

Swing



25¢

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An expert gives the low-down on man's most terrifying invention.

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SWINGSHOTS



1. Stars Ben Johnson, George O'Brien, Jane Russell, Alan Hale and Harry Carey, Jr., appear at the premiere of the "R.K.O. Missouri" theatre in Kansas City.

2. Jane Russell, complete with shoulder sheaf of orchids, prepares to sing *Buttons and Bows*

while emcee Dick Smith of WHB looks on.
3. Frank Wizarde doles out cake during his birthday party at *Luncheon on the Plaza*.

4. Ed Durlocher, square dance expert who helped spread the square-dance craze over WHB, displays one of his "hoe-down" records.

Swing[®]

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foreword

IT IS likely that the greatest threat to a democratic precept is not to free expression but to free enterprise. The second-raters and mediocrity-lovers have their hooks in the successful citizens of the world and are pulling them down to dead level.

The philosophy of collectivism, under whatever name it masquerades, is a philosophy of hate, envy and greed.

The man who shouts, "Share with the masses," really means, "Share with me!"

"After all," he argues, "I'm a human being. Because I was born and exist I deserve to be supported. I am entitled to comfort, care and coddling. I want a full life, for which I will perform a minimum amount of work. I should not be called upon to make a decision, take a risk, display exertion or practice economy. I do not have to improve myself because I will pass a law prohibiting anyone from being better than I am. However much you give me — even though I do nothing for it — I will not be satisfied so long as any one person on earth has more than I."

You can't pull the little fellow up by pulling the big one down.

You can't progress if you destroy all incentive to progress.

The ideas of communism and socialism have jumped the sea, and under other names are now being bartered for votes in America.

In all of England, Scotland and Wales there are only 70 persons who have incomes of \$24,000 a year, after taxes.

In the United States, even low bracket white collar workers are tithing to the government.

Toll the bell, an era is passing. Sing a funeral song—or else . . .

Mori

Paradise Panorama

A TOURIST from Pennsylvania recently dropped a postcard into a mailbox outside San Francisco's historic Ferry Building. The message on it read:

"Just walked from the Mexican border to the Oregon state line in 15 minutes."

Now this was no small feat, for the distance is some 1,000 miles. Uncle Sam's newest wonder of the air doesn't travel nearly so fast.

Of course, what this seemingly superhuman Pennsylvanian meant was that he had walked the length of the Ferry Building and seen the entire state of California via one of man's greatest topographic wonders—the 600-foot-long relief map of the Golden State.

This minutely detailed, topographic Goliath is believed to be the world's largest relief map. And if it isn't, it should be, Californians say, for it cost their State Chamber of Commerce and 58 counties more than \$100,000 to construct. Twice the length of a regulation football field, the map is 18 feet wide and scaled six inches to one mile. Each year it gives thousands of California's visitors a bird's eye view of the fabulous state's great mountain ranges, fertile inland and coastal valleys, great forest preserves, and numerous cities and towns.

Now observing its silver anniversary, the giant map is one of San Francisco's proudest possessions. And although the number of visitors to it has fallen off since the building of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, tourists from every part of the country, school children, and native Californians continue to make pilgrimages to the high-towered Ferry Building just to see the map.

Most critical of the visitors are the state people, according to artist David Schwartz, the map's keeper and maker. They are primarily interested in finding their own town on the map, he says, and protest loudly if it has been omitted. It is the job of this veteran artist, who has made the map his life's work, to keep it up to date and in excellent condition. Only recently, at a protest from citizens of Hawthorne, Schwartz added their community.

Photographs of the entire terrain of California, along with United States survey maps, were used as guides in the construction of the mammoth map, which was cut from chip board and coated with magnesite. The job took 18 months to complete, and was worked on by 25 artists, engineers, modelers, electricians and carpenters.

Both educational and artistic, the map is a tribute to California and was aptly dubbed by its originators, "Paradise in Panorama."—*Mae Pohl.*



Some drivers deserve those passing remarks.



Statistics: a means of being precise about matters of which you will remain ignorant.



Tolerance is the ability to laugh when someone steps on your mental corns.



Venetian blinds: wooden slats with a shady reputation.



Masseur: a man who works his fingers to your bone.



Patience: sometimes a case of not knowing what to do.

YOUR LIFE And the

atom bomb

by R. J. KRYTER

THE pillar of fire that towered over Hiroshima on August 5, 1945, was not only the most important event of our lifetime—it was the most important event of many lifetimes. It was at least the most important since man harnessed the power of steam 200 years ago. It was probably the most important event since Columbus discovered America 457 years ago.

But it was more than just an event, more than a triumph of physics and chemistry and engineering. It was also a symbol and a portent. It was a symbol of man's material mastery and of his spiritual blindness. It was a portent of destruction and death to come, unless we learn to control this tremendous knowledge and power we now have in our hands. The purpose of this article is, therefore, not to give technical details, but to give a rounded picture of this, man's greatest intellectual accomplishment in all his history.

While the idea of power coming out of atoms is new to the layman, it is old to the scientist. It started in 1896 when the German, Roentgen, discovered X-rays. In the same year, the Frenchman, Becquerel, found these same mysterious rays coming from salts of uranium. Two years later, there came an epoch-making discovery, the discovery of radium by Mme. Curie. Here was a new material, which posed a new problem. This material was a seemingly inexhaustible store of energy, giving out heat continuously, without being consumed. That was in 1898, more than 50 years ago.

There is space to mention only a few of the high spots bridging that half-century gap. In 1903, the Englishman, Rutherford, suggested this power might be coming out of atoms which were breaking apart. In 1905, Einstein came forward with a very bold suggestion. He said that matter (solid substance) and energy (such as light and heat) were different

forms of the same thing and were changeable back and forth. He even wrote a mathematical equation describing that change. That simple equation, written more than 40 years ago, is the foundation stone of our present knowledge of atomic energy. That equation was also the first satisfactory explanation of the energy of our own sun. We know now that our sun shines by virtue of atomic reactions.

Many workers in many different lands made their contributions. They found there were a number of chemical elements with atoms so complicated that they broke down spontaneously and gave out energy. They found that uranium was the parent of a family of such elements. That was the status of our knowledge at the time of World War I.

In 1932, there occurred two events which set off a chain of new discoveries eventually leading to the atomic bomb. In England, a man named Chadwick discovered a new particle which he called the "neutron." He gave it that name because the particle was electrically neutral. It was different from the basic particles we knew before, which carried electric charges. The fact that this new particle had no charge, became the key that unlocked the atom's secret for us.

In the same year, America made her first significant contribution. Lawrence, at the University of California, invented the cyclotron. It is a very complicated contraption for taking little bits of matter and giving them a great deal of energy and shooting them out at high speed, like powerful but invisible bullets. One

cyclotron will turn out a stream of particles with as much energy as all the refined radium in the world gathered at one spot. This was a very potent new tool in scientists' hands.

But it was in 1939 and in Germany that the critical experiment was performed. In that year, two German investigators, Hahn and Strasseman, working with uranium and with the newly discovered neutrons, succeeded in cracking the uranium atom. Their experiments were soon repeated and extended in this country, and it was immediately apparent to scientists that the door was at last opened to the solving of one of Nature's great riddles, the power of the atom.

Within a few months after Hahn's and Strasseman's experiment, the scientists operating the big cyclotron at Columbia University in New York City were amazed to find that particles were flying out of their apparatus with as much energy as if they had been pushed along by 200 million volts. This was amazing and frightening, but there was something else more important.

Scientists were throwing the invisible bullets called neutrons, at uranium atoms. When the atom was hit squarely, it broke apart and gave out energy, but it gave out something else; it gave out about three more neutrons. In other words, the little particle that started this business was reborn *and multiplied* in the process. One neutron, cracking one atom, released three more neutrons. If conditions were right, these could crack three more atoms, then nine, then twenty-seven, then eighty-

one, then two hundred forty-three, and so on, multiplying like a snowball rolling downhill. It multiplied much like a chain letter, and that's where the scientists got the phrase "chain reaction."

When scientists calculated the amount of energy that could come out of even the tiny bits of material they worked with, they were frightened. They were frightened so badly that a group of them went to the government and said, "This thing has such terrible potentialities that it is not safe in any private hands. The government must control it." That is how it came about that six months before Pearl Harbor, this was our greatest military undertaking—atom cracking. By roughly six months after Pearl Harbor, this was the biggest undertaking of mankind anywhere on earth. More money, more material, more manpower and more brains were being poured into this job of smashing atoms, than any other undertaking of man, anywhere.

Now, why were scientists so excited? They were excited because they knew, from Einstein's predictions, the terrific amount of power that should be contained within the central core, or nucleus, of an atom. If you take Einstein's equation and put it in ordinary language, you will find that from one pound of matter, if we could make it disappear completely and make it reappear as energy, as Einstein predicted, you would get 15 trillions of foot-tons! What is that? A foot-ton is the work done in lifting a ton's weight a foot high. But what is 15 trillions? Even

though we can write this number, we cannot understand it.

To understand this relation, we must take a smaller sample. If we could carry the material in an ordinary dime through the change that Einstein predicted, we would get enough energy to lift the entire Empire State Building 52 miles into the air! That should give some idea of why scientists were frightened and of why they were excited about the possibilities of atomic power. Or, put it another way. One pound of material, if destroyed utterly and reappearing as energy, would give roughly the same energy as the explosion of 10 million tons of TNT. Think of that figure: 1 pound = 10 million tons.

The Author

R. J. KRYTER has been closely associated with the development of atomic power. During the war, highly confidential contracts dealing with many phases of the atom bomb project passed through his hands. Through this association with the nucleonics field, and through other chemical and military connections, Mr. Kryter has become an authority on this rapidly changing subject. He is a graduate of Purdue University with a degree in chemical engineering and now is treasurer of the Esterline-Angus Company, manufacturers of precision electrical instruments.

Now we have not succeeded in carrying all our material through that change. In the atomic bomb, we carried only one-tenth of one per cent of it through the change where matter was destroyed and reappeared as energy. But even at that pitifully

small efficiency, one pound of uranium is still equal in power to 10,000 tons of TNT. And a pound of uranium is a piece just about the size of a golf ball. When you realize that in a bit of material a child can carry in the palm of its hand you have locked up there the explosive force of 10,000 tons of our standard military explosive, you can see not only why scientists were excited, but why the conservative military backed them in a program of fundamental research, and why the government backed the whole business with manpower and materials and money in undreamed-of abundance.

Now if all this power comes out when the atom cracks, and the reaction is one that multiplies itself, why, in the laboratory experiments, didn't the whole thing blow up? The reason is that uranium exists in several different forms, only one of which undergoes this explosive reaction. Of ordinary uranium, 99.3% is what the chemist calls uranium 238. This stuff does not explode. Only 0.7% (one part in 140) was the strange and rare uranium 235. That was the explosive component. The reason the whole process was safe was because the active material was so dilute. If you had one part of gunpowder mixed with 140 parts of dirt, the mixture would not explode. You would have to separate the gunpowder from the dirt. That is precisely what had to be done here. We had to find a chemical needle in a haystack.

A feverish program of research began at all the big laboratories, and

from these laboratories came the miracle of the twentieth century. The mathematical wizards and the Merlins of the test tube and slide rule, calculated by pure theory the prop-

ONE of the few persons capable of discussing atomic theory in terms understandable to the layman, R. J. Kryter has given over 200 addresses on atomic power to both scientific and non-technical groups. The material for this article is based largely upon his speech delivered before the 37th Annual Meeting of the American Drug Manufacturers Association at Boca Raton, Florida.

erties of materials that no man had ever seen. From measurements made on amounts of material that could only be seen under a microscope, whole factories were designed.

From this amazing research, there grew three great institutions: the Clinton Engineer Works in Tennessee, the Hanford Engineer Works in Washington, and the laboratory at Los Alamos, New Mexico. It was in these institutions that American productive genius paid off. It was in these institutions that America did what no other country in the world could have done in the time allotted.

The Clinton Engineer Works at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, originally covered 60,000 acres, and at its peak employed 90,000 workers. Its sole purpose was to obtain practical quantities of uranium 235. The plant was huge because the problem was unprecedented. The chemists could not

even tell the two forms of uranium apart, let alone separate them. All they had to work on was the fact that one kind of atom was 1% heavier than the other kind of atom. Now you cannot pick up atoms with tweezers and drop them into bottles. How could this separation be accomplished?

The processes that were used at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and the factories that were built, can only be described as fantastic. This whole article could be devoted to their weird and fascinating character. But let's take a look at just one process, the simplest one, and the one that produced our first atomic material. If we take a gaseous uranium compound, charge the particles of that gas electrically, and then by a high voltage of about 100,000 volts shoot these particles out at high speed between the poles of an electromagnet, and do the whole thing in an extremely high vacuum, these particles should describe a curve. The uranium 238, being 1% heavier, should describe a 1% wider curve. Uranium 235, being a little lighter, should describe a little sharper curve. You should be able to squirt the material in at one place, whirl it around in this gigantic electromagnetic merry-go-round, and by setting up two gates, get the uranium 238 out of one gate and the uranium 235 out of another.

Although this method in the laboratory had produced a few tenths of a millionth of an ounce of uranium 235 (too small to be seen with a microscope), we used the method to get pounds of material! The final apparatus weighed more than a

thousand tons per unit, and was so huge and there were so many of them built, that there was not enough copper in the United States to wind the magnet coils. We took silver out of our treasury vaults, squirted it out into wire, and wound our magnets with coin silver. That is a small example of the dizzy business involved.

So, down in Tennessee, in three mountain valleys guarded by foothills of the Smokies, there arose the three units of this plant. Why the three valleys? Partly for secrecy, so that people in one plant would not know what was going on in another. But the separation was more for protection. This material had never been handled, and had never even been seen, but its properties had been predicted. If our calculations were a little "haywire," it was possible that the entire plant and all the people in it would go up in a plume of multi-colored smoke. So why kill them all at once? Let's only risk one-third of them at a time and have the other two-thirds to keep on working. That's a crude, but not too inaccurate, statement of the problem. Actually, the calculations were good, and the infinitely meticulous precautions were sufficient. There were no accidents, no untoward events.

At the same time that this three-ring madhouse was going on in Tennessee, a swarthy Italian, Enrico Fermi (now a naturalized citizen of this country), working at the University of Chicago, opened up a completely new and different attack on the problem. He proved that a guess he made back in 1934, that he could create two new elements that did not exist on earth, was correct. One of

these elements suddenly became tremendously important. It did not have a name then, it was merely called element 94. Now we call it plutonium, named after Pluto, the god of the underworld.

Why was this material important? First, because it was explosive, just like uranium 235. Second, it was chemically different from uranium, and could be separated without the tremendously complicated processes being used in Tennessee.

How was this stuff made? Not by any of the chemistry that most of us learned in school. There were no retorts or furnaces or stills. The scientist merely piled up chunks of uranium, with another appropriate substance alongside, piling up the pieces just like building a wall or pillar. That's why they called it an atomic pile, because it was just a pile of pieces. When that pile got to be a certain size, suddenly the pile became hot. The feeble natural radioactivity of uranium intensified itself as a chain reaction set in. Without adding any chemicals, any heat, or any electric power, this uranium, all by itself, changed over into the much-sought plutonium.

The first such atomic pile was set up underneath the grandstand of the football field at Chicago University. It was too dangerous to put in any building. It went into operation on December 2, 1942. Of the little group of men around this strange contraption, not one knew for sure whether he would live to see the end of the experiment. No one was certain that the chain reaction was controllable, although Fermi had cal-

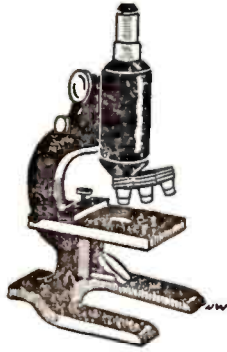
culated it should be. But Fermi said coolly, "The curve will not level off." And sure enough, at 3:08 that afternoon, as the gentle clicking of the counters swelled into a continuous roar, the pen of the unemotional recorder on the wall climbed upward faster and faster. A chain reaction had set in; man had at last released the power of the atom.

From that tiny beginning, there arose the greatest institution that man has ever built, anywhere, anytime. That is the Hanford Engineer Works in Washington. Its original number of workers was comparable with the Tennessee atom plant, but in size it eclipsed anything that man had ever known. It covered 500,000 acres, nearly 1,000 square miles, nearly as big as the whole State of Rhode Island. And it is being built bigger right now.

That plant was spread out, not for secrecy, but for protection. And not so much for protection against explosion, but for protection against a much more diabolical danger, the danger of radioactivity. When these atomic piles were set into operation, they not only produced the plutonium which we sought, but they produced something else we did not want. They produced invisible but man-killing radiation of an intensity the like of which we had never dreamed before—radiation so intense that it was calculated that if a man were to walk by the face of a working atomic pile, two seconds exposure would kill him.

We thus had the strangest processes the world has ever seen. When the plant went into operation, some

of the water at the plant turned radioactive, and was poisonous and had to be impounded before it could be returned to the river. Even some of the air at the plant turned radioactive and was poisonous. As a result of measurements on wind movements, the workers were housed 60 miles away from the plant, and hauled back and forth every day because it was not safe for human beings to live closer to this nightmare.



The process was carried out largely beneath the surface of the earth. The men who operated the machines never saw the devices they controlled. They operated them through periscopes like a submarine commander stalking his prey. They used tools that reached around corners and over walls, because they were behind walls of concrete as much as 15 to 18 feet thick. No man dared approach closer, on penalty of his life. That is what the release of atomic energy on a large scale means, and it will always be that way, even though peacetime power or useful by-products, are the ultimate purpose.

This will give some idea of the grim and fearsome nature of these new processes. But take note also of their power. This vast and sprawling plant was only intended to produce about $2\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of plutonium a day, a lump smaller than a man's fist. But in getting this little lump

of stuff, we got atomic power as a by-product, to the tune of 1,500,000 kilowatts. That is more than all the installed generating capacity at Niagara Falls. We did not get that power as electricity; we got it as heat, heat in the cooling water. We turned loose so much by-product heat that it measurably raised the temperature of the Columbia River!

The third of our three great atomic institutions built during the war was the most jealously kept of all our secrets. It still is, even today. On a sandy mesa in the desert, some 40 miles northwest of Santa Fe, New Mexico, is one of the finest scientific research laboratories anywhere in the world today. We now know it as Los Alamos. During the war, it did not have a name, and did not even have an address. Its address was a post office box number in another city, and the place was so secret that many scientists who went there even carried assumed names so their movements could not be followed. It employed about 7,000 people, some 5,000 being scientists and technicians.

The job at that laboratory was to take from Clinton and Hanford the raw materials, which were merely dull grey heavy metals, and to find out how to extract the tremendous store of energy they were supposed to contain. The job was to fabricate these innocent-looking metals into a workable atomic bomb, which was predicted to be an explosive that would eclipse anything man had ever seen.

You now know the results. The Clinton Engineer Works did succeed

in a job claimed by some scientists to be "impossible," that of separating out that chemical outlaw, uranium 235, in practical amounts. The Hanford Works succeeded in an even more spectacular job of producing on a poundage scale, an element that does not exist on earth, that does not exist in the sun or in the stars. At Los Alamos, they succeeded in taking these strange materials and forging them into the most fearsome weapon of all time: the Atomic Bomb.

Now, the exact efficiency of our atomic bomb is a carefully guarded military secret. However, information has been released indicating that the efficiency is very low, probably about 1%. In other words, we probably got out only about 1/100 of the energy theoretically locked up in the chunks of material we used. What does that mean? It means that if we learn to make that reaction say 50% efficient, we will have a bomb 50 times the power, with the same stuff in it. And remember that one bomb of the present "inefficient" type wiped out a city the size of Indianapolis. Hiroshima was no crossroads village; it was a city of 350,000 people, and yet one bomb made it a shambles.

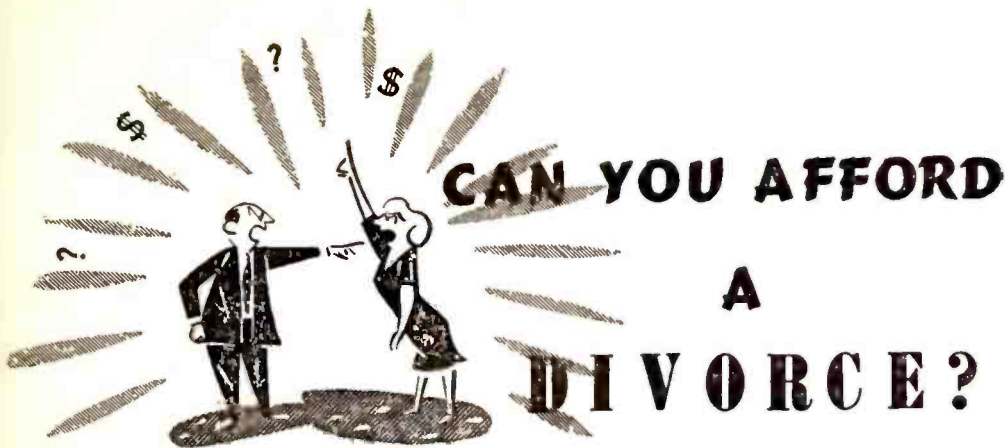
One prominent scientist has said we know how to make a bomb 600 times as powerful. If such a bomb is ever made, its area of total destruction is a circle probably 50 miles in diameter. If such a super-bomb is ever used, one bomb could wipe out much of the state of Connecticut. Is it any wonder that our present

atomic bomb, the most terrible weapon ever used by man, is referred to by scientists as the "baby bomb"? What will happen when we turn loose "big pappy"?

However grim this may seem, it is unhappily not the worst of our worries. There is another phase of the bomb's action, or of the use of atomic materials, that is more difficult to cope with. This is the radioactive effect. The instant the bomb explodes, there is a terrific burst of invisible but man-killing radiation. If a man is exposed at the time of the burst and gets a lethal dose of radiation (this will occur up to about a mile from the burst, for the present "baby" bomb), he will die and nothing can be done about it. Much brainpower is being expended on treatment for "radiation sickness," but no real cure has so far been found. Radiation sickness killed some 18,000 people at Hiroshima, weeks after the bomb exploded.

