Swing

25¢

OCTOBER 1951

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THE WINNER .....

Kansas City Spirit

THE floods came . . . disastrous
followed . . . and the entire nat
looked with sympathy to the Kar
Cities, key point of the nation's worst fl
disaster. And there were those who thou
Kansas City might be unable to surv
the great disasters. But these were peo
who are unfamiliar with Kansas City .
its heart and its spirit.

Yes, it's true that Kansas City and nei
boring communities suffered severely .
suffered damage that might have spel
defeat to *some* areas.

But the Kansas City Spirit came to
fore in this most recent emergency,
as it has *always* come forth in the past

And now, three months after that fate
"Friday the Thirteenth" of mid-July,
can witness the tremendous task that
been accomplished . . . the "digging o
of the Kansas Cities from the mud
filth and waste.

And now the nation knows that Kar
City has overcome its obstacle and is c
tinuing to forge ahead into its second c
tury as a modern, progressive Ameri
city . . . a city with a future as promis
as the spirit it embodies.

WHB • *Your Favorite Neighbor* • KANSAS CITY

Swing®

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AMERICA'S Date with Destiny is shaping up. Ike is getting his armies in Western Europe. At San Francisco, Dulles and Acheson won their international match against Gromyko and Golunsky, 6-0, 6-0, 6-0. It was a week that made diplomatic history—and simultaneously provided television with dramatic material of world significance for its coast-to-coast debut. President Truman's speech and the week's treaty sessions spanned the 2,600-mile breadth of our nation in the first programs ever to be televised from sea to sea across our land . . . *picturing* living history as reported by radio and the press. It was the prelude to a new era in communications.

Japan got a treaty conceived in kindliness and cooperation, rather than malice. And, of course, the Korean Armistice talks bogged down again. General Marshall, who had played the most critical and positive role in the formation of our China policy, resigned. Slowly the nation may be awakening to the mistake of allowing the Communists to grow to power in China. But the treaty at San Francisco certainly marked a turning-point in cold-war diplomacy: never before have Communists suffered such a sharp diplomatic defeat.

Meanwhile, our nation arms—*on the double.* Tearfully we regret our 81,000 casualties in Korea to date, but we are grateful that this "police action" war shocked us out of ever again attempting to stroll peacefully, unarmed, in a bandit-infested world.

Judging by the tests of guided missles, the building of an atomic-powered submarine, complete designs for planes that fly 1,800 miles an hour higher than 200,000 feet, and hints of other awe-ful mystery weapons, "push button" warfare (if needed) actually is just around the corner. Move over, Buck Rogers!

Here at home in Kansas City, we've dug out of the flood, business is zooming back toward its normal boom proportions, baseball's World Series is almost upon us, the American Royal will take place as scheduled, the Philharmonic starts its season October 23rd—and the October weather is perfect. In such a world, take time out to pray for peace!

ADVENTURES of a PRIVATE EYE

Colorful Raymond Schindler leads an exciting life — as incredibly adventuresome as some of your favorite radio and TV detectives!

by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

EVER since Sir A. Conan Doyle created the immortal Holmes, a whole literature has glorified unofficial sleuths who solve crimes. Yet any real-life private eye will admit that today criminal cases usually are handled by the authorities. America's most famous private detective, Raymond Schindler, never even carries a gun, in fact. But unlike most private eyes, 68-year-old Schindler has dealt with his share of crime. During his career, he probably has cracked more celebrated cases than any man alive.

His most sensational case, perhaps, was the murder of 10-year-old Marie Smith at Asbury Park, N. J., back in 1910. Although a Negro ex-convict nicknamed "Black Diamond" was indicted on circumstantial evidence, a wealthy citizen became convinced of his innocence and hired the William J. Burns Detective Agency to investigate. Schindler, then 28 and manager for Burns, drew the assignment of tracking down the culprit.

Seven persons were in the vicinity when the child was slain. By elimina-

ion, Schindler whittled down the sus-ects to the accused and another man. 'lanting a colored detective in "Black)iamond's" cell, Schindler obtained ıformation which convinced him that ıe Negro was innocent. Only one ther suspect remained—a florist amed Frank Heideman—and the euth waged a clever campaign to ring him to justice.

First, Schindler assigned an opera-ve to throw stones at the German ıepherd dog which Heideman kept hained up outside his house at night. 'wice nightly, the dog thereupon set p a terrible howl. Heideman stood for ten nights; then fled Asbury 'ark.

Confident he had the right man, chindler had him trailed to New 'ork. There the suspect put up at a heap hotel, and soon fell into the abit of taking his meals at a certain staurant. Before long, Heideman iet a fellow German named Carl Jeumeister, and they became fast riends. (Neumeister happened to be Schindler operative assigned to rope" Heideman.)

The pair whiled away the time by laying cards together. They found ach other so congenial, in fact, that ıey took a room together. Neumeis-r confided he was living on $75 a veek from a German estate that was eing settled. To prove it, he took Ieideman to a bank where the vice-resident handed over a $75 check nd mentioned the estate. (The bank official, of course, was a friend of Schindler's.)

Attempting to work on Heideman's conscience, Schindler next arranged with a movie theatre manager to screen for one performance a horror film showing a little girl being mur-dered. Heideman was taken to the show by Neumeister, and reacted as expected. Nauseated, he fled the theatre.

The suspect, however, was still far from cracking, but Schindler's next move was a strategic masterpiece. The "roper" was directed to take Heide-man for an auto ride in the country. Along a lonely Westchester road, Neumeister got into an argument with a stranger who pulled a knife on him. The "roper" drew a gun and fired. The stranger, another Schind-ler operative, fell to the ground "mortally" wounded, "victim" of the blanks that had been fired at him.

A Yonkers newspaper, whose edi-tor was a friend of Schindler's, the following day ran a front page story about the "murder" in a single, specially-prepared copy of the issue. Neumeister showed it to Heideman, and the pair promptly fled to Atlantic City. There the roper "inadvertently" left a steamship ticket for Germany on the bureau in their hotel room. Heideman, of course, saw it and rose to the bait. He begged Neumeister to take him to Germany, too. Neu-meister demurred, saying Heideman had too much on him after the West-chester affair.

Betty and William Waller (Mr. and Mrs.) are New Yorkers who live two blocks from the George Washington Bridge. As a writing team, they "write 24 hours a day" and average more than 100 articles a year on every conceivable subject.

Heideman swore undying friendship. To prove it, he admitted he was a murderer, too. Yes, it was he who had done in little Marie Smith. Later, he repeated his confession while the district attorney, Schindler and other witnesses eavesdropped in an adjoining room. Eventually, Heideman went to the electric chair for his crime.

A MAN of the world, bon vivant, gourmet, and fancy dresser, Raymond Schindler is a colorful character who has friends in every strata of society. That is a *must* for any successful private eye; and Schindler frequently has used them in handling some 10,000 cases.

His career, however, started as far from sleuthing as possible. His father, a Unitarian minister in Mexico, N. Y., at the time of Ray's birth in 1882, later moved to Milwaukee, where he entered the insurance business. After graduating from high school, Ray went to work for his father, selling insurance in Alliance, O. He was 18-years-old, with a talent for making friends and observing the most minute details; but at the end of the year he had earned almost nothing in commissions.

Despairingly, his father packed him off to Pittsburgh, where Ray surprisingly took a new lease on life. Selling typewriters, he did so well that by the end of the year he had saved almost $2,500. Promptly, he invested the money in a California gold field. He soon went out west to work his property.

Hard luck dogged his steps, and four years later he journeyed to San Francisco with very little gold in his pocket. Arriving the day after th big earthquake and fire of 1906, h picked up a newspaper and spied help-wanted ad for "historical re searchers." Raymond got the job— and discovered it actually was for detective.

Within three months he was direct ing a crew of 42 men, and his excep tional ability attracted the attentio of Hiram Johnson, then a leadin lawyer and later U. S. Senator. John son hired Schindler to obtain evidenc in a blackmail case, and was so pleased with the results that he recommende Schindler to William J. Burns, th famous Secret Service man, ther cracking a San Francisco graft rin under orders of President Theodor Roosevelt. Ray helped unmask th criminals, and two years later, wher Burns opened his famed nationa agency, he put young Schindler i charge of the New York office.

SINCE 1912 Raymond Schindle has headed his own agency, an now employs a large staff of opera tives all over the country. Havin dealt with everything from politica corruption to capital crimes, he goe to almost fantastic extremes to trai his men for their jobs. Once, for in stance, in order to prepare a rope used to break up a murderous Blac Hand gang, Schindler first sent hi man to Italy to acquire a face scar When the operative returned t America, he wormed his way into th gang. Eventually, Schindler and hi men helped send seven murderers t the chair.

Like any private eye, most o Schindler's cases, however, are of non-criminal or quasi-criminal natur

in which prosecution is neither desired nor required. Such was the case involving an attractive red-haired young woman aboard an Atlantic liner some years ago. With a male accomplice, she took over another couple for a sizable sum at poker. The wife, lacking enough money to pay her share of the losses, gave the redhead a $100,000 bracelet as security. Arriving in New York, the victim secured $25,000 cash; then discovered the redhead had vanished with the far more costly bracelet.

Schindler was hired to find her and retrieve the bracelet. Using operatives who mentioned the case in the finest restaurants and night clubs the girl frequented, Schindler waged a successful campaign of retribution. The girl lost one suitor—or sucker—after another.

Finally, one night Ray Schindler, his brother and business associate, Walter, and his father, who has since died, were at a table next to the girl at the Ritz. The elder Schindler, a dignified old gentleman, loudly remarked for the benefit of the girl's rich admirer: "This redhead who copped that bracelet aboard the boat —why, she's the greatest swindler in the world!"

The girl's suitor stared at the bracelet, and gave her a piercing look. She fled in confusion, and later that evening Schindler phoned her. He offered to call off his campaign if the bracelet were returned to its owner. The girl made a quick, sensible decision. She returned the lavish bracelet that very night.

THE first detective to use the dictograph, and an early experimenter with the lie detector, Raymond Schindler has been involved in more than one fantastic plot. Once, for example, the president of a bank called him in and informed Schindler that an employee was embezzling funds by making entries in an old, inactive account. Schindler spent three weeks narrowing down the suspects to a few tellers. Then he suggested using the lie detector. The bank president openly was skeptical, finally agreed to be the first tested, and turned out to be the guilty one!

Of all crimes, Schindler considers blackmail the most insidious. "Millions of dollars are paid out every year by the victims," he says, "and almost the only check on it is by private detectives. The very nature of the crime makes it the last thing which the victim will take to law enforcement agencies."

Frequently, Schindler is called in by state governments to help prosecute cases, locate witnesses, and otherwise assist in the administration of justice. Years ago, he was often engaged by the federal government, but the F. B. I. handles such matters today. Many of Schindler's assignments now come from the most prominent law firms in the country. He used to work for the American Bankers Association whenever a bank was robbed, but nowadays the F. B. I. is officially interested in bank robberies. "The Federal Bureau of Investigation," Schindler states flatly, "is un-

doubtedly the greatest investigating organization in the world."

There are detective agencies that specialize in breaking strikes, and others that obtain phony divorce evidence. Schindler will have no part of either. Years ago, he helped crack the "Los Angeles Times" bombing outrage perpetrated by the McNamara brothers. In 1945 he investigated a $3,000,000 Hollywood card swindle in which a leading movie producer was rumored to have been fleeced of $40,000 right in his own home. That same year Schindler also went to Mexico to investigate a gambling ring.

SCHINDLER'S biggest job in recent years was the celebrated Sir Harry Oakes murder case. The multimillionaire was bludgeoned to death in Nassau, the Bahamas, in 1943, and his son-in-law, de Marigny, was accused of the crime.

Convinced of her husband's innocence, Nancy de Marigny, daughter of the murdered man, hired the famous detective to investigate. Arriving in Nassau, Schindler quickly sized up the situation. Certain they had the right man, the local police had overlooked several important points. For one thing, Schindler discovered a blow torch was used to ignite the bed on which the corpse was found, and not an insecticide spray as the police believed. Again, the police claimed de Marigny's fingerprint was found on the screen beside the victim's bed. Schindler upset this theory by proving that the fingerprint actually came from a smooth, glass-like surface, while the surface of the screen happened to be rough. Schindler, in fact, so thoroughly demolished the prosecution's case that de Marigny was acquitted.

Schindler earned a handsome fee for his work, and this tribute from Homer Cummings, former U. S. Attorney General, who made a special study of the case: "I never knew a man to move more swiftly or with surer touch . . . Schindler was employed in this difficult matter and handled the problem in a masterful way."

Another handsome fee came Schindler's way back in the Twenties. You'd hardly expect the Dashiell Hammett-type private eye to handle such a case, but the real-life private eye welcomes such assignments. This one involved that very common article of household use, soap. In fact, none other than Lifebuoy soap.

Lever Brothers, the manufacturers of that brand, were encountering trouble. Competitors were marketing an exact imitation of Lifebuoy and taking advantage of millions of dollars worth of advertising in behalf of the famous product. With no advertising cost, but with all its advantages, the competitors were underselling Lever and reaping big profits.

Lever was quite helpless. According to law, anyone could duplicate the color, shape and smell of Lifebuoy without penalty. However, if it could be proved that the competitors were deliberately duplicating Lifebuoy with the intention of gaining by its advertising, then Lever would have cause for legal action. Raymond Schindler was hired to gather such evidence.

His first move was to use a roper posing as a manufacturer interested in producing a new radio show. The roper contacted a soap manufacturer, a Lifebuoy competitor, and stated he was interested in buying a tremendous quantity of soap as give-aways for radio listeners. In on the plot was an old friend of Schindler's, actor Charles Winninger, who played his role with all the verve he was accustomed to bring to his stage, screen and radio parts.

When the soap pirate met "Capt. Andy," he was tremendously impressed. They discussed plans for the radio show. At an opportune moment, the actor excused himself and made his exit. The roper and the soap manufacturer then got down to business.

Under skillful prodding, the manufacturer claimed that his product was identical with Lifebuoy. In fact, he boasted, it deliberately was securing the benefit of Lifebuoy's advertising. A dictograph, planted by Schindler, recorded the entire conversation. The roper had the soapmaker hanging on the ropes.

The scene was repeated a number of times as other pirating manufacturers were roped in. As a result of Schindler's evidence, the Federal Courts stopped their unethical business practices.

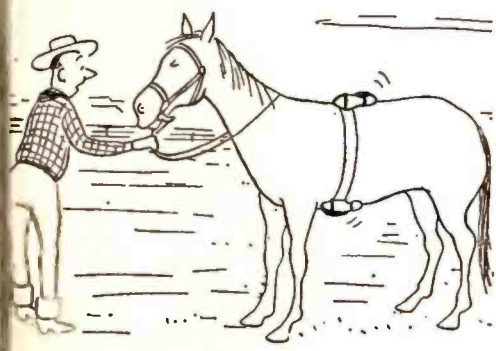
All this, of course, was a million miles away from mystery fiction. Like every real-life private eye, Raymond Schindler claims it seldom happens any other way.

▲

Many Italians are fond of having their fortunes read. The other day one woman was told: "It is terrible. You will be a widow soon. Your husband is going to die a violent death."

"And," asked the woman innocently, "will I be acquitted?"

▲



—*Robert J. Wilson*

"Are you sure that's the way to ride side saddle?"

Walking with a native guide on the outskirts of Shanghai, the late George Ade found his passage stopped by a long and solemn procession. A mournful chant, broken by the intermittent clang of kettle-drums, tomtoms, and cymbals, moved Ade to uncover his head, and stand solemn and silent while the marchers passed.

"Buddha?" the American author inquired of his guide, when the procession had disappeared.

The guide looked blank.

"Confucius?" Ade asked.

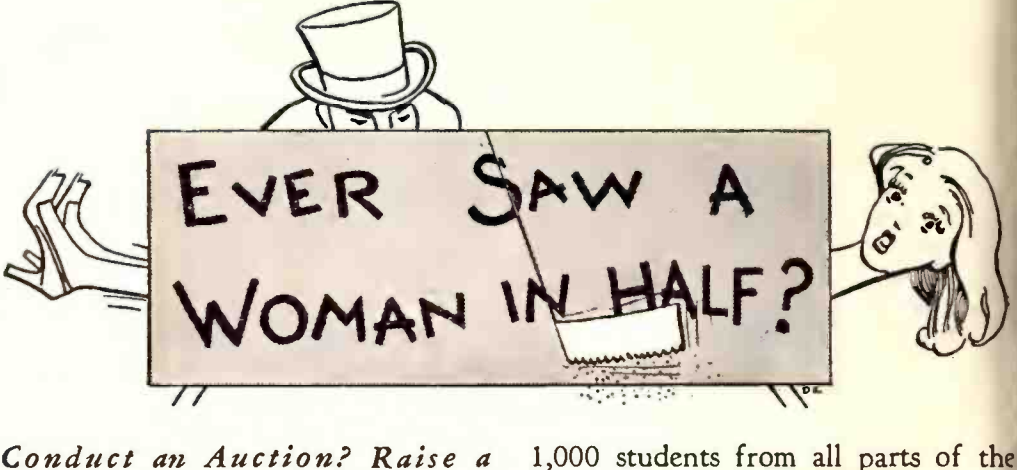
"Do not understand," the guide replied.

"Was that a funeral?" the Hoosier inquired.

The guide grinned. "No funeral," he replied. "Toothpaste advertisement."

▲

A tourist walked into a Hollywood cafe, spotted Dan Dailey at a table and began to stare. Dailey nodded hello. The tourist turned to his wife and said, "Gee, I've seen him in so many pictures, he thinks he knows me."



Conduct an Auction? Raise a Sunken Ship? Play Santa Claus? Usher in Church? Call Birds?

by FRANK L. REMINGTON

EVER wonder where the clever night club trickster acquired his talent for plucking lighted cigarettes out of space, or where the auction sale chanter cultivated his voice? Chances are they learned their trade secrets in a characteristically American phenomenon — the specialized school.

Would-be magicians, for instance, flock to the Chavez College of Magic in Los Angeles. In five months the aspiring conjurer learns the fine points of prestidigitation. Before graduation, he must demonstrate his ability to saw a woman in half, pluck silver dollars from the atmosphere, and produce colorful silks and white bunnies from an empty silk hat.

Ben and Marion Chavez, both master magicians, head the faculty of this school which has graduated almost 1,000 students from all parts of the world. Some of the graduates go on the stage or perform at night clubs and in television; others take the course as a hobby.

There are hundreds of similar schools catering to the educational whims and urges of those interested in off-trail callings. Hopeful auctioneers can learn the art of chanting at the Reppert School of Auctioneering in Decatur, Indiana. For 29 years, the faculty of 25 has trained fast-talk artists, and there are now some 5,000 former students practicing the glib-tongue technique throughout the country. Before graduation, a tyro auctioneer demonstrates his ability to sing the unintelligible chant of the tobacco auctioneer.

Deep sea divers learn their trade at the Sparling Diving School in Wilmington, California. The school is operated by Lt. E. R. Cross, USNR, an ex-Navy Master Diver. In four years of operation, the school has graduated students from many for-

Frank L. Remington graduated from Washington and Jefferson College in Washington, Pa., in 1938, with a B.S. and a major in economics. His hobby is magic. He now lives in Lynwood, California.

eign countries and every state in the Union.

There's an increasing demand for trained deep sea divers. Salvage and ship repair activities depend heavily on them. Insurance companies employ them to recover sunken ships, and oil companies for offshore drilling. In addition, construction companies erecting dams, bridges, and piers constantly demand them for underwater work.

The course is packed into sixteen weeks. Classes meet in a unique $30,000 doughnut-shaped diving tank, thirty feet in diameter and ten feet high, for burning, rigging and underwater welding instruction. Teachers observe students making practice dives by looking through portholes outside the tank, and from a compression chamber in its center. The next step is working from a barge; then all students must do advance work on a boat in the open sea. The final exam is a deep dive in the ocean.

THERE'S even a school for Santa Clauses. For the past 15 years, Charles W. Howard, who believes Santa Clausing is a public relations job that calls for specialized training, has taught department store Kris Kringles the tricks of the trade. Located in Albion, N. Y., the school offers two one-week terms each year, the last week in October and the first in November. For a nominal tuition, the white-bearded gentlemen study such subjects as child psychology, realistic make-up, the educational value of toys, and how to make tactful suggestions.

Graduate Santa Clauses receive a diploma and further study can qualify them for a B.S.C. degree—Bachelor of Santa Claus. Only a handful of men have received the emblem of this degree, a silver pin representing a chimney.

Omaha, Nebraska, has a school for ushers. Conducted by Professor E. M. Hosman of the University of Omaha, the school teaches ushers to be courteous, alert, and thoughtful enough to seat a doctor near the door in case of emergency calls. In eight years, this unusual school has trained "congregation engineers" in such subjects as the psychology of meeting people and what the churchgoer expects of the usher.

Sports schools are many and far-flung. July and August find prospective football coaches and referees swarming to class. Each major conference has numerous clinics where the referee or coach can bring himself up to date on the latest rule changes. If the ref's a bit rusty, or a beginner, he can learn the mechanics of officiating, rules, plays, etc. Basketball schools, later in the fall, are organized the same way. The country has a network of schools for baseball umpires. In 6-week courses, would-be umpires can learn how to yell "Yer out" and other technical phrases of the game at Snuffy Sternweiss' or Bill McGowan's school in Florida. One required study is on how to ignore a crowd and dodge pop bottles!

Aspirants to positions as maids, cooks, and butlers can master the knack of serving soup or answering the door in the best Arthur Treacher tradition by attending a two-year course at the Los Angeles Trade Tech-

nical Junior College. The curriculum includes training for cooks, maids, and housekeepers, as well as home catering. There's a long waiting list of prospective employers for these household service experts. One woman attended classes for a year, then became managing housekeeper in a swank Bel Air home. In a few years she saved enough money to pay the mortgage on a farm, educate her son, and build a home of her own.

Dr. Bruno Furst, the memory expert, offers a sure cure for absent-mindedness at his New York School of Memory and Concentration. Since 1938, he has trained more than 5,000 men and women in the art of remembering. At graduation exercises, after the ten-week course, students must memorize large sections of a telephone directory, the names of 50 or more guests in the audience, pages in magazines, and columns of figures!

AS YET there's no School of Schools but there's one for every other calling! Only recently New York closed a school for burglars. The professor slipped up on his technique and was arrested for theft. Before his apprehension, however, he conducted classes in the proper way to "case the joint," the safest methods of obtaining entry, ways of forcing doors, desks, and cash boxes, and techniques for opening safes.

Among the more ethical schools, New York City lists such educational institutions as Mwalimu School of African Music and Art, the High Mountain Ski School, The Chorus Institute, Languages Unlimited, Neon School of New York, Madden School of Primitive Percussion, Caroline Zachery Institute of Human Development, Bartenders International School, Pioneer Diamond Setting School, The Training School for Deaconesses, and the Michael School of Acrobatics. In Los Angeles there are schools with such provocative names as Sally Sargent School of Personality, Nature Music School, Pillar of Fire, School of Plumbing Control and Practice, The Institute of Thought Control and The Institute of Mentalphysics. In Chicago you can attend the School of Pianoforte Technique.

Persons with a secret yen or natural inclination for bird-calling, hypnotism, corset designing, baby sitting, whistling, applied engraving, embalming, musical art, detecting, or what have you, can readily find a coach to teach them the fine points of the art. Let your mind roam. What have you always yearned to be able to do? Decide, then pick up the nearest phone book, dial a number, and you're off on your hobby, career, vocation, profession, or trade.

The schools are there. Where are you?

▲

The squad of recruits were very raw. Even the simple orders "Right turn" and "Left turn" meant nothing to them. After various efforts the officer in charge got them halted, and eyed them sadly. "It's no use," he said, "it's not a drill instructor you want . . . it's a sheep dog!"

Four-year-old Maurice was so quiet his mother became suspicious of his whereabouts. Finally she found him sitting on the floor, perfectly still, doing nothing.

"Maurice, what are you doing?" she asked.

"Can't you see? I'm only living."

TV's Hollywood Destiny

Rising costs, lack of space, convenience, production knowledge, story properties, and skilled personnel may force a liaison between films and TV.

by ARTHUR A. ENGEL

AS TELEVISION churns from evolutionary development into the rich maturity of enterprise, art and public service, the role of Hollywood as film production source for the greater bulk of its programming becomes increasingly resolved. With the troth will come to Hollywood a prosperity and power dwarfing that of its most lucrative motion picture days, so much so it is questionable if the industry is adequately prepared for the unlimited and unparalleled influcnce awaiting it.

For, once this dependence on films achieves its full stride and the stations of the country are daily telecasting hours upon hours of motion pictures originating in the cinema capital, the political, social and economic impact of Hollywood will be of such potency that the industry will be subjected to the tests of public reaction as never before. So far Hollywood has shown mingled indifference and inability to cope favorably with public opinion, a problem it must vigorously address itself to in the forthcoming days of television predominancc.

More appropriate than any other label, this is the Age of Public Opinion, with all its ramifications and implications. Whatever may have been nascent about it has been fully ripened by the Kefauvcr Committee hearings wherein were revealed the awesome capacity of television to form mass attitudes, coupled collaterally with a remarkablc public interest. So

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Arthur A. Engel, considered an authority on mass media and their integration, has been involved in newspaper, motion picture, television and radio work since graduation from the University of Chicago. He was a member of the professoriate that founded the graduate department of journalism at the University of California in Los Angeles.

powerful a medium as this, then, will undergo the strictest attention ever accorded any channel of communications. Therefore Hollywood's potentially great influence as programmer must, in turn, be governed by an awareness of public relations it hitherto has not demonstrated.

Aside from these administrative considerations of the future, however, the foremost problems pressing on television at present are programming and payment—what to put on the air all those insatiable hours and who is to pay for the steep, ascending charges thereof. The former is, of course, responsible for the trend to films and the other is of merely secondary importance to Hollywood in that no matter the source, advertisers or subscriptions or theatres or all jointly, the revenues are certain.

TRACING briefly the vagaries of programming to this date, the most startling revelation is that of zooming costs. In the early period of television after the war, a thirty-minute show could be produced in New York for several thousand dollars, at the most. As circulation rose and as the coaxial cable spanned additional cities in the East and Midwest, these charges mounted to the point where advertising agencies are now protesting that television is pricing itself out of competition with the printed, outdoor and broadcast media of promotion.

To illustrate, sponsor Frigidaire is spending $140,000 for each of six hourly shows featuring Bob Hope and, since this is a live program kinescoped for delayed telecasting in the Far West, there are no residual incomes such as accrue to films from foreign, 16mm. and other sources. One showing, that's all. NBC's highly-touted comedy cavalcade climbed to a $50,000-$60,000 per show bracket and sponsor and network alike complained of the fees. Despite numerous attempts to turn costs downward or at least keep them static, budgets for live programs climb ever upward.

Important as this is, it is but one of the many factors souring sponsors on live programs originated in Manhattan. Some of the most prominent are lack of space there, necessitating additional expenditures for set changes as well as limitations of scenes; the dearth of talent in the East; the absence of scope and technical effects that only motion pictures can provide; and, the mistakes frequently occurring in live programs that obviously could be deleted in films. New York's resistance to losing out cannot offset these causes for shifting.

ANOTHER facet of the trend Hollywoodward is the plight of stations throughout the country. Television economics demand that outlets be operated an increasing number of hours weekly to defray heavy fixed investments and operating assessments; live programs require skills and personnel that are increasingly excessive in their aggregate price. Stations have attempted to by-pass

this by showing whatever old films they could snag from Hollywood or abroad; but these are quickly being depleted after making the rounds as much as four or five times in a given city. And so, stations are turning to Hollywood for film product that combines economy plus quality usually better than that of the customary trivia and tripe sadly constituting the majority of live, locally-originated television offerings now extant.

In this phase, it is pertinent to dwell shortly on the experiences of Norman Chandler and his *Times-KTTV* subsidiary. Recognizing the need of stations for programming, he last year attempted to organize a type of "Associated Press" syndication for television whereby a number of newspaper-owned stations would pool funds for production of motion pictures in Hollywood to be distributed amongst them for showings. Basically this procedure is sound, since it represents the best scheme so far devised for joining the manufacturer—Hollywood—and the national market of stations hungry for material to telecast. Incredible mismanagement spoiled the plan but it may be revived under new subordinates.

Another contributing factor to the emergence of film is the convenience of playing it whenever a station wishes rather than in the confinement of a live-hookup. A sponsor who wishes to spot-promote various markets finds that films facilitate this, whereas in contrast simultaneous live telecasts do not. For the individual stations, too, films are a considerable aid by permitting use in accord with the requirements of local advertisers.

AND so, for all these major causes television is gradually seeking its programming in Hollywood. Here are vast studio facilities, thousands of writers, actors, directors, producers, photographers, editors and other artisans involved in the making of visual entertainment—and that, essentially, is television. Here, also, are thousands of props available upon a moment's demand, animators who possess matchless experience, the experts at trick shots so sorely lacking in live television, and all the many other specialties and accoutrements of motion picture making without counterpart elsewhere. Even a non-filmite such as Chandler concedes, "It is only natural that the television techniques would to some extent be patterned after the motion picture techniques in the matter of lighting, camera booms, dollys and stage facilities." Present polls foretell such audience preference.

