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APRIL

1947

Swinging

COOK'S PAINTS

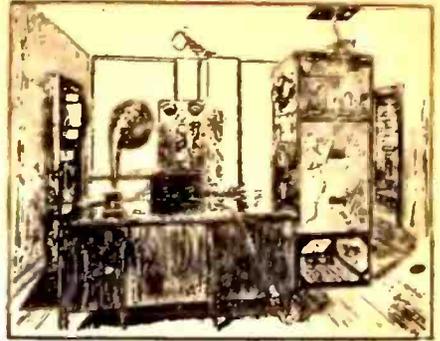




The most magnificent studio in America. Italian Renaissance style. Walls covered with velvet. Visitors welcome.

WHB

Finest and Best Equipped Radio Broadcasting Station In America



Western Electric Transmitting Set, Type AT, 500-watt. This set is one of the largest in the world.

PROGRAM

of the

Sweeney Automobile School

Tuesday Evening, Aug. 15, 1922
At 8 o'Clock

The Artists Appearing in Recital in Program Are:

- Mrs. Ralph W. Street..... Violinist
- Mrs. Wm. E. Lyons..... Soprano
- Mrs. Esther Darnall..... Contralto
- Mrs. George M. Rider..... Accompanist
- Mr. Roderic McQueeney..... Tenor
- Miss Mary McQueeney..... Pianist
- Daniel Whidner..... Cornet Soloist
- Paul Tremaine..... Saxophone Soloist
- George Parrish..... Cornet Soloist
- Hen Werner..... Trombone Soloist
- Nicholas Musolino..... Trombone Soloist
- Louis Forbstein..... Director Sweeney Orchestra
- J. Fred Jones..... Director Sweeney Band

Addresses by Mayor Frank Cromwell
James M. Kemper
E. J. Sweeney

1. "Barber & Bishop's Pattern" Eng Sweeney Band, J. Fred Jones, Director
2. "Salutatio" E. J. Sweeney, President Sweeney Automobile School
3. "Beretta" Delph Sweeney Band, J. Fred Jones, Director
4. "The Calm Before" Sweeney Band, J. Fred Jones, Director
5. "Seaside" J. Fred Jones, Director
6. "Carroll" J. Fred Jones, Director
7. "The Calm Before" Sweeney Band, J. Fred Jones, Director
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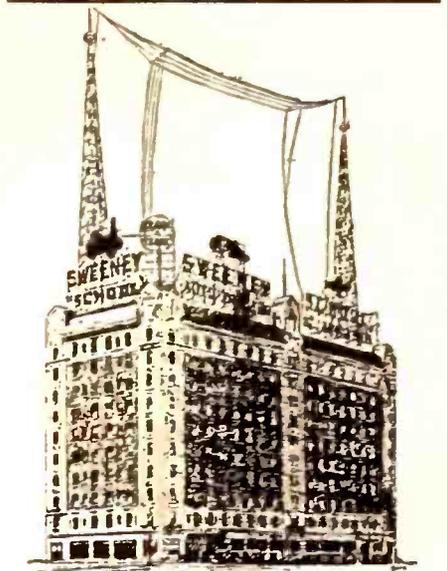
THE SWEENEY AUTOMOBILE, TRACTOR AND RADIO SCHOOLS take great pleasure in announcing the completion of the installation of a new 500-watt Western Electric Telephone transmitter. We will broadcast our first concert this evening at a 200-watt. To enable everyone to hear it, we have installed by permission of the Mayor and Park Board, a Sweeney Radiophone and a loud talker in each park in Kansas City so the public can hear the new station and have a direct view of what takes place and what they can hear by Radio each night.

The station we have installed here will be one of the most powerful in the United States. Our antenna which is 210 feet from the ground, is one of the tallest privately owned aerials in America. Our building, situated above a rock with no buildings around it, will give us greater efficiency with this high aerial.

Our set, which is a Western Electric 500-watt set, is equal to any set in the United States.

Our studio is the finest studio in America.

PRINCIPAL ADDRESSES
MAYOR FRANK CROMWELL
JAMES M. KEMPER



Home of W H B, The Million Dollar Sweeney Auto School, where 20,000 men have been trained as auto mechanics.

We have been using a temporary set for the last two months and have been doing very well with it, having reached sixteen states in the United States. We have reports from Toronto, Canada; Pennsylvania, Columbus, Georgia; Salt Lake City, Utah; Boulder, Colorado; Fort Worth, Texas, on the small set. We fully expect this new set to go from coast to coast.

It will make Kansas City known all over the United States, because each time we start out we announce, "W H B, Sweeney Automobile School, Kansas City, Missouri." It is our endeavor to make Kansas City the Radio educational center of the world—the same as we have done in the automobile business. Kansas City is known as the auto-educational center of the world and that is what we intend to do with Radio.

To give you the best concerts possible, so that we do not have to depend upon amateur orchestras or people seeking publicity, we have employed Mr. Louis Forbstein, formerly musical director of the Royal Theater, to head our orchestra. You will see enumerated on this page the other members of our orchestra. We will have the finest orchestra in America. These men are employed by us and paid straight salaries so that they can devote all of their time to practice, so that when we broadcast a concert you will have real music by the best artists obtainable—all professionals. When you hear artists from this studio, you will know they have been selected because they are the best. We have spent \$50,000 on this Broadcasting Station and expect to spend that much each year operating it to give you real Radio concerts, educational talks and public service.

We manufacture receiving sets and sell them here in our store at as cheap a price as possible. We want to see everyone have a set so they can profit by the entertainments and educational features given over the Radiophones.

We also would be glad to answer any letters and give you any advice free pertaining to your own set or the operation thereof. Remember, we are an educational institute of national prominence, having students from all over the world, and we want to be of service to you.

This demonstration tonight is given as an educational demonstration of what can be heard by radio. The receiving set could be installed in your home so that you can hear these concerts at a price as low as ten dollars, and I predict that in six months every home in Kansas City will have a set. There are concerts in Kansas City every night of the week. It is possible to sit in your home and receive concerts, educational features and entertainments from as many as fifteen different cities each night. Think of the value of the Radiophone! The farmer can pick up his receiver any half hour and get the cattle market or heard of trade market as sent out by the government through us. We are an official government station.

We broadcast the markets each morning at eight-thirty word one. We have music at the noon hour so the farmer can have music with his meals. At two-thirty in the afternoon, we have the ladies' hour. At seven o'clock we have a ladies' hour. Three nights a week—Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday—we have popular concerts and educational features.

Our object in doing this is, first, pure advertising. Second, to be of public service to you so that we can win your good will and that you will hear for every time you get the opportunity. Third, to try to repay in the great country and to our friends something of the good they have done us—the good words they have spoken of this institution, the friends they have sent here to school and the compliments they have paid us—and we appreciate the letters we receive from you as the only applause the artists get in talking over the Radiophones.

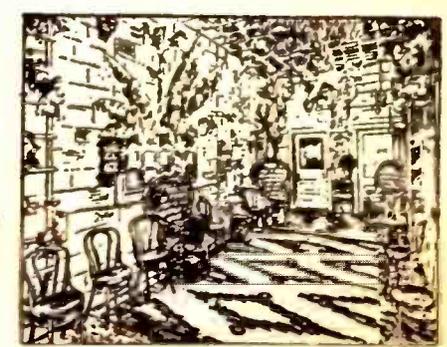
Sweeney Radio Phones and Loud Talkers Will Be Used Tonight in the Following Parks
Swope Park, Shelter House and Dance Pavilion Penn Valley Park 39th and Gillham
15th and Benton Budd Park Troost Park Union Station Plaza
Parade Holmes Square Observation Park Spring Valley Park
Mayor Cromwell's Address on Civic Pride Will Be the Feature of the Evening



The Sweeney Orchestra: Louis Forbstein, Director; Victor Paul Tremaine, Alto Saxophone; Hen Werner, Cornet; Nick Musolino, Trombone; George Parrish, Piano; Charles Wagner, Drums.

The Sweeney Radio Phone used in tonight's public demonstration can be bought at the Sweeney Radio Store, Union Station Plaza—also
RADIO PHONES, PARTS, SMALL SETS, ETC., AT
GIRTEN & BALES RADIO CO.
Distributors All Sweeney Radio Products for Missouri and Kansas,
2028 North Broadway.

LEARN A TRADE
Sweeney
SCHOOL OF AUTO-TRACTOR AVIATION
SWEENEY BLDG. KANSAS CITY, MO.



Reception Room of the Sweeney Radio Broadcasting Station.

This full-page advertisement in the Kansas City Star, August 15, 1922, heralded WHB as the finest and best equipped radio broadcasting station in America. The program—heard over "loud talkers" in the public parks—was given "as an educational demonstration of what can be heard by radio."

foreword for April . . .

You open a book and the print starts up like starlings out of the grass. You reach for a pencil and find you've a radish and four sprigs of wild verbena for a hand. When you put on your shoes, a wing gets in the way. In the streets crowded with noon you wander lonely and ecstatic, over the dissonance of traffic hearing the willow buds open. Bending your head into the wind, you curse the rain, and your words bounce off and fall into a puddle, splashing you with jewels and mud. Then the sun explodes and the words curl up like petals and blow away. The world is a glass ball tumbling in space with you inside pell-mell with rainbows and apple trees. Your soul takes off its long underwear and catches cold and you sneeze and the miracle happens—any old miracle—your own private miracle. And you're agog with a strange emotion. It has a specific name. They call it April.

April . . . and things are young again with a special bursting sort of youngness that seems it must go on forever. We know a radio station like that. It was born on an April twenty-five years ago, and its heart is a red kite on a high wind. Spring courses through the veins of it to defy stuffiness as belligerently as a schoolboy with mud on his knicker knees and a favorite taw clutched in his fist.

No private miracle, this. WHB belongs to the people it serves. That's why we've devoted the pages that follow to telling everyone about the station that is definitely April.

Jetta
Editor.

Swing

April, 1947 • Vol. 3 • No. 4

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Back Cover: Courtesy Union Pacific Railroad.

APRIL'S HEAVY DATES in KANSAS CITY

Art

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

Concerts: April 11, Walter Cook, pianist; April 27, Faith France, pianist; April 13, A Cappella Choir of University of Kansas City, directed by Wynn York.

Exhibitions: One-man shows by six California artists — Phil Dike, Richard Haines, Clarence Hinkle, Rico Lebrun, Dan Lutz, Jack Gage Stark.

Masterpiece of the Month: "Dancing Children by Antoine Lenoir (1588-1648).



Drama

(Music Hall)

Apr. 15-20, *Oklahoma!*

Music

(Music Hall)

Apr. 12, Barbershop Quartets (Matinee Apr. 13).
Apr. 21, Jessica Dragonette.

Special Events

Apr. 2, 3, 4, Easter pageant, "The Nazarene." Music Hall.

Apr. 6, Christian Science lecture. Music Hall.

Apr. 18, R.O.T.C. Military Circus. Municipal Auditorium.

Conventions

Apr. 9-10, Missouri Valley Wholesale Grocers Association, Hotel President.

Apr. 9-11, Missouri Baptist Women's Missionary Union, Auditorium.

Apr. 9-11, Missouri Optometric Association, Hotel Muehlebach.

Apr. 11-12, Missouri Laundry Owners Association.

Apr. 14-16, Child's Health Conference & Clinic, Auditorium.

Apr. 14-16, National Association of Broadcasters, Hotel Muehlebach.

Apr. 16-18, Missouri Valley Electric Association, Hotel Continental.

Apr. 17-19, Missouri Federation of Music Clubs, Hotel President.

Apr. 19, Delta Delta Delta Sorority.

Apr. 20-21, Midwest International Trade Institute, Hotel Muehlebach.

Apr. 20-22, Missouri Association of Municipal Utilities and Missouri Association of Municipal Suppliers, Hotel Continental.

Apr. 23-25, Midwest Hospital Association, Auditorium.

Apr. 26-29, Kansas City Shoe Show, Hotels Phillips, Aladdin, and Muehlebach.

Apr. 27-29, Missouri-Kansas Bakers Association, Hotel President.

Apr. 30, National Scale Men's Association, Hotel President.

Baseball

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

Apr. 16, 17, 18, St. Paul.

Apr. 19, 20, Minneapolis.

Apr. 26, 27, Milwaukee.

Bowling

Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost.
Clifford and Tessman, 2629 Troost.

Cocked Hat, 4451 Troost.
Country Club Bowl, 71st and McGee.

Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main.

Palace, 1232 Broadway.

Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.

Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.
Shepherd's, 520 W. 75th.

Dancing

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main)

Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances on Tuesday and Friday.

Apr. 15, Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra.

(La Fiesta Ballroom, 41st and Main)

Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday. "Oldtime" dance Wednesday nights. Saturday night "oldtime" dancing at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 The Paseo, under same management.



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Printed in U. S. A.

Dear Listener:

This is a very special month and a very special year for WHB. The station with Kansas City's oldest call letters is celebrating its twenty-fifth birthday.

As we complete this quarter-century of service, excuse us if we point with pride to the entertainers, writers, announcers, salesmen, technicians, and executives on our staff who have made this service possible; to the Cook Paint and Varnish Company who financed it; as well as to the many others who have been with us for various periods through the years, and have gone to larger opportunities in broadcasting.

A radio station is people in action. If they are interesting, so is the station. By implementing our experience and knowledge of showmanship with fresh personalities and new ideas, we have succeeded in making WHB Kansas City's dominant daytime station. We pledge a continuing endeavor to maintain that dominance.

Part of the purpose of this special issue is to acquaint you with a birthday present we received from the Federal Communications Commission. In a way, it is also a present to all of you who turn each day to WHB for news, educational features and entertainment of a high calibre.

We have been granted permission to increase our power, to operate on a better frequency, and to broadcast *full-time!* Facilities are now being installed as rapidly as possible. When they are completed, probably in June or July, you will find WHB at a new place on your dial—710. *And we won't go off the air at sunset!* We'll be with you night and day, bringing you Mutual network shows and bright, new programs which we will produce especially for the enjoyment of radio listeners in the Kansas City Marketland.

Thank you for your letters of congratulation. And remember WHB—5000 watts, *night and day*, at 710 on your dial!

Cordially,



PRESIDENT, WHB BROADCASTING COMPANY

WHAT I THINK ABOUT *Radio*

I live in a window sized world, forced to be in bed month after month. My radio is my life. With the turn of a dial I know the weather outside . . . the latest news. I hear great artists perform in music and drama. I dance mentally to the discs of popular records. I get free information and advice from doctors, scientists, industrialists, and travelers. I silently offer my prayer with the clergyman who brings the church into my room. I take sides on round table discussions . . . argue on political questions . . . continue my education in subjects I never would have pursued otherwise. I listen to the laughter and am amused at the jokes and antics on the comedy shows. I learn what to eat, and how to prepare it . . . what to buy and where to buy it. I clap hands with the thousands who cheer a winning team. I guess with the contestants on word and song programs. Mysteries needle my thoughts. When pain is almost overpowering, I fight harder as I listen to my radio . . . Yes, radio is my life!

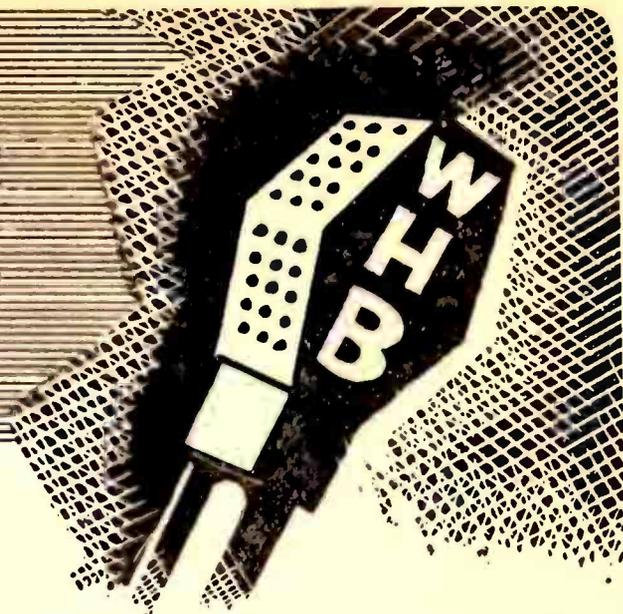
To WHB, the management and staff, I offer my sincere gratitude for your contribution to my health and to my happiness. Thank you!

Mrs. Anna Nafe

The letter reproduced above won its author a Motorola table model radio in a competition sponsored by the Association of Women Directors of the National Association of Broadcasters. It was judged the best submitted from the Kansas City district during National Radio Week.

Mrs. Ann Nafe is the former president of a national corporation, and was at one time international field executive for Beta Sigma Phi, business women's sorority. She suffered two heart attacks and was confined to her bed for nearly a year, during which period her doctor did not allow her to touch a typewriter—except for the purpose of writing her prize-winning letter. Mrs. Nafe is up again now, looking and feeling very well, still enjoying her radio.

Your Favorite Neighbor...



In its twenty-fifth year, the radio station with Kansas City's oldest call letters goes "full time" again . . . at 710 on your radio dial.

by VERNA DEAN FERRIL

WHEN WHB's two pioneers—John T. Schilling and Henry E. Goldenberg, together with Sam Adair—built the transmitter for the radio station with Kansas City's oldest call letters, they didn't know they were making history. Back in 1922, broadcasting was considered a hobby—an interesting "experiment"—but few people realized it would become the greatest means of communication known to mankind. And, as for owning a radio station, it was an expensive proposition with no financial return! Few people, if any, visualized the broadcasting and radio industry as it is today.

Early in 1922, when Mr. Emory J. Sweeney decided to put a radio station on the tenth floor of the Sweeney Automotive and Electrical School, he wasn't looking for a new enterprise. He merely wanted to use a new means of communication to promote good will for the Sweeney School by giving the people something "different." And radio was it!

The 250-watt composite transmitter was ready by April, 1922, and

WHB went on the air with J. T. Schilling as general manager and Henry E. Goldenberg as chief engineer—the same positions they hold today.

By August of the same year, a 500-watt Western Electric transmitter had replaced the earlier home-made one and WHB was the finest and best equipped radio station in America — and probably the most elaborate! Its acoustically treated, sound-proof studio was large enough to accommodate a fifty piece orchestra with room to spare. Furnished in Italian Renaissance style, the walls were covered with red velvet and the ceiling was gray. The reception room was equally elaborate, furnished with wicker furniture and Japanese lanterns hung from the ceiling!

