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# Swing®

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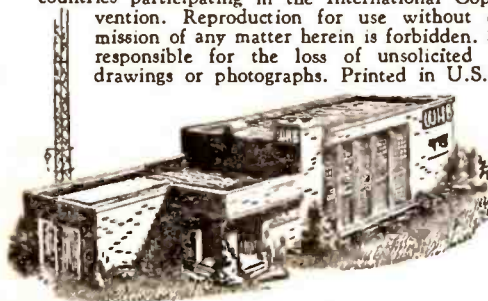
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# "PATH OF THE PRESIDENTS"

*When President Dwight D. Eisenhower parades down "Pennsylvania" Inaugural Day, January 20, it will not be his first trip along America's Most Famous Avenue. Herewith a brief history of the best-known street in Washington, D. C.*

By PENN B. HARDY

ONE of the first acts of Major Charles Pierre L'Enfant, the French engineer appointed by President George Washington to plan the site for the Federal Government in 1791, was to map a boulevard 160 feet wide, extending from a spot called Jenkins Hill to a rise of ground approximately one mile to the northwest. Jenkins Hill was the place chosen for the Capitol buildings. The rise at the other end of the boulevard was selected as the setting for the presidential "palace". For a number

of years this was the only street in the infant city of Washington.

Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State, promptly named the thoroughfare "Pennsylvania Avenue" to appease the Commonwealth of that name, then host to the Congress, sitting in Philadelphia. Pennsylvania hoped to keep the seat of government in New York State also envisioned embracing the national capital. Later another street branching off from the White House was accordingly named "New York Avenue".

General Washington was pleased and in August of 1791, he reported to the Congress that "The grand avenue connecting both the palace and the federal house will be more magnificent and convenient." The convenience more than its magnificence has since made it the most famous avenue in America, particularly as a Pennsylvania Avenue parade has been a ritual throughout the history of our nation. Of greater import is the ceremonial march down that historic mile between Capitol and White House completing every presidential inauguration ceremony—the march which has given this street the familiar title, "Path of the Presidents".





# PRESIDENTS"

Dwight D. Eisenhower will ride this famed path for a second time on January 20. The first time he made the journey, waving to cheering throngs, was as a returning hero whose armies had been victorious in World War II. He was one of the last to make such a trip. A newer, broader avenue, named "Constitution," has superseded old "Pennsylvania" for parades of tribute and celebration. The historic street will continue on Inauguration Day, however, to serve as the "Path of the Presidents".

THE first procession to tramp the young avenue, then ankle-deep with dust, was led by President George Washington. This was a Masonic parade, in full regalia, moving from the spot where the White House cornerstone had been laid the year before, to Capitol Hill—in the midsummer of 1793, for the laying of the cornerstone of the Capitol.

The first inaugural procession was that of Thomas Jefferson when he began his second term in office. Jefferson had taken a great interest in the development of the street which, prior to his election, had been a dusty trail in summer and a swampy, mired road in winter, covered in spots with logs to make stretches of old-fashioned corduroy road.

During his first term of office Jefferson needled Congress into making an appropriation for the improvement of the avenue, which resulted in its being partly graveled for his



inaugural ride in 1805. This Jefferson procession was a small one, composed of only the President, his secretary, and his groom, riding horseback from the White House to the Capitol, with the President taking the oath of office on the lawn of the Capitol, then riding back.

James Madison, in 1809, had the first formal inaugural parade. Five years later, a warring enemy marched along the avenue, as the invading British, having set fire to the White House and to the U. S. Treasury building which had been erected adjacent to the Executive Mansion in 1798, moved on with intent to raze the Capitol buildings.

THE ceremonial marches were small and undistinguished until that of Jackson in 1829. The Democrats across the infant country went wild with their victory, pouring into Washington and celebrating in great fervor. Frontiersmen, veterans of the War of 1812, added to the riotous occasion. Hundreds of them, in full Western garb, rode into the city on horseback to honor the hero of New Orleans. For several days they gal-

loped up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, wreaths of hickory leaves hanging over their shoulders, singing and shouting wartime slogans.

These happy invaders, along with the equally boisterous mob of delighted Democrats, followed Jackson as, after his inauguration, he rode on horseback from Capitol to White House. The cheering throng followed the President into the mansion and, in gala party spirit, overran the place. They muddied furniture with their boots as they clambered about, tossed food and drink in recklessly gay abandon, rubbing and grinding it into the silk damask upholstery and the rich rugs of the White House rooms.

The next inaugural parade to turn into a circus was that of William Henry Harrison in 1841. He campaigned on a "log cabin and hard cider" slogan; and, with his victory, his happy followers stormed the city and joined in to swell the ceremonial march—wearing coonskin caps and pulling wagons on which were erected replicas of log cabins, with cider barrels stocked alongside.

That 4th of March, which was the day of inauguration until the change to January 20 effected by Franklin D. Roosevelt, was a cold, blustery, windy day. President Harrison, susceptible to colds, was advised by his doctors to protect himself from the weather by riding in a closed carriage. He refused, however, to disappoint the crowds in such a manner; and chose to ride horseback along the path. Harrison caught pneumonia and, a month later, he rode the avenue again. This time, however, he

could not raise his hat gallantly the many ladies who lined the way for this was his funeral cortege.

**S**OME of the solemnity of funeral quiet accompanied the first inaugural of Abraham Lincoln, 1861. The city was brooding and silent in those troubled times. Lincoln rode in an enclosed carriage—the carriage itself hidden from onlookers along the way as it was surrounded by mounted troops. Eloquent riflemen, alert for any threat to the Great Emancipator, lined the rooftops of buildings along the line of march.

Lincoln rode a part of the avenue to Ford's Theatre on the night of April 14, 1865. Two days later muffled drums sounded a soft tattoo accompanying the beating hearts of hushed mourners, as his bier moved slowly over the "Path of the Presidents" from White House to the Capitol.

Silence hovered over the avenue for the month of mourning that followed the assassination of Honest Abe, to be abruptly broken by the biggest parade the avenue had yet seen, and one which ranks as the best remembered historically. That was the grand review of the Union armies, which took two full days, May 23 and 24, 1865. More than 200,000 men moved in to march—swelling for that short time the population of the city, then just topping 100,000. The Union veterans bore banners from 2,000 Civil War battlefields, lifting them high as, on the first day, they marched behind General Grant; and, on the second

led by General Sherman. Grant was later to parade once more along the avenue on the day of his own inauguration as Chief Executive.

Strangely, Grant and Sherman, still on horseback, still ride Pennsylvania Avenue. Their horses are now stationary, as are they, for they stand in bronze, Grant at the east end of the avenue and Sherman at the west.

**P**RESIDENT GARFIELD, shot by an assassin, made his second journey over the famed street in 1881. Now the thoroughfare was covered with tanbark so that the ambulance which carried the wounded President would ride easily, without jolting the man inside, as it moved to the Union Station where Garfield was placed on a train to take him to New Jersey for treatment.

The wild celebration for Jackson in 1829 was eclipsed, according to all historians, by the celebration in 1885, this time for Grover Cleveland. Again it was a Democratic affair, as party members mobbed the capital to join in the excitement of celebrating their first presidential victory since before the Civil War. Parties were many, and the inaugural parade, oldtimers insist, was not only the noisiest but the biggest of all, not excluding more recent parades.

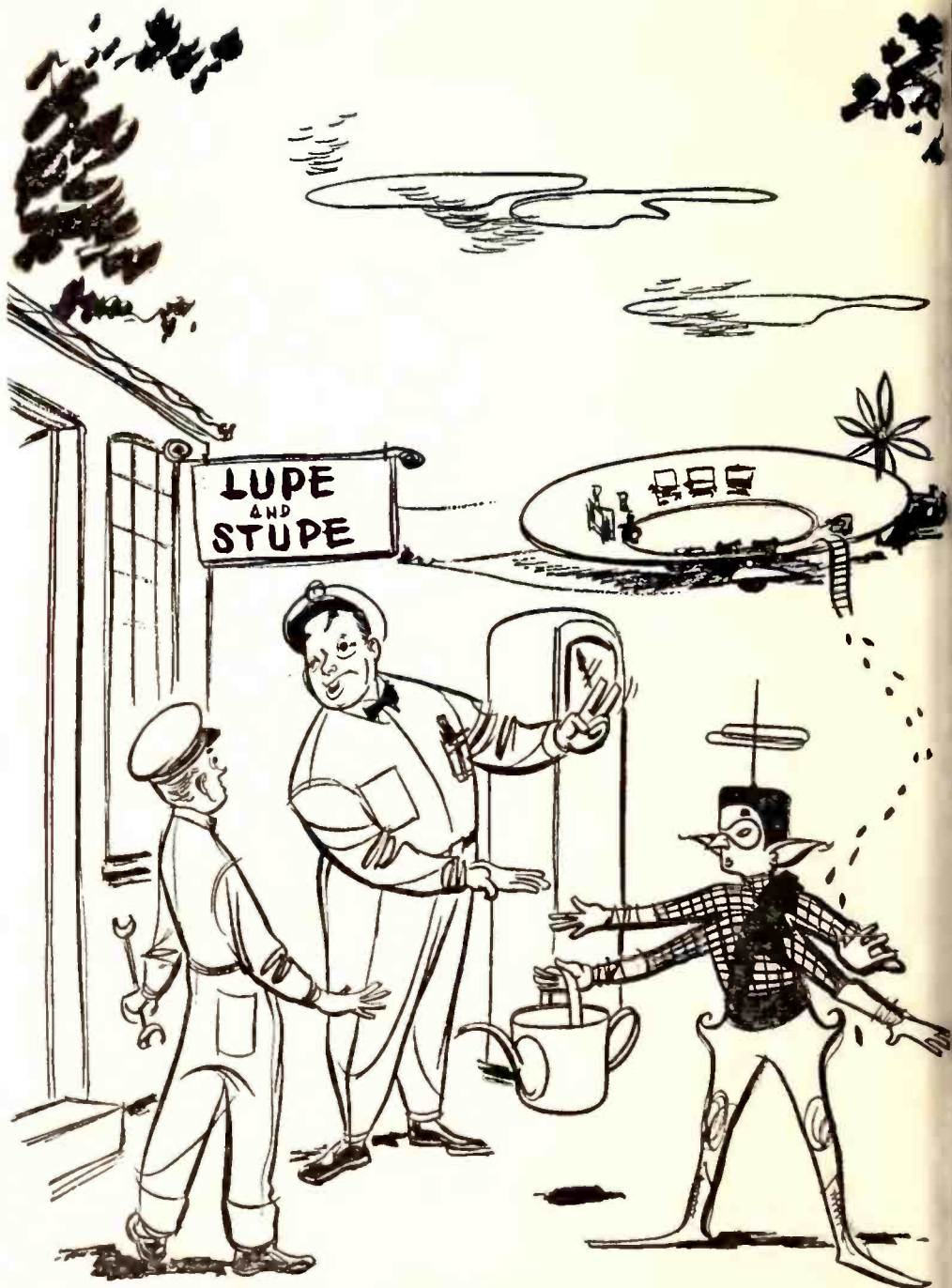
**H**EROES, of course, had always received the acclaim of the nation with a parade along Pennsylvania Avenue. The first of great account was a two-day affair honoring Admiral Dewey and the returning Spanish-American War servicemen.

General John J. Pershing had his great day after World War I. Lindbergh, for his momentous Lone Eagle flight over the Atlantic, was honored in 1927. And, following World War II, Admiral Nimitz and Generals Eisenhower and MacArthur had their moments of triumph. There was one other parade in honor of a special hero of World War I, although this brave lad heard no cheers and saw none of the crowd that, barely whispering, lined the hallowed avenue to do him honor. This was the funeral cortege of America's Unknown Soldier, moving to its final resting place in Arlington National Cemetery.

The procession honoring all our dead in this symbolic manner was perhaps the most impressive ever to move over the avenue. President Warren G. Harding and ex-President William H. Taft walked with measured tread behind the flag-draped caisson bearing the Unknown Soldier. Former President Woodrow Wilson rode immediately behind, riding because he was too ill to walk. And, walking solemnly and slowly behind the car that transported Wilson, came General Pershing—accompanied by another great hero, France's famed Marshal Ferdinand Foch.

Burial processions since have been routed by way of Constitution Avenue, as are, and will be from now on, all other parades except the inaugural parade. And it is fitting that the last great procession of such stirring though solemn tribute should have been that of the Unknown Soldier, that hero known but to God.





*"He wants we should lend him two gallons of gas."*



**L**OOK at what has happened to the Smith-Joneses.

They were putting money in the sock, a little at a time, to trade the old car in on a new '52 with hydro-flow transmission. Then came the post-Korean inflation. Now the Smith-Joneses are taking the same money out of the same sock to pay for buck-r-pound meat and shoes for little Charlie at \$7.50 a pair. And along with inflation comes a new excise tax adding appreciably to the price of a new car.

So Betsy, the family bus, will have to remain in the service of the Smith-Joneses a good while longer. And if global war comes, with its familiar pattern of gasoline and tire rationing and no new cars on the market, all the Smith-Joneses' neighbors will be in the same boat.

It points a lesson for these difficult days of inflation, war and threats of more war: If you have to keep Betsy, and you want to keep her out of the boneyard, you'd better start babying her now.

True, the modern-day car is better than ever before—far better, surely, than the car we were driving when World War II broke out. It contains stronger alloys, perfected during the war, and a multitude of mechanical refinements. It is better equipped to last out a long automobile drouth.

But, by the same token, it is getting far more strenuous use than the car we had 10 years ago. The average highway speed nowadays is 60, where it used to be 50. And a broad, straight stretch of road invites a leveling off at 70 (with an eye on the rear view mirror for a trailing traffic cop).

# YOU'D BETTER START

## *Babying* BETSY!

*If you want to keep your automobile out of the boneyard, start babying her now.*

By JOSEPH STOCKER

In the cities the wear-and-tear on Betsy is even greater. With about 15,000,000 more vehicles in use now than 10 years ago, downtown streets resemble a Yankee Stadium parking lot during the World Series. Stop-and-go driving involves infinitely more stopping and going.

Still another straw loaded on the back of the family camel is the fact that we Americans are simply driving more than ever before. The average owner puts 12,000 miles a year on his car, compared to 10,000 before the war.

**G**ARAGEMEN know that the motoring public, after six or seven blithe postwar years of automobile plenty (and automobile abuse), is far from being maintenance-conscious. One of them put it this way: "People begrudge spending any money on their cars. It used to be not

### How to Make Your Car Last for Years—

**A**UTOMOTIVE experts have a simple three-point rule-of-thumb for assuring Betsy a long, useful and economical life:

1—Use care and common sense in the every-day operation of your car.

2—Frequent lubrication.

3—Get the car into a shop at reasonable and regular intervals for a check-up, to catch things going wrong *before* they go wrong. It will cost a little bit—and save a heck of a lot more.

uncommon for a man to come in and say, 'Well, my car is two years old. I want you to go through her and fix her all up.' And he'd spend \$200 on preventive maintenance. Since the war, preventive maintenance has been the hardest thing in the world to put over. Customers think we're trying to sell 'em a bill of goods. Because cars are built better today, people expect them to be troublefree. It just isn't so."

In the operation of their car, Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Jones, although they don't realize it, are probably hammering a nail a day into poor Betsy's coffin.

They shouldn't be blamed too much. Modern-day traffic takes its toll in time and temper. The ordeal of merely driving through the heart of a big city at 5 p.m. is enough to strain the patience of a burro. Since the Smith-Joneses are no burros, they can be counted on to start driving before the engine is warm, brake up to a stop light with a screech, gun away when the light turns green and absently

ride the clutch all the way across town.

Unfortunately they don't gain much time. But they do accomplish the rapid deterioration of the family bus.

What the Smith-Joneses—and you—should be doing is this:

**I**F THE car is starting up after being parked all night, warm the engine before driving away. Safest thing is to let it idle—don't race it—until the needle on the temperature gauge starts moving from its pin. Then hold the speed to 35 until the engine reaches normal operating temperature.

Bear in mind that, while the car has been sitting unused, all the oil has drained down out of the working parts into the crankcase. Warming the car before starting off gives that oil a chance to get back up where it belongs and go to work again lubricating pistons and rings and generally preserving the engine. If you shove off with a "cold" engine, there's going to be undue friction on the moving parts—and on your pocketbook.

When you see a traffic light turning against you a block ahead, let up on the gas and ease to a halt.



Martin Giuffrè

"Seventy! What were YOU doin'?"

Avoid hot-rod starts when the light goes green. It uses excess fuel and results in excess wear.

If you don't have automatic transmission, leave the gears in neutral at stop lights rather than keeping the clutch pedal down. Don't touch the clutch at all except to shift gears.

On the open road, don't travel over 60. It's best for Betsy's long life—and yours, too.

Shift into higher gears at lower speeds to prevent unnecessary engine strain.

Have the oil, water, battery and tires checked at every fill-up. Keep the tires inflated two or three pounds above the manufacturer's specifications. Riding may not be quite so soft, but the tires will last much longer.

Watch your instruments. They'll tell you when trouble is brewing somewhere in the great mechanical complex which is your automobile. I heard of a driver recently who spent \$125 for the dubious privilege of not watching his dash board. He had hit a rock in the road which knocked a hole in his oil pan and drained all the oil out, "freezing" his bearings. A glance at his rising temperature gauge or dropping oil pressure would have sent him scattering for a garage in time to save everything but the cost of a new oil pan.

If you're breaking in a new car, follow the manufacturer's recommendations scrupulously. A bad job of breaking-in can cut the life of your car by one-third. "If you cheat your car at this end," a serviceman once told me, "it will cost you four times as much at the other end."

Be especially indulgent to your

### *How to Select a Garage for Automobile Service*

**M**AKE sure that the garage which you entrust with Betsy's care and feeding is *responsible*. Generally the level of garage ethics has risen over that of 10 years ago, thanks to competition and some highly curative publicity given racketeering mechanics. But it's well to do a little checking before handing Betsy over to the questionable mercies of a strange garage.

**1** What reputation does the garage have among other car owners?

**2** Does it pay its mechanics a straight salary or a percentage of repair jobs? If the latter, they will be tempted to rush and perhaps even repair things that don't need repairing.

**3** Does the garage pay a commission on parts sold? If so, you may drive out with more new parts and a bigger hole in your bankroll than necessary.

If you don't feel up to so much gumshoeing, a safe and easy yardstick is this: Go where the farmers go. They are connoisseurs of good service.

automobile in winter. Before starting up, press the accelerator down twice to provide an extra charge of gasoline for the first firing. Shove the clutch pedal in so the starter won't have to turn over heavily greased transmission gears. If there is no automatic choke, pull the manual choke out all the way. Push the starter button, then ease the choke back in.

*If you can get the engine started on the first try rather than the third, your starting mechanism will live that much longer.*

Short runs in wintertime, without proper warm-up in between, are death

*Give Your Car the Care a  
Fleet-Operator Gives—*

**H**ERE is the servicing schedule of a big and successful fleet-operator. The average motorist could do far worse than to adopt this schedule, with appropriate latitude for oil changes and possibly a little greater interval between engine tune-ups:

*A-Service (1,000 miles)*

Check all driving controls and instruments; check brakes, lights, front wheel bearings and clutch pedal clearance; clean air cleaner; complete lubrication; change oil.

*B-Service (5,000 miles)*

All of A-Service plus engine tune-up and rotating tires.

*C-Service (10,000 miles)*

All of A-Service and B-Service plus front wheel pack, check brake linings and drums and drain, flush and refill transmission and differential.

on Betsy. In fact, short runs without warm-up are bad for her any time. Here's what goes on underneath that pretty, streamlined hood of hers:

Parts of the engine get warm, others remain cold. This causes condensation. Water seeps into the crankcase oil, dilutes it and produces sludge, which results in extra wear the next time the engine is started. Raw gasoline also washes down past the pistons into the crankcase, swishing oil off the polished surfaces and leaving them defenseless against pitting. The gasoline brings with it abrasive bits of metal, carbon and road dust, scoring pistons and bearings.

And that's not the whole of it. The water formed by condensation is dissipated into the exhaust system, mixes

with the exhaust gases and forms carbonic acid, which eats away the muffler.



**A**LL of which means frequent and expensive repair jobs. Yet it is interesting to observe that test cars operated by automobile and tire manufacturers run 300,000 miles without having the cylinder head off. That's because they never stop. Engines are constantly at operating temperature.

A note of warning about that first long jaunt in the spring: If the car has been used only for short trips in the winter, and you haven't been as careful as you should, watch your oil level. The crankcase oil will have become diluted with gasoline. The oil stick may show "Full", but the gasoline vaporizes as the engine gets warm, leaving dangerously little lubricant. You can burn out a bearing unless you have your oil checked every 50 miles the first time out.

If there is a single factor more important than any other in car maintenance, it's lubrication—every 1,000 miles or every 60 days, whichever comes first—and without fail. Even though your car may be getting little use, grease dries up and accumulates dirt. If you have driven through water, snow or heavy dust, get a lube job immediately, whether or not a thousand miles or 60 days have elapsed.

Besides being the cheapest kind of protection you can buy, regular lub-



rication brings to light any unexpected malfunction. A competent serviceman gives your automobile's entire "in-nards" a quick inspection while he has it on the grease rack. A leak or a loose part detected there can be remedied before it leads to serious—and costly—trouble.

CONSIDER the sad experience of a motorist who decided to wait until he returned from a 2,200-mile journey before he had his car lubed. En route home the rear end went out. He spent \$23 for a tow, another \$87 for repairs and was stranded for a day and a half in a desolate little town. If he had stopped for a 1,000-mile lubrication, the serviceman quickly would have discovered the leaking grease seal before it caused the breakdown.

What about oil change? Service stations, of course, like to keep alive the old-fashioned habit of changing every 1,000 miles. It's good for business.



Well, it's probably best for Betsy, too, if you live in dry, dusty country or most of your driving is of the start-and-stop variety. In the latter case, moisture produced by condensation dilutes the oil and reduces its effective-

ness. But the traveling salesman who is on the road a great deal can run 3,000 miles between changes. By keeping his engine almost constantly at operating temperature, he is burning out the oil's impurities.

It's a paradox, the truth of which few motorists realize: *The less driving you do, the more often you need oil changes.*

What weight oil to use? The lighter the better, commensurate with the age of your car. Light oil flows faster and circulates more readily to important parts of the engine. When Betsy is new, start with SAE 10. Go up to SAE 20 at 5,000 miles, then, when you start using more than two quarts per 1,000 miles, shift to SAE 30.

And get yourself into the habit of *regular, periodic servicing and inspection.* This is a fetish with commercial operators of large fleets of vehicles, who often run their trucks and taxis 300,000 to 500,000 miles before consigning them to valhalla.

IT'S possible, of course, to baby Betsy too much. This is a curious sort of mechanical hypochondria that afflicts a few car owners. One example is the motorist who had his battery and tires checked every day, until the threads were worn off battery caps and tire valves. Another is the woman driver who had her precious vehicle greased three times a week, regardless of use or weather.

But most of us err to the other extreme. We endow Betsy with a quality she simply doesn't have—that of immortality. We neglect her, drive the wheels off her and then damn her to perdition when she breaks down and leaves us fretting at the nearest

bus stop. We might remember that 6,000,000 cars went to the junkheap during World War II, severely hampering civilian transport and jeopardizing the war effort, since many were needed by war workers. In case of World War III, the same thing will happen — only more so — unless we learn how to take care of our automobiles.

If inflation and/or war interferes with your pleasant habit of “trading

’er in for a new one” every year or two, comfort yourself with this thought: Given the right kind of attention, the average well-built American automobile will carry you 150,000 miles or more.

I heard a veteran garageman express the idea gently in these words:

“Cars have to be looked after, nurtured and protected, just like our freedom. Too many Americans take them both for granted.”

**A**ND here are a few miscellaneous pointers under the general heading of preserving your automobile through whatever exigencies may lie ahead:

**Undercoating.** An important post-war development in the field of preventive maintenance. A mixture containing latex is sprayed on the underside of the car and the undersides of fenders and hood—to seal out dust, rocks and water, prevent corrosion and keep bolts from working loose. Undercoating is especially useful in wet climate. Costs between \$25 and \$40, depending on the quality of material used.

**25,000-mile warranty.** Another new wrinkle, just now catching hold around the country. For a price usually in the neighborhood of \$15, your dealer’s service department puts a warranty on your new car guaranteeing parts and labor on any defects that turn up within 25,000 miles. (Fair wear and tear excepted.) Your end of the agreement is to take your car to him for service and lubrication. That way, he spots trouble before it becomes serious and, at the same time, holds on to your business. I bought such a warranty with my car and got more than my money back on it.

**Radiator care.** Drain, flush and fill with clean, soft water twice a

year—before and after using anti-freeze. At the same time pour in a can of anti-rust. Watch the hoses. If they are soft, spongy or cracked, or if they swell and suck in when the engine revs up, replace them. If the fan belt is loose (a “give” of more than an inch), tighten it. If it’s frayed, replace it.

**Battery.** Have it checked every two weeks. Use only distilled water. Fill no higher than  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch above the plates. If corrosion sets in (usually caused by too much water in the cells), have it cleaned off with a solution of bicarbonate of soda before it obstructs the current and eats away the cables. Watch your ammeter. If it starts indicating consistent “discharge,” something is wrong with battery or generator.

**Air cleaner.** Service every 5,000 miles—more often if you drive in sand, dust or dry climate. A clogged air cleaner impedes the flow of air to the carburetor, causes overheating and reduces gasoline mileage.

**Oil filter.** Service every 5,000 miles. Change the filter every fourth or fifth oil drain.

**Spark plugs.** Replace every 10,000 miles. You’ll use less gasoline.

**Finish.** Wash frequently. Dust and dirt act as abrasives. Keep a coat of wax on the car.



## HOGAN on DOGS

*Hogan dogs could outrace a comet. They were civilized coyotes that ate whatever Hogan ate. And not even the cops could chase 'em away!*

By CHARLES HOGAN

**A** BOXER dog of my acquaintance has opened up a new and wonderful world for me. This lumbering animal pal of mine insists he is the Earl of Foggington III; but I call him Snarls the Butler, and make him like it. Snarls snarled at me the other night, "You claim to be a writin' fellah. Question is, can you read?"

"Well, it's this way—"

"No evasions, please. Can you read?"

"Big print—if I fudge a little with my finger."

"Well, have you ever taken a gander at this?"

Thus did Snarls call my attention to a magazine called "Your Dog" and I learned for the first time that there is more to the world of dogdom than meets the eye.

While I have known a whole gag-

gle of dogs during the weary years and even owned several from time to time, I had never realized the entanglements and complications connected with raising a canine. The dogs I have owned and known in my life have unanimously viewed me with suspicion at best, and more often with downright loathing.

The ones I have owned have stumbled up the alley, lank, bedraggled and in such depths of misery they were even willing to let me adopt them. It didn't take any time at all, hardly, until they learned to despise me.

From the magazine which Snarls hurled at me I learn that today's dog requires more special treatment than a chorus girl. They've got a "creme" shampoo just for dogs. This goo contains lanolin, some stuff my dogs never heard of.

Whenever I backed my pooches into a corner and tried to give them a bath they did nothing but register a diplomatic protest—by trying to gnaw my arm off. They'd have done that anyway, lanolin or no lanolin.

My dogs, to a mutt, were allergic to me and to bathing on the same anti-social principles.

Same goes for the matter of food. Here're some folks, modestly styling themselves as "famous for food research," whooping in an ad that a hound is practically hovering over the grave without dog fodder containing "life-saving, life-guarding Esbilac." They go on to remind "you've used Esbilac for years. Think of the added advantage of having it in dog food."

Since I don't know what Esbilac is I can't go along with the claim that



*"Mama, today we learned how to multiply."*

I've been using it for years. But if I've been using it my dogs have been using it, too.

Because a Hogan dog ate whatever Hogan ate. If we had wienies and sauerkraut, Phineas T. Barnum III, a kind of brown and yellow spotted varmint with a spavined ear, had wienies and sauerkraut.

Our dogs have lived from childhood to ripe old age on everything from chocolate eclairs to clam chowder. Maybe they lacked a certain amount of "drive" as the magazine puts it, but they had drive enough to suit *them* and more than enough to suit us.

Another purveyor of provender for pampered pets says his delicacy, "Vitality Dog Food" is dandy for the racer "needing the reserve of power to stay in the race longer, put on that extra burst of speed and not tire quickly."

P. T. Barnum could outrace a comet

—and then come back and chew it into sparks.

There are numerous other items in the sissified dog's life of today. For instance, for \$3.39 I could "surprise him with a real dog diner." A Mr. Larson of Detroit will send me the "Dog Diner" when I send him the geetus.