More important than even these assets, however, is the treasure trove of story properties and old films in Hollywood's major studio vaults. The dollar value of these stories and pictures is inestimable in exact terms, but within the next decade—projected on a basis of some 2,000 stations to be franchised by the Federal Communications Commission—they will easily be worth hundreds of millions of dollars. Tack on several dollars to the stock value of every major studio, if for no more reason than these assets which will surely be capitalized upon just as soon as television circulation warrants.

Therein, now, is the crux of the major studios' attitude towards television. At present, the 17,000 theatres of the nation provide a bigger market than do the twelve million sets clustered in 63 market areas tuned to only 107 stations. Given time, when the set census increases considerably and when divestitures of theatres from production allow producers calculatingly to select their best customers, Hollywood will begin to feed programming to television unstintingly, including the stories and films now locked away. The transition from theatrical to television films will likely imply less profit per picture, but the total income and employment will soar.

MEANWHILE, some significant activities within some of the major studios forecast involvement in television at not too remote a time. Columbia Studios deliberately allowed Gene Autry to make an initial series of films expressly for television to ascertain exhibitor and customer reaction. The former complained, but no bookings were lost; and boxoffice for Autry's theatre films remained the same or better, indicating that the TV pictures may have keyed attendance for the others. Screen Gems is Columbia's television subsidiary and it has lately enlarged its staff in readiness for expansion. Contemplated soon is the filming of television shows on the Studio's Hollywood lot, as a test of integration with motion picture production.

Warner's was—even before its proposed sale—said to be experimenting with television films, and although vehement denials pour out of the studio each time this is printed, there apparently was evidence of some activity. Republic Pictures has set up a subsidiary, Hollywood Television Enterprises, to edge its way into television. As is well-known, Paramount owns station KTLA in Los Angeles and is syndicating programs throughout the country. This studio has a list of 1800 shorts produced in years past which it is preparing to sell to the proper television outlets when it adjudges the time to be right. Universal-International has an active, profitable subsidiary, United-World Films, which is engaged in television and the studio itself has produced TV commercials on its lot. Monogram has about 300 old films floating around the country on television. MGM, 20th Century-Fox, and RKO are so far inactive in television, but stories emerge from the last-named every so often relating Howard Hughes' revived interest. United Artists has a distribution set-up for television films. As is the case in Hollywood, once one studio climbs aboard the television band-wagon, the remainder will follow in close stampede. Most indicative of all was L. B. Mayer's declaration that "Hollywood will supply the entertainment and television the medium." Skiatron and Phonevision, home subscription systems, hold forth huge possibilities for film, despite inconclusive results in the latter's recent Chicago test.

THE history of American industry is that supply always fulfills demand. As soon as the market is sufficient, it is assured that Hollywood will find ways and means of adjusting

the various problems—including that of many crafts and labor demands—so that it can spew forth the thousands of hours of programming to be required yearly. Right now, notwithstanding considerable obstacles, some 15 to 18 programs produced locally of varying quality are syndicated to stations elsewhere in the nation, by film and kinescope. Amongst television film producers, led by Hal Roach, Jerry Fairbanks, and Bing Crosby Enterprises, it is believed that by 1952 there will be a shortage of space in Hollywood for producing these low-budget pictures, so shifting is the trend from New York. A couple of years back high budget for television films was the $12,000 expended by Lucky Strike for its "Your Showtime" series; now, the Amos 'n Andy half-hour films are earmarked at $40,000 each.

Understandably, the most intriguing speculation concerns the majors and their first ventures into television, other than outright release of their past films. One manner of entrance would simply be the interstitial production of low-budget television films fitted into the theatrical picture schedules. The sponsor of the Hope $140,000 live show could, for example, allocate a million dollars for six to eight films to be made by a major studio; these could be integrated into the production scheme so as to lower overhead costs while affording the sponsor a good buy. If the studio gained foreign and residential rights to the films it could step up its budget, benefitting the sponsor as well.

FITTING into this overall Hollywood picture are the networks, pressed by the manifold problems of current operation during a transitionary stage from radio to television, as well as by the need of charting their futures on the unpredictabilities of the latter. Columbia Broadcasting System last year announced the erection of "Television City," a ten-acre site in mid-Los Angeles at a publicized cost of $35,000,000. These composite facilities, the network declared, would include those for film-making. Veteran motion picture executives do not regard this venture as being particularly sound, in view of costs, technical hazards, and other by-products of film production. After some study, though, it appears the network is committed to a made-in-Hollywood policy for its television programming, and that policy does seem alert to the factors mentioned earlier in this analysis.

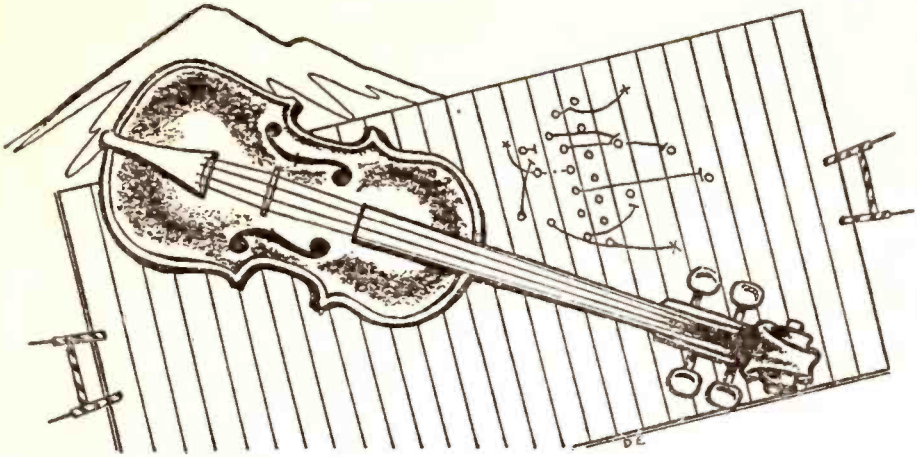
Contrarily, NBC has frequently stated its positive belief that New York and live-programming are to retain preference over Hollywood production. Only lately did the network disclose that some of its programming would emanate from the West this autumn, due supposedly to the clamor of such of its artists as Eddie Cantor and Jimmy Durante. It must be recognized that television programming is a tremendous risk to the very existence of the networks; after all, *the basic reason for a network is*

simultaneous airings throughout the country or a large portion of it. Films destroy this premise, in that a can of pictures can be staggered throughout the nation at will and played at the time choice of the sponsor and station. Should the networks decide to get into film production that, too, is a far-reaching decision because making pictures is a specialized, risky business with huge capital investments required, and certainly far afield from what networks have been mainly engaged in to this time in sound broadcasting. The American Broadcasting Company acquired the old Vitagraph studios in Los Angeles several years ago as its base, and announced an ambitious film-making program. The ABC merger with United Paramount Theatres is a logical outgrowth; and a public offering of stock should supply needed funds.

THE biggest fallacy in television today—bar none—is that the coaxial cable will spurt an immediate flow of programming across country, primarily West to East. This isn't true, as any sound analysis will readily reveal. The time differential between East and West is such that only very, very few programs can command adequate audiences to repay the enormous expenses. Columbia Broadcasting plans to kinescope such programming as it does place on the cable, for stations who cannot pick up the live telecast. Another hindrance is the inclination for mistakes, the limitations of live shows and all the other minus-qualities of unfilmed shows. And, finally, there is the element of cost. The fees for cabling a show cross-country will be so huge (remember the unbroken space between San Francisco and the Mid-West) that these charges, plus station time, plus the program costs themselves will be completely out of reason but for a small number of sponsors or public service events. And so, discount the cable considerably.

To sum up, television is the greatest single challenge of contemporary times. Its deployment for entertainment, for advertising, for education, for information, for public service, and for breaching inter-racial and inter-faith mis-understandings is so vast in potential that howsoever high our hopes mount for its successes they may all be materialized. In his definitive study, "Technics and Civilization," Lewis Mumford points out that the swift advancements in mechanical means of communication have not been thus far accompanied by equal progress in what is moved over those channels; he deplored the same mediocrities that were given voice, simply at a faster pace. Perhaps—and this may be excessively sanguine—the experimentations attendant to TV will bring some promising changes, at long hard last indeed.

In television Hollywood can find expression for profit and leadership that will relegate its past to puniness. Time alone, as always, will determine how this destiny is met but meanwhile the motion picture industry should appraise and prepare itself for the opportunity ahead. To the West, acquiral of this commanding ideological instrumentality is but another of the manifestations that the Pacific Era is more than merely dawning.



PEAK OF ECSTASY

Some men use physical strength to carry their souls to higher places.

by MARION WALDEN

ACROSS the dinner table Fred Haines glared at his son in disgust. "So you didn't even try out for football," he said.

"Dad, I haven't time," John pleaded. "I'm taking five subjects, and keeping up my practice. Two hours a day, if I can."

"Couldn't you drop orchestra?" his father asked. "You've stayed with it ever since you started high school."

"Unh-unh. It's the best training I can get, and gee, Dad, I've about decided to be a musician when I grow —when I'm through school."

Fred let his eyes wander up and down his son's figure. John measured six feet; weighed only a hundred sixty-five, but a couple of years would add pounds; had wide shoulders; was fast on his feet. You didn't need all that to play the violin.

"There isn't much money in music," he warned, and instantly regretted it. There was not much money in his job, either. He was athletic supervisor at one of the city playgrounds. It was a living; but no more.

"Maybe I won't need much money," John argued.

"But you've got a powerful build, kid. You ought to use it for something."

"Lots of musicians are well built. Look at Menuhin, Spaulding. It takes strength, even if it doesn't seem that way."

There was no use nagging. John finished eating and went upstairs. Fred heard him tune up and run off some clear, brilliant scales. Their

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Marion E. Walden lives in the port city of Seattle, "midst beautiful mountains, water and scenery." A housewife and part-time writer, she attended the Minneapolis Music School, was trained to teach violin. She has been published in many Canadian and U. S. magazines. Her hobbies are music, gardening and mountain climbing.

housekeeper began to clear the tables. Fred went to the living room and pretended to read.

What was the matter with him, bringing up a son like John? Of course there was his mother's influence, but Amy died before John was ten. John might have inherited some of her qualities, but he'd certainly inherited his Dad's physique. He was meant to be an athlete.

Fred had tried to tell John, without boasting, about the glories of his football career. His college days — ah, there was a life! Of course, those were the days before the big universities began scouting for stars. Fred had simply gone to his home-town college and made the team; but even then his renown had spread throughout this West Coast region. Some of his plays had become tradition. John always listened, polite but unimpressed. Fred couldn't understand him.

He never had, in fact. He remembered when Amy, small, pretty and serious, had first taken John to a music teacher, and bought him a tiny violin. Fred had thought it was all right for the kid to play with. He believed Amy's desire was inspired by her sister's little girl, who played the piano nicely. It was kind of cute. Fred never imagined it would last more than a year or so. Then John's rapid advancement and enthusiastic practice began to worry him. It wasn't normal. All the kids he dealt with had to be threatened or cajoled into practicing. John, quite evidently, would rather play the violin than a ball game.

He growled to Amy about it. "Let the kid's hair grow! Get him a lace collar!"

"Please let him alone," Amy always defended him. "Professor Berg says he has wonderful talent." Amy loved music and poetry, and such things. If she'd had a daughter, it would have been all right. But for Fred Haines, *the* Fred Haines, who had made one of the longest runs in the history of West Coast football, winning the championship game—for Fred Haines to have a violin-playing son. It was ridiculous!

NOW he realized, as rapt strains floated down from John's room, that all his efforts, unhampered since Amy's death, had failed. John was still the same. Although Fred had taken him to the fieldhouse and enrolled him in the athletic program, nothing in the line of competitive sports interested John. Fred taught the kids sportsmanship, teamwork, how to pit their strength and skill against adversaries. Those were important things, as important as physical development.

He took groups of boys to the woods and mountains. John really enjoyed these excursions into the Northwest wilderness, but while Fred tried to teach them how to build a campfire and make a bedroll, John would be pursuing a bird-call, gazing up at the treetops to see which forest giant was the tallest. This last summer he had spent his spare time wandering around Mt. Rainier. John could have acquired fine ability in almost any sport if he'd spent half the time on it that he did on these

rips, and on his violin. But there it was. Fred had simply failed to interest him in athletics. Well, he'd keep trying. The boy was only sixteen.

The next night John came to dinner with eyes glowing. "You know what, Dad? A bunch is going to climb the mountain, Sunday, and I get to go. I climbed Pinnacle Peak last week with a kid whose father belongs to the Mountaineers, and they said I was trained enough to go. Isn't it keen!"

Fred perked up. Anyone who could climb Mt. Rainier was no sissy. Maybe it would be the turning point. Show John what kind of stuff a man was made of. He had an idea.

"I think I'll go along, if they don't mind. I've never been up."

"Okay. Swell! I'll have Hank tell his father," John agreed.

Fred had never cared much about mountain-climbing. He'd been to timber line, where it became nothing but snow and rocks, and it seemed purposeless. However, if that was going to be John's sport, he'd encourage it, be companionable. Anything was better than violin-playing.

"Hank's dad says okay, but you better take a physical first, just in case," John reported next evening.

Fred thought it was silly, but he complied. He stepped into Doc Graham's office on his way over to the fieldhouse, and had a going over. Doc's verdict shocked him a little at first.

"It's nothing to worry over," Fred explained later to John, "so don't go putting me in my grave yet. I'll still be wrestling you when I'm seventy. It's the altitude, mostly. Might not be so good. Tell you what, though, I'll ride to the Lodge with you, and hike a small piece."

ON SUNDAY there was quite a party. A dozen youngsters, a few older men and two guides started up the trail. Fred walked about a mile, saying goodby when he felt his heart pumping too fast. He sat at the Lodge equipped with plenty of dimes for the public telescope. He watched until the party became a series of black specks on the snow, then lost them when they went into the rocks. Three came down, two girls, and a red-headed youth whose skin was burning too badly. One of the girls had a nosebleed, and the other said she "just couldn't take it." After dark the watchers at the Lodge were sure they saw flashes of light at the point of encampment. Fred went to bed.

He was up at daylight, watching through the telescope again. It took him a long time to find them. The specks were high on the snow, scarcely moving, but gradually approaching

the crest. It was hard to keep the tiny moving spots in view. He experienced a slight wave of fear, which he instantly banished. This was the sort of thing for which man was made! Before all the specks had reached the highest ridge, the descent began. He hoped John had made the summit. He himself would most certainly have made it, if he had been there. He realized this sort of thing was competitive, too; keeping up with the best of them. Perhaps John would catch the spirit of it. He hoped so.

Fred asked a guide how long the descent would take, and half an hour before the predicted time he strolled up the trail again.

With difficulty he recognized his son among the first of the party.

"I made it, Dad!" John exclaimed, gripping his father's hand. "I got there! All the way!"

John's face, although well-greased, looked like a burnt roast. His lips were swollen and dry.

"Oh Dad!" he went on, as they strode along together. "It was wonderful! It gives you a feeling! Somehow—well, I just couldn't tell you, even if I were a poet, but it was a feeling of things being mighty, and everlasting, and—" His voice faded to a mystic whisper.

Fred cleared his throat. They were near the Lodge. "Son," he said, "you better do something for your face. You've got an awful puckered puss."

He sat on the porch after the party had gone in. He mused. And he began to understand. With his own fine body, his physical strength, he had competed against others, and he had done it well. But some men might use theirs to carry—Fred blushed even to think the words—to carry their souls to higher places.

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A man wanted to buy a riding horse for his wife and was trying one out. Noticing that the horse required a firm hand and constant control he asked doubtfully, "Do you think this is a suitable horse for a woman?"

The owner of the horse was a tolerably honest man, so he answered carefully, "Well I think a woman *could* handle the horse, but I wouldn't want to be the *husband* of the woman who could do it."

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A woman unexpectedly met Mr. Truman at a private party. Although adept at conversation, she was new in Washington and was flustered at suddenly being obliged to say something. All she could achieve was "Oh, Mr. Truman. I've heard *so much* about you."

There's a new hollow moth ball, girls. You tuck your bathing suit safely inside.

—*Harold R. Currier*

"Here's your birthday present, Peggy. But don't think it was my idea!"

Dear Mr. Secretary

Half a million letters will be received by our State Department this year commenting on our foreign policy.

by JAMES L. HARTE

AMERICA has become a nation of letter writers. The daily volume of mail received in the nation's capital has grown tremendously as almost every American gives expression to his thoughts. Letters literally pour into the White House, to Congressmen, to government officials, and to editors of newspapers and magazines. The most phenomenal increase, however, has been in letters addressed to the Secretary of State.

This year, at the present rate, more than half a million letters will reach the State Department in Washington. And, like the hundreds of thousands received last year, and those already received this year, they will show that the average letter writer is very decidedly for or against whatever subject causes his outburst.

No issue within the many complexities involved in our country's foreign policy escapes the flood of public attention. Typical examples of controversial subjects that keep the mailbags full are: Aid to Franco Spain; the imprisonment of Cardinal Mindszenty; official representation in the Vatican; the MacArthur controversy; and communists in government.

The largest number of "Dear Mr. Secretary" letters are honest, sincere expressions of individual thought from citizens deeply concerned with the state of the nation. Next in number are the form letters prepared and circulated by groups or organizations with axes to grind. Then, of course, there is always that group of letter writers from the lunatic fringe who seem to take personal delight in abusing public officials.

The abusive, inane, and sometimes insane, letters are ignored by the Department. The form letters are an-

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James L. Harte, a resident of Washington, D. C., is a former newspaperman with four biographies (Charles Dickens, Upton Sinclair, Jimmy Braddock, Wallace Havelock Robb), two mystery novels, and several ghosted books under his belt. He currently supplies a feature service to more than a thousand house organs with articles on Washington and the business scene. As a gourmet, he is a connoisseur of rare cheeses.

alyzed but not acknowledged. Every other letter, however, starts off a chain of efficient action set up for the sole purpose of giving the proper answers.

After the letter has been examined, it is sent to the Department's Office of Public Views and Inquiries. Here it is read carefully and then assigned to one of six drafters for reply. Each drafter, through training and experience, is a specialist in a particular geographical area of the world.

The drafter studies the subject or question, does the necessary research, and types a reply which is submitted to the head of the section for approval. If, as quite frequently happens, the letter propounds questions considered beyond the scope of the drafter, or seems to rate a more extensive reply, Assistant Secretaries of State or their advisors are called upon for assistance. No effort is spared to give the letter writer an accurate and informative answer to his problem. Often, printed material on the subject is sent along as reference.

OFFICIALS of the Department say that a surprisingly large number of recent letters contain religious references or themes, indicating a rebirth of faith in America. Typical examples are those of an exiled Czech, now living in Brazil, who wants to enter the United States, join the army and fight for freedom beside the soldiers of a nation that still believes in God. A New Jersey businessman advises the Secretary of State that our present policies are leading to the destruction of mankind, an end that can be averted only "if the ethical teachings of Christ are put into practice." A Los Angeles housewife offers her 15-room house as a home for war orphans "in the name of Jesus." A Philadelphia manufacturer states that if he were Secretary of State his first act would be to "set up an annual Day of Prayer in America, and petition the United Nations to set up such a Day for the world."

Communism and the Far East are currently the most popular topics of the letter writers, the half-million self-appointed Secretaries of State. An irate Chicago engineer demands the immediate return of General MacArthur to Japan, as he is the one man "the Russians fear." An equally irate Midwestern banker suggests that the Department issue an ultimatum to give Stalin "just 10 days to come into the United Nations like a gentleman or be tossed out like a bum." A Denver attorney demands that we get tough because "a third world war would be a terrible thing but a (deleted) sight better than to have our country enslaved by the Red tyrants."

A large percentage of the ever-increasing mail addressed to the Secretary comes from women. The ladies frequently display a keen insight into affairs of the day on which they make pointed comment. A Chicago matron writes that "pressure from Great Britain to go easy on China is unrealistic from the American viewpoint." Oddly enough, this view is shared by the majority of letter writers, male and female.

Letters continue to pour in by the thousands, protesting any thought of turning Formosa over to Red China.

An even larger segment of the writing population is against rearming Germany and Japan. And larger still is the segment which insists that there must be no appeasement of the known communist enemy.

ONLY a few of the hundreds of thousands of communications express defeatism, lost hope, or lack of faith in the American way. Typical of these is the New Yorker who addressed the Secretary, in all sincerity, requesting honest information on the progress of space travel, that he might be one of the first to make a reservation for rocket-ship exodus from this planet. "Man's inhumanity to man," he writes, "as recounted every day in the press, makes me think that even though my new neighbors on such planet as I may journey to may have three heads, they will have comparatively honest hearts."

Regardless of the theme, the Department of State is pleased to receive and answer all sincere letters. Despite the avalanche of overflowing mailbags, a Department spokesman says, "From the Secretary down, we feel pleased and encouraged with the letters, for they indicate to us the interest of our citizens. An interested citizen is a good citizen."

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Just to make sure, the visiting sunseeker asked the native Floridian if there were any alligators around. Reassured, he dove in for a swim only to hear the guy on the beach shout a footnote. "Alligators never come around here." The Floridian added, "The sharks scare them away."

"Certainly he can talk. Shoot off your yap, dear."

A big oil man in an expansive mood decided to spend some money. As he sauntered down the street, he spied three ragged youngsters. Shepherding them into a clothing store he ordered new suits all round.

As the clerk was finishing the youngest began to howl. This upset the benefactor, a bachelor who knew nothing about children.

"What's the matter?" he demanded; but there was no response from the crying child. Turning to the oldest, he asked, "What's his name?"

"Please, sir," was the response, "his name is Alice."

▲

A barber, patronized almost exclusively by high school students, was asked if he made any special concessions that might account for his tremendous success with the kids. "No, the only cuts I give them are hair cuts," he said. "But I do have a method. When a youngster steps into my chair, I always say 'Shave sir?' no matter how young he is. I don't shave one customer in ten in this shop, but it gives them the impression that I appreciate a man when I see one. So . . . they come back again."

It's *Your* America... What Are You Doing About It?

"IN our own country one out of every six persons receives checks from the Federal Government and the number is constantly increasing. These recipients of Federal aid are not inclined to 'bite the hand that feeds them'. In reality the American people in their pursuit of economic social salvation are being bribed by their own money to sell their heritage for a 'mess of pottage'."

—*New England Letter.*

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"Today, federal taxation and government borrowing against the future are not merely necessary nuisances, they are major determinants of business policy, and they dominate and shape the course of our economic developments, the level of our prices and the extent of our national wealth. They are a lien of enormous size upon our past savings and upon our future production."

—*Monthly Digest of Business Conditions.*

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"If we ever accept the 'government-will-take-care-of-you' philosophy, it seems to me we would be betraying the whole heritage that has been founded for us here in this nation during the past one hundred and sixty years. If we ever accept the planned economy, and the so-called welfare state, it would make all our battles for freedom from Bunker Hill to Iwo Jima nothing more than a travesty and a farce."

—*Thurman Sensing.*

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"To illustrate this economic illiteracy I cite the fact that there are millions of people in the United States—*voters*—who still believe that the *government, of itself,* creates wealth. There are millions who believe that the government merely prints money as it is needed. They do not understand that only the *productivity* and the *savings* of the people at large make money worth anything. *They don't understand that money is merely a medium of exchange and that actually we can only exchange our own individual production for that of someone else.*"

—*Ody H. Lamborn.*

SUNFLOWER'S SUNNY FUTURE

Science is finding amazing new uses for the state flower of Kansas.

by BILL SHEPHERD

BEFORE long someone may offer you a piece of cake or a cookie made entirely out of sunflower-seed flour. But that's not all. You may be washing your hands with sunflower soap, painting your house with sunflower paint, powdering your nose with sunflower cosmetics, writing your letters on sunflower paper, cooking your meals with sunflower shortening, and even burning sunflower logs in your fireplace. And these are only a few of the many uses that science hopes to make of this common but beautiful weed.

Professor R. O. Weibel, associate in Crop Production and Plant Genetics at the University of Illinois, says that research laboratory authorities have been investigating the sunflower plant for more than a decade; trying to discover all of its latent potentialities and develop some practical way of processing it.

Scientists are now greatly interested in the sunflower as a possible source of fat and protein. Manufacturers have used the seed oil, the most important single product of the plant, in making oleomargarine, lard substitutes, salad dressing and cooking oils. And with good results. The

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Charles William Shepherd is from Pontiac, Ill., a small farming community in the heart of the Corn Belt, and home of Illinois State Penitentiary. This is his first published article, written aboard the S. S. Constitution, where he is Chef's Yeoman, sailing the Mediterranean.

oil is top quality and contains more fat and protein than any other seed—40 to 50 per cent protein and 5 per cent fat. Most important of all, each seed is 50 to 60 per cent oil.

Sunflower seed meal, or flour, is rich in highly digestible and nutritive proteins. As a natural supplement, it could correct many of the nutrient deficiencies of white flour. The seed flour also contains unusually large amounts of calcium and is exceptionally rich in the vitamins thiamine and niacin.

"Cooking tests at the University of Illinois with sunflower seed meal have turned out delicious cakes that are extremely rich, full-flavored, moist, fine and even-textured," says Professor Weibel. "They're somewhat greater in volume than standard cakes made of 100 per cent patent flour."

For its use in paints, authorities have classified sunflower seed oil as "semi-drying," similar to linseed and olive oil. It has only a slight odor, is pale yellow in color, and when used in fine paints and varnishes, has a 26-hour drying period instead of the usual 34 of linseed oil.

The oil has been recommended as a substitute for olive oil, and producers have long used it as a base for liniments. In fact the crude oil, as it comes from the plant, is of such good quality that several bakeries have used it in their products without further refining. And better yet, European reports indicate that no other plant produces a finer honey and wax, and that many Rhodesian and Russian farmers raise nothing but sunflowers for their bees.

MANUFACTURERS have successfully used the stalk of the plant as a source of cellulose for paper and plastic products. After lengthy experimentation by the government laboratories, Hungary started a factory for the extraction of the cellulose, opening up an entirely new industry of paper and plastics.

Experimenters have also prepared the stalks and hulls into a specialty fuel which they call "pres-to" logs. This fuel is a log about the size of a loaf of Vienna bread, weighing seven and one-half pounds. Made by compressing the stalks and hulls under pressures up to 165,000 pounds per square inch, the result is a fuel two or three times as dense as wood. Clean to handle, leaving only a minimum of ash, there is more heat energy packed into it than in lignite, one of our best known fuels. Commercial use of the "pres-to" logs has proved them excellent for fireplace fuel and ideal for cooking ranges, especially where a fast, long lasting heat is desired.

Besides all of these newly developed uses, the first real values of the sunflower were as forage and silage crops, and fertilizer composts. Some large feed manufacturers use the whole seed in mixed poultry and bird feeds, and the ground seed is used in making poultry mashes.

Although the culture of sunflowers has spread to all parts of the world, the plant is actually a native of North America. As early as 1615 Champlain found the Indians raising it in what is now New York. Sunflowers have been developed most extensively as a farm crop in Europe, and especially in

Russia, where the value of the seed and oil has long been recognized. In recent years, Argentinians have produced sunflowers in great amounts. Canada has encouraged their growth.

THE University of Illinois Agronomy Department became interested in sunflowers as a potential oil seed crop in 1944. Late in 1943, Ezra Levine of the Vio-Bin Corporation in Monticello, Ill., ran several experiments on processing the seeds for their oil and meal. Levine had heard of the value of sunflower oil, and realized the great potentialities of the crop if it could be made to fit into the normal

farming scheme. Levine reported the results of his experiments to two Piatt County farmers, Paul Bear and Burt Downey. Their interest encouraged further investigation, and Downey made a trip to Canada, checking on a dwarf variety of sunflower, learning their growth conditions and bringing back samples.

At a meeting of the Piatt County Farm Bureau early in 1944, Levine outlined a plan for cooperation with the growers. He was to obtain the best seed for planting and the Vio-Bin Corporation would process the seed produced. All returns from the sale of the oil and meal would be turned over to the growers. Nine farmers from scattered portions of the county agreed to take part in these trial plantings and grew about 100 acres. The fields yielded an average of 675 pounds an acre, the oil selling at 13 cents a pound and the meal at seven and a half cents a pound. Later plantings brought even greater returns. As each year's growth has increased in content and return, Professor Weibel thinks the sunflower will assume a larger place in the state's agriculture as an oil crop, with experiments continuing and better varieties being developed.

Sunflowers are adaptable to a wide range of soils and can be grown successfully in almost every part of the world. However, as with other crops, the highest yields are produced in soils of high fertility. Soils which will produce good yields of corn will produce the same of sunflowers. University experimenters have even produced fair crops on light sandy soil and poorly drained land.

METHODS of planting and cultivating sunflowers are similar to those of corn and can be done with the same machinery. Harvesting machinery has not been built, but in some areas it was done with a small-grain combine. As the sunflower gains prominence as a crop of importance, machinery will become available.

It takes from five to eight pounds of seed to plant an acre of sunflowers, and under favorable conditions the yield may vary as much as 500 pounds

per acre in southern Kansas to 1800 pounds in central Illinois. This wide range is, of course, partly due to the effects of diseases, birds, insects, and rodents that attack the plant.

Although Kansas boasts the name of the "Sunflower State," it doesn't have the highest production of the plant. About 95 per cent of the sunflower seed produced in the United States today is grown in Missouri, Illinois and California. But there are substantial plantings in Kansas, Minnesota and North Dakota, with smaller plantings in other states.