Though WHB was built to serve as an advertising medium and goodwill ambassador for the Sweeney School, there were no radio "commercials" as we know them today. The first program that even approached radio commercialism didn't take place until 1923 and it was far

different from one of today's commercial shows.

Mr. Sweeney had a real estate tract called "Indian Village," located just outside the southern limits of Kansas City. WHB originated two programs daily by remote-control from the development. Nothing was mentioned about the lots to be sold or the prices asked, but the radio listeners were invited to come out to see and hear a broadcast. Thousands came each night, as well as several hundred each afternoon, and from that point, the salesmen did the rest! Within a year's time, nearly three-fourths of the lots were sold. This turned out to be one of the earliest known uses of broadcasting for commercial purposes.

A distinctive note on all broadcasts from the Sweeney School was the use of siren at the opening and close of all broadcasting schedules. Its shrill noise became a familiar signal all over the United States.



People who couldn't hear the station call letters because of adverse weather conditions could distinguish the sound of the siren and knew they were listening to WHB.

In 1922, every state in the United States, Canada, Mexico, many points in South America, Hawaiian Islands, Samoa and faroff New Zealand had reported hearing the station.

An amusing incident in connection with the siren occurred in 1926. An ardent WHB listener in one of the downtown hotels had his radio turned on so loud that when the WHB siren was heard, the other occupants of the hotel thought there was a fire. There was quite a bit of confusion before they found out differently.

From the very first, diversity of programs was one of the big features of the Sweeney School radiocasting station. They covered the demand for information, instruction, and entertainment.

The morning hours of the broadcast day were devoted to market news. Livestock, butter, egg, fruit and vegetable market quotations came directly over private wire from the Bureau of Agricultural Economics in the Live Stock Exchange Building. News about weather, roads and precipitation came from the United States Weather Bureau, financial information from the Commerce Trust Company and time signals from Postal Telegraph.

But though these services appealed to many, Mr. Sweeney was the first broadcasting pioneer to realize the necessity of outstanding entertainment programs to build up a radio audience. In August of 1922, he employed an eight-piece staff orchestra under the direction of Louis Forbstein. The orchestra made its initial appearance on August 15. So that

everyone could hear the broadcast, a Sweeney radiophone and loudspeaker was installed in each park in Kansas City. This first concert was described as "an educational demonstration of what can be heard on the radio." During the next three or four years, the orchestra was featured on two or three shows daily.

One of WHB's first musical programs was the *Ladies' Hour*, heard each afternoon at 2:30. It featured both popular and classical music and was announced by WHB's head announcer and general manager, John T. Schilling.

Three nights a week on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, WHB presented either a popular concert or an educational program. In the earliest days, stations seldom broadcast more than four or five hours out of the day. These were intermittent broadcasts, ranging in length from five-minute market reports to full hour shows, consisting of music for the most part. Continuous broadcasting such as we now have was simply unknown.

Today, Sundays and holidays call for a concentration of the best available talent; but in the early days, they were an occasion to knock off for the day. Saturday night was always silent.

When President Warren G. Harding died in 1923, WHB remained silent the entire day of August 10th in respect to his memory. This is quite a contrast to the radio coverage of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's death in April of 1945. President Roosevelt died on Thursday afternoon, April 12th, and for the follow-

ing three days, all commercial shows were cancelled. Every detail from the time of his death in Warm Springs, Georgia, to his burial at



Hyde Park, New York, was relayed via the airwaves. Appropriate music, interviews with prominent persons, biographical sketches and news bulletins replaced the regular shows. Even the funeral ceremonies at the White House were broadcast.

Thinking of the battles over frequencies which mark present-day broadcasting, it's interesting to note that WHB originally had two frequencies, or rather, as designated their two wave-lengths. The market reports were broadcast on 485 meters, music and entertainment features on 360 meters. Since this first assignment, WHB has operated on no fewer than ten frequencies over a period of twenty-five years. The station once operated on 710 kilocycles for about three weeks — then was moved because of interference with other stations. This is interesting to note in view of the fact that WHB has been assigned the 710 frequency for full-time operation as soon as its new transmitter, now under con-

struction, is ready. Modern technical developments in "directional" transmission make possible duplicate use of the 710 frequency by stations in such widely spaced locations as New York, Kansas City, and Seattle.

IN 1923, WHB gained nation-wide comment with America's first all-night broadcast. The station was on the air for twelve hours and twenty minutes, and the program included music by Ted Lewis and his orchestra.

Newspapers and magazines heralded the achievement. Some even weakly prophesied that someday broadcasting stations might stay on the air indefinitely!

WHB broadcast its second all-night program in 1924 in celebration of its second anniversary. The program started at 7:00 p.m. on Sunday, March 23rd, and lasted till 8:35 the following morning, at that time the longest period of continuous broadcasting ever undertaken by any station—more than 13 hours!

Over 500 persons took part in the program which was heard in most parts of the world. It consisted of every possible type of entertainment; educational and humorous talks, religious songs, church services, instrumental music, popular songs, and jazz.

The program involved the use of 10 different points of broadcast origination—10 remote-control points, which was quite an accomplishment at that time. Today, WHB naturally has many remote amplifiers; but in 1923, the station equipment boasted only one. This meant that Goldie, the chief engineer, had to dash through the night from one point to another

carrying his microphone and amplifier with him!

In broadcasting's earlier years, stations had what they called "stunt nights." An original stunt was for WHB to pick up out-of-town stations on a good receiver and rebroadcast the program from the WHB transmitter, thus enabling crystal-set listeners to hear distant stations. In those days, comparatively few listeners had "tube" receivers which could pick up distant stations.

There were few regulations to hinder the stations; and, in the early years, radio was just lots of fun for everybody concerned. The fact that there was no way to pay for its keep didn't seem to bother its backers, nor performers. Then, after the novelty of broadcasting wore off, the station employees and entertainers insisted on being paid for their talents . . . and commercialism in radio became necessary.

WHB approached its third year of broadcasting, and already Mr. Sweeney had spent \$100,000 developing the station. He had paid the staff orchestra thousands from his own pocket, and he began to realize a definite, dependable system of financing was necessary.

George Hamilton Stone, general manager of the Sweeney School and director of WHB, devised a finance plan that was as ingenious then as it seems fantastic now. It was a subscription plan known as the "Invisible Theatre."

Tickets were issued and sold voluntarily to the radio listeners. The tickets ranged in price from \$1.00 for gallery seats to \$10.00 for box

seats. Each ticket showed the section, row, and seat number in the "Invisible Theatre" to which the buyer was theoretically entitled. The purchase of any seat entitled the subscriber to receive a weekly program scheduled by mail during the first year, and a copy of *The Microphone*, official monthly paper of the "Invisible Theatre." The money thus contributed was used for obtaining singers, musi-



cians, and public speakers.

As Mr. Stone pointed out, spectators expect to pay for seats in the theatre, so why shouldn't listeners pay for entertainment over the air? By their requests, they dictate what shall be given on the programs; so, by rights, they should pay part of the bills.

Returns to the "Invisible Theatre" were surprisingly good, but such a plan would hardly foot the bill for modern radio. It is fortunate that advertising came along to sign on the dotted line, for without it, not even the most advanced technical equipment could have kept the American public entertained and the American

system of commercial radio alive.

One of the first big radio meetings in the country took place in Kansas City in 1925. It was the idea of Leo J. Fitzpatrick, then manager of WDAF. He invited thousands to participate in Kansas City's "Radio and Electrical Show" held at Convention Hall during the week of March 2nd. A special plate-glass studio was set up in Convention Hall, and these "Crystal Studio" broadcasts, as they were called, gained national fame.

Over 100,000 people went to see and hear such famous radio personalities of the day as Harold Hough, the Hired Hand from WBAP, Fort Worth; Bill Hay of KFKX, Hastings, Nebraska; George Hay, the "Solemn Old Judge" of WLS, Chicago; Lambdin Kay of WSB, Atlanta ("Covers Dixie Like the Dew"); Gene Rouse, WOAW, Omaha; Fitzpatrick himself; and John Schilling, WHB's "golden-voiced" announcer.

Radio history was made on April 30, 1925, when Kansas City was the source of a program which connected the Pacific Northwest and the Middle West for the first time. The main portion of the program, which was in celebration of the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Long-Bell Lumber Company, was given over WHB from the home of M. B. Nelson in Kansas City. The program was fed to WFAA, Dallas, Texas; KGO, Oakland, California; and KGW, Portland, Oregon. During the program, circuits were reversed and Portland served as the origination point. This was probably the first instance in American radio where broadcasting circuits were reversed

for transmission in the opposite direction.

The years 1925 to 1929 saw WHB become known as the place "where headliners begin." Its reputation for being a training ground for radio talent was well founded as the station launched entertainer after entertainer.

And then, when the Sweeney fortunes ran into difficulty, WHB's pioneer air rights and full time license were revoked. For two months, WHB was off the air while its leaders fought to keep its license. In January, 1930, the studios moved to two small rooms in the Baltimore Hotel.

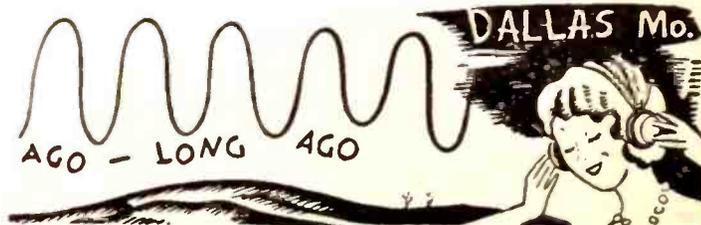
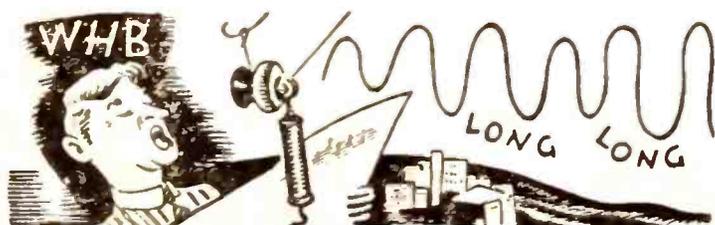
It was at this time that Charles R. Cook, president of the Cook Paint and Varnish Company, decided to buy WHB and make it a Cook subsidiary corporation. Cook particularly liked to hear one of the Cook Painter Boys, burly John Wahlstedt, who had picked up the title of the "Cook Tenor" back in 1929 when the Cook Painter Boys broadcast from WDAF in a weekly program.

Equipment of a more recent design and greater power was purchased. A 1,000-watt crystal controlled transmitter was installed, although the station was allowed to operate on 500-watts only. Located just one-half mile south of the Cook factory in North Kansas City, the new transmitter was on the air within one month's time. The towers were

mounted on specially designed bases in order to be completely insulated from the ground, assuring the station would be heard in all directions at the same volume. At the same time, the new owner applied to the Federal Communications Commission for permission to use 1,000-watts power.

THE entertainment and service features were also expanded and improved. In the summer of 1930, a new program idea was developed. Listeners, it was reasoned, might go for a show that was informal and unplanned, a general get-together of artists for entertainment purposes only. Norvell Slater and Les Jarvies, announcers, went to work on the idea, and the result was the WHB *Staff Frolic*. The first *Staff Frolic* was announced by Norvell Slater, who continued to emcee the show for a long while. Slater saw many young artists make their airwave debuts on the program, and go on to national prominence.

Later, there were the Ben Bernie *Staff Frolics*, presided over by the Old Maestro himself. Then the *Frolics* conducted by Dr. Pratt, and a stormy session during which Al Pearce and his gang took over the reins. Guest stars by the dozens joined WHB artists on the program, and WHB's own large talent staff provided ample variety! The *Staff Frolic* was a program that didn't go through long ses-



sion of rehearsals. Informality was the theme!

It was just as much fun for the artists as for the listeners—and judging by the fan mail, the listeners loved it! When discontinued some years ago, it had broadcast more than 4000 consecutive daily programs.

As the station grew, it became an important part of the Cook organization. The paint company sponsored two programs daily, and the hundreds of letters received each week attested the popularity of the shows. In those days, a quarter-hour transcribed program consisted of three five-minute discs, instead of one fifteen-minute platter as at present.

Several of the regularly-broadcast programs were not only entertaining, but informative and educational as well. These vied in popularity with the strictly entertainment features.

But about a year and a half after the Cook Paint and Varnish Company bought the station, its owners began to realize that programs needed to be improved further, and that a few “commercial sponsors” other than Cook’s might be helpful in paying the bills!

If you had been in Kansas City on May 4, 1931, you might have observed a young and smiling agency account executive emerging from the University Club after luncheon with Charles R. Cook and John F. Cash, of the Cook Paint and Varnish Co. Don Davis had just been made president of the WHB Broadcasting Co.

As a partner in Loomis, Baxter, Davis & Whalen Inc., Davis handled the Cook Paint and Varnish Co. account. Cook’s wanted an advertising

man to run WHB—and Davis was selected because since 1927 he had been experimenting with radio advertising.



His agency had *The Cook Painter Boys* on WDAF, with John Wahlstedt (still a WHB staff member) as “The Cook Tenor.” Davis was writing European travelogues for The

Travel Guild of Chicago, broadcast by Bill Hay on WMAQ when that station had its studios in Chicago’s LaSalle Hotel. For Loose-Wiles candy bars, Davis had recorded in Hollywood one of the earliest transcription campaigns, with dance music by Earl Burtnett’s Orchestra and songs by the Burtnett Trio and Jess Kirkpatrick. And, for Bird’s Drugs of Kansas City, Davis had an act on KMBC known as *The Easy Aces*.

“I thought I knew all the answers then,” says Davis, “but in 1947, sixteen years later, I’m not so sure. At least, however, I’ve assembled a long list of things that I know *won’t work*—and that’s a help when it comes to eliminating ideas that are unfit.”

Meanwhile, the WHB staff grew from 12 to 50, and through the years it developed a group of artists and writers now nationally known; Louise Wilcher, CBS organist in New York; Jimmy Atkins, of the Fred Waring show; the “Three Little Words,” with Phil Spitalny; Jess Kirkpatrick of WGN; Count Basie, whose *Harlem Harmonies* were a WHB feature for two years; Harl Smith’s Sun Valley

Lodge orchestra; and the late W. G. Moore, Royal Air Force flier in World War I and a U. S. Army Air Force captain, who wrote *The Air Adventures of Jimmie Allen* and *Howie Wing*. Davis was Moore's personal manager.

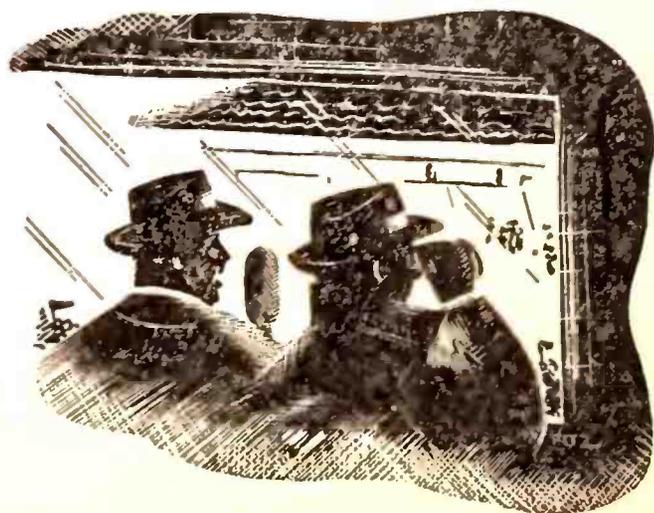
As an advertising man, Davis has always been interested in show business—from his boyhood days in Downs, Kansas, where he was born Nov. 29, 1896, and where he used to letter signs for the local "picture show" and play trap drums in the theatre pit. Those were the days of silent movies, when a pianist and a drummer provided "mood music." At Kansas University he took his A.B. in journalism, was editor of the *Daily Kansan*, publisher of the *Sour Owl* humor magazine and business manager of the senior annual, *The 1918 Jayhawker*. As business manager of the University "Soph Hop" in 1916, he produced an elaborate floor show when "floor" shows were something quite new and novel. And as an earnest civic worker in Kansas City today, he still leaps into action on community events with a theatrical angle, such as the President's Birthday Ball and the American Royal Coronation Ball.

Davis' hobbies are music, dancing, the drama, travel, reading, drumming, and aviation. He is a member of the Mayor's Aviation Advisory Board, a trustee of the Kansas City Philharmonic, a director of the Kansas City Safety Council. He belongs to Mission Hills Country Club, the Kansas City Club, the Mercury Club, the Conquistadores del Cielo of New Mexico, the Radio Executives Club

of New York, the Chicago Radio Management Club, the Tavern Club, the Chicago Athletic Club, and the Wine & Food Society of Chicago and of Kansas City. He is a Phi Gamma Delta, Sigma Delta Chi, and a Phi Beta Kappa. He loves travel and knows his way pretty thoroughly around the United States, Canada, Mexico, Bermuda, Cuba, and Europe. He has written two books, *Manual of College Annual Management* and *Collegians Abroad*.

Though Don Davis is best known as WHB's rambling representative, he is still responsible, along with station manager John T. Schilling, for the ingenious programming schedule of Station WHB.

Davis added feature after feature to the station's schedule. In the summer of 1931, the *Musical Clock* was launched. In February, '32, "The Weatherman in Person" broadcasts were begun, the first such service of its kind on the air. The Northside Municipal Court broadcasts were begun in the same year, a program later imitated in some 26 cities. The "Cook Tenor" moved from WDAF to WHB in June of '32.



And in the summer of 1932, WHB moved into its Penthouse Studios on the twelfth floor of the Scarritt Building. By April, 1934, WHB had copped the second place *Variety* showmanship award, and by October of the same year, it had moved into first place.

In 1935, its application for 1,000-watts was approved and WHB doubled its power. In 1936, WHB received the *Variety* Showmanship Award for the best part-time station in the country.

The station was one of the first to adopt a "clean programming" policy, voluntary censorship of products and services advertised. It further provided that there would be good taste in all radio programs; honest, truthful advertising with no false or unwarranted claims; and brief and skillful commercial announcements.

When the Mutual network expanded from coast to coast in December of 1936, WHB became its Kansas City outlet, bringing new program thrills to its many listeners.

And then—in 1937—WHB dusted off its fifteenth milestone and its executives went all out with promotion for the station. Its fifteenth anniversary celebration was the biggest publicity campaign ever attempted by any single station.