The "Dog Diner" seems to be a set of matched dishes, more or less. The Hogan menagerie was strictly from across the tracks. If I'd have surprised any one of my procession with a "Dog Diner" he'd have no doubt reared up on his hind legs and bopped me over the sconce with it.

When I pointed this out to Snarls he sneered: "Exactly! Like master, like dog, you know. How could you expect your puppies to be cuddlesome, as it says in the book, when they grew up in an atmosphere of utter depravity?"

I never expected my puppies to be "cuddlesome" and they never disappointed me. To a dog, they were nothing but citified coyotes. I'd just as soon dare to start smooching one as to start playing footsie with an atom bomb. Sooner!

A writer in the magazine syrups off with a gem of whimsy. This fellow, name of Mack Haun, gurgles "From the moment old Janie presented us with her canine 'blessed events' our household was never the same again. Those manifold bundles from 'puppy Heaven' encroached themselves upon our lives to the point that I personally was aware of them by day, and alas, BY NIGHT!"

Well, Haun and I agree on only one point. From the moment Old



Lizzie presented us with her bundles from He — — (Oh, well, maybe I can stretch a point and go along with Haun on the rest of the word) our household was *ever* the same again.

Only seven times worse—bedlam “encroached” and reigned supreme by day *and* night.

Old Lizzie began early to train her little bundles from puppy Heaven. Taught 'em every trick in her diabolical system.

The bundles from Heaven, under the touch that only a mother like Old Lizzie could give, were apt pupils. It was no time at all until the Chinese rug made an ideal diet supplement. Maybe it contained Esbilac. For desert they learned to chomp on the legs of the Steinway. They learned to swipe anything edible before they had lost their puppy teeth, if they ever had any. I always felt Old Lizzie's brood was born with poisonous fangs suitable for gnashing off human limbs.

They learned to chase cats not because they had anything personal against them, but out of sheer cussedness. Old Lizzie coached them in the fine points of gnashing at one's bare legs while one was shaving. As they grew she taught them to lollop around the battered house like seven blood-thirsty mustangs, fresh off'n the range, podnuh!

She gave singing lessons to her tiny bundles, Old Lizzie did. This made the neighbors aware of them by night when they howled vile curses at the inoffensive moon. It made me go hunting for the trusty Sharps rifle grandpa brought back from the days

when he was one of the terriers helping to build the Union Pacific. And the yowling brought a steady stream of visitors.

Our guests were from Number Seven's, “The Friendly Hoosegow.” Whether their name was Mulcahey or Flanagan the visitors all brought the same message.

“Cap Daugherty says you either get rid o' them demons outa the Black Pit itself or he's personally gonna come over and shoot Old Lizzie, them seven hounds o' Hell and especially even you.”

When I pointed all this out to Snarls he merely jeered.

“Precisely, old boy. As I have long suspected you never did know your *derrière* from third base. If you will consult the treatise entitled ‘The Law Has Teeth, Too’ you will see, and I quote: ‘In most states the dog is still entitled to first bite’.”

“What about the second, third and all subsequent bites? My hounds never stopped at first. They ran the full route.”

“Shaddap! If you read further the book says ‘An officer of the law cannot enter the property of a dog owner to seize a dog unless he has a warrant for the owner's arrest.’ Why, Cap Daugherty didn't have a leg to stand on!”

Cap Daugherty had a leg to stand on. But just because he always sent Flanagan or somebody, the big pantywaist. If he'd ever showed his flamboyant Irish puss around our place trying to confiscate Old Lizzie and her seven fiends, Cap Daugherty wouldn't have had a leg, period!



# PAGING that

*Here's a report on those Ozark hillsmen who "take orders from nobody". Their "wimmin" walk behind 'em. A summary of quaint customs and superstitions in the mountains of Missouri and Arkansas—a culture that is rapidly disappearing. Now the natives say: "We got the Electric."*

By FLOETTA WALKER

**T**HE Ozark Mountain man or woman is a picturesque individual—a peculiar blending of American pioneer and Elizabethan culture that is rapidly disappearing.

The Mountain Man, as he plows and chops wood, sings the tragic folk songs of the Elizabethan era, such as *Barbara Allen*, or songs of early America.

His wife sings as she does her housework and the chores. But not before breakfast. To sing before breakfast means she will weep before night. These folk songs have been handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation, but to get the mountaineer to sing them for you, you must first gain his confidence.

The old hillsmen is impressed "not a whit" by the fine clothes and big cars of the tourists, as he knows he is a "landed gentleman," despite his rags. He "don't take orders from nobody." He thinks all cities are cesspools of iniquity, and that all city dwellers are grossly immoral.

The Ozark Mountain woman frequently supports her family by her vegetable garden, cows, and chickens; while the husband, if a good provider, invests in more land and livestock. She rises first, builds the fire, and "totes" in the water and wood. Mountain men always eat first, and if there is only one chair in the house, the Lord and Master occupies it.

The man of the house walks a few steps ahead of his wife. This custom is probably a survival of the old days when people walked the narrow trails, the man ahead with his rifle, the women folk behind, carrying bundles, leaving the man's hands free to use his weapon.

A mountain boy does not accompany his gal to meetin' but stands just outside the door, where he may ask to see her home. For a boy and girl to go to church together in some localities is regarded by everyone as equal to announcing their engagement. The mountaineer is often insanely jealous. When a mountain girl is "talkin'," (contemplating matrimony) to a young man, she must not accept attentions from another.

## "Park Avenue Hillbillie"—

# MISS DOROTHY SHAY!

**E**ARLY marriages are the rule in the hill country, and many mountain girls are wives and mothers at 15 or 16. At 20 the mountain girl is well past her bloom. There are no church weddings in the hills. The ceremony takes place in the home of the bride. The wedding is followed by a charivari, where the mountain boy treats his friends. If he refuses, his cronies ride him on a rail to the nearest pond and dump him in.

Divorce is most unusual. There are separations, usually the woman goes to visit her kinfolk and puts off returning until everyone is accustomed to the situation. But it is only in her old age that the hill-woman is treated with any marked consideration. "Granny" is frequently regarded as a chimney-corner oracle, an authority on superstitions and a judge of human character.

**L**IVING conditions are primitive. A typical cabin may have from one to four rooms with a front and a back door, and a window on each side of the front door that may or may not be plumb. One window may slant in sharply at the top or bottom, giving the house a cross-eyed look. The woman of the house may complain, "but Paw is boss" and "he don't give a dang how the house looks."

The walls are sometimes papered with old newspapers, or possibly with brightly colored wallpaper that does not match or was not trimmed. If the family is progressive, there may be an eighth grade diploma framed and hanging on the wall. Ozark homes are rarely painted, either inside or out. Occasionally, one sees a flower garden beside the house, or perhaps a profusion of roses, bachelor buttons, hollyhocks, or larkspur. Possibly, there are vines over the cabin or porch, if there is a porch. Porches are rare.

It is a good idea to "holler out" before approaching an Ozark cabin. The true hillbilly doesn't like "furriners," and will probably come out shotgun in hand to look you over, his hound dogs trailing behind. After passing inspection, you may be invited to "sit a spell." He might even ask you to come in, "and eat a dirty bite." His wife may be an excellent





cook but he will apologize for not providing better. This is no reflection on his wife's cooking, it is merely "the way of the hills."

Many Ozark women use the same recipes and cook much as their grandmothers did generations ago. Cracklin' bread is made with cornmeal, salt, soda, meat cracklin's and sour milk, baked golden brown on a griddle. 'Possum is baked or par-boiled with red-pepper seasoning on a mat of sassafras twigs to give it flavor. It may be served with candied sweet potatoes, roasted on a clean hearth in front of an open fire.

Hillbilly humor is unique. George Beason, author of "I Blew In From Arkansas," once said: "Arkansas is the state that has been lied to everlasting fame." It is also the state that has plenty of game, "principally brag and poker."

Arkansas trains are run on a neighborly basis, and are notoriously slow. A famous Arkansas train story concerns Mrs. Norris, a little ol' lady of 70 and the conductor of a "dinky line" who offered her a ride. "Get aboard, Mrs. Norris, and we'll ride you home." Mrs. Norris looked the little engine over and replied, "No, thank you. It's just two or three miles, and I'm in kind of a hurry." From "On a Slow Train Thru Arkansas," by Thomas W. Jackson, we have the story of a man who jumped in the river and committed suicide. "They say there was a woman at the bottom of it." Jackson tells us, too, of the sign reading: "Take the Right Hand Road for the Distillery. If you can't read—ask the Blacksmith."

THE Play Party is native to the Ozarks, and is common where people object to dancing on religious grounds. There is no music—spectators and participants clap their hands and stamp their feet, while they sing. The girls dress elaborately, sometimes changing clothes several times during the evening. The men wear heavy boots, hickory shirts, and overalls or jeans. Sometimes, the boys of one family may wear ribbon wound around their necks as a distinguishing band—or they may wear bells on their spurs.



An Ozark Square Dance is similar to an Ozark Play Party, except that there is fiddlin' music and plenty of corn-likker, an' some "Tom-Cattin" in the shadows. If you got it in for some feller, an ol' time hoe-down is a mighty good place to get it out. Mountain men and women do not drink together in public. Every respectable woman in the hill country is assumed to be a teetotaler. At social functions she makes an elaborate pretense of not knowing that her escort has liquor, although the whole place may be reeking of it.



No story of the Ozarks would be complete without mention of the Water Mills. In the early days, the water mill was a community center. People sometimes rode 50 miles to mill and camped two to three days, while waiting their turn to grind their grain. Sometimes a section of the mill was used for a dance when the day's work was done. If no fiddler was present, the young folk sang and danced. One of the best known of the party games comes from the mill:

"Happy is the Miller Boy, Who lives by  
the Mill,  
The Mill turns around with a right good  
will  
One hand in the hopper and the other in  
the sack  
Ladies step forward and the gents step  
back."

The men carried their rifles with them in order to provide meat for the camp, to compete in tests of marksmanship, and for protection. The women knitted and gossiped around the camp fire. The boys played marbles, went swimming, and fished from the windows of the mill. Sometimes, distilling was combined with milling—grain was ground or liquefied, as desired, and the little-brown jug was much in evidence.

Debating Societies were, in the past, a popular pastime in the Ozarks, and are still found in some localities. The questions submitted for debate are unique, such as "Which Is Worse, a Smoking Chimney or a Scolding Wife?" or "Which Is Better, a Married or a Single Life?" These debating societies may have been the original source of much Arkansas humor.

The hillsman may sometimes be heard practicing his oration while plowing or doing other work.

Husking bees are another pioneer custom still found in some portions of the Ozarks. The farmers come for miles around to husk corn. It gets the work done in a hurry, and finding a red ear gives the bashful country lad an opportunity to kiss the girl of his choice with social approval.

Medicine Shows make the side roads and villages, present entertainment and peddle their wares—never failing to get a crowd. Entertainment is provided by a black face comedian, who cracks jokes and sings with guitar or banjo accompaniment.

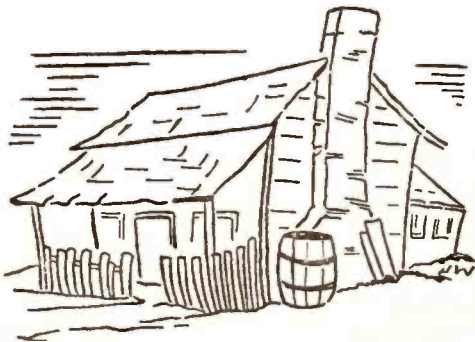
**T**HE true Ozarkian seldom leaves his beloved hills, and may have little knowledge of the world outside them. At a circus, an old woman asked her son, "Ezra, what is that big varmint over thar?"

"Hit's a Elephant," replied Ezra.

"A Elephant?" asked the old lady.

"Yes—hit's the biggest varmint in the world."

"Wal," the old lady said, "if God-amighty made that, he orter make one more an' quit."



A Candy Break is another popular pastime with Ozark youth. Sorghum is boiled down and pulled into strands. A boy and girl bite down on opposite ends of the taffy stick, their hands clasped behind their backs. The one who bites off the end of the taffy stick is free to choose a new partner for the next "chawin'."

Sorghum-making-time is a period of festivity, and the native Ozarkian is a true artist at making sorghum from the juice of sugar cane that has been stripped. The stalks are hauled to the mill where they are crushed in a sorghum press. The crushed cane is then boiled over a slow fire. While the sorghum is cooking, the children love to dip cane sticks into the boiling syrup and make suckers. When the syrup cooks down to the right consistency it is then cooled. It must be very thick for pulling. Sorghum is sometimes called "Long Sweetnin."

Corn whiskey was once so cheap that a jug of free whiskey was kept beside the free water bucket in country stores. At this time, corn whiskey sold for as little as 25c a gallon. The U. S. Government began taxing whiskey about 1791, but it was 1872 before the "Revenuers" moved into the Ozark area and attempted to enforce the tax. The "Revenuer" was a most unpopular man and is responsible for the Ozarkian's distrust of "furriners." Many of the stills were moved back further into the hills and their owners continued to make whiskey as their fathers and grandfathers had before them. They felt that a man who raises his corn has a right to use it in any manner he wishes.

Cash money in the Ozarks is scarce, and mountaineers have always been "swappers." Tobacco chewing and whittling are an important part of the swapping negotiations. The country store is the popular place. In the winter the men gather around the pot-bellied stove and warm their backsides, or sit on barrels and chew and spit. Whittling and loafing go together, and the hillsman is proficient in both. He loves to haggle and horse-trade.



**T**HE pattern of life in the Ozarks is full of signs and superstitions. Peculiar beliefs color the personalities of those who live there.

Many considerations are to be taken into account when marrying. It is considered extremely unlucky if the girl marries a man whose surname has the same initial as her own.

"Change the name and not the letter."

Marry for worse, and not for better."

"Marry in red, and wish yourself dead."

"Marry in black, you'll wish yourself back."

"Marry in yellow, you'll be ashamed of your fellow."

"Marry in green, you'll be ashamed to be seen."

"Marry in brown—you'll live in town."

"Marry in blue, you'll always be true."

"Marry in white, you'll always do right."

To insure a happy marriage, the bride and groom should stand with feet pointing the way the boards run. An unhappy marriage may result from standing with feet at right angles to the boards.

Water witching is a form of witchcraft that is practical and seems really to work. A Water Witch is an important man in the country. The man takes a forked stick firmly in both hands—fork upward, and starts walking in search of a well. When the stick turns down it means water below. To determine the distance to the vein, the "Witch" walks away from the spot, counting the steps, until the stick regains its upright position. Six steps means 18 feet to water. To make sure of the location the water witch approaches the spot from all directions, testing with his witching stick.

The changes of the moon and the sign of the zodiac are important in determining the best dates for planting. Vegetables for growth underground, such as potatoes, onions and beets, are best planted in the dark of the moon. Plants that bear their edible portions above ground should be planted in the light of the moon. Good Friday is an excellent time for planting garden truck. Lettuce should be planted on Valentine's Day, potatoes the 17th of March—and in the light of the moon.

Many of these superstitions are English in origin, others are purely American; all have been handed down from generation to generation.

To drop a dishrag is bad luck. Throw salt over the left shoulder to dispel ill luck.

Headaches may be caused by birds making their nests from the combings of your hair.

Rail fences split and laid in the light of the moon curl and twist.

Eggs set on Sunday hatch roosters. Eggs set in the dark of the moon will not

hatch. Eggs carried in a woman's bonnet hatch pullets.

If the fire a girl kindles burns brightly, her man for whom it is named is faithful. If it smolders and goes out, he is unfaithful.

A visitor leaves by the same door he enters, to do otherwise might invoke a quarrel.

To dream of muddy water means trouble.

If a girl puts salt on the fire for seven consecutive mornings, it will bring her absent lover home, whether he wants to come or not. Or, she may place her shoes together at right angles so that the toe of one touches the middle of the other and recite: "When I my true love want to see, I put my shoes in the shape of a T." This is considered particularly effective if the couple is married, and the man is entangled with another woman.

A girl who sings while cooking or doing any sort of work around the stove is doomed to wed with a "widdier man."

If a mountain maid wishes to learn of her future husband she may ask the new moon: "New Moon, New Moon tell to me, Who my True Love is to be?" Then she sleeps, hoping the new moon will bring her desired answer in a dream.

**M**ODERN transportation, improved roads, Radios, and the creation of the man-made Lake of the Ozarks have made great changes in the Ozark region within the last ten years. It is not unusual to hear a native say, "We got the Electric." Many of the old customs and habits are disappearing; small industries are springing up, some of them like rug-making, the revival of an old art. Rags are sewed, washed, and cut into



narrow strips called carpet rags. These are sewed or "tacked" together and woven into colorful rag carpets. Sometimes, they are "colored" or dyed with homemade dyes made from pokeberries, copperas, Indigo (which is "store bought"), walnut hulls and sumac.

With the coming of tourists, the weaving art has been revived in the Ozarks and carried on as an important fireside industry. Attention is now given to rugs, coverlets, and counterpanes. Some Ozark women create their own designs, others have become experts in copying.

The manufacture of homemade dolls is a new industry in the Ozarks. The name of Naomi Clark, who started making dolls as a hobby, is well known. She carves her dolls from native cedar and dresses them hillbilly fashion in "Mother Hubbards" or jeans. Flour sacking is used for undergarments. The women dolls wear sunbonnets. Other popular dolls are the "Bob Burns Kinfolk" doll by Anne Park of Van Buren; and "Uncle Matt" and "Aunt Mollie" dolls of "Shepherd of the Hills" fame, by Lulu Scott. The Kewpie doll of the 20's was designed by Rose O'Neill, also of the Ozark Country.

Baskets are made from hickory, willow, and buck brush. Cedar is a popular wood for carvers, and for all types of small novelty items made for sale to the tourist trade.

**B**EFORE the old ballads are lost forever, an attempt is being made to revive the art of ballad singing. Folk songs are songs of tragedy in both words and melody. They are poignant and long drawn out, and always tell a story.

It is interesting that these hill folk, many of them illiterate, still sing about English and Scottish Lords and Ladies of high degree, after having lived in the American wilderness for many generations.

An American ballad in a light vein is:

#### GRANMAW'S ADVICE

My granmaw lives on yonder little green,  
Fine ol' lady as ever I seen,  
She often cautioned me with care  
Of all false young men to beware.

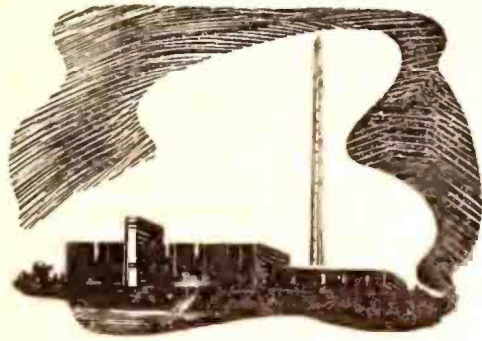
The first come a-courtin' was little Johnny  
Greene,  
Finest young feller, I ever did see,  
But Granmaw's words run through my  
head,  
I wouldn't hear nothin' that poor feller  
said.

The next come a-courtin' was Young Ellis  
Grove,  
An' then I knowed a joyous love,  
With a joyous love, I couldn't be afraid,  
An' better go wrong, than die an ol'  
maid.

Say I to myself, "There's some mistake,  
An' oh what a fuss the ol' folks make!  
If the fellers an' gals was all afraid,  
Granmaw herself would a died a' ol'  
maid!"







# The REDISCOVERY of RADIO

**T**HE great majority of people never had to rediscover Radio, they never lost it.

As examples of just how tenaciously people have stayed with Radio, here are a few truly fabulous figures. Since January of 1946—just after the end of the war—until this fall, the people of America bought over 96 million Radios. In other words about 90% of the 110 million Radio sets in the nation are postwar models. The rate of purchase of Radio sets continues, this year as last year, to outstrip the purchase of Television sets by two to one. People have bought—and are buying—Radio sets not just for the many different rooms in their homes, they've bought them for their cars. Over 90% of all postwar autos are equipped with Radios. Or to take a bedroom look at the medium, about 10 million people wake up in the morning to clock Radios!

Not only have people bought this astounding number of postwar Radios, they have spent an equally astounding amount of money in so doing. If we figure the average Radio costs \$40, the public has invested, since the war, almost four billion dollars in Radio sets.

*90% of America's 110 million Radio sets are post war models. People spend more time each average day with Radio than with magazines, newspapers and Television combined. The vice-president of network sales, CBS Radio, tells why Radio is a more effective and efficient advertising medium than people had believed.*

By JOHN J. KAROL

They did not buy them for ornaments. They bought them to use . . . to listen to. And survey after survey shows that people spend more time listening to Radio than they spend with any other advertising medium. In fact, most research data show that people spend more time each average day with Radio than with magazines, newspapers and Television combined.

**I**N Television areas, it is now an accepted fact that daytime Radio is by far the most widely used and efficient advertising medium. So advertiser faith in daytime Radio has continued. If anything, it has increased. However, this same faith has not been displayed by all advertisers

in nighttime Radio. These advertisers are a part of the group that is now busily engaged in the rediscovery of Radio.

The other members of the group include many agency executives and many Radio people.

Yes, the Radio people—many of them—were swept away by the glamour of Television. In many cases, salesmen were selling both media. TV being new and shining, sold quicker and more easily. Many of us put Radio in the background.

My own organization, CBS, met the problem by establishing CBS Radio as a separate unit. We rediscovered our medium. We examined it. We have checked it against the delivery of other media. We are continuing to examine it with very gratifying results.

The rest of this small group, the advertisers and the agencies, have also begun to re-appraise Radio. Very cautiously at first. It hasn't been socially correct until quite recently to talk much about Radio. But they have continued to seek out the facts, to look for the deliverance ability of all media against their costs. And the more they have done this the more they are discovering that Radio gives the greatest dollar value in all advertising.

I CANNOT tell you in detail what the agencies and advertisers have found out, but I presume their findings have paralleled our own. From our search after facts we now know that Television has not depressed Radio listening nearly so much as it has *changed the pattern* of listening. It has increased tremendously the use of

secondary sets. In fact, in TV homes less than a quarter of the listening is done to the "big" set. But the current nationwide measurement of Radio listening pays comparatively scant attention to these secondary sets. So we have turned to other research organizations to find out what happens to Radio in Television homes.

What happens to Radio is this: *it continues to be used but its use takes place largely outside the living room and this usage is largely unmeasured.*

We have also discovered two other facts that run contrary to general conjecture. First, evening Radio usage in Television homes is highest between 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. and, second, the most popular programs are not news and music but the same big shows of the type that are most popular nationally.

We know that the people in Television areas are spending a large and increasing share of their evening hours listening to Radio. I am not referring here to the nearly 9 million Radio-only homes in Television areas. I am talking about Radio listening right in the Television homes. In the last October-April season, in the Television homes of the top 10 Television cities, radio listening increased 28%. And that increase occurred during the evening hours!

In New York City, which has seven TV stations competing with Radio for the available audience, Nielsen recently noted that between September, 1951 and September, 1952, Radio listening in Television homes was up and Television viewing was down.

In this same crowded city, Pulse finds that Radio sets-in-use is just under 20 for the evening hours Sunday through Saturday. Again, in Television homes! Another very recent survey of the Boston area shows that in homes equipped with both Radio and Television, *simultaneous* use of the two broadcast media gives Radio a nightly average sets-in-use figure of about 10.

WE have also discovered—or perhaps I should say re-learned—some other facts about nighttime Radio which are causing many advertisers to re-appraise it from another point of view. It's been the custom of many advertisers to use Monday-Friday daytime Radio to reach the housewife. And in the daytime the advertiser does do just that. However, he does not reach the 19 million women who work and who are certainly just as good potential customers as the housewife. He doesn't reach the high school group, which makes itself felt both through its direct purchases of products and through its influence on purchases. And, of course, he doesn't reach the millions of working men who also buy things and have at least a little influence in the spending of the family income. As a result of these facts, many advertisers are moving into nighttime Radio where they can reach not only the housewife, but other extremely important groups they cannot reach with Monday-Friday daytime Radio.

The combination of all these facts has resulted in a great deal of new interest in evening Radio. Where just a year ago the mere mention of night-

time availabilities was good for a laugh in any agency, I'm now getting phone calls asking what we have open at night. And we have increasingly few availabilities. We have been sold out daytime for some years and our CBS Radio evening schedule this fall is substantially ahead of last year's in the number of hours of commercial time sold. And even though by November we usually consider our schedules pretty well established for the rest of the winter, this season will see more sales made later this year.

Not only is our evening schedule commercially stronger now than a year ago, but our entire schedule is made up of more sponsored time periods. We have more commercial time sold this fall than last—Monday-Friday daytime, Saturday daytime and Sunday daytime.

NOW why is this true? It's true because right through the years, the people of our country have elected Radio as their favorite advertising medium. They have supported it by buying an enormous number of new sets. They have supported Radio by spending more time with it than with any other advertising medium.

With the advent of Television, a small group of us lost sight of these facts. Now, though, we're getting back on the track. We're looking for facts and the facts we find strengthen the Radio story. And as our Rediscovery of Radio continues, as we learn more about the usage of secondary sets, of portables and of auto radios, we will, I am certain, find out that Radio has been and is now an even more effective and efficient medium than we had believed.





# “The FARMER’S

By ANN TEGTMEIER

and watering the livestock, coaxing milk from reluctant cows who balked at the impress of icy fingers. A weather eye cocked at the chimney timed his entrance into the steamy kitchen at the exact moment Grandma slid the golden brown biscuits out of the oven.

The rest of the day was much like its beginning except that they now had a belly full of food. Besides working in the fields in season, there were the endless chores about the farmstead; tending to livestock; repairing harness and machinery; sewing, canning and cleaning. They fell into bed at night more dead than alive.

**B**UT the oldtime version of the farmer bringing his apple-cheeked wife and younguns to town once a year at County Fair-time has changed in recent years. For one thing, the farmer’s wife now buys her rosy cheeks at the village drug store. Gone, too, is the old farmstead of three rooms and path. In its place has risen a home as modern as tomorrow.

The farmer’s wife now has more comfort, convenience and security than her city cousins. The butchering has been taken over by the locker plants, and children no longer choke on chops from their pet pig. Locker-wrapped meat has such an anonymous flavor. There is no marketing problem, and there are few preserving chores.

**T**HERE’S a new version of the old familiar song going ’round these days: It goes like this:

*“The farmer’s in the dell,  
The farmer’s in the dell,  
Corn, oats, or dairy-o,  
The farmer’s doin’ swell!”*

In Grandpa’s day farmers didn’t have what it takes to hold their own among the more aggressive types in the market place. No matter if they got up early and worked late nights, they weren’t doin’ well—not unless they had a farm with oil on it!

A dog’s life it was—getting up ahead of the chickens and doing half a day’s work before breakfast. The kids had to roll out, too, because Grandma’s stove required a fresh supply of cobs, cow chips or wood. Grandma was busy cooking up a breakfast that would stick to Grandpa’s ribs—biscuits, meat, eggs, gravy, fried spuds and dried fruit.

Meanwhile, Grandpa was sloshing around in the barnyard mess feeding



# DOIN' SWELL!"

*Gone is the old-fashioned farmstead of three rooms and a path. Largely responsible is the fact that the Old Gray Mare isn't where she used to be—and that 95.5% of the farms in some states are electrified. And, of course, the kids go to college!*

Mrs. Farmer simply selects her meal of home grown locker-processed meat, fruit and vegetables and maybe some baked goods out of a deep freeze the size of her city sister's kitchen. Then, like as not, she will flick a switch that not only cooks the meal, but turns itself off again. Another flip or two and she can wash her clothes and dishes and dispose of the garbage all at the same time.

All this, while she steps into the new Chrysler and whisks away over the black top to a Home Demonstration Club meeting at the Consolidated School.

Of course, her city cousin could do the same thing if she had money enough to buy all of these appliances—or anything to put in them if she had them. For the city cousin there is no yearling to butcher nor another to truck off to market.

When city cousin buys a new stove, a washer or a Television set, the entire family income is mortgaged for months. And in the city there is the more frequent appearance of candles on the dinner table. Not only do candles cut down on the light bill—they add a more festive touch to those enforced meals of meat balls and spaghetti!

WHAT has brought about this reversal of standards? One analyst attributes it to the farmers' finally cashing in on all their hard work. But what of their fathers and mothers, their grandparents, and all of the generations before them? Who could have worked any harder than they?

By the time Grandpa and Grandma were fifty they were gray, snaggle-toothed and round-shouldered. They had little to show beyond the mortgage for their abiding trust in Mother Nature—except a houseful of kids of all ages.

Today's farm-owner has a tractor that rides like a Pullman car. It will do everything but cook a meal and spank the kids. The old gray mare not being where she used to be is largely responsible for this new state of affairs. The farmer can trace the beginning of his emancipation to the day he kicked her out and bought a gasoline-powered work horse.