At present, a sunflower crop will not pay the farmer as much as corn, wheat or soybeans. But more laboratory and field experimentation will develop a hardy, consistent plant to take its place beside the current favorites. The future of the sunflower as a food and feed crop seems assured.

▲

The president of the school board, being of a conscientious nature, made it a point to visit all the schoolrooms frequently. In each room he would make a little talk in an effort to interest the children in the everyday things of life.

On one such occasion, he was telling them of the blacksmith.

"And what kind of arm has the blacksmith?" he asked.

"Big!" shouted the children.

"And why is the blacksmith's arm bigger than mine?"

"He works!" came the chorused reply.

—*Month by Month.*

▲

William P. Thorne was one of several Kentuckians who shared a dream of building a railroad from New Castle to Eminence.

While the road was still in the blueprint stage, Thorne provided himself with stationery and, as self-appointed President, wrote to the President of the L & N system concerning the exchange of annual passes.

The L & N executive pointed out a certain inequity: while his system extended for more than 1,000 miles, Thorne's road, if and when built, would be less than four miles.

"True," replied the persistent Thorne, "The L & N is somewhat longer than my road, but mine is just as wide!" He got the annual pass.

French explorers forcing a way through dense African jungles came upon a party of cannibals about to have a feast on a late enemy. The cannibal chief greeted them in perfect French. When they showed surprise at his command of the language, he explained that he had studied in France, including two years of literature at the Sorbonne.

"What!" exclaimed the explorers. "You've been educated in France and you return to feed on human flesh! It's unbelievable!!"

Well," replied the chief modestly, "now I use a fork."

▲

"After all, you're the senior partner—it's only fair you carry the greater responsibility!"

Tribute to a Trumpeter

The story of Red Nichols and His Five Pennies, who are to present a Dixieland Jazz Concert in Kansas City's Music Hall, October 3.

by JOHN SAND

THE night club had suddenly gone still. It was so quiet you could hear the ice cubes melting in the drinks. The sad wail of the trumpet sneaked down to a low moan. As the last note out of the bright golden horn quit bouncing off the walls, the night clubbers present were transfixed.

Someone started to applaud, almost softly, as if he were afraid to break the mood. The applause spread quickly and as the dammed-up reservoir of high-pitched enthusiasm burst, the night club, with a loud whoosh, broke into a spirited outburst.

The small, red-headed man on the bandstand stood up, bowed slightly and gave his cheering audience an easy smile. You could tell from his lips that he was saying "Thank you," but you couldn't hear him. Too many people were applauding.

The man with the horn was Red Nichols. He and his Five Pennies had just finished playing Bix Beiderbecke's "In a Mist."

Red Nichols is one of the few men in the world of music to whom night clubbers pay such tribute. It happens often to Red and he's learned how to accept it. One lover of jazz said, with regards to this phenomenon of a short silence after a Red Nichols treatment of a number: "You feel as though it's wrong to applaud. You wish you could take those few seconds of absolute satisfaction and put them in a safety deposit box. It's a perfect moment and you hate to spoil it by slapping your hands together."

John Sand is a native Kansas Citian who has worked the night club, concert and jazz beat for fifteen years. He recently heard Red Nichols in Hollywood—the inspiration for this story.

The first time an audience ever gave Red Nichols the "perfect tribute" he thought they were displeased with his playing.

"I suffered a lifetime in those few seconds," he says. "I wouldn't have been surprised had they thrown glasses at me. Then all of a sudden, they began to applaud and I knew everything was all right."

Once, after playing a long and complicated trumpet solo for the late George Gershwin in the composer's apartment years ago, Red was surprised when Gershwin said nothing but, "Coffee, Red?"

A few days later Red discovered that Gershwin was telling friends of the incident. "It was so good," related Gershwin, "that I couldn't think of words adequate enough to express my feelings. So I didn't say anything."

ERNEST LORING NICHOLS was born on May 8, 1905 in Ogden. His father, a professor of music at the state industrial school, taught Red to play the trumpet at the age of three.

Red treasures a fading, yellowed clipping from the Ogden Standard, dated February 8, 1916. It reads:

"Master Loring Nichols, Ogden's precocious eleven-year-old cornetist, was required to play two numbers instead of one at the Elks' show last night. In fact, the audience did not wait for the conclusion of either of his numbers to express its appreciation, but applauded continuously while he was playing."

Professor Nichols loved his music, but he did not want Red to become a musician. "Dad didn't know it at the time," says Red, "but he was fighting a losing battle."

"It made Pop real happy after I won a musical scholarship to the Culver Military Institute in Indiana. He thought the military atmosphere would steer me into a military career."

It didn't. Red was expelled after his first year—for smoking. The ironic part is that he never smoked at home. He learned from his Culver classmates—and was the one who got caught! But, between classes on military tactics, Red organized a combination of young Culver musicians he called the "Culver Jazz Band."

He worked in a theatre pit orchestra in Ogden; got his first dance band job at $50 a week in Piqua, Ohio, at the age of seventeen; and joined the "Syncopating Five" which became a seven-piece band with the addition of Red and a trombone player.

He barnstormed through Indiana and Ohio for nearly a year and made his first phonograph records with this group, "Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Goodbye," and "Chicago," and then landed in New York City. Then he took a job with Harry Susskind's band at the Pelham Heath Inn.

With Susskind, Red developed an entirely new technique of Jazz on the cornet. (It wasn't until fifteen years later that Red's ideas broke on the musical world under the name of "Swing".)

At nineteen he formed another band and called them "The Redheads." The group included such jazz classicists as Jimmy Dorsey, Miff Mole, Arthur Schutt, Vic Berton, Joe Venuti and Eddie Lang.

The Redheads found favor with the public of the speak-easy era, then at fever pitch over jazz. Red's success in New York City was the talk of the music world.

In the same year Red and "The Redheads" made a series of records for the Pathe Company. Then, as today, they were considered the hottest jazz platters ever made for home reproduction. Copies of them are rare now and some of them have sold for as high as a hundred dollars.

IN 1927 Major Andrew White, then the head of the Columbia Phonograph Company, asked Red to record for his firm exclusively. One of the conditions of the contract was a name for the group which Major White wanted to be used only on the Columbia (Brunswick) label.

Red laid awake nights trying to think one up. He still remembers and later used some of them. They included "The Indiana Hottentots," "Ladd's Black Aces," "Arkansas Travelers," "Charleston Chasers" and "Red and His Big Ten."

He discarded them all. One day his friend, Vic Berton, suggested "Red Nichols and His Five Pennies." Under this name on Brunswick he became a national favorite.

Through the '20's and into the '30's Red hired many a new "Penny" as a musician, polished him up and sent him on to his own success. Benny Goodman, Charlie and Jack Teagarden, Jimmy Dorsey, Gene Krupa, Joe Sullivan, Artie Shaw and the late Glenn Miller are all former musicians hired and inspired by Nichols.

Concurrently with his group's success Red had begun to bloom as a musical director for New York stage shows. He conducted the pit band for Earl Carroll's Vanities for seven consecutive years.

It was during this period that he became acquainted with George Gershwin, who later said, "Red Nichols was the one musician who created moods of pure jazz." Red worked with Gershwin on "Girl Crazy," one of the composer's most successful musical comedy endeavors.

While participating in the "Vanities" productions, Red fell in love with one of the beautiful "Vanity" girls. Her name was Willa Inez Stutzman until she became Mrs. Loring Nichols. They had one child, Dorothy, who is now married.

During the '30's Red enlarged his musical group to orchestra size. He toured the country for a series of hotel, night club, theater and college prom dates. His popularity grew and by 1940 he was known as the "Father of Swing" both in the U. S. and in Europe.

AFTER World War II, he reorganized his Five Pennies and set something of a record in Los Angeles night spots by packing the clubs

night after night, year after year.

Today Red runs the gamut of engagements in radio, movies, night clubs, television. His extremely competent group is even more appealing to the American public; and Red himself is regarded by modern music fans everywhere as "the man who plays the horn of plenty."

Listeners in the Kansas City area can hear a typical program of Red Nichols' trumpet and band every Saturday over WHB at 1:30 p.m., sponsored by the United States Marine Corps. And Kansas Citians will have opportunity to hear his new band "in person" on Wednesday, October 3, when Red and his musicians appear for a "Dixieland Jazz Concert" in the Music Hall, home of Kansas City's Philharmonic Orchestra. The event will have some of the breath-taking fortitude of Benny Goodman's first appearance in Carnegie Hall. Never in its history will the walls of the Music Hall have echoed such a velvet avalanche of rhythm as on this occasion when Red plays Dixieland music of the modern school: orchestrated with care, precision and skill — carefully rehearsed — beautifully played. Such a concert is a musical experience not soon forgotten, of interest to "long hair" musicians as well as to popular music fans and connoisseurs of Dixieland Jazz.

▲

During his first engagement with a professional orchestra, the youthful horn-blower had been slightly at sea in the face of his increased responsibility and, in consequence had not put as much vim into his performance as he considered necessary.

"Well maestro," he hesitantly inquired after the show, "how did I do?"

"Not too badly," the conductor replied, "But I'm sure you can do much better."

"Can I!" the horn-player exclaimed. "Just wait until I get on the beam and you won't be able to hear those violins at all."

▲

Sherlock Holmes descended from heaven accompanied by the inevitable Dr. Watson. The two men walked along the city street when suddenly Holmes remarked, "I'm glad to know that modern girls are just as pretty as girls ever were.

"What young lady are you referring to?" asked Watson.

"The one walking behind us."

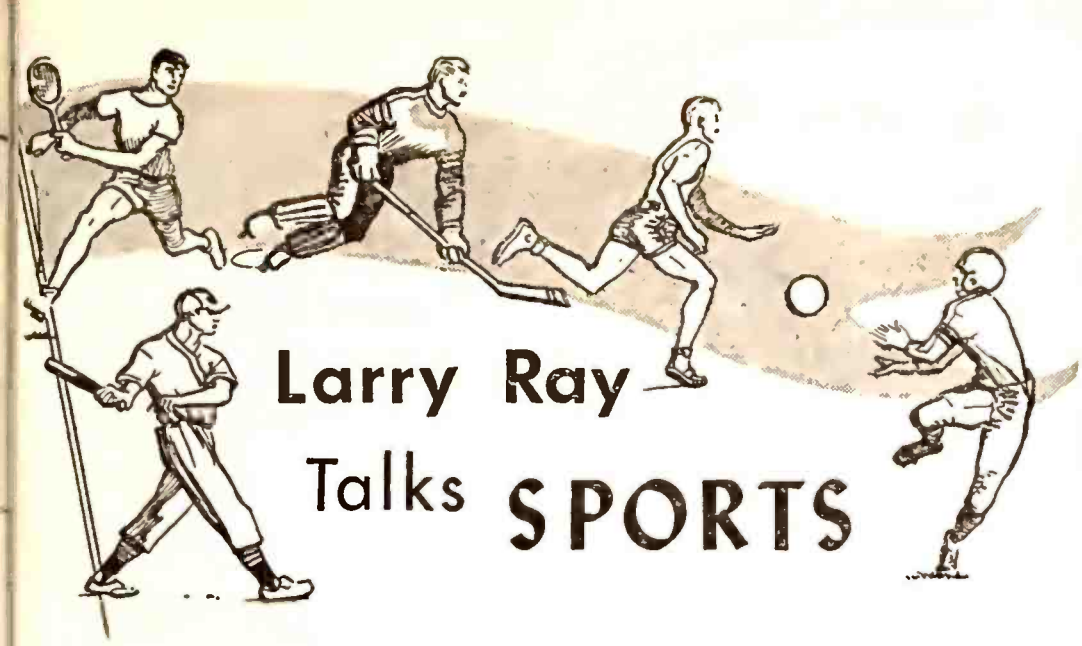
"But how can you tell that she is pretty? You haven't turned your head."

"No, but it's still very simple. I can see the bulging eyes of the men walking toward us."

A salesman always kept his hat on while working at his office desk. When kidded about it, he shot back, "That's to remind me I have no business being here."

▲

"I don't know. It happens every time I touch you."



Larry Ray Talks SPORTS

AS the leaves change color and footballs sail through the crisp autumn air, the annual battle of brawn gets underway with millions of Sunday morning quarterbacks arguing over the merits of the T-formation as opposed to the single wings and spreads.

Football this year has had more advance-season attention than ever before. It stems from publicity across the nation about the over-emphasis on athletics, since the scandals in basketball and other college sports were uncovered. The West Point story got big headlines and the Big Seven received its share when several of the conference schools invited the lads to come West. Six enrolled at Kansas State and one at Kansas.

Life magazine editorialized on page 38 of its September 17th issue that "Football Is A Farce," calling it an "annual fraud" carried on "at great pain and expense" by the recruitment of players "from the best high school teams, in some cases fattened up by a year of postgraduate leisure at some prep school while gaining height, weight and maturity."

Life panned the coaches "in their greed to win games and keep earning better money than the philosophy professors" by "inventing the rule of unlimited substitutions and the two-platoon system . . . It is impossible to follow the players even *with* a program. They have also invented the T-formation, which gets rid of the football. (It is there, all right, but no mere spectator is permitted to see it.)"

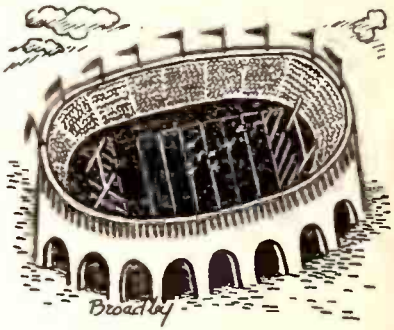
"All the pleasure is gone from watching," says *Life*, "and the only possible explanation for today's spectators is that they go out of habit." Nevertheless, *Life* predicts, "football is going to be bigger and more expensive than ever this fall."

"Just about every American college with a big-league football team," *Life* continues, "is itself guilty of cheating on the grades of football players. This has been going on for years; every college administrator knows it, and the West Point players knew it, too. If the players at College X can get a B. A. for catching fish, and the players at College Y can get a B. A. for winking at the professor, why should the West Point players feel unduly squeamish? Especially since they were invited to West Point not primarily for their brains and not for their promise as officers or gentlemen or leaders in war but for the express purpose of beating the hell out of other football players."

Life calls it "the jungle code of college football" and points out that we do not entrust 2,225,000 "of our brightest young people" to colleges upon which the nation expends close to three billion dollars a year just to "give us an autumn substitute for professional baseball. What we really want is a genuine education for everyone who is capable of absorbing it . . ." *Life* continues: "A college president who is sorting out his contracts for high school football prospects with one hand, and selling tickets to the stadium with the other, can never keep our faith" . . . "Better forget about those stadium bonds," *Life* says to the college presidents—"forget the bonds and start worrying about your real franchise in American life."

Whew!

THOSE are fighting words out here in the Big Seven, where Don Faurot at Missouri invented the T-formation and wrote a book about it. Out here, where six ex-West Pointers enrolled at Kansas State because they wanted to study engineering, had looked over various schools, and chose K-State because of its excellent faculty, magnificent plant and fine curriculum. Where Doc "Phog" Allen, the basketball coach at K.U., congratulated K-State on offering "haven" and an opportunity for education to the ex-West Pointers!



Yes, we *like* our football out here in Missouri, Kansas and Iowa—in Oklahoma and Arkansas—and *we're not afraid* of over-emphasis on athletics in the fine state universities and agricultural colleges maintained by the states of the WHB listening area. We have faith in the administrators of our schools, knowing that they put education *first*, always! As an example, these are the words of the new Chancellor of the University of Kansas, Dr. Franklin D. Murphy:

"I have no interest in bringing up the rear in anything, so far as K. U. is concerned," Dr. Murphy says, "and this includes research, the quality of

scholarships and instruction, *and also inter-collegiate athletics.*

"We shall work with other schools to maintain the proper balance as far as athletics are concerned, and after the limits and rules are set each year by the conference, we shall follow them strictly. But once the rules are settled, our interest is in winning."

Dr. Murphy is not alarmed by criticism of outsiders who protest the enrollment of out-of-staters at the University of Kansas.

"If a boy from Jackson, Platte or Clay counties in Missouri, or for that matter, one from Alameda County, Calif., has the intelligence and wisdom to come to K. U., we shall welcome him," he said.

▲

1951 Rule Changes

SURPRISINGLY enough, rule changes by the governing body of college football were slight, and those only minor ones. Here are the important ones:

1. The fair catch has been restored, but without the former option of putting the ball into play by a free kick. A scrimmage only is allowed.
2. Violation of the substitution rule is no longer penalized as delay of the game. Violation carries with it a penalty of five yards for the offense.
3. The ball may be put in play only after the referee signals "ball is ready for play."
4. The penalty for an illegal shift has been reduced to five yards.

The Big Seven expects to have at least two All-Americans this year. Lineman Jim Weatherall of Oklahoma and Bobby Reynolds, the Nebraska sensation who made almost every selection as offensive halfback last year, are the choices. The severe shoulder injury received by Reynolds recently, however, may erase his candidacy. Tom Catlin, the vicious linebacker of Oklahoma is also a possibility; and if Kansas has a good year, Charlie Hoag will be in the running.

Now for one good story before I close, about Notre Dame football coach Frank Leahy. One of the best stories about Leahy concerns his habit of asking players three questions: "How do you feel?", "What's your weight?", and "How's your family?".

Some of the players began noticing that Leahy always responded in the same manner, regardless of their replies. So, one day, Tom Miller went out of his way to meet the coach.

After exchanging greetings, Leahy asked, "How do you feel, lad?"

Replied Miller, "Terrible, coach, terrible. Absolutely terrible."

Leahy smiled and answered, "That's fine, lad, that's fine. What's your weight?"

Miller, who weighed 185, replied, "285."

Commented Leahy, "Great. Keep it down, lad. And how's your family?"

"Not so good," said Miller. "My Dad broke his leg."

"Glad to hear it, lad," replied Leahy. "Give your family my best when you write home, won't you?"

Well, what football coach doesn't have problems? See you next issue.

The Sage of Swing Says—

A critic who can propose nothing better is just a nuisance.

▲

Everybody seems agreed that the most interesting signatures in the world usually adorn checks.

▲

Show appreciation of your friends now; don't wait to say it in an epitaph.

▲

The very best way to get rid of work is to do it.

▲

Some fashion magazines tell us that a man should dress to fit his purse. But the law won't let a lot of us do that.

▲

It's very fortunate that the Statue of Liberty faces the other way so it can't see what's going on here.

▲

Some people read just enough to keep thoroughly misinformed.

▲

Boredom is often a symptom of hardening of the mind.

▲

There's nothing strange in the fact that the modern girl is a live wire. She carries practically no insulation.

▲

We have done so much to raise our standard of living; now we must raise our standard of thinking.—*John Randolph.*

▲

How come the ant acquired such a reputation for being a hard worker? Nearly all we've seen were on a picnic.

An accident doesn't just happen. Someone causes it.

▲

On Monday morning some of us are about as fit as a fizzle.

▲

A hobby is something you get goofy over to keep from going nuts.

▲

Some fellows never forget a favor if they ever did a favor for you.

▲

A man of words rather than deeds is like a garden full of weeds.

▲

Punctuality: Guessing how late the other person will be.

▲

Eating between meals helped to develop the sandwich spread.

▲

Today's profits are yesterday's goodwill—ripened.

▲

We all have something to fall back on, and we may land there before long.

▲

A divorce is a busted coupling.

▲

Poise: A state of mind engendered by the possession of five or six $10 bills.

▲

Nobody knows the age of the human race but all agree it is old enough to know better.

▲

Many a self-made man might have done better if he had let out the contract.

▲

A scandal is a breeze stirred up by a couple of windbags.

▲

An old saw revamped: "I don't have any etchings, but, if you like, you can come up and see the handwriting on the wall."

▲

Don't worry about finding your station in life; somebody will be sure to tell you where to get off.

▲

Experience is the name everyone gives to his mistakes.

He who works in a rut will always be narrow.

▲

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one anyday; I'd rather one should walk with me than merely tell the way.—*Edgar A. Guest*

▲

Some people use religion like a bus. They ride on it only when it is going their way.

▲

Most of us know how to say nothing—few of us know when.

▲

The only one who should put faith in a rabbit's foot is a rabbit.

▲

You learn that you are really aging when the woman with whom you are dancing tells you she doesn't care for younger men.

▲

An argument is two people trying to get the last word first.

▲

The most utterly lost of all days is the one in which you have not once laughed.

▲

If you believe that horseshoes are lucky, don't overlook the fact that the last horse in every race has four of them.

▲

The rich man employs a butler, a valet, a secretary, a laundress, and a housekeeper; the poor man just gets married.

▲

Don't let your pride get inflated; you may have to swallow it someday.

▲

You can't do today's job with yesterday's tools and be in business tomorrow.

▲

If you can't think of anything else for which to be thankful, you might spend a few minutes being thankful you are tough enough to live in this tough world.

▲

Confidence: The feeling you have before you know better.

More cigarette lighters would work if they took their feet off the desk.

▲

Even if you are on the right track, you will get run over if you just sit there.

▲

A child is a thing that stands halfway between an adult and a television screen.

▲

You can easily tell legislators from lobbyists: lobbyists wear $125 suits.

▲

God may forgive you for your sins, but your nervous system won't.

▲

A whimsical professor, retiring after teaching mathematics for 40 years is calling his rural retreat, *After Math.*

▲

It's getting easier to find a needle in a haystack than it is in a girl's hand.

▲

In the days of the Old Testament it was a miracle if an ass spoke. How times have changed.

▲

Bachelor: A rolling stone that gathers no boss.

▲

"There's probably some simple explanation, like an overheated spark plug or something."

AMERICA'S DATE WITH DESTINY

May we meet it with wisdom, courage, vision and understanding.

by DR. FRANKLIN D. MURPHY

GOVERNOR ARN, Mr. McCoy, members of the Board of Regents, members of the faculty and student body, distinguished guests, friends—

To be given the administrative responsibility of directing a great university can, in most circumstances, be expected to stir deep currents of feeling in a man. But to one who spent his boyhood under the regional influence of this University, whose father was a member of its faculty, and who, himself, learned to love its beautiful campus as a student—to one so situated, an occasion like this is bound to create violent riptides of emotion, defying expression.

And so it is today. I stand before you quite unable to lay bare the depth and breadth of my feeling. Suffice it to say, I humbly accept your charge with a full recognition of the honor and trust it implies and with equal cognizance of the heavy responsibility which it imposes. My confidence that this responsibility can be borne with credit stems from a knowledge of the many persons who are willing to share the load—an alert and highly able faculty; the more than 70,000 living alumni who have carried their loyalty for K.U. to all parts of our state, our country and our one world; the members of the Board of Regents, present and past, whose continuing belief, through thick and thin, in educational opportunities of the highest order for our youth has guaranteed the progressive growth of K.U.; the increasing host of friends not officially connected with the University but who realize the crucial role this institution must play if the destiny of our great midwest area is to be fulfilled; and finally, most important of all, the people of Kansas.

The history of Kansas and that of its University are inextricably interwoven. The courageous men and

Address by Dr. Franklin D. Murphy on the occasion of his Inauguration as the Ninth Chancellor of the University of Kansas, Sept. 17, 1951. Dr. Murphy was *Swing's* Man-of-the-Month in December, 1950.

women who founded our state were moved to do so as much by moral principle as by economic opportunity. It is vital to an understanding of our heritage to remember that the pioneers infused into this actual heart of America a burning appreciation of the dignity of man. Here in Lawrence, on this day, we reaffirm our traditional insistence that man must be measured by the yardstick of performance, not by that of prejudice. At K.U. we will not merely discuss human freedom and the dignity of all men—we will put our convictions into practice.

The pioneer settlers of Kansas were, perforce, preoccupied with the physical conquest of the prairie and the high plains. But being men and women of principle, wherever they touched the soil with permanence they quickly built their churches and schools. To them the spiritual and moral went hand in hand with the cultivation of the intellect. Again, we at the University today insist on the validity of their belief. Does one need more than the record of society in the last fifty years to prove that no intellectual effort, however advanced it may be, can have purpose without moral and spiritual direction? To what lasting social purpose are the great scientific and technical discoveries of our scholars if they serve only to make more effective "man's inhumanity to man"? It must be our aim to demonstrate that human effort of lasting value is achieved only when the razor sharp tools of the intellect are fashioned and used by those whose primary concern is the common problems of mankind.

AT this point I must note that the country is presently showing great concern over the "softness" and immorality of our youth. Editorial writers, educators, congressmen, and just plain fathers and mothers, unwilling to put the blame where it really belongs, turn to the nearest relatively impersonal whipping post and in this generation discover it to be intercollegiate athletics. In 1951, just six years after our youth has concluded a savage war, not of its own making—in 1951, when our youth sees its adult leaders preparing an even more effective global bloodletting—in 1951, when in every quarter appears a mounting toll of broken homes—in 1951, when the question "What's in it for me?" motivates too many of our leaders in public and private life—yes, in 1951, the best explanation for the moral confusion of our youth (we are told) is the so-called hypocrisy engendered by our present system of intercollegiate athletics. I leave it to you to decide who is hypocritical about what. Can we not put first things first?

In passing, let me say that a determined and coordinated effort must be made to curb excessive emphasis on college athletics. A number of University presidents will be watching with interest to see if their joint endeavor to establish a proper balance in these matters will meet with support as vigorous as the emotional attacks which almost daily entertain a public needing something to divert it from the really fundamental and apparently insoluble problems which bear upon society with such urgency.

THE people of Kansas have always held the torch of freedom high. They have accepted and lived the dictum "the truth shall set you free." Their University must continue to practice as well as to preach the doctrine of freedom of expression without fear of reprisal. Would it not be a ghastly irony if in the process of defending ourselves against a force which denies all personal freedom, we lost our own? Character assassination by innuendo and half-truth, with careless regard for the facts, if encouraged, will inevitably lead to a paralysis of free thought just as debilitating to American democracy as the conduct of those who would utilize American institutions to overthrow and subvert these same institutions. The University of Kansas must provide a moral and intellectual climate in which men are free to continue their search for truth. Nothing is more certain in this life than change. Society, like man, never stands still. It moves forward or it moves back. The *status quo* exists only as a phrase in the dictionary. Our concern must not be with the foolish denial of the inevitability of change but rather with means to channel its forces in those directions which permit progress in a free society. Stifle the intellectual freedom of our universities and you stop the progress of American democracy.

This is not to say, however, that we can permit freedom to be murdered in the name of freedom. Any influence which has as its avowed purpose the ultimate elimination of the personal rights of individual people must and will be rooted out with dispatch and vigor.

Kansas has a notable record of what I have come to call "sensible progressivism." As problems have arisen they have been met, for the most part, with imagination, social maturity and common sense. It is therefore to be expected that what Chancellor Strong called "the most powerful intellectual and spiritual agency in the commonwealth" would show these same qualities in constructing educational programs to fit our youth for the needs and demands of the mid-twentieth century. Obviously, the curricula of the various schools of this University can not be cast in the concrete of tradition. They must be pliable, under constant scrutiny and revision, so that they maintain their touch with the realities of today and tomorrow.

What are these realities of 1951? We see a world made so small by man's ingenuity that we are the near neighbors of all the peoples of the globe, millions of whom are chronically hungry and ill, in spite of untold natural wealth under their feet, and who are therefore fair game for the Communist with his glittering lies. We find both to our surprise and sometimes, I think, to our dismay that to us has fallen the leadership of the free world, attended by unavoidable responsibilities. In spite of two major world wars in less than thirty years, we seem to be as far from a durable peace as ever. The interest of our people in their government, which in the last analysis is the most accurate measure of the vitality of democracy, has never been as weak if one may judge by the

percentage of eligible voters who cast their ballots in the last national election. These are the important and difficult realities with which this generation must come to grips, and they should be of far more "practical" concern to us than refrigerators, automobiles, television or the 40-hour week. To face them wisely requires something more than animal vigor and specialized skill. It will be a primary aim at the University to guarantee as nearly as possible that the students in all curricular fields have, in addition to sound technical knowledge, a broad understanding of the outstanding problems faced by the world of today. The housewife, businessman,

farmer, engineer, lawyer, doctor, teacher—all must be interested citizens first, masters of their chosen specialty next. The educator must realize that carefully integrated programs of general education will not compromise the quality of technical training but rather will enhance it. To this end the University must constantly apply not only wisdom and experience, but great imagination.

A FURTHER and related obligation of K. U. is the building of character in her students. As we view the American scene today we must note with concern a diminution in the sense of individual responsibility on the part of our citizens. The specious reasoning which encourages the free substitution of the paternal hand of government for private initiative denies the very force which built this nation. Obviously, as society grows more complex, men must place more reliance on organized effort—which usually means one of the various branches of government. But it should be the aim of our public servants to encourage individual enterprise, not deny it; otherwise one day we shall discover that the source from which this nation has drawn its strength will have been enfeebled beyond repair. If such comes to pass, the vitality of American democracy will have become only a nostalgic memory.

Our students must understand their responsibilities to themselves and their neighbors. They must be made to think and act independently and be given the right and opportunity to make their own decisions. If young men are old enough to fight in defense of their country, they certainly are entitled to major authority in handling their own affairs in this University, and we consider strong and active student government to be a vital force in preparing men and women for the responsibilities of citizenship. We must make certain, insofar as possible, that students do not lose enthusiasm for self-learning while wandering about in a frustrating maze of rules and regulations and that they

be encouraged to show initiative in their search for knowledge. In short it must be our purpose to graduate men and women who clearly recognize, and are capable of assuming, the personal obligations which a true democracy imposes on its citizens.

