air clear of enemy planes and then covered enemy air fields to prevent others from taking off. Each carrier was assigned a certain number of fields to cover, so that the total effect was a blanket coverage of the entire area.

Strikes were launched in deck loads —every carrier launching simultaneously. Before the first strike had to leave the enemy fields assigned it, the second strike would have been brought up from the hangar decks of each carrier and launched in time to arrive over enemy fields and actually relieve the first flight of fighters there. You can see that the air raid for the enemy was not a short one—it lasted all day long.

Formosa was a staging base for sending additional planes from the enemy homeland to the Philippines. The carrier task force moved in on Formosa and hit a jackpot. Between the 12th and 16th of October, 1944, more than 1,000 enemy planes were engaged and 792 destroyed. This was a major loss of enemy replenishments. Upon returning to the area off Luzon, we discovered that the enemy had been moving planes late in the afternoon and at night. By this time we had sufficiently trained a number of carrier air groups to operate at night; and during the three days prior to the Leyte landing, carrier aircraft did a round-the-clock operation on the Philippine air fields. We called it "Oper-

LOGISTIC LOGIC—HERE'S WHY WE MUST CONTROL THE SEA

To move: 100,000 lang tans af mass carga

From: San Francisca, Califarnia, ta Sydney, Australia

Would require:

44 ships, 1 manth, 6,600 men — or — 10,000 C-87 carga planes, 1 manth, 100,000 men + 88 seagaing tankers to carry gasaline far intermediate fueling staps

ion Paralysis" because not even a cycle moved; and on October 20th, lacArthur's troops brought in by the val amphibious forces hit the beach anding up, and did not see an enemy lane that day.

Because a carrier task force is able exploit to the fullest extent the ualities of mobility and concentration f force, such a force could perform similar operation in other parts of e world regardless of the weapons use by its own or enemy forces.

Defense of the continental United tates is the primary mission of the nited States Army and the United tates Air Force. However, if an nemy obtained bases from which our ities could be bombed, the Joint hiefs of Staff would probably direct he Navy to do something about it.

Our carriers with their jet fighters ould pick enemy bombers off along he track they would have to fly; or, what would be more effective, a carrier force could move in, gain control of the air over these enemy advance bases, and systematically destroy the big bombers on the ground before they ever got into the air.

Not only could we break up those attacks before they got started, but our mobile air bases give us the means to launch a better offensive at an enemy than he could possibly throw at us.

The very threat of surprise attack at any time from any direction by mobile air power forces him to spread thin his defenses around his chosen perimeter.

One of the primary targets of naval air power would be the enemy air force. One of the objectives would be to break down the enemy fighter defenses. In order to make a successful attack upon enemy air power, control of the air is necessary. This is step one in any operation, and the high-performance, fighter type of airplane is the key to the situation and the *only* key to the situation.

It is important to remember that the small, highly maneuverable fighter type airplanes are the only planes that can sweep enemy fighters out of the sky. Nothing but a fighter can lick an enemy fighter. No other type of airplane is even designed or expected to fight this all-important duel in the air. Our dive bombers, attack bombers, and high level bombers must be protected on their missions by an umbrella of fighter escorts which maintain control of the air over and around the bombers and ward off attack by enemy intercepter fighters. During the bomber raids on Germany during the last war we sent from 500 to 1,000 escort fighters with each big bomber raid.

The ultimate aim in working on enemy air power as a target is to weaken and deplete that power to such an extent that we can fly our bombers over the enemy country with little or no fighter escort. This was accomplished in the Pacific when Japan lost thousands of her pilots and finally had to divert her best home defense pilots into the crucial Philippines campaign.

Fighter airplanes, especially the new jet fighters, are short-legged and cannot stay in the air very long, but our fast carrier task forces utilizing the tremendous advantage of mobility can

take the fighter to the ringside, where he can climb in and do the job.

By using the advantage of concentration of force, carrier strikes can divert, weaken, out-flank, paralyze, and finally annihilate enemy land-based air power.

Because of the many advantages of this combination, the enemy, in his attempt to be strong everywhere, is finally strong nowhere.

In trading blows with any enemy not possessing naval air power, the United States has another significant advantage.

With the same aircraft weight we can, on a bombing mission, put a five-times greater bomb load over the target than an enemy could carry to targets in this country. This is true because we possess aircraft carriers, and the carrier takes the airplane most of the way to the target. Therefore the plane does not have to carry the tremendous gasoline load and it can be much smaller. While the enemy is sending one attack against this country, because he has to fly so far, we could send five attacks against him. The net result then is 25 times the bomb load he can carry in the same length of time with the same aircraft weight. Furthermore, the carrier-based planes can be provided with fighter escort, an all important factor.

ONE OF THE TARGETS of carrier based naval air power would be enemy submarine bases. The several submarine pens would probably be separated sufficiently to prevent damage to more than one of them by an atomic bomb.

Assume that the enemy has a submarine pen that is roughly 1,700 fe across. The records of World War show that because of the accuracy dive bombing, at least nine out twelve bombs would score hits on target this size. Now, if an enem wanted to bomb similar targets in ou country he would get only one bom out of twelve in such a target. Th reason for this is simple: althoug bombing by the dive bombing metho is much more accurate, the enem would be forced to use long-range hig level bombing because he has no ca rier force to bring the shorter rang high performance dive bombers clo enough to the target.

Questions have been raised concer ing the vulnerability of carriers. An thing man ever built can be destroye If you put an armored tank alone o in "no man's land" and let the enem shoot at it, it will soon be destroye Tanks do not travel alone; neither carriers. Could carriers operate with range of land-based air? No carri has ever been sunk by land-based a No *Essex* class carrier has ever be sunk by anything. Carriers travel the center of large task forces su rounded by defense in depth. Th defense not only includes destroy radar pickets with additional dep of fighters on combat air patrol, b carrier task forces also utilize subm rines at even greater distance for ear warning.

What about guided missiles? O carrier task forces have already foug and defeated guided missiles. The Ja anese kamikaze was a missile guid by human eye, mind, and hand; som thing scientists have not been able duplicate.

Could carriers survive against atomic bombs? Dispersion is the best defense against atomic bombs. Naval task forces cruise in a formation already dispersed. An enemy would have to send out a dozen — perhaps two dozen — bombs to insure a hit on one carrier, the others would be saved by distance. If we could persuade an enemy to expend his stock pile of atomic bombs expecting to knock out the fast carrier task force, it would be the best thing we could do for the war effort.

What about submarines? The submarine has always been a menace. It was in World War I and World War II. Anti-submarine warfare has top priority in the Navy. The best defense against submarines is speed. Our fast carrier task forces are twice as fast as the most modern submarine. The most profitable targets for submarines would be our relatively slow bridge of cargo ships feeding advanced bases. If we failed to subdue the submarines in the first phase of a war, we would be in greater danger of losing our advanced bases than we would our fast carrier task forces.

The success of the Navy in these operations in the past has been due in no small degree to the complete integration of aviation in the Navy for a period of over 35 years.

Importance of Sea Power

The United States is a maritime nation. For example, these products are imported via the sea:

98.4% of all chrome ore used in the United States,

97.0% of all manganese ore,

72.4% of all tungsten,

98.4% of all rubber.

Could the United States exist without these raw materials?

Can the United States exist without control of the seas?

I venture to say there are few successful editors who haven't held most of the jobs leading up to that position.

So it is with a fast carrier task force. The flight deck officer, the landing signal officer, hangar deck officer, the assistant air officer, the air officer, the commanding officer of the carrier, the carrier task group commander and the commander of the carrier task force, each must be a naval aviator. All have flown in squadrons from the carrier, day and night, in good and bad weather, on a smooth and a rough sea. They understand the problems of the pilots and therefore do a better job of directing and handling these operations. Obviously they must also be naval officers —hence the term, naval aviator.

Mobile air power is the main striking force of the Navy today, and it uses this force in accomplishing each of its many missions. The Navy is not a single purpose force.

It has the job of operating anywhere on more than seven-tenths of the earth's surface.

It must neutralize enemy submarine warfare.

It makes possible the transport of supplies and troops overseas.

It protects the import of critical materials during war.

It provides control of the air for withdrawal from, or landing upon, beachheads.

It can furnish close air support for invasions before local airfields are captured or established.

It is an absolute essential to the successful performance of the missions of the other military services.

It can overwhelm enemy advanced air bases and destroy enemy long-range bombers before they take off for an attack on the United States, and because no possible enemy possesses naval air power it is our greatest assurance that we can fight an aggressor on the other side of the world —and not in the United States.

He Who Laughs, Lasts

ABOUT 26 years ago, two fighters climbed into a Boston ring. After the clang of the bell for the first round, one thing was plainly evident. One fighter was good—the other one introduced as John Sullivan wasn't. But the crowd liked Sullivan. They laughed at his every move. His grimaces rocked the house with laughter.

Once, when the fighters were locked in a clinch, a ringside fan yelled encouragement, "He hasn't laid a glove on you, Sullivan."

Sullivan held on to his superior opponent and through his own puffed lips, he answered, "Better keep your eye on the referee then, son. Someone in here is beating the life out of me."

Later in the rest period, a sports writer heard Sullivan tell his manager, "I could have scored a moral victory—by just staying home."

Each round found Sullivan funnier and groggier. When his manager tried to coach him from the sidelines, Sullivan knew all the answers. During a particularly savage onslaught against his boy, Sullivan's manager yelled excitedly, "Stop some of those punches, Sullivan!"

Sullivan reeled and held himself upon the ropes as he answered, "Stop those punches? Do you see any of them getting past me?"

This answer brought down the house. The crowd roared—but it was all laughter at Sullivan. They tried to root him home. That's where Sullivan wished he were.

"That guy is no fighter—he's a comedian," one man said to another.

Sullivan lasted the distance, but only by a superb display of grit and endurance. He received a great ovation at the end of the bout. The winner was ignored. Sullivan was the favorite. He couldn't fight, but he could make people laugh.

Sullivan's opponent passed from public notice, but Sullivan is still in the public's eye. For obvious reasons, he gave up boxing as a career. But he is earning loads of money and still making people laugh at his wisecrack wit. His real name is John Sullivan, but you know him now as Fred Allen. —*Richie Waddell.*

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The 1768 edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* dispensed with the "Atom" in four sentences. "Love" was discussed for five full pages. In the latest edition of facts keyed to an uneasy world, however, the "Atom" rates nine pages and "Love" gets no space at all.—*This Week.*

FORTY-PLUS COURAGE

Our older citizens are helping themselves to a full, profitable existence.

by WADE L. SPENCER

A MANHATTAN advertising man, strong on creative ideas but weak in his resistance to cocktails, came to his office one morning and received the staggering news that he had lost his $12,000-a-year job.

In vain, he pleaded for another chance. His drinking had led to boisterous conduct which had affronted a prospective client. The agency lost a potential account and the drinker was dropped from the payroll.

The plight he found himself in because of his weakness for liquor was tough. He searched for jobs half as good as the one he had lost, but to no avail. In despair, he turned to Alcoholics Anonymous, which put him on the water wagon for good. Then he headed for another service organization—the Forty-Plus Club of New York City—and confided his desire for a respectable post in the advertising world again.

His was one of 200 such applications made each month by men over 40 years of age seeking responsible positions. Luckily, he was one of the 24 men whose applications were retained; still luckier to be one of the 14 finally accepted. In a fairly short time, thanks to the efforts of other jobless club members who unite in selling each other to prospective employers, this ex-alcoholic had been placed in another job to his liking, which paid even better than his former work.

The rules for membership in the Forty-Plus Club are few but rigid. To be eligible, a man must be unemployed, over 40, an American citizen, and have a good reputation for honesty. His background is carefully investigated by other club members. If he passes this initial screening, an admissions committee gives him the once-over. Finally, if he has leaped all these hurdles, his name is presented at an open meeting. If the members accept him, he then has a better-than-even chance of getting a lucrative position provided he does his chores, shows interest in other job applicants, and retains his faith in the ability of the Forty-Plus Club to deliver the goods.

All the cash outlay required of a member is a $10 donation when he is

elected to membership. If he leaves to take a high-paying position, he may contribute whatever sum he likes to the general treasury of the organization.

At such clubs — now functioning successfully in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles —you'll see former bank officers typing letters, commercial artists licking stamps, previously successful department store managers running mimeograph machines. A club member does not run down job leads for himself; he plays the role of the eager beaver for the other fellow.

A typical Forty-Plus member makes appointments with leaders in business and industry. He makes as many as 15 calls a week. Well-groomed, soft-spoken and confident, he speaks up not for himself but for other men. He brings back reports of job possibilities, which are then surveyed by the club's placement committee to determine which men shall be sent to seek the positions.

As one ex-member of the Chicago club put it, "It is bracing and a tonic to our morale to work with other men who—like myself—once held important posts and are ready to tackle new responsibilities with zest and ability. I almost felt like crying when one of the other members landed my present job for me; I was working so hard and having so much fun selling employers on other fellows, that it really hurt to leave the ranks of the jobless in the Forty-Plus Club and to latch up with a paycheck again!"

Back of the amazing growth of these self-help associations was the dream of Henry Simler, former executive of a leading typewriter company. Simler grew sick at heart during the early days of the last depression, watching once-proud executives sink lower and lower until they were ready to sell apples on street corners.

Simler was incensed at the fact that employment agencies and personnel managers put the accent on youth, disregarding the experience and vitality of older men with proven records of achievement. He watched youngsters get positions while men of outstanding ability walked the streets, hungry and tired.

Simler himself called on personnel managers and argued the case of the typical man over 40 who couldn't find a position. Thanks to Simler's logic, the weight of his evidence and his persuasiveness, many of his friends and acquaintances landed jobs.

Simler soon found many allies in setting up the first Forty-Plus Club. Since the depression days, his idea has burgeoned into a select, highly-regarded voluntary association of professional men and business executives who are marking time until they find the right position, not just a stop-gap.

"We want to lose members, not gain them," says an officer of the New York club. "We lose them by placing them in positions of importance, at salaries commensurate with their abilities. Since January, 1939, when we became established in New York, this club alone has placed more than 1300 members—whose average age was 55 years—in well-paying positions."

Since the war, in cities having such groups, the Forty-Plus leaders have served many veterans who returned to civilian life covered with honor only

to find that younger men had moved into their posts. One man, a mail-order house sales executive, enlisted in the Army and emerged a major after three years of combat service. Yet his old company told him politely but firmly, "We can't use you, Harry. The new man who took your place is only 29 and he's working out well. Better find something a little less strenuous for a man of 41."

Brooding upon his jobless state, the former major developed a first-class case of resentment and hostility toward a country which treated its fighting protectors so shabbily.

Fortunately for him, he heard of the Philadelphia club. He told his story, and soon was hard at work looking for a job *for other men*. He felt he was needed; that his services were appreciated. He started to spruce up, to acquire a new cheerfulness. Within four months another club member had placed him with a mail-order firm which highly values his experience and his zest for the job.

Each Forty-Plusser devotes at least two and a half days a week to working for other club members. Many members work a full five-day week, eight hours a day, running down leads for others. In time, their selflessness is rewarded when their colleagues find jobs for *them*.

The club members aren't interested in mine-run jobs paying $50 to $75 a week. Most of the jobs they uncover carry an $8,000-a-year stipend or better, with $15,000 and $20,000 jobs found for members not uncommon.

Age is no barrier to a job, in the opinion of the Forty-Plus brigade. As proof, they cite the story of a man of 72, a healthy but out-of-work model-maker, who started pounding the pavements looking for jobs for fellow members his junior by 25 years. He found jobs for others, and they found a spot for him—a $100-a-week position which he is filling so ably that his boss is now looking for other oldsters with young outlooks!

▲

"But I thought . . ." said the typist meekly.

"It's not your business to think!" snapped the manager. "I'll do the thinking around here. I pay you to take down what I tell you and do the letters. I'm ready to dictate now. Take this."

That afternoon the usual pile of letters was brought in for him to sign. On the top was this:

"Dear Mr. Smithe:

Don't forget the 'e.' Thinks it's aristocratic, I guess. Father was just a grocer. With regard to your letter of—look it up. Why the dickens can't the fellow use a typewriter if he can't write legibly! I can quote you the following prices. Oh, hello, Carter, what shall we stick this fellow Smithe? Twenty? Thirty, you say? Right. Thirty dollars the gross. Awaiting your esteemed orders, I am yours truly. Thank goodness that's done! What's next?"

▲

A Texan was trying to impress upon a Bostonian the valor of the heroes of the Alamo. "I bet you never had anybody so brave around Boston," said the Texan.

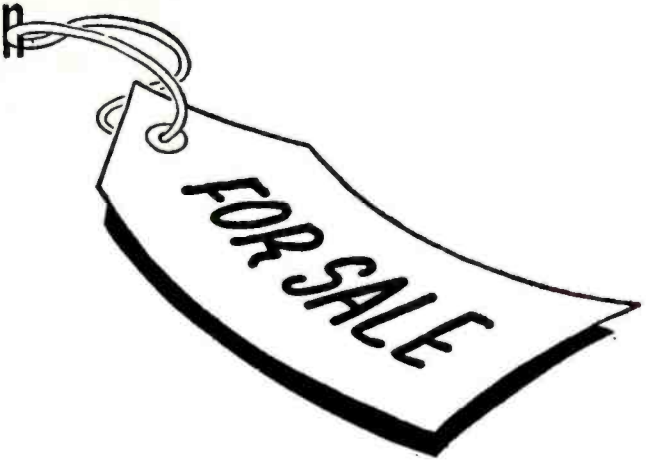
"Did you ever hear of Paul Revere?" asked the Bostonian.

"Paul Revere?" said the Texan. "Isn't he the guy that ran for help?"

"It's a perfect match,—she raises birds and he has a bee farm!"

a short story

Garden



by WILLARD N. MARSH

WITH her hands jammed in the pockets of her olive corduroy jacket, Georgia Williams shouldered aside the living room drapes and watched the sunken garden below. Seen through the bank of potted ferns on the terrace, it resembled a bright, figured tablecloth spread for a picnic; or, this was more it, a colorful stamp collection carefully and expensively accumulated through the years: love and labor flashing in the sun, but lacking the utility that would give it any market value. Suppose I were to run an ad in the paper, she thought. The usual elderly couple would drive out to poke the dahlias with critical fingers as they exchanged furtive whispers.

"Of course the blooms aren't *new*," Georgia could hear herself saying eagerly, "but they'll give you good service for years . . ."

Her eyes swung back to her husband, leaning against the mantel, cool and poised in his plaid sport coat and cream flannels. He was waiting for her to say something. And from the walnut stand beside her, the head of Socrates regarded her with bronze attentiveness. She needed a cigarette badly.

"In other words," Georgia heard herself say, "we're completely busted."

"Well, now," Willard laughed casually, "it isn't quite that bad."

"Between engagements, then. Like the dress extras say."

Willard had fine teeth when he smiled. "Between engagements," he agreed. "It's just that there's a general business lull. The slack'll be taken up pretty soon, I expect."

Georgia caught herself wandering to the coffee table again, letting her hands graze the porcelain cigarette-box, although it had been empty since yesterday.

"And in the meantime," she said,

"second vice presidents are a glut on the market."

He didn't say anything.

"Willard, I want a cigarette."

"Sorry, fresh out. We'll stock up after I swing that little loan from Barney—"

Georgia wheeled. "What's going to become of all our things, Willard? Will they take everything?"

"Now, baby. Be sensible. I just can't accept the first job that comes along. We do have a home, and a certain position in the community to maintain, you know."