He soon learned he could feed a wife and three kids off the eight acres of land it had taken to maintain the old hay-burner. The tractor didn't have to be fed on stormy days, either. He found out he could produce 10 bushels of wheat with four hours'

work, instead of the 60 it had taken Grandpa.

For the first time in history the farmer had enough time to think about his niche in this shadow-box called life. Time to get out a bit in the world and begin wanting for his own wife and kids something of what he saw.

Carbide lights appeared in place of smoky coal-oil lamps; a hand pump replaced the community-cup dipper and old wooden bucket in the kitchen. The kids now had the unheard-of advantage of attending high school, going to college—and they brought home such ideas as wind-chargers and farm-lighting plants.

It was a short step to rural electrification at a minimum charge of \$10 a month—more money than Grandpa had ever seen in four weeks. Connecticut and Rhode Island are tied for top honors in electrified farms, with 99.9% each. The East has no corner on kilowatts, though. Iowa ranks nineteenth on the electrification program with electric service reaching 95.5% of Iowa farms!

**T**HERE is less and less of the yokel about today's farmer. Like as not, both he and his wife are graduates of their state agricultural college. This is why the number of white Americans attending college, in proportion to the total population, has nearly doubled in the past twenty years.

Who else but the farmer's kids have the money? The rule goes in post-war Japan; and in Ireland, too, where, until recently, the farm lass who tired of her drab existence might earn as much as \$1.50 weekly working as a maid in the city. Of course, not every farmer has been equally

blest. Not everybody lives on the same scale in town, either.

But looking at the over-all picture, these past few years have brought opportunity, a new dignity and a new self-respect to rural dwellers. This same state of affairs can be found in any country around the globe where the old gray mare has been retired to make room for a shiny red tractor.



Farm youth who have a yearning for the bright lights after graduation from ag college are now becoming our scientists and captains of industry, too. The farm kid soon learns that the more efficiently he can perform the chores assigned him, the sooner he can be done with them and play cowboy, Indian, or engage in other games. He needs no planned program to develop his creative abilities, such as must be furnished his city cousin to keep him out of the hands of the police.

Today's dullard has no place on a modern farm. Therefore, he crowds into city tenements or housing projects. When he is old enough to work he takes his place on an assembly line producing something that makes no sense to him. He has small ability to think for himself. The city, the Government and the social agencies have done it for him. The thinking nowadays is done by the transplanted farmer who is straining every nerve to make his pile in industry; so he can retire to an acreage!

A TYPICAL example of the life of a farmer compared to that of his city cousin is portrayed by two families we will call the Martins and the Nolans.

The prospect of life in the city looked enticing to Rose Farley when she became engaged to Lee Nolan, who was visiting his uncle, Charley Martin, at Martin's prairie farm. But, transplanted to the city, Rose met none of the glamorous cafe society she read about in the gossip column of her daily paper.

Instead, the Nolans acquired three children and a small house very much in the suburbs. Lee's salary provided them with life's necessities; but there wasn't much left over for the luxuries. Rose didn't know how much she would miss the full larder on the farm, until she tried buying everything at city stores!

Came the war and the bonanza of a bomber-plant pay check. But there was no high living, no mink coats, no black market steaks, for the Nolans. When the end of hostilities coincided with the death of Rose's mother, she and Lee disposed of their painfully-acquired equity in the city house, and made a down-payment on the old Farley farmstead.

Rose was looking forward to living "neighbors" with Lee's cousin, Max Martin, and his wife, Pauline, who had taken over the Martin farm at the beginning of the war. But Pauline had other ideas. The farm had served its purpose well, for hadn't it kept Max out of the draft? Now that the shooting war was over, she had no intention of stagnating on the farm any

longer. She wanted the advantages of city schools for their children.

Max rented the Martin farm to Lee, and went into a real estate office in the city. By working all day, seven days a week, and often far into the night, he manages to keep their standard of living something like it was on the farm.

THERE is no place for sluggishness in Pauline's life, either. Her life is one endless round of bridge parties, canasta clubs, Kensington and garden groups. Not because she particularly wants it that way, but because she *has* to do it. She contacts half of Max's prospective customers while clubbing over a coffee cup.

And how about Lee and Rose? Have they missed the good city life by their move to the sticks? Not by a jugful! Their spacious farm home has been modernized to a far greater degree than the little house they left behind in the city. Not only have they paid off their own mortgage, but they are now setting up Lee, Jr., and his new wife in business on a neighboring farm.

Two other sons, Dean and Bob, still at home, are establishing their own bank accounts against the day when they, too, will want to launch out for themselves as farmers. Rose no longer has to wonder where the next week's groceries are coming from—she already knows, because they are waiting to be taken out of the deep freeze. The new Chrysler is waiting to take her wherever she may want to spend her leisure time. She has money in her pocket for shopping sprees in Kansas City, Denver or Omaha.



YES, this is the Golden Age for Agriculture; and three leading agricultural economists declare the mid-century farmer to be living in it. The Dean of the College of Agriculture at Cornell University, W. I. Myers, and Drs. F. A. Pearson and Herrell DeGraf have designated the past five years without parallel in the history of American agriculture.

Maybe Dr. Pearson hit the jackpot with his three reasons why this is so: moderately rising prices; a rise in farm property values without a propor-

tional increase in the total debt; and increasing amounts of crops, livestock and livestock products *per unit* of labor.

Or, maybe it can be laid to the present-day trend toward the cowboy jeans that have replaced Grandpa's bib overalls and Grandma's gray calico. Maybe the reason farmers have so much is because they just can't get a fist out of their levi pockets when it's doubled up and full of kale seed!

"Heigh-ho, the merry-oh, the farmer's doin' swell!"



# MONEY

for your

# CHILD

By ALAN W. FARRANT

*Everyone has pet ideas of how and when to begin the financial training of his child. Most sound ideas adhere to the proverb: "Experience is the best teacher."*

YOU cannot expect a child to handle money wisely if he has never been given any idea of its value. No definite age can be set as the starting point for such training, because it varies with the individual. But as soon as a child wants something he does not possess, the time has arrived.

With something definite in mind to buy, the child's incentive to save for it is established. The method of securing the needed money is of

prime importance—*work*. Yes, working is the old, old way; and no worthy substitute for it has ever been found. If a child grows up without an appreciation of the connection between work and money, he frequently catches that deadly fever, the desire for quick returns.

The parents, of course, will determine the first work. It is a mistake to lead a child to believe he should be paid for everything he does at home. Homemaking is a cooperative



business, and he should realize this. There are, however, certain errands for which the child can be paid. The delivery of a note, or an extra trip to the store, are examples.

**C**HILDREN over the age of ten can be expected to find occasional or part-time employment without the aid of parents. This is excellent supplementary training in the assumption and discharge of responsibility.

Not all work is constructive, and parents should keep close check on the types of things the child is doing. Work may prove physically harmful if it is too strenuous, or of too long duration.

The weekly allowance is an approved way of providing a child with money, providing it does not eliminate work from the plan of financial education. Start the allowance small. Then as it is increased, more duties and responsibilities are to be expected—particularly in the thoroughness and alertness with which the assigned task is performed. The child may even save for items of clothing—and if he does, he is apt to give such hard-won clothing much better care!

Pay the weekly allowance in a businesslike manner, always at the same time each week, and never subtract anything for punishment. If five cents is taken off when Junior is late for dinner, he draws the conclusion that conduct is on a cash basis. He will get the impression he is being paid to be agreeable.

Children often get money in unsatisfactory ways. Frequently they tease for it, which is annoying. Many

a wife has found herself in the divorce court as a result of eternal begging to gratify immediate wishes—a habit started when she was a small girl. Sometimes the youngsters borrow from some member of the family and then fail to pay the money back. This should be corrected, but quickly! Others go to a store and then do not return all the change. This, too, must be corrected immediately, as must the taking of coins from mother's purse.

**O**NCE the child has saved up a little money he faces the famous three s's, all of them clamoring for attention: spending, saving, and sharing. At the start the child will be most interested in spending—as aren't we all? The other kind of spending—that which requires saving for larger purchases in the future—has to be encouraged. Constant reminders will be necessary until the thought is thoroughly grounded in the young mind.

The problems of saving are numerous. Where will he keep his money? How will he know where it is? How will he keep track of what is spent—and how will he determine how much is left?

The first step is to have the child keep a record of money he receives and spends. If this practice is made into a game, he will enjoy it more and learn quicker, easier, and better. Before he can write and solve on paper simple problems in addition and subtraction, a carefully worded explanation must be made to him. For very young children it is expedient to use one coin only at first—giving him not a dime, say, but always two nickels.

Success in saving is difficult if a child is asked to save for something he does not want, but which his parents want him to have. Let him, in the earlier of these formative years, save for skates, a pet, a bright sweater, or some other item of his own choice.

If the child is inclined to spend his money foolishly on the way home from school—as many do—take him to a large toy shop. When he finds something he would especially like, have the salesman tell of its many good features. This will help cement the desire for ownership, and increase the child's will power to save up for this particular toy.

**N**O parent wishes to rear his child to be a miser. Much of the happiness in life comes from sharing with others. A part of every child's earnings or allowance should go into the Sunday school fund and into a saving fund for birthdays and Christmas.

The motives for saving and sharing have much to do with the success parents have in training their children to handle money intelligently. These motives must appeal to a child's fancy as well as to his reason.

One of the most important parts of the training in financial matters is praise. A word of praise for money well spent accomplishes wonders. In this connection the words of George Bernard Shaw are applicable: "To withhold deserved praise lest it should make its object conceited, is as dishonest as to withhold payment of a just debt lest your creditor should spend the money badly."



Martin Giuffre

*"Junior, help your mother! It's time the boy was helpful . . . Junior!"*

Stopping for gas in an Iowa town I found a line of cars at one filling station that displayed a sign, "Your tank full free if you can guess how much it takes."

I asked the busy proprietor how his scheme had worked out and he told me it had worked fine.

"Fellow guessed right about a year ago," he said. "Cost me \$1.30. But that's all right. We don't get 'dollar's worth' customers any more. All we get is 'fill 'em up' customers."

The young bride announced to the grocer that she wanted to buy some oysters. "Large or small oysters, Ma'am?" inquired the grocer.

Faced with an unexpected decision, she studied a moment and said, "Well, they're for a man who wears a size 15 collar."

Socialists are like a bunch of bananas. They come in green, turn yellow and have not one straight one among them.



## WHB NEWSREEL

**FULTON LEWIS, JR.** spoke in Kansas City Oct. 27, and originated his Mutual network broadcast from WHB. He is shown (above, left) in our studios with D. L. Barnes, president of Nash Central Motors, a Kansas City sponsor.

**MARY MAYO**, petite songstress and Capitol recording artist (above, center) is a new member of WHB's Guest Disc Jockey Club, Guest D.J.s preside over WHB's "Night Club of the Air" Saturday and Sunday nights, from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m.

**EVERETT HENDRICKS**, head of the music department at Kansas City University (above, right) conducts "Sixth Row Center" on WHB Sundays at 9:30 p.m.—a pre-view of upcoming cultural events in Kansas City during the week to follow.

**OPENING NIGHT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SEASON** finds Sandra Lea of WHB (in formal gown, right) interviewing from the Music Hall lobby Mrs. O. K. Wuertz, orchestra department chairman of the K. C. Musical Club.

**LIBERACE** (right) guest artist at the annual Katz Concerts, took time out to greet WHB listeners while visiting Kansas City.

**"YOUNG IDEAS"**, the Sunday WHB discussion panel broadcast by young people at 12:30 p.m., had as guests recently Lt. Colonel Howard Cook, Sgt. Richard R. Duncan, Sgt. John E. Vassar and Sgt. Davey L. Davis. With them (lower right) at microphone is Rosemary Fillmore Grace, moderator of the program.

**HI CLUB.** WHB's Saturday 4:30 p.m. broadcast of, by and for teen-agers presents high school students in news of high school activities; discussions of teen-age fashions and etiquette; music for the saddle-shoe-set. At extreme left, below, with students, is Diane Brewster, Hi Club femme commentator.









*Swing Presents*  
**JOYCE C. HALL**  
**The Man of the Month**

*The Man Who Makes Hallmark Cards*

by DON DAVIS

FOR many months in Kansas City, Missouri, there were signs throughout the great Hall Brothers plant reading:

We are making Hallmark Cards  
Let's all be careful  
Very Careful

But though no signs were posted about it, there was another message imprinted deep in the heart and brain of every Hall Brothers executive, department head, foreman and supervisor: "We are training and developing men and women. Let's be doubly careful."

Father of these sentiments was Joyce C. Hall, founder and president of the firm, who has almost a religiously zealous feeling of friendship for the company's 3,000 employees. Three-fourths of them are young women and girls. Hundreds are young boys, holding their first jobs since high school graduation. Many more—the junior supervisors and young foremen, newer salesmen and office employees—are young men and women "on

their way up," to whom Joyce Hall feels his company offers a solid, lifetime career. For them he feels a deep, fatherly concern—as to their health, character, well-being, mental growth, resourcefulness, right-thinking, right-living and economic progress.

Take for example, the matter of the food they eat. Many of the boys and girls working in the plant are fresh from high school, where they gained the idea that the perfect meal consists of a hot dog, a soda and a candy bar. The Hall Brothers cafeteria attempts, instead, to sell them (at cost, or less) the company's tested version of the right kind of food. It finds that young people have to be educated to eat, as well as to spell.

Take another example, the development, growth and progress of young workers in the organization: Joyce Hall knows that much good comes from group discussion of mutual problems. That's why meetings of employees were, and are, held constantly; but particularly in the early years of the business when it was first "finding itself"—and when the department-

head organization was energetically expanding.

The topics for discussion were items such as these: "The 10 Demandments of Business Success," "The Appreciation of Time," "Point of Contact," "Procrastination," "Supervision," "Spoilage of Material," "Spoilage of Time," "Are You Serious Minded?," "Rules," "Hurrying Up the Christmas Line," "What Is Meant by Thinking?," "J. C." himself spoke for as long as 45 minutes on many of these topics, plus hundreds of talks along similar lines—to the department head conferences and to the employees. He seeks always to implant in his co-workers ideas and ambitions which will make them more efficient and more productive; hence *worth more* to the company—and to themselves and their families.

There are meetings for men, meetings for women supervisors, meetings for boys, meetings for girls. Often as not, the occasion is a company dinner "on the house" in the plant cafeteria.

**A** LOT of things had their beginning in that plant cafeteria! Fellowship, and company esprit de corps or "employee morale," as well as a hundred or more romances leading to marriages of Hall Brothers employees—

And, above everything else, development of the *merchandise display idea* which has been one of the important ingredients in the world-wide expansion of Hall Brothers' sales.

You've probably thought of it before: the familiar displays of Hallmark greeting cards on neat display racks in thousands of stores across the

nation. They represent an application of the *cafeteria principle* applied to the display, merchandising and sale of greeting cards.

Those cards—arranged scientifically with carefully-researched skill within the rack for "Eye Vision"—are easy to reach, ready for instant inspection, self-service and selection—are plainly priced, and displayed in "classifications" according to the way people look for them. And the classification seems infinite—whether in the greeting card department of a big department store or a small book store: Christmas, Valentine's Day, Easter, Mother's Day, Halloween, Thanksgiving, Birthday, "Get Well," "Thank You," wedding congratulations, anniversaries, baby congratulations, "Why Not Write?," graduation, friendship, Jewish New Year, and Father's Day. To name a few.

That cafeteria!

No one in the Hall Brothers organization makes more suggestions to insure a variety of seasonable menu items than Joyce Hall himself. And everybody in the organization gets the same service. The boss stands in line with the others for his food. When new employees report for work, they are given a free meal on their first day, to introduce them to the cafeteria. Joyce Hall's appreciation of good food leads him to Luchow's in New York—and the Oak Room of the Plaza. He disclaims being an epicure or a gourmet—but if he has any hobbies other than work, one of them is good food!

**C**ONSIDERATION of employee welfare has led to many other things at Hall Brothers' plant. Com-

fortable desks, chairs and work tables; good "working conditions"; adequate lighting; Frigidaire-cooled drinking water; a hospital room with nurse on duty and a doctor who is available to all employees three mornings a week—these are usual in thousands of plants. But where else other than Hall Brothers do you find free cold milk or "cokes" served on hot summer afternoons? . . . or a "Personal Service Department" with a cheerful young woman on duty, ready to accept payment for your personal gas, light and 'phone bills? . . . or to get your auto license plates for you!

In 1942, when pay-as-you-go federal income taxes were first collected, J. C. realized that many employees were going to find it difficult to get "squared away" on last year's taxes while paying the new. Hall Brothers therefore paid to each employee of a year's service or more a full week's salary as an extra bonus—with graduated payments down to  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a week's pay for those who had begun working at Hall's in October, November or December of the previous year. With each check was this fatherly note: "If this check enables you to pay all of your tax at one time, we hope you will do so, since we believe in so doing you will help the government to reduce clerical expense and provide money now for war financing. If all or part of this extra bonus is not needed to cover your taxes, we urge you to invest it in *Defense Bonds or stamps* and thereby aid our government in the war effort."

Such ideas, of thoughtfulness for his employees, of helping others, come to J. C. naturally and instinctively. And he got others from visits to plants

such as the great Hershey chocolate factory and the model city of Hershey, Pa.—with its stadium, park, theatre, restaurant, hotel and orphan boys' school—all gifts to the community by the late Milton S. Hershey, founder of the business. And a visit to Newton, Iowa, where J. C. saw what the Maytag Company and the Maytag family do for its employees.

**I**N 1921, J. C. did a revolutionary thing when it was necessary to find a new location for the growing business. Four sites were under consideration—and he asked the employees to vote for their favorite, based upon their own personal preference because of convenience of transportation, distance from home, suitability and beauty of the site, etc.

Fifty-four employees voting, out of a total of 120 at that time, decided in favor of the site J. C. then leased in January, 1922—a location on a wide avenue not more than a quarter-mile from Kansas City's Union Station (where nearly all transit lines in the city pass), and only two blocks from the magnificent site of the city's Liberty Memorial tower with its green-carpeted mall. Few industrial plants have a big city park practically at their "front yard"!

Frequent contact by voice, even with such a large organization as the present body of Hallmark employees, is made possible throughout the plant by use of a company-operated "broadcasting station"—a public-address system with loud-speakers in every department, and microphones located where they can be used conveniently by various company officials. At the beginning of each year, J. C. himself



announces the company's plans and hopes for the year ahead, outlining in detail the methods by which its objectives are to be accomplished. Such a policy makes every worker feel that he is on the "inside" of things.

The "family spirit" thus engendered evidenced itself during the war by employee campaigns to send candy to servicemen; adopt needy families at Christmas; recruit enlistments in the WACs; sell war bonds; solicit donors to the Red Cross Blood Bank; organize car pools; and quiz themselves with a company-edited and printed "Victory Quiz" booklet: "What's Your War Effort?"

When it was necessary to sort Kansas City's sugar rationing cards, 60 Hallmark employees, expert at this sort of work, pitched in on their own and did it—at night! They also worked spiritedly in behalf of British War Relief. In the Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Marines, from the Kansas City plant alone, 435 Hallmark employees were in the nation's service during wartime.

**F**AMILY spirit translated in terms of efficiency led a visitor to remark "this is the neatest, most orderly factory I have ever seen." Such a condi-

tion is brought about by a continuous series of "Inspection Awards" for cleanliness, orderliness and "consideration of the condition" of every one of the many departments.

Almost every technological method of engraving, printing and lithographing is utilized somewhere in the plant—each in its own department, manned by highly skilled employees. But the work really begins with the creative department—writers and artists who conceive, write, design, and execute the items in the "line." This planning and creative work is all done on schedule, months ahead of each season. In January, samples of the 1953 Christmas line will be available. The new lines are shown to retail dealers by men who live in the territory. Such representatives are not considered as doing a selling job but are called "merchandisers" as they service the dealers and show them modern merchandising methods. Consider the complications inherent in maintaining a "line" of some 5,000 different items, all new at least once a year, ready for shipment the moment an order is received from a small store in Wapalulu, Idaho . . . and you'll understand how J. C. managed to lose a little of his hair!



*Oh what fun at those Hall Brothers picnics in the early years of the business! This line of motor cars, bearing employees to a picnic at the Ivanhoe Country Club, paraded the downtown district en route.*

JOYCE HALL'S outstanding characteristic is his self-taught ability to *think ahead*—making plans for the growth and advancement of the business—translating this growth into opportunities for the advancement of his associates who do their work well. Yet *he* works longer hours than any of them, from 8:30 in the morning when he is in Kansas City, until 6 o'clock in the evening, at which time he is seen lugging out a loaded briefcase of papers for quiet, thoughtful perusal that night at home.

On the road—in Chicago, New York, Boston, Los Angeles, London, wherever—he maintains an equally strenuous schedule. He was in New York recently at a dinner conference with associates when a telephone call was received that the barn at Hallmark Farm had burned. "I wonder if anyone was hurt?" was his first comment. In New York he enjoys the theatre, but seldom gets to one unless it is with business contacts. When he dines in a New York restaurant, it is not only to enjoy the food, but frequently to talk business.

**F**EW people think of him in such a light, probably; but as a real estate operator, Joyce Hall deserves to be acclaimed by the Real Estate Board. Factory space requirements and storage warehouse needs have created for Hallmark all through the years a never-ending problem—the problem of constant expansion, of always needing more room. Hall's first "big" move, in 1923 was to a 5-story and basement building at 26th and Grand Avenue.

Within five years, this building had to be supplemented by a lease of

30,000 square feet on three floors of the E. Shukert Building adjoining. Hall's did it a floor at a time: one floor in 1926, another in 1927, the third in 1928. Here you have the accurate, precise, meticulous Joyce Hall at work as a real estate operator! But wait—

By 1936, in a spurt of growth following the depression, J. C. was ready for his biggest real estate venture to date, when he bought from Willys-Overland the former Overland Building now occupied by the Hallmark plant—a 6-acre, 6-story, block-long behemoth of a building that cost more than a million dollars to build in 1916. The site had been purchased by Willys-Overland from the Scarritt Estate in 1916. (That's the same Scarritt Estate which formerly owned the Scarritt Building in which WHB's studios are located.)

In 1937, J. C. acquired 24,000 more square feet of land adjoining the site, now used as a parking lot, and in 1939 (at which time the company had 950 employees) he terminated a lease occupied by the Chrysler Corporation in the Overland Building—to gain 30,000 more square feet for Hall Brothers.

Came March, 1942, and Hall's added a lease of two *more* buildings—the Mayflower Building, and the second floor of the Ralph Knight Building. These were Buildings No. 7 and No. 8. Meanwhile, to accommodate the War Department, they were in and out of the Carnie-Goudy Building (No. 4) within a period of months—but stayed put in a 10,000 sq. ft. warehouse building at 29th and Genessee.

**D**URING the war, too, they decided to take the work nearer the workers for handwork on greeting cards, by locating branch plants in neighborhoods where the employees live. This led to leases on Troost and on Forest Avenue; on Broadway; and in Mission, Kansas—and to the establishment of branch plants in five other Kansas towns: Topeka, Lawrence, Emporia, Parsons and Leavenworth.

About this time, Hallmark bought the Motto Division of the Buzza Company of Minneapolis—folks who make wall mottoes from verses and epigrams. To be in this business you need to have copyright use of Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," the poems of Rudyard Kipling, the verses of Edgar A. Guest and the writings of J. P. McEvoy. Joyce Hall negotiated all that, too—along with expanding the Forest Avenue location to hold the consolidated Motto and Artcraft departments. The motto business was eventually discontinued as changing times resulted in a decreased demand.

Meanwhile, the company had moved its New York quarters from the Empire State Building to a 10,000 sq. ft. showroom and office at 417 Fifth Avenue—and had established (many years ago) branches in Boston and Los Angeles. After the war, it moved its two-story Kansas City retail store from Petticoat Lane to the handsomely modern four-story Hall Building on Grand Avenue, when Hall Brothers acquired the T. M. James China Co. retail store.

In 1953, as an expansion of the present plant, Hallmark will begin construction of a 6-million-dollar

building on a sloping 7½ acre tract across the street from the present Hallmark (Overland) Building. With 25 acres of floor space, this new building will be the largest structure in floor area yet erected in the business district which surrounds the Union Station. A bridge across busy McGee Trafficway at the fourth and fifth-story levels will unite the present building with the new one. And the new building, of contemporary design, will take advantage of the sloping site, facing on 25th Street, McGee and Locust, *to make every floor a ground floor!* Employees can drive right off Locust Street onto the roof of the seventh floor, park their cars, and go downstairs to work! There'll be roof parking space for 450 cars!

The creative writing, art staff and office staff will occupy the top-story, "north lighted" 25th Street side—with access to an open roof garden overlooking downtown Kansas City to the north. Executive offices will surround a glass-covered patio. Manufacturing processes will start on the top floors, with work-in-progress descending by gravity work-flow toward the completion stages, to the warehouse-storage and shipping docks on the street level! They may add an *eighth* floor for offices—which would limit the parking space to 348 cars.

**I**F you visit the tall, lean, soft-spoken, balding gentleman who dreams all these dreams and makes them come true, you'll be graciously received in his Hallmark (Overland) Building office—a fine Georgian room done by Louis de Martelly, with a wood-burning fireplace. You'll see photos of the Honorable Winston Churchill,



Grandma Moses, Norman Rockwell and other distinguished artists—all of whom have for a number of years designed exclusive cards for a Hallmark Gallery Artists Series. You'll see newer photos of Jane Wyman, Groucho Marks, Henry Fonda and Fred MacMurray—Hollywood "Sunday painters" who are truly talented amateurs. This year they have created another Hallmark innovation by designing Christmas cards for the Hallmark line.

One of the most colorful things undertaken lately by J. C. is the revival of the old American May Basket custom. When he was only a lad in Nebraska, it was the custom and tradition to hang May baskets on the doors of friends.

To revive this custom, J. C. created a series of May Baskets and in one season has returned to a great degree all over America the May Basket custom. The project was so successful that thousands of teachers wrote in for ideas for May Day dances, games, poles and similar celebrations. J. C. also thought something should be done to negate the idea that May Day is a time only for communists. This was his effort.

And all of Hall Brothers' growth has come about since Joyce Hall in 1922 paid \$500 for an eight-line verse by Edgar A. Guest—thus bringing writing talent that "clicked" to the then infant greeting card business! At Hall's you'll see photos of Edgar A. Guest, too!

Joyce Hall has been courageous in other ways. Radio advertising, for instance. Doubting Thomases thought J. C. was just a bit daft, in 1939, when



*Winston Churchill, famous as a "Sunday painter," is one of the most widely-known contributors of paintings to the Hallmark line of greeting cards. Here he is shown, in England, with Joyce Hall at the time the Kansas City manufacturer with his family paid a social call on the Honorable Mr. Churchill.*

he put Tony Wons on WMAQ in Chicago, reading sentimental poetry to advertise greeting cards. Then, even more daft, the next year, when Hall's expanded the program to a coast-to-coast NBC network.

One lonely old lady wrote Tony Wons suggesting that maybe his listeners might like to add Grandma McDonnell to their greeting card list. Tony read her letter on the air—and listeners sent her fruit, candy, cash and 18,000 greeting cards! You can be sure that Hall Brothers researchers analyzed every one of those cards to determine what percentage were Hallmark!

From the days of those programs by Tony Wons, Hallmark Radio advertising has continued on an ex-

panded basis every year since, with "Meet Your Navy," the "Charlotte Greenwood Show," "Readers' Digest," and "Hallmark Playhouse"—to include the "Hallmark Playhouse" heard today on CBS Radio, and after a season of Sarah Churchill interviews, the Hallmark "Hall of Fame Television Theatre" on NBC Television. Last Christmas, Hallmark pioneered once more with the premiere of "Amahl and the Night Visitors." This was a brand new venture in television and received many accolades. The *New Yorker* magazine called it "the best television show to date" and *Life* magazine featured it later in colored pictures. It was another Hallmark first for Joyce Hall. It was repeated last Easter and will be featured again this Christmas Day.

*Swing* points no moral—but Hallmark's greatest period of growth began with the continuous, consistent use of Radio advertising!

**B**ACK to the man, Joyce Hall. He and his elder brothers, Rollie and William, grew up in David City, Nebraska (population 2,300) where they were raised by their widowed mother, Mrs. Nancy D. Hall.

Joyce learned his readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic at the old red brick school in David City. Rollie and William had by this time embarked in business for themselves. The family moved to Norfolk, Nebraska, where William opened a stationery shop. J. C., while working in the store after school in the afternoons, nights, Saturdays and Sundays, conceived the idea of selling picture post cards. His brother, Rollie, who put money into the venture with William but sold candy on

the road as a regular occupation, also sold the post cards. Joyce, from the time he was 14, caught with the "post card fever," sold cards during summer vacations and long holiday seasons. At one time J. C. branched off on a personal venture, that of selling sawdust sweeping compound. He gave this up when he moved to Kansas City to expand his post card business.