Americans, their lives eased and enriched by the enormous technical advances of the past century, too often fail to realize that these advances would not have been possible but for the basic contributions to human knowledge made by our scholars, working long and devoted hours in their laboratories and in the field. Nature gives up her secrets grudgingly. The drama of the atom began years ago. Its actors, university scientists in the main, enacted many episodes of frustration before the play got well under way. Its progress was agonizingly slow, and its script seemed highly "impractical" to a utility-minded public. Yet as the action unfolded, its so-called dreamy "impractical" heroes, the scientists, have been revealed as the designers of instruments of the utmost practicality and of unbelievable potential for the health and welfare of mankind.

Stop research, and the kind of human progress known to us will die. It should be a matter of great pride to the forward looking people of Kansas that last year, through their legislative representatives, they set the precedent of providing substantial direct support for general research at the University of Kansas. This enlightened step will permit the various departments of this University to lay out both immediate and long-term plans for basic research, the results of which will at some indeterminate time in the future mean for us and for our children a fuller, happier and more productive life.

Along with the responsibility of fostering research goes that of making available numerous direct services to the state. The Geological Survey, the Bureaus of Business and Governmental Research, University Extensions, the Medical Center, and the Teachers and Business Placement Services, to mention a few, almost daily contribute to the development of the physical, cultural and human resources of Kansas. The constant insistence that these services be extended and increased attests to the need for them and their value, and I assure you that the University will meet this need vigorously within the limits set by its budget.

Kansas is rich in colleges of the highest quality, both state supported and denominational. They, like the University, have their traditional and directed place in our educational fabric. We offer them the firm hand of friendship, will take vicarious pleasure in their successes, and will guarantee cooperation and assistance, if possible, whenever requested. To work in harmony at our appointed tasks and thus present a common educational front in Kansas should not be difficult since our objective is the same—the welfare of our state.

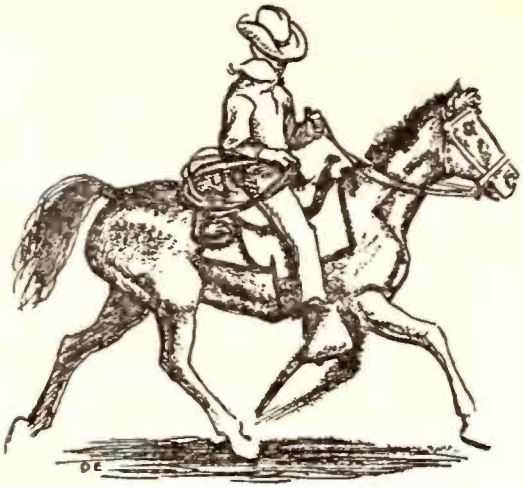
IT is a concern for the welfare of our people which has constantly shaped the character of K.U. Beginning in 1866, just five years after Kansas was admitted to the Union, this University has mirrored the

growth of the state which nurtures it. Always Kansas has prided itself in its University and always the University has striven to reflect credit on the state. The deep interest of our people in K.U. and higher education was never more clearly shown than by the action of recent Kansas Legislatures, with the active support of the state administration. The University as well as the state of Kansas owe a great debt of gratitude to these representatives of the people which I am glad to acknowledge here. We especially appreciate the establishment and the subsequent realistic adjustment of the Educational Building Fund. Now, for the first time in history, the state-supported institutions of higher education, through the Board of Regents, can plan systematically for the replacement of obsolescent or temporary buildings and for the expansion required by the increased enrollments certain to occur in the near future.

Yes, K.U. is grateful to the people of Kansas and will strive to express its gratitude in a quality of performance which will bring satisfaction to the state.

Now let us be on with our business. The day-to-day affairs of this complex world allow little time for mutual admiration. From earliest times man has been continuously engaged in a physical and spiritual assault on the hard cliffs of prejudice, ignorance and intolerance. Slowly, painfully, he has climbed from barbarism and darkness toward civilization and light. It has not been an easy ascent. Often he has slipped at a critical juncture in history and found himself, physically and spiritually bruised, back where he started a generation before. But always, drawing upon a limitless store of courage and faith in himself and the future, he has immediately turned to the task of reconquering the lost ground. As we follow the dramatic curve of his net gain through recorded history, we can not but be filled with a sense of wonder at the magnitude of his endeavor and success. At the same time we must feel the heavy obligation this record imposes on us. Have we the skill, the imagination, and the fortitude to carry our fair share? Will our generation be recorded as one which slipped and fell, thereby setting back mankind's time table for a century or two?

Yes, this generation has a crucial date with destiny. It is the terrible yet exciting responsibility of the University of Kansas to prepare men and women so that they may bring to this meeting wisdom, courage, vision and understanding. We pledge our effort to this end, and with the help of God, the father of all peoples in all lands, we will not fail—we dare not fail.



Drap His Rope On Her

The American cowboy has been modernized in all respects save one —his virile, original language.

by INES SLATE

TIMES have changed out in the great open spaces and the cowboy has changed with them. Today he rides a jeep over the range more often than he rides a horse, although many occasions find him still in the saddle. He oils windmills, repairs fences, and totes his horse behind him in a trailer. But in one important respect, he hasn't changed in the least; his language is still virile, original and compelling.

The cowboy today, as fiction insists and facts reveal, remains a lonely person. Most of his conversation is based on daily living, dredged up from long hours of intense concentration. No attempt is made to describe anything to you, instead a trenchant word picture is drawn. He'll tell you about the new man on the ranch who is "down-right cat-eyed." Or refer to a companion as being "fryin' size," meaning small, young, or sometimes roly poly fat. Perhaps you'll be told about the new hand who was pitched from his horse, only it won't be put that way. He'll say, "Chuck shore was chasin' a cloud that time!" Should you become obnoxious to him, he'll advise you to "hobble yore lip," meaning to shut up. If you're leaving the ranch or planning to travel, then he knows you're "gonna hit the breeze," and if you're urged to "jingle yore spurs," he's telling you to hurry.

Perhaps you may be lucky and hear a cowboy say, "Man, you shore got wrinkles on yore horns." When you hear those words, be sure to say thank you. It's one of the highest tributes a cowboy pays. The phrase implies unusual wisdom, long and varied experience, and complete trust in your judgment and sagacity.

Ines Slate is an alumnus of the Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University, New York, a housewife and free lance writer, living in Houston. She has been writing radio scripts for 14 years. Does TV commercials for Foote, Cone & Belding, confession stories, articles for women's magazines and King Features Syndicate.

The man from the big cattle country will think a long time before he pays such a tribute, but when he does he goes all out in his praise. He might even applaud you for "makin' a hand," which comes under the heading of top praise. In "makin' a hand" you're living up to the cowboy code. You're distinguished for audacious courage, unswerving loyalty, constant cheerfulness, a complete disregard of personal danger or tough luck, a respect for your companions' past as well as privacy and, above all, a deep and abiding veneration for the ladies. These are the high points in a cowboy's code of ethics.

ROMANCE still makes its sweet way into the cow country and, from time to time, the cowboy finds a maid without whom life would be unthinkable. Marriage, his own home, family, and good cooking are all in his mind when he calls on the lady and, with due humility, explains that he'd shore like to "drap his rope on her." But when speaking of a recently married friend, he may very well tell you that "Chuck trapped him a squaw."

Women are strange and wondrous visions to the cowboy. He shows them the respect due the unpredictable and, whether the lady be the deacon's wife or the prettily painted little dancer, all are shown the greatest courtesy and consideration. In discussing women, a topic he prefers to avoid the greater part of the time, he'll color his conversation with many highly pungent descriptions. A woman may be "a runnin' mate," "a long-haired pardner," "a catalog woman," "a cow bunny," "a heart and hand," or just "a sage hen." And when he wants to "ride herd on a woman," he's thinking seriously of going courting.

A cowboy is a homely philosopher, as well as a wit, keen observer and accurate reporter. By way of proof, there is the memorable story of the famous movie beauty on a personal appearance tour, stopping for a night in a large cattle town. The cowboys went to town that night, cheered her, stomped their vehement approval and, undoubtedly, made her feel very welcome. But, as one remarked the next day:

"I jest dunno . . . she is a right purty girl, of course . . ." He thought it over for a long moment. "Fact is, that gal's got so much beauty in her face there jest don't seem to be no room left for nothin' else. A good face, now, needs a good fire comin' from the inside, same like a good stove."

Peculiar to Texas and other Southwestern states is the "norther." This blinding, lashing gale would be called a blizzard in other parts of the country, with unexpected high winds and low temperatures. One veteran cowhand described one, unforgettably, as "jest a-pourin' smack off the North Pole and ain't nothin' to stop it 'cept a bob-wire fence and it's fulla knot holes."

There are times when the prairie heat sizzles and pops. The hardened cowhand takes such scorching weather in his stride, but lazy cowhands are not unknown. When one such weary worker abandoned his chores in favor of a shady and, as he thought, un-

observed spot, a fellow bunkie grinned and decided, "Guess he jest got tired of bein' fried and decided to broil awhile."

THE cowboy picks his words and phrases from the life around him. In a single sentence he'll incorporate something that is an integral part of his daily life and give the listener a graphic word picture of what happened. "He's caught in his own loop," when he's in trouble, or he's "coyotin' around," when he's being deceitful. When on the run, he's "headin' for the settin' sun," and "in hell with the hide off" when things are really tough. And when he tells you that "his calves jest don't follow the right cow," he's accusing someone of rustling.

He has forged his own language for his own needs, making of it a pithy, pungent, always forcible vehicle of tart expression. His is, above all, a language springing from deep thought and continual observance. The admonition to think before speaking is unnecessary; such practice is second nature. It is thought and observation that give his talk its dynamic force, high originality, its salty and unique flavor.

He'll tell you to "hurry while the gates are still open," when urging you to take advantage of an opportunity. With true prairie sagacity a cowboy will say "only a fool would argue with a skunk, a mule, or a cook." He'll decide to try "playin' a hand with his eyes shut," his way of letting the listener know that this time he's really taking a chance. When he's angry, his language "would take the frost out of a fall mornin'." Dislike of a fellow worker may lead him to point the man out as one who was "raised on sour milk," establishing

once and for all the other's cranky disposition. On a morning after an over-large Saturday night he may confess that "this mornin' I ain't got nothin' but a head," cowboyese for the world's worst hangover.

Many of the slang words and phrases we use in everyday conversation are actually cowboy lingo. "Ace in the hole," generally thought to be an ancient gambling expression, is a cowboy phrase dating back to the early days. A man who carried his gun in an unusual place, his boots or waist band, carried an "ace in the hole."

"Beefing," "bendin' an elbow," "gypped," "the first rattle outa the box," "dealin' from the bottom of the deck," and "bite the dust" were all born on the lone prairie.

Tellingly accurate is the cowboy's description of a companion, who, newly paid, sallies forth for a night

on the town. "Shucks, that boy's busier than a tom cat on a January night." Perhaps they'll tell you that the busy one returned home and flopped in his bunk just like a rooster. In case that one puzzles you, it means with his spurs on!

LAUGHTER from deep down, laughter rich and earthy, is in a cowboy's blood. He laughs at you, at his fellow cowhands, at himself, at the world in general. Often the laughter has a bite in it. An old cowboy once remarked of his boss, "If I worked as hard for thet man as he expects me to, he'd be rich and I'd be daid."

Sometimes hard luck strikes the cattle country, as in the instance when a virulent fever descended upon the Square Dot ranch, putting most of the cowboys in their bunks. Ordinarily, two dozen men had been kept busy from sunup to sundown. Now their work was handled by three sweating, swearing, laughing hands. The work was done—and well. When the siege was over and the owner complimented the three on their amazing achievement, they grinned in embarrassed silence, until one of them saved the day. Rubbing his scalp briskly, he confessed, "Shucks, t'weren't nuthin' to it. All we had to do was just work twenty-fore hours the day."

As everyone knows, the state of Texas covers a lot of territory. A traditional tale tells of a tourist who inquired of a strolling cowhand if the natives considered themselves Southerners or Westerners.

"Neither, ma'am," was the emphatic reply. "We're *Texans!*"

The same fierce state loyalty, typical of all cowboys in any of the cow country states, is evident in the story of a visitor who remarked,

"You cowboys really think this is God's country, don't you?"

"Lady," came the answer, "I've heard tell that there are bigger and better places but I ain't seen 'em." A pause, then with conviction, "And neither have you."

Humor the cowboy undoubtedly has, and generosity well mixed with gentleness, too. Carolyn, the eleven year young daughter of a cowhand, was kitten crazy. She collected pictures of them and spent hours poring over magazines looking for still more kitten illustrations. "Oh!" she'd squeal, "I wish God would send me an adorable kitty just like this one."

One Saturday night a couple of the cowpokes drove into town, bought a beautiful Persian kitten and deposited it in Carolyn's room with a note attached to the ribbon: "To Carolyn, with love, from God."

Among themselves, the bucaroos enjoy a bit of healthy sarcasm. A roper once disgraced himself by repeatedly missing his throw at a steer. Face beet red, he tried again—and missed.

"Keep a-tryin'," urged his friend, "maybe by sundown he'll git tired and squat."

Above all else, your true cowboy remains unfailingly optimistic.

"No use kickin'," he'll advise you, "leastways, less'n you're a mule!"

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

"Is there anything to shoot around here?" he asked the lad.

The boy thoughtfully shook his head. Then his face brightened and he exclaimed: "Here comes the principal of my school."

▲

The candidate for the office of sheriff was defeated ignominiously. He received 55 votes out of a total of 3,500. The next day he walked down Main Street with two guns hanging from his belt.

"See here," a fellow citizen told him, "you weren't elected sheriff, and you have no right to carry guns."

"Listen," he replied, "a man with no more friends than I've got needs to carry guns."

▲

Two doctors were talking in a restaurant. A black market speculator was at the next table.

"I've got several cases of hysteria," said one doctor to the other.

The black market operator leaned over and said in a whisper, "Name your price, mister, I'll take the lot."

▲

The Swing is to WIIB in Kansas City

In Boston there is an irascible old gentleman whose great wealth is exceeded only by his relentless stinginess. With ill-concealed impatience an improvident nephew waits for his demise, hoping to inherit his uncle's estate.

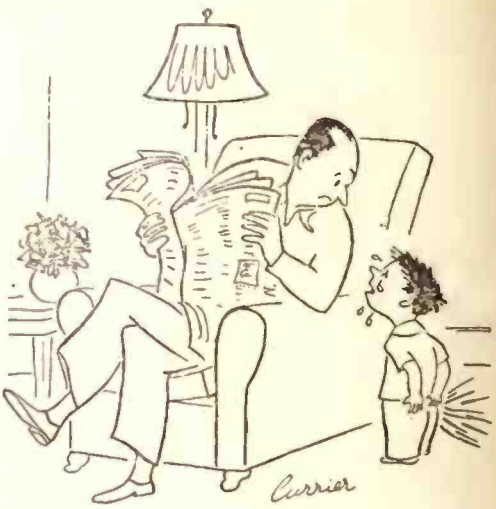
"Pete," a friend recently remarked to the venerable miser, " I hear your nephew is going to be married soon. Don't you think you should do something to make the poor boy happy on that momentous occasion?"

"You really think I should?" the old man exclaimed.

"Most assuredly," his friend replied.

"O. K." the rich uncle agreed. "On his wedding day I'll pretend I'm dangerously ill."

▲



"You were right about not interrupting mommy. Did you learn the hard way, too?"

▲

Centerpiece

WING'S center pages feature beauteous Ava Gardner, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen star, recently noted by *Time* to be the "IT" girl of this generation. She is expected to take the place of the late Jean Harlow, and has a "mysterious attraction that everybody recognizes but no one has been able to label more accurately than glamour, or oomph, or IT." Miss Gardner's current starring role is in M-G-M's "Show Boat."

Swing Presents
JOSEPH C. WILLIAMS
The Man of the Month

by DON DAVIS

"COPPERY" is a word for Joseph C. Williams. Joe Williams to you. He has a *coppery look*—with his red hair; his bronzed skin; his slight, compact, sturdy figure; his keen eyes bright and piercing as metal. And the tone of the copper metal is a clue to his disposition:

"*copper*—a common metal, reddish in color, ductile, malleable, very tenacious and one of the best conductors of heat and electricity."

—Webster's Collegiate Dictionary

When Joe was twenty, he spent an entire year working away from home "on his own," in the copper country out west—high in the White Mountains of Arizona, ten miles above the famous copper mining town of Clifton on the Coronado Trail extending from Clifton to Springerville.

Some 3,500 Mexicans worked in the mines; but there were only 25 Americans in the camp—living in a region sparsely inhabited, seldom visited by outsiders.

Young as he was, Joe had a man's job, did a man's work—in charge of the Arizona Copper Company payroll and the company-owned houses and barracks surrounding the mines. It was rugged, and it was fun . . . but it was also tough! There were saloons and gambling places along the winding main street of Clifton, extending the length of a narrow valley—and there were constant fights, brawls, stabbings and shootings among the miners. Adventuresome surroundings indeed for a young man on his first job away from home!

But the mountains provided their contrasting note of peacefulness . . . and the place and the opportunity for reflection. Raymond Carlson, editor of "Arizona Highways," wrote of those mountains: "Whoever has not slept beside a mountain stream or has not heard the soft sound of a gentle wind in the pine trees has missed pleasures that cannot be found elsewhere. Whoever has not huddled around a camp fire on a high mountain, with the morning chill in the air and the air itself redolent with the aroma of bacon and eggs frying and coffee boiling is truly an unfortunate soul and greatly to be pitied.

Don Davis is a Kansan by birth; a resident of Kansas City since 1923; and has served as president of WHB since 1931. A former advertising agency executive, he enjoys pounding a typewriter as much as the next man.

Life has been ungenerous and unkind to the one who has not enjoyed the clean forest smell after a summer rain, or felt the soft crunchiness of a needle-strewn mountain path under his feet, or heard the thunder roll down the mountain chasms, or drank deep from a cold mountain spring. Mountain pleasures are simple pleasures."

Astride a horse on the high Arizona trails, with the mountain ranges rising purple and blue against the sky, twenty-year-old Joe Williams found time to reflect and to think about his future. Behind him was his boyhood in Springfield, Missouri, where he had led a busy, happy childhood and attended the public schools. Then a semester at the University of Missouri in Columbia, where he had intended to study law; but he hadn't liked it. A year and a half at Drury College in his home town of Springfield, where his studies had turned to economics and psychology, with the conviction growing that he would like to become a banker.

HIS experiences out west brought resolution. Those payrolls!—he handled the money with accuracy and care, and enjoyed it! Management of the company's property!—he thrilled to the responsibility! Where else then, except in banking, could he find a life work that would be a hobby; a hobby and a life work that would be a constant pleasure? He returned home determined not to resume his college studies—but to enter immediately the field of banking.

A natural thing would have been for him to get a job in one of the several banks of which his father was a director—but Joe didn't want it that way. Like his father, he was an independent character.

And perhaps this is as good a time as any to tell about Joe's remarkable family. His father, John W. Williams, was an infant when he was brought to Springfield from Tennessee in 1852, nine years before Abraham Lincoln became President. He grew up to be an easy-going, benign and successful hardware merchant, obsessed with the idea that he should retire at fifty. "No man," he said, "ever amounts to anything after fifty. All he does is ruin the business he built up in his best years." And "retire" at forty-nine the elder Williams did!—to spend the rest of his years looking after his investments in Springfield and managing the five farms he had acquired in that lovely Ozark region. In his lifetime he sired nine children, five boys and four girls. Little Joe was the fifth child, the "middle one."

Joe's mother's people came to Springfield from Tennessee, also. One of her ancestors, John P. Campbell, homesteaded a farm at Springfield in 1830—the year of the first "Great Debate" in Washington, D. C.—when Senator Hayne of South Carolina was insisting that the U. S. Constitution was a mere compact formed by sovereign states, any of which might withdraw from the compact whenever it saw fit to do so. A state, Hayne maintained, could declare an act of Congress null and void, This was the doctrine of "nullification." Opposing him, Daniel Webster, in one of the greatest speeches ever delivered in the English

language, denied that the Constitution was a compact and insisted that the Union could *not* be dissolved. He denied the right of a state to secede from the Union or to nullify a law of Congress. Webster insisted that the government was a national one, and that the Supreme Court, not the several states, was the final judge of the constitutionality of a law of Congress. The matter was not finally settled until decided by the War between the States.

In this year of debate, 1830, John P. Campbell opened the original public square town-site of Springfield. It was his niece, Juliet Vinton, who married John W. Williams and bore the nine Williams children—eight of whom survive, six of whom are still living in Springfield today. The other non-Springfieldite, aside from Joe, is his sister, Juliette, Mrs. Roy Cox of Houston.

THE Williams family occupied a twelve-room white house on a five acre plot, located at the turn of the century near the edge of Springfield. Nowadays it's practically "downtown." Joe's childhood memories are of a tree-shaded home, of fun in the fields, of all the kids from Springfield who trooped out there to play—with two baseball games in action simultaneously to accommodate them! There was a big barn, with a floor suitable for square dancing; there were work horses, saddle horses, carriage horses and horses fast enough to race at the Greene County Fair. Plus pigs, milk cows, pigeons, pet rabbits and chickens.

Joe's beautiful, perfectly-groomed mother had two Negro women to do the housework; but she was nevertheless the busiest person on the premises—looking after her own brood, settling disputes among the visiting neighbor kids, serving as a leader and the money-raiser in the struggling Springfield Christ Episcopal Church, and working at her pet charity as president of the Springfield Children's Home, in which from thirty to fifty children lived. Sundays she lined up her own children in the Williams pew at Church, where Joe's childish voice from the ages of ten to fifteen was heard as a choir boy. At 21 Joe was elected a vestryman of the Church; and at 25, Church treasurer. He had heard his mother tell of the church debt and was eager to see the mortgage paid. Before he left for the army, he raised the money to pay off the long-standing debt on the Church property! But busy as she was, Joe's mother had time also for active work in the D.A.R., the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Church Guild. And time, *always,* for her children. As they grew older, she would wait up nights for their return home; and visit with each one about the day's events, while she served delicious

home-made cake in the family dining room.

To such a home Joe returned after his year in Arizona. He looked in vain for a bank job, throughout Southern Missouri, Arkansas and Texas. Then Fate, spelled with a capital "F," stepped into his life in the person of the immensely wealthy Landers family from Wisconsin—rich lumber people who had moved to Springfield and were starting to branch out into other businesses with the new Springfield Bank of Commerce. If he could become associated with the Landers, Joe figured, the connection might ultimately be worth much more than a banker's salary.

HE applied for a job to the bank's cashier, offering to work without pay until he had proved himself. The cashier turned him down. So Joe went directly to "the old man"—to John Landers, the chairman, a strapping-big former-lumberjack turned financier. The bank lacked farm customers; Joe knew every farmer around Springfield and he told Mr. Landers he believed he could secure many of them as customers. Within two months, covering the countryside in a horse and buggy, Joe brought in so much new business that they gave him a job "inside the bank"—at $50 a month.

Capital "F" for Fate also meant "F" for friendship—because in his new job at the Springfield Bank of Commerce Joe became the closest friend and confidant of young Douglas Landers, the big 250-pound son of the ex-lumberjack. Doug was president of the bank. And Doug's pretty wife, Marie, who was the reigning belle of Springfield in those days, was as smart as she was beautiful. The Doug Landers' kitchen became an informal planning headquarters for Landers' enterprises. On long winter evenings—and in summer, spring and fall!—Doug, Marie and Joe would sit in that kitchen—building air castles.

And with Joe on the "inside" as each new Landers "deal" was brought to fruition, it was natural that he should become the treasurer for the many properties which resulted: some thirty-seven different lumber operations; the big Colonial Hotel; the

Sansone Hotel; the Landers Building which dominates the "square" in Springfield; and the Landers Theatre. Knowledge and experience gained in such a variety of enterprises was to be of great value to Joe in later life—ideal preparation for his career as a banker. And in just three years from the time Joe had started work at the Landers bank, soliciting farmer accounts, Landers put Joe in charge of the bank.

Speaking today of his early success and rocket-like rise in Springfield business circles, Joe Williams gives much of the credit to Marie Landers,

now Mrs. J. A. Nickell (Douglas Landers died at 43). "Marie was a wonder," he says, "and as clever, active and shrewd as she was beautiful." The "kitchen cabinet threesome" of the Landers and Joe Williams became a foursome in 1914, when Joe first met Sam Herrick's daughter, Nona. Nona's father had the Springfield Hudson motor car agency, where Joe and his father bought the first Williams family car. Miss Nona, a tall, attractive brown-eyed beauty was practically in charge of her father's motor car business. "We'll buy the Hudson," Joe told her, "if you'll teach me to drive." And she *did* teach him—with subsequent dates, courtship and marriage in 1918 as the result.

World War I had involved America by this time, after Germany began unrestricted submarine warfare February 1, 1917; and the United States Congress declared a state of war existed with Germany February 6. Joe felt he would have to go to war; and his pending departure was such a blow to the Landers family that they sold the bank, rather than try to run it without Joe Williams! But they hoped he would eventually return to Springfield to help them with their other enterprises.

It was not to be. Mustered out of the Army in January, 1919, Sergt. Joe Williams of Battery B, 29th Field Artillery, who had trained at Camp Funston in Kansas too late to get overseas, started his return trip home via Kansas City.

JOE probably didn't realize it; but two Kansas City bankers, John and Charley Moore of the old National City Bank had observed his progress in Springfield, and had their eye on him as a "comer." In those days, the Mid-Day Club located on the top floor of the Commerce Building was one of the plush dining spots for Kansas City tycoons. After a casual meeting, the Moores invited Joe to lunch there, in the very building which today houses his office! The Moores were consolidating their bank with the Fidelity Trust Company to form the Fidelity National Bank and Trust Company. They offered Joe a position with the new bank as assistant cashier. Joe gave up the idea of returning to Springfield, took the job, and Kansas City gained a new and valuable citizen.

Three years later, when Theodore and Hunter Gary took over the Continental National Bank, they employed fast-rising Joe Williams to help in its reorganization. This was in 1922 when the management team of Walter S. McLucas, William T. Kemper, Sr., and J. W. Perry had built the Commerce Trust Company into Kansas City's largest bank. Then McLucas of the Commerce accepted a New York offer with the National City Bank; W. T. Kemper's health failed; and Kemper and J. W. Perry sold their Commerce Trust Company stock to Theodore Gary and Associates. The Kempers repurchased the stock in 1933.

Instead of going ahead with their plans to build up the Continental National, however, the Garys merged it with the Commerce. Joe Williams, who had been employed by the Garys to be their big frog in the relatively small puddle of the Continental Na-

tional, found himself, instead, reduced to the post of an assistant vice-president in the giant Commerce Trust. Such a job was a set-back in title and responsibility for Joe—but a twist of Fate which he accepted with good grace and firm determination to continue his upward climb in banking circles.

The Kansas City trade territory, at this period, was in a financial depression following the post-war crisis of 1920. Farms bought at fantastic prices during the War boom were being liquidated and there was much distress, particularly in agriculture. Many small country banks were having their troubles. In such an era, Joe Williams was assigned the task of helping the country banks and adding correspondent banks to the list of Commerce Trust customers. Now the things he had learned in Springfield, the experience he had gained with the Landers, and Joe's native friendliness and winning personality began really to count! Two years of hard work, constant travel and persistent solicitation of prospective correspondent banks brought their reward: Joe was made a vice-president and a director.

Any man in charge of correspondent bank solicitation is also an unofficial business ambassador for his city. Everywhere he goes (and he must travel much of the time) he "sells" his city, praises its virtues, points out opportunities which exist there—or opportunities which can be *made* to exist! Joe Williams was not (and is not) the back-slapping type. No party wag is he! His ways are quiet ways. His friendliness is truly sincere, softly modest, scrupulously helpful. But when the going requires short, swift, sure strokes, he can land a terrific punch!

FOR the next fifteen years at the Commerce Joe Williams headed the correspondent bank division. The years of 1933 to 1938 were years of great growth for the Commerce, headed by W. T. Kemper as Chairman and James M. Kemper as President. In 1938, W. T. Kemper died. Meanwhile Joe Williams had built the correspondent bank accounts in numbers to upwards of 1,300—the largest number in any bank west of Chicago.

To build such volume is a sure test of a banker's ability. Small wonder that in 1948, when James M. Kemper recommended to the Commerce Board of Directors that key members of the staff be given further rank and recognition, George W. Dillon was made Vice-Chairman of the Board, Joseph C. Williams was made President, and Arthur B. Eisenhower, Executive Vice-President. James M. Kemper moved upstairs (figuratively and literally) to the comparatively calm and

luxurious office of Chairman—while Joe and George W. Dillon began to share the big first-floor Commerce Trust office looking out on the corner of Tenth and Walnut. Financial history has been made in that corner office—and will continue to be! But graphology will have little to do with it.