But Georgia had crossed to the mantel, searching in the ash tray on top until she found a long, lipstick-smeared butt. She lit it, sucking the smoke in hungrily.

"Phyllis Otis's," she said pleasantly. "She throws them away too soon."

"Is that necessary, Georgia?" Willard asked in a tight voice.

She knew what she was doing to him, but she couldn't help herself.

"Beggars can't be choosers," she said. "It's the sickness of the times, as the French say. Do they have second vice presidents in France?"

Willard took a step forward, and suddenly Georgia couldn't stand it any longer. The ash tray in her hand shattered against the unfeeling skull of Socrates, raining onto the oriental rug in a hail of broken glass. Willard stiffened, as if a cramp had caught him. Then Georgia ran to his side, holding him against her, soothing his forehead.

"Don't worry, darling," she said. "You'll find something soon. And if you don't, we'll get along . . ."

We can always sell the garden, she thought, restraining an impulse to laugh. Because she knew that after the laughter, the tears would come.

▲

The workman who had just completed the sidewalk in front of a surburban home went up to the housewife. "Look, lady," he said glowingly, "you'll not find another job of new sidewalk anywhere as smooth as that. Why, it's . . ." Suddenly, he broke into a volley of exclamations. A three-year-old was gleefully wading through the center of his newly laid concrete. "Wait'll I get my hands on that kid!" the workman grumbled.

"But I thought you said you were fond of children," the housewife broke in.

"In the abstract—yes," the workman cried, "but in the concrete—no!"

▲

Trying to explain the reason for worldwide disagreement, an Indian said, "When nations smokem peace pipe, no one inhale."

▲

In Brisbane, Australia, they're telling the story of a capitalist, a fascist, a communist, and a unionist who were in a boat which suddenly sank.

First to drown was the capitalist, who tried to save too many of his belongings and was dragged down. Next was the fascist, who made no progress swimming because he kept raising one arm in a stiff salute.

The communist was so busy shouting propaganda that his mouth filled with water, and he sank. The unionist was swimming along fine when a whistle blew. Then he sank.—*Chicago Daily News.*

# of Information

by CLIFF HENDRIX

OVER the telephone wire came a woman's agitated voice, "My son is having an argument with his grandfather over which type of whale is the largest. Can you tell me, please, so we can settle this and have some peace around here?"

Officials of the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C., assured the lady that the retired sea captain was quite right in his assertion that the sulphur-bottom (a species of finback) was the largest of all whales, sometimes attaining a length of 85 feet.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred times, the Library's staff comes up with the answers to the darndest questions—answers gleaned, for the most part, from the books and magazines which are jam-packed on the Library's 414 miles of shelves.

"How can I get Professor Einstein's address?"

"What is a good recipe for preparing johnnybread?"

"What was Hitler's mother's first name?"

All these questions and thousands more are answered swiftly and courteously by the Library's highly trained research staff. Its members are accustomed to the strange desires for information which seize senator and housewife alike; they concede that they have lost the capacity to be surprised by any request.

Even the small fry take their problems to the Library of Congress. Wrote one 12-year-old lad in Connecticut, "I'm always getting shoved around by the older boys at my school. Will you please send me a book on jiujitsu?"

Aside from Washington residents, few Americans realize the staggering number of books contained in their beautiful Library of Congress. One of the least-publicized services of our

government, the Library is so well-stocked that students of the most recondite subjects are speedily obliged when they need a rare book, pamphlet or magazine.

Any day you may see savants peering at the original clay tablets of the Babylonians or mathematicians poring over the abstruse works of Ptolemy. If you want to read newspaper accounts of the French Revolution, you'll find them at the Washington treasure house of knowledge.

Maybe you're after the secret recipes of the court of Henry VIII. Or perhaps you'd like to check the timetables of a Swiss bus line which operated until 1934. They are available.

Should you want a respectful glimpse of the hallowed personal papers of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and virtually every other American president, you'll find them among the 8,000,000 documents in the Manuscript Room.

Before 1897, the Library had pinched quarters in the national Capitol, where it existed primarily for members of the Senate and the House who required information. Even today, one of its most important functions is the Legislative Reference Service, exclusively for Congressmen. If Senator Harumph wants to know the rainfall of Multnomah County, Oregon, last year, he has only to phone the Reference Service. Within an hour or so, a messenger will deliver enough meteorological data on Multnomah County to keep the Senator on his feet talking for six hours.

When the Library of Congress was founded back in 1800, a grant of $5,000 was allowed for its creation—in those days a big sum. Two years later, the first catalogue listed only 243 books. The straggling collection was largely destroyed by the British when they overran Washington in 1814.

But ex-President Thomas Jefferson, pained at the looting of the books, sold his famous collection of 6,479 volumes to Congress for $23,950. Even now, after the passage of more than a century, you can look over plenty of books once owned by Jefferson and read his intelligent and provocative notes on the margins of these yellowing volumes.

Back of the rapid growth of the Library in the past 50 years was the tireless work of Herbert Putnam, its librarian for 40 years after he took office in 1899. Putnam, a member of the famous publishing family, swept the cobwebs out of the reading rooms and made the Library a gathering place for the people.

The present librarian is Dr. Luther H. Evans. He, too, believes ardently in serving the public, and has thrown open the most priceless files and volumes to anybody with a legitimate interest in the Library's acquisitions.

You'll find Hitler's personal library here, presented by the United States War Department. You can have a field day prowling through old newspaper files; each day, 1,000 papers cascade in and all must be sorted and catalogued.

You'd be amazed at the good housekeeping practiced by Alvin Kremer, the Keeper of the Collections, whose task is to keep ancient pages from disintegrating and to hold at bay for

another century or two the real bookworms which find ancient tomes such delightful fare.

Kremer's staff cleans fragile books with special vacuum hoses, filters out dust, even fumigates volumes suspected of harboring insects. Once, two visiting soldiers inspecting the Constitution cried out, "Hey, there's a little bug in this case crawling over the Constitution." Horrified attendants, who spotted it as a destructive buffalo beetle, plucked out the offender and applied insecticide to America's treasured document. This procedure is followed regularly now with all old papers and books.

Nowadays, many of the oldest and most fragile documents have been microfilmed. This process also has enabled the Library's staff to store vast amounts of literature of all types in incredibly small spaces.

The Library's collection of more than 1,000,000 photographs is consulted frequently by writers desiring authentic historic "color" and by artists who strive for exact details in their portraits and illustrations. If you want to hear the chant of the field hands in Alabama, you can borrow a recording. If you need to take a peep at Patrick Henry's account book, you'll find it at the massive Washington edifice which contains printed works and pictures which have cost the American people over $100,000,000.

In the vast Main Reading Room, you have only to turn in your request slip to an attendant and it will be sped to workers in distant rooms by pneumatic tubes. Within minutes, the desired item comes back to you on a conveyor belt.

During the war, secret service agents, cryptographers, mapmakers, weather experts and language teachers flocked to the Library of Congress. They picked up priceless bits of information, new techniques, and other data which aided our war effort immeasurably.

To sightless Americans, the Library of Congress is a blessing indeed. By mail, they borrow "talking books" from the Library's special section which handles sound recordings of great books for blind borrowers. For those who cannot read Braille—and most blind people cannot—a talking book from the Library of Congress is one of the great pleasures in a darkened life.

▲

The Russian marshal, Suvaroff, liked to demonstrate his authority and confuse his men by asking them unexpected and usually unanswerable questions. But occasionally he met his match.

One bitter winter night, such as only Russia can produce, Suvaroff rode out to a sentry and demanded, "How many stars in the sky tonight?"

Without the least show of surprise, the soldier respectfully replied, "Just one moment, sir, and I will tell you." Then he commenced to count deliberately, "One, two, three four . . ." and so on.

When the sentry had reached two hundred, Suvaroff, who was half frozen, decided it was high time to ride on—but not until he had inquired the man's name, so he could have him eliminated.

▲

The gambling known as business looks with austere disfavor on the business known as gambling.

Tom Collins Says...

An egotist is a person who gets stuck on his own point of view.

▲

Thrift is an excellent virtue, especially in an ancestor.

▲

A bachelor is a man who has been lucky in love.

▲

The less a fellow knows, the more eager he is to prove it to anyone who will listen.

▲

A family tree is a device for tracing yourself back to better people than you are.

▲

Much incompatibility begins with income.

▲

These days if you give a man an inch he rents it.

▲

One way to reduce motor accidents is to build cars so they can't go any faster than the average person thinks.

▲

A woman's intuition is about two-thirds suspicion.

▲

The country's best buy for a nickel is a telephone call to the right party.

▲

Inflation: an economic condition that puts wind in the sales.

▲

With peace in such a precarious state, people can't tell whether this is a post-war or pre-war world.

▲

There is some consolation in the fact that even though your dreams don't come true, neither do your nightmares.

▲

Government nowadays is simply some figure followed by nine zeros.

▲

When a girl is carrying a torch, she keeps talking about boy-gone days.

▲

The Washington spotlight has plenty of scandal power.

▲

Some Oklahoma towns are so small that city limit signs are back to back.

▲

The smart woman is one who realizes that the most seductive perfume is not "Allure" or "My Passion," but the aroma that comes from a broiling beefsteak.

George Washington's Gingerbread Man

He was a one-man fifth column for the Continental Army.

by BARNEY SCHWARTZ

"THERE'S a Christopher Ludwick to see you, sir," the orderly informed General Washington.

The general of the Continental Army looked up. "Ludwick? . . . Ludwick? . . . Oh, yes, the Philadelphia baker. The Gingerbread Man. Show him in."

Through the door of headquarters strode a huge man whose stomach seemed to pour over his belt, and whose bulbous nose was almost as red as the coal embers in the ovens of his prosperous bakery. He saluted stiffly in the old Prussian manner.

"Cheneral Vashington," he said with an accent as thick as any cake he ever baked, "I haff come to offer my services." Christopher Ludwick, who had learned soldiering in his native Germany, hoped for some rank in the ragged army now fighting the war for independence.

George Washington returned the salute and smiled. "What kind of service have you in mind?"

"Anything, sir," answered Ludwick. His love for his adopted country was evident. He wanted most to be with the men who shouldered muskets.

General Washington was silent a moment, then said, "I am in great need of a man of your talents, one who knows baking. I will appoint you Baker-General of the Continental Army."

Disappointment showed on Ludwick's face for an instant before he clicked his heels and stiffened again. "I accept," he announced.

It was only natural that Washington should select such a job, because the huge man before him was widely known for his baking ability. His specialty was gingerbread made from a recipe handed down by four gen-

erations of German bakers. All Philadelphia bought at his shop and affectionately called him "The Gingerbread Man."

Ludwick came to America a penniless, but ambitious, immigrant. He worked as an apprentice to earn enough to open his own shop, and when his first customer smacked lips at sight and smell of the gingerbread, the baker was on the road to success.

By the time of the Revolutionary War, he had enlarged both his shop and his savings. When the war clouds turned into cloudbursts of musket volleys, he promptly closed his establishment and made his way to Washington's headquarters.

Assuming his post as Baker-General, Ludwick contributed all the flour he had stored in a warehouse. Flour was a critical item and none knew it better than the Gingerbread Man himself. "Soldiers must eat!" he shouted at his staff, "and there is little flour. We must stretch it into many loaves."

Several months later, a messenger hastened to Ludwick. "The General wants to see you immediately."

Ludwick hurried to the headquarters. Again he saluted stiffly.

"Ludwick," said Washington, "I have a very dangerous mission for you."

The Gingerbread Man's stout heart thumped wildly. Here, at last, was something adventurous. Perhaps to lead a combat force. He waited for the explanation.

"We must disrupt the hired Hessian troops as much as we can," the General said. "Without them, the Redcoats will be weakened and our chances much better. With your

" . . . and in conclusion . . . "

knowledge, and accent, you could join them and talk many of them into deserting."

Ludwick's face beamed. This was even more dangerous than he expected. "I vill tell them much," he replied. He meant it. His own success in America gave him the necessary background.

Washington was solemn. "You know, of course, that if you are revealed you will be shot by the enemy."

Ludwick nodded.

"And," continued Washington, "you can expect no help from us."

Ludwick knew. "I accept," he said again.

Within a few days, he was on his way to the Hessian garrison, a one-man fifth column in a century in which that term was meaningless. One slip, one bit of bad judgment, would bring him the same fate as that of Nathan Hale. Ludwick was dressed in the clothes of a tradesman and he practiced modulation of his accent so it would more closely match that of the Hessian mercenaries. He crossed into New Jersey at night and enlisted, writing his name on the roster in fine German script.

Slowly, cautiously, he wormed his way into the confidences of the soldiers. It was a ticklish proposition. He had to choose his subjects carefully and then cite reasons why they should desert.

He soon saw the results of his undermining. Hundreds deserted, causing military delays and disorganization. At first the Hessians slipped away one or two at a time, but later entire groups began disappearing. Many of them went to the frontiers, while others even volunteered in the Continental Army.

Weeks later, Ludwick knew it was time to leave. Suspicious glances were being cast in his direction. His own escape was his most dangerous task. Hessian guards, now doubled, were shooting first and asking questions afterwards.

He decided to chance it. Everything went well until he neared the last outpost. Suddenly, musket shots screamed by him. The big man threw himself to the ground, wriggled into a gully, dashed through it, plunged into a stream and coaxed super speed from his powerful arms.

Once on the opposite bank, out of range, he stripped off his Hessian uniform and trudged to the American lines. He was detained until confirmation of his identity came from General Washington.

After a profuse commendation from the General himself, Ludwick returned to the army's bake ovens. He had proved his military worth.

When peace came, Christopher Ludwick returned to Philadelphia, penniless again. All he possessed had been given cheerfully in the cause of freedom. He chuckled, shrugged his shoulders, and began baking gingerbread again. Penny by penny, he recouped his fortune.

Always, the aroma of his delicacy attracted children to his shop window. They would flatten their small noses against the pane and wait for the jovial Gingerbread Man to see them, knowing he had slices set aside for them.

Then one day, the faces weren't there. Yellow fever had struck Phila-

delphia with a terrible toll of human lives.

Ludwick again saw a way to help. He baked bread for the poor and destitute families and took it to them himself, refusing anything in return, and braving the dangers of the fearful streets.

Only when the plague had passed did he resume baking gingerbread.

He died in 1801, leaving his entire wealth to help poor children of Philadelphia who remembered him as "The Gingerbread Man."

There was another title which Christopher Ludwick alone possessed. He was the only man ever to hold the rank of Baker-General of the Army. That post was created for him the day he first saw Washington, and it ended when the last shot of the Revolutionary War was fired.

Science's Strangest Coincidence

THE strange coincidence of the discovery of a way to obtain aluminum from aluminum oxide, in 1886, still stands unequalled in the annals of science.

Although they were 4,000 miles apart, Charles Martin Hall and Paul Louis Toussaint Heroult found the method at the same time. Hall was in Ohio, Heroult in France. Neither knew the other, nor had they heard of each other. But in exactly the same way they discovered what could be accomplished by passing an electric current through aluminum.

Both were 22 years of age at the time. Both became leaders in large-scale production in their respective countries. Later, both died in the same year, 1914.

Their discovery made it possible to produce the important metal efficiently and abundantly at a mere fraction of the former cost. Their electrolytic experiments were carried on with crude apparatus, the basis of which has been made into equipment which turns out nearly 2,000,000 pounds of aluminum a year.

Both were accredited with the discovery, which is known as the Hall-Heroult method.

▲

Even a moron admits there are two sides to every question—his side and the wrong side.

▲

The prohibitionist says that liquor subtracts years from your life while the drinker says it adds life to your years.

▲

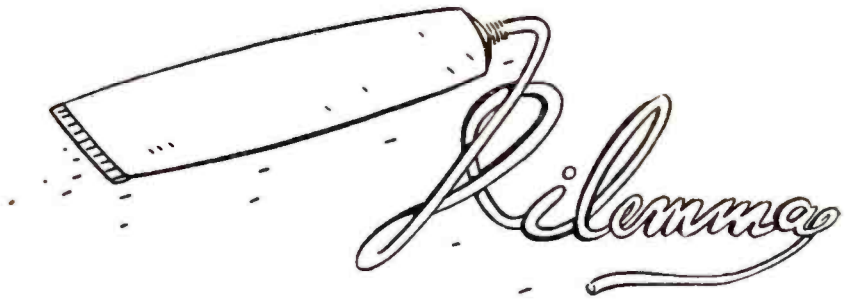
An attractive young American tourist was visiting a museum in Vienna. Seeing a piano that was once used by Beethoven, she walked casually up to it and rattled off some "boogie" on the keys.

Then turning to the attendant, she asked if very many great pianists had come to see this famous piano. The attendant informed her that Paderewski had seen it a short time before.

"Paderewski!' she exclaimed. "Surely he must have been moved to play something beautiful on this old instrument!"

"On the contrary," the attendant replied cooly, "he did not feel worthy of touching it."

Your Dentifrice



How about a paste in the mouth?

by RICHARD L. BROWN

A TUBE of toothpaste, a can of toothpowder, and a sparkling smile—simple items. But the American dentifrice industry has used them to build a multi-million dollar business.

Americans will spend enough this year for toothpastes, powders, brushes, and dental floss to hit an average of 75 cents per person ranging from the toothless infant to the equally toothless octogenarian.

Are they getting their money's worth?

No, say the dentists overwhelmingly. After a quarter-century of frenzied advertising, the dentifrice industry will spend $13,000,000 during 1949 to promote their products. The dentists are not impressed. They scoff at every cent of this sum.

How about the consumers, you and I who brush our teeth with these highly advertised products, are we getting a value for our six-bits?

Well, it's the taste of the paste in your mouth that is the outstanding quality in dentifrices today. Or so the market research bureau of the University of Illinois found out. As part of a project in dentifrice advertising, the researchers were interested in learning just how consumers do feel about the stuff they brush their teeth with every morning and night.

The bureau sent out a platoon of interviewers armed with a questionnaire that asked these main questions: What type of dentifrice do you use and why? What brand and why? Do you have any particular likes or dislikes regarding dentifrices?

In addition, the interviewers presented each person they queried with

a card listing seven dentifrice qualities which were to be rated in order of personal preference.

And while taste was the main thing that the consumers liked about their dentifrices, when they rated qualities, taste was last. Apparently the consumer will continue to buy his present brand if it tastes good, but when asked to serve as a judge of dentifrice qualities, then taste is not as important.

Two out of three of the persons questioned preferred paste over powder. The reason? They felt that powder was too messy to handle. You pour it into your hand, wipe it up with the brush, or try to pour it onto the brush. In either case you are liable to spill the stuff all over the bathroom. So they stick to the old reliable paste which eliminates all the bother.

On the other hand, the third who use powder say that it is more economical and does a better cleaning job. They are perfectly content with the minor tribulations that powder presents to the sleepy-eyed commuter in the morning.

Both groups keep the dentifrice manufacturers happy trying to fill the ever-present demand.

The popularity of liquid dentifrice, by the way, is insignificant. After a meteoric rise a few years ago, it has slumped to the point where it represents only a minor fraction of dentifrice preferences and sales.

The consumers interviewed felt that the most important qualities were the ability of the dentifrice to clean teeth and to keep the mouth clean and fresh in the process. Dentists say that the important thing should be prevention of tooth decay, but this quality lagged far behind.