Young Joyce decided he ought to attend business college—and debated whether to go to Omaha or Kansas City. At this point he received some fateful advice from a cigar salesman he had met—a friend who told him that Kansas City was a bustling, growing community, and that the town and the folks in it had a spirit that was not evident anywhere else. Hall's decision to attend school in Kansas City brought to this community a business that has developed from nothing into the largest greeting card company in the world.

Discovering that business college didn't keep him busy, Joyce took his courses at night and jobbed a line of postcards by day. Then he began handling engraved Christmas cards and Valentines. Soon the business was going so well that Rollie joined him, bringing to the partnership the advantages of his sales experience and wide acquaintance from traveling through Nebraska and South Dakota. Their combined capital at this time was less than \$10,000.

About this time, Joyce met a shy, genteel, gracious Irish lass named Elizabeth Dilday, who lived in Kansas City. Attracted by the sparkle in her eye—her droll, dry humor and her

Irish wit—he alternated business with a bit of courtin'. They were married March 25, 1922.

But the postcards (sometimes called a second cousin to greeting cards) were a forgotten craze within three years. Greeting cards became increasingly popular—with customers preferring engraved Christmas cards for their sincerity and dignity, and ornate Valentines for their beauty. Elabo-

rately-boxed Valentines, for example, sold retail for as much as \$12 each.

Joyce wanted to bring cards and Valentines of quality within the purchasing range of the average person, thus enabling buyers to express their thoughts and sentiments in good taste for a modest expenditure. At 10th and Oak the brothers began their business in a 12 x 14 foot room, in 1910—later moving to 915 Broadway.

## HALLMARK BROADCASTING SINCE 1939—THIRTEEN YEARS!

### *On Radio*

**TONY WONS**—The "Are you listenin'?" reader of sentimental poetry . . . sponsored by Hall Brothers locally on WMAQ, Chicago, in a test series to advertise Hallmark Cards. The next two seasons, the program was expanded coast-to-coast on the NBC network, continuing until 1942.

"MEET YOUR NAVY" was sponsored by Hall Brothers on the Blue Network of NBC for two years during the war. The Great Lakes Naval Station chorus, orchestra, band and soloists supplied the music—and the message to friends and relatives of servicemen was "keep 'em happy with mail."

**THE CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD SHOW**—ABC network. The famous comedienne in a weekly series of situation comedy shows, beginning fall, 1944.

"READER'S DIGEST OF THE AIR"—On the CBS network, with dramatizations of articles, books and stories from the Reader's Digest.

"HALLMARK PLAYHOUSE"—Lionel Barrymore currently as narrator, with production supervised by Foote, Cone, Belding, the Hall Brothers advertising agency. The

show is on CBS and started originally with James Hilton as producer and narrator.

### *On Television*

"HALLMARK CARDS PRESENTS SARAH CHURCHILL"—Winston Churchill's daughter, from New York, in an NBC-TV series of programs during which Miss Sarah interviewed famous guests. This show first went on in the fall of 1951.

**HALLMARK HALL OF FAME**—This is an NBC series of dramatic programs presided over by Sarah Churchill who takes dramatic parts occasionally. It is directed by Albert McCleery. The show first went on the air in early 1952. A new type of presentation known as cameo photography is being used, with every indication it is going to be another successful "first" for Joyce C. Hall.

"AM AHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS"—Christmas, 1951, premiere of the Menotti opera written especially for Television—a moving performance starring little Chet Allen, then 12 years old. This music is now available on RCA recordings. On TV, the opera is to be repeated Christmas Day, as it was last Easter.



Established as jobbers of greeting cards, they branched out as "Hall Brothers," starting with four employees. In 1913, they moved to the Corn Belt Building at 1017 Grand Avenue, with a gift shop and store in addition to the jobbing business. Operating on the barest of margin, the brothers were able to stay in business only because importers and manufacturers, impressed by their integrity and ambition, were willing to carry their notes.

Then disaster struck. Shortly after a shipment of imported Valentines had arrived, fire swept the building and destroyed equipment, furniture and inventory. But the orders and company books were dry—locked in a safe in the water-filled basement. Importers were able to duplicate the Valentine order, and extended additional credit. The Hall Brothers—back in business, but \$17,000 "in the red" on top of an already heavy debt as a result of their fire loss—moved in, by invitation, with the Starr Piano Company on the second floor at Eleventh and Grand.

Then came another blow. At the beginning of the Christmas selling season in 1915, their largest supplier notified them that he was sending his own salesmen into the territory; and that he no longer needed a Kansas City jobber! The Hall Brothers' answer was a determination to produce their own line of Christmas cards—for which purpose they purchased a small engraving shop. There, alongside the pianos, they began turning out greeting cards of their own manufacture.

What had seemed to be catastrophe

developed into their greatest opportunity. The business at this period was known as "Hall Brothers Paper Craft"—and the letterhead bore the proud words: "Publishers—Importers." By 1917, it was "Hall Brothers—Steel and Copperplate Engravers—Publishers and Importers of Paper Art Goods." During the first World War, the demand for greeting cards skyrocketed; and in 1919 Hall Brothers started pushing for national distribution of their product, with a line of greeting cards far ahead of competitive standards of the times.

IN 1921, brother William joined the company as office manager; and Hall Brothers established their Kansas City retail store on Petticoat Lane. By 1922, with 120 employees, they were ready for a major expansion. The present Hall Brothers Company was incorporated in Missouri, June 11, 1923—with J. C., R. B. (Rollie) and W. F. (William) as the stockholders. The nation-wide reputation of Hallmark cards had been gained by 1924.

This expansion effort was spearheaded by J. C., who created the "line" and then spent weeks on the road selling it. He has continued ever since personally to approve every design in the line. His associates who know him best consider him not only a skilled editor with an unerring eye for cards that will catch popular fancy; but think of him as a "business statesman"—a practical idealist and perfectionist—whose vision, courage, hard work and decision made possible the present Hall Brothers business.

Brother Rollie (who spent about seven months a year on the road)

came up with a terrific idea about this time, early in the twenties—probably 1922. He noticed that women buyers in retail stores complained plain tissue paper made an unimpressive wrapping for gift packages, particularly Christmas packages. As envelope liners, the Halls were using gaily printed sheets—with holly and other designs in color. Rollie conceived the idea of selling this paper for gift wrappings. This was the start of the use of fancy wrappings for Christmas and gift packages—a universally accepted custom now. For Christmas seals the Halls also brought out a line of embossed metallic “radiant” seals—stars, poinsettia, holly, dogs, kittens. They were exclusive with the Hall line that first year—and only one competitor had imitated it by the second year. This new line enabled the Halls to gain entree to many new and important accounts with big department stores.

Such growth brought its rewards—in personal satisfaction, in business friendships, and financially.

**J** C.’s interest in young people, and his ability to select co-workers, is shown by the fact that his top people, with the exception of Raymond W. Hall (no relation), fiscal vice president, are all men from the ranks:

Charles S. Stevenson, vice president in charge of production, joined the company in 1919, fresh from the Army. He became acquainted with J. C. as an opponent in a basketball game. J. C. used to play a flashy center and specialized in a one-handed push shot with the Battery B team at 17th and Highland, while Charlie was a member of the Lowe and Campbell

team. Stevenson joined Hall Brothers to help create some advertising signs. When they were done, he went into the stock room, cleaned out the basement and then was an order filler and shipping clerk. From those departments he moved into his present position.

C. Ed Goodman, vice president in charge of sales, started in 1929, working evenings as a clerk while attending junior college. Later, for four or five years, he was assistant to Stevenson, then transferred to detail work in the newly-formed dealers’ service department. He acquired his knowledge of sales in the front lines.

Joe C. Kipp, now head of the planning department and a member of the board of directors, came in as an embryonic salesman in 1931. Then he shifted to the editorial department, beginning as a clerk.

William P. Harsh, secretary and member of the board of directors, came fresh from the University of Missouri and its football team as an assistant to Stevenson, working on up through maintenance, warehousing, shipping and production.

**J** OYCE HALL always had an eye for beauty—and when he wanted to buy a home in 1927, he happened upon “Chinquapin Lodge,” the country estate of the former treasurer of Peet Brothers, Cameron Rathbone, who moved to Chicago when his company became Colgate-Palmolive-Peet. It was a 41-acre tract on Indian Creek with a Colonial home. In all the wonderful country around Kansas City, there is no more beautiful combination of wooded slopes, tree-framed vistas and sparkle of water.

From this site, the following year, J. C. removed the original home and reproduced in its place a bit of the Old South—a plantation mansion with a splendid portico across the facade, six tall pillars supporting the roof. They endowed the house with a supreme dignity characteristic of its type. Boillot & Lauck were the architects, and they were modern enough to include a swimming pool and a handball court.

Meanwhile, J. C. had begun taking his growing family to Colorado for vacations. There was daughter Barbara, now Mrs. Robert Marshall who has two young daughters, Libby, 2 years, and Peggy, 2 months.

There was Elizabeth Ann, whom they call "Jimmie," now married to Dr. Richard Schaffer, chief pathologist at the Veterans Hospital in Kansas City. They have three children: Ricky, 5 years, Kenny, 4 years, and Joyce, 3 years.

And then there is the Halls' son, Donald Joyce, unmarried, who has grown up to graduate from Dartmouth and join the Army, serving now in Japan.

FOR the children the Halls established a summer home called Echo Lodge, at Grand Lake in Colorado—a location known to boating enthusiasts as the "highest yacht club in the world," elevation 8,153 feet.

Succeeding years saw J. C. expand his farm home from 40 acres to 300, after which he added another 160 acres—assembling nearly a section of land in all. Here he built an elaborate dairy barn at 110th Street (designed, with a Colonial portico, by Boillot &

Lauck) — and installed therein the famous Longview Farm prize-winning Jersey herd to which he added more purebreds from time to time.

This "cattle fever" lasted for several years, during which time Borden's distributed "Hallmark Jersey Milk" to a market for rich milk, at that time a diet problem—and J. C. began his custom of serving cold milk or iced tea to his employees in mid-afternoon on hot days. Based upon a philosophy he expressed: "there must be an easier way to lose your money," he dispersed the herd and leased the barn to an interesting busi-

## The WHB EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
<b>6</b>	:00 Chicago Theatre of the Air .....	Fulton Lewis, Jr. ....
	:15 Operetta .....	Larry Rsy, Sports ...
	:30 .....	Gabriel Heatter .....
	:45 Guest Star .....	Wether & News .....
	:50 " .....	John Thornberry .....
	:55 " .....	Titus Moody .....
<b>7</b>	:00 Little Symphonies .....	The Falcon .....
	:15 " .....	Adventure, or .....
	:30 Enchanted Hour .....	Big 7 Basketball .....
	:45 .....	Hour of Fantasy .....
		Futuristic Drams .....
<b>8</b>	:00 Jazz Nocturne .....	Bill Henry, News .....
	:05 " .....	Reporters Roundup .....
	:15 " .....	News Panel .....
	:30 John J. Anthony .....	WHB Varieties .....
	:45 "Mr. Agony" .....	Fine Music .....
<b>9</b>	:00 N. W. University .....	WHB Varieties .....
	:15 Reviewing Stand .....	Musical Comedy .....
	:30 Panel Discussion .....	Selections .....
	:45 "Sixth Row Center" .....	Frank Edwards .....
	Everett Hendricks .....	Songs of the Services .....
<b>10</b>	:00 News—Sports .....	News—Sports .....
	:05 Weather Forecast .....	Wether Forecast .....
	:15 .....	United Nations Report .....
	:30 Serenade in the Night .....	Serenade in the Night .....
	:45 Music to Read By .....	Music to Read By .....
	:55 Mutual News .....	Mutual News .....
<b>11</b>	:00 WHB Night Club .....	WHB Night Club .....
	:15 of the Air .....	of the Air .....
	:30 Pop Records .....	Pop Records .....
	:45 Guest Disc Jockey .....	.....
<b>12</b>	:00 WHB Night Club .....	WHB Night Club .....
	:15 of the Air .....	of the Air .....
	:30 .....	.....
	:45 .....	.....
	:55 .....	.....
	1:00 WHB Signs Off .....	WHB Signs Off .....



ness, the American Breeders Service. They keep a herd of purebred bulls used for artificial insemination of purebred cows. This product is sold throughout the country and shipped by air to South America. The venture is headed by J. Rockefeller Prentice, grandson of the famous John D.

J. C. also has a town apartment in Kansas City at The Walnuts.

It's fortunate that the Hall Brothers business requires lots of traveling, because J. C. really likes to travel. He is "on the road" frequently; spends two months a year in Colorado; and

gets away occasionally to Canada, Hawaii, and to Europe. During the summer, when he is presumed to be relaxing at Echo Lodge, he spends much time with big express packages flown out from Kansas City—containing designs for the next year's line.

**H**IS civic contributions are many and noteworthy. Greatly interested in the Kansas City Art Institute, the company maintains 38 scholarships there—and employs many Institute graduates. In his civic activity, J. C. serves on the boards of the Univer-

PROGRAM SCHEDULE • 6 P. M. to 1 A. M.

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Fulton Lewis, Jr. . . . . Larry Ray, Sports . . . . . Gabriel Heatter . . . . . Weather & News . . . . . John Thornberry . . . . . Titus Moody . . . . .	Fulton Lewis, Jr. . . . . Larry Ray, Sports . . . . . Gabriel Heatter . . . . . Weather & News . . . . . John Thornberry . . . . . Titus Moody . . . . .	Fulton Lewis, Jr. . . . . Larry Ray, Sports . . . . . Gabriel Heatter . . . . . Weather & News . . . . . John Thornberry . . . . . Titus Moody . . . . .	Fulton Lewis, Jr. . . . . Larry Ray, Sports . . . . . Gabriel Heatter . . . . . Weather & News . . . . . John Thornberry . . . . . Titus Moody . . . . .	Tidwell Jamboree . . . . . Direct from Stage at World War II Memorial Building . . . . .	:0 :1 :3 :4 :5 :5
That Hammer Guy . . . . . Micky Spillane . . . . . High Adventure . . . . .	Crime Files of Flamord . . . . . Under Arrest . . . . . The Criminals Lose . . . . .	Official Detective . . . . . True Crime Reports . . . . . John Steele . . . . . Adventurer . . . . .	Movie Quiz . . . . . Film Folks & Facts . . . . . It Pays to be Smart High School Quiz . . . . .	"Twenty Questions" Parlor Game . . . . . Big Seven Basketball . . . . .	:0 :1 :3 :4
Bill Henry, News . . . . . Search Never Ends . . . . . Science Drama . . . . . WHB Varieties . . . . . Pop Records . . . . .	Bill Henry, News . . . . . Family Theatre . . . . . Drama . . . . . WHB Varieties . . . . . Hit Songs . . . . .	Bill Henry, News . . . . . Murder Will Out . . . . . Mystery . . . . . WHB Varieties . . . . . Old Favorites . . . . .	Bill Henry, News . . . . . Our Town Forum . . . . . Panel . . . . . WHB Varieties . . . . . Music You Love . . . . .	Big Seven Basketball . . . . . Play-by-play by Larry Ray direct from games . . . . .	:0 :1 :1 :3 :4
WHB Varieties . . . . . Fine Albums, Complete . . . . . Frank Edwards . . . . . Songs of the Services . . . . .	WHB Varieties . . . . . Special Musical Events . . . . . Frank Edwards . . . . . Songs of the Services . . . . .	WHB Varieties . . . . . Composers' Birthdays . . . . . Frank Edwards . . . . . Songs of the Services . . . . .	WHB Varieties . . . . . With Rock Ulmer as M. C. . . . . Frank Edwards . . . . . Songs of the Services . . . . .	Big Seven Basketball— Larry Ray . . . . . Your Date With Dixie Dixieland Jazz . . . . .	:0 :1 :3 :4
News—Sports . . . . . Weather Forecast . . . . . United Nations Report Serenade in the Night Music to Read By Mutual News . . . . .	News—Sports . . . . . Weather Forecast . . . . . United Nations Report Serenade in the Night Music to Read By Mutual News . . . . .	News—Sports . . . . . Weather Forecast . . . . . United Nations Report Serenade in the Night Music to Read By Mutual News . . . . .	News—Sports . . . . . Weather Forecast . . . . . United Nations Report Serenade in the Night Music to Read By Mutual News . . . . .	News—Sports . . . . . Weather Forecast . . . . . Serenade in the Night Music to Read By Mutual News . . . . .	:0 :0 :1 :3 :5
WHB Night Club of the Air . . . . . Pop Records . . . . .	WHB Night Club of the Air . . . . . Pop Records . . . . .	WHB Night Club of the Air . . . . . Pep Records . . . . .	WHB Night Club of the Air . . . . . Pop Records . . . . .	WHB Night Club of the Air . . . . . Pop Records . . . . . Guest Disc Jockey . . . . .	:0 :1 :3 :4
WHB Night Club of the Air . . . . .	WHB Night Club of the Air . . . . .	WHB Night Club of the Air . . . . .	WHB Night Club of the Air . . . . .	WHB Night Club of the Air . . . . .	:0 :1 :3 :4
WHB Signs Off . . . . .	WHB Signs Off . . . . .	WHB Signs Off . . . . .	WHB Signs Off . . . . .	WHB Signs Off . . . . .	:0 :1 :3 :4 1:00

sity of Kansas City, Pembroke Country-Day School, the Helping Hand Institute, Drake University, the Midwest Research Institute and the Eisenhower Foundation. He is a past-president of the Kansas City Rotary Club.

The annual Hallmark International competition for professional and amateur artists, providing \$25,000 in prizes for paintings on the subject of Christmas, was established in 1950. An exhibit of the 100 prize-winning water colors for the 2nd Hallmark Art Award is being held at the Wildenstein Gallery in New York this month.

"Hallmark" was originally the term for the official stamp of the Goldsmith's Guild, London, placed on gold and silver articles to attest their excellence. Figuratively, it has come to mean a distinctive mark or token of genuineness, good breeding or excellence.

As the mark of the man, Joyce Hall, it attests all three qualities. The mark is on the man, as well as his product.



**W**ANT TO BE a Disc Jockey? If you do, plan a program from thirty of your favorite records—send the list to "WHB Disc Jockey Club"—and make application to appear on the "Night Club of the Air," Saturdays or Sundays from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. If selected, you may do the show "live" if you wish—or, you can tape-record it in advance at WHB's studios.

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
<b>5</b> :00 :15 :30 :45	Silent..... <b>A. M.</b>	Town & Country Time.....
<b>6</b> :00 :10 :15 :30 :45	Silent..... "..... "..... ".....	News-Weather- Livestock..... Don Sullivan Show.. ..... Sons of the Pioneers
<b>7</b> :00 :15 :30 :45	Sun-Dial Serenade. Music and Time Signals.....	News, Charles Gray. Musical Clock..... Music, Time and Temperature ..
<b>8</b> :00 :15 :20 :30 :45	News..... Weather..... Wings over K. C..... Sun Dial Serenade.. Bible Study Hour ..	News, Charles Gray. Weather..... Fruits & Vegetables Musical Clock..... Crosby Croons..... Musical Clock.....
<b>9</b> :00 :15 :30 :45 :55	Old Sunday School.. ..... How's Your Health?.. Land of the Free....	Unity Viewpoint.... Paula Stone Show... Sandra Lea Program. For Women..... News, Frank Singiser
<b>10</b> :00 :05 :15 :25 :30 :45	News..... Barbershop Quartet Singing..... Travel Time..... Travel Hints.....	Ladies' Fair..... with Tom Moore.. ..... News, H. Engle..... Queen For A Day... with Jack Bailey..
<b>11</b> :00 :15 :25 :30 :45	Guy Lombardo Hour "Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven".....	Curt Massey Time... Capital Commentary. Gabriel Heatter. WHB Neighborin' Time.....
<b>12</b> :00 :15 :30 :40 :45	Fred Van Deventer.. Bill Cunningham.... "Young Ideas"..... with Rosemary Grace..... K.C.U. Playhouse...	News, Charles Gray. WHB Neighborin' Time.....
<b>1</b> :00 :15 :30 :45	Proudly We Hail... Drama..... Peter Salem..... Mystery.....	WHB Neighborin' Time—Deb Dyer.. Don Sullivan.....
<b>2</b> :00 :15 :30 :45	Jeffersonian Heritage Drama..... ..... Crime Fighters..... Drama.....	CLUB 710..... ..... Pop Records Old Standards
<b>3</b> :00 :05 :15 :30 :45 :55	Mystery Theatre... Drama..... ..... Drama Theater..... ..... News, Ed Pettit ..	News, Sam Hayes... CLUB 710..... The "Top Twenty Tunes".... ..... .....
<b>4</b> :00 :05 :15 :30 :45	The Shadow..... Mystery..... Drama..... True Detective Mysteries..... Drama.....	News, D. Smith.... CLUB 710..... ..... ..... News & Sports
<b>5</b> :00 :15 :30 :45 :55	Nick Carter..... Mystery..... News, Cecil Brown.. Squad Room..... Mystery.....	Bobby Benson Show. Drama at Bar-B..... Wild Bill Hickok... Drama..... Cecil Brown.....







"This mobilization is really costing me money—three of my sister's boy friends have already been drafted!"



"We'd better stop drinking to our success—there's not much left!"

# WITH THE



"Pop, how long does it take for the second set of teeth to grow in?"



"Well, am I an uncle or aunt?"



*"What a coincidence—the teacher wants to see you too."*



*"Of course I like you, grandma. Why you've been in the family for generations."*

# SMALL FRY

—by Currier



*"I have a vocabulary of 1,000 words—990 of which I can use around the house."*



*"... and he said, 'I'll black your eye' and I said, 'Oh, no you won't'. But he did. Then we got in another argument and he said, 'I'll black your other eye' and I said..."*



# The CREAM of CROSBY

*The New York HERALD-TRIBUNE'S sometimes acid radio and television critic often steps on tender toes. SWING presents more excerpts from his syndicated column on the subjects: Birth of a Baby, Ezio Pinza, Marie Wilson, Vivian Blaine, Martha Raye, Marilyn Monroe, Television in Hollywood . . . and some wonderfully weird Hollywood characters.*

By JOHN CROSBY

## *Birth Of A Baby*

THE American Medical Association, which used to be as shy as a new bride about telling what was on its mind, has got bold as brass lately. Flexes its muscles right out in front of a television camera and everything. Last June, the A.M.A. demonstrated a duodenal ulcer operation, which was conceivably the bloodiest television program of all time.

The latest of the A.M.A. shows (if show is quite the word for it) was widely advertised in advance as the first Caesarian birth to be recorded in front of a TV camera. Naturally, this brought out a horde of spectators, including this one. The birth of a baby has always been a great circulation builder as "Life" magazine demonstrated a decade or so ago when that magazine decided its readers ought to be privy to the facts of—well—life.

But, while "Life" came through with all the gory details, the A.M.A. didn't. The broadcast which emanated from the A.M.A. annual clinical ses-

sion in Denver, opened with a picture of a lot of white-robed medicos huddled around and completely concealing a young expectant mother. There was no sound, the sound track having got lost somewhere between here and Denver. Next we had an edifying glimpse of Ben Grauer speaking soundlessly about something or other.

Presently the sound came on and we got a little, halting talk from a doctor about the progress made by the medical profession in curbing the death rate of prematurely born babies. There was a shot or two of a two pound infant being patted on the rear by a nurse. Then Mr. Grauer broke in, pleased as if he were the father, to announce that "our newest citizen has arrived."

And there he was, the new citizen. The process of his arrival was mercifully omitted. Frankly, I couldn't have been happier. There are some things that the lay citizenry shouldn't be exposed to and I feel strongly that the birth of a baby is one of them. Too graphic a picturization of so intimate



a business could easily drive a lot of young women into concluding that childbirth is not for them.

As it was we got an instructive, rather bloodcurdling glimpse of what happens in the first few minutes after a child is born. They certainly treat him rough, swabbing out his mouth, tying up the cord, splashing silver nitrate in his eyes—all as matter of factly as a man wrapping a bundle. "The baby's doing very well," murmured a doctor who was explaining all this. "It's objecting a little to what's going on."

"I don't blame him," said Mr. Grauer. I didn't either.

"From now on it's just a question of keeping him warm, healthy and happy," added the doctor. It's quite a large order—keeping warm, healthy and happy—one that has defied a good many adults.

While I am in general sympathy with the aims of the A.M.A. in trying to spread medical enlightenment as far as possible, I feel that the organization has not yet found anything like the right answer for a television show. The program ranged from the downright dull to sensational to the plain incomprehensible (largely due to the stiffish monotones affected by the doctors when talking about their accomplishments).

There must be some way to humanize doctors so that they can talk to laymen in language which is both warm and understandable. The emphasis not only of this series of two programs but also of the June broadcasts, both of which were sponsored by the Smith, Kline and French medical supply outfit, has been on the cure

of disease. I think it might be interesting and certainly instructive if the A.M.A. devoted some of its future programs to disease prevention where you and I could absorb some presumably useful advice on how to stay out of the hands of doctors.

Incidentally, Mr. Grauer, in heralding the birth of a newborn baby, chalked up another "first" for his distinguished collection. Grauer, you'll be enchanted to learn, was also the first man to give away money by telephone on a radio show (the Pot O'Gold program); first man to do a plane-to-ground television show (1949); and first to emcee a broadcast of a sixteen-man orchestra from a plane in flight (1933). There's not much left for Grauer to live for.

### *Pinza Was Never More Ezio*

THE Ezio Pinza show opens almost invariably in what we are led to believe is the singer's library. It's a comfortable spot, pine-panelled, a fire in the grate, Mr. Pinza in a smoking jacket. There is a butler, a picturesque character, mixing drinks and spouting below-stairs philosophy. The curtains are drawn.

It's what you might call the escapist gimmick. Baby, it's cold outside. Baby, it's warm inside. The harsh world is locked out; Mr. Pinza, all very relaxed in that smoking jacket, is inside. The men will envy his privacy and comfort. The women will try to break into it. It can hardly miss with either sex. This is Pinza, personalized like one of those whiskey bottles they put your name on at Christmas.

▲  
And whatever happened to Dagmar?  
▲

The translation of "My Friend Irma", a highly successful radio show, to television has been done with meticulous care. Marie Wilson, the extravagantly modelled blonde, still plays Irma. Cathy Lewis is still her level-headed, suffering roommate. Both are so entirely appropriate to the roles that it's hard to imagine anyone else replacing them. This will lead to quite a casting problem in 1975 when Miss Wilson may just possibly want to step down and when, I'm sure, the show will just be getting its second wind.

"My Friend Irma" is frankly a very funny and thoroughly professional show. Its writers, Cy Howard who originated the radio show, and Frank Galen, appear to have scrutinized carefully all the other comedy shows around and to have incorporated the very best features and eliminated the worst. Like George Burns, Miss Lewis acts as narrator, talking straight to the camera and more or less setting the scene for whatever little disaster Miss Wilson is cooking up.

In short, the Shakespearean aside is coming back, and not a bad idea either. For one thing, it saves time—Miss Lewis being able to compress a situation into less space than it would take to dramatize it. For another, it adds an air of informality, as if someone were just telling us a story in our living rooms, an atmosphere highly suitable to television.

"My Friend Irma" is an excellent illustration of the difference in thinking between CBS and NBC. It is an intimate operation, reasonably priced, and largely dependent on slick writ-

ing, excellent casting and the knowledgeable direction of Richard Whorf rather than—as is generally the case at NBC—on Milton Berle, fourteen guest stars, a thirty-piece orchestra and a lot of dancing girls. Its story line, largely borrowed from "My Sister Eileen", namely that of one bright and one dumb girl trying to make their way in the big city, is susceptible of infinite variation. Its stars, Miss Wilson and Miss Lewis, are appealing enough to be welcome once a week without being so overpoweringly possessed of personality that you tire of them. In the long run they may outlast the dazzling big money operations at NBC.

The new entrant into the dumb girl field is Vivian Blaine who is teamed up with Pinky Lee on a three-times-a-week show on NBC-TV which is on the whole a pretty sorry melange of just about everything. Miss Blaine, a really gifted girl, is cast here as a young lady trying to get a job as a singer; Mr. Lee—the relationship between them is rather misty—as a young man helping out and from time to time expressing sympathy and admiration. He is dressed in a comic hat and a checked coat like a burlesque comedian. She is usually enwrapped in low cut gowns. He plays the xylophone. She sings. In between there are intervals of incredibly silly comedy. The whole thing is an awful waste of good air time and also of Miss Blaine's talents.