Years of constant travel made Joe Williams better known to bankers outside of Kansas City than to the businessmen here at home. After many Association jobs in minor offices, he served as president of the Missouri Bankers' Association, and chairman of the post-war planning committee. In the American Bankers' Association, he has served as a member of the executive council, and is a member of the legislative committee and small business credit committee. Traveling to New York, Chicago, Detroit—throughout the Middle West, the South and the West—he came to know bankers everywhere by their first names. And that means the *big* bankers, as well as hundreds of smaller ones.One of his proudest achievements within the banking industry is his successful endeavor to build the Association of Reserve City Bankers into a top-echelon organization. When he joined it, in 1922, the membership was composed principally of bank transit men and assistant cashiers. Joe worked to bring into the group the chairmen of boards, the vice-chairmen, the presidents and the executive vice-presidents of banks in Federal Reserve cities. There are 450 such members today—all top executives in their own banks, commanding, as a group, immense respect and power. Joe Williams knows 90% of them with nick-name and first-name intimacy, and has served the association as treasurer, vice-president, director and as a member of various committees.

IN the rush of affairs today, hobbies no longer take much of Joe Williams' valuable time. In Springfield days, when one of the Williams farms had been turned into a golf course, Joe used to shoot a fair game of golf. He liked the game because, owning the course, he and his brothers could move the tees at will, to suit their whim. The Williams family, incidentally, are truly "landed gentry" in the Ozarks region, having expanded their holdings (with elder-brother Dr. Robert F. Williams as business head of the clan) to include some 2,400 acres of dairy farms. The golf course was sold to the government as a site for the O'Rielley Veteran's Hospital.

After Joe and Mrs. Williams had moved to Kansas City, where they were raising their four children in their former home at 606 West 52nd Terrace across from the Loose Park Rose Gardens, Joe for a while did a bit of rose gardening. But when the children had grown, and Joe and Nona moved with their unmarried son Robert to an apartment in the Sophian Plaza, there was no further opportunity for rose culture. In recent years, Joe has taken up fishing—lake fishing, brook trout fishing, deep sea fishing. Joe, Nona and son Bob (who is in the women's ready-to-wear department of Emery, Bird, Thayer on the Country Club Plaza) spent their summer vacation this year at Lake

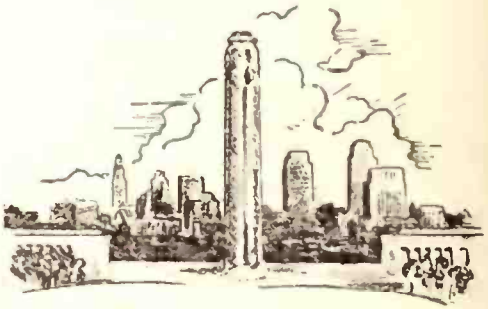
of the Woods, Canada, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Fred Campbell, fishing for bass and northern pike. Other cronies with whom Joe spends some of his leisure hours are the members of the Saddle and Sirloin Club and the Seven Eleven Club.

And in Kansas City, there is the Chamber of Commerce secretary, George W. Catts, a good friend responsible for the fix Joe is in today as president of the Kansas City, Missouri, Chamber of Commerce.

SPEAKING frankly, it has been one hell of a year—thus far!—to be President of the Chamber of Commerce. Joe hates to spend time in long-drawn-out meetings; and this year, to date, the Chamber has had far more than its usual share.

The new administration started off with a gas utility dispute over who would supply gas to the thirty million dollar Ford plant being built in Clay County. Central West Distributing Company serves that area—but their gas supply was inadequate for Ford's requirements. Ford threatened to build elsewhere. The Gas Service Company of Kansas City, Missouri could supply Ford; but such service required permission from the State Public Service Commission. Central West opposed Gas Service before the Commission; and the stalemate threatened Kansas City with loss of the gigantic Ford plant. It was Joe Williams who stepped in as mediator, working firmly and patiently until he persuaded Central West to withdraw, on condition that Gas Service supply no other customers in Central West's area. The outcome was a triumph for Williams and it kept the Ford plant in Kansas City—but all of Joe's tact and diplomacy, plus countless hours of conferences, were required to settle the dispute.

The tumult and shouting had hardly died when a civic hue and cry was raised over the question of whether to hold a "United Fund Drive" instead of the usual Community Chest campaign plus a dozen other independent charity solicitations. Then the Kaw River Flood of July 13th produced another crisis—with all the resources of the community turned out to save all that could be saved, clean up the mess, care for the homeless, and assist the industries affected to get back into operation. In this work the Chamber played a vital role, spark-plugging important regional flood conferences to prevent a recurrence of such disasters by arriving at a workable flood-control plan.



Joe's platform for the Chamber—his conception of its Number 1 job—is to bring expanding industries to Kansas City. His one thought and one ambition is to build a greater Kansas City. Part recompense for all the countless hours he has spent in Chamber meetings and conferences is the addition this year to Kansas City's industrial roster of:

Company	Plant Expenditure	Number Employees
Chlorox Chemical	$ 400,000	30
Consolidated Grocers	175,000	—
Fairbanks, Morse	7,500,000	1,000
Ford Motor Co.	30,000,000	6,000*
Missouri Portland Cement	———	—
Modern Art Company	80,000	100
National Aluminum and Brass Foundry	400,000	125
Sharp & Dohme	175,000	—
Wadsworth Homes	200,000	125
J. R. Watkins Company	70,000	—

*Double shift

Ten established organizations have big expansion plans under way:

Company	Plant Expansion	Number Employees
Black, Sivalls & Bryson	$ 1,000,000	100
Butler Manufacturing Company	500,000	1,050
Cities Service Company	300,000	—
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet	400,000	—
Hershey Wholesale Grocery	1,000,000	120
Kresge Store Company (the largest of Kresge's 888 units)	2,000,000	450
Muehlebach Brewing Co.	1,000,000	100
Peck's Roeland Park Store	1,000,000	200
Safeway Stores	Multi-Million in Greater Kansas City	200
Union Wire Rope	2,000,000	75

Notable strides have been made in aviation. The Central Air Defense Command and the Continental Air Command are to occupy Grandview Airport with construction costing $16,000,000. This will mean a 7,500 personnel increase; 3,000 army personnel for the Central Air Defense Command, and 3,000 army and 1,500 civilian personnel for the Continental Air Command; and will require an annual payroll of twelve million dollars. Millions are being spent enlarging the Naval Air Base at Olathe, Kansas, and many millions are being spent on expansions and improvements at Lake City and Sunflower Ordnance Works. Mid-Continent Airlines began service to Lincoln, Nebraska, providing Kansas City's first connection by air with the Nebraska capital.

"I guess I'm a damn fool about time," says Joe. "I hate to waste it in fruitless, beside-the-point discussion; I hate meetings that don't begin on time and end promptly; I hate people to be late at appointments." There is so little time, really, to accomplish all Joe wants to attempt. There's no time whatever for reading not connected with business—he has to fight for reading time in which to peruse the Wall Street Journal, Chicago Journal of Commerce, Nation's Business, Fortune, Business Week, the American Bankers' Association Journal, "Banking," Banking News, Southern Banker, and the myriad economic and business surveys, forecasts and reviews that chronicle the doings which are his bread and butter. He feels that America's most serious problem is in-

flation; and deplores unnecessary government spending.

His time spent at the bank consists of dealing with a steady procession of callers, this year mixed in 50-50 proportion: 50% on civic affairs connected with the Chamber; 50% on bank business. Every morning there's an executive discount meeting lasting from 8:45 until about 10:30. Mail, dictation and 'phone calls all crowd for attention—often with New York, Miami, Detroit and San Francisco operators trying to reach him at one time. His efficient secretary, Miss Elma Read, is his "right-hand," screening the callers and preventing the routine from getting snarled. Joe eats a leisurely lunch in the bank's luxurious dining room directly above his office—a beautifully appointed restaurant where the bank's officers and their callers enjoy really delicious food, flawlessly served. A sprinkling of correspondent bankers from out-of-town is usually present.

In addition to being president of the Commerce Trust Company, his outside activities include presidency of the Chamber of Commerce, treasurer of the Kansas City and Jackson County Chapter American Red Cross; trustee of Drury College, Springfield; a director of the Starlight Theatre Association; a director of the Price Candy Company; and president and director of the National Bank in North Kansas City. He enjoys being in the banking business in Kansas City, Mo. and North Kansas City; even as president of the Kansas City, Missouri, Chamber of Commerce, he is always looking after the interests of North Kansas City.

On the social side, he belongs to the Kansas City Club, its "inner" Seven-Eleven Club, and the Saddle and Sirloin Club.

He'd like more time to spend with his four children and five grandchildren: little Camilla, daughter of his older son Dr. Joe and Jean Dodds Williams; Linda and Jeff, the children

of elder daughter Marie (named for Marie Landers), who is the wife of Dr. Albert I. Decker of Wenatchee, Washington; the two little girls, Nancy and Patti of the younger daughter, Juliette, married to Robert Beeler, a Beloit, Kansas, rancher. Yessir, Joe would like a little more time to spend with them!

WELL, Joe, let's face it. As Arnold Bennett says: "We shall never have any more time. We have, and we have always had, all the time there is. The supply of time, though gloriously regular, is cruelly restricted. The daily miracle is our allotment of a full twenty-four hours when we wake up in the morning. No matter how much we abuse this gift it is always renewed. No matter how badly we want it there is never more. You

1. JOYCE C. HALL, president of Hallmark Greeting Card Company, recorded his views of the Kansas City spirit during and after the great flood. His remarks were used as part of the comeback story of Kansas City on Ted Hanna's "Your Business Reporter," aired by some 200 stations.
2. EILEEN WILSON, Decca recorder and star of her own radio program, was a guest on "Club 710" during a recent singing engagement in Kansas City.
3. RED NICHOLS' brand of Dixieland jazz music will be heard by Kansas Citians in a concert Oct. 3. His weekly quarter-hour broadcast is heard Saturdays at 4:45 p.m. on WHB.
4. SANDRA LEA OF WHB described the ceremonies and a fashion show when Stern-Slegman-Prins demonstrated the "lift slab building method" used in constructing their new $1,000,000 garment manufacturing plant in Kansas City. At the microphone (l to r) are: Ferdinand Stern; John C. Long (hidden), Long Construction Co.; Tom Slick, Texas oilman who helped develop the new building technique; Sandra Lea; and Earl Wells, WHB.
5. WHB WAS PART of the recent national memorial tribute to the memory of Babe Ruth. Appearing on a special program to honor him were (l. to r.): D. W. Newcomer III, chairman of the Jackson County Cancer Society Fund Campaign Committee, Men's Division; Dr. C. Edgar Virden, Medical Director of the Kansas City and Jackson County Chapter of the Cancer Society and president of the Missouri State Medical Association; George Selkirk, Kansas City Blues Manager; Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director; and Ernie Mehl, Sports Editor of the Kansas City Star.

have to live on this twenty-four hours of daily time. Out of it you spin health, pleasure, money, content, respect and the evolution of your immortal soul. Your happiness depends upon the right use of your time."

For sure, this *has* been a rough year to be president of the Chamber of Commerce. But as Senator Harry Darby always says: "You're doing a great job!" Kansas City, and *Swing*, salute you, Joe Williams!

▲

An optimist and a pessimist went into business together. Trade flourished.

"Well," said the optimist, "we've had a wonderful month. It's been one constant run of customers."

"Yeah," agreed the pessimist dourly, "we've had some good business. But look at those front doors! If people keep shoving through them, the hinges will be worn out in another week."

▲

A woman stalked into a detective's office, planked down a $100 bill on the desk and explained: "My husband has taken up with a blonde hussy, and I'm not going to let him get away with it."

"Well," said the detective, "what do you want me to do?"

"I want him followed 24 hours a day," snapped the visitor, "and then I want you to come and tell me what on earth she sees in him."—*Bennett Cerf.*

▲

A county agent fresh from agricultural college was trying to show a farmer of the old school how to farm his land more profitably. Finally, the farmer—his patience worn thin by the scientific terms and new-fangled ideas—cut in sharply, "Listen here, young fellow, don't tell me how to farm! I have worn out three farms already!"

▲

One Sunday morning an old Quaker and his wife got ready to go to church when he remembered he hadn't milked his cow. He decided that he could milk without getting his good suit dirty. Just as he got through the cow gave a kick and milk spilled all over the old man. He looked at his ruined suit and then at the cow. Then he said, "I shall neither beat thee nor strike thee, but, by the grace of God, I shall twist thy tail."

"Don't worry about rats, madam," the pet store salesman assured his customer. "That dog is the best rat catcher in the county."

At this moment the woman screamed. A rat was strolling casually across the street.

Minutes later, when some of her composure was restored, she asked, "Why didn't your dog go after him? I thought he was supposed to be such a good rat catcher."

"He is," nodded the salesman smugly. "Just let a *strange* rat come in!"

▲

—*Harold R. Currier*

"Let's pretend we're book censors!"

CURRENT

EVENING

This Fall is the Greatest of All on WHB

MIDST a resounding "locomotive" and the blare of bands, WHB opens its fall and winter broadcast season with a schedule that is picked to win from the start. Not only are all the old favorite programs back, but many bright new ones have been added, giving listeners in the WHB five-state area top pleasure, entertainment, news and education in radio listening. And with the cool, crisp air rolling in, let's begin by telling about the sports treats on WHB.

The Sports . . .

Again this fall, WHB will feature Larry Ray, top sportscaster in the Midwest, in play-by-play broadcasts of the outstanding football game each Saturday in the Big Seven Conference. This year the games are sponsored by Hallicrafters Television and John G. Gaines and Co., distributor for Hallicrafters in Kansas and western Missouri. The first clash was September 22, when Larry traveled to Fort Worth to describe the Kansas University-Texas Christian game. Remaining games on the schedule:

Sept. 29	Iowa State at Kansas
Oct. 6	Missouri at S.M.U. (*)
Oct. 13	Missouri at Colorado
Oct. 20	Kansas at Oklahoma
Oct. 27	Nebraska at Missouri or Kansas State at Kansas
Nov. 3	Kansas at Nebraska
Nov. 10	Oklahoma at Missouri
Nov. 17	Kansas State at Missouri
Nov. 24	Oklahoma at Nebraska
Dec. 1	Missouri at Kansas

(*) Missouri-S.M.U. game will be broadcast at 7:45 p.m. All other games will be broadcast at 1:45 p.m.

And for football fans, all during the season, there will be a Football Summary, the scores of games played all over the nation, immediately following the Big Seven broadcast. Saturday nights at 6:15 p.m. the complete scores (including West Coast games) will be repeated.

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6 00	Wild Bill Hickok	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
6 15	Wild Bill Hickok	Larry Ray, Sports
6 30	Drama Hour	Gabriel Heatter
6 45	Drama Hour	The Weather and You
6 50	Drama Hour	Good News Tonight
6 55	Drama Hour	News—Robert Hurleigh
7 00	Philharmonic Orch.	Hoshknife Hartley
7 15	Philharmonic Orch.	Hoshknife Hartley
7 30	Philharmonic Orch.	Crime Fighters
7 45	Philharmonic Orch.	Crime Fighters
7 55	Philharmonic Orch.	Bill Henry, News
8 00	The Enchanted Hour	Murder by Experts
8 15	The Enchanted Hour	Murder by Experts
8 30	S. Levin Opera Concert	The Sealed Book
8 45	S. Levin Opera Concert	The Sealed Book
9 00	Chicago Theater of Air	I Love a Mystery
9 15	Chicago Theater of Air	News—J. Thornberry
9 30	Chicago Theater of Air	News—Frank Edwards
9 45	Chicago Theater of Air	Mutual Newsreel
10 00	Serenade in the Night	Baukhage Talking
10 15	Weather Report	Weather Report
10 20	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night
10 30	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night
10 45	Serenade—News	Serenade in the Night
11 00	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
11 15	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
11 30	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
11 45	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
12 00	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
12 15	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
12 30	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
12 45	Old Redhead's Show	Roch Ulmer Show
1 00	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY

Continuing the rich sports fare which has made WHB "Your Sports Station in Kansas City," the World Series will be heard over WHB beginning October 3 or 4. During the fall and winter months, basketball will be given thorough coverage when the Big Seven teams begin their pre-conference schedules and launch their regular season. The basketball broadcasts, play-by-play by Larry Ray, will include the NCAA and NAIB Tournaments. And, of course, Larry Ray will be heard nightly with his quarter-hour sports round-up at 6:15 p.m., Monday through Friday.

The Mysteries . . .

Two hours and a quarter of mysteries and adventure *every night*, Monday

PROGRAMS ON WHB—710

EVENING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
ulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Natl. Guard Show	6 00
arry Ray, Sports	Larry Ray, Sports	Larry Ray, Sports	Larry Ray, Sports	Football Score Raund-Up	15
abriel Heatter	Gabriel Heatter	Gabriel Heotter	Gabriel Heotter	Comedy of Errors	30
he Weather and You	The Weather and You	The Weather and You	The Weather and You	Cecil Brown—News	45
ood News Tonight	Good News Tonight	Good News Tonight	Good News Tonight	Cecil Brown—News	50
ews—Robert Hurleigh	News—Robert Hurleigh	News—Robert Hurleigh	News—Robert Hurleigh	Cecil Brown—News	55
ount of Monte Cristo	Hidden Truth	California Caravan	Magazine Theatre	Twenty Questions	7 00
ount of Monte Cristo	Hidden Truth	California Caravan	Magazine Theatre	Twenty Questions	15
fficial Detective	International Airport	Proudly We Hail	Strange Wills	Lombardoland, U.S.A.	30
fficial Detective	International Airport	Proudly We Hail	Strange Wills	Lombardoland, U.S.A.	45
ill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Lombardoland, U.S.A.	55
. Steele, Adventurer	2000 Plus	The Avenger	Danger, Dr. Danfield	Hawaii Calls	8 00
. Steele, Adventurer	2000 Plus	The Avenger	Danger, Dr. Danfield	Hawaii Calls	15
ysterious Traveler	Family Theater	Hollywood Theater	Diary of Fate	Cowtown Jubilee	30
ysterious Traveler	Family Theater	Hollywood Theater	Diary of Fate	Cowtown Jubilee	45
Love a Mystery	I Love a Mystery	I Love a Mystery	I Love a Mystery	Missouri Hoyride	9 00
ews—J. Thornberry	News—J. Thornberry	News—J. Thornberry	News—J. Thornberry	Missouri Hoyride	15
ews—Frank Edwards	News—Frank Edwards	News—Frank Edwards	News—Frank Edwards	Missouri Hoyride	30
utual Newsreel	Mutual Newsreel	Mutual Newsreel	Mutual Newsreel	Missouri Hoyride	45
oukhoge Talking	Baukhage Talking	Boukhage Talking	Baukhage Talking	Serenade in the Night	10 00
eather Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	15
erenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	20
erenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	30
erenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade—News	45
och Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Rach Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Shaw	Old Redhead's Show	11 00
och Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Rach Ulmer Shaw	Roch Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	15
och Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Rach Ulmer Shaw	Roch Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	30
ach Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Rach Ulmer Shaw	Roch Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	45
och Ulmer Show	Rach Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	12 00
ach Ulmer Show	Rach Ulmer Show	Rach Ulmer Show	Rach Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	15
ach Ulmer Shaw	Rach Ulmer Show	Rach Ulmer Show	Rach Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	30
ach Ulmer Show	Roch Ulmer Show	Rach Ulmer Show	Rach Ulmer Show	Old Redhead's Show	45
HB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	1 00
TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME

Morning and Afternoon Schedules on Next Page

through Friday, from 7:00 to 9:15 p.m. are a highlight of the new season's schedules on WHB. Your old favorites have been retained, but there are many chilly new ones. You can iron while you listen to these—and putter in your workshop—or do other work around the house—every night for 2¼ hours:

Mondays

7:00 p.m.—Hashknife Hartley
7:30 p.m.—Crime Fighters
8:00 p.m.—Murder By Experts
8:30 p.m.—The Sealed Book
9:00 p.m.—I Love a Mystery

Tuesdays

7:00 p.m.—Count of Monte Cristo
7:30 p.m.—Official Detective
8:00 p.m.—John Steele, Adventurer
8:30 p.m.—Mysterious Traveler
9:00 p.m.—I Love a Mystery

Wednesdays

7:00 p.m.—Hidden Truth
7:30 p.m.—International Airport
8:00 p.m.—2000 Plus
8:30 p.m.—Family Theater
9:00 p.m.—I Love a Mystery

Thursdays

7:00 p.m.—California Caravan
7:30 p.m.—Proudly We Hail
8:00 p.m.—The Avenger
8:30 p.m.—Hollywood Theater
9:00 p.m.—I Love a Mystery

Fridays

7:00 p.m.—Magazine Theatre
7:30 p.m.—Strange Wills
8:00 p.m.—Danger, Dr. Danfield
8:30 p.m.—Diary of Fate
9:00 p.m.—I Love a Mystery

In addition, you mystery fans will find more of your favorites every Sunday after-

(*Continued on Page 479*)

CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
5:30		Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time
6 00	Silent	News, W'ther, Livestock	News, W'ther, Livestock	News, W'ther, Livestock	News, W'ther, Livestock
15		Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
30		Hank Williams Show	Hank Williams Show	Hank Williams Show	Hank Williams Show
45		Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers
7 00	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	AP News—Ken Hartley	AP News—Ken Hartley	AP News—Ken Hartley	AP News—Ken Hartley
15	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock
30	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock
8 00	News—Lou Kemper	AP News—Ken Hartley	AP News—Ken Hartley	AP News—Ken Hartley	AP News—Ken Hartley
05	Weather	Weatherman in Person	Weathermon in Person	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person
10	Wings Over K. C.	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report
15	Our Church Youth	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock
30	Bible Study Hour	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons
45	Bible Study Hour	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Cleck	Musical Clock
55	Bible Study Hour	Les Higbie—News	Les Higbie—News	Les Higbie—News	Les Higbie—News
9 00	Sunday Serenade	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint
15	Sunday Serenade	Wells Calling—News	Wells Calling—News	Wells Calling—News	Wells Calling—News
30	Sunday Serenade	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Plaza Program
45	Guest Star	Wells Calling	Wells Calling	Wells Calling	Wells Calling
55	Guest Star	"Talk Back"—Feltan	"Talk Back"—Feltan	"Talk Back"—Feltan	"Talk Back"—Feltan
10 00	News—Piano Spotlight	Ladies Fair	Ladies Fair	Ladies Fair	Ladies Fair
15	Spotlight on Piano	Ladies Fair—News	Ladies Fair—News	Ladies Fair—News	Ladies Fair—News
30	NW. Univ. Review Stand	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day
45	NW. Univ. Review Stand	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day	Queen For A Day
11 00	Guy Lombardo Hour	Curt Massey Time	Curt Massey Time	Curt Massey Time	Curt Massey Time
15	Guy Lombardo Hour	Evelyn Knight Show	Evelyn Knight Show	Evelyn Knight Show	Evelyn Knight Show
30	Guy Lombardo Hour	Sandra Lee, Shopper	Sandra Lee, Shopper	Sandra Lee, Shopper	Sandra Lee, Shopper
45	Guy Lombardo Hour	Freddy Martin's Orch.	Freddy Martin's Orch.	Freddy Martin's Orch.	Freddy Martin's Orch.

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
12 00	News, F. Von Deventer	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith
15	Sidney Walton	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
30	Time for a Song	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
45	Time for a Song	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
1 00	Report from Pentagon	News—B. W. Cowboys	News—B. W. Cowboys	News—B. W. Cowboys	News—B. W. Cowboys
15	News—Bill Cunningham	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
30	Air Force Hour	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
45	Air Force Hour	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
2 00	Bobby Benson Show	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
15	Bobby Benson Show	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
30	Armed Forces Review	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
45	Armed Forces Review	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
3 00	Peter Salem	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
15	Peter Salem	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
30	Under Arrest	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
45	Under Arrest	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
4 00	The Shadow	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710
15	The Shadow	The Showcase	The Showcase	The Showcase	The Showcase
30	True Detective Mysteries	The Showcase	The Showcase	The Showcase	The Showcase
45	True Detective Mysteries	AP and Sport News	AP and Sport News	AP and Sport News	AP and Sport News
5 00	Challenge of the Yukon	Bobby Benson Show	Challenge of Yukon	Bobby Benson Show	Challenge of Yukon
15	Challenge of the Yukon	Bobby Benson Show	Challenge of Yukon	Bobby Benson Show	Challenge of Yukon
30	Nick Carter	Clyde Beatty Show	Sky King	Clyde Beatty Show	Sky King
45	Nick Carter	Clyde Beatty Show	Sky King	Clyde Beatty Show	Sky King
55	News—Cedric Foster	Tex Fletcher	Tex Fletcher	Tex Fletcher	Tex Fletcher

WHB — 710

MORNING

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	5:30
News, W'ther, Livestock Don Sullivan, Songs Hank Williams Show Cowtown Wranglers	News, W'ther, Livestock Don Sullivan, Songs Hank Williams Show Cowtown Wranglers	6 00 15 30 45
AP News—Ken Hartley Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Ken Hartley Musical Clock Musical Clock	7 00 15 30
AP News—Ken Hartley Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock Les Higbie—News	AP News—Ken Hartley Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock Musical Clock	8 00 05 10 15 30 45 55
Unity Viewpoint Wells Calling—News Plaza Program Wells Calling "Talk Back"—Felton	Unity Viewpoint Wells Calling Wells Calling Wells Calling Wells Calling	9 00 15 30 45 55
Ladies Fair Ladies Fair—News Queen For a Day Queen For a Day	Gene Autry, Songs Jimmy Wakely Sings Cowtown Carnival Cowtown Carnival	10 00 15 30 45
Curt Massey Time Evelyn Knight Show Sandra Lea, Shopper Freddy Martin's Orch.	News—Don Sullivan Cowtown Jub. Time Cowtown Jub. Time News—Dick Smith	11 00 15 30 45

AFTERNOON

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Man on the Farm Man on the Farm Man on the Farm Man on the Farm	12 00 15 30 45
News—B. W. Cowboys Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Salute to Reservists Salute to Reservists Tunes Till Game Time Big Seven Football	1 00 15 30 45
Club 710 Club 710 Club 710 Club 710	Big Seven Football Big Seven Football Big Seven Football Big Seven Football	2 00 15 30 45
Club 710 Club 710 Club 710 Club 710	Big Seven Football Big Seven Football Big Seven Football Big Seven Football	3 00 15 30 45
Club 710 The Showcase The Showcase AP and Sport News	Big Seven Football Big Seven Football Football Summary Red Nichols' Show	4 00 15 30 45
Bobby Benson Show Bobby Benson Show Clyde Beatty Show Clyde Beatty Show Tex Fletcher	Sat. Swing Session Sat. Swing Session Mat. at Meadowbrook Mat. at Meadowbrook Mat. at Meadowbrook	5 00 15 30 45 55

noon. "The Affairs of Peter Salem" is heard at 3; "Under Arrest" at 3:30; "The Shadow" at 4; "True Detective Mysteries" at 4:30; "Nick Carter, Master Detective" at 5:30; and the "Drama Hour" at 6:30 p.m. What a lineup! If you like mystery, it will keep you glued to that radio!

The Children . . .

Naturally, WHB hasn't overlooked the kids! When five o'clock rolls around, Monday through Friday, eager little fingers turn radio dials to 710 for the solid hour of Mutual kid shows every afternoon. Try these on *your* children, to keep them indoors and busy just before dinner:

Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays

5:00 p.m.—Bobby Benson Show
5:30 p.m.—Clyde Beatty Show
5:55 p.m.—Tex Fletcher

Tuesdays and Thursdays

5:00 p.m.—Challenge of the Yukon
5:30 p.m.—Sky King
5:55 p.m.—Tex Fletcher

As with the adults, WHB has provided shows for the kids on Sunday afternoons, too. The "Bobby Benson Show" is at 2, "Challenge of the Yukon" at 5; and that fabulous fearless marshal of the wild west, "Wild Bill Hickok" with Andy Devine is at 6 p.m.

The Music . . .

Perhaps the biggest and most significant changes lie here. WHB has provided music from western to classical throughout its programming. On the classical side there are three solid hours of classics and semi-classics from 7 to 10 p.m. every Sunday night. At 7, WHB presents an hour of music by one of the great philharmonic orchestras; at 8 the "Enchanted Hour"; at 8:30 the "Sylvan Levin Opera Concert"; and from 9 to 10 p.m., the "Chicago Theater of the Air." The program was moved from its usual Saturday night position so it wouldn't be blocked out when basketball starts.

For lovers of western music, WHB has provided *hours* of good ole' cowboy music. From 10 to 12 each Saturday morning, it's "Cowtown Carnival" time featuring recorded western stars such as Gene Autry, Jimmy Wakely, Tennessee Ernie, and many others, plus the Cowtown Wranglers and the Boogie Woogie Cowboys. Earl Wells is the m.c. and Dick Smith, the foreman, provides the news of the day at 11:45 a.m.

Swinging the Dial 710

Saturday night is a night of music with a western flavor. At 8:30 WHB broadcasts a half-hour of the fun at the "Cowtown Jubilee," direct from the stage at Ivanhoe Temple. It includes square dancing, favorite guests and plenty of hot western hoedowns, pardner! From 9 to 10 p.m., you will hear "Missouri Hayride," an hour of western tunes featuring stars from the Cowtown Jubilee and favorite ballad singers on record.

At 10:20 p.m. nightly, comes music for complete relaxation when "Serenade in the Night" is heard. A period of instrumental music (no vocals), it features pop tunes and old favorites in lush orchestrations—"music to read by." Then the "Old Redhead's Show," featuring Owen Bush with patter and records, takes over from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. every Saturday and Sunday. If you like good popular recordings, stay up to listen to this one!