This despite the present flurry of a product that is the dentists' answer to the dentifrice industry, the new ammoniated tooth powder. This powder, which was developed at the University of Illinois, is claimed to be the only dentifrice now on the market that can do an adequate job of preventing tooth decay. Only a few persons who were interviewed had heard of this new powder, and even fewer had used it. The product is gaining popularity, and it may provide the first real threat to the dentifrice moguls in years.

"I like my toothpaste because it makes my teeth whiter," said a number of persons. They had not been reading the testimonials in the Sunday comics; they were serious. And just listen to those dentists boil. For years they have been pointing out that whiteness is inherent and varies from person to person. They maintain that a dentifrice can only keep surface stains off the teeth, and no paste, powder, liquid, or combination of them can make your teeth any whiter, all irium to the contrary.

Then there were the few misguided souls who went so far as to say that their dentifrice strengthens their gums. Again the dentists protest vehemently. Gesticulating with shiny pliers, they keep reminding the public that there are no muscles in the gums. Consequently, the gums cannot be made stronger, so if your toothbrush shows pink, don't worry. You probably need a new toothbrush, not stronger gums.

(Continued on page 30)

A new life was carved from toothbrush handles.

San Quentin's Satisfied CONVICTS

by MORTON MOORE

A SULLEN, embittered young man who had killed a policeman was called "Toughie" by the despairing guards of San Quentin prison for the first six months of his life as a convict.

Today this convict is tractable, pleasant and cooperative. What changed him was a chance to work in San Quentin's famed hobby workshop with other prisoners. There these men with years of time on their hands turn out 1,000 different products utilizing high grade machine tools worth $20,000.

In eight years, the San Quentin hobby shop has jumped from several simple workbenches to a highly mechanized, streamlined factory which produces outstanding merchandise, toys, trinkets and furniture—at not one penny's cost to the taxpayers of California!

The start of San Quentin's successful experiment in giving prisoners the opportunity to achieve self-respect by working with their hands was entirely an accidental one.

It came about when Warden Clinton Duffy was informed that a 19-year-old youngster—so tough he was the despair of veteran guards—had swiped acetone from the prison's dental lab.

Duffy had the prisoner brought to him and inquired why he had taken acetone instead of valuable equipment or drugs.

"I use the stuff to make rings out of old toothbrush handles," snapped the youth. "A guy can go crazy here; making rings gives me something to do, and I make a little dough out of them, too."

Duffy, instead of disciplining the boy, telephoned several leading San Francisco hotels and asked their managers to please save the colored plastic toothbrushes which forgetful guests often leave in the bathrooms. Duffy assembled the brushes, paid for some chemicals and tools out of his own pocket and turned them over to the ring-making convict.

The grateful youth soon began turning out rings, brooches, animal head pins and other clever novelties made from the plastic handles. He lavished most of his output on Warden Duffy, who had become his fast friend.

Before long, Duffy was serving as a simple distributor of the young convict's wares. Friends to whom he had given the novelties reordered them by the dozen—and the young convict found he had a hobby which paid off richly in interest and money.

For men in the armed forces, he produced toothbrush handle curios free. For civilians, he set small prices on his handicraft; within two years, he had $2,000 in the bank. When his time was up, the ex-prisoner took his savings, opened a small gift shop, and now is self-supporting.

Duffy, afire with enthusiasm over what one prisoner had accomplished through hobby work, hectored California legislators into passing a bill which legalized a hobby project in the vast prison.

Then Duffy began a campaign of salesmanship within the prison itself. He sought to sell convicts on the idea of doing something for themselves through hobby craft. He haunted the library for books on how-to-make-it themes; he paid for instruction leaflets with his own funds and distributed them to convicts.

The prison shop superintendents lent a few tools; the prisoners themselves even saved up their tobacco

"Same old story. Started hitting the bottle; cut my hand . . . "

money to buy other needed things for the improvised workshop Duffy had set up for them.

Instructors from schools, impressed by Warden Duffy's enthusiasm for the project, started coming in several nights a week to instruct convict hobbyists in the use of tools for carpentry, leather-making, beadwork and other interests.

Even weary life-termers, seeing the enthusiasm of other men for the hobby shop, grudgingly visited the place and half-laughingly started their hobby "apprenticeship." Before long, forgers, murderers, arsonists and highwaymen were swapping shop notes, holding exhibits of ash trays, salad bowls and figurines, and pocketing substantial profits from the sale of their products to prison visitors.

One elderly convict—whom Duffy grub-staked to a block of pine wood—carved out an impressive bas-relief of Will Rogers which he proudly presented to Duffy. In his first year, this convict's part time work with wood brought him $1,500. After his term was up, he used the money to good advantage by going into business for himself.

The hobby shop now is on a businesslike basis, with a manager, library, shipping department and other appurtenances of big business.

Out of each prisoner's sale of handicraft, ten per cent is retained by the hobby association to pay for materials, new tools, additions to the library, and the manager's salary. One of the few regulations is that 20 per cent of the sales proceeds must be placed in trust for the convict. This form of compulsory saving results in a nest egg for prisoners upon their release.

One man, bitter and regretful over his folly in robbing his employer, worried about his family while he was doing his term. He knew his wife was having trouble in meeting payments on their bungalow. But diligent application to his hobby of jewelry crafting enabled him to pay off the mortgage several years in advance of its due date.

Other prisoners send large sums home regularly to their wives and children. One hobbyist is putting a son through law school in an eastern university with the proceeds of his clever carpentry.

And still another lifer—unable to be present at his daughter's wedding—sent her a check for $500 as a wedding gift, earned by his skill at producing scarf pins and wooden brooches.

The prisoners, dressed in white shirts and ties, serve as their own salesmen in the prison reception lobby. They fill mail orders from every state and many foreign countries.

Now producing more than 50,000 different items a year, the hobby factory is the envy of wardens of other prisons who are having discipline problems. Duffy, though admitting that hobbies are no cure-all for "stir-sickness," tells his associates that handicraft goes a long way in lifting the pall of boredom from men behind bars.

"Any man to be contented and self-respecting must be proud of *something* he can do, make or play," says Duffy. "Prisoners are no exception. They

need pride in some accomplishment even more than other men do. We think we've found the answer in the hobby crafts project. It pays off in self-respect, social behavior — and money!"

YOUR DENTIFRICE DILEMMA

(Continued from page 26)

There were a few other choice qualities that interviewers brought to light. Some like the smell of their favorite brand, others forget all about the product and buy it because they like the color of the tube or even the color of the toothpaste! Consumer, thy name is fickle.

Finally, a few said the fact that their brand makes a nice foam in the mouth, is the reason they reach for it in the drugstore. Don't laugh. This foam business is important. One of the largest toothpaste marketers in the field saw sales lag because the paste did not foam as well as others. The company tested, changed the product, and it foamed its way back to the top.

Dentists add one important item that was not brought out in the survey. The action of sugar on the teeth. They remind the public that the action of the sugar's acid on your teeth is the cause of most decay. So when the Department of Agriculture says you will eat your weight in sugar this year, you are eating a substance that is dynamite to your teeth.

Yes, your own weight in sugar—or more precisely, 140 pounds. Sounds like a lot, but look how it may be consumed. That candy bar you munch between meals contains up to seven teaspoons of sugar. The bottle of soda pop, resting innocently in the refrigerator, four to six teaspoons. And so on.

Dentists say that the only way out is to cut down on your sugar intake. This takes will power, and most of us can't break the habits of a lifetime overnight. Meanwhile the sugar factor is overlooked, and even the decay-prevention qualities of a dentifrice are forgotten, as the survey brought out.

The survey, of course, is not the final word or authority on this subject. The interviewers covered only a small area, hardly representative of the country as a whole. But remember that toothpastes and powders are products that make no differentiation. Rich or poor, college professor or miner, all consumers buy the same brands for the reasons shown in the survey, and probably for many more.

Tomorrow morning when you brush your teeth, take a good look at your dentifrice. You may come to a sudden decision. Your dentifrice doesn't have any of the qualities that you think it should have. Don't worry. Just chuck it into the trash can, and turn to salt and baking soda. This mixture may not taste good, but it does the job, and besides, it will keep your dentist happy. He probably uses it too.

A canine picked the Derby winner seven straight times!

Dog, Devil, or PROPHET?

by ROGER SMITH

A MAN and a dog stood before a joint session of the Missouri State Legislature at Jefferson City one day in 1933. It was a strange sight in the House of Representatives. The dog, a white setter with black markings, listened intently while a telegraph key tapped out a message in Morse code. As soon as the clicking ceased, the dog walked up to a member of the legislature, put one paw on his knee and looked back at his master expectantly.

The senators and representatives applauded loudly. The message had directed the dog to point out a certain man in an audience of hundreds. Somehow, the dog had understood and carried out the instructions of a message that few human beings in the audience had understood.

Jim the Wonder Dog and his master had been invited to perform before the State Legislature on this day. But exhibitions such as these were common to Jim, for he was known all over the country for performances that displayed his super-human intelligence.

The phenomenal story of Jim the Wonder Dog is still told and retold throughout Missouri. It is the story of a dog that possessed occult powers as mysterious and unexplainable today as they were 12 years ago when he died.

Jim, a Llewellyn English Setter, was born on a farm in Louisiana in 1925 —an ugly, gangling pup with huge feet. Since Jim was obviously the "black sheep" of the litter, his master offered to sell the dog for $5, while he asked $25 for any one of the other pups. Little did his master know of the wealth of intelligence and understanding behind those sad, brown eyes! People said the dog's eyes appeared almost human at times, and

when Jim was spoken to, his eyes portrayed complete understanding.

Shortly after his birth, Jim's master shipped him, as a gift, to a friend in West Plains, Missouri. When Sam Van Arsdale received the big-footed pup, he made the same remark that Jim's former master had. "I've never seen such an ungodly-looking puppy!" Jim's day was yet to come.

The first discovery that Jim was no ordinary dog was made by Van Arsdale's young niece. She played games with Jim, and one day she put a box over Jim's head while she hid her doll. Then she removed the box and told him to find the doll. To her amazement, Jim went straight to her hiding place. Dorothy thought this unusual and told her mother, who wasn't impressed and soon forgot the matter.

Not long after, Jim was taken from the family home to the kennels where Van Arsdale kept his other bird dogs. One sweltering day in August, the trainer sent Jim and some other young dogs into the field to look for birds. While the other three pups ran here and there in the hot sun trying to pick up a scent, Jim casually sauntered from shade tree to shade tree, watching the others hunt. When Van Arsdale heard the story, he was disappointed in Jim's performance and threatened to give him away; but the trainer swore the dog was intelligent if he had sense enough to get out of the sun on a hot day.

On his very first tryout at bird hunting alone, Jim astonished his master and trainer by pointing a covey of quail immediately and following through to point the singles when they were set up and dispersed. He retrieved faithfully without chewing a bird.

By the time Jim was three, he and his master had become great pals and hunted frequently. Van Arsdale was living then at Sedalia, Missouri, where he operated the LaMoore Hotel. One day in the early fall, when the two were hunting out from Sedalia, Van Arsdale casually remarked, "Jim, let's go over under a tree and rest. Jim, do you know a hickory tree?" No sooner had he spoken than Jim ran over and put his foot on a hickory tree. Astonished, his master told him to point out a black oak, then a walnut, then a cedar tree. Jim showed him each by resting one foot on the tree named. Jim would follow unerringly each command to indicate an object, even so far as to point out a tree stump and a tin can.

Van Arsdale, bewildered and sweating with excitement, rushed home to tell his wife of the discovery. Unbelievingly, she scoffed at him until she was shown Jim's capacity for understanding.

Before long, the story of Jim's uncanny performance was heard all over Sedalia, and people began to gather at the LaMoore Hotel to be convinced. To prove the story to one disbeliever, Van Arsdale told Jim, "Show this man which car is his." Immediately the dog went to the car and put his front paw on it.

Later, a man remarked that if the dog were so smart, he should be able to identify his car by the license plate number. Although Van Arsdale had not tried this one, he confidently wrote the numbers on a slip of paper and explained to the dog that he want-

ed to find the car carrying those numbers. Jim trotted through the lobby and down the block to the correct car. Then he put his paw on the rear plate, and looked back knowingly.

Although it is accepted by science that dogs are color blind, Jim could discern color perfectly. His master would ask him to point out a man with a black mustache; a woman wearing a blue dress, or a man with a red necktie. The dog located the correct person with ease.

By this time, people from all over Missouri were coming to see the Wonder Dog and verify the reports. When one skeptical woman asked for a demonstration, Van Arsdale told her to write something in shorthand for Jim to do. He showed the instructions to the dog, and immediately Jim walked up to a man in the group. She had directed in shorthand, "Show me the man with rolled socks." This man wore rolled socks.

At a demonstration before a Greek class, the dog's master thought old faithful Jim had failed him when he was directed to follow instructions written in Greek. The dog looked at the paper but failed to move. Puzzled, Van Arsdale asked the Greek professor what was written on the paper. He explained that it was nothing more than the Greek alphabet. Jim had understood.

At an arranged demonstration at the University of Missouri, the dog was directed in Spanish, French, German and Italian to do certain things. Jim complied without faltering. This demonstration was witnessed by Dr. A. J. Durant, head veterinarian at the University, and hundreds of students.

Afterwards, Dr. Durant conducted a thorough physical examination of the dog. He reported that he "could find nothing abnormal or different from any other dog."

Dr. J. C. Flynn, of 300 East Armour Boulevard, Kansas City, studied Jim at the Flynn Dog and Cat Hospital for six weeks and reported that the dog would perform for him as for his master. At that time, Dr. Flynn was president of the National Veterinarians Association.

"There's no question about it," Dr. Flynn still asserts today. "That dog definitely possessed a sixth sense—the uncanny ability to discern what other people are thinking. He was a real mind reader. Why, often he'd do things that I wanted before I ever expressed a command."

Dr. Flynn cites several cases in which Jim followed directions in the complete absence of Van Arsdale, whom some skeptics still insist made secret signs to the dog. One day, Jim had accompanied Dr. Flynn to the

post office, where a group of 15 or 20 mailmen were sitting around talking. "That dog can't really understand, can he?" asked one dubiously. In reply, Dr. Flynn told Jim to point out the mailman who carried mail on their route. Jim immediately laid his paw on the correct man.

"Now tell him to point out the postman named Wagner," whispered another. The doctor gave the command. Jim hesitated a moment, then walked up to a short, dark-haired mailman just entering the door. The man's name was Wagner. Neither Dr. Flynn nor Jim had ever seen the man before.

A few days later, Dr. Flynn stopped in a neighborhood garage and repair shop to have a tire patched. The garage owner looked down at Jim on Dr. Flynn's leash and laughed, "So that's the great Wonder Dog, eh? He doesn't look so unusual to me. Let's see him perform, Doc."

Dr. Flynn glanced around the little office, and his eyes rested for a moment on the safe in one corner. "Tell me where this man hides his money at night, Jim," he said. Jim walked right past the safe and out into the back room of the shop. There, he stopped and rested his paw on a pile of scrap metal and old tires in the corner.

"Well," laughed the owner somewhat uneasily, "looks like I'll have to find a new place to be hiding my money." From the scrap pile below Jim's paw, he drew a metal lock box containing hundreds of dollars.

Dr. Flynn is one of the few persons other than Van Arsdale for whom Jim would perform. "He just did it for me because he liked me," Flynn explains.

As Jim's fame grew, he and his master received many invitations to demonstrate his super-human intelligence. One came from the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago. A New York newspaper offered to pay all expenses to Washington for an interview with President Roosevelt. But Jim was sick and could not make the trip.

To those who called the dog a fake, his ability to predict future events proved even more mystifying and tended to lessen their disbelief. In 1936, Jim predicted the Yankees would win the World Series by selecting the winner from two slips of paper. In the same manner, he forecast the outcome of the presidential race of 1936 in which Roosevelt won over Landon. The *Literary Digest* later wished it had had Jim on the payroll.

At Miami, Florida, Jim picked the winners of a dog race, first, second and third in the order of their winning.

In the Lindbergh kidnapping case, Jim was asked to tell if Hauptmann was involved in the kidnapping. He chose the slip of paper which bore the affirmative answer. This information was not divulged until the case was over.

In predicting the sex of the unborn, Jim was a wizard. In a test conducted by J. W. Cook of Marshall, Missouri, Jim's accuracy in forecasting the future was proved. A cat that Cook had rescued from a snowdrift was to be the mother of kittens. Cook tore a piece of paper into seven pieces and

asked Jim to pick the number of kittens there would be. Jim pulled out five pieces. Cook wrote "male" on five more slips of paper, and "female" on another five, and asked Jim to indicate how many of each there would be in the litter. Jim dragged three from the male group and two from the female group. A week later, Flossie became the mother of three males and two females. In many other cases, Jim—without a mistake—predicted the sex of unborn children.

Van Arsdale could have used Jim to acquire huge sums of money through his predictions, but he didn't. He was offered $364,000 to work in the movies with the dog for one year, but turned down the offer because he felt that the dog's powers were beyond his comprehension, and he did not "care to commercialize on them in any way."

For seven consecutive years, Jim predicted the winner of the Kentucky Derby. Van Arsdale was offered various sums of money to divulge this information to gamblers and betters, but he always refused it, and he locked the name of Jim's choice in his vault until the race was run.

In 1932, Jim became sick. From that time on he was unable to hunt with his master, but continued to travel with him and perform at the Ruff Hotel in Marshall.

Five years later Jim died, at the age of 12. He was buried just outside the gate of Oak Ridge Cemetery, Marshall, Missouri. His master had lost more than a dog. He had lost a friend and companion whose powers, understanding and intelligence bordered on, and in many cases surpassed, those of the human animal.

The mystery of Jim is still unsolved. Hundreds of people have offered possible explanations for Jim's unusual abilities. Some claim that he was the reincarnation of King Solomon. One Biblical scholar maintains Jim was the good angel or was directed by the good angel, based on the theory that the angels attach themselves to man.

C. D. Mitchell of Columbia, Missouri, author of the book, *Jim, The Wonder Dog*, stated recently that The Psychic Research Society of London has requested a copy of his book for study. It is their goal to prove that there is some communion between man and the unknown.

When a man of prominence from Springfield, Missouri, told Mitchell that he forbade his children to read the book because the dog was possessed of the devil, Mitchell replied, "That is the best compliment I've had. If the book proves there is a devil, then people will say there is a God. And if there are both, it is likely they will all want to be on God's side."