But that is not all the story. The bomb explosion lets loose its terrific burst of radiation, but in a split second that is gone. But it also lets loose a host of weird, unnatural radioactive substances, some of them devilishly potent, some of them a million times as potent as radium. When the bomb bursts in the air, they are up there in that grim mushroom cloud. But we get some of these same substances in our atomic piles at Hanford. We can separate them, and if we desire, use them as a super-potent poison, against which we have no adequate protection. If such stuff is ever used, a gas mask will not help us,

(Continued on Page 71)



by EDWARD STERNBERG

“I WANT a divorce!”
The girl was pretty, and extremely nervous. She sat across the desk from me, but her voice was pitched so low that I had to lean forward to hear her story. It was the same story I had heard many times before, with a few variations, from hundreds of clients who were anxious to shed their mates.

Let's call this girl Jane Jones. Let's listen to her story, not because it is typical but because it never reached the divorce courts. Jane Jones and her husband decided that they couldn't afford a divorce. Their decision—and thousands like it—is responsible for our falling divorce rate.

Jane married Johnny Jones when he was a private first class in the Army Air Force. It was one of those service center romances. Jane, 19, was a receptionist in a war plant and belonged to a girls' club which devoted one night a week to raising the

morale of servicemen visiting one of Chicago's canteens. This wholly admirable project introduced her to her future husband—a young man with a chestful of ribbons and a slight but very romantic limp. She spotted Johnny first sitting near the dance floor, watching the jitterbugging wistfully.

Pretty, animated Jane quickly went to work on the young man. In less than ten minutes she had uncovered these facts: (a) he was single; (b) he had been wounded over Germany and was home on furlough following his release from the hospital at Hines, Illinois; (c) he must report for assignment to active duty in another ten days.

It was against the rules of the canteen for the hostesses to meet servicemen outside after the closing hour, but Jane just happened to mention that she always caught the Sheridan Road bus at the corner of State and

Madison streets at 11:30 p. m., and 22-year-old John Jones just happened to be passing the corner at that exact time. Neither of them stood a chance. They were "going steady" before they got to the end of the bus ride; they were engaged before Johnny reported to Chanute Field, his limp gone, for reassignment; they were married on his first week-end pass.

They had two months of what passed for married life in the armed forces in 1944 before Johnny was sent overseas again. They had a hectic, exciting eight weeks of trains and hotels and dingy boardinghouse rooms near air force bases. As Johnny was moved from base to base, Jane raced along behind, moving into the nearest hotel or rooming house. When neither was available, Johnny would rent a car for 24 hours. It was very romantic; especially so when Jane decided she was pregnant.

When Johnny went back to Europe, Jane returned to the war plant for five months, then lived on her allotment. Johnny was discharged from the army six months after their baby was born. Because of the impossible housing situation, they lived with his family in Cicero.

It didn't take long for their troubles to begin. The house was badly overcrowded, with little privacy. Johnny didn't like the responsibility of fatherhood; Jane didn't like Johnny working as a mechanic. She thought it was beneath his dignity. Johnny wanted to play with the boys almost every night. He missed the excitement and easy comradeship of his army days. On her part, Jane wished he were back in the army, wearing his uni-

form and all those medals instead of greasy coveralls. She was jealous of some of her friends, whose husbands, she believed, held important jobs. She became unhappy when Johnny began leaving his discharge button out of his lapel.

Now, they both wanted to terminate their marriage, but when I told Jane how little alimony and support she could expect from Johnny on the basis of his wages, she lost some of her enthusiasm for getting a divorce. When she left my office she told me that she planned to look for a job. Two weeks later she came back to report that she had given up the job idea because the labor market for unskilled workers had fallen off sharply. She had been unable to locate a job that would pay enough to make it possible for her to hire someone to take care of her baby.

Then a few days later Jane told me that she and Johnny had decided to try living together again. They were planning to move out of his parents' home into a large furnished room with kitchenette facilities. They'd be crowded, but at least they'd be on their own.

The story of Jane and her husband is typical of what is happening to many marriages today. Any attorney who handles many divorce cases can relate similar stories. The simple fact is that our national divorce rate is sliding downward because the average couple with children cannot afford a divorce in 1949.

Increasing economic difficulties are keeping couples out of the divorce courts. Couples, both young and old, are discovering that divorce means a

lower standard of living for both the man and the woman.

For example, in Chicago the divorce rate is down nearly one-third from a year ago. National statistics show that the same decline has taken

The Author

Edward Sternberg, himself a bachelor, is a prominent young divorce attorney. He ranks among the first five Chicago lawyers in the number of divorce cases handled, and is a well-known authority on business law.

Sternberg is a veteran of the War Production Board. In addition to his L.L.B. from George Washington University, he holds a master's degree in market research from the University of Chicago.

place throughout most of the nation.

The Chicago figures are a good indication of what is happening elsewhere because divorce is easy in Cook County, Illinois. Records in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of Cook County show that 2,839 divorce actions were filed in that court during the first three months of 1938 compared with only 2,029 during the same period of this year.

Most observers agree that economic factors are principally behind the falling national divorce rate. Marriages aren't any happier; many husbands and wives are getting along with each other only because they have to.

Chicago's Superior Court judges advance several reasons for the decline—most of them based on economics. For example, Judge Julius

Hoffman attributes the decline to a widespread lack of proper housing and increasing industrial and commercial unemployment. "If the husband has to move out," he points out, "he usually can neither find nor afford another apartment. This means a lower housing standard. Couples think twice before splitting up."

Superior Judge Rudolph Desort has another reason for the declining divorce rate. "The aftermath of many war marriages was bound to be divorce," he says. "Couples who married in haste split up the same way. Now the war marriages which have lasted this long stand a pretty good chance of survival."

Superior Judge Joseph Sabath, a divorce court veteran of many years, feels that the difficulty of holding on to money has helped lower the divorce rate in the Chicago area. "People can't save anything," he points out. "Money comes too hard today and goes too easily. There's a basic feeling of insecurity which helps to keep a couple together. It may not be possible for two people to live as cheaply as one, but it's a lot cheaper for a couple to live together than separately—and a lot easier for them to face hard economic facts together.

Most attorneys are agreed on these principal reasons for the decline:

1. Economic distress and the housing shortage have shifted people's attention from their marital difficulties. Now they've got lots more to worry about.

2. Women aren't as financially independent as they were during the war, so they are more tolerant of their husbands.

3. Fewer women being employed means that it's not easy for a girl to get a job paying wages which are comparable to the wartime scale.

4. There is less in-law trouble now that the wartime boom, with its unusual stresses and strains, is over.

5. In boom times people give up more easily. They're more selfish. They won't take the time and trouble to work out marital problems satisfactorily.

6. Few men are in a position to marry again if divorced. They can't support two families.

Of the six reasons mentioned, those involving economics are probably the most important. For example, Betty L. was planning on divorcing her husband, when the factory in which she was working shut down operations for three months. She can't find another job paying as much as the old one, so she has given up the idea of getting a divorce and, instead, seems to be getting along with her husband.

When both men and women were earning large pay checks, liquor and extra-marital affairs were a greater problem than they are today. With money easy to earn, lonely G.I. wives and war-workers had many more

chances to get into trouble. You'll recall the many women who, during the war, deserted their husbands and children for the excitement of night life. In 1944 they had the money to play dangerously. That isn't true today. There are ten-cent beers on the bars, instead of straight shots of bonded whiskey. A night out on the town is now a luxury which can be afforded by only a few people. Night club owners will sadly attest, some of them with tears in their eyes, that the good old days are over.

They may have been good old days for the night club business, but lawyers handling divorce actions know that they were hard on marriages. Now that there is less money to throw around, couples seem to be surmounting marital difficulties much more easily.

People themselves may not be better, nor their marriages basically happier, but they are working harder to keep their marriages intact. The home is a less divided place.

This is fine with those of us who handle a large number of divorce cases. We are the first to witness the damage done to helpless children by broken marriages and divided homes.

Those Simple Gadgets

Harvey Kennedy, who conceived the idea of the shoe lace with a metal tip, realized \$2,500,000 from his patent . . . Six people first saw the value of umbrellas—and earned \$10,000,000 manufacturing them . . . The little metal heelplate for shoes brought its inventor a yearly royalty of \$1,500,000 . . . A Port Elizabeth, South Africa, woman earned \$40,000 a year from the simple, straight Mary Anderson curling iron . . . The inventor of the roller skates, Dr. Plimpton, rolled into earnings of \$1,000,000 . . . John Giltin made \$75,000 from the old "Dancing Jim Crow" doll . . . Walter Hunt invented the safety pin in three hours. He sold the patent rights for only \$400 a few hours later!—Barney Schwartz.



a short story

DOOLIN'S QUEST

by DON MARSHALL

“**B**EEEN a big fight at Ingalls,” father told mother as he unhitched the team. “Three deputies killed and I reckon about the same number of outlaws. Bill Doolin shot his way free as usual.”

Goose pimples popped out all over my body. There was something awesome about that name—Bill Doolin.

“Reckon that means we’ll have to stay close,” mother said, lifting the lantern high and making the barn look blood-red. “Lucky you made it in to Coffeyville when you did.”

“I ain’t afraid of Doolin,” father grunted. I knew he meant it. Father was six-two and the biggest man on Hogshooter.

“He’d never miss you with a Winchester,” mother told him. “There’s too much of you.”

Father just laughed. “Doolin ain’t hankering to kill for the sport of it. Gold and silver’s what he’s after.”

I scooted for the house and for

once didn’t trip over Ella’s hoe. Ella was in the parlor reading her lesson to Mr. Marrick, our Hogshooter teacher, and making sheep’s eyes over the top of her book.

“Bill Doolin just whipped a lot of deputies at Ingalls,” I said, soon as I caught my breath.

“Doolin?” Mr. Marrick asked my sister.

“Bill Doolin is a bad outlaw.” Ella flicked her rust-colored braids. “About the worst there is, I guess.”

“He ain’t hankering to kill for the sport of it. Gold an’ silver’s what he’s after,” I said, repeating father’s words.

“He who lives by the sword, dies by the sword,” Mr. Marrick told me grimly.

I thought Mr. Marrick was pretty dumb for a teacher.

“Bill Doolin don’t fool with no sword! He totes a Winchester and a six-gun.”

Ella looked like she wanted to box my ears.

"My, what a little dummy! That was just a proverb."

"I'm going to join up with Doolin some day," I bust out. It was what I'd been thinking ever since I left the stable but I didn't mean to say it.

"You join Doolin—ha, ha! You're a funny. If you was ever to meet up with him you'd be so scairt you'd swallow your tongue."

"Just you wait and see!" I showed Ella the tip of my tongue and dodged her swinging arm.

During supper, father told us more about the fight at Ingalls. They were posting news of the battle in front of the courthouse when he drove into Coffeyville. Ingalls was Bill Doolin's town, where the outlaws went to celebrate and take it easy after a raid. Somebody tipped-off the marshal's office that Doolin and his gang were spending five nights out of the week in Ingalls and a posse went after them. But the outlaws managed to shoot their way out of the trap and most of them got away, including a girl called Rose of the Cimarron. One of the deputies swore that he hit Doolin, and another posse was being organized to trail the outlaws.

Next morning we bumped down to the Hogshooter school in one of father's buckboards with Mr. Marrick. I sat on the bottom and pretended I was Doolin dueking the posse. The post-oaks and hickory trees were mounted men and I pinged at them with my cocked finger. Ella said I was the craziest boy that ever was.

It was too early for the other boys and I went down to the creek bank.

I sat on a sandstone slab and watched a water bug all sprawled out on top of the water like a piece of fern. Everything smelled damp.

Down creek a redbird shook and I heard a thistle crunch. I thought it was one of the other boys following the course of the stream until a man stepped out of the bushes and stood looking at me. He was on the opposite bank, and I saw that he wasn't wearing a coat and there was sort of a harness strapped under his arms and a holster with a six-gun sticking from it.

My mouth felt all fuzzy like I'd been eating persimmons before the first frost. I had been thinking so hard about Bill Doolin and here was this man, wild and rough looking, and with a gun. His whiskers reminded me of the time father was down with a fever and couldn't shave himself for a month.

"Boy, do you live hereabouts?"

The man moved closer to the edge of the creek and I saw that his shirt was stained and crusted like a rag gets when you tie it around a cut toe.

He saw the way I was looking and his mouth pressed together hard.

"What's wrong? Ain't you ever seen blood before?"

"You—you're Bill Doolin!" It wasn't what I meant to say—it just popped out.

He cleared the creek in a single leap and it must've been nine feet across. But he teetered on the bank and when I put out my hand he grabbed it to steady himself.

I remembered what Ella said would happen if I ever met Bill Doolin. She was right because I was scared elcan

through. But Doolin's face wasn't hard any more. He was leaning against a willow trunk and looking all caved-in like a busted hog bladder.

He sort of grinned at me and said, "Boy, have you ever been hungry—so hungry your belly felt like it had a toothache?"



I hadn't thought much about out-laws getting hungry and such. I began to look for my lunch pail. Then I remembered I'd given it to Ella to take inside.

"I can get you some grub in a jiffy," I told him. But he stopped me with a wave of his hand. You could hear the rattle and clink of dinner buckets as the other boys and girls drew near to the school house.

"Reckon I can wait till recess," he said. "You have a recess, don't you?"

I nodded.

"Don't say anything about me being hereabouts to the other kids. If anybody heads this way just sort of whistle like this." Doolin made a low whistle, kind of like a bobwhite makes. "Can you do that?"

I showed him and then ran for it.

AT RECESS time I hung back when the other pupils filed out. But Ella stuck around, too. She wanted to be close to Mr. Marrick. I saw she wasn't going to leave so I

walked over and took my lunch pail off the shelf. Ella's sharp eyes spied me.

"My what a little dummy," my sister taunted. "Thinks it's lunch time already."

Mr. Marrick shook his head and I walked out without my pail. Doolin was so hungry that I reckoned another hour couldn't make much difference.

I sneaked away at lunch time without much trouble. Doolin was stretched out in the high grass.

"Howdy, kid. I'd about given you up."

I told him how it was and opened my lunch bucket. There were two slices of homemade bread—thick as pine slabs—with chicken breast, a hunk of dark cake and a big red apple.

After there wasn't any food left, Doolin rolled over and drew his sleeve across his mouth. Then he looked at me out of his bloodshot eyes.

"Kid, you're an all right sort of person. I reckon you'd do to tie to."

His words made me feel warm with pride. I'd been doing some hard thinking.

"If I left a window uncatched, I reckon you could sleep in the school-house tonight."

Doolin's eyes gleamed with appreciation. "You've a bean for such a tender chap." He sat up and began to fish in his pocket. He drew out a slab of bone and I saw that it was the handle of a knife. When he opened it the blade flashed like a new plow in the sun.

"Ain't that a pretty, kid?" He

turned it this way and that to catch the light.

I nodded dumbly but my eyes were big.

"It's yours," he said, handing it to me. Then he laughed. "You'd best run for it or the teacher will play a march on your bare legs."

After school, while Ella and Mr. Marrick were getting their books together, I sneaked a hook loose on one of the windows. On the way home I didn't ping at trees with my cocked finger. I sat with one hand curled around Doolin's knife and planned my outlaw career.

I finished my chores and then went out to the woodshed and found a slab of soft wood. With my new knife I began to whittle a pistol—one like Doolin's. I had almost finished the handle when mother called me to supper.

Ella and Mr. Marrick were missing from their places. Father began to look around and mother said, "Mr. Marrick forgot something at the school and had to go back. Ella wheedled so hard I let her go along. Seems like they've been gone quite a spell. Reckon I was a fool to let her go."

"Mr. Marrick's a man grown," father told her. "He has that old shotgun of mine to keep off wild things and it ain't likely that Doolin will be showing his face around here."

Some mush went down the wrong way and I began to choke. Father pounded my back and I squirmed away. I felt all hot and cold inside. If Ella and Mr. Marrick had gone back to the schoolhouse they would find Bill Doolin.

I heard the buckboard first because I was listening the hardest. It was coming fast and I began to feel sick. It meant something had happened.

"It's Doolin!" Ella told us, soon as she caught her breath. "He's sleeping in the schoolhouse, dead to the world."

Father knocked over his chair getting to his feet. "Bill Doolin! You must be mistaken, Ella."

Ella stamped her foot. "It's Doolin, I'm a-telling you. I seen his picture once on a reward notice in Coffeyville. Mr. Marrick's standing guard but you'd better hurry."

Mother was pleading with father to be careful and in the excitement I slipped out. I felt numb all over. They would take Doolin like a rat in a bin. He was asleep—besides being hurt and weak. I couldn't let them take him that way. I was to blame for him being there—and he trusted me.

There was an old white plowhorse that I rode sometimes. She was slow as molasses but I figured on mother to slow things up.

It seemed like old Bess had never gone slower. I beat a tattoo on her flanks with my bare heels but she refused to get excited.

"Bess—we can't let him down!" I sobbed. Doolin's knife dug into my leg.

After that it seemed to me that old Bess picked up a little speed.

I tied Bess to a scrub oak and ran forward. Suddenly I stopped. There was somebody standing in the schoolyard. Mr. Marrick! I had forgotten him. He had father's old shotgun and I felt sick all over. But I managed to whisk behind a corner of the school-

house without him spying me.

I pressed my nose against the window nearest me. It was moonlight and I didn't have any trouble finding Doolin. He was stretched out in the farthest corner, boots and all, dead to the world.

Ella and Mr. Marrick hadn't bothered to close the door. I guess they were afraid Doolin would wake up. I could see Mr. Marrick through the open door as he swung restless back and forth. If I tried to get around to the side where the open window was he would be sure to see me. I had to warn Doolin from where I was, and I had to get Mr. Marrick away from the open door.

Suddenly I knew the answer. I was a dummy not to think of it before. Doolin had told me to go like a bobwhite if any kids came bothering around the creek.

I went like a bobwhite, and then did it again. Through the open door I could see Mr. Marrick standing rigid-like. He was pretty much of a tenderfoot but I think he smelled something wrong. Birds should be asleep at night, not calling back and

forth. But I had to keep it up.

Just as I made up my mind to take a big chance and heave a rock through the window, Bill Doolin moved. I went like a bobwhite again and he sat up.

That was all I had been waiting for. I took out, making a big circle and heading straight for Mr. Marrick. He heard me coming and spoke sharply.

"Who's there?" Then he recognized me. "Where's your father, Jackie?"

I told him father was coming and maybe we'd better wait in the road. Mr. Marrick wasn't a coward, but he was willing.

They didn't catch Bill Doolin—that time. It was on my 12th birthday that father came home from Coffeyville and said that Bill Doolin was dead. A deputy marshal named Heck Thomas killed him with a sawed-off shotgun.

"I allow Doolin got what was coming to him," father said. "But he wasn't no mean killer like some. He was looking for gold—and he found lead."

I didn't say anything but my fingers curled around Doolin's knife.

Lady in the Sky

FIVE months before the Wright Brothers flew at Kitty Hawk, a woman pilot made a successful solo flight. She was Aida de Acosta, a pretty Cuban girl. Visiting Paris, she was thrilled by the flights of Alberto Santos-Dumont, dashing young airship pioneer from Brazil. On June 29, 1903, she went up alone in his little dirigible, *The Runabout*. Standing in a wicker hamper attached to a spidery metal frame that dangled beneath a misshapen balloon, she ran the half-pint gasoline motor and worked the rudder as the crazy contraption skimmed the treetops of the Bois de Boulogne—while Santos-Dumont followed along on the road beneath, pedaling furiously on his bicycle. At the wave of his handkerchief, she brought the ship down in a polo field where a match was in progress, and received lusty cheers from the crowd.



Tom Collins Says...

Perhaps the real basis for most gripes about the younger generation is that we no longer belong to it.

▲
Money talks, but it never gives itself away.

▲
When Fate hands you a lemon, squeeze it and start a lemonade stand.

▲
Never bet on a sure thing unless you can afford to lose.

▲
Most girls would rather be looked over than overlooked.

▲
Worrying takes up just as much time as work, but work pays better dividends.

▲
The smallest good deed is better than the largest good intention.

▲
So far, the use of atomic energy indicates that the road to hell is paved with good inventions.

▲
Imagination was given to man to compensate him for what he is not. And a sense of humor was provided to console him for what he is.

▲
The trouble with being a reckless young blood is that you soon become a bloodless old wreck.

▲
He who laughs last usually wanted to tell the story himself.

▲
Once, a man would have to spend two weeks waiting if he missed a stage coach. Today, he raves if he misses the first section of a revolving door.

▲
An argument is where two people are trying to get in the last word first.

▲
The only time when some people won't pass the buck is when there is a collection.

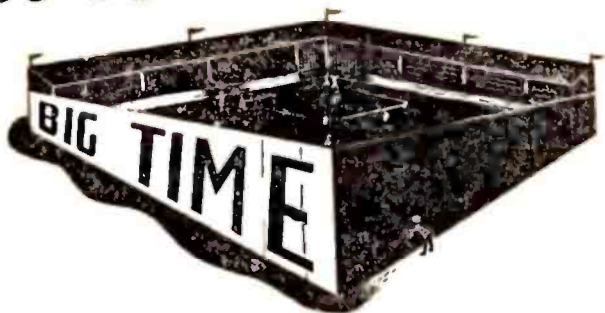
▲
The American mail-order catalogue gives the Russians a lot of wonderful new things to invent.

▲
If you have the right to complain when there is nothing to complain about, you are living in a democracy.

▲
A girl who marries for money is one who goes into marriage with her hands wide open.

▲
No matter what other nations may say about us—immigration is still the sincerest form of flattery.

the SANDLOTS GO



by SAM SMITH

TIMES were tough for a lot of people back in 1931, and they were just about as tough for Ray Dumont as for anybody. He was a \$25-a-week sporting goods salesman in Hutchinson, Kansas, whose success in moving wares was moderate, at best.

Then Dumont noticed a phenomenon which others, surely, had seen before him. The difference was that Dumont saw, Dumont acted.

A horseshoe pitching tournament was held in Hutchinson and for a period during and after the tournament, sales of horseshoe equipment increased sharply. The sporting goods salesman realized then that interest and participation in almost any given sport were capable of considerable cultivation. He looked for a fertile field, and fixed on unorganized baseball.

From the idea born as Ray Dumont sold horseshoes back in 1931 he has built a mighty empire for the sandlotters of America and the world. Today he is busy expanding his Na-

tional Baseball Congress beyond the seas and hopes in 1950 to stage a real world's series for non-professional baseball.

If all goes well, the champions of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres will meet for the world crown in Tokyo next year. The hemispheric representatives will be chosen in a great series of play-offs, extending through district, state, regional and national, then hemispheric, tournaments.