For an inspirational show with good music, listen to "Wells Calling" from 9:15 to 10 every week-day morning. It's the kind of show you want to invite into your home, like a good neighbor or your best friend.

Roch Ulmer, disc jockey extraordinaire, is the new master of ceremonies on "Club 710," Kansas City's top afternoon show, heard from 2 to 4:15 p.m. Monday through Friday. Not only is he a good disc jockey, but Roch speaks seven different dialects and has a wonderful sense of humor, crew cut and all! His late night program, "The Roch Ulmer Show," is heard Monday through Friday from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. with the best of the current new tunes and sprinkling of old ones replacing Arbogast, who has gone on to bigger and better things in the world of germish and radio.

The News . . .

An innovation here! WHB has a solid hour of newscasts from 9:15 to 10:15 every night Monday through Friday. You get all the angles on the local, regional, national and international news. Remember this schedule for you'll want to hear:

9:15 p.m.—John Thornberry
9:30 p.m.—Frank Edwards
9:45 p.m.—Mutual Newsreel
10:00 p.m.—Baukhage Talking

The very newest thing in the WHB news service is the 6:45 to 7 p.m. lineup every night Monday through Friday. At 6:45 WHB will present "The Weather and You," five minutes of weather news, given in what can only be called a neighborly manner. At 6:50 there will be "Good News Tonight," the cheerful, spirit-lifting stories from across the nation and at home. The final five minutes will be devoted to the commentary of Robert F. Hurleigh, one of Mutual's top commentators.

The Old Favorites . . .

A full hour of audience participation shows via Mutual is lined up for the fall season. "Ladies' Fair" with genial Tom Moore is heard at 10 a.m. and "Queen for a Day" with zany Jack Bailey is heard at 10:30 a.m. every Monday through Friday.

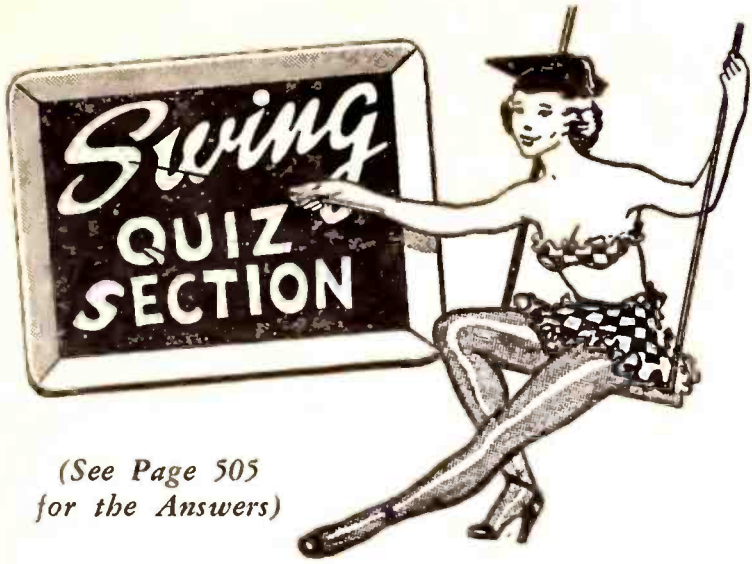
And "Man On the Farm," the farm program that lays no eggs but lots of chuckles, has been extended to a full hour, 12 noon to 1 p.m., every Saturday. Chuck Acree is m.c. of the henhouse, full of music, games and fun. Won't you pull up to roost?

You'll crow about those good shows on WHB!

And Then . . . Nov. 19 The $1,500,000 Surprise— Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Stars!

Just announced at Swing press-time is a new and important programming affiliation between Mutual and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios—whereby M-G-M stars will appear on six hours of Mutual and WHB programs weekly. There will be two big full-hour night time shows each week—and eight half-hour programs: drama, situation comedy, variety, music, mystery. Starring great performers from the M-G-M Studios in Hollywood, whose "box office" names are among the greatest in show business! Watch for the detailed announcement of these fine programs which are to begin Monday night, November 19.

Yessir, folks! . . . "this fall is the greatest of all on WHB!"



(See Page 505 for the Answers)

YOUR FAVORITE STAR

by Joseph C. Stacey

The average person carries the name he was born with throughout his life. Not so those in the entertainment world, who need a name that is more romantic, or easier to pronounce, or more virile. Below are listed 18 movie stars, all of whom you have seen on the screen; beside them, in scrambled order, are their real names. It's a simple operation of matching the movie names with the real names.

Movie Name	Real Name
1. Fred Astaire	a. Leonard Slye
2. Jack Benny	b. Stanley Morner
3. Claudette Colbert	c. Charles E. Pratt
4. Joan Crawford	d. Sarah Fulke
5. John Garfield	e. Frederick Austerlitz
6. Judy Garland	f. Lily Chauchoin
7. Stewart Granger	g. Joe Yule, Jr.
8. Cary Grant	h. Jack Millane
9. Susan Hayward	j. Ruby Stevens
10. Boris Karloff	j. Spangler Arlington Brugh
11. Ray Milland	k. Virginia McMath
12. Dennis Morgan	l. Archibald Leach
13. Ginger Rogers	m. Julius Garfinkle
14. Roy Rogers	n. Lucille Le Sueur
15. Mickey Rooney	o. Benny Kubelsky
16. Barbara Stanwyck	p. Edythe Marrener
17. Robert Taylor	q. James Stewart
18. Jane Wyman	r. Frances Gumm

SPORTS TALK

by Helen L. Renshaw

You may be the master of none of these sports. Still, certain terms are frequently used, and you should easily tag the expression that goes with the sport. Your job is to identify the sport equipment or expression mentioned with one of the three choices.

1. When your neighbor sallies forth carrying a baffing spoon, he is . . .
   a. Going to the polo field.
   b. Preparing to play hockey
   c. Going to play a game of golf

2. A tappy is . . .
   a. A short golf club
   b. A light stroke or serve in tennis
   c. Another name for a caddy

3. When a player is marking his opponent, he is . . .
   a. Telling him the rules of the game
   b. Giving him a number to wear in a basketball game
   c. Keeping close watch over his polo opponent

4. A ball made from a willow tree root, not to exceed three and a quarter inches in diameter nor five and one-half oz. in weight, is . . .
   a. A polo ball
   b. A croquet ball
   c. A billiard ball

5. When your friend says he is going to the tee, he is . . .
   a. Going to where his horse is tethered
   b. Going to an area where his golf ball may be raised off the ground
   c. Sailing for home dock

6. A daisy cutter is a term used in . . .
   a. Racing
   b. Boat-sailing
   c. Baseball

7. A fungo is . . .
   a. A ball made of leather
   b. A baseball hit by a batter from his own toss
   c. A poor serve in tennis

8. A blue darter is . . .
   a. An off tackle play in football
   b. A line drive in baseball
   c. The name of a Kentucky Derby winner

9. A carom is . . .
   a. A style of riding horseback
   b. A ball that the batter fails to strike
   c. Is a billiard shot

10. A lob is . . .
    a. A lofted shot in tennis
    b. A short putt in golf
    c. Sailing away from the wind

11. When a man speaks of a clewline, he means . . .
    a. The angle at which a baseball is hit.
    b. The line extending from first to second base.
    c. The rope by which a sail is drawn together for furling.

12. When someone refers to the herring-bone in skiing, he means . . .
    a. An upslope technique
    b. The hole in the snow he fell into
    c. A part of his dress particularly suited to skiing.

13. Association Football is the official name for . . .
    a. La Crosse
    b. Polo
    c. Soccer

14. A sharpie is . . .
    a. A type of yacht
    b. Another name for the referee
    c. The official time-keeper

15. A bolo is . . .
    a. A game played by eight men on horseback
    b. A gutter ball in bowling
    c. A sweeping uppercut punch in boxing

TRY THESE FOR SIZE

by Norman Daly

The patterns of the diagram on the right are neither mathematical formulas nor ink blot tests! It's a sport quiz. Just read the instructions under each group and refer to the diagram.

Group A:

The nine balls illustrated are each used in a different sport, and are presented in their comparative sizes. Name the balls correctly with the help of these terms.

Split Shot Chukker Love Eagle
Sacrifice Let Ball Overthrow
Thrown-In Hinder

Group B:

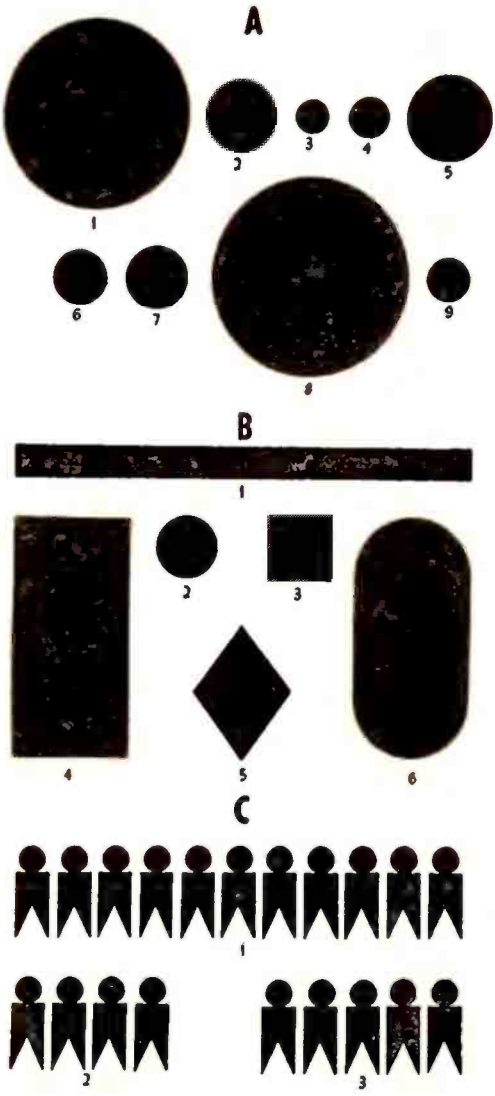
Each geometric figure represents the athletic area of a certain sport. Pair the diagram with the appropriate terms listed below for the sport.

Spare Hammer TKO Punt
H.R.E. Scratch

Group C:

Here are three teams. Can you tell by the dimensions of their playing fields what sport they represent?

300 x 450 feet 900 x 450 feet
94 x 50 feet



MORE THAN ONE

By Violet M. Roberts

We say a "*swarm* of bees" and a "*tribe* of Indians," but how many of the following can you place in their correct groups?

1.	———of porpoises	drove
2.	———of whales	gang
3.	———of bass	pride
4.	———of elephants	pod
5.	———of dotterel	herd
6	———of wolves	pack
7.	———of oxen	sloth
8.	———of lions	school
9.	———of bears	shoal
10.	———of elk	trip

AUTHORS AND HEROES

by Virginia D. Randall

Most mystery, crime and adventure writers choose a central figure around whom most of their books revolve. Can you give the proper author credit for having brought life and personality to the hero?

Hero	Author
1. Richard Hannay	a. Leslie Charteris
2. Bulldog Drummond	b. Baroness Orczy
3. Donald Lam and Bertha Cool	c. S. S. Van Dine
4. Reginald Fortune	d. Talbot Mundy
5. Perry Mason	e. John Buchan
6. The Scarlet Pimpernel	f. A. A. Fair
7. Clubfoot	g. Sax Rohmer
8. Slim Callaghan	h. H. C. McNeil (Sapper)
9. Dr. Fu Manchu	i. Peter Cheyney
10. The Saint	j. Erle Stanley Gardner
11. Jimgrim	k. Anthony Morton
12. The Lone Wolf	l. H. C. Bailey
13. Philo Vance	m. Valentine Williams
14. The Baron and Blue Mask	n. Mary Roberts Rinehart
15. Tish	o. Louis Joseph Vance

ARE YOU A PHOBIA-FIEND?

by Paul Huxley

"Phobia", as the word is used in psychology, may imply a pathological fear or dread, or merely an intense dislike. At any rate, those of us who expect to lead well balanced lives should be without them. Below are listed 15 phobias. Match them, if you can, with their definitions.

1. Nyctophobia	a. Fear of fire
2. Myophobia	b. Fear of high places
3. Acrophobia	c. Fear of being buried alive
4. Triskaidekophobia	d. Fear of open spaces
5. Thanatophobia	e. Fear of being afraid
6. Claustrophobia	f. Fear of darkness
7. Taphephobia	g. Fear of death
8. Pyrophobia	h. Fear of the number "13"
9. Agoraphobia	i. Fear of pain
10. Algophobia	j. Fear of confinement
11. Pathophobia	k. Fear of mice
12. Mysophobia	l. Fear of germs
13. Phobophobia	m. Fear of dirt
14. Ailurophobia	n. Fear of snakes
15. Ophidrophobia	o. Fear of cats

The Joke That Elected Taft

IT'S not often that a joke elects a President of the United States. Long memories will recall, though, that a good natured jibe at William Howard Taft did just that.

It happened in 1903 while Taft was Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands. Taft's energetic administration had endeared him to the natives of the Islands, and won respect in Washington, but long hours of work in the debilitating climate of Manila were severely taxing his strength. Furthermore, Taft weighed more than 300 pounds, and under this additional burden, his health began to suffer. Washington officials were concerned and advised him to take it easy.

After a rest, Taft felt much improved, and he and his family headed for a mountain resort to complete his recovery, making part of the distance on horseback.

Shortly after, Secretary of War Elihu Root received a report from the Governor in which he described his mountain journey. Taft cabled: "Stood trip well. Rode horseback twenty-five miles to five thousand feet elevation."

In Washington, Root was relieved to learn of Taft's improvement. Then, as he reread the cable, he saw the opportunity for a joke . . . a joke that was just too good to miss. He cabled Taft: "Glad you are well. How is the horse?"

In the Philippines, the 300-pound plus Taft read Root's message and shook with laughter. Never afraid of a ribbing at his own expense, he told the Filipino press.

Secretary Root's witticism waited five years for fruition.

When Taft was nominated for the presidency, to run against Bryan in 1908, his campaign managers feared that he was too reserved and not enough "a man of the people" to combat the popular orator. Then the incident of Root's message was brought forth and publicized throughout the land as proof that Taft was a "regular fellow." "How is the horse?" became the watchword of the Republican Party in the campaign, and Taft was elected President of the United States.

—*K. F. Jerome*

▲

He had been recalled by the draft board. After the physical, a bored sergeant took over the questioning. "Did you go to grammar school?"

"Yes," he answered, "and to high school."

"College?" the sergeant yawned.

"I have a BA from the University of North Carolina," he told him, "MS at Columbia. Then graduate courses at Cornell, back to Columbia for Journalism, a degree from the University of Mexico and . . ."

The sergeant nodded, picked up a rubber stamp, flourished it in midair and slammed it on the questionnaire—one word: "Literate."

We are cheered by a report that the Red Chinese Government is encouraging inventions by native workers. We can think of nothing that would lead to a quicker quarrel with Russia.

▲

A dyed-in-the-wool Southerner was riding in a streetcar in Washington, D.C., when a woman next to him spoke.

"Pardon me, sir," she said, as the car passed the vast United States Pension Building, "can you tell me what building that is?"

"I sure can," replied the Southerner. "That is a monument to Southern marksmanship."

The Cream of Crosby

Eighteen times a month, the New York Herald-Tribune's radio and television critic erupts pungent little essays on life—life as seen on TV screens, heard on the radio. Swing cannot print all of them in our brief pages . . . but here are a few of his summer best!

by JOHN CROSBY

Small Town Television Story

SARKES TARZIAN is a mild, low-pressure guy who wears spectacles and is a bit of an electronic genius. By all the rules he should be vegetating quietly in the suburbs, employed by one of the big companies and earning maybe $6,500 a year. But he isn't. After a ten-year stint with Atwater Kent, another ten with RCA, he quit RCA five years ago to manufacture an inexpensive TV tuner, which he now supplies to most of the nation's set manufacturers, in Bloomington, Ind. He invested $40,000 in this enterprise, which last year grossed $13,000,000.

A couple of years ago, he decided Bloomington ought to have its own television station. Everyone said he was insane. The station would cost $300,000. Bloomington couldn't get network programs. No one owned a TV set. There weren't enough people to operate profitably if everyone owned a set. There was no local talent. Oh, there were lots of reasons, all of them sound.

Tarzian went ahead, anyhow, built the station and all the equipment, including cameras, himself. (Cost: $150,000) Within six months the Bloomington area possessed thousands of TV receivers, (it now has 18,500), one for every five persons, the station was in the black and Bloomington had gone—and still is—television crazy. The reasons: practically everyone in Bloomington has been on WTTV, they're all—as it were—in the business, and they like to watch how well (or badly) their friends and neighbors do. There is no more avid TV-watcher than an expert, and in Bloomington everyone is.

Lacking local talent, Tarzian offered everyone in town: Mayor Lemon, a local printer, a drugstore clerk, waitresses in the Hotel Graham, haberdashers, ministers, stenographers, hardware dealers, and that old television and radio standby—they can't get away from it even in Bloomington—the housewife. About the closest thing to a celebrity that was ever offered by WTTV was Bloomington's most noted resident, Dr. Alfred Kinsey. (No, junior, I don't know what Dr. Kinsey did on his show. Probably discussed the genetics of fruit-flies.)

If anyone in Bloomington wants to get on television, he just calls the station. With no audition and very little rehearsal, he's on. Almost everyone, Bloomington has discovered, has *something* to say or do, and, even in the worst cases, it isn't any worse than some of the celebrities who show up on Ed Sullivan's shows and in many cases it's a lot more interesting.

Naturally this paradise couldn't last forever. Last summer Tarzian decided Bloomington ought to have live network shows, so he constructed a couple of relay towers (Cost: $110,000) and the town now has all four networks pouring in. Now Mayor Lemon is competing with Faye Emerson and Howdy Doody; some of the bloom has worn off Bloomington; and WTTV is settling into the old rut the rest of the industry is in. The populace still remains loyal to its local shows, just the same.

These include weekly interviews with high school teachers, a local Red Cross demonstration show, variety and hillbilly shows, roundups of local news conducted by Indiana University journalism students, round-table discussions of national and local issues, the senior play at Bloomington High School and the local soap box derby.

Tarzian, in fact, has just reversed the usual order of things. The normal, but by no means the best routine with a new TV station (in a one-station town) is to throw a switch putting on whatever of the four network shows the program manager happens to like. In that way you avoid the headaches of local programming, and can almost avoid thinking at all. You also lose the community loyalty which WTTV has aroused, and which, in the end, is the most valuable property a station can have.

Tarzian's method has already won him esteem and eventually will win him emulation. He's had letters from all over the country asking how he did it. When the F.C.C. freeze is lifted, he plans to build TV stations in other small towns, and he's always ready to show the operation of WTTV to the numerous pilgrims who drop in on Bloomington. You'll generally find him in blue jeans along with the other engineers, which, in spite of everything else, is what he primarily is.

Comedy From Boston

BOB and Ray, whose last names, respectively, are Elliot and Goulding, are a pair of smooth-tongued, literate comedians who have been entertaining Bostonians on a local station for several years with a species of deadpan, deadly satire, much of it about Boston. Now, they have branched out—a fortunate thing for all of us—extending the range of their satire to the nation at large and the size of their audience to the N.B.C. network, where you can hear them for fifteen minutes five times a week or for a solid hour on a nighttime show—altogether a tough assignment.

Already they have attracted a small coterie—in radio a small coterie is anything less than 5,000,000 people—of admirers. One of them is I. Almost everything you hold near and dear—motherhood, the movies, advertising, radio pro-

grams—have been examined extensively by Bob and Ray at some time or other in a manner which leaves little left to be said on the subject.

Not long ago, they got interested in a small business man's forum in New York to the extent of reproducing it. "Seated around the table or possibly I should say *on* the table are the small business men—Mr. Reginald K. Gabby Porter."

"How do you do. I'm three inches tall."

"Mr. Paul Mell."

"I am four inches."

"Look, please, first of all, fellows, get out of the ashtrays and pay a little attention here now. I see your hand up, Mr. Mell."

"Pass down the butter, please."

"Over with the butter."

"Watch out, Mr. Mell, you're getting close to the edge of the table."

Bob and Ray go on like this in short pithy takes, that never quite give you time to catch your breath, in about a million different voices. About 90 per cent of their stuff is ad lib. I especially like their absolutely free commercial offers like the Bob and Ray Burglar kit. "the only complete burglar outfit offered today."

"Listen listen listen now—complete details."

"Bob and Ray will send you without obligation their famous burglar kit."

"Jimmies . . . glass cutters . . . screwdrivers."

"Awls . . . canvas gloves . . . crepe soled shoes . . ."

"Listen to these interesting chapter headings included in the Bob and Ray Burglar Book."

"Forging ahead."

"Casing a joint."

"These and many more. Also, in the appendix to the book—Bob and Ray's unique list of aliases."

"Aliases you can use over and over again."

"Aliases such as Benjamin Franklin."

"Or Mary Queen of Scots."

"When the postman brings your package in a plain wrapper marked only 'Burglar Kit,' take $3.98 from *him*."

At various other times they've offered the public the Bob and Ray Home Surgery kit ("How many times have you said to yourself: 'Golly, I wish I could take out my tonsils'.") And the Bob and Ray short-playing record ("Now . . . now . . . now at last it's here . . . only one half inch in diameter . . . the hole is bigger than the record . . . Made of genuine breakable glass . . . Hear Aida in twenty-seven seconds . . .")

Not long ago they took aim at Mr. William Stern, the sportscaster, with a small, gem-like travesty on Mr. Stern's tall sports stories, an almost perfect reproduction of the hysteria and general emptiness of content of the originals. The team is also very fine on impartial surveys. "I see you're mowing your lawn. Would you mind mowing my lawn?"—"I'd be very happy to."—"Now, sir, do you find my lawn easier to mow?"—"Yes, sir, also your lawn is greener and the grass is shorter."—"That's fine."—"and milder."

I don't know if any of this, presented as it is without the pair's matchless inflections and timing, reproduces to any degree the neatness and precision of Bob and Ray's humor. You'll just have to take my word for it they are very funny people.

Bergen Evans on TV

ONE of the best TV quizzes on the air, for my money, is "Down You Go." (Du Mont) a Chicago operation produced by the Louis G. Cowan office which owns the Quiz Kids. The quiz-master is Bergen Evans, a professor of English at Northwestern University, who possesses great charm, enormous erudition and a wit only occasionally overlaid by academic dust. The permanent panel members are Toni Gilman and Carmelita Pope, both very pretty and very bright actresses, and Francis Coughlin, continuity editor at WGN in Chicago, who is very fast on his feet, too.

The nature of the game, a sort of crossword puzzle of the air, is a little too complicated to explain here. But it is a very good game and it is interspersed with highly literate and entertaining comment from Mr. Evans and the guests. Also, it is graced by some new Chicago faces which you'll find a welcome relief from the tired old New York faces which have been on every quiz show on the air.

Brave New World

IN Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World," there was a stirring chapter about the conditioning of infants to acceptance of the life they would eventually lead as adults, the social class they were about to assume. A good chapter it was. I'll never forget one small scene where a platoon of babies are spurred across a nursery floor to a row of electrified books. Each one got the shock of his life as he touched a book which taught him to stay away from books the rest of his life.

It seemed at the time like a comic exaggeration, a satiric elaboration. It doesn't any more, the book business being at the moment absolutely lousy. Television, you know. Man hasn't time to read a book. It's a deplorable condition not only for the book business but for the country at large. Books, even without batteries attached to them, have an electric charge of their own. They condition us in a more complex way than electric shock to acceptance or rejection—especially rejection —of the environment around us.

The sort of conditioning that radio or television accomplishes is of a rather different nature. Go out and buy it NOW. Immediately. Don't waste a second. You'd be surprised how many people do rush right out and buy it now, too. A couple of years back I received a letter from an attendant of a lunatic asylum. She complained that the inmates in some cases had to be forcibly restrained from rushing right off the grounds to buy it NOW.

Almost everything that is said on the air is taken seriously, every word sinks into some brain more deeply than is intended. Years ago the disk jockeys ran into a peck of trouble with a song, whose title eludes me but which was popularly known as the suicide song. People would call up and request it and commit suicide while it was on the air. Well, suicide must have been on their minds before hearing the record but the slight change in —shall we say—the emotional atmosphere brought about by the song very likely had a lot to do with the large difference between thinking about suicide and actually committing it.

(Editor's Note— Crosby probably refers to "Gloomy Sunday")

Radio can be a dangerous toy.

Arthur Godfrey, in a jesting mood, once was illustrating how to open a pack of Chesterfields and he said that the cellophane top could be used as fish bait. A young girl I know took him up on it right away. (Caught a two-pound bass, Arthur, so I guess it works.) On another occasion Godfrey was asked how peanut butter could be ingested without sticking to the roof of your mouth. "Turn the bread upside down," suggested Arthur. Uncounted thousands of small boys did just that and got the peanut butter stuck to their tongues where it's even harder to get rid of. You can't make jokes on the radio which contain even a hint of advice.

The small fry are especially susceptible to suggestion. My own small son not only sings "Brush your teeth with Colgate's" but insists on doing it. He can't read yet so we palm off any toothpaste that happens to be around. But later, after he has been exposed to the perils of an education, he'll demand Colgate's—having, as it were, got that electric shock so early in life.

Since the youngsters (along with the asylum inmates) are so easily propelled toward the nearest drugstore, the demands made on them are increasing every day and the kids are having trouble keeping up with consumption. I have a letter right at my elbow from a lady who has Howdy Doody trouble. Bob Smith had repeatedly invited her daughter to buy Snickers and the girl had followed this plea so faithfully she got sick eating the candy bars.

"Now," writes the lady in some despair, "she buys the bars, throws the candy away and keeps the wrappers."

Newsreel Life—Then, Now and Forever

ONE of the comforting things about newsreels is their essential timelessness. Nothing has changed very much in human behavior or in the newsreels' special attitude toward news and especially toward people. There is a program belting around the TV circuit called, if memory serves and I'm not sure in this case that it does, "News of Yesteryear." It is just a collection of old newsreels and you'll find that the only difference in life as depicted by the newsreels is in the clothes, particularly the bathing suits.

One of these programs opened with shots of Woodrow Wilson, grinning nervously, as he picked the first draft number out of a fish bowl—a ceremony which combines high tragedy and high comedy in about equal proportions and one which the newsreels have commemorated several times since 1917. It struck me at the time that this drawing of first draft numbers out of fish bowls is almost exclusively a newsreel ceremony, that before the invention of photography there wouldn't have been any fish bowls or any ceremony.

Much of newsreel-land, in fact, appears to have been composed entirely for the cameras. You get the feeling that after the Kleig lights have been turned off, the sets are struck, Grover Whalen takes off his greasepaint and the little roll of film is the only memento of an event that never really took place. Following the fishbowl were the shots of the men in training in 1917, another sequence we've become tragically familiar with—the men exchanging their civilian clothes for khaki, the calisthenics, and also my favorite shot of all, the troops at mess while the announcer says proudly that *this* army is getting the best food ever given to any army. It's a claim that the Army has been making over many wars now and one, I feel, they'll never sell in Duluth or even in Pittsburgh.

Then came the shot we were all waiting for, Colleen Moore, one of the picture stars of her day, making a fuss over the doughboys just like Ann Sheridan in the last war, like lots of film stars in this one. When a movie star kisses a G.I., as we're not supposed to call them any more, the cameras are always conveniently nearby; the osculation seems to be more a matter of public record than one of enjoyment between a boy and girl.

But, of course, newsreels have covered many things besides wars. Over the years, I should say the greatest and most changeless of newsreel stars has been the Chris Craft. In "News of Yesteryear," there was one twenty-two-year-old shot of a pretty movie starlet on a surfboard, doing the "Black Bottom." You and I have seen many, many variations of the girl on the surfboard in the last couple of decades. The bathing suits are briefer, the hairdos are different, "The Black Bottom" has fallen into disuse, the tricks on surfboards have grown steadily more complicated. The Chris Craft alone has remained basically unchanged—trim, expensive, and apparently designed only to pull pretty girls and handsome boys on surfboards.

Oh, there were lots of other shots, none of which will surprise you. A fashion show, for example. A 1919 strip of film showing the latest techniques in women's coiffure. The newsreels have always gone in heavily for disasters of a pictorial nature—floods and earthquakes in particular. This one was no exception. There were 1930 shots of an earthquake in Italy—the ruins, the refugees, the nine-figure estimate of the physical damage. Then, of course, there was the latest invention, a newsreel standby. The latest invention—I think they dream them up in newsreel offices—is usually a device to shell stone crabs without getting your fingers wet or something equally pertinent to the stresses of modern life. This one, a 1929 film, was an umbrella automat—you pop a quarter into it and out pops an umbrella just as the rain starts—an invention that has got lost somewhere in the pressure of wars and economic revolutions.

There were a few things missing in these ancient newsreels. Not a single girl was crowned queen of the cherry festival, a serious omission; there weren't any shots of the new girl figure-skating champ—or

queen of the ice, as we used to call her; there were no bobsleds, no battleships and not a single monkey dressed in top-hat doing a tango. Otherwise, though, newsreel life hasn't changed a bit since 1917.

How to Cope With Copelessness

I CELEBRATED National Vegetable Week much too strenuously and have been put on a strict diet—nothing but whiskey and water. And panel shows. Nothing like a panel show to cut down your vitamin intake.