Downtown streets and stores were decorated with flags, bunting, and streamers. There were balloon ascensions daily, with prizes attached! The public was informed about the anniversary with daily full-page or double-page ads in the *Kansas City Journal-Post*. Advertisers received direct mail promotion.

Throughout the week, there were special broadcasts and stunts, aired over WHB. The Mutual network saluted WHB on a schedule of sustaining shows. Between each program, there was a brief spot announcement, reminding listeners, "This is WHB, a fifteen-year-old friend of yours."

John T. Schilling left his general manager's desk, stepped back into the role of announcer and interviewed WHB's founder, Mr. Emory J. Sweeney.

Everyone was talking about the week of events; but the climax of the celebration took place on Saturday, June 5th, in the Municipal Auditorium. It was a grand birthday ball with fifteen thousand people jammed into the auditorium, and many others turned away. A 44-piece orchestra directed by Sol Bobrov furnished music for the dancers; and a full stage production provided entertainment for everyone. Mutual carried a half-hour show from the auditorium, the first coast-to-coast broadcast to originate from there.

Yes, WHB was proud of its fifteen years of achievement! It was proud of its innumerable "firsts" in the broadcasting field . . . proud that it had overcome obstacles to become Kansas City's dominant daytime station . . . and proud of its personnel and its interesting program schedule.

In 1937, it inaugurated the Christmas Cupboard Party. In 1938, it helped fight infantile paralysis with a celebration of the President's birthday, producing a musical extravaganza entitled *Strike Up the Band*, starring Ray Perkins. In that

same year, it started its *Vine Street Varieties*, an all-Negro radio hour, broadcast each Saturday from the Lincoln Theatre. It featured the best Negro bands and all-colored talent: singers, dancers and musicians.

But this was only the beginning! **S**OMETHING new in the way of equipment was added in 1939, when the "Magic Carpet" was built, a 100-watt mobile short-wave relay transmitter. In June of the same year, WHB established its own News-bureau. Previous to this, newscasts had been given from the *Journal-Post*.

In 1940, over the muffled drumbeats of approaching war, the air-planes were crowded with the voices of F. D. R., Wendell Willkie, Secretary Hull, Thomas Dewey, and a man who was waging a hot fight in the primary for nomination for the Senate—Harry Truman. The Kansas State Network was organized, with WHB as key station, and outlets in Emporia, Great Bend, Salina, and Wichita. On November 4, the first broadcast of *Martha Logan's Kitchen*, with Swift and Company as sponsor, took place. This program has been on the air continuously since its origination.

A new Western Electric "Doherty" high fidelity transmitter was installed in 1941, and the station became a subscriber to the Associated Music Library, one of the world's great sources of transcribed music. As a stunt for the annual "Clean Up, Paint Up, Fix Up" Week, WHB broadcast a "world's record house painting" by 114 painters who completely painted the outside of a 55-

year old, two story house in three minutes, eighteen seconds.

On December 8th, one day after Pearl Harbor, WHB proclaimed: "From this day forward . . . until victory is won . . . WHB can best serve the public interest, convenience, and necessity by doing everything within our power to help win the war. We should do this not by the dedication of mere radio facilities to the war effort, but by devoting our hearts, our minds, and our especial skills as radio showmen to the war needs of our community and our nation. Specifically, it is our job to integrate a vital means of mass communication with the many-sided problem of winning the war."

Tense months followed, with visitors refused admittance to studios, guards on constant duty at the transmitter, voluntary censorship, discontinuance of weather report broadcasts and man-on-the-streets interviews. There were enlistment campaigns for the armed services, civilian defense and rationing to be explained, people urged to save fats and waste paper . . . to buy savings bonds and stamps. The *Kiddies Revue* became



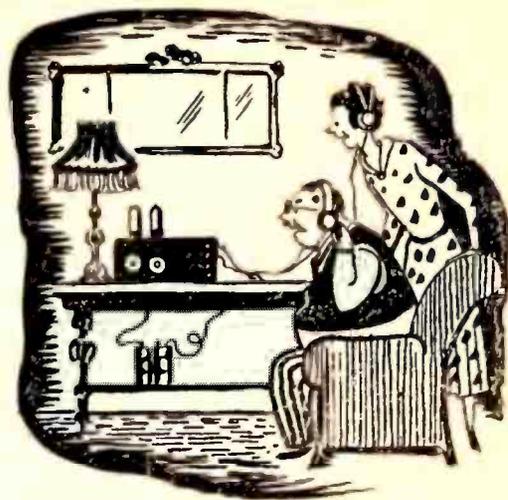
a war bond show, and the *Staff Frolic*—with orchestra, singers, and interviews—was staged daily at the Kansas City Canteen. In the Jones Store Victory Window, WHB helped sell more than a million dollars' worth of bonds. Then, on November 8, the invasion of Africa began!

The frenzied tempo of a nation in its second year of war was reflected in the constant stream of broadcasts for morale building, gas rationing, conservation of tin cans and rags, support for the USO, war industry training, squelching of rumors, labor recruiting, victory gardens, housing information, price control, air raid blackouts . . . a hectic year indeed! Typical of the whole year's service was the eighteen solid hours of war bond selling which was a one-day service by WHB on April 12th, 1943. September saw the introduction of the station's promotion campaign "The Swing Is To WHB In Kansas City."

War Loan drives came fast in 1944, the fourth in January, the fifth in June, the sixth in November. For each of them, WHB staged mammoth publicity campaigns. In the fifth loan campaign, the Magic Carpet was lashed to a Darby LCT, and rode down the ways with the ship. Other war effort broadcasts included the Red Cross fund-raising campaign, and a weekly series called *Front and Center*, originated to the Kansas State Network to emphasize the most urgent needs of the war effort.

For the Citizens' Manpower Committee, a campaign sought applicants for jobs in Kansas City war plants. To stimulate blood donor recruiting

at the Red Cross, WHB announced every hour on the hour the number of donors still needed to fill that



day's quota—and made the quotas every day! In October, the Firepower Caravan was broadcast to recruit ordnance plant workers, and the annual War Chest Drive was a special events feature.

To help servicemen's recreational funds, the station broadcast an all-star golf game from Hillcrest for the benefit of the "All Pacific Fund."

In addition to D-Day on June 6, and the tremendous job done by radio in war reporting, 1944 is remembered for the death of Raymond Clapper, after which WHB originated Roy Roberts of *The Kansas City Star* to Mutual, in a "tribute" program. This year, too, the WHB "Swing" campaign gained momentum, with ads in the trade press and a monthly blotter mailing to advertisers and their agencies.

For the Cook Paint and Varnish Company, Jack Wilcher, WHB alumnus, produced in New York and Hollywood an outstanding series of minute transcriptions. It was a busy year!

V-E Day in May and V-J Day in August of 1945 were occasions for world-wide celebration, and radio never performed a better coverage job! In Kansas City, the death of President Roosevelt on April 12 was an event of double significance because of the elevation of Truman to the Presidency. The following day, WHB originated to Mutual a special Truman home-town program, interviewing his old neighbors, associates, and friends.

Parades and celebrations for war heroes brought such men as General George C. Marshall, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, General Jonathan M. Wainwright, Lt. General Ennis C. Whitehead, and others before the WHB Microphone.

In community service, WHB broadcast for the Seventh War Loan from the B'nai B'rith Bond Booth, chalking up a total of over ten million dollars in bond sales. WHB's John Schilling staged the annual show for the Infantile Paralysis Campaign. Don Davis, "The Sage of Swing," was the subject of an article in *Tide*—indicating the continuing progress of the "Swing" campaign . . . and *Swing* magazine was born.

The year 1946 saw the innovation of several new programs, including one for youngsters, *It Pays To Be Smart*; and, for adults, *Our Town Forum*. As a service to civic groups, a special noon newscast was originated and sent by direct wire to luncheon clubs meeting at local hotels. WHB originated the *Queen For a Day* program from Kansas City, and chartered buses in eight Missouri and Kansas towns to bring in out-of-town

visitors. Fifteen thousand people, the capacity attendance record for the Municipal Auditorium, packed the arena on each of the two days the show played there.

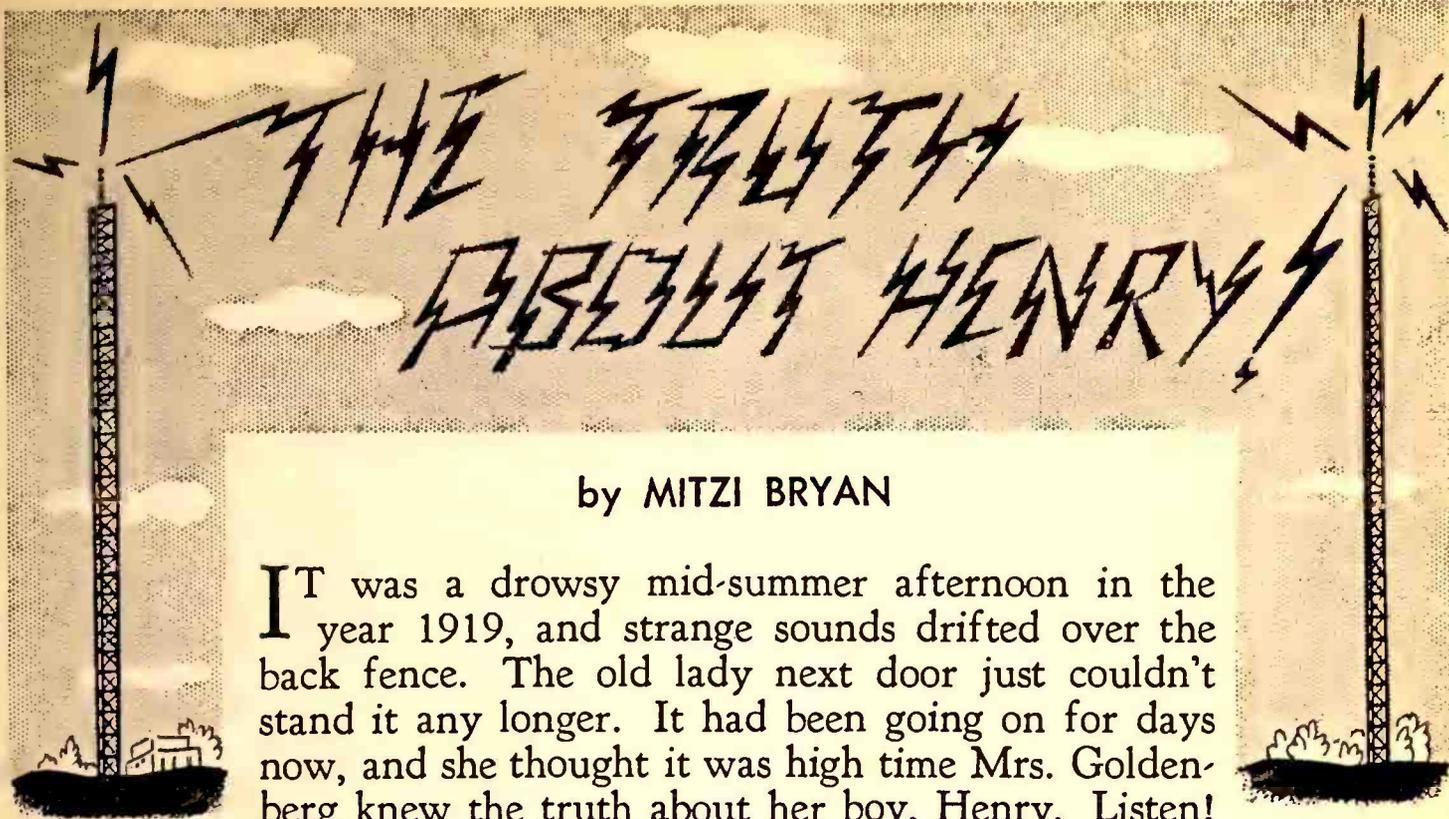
THOUGH WHB generally features news and music, it has a method of "block programming" which allows one period to feed into the other, catering directly to a particular type of listener.

In the morning, the station aims at the farmer, the city worker, and the housewife. Typical features are livestock estimates at 6:35; the *Musical Clock* from 7:15 to 9:00, with the day's market report at 8:10 a.m. on fruits and vegetables available, the Weatherman broadcasts, two shopping programs featuring items from Petticoat Lane and the Country Club Plaza, and the home economics show from Swift and Company's test kitchen.

WHB carries "block programming" further than most other stations by carefully choosing music, announcements, and other special ingredients to satisfy specific moods. The station features music for the major part of the afternoon, appealing to the kiddies with children's programs in the last hour.

And now, on its twenty-fifth anniversary, Kansas City's dominant daytime station is about ready to begin full-time operation! (Night and day, 5,000 watts, on 710 kilocycles, if you please!)

Back in 1922, WHB may have been considered just another "hobby." But today, in 1947, it's the Kansas City Marketland's favorite neighbor!



by MITZI BRYAN

IT was a drowsy mid-summer afternoon in the year 1919, and strange sounds drifted over the back fence. The old lady next door just couldn't stand it any longer. It had been going on for days now, and she thought it was high time Mrs. Goldenberg knew the truth about her boy, Henry. Listen!

Yes, there it was again, those sputtering, shrill signals in code and the Goldenberg boy talking to himself down in the basement.

"Calling 4 H X in Florida . . . Calling 4 H X . . . This is station 9 A Q R, calling 4 H X . . . 9 A Q R . . ." Finally the next door neighbor approached Henry's mother.

"I just thought you ought to know, Mrs. Goldenberg," she said resolutely, "that your son has been acting very strangely! Yes, the poor boy talks to himself all the time." The old woman shook her head sadly. "It's a bad sign."

So then Mrs. Goldenberg had to explain to her solicitous neighbor that Henry was just another amateur radio broadcaster. After the Armistice with Germany, government agents had removed war-time restrictions from amateur radio broadcasting.

That was back in 1919. Today, after twenty-five years of radio, Henry E. Goldenberg, chief engineer at WHB, still counts himself an enthusiast among the more than 55,000

amateur radio operators in the United States! Henry received his government license back in the days when he was sitting across the aisle from Sally Rand in algebra class at Central High.

Goldenberg, or "Goldie" as he is known to his friends, was one of the three founders of WHB in 1922, just two years after the first radio station was born in a Pittsburgh garage. During WHB's infancy as a struggling 250-watt station, Henry Goldenberg, John Schilling and Sam Adair were the only members of the WHB staff. The versatile Goldie was jack of all trades, including such heterogeneous tasks as announcer, continuity writer, engineer, steeple-jack, receptionist, salesman, and janitor!

Often during an eighteen hour work period in the early days, WHB would actually be on the air for only six hours. In the intervening period, the boys would be out peddling advertising to skeptical customers. A spot announcement on the radio sold anywhere from 25c to \$5. Some of

the doubtful clients were downright cold in their vehement refusals to try radio advertising. The truth was that many of their wives thought crystal sets were infernal contraptions, and didn't even want them in the house!

In 1923, Goldenberg went off to the University of Illinois to major in electrical engineering. It was at this time that Red Grange, a sophomore when Goldenberg was a freshman, propelled the team toward national prominence. But Goldie preferred the wrestling team. When he wasn't on the mat, you could naturally find him helping to edit the engineering journal, *The Technograph*.

But during these college days, Goldie's heart remained true to his first alma mater . . . WHB in Kansas City. He found the college communication set-up somewhat tame after his practical experience with a commercial radio station.

In 1927, Goldie returned to the staff of WHB. There followed the dark era of depression when credit hit a new low. After the Sweeney interests no longer controlled the station, there was a rudderless period of hardship. But Schilling and Goldenberg stubbornly refused to relinquish their radio license. WHB carried on until 1930, when the Cook Paint and Varnish Company took over. A clear picture of these lean, struggling days remains before the two, and you have to excuse their cynical smiles now and then when they hear an ebullient newcomer speak glowingly of "The Golden Age of Radio Inception!"

"But," adds Goldenberg, with a twinkle in his eye, "since the time when a pair of shock-proof ears and a crystal set was standard equipment

for every radio fan, no single development can be given credit for bringing radio up from its early technical crudity to its present advanced state. Rather a combination of developments has been responsible." Radio transmission remains pretty much the same basic process it was in the 1920's. But WHB's first transmitter occupied a room of only 20 x 20 feet, and today the transmitter tract covers 80 acres near Liberty, Missouri.



The early, commercially built transmitter cost \$18,000. Although the modern transmitter doubles that figure with a price of \$36,000, nevertheless the proportional cost is noticeably lower, since the modern transmitter has 20 times the power of the old model. Tubes for radio transmitters used to be considered sky-high at \$85, and now the cost ranges anywhere from \$500 to \$1000. Reliability is the major asset of the modern radio tube, which lasts at least 1000 hours. Microphones have greatly improved, and the newest mikes are as far removed from the early models as the hoarse croak of a bull frog from a nightingale's silver notes!

Early broadcasts were often interrupted for hours, while necessary repairs were made. Old-time transmitters were a mass of formidable wiring with a deadly exposure of high voltage. Goldenberg's reminiscences include the preacher who was droning his Sunday night sermon over the air, when an electric storm arose. A

bolt of lightning twisted in among the controls like a fiery snake, and the frightened parson watched the Fourth of July sparks through the studio window. When informed there would be a slight delay before his broadcast would be resumed, he replied, "Gentlemen, the text is covered, and as far as I am concerned, my sermon's over!" Thereupon, the frightened divine took a hurried departure, leaving the engineers wick-edly rejoicing. The parson's rain of fire and brimstone had fallen too close for comfort!

In the decades to follow, Goldenberg was to be a first-hand witness to a surprising number of radio innovations at WHB. Although he is one of WHB's younger executives, he can remember when a fire siren was used as a signal to sign the station on and off the air. This electric siren was mysteriously purloined when WHB moved from the Sweeney Building to the Baltimore Hotel in 1930.



Just what are the duties of the chief engineer? The list is long enough to sound nerve-wracking, but the brown-eyed, imperturbable Goldenberg has a reputation for getting riled only once every five years! He's on

the job all the time, in charge of the purchase, installation, operation, maintenance, and repair of all technical equipment. Goldenberg has to meet emergencies as they crop up, and so has developed a "trigger-mind."

In the old days, Goldenberg gained the reputation of an outdoor man. He used to climb the 300-foot radio antenna towers on the Sweeney Building to install warning obstruction lights. But today, the agile Goldie is content to merely measure the new radio towers as they lie horizontal on the ground of the new transmitting station.