Raymond (Hap) Dumont in less than 20 years has come a long way. And his story is as typically American as baseball and the heroes of Horatio Alger.

After discovering that a tournament boomed the horseshoe business, Dumont staged a state tournament for sandlot baseball teams in Kansas. His first tourney led to encores each year for four years. He found it helped the sporting goods business, even in those dry depression days in Kansas.

But this cigar-smoking, balding

man of boundless energy sensed something bigger. He decided to organize the unorganized of baseball, the sandlotters and the semi-pros, and hold a national tournament.

In 1934 he went to the city fathers of Wichita and made them a proposition. He would hold his national tournaments—still in the idea stage—in Wichita if the city would build a suitable ball park. Dumont, oddly enough, got the ball park. It's known as Lawrence Stadium, the home of the semi-pros.

And Dumont kept his part of the bargain. In 1935 he held his first national tournament. Wichita has never been sorry it listened to the dream of the erstwhile sporting goods salesman. For about three weeks each August, it is the capital of the nation's sandlot baseball. Almost 1,400,000 persons have paid to see games in the first 14 national tourneys.

Dumont's National Baseball Congress is big business, global business, and in that respect it's good for propagandizing democracy. Dumont says, "We believe one of the best ways to carry the American way of life to persons in all countries is through the medium of our nation's number one sport, baseball." His global program makes him sort of an unofficial missionary.

In 1948, at the time of the national tournament in Wichita, the *Wall Street Journal*, that "bible" of the financial world, took note of Dumont's baseball show. In a lengthy article, it described how he grosses somewhere in the neighborhood of \$180,000 a year with his NBC. It told how Dumont's brainchild was

a money maker, too, for the sponsors of big-time sandlot teams.

The winning team in the 32-team, double-elimination bracket in the Wichita tournament draws down a \$10,000 pot. Another \$45,000 is split as prize money among other competing teams, and \$15,000 more is prorated for mileage. The Kansas state tournament still is the greatest of the qualifying shows. Last year it paid off \$18,731 in prize money to competing teams.

Under the banner of the NBC, there are some 90,000 nonprofessional ball players in the United States, all signed to contracts with their teams. There is an umpires' association, a scorers' association and a system under which there is a commissioner for each state.

Dumont, the man who never was much shucks at the game he loves, has done it a great favor. Out of his tournament at Wichita have come many stars now shining brilliantly in the Big League heavens. And the



NBC works closely with organized baseball.

Things were not always so lush. Some teams hitchhiked to that first national tourney in 1935 and slept in the park for lack of funds. But the nimble-witted Dumont watered his original idea with many another.

He is a master of the publicity stunt, and his ideas have won for him countless reams of advertising. These attracted more and more spectators and players to the sandlot game.

At first, baseball fans came to investigate this stunt man. Behind the gags, they found a sound program in the making, so they joined up. And thus the NBC grew under Hap Dumont's shrewd guidance until it reached the point where he could look beyond the seas for new worlds to conquer.

Dumont can't forget altogether his early publicity *coups*. Last year he installed a mechanical goose on the scoreboard at Lawrence Stadium. When a team fails to score, it lays goose eggs.

In the old days, he was a master at springing space-catching ideas. They were so good that they regularly made the press wires, and just as regularly were printed on the nation's sports pages.

There was the time he came up with a Lady Umpire, of all things. That one slowed the hot discussions at home plate to a gentlemanly pace. It's difficult to be really uninhibited in cussing a Lady Umpire.

Once he posted One-Eyed Connolly, the nation's most notorious gate crusher, at the entrance to Lawrence Stadium to prevent gate crashing. Connolly proved so good that he kept one ace pitcher out of the ball yard.

Dumont dreamed up a pneumatic plate duster, thus reducing the demand for whisk brooms by umpires. He installed a disappearing microphone at home plate. It allowed the plate umpire to call lineup changes

to the crowd. It also gave the crowd an earful of heated debates.

He tried dim-out baseball, using balls, bats, gloves, bases and baselines painted with a luminous paint. He tried "wrong way" base running—hit it and run either to third or first. He tried an electric eye instead of a plate umpire. Those were among Dumont ideas which have gone into the discard. The first two naturally wouldn't work. The last worked so well he had to give it up.

"Who'd want to argue with the electric eye?" he asks. "What fan would want to shriek at a gadget instead of an umpire?"

Dumont worked into his early tournament such colorful additions as fireworks displays and scantily clad tournament queen candidates. He even had a "milkman's matinee," starting one eight-game day at five a.m. and serving a breakfast of orange juice, doughnuts and coffee during the seventh inning stretch. Fans in pajamas walked in free, incidentally.

Dumont struck a rich vein in his first national tournament. A lanky Negro came down from Bismarck, North Dakota, and pitched his team to the title. The pitcher was Leroy (Satchel) Paige. He's still pitching, for the world champion Cleveland Indians. There has always been plenty to write about when Paige started pitching—or talking.

Paige in his prime was one of the pitching greats of all time. His work at Wichita in August of 1935 won the baby tourney thousands of reporterial words on sports pages around the country.

"It is the aim of the National Base-

ball Congress," Dumont says, "to continue the development of its global program until all nations are given an opportunity to participate in it."

During September of this year, the United States champion will meet the Canadian national titlist, in the home city of the United States winner. Planned, too, for the same month is a Latin American series between South and Central American winners and the Mexican champion.

Plans worked out by J. G. Taylor Spink, NBC global commissioner and publisher of baseball's great weekly, *The Sporting News*, call for a 1950 play-off between the North and Latin American winners for the hemispheric title and a play-off series, tentatively set for Tokyo, against the winning team in the Eastern Hemisphere.

General Douglas MacArthur has given tentative approval of the Tokyo meeting, providing the economic situation is straightened out by that time. Dumont's NBC has \$35,000 set aside in a special fund to underwrite the

expenses of the Western Hemispheric winner for such a trip.

No nation is affiliated with Dumont's program until the NBC commissioner in charge is satisfied that the sponsoring body is a responsible group and that administrative and other matters will be handled so as to foster proper growth of the game in that nation.

Dumont's global operations are laid out, as is his United States program, with NBC commissioners in charge of sandlot baseball. The NBC has commissioners in Alaska, Argentina, Canada, China, Cuba, Ecuador, the Far East, Guatemala, Hawaii, India, Jamaica, Japan, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama and the Canal Zone, the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Venezuela and the Virgin Islands.

The horizon of the dream Hap Dumont had less than 20 years ago has not yet been reached. Dumont, in his middle forties now, believes a baseball bat can be made into one of democracy's greatest tools.

▲

One of the junior attorneys in the office of the Washington legal firm of Covington, Burling, Rublee, Acheson and Shorb phoned the Treasury Department and asked the young lady who answered about getting a certain government circular. The Treasury girl was astonishingly cordial once she got the matter of his identification through her head and said she'd personally see that the document was mailed right away. As she took his address, she painstakingly spelled back the name of each of the partners. She wanted to be absolutely sure, she said, that she had all of them right.

"Thank you," said the lawyer gratefully at the end.

"Thank you," said the girl. "Until you called, my whole family was simply groggy trying to dig up enough names for a litter of pups that just arrived."

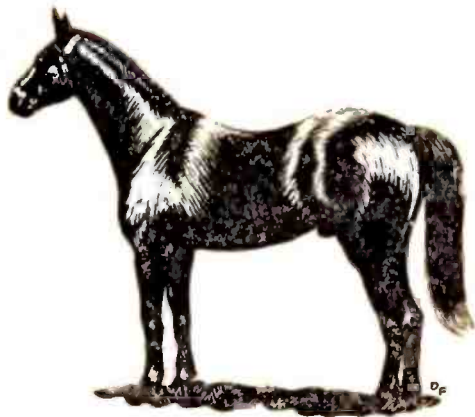
▲

The producer was planning a war movie. "This will be an extravaganza to end all extravaganzas," he purred. "I'm going to use full armies—4,000 men on one side and 5,000 on the other."

"A total of 9,000 men in one movie?" exclaimed the director. "How can we afford such an enormous cast?"

"Easy," replied the producer. "We'll use real bullets!"

the
Horse
America
Loved



*The fabulous achievements of
Man-o'-War are turfdom's greatest
success story.*

by MARVIN KENDALL

HE was an honorary citizen of Lexington, Kentucky, and an honorary colonel of the First Cavalry Division in Tokyo.

Two million people fought, bribed, begged and threatened to get near him and touch him—just for luck.

His birthday each year was the signal for a national ovation, marked by orations, floral tributes, elaborate dinners and broadcasts—but the guest of honor munched hay.

This was Man-o'-War, the nation's most beloved horse, who grew from an ungainly and coarse-haired colt to a world-renowned champion of the turf.

When he died in 1947, thousands of persons who had seen and remembered "Big Red" cried openly. Other thousands to whom he was a remarkable legend mourned also, for Man-o'-War's prowess was a treasured

memory handed down from father to son.

At his funeral, 2,500 friends stood with bowed heads as a derrick lowered his big casket into the earth. Over the casket were his famed racing colors of yellow and black. As newsreel cameras ground away and reporters' pencils scribbled furiously, Big Red was buried on a November day in 1947—full of years, pride and love.

When Man-o'-War was born, nobody shouted the glad tidings. Sired by the famous Fair Play, the little colt was an awkward, dull-looking animal with a pinched face and forked legs.

His disappointed owner, Major August Belmont, quickly sold him along with a parcel of other horses not considered promising material for the great Belmont stables.

Man-o'-War was sold for what later developed to be a mere pittance

—\$5,000. His new owner, a textile manufacturer named Riddle, thus acquired the four-footed asset which was to become more valuable than a vault of gilt-edged securities.

Riddle had no idea that his new horse had racing possibilities. He planned to use him as a hunting steed. But a veteran trainer named Louis Feustel talked Riddle out of the idea.

"Let me have him for a while, Chief," Feustel begged. "He's got possibilities, I'm sure."

Riddle, who had plenty of horses, shrugged at this whim of his trainer but allowed Feustel to have his way. Training Man-o'-War was a chore. He tossed exercise boys, was erratic in his performance. Several times he caught dangerous colds, once almost perished after a bout with influenza.

But by June of 1919, Trainer Feustel said the big red horse was ready. Immediately, the horse with his tossing head and bright defiance caught the crowd's fancy. Though they had never heard of him, people rushed to put their money on the huge stallion. Some said he had personality; others said he exuded championship.

That first race was memorable. Man-o'-War acted as if he were jet-propelled. Other jockeys almost fell off their horses in amazement, when Man-o'-War's rider, Johnny Loftus, piloted him home as a winner six

lengths ahead of the number two horse.

From then on, Man-o'-War was a sure shot in every race. It was a dull day for bettors when he was running. Only country bumpkins who had never heard of him dared bet against the red stallion. At one time, in the Belmont Stakes, he commanded odds of 1 to 100.

"This horse is as good an investment as a United States bond issue," a famous chalk-eater of that day told his friends. He promptly bet \$100,000 on Man-o'-War in order to win \$1,000—and Man-o'-War captured that race by 20 lengths.

As a two- and three-year-old in 1919 and 1920, Big Red won 20 out of 21 races. He earned \$250,000 in his brief turf career and was clocked to five world's records. His United States record for the mile and five-eighths, and his world record for the mile and three-eighths, still stand untouched.

The most famous Man-o'-War race was his duel with another great horse, John P. Grier, on July 10, 1920, at Aqueduct. Before this race, Man-o'-War had been sure of his reign as monarch of the turf. No rival ever approached his flying heels.

But John P. Grier was made of stuff almost as good as Man-o'-War. Neck and neck, the two great horses plunged down the home stretch. Men who had bet huge rolls on Man-o'-



War groaned. It looked like the end of the king's reign.

But his jockey did the unprecedented: he gave Big Red a flick with his whip. The result was a jolting shock to the onlookers—Man-o'-War jumped as if he had been given a hot foot and licked John P. Grier by a length-and-a-half.

Oddly, enough, this race brought fame and honor to the loser. For John P. Grier was headlined everywhere as "the horse that almost beat Man-o'-War"!

By this time, Man-o'-War had been the hero of movies, comic strips, editorials, books and magazine articles galore. Little statuettes of him sold by the thousands. His picture hung in the parlors of thousands of horse lovers.

Foreign news services sent over their crack reporters to "interview" the monarch of all horseflesh. Movie stars begged their press agents to photograph them with Man-o'-War. And children were excused from schoolrooms to visit his paddock and see the prancing fellow in the flesh.

Man-o'-War left the track forever in 1920, after beating Sir Barton, the fastest horse ever bred in Canada. As usual, Man-o'-War was far ahead—seven lengths—and was good for

plenty of reserve speed had his jockey been willing to push him.

Owner Riddle retired his horse early because—to handicap him and give competitors something like a fair chance—Man-o'-War was being loaded with increasingly heavy weights. There was danger of injuring his back.

Riddle rejected an offer of one million dollars for the great red stallion and advertised him at stud. At a fee of \$5,000 Man-o'-War serviced ten to twelve mares a year.

The nation's finest painters and sculptors journeyed to the Riddle stables to immortalize Man-o'-War in the closing years of his life. The great horse, for all his temperament, seemed to get a big thrill out of having his picture snapped or his portrait painted. He was a cooperative model, quiet and proud.

When the horse died, owner Riddle—a man in his 80's—was overcome with grief. He couldn't attend the funeral. But over Man-o'-War's grave at Faraway Farm some day soon a mammoth bronze statue of the indomitable horse will be placed.

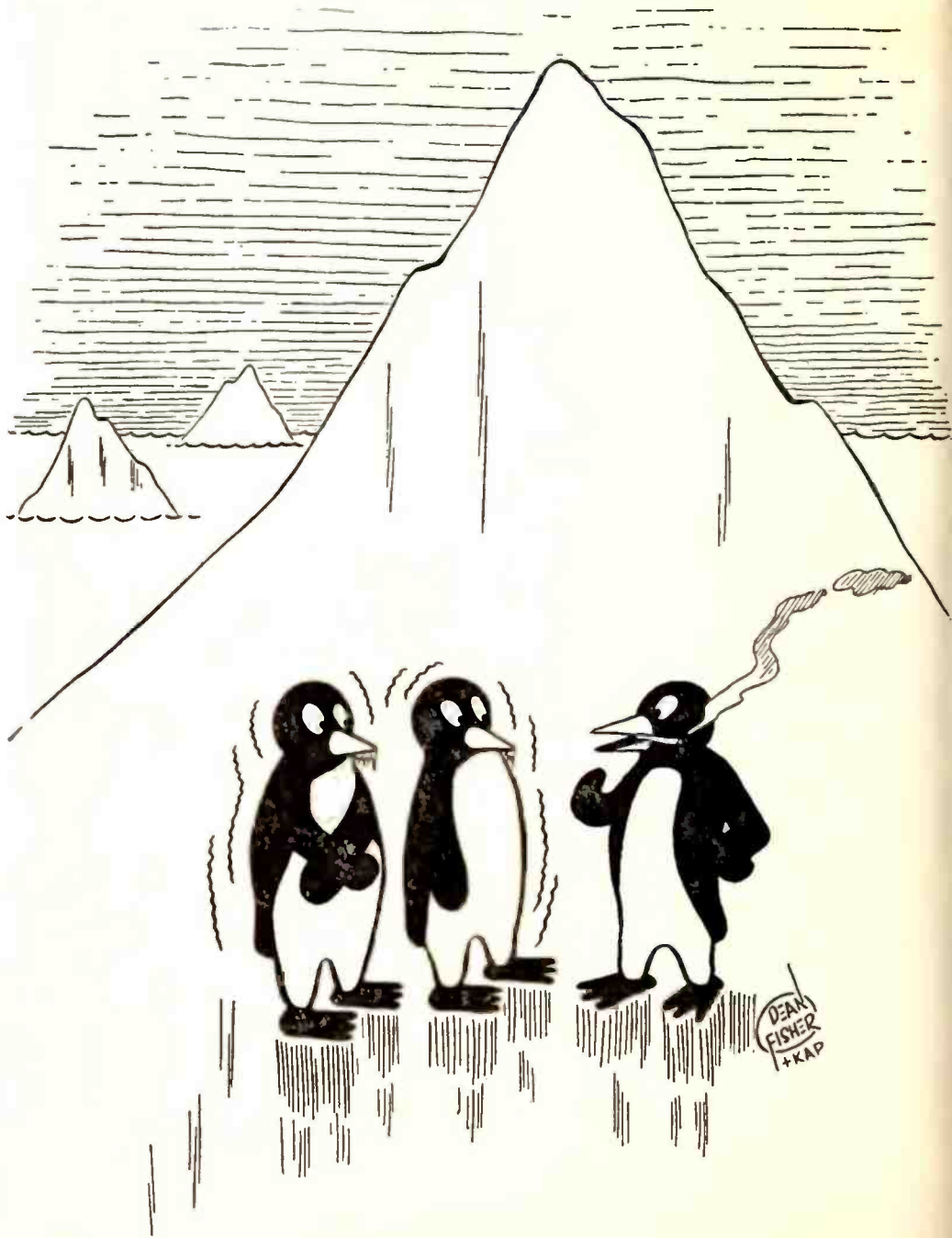
Even at night, searchlights will illumine the statue so that pilgrims who arrive after dark can see the likeness of Man-o'-War—the greatest of them all!

Men and Supermen

IN HAMBURG, GERMANY, a Dr. Theodor Herr performed a successful appendix operation on himself recently—using only novocaine as a local anesthetic.

IN MACON, GEORGIA, a 38-year-old man fell from a scaffold 75 feet high, landed on his head—and lived to brag about it.

IN FORT WORTH, TEXAS, the physical handicap of a broken right leg failed to stop one fellow from indulging in his favorite pastime—golf. He toured the course in a small red wagon, which was pulled by a caddy.



"Do like me . . . Switch to Hots!"

the LAST



PILGRIM

Slightly battered.

WHEN the last group of summer tourists leaves Cape Cod this year, a forlorn figure in frayed 17th Century garb will watch their departure with momentary regret. For with them goes the main source of income for Amos Kubik, America's last Pilgrim.

Then, with continued enthusiasm for the unusual profession he has followed successfully for two decades, Amos will try to forget the tourists and their ready pocket money. He will set about drumming up trade as a Town Crier and begin thinking about ways to capitalize on the coming of Thanksgiving and its memories of honest-to-goodness Pilgrims.

A native of Czechoslovakia, Amos first settled in Springfield, Massachusetts, where he indulged in a marriage which unsettled his life and caused him to scamper out to the tip of Cape Cod. There, 20 years ago, he latched onto the beat-up, old, hand-ringing bell; the knee-breeches; big buckled

shoes; flowing cape and conical hat of his present trade.

Amos, for a fee, will call anything—a grocer's sale, a firemen's dance, carnival, boat excursion trip, a playhouse program or you name it. Cross his palm and outline the palaver, and Amos will sound off on every corner of that long and slender community.

Amos' reign has not been unbroken, his difficulty being an illness which clouted him low about the same time his native land was plagued by an unwanted visitor named Hitler. The summer vacationers were about to start parading in, and the town's selectmen couldn't be without a Town Crier. It was too long to wait for Amos' recovery.

Lurking on the mainland, available (on purpose, Amos thinks to this day) in his moment of frailty, was an old Broadway hand of Shakespearian antecedents, Frank Andrews, who was snatched up by the city for the summer.

Andrews, done up circa 1620, delighted Provincetown by adding the zingo of a professional, trained voice, the flair of the stage, and considerable study and rehearsal to each announcement. He made a "snapping turtle" (village description) out of Kubik.

But Andrews only lasted that season. Kubik took enough pills, nostrums and stimulants the following winter to have warded off bubonic plague, so he would be in shape, come spring, to jangle the bell and clog the corners. Even today, mention of the intervening Crier sends him off muttering.

Kubik, during his 70 or so years of batting around, has finally become secure enough as a professional Pilgrim to be sent for from points all over the United States. He takes off in costume to lend the flavor of history to civic celebrations. He's a natural to attract publicity and make good newspaper art.

One of these trips a few years ago gave Provincetown a tizzy. The occasion was an affair in Washington, D. C., and Kubik took with him Provincetown's traditional and original bell, an old brass one which had survived the centuries. A highbinder in the nation's capital, who had a far greater appreciation of antiques than Kubik, prevailed upon the unsuspecting Amos to allow him to do something nice for his home town as a "favor."

"I'll trade you even," the kind man said. "I'll give you a brand new bell for that old one." Kubik, with the best interests of Provincetown in mind, swapped, and came home with

a bell thought suitable by the townspeople for only one thing—to be tolled for his locally arranged demise.

Partly for this reason, and some others, Kubik has been frowned upon



by enough of the selectmen that he is no longer on the city payroll. He works by the job, collects from each sponsor. He also collects from each amateur photographer who raises a camera at him when he's in his regalia.

"The Indians ruined him," says one of the local scoffers. "One tourist told him she had to pay a quarter to take a picture of a Navajo on a trip west, and that was all Kubik needed to get up his price list for Cape Cod."

Another ventured that he wouldn't be surprised if Kubik isn't the reason why the original Pilgrims went on to Plymouth—they wouldn't pay Kubik's price to land.

Amos' costume is faded, jaded and unkempt, and once it prompted the townsmen to do something about its retread and repair. A collection was taken up among the business citizenry to refit him; and he was given the money, a round trip boat ticket to Boston and the address of a costumer who would outfit him. Kubik

marched off, the town serenely confident that its historical landmark would come home in full polish.

Kubik, instead, feeling money in his jeans, gathered up some bibulous companions who had short-rationed the hard winter. Going the way of the profligate, Amos squandered the whole of the money in nearby Hyannis on bottled goods which he, and friends, surrounded in great glee.

Provincetown found out about the whizzer only when Kubik, with watery eye, came to work the first of the season in his old and decrepit garb. To date, Provincetown has shown marked apathy in bankrolling him again. If any visitors comment on his shabbiness, they get the answering retort, "Oh, he's not supposed to be a just-off-the-*Mayflower* Pilgrim. He represents a survivor of the second winter!"

Kubik frequently teams up with a writer, Harry Kemp, who among the local art and writing colony is known to toss off an ode to either a fish-hook or a lady's girdle at the drop of a quill pen.

Last fall, Kemp's idea was to be landed in a rowboat at the spot and on the anniversary of the arrival of the Pilgrims. Kubik, who had talked much of his seamanship, was to do double duty. He was to be in costume, complete with bell, and would row the boat in which Kemp would stand as they came to the shore. Once hitting the sand, Kubik was to ship his oars, step out, ring the bell, sound a normal complement of "Hear Ye!