It was John Royal, the elder sage of N.B.C., who some years back declared that television was in the "I think" stage. A lot of people sat around a microphone and thought deeply about, say, high prices, or should a girl kiss a man on the first time out. Then they emitted opinions. It wasn't the humidity, it was the density of these answers which made life uncomfortable in those days. Well, the panel show has come a long way since then.

The panel members don't think at all; the answers are carefully rehearsed and seem at times to have been written by someone else, and a man can relax and perhaps even catch a nap during a panel show without feeling that he is missing any profound thoughts on animal husbandry.

Panel shows have even acquired enough renown to attract a show specifically designed to satirize them. There is no higher compliment. The program is "How To," which you'll find on CBS-TV, a Hollywood operation that arrives in New York by kinescope. It is the TV equivalent of "It Pays to Be Ignorant," the first and still the most successful satire on all quiz programs, and, while it hasn't the ripe patina of the older show, it is on the right track.

"How To" is presided over by Roger Price, a former script writer for Bob Hope and the author—so help me Hannah—of a book called "In One Head and Out the Other." That ought to give you some idea of what goes on on "How To." Price has the chin and many of the mannerisms of Bob Hope, a pair of spectacles without which no new comic on TV is complete, and a face that will remind you strongly of the Piccard brothers who used to go up in balloons and down in bathyspheres.

His humor is a composite of all those things from Mr. Hope to the bathysphere. "This show has been on the air for only a month," he'll tell you, "and already it has attracted thousands of enemies. Here's a letter from a reader. 'I've been following your health hints and they have made a real he-man out of me. I'm suing you for $100.000 because six months ago I was a girl'."

The panel members include Anita Martell (Mrs. Price) and a couple of other Hollywoodites, Huntz Hall and Leonard Stern, and their task—to quote directly from Mr. Price—"is to help people with an inability to cope with life—or copelessness." The problems they cope with are as inconsequential or just plain silly as possible. How to snare a husband, for example.

One man wanted to know how to handle a wife who wanted to go to the seashore when he pined for the mountains—a problem that I thought had expired in the comic strips. "Play along with your wife," said Mr. Stern or Mr. Hall or somebody. "Take her to the seashore and play games with her. Bury her in the sand and when you come back from the mountains—dig her up."

"Argue with her about the advantages of Mother Nature," advised someone else. "Then she'll go home to Mother and you can go to nature."

These remarks are about as ad lib as a Presidential address and, in some cases, no sillier. Mr. Price interrupts the gags

from time to time to draw lightning and very funny sketches, a habit he picked up on the night-club circuit. And at the end he plunges into the wilderness with gun and microphone to ask questions of the audience. "How can I get my mother-in-law to leave home?" — "Divorce your wife."—"How can I keep my boy friend from spending too much money on me?"—"Marry him."

Well, those answers are at least as thoughtful as some of those I've heard on "Meet the Press" or "Leave It to the Girls." When you come right down to it, it's pretty hard to satirize a panel show. They satirize themselves pretty well.

The Mildly Vicious Circle

ONCE, during the rehearsal of "The Big Show," the producer was trying, over Tallulah Bankhead's strenuous objections, to cut a few of her lines just as a matter of timing. It was an epic battle, I'm told, but the producer finally won though he didn't escape entirely unscathed. Groucho Marx, who was within earshot, took the cigar out of his mouth just long enough to mutter: "The Timing of the Shrew."

I don't know why I'm telling you all this except that too many people are reading "The Vicious Circle" and quoting too much of it to me. Said Noel Coward to the highly tailored lady: "You look almost like a man." Retorted the highly tailored lady to Noel Coward: "So do you." The art of insult, especially that one, is still around in different form, though perhaps not so succinctly expressed. Said Tallulah to Bob Hope: "Hope, leave this stage until I call for you." Said Hope to Tallulah: "Don't lower your voice to me. I knew you when you were Louis Calhern."

The art of insult which I inspect annually along with dumb women jokes, political jokes, and tax jokes, has declined a little in the past year. But there have been a few—all of them, I expect, modifications of Max Beerbohm's or Oscar Wilde's but still, I think, at least as quotable as those in "The Vicious Circle." There was that one on "This Is Show Business," for instance.

BERT LAHR: I told this same joke recently at the Capital theater and you could hear them laugh across the street.

CLIFTON FADIMAN: What was playing over there?

Then there was Ronald Colman on the Jack Benny program.

COLMAN: I never told you this, Jack, but I heard the first radio program you ever did.

BENNY: Gee, Ronnie, I didn't know that. The very first program?

COLMAN: Yes. How have they been since?

Well, after all, there were some pretty old jokes in "The Vicious Circle," too, but they were on the whole more vicious. People just don't insult one another with the zest they once used, so we'll have to turn elsewhere. (If Bennett Cerf can get away with this, I can try, too.) I rather like Groucho Marx's brief patriotic oration which ran: "We owe a great deal to the government. The question is, how are we ever going to get the money to pay for it?"

That last is known as the tax joke which in sheer numbers is far out in front of my joke file. Radio and television actors and writers make much more money than is good for them; the government takes it away from them for their own protection and this solicitude preys on their minds. Pretty soon they write jokes about it. Or if they get real mad, they vent their spleen on the politicians. "My boy friend is out making stump speeches to draft Eisenhower. He wants to draft Eisenhower before Eisenhower drafts him." (Gene Autry show)

Or if they get too depressed to write jokes about either taxes or politics, they

can always fall back on the woman driver joke. "Well, I signaled for a left turn and then changed my mind and signaled for a right turn. Then I decided to take a short cut down the sidewalk because there were too many man drivers cluttering up the street. Well, this weasel was hogging the sidewalk and I was late getting to the beauty parlor so in order to avoid an accident I just ran over him." (Red Skelton show)

It's been a good year, all around, for women jokes. Gracie Allen returned the eight day clock George bought her because the eight days were up and at least one girl bought "Little Women" for a friend because he was marrying a midget and Dave Garroway broke the news about the perfume that was driving women mad —it smelled like money—and my friend Irma . . . well, let's not get into my friend Irma or we'll be here all day.

We started with Groucho and we'll finish with Groucho:

GROUCHO: If you like the sea, why aren't you a sailor instead of a landlubber?

CONTESTANT: That's not a very good way to raise a family.

GROUCHO: The fish manage pretty well.

I plan to collect them all in a book some day but not until the winter after the Christmas jokes are in. "Second Story Jackson is in jail again."—"What's he in for this time?"—"He was doing his Christmas shopping early."—"Early?"—"Before the store opened." (Duffy's Tavern.)

Small Matters

IT'S hot today and I only have the energy to consider small matters, the smaller the better. Nora Drake, the soap heroine whose miseries have extended over more years than I care to think about, has emerged now as a doll—nurse's uniform and all. Anyone who has followed the dizzy advances made in the doll industry in the last couple of decades knows that dolls have grown steadily more complicated, have grown steadily more difficult to handle and will—if this trend is not checked—approach the status of womanhood.

The Nora Drake doll is a long step forward in this lamentable direction. This doll, a press agent assures me, is the first doll to come equipped with a Toni home permanent set and a built-in set of neuroses—the first completely neurotic doll. "Theory is, the way we figure it," this man assures me, "that daughter plays with the doll as mother listens to the program and daughter eventually becomes a listener. The doll's eyes shut when she lies down. When they're open she has a cute confused expression. Maybe she listens, too."

If she does, the doll has good reason to be both neurotic and confused. Nora Drake has explored the field of neurosis more extensively than any other soap heroine I know. Last time I paid any attention to Nora Drake, young Grace Sargent—you remember young Grace—was expressing—as they say in the psychiatry dodge—great hostility toward her mother. Nora was in love with Grace's father, a psychiatrist, which was causing her endless unhappiness. And Grace's mother Vivian was exploding with hostility toward both Nora and her husband and, it seemed to me, the world at large.

Pick it up from there, daughter, and, if you listen very attentively five times a week, you may grow into a full-fledged neurotic by the age of ten. Just like Mummy.

And while we're on the subject of children, I might straighten you out on some of the strange noises that are emanating from your little ones these days if they happen to be addicts of Tom Corbett, space cadet. If Junior tells you he's rocketing on all tubes he means what we old-timers used to refer to as cooking on all burners. If he invites you to plug your jets, he means shut up. If you are accused of drinking jet juice, you're off the beam, pop.

One of my favorite Space Cadet expressions, one that I had to turn over to the translators before I could make head or tail of it, is, "Blast me for a Martian mouse." It means simply, "Boy, am I a dope!" As for all those exclamatory utterances—by the moons of Jupiter, by the rings of Saturn, by the clouds of Venus—

they are just refinements of, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Okay, pop. You've been briefed. Blast off. (Scram.)

Just one more small complaint. One of the television commercials you must have seen recently shows Buster Crabbe—this is the black and white Buster Crabbe as opposed to RCA's color Buster Crabbe, a different man entirely—splashing through a swimming pool and then showing his watertight watch—"the ideal watch for the active man."

Well, that's all very well for you, Buster, but I'm not an active man. I'm the prototype of inactive man and I wouldn't give that watch house room. They tire me out, these active watches. Always after a man to go belting around a tennis court. My watch, which is temperamentally attuned not only to me but, I suspect, to a lot of other inactive men, is not at all watertight. It stops in water; it stops in light rain; sometimes it even stops in heavy fogs. Action exhausts it completely. Stops for days, sulking. It's a nice watch, though. It tells time now and then, mostly when I'm not looking at it. It never tells the right time when I'd rather it didn't, an idiosyncrasy which has caused me to miss dozens of appointments with people I didn't want to meet.

Compatibility Is a Wonderful Thing

COMPATIBILITY, a word which has hitherto been applied chiefly to people, especially married folk, is getting a brand new run for its money in the world of electronics, specifically in color television. During the summer we in New York, have been permitted to witness RCA's color television system. A handful have managed to get into the RCA exhibit hall and see a half hour show in three colors and also on adjoining sets in black and white.

Some 4,000,000 other set owners in the metropolitan area, if they weren't at the dishes at 10 a.m. which is almost the only practical hour NBC was allowed to run its field tests, were exposed to RCA's color system in black and white and got the comfortable feeling of being let in on something which has previously been only for a few privileged, haughty people—Senators, F.C.C. commissioners, vice-presidents—who were bandying about our electronic destiny behind what almost amounted to locked doors.

CBS's field sequential or whirling disk system, buttressed by the United States Supreme Court, is now the law of the land. Yet it is still an uncomfortable secret which CBS would like to share with the rest of us but doesn't quite know how to go about it. The RCA system, while not exactly illegal, is terribly unofficial. But the public—at least in the New York area and eventually in others—has access to it as they had access to the speakeasy, another highly unofficial institution in its day. Compatibility is a wonderful thing.

So is color television—when, as and if anyone can afford it. As to the merits of the two systems, it would be pretty hard to determine unless CBS and the improved RCA receiver were set side by side. The differences, I suspect, would be of great interest to the engineers but probably wouldn't be very noticeable to you and me. RCA color, I think, is sometimes a little more pallid, not quite so rich in texture as the CBS brand. Just the same it's good color transmission. It would certainly brighten your home. And don't forget it's compatible in case you're a black-and-white lad whose home doesn't need brightening and who prefers Milton Berle in monochrome.

The splendor of color enhances almost everything on television—the fabrics, the gowns, the scenery—everything, in fact, except people. The RCA show I saw opened with a parade of Conover models whose vari-tinted habiliments were greatly enriched by color cameras but whose own personalities, it seemed to me, were somewhat dimmed by all the tri-colored radiance. These babes could be watched on black and white or in color and I thought they looked both younger and prettier in b & w. Also they looked more like people. I've been looking at people for some time now and I guess they have always come through to me in black and white or in suitable shades of gray. On

color television, they're tinted from head to foot and look a little phoney like dolls.

One of the features of the show was a remote pickup from a Palisades Park pool where the water was a magnificent emerald and Buster Crabbe was a sort of cedar and the whole thing—as Ben Grauer proudly told us—was illuminated only by nature. Well, nature isn't always right—an aphorism I picked up at my mother's knee—and I would have preferred Mr. Crabbe in some less conspicuous shade like, say, clay pink. Eventually, all sorts of sports will be in color. This will bring out the full splendor of the Polo Grounds but what about Ed Stanky? Stanky in three colors might easily produce technicolored nightmares in the children.

Nature—another expression I picked up from mother—abhors a vacuum tube unless the installments have been paid on it. Just now television needs a lot of things—imagination, taste and money, to name three; it needs almost everything *except color*. The progress of the art—if I may make so bold—would be seriously interrupted by any non-compatible system like CBS's; it would be left unimpaired and possibly unchanged for years to come by RCA color, which would give us set owners a chance to pay for the present set and still see the color broadcasts (if only in black and white).

Just one other small point. One of the entertainers on the RCA color show was introduced as "the brand new singing sensation." The language of broadcasting is neither more nor less colorful than it was—black and white or, for that matter, in radio.

Boy From Indiana

HERB SHRINER is an Indiana boy who listens to people with great care and sometimes just repeats what they say, verbatim. "People in Indiana," he'll tell you, "say very funny things. If I could just live in Indiana and still do a television show . . ." But he can't. Just the same, Shriner, who is taking Arthur Godfrey's place on the Talent Scouts show, is an earthy, observant, native humorist—something that hasn't been around for a long time, and I hope New York doesn't blunt him.

His humor rambles like an Indiana rose and it is pretty hard to reproduce in print. "I'm an Indiana boy," he'll tell you. "You can tell. There's something about a fella from Indiana. Don't know what it is. Well, I do know what it is but I don't like to think about it." With his grin and his shock of brown hair and his candid open face, this sort of self-introduction is as warm and fresh as the Indiana breezes. The folks back home—their peculiarities, their wisdom, their lack of anything resembling urban civilization—are Shriner's bill of fare.

The barber, for example. "He was kind of a . . . well, a little eccentric. Kind of nervous . . . Well, he was a drunk, that's what he was. But it didn't stop him from cutting hair. The trouble was you never knew what was coming off. Being a little short fellow, he'd get up on a box. But when he got going cutting hair you couldn't stop him. The only thing you could do when you got enough hair cut was to kick the box from under him."

Life in Indiana, as Shriner presents it, is calm, terribly remote from anything in my recent experience and conceivably libelous to the American way of life, as presented in the big picture magazines. "The town itself wasn't much," says Mr. Shriner. "It was so peaceful there, if someone dropped an atom bomb on it, the darn thing would just lay there and grow." Most of the people, though, you'll find fairly familiar. If you don't know them, you get the idea they exist.

"Our mayor was quite a feller. I'll never forget his campaign speech. He said, 'Friends . . .' That was an over-statement right there. He said, 'Friends, I'm proud of you all in this town and everything you stand for.' And believe me we

stood for plenty." Another Shriner character is the sheriff who everyone knew was honest because the first thing he did was arrest the last sheriff.

Whether he knows it or not, Mr. S. is poking fun at the horn of plenty which, the advertiser insists, we're all on the receiving end of. In Shriner's home town there is plenty of nothing except people. Even their recreations were a little odd. "We didn't have any lakes or beaches or anything like that. Well, we had a mirage at the end of town. It was pretty popular for a while there. Then a real estate man got ahold of it and he put in a lot of—oh, you know—bad food, mosquitoes and, well, high prices. Made a regular resort out of it.

"After that we started to get a bit of traffic. There was a lot of girls there looking for husbands and a lot of husbands looking for girls. There was one girl used to come around in particular. Well, actually, she wasn't too particular. She was one of those girls who knew where she was going and not too bad looking—for an ugly girl. I dunno how you'd describe her. I believe if it hadn't been for varicose veins she wouldn't had any legs at all. But she looked better than the rest of em. She had a little more meat on her bones. She had more bones, too."

Shriner can rattle on at length in that—varicose—vein looking terribly innocent while exuding his corn-fed, delicate malice. As an interviewer of talent scouts, Shriner's stuff has, I think, more meat on its bones than the vacationing Mr. Godfrey.

He was talking to a lady who turns out greeting cards the other day and he remarked: "Seems to me them greeting card companies are turning out cards for every occasion. You know—Happy Ground Hog day. Congratulations on your parole. Good luck on your forthcoming strike."

Then there was the girl who was wearing what Shriner referred to as an "open toe dress" which he asked her to describe to the radio audience. "It's a short evening dress with a boned strapless top and an accordion pleated halter with a gathered flared skirt in ombre chiffon," she explained.

Shriner stared at her a moment in helpless awe. Then he gasped: "Gosh, you know it didn't look to me like you had that much on."

Dangerous Amusement

RAYBURN and Finch are described by their announcers, their press agents and people in similar worshipful professions as madcaps which means, according to Webster's International, "inclined to wild sports, delighting in rash, absurd and dangerous amusements." It's a pretty good definition of Rayburn and Finch, too.

For some years, this team's special wild sport was to amuse listeners, who had just been routed from bed, from 6 to 9:30 A.M. over New York's WNEW six days a week. Offhand, I can think of no more rash, absurd and dangerous amusement than trying to amuse me or anyone else during these hours but R & F, I'm forced to admit, have succeeded in extracting a bellow of laughter out of me even before the first cup of coffee, a feat which I had considered impossible. Now, CBS is giving Rayburn and Finch a coast-to-coast whirl at a more civilized time, 9 P.M., Fridays, though they're still handling their twenty-one hour stint on WNEW.

They are essentially disk jockeys, both on CBS and WNEW, but they seem determined to destroy their own profession. Their humor is that of the nonsequitur, a peculiarly American gift and one that is hard to put into print. They interrupt recordings of songs with wildly incongruous announcements, sometimes in their own voices—they're both excellent mimics—and sometimes with one or two-sentence transcriptions of somebody else's voice. In the middle of "When I Take My Sugar To Tea," Finch will step in with: "Young man, there's something wrong with your vowels."

Rayburn and Finch specialize in zany records and they have amassed a wonderfully weird collection of monstrosities which range from Spike Jones to foreign oddities of so eccentric a nature as to defy description. But they still toss in quite a few ordinary popular recordings which

Rayburn and Finch turn into comedy numbers by inserting their crazy comments. Miss Dinah Shore, for example, chanting plaintively about the vicissitudes of love, may be suddenly interrupted by Finch, snarling: "Ah ha! Just as I thought! Three shoes under the bed!" Or: "Please, Mrs. Jorgenson—you're wrinkling my seersucker mackinaw."

The network show is unfettered by advertising which is too bad because Rayburn and Finch are extraordinarily expert at messing up a sponsor's message. On their WNEW show, one of those transcribed commercials which are pitched four decibels higher than a 50-calibre machinegun may start out: "And so—don't delay. Remember Blank's big fur sale starts today . . ." In comes a woman's voice bleating: "Now see what you've done. You woke my baby!"—a form of editorial comment which sponsors have borne with great patience for years.

When their own voices fail, which isn't often, they casually lift the voices of anyone else—"Amos 'n' Andy," Jack Benny. Art Linkletter, Perry Mason. The network show, an hour-long operation which passes very rapidly, is padded out with a great many passages at arms between the partners, some of which are pretty funny. "And now," says Rayburn, "it's psychiatry time—another Rayburn and Finch first. Do you think you're you? Do you have the feeling the wallpaper is snapping at you?"

On comes Finch: "In answer to your letter, Mr. Chodorov, we have decided you have no complex. You *are* inferior. In response to *your* letter, Mr. Schmidlapp, those are *not* nightmares. That's Mrs. Schmidlapp." The sound effects people get a brisk workout on the Rayburn and Finch show. There was one transcribed commercial which started out with: "Look, Joe, Fred across the street has just modernized his store. Why don't you do something about it?" It was followed by the sound of a violent explosion.

As I said earlier this special brand of insanity doesn't translate into print very well and it's just possible that some folks will find it inane and irritating on the air. There are times when I do, too. But there are others when I find Mr. Rayburn and Mr. Finch very witty and refreshing, and I'm happy they've found a larger audience for their wild sports, their rash, absurd and dangerous amusements.

Chestnuts Are In Bloom Again

I'VE been working on my war film which should be ready for television release sometime next year. But I know you people can't wait that long so I'm going to give you a preview right now. This scenario, I ought to explain, was undertaken only after an exhaustive study of the other war films that have belted around the TV circuit all summer; it contains only the ripest old chestnuts that money can buy; it doesn't break any new ground but it makes excellent use of the old soil.

There is what I consider a wonderful scene near the end of this film. Battersby, bearded and haggard, is in the prisoner of war enclosure, staring out at the bleak parade ground, the barbed wire, the stark barracks. And he says, as you rather suspect that he will: "I was just thinking that now the heather will be in bloom in Devon."

Earlier in the film, Battersby, accompanied by young Grimsby, enter the shell-riddled, apparently abandoned village. "Quiet around here," says young Grimsby. Battersby, the more experienced officer, glances around, chewing his underlip. "Yes—too quiet." He glances up the empty street and somehow he can't prevent himself from adding: "I don't like it . . . I don't like it at all."

The action switches from the battlefield back to the laboratory. Naturally, I'm not going to neglect the nuclear physicist, most brilliant scientist in the free world and the only man capable of holding all

the secrets of the super-atomic ray gun in his head. They're in the laboratory—Murchison from G-2, Dr. Wellsbach, the scientist—examining the ray gun. "Devilish machine," says Murchison, awed. Then after a moment of reflection. "But—can you imagine what would happen if it fell into the wrong hands." (Next reel: It falls into the wrong hands. So does Wellsbach. Pandemonium at GHQ. Chaos at Scotland Yard. Only the Prime Minister maintains a semblance of calm. "You did all you could, Murchison. All anyone could.")

Well, naturally we have to get back the devilish machine and also, if it's not too late, Wellsbach. Comes the secret, highly dangerous mission. Murchison and Battersby flying at 35,000 feet through a hail of flack, their parachutes at the ready, the intercom chattering away.

"Two ack emma—one minute more, old boy."

"Thickish out there, what?"

"Steady the plips. Fast with the ploffs. Roger and over."

"I say, old boy . . ."

"Righto?"

"If anything happens . . ."

"Stout fella."

"Say pip-pip to Dee for me, will you, like a good lad."

"Righto."

"Well—cheerio."

"Cheerio."

Bang! That's the end of Murchison.

Battersby gets through into the enemy country. Instantly falls in love with a girl who belongs to the other side. "We've fought this thing. My God, how we've fought it!" Great scene when Battersby, who should be skipping back to his own territory, returns to the enemy girl's farmhouse.

"Why did you come?

"I had to."

"Don't say anything—just let me look at you."

"Tonight, at least is ours."

Oh, I forgot to tell you the beginning of this film. Murchison, in civvies, and his wife at their little cottage in Surrey, having breakfast.

"Anything in the paper, dear?"

"Nothing. Some archduke's been murdered."

Our Tragic Sense of Smell

I WAS lying in bed the other day singing that old folk song "Dream Girl Dream Girl, Beautiful Lustre Cream Girl" and reading NBC's new code of practice for radio and television when I fell upon a paragraph which arrested the song just before that poignant line, "You owe your crowning glory to—Lustre Cream Shampoo."

"Intimately personal products which are not acceptable conversational topics in mixed social groups; laxatives and deodorants are not accepted unless the program and commercial presentation are handled in accordance with the highest standards of good taste and business ethics," says NBC in this paragraph.

I don't fully understand this paragraph. You mean, NBC, deodorants are not acceptable conversational topics? They are in our house. We never get over discussing the romances blighted because the girls weren't half safe. Frankly, I never thought any girl was half safe or even one quarter safe; I consider them dangerous no matter what you drench them with, but that's neither here nor there.

Anyhow, that side of the story—the fact that the course of true love is largely dependent on what deodorant a girl uses—is well known. But there is another side of the story, NBC, and this one had better be suppressed over the air too. This one is the story of a friend of mine, name of Halligan, whose life was ruined, not because he didn't read the deodorant ads and take heed, but because he did.

Halligan was on the verge of marrying one of those horse-loving girls who never get more than a brief canter from the stables. Naturally, she was a little gamey and Halligan, I think, might have endured this with equanamity but for the deodorant ads. He was over-educated in this respect, reading all of them and listening to them carefully on the air. Finally, he did what he thought was the proper thing for any normal, red-blooded, full-nostrilled American. He broke it off, as he had been carefully instructed to do.

Well, sir, it was just the other day this girl inherited $20,000,000. Halligan's heart, which had survived the loss of the girl without serious damage, was broken right in half by the loss of the $20,000,000. He has, to put it mildly, lost faith in the deodorant people. In fact, if he ever meets one on the street, the deodorant man better take cover if he wants to be anywhere near half safe.

Last time I saw Halligan, he was brooding darkly over a glass of beer, muttering: "For 20,000,000 fish a man could have his nose operated on or maybe even cut it off."

As far as television is concerned, my sympathies are on the side of the deodorant mob. They've had a terrible time trying to mix what NBC calls "the highest standards of good taste" with a reasonable approximation of coherence. There is one TV commercial, for example, which shows three witches—lovely sleek, well-groomed girls, but witches, nevertheless—their eyes alight with scandal, whispering to one another: "Mary lost her man because of that. Because of *that!* Because of THAT!" Because of what? Her brother's an embezzler? She's got maybe two heads? Speak up, man.

The most abstract of them all, a commercial which is almost as pure an art form as music in that it's hard to explain by anything so mundane as words, is one where a robed woman—half in the light, half in shadow—goes down a gloomy corridor as doors close on either side of her.

Pure mysticism, that one. My explanation is that this girl is half woman, half elf and she isn't welcome either in the world of people or the world of elves because neither world can see her, touch her or—the most sinister tragedy of all—smell her.

The Teen-Ager On TV

I'M a little mixed up about teen-agers who, I think, are conceivably under too much scrutiny for their own good. In the public prints the teen-ager is either taking heroin or throwing basketball games in the garden. On the Henry Aldrich program, the teen-age boy is a drivelling idiot who wouldn't know how to punch a needle in his arm. Drop into the Broadhurst Theater and you'll meet the most callow teen-ager of them all, Willie Baxter, of Booth Tarkington's ancient novel "Seventeen," which sneaked into town disguised as a musical comedy.

Just possibly all these conflicting accounts are accurate in their separate contexts which just goes to show that the teen-ager is as various and variable as the rest of us and shouldn't be lumped into a single convenient category. The teen-ager is getting his share of attention on television on half a dozen shows, all of which are aimed at teens and many of which are staffed by them. That last may be a mistake. In radio, the teen-agers were generally played by veterans who were a lot older than their voices. (Ezra Stone who plays Henry Aldrich on the radio is thirty-two.)

On television, you get the teen-ager, unalloyed by experience and, in many cases, by intelligence. The professionals among them—the singers, the dancers—are not yet tree-ripened, a phrase I picked up from an advertising genius who shared a fig newton with me the other day. The amateurs—the non-singers, non-dancers—haven't anything very interesting to say—to me, at least, though the teen trade may love the stuff. You'll find both the amateurs and the pros on Jimmy Blaine's "Junior Edition" (ABC-TV) a show I've watched more often than would be by my normal wont simply because my wife, Mary Crosby, happens to be on it. The information Mr. Blaine and Mrs. C. dredge out of these kids concerning their fan clubs, their dogs, and their other en-

thusiasms is, I suppose, accurate, relevant and just possibly important to the junior misses and junior misters. To me, it is rather dim, faraway and hopelessly immaterial to anything in my environment.

Another much older teen-age show of, by and for teens is "Paul Whiteman's TV Teen Club" also on ABC, which goes in for teen stuff more extensively than anyone else. This one has a rather odd social history. Pop Whiteman, one of the town fathers of Lambertville, N. J., which adjoins his farm, was consulted by the other town fathers about growing juvenile delinquency in the area. Mr. Whiteman rose to the emergency by throwing a series of teen-age dances in a local church. They were so successful that he decided to project the idea into a TV show.

Right here I think he went astray. The "TV Teen Club," a title which occasionally keeps me awake nights, is a procession of amateurs who sing, dance, play harmonicas, do imitations of Groucho Marx, and in general make the night hideous with hue and cry of a decidedly unprofessional nature. It emanates from Town Hall in Philadelphia before an audience composed entirely of the teen crowd, whose appreciation—expressed by wild applause, animal cries and wolf whistles—punctuates and frequently drowns out the show.

Both the audience and the performers have a whip of a time but I'm not sure anyone at home will. That is, unless you are a collector of young girls who can imitate the Andrews Sisters which isn't among my hobbies. Mr. Whiteman's connection with all this is tenuous. He sits next to a mistress of ceremonies who explains what is coming on next. "Oh yeah! Oh yeah! That's really wonderful," says Pop when informed about the next act. "How about that?" he exclaims after it's over. That's about all he says.

The first mistress of ceremonies was Margo Whiteman, Pop's daughter, who got married and gave up the teen-age world presumably forever. The current one is Nancy Lewis, a blonde. Recently—the teenage well having just possibly run dry—"TV Teen Club" reached way down into the bottom drawer and came up with small children, age four and upwards. One four-year-old girl last week sang a song called, "I'm Just A Square In A Social Circle" which contained a line: "He's daughter is a Frankenstein in mink." Fine thing for a four-year-old to be singing. Then there was a high-kicking chorus line of scantily clad girls who may well have driven the juvenile delinquency rate in Lambertville to a new high.