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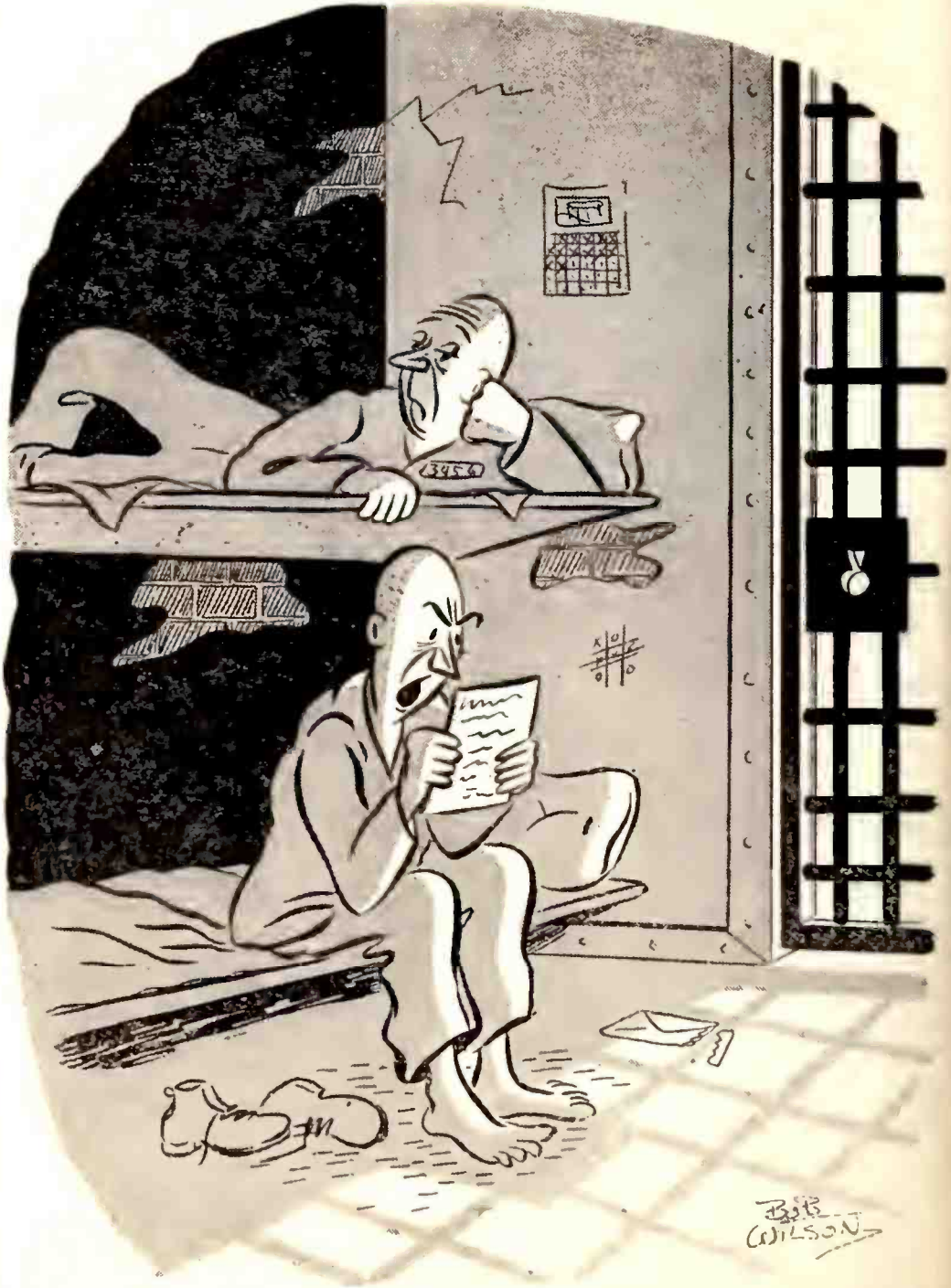
In a speech at Middlebury College, Dr. Albert Farmer, Professor of English Literature at the Sorbonne, told of reading a French translation of Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt*. "I came to the passage where Mr. Babbitt says to Mrs. Babbitt, 'Now look here, hon . . .' There the French translator had inserted this explanatory note: '*Hon*: abbreviation of *honorable*. American husbands often address their wives by this title'."



"All is forgiven," she says, "you can come home now."

Are You Sure It's *First Aid.....*

by FOWLER JENNINGS

ON a fine afternoon a few years back, New Yorkers were startled to see a dazed, bloody-headed man with a sensitive face and a shock of gray-black hair sitting on the curbing. He had been struck by a car, and well-meaning, but ignorant, "first aiders" had propped him up *before a doctor had examined him!*

"It's Fritz Kreisler, the violinist!" said a music lover who recognized the forlorn, pain-wracked figure. Afterward, when the great Kreisler was examined at a hospital, the doctors diagnosed brain concussion and roundly condemned inept handling which caused him to remain in danger for many months. By keeping him prone until a physician arrived, bystanders could have averted needless pain and prolonged hospitalization for the unfortunate musician.

His case is not unique. Every day, well-intentioned bunglers who know little or nothing about real first aid are actually breaking bones, intensifying concussions and inviting death by their eager mishandling of accident victims.

In Chicago, a young man speeding along Lake Shore Drive crashed into a light standard and was thrown to the street. Before police arrived, several men lifted the unconscious lad, "jack-knifed" him into the back seat of their car, and sped him to a hospital. They thought they were helping.

But examination revealed a damaged spinal cord which had been permanently injured by the hasty action of the would-be Samaritans. Since that time, the young driver has been confined to a wheel chair, forever unable to walk.

"If the helpful Henrys had waited until trained first aid workers or a doctor arrived, we might have restored his power to walk," comments the youth's physician. "But those who arrived first on the scene did the worst thing possible. Had they just

waited, he would have come out of the wreck okay."

Despite national publicity given to first aid workers, few Americans actually know the basic principles of succoring injured people. According to the American Red Cross, first aid isn't something you "pick up." It requires at least 25 hours' training under a qualified instructor—and then there are always new things to learn.

Despite the need for going to school in order to learn first aid, those of us who can't take the training, at least can learn what *not* to do when an emergency confronts us.

The cardinal principle is: *Never move an accident victim before the nature and extent of his injuries are determined.* Unwittingly, you might do permanent damage merely lifting the sufferer's head to give him a drink of water.

A California painter fell off a high ladder. Lying on the ground, he moaned that he couldn't open or close his fingers—a signal to trained first aid workers that his neck was very likely broken. But a middle-aged woman, after witnessing the accident, rushed to him and tried to prop him in a sitting position. The resultant exertion severed his spinal cord and he died shortly afterwards.

If you don't really know the principles of first aid, you can make your best contribution by insisting that others who know as little as yourself do nothing that may aggravate injuries. If a person is struck down by a car, your kindest act—and most sensible one—is to divert the flow of traffic until trained help arrives. Ambulance men and doctors often hesitate about moving badly injured people, but ignorant would-be benefactors have no such qualms. The result too often is added injury or even death.

And of course, if the accident victim lives to sue you, and can prove to a jury that your actions were not those of an "ordinarily prudent person," your well-intentioned help may be tremendously expensive.

Recently, a St. Louis girl took a bad tumble from a bicycle and lapsed into unconsciousness. An eager householder rushed out with a glass of water, shook the girl's head violently and tried to force water through her lips. The unconscious girl started to choke, and only the timely arrival of a physician prevented her from choking to death.

"If a person is unconscious, never try to awake him by shaking the head or body," trained first aiders will tell you. "If a head injury is present, such shaking can be fatal."

Our city policemen, too, have a lesson to learn in the science of first aid. Too often, cops will sniff the breath of an unconscious person, detect alcohol, and quickly try to hustle the unconscious form into a paddy wagon. New York police, in effect, killed a business man by tossing him into a "bull pen" to sleep it off. Hours later, he died. Investigation revealed he had stumbled and fractured his head shortly before the police found him.

Never assume that an unconscious person is intoxicated. He may be a diabetic, an epileptic or may have suffered a "stroke."

Few people realize the vital role

played by shock in many injuries. You can recognize severe shock by the vacant eyes, the slack jaw, the white face and nerveless hands of the victim. If a person with these symptoms is unconscious, you should keep him warm with blankets, coats or newspapers. And keep him flat! In shock cases, it's advisable to provide stimulants—tea, coffee, or other restorant.

But don't give wine or whiskey to an injured person! Such a stimulant —especially after a head injury—can be the final blow leading to death.

One of the first things Boy Scouts learn about is the tourniquet—yet it can be a deadly device instead of a lifesaver if improperly used.

A Pittsburgh woman, injured in a street car accident, was "first-aided" by a passerby who applied a tourniquet to her gashed arm. In the excitement, he disappeared. The unconscious woman was unaware of the pressure being exerted by the knotted handkerchief her would-be benefactor had tied around her arm.

At the hospital, shocked doctors removed the tourniquet—but it was an hour too late. The forearm had to be amputated. Tourniquets must be loosened every 15 minutes to permit the blood to circulate. Otherwise, gangrene will set in. When trained first aid persons apply a tourniquet, they identify it so it cannot be mistaken for a bandage. They write the letters "TK" in crayon or lipstick, with the exact time of its application, so doctors and ambulance men will promptly loosen the bond at the expiration of 15 minutes.

Simple household burns caused by electric appliances, as well as severe burns from flames, often are mistreated by unskilled first aiders who immediately apply oily or greasy unguents to deep or extensive burns. Before the burn can be treated, the grease must be removed—and this is painful. If aid must be given, take gauze or freshly laundered cloth, soak it in slightly warm sodium bicarbonate solution and apply gently. Never use absorbent cotton—it clings to the wound. But remember, people who are severely burned usually require treatment for shock first—for shock is a quick killer.

Snake bites, often more frightening than dangerous, have caused many novice first aiders to lose their heads and do the wrong things. A Chicago first aid teacher advises, "That old story about administering whiskey to a snake bite victim is the bunk. It harms rather than helps. If you must administer whiskey, give it to yourself!"

If you're sure that the bite is that of a poisonous snake, don't try to suck the poison from the wound by mouth; if you have a cut or blister in your mouth, you can be more severely affected than is the person you are trying to aid.

Once you're certain the snake was a poisonous one, you can make a cross cut one-eighth of an inch deep over each fang mark. This brings about steady bleeding. *Then get the victim to a doctor*—even skilled first aid can never substitute for medical aid!

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If they televise Congress, a lot of people are going to wonder who posed for those campaign posters.

THE CRAZIER THE BETTER

YOU don't have to be crazy to design a hat in Kansas City, but it certainly is a distinct advantage when concocting a bonnet to wear to the new WHB audience-participation show, *Luncheon on the Plaza*. Each weekday morning during the broadcast, bubbling Frank Wiziarde conducts a Crazy Hat Contest. Wearers of the zaniest homemade headgear receive gifts and a chance, along with other contestants, to try for the big Plaza Jackpot. This shower of expensive prizes is awarded to the lucky person who figures out co-emcee Lou Kemper's baffling Riddle-Me-This. Lou adds a new hint each day, and the ladies track down the clues like bloodhounds.

One of the show's highlights is the presentation of a corsage to the oldest lady present. Frank Wiziarde's big kiss accompanying the flowers usually brings a vivid blush to 90-year-old cheeks.

There's something popping every minute in the attractive Plaza Cafeteria where the broadcast is held. And after a fast half hour of continuous hilarity, the audience is weak with laughter. The ladies—some still "crazy-hatted"—leave chuckling, puzzling over the Riddle, and planning to come back the next day for another chance at the big Jackpot and another morning of fun at *Luncheon on the Plaza*.

THE pictures on the opposite page capture the spirit of a typical broadcast of *Luncheon on the Plaza*.

1. Frank Wiziarde presents an orchid corsage to the oldest young lady. Stand by for a kiss!

2. Ten beaming finalists display the season's latest styles in Crazy Hats.

3. Urged on by Wildman Wiziarde, three contestants clad in bibs gulp Coca-Cola in a bottle-draining race.

4. The ladies love it!

5. Lou Kemper and Frank Wiziarde pose with Jackpot winner Mrs. Paul Carpenter before some of the valuable merchandise prizes she has won.

Centerpiece

FOR the July-August centerspread, *Swing* cuts in on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star Elaine Shepard's party line.

Barnyard Animal Currency

DEEP in the safes of the treasury department, kept only as souvenirs of pre-Civil War days, are metal plates of the only American paper money on which pictures of barnyard animals, instead of presidents, were used.

This was the currency printed for Tubac, Arizona, in 1860. The animal pictures used were a pig for "one bit," or 12½ cents; a calf for "two bits," or 25 cents; a rooster for "four bits," or 50 cents; a horse for a dollar and a bull for five dollars.

The animal-picture currency was necessary because nearly five-sixths of the people of Tubac at that time were unable to read, thus requiring the animal figures in place of numbers to avoid confusion.

It was the only deviation from the regular pattern of paper money since the currency system was adopted in the United States.

Luncheon on the Plaza

. . . *presenting* DAVID T. BEALS

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

YOUNG Dave Beals paced the platform with deliberate steps and waited. He wore the peg-topped and belted tweed suit appropriate for a college man of 1908, and the calm exterior which was to become his trademark in later years.

With one ear he listened for the overdue sleeper which was to carry him east; with the other he heard his father repeating, ". . . never. Never. That's the thing to remember now, David. Never be a banker. You can study anything you want—and I know you'll do well at whatever you choose—but if you would avoid worry, avoid misery, avoid undue and disproportionate responsibility, stay away from banking!"

So when Dave Beals climbed off the train and up the hill at Ithaca, he entered Cornell as an engineering student. The next fall he transferred to Sheffield College at Yale, where he acquired a high degree of proficiency with a slide rule and the ability to dismantle and reassemble any automobile of the era in record time.

Then, because young men believe more of what they see than of what they hear from their elders, upon graduation Dave Beals became—like his father before him—a rancher and a banker.

The elder Beals, universally called "Colonel" as a mark of respect even though he had never been associated with the army, had cut quite a swath in both of those fields. He had migrated west from Boston as a boy in his 20s, in 1857, and had gotten his start as an itinerant peddler of shoes in the Plains states. The Colonel got into ranching with property in Arkansas, and he later owned the famous LX Ranch near Amarillo. He moved to Kansas City in 1884, and two years later organized the Union National Bank there. After the panic of 1907 he merged the Union with the National Bank of Commerce and became president of the amalgamated corporation.

Colonel Beals was past 50 and married for the second time when David was born. His home was one of Kansas City's showplaces, a three-story mansion which occupied a square block of land on the north side of Independence Avenue, between Wabash and Prospect.

But if there was ever a person unaffected by and unconscious of financial good fortune, it's Dave Beals. He still lunches with several of his boyhood friends from Central High School at a downtown restaurant every Saturday, and one of the group

remarked recently, "It's the dangdest thing about Dave Beals! He has a knack of making me feel he's just scraping along while I'm sitting on top of the world, fat and happy. Over the years, he's done more for my ego than anyone I know!"

At lunch, the discussions of the six or eight close friends sometimes grow heated, especially on subjects of economics or politics. But Dave Beals never enters the scrap. No fence straddler, he has an opinion on any given subject and is glad to state it on request. But that's as far as he'll go. He refuses to argue.

"Dave is sometimes slow to make up his mind," one friend comments, "but he's almost always right and completely unswervable."

Beals is not only right but president. He has pursued ranching and banking separately and jointly, and has been tremendously successful at both. Today he is president of the Inter-State National Bank of Kansas City, Missouri, a livestock bank with deposits of $60,000,000 that is located a few rods east of the Kansas border and one story above the second largest stockyards in the world.

He is president of the Inter-State Cattle Loan Company.

And until year before last, he was president of the Callaghan Land and Pastoral Company, and principal owner of the fabulous Callaghan Ranch, a 250,000-acre spread in south Texas.

Beals unloaded the Callaghan in an attempt to simplify his life. "As we grow older," he says, "we tend to acquire more and more tangible properties, more and more responsibilities. You've got to keep weeding them out. Unless you watch it pretty closely, your life gets too complicated."

He sighs, "My father bought the Callaghan when he was 76. I think it was a mistake."

Young David fell heir to the mistake when his father died during Dave's sophomore year of college. Dave found himself, suddenly, one of three owners of the Callaghan—then only 125,000 acres in size but badly involved financially. He hopped a train to Laredo to look the situation over, and was discouraged at what he found. The tangle seemed hopeless. But he hung on to his interest and determined to straighten things out by the application of modern techniques of management and bookkeeping. In those days, that was an almost revolutionary approach to the cattle business.

Dave persisted. He worked two summers on the ranch, and spent a year there when he got out of college. Gradually, the investment began to pay off, and it was possible to expand. When he sold the ranch in 1947, its acreage had doubled.

A few years ago, novelist Paul Wellman visited the Callaghan. He was tremendously impressed, and drew a few simple comparisons to convey an understanding of the size of the ranch to his city-dwelling newspaper readers.

"For one thing," Wellman wrote, "you could lay Kansas City down in the Callaghan, and it would be lost in a couple of the ranch's 50-odd pastures. Some of these single pastures are eight miles or more across, individual wildernesses of spiny brush

growth in which large herds of cattle can be hidden so that one scarcely knows they are there.

"Or look at it this way: There are 451 miles of barbed wire fence on the Callaghan. That is more than enough to stretch clear across the state of Kansas from end to end. Or it would reach from Kansas City to St. Louis and on across the state of Illinois almost to Terre Haute, Indiana.

"And here is just one more odd figure from the Callaghan. There are 79 wells on it, and in this part of Texas you have to drill down 1,000 feet to strike drinkable water. That is 79,000 feet of well holes—more than 13 miles of well holes alone."

Dave Beals and his bride, the former Helen Ward of Kansas City, honeymooned on the Callaghan, and have spent many pleasant days and weeks there since, entertaining friends. They

miss the ranch, but are happy to be free of its demands on their time.

In all probability, the Beals Simplification of Life Plan doesn't go far enough, for in addition to his banking and cattle loan interests, Mr. Beals is a director of the Crowe Coal Company, a director of the Kansas City Stock Yards Company, and a trustee of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York—a job that requires several weeks of every year to be spent in New York at board and committee meetings.

Beals is extremely active in community affairs. For many years he has served as vestryman and treasurer of the Grace and Holy Trinity Episcopal Cathedral. Through the church he became interested in St. Luke's Hospital, which he serves as treasurer, and as trustee.

In 1947 and 1948, Beals was also treasurer, as well as a director, of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce. He is a trustee of the University of Kansas City, a trustee of Blue Cross, a trustee of the Andrew Drumm Institute (for underprivileged children), a trustee of the Boy Scouts of America, a trustee of the Jacob L. and Carrie Jacob Loose Funds, and a trustee and president of the Roanridge Foundation, a farm school training Episcopal ministers for rural pastorates.

BEALS has one speed: slow ahead. He moves at a steady, deliberate pace and won't be hurried. He is completely thorough.

Mindful of the expanding waistline which overtakes many men in middle age, he begins every day with setting up exercises. Once he starts the regular series of calisthenics, he follows it through, inexorably, to its conclusion. No matter how heavy a day may be scheduled, he doesn't dream of skipping his push-ups or cheating on a few kneebends. Thoughts like that simply don't occur to David Beals.

He breakfasts, and arrives at the bank about ten. At 12:30 he goes to

lunch, and he may or may not return to the office, depending on how many meetings of civic and charitable organizations are on the agenda.

In the evening he likes to read financial literature or histories of the Southwest while stretched out on the leather couch in the study of his large home on Dunford Circle, adjacent to Mission Hills Country Club.

Mrs. Beals, an extremely handsome and highly energetic woman, has worked out a sort of gear ratio, so that her movements will correspond with those of her husband.

When he parks the car, for instance, she would be on the sidewalk and a third of a block away before he had the ignition turned off—if she moved at her normal speed.

Instead, she has learned to sit perfectly still and count to 15 slowly before reaching for her purse and gloves. She continues counting, and when she reaches 35 Mr. Beals has her door open, and is ready to assist her to the street.

Dave Beals' reputation for calm, deliberate thought and action is widespread. Actually, however, his mind works rapidly. Much of his success depends upon his ability to foresee trends. He worries as much as anyone else does, but has learned to conceal it. When he wrestles with some mental problem, he gives only one outward indication of stress. He plays solitaire. It's the only card game he knows, and he turns to it only when he is desperate for quiet relaxation. He likes it because it occupies his hands, but only a tiny corner of his mind.