**T**HIS leads us to Martha Raye, a girl whose mouth can just barely be encompassed by the coaxial cable, who, I think, is a very good comedienne indeed and who, properly

handled, could be a great one. She has been on All-Star Revue twice now. The first time, Ezio Pinza's dignity and urbanity were a magnificent foil for her clowning, a sort of reverse twist on the Jimmy Durante-Helen Traubel monkeyshines.

The second time, teamed up with Robert Cummings, everyone clowning. It became a competition in pratfalls, an art form for which I have the highest respect when used with some degree of moderation. Miss Raye, a magnificent competitor, won this decathlon going away but I couldn't help thinking the event belonged in Madison Square Garden rather than on a stage. She ought to be surrounded by people who throw her clowning into bold relief, not by people who are trying to outdo her at her own game.

Still, she's a very talented and multi-faceted performer. No girl of my acquaintance can get a telephone stuck in her mouth so plausibly (though many of them should). At double takes, another art form that should not be disparaged, she has few equals, none of them women. She can (and did) sing "I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm", approaching the melody only occasionally, or she can (and did) sing "Stormy Weather" as torchily as the next girl.

Her face is susceptible to infinite variation and her larynx can emit some of the strangest noises I ever heard. And, in spite of it all, she has a very endearing and warm personality. My only complaint is that the writers and director rely a little too heavily on her gifts and don't do enough work of their own.

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## JOHN CROSBY IN HOLLYWOOD

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I HAVEN'T been here in three years, which gives a man perspective. Three years ago, there was something pretty close to a panic here. Warner Brothers was closed tight without a camera stirring. Contract players who had been extracting several hundred dollars a week for sitting around movie studios could be found selling cars on Wilshire Boulevard or real estate in Palm Springs.

There was widespread unemployment, especially among technicians—the cameramen, lighting experts, stagehands and the like. The picture folk were publicly talking tough and privately scared blue about television. Well, things have certainly changed.

Today the movie folk have learned to live with television to the extent where they don't talk about it or even think about it very much. Three years ago, if you asked a movie star about television,

you'd get a half-hour talk about how people would always go out nights because married folk couldn't stand the sight of each other every night. They can't hurt us, he'd tell you, because we have the stars, the know-how and the money. Then you'd get a lecture on economics, proving TV couldn't conceivably fill all that time and that the home folks would eventually be driven out of their homes in despair and probably take up residence in movie theaters. It was all very entertaining.

Today, you ask a movie executive about TV and he says, well, I don't look at it much any more, and passes on to more fruitful discourse like sex and politics. The mood has changed. The physical structure here has changed mightily, too. The networks are both building huge, menacing structures to house their live shows. NBC's is a lime green, thoroughly ugly structure which, its architect boasts, was never



meant to be luxurious and isn't. It's a TV factory, stuffed with whirring wheels, paint shops and cables. CBS's is twice as big and expensive. Neither is yet finished and the word around Hollywood is that both are already obsolete.

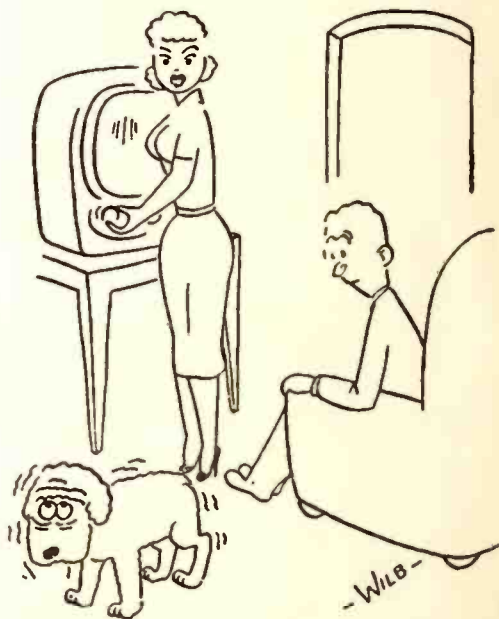
Meanwhile, every available lot is bustling with television activity. Pathe, RKO, Roach are swarming with actors and writers and technicians, all shooting film for television—heaven knows how much. The General Service Studio, an old structure, probably boasts more television stars than any place in town. Three years ago, the owner was considering renting the space as an automobile parking lot. It was built for independent movie production and when the bottom fell out it became a ghost town. Today, you can't get space on it.

On its antiquated sound stages are shot such TV shows as "I Love Lucy," "The Burns and Allen Show," the interior shots of "The Lone Ranger," "Ozzie and Harriet," "I Married Joan," "Our Miss Brooks." Here "I Love Lucy" pioneered a technique which is spreading all over the place—the filmed show in front of an audience, a sort of mixture of movies, radio and television which has been enormously successful.

On the domestic shows, the settings are remarkably alike. Lined up, so the actors can pass from one to another, are permanent sets—a kitchen, living room and bedroom—the basic framework of domestic comedy. (If they need another set, they build it in front of one of the permanent sets and then tear it down.) In front of these—at least, on those shows that shoot in front of an audience—behind the cameras and the sound booms, are rows of bleachers, just plain boards, which resemble the stands at a backwoods football stadium. It's all wonderfully primitive and it works fine.

The few seats at, say, "I Love Lucy," are among the most coveted in town. Viewing conditions are far from ideal, but everyone wants to see Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz do their pratfalls—even though the most they can frequently see is the back of a cameraman's neck.

I walked down the street at General Service with an actor. Every time he passed anyone, he'd smile, hold his fingers in an "O" sign and say: "Great! Very funny!" The others would beam at him and nod back. "What's very funny?" I asked. "You're the first one who's asked," he said. "Everyone here is shooting comedy shows. You can say: 'Great! Very funny!' to anyone here and he thinks you're talking about his show. Actually, we're all so busy shooting for television here none of us has time to look at it very much."



"He's been that way ever since he heard someone say the world is going to the dogs."

### Some Temperamental Difference

ONE of my favorite indoor pastimes is listening to actors complain. Like a soldier, an actor isn't really content unless he's griping about something. Lately the networks, NBC and CBS, have given the entertainers a marvelous new avenue for

outcry—namely, their two huge new television studios here in Hollywood.

The CBS structure, which cost \$12,000,000, is three times the size of the NBC edifice, and therefore subject to lamentations three times as loud. It was designed by Charles Luckman and his partner, William L. Pereira. Mr. Luckman was the former chief brain-truster of Lever Brothers, the soap empire.

His Television City, which is what CBS calls this thing, is a wondrously impressive lump of masonry, the corridors stretching into what seems like infinity. It covers eight acres and somehow it manages to house only four studios, all of them tremendous. Among its many technical wonders are lighting switchboards which memorize—so help me Hannah—all the lighting instructions and then go ahead and perform them without further ado. The technicians view this monster with undisguised loathing, fearing that it may some day cost all of them their jobs.

The actors also take a dim view. The first actor I saw was lounging in the front row of one of the audience studios before the 107-foot stage. "Reminds you of a Soviet tire factory, doesn't it?" he remarked pleasantly. Actually, it does—but it won't when they get the carpets down and when the smell of paint dries.

Later, I encountered Marie Wilson, otherwise known as My Friend Irma, who—along with the new Freeway and Forest Lawn Cemetery—is one of the scenic wonders of southern California. (An absolute must for all tourists.) She was drifting down one of the endless corridors in search of the rest of her cast. Quite sensibly she was wearing sneakers, which helped some, but not much, to bridge the distances. "Next week, no legs!" she muttered. She trotted away and was soon lost to view, concealed by the curvature of the earth.

Far more voluble in his dissatisfaction is Richard Whorf, the enormously capable director of "My Friend Irma." "You and I could design something better than this with both arms broken," he observed.

The CBS operative who was showing me around took these protests lightly. "The talent was consulted about everything, even the closets. Still, they beef. You can't satisfy actors."

There is some truth but not the whole truth in this statement. Actually, there are irreconcilable differences in temperament and outlook between the actors who populate the TV stages and the engineers who design them. Gordon Strang, who designed the NBC Burbank studios, where the audience is all—as it were—in the balcony and there is nothing equivalent to the orchestra seat, says: "This is what we should have done ten years ago. We never could because the actors wanted the audience where they could kiss them." He paused a moment and then added a thought which typifies the difference between engineers and actors: "Of course, the audience is an awful nuisance to engineers. We spend too much money on them."

The first thought that occurred to me looking at this balcony-type auditorium is that the comedian would have a hell of a time playing to an audience over his head without getting a crick in his neck. This suspicion was confirmed by Bob Hope who was one of the first entertainers to do a show from the new NBC studio.

"You have to tell a joke like this," he said, craning his neck way backwards. "The cameras are here and the people are up there. Whom do you look at? You get right in the middle of a joke and the man with the headphones walks right in front of you, making with the signs. How can a man tell a joke under conditions like that? These theaters were built for the comedians and the comedians hate them." (Not all of them. Jimmy Durante, who has an angelic disposition anyhow, told me he likes the new setup fine. But then, Durante plays straight to the cameras, not to the audience. He's for the guy at home.)

Another of Hope's complaints—and a valid one—is the large screen in the studio which reproduces the picture we see at home. "The people look first at the comedian on the stage for the first half of the joke. Then they look up at the screen for the punch line. Their eyes are constantly jumping from one place to another. The comedian is competing with himself for their attention." For his next show Hope is going to take the darn thing out.

### Even Queen Elizabeth

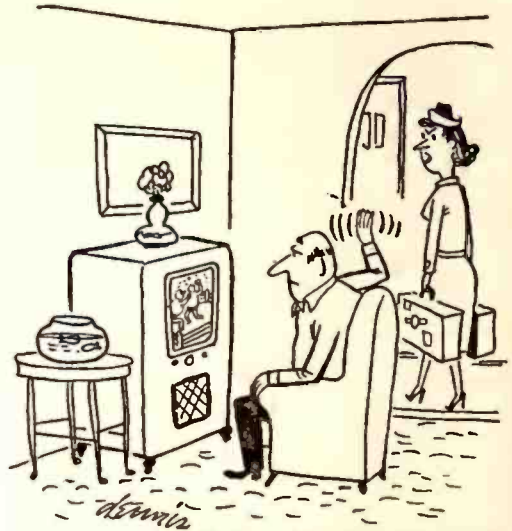
I READ in the Los Angeles papers that Queen Elizabeth's coronation will be filmed for television. No live television. Her Majesty might be discovered picking her teeth or something. This is the end. Everything else is going on film. Now that Queen Elizabeth has joined the lists, there's practically nothing live remaining except the animals on "Zoo Parade" who have no special compunctions about their best or worst camera angles.

The advantages of film are manifold to everyone except you and I who have to look at it. The other day on the set of "I Married Joan," the Joan Davis show, a motley collection of forty radio and TV editors—conceivably the greatest assemblage of these ink-smearing wretches ever brought under one roof—peppered a brilliant and extraordinarily articulate assortment of technicians with questions about it. The nub of our complaint was that while Hollywood was stuffed with brains and experience, the end product as seen in our living rooms was pretty bad. It was generally agreed among us that the most exciting moments we had ever seen on television were on live, not on film. Why, then, this passion for film which is always \$3,000 or \$4,000 more expensive than live television?

Al Simon, the associate producer, who took the brunt of these churlish remarks, explained that television was going on film largely because it was less of a strain on the actor, just as it's less of a strain on Her Majesty. "The actors brought it about. The actors forced us into film and will continue to insist on it."

Also, the actor likes to live in Hollywood. Jim Backus, who plays Miss Davis' husband on the show, remarked to me: "Of course, there's a short interval while they get the malarkey out of their system. All this guff about how they miss the concerts and the museums in New York—actors who never got out of Toots Shor's—then they find they like the sunshine."

For a long time, the movie technicians scorned TV. But not any more. Some of the best in the business are now moving in, spurred in about equal quantities by



"I mean it, Alvin—this time it's good-bye forever . . ."

the pinch of hunger and a vague feeling that that way destiny lies. The Joan Davis show boasts a director, Hal Walker, who just finished a picture "Road to Bali" with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope and an Academy Award-winning cameraman, Al Jilks. The cream of the motion picture industry is getting into the act.

Not all of them will succeed in it. "Some directors, including some of the best ones in the business, should never get into television," according to Walker. "Some of these guys require four days before they even start to think. In four days, we have to have two pictures in the can." Walker is a sort of non-directing director, which is not meant as disparagement. He has generally directed such people as Bob Hope and Martin and Lewis. With stars of that nature, it's best just to keep them in camera range and let them go their own way.

There is another kind of director who dictates every twitch of the facial muscles. Some of them are pretty good at movies, but they probably won't do too well in television—a) because they're too slow, b) because they're restricting the actors. Right now actors and actresses are having more fun and feeling more worthwhile than at almost any time in the history of their profession.



"I haven't missed movies one day," Lucille Ball will tell you stoutly. "Everyone envies us our working hours. In the movies, I got up at 5 a.m. for ten years."

On the set where they shoot "I Love Lucy" the hours are more civilized and the camaraderie of cast and crew is something you rarely encounter outside the Army. Everyone—actors, electricians, director, stagehands—is close friends. Living together as they do, they are almost a family. They have their private jokes, their small vexations of daily living.

Occasionally, they have their private spats, too. I walked onto the "I Married Joan" set once, after a wee quick one with Jim Backus who plays Miss Davis' husband. Words were flying. "Oh, we're having the unpleasant hour," murmured Backus. "You're not supposed to see this." It sounded like almost any domestic wrangle.

Backus leaned an elbow on the top of a double-decker prop bed and watched the scene. "You know," he said, "this is like being married to this woman. We live on the set together, eat together, work together. I see much more of Joan than of my own wife." This is a new type of television matrimony—the domestic comedy. A few sound stages away are Ozzie and Harriet and a step away from that is "I Love Lucy." There is no problem there, though. The Arnazes and the Nelsons are married. They may have to make it compulsory for this sort of show.

### "Well, Bully for You"

I HAVE in the past discoursed on the vagaries of the language used in advertising circles. Today, kiddies, the subject is Hollywood English, about which a whole lexicography could be issued. In fact, if you're not reasonably hep, you could stay here for weeks and not understand a single word anyone said.

Let's start the lesson with the proper expressions to use to an actor or producer just after you've seen his picture. We'll assume that it's a real stinker. One way to handle this diplomatically is: "This picture needs special handling." Or: "The kids will love it." For soothing an actor who's just committed a horrible clinker: "You looked great in the rushes." For soothing a pro-



"Would you mind putting the opera on?"

ducer whose latest picture has got terrible notices: "Nobody likes it but the people."

One of the best ways to handle the situation at a preview, is to rush up to the producer, grab his hand and ejaculate: "Bob, you've done it again." This can mean anything. If you want to give it the real kiss of death, call it a "prestige-type" picture. Of course, it's just possible you might like the picture, in which case you say: "It's a great little picture." The use of the word "little" is very curious out here. Even "Quo Vadis" is referred to as a "great little picture." If you're talking about a bad picture among yourselves when no one involved is around, the proper expression is: "Don't miss it if you can."

Hollywood abounds in real weird characters and, naturally, expressions have sprung up to cope with these people. One line, guaranteed to wither the stoutest hide, is to turn to your companion and remark: "Get a stick and I'll help you kill it." Another one: "Follow him and see what he eats"—which is one of my favorites.

Not all of these things are confined to Hollywood, of course. Some have seeped through to Broadway. One, which is common on both coasts, is the "nothing but" gambit. "He's got nothing but talent." "That picture will make nothing but money." Or: "He's got nothing but money." Money is on everyone's lips and the proper line for a tight-fisted actor—

hardly a new one but one you hear in Hollywood more often than anywhere else—"He's got the first dollar he ever earned."

Hollywood has always had a number of interesting words to call its women. Current at the moment to designate a doll who has passed through quite a few hands: "passion lips." For a girl, just any girl, the cats now say Mabel. Every girl is Mabel or a Mabel or, if plural, some Mabels.

One expression that has overflowed Hollywood but probably originated here and is still in wide usage: "Be my guest." This can be used almost anywhere. If you want to use a man's phone or sit down at his table at a nightclub or just hitch a lift in his car, it's "Be my guest"—usually with a faintly exasperated inflection. Everyone has heard the brush-off line: "Don't call us. We'll call you." Out here, though, it's "Call you tomorrow." Tomorrow never comes.

Table hopping is practiced everywhere. But in Hollywood there's a practice referred to as "people-hopping." A man who at a party or a bar jumps from person to person, always in quest of, never finding, the perfect companion is a "people-hopper." Then there's a two-line ploy you hear quite a lot of. An agent, let us say, is trying to peddle a client to a producer. The dialogue goes like this:

AGENT: I think he's a great actor.

PRODUCER: When will you know definitely?

An expression for the star who has blossomed into the big time overnight: "Two years ago, she couldn't get arrested." One catch phrase which you hear all over now but especially here is the girl or boy gambit. "Jane Doe, girl idiot," you say. Or "John Doe, boy slob." Frequently, these insults are meant as rough terms of endearment. Another expression which, through Martin and Lewis, has gone coast to coast is: "That's my boy!" or "That's my girl!", usually meaning that you'll go along all the way with him or her.

The two most overworked words in the Hollywood lexicon are "this" and "great." "This" prefaces almost every sentence. "This—I've got to see." Or "This has got to go." Or "This, I refuse to believe"—with the emphasis always on "this." As

for the "great," the proper usage is the deprecatory "great" or "just great," a contradiction that disturbs nobody.

Then there's the situation when an actor tells you he's just been signed for another twelve pictures—or maybe for just one more. "Well, bully for you!"—with faintly mocking overtones. That'll cut him down to size.



"Would you help a poor blind man across the street?"

### Portrait of Marilyn

SHE is, at the moment, the nation's number one sex thrill. And she's a very likable—is that the word I want exactly?—girl. One thing that rather astonished me about Marilyn Monroe is that the wives—those, at least, who have met the girl—like her just as much as their husbands, though in a somewhat different way.

"Everyone loves Marilyn," said Dinah Shore. "How can you help it. She's so honest."

But Marilyn doesn't think so. "I've had friends tell me: 'I had to defend you last night against the women.' So I say: 'What did the men say?' Then my friends tell me: 'The men just sit there, grinning a little.' That makes up for it—a little."

And she smiled. When Marilyn smiles, she smiles all over. Her lips part, her eyes

narrow, her eyebrows shoot up, and the whole vastly publicized body moves around a little bit. I suppose that would be the definition of a lot of other smiles, but Marilyn does it more expertly than anyone else. Watching her I remembered what Joseph Cotton told me just after he'd finished a picture with her:

"Everything that girl does is sexy. She can't even light a cigarette without being sexy. A lot of people—the ones who haven't met Marilyn—will tell you it's all just publicity. That's malarkey. They've tried to give the same publicity build-up to a hundred girls out here. None of them took. This girl's really got it."

I thought I'd better test Mr. Cotten's cigarette theory and I offered her one. She's only recently learned to smoke, having been required to do it in "Don't Bother to Knock." She does it as if she had been at it for years and after watching her for a while, I decided the Cotten theory was sound, very sound.

"I haven't heard anything but the kindest things about you since I've been here," I said.

"Oh, you are very nice to say so. But I know what they say, the women. I get letters from the women. 'What are you trying to do,' they say, 'put the country in a worse state than it is in.' Now it's my fault—the state the country's in. They accuse me of starting all the rapes. Rapes went on long before I came."

This girl, I thought, is a very interesting bundle of neuroses. "Crank letters," I said. "Everyone gets them. What the hell do you care what a few cranks say? You're the hottest thing in pictures. You've got the country at your feet. Why worry about a few cranks?"

But she does worry. Some of the Hollywood hatchet girls—and the place abounds in them—have given her the full treatment at parties. This has cut deep. And the critics, who have had a field day with her acting, have wounded her to the marrow. "They are so cruel, the critics. Sometimes I think they just take out their frustrations on other people."

She speaks in a low throaty murmur, the sound coming from far back in her throat. Both her inflections and the structure of her sentences are more European

than American, which is odd because Marilyn has lived in Los Angeles all her life. "My wardrobe mistress says that, too. She is a Hungarian and she is my closest friend. She says I am more like a European girl because I enjoy being a woman."

She thought a moment, the lips moving a little. The face is never quite still. "I don't know where I picked it up. I was born on the wrong side of the tracks, you know, and I used to play with a lot of little Mexican boys. Perhaps there."

"When did it start, the sex appeal?" I was beginning to use the same sentence structure, the delayed object.

"I think I was about twelve when things changed—radically. The boys didn't have cars. They had bicycles. They'd come by the house and whistle or they'd honk their little horns. Some of them had paper routes. I'd always get a free paper."

Marilyn's childhood is shrouded in contradictions. She says she was moved from household to household, that she saw her parents but rarely. This has been disputed and it's hard to know what is true. But it wasn't a happy childhood.

"Ever since I can remember, I've wanted to be a movie star. I loved the movies. When I was a little girl, it seemed like the only time I was alive was when I was at the movies. The movies were much more real to me than my life."

Well, she'd got there, all right. How was it, being a star?

"Well—it's exciting. The first time I saw my name in lights, I just stopped the car and stared at it for twenty minutes. I thought this is some kind of ultimate. But, of course, you never quite get everything, do you? I want to be a great stage actress. No, honestly, I do."

But then there were the unkind critics. One critic, in particular, said all she could do was "wiggle my fanny," the unkindest cut of all.

"I know what I'm doing," she said fiercely. "I know I can act. I can play Gretchen in 'Faust' or Therese in 'Cradle Song.' I know I can." She probably can, too, and will. She's come a long way.

Somehow, I never bothered her to ask what, if anything, she wore under her dress.



*Who Is Swallowing Whom?*

THERE are two schools of thought here in Hollywood. The first holds that the movies will take over television. The second contends that television will take over the movies. The truth, I think, lies somewhere in between. Predictions run to large scale here and you will find plenty of people, who are up to their hips in TV, predicting that television in five years will be three or four times as big as the motion picture industry. Big, that is, in terms of the money spent on it, the people employed, and the film footage shot.

If this is true, it's hard to see how the movies are going to swallow an industry three or four times its size. Movie know-how is being rapidly absorbed by television. But movie know-how is not entirely the answer. On the set the other day, I watched Jackie Cooper rehearsing for a Ford Theater TV film. Cooper, who at thirty has had twenty-seven years of theatrical experience, had just finished a live show in New York.

"If this was live," he pointed out, "those cameras would be constantly moving—mov-

ing in for closeups, back for long shots. Here they're fixed. We have to stop the scene to change them."

This has always puzzled me about movie-making. "Why," I asked, "after fifty years of film-making aren't the cameras just as flexible as live television cameras?"

Cooper shrugged: "Because they're always done it that way. It's a habit."

A lot of these habits are being broken down by television. One habit, which is being forced into discard to economize both on time and money, are the endless retakes. Dezi Arnez has decreed that no scenes of "I Love Lucy" be reshot until the originals are printed and found to be defective. "Ninety per cent of the time, the retakes are necessary," he'll tell you. Yet for years, movie cameramen have reshot and reshot until they're satisfied they have something in the can they like. TV can't afford this prodigal waste. And doesn't need it.

Another television innovation to movie-making is rehearsal. Picture producers (except a few like Stanley Kramer) don't employ rehearsal in the stage sense at all. Television producers find rehearsal saves time (which is synonymous with money out here) and expensive film footage. Actors, who have been in pictures for years and have lately tried television, will tell you that the picture people should rehearse like TV actors. In other words, pictures may learn something from TV just as TV is learning from the movies.

For your actor, spoiled by years of movies or radio, television is the hardest work in the world. Still, it's the most enjoyable. "I love television," Jack Benny will tell you. "I love it better than anything. It takes me back to the stage. When I do a television show, I haven't got a nerve in my body. I've been in radio twenty-one years and I'm still a tiny bit nervous when I do a radio show."

An actor has to act and television gives him more different types of role than he might get ordinarily in a lifetime. Louis Hayward, for example, was overjoyed to be given a part in which he could wear an ordinary business suit. For years he'd been swaggering around in costume parts with a sword in one hand. Television has given lots of



"Well, maybe I can get you a small part in a Tarzan picture."

actors the opportunity to get away from the type that pictures have struck him with. Also, TV gives the performer a chance to be a lot more creative, to be more of an individual than movies ever did and for this the actor is profoundly grateful.

Live television and its counterpart, filmed television before an audience, is the greatest challenge the actors ever had. They have responded miraculously. Actors who could never master a single page of dialogue without a half dozen fluffs now memorize fifteen pages—and never make a mistake. "Every night is opening night" is a line you'll hear again and again. And this opening night is a shot of adrenalin which keeps the actor going, which makes the long hours and hard work worthwhile.

The big stars, whom the movie people have tried to keep out of television, are getting in fast. Name players like Kathryn Grayson and Betty Hutton have refused to sign movie contracts because they forbid their appearance on television. Dick Powell, Ronald Coleman and Joan Crawford are either in television or about to get in. Donald O'Connor, whose TV success has made him one of the hottest properties in



*"I found the trouble in your pocket, you didn't mail the electric bill."*

pictures, is one of the first actors to insist on a clause in his picture contract giving him time to take off for television shows.

Four years ago, the movie folk boasted: "We have the stars. Television will have to come to us." But it hasn't worked out that way. The stars are flocking to TV where the audience is. Nothing the movie studios can do will stop it.

### *The Little People*

WE had got about five minutes away from my Hollywood hotel, the driver and I, when he handed me a script, his own. What did I think? It was, he admitted, rough. He wasn't really a writer. He just liked to play around with it, he said, but he thought this might be of interest to "Suspense." I read it and I said that, well, it needed work, quite a lot of work.

"That's what they all tell me," he said somberly and fell back to driving the car which is his primary but not chosen occupation.

A good many of the people in Hollywood are not in their chosen occupations.



*"He was born on his mother's concert tour between the First and Second Movements of Tchaikovsky's Concerto in B Flat Minor."*

The chauffeurs, the waitresses, the stenographers all have their dreams and, while waiting, they drive the cars and wait on table and type. In the meantime, they feel a great need for explanation and apology.

The second driver who piloted me barely got the car out of second before he announced belligerently: "This is just an in-between job." He drove a moment and then asked if I knew of the Benbow in San Francisco. No, I said, I didn't. "It's one of the best nightclubs up there. I just finished a two week engagement—emceeing and singing."

And so it goes. There is as much drudgery around Hollywood as anywhere else, but the people who perform it have their minds on the higher glories of show business. They are actors or writers or composers—or they like to be. Ticker Freeman, Dinah Shore's arranger, once walked into an office building; the doorman handed him a song he'd just written, the elevator operator handed him his latest song. Two songs in twenty feet. Joseph Cotten once had a cook who was in all respects an excellent cook except that she took off from time to time to play in an all-girl band.

They are a very knowing crew, these chauffeurs and cooks and stenographers who are not really chauffeurs and cooks and stenographers. The third chauffeur to drive me out here—I'm not making this up either—had barely got the car in motion when he asked me if I knew Danny Dare. I said no, I didn't. "He directed me in my first picture. Great guy!"

"Are you still acting?" I asked.

"I just finished a picture—"The Sniper"—for Stanley Kramer." He could hardly have just finished it. "The Sniper" has been around for some time. He fell to discussing Johnny Ray with the sort of assurance and authority that a New York cabbie uses in talking about politics or economics. "His voice is going but he's become a vocal actor. That's what he is, a vocal actor. I had all that, the emotion, I just couldn't get it out."

He brooded a moment, then added the thought he'd been building up to all along: "I saw him just the other day at the

Mocambo and he recognized me. He sat right down at the table with me and said: "How ya, Ray?" Great guy!"

Therein lies the satisfaction. They are not going anywhere especially but they have brushed against greatness, if you can refer to Johnny Ray in those terms, and they have been on the inside just long enough to pick up the lingo. It isn't much but they seem to derive an awful lot of gratification out of it.

If you collect people as I enjoy doing, you haven't really rounded out your library until you encounter a movie starlet. I still don't know what a movie starlet does exactly. In these days of shrinking overhead budgets, there aren't so many of them as there once were and in a few years the flock may shrink to almost nothing like that of the whooping crane. If you're interested in this branch of ornithology you better study it right now, while there's yet time.

The particular starlet I had under observation was blonde as paper, saucer-eyed, momentarily (and perhaps permanently) unemployed in pictures and full of talk. Brother, you haven't lived until you've heard a starlet talk.

"Hollywood men," she was saying, "are the way they are because of the sun. They're all over-sexed. Because of the sunshine, you know. I'll show you what I mean. Feel my skin." I felt her cheek. "It's cool. Because the sun has gone down. But inside, I'm warm, terribly warm. Because of the sun. I'm just stored up sunshine inside."

She moved away from Hollywood men to her one other topic of conversation—Hollywood women. "A girl has a difficult time out here," she observed. "She can go out with an older man. But that's not very satisfactory because he is older. Or she can go out with a married man but that's not very satisfactory. Because he's married. Or she can go out with a young man. And that's not very satisfactory either. Because they haven't any money. They may drive up in a Cadillac but they really haven't got any money. They live by their wits, the young ones. And that's terribly unsatisfactory."