Every once in a while, Goldenberg thinks wistfully of the good old days when there wasn't so much red tape. Then he knows it's about time to take a fishing trip to the Minnesota lake country. The elusive five pound bass there are his special pets!

Goldenberg puts himself to sleep wading through the proceedings of the Institute of Radio Engineers, but remains a member in good standing of that organization, as well as of Kaltenborn's 20 Year Club for radio pioneers. Sometimes the suspense of being a slightly color-blind chief engineer proves exciting, but he has managed to preserve a definite optimism about the great days ahead for WHB.

"This full-time operating grant is a great thing," he says. "With increased power and a better frequency we're far from through our pioneering days. We'll keep improving radio, keep on being out ahead. The last twenty-five years have been fine, but it's the next twenty-five I'm looking forward to!"

How Smart Are You NOW?

THE following ten questions are typical of those answered by the contestants on WHB's *It Pays To Be Smart*. Ten correct and you are a whiz; seven and you are fair; and any less than five flunks you. Answers on page 36.

1. The term "lead" pencil really should be pencil.
2. What is the chemical substance used in the prevention of goiter?
3. Carbonic acid is formed by mixing what compound with water?
4. Force which seems to pull away from the center of rotation is called what?
5. What acid is present in most soft drinks, such as soda pop?
6. The new type of safety light used for highways utilizes the vapor of what element?
7. The tendency of a force to produce turning is called the moment of the force of what?
8. What is the common name for the substances whose chemical formula is CaOCl_2 ?
9. Muscles are of two types when classified as to use. Name them.
10. How would you change centigrade to absolute?

SOUND EFFECTS

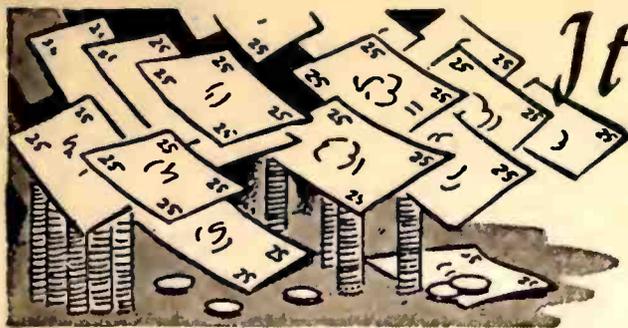
Put these assorted persons and things on the air and see what comes out of your loud speaker. The right sound in the right blank gives you a noisy score. 10 right is good. Answers on page 36.

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Big Bertha..... | a. tick tock |
| 2. Sandy..... | b. dancing feet |
| 3. The Lorelei..... | c. no sound |
| 4. A giraffe..... | d. a bark |
| 5. Big Ben..... | e. an explosion |
| 6. The Clermont..... | f. water spouting |
| 7. Elsie..... | g. a shrill whistle |
| 8. Moby Dick..... | h. beautiful singing |
| 9. A fandango..... | i. a neigh |
| 10. Stanley Steamer..... | j. a moo |
| 11. An osprey..... | k. a steamboat whistle |
| 12. Black Beauty..... | l. an automobile horn |

ADDRESS PLEASE!

Here are 12 famous persons of radio. You're certain to find them living at these famous addresses listed in the right hand column. Which address is right for which radio personality? If your address book is up to date you should score 8 of the 10 right. Answers on page 36.

- | NAME | ADDRESS |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Fibber McGee | a. Baker Street |
| 2. Baby Snooks | b. Rushville Center |
| 3. Mrs. Nussbaum | c. Centerville |
| 4. Ozzie and Harriet | d. Pineridge |
| 5. Mr. Gildersleeve | e. Shady Lane Ave. |
| 6. Lum n' Abner | f. 1847 Rogers Road |
| 7. Henry Aldrich | g. Wistful Vista |
| 8. Ma Perkins | h. Allen's Alley |
| 9. Blondie | i. Summerfield |
| 10. Sherlock Holmes | j. Sycamore Terrace |



It Pays to be **SMART!**



by DICK SMITH

CONTRARY to the theories pro-
pounded by Tom Howard on his
program of dis-intelligentsia, WHB
is demonstrating that it pays to be
smart!

It Pays to Be Smart is a fast-mov-
ing radio quiz that pays off to stu-
dents in all Greater Kansas City high
schools. The program, which started
February 16, 1946, is produced
through the joint efforts of the Uni-
versity of Kansas City, the Kansas
City Public Schools, and WHB. The
University prepares continuity; the
high schools provide the student par-
ticipants and the assembly period
of a different school each week; and
WHB provides time on the air, trans-
cribing facilities, and all necessary
personnel including engineers and
quizmaster.

The University and WHB share
the cost of prize money (first prize
each week, a twenty-five dollar sav-
ings bond; second: ten dollars.)

The program is primarily a com-
munity service, important because of
the stimulus it provides to Kansas
City students who strive to qualify
as contestants on the program. In
addition, it provides interesting and
educational assemblies for the high

schools. Although sponsorship credit
alone is given on the air, the program
gives the University fine publicity,
and furnishes a practical project for
students in the radio department.

The show has been presented be-
fore nineteen high school assemblies
this season, with a total visible audi-
ence of 19,486 students. This number
includes the nine public high schools
of Kansas City, plus Catholic high
schools, high schools in Kansas City,
Kansas, and Independence, and
Wentworth Military Academy in
Lexington.

The program's format is fairly
standard. Each Thursday afternoon at
one-thirty, the student body gathers
in the school's auditorium. On the
stage are the six contestants, who
have previously been hand-picked by
the instructors as top-ranking stu-
dents. Three judges, the engineer, a
student announcer, and the master of
ceremonies are also on the stage.

After a short explanation of how
the program is to be recorded and
broadcast later, along with a briefing
on the importance of proper audience
reaction, the student announcer in-
troduces the master of ceremonies.
The school band plays a number, the

Dick Smith, producer and quizmaster of *It Pays To Be Smart*, once taught school at Montana State College. He is the dean of Kansas City radio announcers, and has been associated with broadcasting for twenty years. At present, he is the chief of the WHB Newsbureau and Director of Special Events.

contestants introduce themselves, the band plays again . . . and the contest is on!

It is conducted like a spelling bee, with an incorrect answer meaning elimination. Thus it is possible to control the time element of the program by using progressively harder questions, and is also the most practical way to choose the best informed student as winner. Teachers have expressed the opinion that, with but few exceptions, the winner of the contest was the best student.



Questions are of two types, covering current events and general science. Typical are such questions as:

"How many members are there in the United Nations security council?"

"Who is the commanding general of U. S. Forces in Europe?"

"Name the last three judges appointed to the Supreme Court."

"What is the difference between an anticline and a syncline?"

"Define *gravity* and state Newton's law."

The program at Wentworth brought out an instance of the clear, analytical thinking which repeatedly has amazed those producing the show.

A tall blonde cadet, Lester Hamil-

ton, whose home is in Boone, Iowa, was the first prize winner. During the contest, the cadet ahead of Hamilton was asked the meaning of the word *anemometer*. He didn't know. It was Hamilton's turn at the mike, and he had a rather vacant look in his eye. But nonchalantly he asked the quiz-master to spell the word. He then stated that an anemometer was an instrument for measuring the velocity of the wind. That was the correct answer.

After the program, Hamilton was asked if he had ever heard the word before, and he admitted that he hadn't. The questioner asked how he arrived at the right meaning. Hamilton informed him, very matter-of-factly, that in Latin "anemo" meant wind, that meter was a measuring device; so he deducted that together they meant just what they did.

Later, he confided that he was going to send his \$25 bond home to his parents just to prove to them that his interest in science was paying off. Hamilton will do all right!

Other students who have appeared on the show will do all right, too. The many letters received from parents, students, and local educators prove that *It Pays to Be Smart* has acted as a definite stimulus to inspire boys and girls to the further continuance of studies in college or in specialized training schools. These letters offer testimony that in many cases an interest in radio as a career has been awakened. WHB is proud to have this part in the education of youth; proud to prove, every week in the school year, that *It Pays to Be Smart!*



How a great paint company became great . . . and how it got into the broadcasting business.

by ESTY MORRIS

FEW things appeal to Americans like success. In the rich saga of life on this continent, a paramount theme is the growth of business, of industry ever-expanding, piling one triumph upon another. Business has built our cities, contributed to the development of our farms, shaped our national social and economic life. It is a part of each of us: an outlet for our individual energies, an inspiration for—and expression of—our ambitions.

The story of business is the story of materials and machines, but mostly it is the story of men. It is a biography of the leaders who have risen to wrest a scientific living from the wilderness. They have combined ability, skill, ambition and determination to join manpower and raw materials into specific productive combinations. Their efforts have consistently increased incomes and raised the standard of living. They are the foremost components of every industrial success.

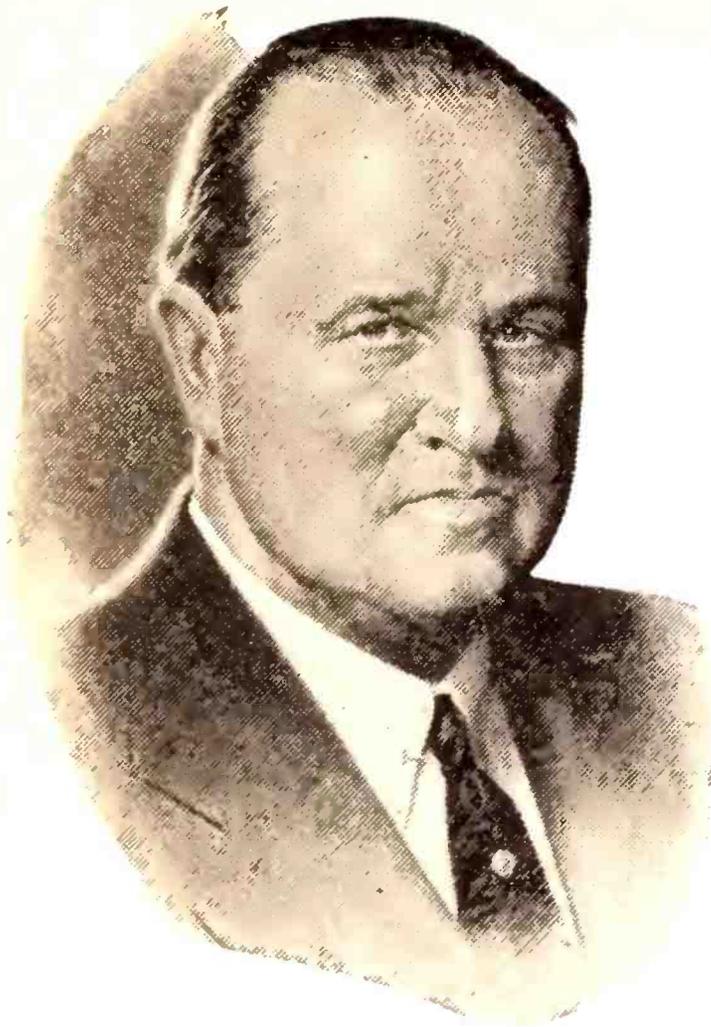
That is why, to tell the story of one great business, we must begin in Ithaca, New York, forty years ago.

Cascadilla Gorge was rich with June foliage, and the breeze which filled sails on Lake Cayuga swept up the hill beyond to rustle tassels on the mortar-boards of a long line of graduation-gowned seniors. It was commencement at Cornell University, and in the group awaiting diplomas was an earnest, black-haired young man with piercing eyes—Charles R. Cook.

Charlie Cook was a Missourian. He had come to learn engineering, and he'd learned it well. In his four years on the hill he had worked hard in the labs, studied hard in the classrooms. He had established himself as a leader on the campus, and had acquired a sound formal education.

There were long speeches that morning. Cayuga was flecked with white, and rushing Falls Creek rumbled a dull accompaniment to the sonorous addresses on the meaning of "commencement." These young men and women were about to venture forth into the cold, uncompromising world of business. There was much talk designed to scare the wits out of the hopeful graduates.

But Charlie Cook was not dis-



C. R. COOK

turbed by it. He had always more than held his own, and he viewed the future with definite confidence and a sense of eager anticipation. He fidgeted a little, and wished the speakers would hurry.

The ceremony over, young Cook put away his cap and gown, mailed his diploma home, and boarded an afternoon train for Milwaukee. There he became a junior engineer for Cutler-Hammer, manufacturers of electrical equipment.

He was there six years, working quietly, advancing steadily. Then, in 1913, his father wrote that there was a sick paint company in Kansas City which needed new capital, new management, and complete financial

reorganization. It presented a challenge and an opportunity for someone who knew manufacturing, sales and business management.

Charlie Cook made up his mind quickly. He resigned from Cutler-Hammer and went to Kansas City.

To his friends among bankers and supply men, young Cook talked earnestly. He believed in Kansas City as a location. He believed in his ability to win success where his predecessors had failed.

His salesmanship was effective. Other people had faith in his ability, and he succeeded in refinancing the business. December 8, 1913, it was re-incorporated as the "C. R. Cook Paint Company."

So, at the age of 29, Mr. Cook was in the paint business. He was at the head of a corporation destined to become the largest of its kind in the Southwest, and one of the best-known in the nation.

But success was not immediate, and there were several things which required changing as soon as possible. The plant was located in a four-story brick building in many ways ill-adapted to paint manufacture. The output was largely "private label" merchandise: paint manufactured to order for wholesalers or retailers, packaged under their private brands, carrying the distributor's name instead of the manufacturer's. It was business built on price. Quality played no part. The manufacturer was at the mercy of his outlets.

Young Cook realized the faults in this type of business. He resolved to continue it only so long as it took him to build up a line of quality

paints and enamels on which he would be proud to place his name.

There followed long discussions of materials and methods, careful training of workers, exacting tests of finished products. Then, proudly, in cans of flaming yellow, came the CO-PA-CO line. It was a family of fine paints. One hurdle had been cleared.

But there was another.

The C. R. Cook Paint Company in 1914 was known to the industry as a "paint grinder"—its manufacturing processes being confined solely to grinding paints. Paints are pigments ground in oils and varnishes; and all of Cook's grinding liquids and varnishes were in those days purchased from outside sources. This was a handicap on two counts; it reduced the margin of profit; it made quality a variable factor, dependent upon sources beyond control of the company. The secret of making quality paints and enamels is to control absolutely the liquids which go into them. Mr. Cook resolved to build a varnish plant; to make his own grinding liquids; to sell his own varnishes to the trade.

By 1916, money was available for expansion. Sales had increased 150%, from \$400,000 in 1914 to \$1,000,000 in 1916. A two-stack varnish plant was planned for a site in North Kansas City, but before it was completed four more varnish "fires" were added.

Sales continued to increase. The volume for 1918 reached two million dollars. The following year a sales branch was established in Fort Worth, Texas. The company's working capital was enlarged; its corporate name

became the "Cook Paint and Varnish Company."

During this period, a step was taken which was to prove to be all-important in the future development of the company. The United States was engaged in the first World War, and required a tremendous amount of special paints for various military purposes. Mr. Cook, striving to meet the need, decided to set up an industrial department within his organization. It was a unit equipped to create "made-to-order" paints and varnishes for any specifications. One of its first jobs was to produce 600,000 gallons of special finish for railroad cars—a tall order for a new department. But the men had been so carefully schooled in quality work that they were able to complete the contract successfully, proving that company could handle large volume orders from exacting users.

Through the years, this industrial department has been strengthened and expanded. In its efforts to develop finishes to perform definite tasks for various industrial users, it has made valuable contributions to the household field as well. Most improvements in the general line of Cook paint products have had their origin in the researches of the industrial department.

Rapidly, the Cook Paint & Varnish Company took a position of leadership in the development of new type finishes. Experiments were carried on apace, with one improvement paving a way for the next. By 1920, Cook's "Super-White" was the whitest, most durable, solid covering paint it was possible to manufacture.

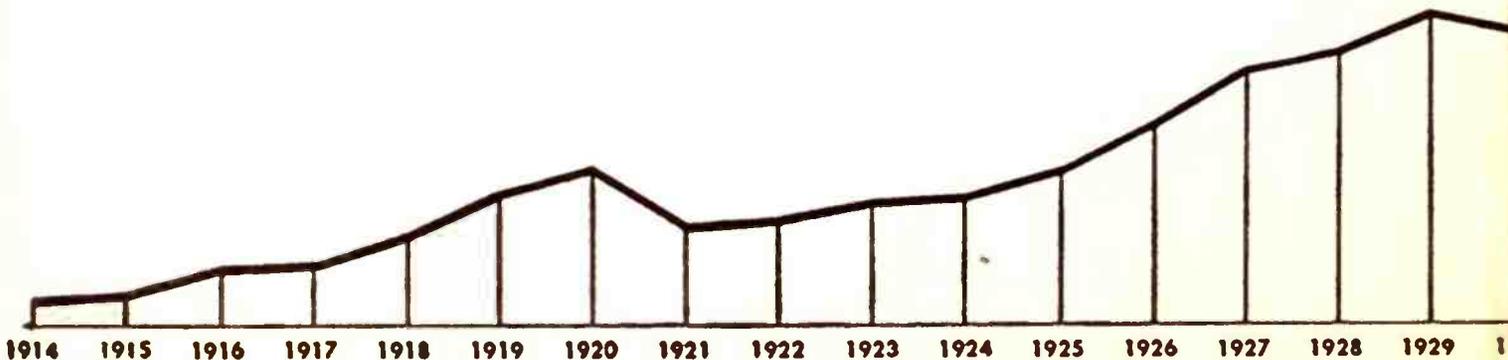
As a pioneer with this type of finish, Charles Cook had stepped out years ahead of his immediate competitors, and had attracted attention from the entire industry. Soon he was elected president of the national Paint Manufacturers' Association, from which he retired after a year to become a member of the Educational Bureau, sponsors of the great "Save the Surface" and "Clean Up—Paint Up" campaigns jointly through the Paint Manufacturers' Association of the United States, the National Varnish Manufacturers' Association, and the National Paint, Oil & Varnish Association.