Beals has a delightful, exceedingly dry sense of humor which he often turns against himself. Friends praise his abilities as a hunter, fisherman, horseman, photographer, and historian, but he disclaims all accomplishments. Listening to him tell it, you wonder how he manages to get along.

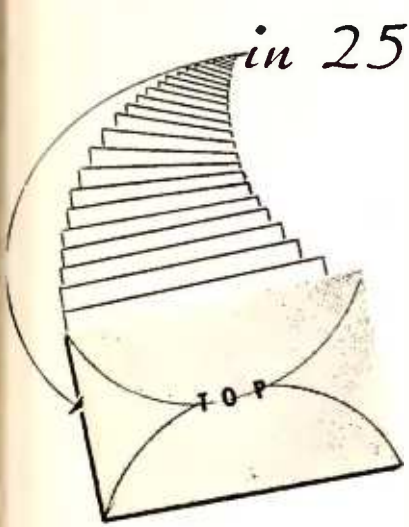
He has a tremendous amount of personal integrity. He is loyal, sensitive and considerate of other people. Recently he attended a Sunday evening wedding reception. For him it climaxed the hectic week end preceding the launching of the national Opportunity Bond Drive. Beals was chairman of the Jackson County drive (which went far over the top) and had had movie stars, the Secretary of the Treasury, and various VIPs on his hands for two days at banquets, meetings and rallies. He was thoroughly exhausted and badly in need of sleep. But an employee of his had been married and had invited him to her reception. So he and Mrs. Beals went, and they stayed for three hours and forty-five minutes, rather than risk hurting the bride's feelings by leaving before the wedding cake was cut.

Some of his best friends are Mexican cowhands. Others are social and financial leaders. He doesn't distinguish between them. To him, a friend is a friend.

Beals is an excellent swimmer and loves the seashore. He is six feet tall, weighs 200 pounds. As a young man, he was noted for his great strength. He could lift an automobile out of a mudhole, or hold up one corner of it while a tire was being changed. These were handy knacks, for he apprenticed in the banking business at McLean, Texas, and at Highland and

(Continued on page 52)

in 25 words... or LESS



"I love that soap because . . ."

by VIRGIL M. WEBER

A HOUSEWIFE in Portland, Oregon, claims to have won $50,000 in a ten-year period of prize-contesting, and every year a salesman from Omaha, Nebraska, wins several thousand dollars. After just a few years of contesting, a Chicago woman has her entire house bulging with winnings of furniture and household appliances.

But to date the top prize winner is author Roy L. McCardell, America's first "professional" contest winner. His winnings have been valued in excess of $98,000, and have won him a listing in *Who's Who*.

What's the story behind contests which fill today's newspapers, magazines and air lanes? It is a story as old as man, for it's the hope of finding a treasure in one lucky stroke. The old master of ballyhoo, P. T. Barnum, received 750 entries when he offered a paltry $200 prize for a song to introduce the Swedish nightingale to America. Contrast this with 4,000,000 entries which came in on a recent toothpaste contest, and you'll realize that while the contest idea is not new, it has expanded and developed unbelievably in recent years.

Current gargantuan contests evolve from the old "progressive contest," when newspapers and magazines printed pictures of a meadow with some 15 to 20 heads concealed in the picture. You were to find only five. So you sent your entry and waited for the prize—a pony or a darling puppy. You were eventually congratulated on your surprising ability to count and, along with 50,000 other contestants, asked to please peddle so many gadgets or magazine subscriptions to break the "tie." The government finally stopped this obviously dishonest practice.

Prize contests replaced the older premiums and offers until the depression years, when people had to be

coaxed to spend the scarce dollar. Then every possible inducement was used.

The nation went contest-crazy in 1933, when 100,000,000 contest entries were received and over $10,000,000 poured into the outstretched hands of winners.

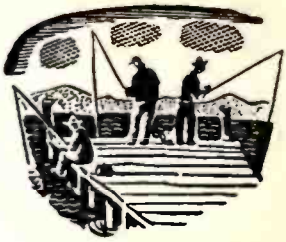
The Old Gold contest in 1937 brought in some 2,000,000 entries. The contest cost the Lorillard Company $1,200,000 for advertising, $200,000 for prizes, $6,000,000 for clerical expenses; it brought in 90,000,000 cigarette wrappers. The Post Office took in nearly $1,000,000 in revenue.

Contests were practically nil during the war, when merchandise was unavailable. Of course, they have zoomed to new heights now. Last year was the biggest yet, with prizes estimated at more than $15,000,000.

Why do the sponsors give away such fabulous prizes? Because advertising men know that contests, even with their terrific costs, are an economical form of advertising. They can bring up sales and herald the introduction of a new product. The sponsor doesn't have to convince you that his product is terrific. He just gives you the needed push to buy it for the box top.

Today a box top or wrapper, combined with praise of 25 words or less for a soap, breakfast food or shampoo, may win you a reward ranging from a free ticket to your local theatre to a fully equipped house or perhaps an ocean cruise.

And how are these contests handled? They have to be on the level, of course, and they are. All entries are read and evaluated by trained workers. Judges grade those which remain for final consideration. Prizes are awarded exactly as stated in the rules, and private detectives are sent



to investigate the authenticity of the winning entries.

The watchful eyes of the Post Office and the Federal Communications Commission are trained on all contests which are interstate in scope or make use of the mails. Post Office regulations ban from the mails (as a lottery) any contest which requires a consideration, such as money or a box top, for entering. Sponsors get around the lottery laws by allowing the entrant to send in a "reasonably exact facsimile."

Sponsors know that the simplest form of a contest draws the largest number of entries and therefore sells the greatest amount of merchandise. Rules must be plainly stated and easily understood. Contests must not run too long, winners must be announced promptly, and there must be one big "flash" prize as well as many smaller ones.

Some prizes are unusual. How would you like to win a Flying Fortress, a paid-up cemetery lot, a pigmy white baby elephant, a screen test, or a fully paid appendectomy?

If you are interested in something almost for nothing, you send your entry to an address where it is judged by a professional judging company which charges sponsors from a penny and a half to four cents an entry. About 75 per cent of all contests are handled by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation of Chicago.

A long conveyor belt is used to handle the avalanche of mail which pours into Donnelley's offices. After the letters are opened mechanically, a crew of girls tackles the millions of letters arriving each week, inspecting the contents of each to see if all the rules are followed and the correct wrapper or box top enclosed.

The survivors move on to junior judges who give each entry a mathematical score. This is based on the degree to which the contestant has met the sponsor's demand for "aptness of thought," "originality of expression," and other factors which vary with the type of contest.

When the letters reach the senior judges there are only a few of the thousands received remaining. These judges use a point-by-point rating card, giving each entry a mark just as though it were a college examination paper. The names and addresses are blocked out and retyped with code marks before being passed on to the executive judges who determine the final winners.

Freakish methods of packaging and decorating contest entries don't help a bit. Some women write out their entries in icing on cakes or pies. Other entrants make records which play back the entries; and some embroider their jingles on aprons or towels.

Who are these contestants who number in the thousands? Experts say one out of every five people enters contests, and that 85 per cent of all entries are from women. Millions of people who by day are clerks, secretaries, policemen, teachers, bookkeepers or housewives work late at night trying for the jackpot at rainbow's end.

A large number who enter a contest dash off a single, simple entry and forget about it. Others, an estimated 50,000 to 100,000 who are professional hobbyists, work hard at contesting. They hold national conventions and have their own clubs, where they subscribe to contest journals, swap prizes and take courses from schools which charge from $30 to $40 for instruction.

Regular contesters and winners know the judges' preferences from past entries, so they slant their entries accordingly. They save box tops on the chance that a contest will be announced.

Sending off hundreds of box tops runs into money. There are enterprising firms which supply wrappers and box tops collected by groups of children or by sewing circles or church organizations. Ready-written entries can be bought from so-called specialists who sell 25-word statements and answers to puzzle contests.

Naturally, you generally have to buy a bar of soap or box of cereal to enter a contest—but what of it—you'd buy it anyway!

▲

His monthly salary runs into three figures—a wife and two daughters.

MAN OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 48)

Horton, Kansas. In those days he spent a lot of time driving over dirt roads in the far reaches of the farming country.

He drinks only in moderation, and hasn't smoked since 1917, when he was an ensign in the Navy Air Corps. At that time he acquired a pipe, but the second week he had it he became deathly ill in the gentlemen's smoking lounge of a Pullman. The pipe went out the window, along with several other things and any further craving for tobacco.

The bane of Dave Beals' tidy existence is the telephone, an instrument which he claims has destroyed the last vestiges of personal privacy in our times. He uses it as little as possible, and won't answer it when he is at home alone.

The Bealses' only son, David III, is in the coal business in Clinton, Missouri. He is 33 years old and a bachelor. He was graduated from Yale and the Harvard School of Business. During the last war, he served as a lieutenant-colonel with the Ninth Armored Division, and was decorated for bravery during the Battle of the Bulge.

While his son was abroad, Dave Beals, too, was serving his nation and his community as he has always done. He was at the head of every war bond drive conducted in Jackson County. This statement by a United States Treasury department official tells the story:

"Mr. David T. Beals has since the formation of the War Finance Committee in March, 1943, served as chairman of the Jackson County and Kansas City War Finance Committee, and in this capacity is responsible for the sale of Government Securities in the interims between special Treasury Drives, as well as having the responsibility of conducting the Drives proper. In addition, Mr. Beals has served as Campaign Chairman through all War Bond Drives from the First to the Seventh inclusive with the exception of the Third War Loan Drive, in which Mr. Elmer Pierson served as Campaign Chairman under Mr. Beals.

"There are approximately 10,000 men and women under Mr. Beals' leadership in the special Treasury Drives, and Kansas City has never failed to meet its assigned quota, and has consistently been one of the leading cities in the country in the sale of Government Securities in its population class."

And when the current Opportunity Bond Drive was launched in President Truman's home town, Dave Beals and his workers were once more in action. Their tremendous success set up a peacetime target for all the nation to shoot at.

▲

According to the United States Department of Labor, a worker who earned $11 a week in 1913 now earns $51. For this 460 per cent increase, he works 2.9 hours less per week. In terms of purchasing power, he can buy just twice as much. Your own affairs doubtless parallel this, perhaps exceed it.

Is he twice as happy? Are you?

New blood for

One in the hand, two in the bushes.

by JOSEPH N. BELL

A ST. LOUIS CARDINAL scout, beating the West Coast bushes in search of recruits for the Cardinal farm organization, received a tip on a young American Legion outfielder named Ruzzo who was knocking down the fences in his league.

The scout drove out to see the youngster play and talked with him before the game. This was his first mistake. Had the rookie been unaware of the scout's presence in the stands that evening, the Cardinals might have signed a real prospect.

But the smooth-cheeked slugger couldn't resist the desire to prove his baseball worldliness to the scout. As it came his turn to hit in the first inning of the game, the youngster picked up five bats (the total stockpile of his team) and strode to the plate, swinging the five clubs in the best major league tradition. Just before he stepped into the batter's box, Ruzzo selected the bat he wanted and casually threw the others to one side.

Even as a first attempt, his showmanship was decidedly unsuccessful. Two of the bats fell clear, but the other two described an arc over the rookie's shoulder and descended with dreadful impact squarely on top of his head. The result was a fractured skull for the outfielder and a disgruntled trip back to his base of operations for the scout.

In his report on the player, the scout commented tersely, "This boy can not only hit the size of his hat—he can hit the hat, too."

Major league baseball scouts look at hundreds of youngsters like this every year. Few quite so spectacular, perhaps, but all of them striving to impress and start their climb up the ladder of baseball success. Scouts, for the most part unheralded, form the backbone of every major league organ-

ization. Without them, the farm clubs which keep a supply of capable youngsters in a constant process of development would probably wither on the vine.

Of the more than 800 hopefuls who departed for major league training camps this spring, probably 99 per cent were turned up by major league ivory hunters in their never-ceasing search for talent.

Today, the average major league team employs about 20 part-time and full-time scouts on a regular contract basis. In addition, the number of "bird dogs" and baseball fans who constantly flood club officials with tips on prospects is so long as to defy counting. Although each club keeps its own roster of bird dogs (talent tipsters who are paid on a commission rather than a contractual basis), the list of self-appointed scouts is almost endless. Usually all of their tips are investigated. Many a major league star has been discovered on the advice of an admiring uncle or an ecstatic high school coach.

Scouting is a highly competitive field. Often a half-dozen or more ivory hunters may descend on a single, highly touted prep school athlete. One result of this is the bonus system, which has begun to hurt the poorer major league clubs in their most vulnerable spot—the pocketbook. Organized baseball finally recognized the evils of the bonus system officially two years ago by passing a ruling intended to prevent indiscriminate bonus payments by the wealthier clubs.

The rule, reduced to its simplest terms, permits the major league team paying the bonus to farm the bonus player out for one season only before he becomes subject to draft by other big league teams. Thus the bonus player must be able to establish himself as a major leaguer during his second season in organized baseball—a well nigh impossible achievement for the great majority of young ball players. The Bob Fellers who can step right from sandlot ball into a major league job are few and far between.

However, instead of cutting down on bonus payments as it was intended, the rule has resulted in too many fuzzy-cheeked lads, sadly in need of minor league training, trying to feel their way in the big show long before they are ready—simply because their parent clubs neither want nor dare to lose their investments in the rookies.

Two outstanding examples today are pitchers Curt Simmons and Robin Roberts of the Phillies. Simmons, not yet 20, and Roberts, just beyond that tender age, are both real prospects who are gaining the hard way in the majors the practical experience and confidence they should have had the opportunity to pick up in a few seasons of minor league ball.

The paying of bonuses has made the scouts' job doubly difficult. One old-time major league scout sums it up this way:

"These kids are getting too smart for their own good. Bonuses were unheard of when I was playing ball, but now these kids hear so much and read so much about this big money that they get all sorts of inflated ideas about their own value.

"A whole lot of the trouble lies with fond fathers and high school

coaches. They blow these youngsters up, make them think they're a lot better than they really are. As a consequence, when we approach them most of these boys are convinced that they're major leaguers. Actually, they may be average to below Class D players. It makes for a lot of unnecessary dissatisfaction and misunderstanding. They think they're being discriminated against if we assign them to a Class D club because they've had it pounded into them for years that they should start at nothing less than triple-A ball."

But there are still a few unsophisticated lads, not yet versed in the never-never land of bonuses and big money, who are knocking the covers off baseballs in sandlot outposts—and just waiting to be discovered. One such was a boy named Coleski, turned up

by another Cardinal scout out on the Kansas prairies.

Coleski packed a terrific wallop and his hitting impressed the scout tremendously. Although the boy could run, he had a limp which he brushed off as the result of a slight injury the day before. But the scout was suspicious; the lad looked good, and he wanted him examined by a doctor. With a member of the Cardinal organization, the common noun doctor is synonymous with Robert Hyland of St. Louis, so the scout suggested Coleski go to St. Louis to see Doctor Hyland.

Coleski was more than willing to make the trip. He had never been more than ten miles away from home in his whole 18 years. The scout gave the boy railroad fare, the address of the Cardinal office in St. Louis, his blessing, and sent him on his way.

Coleski arrived in St. Louis without incident, and found his way to Sportsman's Park after an exciting morning of streetcar riding. However, once he arrived at the ball park, Coleski was faced with a problem. He was confronted by two offices, one of which belonged to the St. Louis Browns, the other, the Cardinals. Coleski was a trifle confused. He wasn't sure which office he had been sent to. Or at least so he later claimed.

Coleski selected the nearest one, which happened to belong to the Browns. There he told a startled front office executive that he had been sent in by a scout whose name he couldn't recall. The officials were dubious, but unwilling to allow any possible talent to slip through their fingers. The Browns were working out that morning, and Coleski was sent down and told to display his wares. He did so.

The Browns' management offered up a little prayer of thanksgiving for the kind fate which had dispatched this boy to them, and they signed him on the spot. It was months before the Cardinal scout discovered what had happened to Coleski.

But turning up unproven talent isn't the scout's only job. He must follow his players' progress up through

the reaches of the minor leagues and be prepared to report on a player when the front office must decide whether to move him ahead, deal for him, or leave him where he is subject to draft from other major league teams.

The scout must be able to pass judgment on a player's talents oftentimes with only a brief observation to assist him. And these judgments are seldom based on anything so prosaic as batting or pitching averages. The statistical record of a player's performance is relatively unimportant to the scout's estimate of a player's ability. A .350 hitter at Sauk Center may be passed up for a .260 batsman from Ipswitch because the latter player has been gifted with a better throwing arm, more speed, and such less tangible qualities as "stomach" and "hustle."

A player whom a scout insists looks like a natural hitter and has baseball "sense" will be moved steadily up the ladder, even though his record appears unimpressive. A number of present-day greats had poor records in the minor leagues but came to the top because they "looked like ball players" and the management chose to take the scout's word and gamble on latent talent.

This is especially true of pitchers. Morton Cooper, Al Brazle and Charley Barrett, to name but a few, turned in singularly unimpressive won and lost records in the minor leagues. But they had the stuff that big league pitchers are made of and talent scouts, trained by years of observation, could see in them qualities a cold appraisal of statistics could never show.

It's a fascinating business, the handling of human baseball ivory. And if one Musial or Williams or Feller emerges from the thousands of miles traveled and the months of concerted effort each year turned in by the scouting corps—then the whole system has justified itself and proved once more the scout's place as a vital cog in the complicated machinery of organized baseball.

▲

The housewife placed the new box of candy on the pantry shelf where, she thought, it would be out of sight and beyond temptation. But when she returned that afternoon to get a piece, she discovered the whole second layer was gone.

Suspecting the new cook, the housewife investigated. Sure enough, the missing candy was neatly packed in a paper bag with the cook's other belongings. But the housewife was kind and willing to forgive and forget, so she didn't say anything. She merely replaced the candy in the box.

After dinner that night, the cook announced she was quitting, then and there.

"But why, Ella?" asked the puzzled housewife.

"Well, ma'am, I just won't work for folks what steals back."

▲

"I cannot see why you esteem the character of Wordsworth so highly," a friend once remarked to the poet, Coleridge. "He appears to me to be a very small man."

"I don't wonder that he does," rejoined Coleridge. "He runs so far ahead of us that he dwarfs himself in the distance."

book condensation

FOR *EXECUTIVES*

by JOSEPH F. MONTAGUE, M.D.

You can overcome indigestion and gastric disorders without resorting to drugs or quack nostrums. You can organize your brain, your nerves, and your stomach into one smooth-working unit which will insure a longer and happier life.

"ULCERS for executives" seems to be the uncharitable motto of the modern business world. In this great day of social security, unemployment insurance, workmen's compensation, and so forth, it is the executive who seems to be "the forgotten man." If things prosper, the firm declares a bonus for all the employees. If business dries up, the executive is to blame. The board of directors is ready to roast him on the spit; the stockholders openly suspect him of graver things than incompetence. He is the *one* man who is supposed to make something out of nothing; he is the Grand Keeper of the Rabbits that are supposed to be drawn out of the silk hat.

If he were not a man of superior intelligence and superior abilities, he would not be in the executive position. If he were not a man of conscience and integrity, he would not hold the position long. These are commendable qualities, but the irony of it all is that it is *because* of his good qualities that he must suffer. His nervous system is particularly vulnerable to the disturbing influences of emotional tension, chronic fear and indecision. It is no wonder that over 60 per cent of those suffering from ulcers are business executives. That is the sad part of the situation. The most valuable minds must bear the brunt of any jarring of the business machinery. This, too, is what happens to an exquisite watch. The first part to be thrown out of gear by vibration or shock is the mainspring; it is not the hands, not the case—but the mainspring.