Hear Ye!" befitting such an occasion, and be followed by a solemn Kemp who would read a commemorating poem he had composed for the anniversary.

The day, unfortunately, was too typical of the original landing. The harbor was choppy and rough, the wind blew strong from the north, and the two doughty re-enactors were being drenched. Making it even worse, Kubik lost distance with every oar-stroke; the sea was mastering him in spite of a manful struggle.

After an hour of this, a kind mariner drew alongside in a motor launch, fastened a towline and hauled the two dampened Pilgrims to safety. The poem went unread, the bell un-rung, and Kubik's seamanship brings tears to the eyes of old salts as they laugh about it today.

Kubik's latest troubles are attuned to a set of bargain false teeth, of questionable fit and mooring and given to leap on words of his spiels beginning with the letter "P."

Scoff though they may, Kubik can throw back in the teeth of his fellow townsmen that he is about the only near-authentic "hear ye" left in a New England which rallies around preservation or restoration of tradition. And tabbing the tourist trade for two-bits before allowing photographs isn't much considering costs of upkeep of person and costume, Kubik believes.

However, there is no indication that any of the two-bitises have found their way to upkeep of the latter.



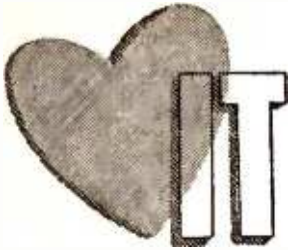
A liberal is a radical with a wife and two children.

STADIUM
ENTRANCE



"Nice band!"

*The disabled, the handicapped, are fighting an uphill battle at
Kansas City's new Rehabilitation Institute.*



COMES FROM THE heart

by WEB SCHOTT

IN Kansas City, the heart of America, there is a young man named Linza who is just now learning to read and write though he is already 20 years old. Linza's head was injured at birth, causing him to lose all normal muscular sensitivity and regulation. When he opens a door he has to think hard about relaxing to turn the knob, about pushing forward and then, without tension, releasing the knob. Linza's face twists from side to side when he talks. His mouth cannot form full sounds, especially hard vowels. His arms move in grotesque patterns because the muscles in them are tense and strained at every joint.

But Linza's future is not going to be one of helpless dependence on others. For today, he is busy learning how to earn his own living and to adapt himself to a normal life in society. He is one of many handicapped persons who are finding a new reason for living from their training at the Kansas City Rehabilitation Institute.

Before Linza entered the Institute, he had never held a job. He could

not go to school in the small Iowa farming community where he was reared because the only school, an ordinary elementary school, could not cope with a student seriously hindered by severe cerebral palsy. When his mother died a few years ago, Linza, fully unable to support himself, came to Kansas City to live with his brother's family. His attempts to work were useless; employers said he was mentally incapable.

But psychiatric tests given Linza at the Institute showed him to be mentally superior—far above average. His learning ability, divorced from physical malfunction, was high; his aptitudes were well-established.

In a matter of weeks under Institute guidance, Linza was writing his name and had almost mastered the alphabet. Soon a startling new world of written words, hidden from Linza for over 20 years, was gradually opened to him, revealing mysteries most kids unpuzzle at the age of five or six.

Several mornings every week Linza receives treatment, prescribed for him

by a doctor, in the Institute's physical therapy ward. Under the guidance of a trained therapist he is taught to walk upright and to carry himself without waving his arms and moving his head. Day after day he practices stepping over the rungs of a ladder lying on the laboratory floor. This teaches him to lift his legs, instead of dragging them, when he walks. There are some simulated stairs, weights, parallel bars and other control-building devices for his use.

He spends a few hours each day with an instructor in penmanship. He learns multiplication tables, spelling, basic history and geography. A great deal of time is spent drawing and playing checkers because those activities require exacting muscular control. It is very difficult for a cerebral palsy victim to set a checker down in a 1½-inch square.

Part of his time is occupied with learning how to handle power tools. Someday Linza wants to go back to his family's home in Iowa and earn his own living by repairing farm buildings and doing other jobs with tools.

The balance of the day Linza spends in the Institute's curative workshop to earn money to pay his brother, who has a family of his own, something toward the household's expenses. Linza is one of the dozens of handicapped workers who package handkerchiefs, address envelopes, sort nuts and bolts, box merchandise or tie bundles so that they can take seven or eight dollars home at the week's end and know that the wages were earned.

Linza is but one of the scores of

physically handicapped patients that the Institute has handled since its beginning in 1947. It is the only organization of its kind in the Middle West and is sponsored by eight Kansas City charitable and medical organizations that recognize the drastic need for such a center.

The Institute has come a long way since that first day in November, 1947, when the present director, Mrs. Vivian Shepard, formerly with the Missouri Division of Vocational Rehabilitation, sat at a lone card table in the old cobwebbed building on McGee street anxiously awaiting the first patient. The initial \$10,000 working fund, donated by various charities and clubs, went so fast she had hardly to dip her pen a second time to write checks. But Vivian Shepard and the newly born Institute were old-fashioned enough to believe that if the will were strong enough, anything was possible.

Determination and perseverance won. Today, Mrs. Shepard has a permanent staff of three—an occupational therapist, a physical therapist and a workshop director—and a large group of volunteer workers. She and her helpers minister to an average of 40 patients a day. Elderly men and women with deformed or missing limbs, spastic teen-agers who have almost no muscular control, malformed children, disabled veterans learning to use artificial arms and hands—all come to the Rehabilitation Institute for therapy. Whatever the disability, none is refused help.

In many cases, the Institute's first job is helping the handicapped patient become accustomed to the stares of

shoppers and pedestrians on the street who cannot refrain from showing their sympathetic curiosity. The patient must become mentally adjusted to his handicap before he can begin receiving effective therapy. At the Institute, patients experience a new relationship with people. The young woman working at her loom forgets about her disabled foot because everyone else does. The dark-eyed lad at the circle saw is unaware of his shriveled arm; no one notices it. The patients feel on an equal footing with their co-workers; eventually Rehabilitation will build their confidence so that they will feel equal to those who are physically whole.

Almost every patient has a history of neglect and heart-breaking attempts to earn a living in a world of fast-talking, fast-walking disinterested people.

A Negro, once desperately despondent with his helplessness from



the loss of two legs above the knees, cheerfully learned to walk on artificial limbs at the Institute. He became interested in weaving in the workshop and studied hard during vocational training courses. After several months at Rehabilitation he found a job in a small tailoring shop where he reweaves torn fabrics. He walks to work and climbs short flights

of steps with his new legs.

A 17-year-old boy stricken with polio when he was 11 could hardly move from the elevator to the second floor physical therapy ward. He could not seat himself without the help of others. When he left the Institute weeks later, he walked unaided out the front door, stepped down the outside curb and walked across the street. Now he was ready for vocational rehabilitation, provided by the State of Missouri.

Not long ago, an ambulance brought a middle-aged woman to the Institute. She was carried into the building on a stretcher. Since the removal of a spinal tumor, she had lost the use of her hands and could not walk. Today she is walking unaided, signs her name and soon will return to normal, healthy activity.

Although the De Lano School in Kansas City has excellent facilities for crippled children, there is no room for charity treatment of the many adults and adolescents felled each year by epilepsy, tuberculosis, polio, traumatic lesion, arthritis and a dozen other crippling diseases. The Rehabilitation Institute fills this grave need. Occasionally, unusual child cases are brought to the Institute. Such was the case of a one-armed two-year-old who needed special exercises to strengthen his good arm. His mother brought him to Rehabilitation for several weeks to learn the necessary exercises not offered elsewhere.

Most of the patients are financially destitute, but the Institute is about 20 per cent self-supporting. A small part of the revenue earned in the Institute Workshop is retained; the rest goes

to the patient-workers as wages. The confidence they receive by actually earning dollars and cents is an important part of mental therapy. A large part of the income is supplied by insurance companies that send industrial accident cases there for paid treatment. Many of these are amputees who require considerable training in the use of artificial hands, legs and arms before they can return to their old jobs. Several of the patients at the Rehabilitation Institute are veterans. The Institute is recognized by the Veteran's Administration.

But the bulk of the handicapped receiving help are supported directly through charity—drives, campaigns and even door-to-door pleading. Several Kansas City social groups contribute regularly to the funds. There are distant promises of more money. If the Kansas City Community Chest goes over its goal, then the Rehabilitation Institute may be added to the list of contribution-receiving charities.

The money required for needed additional equipment approaches an unbelievable figure. Although volunteer workers make up a good-sized part of the staff, trained therapists are needed—and their salaries are high.

The original building on McGee Street was fitted by donations from organized labor, contractors and merchants who gave materials and fixtures. But the lease on that building was lost this year. The new site on Gillham Plaza will be adequate only after extensive and expensive remodeling. In the meantime, the group of disabled coming to the Institute for help grows and grows.

The unselfish interest and aid which so many have given to support the Institute truly comes from the heart. For patrons have seen what the Institute means to the people it serves. To some, it means a release from years of the bondage of inactivity and helplessness. To many, it means an escape from humiliating dependence on others; most patients have earned their first and only wages in the curative workshop. And to all those receiving help, the Rehabilitation Institute opens the door to renewed hope and interest in living. It is this motivating force that will keep Kansas City's Rehabilitation Institute a going concern—an aid station where the accent is placed squarely on potential ability, not present disability.

Practical Telepathy

THE Norwegian composer Grieg and his friend Beyer were out rowing one day, when Grieg suddenly got an idea for a melody. He wrote it down on a piece of paper, which he laid in front of him. Soon after, unnoticed by Grieg, a puff of wind blew the paper into the water. Stealthily Beyer fished it out and looked at it. In a little while he began to whistle the melody.

Grieg looked up, startled. "What's that?" he asked.

"Oh, just a little tune that popped into my head," answered Beyer nonchalantly.

"Amazing!" Grieg burst out. "I got that very same melody myself only a few minutes ago!"

by BEATRICE TRESSELT

DANGER



an I N C H

The career of a Hollywood stunt girl is a breathtaking business.

SUCH little chores as dropping from an airplane, leaping into the ocean from the top deck of a burning ship, or crashing an automobile through a plate glass window are all in the day's work for Mary Crane. She's used to it, enjoys it, and gets paid well for it. For Mary Crane is Hollywood's top-notch stunt girl.

This hair-raising career of cinematic calamity began in Tampa, Florida, when Mary was barely 15. At high school she had already been putting all the other girls' noses out of joint with her fancy self-taught diving stunts, but she dropped her amateur standing when a traveling show came to town and offered the local mermaids a chance to show off.

This was Mary's big moment. She covered herself with so much glory that the manager offered her a contract making her diving act the show's star attraction for the next two years. All of which was very nice, of course. But if a girl is accustomed to disporting herself in the Atlantic ocean or the Gulf of Mexico, she just can't accept a portable tank as a permanent

substitute. Besides, sooner or later, all bright little girls go to Hollywood, and Mary is nothing if not bright.

Therefore, just as soon as that first contract had been fulfilled, Mary trekked to the film capital. And in the exciting, thrill-packed years that have followed, neither Mary nor Hollywood has had cause to regret it.

"Being a stunt girl isn't so very dangerous," says Mary, flashing a smile that would easily make her a glamour girl instead of a stunt girl if she wished. "Of course, a girl's got to know her business. I've been called on to do all the stunts in the repertory, but I've only been frightened twice in my life. Once was when someone had shifted my diving platform out of line with the five-foot tub of water 86 feet below me. I had to twist in the air in order to hit the water. I struck the tub as I hit, but I made it.

"The other time I got nervous was when I was doubling for the star in a big desert simoon scene. I can double for people but not for their voices, so dialogue always makes me nervous. In that sandstorm scene, I

had to scream the star's dialogue while being blown literally off my feet by 34 huge wind machines. It was almost too much for me. As I screamed, the speed of the machines increased until their force swept me through the air and into a big net that was just out of camera range. It wasn't actually half as dangerous as most of the other things I've had to do, but I worried myself almost sick over it, beforehand.

"I like aquatics and aviation work best. I enjoy wing walking, parachute jumps and high diving. I don't like working with horses, because one never has the same horse twice, and there's no opportunity to get used to your mount beforehand. I do like motor crashes. Incidentally, I'm the only stunt girl in Hollywood who is able to turn over an automobile. Lots of us can skid a car beautifully—and this pays even better than a crash—but very few of us can do an effective crash.

"Men and women stunt performers are equally courageous, but there's one thing no producer will permit a stunt girl to tackle, and that's a plane crash, either aground or in the air. Nevertheless, it's the one thing every stunt girl is hoping some day to do. If the performer lives through it he makes big money—and I do mean big—for a neat little mid-air crack-up brings \$2,500 and up! Modern audiences are now so familiar with everything pertaining to aviation that such thrills can't be faked; they've got to be real. But only an expert can do them and live."

Stunt girls can't afford to get hurt in their work because they cannot

carry insurance. To compensate, their fees are very good. Thirty-five dollars per day is the minimum wage for relatively easy work such as swimming, riding, being caught in storms or earthquakes and the like. Being blown through the air in explosions or storm scenes pays \$250. A parachute leap pays \$125. Skidding a car brings \$75, but a crash pays only \$50. For turning a car completely over—with the driver inside—the fee is \$500. For diving or driving off cliffs the price varies according to the height. The standard rate is \$1.00 per foot up to 35 feet; \$2.00 per foot for each foot over that, up to 50 feet, and \$1.00 per inch, from there on.

Mary says that only once has a producer changed the rates on her. "I told him I would dive off a 40-foot cliff for \$50. I was over-charging because it was a dangerous dive. We argued for ten minutes, he insisting he would pay \$1.00 per foot and not a penny more. Finally he reluctantly agreed to my terms.

"Well, something went wrong every time. Not with me or my dive, but with the camera or the sound equipment. I made that dive seven times before the director was satisfied, and I certainly felt that I had earned my precious \$50. But when I got my check I almost swooned! Instead of \$50, the check was made out for \$350, thus paying me for every one of the scenes that had gone wrong, as well as for the perfect 'take!'

"I've been very lucky and I know my work so well that I've never had any but minor injuries—excepting once. That once was while I was on vacation, and I was not paid for it.

It happened near my home in Florida. I was swimming in the old swimming-hole where I had first learned to dive. I blithely tried the five-foot diving board, struck my head on the bottom in a half gainer—and broke my back! I was in the hospital on a stretcher-board for the next 12 weeks.

"I like the color and excitement of working in pictures, plus the remuneration. Of course, a stunt girl does not work steadily, but with the present vogue for outdoor pictures most of us have all the work we can handle. Moreover, much of the work we are called on to do is not dangerous at all, such as when we double for stars in scenes which they could just as well do themselves. For example, we often do scenes that call for stairway falls, being dunked in a pool and other trivial accidents. The stars are not allowed to do these because if they should twist an ankle or strain a ligament, the whole production would be tied up indefinitely. Since such delays cost the studio a prohibitive sum, it's simpler and much cheaper to use a stunt person as a double.

"A few years ago our group formed the Riding and Stunt Girls' Association, which has proved a great boon to producers. The group is composed of 50 stunt girls, each of whom is an expert in her line. Heretofore a producer usually took quite a chance on stunt girls because there are always a few who are not at all qualified but who do not hesitate to try. Such girls have frequently caused serious delays in the film's 'shooting' because of their inability to do the work for which they were hired. To protect themselves the experts formed this Association. It excludes the incompetent girls, has stabilized the scale of fees, and in case of sickness or emergencies, offers financial help to the girl who needs it.

"S'funny and almost incredible," says Mary in conclusion, "that of all the stunt girls here in Hollywood who are qualified for difficult and dangerous things, only two are good at trick and fancy roping, and less than half of us are adept at such games as soft ball, golf, tennis or bowling. I guess it proves once more that you can't have—or do—everything!"

Sign Language

Sign on the ceiling of the Washington and Lee University's gymnasium—directly above the wrestling mats: **WHEN YOU CAN READ THIS—YOU'RE IN TROUBLE.**

On the office door of the "Sex Squad" in San Francisco's police headquarters: **BIRDS AND BEES DETAIL.**

Sign on a San Francisco barbershop: **CLIP JOINT.**

In a Lexington, Kentucky, drugstore: **CIGARETTES—18c A PACK; TWO PACKS FOR 37c.**

Sign in Detmold, Germany, food rationing office: **DON'T BANG THE DOOR EVEN IF YOUR APPLICATION HAS BEEN REFUSED.**



The person who throws mud isn't standing on firm ground.

SEPTEMBER MEANS "MISS AMERICA"

ALL summer long it was happening all over the nation. Scores of beautiful girls in bathing suits were parading before groups of gentlemen judges. The girls were singing, dancing, smiling, walking back and forth exuding personality and their most attractive manners. In between glances, the judges were conscientiously jotting down numbers in little notebooks and busily figuring out percentages—25% for talent; 25% for personality; 25% for appearance in evening dress; and 25% for bathing suit contours. The cause of all this activity was clear. One of these beauties would receive the coveted title, "Miss America of 1949," a \$5,000 scholarship, possibly movie contracts and, of course, fame.

In Kansas City, the fate of "Miss Kansas" and "Miss Missouri" was decided in the crowded Pla-Mor Ballroom where Dick Smith of WHB acted as master of ceremonies. After a couple of hours of shifting their spectacles, squinting at curves and balancing percentages, the judges were ready with their decision.

Miss Jane Stone of Jefferson City became "Miss Missouri." She is a 19-year-old ash blonde whose picture appeared on the cover of *Life* magazine, May 9th, in connection with the Smith College-Missouri University controversy. Jane is a member of Chi Omega Sorority at M. U. and an avid fan of coed life.

Miss Shirley Hargiss was crowned "Miss Kansas." She is a tall, hazel-eyed, 22-year-old brunette from Topeka, and her beauty is bolstered by an impressive musical talent. She was a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma at Kansas University and received her music degree from Northwestern. The girls were crowned with daisies and roses and presented gold trophies in the midst of glaring flash bulbs and crowding admirers.

In early September, Miss Stone and Miss Hargiss, accompanied by Don Davis of WHB, Missouri and Kansas state chairman, will go to Atlantic City for the national finals.

The pictures on the opposite page reflect highlights of the bi-state preliminary Pageant.

1. "Miss Kansas"—Shirley Hargiss. Vital statistics: eyes—hazel; hair—brown; height—5'8"; weight—128; bust—36; waist—26; hips—38.

2. "Miss Missouri"—Jane Stone. Vital statistics: eyes—changeable; hair—ash blonde; height—5'6"; weight—119; bust—34; waist—24; hips—34.

3. The judges enjoyed being critical. Left to right are Harold Hahn, photographer; Landon Laird, Kansas City *Times* dramatic critic; W. T. Grant, chairman of the judges; Leo Mullin, of the Kansas City, Kansas, Chamber of Commerce; and John Quinn, correspondent for *Variety*. Not shown is the sixth panel member, Wallace Rosenbauer, director of the Kansas City Art Institute.

4. The beaming winners pose with armfuls of yellow roses and golden loving cups.

Centerpiece

RECLINING on *Swing's* center pages is sultry Audrey Totter, the versatile radio actress who became a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sensation. Currently, she may be seen in *Tension*.









. . . presenting W. T. GRANT

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

WHEN the stage play named *Gaslight* was made into a movie a few years back, it was a painful experience for Tom Grant. Friends were puzzled, and even more so later when he avoided radios and juke boxes all of the time that *The Old Lamp-lighter*, a dance tune, was in vogue.

For Grant, a fabulously successful insurance executive, both of those titles revived unpleasant memories nearly half a century old. It was in 1901 that Grant took a flyer in the gas lamp lighting business, only to learn the hard way it is easier to buy gold bricks than to sell them.

The story really begins in Lawrence, Kansas, where young Tom Grant was working his way through the University of Kansas law school as an afternoon bank teller and part-time insurance salesman. One day a stranger entered the bank and approached the assistant cashier. "I'd like to turn on your lights," he said, gesturing to a long rod in his right hand. "Is it all right?"

"Sure," answered the banker. "With that thing?"

"Yep," said the stranger, reaching up with the rod to touch a gas lamp. Miraculously, the lamp lit.

"No climbing around on ladders," the stranger was saying. "No monkey-

ing with matches or tapers. Dollar and a half buys it."

The banker was convinced. Tom watched him trade a bill and a half-dollar for the magic wand, then slipped outside for a chat with the salesman.

"How much did you make on that sale?" Tom asked.

"Seventy-five cents. I buy the lighters for six-bits and mark them up 50 per cent. Got a little battery in them."

"How many you sell a day?"

"Oh, six or eight. On a good day, ten."

Tom whistled. Seven-fifty a day! He earned six dollars a week at the bank. Not much, when you stacked it up against a gilt-edged proposition like this. "Do me a favor," he asked. "Tell me where you get these things."

When the school year ended in June, Tom bought a hundred lamp-lighters, in order to get a quantity discount, and headed for Colorado. That was to be the scene of his big triumph.

A solid week of noes changed his mind. The batteries in the lamp-lighters burned out after four or five usings. He was constantly dipping into his reserve supply to keep himself in demonstrators.

When the lighters wouldn't move,

he cut the price. Finally he was trying to peddle them at cost, but with no luck.

He ran an ad for lamplighter salesmen, and turned up a bunch of down-at-the-heel characters without two nickels among them to invest in the enterprise.

In desperation, he approached a hardware store. "Let me leave these gadgets here," he propositioned. "Sell them whenever you can, for whatever the traffic will bear. We'll split the profit." Then he walked away, fast.

He never returned to the store, for fear they'd try to give the rods back to him. Even today, he is wary when in Colorado. There are a hundred lamplighters around there some place, and he doesn't want to get involved with them again.

IN spite of that early failure, Tom Grant was born to sell. It was a matter of finding the right product. From the hardware store he went to an insurance agency. He got a contract, and by fall was doing so well he couldn't afford to return to school. In the years since, he has sold either directly or through his agents several billion dollars' worth of accident, health and life insurance. He has organized and operated his own company, and has held the three highest positions in the entire insurance field.

The outstanding feature of Tom Grant's personality is his genuine fondness for people. He is extremely gregarious, and puts off such solitary hobbies as reading until sometime after the rest of the world is down for the night. As long as there are people around, he wants to be with them.