The early growth of the Cook Paint and Varnish Company was

traceable directly to the vision and the plain hard work of its founder. During all these years, Mr. Cook reached his office at a quarter to seven in the morning and went through his day's work file before the arrival of the office force at eight o'clock. A busy day followed: dictation, conferences with callers and department heads, frequent personal check-ups on the sales, production and technical staffs. His business expanded tremendously, but still his dynamic and tireless energy enabled him to keep up with every phase of it. Throughout the plants and offices he became known for his faculty of being able to glance at a sales sheet, a formula, or a long-winded formal

THE SOUNDNESS OF COOK PRINCIPLES IS REFLECTED IN THIS RECORD OF GROWTH

Beginning with a sales volume of only \$476,560 in 1914, the growth of the Company has been steady and remarkable . . . proof of the soundness of its operating policies. As the chart below clearly shows, not only has the Company's chosen field of concentration . . . that of making paint . . . been wise, but the particular principles followed in its operation have proved its methods above the level of its kind. Such exceptional progress has its explanation in Cook's focused research . . . doing one thing well.



report, immediately cutting through to the essence of its meaning.

At the outset, Mr. Cook promulgated a set of guiding principles for his company. At the top he placed intensive researching for new and better formulations for paint products, exclusive concentration in the field of finer finishes, and restriction of the company's geographic spread—in order to do an intensive job making paints especially suited to mid-western climatic conditions.

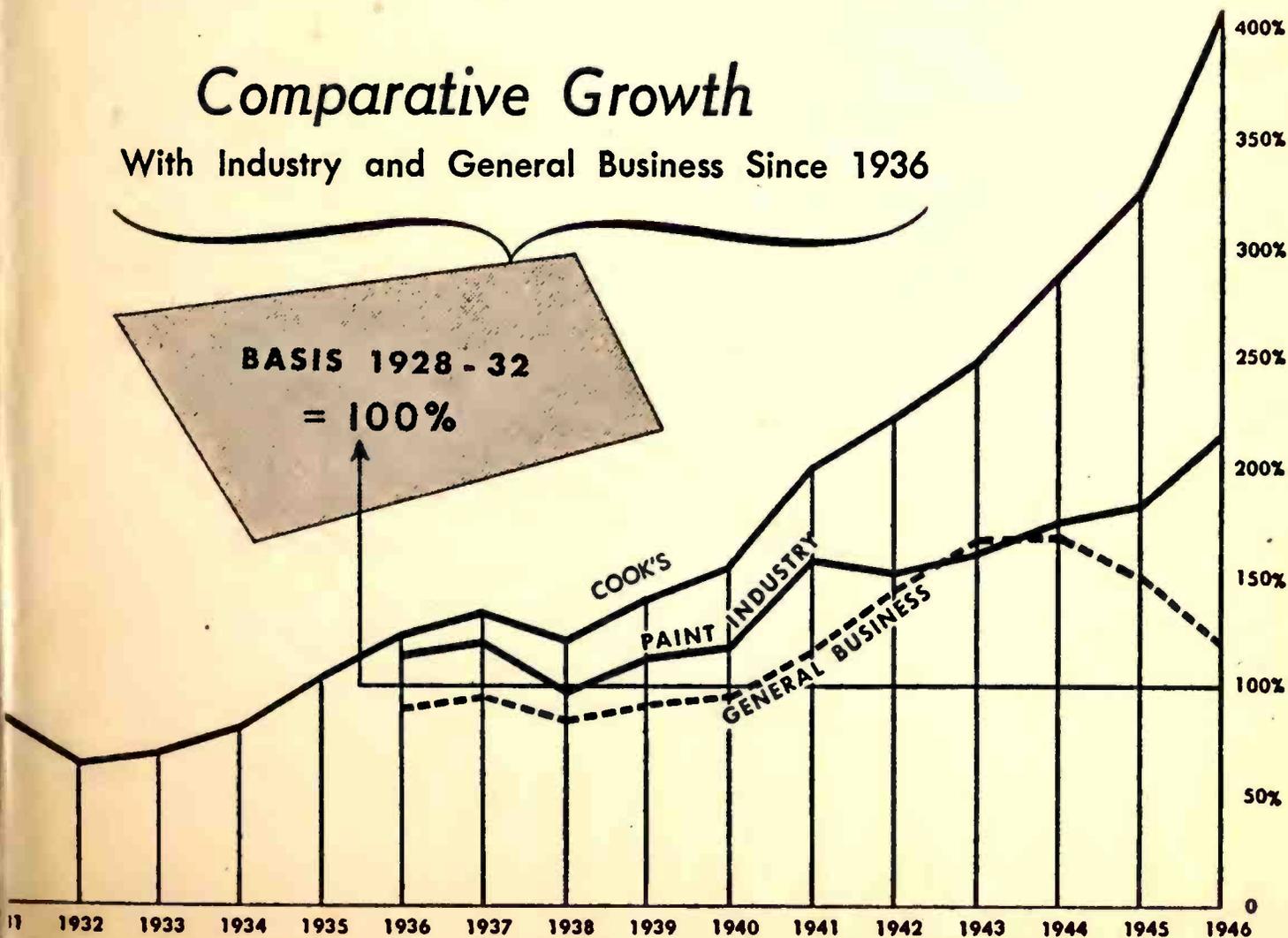
He carefully avoided the acquisition of any source of raw materials, realizing the importance of being able to purchase the most improved types on the open market—whatever they might be. When a superior pigment

for exterior paints came along, he was able to employ it immediately. Some of his oldest and largest competitors, however, had saddled themselves with lead mines and processing plants, and in order to protect their investments, they were forced to continue the manufacture of lead base paints, antiquated as they were. Freedom from ownership of raw material sources has always proved wise policy for the Cook Company.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of this man, though, was his selection of other men. To work with him in his business, he chose the finest young men he could find. He recruited them largely from colleges. Some were chemists, some engineers,

Comparative Growth

With Industry and General Business Since 1936



Seven Guiding Principles of the Cook Paint & Varnish Company

1. To restrict operations to the manufacture and distribution of products related to finishes and their uses.
2. To restrict activities geographically for the improvement of product, service, and efficiency of operation.
3. To avoid ownership of raw materials sources, so that it might remain unprejudiced in its formulations and free to select from the markets' newest and research-proved best.
4. To be guided in its operations, not by tradition, but by research.
5. To restrict manufacture to its own branded products and do no custom private-label manufacture.
6. To diversify its market among industrial, architectural, and household consumers to insure stability.
7. To strive to market its products as progressively as it manufactured them . . . research pointing the way.

some had backgrounds in business or the arts. All of them he chose for their willingness to work and to learn, and their ability to meet obstacles as they arose.

Whatever their scholastic backgrounds, all of them were schooled in factory method and in each phase of the business. They were given an intensive post-graduate course in the testing and manufacturing departments, until every salesman was qualified as a "service representative," competent to recommend particular paints for a customer's individual and specific needs; until every plant executive knew all about his own department, and all about every other department as well!

Mr. Cook has always believed in promoting from the ranks according to individual merit. It is a basic principle of his organization. He creates opportunities: he wants Cook-trained men to fill them. In the early days of the company, his own youth and amazing personal business success

combined to act as a magnet attracting other young men eager to succeed.

These young men have advanced in years, experience, and position within the company. New employees, selected and trained with same care, have constantly been added. The results are apparent to all. When Charles R. Cook last year resigned his position as president and active head of the business to become chairman of the board of directors, he left behind him a strong, active, thoroughly competent organization with three factories, 90 retail outlets covering ten states, and a radio station.

The radio station is an interesting adjunct to a paint company. From the beginning, the Cook Paint and Varnish Company followed a plan of enlightened and aggressive advertising. It was a pioneer in the use of radio as an advertising medium. The results brought by radio were so gratifying that when the opportunity to purchase WHB arose, in 1930, Mr.

Cook lost no time in writing a check.

Shortly thereafter he authorized the lease of a new antennae site, placed an order for entirely new transmitting equipment, and filed application for increased power.

In 1931, he selected Donald Dwight Davis, his advertising account executive, as president of the WHB Broadcasting Company; and delegated John Cash, a Cook vice-president, to act as general overseer of the operation and as liaison man between the paint company and the radio station.

Those were decisions he never had occasion to regret. His judgment paid off in earnings—for both WHB and the Cook Paint & Varnish Company—throughout the long years of depression.

It was fitting that the two should

join company, for both were pioneers. The station won new friends for Cook's products throughout the territory, and at the same time benefitted from the support and the policies of its parent company. Mr. Cook decreed against overlong commercials, and insisted on the best possible entertainment at all times. Beyond that, he left the management of the broadcasting unit completely in the capable charge of Don Davis.

WHB serves many clients, of course, but there are few so pleasant to work for and with as the Cook Paint and Varnish Company, because every staff member is aware of the high standards and fine record of Cook's.

Cook's has always led the field in the development of new products.

Directors of the Cook Paint & Varnish Company

CHAS. R. COOK, *Chairman of the Board*

R. B. CALDWELL

W. H. HOOVER

L. G. BACKSTROM

H. H. McLUCAS

J. F. CASH

D. H. O'LEARY

A. T. SEYMOUR, JR.

C. H. STONER

Officers

CHAS. R. COOK, *Chairman of the Board*

L. G. BACKSTROM
President

C. H. STONER
Executive Vice-President

J. F. CASH
Vice-President

J. W. CLARK
Vice-President

W. H. HOOVER
Vice-President

J. JORDAN
Vice-President

J. E. KENNEDY
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J. R. MOSBY
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D. H. O'LEARY
Vice-President

A. T. SEYMOUR, JR.
Vice-President

A. E. SWANSON
Vice-President

E. W. WADLOW
Vice-President

C. H. WHITELAW
Vice-President

R. B. CALDWELL
Secretary

H. H. McLUCAS
Treas. and Ass't Sec.

W. M. ARONSON
Ass't Vice-President

W. S. ATKINSON
Ass't Vice-President

M. S. FELLERS
Ass't Vice-President

F. G. FOSTER
Ass't Vice-President

E. N. RONNAU
Ass't Vice-President

It was the first company to make extensive use of the now universally popular titanium base for house paints, the first to make a single floor enamel for all purposes, the first to promote exterior primers which made two-coat house painting possible. The sales volume has grown to \$21,000,000—an increase of more than 5,000 percent!

Recently, one of the largest newspapers in the Midwest made a popularity survey of the use of various name-brand products during 1945 and 1946. The tabulated results

showed Cook's interior paints to be twice as popular as the closest competitor, and Cook's exterior paints were three times better liked than any other brand. Cook products had captured nearly a third of the entire market!

That popularity, which shows a regular annual increase, will not wane. It has a firm foundation in sound principles, hard work, fair dealings, and intelligent merchandising.

To the American saga, then, add this story—the biography of a business!



STATIC

The kids who comprise Mutual's *Juvenile Jury* program believe that simple, direct answers can solve the most perplexing problems. On a recent broadcast, this puzzler was asked: "My son likes to climb fences, and in doing so always tears his pants. What can I do?"

An 11-year old juror promptly advised: "Tell him when he has to climb fences, to take off his pants and toss them over first!"



The enterprising editor of a small radio station had an intense desire to scoop a large station on local news. One day he accomplished a minor triumph by being the only station to report a certain disaster in a nearby town.

The following day he scored another scoop with this announcement: "We were the first to announce the news of the destruction of Jenkins' store in Iola yesterday. We are now the first to report that the report was absolutely without foundation."—*Wall Street Journal*.



At a dinner party, an advertising man drew as his dinner partner a rather priggish lady who clearly disapproved of him and his profession. "Tell me, Mr. Jones," the lady probed, "are the lives of advertising men really as depicted in *The Hucksters*?"

"No," he replied. "The book is only half right. The parts about business are greatly exaggerated!"



A visitor in the North Woods asked an old timer what kind of weather they were going to have the next day.

"Don't know," answered the wise one. "Used to be a man could always judge about the weather. Now the government and the radio stations have taken over, and you can't tell what the hell it will be!"



WHEN a radio station reaches twenty-five years of age, it can figuratively sit back, put its feet up on the desk, and be pardoned for a bit of prideful reminiscing over a worthy past. It can remember the parade of notables and to-be-notables which has passed through its studios, and reflect on what these personalities have done in the intervening years. WHB has a good many such people to consider, artists and workers who have poured their talents into its progress, and then gone on to conquer new fields.

If you are old enough to remember the day of crystal sets and "radio bugs," then you will remember the first WHB broadcasts from the Sweeney studios in Kansas City. And you will more than likely recall Louis Forbstein. In those days it was a rarity for a radio station to have a staff orchestra, but WHB did have one, the first "staff band" in American radio. It was a very excellent one, under the direction of Forbstein. He was a tempestuous, impetuous perfectionist where things musical were concerned, not above throwing down his violin in disgust if an orchestra member played a false note, and telling off the culprit in no uncertain terms—before an open microphone! Forbstein's subsequent career was as a director of theatre orchestras; then on to Hollywood, where he now

Stars in the sky . . .

Music in the air . . .

Entertainers in action . . .

by ROSEMARY HAWARD

writes musical scores and conducts recording orchestras at the Selznick and Goldwyn studios. He is now known professionally as Lou Forbes.

One of the original staff orchestra members was George Parrish, who later became director. He served in this capacity for some time, then later became associated with Paramount Theatres. He directed movie house orchestras in Kansas City, New York, New Orleans, Minneapolis and Chicago, providing—as was the custom of the day—mood music to accompany the silent films. With the advent of talking pictures, Parrish moved on to Hollywood where he has remained, arranging and composing film background music. He has contributed to such films as *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, *Frenchmen's Creek*, *Duel In the Sun* and others.

According to the record, it seems that several of that original orchestra had an opportunity to succeed Forbstein and later go on to larger success. Paul Tremaine was one. Kansas City radio listeners knew him well as a saxophone and xylophone player in the WHB orchestra, besides serving as its conductor. After leaving the station, he took his talents to the

Eastern network studios, later achieving considerable success as a recording artist. During World War II, Tremaine served in the army as a special services officer.



Goodman Ace was a familiar sight around the WHB studios back in those early days of broadcasting. His regular job was drama critic for the *Kansas City Journal Post*, though every Friday night he would trek to the WHB studio to conduct a seven p.m. broadcast on movies. Crystal set listeners knew him as "The Movie Man." A few years afterwards, Don Davis, later president of WHB, but then associated with a Kansas City advertising agency, helped Ace find a sponsor for his *Easy Aces* radio serial skit, which was broadcast in those days over KMBC. Dick Smith, present chief of WHB news bureau, played in the original *Easy Aces* cast. Ace went to Chicago to audition the show for a mouthwash concern, and became a network star. At the present time, *Easy Aces* is carried by WHB and many other stations as a transcribed feature.

WHB radio programming in the early twenties was not limited to

music and movie commentaries. News broadcasts were also regular features. John Cameron Swayze was at that time on the editorial staff of the *Kansas City Journal Post*, and broadcast news over WHB three times daily direct from the editorial room of the *Post*. Subsequently, Swayze became associated with KMBC, finally going from there to the West Coast to become news supervisor for the Pacific Coast Division of the ABC network.

Lela Ward Gaston delighted the early day WHB "radio bugs" with her elocution readings. Later, Mrs. Gaston enlarged upon her talent and progressed East to do radio work there. She was featured in *March of Time* programs and other network shows.

Though not staff members, Ned Tollinger and John Wolfe were well known to WHB listeners in the early twenties, with the title of the Monomotor Oil Twins. They represented a familiar advertising gimmick of the day. A company would hire entertainers and send them around the country to visit the not-too-numerous young radio stations. The company would thereby get free advertising, the station obtained free talent, and everybody was happy. Tollinger and Wolfe have long since given up their dual career of selling oil and singing. Tollinger is with an advertising agency on the West Coast, and when last heard from, Wolfe was associated with a transcription company.

In the years before 1929, another musician who was later to go on to larger fields, was staff-member Leath Stevens, arranger and pianist. Stevens'

career eventually took him to Hollywood where he is working on radio programs and movies as conductor, arranger and composer. During the war he took time out to serve as a United States Secret Service Agent in Australia, but is now back in Hollywood making music for movies.

With the coming of the jazz era and short bobs, dance bands became the idols of the nation. All over the country talented young girls flocked to radio stations to sing, play the piano, or in some such way become recognized so that a dance band would snatch them up. In Kansas City, a young pianist employed at the Jenkins Music Company made frequent trips to the WHB studios. Her name was Ramona. Luckily, her dreams were realized, and she became a member of the Paul Whiteman band—first as a pianist, later as a singer. In after years, a number of other girls were to leave WHB to join dance bands—Betty Roth, Joan Olsen, Marie Moore, Blanche LeBow, Eileen O'Day, Juanita Bishop and Helen Heath.

As the prosperous twenties gave way to the less prosperous thirties, the era of radio songpluggers was born. Singers were hired to plug songs at the movies, radio stations and night spots. One of these, Bob Bohannon, made frequent appearances before WHB microphones, singing on the *Staff Frolics*. From Kansas City, Bohannon moved on to jobs as a night club master of ceremonies in Chicago, as well as radio work there, and later joined the Paul Whiteman band. Now, Bohannon is heard on several network music

shows, being billed under the names of Bob Hannon or Barry Roberts.

Harl Smith came to Kansas City in 1932 to play at a local night club, and his band was heard daily over WHB. The manner in which his program originated each afternoon was unique to that period of radio adolescence. Lines were connected to Smith's apartment, and any afternoon one might stumble in there by accident to find an array of musicians draped over sofa, coffee table and overstuffed chairs, broadcasting a regular program. The vocalist with the group was Nick McCarrick, who helped Harl Smith make popular the theme *Living My Life For You*. Smith has never forgotten Kansas City. In his tour of plushy hotels and resorts, he annually includes a visit to Kansas City and broadcasts over WHB microphones. His band has been the "official" band at Sun Valley Lodge ever since that resort opened.

A band leader of another type was introduced to Kansas City radio listeners about this time — Count Basie. The Count played regularly at the famous 12th street bistro, the Reno Club, and came up to the WHB



studios daily to broadcast a program called *Harlem Harmonies*, which featured organ and piano. His rise to national recognition in the jazz band field is well known.

The WHB staff orchestra continued to thrive through the thirties. Its leadership passed through the hands of Sol Bobrov, George Morris, Bob McGrew and others. When Bobrov was directing it, Lois Kraft, harpist, and Ralph Stevens, cello and bass, were members. They, together with Bobrov, later became members of the Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra. Bobrov eventually left Kansas City to work at NBC in Chicago, and after that played with several well-known dance bands. Bob McGrew also hit the "big time," and this past winter has had his band at the Camellia House of the Drake Hotel in Chicago.