Someone once said, "You can get along with a wooden leg but you cannot get along with a wooden head." This sounds smart, but the fact of the matter is that, at least so far as statistics on nervous stomach trouble are concerned, the people with the wooden heads have much better stomachs. Being a blockhead apparently has its compensations, since the "not so bright" people rarely get stomach ulcers or any other of the organic troubles resulting from overwrought nervous systems.

Fortunately, "ulcers" of the stomach is a rare condition. Usually only *one* ulcer is present at a time. However, you will probably be astounded to know that about one in ten of the entire population suffers at one time or another from what is known as chronic peptic ulcer. Professor Wilkie of Edinburgh has recently submitted statistics to show that during the past 20 years the frequency of this disease has greatly increased.

These ulcers are nothing more than open sores which occur either in the stomach or in the duodenum, the first portion of the small intestine. Naturally, because of its position, such an ulcer is subjected to the irritation of digestive juices, food particles, and the motions of the food canal, known as peristalsis.

Men are more liable to duodenal ulcer than are women, though stomach ulcer affects both men and women in equal degree. The condition is comparatively rare in youth. Most individuals affected are between the ages of 30 and 50 years.

The exact cause of stomach ulcers is not known. It used to be thought that, for some reason, the digestive juices of the stomach went "haywire" and began to digest the stomach itself. This is not plausible, for in a perfectly normal stomach the gastric juice will *not* digest its lining membrane.

However, it is well known that if a prolonged spasm of blood vessels occurs in any one area, the vitality of the tissue cells in this area is greatly lowered, and it is now believed that once this vitality has been lowered the gastric juice digests the devitalized tissue and leaves a small open sore known as an ulcer.

A prolonged spasm of the blood vessels is brought about by nervous activity, and it is known that with nerve fatigue such as follows mental strain, worry, and emotional upsets, the work of the nervous system becomes disorganized. This leads to overactivity of certain nerves supplying areas in the stomach and results in a spasm of the blood vessels in its wall. Spasm reduces the blood supply, depriving the tissue of nourishment. In a small area the tissue cells may actually starve to death. This condition, in conjunction with the action of the digestive juices in the stomach, leads to the formation of the ulcer.

Such an explanation fits in quite well with the very general observation that some individuals are peculiarly liable to ulcer formation. These are the high-strung, nervous people who try to do too much, people who drive themselves—and others. They have more than their normal supply of acid in the stomach; the motions of their stomach and intestines are far more active than is normal.

Certainly, it is no wonder that

stomach ulcers have shown such a remarkable increase in recent years. Hurried, irregular meals, uncontrolled and excessive smoking, senseless use

of alcohol, lack of exercise and relaxation—aided and abetted by the stress, strain, and worry of our civilized life—all contribute to bigger and better statistics on nervous stomach trouble.

Today's social atmosphere is an electrified one. Everything is hurry. Everything is top speed. We are galvanized to the idea of split-second decision. We are living in the fantasy of photo finishes. The surge of modern life sweeps into the whirlpool of strenuous living. Everyone tries to keep up with the Joneses, even though the Joneses themselves are not going any place in particular.

We get our morning papers the night before; our evening papers are available in the morning. News events are released on the screen almost as soon as they happen; when television is completely established they will be released *when* they happen. Modern businesses are geared to mass production; workmen function under ever-increasing speed-ups; executives wear themselves out trying to figure a season ahead of the current one; traffic roars in our ears; telephones jangle the serenity out of many a home; neighborhood radios mutilate the quiet suburban air; everything is high-tensioned, high-pressured. Scientists can prove that all these high tensions induce emotional tension, often of an unconscious variety; but you need not take the word of scientists—just search in your own experience and you will recognize the voltage of modern-day vitality.

"Ulcer of the stomach?" said one of my patients to me recently. "That's what you get from what you eat, isn't it, Doctor?"

"No," I replied. "That's not what you get from what you eat, but from what's eating you."

It is high time we realized that emotions are not simple mental processes but that they are accompanied by marked activity in distant parts of the body. The greater the emotion, the greater these effects will be. These remote activities in the stomach and intestines are just as much a part of what we know as emotion as are the conscious sensations we call our feelings. It is quite understandable, therefore, that if these bodily changes recur frequently enough, or are continued long enough, they can easily give rise to permanent changes in the organ in which they are taking place. Matters of mind can become, and do become, very definite material matters. Even our subconscious likes and dislikes, repressed wishes and desires, if accompanied by marked feeling, as well as intense emotional upheavals or prolonged states of emotional tension, *can* give rise to definite conditions we now regard as organic diseases. Peptic ulcer is one of these.

Peptic ulcer has long been regarded as a definite organic disease, and within the medical profession controversy has long existed as to whether it should be treated medically or surgically. An impartial observer might, with logic, wish a plague on both their houses, for the results of treatment along these lines alone has, until recently, been quite disappointing. Relapses are all too frequent, and recurrences arise to mock the pronouncement of cure. There is no doubt that diet is essential in most cases, and that surgery may be necessary in some; but in all, there is the unrecognized factor of a basic cause which has so far eluded detection.

Nearly all authorities stress the importance of worry in connection with ulcers. Since we know that both the secretion of digestive juices and the movements of the stomach are greatly influenced bv the emotions, and since these disturbances of function play so large a part in the production of the ulcer, they *must* be considered equally along with medical or possible surgical treatment. Indeed, in my own experience, I have found that *the great majority of peptic-ulcer cases can be remedied without surgery.*

Here is the case of a fine chap. He meant well. But somehow he always started out late in the morning —not very late, perhaps only ten or twenty minutes. But this put him in a frame of mind that just about ruined the day. Of course, he missed his regular train. And even at that he had no time to shave. When he got to the office, he naturally felt rather sheepish and also somewhat handicapped in getting his day's work under control. This made him pinch a little time on the lunch hour, so that instead of a half-hour, he ate a half-hour's lunch in ten minutes, thus saving time—but not his stomach! In the middle of the afternoon he felt kind of washed out, but by will power kept going until the business day was ended. Then, in a rather sour mood, he was indeed the tired business man. By the time the day was over, he no more enjoyed the pleasurable events of a social evening than if he had been drafted for foreign service in the next war. Oh, yes, he had indigestion. That was one thing he positively could count on. It was due to ulcers, said he. He had always been subject to them.

However, no X-rays could show an ulcer, and no ordinary examination could prove an ulcer; but he surely had the symptoms. A little conspiracy, in which his wife was a partner, deprived him of a half-hour's sleep in the morning, and after two weeks of enforced punctuality in getting started, he just knew that the new pills which had just been imported for his especial benefit had cured his ulcers. Needless to say, the pills had nothing to do with it.

Certainly we know that worry is nothing but chronic fear, and we have already seen what a profound effect fear can have upon the sympathetic nervous system. With this delicate special nervous system deranged, sooner or later disorder and destruction in the stomach tissue itself will follow.

Curiously enough, ulcers are not likely to occur in everybody. They appear to affect a certain type of individual just as certain types of indi-

viduals seem to have a tendency toward tuberculosis and other types have a tendency toward high blood pressure. Draper, of Columbia University, has shown that this is true—that there is an ulcer type of person. He is the kind of a fellow who insists on taking life the *hard* way. He is the worry type, and the fact that he *is* this type explains the frequent relapses he is prone to suffer throughout his life. Emotional episodes precipitate a recurrence. How important it is, therefore, that these people should be protected from the emotional disturbances that produce, or tend to produce, the condition! How important it is that they should be guarded from extreme excitement, shocking episodes, depressing circumstances and constant hurrying about! Sooner or later, most of these persons who play both ends against the middle end up with a pain right there. Yes, indeed, it is a strong stomach that has no turning.

Biographical Bits

SENATOR ARTHUR VANDENBERG was once fired from a job because he played hookey to watch a parade.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE ROBERT LOVETT has an all-silk cravat hand-painted with a scantily attired hula-hula dancer.

HEDY LAMARR is one of the best poker players in Hollywood.

ESTHER WILLIAMS has a bathing suit made out of mink.

BOB CARPENTER, owner of the Phillies ball club, who was a millionaire Army sergeant during the war, was once restricted from liberty for a week for an unheard of offense—failing to show up for an Army pay call.

PERRY COMO, the crooner, once gave a free concert with each 40-cent haircut in his barbership in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania.

FANNIE HURST, the authoress, was born in the same room as her mother, because her mother had traveled all the way from St. Louis to Hamilton, Ohio, to make that coincidence possible.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, at the height of his fame as a movie matinee idol, had 18 secretaries answering his fan mail.

CONGRESSMAN SOL BLOOM started earning his living at the age of seven.

GENERAL EISENHOWER was a frustrated Naval Academy aspirant; he went to West Point after Annapolis had turned him down because he was a few months over the age limit.

WALTER BRENNAN, upon his release from the Army after World War I, bought a farm in Guatemala and started raising pineapples.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT made the football squad at Groton, although not the first team.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY first got his poems published by signing Edgar Allan Poe's name to them.

EDWARD III OF ENGLAND set such store by frying pans that he kept them among the royal jewels.

HOBART BOSWORTH, the character actor, has acted in 526 pictures, or an average of better than one every three weeks for the past 28 years.

PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE never let his chauffeur drive faster than 16 miles an hour.—*Harold Helfer.*

"I'd like to collect the deposit on a few bottles."

It's that year again!

the '49ers are back

by RUSSELL M. BALL

CATCHING the prospecting fever, a Michigan truck farmer abandons his home, his wife, his children and goes hunting for pay dirt. "He's got the fever bad," says his wife.

A Detroit taxi driver pushes on day and night to reach a new location after hearing of a rich strike. Eventually he abandons his cab, plods through the wilderness—to disappointment. He is not alone.

Just as thousands of gold-hungry men and women left their homes and families a century ago to swarm to the California gold fields, so are modern Americans abandoning their businesses and homes as they catch the prospector's zeal.

The century wheel has turned a full circle, and the spokes are strangely familiar. Only now the dust in men's eyes isn't yellow; it's black. It's uranium ore.

To stimulate the searchers and meet an urgent need for the raw material of atomic furnaces, the United States Atomic Energy Commission is offering $10,000 for a claim yielding 20 tons of uranium ore. The Canadian government will pay $5,500 a ton.

Canadian claims may be staked on any unmapped and unclaimed land; but, in the United States, federal law prevents prospectors from staking claims to radioactive ores on government property. For this reason the greatest rush has been northward.

Despite the more sober, scientific approach of uranium search, many "get-rich-quickers" lose control of their reason and common sense. Even old gold prospectors are on the move with pickax, bedroll, Geiger counter, and burning eyes.

In Detroit, Michigan, restless fortune hunters are moving up to Canadian sites in droves and without forethought.

A big rush was started last fall when Bob Campbell, a Toronto mining engineer, struck rich ore on Lake Superior, 70 miles north of the Canadian Soo. In a few days, hundreds of frenzied prospectors were digging at

Alona Bay, near the first find. In two weeks, 800 claims were filed. Today, 1,500 claims are on record and 19 square miles have been claimed for mining.

And farther north in Anchorage, Alaska, the population is still swelling as a result of strikes made two years ago; but the staking of new claims has slackened its pace since the Canadian strike now looks better.

Carnonite ores of the Colorado plateau and of Utah, Arizona and New Mexico have come in for a large share of prospecting attention, too. Durango, Colorado, with 8,500 inhabitants, is preparing itself for the fast pace of a "uranium center."

Around each of these sites, boom towns, tent cities and inflation have followed in the wake of discovery. Like their hundred-year-old ancestors, restaurants are serving $50 steaks and $1.50 hamburgers. Whiskey and wild, wild women are back too, with bars offering drinks that pack a real wallop. A cocktail called "Mucker's Special" is laying 'em low in Frater, Ontario, a small Canadian town in the middle of the uranium area.

In spite of the many temptations and pitfalls, sober individuals are successful in applying new methods of scientific discovery. Geiger counters have replaced the old "sluicers" in the tool kits of atomic age prospectors.

These counters have been designed to fit in a space as small as an ordinary lunch box, and can be homemade for about $50.

A prospector wearing the headphones of his detector hears a steady click-click in the vicinity of radioactive substance. Bringing the counter near a suspicious rock may increase this ominous clicking to a rapid static.

False alarms are common, though, for a small radium-dial watch will make the counter go off like a machine gun, and the counter is no detector of quantity.

Atom ore prospectors have other obstacles between them and riches. A strike is worthless unless the government is satisfied that it is rich enough to mine profitably.

In the United States, the yield is from six to ten per cent uranium from ore, but in Canada, where the land is uncharted and the going much rougher, 60 per cent uranium has been found in the ore.

With the approach of summer, still more prospectors push eagerly toward the Arctic Circle, earphones clicking, searching for their strike.

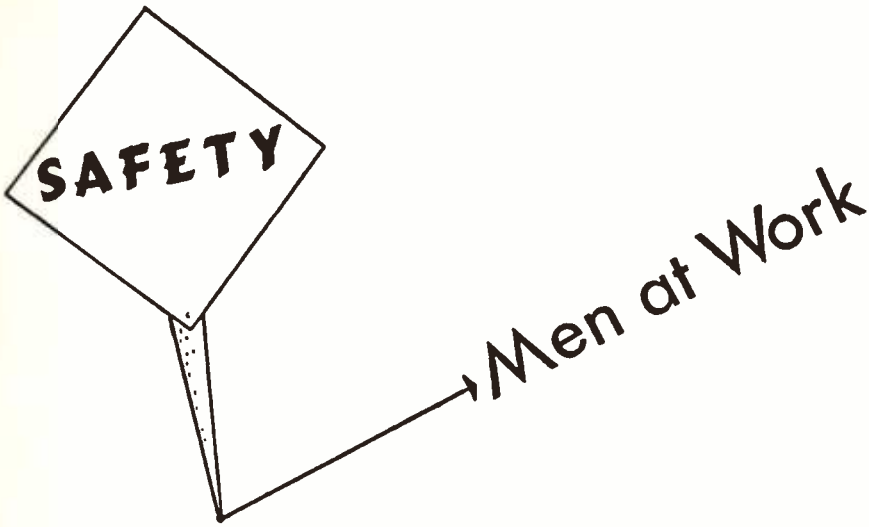
Some will get rich, most will get discouraged, but as one old sourdough says, "When the fever hits, there ain't no help. Ya allus find somethin'. Sometimes it's jest a new way o' livin'."

▲

An English writer, Joseph Needham, explains his conception of our democracy in this way:

"To me, the essence of American democratic feeling is the story of the transcontinental train conductor who was told that Lord Halifax would be traveling on the train and that he would find the Ambassador very democratic and easy to get along with. To which the conductor replied, 'Well, he will find me just the same'."

by THEODORE LANDAU and GEORGE MILLER



A bunch of practical dreamers thinks up things that might happen —and sees to it that they don't.

THE strap hangers push toward the doors as the subway slows for the station. The train jolts to a halt short of the platform. A conductor hurries through the car.

"Say, what's wrong with this train?" a passenger exclaims angrily. "I'm in a hurry!"

The conductor is silent. At the front of the car, he opens the door of the engineer's booth and steps in. A few seconds later, the train inches slowly into the station.

The Dead Man's Grip has averted another tragedy. Instead of racing into a collision, the train stopped, its brakes automatically locking as the stricken engineer's grip on the controls relaxed.

In another city, halfway across the country, a man complains to the pretty girl operating an express elevator. "I asked for the 32nd floor, miss!"

The operator's hand tightens on the useless lever. The cable has snapped! The car begins to plunge toward the lobby 300 feet below. The girl's face stiffens as the flashing floor numbers above the door trace the increasing speed of their fall. Then a sudden upward thrust against the passengers' feet—the automatic safety brakes have taken hold. The operator draws a deep breath as the car halts between floors.

"It's nothing, folks," she smiles reassuringly. "Must have been a power failure. We'll be out of here in a few minutes."

There is a factory in a town 1,000 miles away from these two cities. One night, after the building is closed, a thin thread of smoke snakes upward from a trash basket. Slowly the smoke thickens; then flames lap hungrily at floor, walls, work table. The heat grows intense.

Suddenly, water floods the room. A soft metal plug in a concealed sprinkler outlet has melted. Firemen answer the automatic alarm, ready to battle a factory blaze. They find only a few charred timbers in the corner of the room; everything else, protected by the quick shower of water, is safe and unharmed.

These are some of the dramatic results of a new profession developed during the last 35 years—safety engineering. The impetus was provided in 1912, when Massachusetts passed a workmen's compensation law, the first of a procession of states to enact such legislation. Insurance companies began writing compensation policies for industry, and safety engineering evolved: first to reduce compensation cases, and later to save lives and increase production.

The field was new. There was no pool of experts ready to take over. The ground-breakers just "drifted" into safety engineering.

Take Emil Mauser, an engineer in the fire insurance division of Marsh and McLennan, large New York insurance brokers. Mauser was talking to a client one day about fire prevention devices. The man interrupted him.

"Look, Mauser, I just got a bill for my compensation insurance. It's pretty steep. Do you know any way to cut it?"

"That's not my field," Mauser said, "Don't you have any safety advisers?"

"We just took out insurance a few years ago when the state passed workmen's compensation. I've never seen a safety specialist."

Mauser rubbed his chin. "Maybe I can help you; I've an engineering background. Let's look through your plant."

Hours later, he returned to his office and conferred with a compensation insurance director. He told the director what he'd seen at that one factory, pointed out that many accidents in such plants are avoidable.

"Let's find out," the director said. "You're an engineer. Would you like to tackle some of the plants we handle and see if you can cut the accident rates?"

That was 15 years ago. Today the Marsh and McLennan firm has a large safety engineering department, in which Emil Mauser is a key man.

But not all safety men started as engineers. Twenty-five years ago, a New Orleans shipyard mechanic was watching eight bodies being carried from a ship's boiler. A defective cable had grounded a fatal 220-volt current through the iron plates of the boiler.

The mechanic shuddered and turned to his helper. "Come on, Tom, let's get back to work."

A few minutes later the mechanic stared as Tom's body jerked convulsively, then collapsed. He noticed the blackened mark on a broken light bulb where the ship's current had shorted through the man.

"Get the doctor!" he shouted. "Tom's been electrocuted!" In half an hour the doctor arrived. "The bulb broke as he tightened it," the mechanic explained.

Examining the blue-faced victim, the doctor looked up. "He died of

suffocation. When he was shocked, he swallowed his tongue. If you had known first aid you could have saved him."

"If I had known . . ." the mechanic repeated slowly. "Why wasn't I taught? Why do we get these defective bulbs and bad cables? Why isn't something done about them?" He looked at the doctor. "I'm quitting."

That angry mechanic was M. J. Pitre, a pioneer in safety engineering. Largely through his efforts as head of the safety department of the Fidelity and Casualty Insurance Company, we have waterproof cables, shipyard equipment specifications and compulsory first aid training for personnel working with electrical equipment.

The early safety men had to learn by direct experience; they developed analytical methods. Pitre likes to tell new engineers in his company about one case in particular.

A cleaning plant filed a death benefit claim. An employee had died of carbon tetrachloride poisoning. The victim was a spotter, who had been using carbon tet daily for years in removing stains.

"I'm sure it's not our fault," the manager said uneasily as the engineer examined the plant.

"The important thing is to make sure that another man isn't killed," the safety engineer replied. "Was this spotting always done here in the basement?"