He loves to entertain, and in the

eyes of his wife, Tom Grant's greatest fault is his long-established habit of inviting friends or even chance acquaintances home to dinner on the spur of the moment. "Come on out to the house and bring the family," is his favorite line. Mrs. Grant sometimes doesn't learn of the invitation until the guests arrive. So for her, the keeping of a well-stocked larder is almost a full-time job.

Occasionally, the Grants do run out of food. There was one evening, for instance, when so many last-minute guests arrived for dinner that Tom had to go out foraging. All stores were closed, and he ended up at his country club, paying the steward a fancy price for several chickens and additional supplies of other items.

W. T. Grant was born in Middleport, Ohio, a small town on the Ohio River which takes its name from the fact that it is halfway between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. While Tom was still a baby, his family moved to Ellinwood, Kansas; so at an early age he fell heir to the chore of milking 25 cows, morning and night.

Tom didn't think much of that assignment, but he was 19 before he could slide out from under it. Then, with a high school diploma and a clean white shirt, he went to work in the town bank for five dollars a week.

In time, young Grant learned he could augment his income by selling accident insurance on the side. That was an important discovery because a bad wheat year wiped out his *raison d'être* at the bank.

Looking back, Grant thinks the loss of his bank job was one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to

him. He began selling insurance in dead earnest, and in the first six weeks earned more than his teller's job would have paid him in six months.

He was so successful, in fact, that he took off for Europe with an Ellinwood friend named Jim Barrow. By riding a cattle train and later a cattle boat, the two boys got from Kansas to England and back to New York for nine dollars apiece. Tom left home with \$150, and after two months on the Continent he had more than half of it left.

Back in America at the Christmas season, the boys split up. Jim went back to law school at K. U. Tom saw the century turn in Boston, then toured Philadelphia, Washington and Pittsburgh. He stopped in Middleport to see his grandmother, and met an attractive neighbor girl there, Francis Downing. She was 14 years old, so it wasn't much of a match. Not then. But seven years later he met her again at a Middleport wedding, and asked her to marry him. Not knowing how



much he loved extra company at the dinner table, she accepted.

The Grants have four children. Their daughter Frances is unmarried and travels a great deal. She has just returned from Venezuela, and is busily working out the itinerary of another trip. Lucy is now Mrs. Clarence C. Cather. She lives in Larchmont, New York and has two daughters. Esther

is Mrs. Douglas Williams. She lives in Kansas City, and has a son. Bill Grant, the only boy in the family, is back from five years in the Navy as a destroyer officer and Lighter-Than-Air pilot. With his wife and daughter, he too lives in Kansas City. He is in charge of the re-insurance department of the Business Men's Assurance Company.

That company, the Business Men's Assurance, is a concrete example of what can be accomplished by one man with ambition, ability and vision.

On a morning in 1908, Tom Grant sat at his desk in the office of Grant & Barrow, life insurance agents. A circular in the morning mail caught his eye. It announced that the Interstate Accident Association was making memberships available to business and professional men at the rate formerly offered only to travelers. In effect, it was a \$25 policy for \$10. The circular suggested that life insurance salesmen might find it a profitable sideline.

Tom lost no time in giving it a try. He crossed the hall and accosted a friend. "If you could get an accident policy on the same terms as a traveling man, would you take it?" he asked.

"Sure," said the friend, "but I can't get one."

"Yes, you can!" Grant told him. "Sign here."

In the next few months, Grant experimented with the accident policy. His success was phenomenal.

Years later, the president of Interstate told a group of friends about Grant. "We sent him one application blank with our original circular. We

got it back—filled out—in the next mail, with a request for more blanks. We got those back in a week, with another request. We kept sending more blanks and getting more applications. In asking for his fourth batch, Grant sent us a letter. 'What's the matter,' he wrote, 'you fellas running out of blanks?'

It didn't take long for Grant to realize the accident field was a good one. He was newly married and tired of traveling the far reaches of Kansas and Missouri. So he organized his own company.

He sold 531 applications at \$10 each, satisfying the state insurance regulations. Then he selected his officers and board of directors. Astute enough to realize that his foundling company would be unable to point with pride to capital assets or long tradition, he picked his "letterhead" with infinite care. He persuaded the town's number one banker to serve as president, and the president of the Board of Trade to accept the vice-presidency. As directors, he enlisted a state senator, the president of the Livestock Exchange, and several other men who were known throughout the Kansas City area. On the first day of July, 1909, the Business Men's Accident Association opened its doors.

Ten years later, B.M.A. was the largest company of its type in the United States, so it decided to broaden its activities, and became one of the half-dozen insurance companies offering life, as well as health and accident, insurance. At that time it was re-incorporated under its present name.

Mr. Grant served 11 years as secretary-treasurer and as general man-

ager. He became a vice-president in 1920, president in 1922, and chairman of the board in 1945.

On the last day of last year, B.M.A.'s financial statement showed assets of \$72,581,955.97; life insurance in force of \$365,596,686; and a premium income from accident and health of \$9,928,642.

In the optimism of youth, Tom Grant, once predicted an annual income for B.M.A. of a million dollars a year. The present income exceeds two million dollars a month, and Grant has the candor to admit he would never have believed it possible.

While building his business and his personal fortune, Grant has not neglected the community. He has served as president of the Chamber of Commerce; general chairman of Allied Charities (now the Community Chest); and president of the Conservatory of Music. At the present time he is a director of seven business corporations, of the Life Insurance Association of America, and of the Midwest Research Institute. He is a trustee of the Kansas City Philharmonic Association, the Art Institute, the Young Women's Christian Association, the University of Kansas City, and the Kansas City Museum. He is a governor of the American Royal Association and chairman of the board of the Conservatory of Music.

Within the insurance industry, Tom Grant holds a unique position. He is the only person ever to serve as president of all three of the great insurance associations; the American Life Convention, the Health and Accident Underwriters Conference, and

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Prairie Dust

PRAIRIE GOLD

On the steppes of Russia, a Kansan discovered a precious secret.

by CHARLES WAYS

ONE man truly can be credited with having saved millions of people from starvation during the post-war years. That man, however, is practically forgotten today. He was a modest government worker who died in obscurity more than 20 years ago.

But he gave this country an almost priceless gift. His foresight made it possible for the United States to become the greatest grain-producing nation in the world. His unselfish work was in large part responsible for this country's record-breaking production of 1,360,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1947; followed by another near record crop of 1,200,000,000 bushels in 1948.

This year promises another great harvest at a time when short crops in other countries threaten a new world food crisis. Approximately half of all the wheat produced in the United States comes from just five prairie states. In 1947, about 286,702,000 bushels of winter wheat, or more than one-fifth of this country's total pro-

duction, was grown in the state of Kansas alone.

But our prairie states could not always boast such sensational wheat yields. Just 50 years ago many farmers, after grim experiences, believed that wheat could never be raised profitably in the extreme climate of our Midwestern states. Many of them, weary from fighting the biting cold and blistering heat, were ready to pull up stakes and leave this plagued land forever.

In 1893, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas and Oklahoma had suffered crop failures for five years in a row. Any number of things happened to their wheat. Black rust killed it. The drought and hot burning sun seared the young shoots. In the winter, winds and ice storms often leveled the crops to the ground. Extremely low temperatures frequently would freeze the little remaining wheat.

It was amazing in those years that wheat was able to mature at all. But even in the worst years most farmers did manage to get a few meager bushels to the acre. Today, the aver-

age crop in the prairie states yields from 15 to 19 bushels to the acre and in many instances considerably more.

This amazing change was brought about by the work of the modest, little-known wheat pioneer, Mark Carleton; a man with a passion for his native plains and for the soil.

The story of Mark Carleton's discovery of a hardy, disease-free wheat begins with his boyhood. When he was ten years of age, his parents moved from Ohio to the flat, hot plains of Kansas. That was in 1876, the Centennial year, 100 years after the Declaration of Independence. But the pioneer wheat farmers on our Western plains did not feel especially independent. They were too much at the mercy of the elements.

Mark Carleton as a boy saw wheat, lots of it. And he saw it destroyed. Still, the farmers kept trying; kept planting and harvesting what was left of it. Some years weren't too bad. The winters were a trifle milder. There was rain, enough of it for a fair crop. The wheat grew and miraculously escaped the black stem rust. A reasonable harvest in a good year kept the lean, leather-tanned farmers trying through all the bad ones.

But their average was not good. During the decades before the turn of the century, many of them kept getting poorer.

At 21 years of age, in 1887, Mark Carleton graduated from Kansas State Agricultural College. He had grown

into a tall, rangy Kansan; energetic and muscular, with an intense enthusiasm for his work. Shortly after he graduated, Mark took a position with the State Experiment Station at Manhattan, Kansas. Much of his work and experimentation there concerned wheat.

Six years later, Mark Carleton made an important discovery. He proved that each type of grain had its own particular type of rust which could not be transmitted to any other species of grain.

This achievement brought him widespread recognition and an appointment by the United States Department of Agriculture as head of all government work on wheat. It seemed a distinguished appointment for a young man of 27, but Carleton's staff consisted merely of two assistants and a woman clerk—a meager group to solve a problem that was costing this country potentially millions of dollars in destroyed crops.

From his experiments on the problem of growing a hardier and disease-free wheat at Manhattan, Kansas, Carleton had achieved little real progress; but he had a hunch. A small percentage of wheat always survived; therefore, he reasoned, some variety, somewhere, must exist that could survive 100 per cent. But where could it be found? The world was a big place to look for it.

Carleton plunged into this huge task by sending for varieties of wheat from countries all over the world. He



received specimens of grain from Germany, Italy, Russia, and unique varieties from countries like Japan and Australia.

After a brief tryout in Maryland, he planted these various species of wheat, a thousand altogether, on the windswept soil of Kansas. Then, while they slowly grew to maturity, he scouted around the prairie states, studying the soil and climatic conditions.

About this time, Carleton ran across a small number of Russian immigrant farmers in the West who had been growing wheat successfully there year after year. They were Russian Mennonites; members of the Protestant sect that still can be found in certain parts of Europe and the United States.

Amazed at their success, Carleton questioned these farmers, examined their wheat. Even in the worst years, when other farmers harvested nothing, the Mennonites produced about 20 bushels to the acre. Under favorable conditions, the yield even reached 30 bushels an acre.

These Russian immigrants weren't getting poorer. They prospered and built themselves fine homes.

"Where did you get this wheat?" Carleton asked, noting the peculiar hard, reddish kernels of the grain.

"We brought it with us from the Crimea," they told him. "Each family brought about a bushel of the grain as seed. It has always been grown in south Russia by our people."

This "Turkey wheat" was a tough winter wheat with kernels like little nuggets of red gold. But even though this grain had thrived in its new home

since 1873, it remained practically unknown for many years. In northwestern Kansas, it was scarcely heard of as late as 1890, although the Russian Mennonites were growing it right in that region.

Carleton was elated to find that the results of his experiments with the thousand different species of wheat from all over the world corroborated his theory. After two typically severe Kansas winters, most of the sample wheat specimens had been destroyed—except for the sturdy Russian hard wheat varieties.

To Carleton, however, the experiment involving 25-foot rows of wheat offered neither proof nor the complete information he felt was needed. He was convinced that it was imperative to go to Russia and study conditions there. Only in this way could the hardiest wheat be found.

It was one thing, however, to convince himself and another to persuade the very practical officials in the Department of Agriculture. Carleton was a broad-shouldered, hard-working Kansan, but not a particularly glib salesman. Finally, however, his own contagious enthusiasm and deep faith in the project helped to convince the most skeptical of his superiors.

He was detailed as a special agricultural explorer for the Department. From July, 1898, until his return in February, 1899, he carried on an intense investigation "of the cereals of Russia suitable for introduction into the United States, especially those adapted to the rigorous conditions of the arid West."

His search was primarily for two general types of wheat. One was a

drought-resistant, disease-free spring wheat that would be suitable for raising on the semi-arid, western fringes of our prairie states. The other was a winter wheat that could stand the severe Kansas winter, with whipping winds, low temperatures and little snow.

His search took him eastward into the heart of the Russian steppes, hot, dry regions where the sun blazes down on flat, arid tableland. At a point deep in the Kirghiz steppe, Carleton found Mohammedan tribesmen raising a hard wheat called Kubanka. It was a tough grain that pushed bearded stalks up out of the hot soil and reached maturity with as little as eight inches of rain during the growing season.

The Kubanka wheat is planted in the spring, but it is not a spring wheat. It is a distinct species—a Durum wheat. Carleton quickly recognized the Durum wheat's exceptional qualities—its high resistance to drought and rust.

When he returned to the United States, Kubanka was his most prized find, even though he had secured 22 other varieties of cereals. Along with the Kubanka, he brought back a number of related Durum Wheats, such as Pererodka and Arnautka.

He had not been as successful, however, in finding a hardy winter wheat. It took a second trip in 1900 to discover the sturdy winter wheat in the Starobelsk district, called Kharkof wheat. Back in the United States, the new Russian varieties were sent for first-hand observation to the various agricultural stations in the Midwest. Soon reports came in that these

unique grains were turning in record performances.

In South Dakota, the experimental hard Durum wheats withstood a drought and yielded 20 bushels more to the acre than the old standby wheats. Similar reports came in from many other sections. Carleton's wheat theory, which many agriculturists had considered a fantastic dream, was working out as he had predicted.

The next job was to get farmers to grow it. Mark Carleton had feared this would be an extended educational project, but the farmers had suffered so many reverses that they were more than willing to give this new, untried grain a chance. Soon Durum wheat was seen on many prairie farms.

Then a snag developed which threatened to jeopardize the entire program. The difficulty arose because Durum was such an unusually hard grain. It was so hard, in fact, that American millers couldn't grind it. Their machinery was not designed to do the job.

Farmers who grew it were left without a market. No one would buy grain which could not be milled.

Every effort was made by Carleton and others to convince the millers it was worthwhile to install new equipment and machinery in order to grind the new hard wheat. But they resisted this new, upstart crop and sarcastically called it bastard wheat. Many of them strongly criticized Carleton for introducing it.

Nevertheless, farmers grew Durum wheat as an insurance crop. For every acre of Durum they raised an average of about two acres of the Standard Fife or Blue Stem. Unknowingly,

they were setting the stage for a highly dramatic experiment.

In 1904, one of the worst plagues of black stem rust hit the Midwest. It swept across entire farms and wiped out thousands upon thousands of acres of Fife and Blue Stem. More than 60 per cent of the regular wheat crop was lost.

But right alongside all this havoc, the fields of a new, golden grain stood, healthy and unaffected by the plague. In the showdown, Durum wheat had proved indisputably its superiority as a hardy grain.

From then on the Durum wheat crop grew steadily in acreage year after year, and the millers did learn how to grind it. Just three years after the rust epidemic of 1904, the farm value of Durum wheat came to about \$30,000,000—which was about 3,000 times the original cost of introducing it into this country.

Today, the original Kubanka variety which Carleton brought from Russia in 1899 is still grown on a large scale in the Dakotas and Minnesota. In recent years, it has been replaced to some extent by similar, but newly developed Durum varieties such as Mindum, Stewart and one appropriately named Carleton.

While the Durum spring wheat was being dramatically established as a new American crop, the Kharkof winter wheat was gaining a quiet but

rapid acceptance in Kansas, Oklahoma and Nebraska. It could survive the most severe Kansas winter without a trace of winter killing. Along with the Turkey wheat of the Mennonites, Kharkof soon established itself as the leading variety of winter wheat in the Midwest.

Although these basic winter wheats, like the original Durum wheats, have been partially supplanted in recent years by new varieties, they are still planted over a wide area of the Midwest. In 1944, Kharkof and Turkey wheats totaled more than 8,290,000 acres.

The value of both the Durum and hard winter wheat discoveries of Mark Carleton, however, cannot be estimated solely by the acreage they occupy today. These grains brought a new, golden era to our prairie farmers. These first new wheats eventually led to the introduction of other improved varieties which changed millions of acres of semi-arid desert into rich farm lands.

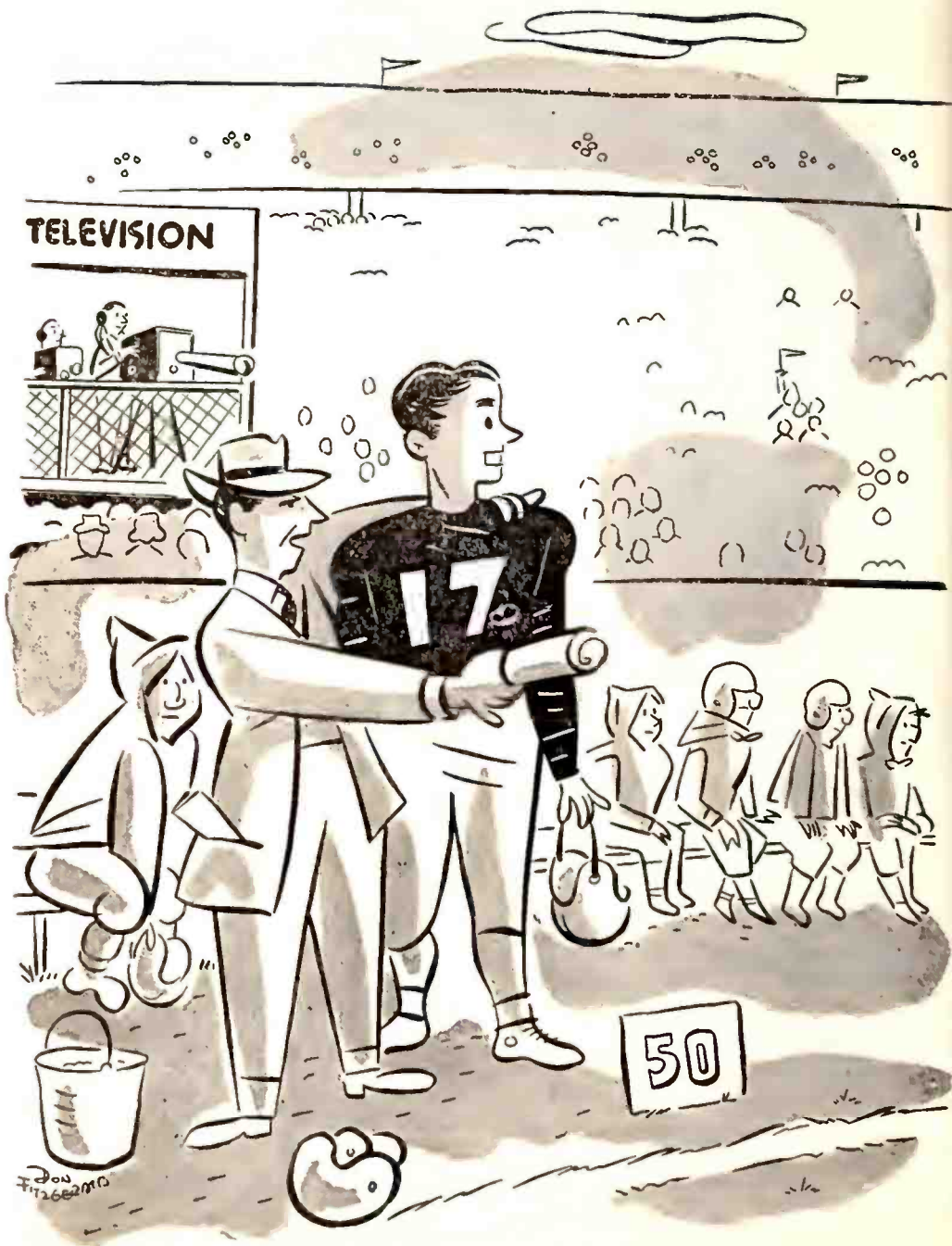
By turning our once-barren prairie lands into the most fertile bread basket in the world, these grains made it possible for the United States to feed millions during the world-wide famine following World War II. The golden grain on our Western plains, stretching as far as the eye can see, stands as a monument to a modest Department of Agriculture worker—Mark Carleton.

▲
General Robert E. Lee once discovered an army surgeon standing in front of a mirror, admiring his reflection with great satisfaction.

"Doctor," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in the world."

"Why do you think so?" asked the startled surgeon.

"Because, sir," replied Lee quietly, "you are in love with yourself, and you don't have any rivals in the whole world."



"All right, Hogan, get in there and mug!"

There's no answer yet to the terrifying death that moves in from the sea . . .

Tide of the RED



by MARY PRINCE

A FIRST COUSIN of the world's deadliest poison may hit you where it hurts this year: right in your food bill. It also may bring temporary discomfort and the loss of jobs to hundreds of coastal fishermen.

The poison, which curdles ocean water to a dull red, piled up an estimated 200,000 million pounds of edible fish on Florida beaches only two years ago. Fish has always been an inexpensive meat substitute; and if the deadly "red tide" spreads, as science says it can, the resulting scarcity will send sea food prices up.

The murderous red tide put in its first major appearance on Florida's west coast about November 20, 1946. Patches of red and brownish water, laden with dead and dying fish, began to show up a few miles offshore. Quickly the red tide swept northward, leaving a wake of poisoned fish that washed up on the beaches at a rate of 100 pounds per foot. Nearly 80

per cent of the area's edible oyster crop perished. Then, without warning, an odorless gas filtered across the fish-strewn sands, sending residents scurrying from what they believed was poison gas. Sensations of strangling brought on by the gas attacked the whole population of Captiva and other nearby islands.

Doctors in the area were deluged with frantic calls from patients wracked with spasmodic coughs, their eyes, noses and throats burned raw from the irritating blanket of gas. For almost a week they fought a losing fight against the cunning enemy. Then, as mysteriously as it had come, the choking gas lifted. The death-tide slowly receded and workmen finished the weary job of scraping the beaches clean with bulldozers.

When experts from the United States Bureau of Fisheries arrived to investigate the costly effects of the red tide, they found a hundred wild

theories waiting for them: tons of poison gas had been dumped into mid-ocean after the war and had drifted to the coast; physicists were emptying atomic wastes in the water; a submarine earthquake had liberated poisonous vapors from the earth's interior.

But scientists, after a quick look at specimens of the red tide under microscopes, tossed out the poison gas guess. They pointed out some delicate, swarming organisms in the water that would have been the first to die under an attack of poison gas. Also, they reported to the unhappy fishermen, this was not the first time the red tide had showed up. The great Charles Darwin had found evidences of it, on a smaller scale, along the coast of Chile in 1832. During a voyage, Darwin had collected a jarful of brackish pink water, subjected it to examination, and noted in his black notebook that the water was infested with "minute animals darting about and often exploding." More recently, reports had come from Japan, where scientists had tried without success to save priceless oyster beds from the scourge of the red tide. One thing was sure, the fisheries men said: each time the red tide was spreading over larger areas, killing more fish.