Musicians of still a different type were Eddie and Jimmy Dean, who had quite a following as the Crazy Crystal Boys. Both played the guitar and sang Western and hillbilly songs. After leaving WHB, brother Jimmy did dramatic parts in network shows, while Eddie kept at the gi-tar and singin'. This paid off for Eddie. It landed him a job on the Judy Canova radio show, and later in the midst of the P. R. C. movie studios in Hollywood. These days, Eddie Dean is wearing custom made cowboy suits and starring as "king of the cowboys" for P. R. C.

Another singer-with-a-guitar was brought to WHB by Dick Smith from KMMJ in Clay Center, Nebraska . . . Jimmy Atkins. Jimmy's crooner styles sent the ladies of the

radio audience of the mid-thirties, and he stayed on at WHB for two years as vocalist with George Morris' orchestra. Dick Smith later took Atkins to Chicago, got him a job on the staff of WLS. Two years later, Jimmy joined the Les Paul trio, which was afterwards signed by Fred Waring. When the trio dissolved, Atkins stayed on with the Waring group as baritone vocalist. He is now featured in a transcribed series, and lives and works in New York.



And there were "glamour" names heard over WHB in those days, too—in daily remote broadcasts of dance music from the Muehlebach Grill. Dorothy Lamour, for instance—who was vocalist with Herbie Kay's orchestra, prior to her rise to fame in the movies. Dorothy later married Herbie; Kay himself is now deceased; but a partner in the band, Ros Metzger, is vice-president and radio director of the Ruthrauff & Ryan advertising agency's Chicago office. Another "glamour" name heard on WHB was Eleanor Holm, who prior to stardom in the *Aquacade* was vocalist with Art Jarrett's Orchestra. She is

now Mrs. Billy Rose. From the dance band field to stardom on Broadway with George M. Cohan stepped Joy Hodges, in *I'd Rather Be Right*—singing *Have You Met Miss Jones?* Joy has since been in the movies, and a star of numerous network shows.

Harmony groups were popular on the WHB *Staff Frolics* in the mid-thirties. Herb Cook and his "Three Little Words" were regularly heard, as were the "Songcopators." The "Three Little Words" left the station to go to New York, where they became members of the Phil Spitalny *Hour of Charm* program. The "Songcopators" — Jack Wilcher, Russell Crowell and George Bacon — were popular WHB favorites when the studios were located in the Hotel Baltimore. After leaving the station, the Songcopators became Columbia recording artists and broadcast over NBC as featured vocal group in the Red Nichols orchestra. Russell Crowell and George Bacon both left the entertainment field later. In the East, Jack Wilcher married Lou O'Connor, who had been staff organist at WHB while he was in Kansas City. Later he joined the staff of a New York advertising agency and is now writing and producing (among other accounts) the chewing gum singing-commercials you hear. Mrs. Wilcher is a staff organist at CBS.

It was Cecil Widdifield who originated the famous *Uncle Dan Cupid* program over WHB — now heard in a network version as *Bride and Groom*. He conducted this marriage quiz-clinic for some time, and added his writing talents to WHB

programming. Widdifield later became associated with the Schwimmer and Scott agency in Chicago.

Lest one forget the advent of the Cook Paint and Varnish Company on the WHB horizon, remember Norvell Slater. Slater doubled his duties as announcer and singer over WHB, and was the original "Cook Painter Boy." Since then, he has moved to Dallas, Texas, to become chief announcer for WFAA.

Copy for programs during the early thirties was written by Continuity Editor Morris "Mouse" Straight and his staff. "Mouse" took pride in assembling and writing the first WHB yearbook, as well as furnishing a myriad of program ideas. He left the station to become account executive for a Kansas City advertising agency, and is now in the advertising department of Plough and Company, Memphis.

Another continuity writer of the time was Wauhillau LaHay, who combined mike work and writing. She was the original "Mrs. Bliss" of the WHB home economics program, and also did *The Gadabout*, a program which had to do with town topics. Wauhillau went from WHB to KVOR in Colorado Springs, and later to the *Chicago Sun* as radio and amusement editor. She is now radio publicity director for the N. W. Ayer Agency in New York.

WHB announcers of the mid-thirty period showed considerable talent beyond the mere reading of commercials. Jess Kirkpatrick, an All American halfback who had been an orchestra leader associated with Buddy Rogers, proved his versatility at

WHB by doing football broadcasts and singing, as well as straight announcing. During his year's stay at the station, he was featured primarily in a singing show. He later joined WGN in Chicago to do staff announcing, and then went on to Hollywood. He now is doing character parts in various radio shows. Along with his other talents, Kirkpatrick has done considerable modeling work, as the "Doctor of Motors" in those spark plug company advertisements.

Announcer Jack Grogan joined the staff shortly after completing high school, and became a regular participant in the *Staff Frolics*. His avocation was acting, and he appeared in every production at the Kansas City Resident Theatre for three consecutive years. In this capacity, he had an opportunity to play opposite many visting guest stars, one of whom was Elissa Landi, who starred in the Resident production of *Romance*. Later Grogan went to New York and Miss Landi helped him get roles in several Broadway productions. He

was achieving a mark there when show business took its pre-war slump. Grogan went back to his first love, radio, and joined the staff of WNEW in New York, doing production work. He is now chief of production there—and a confirmed bachelor.

These are but a few of the many, many people who have helped make a better station of WHB, and who—at the same time—have helped themselves to newer and broader fields. From the early days of 1922, when WHB was sending out its familiar siren identification, to the present time, the station has realized its dependence upon people and personalities. "A radio station is people in action. If they are interesting; so is the station."

There is an ever increasing number of notables appearing on the WHB alumni list. On this twenty-fifth anniversary, considering those who have been and will be associated with the staff, WHB can justly claim the title—The Station "Where Headliners Begin!"

▲

Answers to HOW SMART ARE YOU NOW?

1. Carbon or graphite. 2. Iodine. 3. Carbon dioxide. 4. Centrifugal force.
5. Carbonic acid. 6. Sodium. 7. Torque. 8. Bleaching powder. 9. Voluntary and involuntary. 10. Add 273. Did you pass?

▲

Answers to SOUND EFFECTS

- | | |
|------|-------|
| 1. e | 7. j |
| 2. d | 8. f |
| 3. h | 9. b |
| 4. c | 10. l |
| 5. a | 11. g |
| 6. k | 12. i |

▲

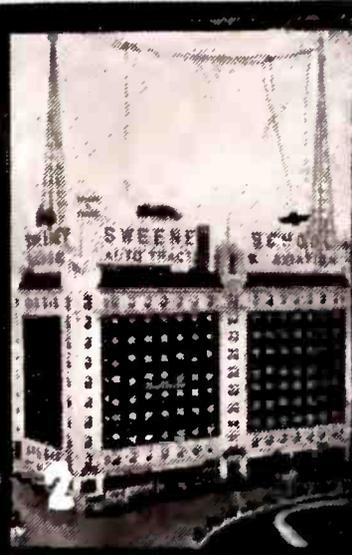
Answers to ADDRESS PLEASE!

- | | |
|------|-------|
| 1. g | 6. d |
| 2. j | 7. c |
| 3. h | 8. b |
| 4. f | 9. e |
| 5. i | 10. a |

WHB gets "NIGHT TIME" ... AGAIN! After 25 Years of Service



BORN in the Sweeney Building (photo No. 2) 25 years ago, WHB boasted the world's most elaborate studios (1), the latest equipment (4), and the first full-time staff orchestra in broadcasting history, conducted by Louis Forbstein (Lou Forbes). On WHB's 25th Anniversary, April, 1947, the station looks forward to full-time operation (probably in July) with 5,000 watts power on 710 Kilocycles. "Calm John" and "Dynamic Don" are in the Swing for the event!



Pioneering with WHB



1. John T. Shilling, the "golden-voiced announcer" — WHB's first and only general manager.
2. The Harmonizing Shrine Serenaders.
3. Wendell Hall, the "Red Headed Musicmaker."
4. Poul Tremaine, early staff conductor.
5. Donna Taylor, Sam Martin, and Harry Taylor.
6. Leath Stevens, composer, now in Hollywood. For "Counterpoint," he has just recorded his own composition played by Artur Rubenstein and the New York Philharmonic, conducted by Eugene Ormandy.
7. Bessie Coldiron, the "Sunflower Girl."
8. Goodman Ace of the EASY ACES, who made his first radio appearance over WHB as the "Movie Man." He is shown here with his wife, Jane.
9. Ramona, early WHB artist.
10. John Wolfe and Ned Tollinger, the "Manometer Oil Twins."
11. Lou O'Connor, staff pianist.
12. The Ararat Shrine Serenaders.
13. Poul Tremaine's Orchestra.

★ ★ ★ *in the Twenties*



In the Thirties, when the WHB



1. Georgie Porgie himself.
2. Jack Savage.
3. Allen Franklin, announcer-producer.
4. George Holstein.
5. Georgie Porgie Boys with Doc Hopkins.
6. Betty Roth, vocalist, later with Jimmy Grier.
7. Kasper Sisters, the "Barn'oft Trio."
8. Dixie's Lumberjacks with Vivian Martin.
9. Dixie's Lumberjacks with Rex Kelly.
10. Eddie and Jimmy Dean, and the "Crazy Crystal Boys."
11. The Songcopators: Russ Crowell, George Bacon, and Jack Wilcher.
12. Ernie Scruggs and Orchestra.
13. The Randall Sisters.
14. Frank Groves, "Yours Truly, Mr. Daaley."
15. Captain Bill Moore, outhor of "Air Adventures of Jimmie Allen" and "Howie Wing."
16. The Midwesterners (now part of The Texas Rangers.)
17. Three-On-A-Song (the original Three Little Wards).
18. George Hogan, announcer, now at WOR, New York.
19. Ernie Scruggs' Orchestra at The Kansas City Club.
20. Maxine (Hour of Charm) and Three Little Words.



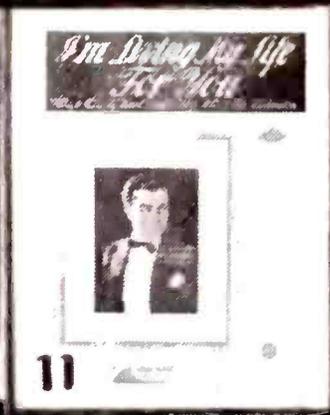
Penthouse Studios Were New





1. Jesse Rogers, cowboy star.
2. Herb Cook, composer and entertainer, organizer of the Three Little Words.
3. Nelson Rupard, now manager of KTSW, Emporia.
4. Ozie, the Ozark Rambler.
5. Jimmie Ashley and Julie Andre. Miss Andre later became an accomplished singer of Cuban and Spanish songs.
6. Dorothy Quackenbush, International Travel Show beauty winner in 1936.
7. Norvell Slater, the Cook Painter Boy; now at WFAA, Dallas.
8. Elmer Curtis, announcer, now at WIBW, Topeka.
9. Ruth Young's Rhapsodians.
10. Joan Olsen, vocalist.
11. "I'm Living My Life For You," original theme of Harl Smith's Orchestra.
12. Belle Nevins (Mrs. Cliff Johnston), vocalist.
13. M. H. (Mouse) Straight, continuity chief, now with Plough Incorporated, Memphis.
14. Harl Smith.
15. Nick McCarrick.
16. Harl Smith's Orchestra at The Kansas City Club.
17. Hap Miller.
18. Brute Hurley.
19. Paul Bergener.
20. Paul Bragg.





*That
Wonderful
Harl Smith
Band!*



WHB
*Personalities
of the
Thirties*

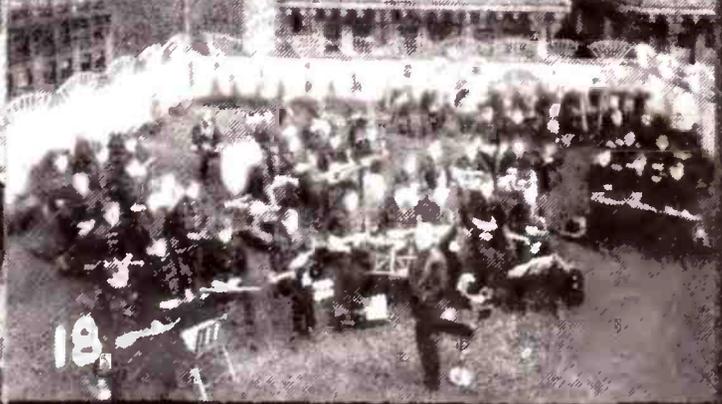
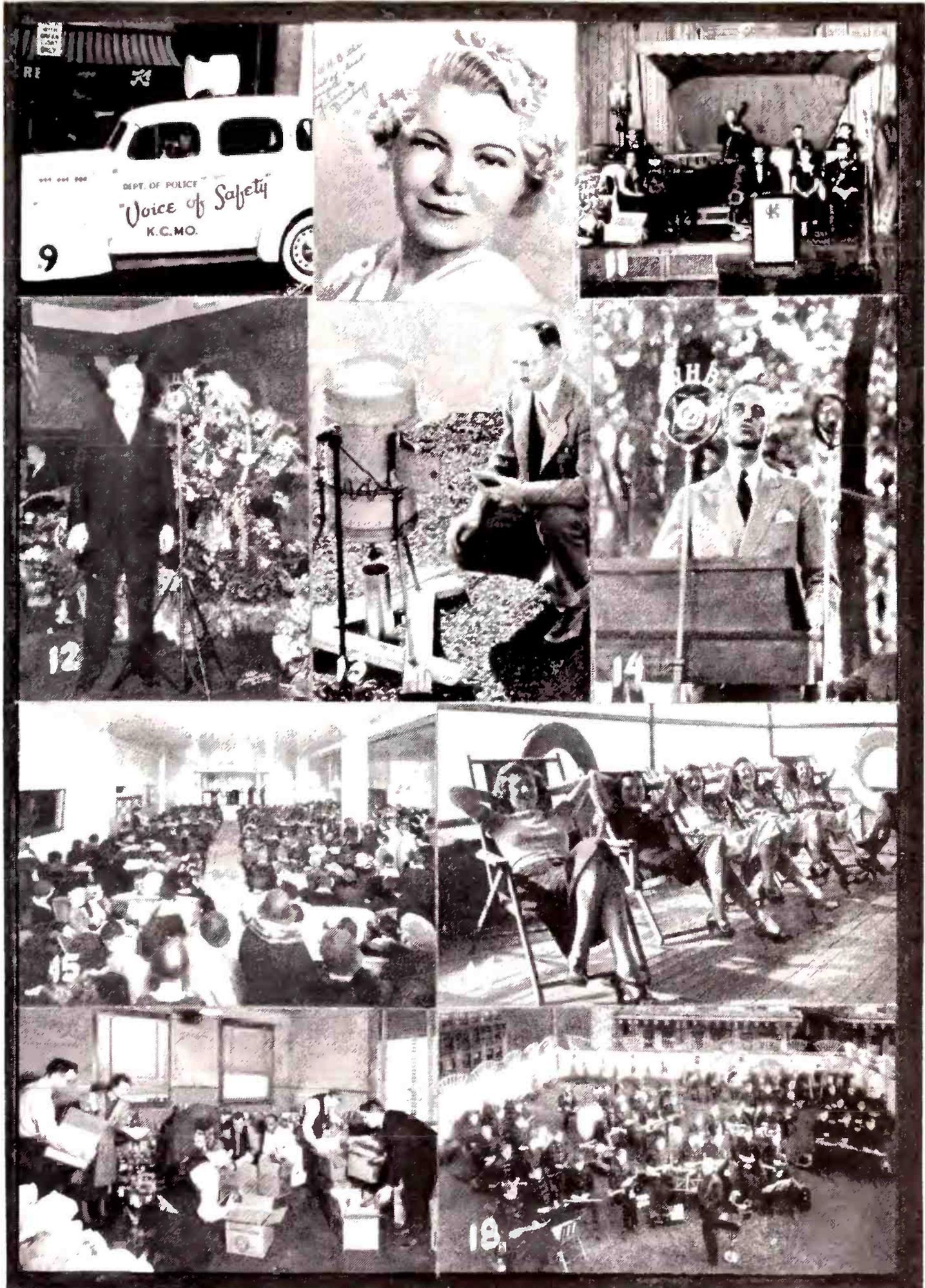


Maybe You Remember These Folks!



1. Charles Lee Adams, Kansas City Kiddies Revue
2. Les (Sunny) Jarvies and Allen Franklin.
3. President Dan Davis receives VARIETY showmanship plaque awarded WHB.
4. One of America's first broadcast station transcription laboratories, operated for WHB by Jake Jacobs and Vic Damon.
5. Northside Municipal Court broadcast, with Judge Tom Holland and Prasecutar Tom Gershan.
6. "Wedding Bells" with Dan Cupid, Jr.—a program farmat now known as "Bride and Groom" on ABC.
7. WHB Christmas Cupboard Party.
8. D. R. Ott's Bays and Girls Band, Olathe, Kansas.
9. "Vaice of Safety"—traffic patrol broadcast.
10. Juanita Bishop, vocalist.
11. George Marris and Kansas City Club Orchestra with Cannie Maxwell, Lais Kraft, Sol Bobrav, Zerlina Nash, Jimmy Atkins.
12. Mayor Bryce B. Smith inaugural.
13. A. H. Hamrick, weather farecaster, the original "Weatherman-in-Person" on WHB. Many stations now carry similar programs.
14. James Roosevelt.
15. Janes' Radia Revue, an early-day audience shaw.
16. WHB Marine Deck.
17. WHB Christmas Cupboard Commissary.
18. University of Kansas Band in WHB Outdoor Studia.



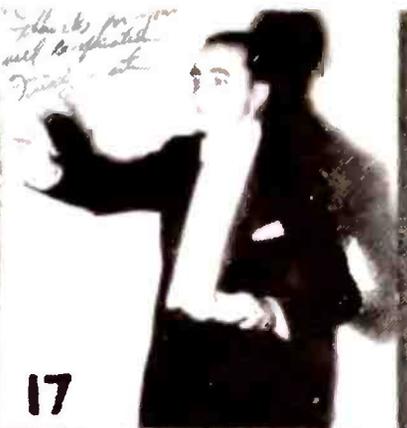


Celebrities You've Heard on WHB in Years Past ★ ★



1. Paul Pendarvis Orchestra.
2. The King's Jester with Mary Milom.
3. The King's Jesters.
4. Cab Calloway
5. Sally Rond and Jack Grogan.
6. Jetta Carleton, Martho Scott, Dick Smith.
7. Guy Lombardo.
8. Bennie Fields and Blossom Seeley
9. Willie Howard, Helen Morgon, Dick Smith, Eugene Howard, Lowell Lawrence.
10. Dick Powell, Jetta Carleton, Mike Mazurki.
11. Al Pearce and Tony Romano
12. The Serenaders Quartet.
13. Fred Waring and Poley Mc Clintock.
14. The King Sisters and Bob McCoy.
15. Henry Halstead.
16. Connee Boswell and Betty Ann Painter.
17. Freddy Martin.
18. Betty Ann Painter and Horace Heidt.
19. Blossom Seeley.
20. Dennis Morgon.
21. Erin O'Brien-Moore and Betty Ann Painter.
22. Eleanor Holm (Mrs. Billy Rose).
23. Paul Pendarvis.
24. "I've An Evening For Sale," by Herbie Kay and Ros Metzger, with Dorothy Lamour on the cover.
25. Jess Kirkpatrick and Bennie Fields.
26. Buddy Fisher.
27. Joy Hedges.
28. Max Baer and Ed Cochrane.
29. Henry King.