"No. We used to do it on the first floor. Last year we rearranged the plant."

"No injuries before that from carbon tet?"

"None."

Glancing at the exhaust fan at the other end of the room, the engineer said, "Send down a spotter. I want to watch him work."

Half an hour later the safety man unpacked some apparatus and began testing the air over the spotter's head. He nodded and turned to the manager. "How was this unit located upstairs? Part of a larger room?"

The manager nodded.

"When you moved down here," the safety man continued, "you moved into a smaller space without a natural circulation of air. You put in an exhaust fan for ventilation purposes, but it wasn't enough. The air I tested showed a high concentration of carbon tetrachloride. Not enough to give the man any warning but enough to accumulate in his system and cause slow poisoning. That is what killed your man. I'll draw up specifications for an exhaust fan and hood for the spotter to work under. That'll draw off the fumes, and he'll be safe."

Pitre tells another story that illustrates the ingenuity of safety engineers. He calls it "The Case of the Lethal Milk." A man had been killed in a powdered milk plant. A jet of

milk, under 3,000 pounds pressure, had ripped through his chest like a solid rod. Where had the fatal jet come from? The nozzle was locked in an evaporation chamber and examination showed no hose puncture.

Pitre's engineers checked carefully, learned the nozzle joints had "leaked" under the terrific pressure. The milk had forced its way through the threaded connections where the nozzle joined the hose. The safety men found an answer. They re-designed the joints so they fit at an angle and any future leaks would be directed harmlessly at the floor.

As this illustrates, safety engineering is an endless hunt for the minute, unnoticed flaws in industrial material, design or procedure that can result in injury, death or economic loss.

The modern safety engineer doesn't do much guessing. He has a carefully organized body of information available. A specialist, he uses the work of other specialists—chemists, doctors, metallurgists—to solve safety problems. When he examines a plant or a piece of equipment, his analysis is complete and carefully planned. A detailed questionnaire covers every conceivable accident.

Is the building fireproof? Will smoke cut off safety exits? Remembering the disastrous Coconut Grove fire, where hundreds died because they were too panicky to back up enough to let the door open, your engineer adds, "Do the doors open outward? Are air conditioning intakes far from the basement, so smoke from a fire won't be distributed through the building?"

If the guards on machinery have been designed to protect the sturdy hands of a man, do they protect the slim hands of a girl operator as well?

A safety man at work seems "hard boiled" and practical. But one may also call him a visionary and a dreamer. One of his jobs is to dream up things that might happen—then see that they don't.

What appears more unlikely than light bulbs exploding above the orderly rows of dough troughs in a bakery? But wire mesh bulb guards make sure there's no ground glass in your morning toast.

In the summer, movie houses advertise "15 degrees cooler inside." What would happen if the air conditioning broke down and the refrigerant leaked into a crowded theatre? Safety-conscious chemists developed a refrigerant that is odorless and non-toxic, to use in place of the dangerous ammonia gas.

To open a taxi door, the handle must be raised so the casual weight of an elbow can't spill a startled passenger into the street. To protect the toes of office wives, safety men put catches on file drawers so they

can't be pulled completely out. They tipped the jets on drinking fountains to prevent germ-spreading by water falling back on the spout. To make

hurrying safe, they protected floors with the new non-skid waxes, and stairs with abrasive edges.

"This attention to detail is the key to the success of safety engineering," says Paul V. Stricker, executive vice president of the American Society of Safety Engineers. "The little items make the big totals on the accident listings. To a skilled safety man nothing is trivial."

Another point Stricker emphasizes concerns "over-protection," long a sore spot with industrialists who object to the added costs.

"Where lives are at stake, there can be no over-protection," says Stricker; and he continues to install multiple safety devices.

The value of over-protection was underscored dramatically one foggy July morning in 1946.

A twin-engined Army bomber bumbled blindly over New York City. The pilot gave up trying to see through the heavy overcast and focused his attention on the instrument panel. Two seconds later, the great plane plunged into the 79th floor of the Empire State Building.

Inside the building, Betty Lou Oliver leaned against the side of the elevator. "Eightieth floor," she called. As the car emptied, she glanced at her watch. Ten o'clock. Two hours until lunch.

Then the crash shivered the elevator shaft. The car buckled, the air was sharp with smoke. The elevator rocketed downward.

Betty Lou's eyes widened as she watched the floors race past. She screamed.

When the plane hit the building, one flaming engine had cut through the elevator shaft, severing all eight cables connected with the car. The safety cable dangled uselessly. The car fell the full 80 stories to the bottom of the shaft.

Betty Lou *walked* out of the wrecked elevator. Some explain her survival by saying she "had a direct line to God." Others credit the safety engineers who had installed an auxiliary set of powerful spring bumpers below the car.

Safety engineers get an occasional chuckle also. Several years ago a swanky Philadelphia hotel filed a series of claims with its insurance broker for injuries caused by falling glass. The company sent a safety engineer to investigate.

He reached Philadelphia on a sticky August afternoon. Checking into his room at the hotel, he hurriedly opened the French casement windows and swung the door wide to let the breeze circulate. The sudden draft snapped the windows shut with a crash that shattered the panes, and deadly shards of glass knifed toward the sidewalk eight floors below. The safety engineer hurried to the manager's office.

"This building was designed wrong," he said bluntly. "You ought to change the windows."

The manager stiffened. "Over a million dollars was spent on this hotel," he said. "The country's best designers worked on the plans. We won't change the windows."

"It is a beautiful building." The safety man was tactful. "If you don't want to change them, how about putting wire mesh in the glass, so if they break they won't fall out?"

"Wire mesh!" the manager snorted. "This is a hotel, not a chicken coop!"

So the matter remained deadlocked, until laminated safety glass was perfected. By using this glass with its invisible plastic binder, esthetic as well as safety requirements were satisfied.

Today, safety is no longer a by-product of technical advances in other fields. As a result of their war experience, industrialists are demanding that their engineers have specialized training in safety methods.

The wartime impetus dates back to 1942, when a ranking Army officer walked into the recently organized Center for Safety Education, a branch of New York University's Division of General Education.

"We need 5,000 safety engineers in a hurry," he said. "We're responsible for production in the war plants and accidents are costing us too much of our output."

Dr. Walter A. Cutter, the Center's administrative chief, looked at him. "How can we help?"

"We want you to train them for us."

Dr. Cutter and Dr. Herbert Stack, the director of the Center, glanced at each other.

"We're not engineers," Dr. Cutter said. "I'm a psychologist. We're just starting to investigate the human elements in safety engineering."

The officer's smile was a bit grim. "We're in a war, gentlemen," he said. "We don't have the luxury of time. We need your help."

"All right," Dr. Stack said. "We'll train them."

In a few months, the Center had contacted leading industrial safety engineers and, with their cooperation, set up intensive 96-hour training courses. To this effort an important part of our brilliant war production record can be credited. The Center's 71 classes sent a wave of safety-conscious engineers and inspectors back to industry with a practical message of the value of safety in terms of employee morale and increased production.

As the result of this wartime experience, engineering schools give basic safety methods courses to all their students, and the staff at the Center for Safety Education is working on outlines of more advanced courses.

As mechanical safeguards were perfected, safety engineers made a startling discovery. Despite improved equipment, only 15 per cent of the total accident toll was eliminated.

To understand why, let's go back to a spring morning in 1947. We are at the harbor of a bustling Gulf port watching smoke belch from a listing French freighter, the *Grand Camp*. A flame shoots skyward. There is a great thunderclap. The *Grand Camp* and its cargo of explosive nitrates vanish. A wave of blazing oil smears flame along the dock area and the compact community of chemical plants, oil refineries and storage tanks blows up around us like a chain of giant firecrackers.

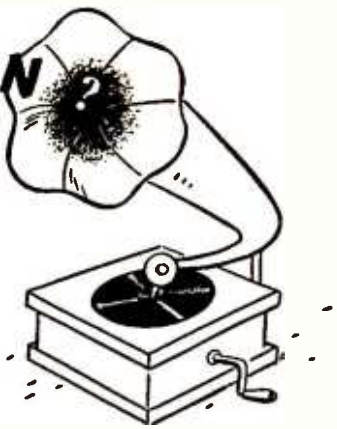
So began the Texas City holocaust which wiped out half a city, killed or injured 3,650 people and caused damage running into hundreds of millions of dollars.

The Coast Guard's official report has traced that terrible tragedy to the

(Continued on page 74)

a short story

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?



by BERNARD A. IDE

I PLAYED the record over again. The first time I had heard it in the record shop there had been nothing. It had been one of three or four little belching wells of sound that crossed and snarled in the tiny room; an old scratchy Caruso bellowing ineffectually against a clean new print of Sinatra's latest. Besides, I had kept the volume down because I knew no one would understand an interest in such a corny, colorless item as an old press of a 1931 Cole Porter number. Once I got it home there was still disappointment. It was undeniably the same record I had heard 17 years ago, but something had hardened in my brain, some vibrant sensitivity was gone from my auditory nerves. It was just an old corny recording I had heard somewhere before.

Now it was cleaving a little deeper. Most of it was still dull and meaningless, but fleeting scraps were filtering through. Something in the breathless phrasing of the vocalist as he went into the first line of the chorus: "Where have you been? Oh, baby, whe—re have you been? My life was a losing fight, until that lucky night . . ." pressed a nerve somewhere and the whole human ganglion shuddered with a sense of being hemmed in by the dank, forgotten weather of 1932.

I WAS 15 that year. Two days before my birthday, early March, the first raw beginnings of early spring both chilled and excited the wakeful flesh. Dad had gone seven miles into town to get the

doctor's report. I waited in the front room just outside the open door of the bedroom. Mother hadn't made a sound for nearly an hour. Just twice

there had been a slow sighing of the bedsprings as she turned over. For nearly a year now, the pains had been coming back. It had been six years since the operation had gashed the entire right side of her body, following the deeply-printed tentacles of the octupus-like cancer. Her recovery from so fantastic an operation had seemed a complete dismissal of any possibility of the dreaded thing returning. So when the first blunted twinges began arising from the scarred darkness, they had been rationalized away until nothing but stubborn refusal to believe could stem the reality of the concentrated agony into which they had settled during the last month. Now three days had passed since the moment of surrender when Dad had taken her to the doctor.

I could hear the tinny cutta-cutta of my father's model T as it turned off the highway a half-mile down the road. I listened fascinated as the sound broadened, then died away altogether, re-occurring again even wider and more distinct, methodically racing with its own echoes, until it reached its full identity and came to a loudly gunned stop in front of the house. I knew the shape of the next few moments: the fumbling silence for maybe ten seconds, then the small handful of buckling sounds as the door was opened, the heavy step on and off the running board, another slender silence, then the sharp, outflung sound of the slammed door. As my father's footsteps came up the graveled walk, heavy and completely alone in the silent evening, I felt the full vacuum of the fear that had been growing inside my stomach. Not a suspense; though I would never have given it words, hope had taken its last refuge in the reprieve given by time and the continuity of event. There was nothing between me and the final knowledge now but the last few steps and the opened door. The fear held its shape another instant, then, when I heard his hand on the doorknob, it bulged grotesquely and I leaped to my feet. Rushing to the door, I grasped the knob with both hands, flattening myself against the panel.

"Don't come in!" I shouted. "Pop! Pop! Please don't come in and tell me."

I was crying, completely crumbled, completely selfish in the one necessity to keep the shape of his face, the sound of his voice away from me. I felt his hand release the knob, felt all the pressure sink away from the other side of the door and knew in that instant there was nothing more to fight, nothing left to push away. The first thought that flowed in on the

backwash of reaction was the utter cruelty I had committed by awakening mother from the sleep that had come to be so precious to her. Then I heard her call me. Her voice had taken on a peculiar baritone quality that I have since heard several times in women who in a time of extreme duress have seemed to sink to a quiet controlled level below the upper storm regions of emotion.

"Ernest." She called again. I walked slowly into her room. "Ernest," she said, wriggling to get her head propped higher on the pillow. "Can't you see it's harder for Poppa than any of us?"

"You slept good for awhile, didn't you, Mom?" I buried my face in the pillow beside her. "You didn't groan once, Mom . . ."

Her mouth went wry with a shaft of pain and her voice caught on a hard hook as she tried to speak.

"No, Doll, I—I didn't."

Father came in the room, and stood for a moment. Mother didn't ask him one way or the other, just looked up and smiled. Father sat down, caught his hands together hard in front of his face, stared at them a moment and spoke slowly.

"You see, Ilah, he told me. The doctor told me you'd better be taken to San Francisco to a specialist . . ."

He had loosed it: the raw knowledge was finally there and, for a time, it gave all of us a kind of relief.

"That's why I was afraid to go to see him, Dan," she said. "I knew what had happened all the time, but I didn't want anybody naming it for me. Dan, I think the worst part of it is over—for all of us."

AND INDEED it was over. I have never seen anyone face death quite the way mother managed it from then on. Quietly and methodically she spent the next few days having long talks with me, explaining all the things she felt she may have overlooked in the past. Over my frantic protestations of hope, she told me all she thought I should know about the history of the family, the relationship existing between the various members, why my father's family had practically disowned him for marrying a Protestant girl. She even gave me a detailed picture of my birth, drawing it together with a complete straightening out of my own weird understanding of sex and parturition. Then she spent a day walking about the house, poking and prying into every corner and cupboard: another walking slowly over every square yard of the 25 acres on which she had been born 50 years before, memorizing every swale and contour of the thick, rich adobe soil.

The morning we left for the city, she seemed content to give not a single backward glance, chatting enthusiastically about the trip, and where we would eat once we got to San Francisco. About the rest, I remember very little. I can't help feeling that the last time I saw her was when I kissed her goodbye on the hospital steps. The slow weeks afterward when the opiates fought with the eating pain over the tough prize of her body, seem lumped in a single static tableau; all motion, particularity, and continuity seem to have gone out of my remembrance of it. I do remember the night they told me she died. I had gone to sleep, my childish hopes finally worn

completely away by the day to day monotony of watching her disintegration. The utter unfamiliarity of wide awake voices at three in the morning tingled into my sleep and the instant I came to consciousness, I knew why and what they would have so carefully to say to me. Detail becomes indistinct here, but I recall that it was raining, and that I had a sudden pitying sense of the wide loneliness of wet, untended earth and sky.

I LIT a cigarette and took the record off the turn-table, sticking it in an empty space in the record rack. Sitting on the bed, I tried to get a picture of my mother's face. Besides wondering at the fact that the one key to the carefully cemented past would be a waxed impression of a completely irrelevant pop tune that had been dinned into my ears during that time, I was amazed, yet not appalled, at how completely she had become lost and legendary to me. I tried to trace back to the point where *here*: this day and hour the final scrap of the pattern had closed over her.

I fingered the bandage over my right eye and gently opened the door into the next room. Jerry was still sleeping: the record didn't seem to have bothered him. I had come no closer to knowledge or understanding this evening. The years in their slow erasure of an old pain leave us with no clear remembrance of the shape and nature of that pain: we are as raw and unlearned as ever in the face of a new anguish. Trying to reverse my journey into the labyrinthine path that led away from the only other tragedy in my life had rewarded me with not so much as a single landmark or blazed signpost. I was too close to it anyway: only four days. Only four days since the sudden blinding flash of careening headlights over the hillock of the bridge, the desperate, sightless moment of slewing and side-wheeling and the quick, blunt explosion of car against car. Jerry was just three years old, but only tonight he had complained that I didn't know how to read his bedtime story to him right, and why didn't his mother do it any more?

SAFETY—MEN AT WORK

(Continued from page 70)

human element—a sailor sneaking a forbidden smoke.

Now that safety engineers are perfecting mechanical safeguards, they have become increasingly aware of this human factor. Eighty-five out of every hundred accidents, they have discovered, are due to human rather than mechanical failure. The next great step forward in the field of safety will be in human engineering. Having solved the problem of the machine, they must now solve the problem of the man.

Platter Chatter . . .

BE-BOP seems to be losing ground. After several attempts by the "Big Four" to put on wax the best bop artists and to publicize them by extensive advertising campaigns, bop is still no dice with the public. Most ballrooms, including the famed Hollywood Palladium, have inaugurated new policies using sweet-swing bands to replace the bop crews. The explanation for the switch-back is that bop creates too much noise and not enough dollars. However, there is no doubt that be-bop has influenced postwar music and will continue to have an effect for some time to come. But just exactly what form will come out of the confusion is anybody's guess . . . News from here and there . . . Nellie Lutcher, Capitol recording star, will give her colleague, Julia Lee, some tough competition when she arrives in Kansas City in July . . . Sammy Kaye has a possible hit record in the soothing new Victor release, *Four Winds and Seven Seas* . . . Woody Herman heads for the West Coast after a tour of the Middlewest. Incidentally, Shelly Manne, formerly Stan Kenton's prize drummer, is now in the Herman line-up . . . This summer Phil Harris will be seen about the Fox lot, where he's making a new movie, *Wabash Avenue*. Ray Bolger's performance in *Where's Charley?* has won for him the coveted Broadway "Oscar" award, citing his "notable contributions to the current season" . . . Billy Eckstine's popularity is growing day by day. It has been estimated that this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer crooner's income may reach the half million mark this year . . . Frankie Laine continues to woo the public these days, but is battling with his wife. He plans to seek a divorce after several months of separation . . . Peggy Lee and Dave Barbour are heading north on their summer tour. They will appear at the Chicago Theatre in July . . . Betty Hutton, the blonde bombshell, broke her finger during a strenuous dance routine with Fred Astaire. The cause of their activity is a new musical entitled *Let's Dance* . . . Watch for a new album called *Symphonic Portrait of Cole Porter* just released by Capitol. It should become a home classic . . . Bing Crosby recently injured his hand while leaping a fence in a scene from his new movie, *Riding High*

. . . Sarah Vaughn, now secure with her freshly signed Columbia contract, is pleasing fans in New York City at the new night club, "Bop City" . . . Victor tenor Dennis Day will start a nationwide personal appearance tour the first of this month . . . Oscar Moore, the guitarist formerly with King Cole and now with the Johnny Moore Blazers, is honeymooning with his new wife, Mamie Burke of New York . . . King Cole and his trio are traveling west to play summer dates on the Coast.

Betcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . Bing Crosby just celebrated his 45th birthday . . . *Everywhere You Go* was published by Guy Lombardo and recorded by him on Decca. It's a current top seller, but the tune is actually 22 years old . . . Elliot Lawrence, 24-year-old band leader, is now using the electrical instrument known as the theremin in his band.

Highly Recommended . . .

DECCA 24636—Evelyn Knight and the Four Hits and a Miss. *It's Too Late Now* plus *You're So Understanding.* Here is memorable styling by Evvie and the smooth five. *It's Too Late Now* should break into the best seller class with its rhythmic bounce and clever lyrics. The flip is a sentimental ballad that drifts slowly along in a dreamy tempo. An interesting duo!

COLUMBIA 38499—Les Brown and his orchestra. *Be-bop Spoken Here* and *Put Something in the Pot, Boy! Be-bop* is

a Les Brown offering designed to please his avid bop fans. The uninitiated probably will be baffled by Stumpy Brown's be-bop patter, but will find it a good way to become acquainted with bop in a hurry. The reverse turns a familiar phrase into a bit of musical fun with humorous effects by Stumpy and the orchestra. Wait till you hear the surprise ending! The younger set will go for this.