# Winter is Wonderful on WHB

MRS. W. B. OWEN, 543 Tullis, Kansas City 25, Missouri, is the winner of the contest among WHB listeners to suggest a title for our noon-hour show. Her suggestion was chosen by a committee of seven judges from among the many titles submitted to Bruce Grant and Pokey Red. Her title:

## "WHB Neighborin' Time"

For several years, WHB has used the slogan: "Your Favorite Neighbor"—indicating the friendly, "family" relationship between its staff members and WHB listeners. Don Sullivan, a star of the noon-time program, known as the "International Singing Cowboy" because of his appearances in Europe, uses a favorite expression: "Let's do a bit of neighborin'"—or, "just want to drop in for some neighborin'." Bruce Grant and Pokey Red are as folksy and neighborly as anyone you know. And Deb Dyer, the "country philosopher" who conducts the show from 1 to 1:30 p.m., is as home-spun, soft-spoken and "neighborly" as any man you'll ever meet! For these reasons, the judging committee chose the title "WHB Neighborin' Time."

You can hear this re-styled program daily, Monday through Friday, from 11 a.m. until 2 p.m.—with the News at Noon by Charles Gray. Two-and-a-half hours of western and country music, news, fun and philosophy . . . from "Triangle D Ranch," the cow

country club. It's "saddle soap opera" with Don Sullivan, Bruce Grant, Pokey Red, Deb Dyer, Charles Gray and Al, Bud and Pete, of Don Sullivan's Western Band. "Boogie Woogie Cowboy" is still the program's theme song.

\* \* \*

LOUIS BROMFIELD, farmer, novelist, playwright and Pulitzer prize winner—whose Malabar Farm in Ohio has become a symbol of ideal management to farmers everywhere—began



"Excuse me . . . who is it?"

a program series on Mutual and WHB in December: "Bromfield Reporting." Heard on WHB at 12:30 p.m. Saturdays, the program is of interest alike to "city" farmers and farmers-by-vocation. Mr. Bromfield is an old friend of a Kansas City "gentleman farmer," former Mayor John B. Gage. He was attorney Gage's guest at the American Royal Live Stock and Horse Show.

\* \* \*

**J**OHN THORNBERRY, well-known Kansas City civic figure, is winning new plaudits with his Monday through Friday WHB broadcast at 6:50 p.m.—"John Thornberry says—" In a five-minute nightly editorial, Mr. Thornberry "speaks his piece," usually to express a well-considered opinion on current local events. As an active Rotarian, manager of the Boys' Club, manager of the Trinity Lutheran Hospital finance campaign and participant in Art Institute and Philharmonic affairs, his knowledge of Kansas City and Kansas Citians is unique—as is his manner of expressing himself.

If you haven't "rediscovered Radio," may we suggest you try it a few nights, listening to John Thornberry?

\* \* \*

**L**AATEST way to entertain in Kansas City — and we do mean "latest"—is to get to be an amateur WHB guest Disc Jockey, record the program in advance, and then throw a party for your friends the night your program is broadcast, and hear yourself on the Radio in your own living room!—from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. Saturday or Sunday night.

Prominent Kansas Citians who have already appeared on this new WHB program include Alonzo Gentry, archi-

tect; Sam Martin, dairy products distributor; Leo Berry, petroleum company official; Morris Shlensky, general manager of Katz Drug Company; Richard Wangerin, former business manager of the Kansas City Philharmonic, now of Louisville; John Quinn, Kansas City's *Variety* correspondent; Mark Stone, author; and James McQueeney, of the K. C. Philharmonic and the Starlight Theatre production organizations. On the distaff side, Rosemary Fillmore Grace of Unity; Mrs. "Chuck" Kelley, well-known record-collector; and Ruth Daugherty, senior TWA hostess.

From the entertainment field have appeared Ralph Flanagan, band leader; Frank Trumbauer, well-known musician, and his son, Bill, who has his own orchestra; Mary Mayo, songstress; and Monte Blue, actor.

Guest Disc Jockeys are presented a membership card in the "WHB Disc Jockey Club" and an official disc jockey cap. "Long hair" music devotees are usually scheduled for Sunday nights—the "pop" and swing music fans have their kicks Saturday nights.



"Boy, did I just get what may be a good break—my violin teacher is raising his rate fifty cents a lesson."



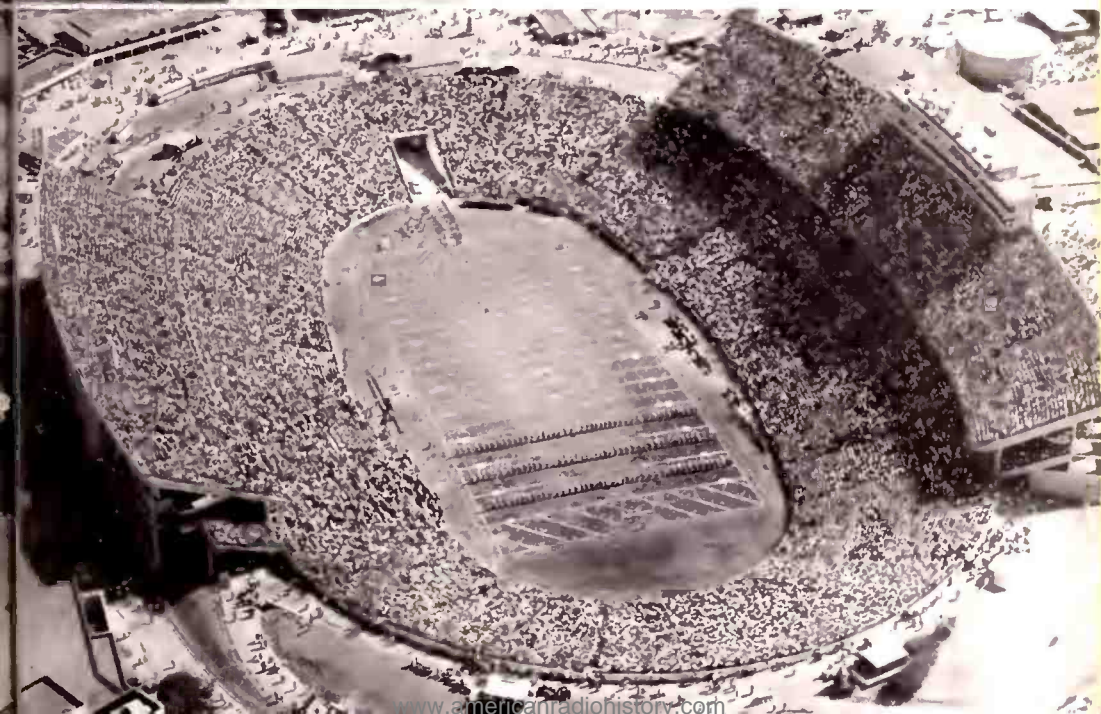


## IT'S FOOTBALL BOWL TIME

AND THE RANGERETTES ARE READY! Shown above, climbing a corral fence somewhere in Texas, are the Kilgore College Rangerettes, whose precision drill exhibition and musi-comedy performance is an annual feature of the Cotton Bowl game in Dallas. Below, at left, is the same group of girls (you guessed it!) grouped around a bale of cotton.

THE 1953 ORANGE BOWL QUEEN (left) is lovely Marion Ettie of Coconut Grove, Florida, a junior at the University of Miami. The hazel-eyed beauty hopes to become a musical comedy star. She has appeared in several college productions.

THE COTTON BOWL—DALLAS. Weather permitting, this is how it will look on New Year's Day. The famous bowl is located on the Texas State Fair grounds.







**CHOOSING THE "ROSE BOWL" BEAUTIES** is a pleasant task preceding the annual Tournament of Roses festival, parade and Rose Bowl game in Pasadena. The lovely roses of Pasadena are basic in the decoration of the sixty breath-taking floats for the magnificent parade. The New Year's Day Rose Bowl football game follows. Hundreds participate; thousands contribute; hundreds of thousands of blooms are used in decoration; a million and a half people see the spectacle in person; many millions see it on Television and movie screens; and billions hear about it through Radio, newspapers and magazines.

**BUT TEXAS IS NOT FORGOTTEN!** Way down vonder in the land of cotton-headed gals, shapely Sharron Henry (left) shows some of the form which has made famous the troupe of fifty dazzling Kilgore College Rangerettes. At each Cotton Bowl classic in Dallas, they present between halves an elaborate musi-comedy show.



**ONE OF THESE GIRLS IS "ROSE BOWL" QUEEN FOR 1953**, six are Rose Princesses. (Photo at left). But you won't know who's who until New Year's Day, when the secret is announced in Pasadena. Members of "The Court" for the Tournament of Roses are selected from hundreds of aspirants among students in Pasadena's two junior colleges.

**AND LET'S NOT FORGET WHB!** Some weeks ago, Jacqueline Farris of Kansas City, Kansas, was chosen to reign as "Miss Kansas Industry" at the Kansas Industrial Fair in Topeka. "Jackie" (photo below) is one of the ornamental (and hard-working) secretaries at WHB, where she presides as secretary of the Client Service Department and as secretary to WHB's sportscaster, Larry Ray.





# IT ALL *goes up in* SMOKE!

*Americans are smoking 430 billion cigarettes this year. 10 a day for every male and female over 15. 30 billion, to American troops overseas. King-size or short, whatever your preference in size or flavor, advertising is responsible.*

By JAMES L. HARTE

**A**MERICANS smoked 430 billion cigarettes in 1952. Our authority for this figure is the Bureau of Agricultural Economics in the United States Department of Agriculture. It is an increase of 40 billion over the 1951 consumption.

It means that, on a per capita breakdown, every American, male and female, 15 years of age and older, averaged ten smokes a day for the year!

And, states the Bureau, as if it had counted sales in advance, this record will be broken in 1953, as consumption continues to increase.

Six billion cigars likewise went up in smoke this past year, an increase of four percent over 1951. Sales of fine-cut tobacco, scrap, twist, and plug, however, have been dropping gradually since 1945. On the whole, tobacco users spent 5.1 billion dollars for tobacco products in 1952 as compared with 4.7 billion dollars the previous year. And Uncle Sam is

pleased, for out of every five dollars spent by the consumer, two dollars lands in the Government's tax coffers!

The extraordinary part of this is that the figures are, frankly, a distinct tribute to the art of advertising. All tobaccos are basically the same. This is true now and has always been. Advertising is responsible for the keen competition and skyrocketing sales within the tobacco industry. One of the big three among the cigarette manufacturers discovered this fact the hard way a few years ago. It cut 4 million dollars from its advertising budget for the year, believing its cigarette would sell itself. The result was a sales loss of 20 million dollars.

The industry as a whole took heed of the lesson and today, as a group, tobacco manufacturers are the largest, biggest-spending advertisers in the country. For example, more money has been spent pushing Lucky Strikes than any other single product sold in the nation. And the expenditure has paid

dividends. In the years from 1925, when America first became cigarette conscious, through 1950, Luckies were Number 1 on the smoke parade 14 times. Camels took first place an even dozen times in this 26-year period. Chesterfield, the other contender among the big three, never took top money but placed second 7 times and third 19 times.

**CIGARETTES** as we know them came into being in 1913. In that year, R. J. Reynolds Company introduced its Camel, the first modern, blended cigarette. To comprise its blend Reynolds introduced burley tobacco, hitherto confined to pipe smoking, sweetened with flavoring and mixed with Turkish and yellow leaf. This product proved an immediate success, almost pushing the reigning favorite of the day, Fatima, from the market. Liggett & Myers, makers of Fatima, to recoup their losses, entered the cigarette sweepstakes three years later with Chesterfield. In 1917, Lucky Strikes joined the fray.

George Washington Hill, presiding over the fortunes of the American Tobacco Company, almost at once showed the genius which was to earn him, before his demise, the reputation as one of America's masters of advertising and certainly the greatest tobacco salesman of them all. Before Hill would permit Lucky Strikes to be marketed, he insisted upon an advertising slogan. He found it himself in the preparation of the cigarette. A part of the process is the drying, or baking, of the tobacco in ovens. All cigarettes, no matter by whom made,

go through the same process. But to Hill, Luckies would be superior to other brands because they were "toasted." And the statement that "It's Toasted" still sells billions of this brand.

The industry, which sold about 25 billion cigarettes in 1916, moved slowly until 1925. The total in that year hit an unprecedented 82 billion. Some so-called sales experts believed this to be the peak. They failed to reckon with the rising birth-rate and increase of population, and with the fact that, gradually, women were taking to the use of these tubes of white paper wrapped around chopped-up tobacco.

Hill recognized the market potentialities in the female of the species in the 1925-1930 period; and he burned to exploit the fact. The industry was aware that women were puffing away in the privacy of their boudoirs and parlors, but the reformers were also aware of the matter. Ladies who smoked would sprout heavy mustaches or would otherwise turn masculine, the reformers insisted, labeling the habit as unladylike. Finally, in 1927, Hill broke the ice with a cigarette ad that showed a lady smoking. He followed this with purchased endorsements from women who smoked and attested that smoking had not interfered with their social and artistic success, nor had it made them any less womanly. Public acceptance of the idea was general, with very little indignation, much to the chagrin of the reform element.

It is impossible today to break down the smoking public into male and fe-



male, but responsible authorities within the industry believe that about one-third of all women smoke and approximately two-thirds of all men smoke. And, it is reasonable to believe, the percentage of women smokers is increasing annually, accounting in sizeable degree for the continued growth of cigarette sales.



**T**HE accent today is on longer cigarettes, the king-sized variety. There seems to be no good reason for this, for unbiased tests show that the difference in sizes makes for slight difference, if any, in enjoyment. One survey of dealers indicated that the recent increase in sales of the longer styles, which amounted to 32.5 percent as against an increase of but 2.5 percent in all types, was due to the eye appeal of the king-size.

Where the buyer does benefit, the Department of Agriculture asserts, is in the fact that the larger size is more economical because excise taxes hit it relatively less hard.

There were long cigarettes on the market for some years; but the impetus in sales began in 1940 when Paul

Hahn, now the president of the American Tobacco Company, decided to do something about Pall Mall, an old and reputable name in the business, but one that was going nowhere. Hahn began to plan a campaign, taking it slowly. Then, in 1946, shortly after the death of George Washington Hill, Hahn opened up. Within three years, he had Pall Mall sales booming, leaping ahead of such standard brands as Old Gold. Today, all the major companies are backing long cigarettes, actually in competition with themselves. The manufacturers of Luckies, Camel, Chesterfield, Philip Morris and Old Gold are pushing king-sized brands, some of them backing more than one. And Chesterfield is offering its name brand in both the average and the larger size.

According to manufacturers, a pound of tobacco yields 450 short cigarettes and only 350 king-size. In amount of tobacco, therefore, the purchaser of the longer type gets four more cigarettes per pack, which points up the economy value cited by the Department of Agriculture, a value that will remain static at least until April 30, 1953, when the Defense Production Act, which sets ceiling prices on cigarettes, expires.

**M**EANWHILE, fears of any tobacco shortage have been allayed. The Bureau of Agricultural Economics certifies that there are enough cigarettes available now, and will continue to be, for all who have both the appetite to smoke and the money to spend. In fact, crop reports indicate that there will be an abundance above the predicted increase of

all tobacco sales for 1953. This, despite the increased export market and the increasing use of cigarettes by American troops overseas which, last year, went well above 30 billion cigarettes.

Those who sell tobacco best still have to face the threats of the die-hard bluenoses, the reformers who on occasion still rise to rant about the evils of the weed. In recent years, however, diatribes against tobacco itself have subsided to blasts against the manner in which the product is advertised. No one has ever proved that cigarettes are as poisonous as the anti-smokers would have you believe. An analysis of all findings in the matter indicates flatly that cigarettes are not as harmful as some suggest, nor as beneficial as others at times avow.

Advertising methods are likewise undeserving of censure, although the industry has made occasional mistakes. Generally, cigarette advertising, by periodical, Radio or Television, is in good taste. The present pitch geared to the "medical story" may have reached its saturation point, but it is based on the sound premise that, while tobacco smoking may not be of any particular benefit, it is not physically harmful. With so many Americans smoking a per capita daily average of

10 cigarettes, it has been both wise and in good taste to point up the absence of ill effects through smoking, to give the lie to the bugaboos of Grandma's day which, though falsely based, may cause the consumer an occasional twinge of conscience when he smokes.

THE industry attempts, always, to appeal to the public, not to offend. And, in the long run, it has improved the effectiveness of all advertising. Usually, when one cigarette-maker hits upon a bright idea, the others climb aboard the bandwagon. Once in a while, however, the campaigns offer amusing little inconsistencies. When one of the popular brands advised diet-conscious citizens to puff its product in order to keep from eating, a rival popular cigarette promptly stated that nothing whetted the appetite so much as its product. And Camels, in a switch, offer a "fresh" cigarette in opposition to the "toasted" Lucky Strike.

So the battle goes on, with each manufacturer aiming to keep his product foremost in the mind of the consumer. It isn't the tobacco he must sell, it's that little point of *difference* which makes you prefer a Lucky, a Camel, a Chesterfield, or whatever the brand.

It's time to light up!

## Speaking of Talking

This sign was recently placed in the front of a grocery store: "We know it's hard to get meat, butter, sugar and shoes—but it would be a lot harder to learn to speak Russian."

"This is my car," shouted the angry motorist to the garageman. "What I say goes—see."

Just then the mechanic crawled out from under the car and pleadingly said, "Say 'engine,' mister."



By JOSEPH PAPARA

# DANGER *is their* BUSINESS

*Want an exciting job? Join the Border Patrol—an elite force of 1,800 men who guard 8,000 miles of coastal and land boundaries to prevent the unlawful entry of aliens.*

**Y**OUNG American citizens with a thirst for the hardy outdoor life, movie-style adventure and moments of danger can satisfy all three desires as members of the U. S. Border Patrol.

This thoroughly-trained force of 1,800 men stands guard across the nation's 8,000 miles of coastal and land boundaries, their primary aim being to detect and prevent the smuggling and unlawful entry of aliens into the country. By jeep and plane, America's toughest troopers keep a vigilant lookout 24 hours a day at strategic border points.

The main problem at the moment is offered by Mexican workers who swarm across the Rio Grande for jobs on farms and ranches. During the past 12 months, the Border Patrol rounded up a quarter-million "wet-backs"—and the influx continues at the same high rate.

Getting into the Border Patrol isn't easy; but staying in is even more difficult. The job demands a high degree of intelligence, resourcefulness and courage. The patrol, which is under the jurisdiction of the Department of Justice, wants men over 21

years of age and under 35, who weigh at least 145 pounds and stand five-eight or over.

To fill vacancies and keep the patrol at full strength, a class of 100 men is accepted each month for training at the Border Patrol school in El Paso, Texas. It's a "college" without the usual campus capers but with a curriculum that would make most collegians shudder.

**N**EW appointees serve a one-year probationary period, divided between classroom studies and the field. In one month, the rookies learn the equivalent of two years of college Spanish. They also are instructed in the use of firearms, fingerprinting, radio telegraphy, jujutsu and first aid, besides studying immigration and citizenship laws, court procedure and methods of investigation.

After intensive instruction in class, the young recruit is assigned to a sector in the field to complete his test period. His conduct while working with seasoned officers on actual cases will disclose whether he has the stuff to be retained in the service.

Since 90 per cent of the patrol's contacts on the southern border are



with Spanish-speaking persons, the study of that language has a high priority in the training program and two hours a day are set aside for it.

A working knowledge of immigration law is important because the patrolman must be in the right when making an arrest, and in getting convictions later on. Knowing how to shoot fast and straight is a "must" requirement because danger springs up unexpectedly.

The patrolmen—43 have been killed in the line of duty since 1920—seldom get the luxury of a second mistake and their training is aimed at making sure they don't commit the first.

**F**IELD demonstrations in "sign cutting" rate considerable attention for trainees. A well-developed skill which catches thousands of aliens each year, "sign cutting" is merely the art used for generations by Indians, rangers and frontiersmen—scanning the countryside for signs and tracks of animals or humans and ascertaining who made them and why.

Every track or sign in the desert, mountain or swamp carries a meaning. The patrolmen's task is putting two and two together to get the answer.

In tracking down aliens, the men of the Border Patrol have speed boats, jeeps and planes at their command; but they frequently have to call on leg power when the pursued takes off into hilly, rugged territory. There have been cases of amazing walking performances by fugitives before their capture.

Once, a group of four, after leav-

ing a border farm near Fabens, Texas, was trailed by two jeeps and a plane for five days before they were finally overtaken 75 miles north of their starting point.

The four "wetbacks" were old hands at the game and pulled every trick to elude the Border Patrol. They walked in wide circles, traveled long distances over rocky ground and scaled the highest peak in the Hueco Mountains. While the jeeps prowled about, the plane circled over open country and succeeded in "cutting the sign" of the group about 30 miles away. From this point, the trail was followed to a large thicket where the Mexicans were found huddled over a tiny camp fire.

**T**HE alien often tries to throw the patrolmen off his trail by walking backwards. This works in a few cases; but the officers know a man cannot walk backward for any great distance. They follow the track a short way to discover the true direction the alien is walking. Some "wetbacks" also drag a bush or branch behind them to obliterate tracks, or make it a point to walk on hard, rocky ground or in shallow water so as to leave no trail. But the Border Patrol is wise to most of the tricks.

The "wetback" problem provides a Grade A headache for the patrolmen. The fact that Mexicans will work in this country for less pay brings heated protests from American workers along the southern border. Complaining they cannot live on similar wages, the Americans demand the service take drastic action—that is, an all-out drive to deport every "wetback."

At the same time, American employers in the south prefer the cheaper labor and are unwilling to give them up to Uncle Sam. They shout in anger when the aliens are taken away by the patrol, which is thus caught between two fires.

**A** DAY in the Border Patrol means lots of hard work and few material comforts. A patrolman may be on the job all day long and then far into the night. He might sleep in a jeep, a tent, or on the open ground, with a blanket to warm him.

Though the patrolmen's life is hard, it rarely is dull. Border Patrol files are jammed with exciting adventure and instances of Hollywood-style chases across country in pursuit of people who crossed the line illegally.

At midnight of Feb. 12, 1952, two inspectors, Edwin Dennis and William Eatmon of Del Rio, Texas, spotted a sedan parked on the highway in lonely country 45 miles from Del Rio. Immediately suspicious, the two officers rapped on the window to waken the lone occupant, but he refused to open the door. Instead, the man started the motor and his car lunged ahead, knocking down one of the officers.

The patrol's gunshots failed to halt the driver and thus began a wild chase at speeds upward of 100 miles an hour, with the fugitive car swinging from side to side to keep the officers from passing on the narrow, winding road. But the fleeing driver's luck failed to hold. He missed one of the sharp turns and his car landed in a ditch. As it turned out, the captured man was wanted in Minneapolis for slaying his wife.

**A** NOTHER case involved the smuggling of aliens on the Canadian border. Officers of the patrol for days had been on the lookout for an airplane suspected of running aliens into the country. One afternoon, they came upon the craft—but were too late to keep it from taking off, although the patrol did catch two aliens who had alighted.

On the chance the plane would return, the officers waited in their car near the field. In a relatively short time, they heard the plane, saw it circle the field and land. Now, they faced a thorny problem, for, since there was no cover on the landing strip, the patrol could not approach without being seen. It would be an easy matter for the pilot to get his plane quickly into the air.

Nevertheless, the Border Patrol men drove for the plane at top speed. And the pilot, alert to his danger, opened his motor full-throttle, headed his craft into the wind and started his run for the takeoff. But the Border Patrol car driver took a desperate chance by swinging the car directly into the path of the oncoming plane. The crash that followed would have made a great movie sequence, though, miraculously, no one was seriously hurt. The daring patrolmen gambled with life and won, capturing the pilot and a third alien in the plane.

For day-to-day thrills and excitement, perhaps no branch of the federal service can match the Border Patrol, whose men (most of them look like football All-Americans) serve in the hot deserts of the southwest, the swamps of Florida and the snow-swept lands of the Canadian border.

# "CITY BENEATH

*A world-famous diver, walking 180 feet beneath the sea, discovers fabulously rich Port Royal—destroyed by deluge and earthquake, now a breathtaking fairyland encrusted with coral. Can he dig up the loot?*

IT was like an incredible dream when I came upon Port Royal, 180 feet under the surface ripples of Kingston Harbor, off Jamaica. I was the first in nearly 250 years to walk the streets of a city that had been deservedly named "Pirate's Babylon," swallowed by an earthquake, and now lying coral-encrusted on the bottom of the sea!

In the seventeenth century, Port Royal was sanctuary for every outlawed man, ship and cause on the Spanish Main. It was a fold for black sheep—pirates who had fled the justice of the outside world and the injustices of one another. Built upon the sandy point of the palisades that today form the outer rim of Kingston Harbor, it was a city of several thousand houses and many thousands of inhabitants.

Fortress of infamy, it was also a town of tremendous wealth. It was the only place to which buccaneers and pirates could safely bring their ill-gotten treasures. Shipload after shipload of plundered gold and silver bars, ornaments, jewels, coins and statues arrived to pack the great storehouses.

No power nor weapon of man was capable of penetrating the fortress of Port Royal to dispute the blackguards' right to their loot. But there is strength beyond that of puny man.

This the men and women of Port Royal were to learn on June 7, 1692.

June 7, 1692!

There was no hint of the catastrophe to come.

Suddenly, the sky was robbed of color. Blackness engulfed the city. Thunder drummed, lightning flashed and the rain fell like a great mountain reservoir suddenly undammed. Wind tore through the town, ripping, twisting, uprooting. Then the sea hunched its shoulders and moved wrathfully against the land.

Port Royal quivered. For a few seconds it hung between oblivion and survival. Then the waters rose and the land fell away. Gradually, the wind and the rain, the thunder and the lightning ceased—slinking away as though sickened at the violence of their own anger. Where Port Royal had been, there were only a few struggling figures in a sea of countless bodies. Guilty and innocent alike had gone down in the deluge and earthquake; but a few half-crazed persons managed to survive. Somehow they struggled across to the far side of the bay, and there, after many hardships, they founded a new city, Kingston, which stands today.

ONE day while searching in these waters for the sunken treasure-laden hulk of a Spanish galleon, I



# THE SEA"

By LIEUTENANT HARRY E. RIESEBERG



slid over the side of the salvage schooner down my weighted rope until I stood on the sandy bottom of the seaway. I found myself in the midst of elaborate coral formations, and the sheer beauty of the scene stopped me in my tracks.

From where I stood, the smooth sea bed sloped gradually off into distant depths beyond my vision. Surrounding me on all sides was a fantastic fairyland. Branching coral sculpturings of myriad hues seemed alive in the quivering water; they were hard and solid to the touch. As I began to move, the colors of the corals about me changed with chameleonlike ease, so that I walked in a land of liquid-flowing rainbows. The fascination of the place made me determined to explore farther. I started out boldly.

Slowly treading the seaway, I was brought up short by a sight that almost took my breath away. There before me, rising out of the watery void, was what appeared to be a city—a ghost city under the sea!

I could have sworn that there was a great Gothic cathedral ahead, and beyond it other dim stately edifices, sloping away into farther shadowy regions. Spires and pinnacles lifted majestically; tall columns supported overhanging roofs; windows stood open in walls and towers. The dim light of the sun, reflected from the surface waters above, sifted down and passed through the openings, gleam-

ing dully through the open spaces between the columns.

I felt as though I had been suddenly thrust on some strange and distant planet; as though I had come to a peaceful town where quiet buildings waited the return of a recently departed populace.

I paused for a while, sitting on a projecting shelf of coral to consider this phenomenon. Then I left my seat and moved slowly forward again toward the nearest of the structures, the "cathedral-like" edifice. The sea floor continued to slope downward and outward toward the open ocean.

CAREFULLY, I placed one weighted boot after the other. The formation was perhaps forty feet in length and twenty feet high. The crowning coral pinnacles that extended upward from the basic hulk of the structure were about six to eight feet in height. It was obvious to one familiar with coral that this design was not a natural growth, but was cased over some original buildings that had allowed for windows and doors. And through these openings the magical light softly filtered.

Directly in front of me there was a large doorway. Carefully guarding my airline from the rough casing of the chamber, I went in. Inside was a sort of chamber space with several passages leading off from it. I stood entranced.

At first, I hardly noticed the grotesque shapes of the formation within the chamber and along the walls. The amazing color was all I could perceive—not just an ordinary shade, but an incredibly alive blue that seemed to embrace all the various conceivable shadings of that one color. Wherever I looked my eyes met gradations of blue, ranging from azure to hues merging almost into black. The water was blue; the walls were blue; even my hands, as I held them before my goggle-eyed diving helmet, were blue.