WHB's 15th Birthday Celebration 1937



1. Zerlina Nash with Lov Kemper, Sunny Jarvies, Jack Grogan.
2. Henry Goldenberg and Dick Smith.
3. 15,000 people attend WHB's Birthday party at the Municipal Auditorium Arena, and hear the first coast-to-coast broadcast ever originated from there.
4. WHB transmitter now being replaced by a new RCA 10,000-watt plant being erected near Liberty, Mo.
5. Downtown Kansas City street, with WHB banners, celebrating 15th anniversary.
6. Ballet number at Birthday Party.
7. Finale.
8. Sol Bobrov.
9. John T. Schilling.
10. John Wahlstedt and Quartet.
11. Staff Dinner celebrating the Anniversary.
12. Narvell Slater and WHB Choir.
13. Elephants lead the parade.





People and Programs Make WHB History



1. Staff Frolic entertainers.
2. Faculty Meeting Of The Air with Dr. Herold C. Hunt.
3. Martha Logan's Kitchen at Swift & Company.
4. "It Pays To Be Smart"—High School Quiz Show.
5. Connie Maxwell, staff pianist.
6. Eileen O'Day, vocalist.
7. Wauhillou LaHay, "The Gada-bout."
8. Alberta Bird, staff organist.
9. Jess Kirkpatrick, staff announcer.
10. Jeannie Leitt, boogie pianist.
11. George Morris, staff conductor.
12. Bob Caldwell, Jr., news commentator.
13. Kay Trent, vocalist.
14. Jimmie Atkins, later with Fred Waring.
15. Claire Dyer (Mrs. Bliss) and Dick Smith.
16. Delladean Orr, organist.
17. Dr. Russell Pratt.
18. Zerlina Nash.
19. Les Jarvies.
20. Jones Store Victory Window, during World War II.
21. Faculty Meeting Of The Air.



Friends of Yours Heard on WHB



- 1 Randolph Scott.
- 2 Brock Pemberton.
- 3 Quentin Reynolds.
- 4 Deane W. Malott, Chancellor of the University of Kansas.
- 5 Ann Dvorak.
- 6 Alexis Smith.
- 7 Larry Winn and Commander Gene Tunney.
- 8 Mayor Bryce B. Smith with Jubilesta Stars: Rubinoff, Ben Bernie, Bob Burns.
- 9 Mrs. Martin Johnson.
- 10 Gen. Jonathan Wainwright.
- 11 Jess Kirkpatrick, Blossom Seeley, Strangler Lewis, Dick Smith.
- 12 Elinor Whitney with Uncle Ezra and the Moosier Hotshots.
- 13 Ted Collins and Kate Smith.
- 14 Boyd Raeburn.
- 15 Tommy Dorsey
- 16 Ben Pollack.
- 17 Eleanor Holm and Art Jarrett.
- 18 Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kay.
- 19 Sigmund Romberg and Rosemary Haward.
- 20 Rhonda Fleming.
- 21 Red Nichols.
- 22 Duke Ellington.
- 23 Mildred Bailey and Red Norva.
- 24 Blackstone the Magician
- 25 Joe E. Brown.
- 26 Dick Smith, Nick Lucas, Connee Boswell, Betty Ann Painter and Jimmie Grier.
- 27 Red Nichols. Another picture because we like him! He hired our "Songcopators."
- 28 Ben Bernie





13



14

To WHB
in remembrance of
many happy
moments



15



16



17



18



19



20



21



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23



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25



26



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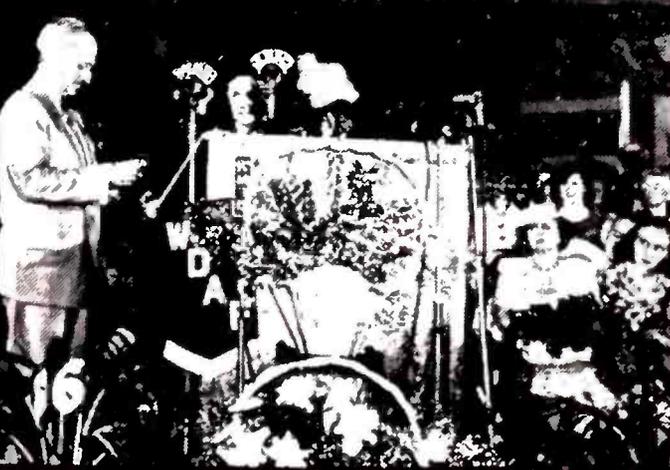


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A President, Two Generals and Others



1. Lida Mae Coy (Mrs. Dick Evans).
2. Jess Kirkpatrick and Dr. Russell Pratt.
3. Betty Ann Painter.
4. Les Jarvies, Allen Franklin, Norvell Slater and Jack Todd.
5. Ruth Warrick when she was Jubilesta Queen, and Virginia Eatchelder.
6. Helen Heath.
7. Count Basie returns to his Alma Mater.
8. Lizabeth Scott charms WHB listeners and staff.
9. Sol Bobrov.
10. Chuck Gussman, continuity writer.
11. Reuben Carbin, fruit and vegetable market reporter.
12. Dale Carnegie.
14. General "Ike" Eisenhower.
15. General George Marshall and Dick Smith.
16. President Truman's first homecoming. Mrs. Truman and Margaret on the front row. Yes, the WHB mike is there, too!
17. Lindsey Riddle and the WHB Magic Carpet (mobile short wave transmitter used at golf matches, etc.).



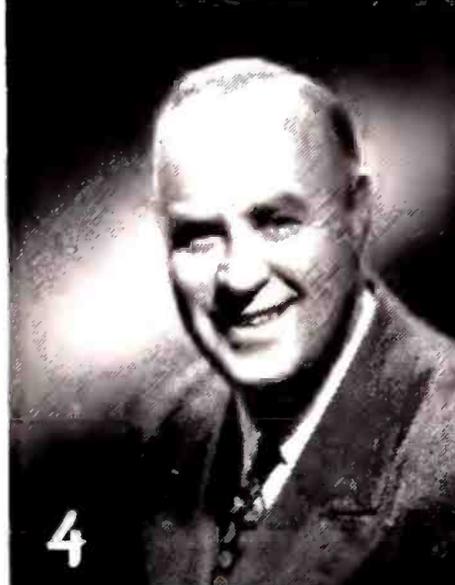
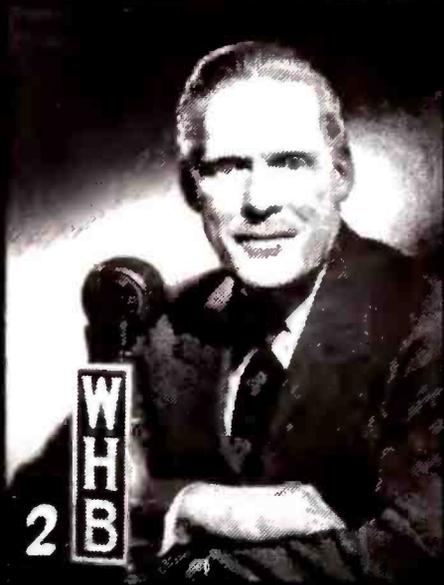
"Queen-for-a-Day" Originates from WHB, Kansas City ★ ★



1. Bus caravan and visitors from eight Missouri and Kansas cities who came to see a broadcast.
2. Emcee Jack Bailey, Queen Esther Turner and the Arthur Murray dancers.
3. Crowd outside Municipal Auditorium as the Queen leaves. 15,000 people attended on each of the two days.
4. Queen Mayme Deacy and Jack Bailey.
5. WHB Magic Carpet leads bus caravan in Parade from Municipal Auditorium.
6. Producer Bud Ernst and Queen Esther Turner.



WHB Executives and Salesmen



1. President Don Davis.
2. Vice-President John T. Schilling.
3. Vice-President and Treasurer, John F. Cosh.
4. Program Director John Wahlstedt, the "Cook Tenor".
5. Salesman Ed Dennis.
6. Salesman Ed Birr.
7. Chief Engineer Henry Goldenberg.



Voices You Hear on WHB ★ ★ ★



1. Dick Smith, Chief of the WHB Newsbureau.
2. Announcer Earl Wells
3. Announcer Lou Kemper.
4. Announcer Bob Kennedy.
5. Announcer Bruce Grant.
6. Announcer Bob Grinde.
7. Newsman and Sports Fan, Dave Hodgins.
8. Pianist Wayne Muir, whose fine two-piano band opens at El Casbah, Hotel Bellerive, May 23.
9. Continuity Editor, Rosemary Howard.
10. John Thornberry, "Man-on-the-Street" and "Our Town Forum" moderator.
11. Mori Grefner, editor of "Swing",
12. John Blair, president of John Blair & Co.
13. Traffic Manager Betty Orendorff.
14. Auditor Ray Lollar.
15. Sandra Lee, the WHB Shopper.
16. Johnny Fraser, Jr., the business manager of "Swing."



and Other Staff Members





. . . *presenting* JOHN T. SCHILLING

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

RUDDY, redhaired, eminently cheerful John Schilling has managed a single radio station longer than any man in the world, bar none!

He has worked his trade in Shanghai, Mexico, and on the high seas in war and at peace; and has personally built three radio stations.

He is one of the most modest men in broadcasting, yet he remembers when radio was only a funny noise. He helped make the noise.

He has not only seen, he has actively led its development from rotary spark gaps and Quaker Oats box tuning coils to the billion dollar industry which today is the world's greatest medium for mass education and entertainment.

Schilling is trim, with an active, solid look. He has young ideas and a broad smile that wrinkles his eyes and creases his face back towards his ears. Quiet competence surrounds him like an aura. People like him instinctively and are glad—because he looks like a guy you want on your team.

Seeing John Schilling with his bowling club, or single-handedly building a guest-house on Kilocycle Acres—his home just south of the city—it is difficult to believe he is truly one of the broadcasting industry's greatest pioneers; yet this month

completes his twenty-fifth year at the helm of the station with Kansas City's oldest call letters—WHD.

In a business where a day bringing no more than 17 crises is apt to be thought dull, this is a remarkable record. He not only heads a complete business operation, he directs an entertainment troupe and has the heavy corrolary responsibilities of community service and education. From early morning until Class A time, he deals with high-powered sponsors, temperamental artists, confused traffic schedules, demanding fund raisers, crackpot promotion men, and junior executives of assorted grades—all the while vulnerable to criticism from the FCC.

But "Calm John" Schilling, the wonder of his broadcasting colleagues, sails imperturbably along, finding time in his great good nature to answer the questions and solve the problems of his staff. The secret, of course, is fine balance; a sharp, perceptive sense of humor; and the ability to grasp and deal with situations immediately in the most direct fashion. Above all, and most impressive to everyone privileged to watch him work, is his unexcitability, his constant appearance of calm.

In his office—with telephone and dictaphone, cigar and pencil—he

keeps routine humming, greets all comers with unruffled cheerfulness, and somehow finds time to dream up ideas that make broadcasting history.

Since the first World War was an ugly incident an ocean away, John Schilling has been at the business of making history—although it hasn't always been his fault.

"You know," he says, "a man doesn't have much to do with ordering his life. Most of it just happens.

"For instance, I'm no good as a prophet. In the electrical experimentation days of radio I didn't foresee its future military and naval uses, and when I was bobbing around on a subchaser in the North Atlantic with earphones on my head and a bucket under my arm, I didn't even envision the commercial possibilities which led to the tremendous broadcasting industry we know now. That's understandable, but it certainly isn't to my credit.

"I started off wanting to be an architect—actually worked at it for awhile—but something always came along and rerouted me."

They were seemingly unimportant things, too. Things like a radiogram, a box of cigars, and a telephone pole.

The telephone pole was Sam Adair's, and it was the wonder of the neighborhood! It seemed a hundred feet tall, so it must have been forty, at least. Things looked bigger in 1914. Anyway, this pole was the particular envy of every radio bug for miles around Kansas City, because it enabled Sam to pick up time signals from as far away as Key West!

Sam was a bright boy. He lived across the tracks from Schilling—on

the right side. He had an allowance large enough to cover a "rock-crusher" transmitter, and other fabulous pieces of "advanced" radio equipment. All



in all, it wasn't surprising that he soon collected an ardent group of satellites. In their front rank was John Schilling, then a cherub-cheeked drafting student at Manual Training High School, who knew a little about electricity and was interested in radio. He was considerably impressed by Sam Adair, by Sam Adair's knowledge, and particularly by Sam Adair's expensive radio equipment. It was hero worship of the unvarnished variety.

And that was the first influence on John Schilling's life. For a couple of years, drafting suffered while he helped Sam tinker. He learned code, and began to "work" ham operators around the country, gradually developing a receiving speed of ten or fifteen words a minute.

In April of 1917, the ugly incident jumped across the sea as though it were a puddle, and swept the United States into war. Within a week, John Schilling had embraced his family,

said so long to Sam and hello to Uncle Sam. He enlisted in the navy and was sent to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Shortly after his arrival, it was announced at quarters that men with any radio experience were to report to the Mess Hall at 1400. John went, and sat at a long table with paper and pencil while an examiner rapped out code at five words a minute. The next day he became a seaman second class, classified as a radioman striker. His "boot" days were over!

School was set up in an unheated tent, and after a few days the boys began to wonder why they'd ever volunteered. But it didn't last long for Seaman Schilling. He was transferred to U. S. Naval Radio School at Harvard for a thirteen-week course.

There he was handed a textbook seven inches thick. That book sits on a book shelf in his library today, mostly to impress people. He never read it, because after his fifth week at Cambridge he was abruptly called out of class with the curt announcement that his services had been specifically requested through the Bureau of Naval Personnel. The instructor at the Western Electric Company in New York said he wanted Schilling as a student.

Mystified, Schilling lashed up his gear. Why would anyone demand him? He thought of the seven-inch book, crammed full of terms he'd never heard of and diagrams he didn't understand. He shrugged, and caught an early train.

In New York, he learned the answer fast. The instructor was Sam Adair! Now they could tinker and get paid for it!

Time flew at the school on West Street. Radio was developing rapidly, and the bluejackets had to work hard to keep abreast of it. Schilling's pay record had been lost, so for three months there was plenty of time to study.

Meanwhile, things in the Atlantic were going badly. German U-boats were giving Allied shipping a fit. The American navy had plenty of spirit, but not much equipment.

By Fall, however, great strides had been made in submarine detection methods, so Schilling and twelve others were sent to New London, Connecticut, to open a school in radio telephony. The purpose was to teach officers and men of anti-submarine ships enough to operate radio equipment which was rapidly being installed for communication within hunter-killer groups. Previously, communication had been visual, with the result that it was slow and unsatisfactory.



The thirteen enlisted men were given an old barracks building, and told to start teaching.

They set up a four-week course: two weeks of theory and two weeks

of practical work with the gear. Students were taught to operate the equipment and make elementary repairs.

Schilling's most vivid recollections of the period are of experimental cruises in what seemed like *awjuily* rough weather, and of French seamen rolling depth charges down the hill beside the barracks. Three hundred pounds of TNT bumping past is something to remember!

He advanced steadily in rate, and was a chief radio electrician in November of 1918, when the war's end taught that it was easier to get into the navy than to get out. Transferred to a receiving ship in Brooklyn, he began to sweat out his discharge.

IT was there Schilling displayed his executive abilities for the first time, though fortunately none of his superiors ever learned about it. He was on duty one gusty March night at the navy office down on Westminister Street in New York. It was a telephone watch—sitting at a desk, initialing orders, administering routine. Things went swimmingly until midnight, when a personnel order came through. It was for a draft of men to be assigned duty on the U.S.S. *George Washington*, sailing immediately to carry President Wilson to France. The Chief set down his coffee cup with a slight jar. His eyes grew wide. Heading the list was a familiar name — "Schilling, John T., Chief Radio Electrician, U.S.N."

Discharge papers should be through any time now, and here were orders to sea. It presented a problem. Schilling reached for a file, selected the likeliest looking candidate, and

carefully pencilled a substitution in the margin. Then he drew a neat line through his own name, picked up his coffee. He'd met his first crisis!

The final discharge didn't arrive until June, though, and by then Schilling had grown fond of New York. So he went to work at the DeForrest Radio Laboratories at Highbridge as an engineer, and for six or eight months designed vacuum tube receiving sets. While with DeForrest, he participated in the original voice communication experiments. Until that time, radio had sent only a series of shrill dots and dashes. But Bob Gowan, the laboratory head, set up equipment at his home in Ossining, and he and Schilling *talked back and forth by radio!*

But John Schilling was young, and not much impressed. Besides, he had saved almost a thousand dollars, so it was easy for a chap named Sargent to talk him into a trip to California. If only he had known how far west he was going!

Ed Sargent had been in the navy with Schilling and had worked with him later at Highbridge. His home was San Francisco, but nothing he had said prepared Schilling for the size of that home, replete with a staff of servants and a butler with built-in martinis.

The boys wallowed in the lap of San Franciscan luxury for a week, then began to get restless again. So Ed had a chat with the mayor, who produced two jobs in a sugar refinery at Crockett.

Those were jobs all right! Jobs loading 100 pound sacks of sugar, storing raw sugar, living in tents.

But it paid \$31 a week—very good money for the time. Then word got out that the boys were electricians, so they were put to work wiring 500-volt stuff—live.

Soon the urge to travel overtook them again. They wanted to work with radio, but with an adventure-some angle. Conveniently, some new merchant ships were in San Francisco, and needed radio operators. The next week, Sargent was on his way through the Canal, bound for Rio. Schilling was sailing due west on board the S.S. Durango.