Investigation by Bureau of Fishery experts showed the red tide is overcharged with plankton — a drifting, microscopic life form that is also responsible for mussel poisoning. During certain months, mussels are man-killers. Why? They feed by filtering gallons and gallons of sea water through their systems, keeping as part of their diet the tiny organ-

isms that inhabit the water. Although the organisms are poisonous, the mussel manages to store them without harm to itself.

But if you eat a bad mussel, it means almost certain death, for the stored-up poison is the deadliest known to science. The poison is odorless, tasteless and has no antidote. In men and animals, a slow paralysis squeezes out life in from two to twelve hours. First your lips and tongue become numb. This is followed by loss of coordination and—finally—death, because you can't draw air into your lungs.

Thus, almost the same killing effect, science believes, disposes of tons of fish that swim unwarily into the red tide. The tiny organisms simply suffocate their prey. As yet, experimenters have made no definite predictions about why the tide is accompanied by the irritating gas, and what the long-range effects of the gas may be. The top-priority problem now is to uncover methods to control the killer tide, for when the loss in commercial fish is translated into dollars-and-cents it hits every food budget.

The first step is to understand more about the cause of the red tide, and to foresee its appearance along our coasts. In theory, observers say that chemicals can be used to combat the murderous plankton, since telltale patches of red can be spotted from the air. But if the killer tide ever spreads over several hundred miles of ocean, and fails to disappear as it has in the past, scientists have little hope of rescuing the millions of tons of fish that should end up on America's dinner tables.

by IVAN MASON

Rubber HITS THE HOME



And it's "two-way," at that!

RECENTLY, a crowd of newshawks gathered at Cornell University to watch a curious experiment. A scientist had promised to drop a fresh egg from an 11-story building without breaking the shell. As observers flinched, expecting a shower of egg yolk, the egg hit a black spot on the pavement and bounced merrily 25 feet in the air—unbroken and unharmed.

The black spot was a new kind of super-rubber—a cellular type containing 250,000 nitrogen-filled bubbles per square inch. Any object hitting this super-rubber is immediately cushioned and protected in the bed of air bubbles. The new product is another miraculous result of constant research in the laboratories of rubber wizards who are striving to make life safer, easier and more pleasant for all of us. Here is what cellular rubber means to the motoring family.

The car of tomorrow will be lined inconspicuously with cellular rubber as a safety measure. Should you have

a collision, the chance of injury will be minimized by the new rubber which can absorb intense shock easily. Hitting your head against it is like falling into a feather pillow.

Already, a research center is studying its uses in aviation. They envisage the day when the death toll from airplane accidents will be greatly reduced, because all plane interiors will be trimmed with the safety rubber.

Boxers and wrestlers who have tried the new cellular coverings for gymnasium floors are enthusiastic about the miracle rubber. Body slams and airplane spins cause little damage when a wrestler is hurled onto a rubber which immediately envelops him like a mother's arms!

Formerly, shippers of delicate radio tubes, television tubes, gyroscopes and glass instruments shuddered to think of the punishment their valuable wares would take in rattling freight cars. With the new cellular rubber as a lining for packing crates, their worries are over. The most talented bag-

gage-smasher could toss the crates around without the slightest chance of injuring its delicate contents.

On a spring day at Chicago's vast Soldier Field, a small knot of spectators peered anxiously at a speeding sedan which was whining across the field at a rapidly increasing speed.

"He plans to hit 65 miles an hour, run over those knife-like spikes, and come out alive!" said a traffic cop nervously. "How can a guy be that dumb?"

As the car's speedometer approached 65, the driver deliberately steered for a cluster of 3½-inch knives embedded in a metal plate in the roadway. His intention was to ride over the knives, allow them to slit open his tires, and coast to a safe stop while the air hissed out gently.

That is just what happened. There was no jerk of the wheel or side sway, no tendency to leave the road or overturn. A gentle application of the brakes brought the car to a neat stop—with two slashed and mutilated tires which normally might have spelled death for the driver.

The answer to the demonstration—it was not a stunt—is a rubber "tube-within-a-tube," which allows only a slow release of air through a puncture.

Another amazing type of non-blow-out tire has just been perfected and placed on the market in small quantities. It is a tubeless tire containing a sticky, gooey rubber compound inside the casing. When a sharp object punctures the tire, this soft rubber mass immediately fills and seals the hole so that air cannot escape.

Both types of tires should spell new

safety from blowouts to millions of motorists.

But it isn't only automotive safety which interests rubber engineers. They are mindful of the fact that each year 27,000 Americans are killed in falls in the home. Of these accidents, many could have been averted had rugs been anchored in their proper place.

But slipping, sliding rugs—even on highly polished floors—soon will be a menace of the past if the discoveries of the rubber magicians are harnessed commercially. They have perfected a rubber pad which maintains a bulldog grip on the floor, no matter how slippery the surface. Even a 200-pound man, running and stopping suddenly on a rug secured by such an anchor, can't move the rug an inch.

Ever heard of rubber paint? Rubber wallpaper? Rubber clothing? They have been produced in the laboratory, and some day soon will be modified for their introduction into the stores of the nation.

Motorists who groan when they have to pay \$15 to remove a crease from a glossy metal fender will be heartened to learn that rubber fenders are on the way. They will look like metal but will spring back to their original shape after that lady driver ahead of you backs into your fender!

The wizards are making soft rubber and hard rubber, rubber that conducts electricity and a variety that doesn't. Before long, you will be able to order automobile tires in blue, brown, red, green or mauve. Up to now, colored rubber was impractical because carbon black injected into the rubber during its processing made the tires dark. But

a substitute for carbon black has been tested successfully, thus opening the way to rubber products in many gay hues.

Riders of postwar cars are enthusiastic about the new foam-rubber latex seats. But the rubber people responsible for this development in sheer creature comfort have their eyes on your home and office, as well. Before long, you will be re-upholstering your office chairs, dining room seats and benches with the plushy stuff, which always springs back into shape and never lumps or wrinkles.

A new type of rubber spring, which will cushion the shock of everything from a locomotive halt to a skidding baby buggy, is being readied for the market. It took years of effort and experimentation to come up with a practical rubber spring, but they have

it now. Your lawn mower, wheelbarrow, bicycle seat and carpet sweeper—to mention but a few items—will one day be equipped with durable, tough rubber springs which never need oiling or replacement.

Now that the rubber technicians have generous supplies of both synthetic and natural rubber with which to work, the lads with the drawing boards are dreaming of hundreds of amazing jobs for rubber to accomplish quickly, economically and safely.

Tricked out in gay new colors, given undreamed-of bounce and toughness, molded like plastic or hammered like steel, rubber soon will become one of the most useful building blocks of the universe, thanks to the resourcefulness and persistence of our American rubber companies which believe in making a good product better.

There Are Always Two Sides!

You can't teach an old dog new tricks.

A man is never too old to learn.

Out of sight is out of mind.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

He who hesitates is lost.

Look before you leap.

Don't put all your eggs in one basket.

Jack of all trades and master of none.

When poverty comes in the door, love flies out the window.

Love lives in cottages as well as in courts.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Hitch your wagon to a star.

Do not attempt the impossible.

Two heads are better than one.

Too many cooks spoil the broth.

Opposites attract.

Birds of a feather flock together.

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

Never give a sucker an even break.

Remember When?

All of these interesting things occurred in a single year. Can you name it? You'll find the answer on page 63.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST offers \$25,000 for the best plan to repeal the 18th amendment.

WHIPPETS sell for \$535; Chandlers, \$895; Hupmobiles, \$1825; Auburns, \$995; Chryslers, \$1040.

TEX RICKARD, fabulous promoter, dies.

PUNCH observes: "A return to femininity is advised by a fashion authority. This is a startling prediction laps are going to be worn again."

RUBY KEELER leaves *Ziegfeld Follies* to join her husband, Mammy Singer Al Jolson, in Hollywood.

BILLY ROSE marries Fanny Brice.

TROTZKY is believed spirited to a Turkish retreat.

WILL ROGERS substitutes for Fred Stone in *Three Cheers* at the Globe.

ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD discovers and maps a vast new territory in the Antarctic; names it Marie Byrd for wife.

W. B. SEABROOK'S *Magic Island* is the talk of literary world.

THE MARX BROTHERS appear in *Animal Crackers* at the 44th Street Theatre.

CHARLES FARRELL and Mary Duncan star in a movie named *The River*; Ronald Coleman and Vilma Banky, in *The Rescue*; Emil Jannings, Ruth Chatterton, Barry Norton, in *Sins of Father*; Gary Cooper, Louis Wolheim, in *Wolf Song*.

VIVIAN AND ROSETTA DUNCAN, international playgirls, return to New York from London.

KING AMNULLAH promises reform as revolution rages in Afghanistan.

PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS mow down Chicago Cubs in World Series four games to one.

HELEN WILLS becomes engaged to Fred S. Moody, wealthy young San Francisco business man.

CHARLES LINDBERGH flies first air mail to Panama.

TOMMY HITCHCOCK, polo star, marries a niece of Andrew Mellon.

RUDY VALLEE and his Connecticut Yankees wow crowds at Manhattan's New Vienna.

EUGENE O'NEILL'S *Dynamo* opens on Broadway.

JACK SHARKEY defeats Young Stribling in Miami in a ten-round decision and is declared to be the best of the heavyweights.—*Harold Helfer*.



DR. LEE DEFOREST, who broadcast the first music ever heard on the air, didn't even know he had a listener until he saw it in next morning's paper. One evening in 1907, while showing a young concert singer through his New York laboratory, the inventor stopped before a maze of tubes and wires, snapped a switch, pointed to a tin horn that served as a mike, and asked the diva to christen his new gadget with a song. She obliged with *I Love You Truly*. Over at the Brooklyn Navy Yard an astonished wireless operator, taking down a dot-and-dash message, heard in his earphones "angels singing in the air." So ran the report in a Manhattan newspaper, which gave it a cautious inch or two on an inside page.



JUNGLE



in the CITY

In St. Louis, the animal urge is strong.

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

A UNITED STATES senator, scheduled to make an important speech in St. Louis, arrived in that city one morning and mysteriously disappeared. While city officials and newspapermen frantically searched for him, he was having himself a big time, as he explained when he turned up later—just in time to deliver his address.

"I spent the day at the zoo," he said. "Everybody has told me about the animals in Forest Park, but this was the first chance I've had to see them for myself. They're a darned sight more stimulating than the members of the committees I'd have met if I'd stayed in my hotel room!"

More than 2,500,000 people share the senator's viewpoint, for that is the number of annual visitors who find the zoo St. Louis' stellar attraction. The unusual zoo is no collection of smelly cages, somnolent animals, and bored keepers. It is a menagerie displayed with imagination and expert showmanship. Visitors experience the combined thrills of the circus, carnival and African jungle—all for free!

The zoo's antelopes, rhinos, elephants, camels, zebras and a giraffe inhabit areas cunningly disguised to provide the illusion that you are meeting the beasts face-to-face on the African veldt. In the mammoth bird house, no annoying wires obstruct your view of rare birds with Technicolor plumage: they are behind plate glass, and you see them with scarcely a reminder that you are in the heart of a city instead of the forest primeval.

On a Sunday afternoon, several thousand people press in to see the famous zoo elephants play baseball, bowl, dance and cut other capers. And whenever wars sputter out or there are no horse races to cover, newsreel cameramen head for St. Louis to take shots of the zoo's famous chimpanzees — near-human creatures which convulse young and old with merriment, whether the audience views them in the flesh or on the screen.

Kids visiting the zoo may play with

lion and leopard cubs frolicking on the broad lawns. Plenty of rest rooms, benches, and printed information about the animals make visitors happy and bring a smile to the short, restless man responsible for the most successful zoo operation in America.

He is George Phillip Vierheller, a stubby white-haired man of 65 who still retains the enthusiasm and wonder of a nine-year-old seeing the elephants for the first time in his life. Before Vierheller came to the Forest Park zoo, it was the usual dreary place with sad-looking specimens, odorous cages, and a budget just large enough to permit the purchase of a handful of rabbits.

Vierheller applied the principles of salesmanship and publicity to his job. He called in the zoo architect and asked that the old cages be scrapped and that the original natural environment of the animals be simulated. The alert new zoo director decreed that he wanted a tropical swamp installed in a heated building—and got it. Rare birds and animals were placed in the swamp, separated from the public by a low railing. Visitors got a thrill out of being no more than a few feet from the animals.

Vierheller used publicity to sweet advantage in building up Harry, a three and one-half ton rhino with a minuscule brain and a staggering size. Vierheller dickered with animal hunter Frank Buck for Harry, landed him at the bargain-counter price of \$8,800.

Then the zoo director induced the Pennsylvania railroad to lend a special baggage car with a tank to Harry so that he might travel in comfort.

While a fast train rushed Harry to St. Louis, Vierheller phoned every newspaperman, radio reporter, and photographer in the area, giving facts and figures on his valuable behemoth and urging the publicists to be present at Harry's coming-out party. By the time Harry was unloaded at the zoo, 25,000 people were straining against the barriers for a glimpse of the brute, and a nationally famed orchestra leader and movie idol then visiting St. Louis remarked sourly that a wet rhino evidently held more allure for the masses than did a real celebrity.

Once, when a newly acquired parrot started cussing the proverbial blue streak, worried keepers told Vierheller about it. To their surprise, the zoo director rubbed his hands and emitted pleased sounds as he listened to the profane bird.

"I merely sent out a story to the newspapers that anxious citizens had asked us to get rid of the parrot because his language was unfit for genteel ears," recalls Vierheller with a grin. "Human nature being what it is, the zoo was packed the next day with folks desiring to be insulted by the cussing parrot. One old man showed up with an ear trumpet so that he wouldn't miss a word!"

WHEN large snakes go on a hunger strike, zoo keepers usually fume and have a rough time forcing nourishment into the reptiles. Vierheller capitalized on the frequent hunger strikes by advertising that pythons would be fed forcibly before the public. Now, thousands of curious adults and children flock to the zoo to watch six men hold a threshing

snake while food is stuffed into its mouth.

The zoo even maintains a trainer who has a magic way with restless lions and tigers. He is Jules Jacot, admired by tens of thousands of St. Louis youngsters for his fearless demeanor and his quiet efficiency with animals. Because some dim-witted people frequently shout at the big cats and try to infuriate them, Jacot gives all his instructions and commands in Spanish. The lions and tigers are indifferent to English but respond quickly to a murmured command in Spanish from trainer Jacot.

Many trade conventions are held in St. Louis because tired business men have a yen to visit the zoo. Daily, busloads of children from St. Louis and rural schools are unloaded at Forest Park. Vierheller and his aides pump facts and stories into them, so that, as one teacher exclaimed, a visit

to the St. Louis zoo is worth ten classroom lectures in natural history.

Animals dealers the world over have standing orders to get in touch with George Vierheller when they come across chimpanzees with IQ's in the Quiz Kid bracket. Vierheller's brainy chimps are internationally renowned; they ride bikes, hop pogo sticks, bake cakes, play musical instruments, dance, and perform acrobatics in ludicrous costumes on the backs of galloping ponies.

Right now, animal-loving George Vierheller is dreaming of a philanthropist who will step forward and buy the St. Louis zoo an okapi or two, strange creatures from the Belgian Congo which look like something in between a giraffe and zebra. So if you run across an okapi, better drop Vierheller a line. He can use it in his municipal jungle!

It Happened in America

“BLIND TOM” and “Blind Boone” were musical miracle men . . . Both were Negroes . . . Tom was born a slave in Columbus, Georgia, about 1838 and Boone was born at Warrensburg, Missouri, in 1864 . . . Tom was born blind, while Boone became blind at the age of two . . . Neither ever saw a piano or a sheet of music; neither possessed much education or more than average intelligence. Yet each could perform the world's most difficult piano compositions after a single hearing . . . Some of the great musicians of his time put Tom's genius to severe tests, but he always triumphed . . . He was brought north in 1860, and made his first public appearance at Hope Chapel, New York, January 15, 1861. Later he toured America and Europe . . . Boone was brought to Columbia, Missouri, in 1880, where he attended a recital given by “Blind Tom” in Garth Hall . . . He was invited to the stage, and on the spot he executed every number played by “Blind Tom.” His ability amazed everyone present . . . He, too, later engaged in concert work. He gave recitals for 37 years, and died on October 4, 1927.—*Louis O. Honig.*



Answer to *Remember When?* on page 60. All these happenings took place in one year—1929.

Radar on Your Range

SOMEDAY, you will be able to prepare a whole dinner—baked potatoes, broiled steak, vegetables and dessert—in less than three minutes. That's because busy scientists have taken time out to think about the poor housewife and have come up with a revolutionary change for the kitchen of tomorrow.

The amazing answer to the longed-for speed cooking is the new kitchen radar range, already in use on an experimental, leased basis at some of the Statler Hotels in the East.

Radar ranges are operated by electronic heat in the form of dielectric heat. Each molecule of the food is heated at exactly the same temperature. Ordinary types of heating reach the surface of the food first, often burning it while the center is yet uncooked. In radar cooking, the center of a cake, for example, is permeated by heat of the same intensity as that on the outside. Every particle of food is stressed by a high voltage field; the rapid movement of the particles occurs at such a high rate that the temperature rises immediately throughout the food.

This new discovery should be a special boon to the career wife who makes a mad dash home from work every evening to prepare dinner. Because of the rapid, even heat, steaks, chops and even lobsters can be broiled in one to three minutes. Custards cooked in specially designed glass dishes will be piping hot and ready to serve in about two minutes, although the dish itself remains cold.

Youngsters will be delighted with the tricks the radar range can perform for them. The magic formula is simple: take a cellophane bag, add some corn kernels, a pat of butter, sprinkle with salt, seal the bag, place in the radar range—and presto—a full bag of popcorn! And think of hustling up a batter of cookie dough and having a fresh batch of cookies baked in 75 seconds!

Frozen foods also are in for a new lift with electronic heating. A major problem has been the considerable length of time required to defrost packaged frozen foods. The radar range defrosts frozen foods instantly. This helps to retain the natural flavor and color of the fruits and vegetables. And from the health standpoint, quick defrosting is important, since the food is exposed to the air a shorter time.

Radar offers many possibilities in other phases of the food industry. Another interesting development is the use of radar in the sterilization of packaged foods. In passing through an electronic heating machine, insects, insect eggs, bacteria and other foreign matter which has a higher moisture content than the food will be destroyed inside the containers.

At present, of course, radar ranges are still too expensive and complicated to be used in the home. So you'll have to wait a few years for this miracle of science. And remember, even in 1970, radar cannot help a bad cook.



Little Jimmy's father found him in the barn. He was shaking his pet rabbit and saying, "Five and five. How much is five and five?"

The surprised father interrupted the proceedings. "What's the meaning of all this, Jimmy?" he asked.

"Oh," said Jimmy, "teacher told us that rabbits multiply rapidly, but this one can't even add."



A young woman took a job as a governess, then suddenly left it. Asked why she resigned, she said, "Had to. Backward child, forward father."



The '49-ers of a century ago struck gold. The 1949-ers just strike.



TWO-FISTED

Professor

Snakes and electrical sparks in the classroom.

ONE day in 1937, Professor William Bradley Otis looked up from a lecture stand at the City College of New York to find a ten-foot snake staring him in the eye. Being a reasonable man, Otis scooped up his lecture notes on American literature and ducked quickly behind a desk.

This is probably the only moment in his 44 years at City College that has found the voluble professor speechless. In that span of years, Otis has divided his time between waging front-page feuds with political higher-ups and playing Dutch uncle to future movie stars, song writers and Washington brain trusters. When he retires from his teaching post this summer he will leave behind a record for winning friends at a faster clip than anyone since the beloved Will Rogers.

But the resemblance between the cowboy and the professor does not end there. A tall, leathery-faced man

who speaks with a crisp, cracker-barrel flavor, Otis could pass as a double for the late Oklahoma cowboy. Like Rogers, he has a vigorous, down-to-earth quality, typified by a handshake that sends you buckling to your knees.

Asked how he ever managed to make so many friends, Will Rogers once remarked, "I never met a man I couldn't like." Otis accounts for his amazing popularity with students in much the same way. "I like young people, and they know it. I guess they feel obliged to like me back."

That snake incident is a prime example of how Otis' students "like him back." As a matter of fact, it is a leaf from the professor's own youthful book.

Back in the fourth grade in Des Moines, Iowa, he once brought a small reptile to class, fondling it under the cover of a geography book. Approached by his teacher, he quickly concealed the snake in his lap.

"And what have you there, young

man?" the dour-faced schoolmarm asked, holding out her hand.

Young Otis smiled wanly and shook his head.

"Let me have it," the teacher demanded, a hint of violence in her voice.

The boy gulped and placed the squirming serpent in her hand.

Thirty years later, the unfortunate woman was re-introduced to Otis at a professional gathering. Recognizing him, she began to shriek hysterically and bolted from the room.

Hearing of the incident, one of Otis' students—who later became a famous reptile curator—playfully decided to bring a ten-foot snake to school in a gunny sack and release it under the professor's nose. He wanted to be sure, the student said, that Otis would never forget *him*.

Somehow, Otis has managed not to forget a staggering number of his ex-students—without the benefit of snakes. During the war, he kept up a steady stream of correspondence with more than 200 of them, and his cubbyhole office at the college is a veritable mecca for returning alumni, ranging from street cleaners to supreme court judges.

Not long ago, the professor received an envelope with two \$6 tickets to the hit musical, *Finian's Rainbow*. Tucked in with the tickets was a note from E. Y. Harburg, composer of the play.

"The electric spark which ignited me in your classroom," Harburg wrote, "has a direct connection with *Finian's Rainbow* and how it came to be written. Do you remember reading a parody of mine in class

one day? From then on, I knew what I was going to do. Take these tickets and come and see your handiwork."

Otis is one of those rare teachers who does some of his best work outside of the classroom. In 1923, a young sophomore named Borrah Minnevitich came to him. The boy was almost in tears. His father had just died, and he was forced to leave college to look for work. But what kind of work could an untrained youngster get?

"What do you like to do best, Borrah?" Otis asked.

"Play the mouth organ," the boy answered glumly. "But who'd pay me to do that?"