I moved carefully about the chamber, peering into some of the openings that led off from the room in which I stood. From one dark hole I drew back sharply, as my quick glance revealed a mass of huge crawling creatures.

They were great spider crabs with arms nearly nine feet in length, and huge octopi with their quivering tentacles writhing about frenziedly—and the cold feeling of menace that emanated from them sent a shudder along my spine. Hurriedly, I backed away and didn't stop until I was completely out of the structure.

I had stayed too long. The feeling of pressure was like being pinched between the thumb and forefinger of some huge giant. I jerked my signal cord, and soon I was being gently raised up—up out of the city of the dead.

**B**Y this time, I had come to the realization that I had actually discovered the remains of what was once the richest and wickedest city on the entire Spanish Main. There could be no doubt but that I had seen what no other living man had gazed upon

—sunken Port Royal!

Here was an undiscovered and unexplored realm—a marvelous world, strange yet beautiful, touched with mystery. Here was a find of scientific import, and I had come upon it by mere chance.

As I rose slowly to the surface my mind was afire with the possibilities I had uncovered. If I could go to deeper depths; if I could follow that sloping sandy seaway, what strange sights might I see! And don't overlook the possible recovery of some of the vast riches which the sea had claimed when the great deluge of 1692, followed by the earthquake, had driven the "Pirate's Babylon" from the world of living men!

Since that time, I have dreamed of what a man might find on the floor of the Caribbean in outer Kingston Harbor—if he could devise some means of penetrating into the pressure-packed depths. Such means require improved diving gear to lessen the hazards that are constant companions of a man in regulation diving dress at such depths.

The ways and means of this achievement have now been found, for a new-type diving robot has actually been devised, and is in course of construction.

Soon I shall return to the Caribbean, and the "city beneath the sea"—Port Royal. I shall prod into its secrets, disturb the spider crabs, the giant octopi and other strange and weird denizens which alone inhabit it, seeking to wrest away some of its vast riches which were sent to the bottom on that ill fated night in 1692.

*Adventure calls!*



By ELEANOR M. MARSHALL

CHINCHILLAS are so lovely—and so rare—that their pelts bring the highest prices of any fur, although the cost of raising them varies at present between only \$2 and \$3 a year. Since these lovely pets are successfully bred in captivity, they will not become extinct. But they might have—had it not been for the courage and foresight of M. F. Chapman of Los Angeles.

As an engineer in the employ of the Anaconda Copper Company in Chile, Chapman's first meeting with one of these lovely pets was when an Indian called to show him a live chinchilla the Indian had captured and was keeping in a box. Mr. Chapman took an instant liking to the little captive because chinchillas are gentle, inquisitive and too willing to be friends for their own good. That is why they have been hunted relentlessly since the discovery that even a queen preferred a present of their fur to one of gold and gems.

There is a legend about how a Spanish queen was tricked by a thiev-

# FURS for a PRINCESS

*Want a pair of chinchillas for \$1650? Enough pelts for a wrap (if you could get them) would cost \$6,250. But alive, as breeding stock, they're worth \$103,125. No wonder only 25 women own chinchilla coats!*

ing messenger of a chest of gold plate and jewels an emissary had wrapped in chinchilla fur as added protection for the long journey from South America across the Atlantic. The messenger stole the contents and crammed the fur robe into the chest. That was all he presented to Her Majesty. Although he ran the risk of punishment, there was no swift means of communication to disclose his theft; so he was knighted instead. Every lady in waiting envied the queen her beautiful wrap. Before long, South America was being scoured for chinchillas so thoroughly that only the agility of the animals kept them from being annihilated for their pelts.

SINCE 1899 the Chilean government has prohibited trapping, hunting or exporting chinchillas, yet Chapman promptly bought his Indian visitor's little captive. From that day in 1919 until Chapman died, his worries were centered on how to increase the world's chinchilla population. He realized that ruthless slaughter had



all but destroyed the species. In 1880 the skins sold for only \$18 a dozen, and nine years later, there were 435,000 pelts going to commercial buyers. It didn't take hunters long to locate the richest fur-bearers of all time. Yet so many of the animals were killed that even to see a chinchilla has become an event.

To save those gentle creatures by breeding them in captivity became an obsession with Chapman, although everyone with whom he talked warned him it could not be done. His own doubts arose not from climate and environment—but as to whether the chinchillas would cooperate. From the Chilean government he received sanction for his project, along with more warnings that he might expect only trouble as his reward.

Undeterred by such gloomy predictions, he sent 20 Indians into the mountains to get as many of the animals as they could capture alive. After working three years, they brought back three females and eight males. In order to get the animals accustomed to lower temperatures, the trip down to sea level was very slow. The animals all survived; but Chapman faced another obstacle; the captain of the ship to Los Angeles would not permit the animals to travel unless they went with the rest of the cargo in the hold, where the furnace-like temperature might kill them in a matter of minutes.

Mr. Chapman outwitted the captain by getting a cage smuggled into his stateroom as a trunk, and asking friends who came aboard to wish him "bon voyage" each to bring one of his pets in their pockets. When the cage

and animals were where he wanted them, Chapman sent the captain word that he valued his pets at one million dollars and would hold the boat in San Pedro harbor until such a sum was paid, if anything delayed the safe arrival of the chinchillas in Los Angeles. As a result, there were fans blowing on the chinchillas throughout the voyage, and they had ice near their cage, to provide the cold weather they love and to which they were accustomed.

**A**LTHOUGH none of them died, there was to be a fight for four years before that cargo made up its mind to cooperate and multiply. All the little foreigners had been born south of the equator where the seasons are just the opposite of Los Angeles. In June, July and August when the chinchillas were growing their warmest pelts, the thermometer was hitting over a hundred degrees in the shade. When they began shedding as they had always done in December, January and February, the temperature was fairly screaming, "Don't!"

So all year around the poor little things were in such acute distress that they refused to breed, had to be forced to eat, and required constant attention just to make them survive. Every Gloomy Gus kept repeating, "I told you so," but Chapman still would not listen.

During the fourth year when the animals and the calendar finally got into agreement, there came the biggest loss of all. A syndicate formed in Switzerland called about buying some breeding stock. Chapman had only 70 animals, which he refused to sell. The syndicate representative stole half the



*"Wanna have some fun? Ask for a pink lady."*

stock and got to Germany before detectives caught up with him. That was the last ever seen of those animals, for, although the courts decided in favor of Chapman, he studied pictures of the stolen animals and decided they could not be permitted to mingle with his stock. They had received such poor care that they had become worthless for breeding purposes.

**I**N appearance, chinchillas somewhat resemble a squirrel. They are small, about the size of a man's hand, and have dense fur that looks bluish gray and keeps changing color with every motion and play of light. At birth they weigh  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounces; and are only between 18 and 22 ounces when mature. The female is the larger and is the boss of the family. They have round, shoe-button eyes which lack pupils. Their back legs resemble those of a kangaroo in miniature, but the front legs are only about two inches long. Their whiskers spread four to five inches, like a cat's. They have a bushy tail nearly as long as the body; and instead of claws, they have fingers equipped with nails. They

pick up their food and eat it much as a squirrel does. Their hind legs have rows of bristles to serve as combs for their gorgeous coat.

Unlike other animals, chinchillas are monogamous. Before they are mated, the female must be taken to the male's home. If he is brought to her cage, she will fight him off as a trespasser. The babies are born with their eyes open, have their fur and also their teeth. They are the only species which are so fortunate. The babies are kept with their parents for two months and are mated sometime between six months and their first birthday. They have two or three litters each year, with an average of one to three offspring in each. If a mate dies, the survivor has to be coaxed to mate again. Their life span is about eight years, although some live to be ten.

Their food is cheap, even though their pelts bring fancy prices. A year's supply of food for a chinchilla can be bought in today's market for between \$2 and \$3. They eat scientifically prepared pellets which are supplemented by dehydrated alfalfa, dried orchard grass, dandelion leaves, other greens, bark and various grains.

To care for them properly is a constant task because they are very fastidious. Their cages must be kept clean. They seem to find the odor of human beings offensive, and scurry to take a sand bath whenever they are stroked. Each pen must have such a bath, usually fuller's earth and fine sand. Some breeders include pulverized mineral rock or talcum.

Because they lack claws, chinchillas are unable to climb smooth surfaces,

but they will jump as high as 25 feet and will scamper about to exercise with the speed of racing midget autos. Treadmills help them get enough activity. Their teeth require special treatment, too, because they would grow so long the animal would be unable to eat unless an electric emery wheel were used to shorten teeth—or a small cement stone provided for them to gnaw as a puppy gnaws an old slipper.

Chinchillas are not noisy. When frightened they either squeal or bark: and when happy, which is by far the greatest part of their lives, they emit clucking sounds similar to those of a baby who has just been fed.

**A**T PRESENT breeders are selling only pelts from animals who die or must be killed because of accidental injuries. To do otherwise would be rather like killing a goose laying golden eggs.

Pelts bring about fifty dollars each, while a live pair costs around \$1,650. It takes up to 125 skins to complete a coat or wrap, depending upon the length required. Only a few skins are yet to be had. Prior to Chapman's attempt to domesticate these animals, their pelts brought from \$25 to \$350.

Their fur is the warmest and densest yet discovered. Where other fur has but a single hair to each root, a chinchilla sprouts about 80. This is so delicate that you cannot feel a single strand with your fingers, although it will be long enough to tie into several knots. It is ten times finer than the web of a spider!

Because of the rarity of the fur, only about 25 women own chinchilla wraps. All such owners have the right

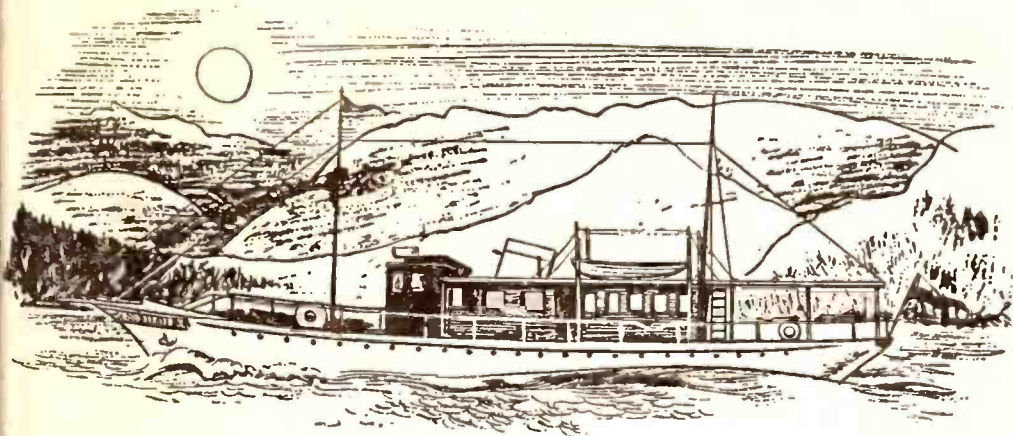
to belong to the Chinchilla Club. Some of the members are: Mary Pickford, Hedy Lamarr, Lily Pons, Queen Elizabeth of England, Mrs. William Lehman, Mrs. Randolph Hearst, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Jay O'Brien, Mrs. Frank Humber, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mrs. James W. Corrigan.

Besides these, there are three coats often used in films and for display owned by I. J. Fox of New York City, Willard George of Los Angeles and Esther Dorothy, Inc., of Boston, all furriers willing to invest in an article of such attractiveness to women.

Today's chinchilla industry has been estimated at over \$20,000,000—with the biggest ranch belonging to the Chapman family, of course. The number of progeny can only be estimated—yet they all have as ancestors those less-than-a-dozen animals Chapman transplanted with such difficulty from their native Andes mountains to warmer quarters in Los Angeles. Because they took kindly to this change, they are now scattered in 313 ranches which dot the United States and Canada. Although all the chinchillas now go on multiplying with gratifying regularity, it will be years before their owners will be willing to sell pelts instead of live pairs. That's why fur dealers all but tear their hair if you ask them for a chinchilla garment. They know that they cannot promise delivery; and it never is any fun to lose an order costing a fortune.

We owe the survival of these loveliest furbearers to domestic breeding. Without it, they would have disappeared like so many other valuable species wiped out by greedy hunters.





## MOON PATH'S END

*The fantastic truth: How a ship traveled 9,752 miles and granted a man's great wish.*

By FRANCIS DICKIE

“**A**T THE moon path's end you'll find your heart's desire.”

Many never heard that old saying: to most of those who have, it is meaningless. I, for one, never believed it—until one evening, October 24, 1943.

I live on Quadra Island, British Columbia, a jumble of low mountains covered with fir trees rising from the North Pacific, a hundred miles from Vancouver.

My house stands just above the storm high tide mark on a rock sharply sloping down into the water. Here the water is so deep that even a motor vessel of ten feet draught can nose to the shoreline when the tide is high.

It was about nine in the evening when I walked out upon the front veranda almost overhanging the water. A southeasterly storm had blown

throughout the day. As the afternoon waned, the storm died with the suddenness peculiar sometimes in these regions. As evening neared, the cloud masses dispersed. Above the jagged peaks of the coast range a big yellow moon came up abruptly, more a stage setting than reality.

Across the level empty sea the moon laid a long golden path, narrowing almost to a point below my feet. Suddenly around the end of a small island just beyond my door a big motor ship swung straight into the moon path and bore down straight toward me. I shook my head to clear it of this impossible phantom. I passed my hands across my eyes. The ship refused to vanish. My head strained forward still not accepting this vision rising out of a heart's long longing never granted.

**Y**ET it was a reality. There rested the motor ship *Syrene*, now against a background of high snowy peaks! How very different a setting from that in which I had first looked upon her 13 years before!

In the year 1930 the *Syrene's* home port was Cannes, France. Many fine pleasure craft lay alongside the short cement wharf at Cannes known as "Millionaires' Row." On a given day the ships berthed there, bows and sterns lined so close their buffers touched, represented financially the might of Europe.

The *Syrene*, in my eyes at least, was the finest of them all. She was small compared to most of them. Her lines were those of a smart schooner. She was a swift, staunch medium of far greater general use, if the need arose, than the others built solely for pleasure. For the *Syrene* was no mere pleasure ship. She was what a sailor would have called a grand work boat, though at that moment she was the toy of a Greek millionaire who had made a fortune from tobacco.

A famous English lord once wittily remarked that: "yachts were designed for sinning". It was rumored that her Greek owner made the *Syrene* live up to the saying.

The *Syrene's* fine lines drew me like a magnet. Her figurehead was that of an alluring woman. Whenever she was in harbor I would go down and gaze wistfully at her. In 1930 I was a foreign newspaper correspondent. The vicinity of Cannes, Antibes, Monte Carlo was good ground for feature stories about the great, near great and the sensational and odd characters from all over the world who

gathered there.

I loved ships with an emotion that stirs strongly the hearts of many people. As I gazed often upon the *Syrene*, I was filled always with a wistful desire to walk her decks, to journey even briefly upon her, a desire the more saddening from knowing my wish would never be granted. That longing to have voyaged even once upon her remained with me long after I had said goodbye to the *Syrene* and France. Even years after, the *Syrene* lurked in my memory, as will the wanting of something unfulfilled.

**I** CROSSED the Atlantic and the North American continent to dwell on the shore of rocky Quadra Island in the North Pacific.

In the year 1933, the British Columbia and Yukon Aid Society of England wished to show their approval of the work being done by the Columbia Coast Mission of British Columbia. Along the rugged, deeply indented coast of British Columbia, where there are twelve miles of shoreline for every mile of distance, men and women live widely scattered in a fir-clad rocky wilderness. Medical aid by swift ship to injured loggers, fishermen, homesteaders, expectant mothers, and help to those made destitute by forest fire is the work of the Coast Mission's motor ships.

The Church Aid Society of the English Church in England decided the best method of helping the British Columbia Mission was to buy an additional ship and send it. At the old reliable and world-famous shipping firm of Thornycroft, London, the Society's representative was told of

the Motor Ship *Syrene*, lying at Cannes, a now discarded plaything. The Society, learning the ship was sound overall, bought it.

The late Reverend John Antle, pioneer missionary in Columbia Coast Mission work, and a rattling fine sailor though then aged 70, undertook to go to Cannes from British Columbia and captain the Motor Ship from Cannes to London for a dedication ceremony.

He little dreamed the toil lying before him. The *Syrene's* engines were in terrible condition. For weeks the new master and his crew of four chipped rust, cleaned, oiled and repaired. By a miracle they succeeded in making the decrepit engines carry as far as Gibraltar. Here at the Naval Dockyard it was necessary to install two new Widdop diesel engines.

With new spring in her wake the *Syrene* came to London. She was dedicated beneath the shadow of Big Ben on Friday, June 16, 1933 by the Bishop of London, Winnington Ingram.

**I**N CHARGE of her aged skipper and crew of four she then crossed the Atlantic, through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific to Vancouver, and onward to northern waters. For three years she served as a Mission boat in the difficult island-dotted network known as "The Inside Passage." Then, the Mission requiring a different type of craft, the *Syrene* again changed hands. She became the pleasure craft of an American. Six years later, his death again put the ship on the market.

She was in better shape than ever. Her last owner had re-outfitted her

with two new 110 Ruston diesels, giving instant starting and pilot house control. She was valued by marine appraisers at \$100,000. But no buyers came forward.

At this particular moment the British Columbia Forestry Department needed a new vessel to replace their best ship, the *Caverhill*, sunk in a collision during a fog. And they were in luck: they got the ship for a mere fraction of her value. She was fitted to meet all Forestry Department requirements. Her magnificent hull was warranted to outlast the youngest forester.

In the winter of 1943 the *Syrene* was on an inspection trip in northern waters. The then Assistant Chief Forester (today Deputy Minister of Lands for British Columbia) George P. Melrose, was making the inspection. He was an old friend of mine. Being in my vicinity, and as there was good anchorage for the night's stop, he sailed to my door to spend the evening.

And thus it was that, after being separated by the Mediterranean Sea, two oceans, and more than ten years of time, the *Syrene* and I were once more brought together. The *Syrene* had come 9,752 miles to anchor at my very feet!

No one in the world knew of my secret longing. George P. Melrose had no knowledge I had ever seen the *Syrene*. Sitting before my fire I told him, for the first time to anyone, my story, this story. And because he has a warm sympathy and a sense of the dramatic, my secret longing did come true: he took me on a two week cruise aboard the *Syrene*.



# The MAN WHO



*Carbon monoxide gas is colorless, odorless and tasteless . . . one of man's most deadly enemies. Bill Darby has invented a machine which samples air at the same rate of cubic-feet-per-minute people breathe. When carbon monoxide reaches a danger point, the machine sounds an alarm.*

By IRVING WALLACE

**I**T TOOK Bill Darby twenty-five years to even the score with a killer which nearly took his life. He has invented a device that will save thousands of lives annually by revealing the presence of one of man's most deadly enemies—carbon monoxide gas. This invisible killer gives no warning, being colorless, odorless and tasteless.

Bill Darby was almost killed by carbon monoxide while working on his automobile in his garage. When he recovered, he resolved to perfect a machine which would detect the deadly gas and give an alarm.

There were heart breaking failures—but Darby never gave up. Now, at last, he has received protective patents on a machine which is so sensitive that it will register the carbon monoxide from a burning cigarette!

Since 1945, Darby has lived in Santa Maria, California, devoting full time to his invention. Strangers are seen visiting at his garage-size laboratory located on a back street. Top brass from the Army and Navy frequently landed at the local airport

and headed directly for the Darby laboratory, to depart later without comment. The government's interest in the Darby invention still remains a secret.

**T**HE Darby carbon monoxide detecting machine is about the size of a kitchen radio. It operates from electricity, either on power line or batteries. The device will immediately register any carbon monoxide gas in the area on a meter which is as easily read as a pocket watch. It is equipped with audible and visible signals which can be set to alarm at any desired concentration of the deadly gas. The inventor ran ten thousand tests in his laboratory, and the machine did not fail once.

Although carbon monoxide is an invisible killer, comparatively little is known about it. Unlike most other gases, which usually attack the lungs and can be dissipated by a few whiffs of fresh air, carbon monoxide is absorbed in the bloodstream and stays there, building up as the victim continues to inhale it. Therefore, small

# LICKED CARBON MONOXIDE

quantities of the poison breathed over a period of time are as dangerous as a heavy dose taken into the system all at once.

Carbon monoxide is three hundred times more soluble in the blood than oxygen. Thus, it is easy to understand why all organs of the body are affected by its lethal poison. Swimming through the veins, it is quickly carried to the brain, the heart and every area of the body.

THE biggest secret of Darby's detector is a chemical substance which, when processed on film, discolors from exposure to varying concentrations of carbon monoxide gas. The detecting machine is made up of standard parts and can be manufactured in almost any factory. Darby's twenty-five years were chiefly spent on the chemical formulas which make up the compound. Once he had discovered the compound that would detect and register the poison gas, he had to develop a method whereby the accumulative effect of the carbon monoxide on the compound would be equal to the speed of absorption of carbon monoxide in the blood stream of the human body.

The Darby machine continuously samples air at the same rate of cubic feet per minute that the average person breathes. Thus, anyone in an affected area can tell by glancing at the meter the amount of carbon monoxide concentration to which he has been subjected over a given period of time.

When an accumulation of the deadly gas reaches the danger point, a squealer alarm sounds.

Darby also had to perfect the chemical compound to prevent false alarms from other gases. The air is pulled into the machine through a filter that removes all dust, dampness and impurities. It passes over the chemically-treated film that bisects a beam of light from a photo-electric eye. The compound which is impregnated into the film resembles a thin coating of brown sugar. The amber-colored substance will discolor only when exposed to carbon monoxide fumes; nothing else. The discoloration then breaks the light beam and registers on the meter, the amount of carbon monoxide present.

In demonstrations, Darby showed that climatic conditions had no effect upon the compound. Samples were placed in an electric oven for one hour at 250 degrees Fahrenheit; and then packed in dry ice, below zero. Then the compound was exposed to steam vapor of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and put into the machine where it performed accurately when exposed to known concentrations of carbon monoxide.

THIS new invention is adaptable to mines, deep wells, industrial plants, ships, airplanes, cars, truck cabs, coke-heated box cars, tunnels, diesel train cabs, homes—in fact, any place where there might be danger from carbon monoxide gas.

For normal use the machine is set to start picking up a concentration of carbon monoxide at a point where it starts to enter the blood stream—.01 per cent, or one part of carbon monoxide to ten thousand parts of air. The United States Bureau of Mines says that twenty parts of carbon monoxide in that amount of air will bring unconsciousness, and knock you out for good provided you whiff it for thirty minutes or longer.

Darby has not only developed a great life-saver against carbon monoxide gas poisoning—there is also the possibility that his machine will be the world's greatest fire alarm. Since most fires are preceded by a concentration of carbon monoxide prior to the blaze, there is an even chance that the Darby machine will alarm *before* the fire starts. At least it will warn when it breaks into a blaze, thus giving time to locate and fight the fire before it is out of control.

Carbon monoxide gas takes a hideous toll of lives every year. It can strike without warning, lulling its victims into unsuspecting sleep from which there is often no awakening; or it may cause partial sleep during which the victim—perhaps driving a car, piloting an airplane or handling a powerful diesel locomotive—is fully conscious, unaware of his drowsiness but as unable to control his reflexes as if he were intoxicated.

**W**ILLIAM C. DARBY was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, moving as a youngster with his family to Minot, North Dakota, where he attended school. In high school Bill was a football star but before graduating he enlisted in World War I. Later he

returned to get his diploma and to continue his education at the University of Minnesota, specializing in electrical engineering.

Bill returned to North Dakota where he married Evelyn Nichols, a school teacher. They have four sons, Kelly, Duane, Donald and Larry. Three served in World War II and the youngest expects to enter service as soon as he receives his college degree. All four attended college, taking such subjects as electronics, chemistry and electrical engineering. The Darby household is a bee hive of technical terms and problems when the four engineer-minded sons start a bull session with their dad. Ideas arose in these sessions to play an important part in the Darby invention. Kelly, the oldest son, has worked with his dad for several years at the laboratory.

Life hasn't been easy for Bill and Evelyn Darby. Bill's own life was in constant peril from his experiments





with a poison gas having no taste, odor nor color. His wife was never far from his laboratory while he was at work, and several times she found him on the floor, unconscious. But Evelyn Darby continued to encourage her husband on his experiments. When it was essential to get regular deliveries of blood from the South St. Paul stockyards for Bill's tests she arranged to save the money from the grocery budget.

About the only encouragement Bill Darby received during those lean years was from his wife. Whenever he would consult the people who were considered experts on the subject of carbon monoxide gas they'd everlastingly tell him that his theory was all wrong, impossible, and that he was wasting his time.

Six years ago Bill Darby discovered the right combination of chemicals to do the trick. It was his first step to success. He decided to take the plunge—quit his job and move to a warmer climate where he'd devote his full

time to developing the compound and the machine. The time during which he thought he could complete the project dragged on from one year to another. In the meantime his reserve capital dwindled away.

Fifty-three-year-old Bill Darby, with twenty-five years experimenting behind him, now has the answer to the carbon monoxide menace. His machine, soon to be announced on the market, is simple, inexpensive, fool-proof, and can be operated by a layman.

If "Oscars" were being handed out to inventors it's quite likely that Bill Darby would be chosen the inventor of the year. However, Bill isn't looking for glory. He credits his success to faith. He says simply, "There wasn't a night we didn't pray for guidance and the strength to continue our work. I guess the Lord was on our side."

Mrs. Darby agrees with her husband, and adds staunchly, "I knew Bill could do it."



(No Model.)

C. R. E. WULFF.

MEANS AND APPARATUS FOR PROPELLING AND GUIDING BALLOONS.

No. 363,037

Patented May 17, 1887.

FIG. 3.

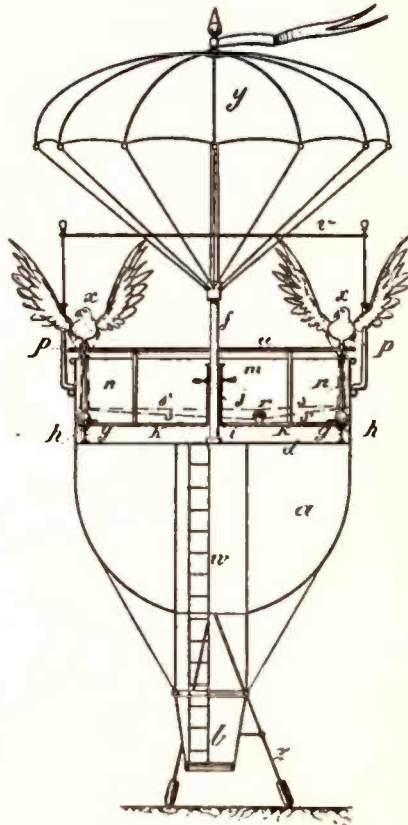
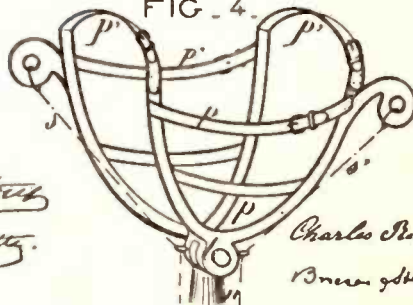


FIG. 4.



Witnesses.  
*Alphon Blitrus*  
*Constant Wittig.*

Inventor:  
*Charles Richard Edward Wulff*  
By *James Steel* Attorneys.

# SAUCERS are OLD STUFF

*"One for the birds" was the eagle-powered device patented in 1887 by C. R. E. Wulff as a "means and apparatus for propelling and guiding balloons."*

By M. JEANNE BAKER

THE debate over "flying saucers" continues to rage. Scientists disagree as to what they may be: Visitors from other worlds, from the uncharted realms of space. Hallucinations. Phenomena produced by light and heat and other tricky aspects of Nature's handiwork. All agree, however, that, real or imagined, the objects are the product of the age of jet propulsion and cracked atoms. All, that is, except Custodian Elton H. Brown of the United States Patent Office.

"We've been seeing 'flying saucers' here for years," he states, "even before my time", and he indicates stacks of musty files, some dating back fifty years. The files contain patent applications on hundreds of plans for weird contrivances designed to lift man into the air. Some put the most weird writers of science-fiction to shame. Others inspire awe. And many, of course, cause a snicker and a sneer. And yet . . . flying saucer? Who can tell?

TAKE the contraption patented by one John H. Wilson, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1909. Today's reported "saucers" are generally of disc shape. Wilson's invention consisted of not one, but four discs. These were mounted on a shaft, horizontally, above the motor, and would revolve

at 125 r.p.m. At such speed, a set of blades attached to the discs would open and, whirling in conjunction with the discs, lift the machine into the air. So the inventor hopefully predicted, claiming also great maneuverability for the craft.