VICTOR 20-3459—Sammy Kaye and his Swing and Sway orchestra. *The Four Winds and the Seven Seas* with *Out of Love*. If you like to do your dreaming to a soft musical background, here's the song for you. *Four Winds* has an unusual touch that should skyrocket it into the hit category. The moody lyrics and echo chamber effect will have you spinning this one over and over. The backside is a mellow ballad with fine vocalizing by a newcomer to the Kaye band—Tony Alamo. Keep your ear on this boy!

CAPITOL 570569—Pee Wee Hunt and his orchestra. *Bessie Couldn't Help It* plus *Clarinet Marmalade*. Here's the 12th Street King himself with another winning platter. On the first side Pee Wee explains the woes of poor Bessie, who seems to be getting into all kinds of trouble. You'll chuckle at Bessie's exploits all the way through. The reverse is a solid bit of Dixieland—an old favorite with jazz addicts. Don't miss this hot Dixie done up in the Pee Wee Hunt style.

COLUMBIA 38500 — Marjorie Hughes with orchestra under the direction of Hugo Winterhalter. *You Told a Lie* and *You're Mine*. Frankie Carle's daughter, Marjorie Hughes, has sung many a hit on her pappy's platters. Now she's on her own and definitely a singer to watch. Rapid progress in polishing her style has established her as a name in her own right. You'll enjoy her tender interpretation of these two ballads. The expert background by Hugo Winterhalter makes this a charming pair for listening.

CAPITOL 57-604—Jo Stafford with Dave Lambert and the vocal choir. *Smiles* with *Jolly Jo*. If you're a Stafford fan, you'll definitely be surprised at this platter. It's an entirely new approach by Jo. Proving her versatility, she combines with Dave Lambert—Hollywood's bop expert—to enliven the old tune *Smiles*. The flip is another hot opus that jumps, but definitely. Jazz fans, welcome Miss Stafford to your ranks!

DECCA 24605—Andrews Sisters and Dan Dailey. *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* and *The Good Old Summertime*. You'll like these nostalgic, rousing tunes, especially the way the Andrews Sisters and Dan Dailey sing them. The clever arrangements bring a bright, modern touch to these time-honored oldies. This is Dan Dailey's initial disking with Decca. Everybody ought to like this combination!

VICTOR 20-3466—Fran Warren with orchestral accompaniment. *Homework* and *You Can Have Him*. Here's Victor's newest singing star with two poignant ballads. You may remember *Homework* as an old Irving Berlin Broadway show tune. It seems to be making a promising comeback. The underside is another comparatively unknown Berlin tune sung by Fran. When you hear these tunes, you'll wonder why they've been hiding them from us for so long. ***Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.**

▲

A juke-box company put its new employee to work as collector of coins from the company's juke-boxes in the local jive spots. For two weeks after he got the job, he failed to show up at the office. Then one day he walked in nonchalantly and said he had lost his key to the boxes.

"Where have you been?" stormed the manager. "You haven't even been around to collect your salary."

"What!" exclaimed the amazed neophyte. "Do I get a salary *too?*" *Edison Voice Writing.*

They're BRANDING Your Baby!

IF you're fed up with getting a number for the draft, for social security, for income tax, for rationing, on your hunting license, your auto tags and your telephone, then pity all the babies born in America on and after January 1 this year.

You at least went to work before you got a social security number, you were a man before selective service stamped you, and you earned at least a few hundred dollars before the income tax bureau numbered you. But now all a person has to do to get a number, according to Halbert L. Dunn, chief of the National Office of Vital Statistics, is to be born.

Starting with the first day of the new year, every baby is being given a serial number that he will carry through life. For example, the first baby born in Delaware this year became No. 107-49-000001.

Broken down into grammar, here is what that number means. The first number—107—designates the country and state of birth. All babies born in the United States are assigned the number 1. Canadian babies start their serial number with a 2. The 07 designates the state. In this case Delaware is the seventh state in the country alphabetically. Alabama is 01, Arizona is 02 and so down the line to Wyoming, with is 48.

The number after the dash designates the year in which the child was born. All births this year will be marked "49."

And now that baby has been classified as to country, state and year of birth he gets his individual number. Six figures will be used for all registrations. If, as in this case, the baby is the first born in any year in his state, his number becomes 000001.

There is little likelihood that the highest number possible with this system—999999—ever will be reached. New York state, which has the highest birth rate in the nation, won't require more than one-fourth of its serial numbers, and Wyoming, which trails on the stork parade, will use only about 6,000 numbers in any one year.

Shortly after birth the baby will get its serial number, which will be stamped on the birth certificate. When baby grows up and gets married, the number will go on his marriage certificate; and if he should at a later date quarrel with his wife, both of their serial numbers will go on the divorce papers. When baby finally succumbs to all these numbers, and his death certificate goes into the Office of Vital Statistics, his number will go along.

This new system has both bad and good points. First of all, Uncle Sam will be able to keep tabs on his citizens more easily; and secondly, he can give more people jobs just filing and issuing numbers.

So far about the only thing anyone can do to show resentment for this new numbers racket is to refuse to marry and have children. Then no child of his will grow up to be just a number.—*Stanley J. Meyer.*

If At First You Don't Succeed . . .

Two men were sitting in a discussion group in an Army camp, and the conversation somehow drifted to the topic of reincarnation. A certain private, a firm believer in the subject, was giving his views to the most disliked sergeant in the camp, who had drifted over to listen.

"Yes," he said, "when we die we always return as something else."

"Rubbish," snapped the sergeant, "do you mean to say that if I died I might come back as a worm?"

"Not a chance," interjected the other private, seizing the opportunity. "You're never the same thing twice."

▲

A British junior officer in Germany, having acquired a Leica camera, was faced with the problem of how to get it into England without having to pay the customs charges. He decided to dismantle the camera and mail the individual parts to his wife in England, with instructions that she was to pass them on to a friend who was a camera expert for reassembly. The plan worked well. Eventually, the impossible was achieved: the Leica was in England, and no duty had been paid.

A few weeks later, the smuggler, who was still in Germany, had a birthday; his mail included a small package from home. Unwrapping it eagerly, he was horrified to find a Leica camera with a note saying, "Many happy returns. I rushed the job so you would have it as a surprise. I hope it gives you a lot of pleasure."

CURRENT

MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6 00		Town & Country Time
15		Weather Report
25		Livestock Estimates
30		Don Sullivan, Songs
45		Don Sullivan, Songs
7 00	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	AP News—Bob Grinde
15	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clock
30	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clock
8 00	News	AP News—Bob Grinde
05	Weather	Weathermen in Person
10	News	Fruit & Veg. Report
15	K. C. Council of Churches	Musical Clock
30	Shades of Black & White	Crosby Croons
45	Shades of Black & White	Musical Clock
9 00	AP News—Bob Grinde	Unity Viewpoint
05	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Unity Viewpoint
15	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Martha Logan's Kitch.
30	Dave Dennis' Orch.	Plaza Program
45	Dave Dennis' Orch.	Kate Smith Sings
10 00	AP News—Bob Grinde	G. Hootter's Mailbag
05	Cavalcade of Music	G. Hootter's Mailbag
15	Cavalcade of Music	Second Spring
30	NW. Univ. Review Stand	Against the Storm
45	NW. Univ. Review Stand	Against the Storm
11 00	AP News—Bob Grinde	Luncheon on the Plaza
05	Wings Over Jordon	Luncheon on the Plaza
15	Wings Over Jordon	Luncheon on the Plaza
30	Sunday Serenade	Sandra Lee, Shopper
45	Sunday Serenade	Holland-Engle Show

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
12 00	Albert L. Warner	AP News—Dick Smith
15	Charles Keaton, Organ	Don Sullivan, Songs
30	Eddy Duchin's Orch.	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
55	K.C.U. Radio Theatre	Missouri-Kansas News
1 00	Chormer & the Doll	Queen for a Day
30	Bill Cunningham—News	Lanny Ross Show
45	The Vet. Wants to Know	Cottonwood Ranch Boys
2 00	Under Arrest	Club 710
15	Under Arrest	Club 710
30	Juvenile Jury	Club 710
45	Juvenile Jury	Club 710
3 00	House of Mystery	Club 710
15	House of Mystery	Club 710
30	True Detective Mys.	Club 710
4 00	Boston Blackie	Guy Lombardo's Orch.
15	Boston Blackie	Cliff Edwards Show
30	Mr. Fix-It	Charlie Magnante Trio
45	It's the Taps	AP News—Dick Smith
5 00	Roy Rogers	Songs—John Wahlstedt
15	Roy Rogers	"SIS Special"
30	Nick Carter	"SIS Special"
45	Nick Carter	"SIS Special"

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

PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

MORNING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
wn & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Towa & Country Time	Town & Couatry Time	6 00
other Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	15
restock Estimates	Livestock Estimates	Livestock Estimates	Livestock Estimates	Town & Country Time	25
n Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	30
n Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	45
News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Griade	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Lou Kemper	AP News	7 00
sical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	15
sical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	30
News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Lou Kemper	AP News	8 00
eatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person	05
ait & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	10
sical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	15
sby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	30
sical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	45
ity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	9 00
ity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	05
rtha Logan's Kitch.	Martha Logan's Kitch.	Martha Logan's Kitch.	Martha Logan's Kitch.	Martha Logan's Kitch.	15
za Pregram	Plaza Progrom	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Helen Hall, Femme Fair	30
te Smith Sings	Kate Smith Sings	Kate Smith Sings	Kate Smith Sings	Library Lady	45
Heatter's Mailbag	G. Heatter's Mailbag	G. Heatter's Mailbag	G. Heatter's Mailbag	Coast Guard on Parade	10 00
Heatter's Mailbag	G. Heatter's Mailbag	G. Heatter's Mailbag	G. Heatter's Mailbag	Coast Guard on Parade	05
cond Spring	Second Spring	Second Spring	Second Spring	Coast Guard on Parade	15
gainst the Storm	Against the Storm	Against the Storm	Against the Storm	Russ Morgan's Orch.	30
gainst the Storm	Against the Storm	Against the Storm	Against the Storm	Naval Air Reserve	45
ncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Shoppers Serenade	11 00
ncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Shoppers Serenade	05
ncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Luncheon on the Plaza	Shoppers Serenade	15
ndra Lea, Shopper	Sandra Lea, Shopper	Sandra Lea, Shopper	Sandra Lea, Shopper	Shoppers Serenade	30
llond-Engle Show	Holland-Engle Show	Holland-Engle Shew	Holland-Engle Show	Shoppers Serenade	45

AFTERNOON

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
' News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News	12 00
n Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	15
ogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	30
sseuri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	55
een for a Day	Queen for a Day	Queen for a Day	Queen for a Day	Don Sullivan, Songs	1 00
nny Ross Show	Lanny Ross Show	Lanny Ross Show	Lanny Ross Show	Magic Rhythm	30
ttonwood Ranch Boys	Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Magic Rhythm	45
ub 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Poole's Paradise	2 00
ub 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Poole's Paradise	15
ub 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Swing Session	30
ub 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Swing Session	45
ub 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Swing Session	3 00
ub 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Swing Session	15
ub 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Swing Session	30
y Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Swing Session	4 00
iff Edwards Show	Cliff Edwards Show	Cliff Edwards Show	Cliff Edwards Show	Swing Session	15
arlie Magnante Trio	Charlie Magnante Tria	Charlie Magnante Tria	Charlie Magnante Tria	Musically Yours	30
' News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	Sports Time	45
ngs—John Wahlstedt	Songs—John Wahlstedt	Songs—John Wahlstedt	Songs—John Wahlstedt	Bill McCune's Orch.	5 00
515 Special"	"515 Special"	"515 Special"	"515 Special"	Bill McCune's Orch.	15
515 Special"	"515 Special"	"515 Special"	"515 Special"	Bands for Bonds	30
515 Special"	"515 Special"	"515 Special"	"515 Special"	Mel Allen, Sports	45

Evening schedule on next page

CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
6 00	The Falcon	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
6 15	The Falcon	Folstaff Serenade	Folstoff Serenade	Folstoff Serenade	Folstoff Serenade
6 30	The Soint	Gobriel Heotter	Gobriel Heotter	Gobriel Heotter	Gobriel Heotter
6 45	The Soint	Evening Serenade	Evening Serenade	Evening Serenade	Evening Serenade
6 55	Johnny Desmond	Evening Serenade	Evening Serenade	Evening Serenade	Evening Serenade
7 00	Mediotion Boord	Stroight Arrow	Gregory Hood	Con You Top This?	Air Force Hour
7 15	Mediotion Boord	Straight Arrow	Gregory Hood	Con You Top This?	Air Force Hour
7 30	Smoke Rings	Peter Solem	Officiol Detective	Internotionol Airport	Network Donce Bond
7 45	Smoke Rings	Peter Solem	Officiol Detective	Internotionol Airport	Network Donce Bond
7 55	Smoke Rings	Bill Henry News	Bill Henry News	Bill Henry News	Bill Henry News
8 00	Count of Monte Cristo	Murder by Experts	J. Steele, Adventurer	Scottergood Boines	Meet Your Motch
8 15	Count of Monte Cristo	Murder by Experts	J. Steele, Adventurer	Scottergood Boines	Meet Your Motch
8 30	Sheiloh Grohom	Secret Missions	Mysterious Traveler	Family Theotre	Fishing & Hunting Cl
8 55	Twin Views of News	Secret Missions	Mysterious Traveler	Family Theotre	News Roundup
9 00	Network Donce Bond	Amer. Forum of the Air	Korn's A-Krockin'	Comedy Ployhouse	This Is Poris
9 15	Network Donce Bond	Amer. Forum of the Air	Korn's A-Krockin'	Comedy Ployhouse	This Is Poris
9 30	WHB Mirror	Possing Porode	Passing Porode	Possing Porode	Possing Porode
9 45	News—John Thornberry	News—John Thornberry	News—John Thornberry	News—John Thornberry	News—John Thornber
10 00	K.C. on Porode	K.C. on Porode	K.C. on Porode	K.C. on Porode	K.C. on Porode
10 15	Network Donce Bond	Tavern Meeting of Air	Tavern Meeting of Air	Tavern Meeting of Air	Tavern Meeting of Air
10 30	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Nigh
10 55	News	News	News	News	News
11 00	Billy Bishop's Orch.	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond
11 15	George Winslow's Orch.	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond	Network Donce Bond
11 30	Henry King's Orch.	Deems Taylor Concert	Deems Taylor Concert	Deems Taylor Concert	Deems Taylor Concert
11 55	Midnight News	Deems Taylor Concert	Deems Taylor Concert	Deems Taylor Concert	Deems Taylor Concert
12:00	Swing Session	Swing Session	Swing Session	Swing Session	Swing Session
1:00	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY

WHB — 710

EVENING

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
ton Lewis, Jr.	Hawaii Calls	6 00
stell Serenade	Hawaii Calls	15
briel Heatter	True or Falso	30
C. U. Personalities	True or False	45
C. U. Personalities	True or False	55
ntation Jubilee	Twenty Questions	7 00
ntation Jubilee	Twenty Questions	15
men Cavallaro's Or.	Take a Number	30
men Cavallaro's Or.	Take a Number	45
Henry, News	Take a Number	55
ra Concert	Life Begins at 80	8 00
ra Concert	Life Begins at 80	15
honted Hour	Guy Lombardo	30
Enchonted Hour	Guy Lombardo	55
t the Press	Chicago Theatre of Air	9 00
t the Press	Chicago Theatre of Air	15
sing Parade	Chicago Theatre of Air	30
s—John Thornberry	Chicago Theatre of Air	45
. on Parade	K.C. on Parade	10 00
ern Meeting of Air	Network Dance Orch.	15
enade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	30
rs	News	55
ms Taylor Concert	George Winslow's Orch.	11 00
ms Taylor Concert	George Winslow's Orch.	15
work Dance Band	Network Dance Band	30
night News	Midnight News	55
ng Session	Swing Session	12:00
B SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	1:00
FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME

Swinging the Dial 710

DRAMA and whodunit fans are happier than pigs in clover with the solid summer program schedule on WHB.

The week starts with a bang on Sunday afternoon—a bang and several prolonged screams. Beginning with *Under Arrest* at 2 p.m., and continuing through *The Adventures of the Falcon* at 6 p.m., an exciting procession of action-crammed mysteries keeps listeners gasping, speculating, and smiling at justice triumphant. After a brief respite, there are thrills again with *The Count of Monte Cristo* at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.

Things quiet down then until Monday night, when *Peter Salem,* starring Santos Ortega, takes over at 7:30, followed by *Murder by Experts* at 8 and *Secret Missions* at 8:30. And on Tuesday, *Gregory Hood, Official Detective, John Steel, Adventurer,* and *The Mysterious Traveler* follow one another at half-hour intervals beginning at 7 p.m.

That pretty well cleans up crime for another week, and the radio heroes have a chance to catch their collective breath and wait for a new crop of wrongdoers — always more cunning, treacherous and all-around nasty than the one before.

• • •

Entertainment of a slightly different sort has its inning Wednesday evening, as WHB presents four splendid dramatic programs. *International Airport* leads the parade at 7:30. It is followed by *Scattergood Baines* at 8, *Family Theatre* at 8:30, and the refreshing humor of *Comedy Theatre* at 9.

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

YOU'RE BEING GYPPED!

by FREDERICK FREE

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

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

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

In 1947, our nation's 217 major casualty-insurance companies paid claimants a staggering $695,000,000. The companies expended an additional $130,000,000 merely in verifying or rejecting more than 4,000,000 claims for everything from lost false teeth to swollen toes.

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

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

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

These firms have created the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, with headquarters in New York and branches in many other

cities. A keen former FBI man, Wayne Merrick, captains the bureau and has broken open 13 organized rings of insurance fakers in the past eight years.

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

A typical entry might read as follows.

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

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

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

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

The file on Smythe contains all biographical items investigators were able to uncover. His photograph is attached. Thus, if he makes another claim at some future time, by an intricate cross-reference system Merrick's bureau very likely will expose him as a chronic fraud artist, and he will face another jail term.

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

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

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

When Mary takes a tumble in an office building lobby, she covertly dabs blood from a tiny bottle into her ears and nostrils. This type of bleeding is associated with skull fracture. She made a fancy living from the practice until the Claims Bureau proved her a "repeater" and wangled a prison sentence for her. Now that

she is out of the clink, Merrick's men expect a report of her renewed phony falls any day now.

One of the most ingenious insurance frauds uncovered by the Bureau was that practiced by a man who had twin sons—a normal child and a helpless, sobbing idiot. This man, whom we will call Joe Norman, would take the normal boy for a walk through a department store. During the walk, Norman would manage to knock a heavy object from a shelf onto the lad's head.

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

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

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

A doctor, who was in on the conspiracy, swore that the man had suffered violent stomach pains for weeks after the incident, and the restaurant's insurers paid off to the tune of $800. Emboldened, the man tried to work the scheme in a San Francisco restauant some months later. But the report of the Dallas incident and claim settlement was in the hands of the San Francisco insurance detectives who had combed the files for similiar cases. Confronted with photostatic copies of his claim and his own signature on the settlement check, the insect-carrier—who toted his pets in tiny vials—confessed to attempted fraud and was dispatched to the pokey for six months.

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

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

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A clumsy culprit tried to break into a doctor's office in Los Angeles. He fell through the transom and telephoned the doctor to rush over and patch up his cuts and bruises.

WHB-Mutual star Roy Rogers points out behind-scenes Hollywood to Charles Nelson, winner of the National Talent Quest. Nelson was sponsored by the Jenkins Music Company, Fox-Midwest and WHB of Kansas City.

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