"They'd pay you," Otis answered, "if you could play the best mouth organ in the world. They might even ask you to perform at the Metropolitan Opera House!"

Carried away by his desire to be helpful, Otis later had misgivings about his enthusiasm. But three years afterward, Minnevitich came back to City College in a Rolls-Royce.

"You were right, Doc," he said happily. "I've just finished a tour of Europe, and next month, I'm going to play at the Metropolitan Opera House."

But, the professor is no sweet-tongued Pollyana. From time to time, he has engaged in sizzling feuds which have distressed some of his stuffier colleagues and delighted his admiring students. Perhaps the most colorful of these has been his five-year vendetta with Lionel Trilling, a literary critic.

In 1943, Trilling published a destructive review of Otis' *Survey-His-*

tory of *English Literature*, calling it "silly, pawky and pornographic." In a purple rage, Otis pounded out a 34-page pamphlet, in which he denounced the critic for posterity. Titled *A Refutation of Mr. Lionel Trilling*, the pamphlet is probably the most detailed rebuttal of a critic ever published and will likely stand as a monumental warning to all malicious book reviewers. Needless to say, it has been a "must" reading in all of Otis' classes ever since.

But, touchy as he is about his professional work, Otis is even more sensitive to any attacks on his students. In 1926, he came to blows with practically the entire United States Army for criticizing "my boys." It happened this way.

At the end of World War I, Otis had started a movement to require every college student in the United States to study the Constitution. For accomplishing this in 39 states, he was made a director of the National Security League, one of the most powerful patriotic organizations of the time.

Soon afterward, when City College students raised a protest against compulsory military training on the campus, an irate Army colonel publicly called them "cowards and traitors." Otis rolled up his sleeves and issued a blast that sent the colonel scurrying back to the quiet and safety of his target range.

The National Security League, however, took a dim view of Otis' action and asked for his resignation.

"The security of this country," the

professor replied angrily, in an open letter and later in a two-hour debate over a nation-wide radio hookup, "can best be preserved by guarding against intolerance and regimented thinking. It is a pity that, in urging others to study the United States Constitution, the directors of the League have forgotten the most precious guarantee in that immortal document: the right of free thought and free speech."



Shamefacedly, General Robert Lee Bullard, president of the League, apologized. And Otis' "boys" went on to vindicate him by forming the largest *voluntary* reserve unit in the United States.

Otis traces his strong feeling of kinship with City College's tuition-free students back to his own struggles to get through school. Born of a poor family, he worked his way through Grinnell College in Iowa by sewing tents ("St. Paul's trade," he relates proudly) and slinging hides in a slaughter house.

He was originally appointed to City College in 1904 by a fire-eating old Tammany judge, noted for his indelicate handling of young teachers. When the young Iowan came before him, the judge glared and asked his name.

"My name is Otis," he replied.

"And your first name?" the judge growled.

"William."

"Do you have a middle name?"

"Bradley. My middle name is Bradley."

"William . . . Bradley . . . Otis,"

the judge repeated slowly, letting the words roll critically off his tongue.

"What's the matter?" Otis asked angrily. "Don't you like it?"

"Like it?" the judge cackled. "I think it's a fine name. You pass."

From this peculiar start, Otis worked out an equally unusual method of teaching. The first day of school, he recommends four or five good books on the subject at hand. Once rid of these formalities, he spends the rest of the semester glibly expounding on marriage, baseball, science, trout fishing and anything else that comes to his mind. Few students take notes in any of his classes, but some of his classroom nuggets have turned up in such remote places as the editorial columns of the *Tokyo Times*.

"Grinds"—students who scramble for high grades—are among Otis' pet peeves. "Bookworms usually never amount to much anyway," he says. "They miss all the fun in life." Accordingly, he promises high grades to all of his students from the start. This procedure makes Otis' probably the most relaxing classroom in the world.

Among Doc Otis' successful non-bookworms are novelist David Davidson, author of *The Steeper Cliff*; Judge Irving Levy, of the New York State Supreme Court; Samuel Rosenman, one of Franklin D. Roosevelt's key wartime advisors; and Edward G. Robinson, the cinema toughie.

Robinson has been corresponding with Otis ever since one day in 1913, when the actor read Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Julius Caesar in the professor's class.

"He stood there," Otis recalls,

"gripping the arm of his chair. His knuckles were white, and there were tears streaming down his face.

It was plain that that boy was going to be a great actor, or bust."

Oddly enough, Robinson did make a hit as Caesar, but it was the role of movie gangster, Little Caesar, that touched off his skyrocket career. Tough as he is on the screen, Robinson has never managed to work up the nerve to address a group of students at his alma mater. "I'd be frightened to death," he once admitted to Otis.

Another of Otis' predictions which Fate has whimsically distorted concerns radio announcer Ben Grauer. As a student, Grauer worked his way through City College by buying and selling rare books. One day, Otis sold him an ancient volume for \$50. Grauer came to class the next day beaming broadly.

"I just sold your book for \$100," he announced happily.

"Ben," said Otis, admiringly, "you're going to make a great salesman."

These days, Grauer is a salesman of sorts, vending everything from cigarettes to high-powered automobiles over a national network.

But Otis' fame is not confined to the 10,000 students who have been hypnotized by his classroom conversation over the past 44 years. Recently, he received a copy of a new book by Irwin Edman. On the inside cover, the famous philosopher had written, "To William Bradley Otis—of whose students I was jealous for many years, because I was not one of them."

At 70, Otis is reluctantly leaving

City College under New York's compulsory retirement law. He expects to write a few books, play golf, and feed the pigeons in Central Park. But even these occupations are too mild for the spry professor, who was recently elected an honorary alumnus by the college's senior class. Right now, he is busy buttonholing members of the college administration.

He wants them to set up a series of emeritus lectures, to be given without pay by retired professors.

"It's a shame to be cut off from all my friends after so many years," he says, puckishly. "We youngsters of '70 have to keep in touch with other young people, or we're liable to grow middle-aged."

MAN OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 48)

the International Claim Association.

He likes to talk about his business, his family and his hobbies, but is reluctant to say much about his personal achievements. Although he demands a high standard of work from associates, he is slow to criticize, and he refuses to listen to gossip.

Grant is fond of sports. He once starred on the Kansas City Athletic Club baseball team, and his office contains what must be one of the largest golf trophies ever awarded. He has cut his normal round of golf down to nine holes, but he devotes the extra time to riding a five-gaited horse on his small farm seven miles south of Kansas City.

As a boy, Tom studied violin under an old German music teacher who arrived on the Grant farm on horseback every Saturday morning. He didn't progress very far with it, but

he still has a violin which he plays now and then. He considers *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life* to be his best piece.

But in all, Tom Grant's favorite hobby is people. The ten-story B.M.A. Building stands opposite the Kansas City Union Station, its name a beacon and landmark for cross-country travelers. Inside, Tom Grant hustles about from one floor to another. In the elevators, in the actuary department, in the stockrooms, in the publicity office, he greets every employée by first name. This is a point of pride with him, and it is a source of great embarrassment to stumble for even a little second over the name of any one of the more than 600 home office employees.

In his business, his home, or outside in the city, wherever there are people, Tom Grant wants to be with them.

▲
If every statesman in the world suddenly began speaking the truth, we wouldn't have war. We'd have chaos.

▲
Arguing with a woman is like going into a shower-bath with an umbrella. What good does it do?



BOB
WILSON

YOUR LIFE AND THE ATOM BOMB

(Continued from page 10)

and neither will protective clothing, for the material works by its invisible radiation which will pass through a solid wall. We have the knowledge of such materials ready and waiting, as exhibit A in our chamber of horrors for World War III.

Even that is not all. When the bomb is exploded high in the air, the poisonous radioactive materials are dispersed by the stratosphere winds. But when the bomb is exploded under water, those poisonous materials are caught in the water. You have seen pictures of that tremendous geyser of water, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in diameter and $\frac{3}{4}$ mile high. But did you know that every drop of it is lethally poisonous? We know from the Bikini experiments that if a bomb were to be dropped in New York Harbor, with the wind in the right direction to carry that radioactive water as rain and spray over Manhattan, at least five million people would die. And the atomic bomb that wreaks this terrible destruction could be carried in the smallest and most inconspicuous tramp steamer, and we would have no way of detecting it.

How about the military applications of atomic power? No one now alive knows exactly how atomic power will be used in the next war if it comes, but if H. G. Wells were alive today, he certainly would call this "the shape of things to come." Atomic power may propel long-range weapons of unbelievable destructive power, either under the water or in the air. It will certainly be used as a super-explosive, and certainly with greater destructive power than the

"makeshift" bombs of World War II. In addition, radioactive by-products may be scattered from the air on crowded cities as a new kind of diabolical poison against which we have practically no protection.

Those dire forecasts are not just the notions of this author. Listen to the voices of men who really know. Dr. A. H. Compton, one of the top three men of the wartime project, has said, "Because of the enormous advantage of surprise, Pearl Harbor tactics will be used. Rockets with atomic warheads will be sent without warning against each of the enemy's major production centers. No city of more than 100 thousand population will remain as an operating center after the first hour of the war." For a war like that, what chance will we have to raise armies, develop new weapons and build new factories? For many of us, before we know the war is on, will be dead. Dr. J. R. Oppenheimer, who directed the Los Alamos laboratory and knows more of the effects of the atomic bomb than any man alive, was asked by a United States Senator, "Is it a fair statement to say that 40 million Americans could be destroyed overnight in metropolitan centers in one single atomic raid?" Oppenheimer's calm but grim reply was "I am afraid it is, sir."

Some will say that it can't be that bad and that we will develop counter-measures. So far, no counter-measure to an atomic explosive is known, and there is none in sight. General Groves, wartime head of the whole atomic program, has said "The only

counter-measure is not to be there when it goes off." But will we have that choice? Others may say that we here in free and enlightened America will never use such terrible weapons. If our enemy uses them against us, again we will have no choice.

These brief facts will give you some slight idea of the grim situation in which we find ourselves today. It will help you understand why statesmen and scientists and diplomats do not sleep well at night. They know all these things and many more, and much of it is frightening and terrible. Man at last has the power to destroy himself utterly, if he is ever foolish enough, or wicked enough, to use his power that way.

The present picture is indeed grim, but it need not always be so. This discovery is our own brain-child, and if we had brains enough to create it, we should have brains enough to control it. We are stumbling and groping our way, but man now knows enough of the extent of his new-found power to have a wholesome respect for it, and this respect—fear if you want to call it that—may lead us to a sensible system of control.

What of the future? Persons now adult will very probably live to see the day when ocean liners will go back and forth across the seas, with no coal in their bunkers and no oil in their tanks, but powered by an atomic pile deep down in the vessel's hold. This pile will be surrounded by massive shielding to protect against death-dealing rays, and will be controlled by highly skilled technicians. The pile will drive the vessel across the seas with a negligible consump-

tion of nuclear fuel.

It is probable too that some person now adult will live to see the day when at least some of the electric power on our power and light line will come from splitting atoms in distant and well-protected atomic piles. That power may warm your breakfast coffee, may light the school in which your child studies, and drive the machines in the factory where you work. Atomic power is unlikely to supplant power from conventional sources during the lifetimes of any persons now living. However, it may well supplement power from conventional sources. It may become a major source of power at certain remote places where no fuel or waterpower is available. It may be a major source of power in connection with the atomic plants which will manufacture materials for peacetime scientific use, as well as material for still more terrible weapons of war.

But some of the things that are written about today will not come to pass, at least not in the lifetime of persons now living. They may not come to pass at all, unless radically new discoveries are made. Some folks tell you "don't buy a new car—wait for the uranium-powered car which will run for a lifetime on a piece of uranium the size of a pea." And they say we will heat our houses with a piece of uranium the size of a walnut. Those things are not impossible, but they are extremely unlikely. They are theoretically possible, because the requisite amount of energy is contained in such small bits of uranium. But it is almost certain we will not use the energy that way; the stuff is

is too potent and too dangerous. Would you want a heating plant in your basement which had to be surrounded with a hundred tons of shielding, and which, if it ever got out of control, might blow your city off the map? And do you think we will put this stuff under the hoods of automobiles for 18-year-old kids to ram into telephone poles and spew the poisonous contents out over the countryside? I am sure we will not.

So, it is almost certain that atomic energy will not be applied to some of the spectacular purposes for which it has been predicted, even though such use is theoretically possible. But other uses, even more spectacular, some day may be realities. If we learn how to apply atomic power efficiently to flying missiles, we could send rockets to the moon and back. We could use atomic heat to melt the polar icecap and thus to change ocean currents and modify the climate of whole continents. We could pump a hunk of the Pacific Ocean over the Rocky Mountains and irrigate the great plains. These things may seem wild visions, but their accomplishment merely involves terrific amounts of power, and the power of the atom gives us just that. With this power, generated safely from cheap and abundant materials, we could literally make the desert bloom.



But all of this concerns the use of atoms as sources of power. Actually, our first uses are in a very different direction, and it is quite possible that the greatest revolutions wrought by

our new knowledge, will be in directions very different from power applications. It is the by-products of atomic research, and the by-products of atomic operations, that are occupying the center of the peacetime stage, and that may open doors in the future that could not be opened with any other key. These peacetime applications have come slowly, for we are living in a war-frightened world. Although four years have passed since the first atomic bomb was dropped, most of our money and most of our work have gone into the development of new and more terrible weapons. The development of peacetime uses of atomic energy are just beginning, and the really great developments will not come until the threat of war no longer hangs over our heads.

In building our great atomic plants, we developed many new things with peacetime uses. There are new machines, new processes, new materials that we never dreamed of before, and which can accomplish near-miracles. Take as one small example, the field of plastics. We are apt to think of plastics as rather impermanent materials, easily damaged by heat or chemical action. And yet we are now manufacturing an organic plastic that will withstand the temperature of molten lead, that is not attacked by aqua regia which will dissolve gold, that is not affected by concentrated sulphuric acid which will char a piece of solid wood. Ten years ago, any competent chemist could have told you that such a material was impossible, it was contrary to then-known chemical principles. Now we are making the stuff on a commercial basis.

But it is in still another field that our present developments are coming. In our atomic piles at Hanford and elsewhere, we produce automatically a great variety of unique radioactive substances. They are counterparts of common elements, but have the property of giving out invisible but powerfully penetrating radiations, like radium. Many of these substances are extremely useful. They are commonly called the "tagged atoms." In all chemical processes they behave like commonplace elements, but due to their radioactivity, we can trace them and follow them through the most complicated processes, detecting them and measuring their amount, regardless of the intricate chemical combinations they have entered into.

The industrial use of these materials has just begun, but their use in the research laboratory is already widespread. These "tagged atoms" and the "tracer" methods that employ them, are already solving problems that were impossible of solution by previously known methods.

In the industrial field, some of these materials are already being used to measure the thickness of very thin materials like cellophane, or soft materials like rubber, without any physical contact whatever. Other radioactive materials are being used for such widely diverse purposes as measuring the level of molten iron in a foundry cupola, or the location of various underground strata in oil wells. Just recently, a prominent oil company sent a set of automobile piston rings to Oak Ridge, where they were put in the atomic pile and made

radioactive. They were returned and put in a test engine, which was then run for a few minutes, the lubricating oil drained out, and the radioactivity of the oil measured. By this means, wear on the rings, as small as a fraction of a millionth of an ounce, could be detected. A different oil was then introduced into the engine, the engine again run for a short time, and the lubricating power of the new oil measured. In this way, a series of tests that normally would take many months or perhaps a year, was run all in an afternoon.

But the most exciting applications thus far are not in the industrial field, but in the field of chemical theory, of biology and medicine. With radioactive materials injected into the bloodstream, we can measure the exact rate of circulation of blood in the body. After an accident, a doctor can tell by this means whether there is enough circulation left in an injured limb to save it, or whether it must be amputated. Radioactive iodine is today accomplishing cures of simple goiter without surgery. The same material has achieved some spectacular results in cancer of the thyroid. Radioactive phosphorous and radioactive gold are being used to treat leukemia, the so-called "cancer of the blood." Thus these materials are already saving lives, but at the same time are adding new knowledge as to just how diseases injure the body, and just how drugs attack disease. This new knowledge will save many more lives in the future.

If, by hooking some of these radioactive materials on to the proper foods or hormones or vitamins or

drugs, we can control cancer, that one by-product alone will save many, many more lives than the atomic bomb ever snuffed out. That will more than balance our books.

We have come a long way from Becquerel's observation 53 years ago, that salts of uranium would blacken a photographic plate. We have come to man's greatest intellectual achievement.

We Americans, with our technical and material ingenuity, will surely solve its technical and scientific problems. But will we solve the human problems, the problems of getting along with people? For it is in that realm that the answer to atomic power must come. We cannot take it from a slide rule or a test tube or an electric meter. None-

theless, the answer was given long ago in a piece of basic morality that has not changed with the centuries. Through all of mankind's troubled existence on this planet, centuries filled with cruelty and oppression, with warfare and bloodshed, we still hear ringing across the world the cynical retort of Cain when he said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The only answer to the tremendous challenge of atomic power lies within that sentence. In a world in which clumsy and bungling mankind has in its hands the power that makes our sun shine in the sky—for that is what we have, for good or for evil—everyone of us, regardless of political beliefs, religious creeds, nationality, race or color, must in this sense be our brother's keepers—if we want to live!

The Critical Pen

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: To see Kean act was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning.

EUGENE FIELD: The actor who took the role of King Lear played the king as though he expected someone to play the ace.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: As long as people will pay admission to a theatre to see a naked body rather than to see a naked brain, the drama will languish.

ROBERT BENCHLY: *Perfectly Scandalous* was one of those plays in which all of the actors unfortunately enunciated very clearly.

DOROTHY PARKER: *The House Beautiful* is the play lousy.

PERCY HAMMOND: They may be encouraged by the suspicion that John Barrymore's *Hamlet* was not so interesting as Hamlet's John Barrymore.

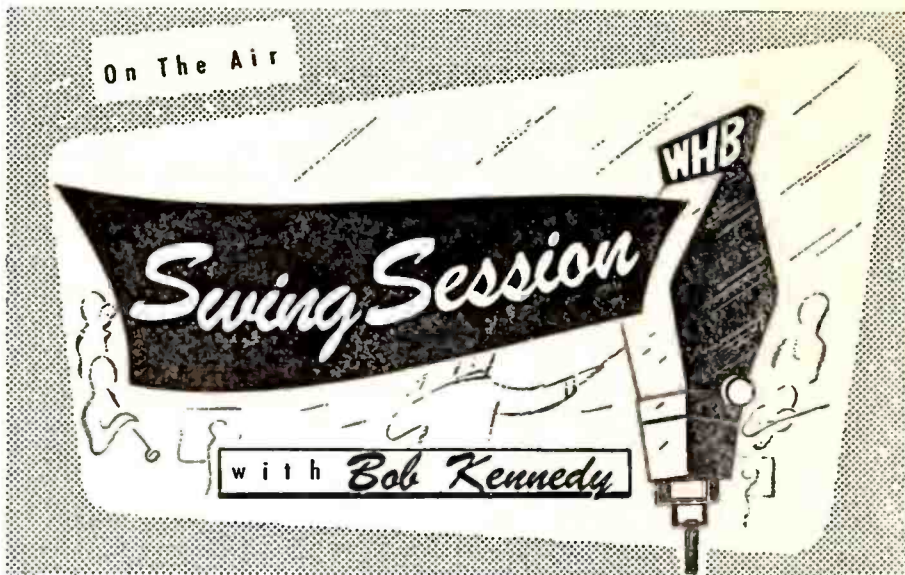
GILBERT GABRIEL: (*The Woman*.) One can get the same effect by sticking a finger down one's throat.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN: (*Tonight or Never*.) Very well then. I say never.

DOROTHY PARKER: Miss Hepburn runs the whole gamut of emotions from A to B.

▲
It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less noise they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring out.—*Alexander Pope*.

▲
One man in a thousand is a leader of men; the others follow women.



Platter Chatter . . .

SMILIN' JACK SMITH now is teamed with Margaret Whiting, who replaces Martha Tilton on the new fall show. Jack spent last summer vacationing across the Atlantic in Europe . . . Tommy Dorsey and Company—including their star trumpet and vocal man, Charlie Shavers—continue to bring in the paying customers at Dorsey's own Casino Gardens in California . . . Harry James has lost his vocal group, the Skylarks. The spot will be left vacant until a new combination can be found . . . Decca has signed a new femme singer, Carol Richards, formerly with Russ Morgan and guest on the Bob Hope Show. She's a pert songstress who should prove to be an immediate hit . . . Paul Weston, the Capitol band man, has signed to conduct a series of 26 radio shows to be aired soon for the United States Naval Reserve . . . Victor's star quartet, the Deep River Boys, are wowing the tea trade in jolly England with ten weeks' bookings on Great Britain's Theatre circuit . . . Watch for the new Damon platter featuring Ken Smith and a socko tune titled *The Birds and the Bees*. It should make the nickels cascade into the juke

boxes . . . Frances Langford and hubby Jon Hall will sub for Dick Haymes, who has cancelled his coming engagement at the Palladium in London. The reason probably is an extended honeymoon with his new bride . . . Milt Buckner, pianist and arranger for Lionel Hampton for seven years, now is fronting his own band. He just completed new waxings for MGM. . . . Buddy Rich is grabbing \$475 per week for beating the skins as the new drummer for the Les Brown crew . . . Betty Hutton is jumpin' with joy at the word that she's to have the lead in the new film, *Annie Get Your Gun* . . . Red Nichols and his little band are reportedly more popular these days than anytime in the past ten years. Red and the boys will be seen in a forthcoming movie with Betty Grable. It's entitled *Wabash Avenue* . . . Jack Carson took time off from movie chores to cut his first sides for Capitol. Tunes included are *That Was a Big Fat Lie* and *Give Me a Song* . . . While in sunny California, Russ Morgan, Decca's waltz king, will make a band short for Universal . . . Jimmy Atkins, former WHB Western star, makes his wax debut on Coral records with *The Handout Song* and *Silver Dollars Tinkling Down*.

Highly Recommended . . .

DECCA 24678—Carmen Cavallaro and his orchestra. *There's Yes! Yes! in Your Eyes* plus *Twenty-Four Hours of Sunshine*. Carmen scores again with two songs that are going places. In the first, the maestro sets a bouncy, lively tempo with catchy lyrics handled by the ensemble. The reverse is a new waltz-tempoed melody. The band performs smoothly, with vocal honors going to Bob Lido, the Cavaliers and ensemble. For good listening or dancing, you can't go wrong with this one!