The show is sponsored by Nash Airflyte and Kelvinator and the commercials are conducted in hep talk which I can understand but can't speak. This is the first inkling I've had that the automobile and refrigerator people were after the teen age crowd. My allowance never got into that bracket and hasn't to this day.

One Hundred Years From Now

"DEAR Mr. Crosby:

"In one wall of its new production building now going up in the block bounded by 67th and 68th Streets, Columbus Avenue and Broadway, WOR-TV will seal a metal box to be opened a hundred years hence. Among items in the box we'd like to have some predictions about TV for the next century. We'd be very proud and happy if we could include one by you. . ."

"Sincerely
"Walter Bennett, WOR"

Dear Mr. Bennett:

I'd be very proud and happy to be included in that box. A hundred years, you say? No one will read it until then? People *will* read it after that? People will take my predictions, you think, seriously in 2051? Or do you think they'd just laugh? "Crosby says Berle is slipping. Can't possibly last another year." I can just hear them saying it roaring with mirth, knowing full well that Berle (in 2051) is still leading the rating list, is still telling the same jokes and has just been signed up by N. B. C. for another 2,000 years.

That's the problem, Mr. Bennett. Those characters (in 2051) will be in full possession of the facts. I would not object to laying a small bet that Berle would slip in the next hundred years or so to someone who was, like myself, open to error.

I'm hesitant about laying down bets after the fix is in.

On the other hand, there is something overwhelmingly attractive about addressing yourself to readers a hundred years—as you so aptly put it—hence. I am by nature a hence man, the hencer the better. The farther hence the readers, the more relaxed the writer. By then it will be too late to send telegrams, to phone, to put pen to paper. The readers can like it or lump it. Or they can, if really beset, write a monograph for publication in one of the small monthlies. But they can't get at me. I won't be around.

And like all writers, I have a small hankering for posterity. The cornerstone—let's not kid ourselves, Crosby—is the only clear avenue to the future that seems open. I've been diffidently hanging around cornerstone-layings, predictions in hand, for quite a few years now, hoping someone would invite me in. No one has. I was deeply hurt that Grover Whalen ignored me when they laid down at the New York World's Fair of 1939 the celebrated Time Capsule which will be exhumed in a hundred or ten thousand years or something like that. It contained all the wisdom of the age. Except mine. They'll just have to get along—those distant peoples—without any advice from me. I imagine they'll manage somehow.

Television a hundred years hence? Well, let's see now. It'll be in color; it will be in three dimensions; you'll be able to smell Milton Berle, taste him and, when he grabs Henny Youngman by the throat—you'll feel a sharp constriction around your own throat—a modification of "the feelies," the motion picture of the future, described by Aldous Huxley in "Brave New World."

Last June, when a new antenna atop the Empire State Building started functioning, the New York Herald Tribune commented a little sardonically that the new tower was a monumental feat of technical accomplishment but also pointed out that the first program beamed out of the new antenna would be a film serial. "TV viewers too often have the uncomfortable feeling that all the scientific knowledge and technical know-how that went into the development of television must have been destined for some more worthwhile end than a picture of a cowboy twirling a rope."

About five years ago "Life" magazine ran an editorial wailing that radio in twenty-five years had built Radio City and had developed into an enormous industry but, programwise, had only progressed from Jack Pearl to Milton Berle. Well, television hasn't managed to get beyond Milton Berle, and I harbor the suspicion that it is really trying to fight its way back to Jack Pearl. Television a hundred years hence, eh? If Gallagher and Shean were still alive, it'd be an even money bet they'd be the biggest stars around.

But the picture will be clear as moonlight and you'll be able to see it in any room of the house.

Sincerely,
John Crosby.

▲

A young mother asked her butcher to weigh the baby.

"With pleasure, Madam . . . 13½ pounds with the bones."

▲

A sergeant drilling a batch of recruits saw that one of them was out of step. Walking up to the man, he said sarcastically: "Do you know, Bud, that they're all out of step except you?"

"Well," was the retort, "you're in charge, you tell 'em."

A new army recruit was placed on guard duty. Posted on the early morning relief, he did his best, but in the end went to sleep on his feet. He was awakened by a slight noise and, raising only his eyes, saw the Officer of the Day standing in front of him. Remembering the heavy penalty for sleeping on post, the recruit stood for another moment with his head bowed. Then raising his head slowly he looked piously into the sky and reverently murmured, "Amen."

BEAUTY FROM A GLASS PRISON

Death alone could release the Murano glass makers from their tiny island, home of the famous Venetian Glass.

by MARY B. AKER

THE history of Venetian glass makers on the island of Murano from 1291 to the end of the eighteenth century is an interesting and dramatic story. Venice had become a glass center in the fifth century and through the years grew famous for the exquisite art of fine glass making . . . and wealthy from its export. In order to maintain a trade monopoly, it was necessary to preserve at any cost the secrecy of the glass formulas. After Venetian methods had begun seeping into other provinces, spread by roving glass makers, the furnaces were moved to Murano, a mile off shore in Venice harbor. There the workers were held virtual prisoners the rest of their lives.

Colonizing the island to preserve the formulas required a code of drastic laws; they were drawn up by the Grand Council of Venice. In addition to isolating the workers to prevent mingling, it was essential to protect them from spies and offers of bribes. No man was permitted to leave the island except by special permit. The penalty for absence without leave was a quick death, the offender's family being taken hostage pending his capture and return. Workers who were able to obtain leave to cross the harbor into Venice found their behavior and the duration of their stay regulated severely.

Workers were divided into guilds of mirror makers, window and crystal makers, mosaic workers and bead makers. The guilds were controlled by a council of ten men . . . the high

Mary Bullock Aker lives in Parkville, Mo., a small town near Kansas City and the home of Park College, which she attended. She does features and articles for adjacent newspapers. She has one daughter, one son, and four grandchildren. Her husband is manager of the local telephone company.

egislators for the glass industry. Under the council of ten, and presiding over each guild was a Master. The secret formulas of glass making were the property of the Masters, handed down by word of mouth from father to son, making Mastership of the guilds largely hereditary. The Masters were elevated to burghers of Venice in payment for their imprisonment. This entitled them or their families to intermarry with the noble families whose summer villas nestled among the olive groves and vineyards on the sunny slopes of Murano.

AT work, each Master was assisted at his furnace by apprentices and slaves. Molten lava was lifted from the furnaces on the end of blow pipes and passed from one blower to another until the final touch was added by the Master. The roaring furnaces looked like cone-shaped pots, some large and some small. They extended for a mile along the shore. The furnaces were constructed of a special type brick and were classified as "Great Glass-houses" for making mirrors, stained glass windows, and crystal; and "Small Glass-houses" for making beads, mosaics, imitation jewels and pearls. Ordinarily the furnaces were going full blast twenty-four hours a day, and created a colorful nighttime spectacle for Venetians looking out over the water toward the island.

Rivalry between the guilds was continual, with serious troubles being settled by the Council in peremptory fashion. Rebellion arose among the workers in the years 1547-49 over working hours. There were two twelve-hour shifts in the Great Glass-houses, and four six-hour stints in the smaller furnaces. In addition to working twelve hours a day, each man had to devote substantial time to church and state. Pageants and festivals were part of the life of Murano glass workers, who would dress in their most ornate garb to attend exhibitions of the best glass pieces from each guild.

Murano glass was exported to England, France, Spain, Africa and the low countries. King Henry VIII was an extensive buyer. Murano glass was used by travelers as a medium of exchange, especially the glass beads which were convenient to carry, and had a clear, gem-like appearance. Venetian beads were even brought to America for trade with the Indians. Only clear glass was made until about the fifteenth century when coloring was perfected. By the next century glass flecked or trimmed with gold was popular.

IMPROVED methods of glass making are credited to Angelo Beroviero. In 1463, with the aid of a chemist, Beroviero invented crystal. His color and crystal formulas were kept in writing, a rarity among Masters. They were eventually stolen by one of his workers, a dwarf, who demanded the Master's daughter in payment for silence. But with the stolen knowledge, the dwarf set up a furnace of his own, and became his father-in-law's greatest rival in the production of beauty and form in glasswear.

The crystal was made into delicate stemmed goblets, slim necked ewers,

wine glasses and bowls with fluted edges. These pieces were popular as marriage and betrothal gifts. Enamel trimmed glass was the vogue in the sixteenth century; the marbled and variegated crystal types were added in the seventeenth. Through the centuries Murano led the world in glass making, the Venetian glass blowers were noted for ornate designs and perfect workmanship. Much of this can be credited to the type of sand on the Murano coast, and the soda content of the ashes from sea weed.

Murano was the world's great art colony until about 1800, but fell into decline with the death of the la artisan, Giorgio Barbara. Murano still the home of the Venetian gla factories, but now they are operate by foreign workers with foreign cap tal. There are few remaining descenc ants of the great Masters still in th trade.

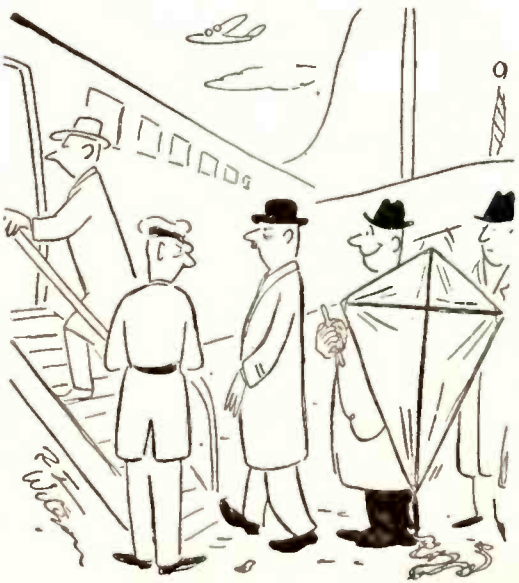
The term "Venetian glass" has ring of romance and elegance to th modern world, whether it be a price less museum piece, a twentieth cen tury object or beads sent to Americ or Africa for trade.

▲

You've heard of the performer who claimed he crossed Grand Canyon riding a bicycle on a tight-wire, while keeping seven balls, a couple of lawnmowers and a kitchen range in the air.

In comparison with today's business man that guy had all the best of it. At least no one was working on the tight-wire with a hack-saw!

▲



Feeling low one evening, a trucke went to the bathroom for an aspirir Picking up the familiar bottle, he downe one of the pellets.

Next morning his wife asked him ex citedly, "Did you take a pill last night?

"Yes I did, and felt better right away," he replied, "Why?"

"Well," she replied unhappily, "thos pills were for my begonias."

Spluttering and choking, the trucke frantically sought a doctor. The medic examined him and said: "You haven' a thing to worry about. All you did wa to take the equivalent of 10 sacks o barnyard fertilizer."

▲

The head of a Hollywood studio's stor department asked a big producer if he ha read a certain synopsis of a publishe book. "I never read a synopsis," answere the big shot. "Would you like to read th book?" answered the story head. "Haven' time," was the retort. And with that th story department boss suggested havin someone tell him the plot.

"But I couldn't get anything out of i that way," objected the producer.

"Well," snapped the irked underling "how would you like to have me com municate the idea to you intravenously?"

Answers to Quiz Questions on Pages 481-484

YOUR FAVORITE STAR

1-e, 2-c, 3-f, 4-n, 5-m, 6-r, 7-q, 8-l, 9-p, 10-c, 11-h, 12-b, 13-k, 14-a, 15-g, 16-i, 17-j, 18-d.

SPORTS TALK

1-c, 2-b, 3-c, 4-a, 5-b, 6-c, 7-b, 8-b, 9-c, 10-a, 11-c, 12-a, 13-c, 14-a, 15-c.

AUTHORS AND HEROES

1-e, 2-h, 3-f, 4-l, 5-j, 6-b, 7-m, 8-i, 9-g, 10-a, 11-d, 12-o, 13-c, 14-k, 15-n.

PHOBIA-FIEND

1-f, 2-k, 3-b, 4-h, 5-g, 6-j, 7-c, 8-a, 9-d, 10-i, 11-l, 12-m, 13-e, 14-o, 15-n.

MORE THAN ONE

1. School
2. Pod
3. Shoal
4. Herd
5. Trip
6. Pack
7. Drove
8. Pride
9. Sloth
10. Gang

▲

An English poultry dealer has found a way to sell at high prices without getting into trouble with the authorities.

He published the following ad: "Lost, at Charing Cross, an envelope containing five pound notes held together with a rubber band. I will gladly send a turkey as a reward to the person who returns it to me."

The next day the dealer had received 52 envelopes each containing 5 pound notes, all complete with rubber band.

▲

Reporters visiting a certain Senatorial office were startled when the gentleman burst out of his sanctum to demand of his secretaries:

"Where's that list of people I call by their first names?"

TRY THESE FOR SIZE

Group A

1. Bowling Ball
2. Polo Ball
3. Ping Pong Ball
4. Golf Ball
5. Softball
6. Tennis Ball
7. Baseball
8. Soccer Ball
9. Handball

Group B

1. Bowling Alley.
2. Circle, 7' in diameter, used for the hammer throw and shot put.
3. Boxing ring, TKO is a technical knockout.
4. Football field.
5. Baseball diamond; hits, runs, errors.
6. Race track.

Group C

1. Cricket
2. Polo
3. Basketball

▲

—Robert J. Wilson

"She doesn't do that when there's meat loaf."

BEPPU

Scenery, hot springs and fine hotels make the Japanese spa a rest haven for American soldiers.

by BARBER-NELL HOOVER

BEPPU, on Kyushu, the southernmost of the Japanese islands, is magnificent, its beauty superb.

One of the most renowned of the Japanese spas, Beppu has been a restful haven to travelers in the Orient for many years. During the occupation it has become familiar to generals and G.I.'s alike. Thousands of American soldiers have spent holidays at the resort, and the Nineteenth Regiment, part of the valiant Twenty-Fourth Division fighting in Korea, is quartered there.

The Americans have liked Bepp for its fine hotels, its golf course— one of the few good ones in Japan— and for its outstanding beauty in picturesque and colorful country.

On a peninsula, jutting into th Inland Sea, ringed by emerald moun tains, the town tumbles down ter raced slopes to meet the bay. Acros retaining walls built of volcani boulders, tiers of tiled roofs step dow to meet the serene waters spread ou along the base of famed Takazak Yama, dubbed "Monkey Mountain by the Americans because of the man monkeys living there.

Around the mountain, along th sea shore, the highway leads to nearb Oita, early home of Japanese Christi anity, largely destroyed during th war. Far to the left, part of a ruste

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Barber-Nell Hoover (Mrs. Ladd E.) is a Kentuckian by birth, a New Mexican b adoption, and now an army wife at Ft. Slocum, N. Y. Her husband is a major in th Army Medical Corps formerly stationed in Japan.

sunken hulk of a ship, reminder of the Pacific War, thrusts above the water. Beyond the bay, out to sea, are the mountains of Shikoku, rising into the mists.

The Japanese regard Beppu as one of their finest resorts. They chose it as first to be honored on a new series of stamps issued to help rebuild the tourist trade. Beppu owes its reputation to the thermal springs which dot the coastline of Japan. They gush out along the seaside, forming fantastic pools, lakes and fissures. The natives use these hot springs for cooking and dyeing, getting a vermilion hue from the iron in the water. Farms and greenhouses also use the spring water piped in.

Another commercial venture is to sell the mineral crystals deposited by the springs. Packaged as bath crystals, they are used in homes all over the Japanese islands. But the greatest value of the springs is their attraction for visitors who come to bathe . . . for pleasure, relaxation and health. There are some thirteen hundred spring vents in the area of Beppu; of these eight hundred are thermal, and most of them are of medicinal value.

Springs have been known to disappear without warning. A sanitarium at Beppu had a spring so hot that the room into which it bubbled would fill with steam unless cold water were added. Suddenly both steam and spring disappeared. Army doctors, at the time occupying the hospital, believed that a barely perceptible earth tremor had closed the opening. This is a rare occurrence. Usually the hot water continues to gush forth in unending abundance.

BECAUSE of the popularity of the springs, Beppu has become a city of inns and hotels. The best of the more than three hundred are splendid examples of Japanese architecture, with beautiful and immaculately kept grounds. Landscaping runs to formalized yet exquisitely beautiful shaping of trees and shrubs, and formal placement of streams, bridges and stone lanterns.

Beppu's shopping district is similar to those of a thousand small Japanese cities. It is quaint and colorful, crowded and smelly. Tiny shops open directly on narrow streets always filled with people who walk all over the streets, regardless of vehicles that may be trying to crowd through. There are carts of food, uncovered, mostly fish laid in neat rows. Clothing on counters and racks sometimes hangs out into the streets where it is brushed by passers-by. Wooden clogs of many colors not only fill the streets, but shops as well; called *geta* they hang in many-hued lines with a companion type of footwear known as *zori*. Corners that display dishes, the majority covered rice bowls, adjoin windows of tempting pastries, picturesque teashops and restaurants. There are numerous odd little nooks displaying the renowned Beppu bamboo products ranging from baskets to place mats and picture frames.

The men of Beppu wear occidental clothes during business hours, the only exception being footwear. The wooden clog has steadfastly persisted over the western-type shoes. Remnants of service uniforms are common apparel for men of all ages, a phenomenon common to all peoples experiencing large

scale demobilization added to restricted commerce.

Most women of Beppu, by preference, attire themselves in kimonos, sprinkling the shopping throngs with color. They, too, are shod with wooden clogs, and swell the endless clatter on Beppu's cobbled streets. Japanese children uniformly wear severe blue suits, frequently shabby, but patched and mended as long as possible. In cold weather, Nippon's tots don long blacked ribbed cotton stockings.

Out in the bay, fishing boats still ply back and forth, but the once bustling port is noticeably quieter now. Here, as all over Japan, peopl are working to rebuild commerce an country.

In recent months, American so diers have come and gone, whil American families have waited. Th Japanese have expressed sorrow tha these friends should be fighting i Korea; but they never have show the slightest doubt as to the outcom Even when American prestige san low on the critical Pusan Perimete the Japanese and the people of Bepp felt no real anxiety.

Meanwhile, they wait and worl patiently, in Beppu which still li tranquil and beautiful by the sea.

▲

A little girl and her mother got onto a London bus and took the second seat. The front seat was occupied by an old gentleman. The little girl repeatedly told her mother, "Mummie, I want to sit on the front seat."

Finally she pulled the old man's sleeve and said, "I want to sit on that seat." Whereupon he turned around, pointed his finger at her, and emphasizing every word, said: "You get oranges, you get bananas, you get vitamins, and your mother gets five shillings a week for you. You're not sitting in this seat!"

▲

A father said to his daughter, "Your young man approached me and asked for your hand, and I consented."

"But father," cried the daughter, "I don't wish to leave mother."

"Such feeling displayed by a child is admirable," said the father. "Then take your mother with you."

▲

The motorist halted and asked a native, "How far is it to Midvale?"

"Wal," said the native, "the way you are going it is 24,995 miles, but if you turn around it's only four."

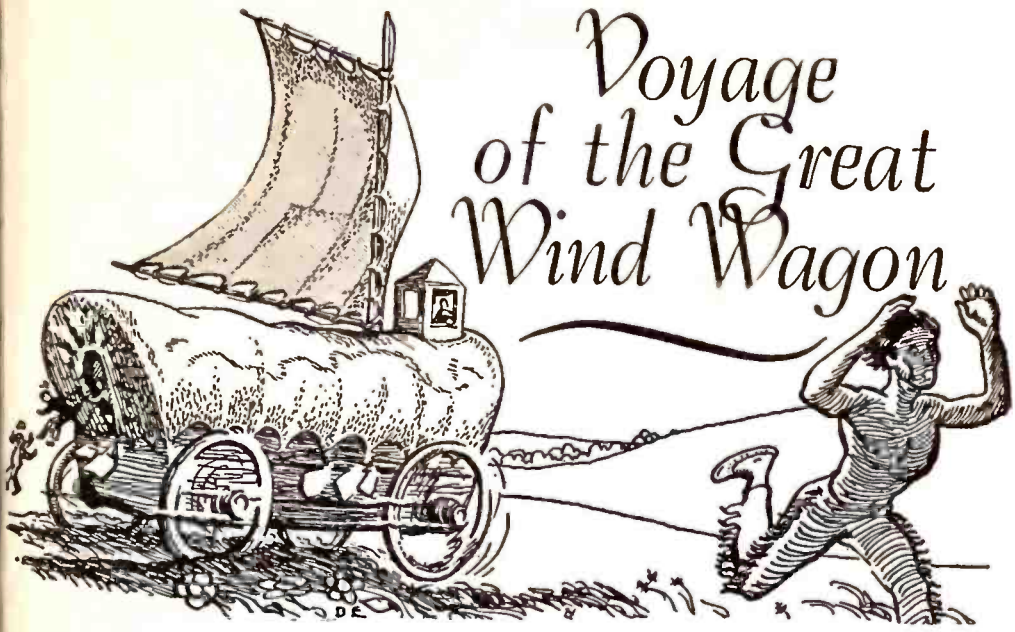
Displaying her wedding gifts, the bric came to one from the groom's Army budd "I just adore these personalized gifts, she said. "We received towels and wash cloths with HIS and HERS on them, but —and she blushed—"this is even mo personal."

She held up an olive-drab blanket wit the letters US stamped in the middle.

▲

"John always enjoys an apple—just befo bedtime."

Voyage of the Great Wind Wagon



"Windwagon" Thomas hoped to revolutionize traffic to the West in 1859. He made one trip.

by IRA L. NICKERSON

HURTLING down the bumpy trail like an express train from hell, the towering contraption shot across the prairie with a creak of straining timbers and snap of billowing canvas to vanish as quickly as it had come, leaving a terrified Indian wondering if some great devil god had chosen that moment to reveal itself.

The time was early spring of 1859, and the place—along the Santa Fe Trail between the towns of Westport and New Santa Fe, Missouri. Westport is the region around Westport Road and Broadway in present-day Kansas City, Missouri. New Santa Fe was located at what is now 103rd Street and Wornall Road.

Had the redman gotten a better look, he might have noticed the apparition bore a vague resemblance to wagons used by the palefaces to carry freight along the well-traveled trail. But if that thought occurred to him, it was soon dispelled by the question: If it were a wagon, what had made it move? No team of oxen had preceded the fleet monster.

The answer was simple, but ingenious. A gigantic sail mounted on a twenty-five foot mast harnessed the

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wind to move the awkward vehicle faster than any beasts could.

This landgoing sailboat was the invention of a man recorded in history as "Wind Wagon" Thomas. With his odd brainchild, he hoped to revolutionize traffic to the West.

In the hectic pre-railroad era, freight and settlers had to be inched painfully along the Santa Fe Trail in lumbering Conestogas. Ten miles a day was considered good time. Incessant winds and frequent Indian attacks plagued the lengthy wagon trains.

The annoyance of the winds would be eliminated by using them to propel the wagons, and marauding savages would be foiled by greater speed. A hundred miles in a day would be as easy as rolling off a log!

"I'll carry twenty-four people to Pikes Peak and back in twelve days," Wind Wagon Thomas boasted. "Chip in money to build the first wagon," he told the citizens of Westport, "and we'll clean up a fortune!"

Thomas was popular in the frontier community. For years he had been operating a mill on the outskirts. Doubtless, the wind-powered machinery was the source of his inspiration.

"I been six years hatching this thing, and I can't miss," he told the intrigued townsmen. "Faster wagons mean more goods moved, and that means more profits."

DAZZLED by his argument, a number of Westport businessmen organized a company to back the cocky inventor. Calling themselves the "Westport and Santa Fe Overland Navigation Company," they bankrolled the cost of a test wagon.

Henry Sager and Thomas were assigned the task of drawing up plans and the Robinson & Crook Foundry and Brass Works was given an order for construction.

The project became the talk of Missouri. A newspaper reporter journeyed all the way from St. Louis to describe the project in awed rhetoric.

Finally, the great day arrived. The Wind Wagon was a thing of reality. Breathlessly, the stockholders met to examine their eight hundred dollar investment of wood, canvas, and iron. One thing was certain: it was impressive to look at!

The wagon stretched twenty-five feet in length, and was nine feet wide. The double spoked wheels were ten feet in diameter, with hollow hubs as big as beer barrels. A canvas cover of the Conestoga type was suspended on ribs over the roomy body. Above this, and over the forward end, was mounted a lofty deck from which the steering apparatus was operated. A twenty-five foot mast soared up from the deck, looming above the tallest building in Westport. A large Marconi rigged sail completed the landbound ship. The entire vessel weighed three thousand pounds.

"Let's take her out!" Thomas yelled excitedly.

All of Westport watched as the stockholders of the Overland Navigation Company piled into the contraption.

"Can't no good come a' this even effen it works!" snorted one old

imer. "A hundred miles in a day is faster than the Lord meant us to ravel!"

A favorable wind was blowing long the deeply rutted trail leading o the southwest. Without hesitation, Thomas ordered the sail to be partially raised.

"We'll take a trial run out New Santa Fe way," he shouted from the ridge as the prairie ship began to move. While they slowly gathered momentum, he coached the investors ketchily on how the sail was to be manipulated.

THEN, a strange light burning in his eyes, Thomas gave the command, "Raise full sail. We'll see what he can do!"

Reports which have survived indicate that he was not long in finding ut. With full canvas aloft, the wagon aped forward like a cougar hunting ackrabbit.

A short distance out from town, the elocity of the wind increased. In he belly of the wagon, the stockolders began to fidget perceptibly as he gust-slammed sail cracked rhythmically with a sound like a bull whip. ooking out behind, they watched urious fellow citizens mounted on leet horses, receding farther and farther into the distance, until finally, they dropped from view altogether.

Wind Wagon Thomas' frightened passengers stared into each others' eyes. This was faster than any of them had ever traveled in their lives!

Cupping their hands, they began calling aloft to the inventor, but the shriek of the axles and slap of canvas drowned out their cries. The springless vehicle bounced on the rough trail, pitching them about the interior like pebbles in a mill race. One of them tried to climb to the deck above, but a sudden jolt threw him back. Full tilt, the Wind Wagon thundered on.

It was at this juncture that a lone Indian out hunting saw the sight he was never to forget . . . A giant ghost-monster speeding across the prairie faster than the wind, carrying the souls of lost palefaces to some terrible doom.

But the palefaces had no intention of perishing in Wind Wagon Thomas' crazy invention. "I'm getting out!" one of them blubbered. He peered out the back, his eyes smarting in the wind. Then he jumped.

One by one, the others went over the side, preferring bruises and broken bones to more of the wild ride.

Up on deck, Thomas was unaware of his crew's desertion. He clung to the wheel, careening the wagon around turns in the trail, happy in the knowledge that his invention was a success.

Suddenly the lash of the wind in his face made him realize he was traveling dangerously fast. Leaning

forward, he yelled down to his stockholders to lower canvas.

Only the rumble of wheels in the empty body replied. To his horror, he discovered he was all alone on the rampaging vehicle, with no way of slowing it down.

THERE was nothing he could do but clutch the wheel and pray. Visions of starving to death en route to the Pacific Ocean were abruptly ended by a bend in the trail. The path of ruts angled sharply to the right, while Wind Wagon Thomas and his invention continued straight ahead.

There was an earth-rending crash, and then silence.

Long minutes passed before the townsmen and ashen faced stockholders arrived. Dismounting, and stumbling with haste as they climbed up a small mound, they stared down a steep creek bank at the shattered remains of the Wind Wagon.

One of them removed his hat, exposing an expanse of hastily applied bandage. "Well, boys," he said huskily. "I guess that's the end of Wind Wagon Thomas. Cuss him—serves him right!"

"Cuss you too, Ned Blackburn," a voice intoned from above.

The men exchanged glances with eyes as staring as bungholes. The harrowing events of the day were provin too much. "Let's get outta' here someone choked.

"Quit gaping, and get me down before them buzzards get throug drawing lots!" the voice exclaimed.

Gazing about wildly, the men di coved the very much alive inventc spread-eagled in the branches of nearby tree. He was uninjured, sav for a few scratches, and on the wa back to town, spoke glowingly o plans for a new and better win wagon.

But the citizens of Westport ha had enough. His most eloquent argu ments couldn't interest them ii another prairie ship. Ox-drawn Con estogas were a lot easier on the nerves even if they were slower. And wha were a few raids by screaming savages, after that ride?

In the years that followed, Wind Wagon Thomas tried to interest others in his invention, but tales of his ill-fated test run of 1859 preceded him wherever he went.

Then came the snorting iron monsters of the railroad to bridge forever the gap between east and west. Before long, tons of freight were hauled speedily across the great plains—and a new era in commerce had begun.

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Johnny was gazing at his baby brother who lay wailing in his bed.

"Has he come from heaven?" inquired Johnny.

"Yes, dear."

"No wonder they put him out."

"Who's the swell man you was just talkin' to?" asked Tony, the bootblack.

"Aw, him and me's worked together for years," answered Mickey the newsboy. "He's the editor of one of me papers."

Kansas City's Biggest One in Fifty-One!

11,355 People Attended "Radio Night" at Blues Stadium

HERE is proof of the pulling power of radio—the largest paid crowd of the season at Blues Stadium! On Opening Day, 12,511 tickets were sold in advance by civic organizations; but only about 10,000 people attended. This made the "Radio Night" crowd (which assembled August 17th as a "thank you" to Larry Ray for his play-by-play WHB broadcasts) the biggest one in '51. 11,355 paid attendance—due to radio!

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