A Californian, Samuel Montgomery, in 1911 patented a craft that (if it could get into the air) would resemble a saucer. This was in the shape of a huge umbrella, the umbrella to revolve, much on the order of the canvas top of a circus merry-go-round. Suspended from the umbrella was a wire-mesh basket which contained a steam boiler, the engine to move the contrivance, and the operator.

Montgomery thoughtfully provided a parachute for emergency landings, and for air bags in case of a landing in water. The papers of patent-application guaranteed, in the words of the inventor, this to be "a simple and inexpensive device, and one which can readily be constructed for the use of every class of people, and one which can well be used for transporting freight as well as persons with ease and accuracy."

Cigar-shaped "saucers"? An Ohioan, of 1910 vintage, patented a contraption of that type, consisting of a gondola suspended from a set of blades which, controlled by motor

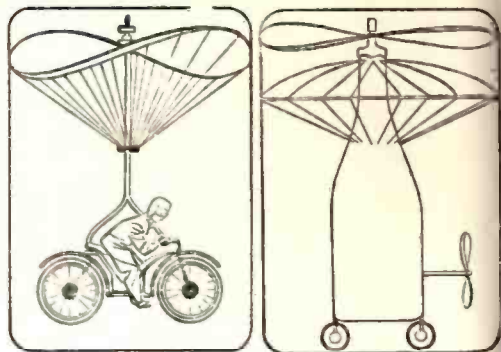


from a central shaft, was designed to enable the craft to "rise gently from the ground."

**N**OT all the strange brain-children of the air-minded inventors relied upon motor-power. In 1919, Vincente Rodriguez, of Arizona, patented a device that was to fly by means of the legs of man! His contrivance was an immense propellor attached to a rotating shaft secured to a standard bicycle frame. By pedaling fast enough, the cyclist turned the blade, lifting the machine into the air. Continued pedal-power carried the "flying bicycle" in flight, height and distance subject only to the stamina of the operator.

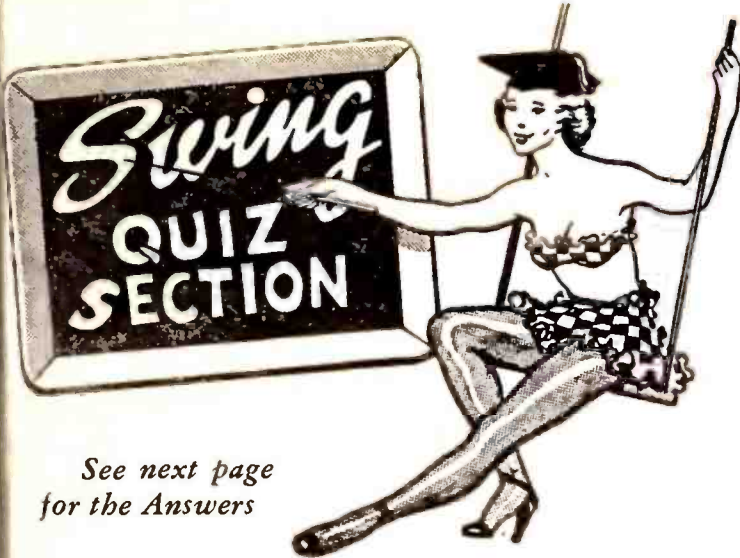
Another device propelled by similar power was proposed by a Georgia man, in 1909. This one consisted of a set of large blades rotating on a shaft above a crate-like suspension in which the operator sat, pedals at his feet. The operating gear resembled the helicopter principle, the vertical-screw drive, with the action assured by the pedals that, underfoot, were made to go 'round and 'round.

The year 1909 apparently was an air-minded one throughout the land. In that same year, a Sheboygan, Wisconsin, inventor, named Frederick R. Kummer, patented a "flying bottle." The device was constructed in the shape of a gigantic beer bottle, powered by a motor within the bottle. A shaft, turning the propellor, protruded from the neck of the bottle. Below this was suspended a parachute which opened, in emergency, to slowly waft the whole contraption back to earth.



**M**UCH earlier, Charles Richard Edouard Wulff, an air-minded inventor of Paris, France, secured an American Letters Patent on a specific means of propelling and guiding balloons. Wulff explained, in his patent application which was granted in May of 1887, that "attempts to guide and steer aircraft by mechanical, electric, or other motors have (generally) been unsuccessful by reason of the weight of the motor and its accessories." He proposed a "living motor", comprised of "one or more eagles, vultures, or condors", caught and strapped to a parachute-type device suspended above the structure of the craft. In this way the Frenchman claimed, "the qualities and powers given by nature to these most perfect kinds of birds may be completely utilized."

Air Force officials say that some of these weird old machines, if built and flown, could cause the blips on radar screens that have accompanied some of the flying saucer reports. However, none could attain the incredible rates of speed attributed to the saucers. Actually, these examples of the hundreds of similar objects contained in Patent Office Search Room files provoke only laughter now



See next page  
for the Answers

## PRESIDENTIAL NON SEQUITUR

By BLANCHE McKEOWN

Maybe you can't remember all the presidential platforms. Your mind may run more to the little personal things connected with the office. In that case, this quiz is just for you. Identify each president for ten points and then count up your score.

1. Harding.....A. He was the youngest ever to be inaugurated
2. Hoover.....B. This victorious Civil War General became President
3. T. Roosevelt.....C. He was the first to speak on radio
4. Truman.....D. He moved out of the White House during his administration
5. Tyler.....E. He was first to be born a citizen of the United States
6. Van Buren.....F. He was the first president of all 48 states
7. Grant.....G. He was a Quaker
8. Jackson.....H. He was first to be inaugurated in Washington
9. Jefferson.....I. He had the most children (14)
10. Taft.....J. His picture is on the twenty dollar bill.

## VET-PROPULSION By BORIS RANDOLPH

Fill in the missing letters of each VET-propelled word below according to the definition on the left. If you're a VETERAN when it comes to word games, of course, that's so much velVET.

- |  |                       |
|--|-----------------------|
| 1. Metal bolt                          | — — V E T             |
| 2. Another name for Switzerland        | — — — V E T — —       |
| 3. Habitual                            | — — V E T — — — — —   |
| 4. The quality of being simple         | — — — V E T —         |
| 5. Catlike creature                    | — — V E T             |
| 6. Animal doctor                       | V E T — — — — — — — — |
| 7. Crave                               | — — V E T             |
| 8. Fit nicely together                 | — — V E T — — —       |
| 9. Military commission conferring rank | — — — V E T           |
| 10. War vessel                         | — — — V E T — —       |
| 11. Kind of shrub                      | — — — V E T           |
| 12. Second lieutenant                  | — — — V E T — — —     |
| 13. Fodder plant                       | V E T — —             |
| 14. An authoritative prohibition       | V E T —               |
| 15. Three-legged stand                 | — — — V E T           |

# Swing Quiz Section

## INSIDE-OUTS

By FRED A. GREEN

Here are a dozen pairs of definitions of two-syllable words which bear each other a pronunciatory relationship. For example, question No. 1 defines a word meaning to "postpone" (DELAY) and a second word signifying "a woman of social position" (LADY). By reversing the pronunciation of the first word: DE-LAY, we get LAY-DE (LADY) and of course, vice versa

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. To postpone.<br>A woman of social position.              | 7. To print from a prepared plate.<br>Carved.                       |
| 2. Impudent.<br>A teeter-board.                             | 8. Fog or steam.<br>To supply.                                      |
| 3. Red or blooming.<br>Naught.                              | 9. Pertinent.<br>A cattle trough.                                   |
| 4. To chase or follow.<br>In theatrical parlance, an extra. | 10. People of any special class.<br>A pro-tem governor of a kingdom |
| 5. An oriental headdress.<br>To make fun of.                | 11. Consequently.<br>One who departs.                               |
| 6. An idler.<br>An official leave of absence.               | 12. Immature.<br>Chapter of a labor union.                          |

## THE ANSWERS

### VET-PROPLSION

#### PRESIDENTIAL NON SEQUITUR

1. C
2. G
3. A
4. D
5. I
6. E
7. B
8. J
9. H
10. F

1. riVET
2. HelVETia
3. inVETerate
4. naiVETe
5. ciVET
6. VETerinary
7. coVET
8. doVETail
9. breVET
10. corVETte
11. priVET
12. shaVETail
13. VETch
14. VETo
15. triVET

### INSIDE OUTS

- |           |            |
|-----------|------------|
| 1. DELAY  | 7. ENGRAVE |
| LADY      | GRAVEN     |
| 2. SAUCY  | 8. VAPOR   |
| SEE-SAW   | PURVEY     |
| 3. ROSY   | 9. GERMANE |
| ZERO      | MANGER     |
| 4. PURSUE | 10. GENTRY |
| SUPER     | REGENT     |
| 5. TURBAN | 11. ERGO   |
| BANTER    | GOER       |
| 6. LOAFER | 12. CALLOW |
| FURLOUGH  | LOCAL      |



.. in a meadow green and broad  
by the bank of a river . . .  
Under a towering oak,  
that stood in the midst of the village  
knelt the Black Robe chief  
with his children—

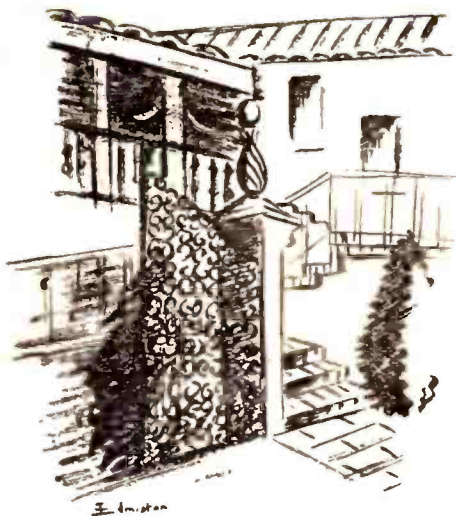
\* \* \*

soon was their story told;  
and the priest with solemnity  
answered:

Not six suns have risen and set  
since Gabriel, seated  
on this mat by my side,  
where now the maiden reposes,  
told me this same sad tale;  
then rose and continued his journey!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's

EVANGELINE  
A TALE OF ACADIE



# DEEP IN THE DEEP SOUTH

By B. L. BUSCH

**A** LONG the arch and in step of the Louisiana "boot" is a 59-mile stretch that typifies the exotic flavor of the whole state. Along this route—often missed by travelers heading for better known New Orleans and Baton Rouge—you'll find everything from shrimp boats and sugarcane to stately plantations and the Evangeline country made famous by Longfellow.

Let's start with a shrimp boat town: Morgan City is on Berwick Bay, a widening of the Atchafalaya River, called the deepest river in the world. Our starting-point town is on U. S. Highway 90, about 85 miles west of New Orleans. It's been nicknamed "Shrimp Town" since most of the population are fishermen. Crab meat packing is another important Morgan City industry.

Plan, if possible, to visit here in August, when the colorful ceremonies are held to bless the shrimp fleets. The day the shrimping season opens, devout fishermen receive the church's blessing on boats, nets and crews before they leave the harbor.

From Morgan City, cross the huge-piered bridge to Berwick and travel seven miles west to the little town of Patterson. For almost all the route, U. S. 90 parallels historic Bayou Teche, path of the sternwheelers and setting for houseboats and classic plantations as well. It was along Bayou Teche that the deported Acadians of Longfellow's "Evangeline" settled. Patterson's main street follows Bayou Teche for more than a mile.

**T**HIS part of Louisiana is sugarcane country, and in the harvest season, you can see laborers in the fields using both the age-old machete and modern machines.

Nineteen miles northwest of Patterson is Franklin, noted for its picturesque neatness and lovely overhanging oaks. Settled in 1790, the town was named for Benjamin Franklin, by his friend and former Pennsylvanian, Ginny Lewis.

Just above Franklin, is "Oaklawn Manor", the first of many old colonial homes open to the public. You approach the brick and stone mansion by an oaklined drive. Built in 1827 by United States Senator Alexander Porter, the building and estate are now owned by Captain Clyde Barbour, a former steamboat captain on the Teche. "Oaklawn Manor" is open year-round and you may be taken through it for \$1.00.

North of Franklin, at Baldwin, you have a choice of turning off U. S. 90 for a leisurely eight-mile loop along Bayou Teche, or continuing on the more direct highway. Both routes bring you to Adeline and the town of Jeanerette, five miles further northwest.

Jeanerette, like its name, is a typical Louisiana-French town, with wooden cottages and large, flourishing gardens. A short side trip from here across Bayou Teche, will reward you with a visit to "Bayside", another handsome colonial mansion. "Bayside" was built in 1850 by Francis D. Richardson, classmate of Edgar Allan Poe.

Next stop is 12 miles westward at New Iberia, "Queen City of the Teche", named by early Spanish settlers for the Iberian Peninsula of

Spain. One of New Iberia's claims to fame is the fact that it is the only locality in the world producing all three condiments: salt, pepper and sugar.

A favorite point of interest here is "The Shadows", at Main and Weeks Streets. Built of pinkish brick, in 1830, by David Weeks, "The Shadows" has masonry columns and unusual dormer attic windows. This imposing, much-photographed, plantation home, is now owned by Weeks Hall, a descendant of the original builder. The rear of the mansion looks out over Bayou Teche, and the formal gardens are enclosed by bamboo.

**A**T NEW Iberia, turn off U. S. 90 and follow State Highway 25, nine miles to the quiet town of St. Martinville. So many French and Acadian exiles settled here, the city was once called "Le Petit Paris".

Back of the St. Martinville Church is moss-festooned "Evangeline Oak". The oak has been dubbed, "America's most photographed tree". This is the tree, "a towering oak", described in Longfellow's poem.

Set aside in 1934 as Louisiana's first State Park, Longfellow-Evangeline State Park is one mile north of St. Martinville. The entrance is marked by simple, white stone pillars. In the oak-filled area, the principal landmark is the restored home of Lou Arceneaux, the "Gabriel" of Longfellow's poem. The building has been turned into the Acadian House Museum and is worth seeing not only for its countless exhibits, but also for its interesting architecture. Typical of its period, the Acadian House was built of hand-hewn cypress timber.

fastened with wooden pegs instead of nails.

A favorite legend of this section concerns Oak and Pine Alley, a lane overhung with beautiful old trees near St. Martinville (reached by State Highway 86). More than 100 years ago, slaves planted these trees along the road leading to the spectacular plantation home of Charles Durand.

Although the house is no longer standing, the legend persists that a

splendid celebration was held when Durand's daughters were married. To provide part of the lavish decorations, a carload of spiders was imported to spin webs over the tree-arched lane, and the webs were then sprinkled with gold and silver dust.

Perhaps this story is true, perhaps not. It is, however, indicative of the Deep South's golden age and of Louisiana's flamboyant and fabulous past.



A Maine farmer spent the winter making wooden back scratchers. He took a wagonload to Boston in the Spring, but dealers laughed at him and told him to go back to the farm where he belonged.

The most scornful and insulting of the dealers was visited later by an Egyptian, washed in native clothes. He said his government had authorized him to purchase 10,000 back scratchers. He assured the dealer that there was a great demand for them in Cairo.

"I'll have them for you by tomorrow," promised the dealer.

He found the farmer just as he was driving out of the city to go back to his farm and bought all the back scratchers at a higher price than first offered.

That evening the farmer returned the Arab outfit he had rented from a theatrical costumer and had a satisfied look on his face. The odd part of the story is that while waiting for the Arab to come buy the lot, the dealer sold all the back scratchers at a profit to the residents of Boston.



A woman went to the dentist for the fifth time to ask him to grind down her false teeth, "because they didn't fit."

"Well," said the dentist, "I'll do it again, but this is the last time. By every test I know these teeth fit your mouth perfectly."

"Who said anything about my mouth?" said the woman. "They don't fit in the class."

To prove his understanding of the Einstein theory of relativity, a man explained it thus:

"The Einstein theory has to do with time. You are on your honeymoon for two weeks. Later on, your mother-in-law comes to visit you for two weeks. They are the same lengths of time, but they seem different, relativitly."



Two friends were reminiscing. "Poor old Jonsey. He was ruined by untold wealth."

"Yeah," replied the other. "He should have told about it on his income tax report."



Probably the last word on falsehood was said by the speaker who was criticizing an opponent whose word he did not wholly believe. "That man is such a liar," he said, "that I would hesitate to believe the exact opposite of what he said was the truth."



In his history class at Baylor University, the professor was discussing the penalty for stealing a chicken before the Revolution. "For the first offense one would lose a hand," said the professor, "and for the second he would lose his other hand. And if he committed a third offense, he would lose his head."

Just then a hand popped up in the back of the room. "Professor," asked the student, "there's one thing that puzzles me. How could a person steal a chicken if he had no hands?"



Sometimes a man permits his good points to get dull.

Without risk, faith is an impossibility.

The trouble with some people is that they say what other people only think.

It doesn't depend on size. If it did a cow could outrun a rabbit.

There can be an era too, when you hear of a man who began life with a million dollars and ran it into a shoestring.

The man who claims he can understand women either is a psychologist or is in need of one.

Gloria Swanson says every man should have one suit that makes him look like the chairman of the board.

Next to being young and pretty the best bet is to be old and rich.

Woman to grocer—"Do you have any cheap substitutes for food?"

Conversation is an exercise of the mind, while gossip is only an exercise of the tongue.

Many a fellow now wishes he had saved money during the depression so he could afford to live through prosperity.

Politeness is better than logic. You can often persuade when you cannot convince.

All people smile in the same language.

Work is one of the fixed prices of achievement.

How history changes. Once upon a time we were too proud to fight. Now we're too proud to win.

These days singers not only show off their best arias but their best areas.

## The SAGE of SWING Says—



There was a time when a fool and his money were soon parted. Now it happens to everybody.

Intuition: A woman's ability to read between a man's lyings.

Public relations is the art of concealing the private motives of public bodies.

We build our ideals and they in turn build us.

One does evil enough by doing nothing good.

Never was it so easy to stick to a diet before. You just eat what you can afford and there it is.

Every man must do his own growing no matter who his grandfather was.

Best thing you can spend on your children isn't money—it's time.

A gentleman is a wolf with the lights on.

There is no breath of scandal without halitosis.

Every man seems to fall into two classifications. He's either old and bent or young and broke.

A man can't always tell when he is getting into trouble, but he can be pretty sure he is when he agrees to serve on a committee.

When an apple a day costs more than keeping the doctor away, brother, that's inflation.

Weak coffee has probably caused more divorces than strong drink.

There are mighty few people who think that they think they think.

We call loudly for a man of vision and when we get him we call him visionary.

New definition of the Big Dipper—uncle Sam.

Monumental liar: One who carves thatuff on tombstones.

An infant prodigy is a small child with ghly imaginative parents.

There are no dangerous weapons. There e just dangerous people. Who ever heard a weapon that stalked and killed?

An Old Timer is one who remembers hen a baby sitter was called "Mother."

A diplomat is a chap, who, when asked s favorite color, replied "plaid."

An American is the only chap in the orld who pays 50 cents to park a car hile he eats a 25 cent sandwich.

He who takes but never gives, may last r years, but never lives.

There is nothing noble in being superior somebody else. The true nobility comes being superior to what you once were.

There seems to be one easy way to live a ripe old age. Be somebody's rich uncle.

An evangelist announced that there were a total of 726 sins. He has been swamped with inquiries from people who think they are missing something.

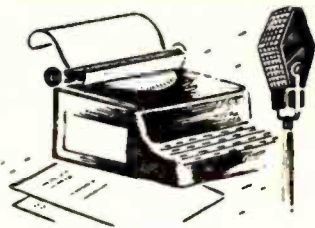
We must get rid of the fallacious idea that politics is no life for a lady or gentleman and put more ladies and gentlemen in it.

If you pat yourself on the back regularly, people will soon give you plenty of elbow room.

The advantage of a classical education is that it helps you to despise the wealth it prevents you from earning.

Income tax has made more liars out of the American people than golf or fishing have.





....this issue

## You're Swinging with—

**PENN B. HARDY**, a Washington, D. C. "cliff dweller" and former newspaper man, who wrote "Path of the Presidents" beginning on page 398.

**JOSEPH STOCKER**, of Phoenix, Arizona, is a regular contributor to the Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Coronet, Pageant, Nation's Business, Popular Science—and, of course, Swing. "You'd Better Start Babying Betsy" on page 403 is his current contribution.

**CHARLES HOGAN**, who wrote "Hogan on Dogs", page 409, is a Kansas Citian. He has worked for the North Kansas City News, the Journal-Post, and International News Service.

**FLOETTA WALKER**, whose interesting article on life in the Ozarks begins on page 412, is also from Kansas City—which is close enough to the Ozarks to qualify her for writing authoritatively of hillbilly customs and superstitions.

**JOHN J. KAROL** is the personable sales manager of CBS Radio, New York. His article, "The Rediscovery of Radio", page 419, is adapted from a speech delivered to the Indianapolis Advertising Club. Karol is no man to sell Radio short.

**ANN TEGTMEIER**, author of "The Farmer's Doin' Swell!" beginning on page 422, is a housewife writer now living in suburban Omaha. She has a farm background, having been born on one at Stith, Texas; and lived in and around Guymon, Oklahoma, until shortly before her marriage.

**ALAN W. FARRANT**, who wrote "Money for Your Child", page 426, is a trade journal writer who has spent much of his writing career doing non-fiction articles about children, whom he loves. Born in England, he came to the U. S. A. at the age of seven; and lives in South Pasadena.

**JOHN CROSBY**, whose Radio and Television critical reviews are a regular feature of Swing, was born in Milwaukee, graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy, and passed a couple of years in the freshman class at Yale before beginning what he considers his real education—newspaper work. His material is syndicated by the New York Herald-Tribune. Simon and Schuster have just published a 300-page book of his collected and selected columns, "Out of the Blue."

**JAMES L. HARTE**, who wrote "It All Goes Up In Smoke!", page 465, is a Pennsylvania-born former Washington Post newspaperman who gave it up to become a free-lance writer. He has appeared in

more than 300 various magazines (including America, Nation's Business, Readers' Digest); is a heavy contributor to pulp fiction magazines; and has published eight books.

**JOSEPH PAPARA**, author of "Danger Is Their Business", page 469, lives in Wausau, Wisconsin, is a member of the Wausau Record-Herald sports staff; married; and father of three children. A graduate of the University of Wisconsin, he served with the Army in World War II 42 months with ground forces, 25 of them in the South Pacific.

**LIEUTENANT HARRY E. RIESEBERG**, who wrote "City Beneath the Sea", page 472, is a veteran deep-sea master diver and world-record holder for depth in a diving robot. Universal-International Studios have just produced a million-dollar technicolor picture of "City Beneath The Sea", to be released in January, with Robert Ryan, Mala Powers and Susan Ball co-starring.

**ELEANOR M. MARSHALL**, author of "Furs for a Princess", page 475, lives in Hamden, Connecticut. She was a grade school teacher; became an accountant; plays piano; and has been writing for twenty-six years.

**FRANCIS DICKIE**, of "The Firs", Heriot Bay, B. C., wrote "Moon Path's End", page 479—a personal experience. He writes in English and French; has published six books; and hundreds of magazine articles in leading British, Canadian and American magazines.

**IRVING WALLACE**, author of "The Man Who Licked Carbon Monoxide", page 482, is from Mason City, Iowa. His articles have appeared in many leading American publications—one of his latest being "Who Is 'Madman' Muntz?" in last August's Liberty.

**M. JEANNE BAKER**, of Arlington, Virginia, dug up the material for "Saucers Are Old Stuff", page 487, at the Patent Office in Washington, D. C. She is administrative secretary for a firm of architects and builders; an accomplished pianist prominent in women's duckpin bowling circles; and plays poker like a man.

**B. L. BUSCH**, author of "Deep In the Deep South" page 491, is two people—Lorraine V. Buckman and Barbara Schindler, of Boulder, Colorado. The gals have combined their backgrounds in advertising and social work to take a fling at free-lance writing.

**OUR COVER GIRL** is Rosemary Bowe, photographed by Rene Williams for an advertisement of behalf of Rose Marie Reid "sculptured swimsuits" made in Los Angeles. This illustration appeared in national magazines—probably you saw it in Esquire. Engravings are by Conde Nast. Carson Robert Inc. is the advertising agency. Alicia Kay Smith is the company's advertising manager.

Swing will continue to print examples of American advertising art on its covers. Any suggestion to the editor from your firm's artwork?

All of us here at Radio Station WHB (and Swing hope yours is the merriest Christmas ever!—and that the New Year will hold nothing but good things for you!

*Alou Davis*

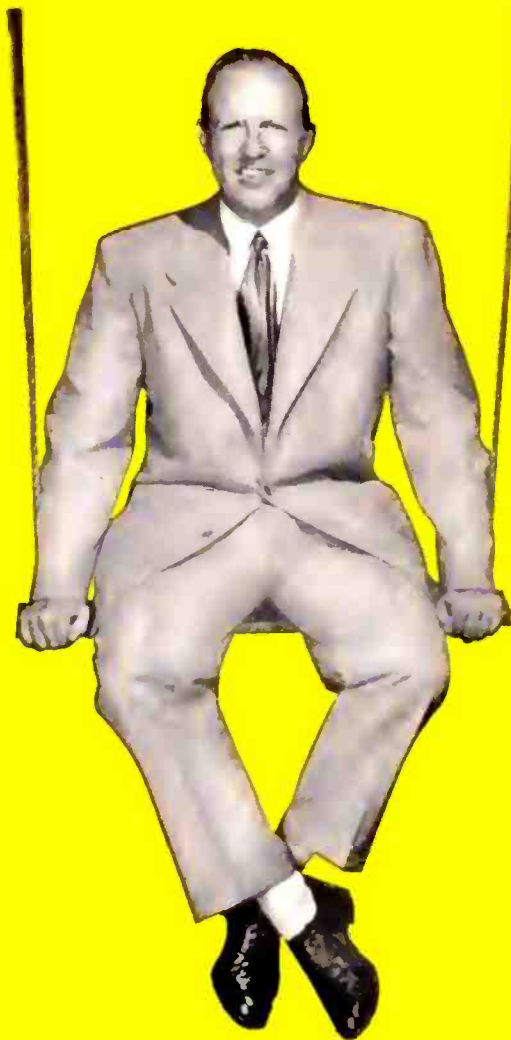


The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



## JUST RETURNED

from Phoenix, Arizona, where he covered the winter baseball meetings for WHB, Larry Ray, our ace play-by-play sportscaster, swings into his busy winter schedule with the pre-season basketball tournaments and the regular Big Seven Conference schedule. Forty-seven basketball games, play-by-play, between December and March! Two games a week, usually Monday and Saturday nights. And nightly, Monday through Friday, Larry presents his 6:15 p.m. Sports Round-Up, sponsored by Union Pacific and Broadway Motors (Ford). Alumni of Missouri U, Kansas State and Kansas University—thousands of them!—are tuned to WHB during basketball season, and for Larry's nightly sports report. A few availabilities are still open—so get off the bench *now* if you want to team up with Larry to sell your product or service during basketball season! Call your WHB service representative or see your John Blair man!



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**W H B**

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PRESIDENT

JOHN T. SCHILLING  
GENERAL MANAGER

Represented by  
**JOHN BLAIR & CO.**

MUTUAL NETWORK • 710 KILOCYCLES • 5,000 WATTS NIGHT

# Winter is Wonderful on WHB

## for Listeners

**BASKETBALL** Play-by-play by Larry Ray from the Pre-Season and Post-Season Tournaments, and from regularly scheduled Conference Games of the Big Seven. Two games weekly—47 games in all.

**MYSTERIES** Mutual's great Sunday afternoon line-up is now supplemented by a full-hour nightly, 7 to 8 p.m. Monday through Friday. If you like "who-done-its", be our guest!

**MUSIC** The famous WHB Musical Clock, Club 710, WHB Varieties, Sere-jade in the Night, Night Club of the Air—and our new noon-hour feature, "WHB Neighborin' Time" with Don Sullivan's Western Band.

**NEWS** Fifteen times daily, including commentaries by Fulton Lewis, Jr., Gabriel Heatter, Bill Henry, Titus Moody, Frank Edwards, Holland Engle, Sam Hayes, Cecil Brown, Fred VanDe-venter, Ed Pettit, Bill Cunningham, Les Nichols and Baukhage.

**SPORTS** Larry Ray nightly at 6:15 p.m. Roch Ulmer at 10 p.m. Dick Smith, 4:50 p.m.

## for Advertisers

INCREASED SALES  
FIVE-STATE COVERAGE  
LOWER RATES  
PER-THOUSAND LISTENERS

ON THE  
AIR  
**20**  
HOURS  
DAILY



# The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

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