DECCA 24655—Evelyn Knight and the Four Hits and a Miss with Sonny Burke's orchestra. *Be Goody Good to Me* and *Don't Ever Marry For Money*. These new Knight ditties are as fresh as the autumn breeze and tailor-made for Evelyn's talents. There's strong rhythm on the first side with solid background by the vocal group. It's rousing from the first to the last groove. The words of wisdom on the flipover carry the moral, "You must marry for love," and such advice is more than welcome, especially when it comes from Miss Knight, the Four Hits and a Miss, and Sonny Burke. Top tunes—top talent!

COLUMBIA ALBUM C-186—Burl Ives with guitar accompaniment. *The Return of the Wayfaring Stranger*. Burl Ives, America's best known and most beloved ballad singer, sings nine of his famous songs in one wonderful, nostalgic album. You'll spin again and again such favorites as *On Springfield Mountain*, *Lord Randall*, *Bonnie Wee Lassie*, *John Hardy* and many others. It's pleasurable listening for every member of the family, and Americana at its best.

COLUMBIA 38519—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. *Take Love Easy* plus *I Could Get a Man*. Here's a sentimental pair by the old master. Both are in easy dance tempo, with a touch of Ellington blues. The first opens and closes with some fine alto sax ramblings behind Dolores Parker's vocalizing. The back side is a torchy blues lament with some out-of-this-world trumpet solos. Fans—here's your boy Ellington at his blues best!

CAPITOL 57-620—Betty Hutton with orchestra conducted by Joe Lilley. *I Wake Up in the Morning* and *Where Are You Now That I Need You?* Bouncing, buoyant Betty is back again with her first waxing after a long absence. When you hear this terrific platter, you'll wonder how you managed without her for so long. Both sides feature the bombastic vocal pyrotechnics that her fans love. Background music by Mr. Lilley is ideally suited for Betty's talent. Hutton hits a new high—and it's high time you bought this one!

CAPITOL 57 70013—Julia Lee with rhythm accompaniment. *Tonight's the Night* with *After Hours Waltz*. Here's that ton of fun—Kansas City's own Miss Julie back with two jaunty sides. They're strictly for adults—and should add zing to any party. The first is a fancy ballad done in the relaxing Lee style. The reverse is a clever take-off on the famous jazz opus, *After Hours*. Plenty of rhythm!

VICTOR 20-3476—Tex Beneke and his orchestra. *Lavender Coffin* and *A Kiss and a Rose*. You'll find music in the smooth, familiar Beneke style when you spin this one. The first is a new novelty that's far from dead or dying as the title may suggest. Tex and the Moonlight Serenaders give it a peppy treatment that's definitely in the groove. The reverse is an enchanting tune with the vocal warbled dreamily by Glenn Douglas. This is a mellow double feature.

VICTOR 20-3492—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. *Dream of You* plus *Pussy Willow*. Another solid T. D. special with a balanced coupling of a vocal and an instrumental. The *Dream* side is a new one on an old theme written by Sy Oliver. You'll like the sparkling vocal by Jack Duffy with even rhythm in the background. The flip has a fine rhythmic kick sparked by an up-tempo beat that ought to drive T.D. fans wild. It's that typical danceable Dorsey music.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, Kansas City, Missouri, VI. 9430.

Watts That?

Suddenly all the lights went out in the radio studio where an orchestra was broadcasting a concert of familiar tunes. There were still ten minutes of the broadcast left, and the show had to go on. But the only piece the orchestra could play without music was *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, so they played the tune over and over in the darkness.

At last, 30 seconds before sign-off time, the announcer switched on his mike and said, "Harlan Jordan and his orchestra have just played *The Stars and Stripes* (pause) FOREVER."



The control operator at Berlin noticed that an airlift plane was a minute ahead of the tight landing schedule, so he told the pilot to do a full circle of 360 degrees and lose a minute.

"I can't do a 360 in less than two minutes," the pilot answered.

The operator's reply, "Hell, then just do a 180 and back in!"



During an interview on Mutual's *Meet the Press*, genial draft director General Lewis B. Hershey was asked whether he thought college men should be deferred until they finish school.

"No, I don't," he replied emphatically. "Just because a man is fortunate enough to have his parents send him to a university is no reason why he should receive preferential treatment."

"But wouldn't the draft get him anyway, after he finished school?" he was asked.

"I don't know," smiled the general. "The way some young men attend school, they might be over-age by that time."—*Hollywood Reporter*.

CURRENT

MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6	00	Town & Country Tim Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs
	15	
	25	
	30	
	45	
7	00	AP News
	15	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade
	30	Musical Clock
	30	Sen. Sun Dial Serenade
8	00	AP News
	05	Weather
	10	News
	15	K. C. Council of Churches
	30	Shades of Black & White
	45	Shades of Black & White
9	00	AP News
	05	Gay Lombardo's Orch.
	15	Guy Lombardo's Orch.
	30	Dove Dennis' Orch.
	45	Dove Dennis' Orch.
10	00	AP News
	05	Cavalcade of Music
	15	Cavalcade of Music
	30	NW. Univ. Review Stand
	45	NW. Univ. Review Stand
	45	AP News
11	00	AP News
	05	Wings Over Jordan
	15	Wings Over Jordan
	30	Sunday Serenade
	45	Sunday Serenade
		Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitcher Plazo Pragrom Kote Smith Sings
		G. Heatter's Mailbag G. Heatter's Mailbag Second Spring Against the Storm Against the Storm
		Luncheon on the Pio Luncheon on the Pio Luncheon on the Pio Sondra Lee, Shopper Holland-Engle Show

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
12	00	AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboy Missouri-Kansas News
	15	
	30	
	30	
	55	
1	00	Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottenwood Ronch Boy
	30	
	30	
	45	
2	00	Club 710 Club 710 Club 710 Club 710
	15	
	30	
	45	
3	00	Club 710 Club 710 Club 710
	15	
	30	
	30	
4	00	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Rodio Fun Time AP News—Dick Smith
	15	
	30	
	45	
5	00	5 o'Clock Special 5 o'Clock Special Tom Mix Tom Mix
	15	
	30	
	45	

WHD-FM on 102.1 megacycles
new broadcasting 3 to 10 p.m.

PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

MORNING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Town & Country Time Weather Report Town & Country Time Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	6 00 15 25 30 45
AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Lou Kemper Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	7 00 15 30
AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Lou Kemper Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	8 00 05 10 15 30 45
Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Plaza Program Kate Smith Sings	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Plaza Program Kate Smith Sings	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Plaza Program Kate Smith Sings	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Plaza Program Kate Smith Sings	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Leslie Nichols, News Helen Hall, Femme Fair	9 00 05 15 30 45
G. Heatter's Mailbag G. Heatter's Mailbag Second Spring Against the Storm Against the Storm	G. Heatter's Mailbag G. Heatter's Mailbag Second Spring Against the Storm Against the Storm	G. Heatter's Mailbag G. Heatter's Mailbag Second Spring Against the Storm Against the Storm	G. Heatter's Mailbag G. Heatter's Mailbag Second Spring Against the Storm Against the Storm	Military Campus Military Campus Military Campus Freddy Martin's Orch. Naval Air Reserve	10 00 05 15 30 45
Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza Keynotes by Carle AP News	11 00 05 15 30 45

AFTERNOON

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	Man on the Farm Man on the Farm Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	12 00 15 30 55
Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Magic Rhythm Geo. Sterney's Orch. Geo. Sterney's Orch.	1 00 30 45
Club 710 Club 710 Club 710 Club 710	Club 710 Club 710 Club 710 Club 710	Club 710 Club 710 Club 710 Club 710	Club 710 Club 710 Club 710 Club 710	Swing Session—Club 710 Swing Session—Club 710 Swing Session—Club 710 Swing Session—Club 710	2 00 15 30 45
Club 710 Club 710 Club 710	Club 710 Club 710 Club 710	Club 710 Club 710 Club 710	Club 710 Club 710 Club 710	Swing Session—Club 710 Swing Session—Club 710 Swing Session—Club 710	3 00 15 30
Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Radio Fun Time AP News—Dick Smith	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Radio Fun Time AP News—Dick Smith	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Radio Fun Time AP News—Dick Smith	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Radio Fun Time AP News—Dick Smith	Poole's Paradise Poole's Paradise Musically Yours Sports Time	4 00 15 30 45
Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	5 o'Clock Special 5 o'Clock Special Tom Mix Tom Mix	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight Capt. Midnight	5 o'Clock Special 5 o'Clock Special Tom Mix Tom Mix	Woody Herman's Orch. Woody Herman's Orch. Woody Herman's Orch. Mel Allen, Sports	5 00 15 30 45

Evening schedule on next page

CURRENT PROGRAMS O

EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
6 00 15 30 45 55	The Falcon The Falcon The Saint The Saint Johnny Desmond	Helzberg's Telo-test Falstaff Serenade Gabriel Heatter Fulton Lewis, Jr. Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Helzberg's Telo-test Falstaff Serenade Gabriel Heatter Fulton Lewis, Jr. Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Helzberg's Telo-test Falstaff Serenade Gabriel Heatter Fulton Lewis, Jr. Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Helzberg's Telo-test Falstaff Serenade Gabriel Heatter Fulton Lewis, Jr. Fulton Lewis, Jr.
7 00 15 30 45 55	Mediation Board Mediation Board Smoke Rings Smoke Rings Smoke Rings	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Peter Salem Peter Salem Bill Henry News	Gregory Hood Gregory Hood Official Detective Official Detective Bill Henry News	Can You Top This? Can You Top This? International Airport International Airport Bill Henry News	Air Force Hour Air Force Hour Guest Star Musical Interlu Bill Henry News
8 00 15 30 55	Count of Monte Cristo Count of Monte Cristo Sheilah Graham Twin Views of News	Murder by Experts Murder by Experts Secret Missions Secret Missions	J. Steele, Adventurer J. Steele, Adventurer Mysterious Traveler Mysterious Traveler	Scattergood Baines Scattergood Baines Family Theatre Family Theatre	Meet Your Mate Meet Your Mate Fishing & Hunti News Roundup
9 00 15 30 45	Network Dance Band Network Dance Band WHB Mirror News—John Thornberry	Amer. Forum of the Air Amer. Forum of the Air Behind the Story News—John Thornberry	Kora's A-Krackin' Korn's A-Krackin' Behind the Story News—John Thornberry	Comedy Playhouse Comedy Playhouse Behind the Story News—John Thornberry	This Is Paris This Is Paris Behind the Story News—John Tho
10 00 15 30 55	K.C. on Parade Network Dance Band Serenade in the Night News	K.C. on Parade K.C. on Parade Serenade in the Night News	K.C. on Parade K.C. on Parade Serenade in the Night News	K.C. on Parade K.C. on Parade Serenade in the Night News	K.C. on Parade K.C. on Parade Serenade in the News
11 00 15 30 55	Billy Bishop's Orch. George Winslow's Orch. Henry King's Orch. Midnight News	Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Deems Taylor Concert Deems Taylor Concert	Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Deems Taylor Concert Deems Taylor Concert	Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Deems Taylor Concert Deems Taylor Concert	Network Dance B Network Dance B Deems Taylor Co Deems Taylor Co
12:00 1:00	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY



W H B — 710

EVENING



FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Merg's Telo-test off Seronode ial Hoatter n Lewis, Jr. n Lewis, Jr.	Hawaii Calls Howoil Calls Truo or Falso Truo or Falso True or Falso	6:00 15 30 45 55
otation Jubiloo otation Jubiloo er Cugat's Orch. er Cugat's Orch. Henry, News	Twenty Questions Twenty Questions Take a Number Take a Number Tako a Number	7:00 15 30 45 55
a Concert a Concert onted Hour Enchanted Hour	Lifo Begins at 80 Life Begins at 80 Guy Lambardo Guy Lambardo	8:00 15 30 55
the Press the Press nd the Story —John Thornberry	Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air	9:00 15 30 45
on Parade on Parade nnode in the Night	Network Dance Bond Network Daace Orch. Serenade in the Night News	10:00 15 30 55
ork Dance Band ork Dance Band s Taylor Concert s Taylor Concert	George Winslow's Orch. George Winslow's Orch. Network Danco Bond Midnight News	11:00 15 30 55
ing Sessiom SIGNALS OFF	Swing Session W H B SIGNALS OFF	12:00 1:00
FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME

EVERY day is ladies' day over WHB, where there's an interesting schedule of programs designed especially for the housewife. She does her breakfast dishes in tune with the *Musical Clock*, hears a preview of the day's weather, and checks her grocery list with the fruit and vegetable report. At 9:15 *Martha Logan's Kitchen* helps with meal planning, and by 9:30 she's ready to jot down shopping hints from *Sandra Lea, Plaza Shopper*. *Kate Smith Sings* at 9:45 makes a pleasant background for dusting or making beds. Later, a bit of drama enters the home with two enthralling serials, *Second Spring* and *Against the Storm*. Then, by 11, the busy housewife is ready to relax and chuckle with *Luncheon on the Plaza*, the laugh-filled audience participation show, or to work at puzzling out the riddle that holds the key to the big Plaza Jackpot of prizes. That's morning on WHB—a refreshing antidote for "housewife blues."



That popular "animal, vegetable, mineral" game is a family affair when it's played on *Twenty Questions* over WHB at 7, Saturday evenings. The quick-witted family trio—Fred Van Deventer, his talented musician wife, Florence Rinard, and their young son, Bobby — along with a fourth panel member, Herb Polesie, are rarely stumped even when emcee Bill Slater gloatingly numbers question 19. Famous guest stars often join the regular panelists in their question barrage.



KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ **NANCE'S CAFE.** The name Nance's has been synonymous with good food for over 45 years. The three spacious dining rooms are always filled with people enjoying Nance's splendid cooking. You may even catch a glimpse of a visiting celebrity here who has followed Duncan Hines' advice. Roast beef, steaks, seafood and special dishes like stuffed pigeon are modestly priced—and so good! In the evenings, the Biscuit Girl wanders among the tables with her fragrant, tempting wares. If you're a coffee lover, try Nance's for some of the best coffee in town. The delicious food and quick service are a noon hour pleasure for business men from all over the city. Nance's pays your parking across the street. 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.



★ **PUTSCH'S 210.** Fashionable elegance effectively balanced with friendly hospitality typifies Putsch's 210. What could be more impressive than dinner by candlelight in the midst of the gracious New Orleans French Quarter furnishings! The distinctive menu features rare aged steaks, roast beef, broiled live lobster and fresh mountain trout air-expressed from Colorado. The barroom with cozy wall seats and little, low glass tables is a very popular meeting place both early in the evening and after the theatre. That floodlighted glass mural over the bar is something to see. Brilliant piano music provides a pleasing background. 210 West 47th Street. LO. 2000.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** When Kansas Citians wish to do something special for out-of-town guests, they usually bring them to the Savoy for dinner. That's because the atmosphere here so perfectly captures the spirit and memories of Kansas City's past.

The dim, quiet Grill Room has remained unchanged for almost five decades, its old, dark, wood paneling, picture murals and deep, green-cushioned booths. A touch of the modern has invaded Savoy in the luxurious Imperial Room with its up-to-the-minute design. In the rooms, the food is memorable. Almost any seafood you name—however rare and difficult to prepare—will be served graciously by the courteous waiters. The Savoy filet mignon is a delicacy indeed! Just look for the sign of the lobster up on 9th Street. 9th and Central. 3890.

Something Different . . .

★ **KING JOY LO.** Here's an atmosphere that's as alluring as the unusual Canton delicacies that are prepared by skillful Chinese cooks. Heavy carved and inlaid tables, private enclosed booths, hand-painted cups and other Oriental touches create a perfect mood for the enjoyment of chow suey, chow mein with tender bean sprouts and egg noodles, dry fried rice, egg rolls, young and other fascinating dishes. In the strictly American taste, a second menu tempts with excellent steaks, chicken and seafood. Don Toy makes sure the service is swift and attentive. It's an interesting place for luncheon as well as dinner. 8 West 12th Street (Second Floor). HA. 8113.



★ **SHARP'S BROADWAY NINETIES.** There's nothing like a rollicking evening of old-fashioned, relaxing fun at Sharp's. This is the place where

everybody is friends with everybody else. The management provides the song sheets and the piano player, but the clientele provides the voices for wonderful, old-time song fests. The drinks are man-sized—over the bar or with friendly table service. The

atmosphere is strictly informal, with an antique bicycle-built-for-two propped above the bar adding the finishing gay nineties touch. Broadway and Southwest Boulevard. GR. 1095.

UNITY INN. This attractive latticed room done in a pleasing shade of green is a familiar sight to many business men who know where to find good food for a luncheon. You might even consider turning a vegetarian after an excellent meatless meal in this bright little restaurant, efficiently run by the Unity School of Christianity. You'll have to be careful not to overload your tray as you slide it along past colorful vegetable plates and big fruit and vegetable salads decorated with nuts, cheeses and dressings. For dessert there's rich, flaky pastry or creamy, homemade ice cream. The speedy cafeteria style is planned especially for busy people who can't afford a long wait for a table. Closed on Saturday. 901 Tracy. VI. 720.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

DOWNTOWN INTERLUDE. Here's a midtown spot that offers the tops in big-time entertainment. Popular, nationally known singers and musicians are booked here for short engagements—and the crowds keep coming. Other attractions are crisp fried chicken and thick, juicy steak dinners; tall, smooth drinks at the bar or with table service; and the satisfying, inexpensive luncheons for business men and shoppers. Dale Overfelt is the man responsible for the continued popularity of the Interlude. You might make a mental note that the bar here is open after midnight Sunday for the quenching of that week-end thirst. 3545 Broadway. WE. 9630.

★ADRIAN'S MART RESTAURANT. If you've never had smorgasbord, you may have a new adventure in eating awaiting you. And Adrian's is the place to try it. Colorful—and often unrecognizable—Swedish foods are spread in a mouth-watering display for you to choose. Smorgasbord may be had as a complete meal, or—for the hearty eater—merely as an introduction to a full-course dinner.

A superior menu lists seafood, chops, roast beef and the notable 16-ounce sirloin steak that has made Adrian's famous. The decor is sleek and modern—a perfect complement to an outstanding cuisine. The adjoining cocktail lounge makes a short wait for a table a pleasure. Free parking. Merchandise Mart. VI. 6587.

To See and Be Seen . . .



★PLAZA RESTAURANT-CAFETERIA.

Every morning, crowds jam this attractive, modern cafeteria to watch the antics of Frank and Lou in the laugh-packed WHB audience-participation show, *Luncheon on the Plaza*. Most of the women plan to continue their morning's enjoyment by staying on for a delicious luncheon here. The foods are excellently cooked and displayed in a tantalizing array. This is a grand place to take the whole family for dinner. A restaurant-bar upstairs offers full table service and makes a convenient meeting place for afternoon cocktails. The pastries from the bakery are well-known for their tender freshness. To complete the picture, a neat snack bar and soda fountain provide sandwiches and soft drinks. Certainly, a restaurant styled to meet anyone's taste! 414 Alameda Road. WE. 3773.

★PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. There's a cosmopolitan atmosphere here, bolstered by a smart clientele and a striking mural of the New York skyline over the bar. The decor is lush, with a thick rug, overstuffed booths in wine upholstery and a sort of natural wood mosaic on the upper walls. An outstanding menu provides a wide choice in excellent meats—steaks, filets, roast beef—and expertly prepared seafood. Special musts are the tossed salad with oil dressing, French fried onions and the dry martinis. You'll know it by the gaudily uniformed doorman waiting outside a brass-fitted glass door on Baltimore Avenue. Music by Muzak

makes a soft and restful background for your evening's enjoyment. 1114 Baltimore. VI. 9711.

★ **EL CASBAH.** There's a sophisticated, polished air to this elaborately designed, multi-mirrored room, where a superb cuisine is served with a Continental flourish by nattily attired waiters. Gourmets delight in the menu which features such masterpieces as the dinner of the flaming sword or chicken in a coconut. The entertainment is in accord with the elegant surroundings. Top night club entertainers from all over the nation and the best in dance orchestras are engaged for the enjoyment of El Casbah patrons at no cover charge and no minimum. El Casbah truly lives up to its name of "the Midwest's smartest supper club." Hotel Bellerive. Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.



★ **TROCADERO**
Here's the perfect place for late afternoon or evening cocktail sipping. Bob Ledterman, the cordial manager, makes everyone feel at home immediately in this popular

neighborhood spot. The decor, cleverly done in a South Sea island motif, adds to the gay, informal atmosphere. For dancing or as background for table conversation there's soft piano music. The line of drinks is complete; any drink you name will be quickly supplied by barmen who really know their business. Incidentally, the Trocadero is in the midtown area—perfect for dropping by on the way home from the office. 6 West 39th. VA. 9806.

Good Samaritan

WHEN Bob Burdette, one-time humorist of the Burlington, Iowa, *Hawk-eye*, became a preacher, he was very popular for three things: he used his sense of humor liberally, his sermons were only 15 minutes long, and he seldom mentioned money.

Once, in Los Angeles, he did mention money, but with his characteristic sense of humor. Taking a quarter from his pocket, he said, "You know, I was looking at this quarter and it seems to me that it's a bad thing to have. There are 13 letters in 'quarter dollar' and in 'E pluribus unum,' and there are 13 stars around the eagle's head and 13 around the coin. And the eagle seems to have 13 feathers in each wing. Now, maybe there's nothing to it, but there's no sense flying in the face of bad luck. Personally, I don't think it's a good idea to have one of these coins around. If any of you want to dispose of these bad luck omens, the ushers will be around to help get rid of them."—*Bob Downer.*

▲
If the entire population of the earth were gathered into one area, standing shoulder to shoulder and breast to back, they would occupy an area less than 11 miles square.

▲
Age is the best fire extinguisher for flaming youth.

▲
An epigram is a wisecrack that has lived long enough to acquire a reputation.

▲
Civilization is man's own vision of his endless possibilities.

▲
Man is a creature who has to argue down another man's opinion before he can believe in his own.



General Omar N. Bradley congratulates a new officer at the Leavenworth Command and General Staff College graduation.

R.C.A. Victor star Fran Warren warbles for listeners of Bob Kennedy's "Club 710" singing session.

3. Wallace F. Bennett, President of the National Association of Manufacturers, addresses the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce.

4. George Jessel, flanked by beauties Nancy Guild, Barbara Lawrence, Coleen Gray and Joan Altman, jests before a WHB mike.

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