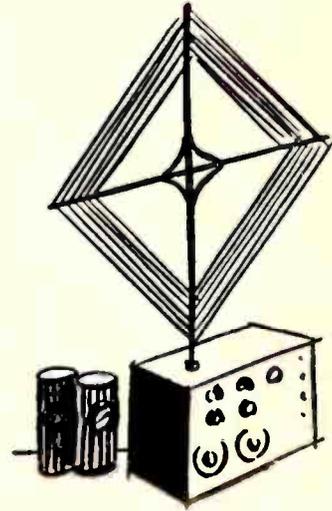
The Durango was only thirteen days out when Brennan met Dempsey for the world's heavyweight title. All hands had bet heavily on the outcome.

"Blow-by-blows" were unheard of then, but everyone was depending on "Sparks" Schilling to pick up information on the progress of the bout. He tried hard, but static was so bad that accurate copy was impossible. From what he could piece together, however, he finally issued a bulletin: "Brennan wins." That's when he learned the danger of hasty conclusions.

The next night reception was perfect. A news broadcast came over announcing unmistakably that Dempsey was still champion. This had to be explained to the crew, who had meantime settled all wagers. Schilling met the situation with equanimity, but stuck close to the shack for the rest of the trip. Somehow his popularity had waned.

For nine months he plied the Pacific, communicating every night with Ed. They had arc transmitters, which

operated on 2500 meters with one kilowatt, and a fancy code they had worked out before parting. Sargent's ship had returned to San Francisco. He received all of Schilling's mail there, and relayed it by radio. They could send messages with impunity. Or so they thought.



One day, though, Schilling received a radiogram through official channels. It read simply: "Upon arrival port see no one talk no one—Sargent."

That night Sargent failed to answer his call. He was silent the next night and the next, until Schilling finally gave up.

The Durango was headed for the States and New York. The sea was smooth and life was good. In the evening, Schilling could sit on a coil of line aft and stare at the thick purple blackness of the water. The wake boiled white, and occasional balls of phosphorescence flashed with the startling beauty of lime neon under water.

He had a fresh box of good cigars. One night he lit one, settled his back against a bulkhead, and contemplated an enveloping peace greater than any-

thing he'd ever known. He thought slowly: "One more year of this and I'll be good for nothing at all! This is my last cruise."

It was, and it was almost the end of his career in broadcasting. When he reached New York there was a letter from Sargent. Government regulatory officials had picked up their coded messages. Both of them stood to lose their licenses.

Quickly, the boys cooked up a story. They had been conducting tests on their equipment, at the request of the manufacturer. They tipped off the manufacturer, and he agreed to go along with them on it. A good thing! With his backing, and luck all around, they managed to skin through. But it was too close for comfort!

Schilling stuck by his vow to leave the sea, and headed home. He hadn't seen Kansas City for nearly three years. It was good to get back. He went to work in an engineer's office, where he was completely happy until a wire advised that Sargent was going to Mexico to install five DeForrest transmitters for the Continental Mexican Petroleum Company. There was lots of money in it. Was John interested? John was. John took a train immediately, smuggling needed tubes across the border under the mattress of his berth.

In Tampico, there was a jubilant reunion with Sargent, who explained that the five stations were for communication between Tampico and oil fields in the interior. Guerrilla warfare raged everywhere, and telephone wires never stayed up more than a few days.

They pitched into the task with a will. The Tampico station was up and operating in two months.

No sooner had the final touches been put to it than gold braid descended. All the gold braid in the world, it seemed. There were admirals and generals and Mexican officials of all sizes, mostly big, and all of them covered with gold. They were revoking the station's conditional grant, which amounted to confiscation. As it stood. Right now. They thought it would be a nice asset for the government then current. No more were to be erected.



Schilling and Sargent, somewhat amazed at first, finally decided not to worry. After all, governments were changing with great frequency in Mexico just then, and tomorrow or the next day might see a revolution of elements who felt kinder towards itinerant American engineers and members in good standing of the I. R. E.

But no such luck. They hung around a month or so, sampling tequila and swapping sea stories, then gave it up as a bad go. Sargent went back to California, and Schilling

caught the Ward Line for New York and home.

In Kansas City, Sam Adair was building WOQ, a station now extinct, which was owned by Arthur McCreary's Western Electric Company. John Schilling consented to help him.

When the station was installed and on the air, Schilling announced by night and waited counter selling radio parts by day. This was 1921, and crystal sets were just becoming popular. So occasionally he would drive to Joplin for several hundred pounds of galena. Broken up, galena crystal sold for fifty cents the small piece.

In March of 1922, Schilling changed jobs for the last time. E. J. Sweeney, who operated a large automotive and electrical school, wanted a radio station. As with everything Mr. Sweeney wanted, he wanted it right now! So he hired John Schilling and Sam Adair to build it for him.

They set to work immediately, with whatever parts were available, and completed a composite 250-watt transmitter early the following month. John Schilling was general manager and chief announcer. He would have had more titles, but broadcasting wasn't highly departmentalized then. And so it was that WHB took the air twenty-five years ago this month.

Sweeney was a large operator. He did things big. He placed an order for the best equipment on the market, a 500-watt Western Electric transmitter, and installed elaborate studios on the tenth floor of the Sweeney Building.

This was a new phase of John Schilling's career. He instructed

classes at the Sweeney school, maintained WHB equipment, and handled most of the announcing duties. Gradually, his fame as an announcer grew. As the "golden-voiced announcer," he became known to listeners all over the United States, and he was rated in the top half-dozen radio personalities of the twenties.

THEN he and Sargent got into trouble with the Radio Commission again, although it all started innocently enough. Sargent was installing a station in Oakland, and wanted to test its signal strength. He wrote to ask if John would conduct a test with him Tuesday night after the regular broadcast period was finished.

They tested, quite satisfactorily, and then began chatting as casually as if they were using the telephone. After about half an hour of conversation another station cut in from Atlanta. A fourth station joined, and the thing degenerated into a bull-session on programming, equipment, and common problems. It was so much fun they decided to do it again the following week. The next Tuesday, several other stations joined in, and in a very short time Tuesday night was established as an informal "conference night" for many of the stations in the country.

There were three outstanding features of these broadcasts. First, they were informative and extremely beneficial to the participating stations. Second, they built a tremendous public following almost immediately. Listeners wrote in, wanting to know whether there would be a conference Tuesday night, and — say — why weren't those things announced in

the newspapers? Third, they were illegal.

This was brought painfully to Schilling's attention in an official letter from the Radio Commission, telling him the station was licensed for regular broadcast use, not for personal conversations. The letter didn't make plain whether WHB was the only station being reprimanded; so the following Tuesday, Schilling and Goldie, the chief engineer, stood by their receiving set. Conference time came, and there was silence deep as a tomb. The Commission had swept clean the board.

Romance came to John Schilling in the mid-twenties, in the person of a petite brunette of French Canadian



extraction—Yvonne Rodier. Yvonne had raven black hair; large, lustrous eyes, and a clear soprano voice nicely adapted to radio. She was prominent as a guest soloist at clubs and charity shows in and around Kansas City, and eventually began a series of performances over local radio stations.

The romance started when she came to WHB, and John offered to

drive her home after the broadcast. He invited her to come again, and again he drove her home. He still drives her home—to Kilocycle Acres.

Things at WHB were lush, plush, lots of fun until late 1926. Then E. J. Sweeney met serious reverses, and the station lost its full-time operating permit. John Schilling and Goldie stuck with him, however, through many grim, desperate months.

They continued the fight to keep the station on the air, and were saved when a Kansas Citian, Judge Joseph Guthrie, came to their rescue with several thousand dollars. They lost the Sweeney Building, but made arrangements to use a two-room suite in the Hotel Baltimore, in exchange for advertising.

One room served as a studio, and the other accommodated visitors—as well as being the artist's lounge, audition room, rehearsal room, and general office. Schilling sat at a desk in a far corner, and had to shout at his secretary to be heard above the prevailing pandemonium. The staff pianist was Lou O'Connor, since a network organist, and she acted as receptionist and head telephone answerer. Everyone had three or four jobs, foremost of which was selling time wherever and whenever possible.

The professional doubling-up went so far that John Schilling—general manager, announcer, engineer, operator, continuity writer, and time salesman—took up the Jew's Harp! Staffmen were amazed one morning to come in and find Calm John's feet on his desk, a sheet of music across his knees, and the twang organ

clenched determinedly between his teeth. He was working on *New River Train*.

And he stuck to it! For weeks, he devoted every spare minute to practice. He played only one piece, *New River Train*. This brought on considerable ribbing. "Going to play that thing on the air, John?"

He was. When he had completely mastered it, he went on the air one day with guitar accompaniment. He played *New River Train*, sang a chorus, played another chorus. To the amazement of everybody, he was good. The best hillbilly in the area. Requests streamed in for a repeat performance, and Schilling obliged. For several years thereafter he periodically did his one and only specialty, *New River Train*.

SOMEHOW, WHB held head above water until 1930 when bought by the Cook Paint and Varnish Company, a young, rapidly expanding organization which realized the terrific potential of intensive radio advertising. This was the beginning of yet another phase of Schilling's career, the important one he is known for today.

With no wolf to beat away from the door, and with funds once more with which to hire talent, get modern equipment and adequate studios, John was free to develop into the fine executive he is today. He was able to unload his announcing, engineering, and selling tasks and concentrate on supervising and coordinating staff efforts. He has built a fine, smoothly-running machine. Now he can sit in the driver's seat instead of being out

in the mud, pushing. In the years since 1930, he has confined himself to active leadership and the formulation of new broadcasting ideas.

Eleven years ago, John Schilling became vice-president of WHB. He leads a full life. In addition to his bowling, building, and occasional



beer-drinking with friends, he is a leader in many civic activities, and a member of several good clubs.

But not for anything would he trade the experience and adventure of those early days. Opportunities to make more money in larger broadcasting markets have presented themselves many times, but John sticks to WHB. He likes Kansas City and Kansas Citians, and he likes the station he built here. It is the kind of station that has the same adventurous pioneering bent that John Schilling has, and the people associated with it develop a special kind of spirit.

So this month Swing salutes John T. Schilling, as he and his station celebrate their anniversary together. May they have many more!



"We now present the program originally scheduled to be cancelled at this time!"



Beautifully

Conspicuous

by JETTA CARLETON

Portland's Pride is the Climbers' Delight, and to see Oregon is to see its tallest mountain.

PERHAPS the most famous Hoods in the world are Mount—and Little Red Riding. Obviously, the little girl and the mountain have little to do with each other, since the only thing they have in common, except a name, is antiquity. But as mountains go, Mount Hood is still more or less in its prime. It has kept its youthful figure. And the shapely white cone rising like a marshmallow sundae behind Portland, Oregon, is easily the most beautiful of a long line of beautiful snowpeaks that run roughly parallel to the Pacific Coast and about one hundred miles inland. These form the Cascade Range, a dazzling divider between the fruit and flower country of Oregon and the Columbia River Valley and plateau regions.

Long before the Indians arrived, or evolved, in the northwest, these mountains were volcanoes, belching fire and lava into the country below. But by the time the red man got there, the Cascades looked much as they do today. Their angrier days

had passed, their blood had cooled, and like Whistler's mother, they had settled down sedately with a white cap on their heads.

The Northwest Indians had it all figured out just how those snowpeaks got there. One of the Klickitat legends concerns Mount Hood, Mount Adams, and Mount St. Helens, the latter two in Washington.

Between two tribes of Indians, stemming from the two sons of Tyhee Saghahie, the chief of the gods, lay the great river which we call the Columbia. Saghahie had placed it there, along with a string of green mountains to keep peace between the tribes. But since he wished them to be neighborly, he built a great stone bridge known to the Indians as the tamahnawas, or bridge of the gods. On this bridge lived a witch, and that's where the trouble began.

At first, there was no trouble. The witch-woman, called Loowit, had charge of the only fire in the world, and she saw fit to give fire to the tribes on both sides of the river. Saghahie was so pleased that he promised Loowit anything she might ask for. Three guesses. Of course, Loowit asked for youth and beauty. She got it.

Then everyone wanted to marry Loowit. But she held out until two super chiefs came into her life. These were Klickitat from the north and Wiyeast from the west. And when Loowit couldn't make up her mind which one to marry, they and their tribes went to war. Finally Saghalie got fed up. He broke the bridge and turned the witch-woman and her two warriors into mountains. But since they had been beautiful creatures in life, he determined they should remain beautiful, even as hunks of stone and trees. Therefore, he draped them in snow. And if you would believe the Indians, when you look upon Mount St. Helens, you look upon the witch-woman, Loowit. Klickitat became Mount Adams, and Wiyeast, the warrior from the west, was turned into what is now Mount Hood.

The geologists, of course, have their own ideas about the origin of these mountains. The Cascades, they say, are the work of Pleistocene glaciers. The Pleistocene Age began around a million years ago. Before that, the region had been islands in the Pacific, then an inland lake region, tropical and lush, cluttered with mylodon, elephants, mastodons, camels, and horses with three toes. This was during the Eocene and Miocene periods, intervals of several million years each. Another several million years and the warm tropical region cooled, grew cold, and withered under a blanket of ice. Only the volcanoes retained in their depths the vestiges of turbulent heat.

After awhile the ice began to break up, to move slowly, carving out valleys and sculpting the great rocks.

After thousands of centuries of eruption and erosion, tropic heat and glacial silence, the great Northwest began to take on the shape and climate it has today. Now a dozen snowpeaks stand silently waiting the next anticipated glaciation, looking down on swarming man agog in his one little hour.

In this region, that hour began, for modern man, with the Indians. Then in the middle of the sixteenth century the Spaniards made a few shy forays from the southwest into the northwest. The first exploration of the Oregon coast was not made until 1774, when a Spaniard named Juan Perez appeared on the scene. So far as we know, the enormous snowcaps of the Cascades were not seen by white men until the late eighteenth century—just about a hundred and fifty years ago.

Mount Hood was discovered by one Lieutenant Broughton, a member of Vancouver's exploring expedition for King George III of England. On October 20, 1792, Lieutenant Broughton wrote that he had observed "a very distant high snowy mountain, rising beautifully conspicuous." Then and there, he named the mountain in honor of a fellow countryman, Viscount Samuel Hood of Whitley, a commander in the British Navy. The Viscount had fought in the Napoleonic Wars and in the American Revolution. Although he didn't win that war, he evidently acquitted himself admirably enough—at least to get a mountain named for him, with a river, a valley, a canal, and a town thrown in.

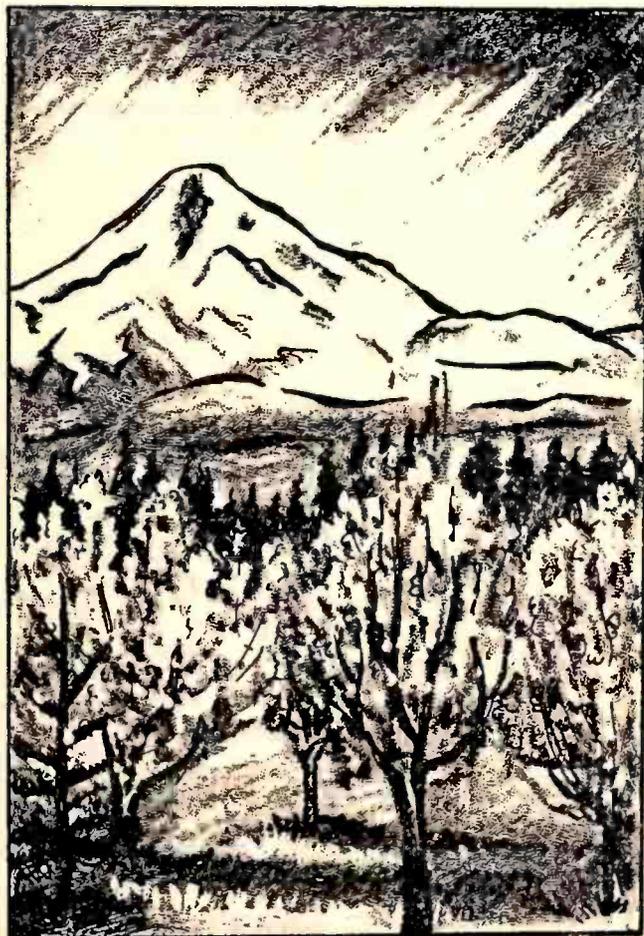
Lieutenant Broughton mistook the

mountain for the source of the great river, which had been discovered by an American only about five months earlier and named the Columbia. But nothing much was learned about Mount Hood for another half century. Meanwhile, on October 24, 1832, Nathaniel J. Wyeth, on an expedition from Independence, Missouri, to Vancouver, made this entry in his journal: “. . . before us and apparently in the river rises the most formidable mountain we have seen.” Two days later he wrote: “This day we passed the high mountain covered with snow heretofore [sic] mentioned. It is on the left of the river and is a more stupendous pile than any of the Rocky Mountains. Always covered with snow and and is called the Snowy Mountain.” According to some historians, the Indians called this peak Tumtum, or Timm. But the name Lieutenant Broughton gave it in 1792 became official.

This “dissected volcano” as the *Britannica* calls it, rises from a plane about four thousand feet above sea level, to a height of 11,225 feet. Some say 11,245; others, 11,253. But any way you look at it, it's still reach-

ing for the sky and darn' near getting there. The summit is a long narrow platform about a quarter of a mile long, the rim of an ancient crater. The crater measures perhaps a half mile across, but the rim has crumbled and disappeared except on the north side. Geologists predict that eventually the sharp cone of Mount Hood will fall. The eight or nine glaciers—actually ice fields—that lie along the mountain are shrinking at what is, for a glacier, a pretty good clip. Eventually, they say, the summit will be undermined by ice.

However, that still leaves plenty of time—perhaps several thousand years—for the tourists and the people of Portland to feast their eyes on Hood's grandeur. Time, too, for the hikers to test wind and limb as they scale the mountain's utmost height. Probably no other snowpeak in America has been climbed as often as Mount Hood. The ascents began in 1854. On August 4 of that year, a party led by William Barlow reached the top of the mountain via the southern slope. Barlow was the son of Captain Samuel K. Barlow who built the first wagon



OUR BACK COVER . . . Stately Mount Hood is one of Oregon's proudest boasts. Towering cloudward, it is a playground for climbers, skiers, and scenery-viewers. (Photo courtesy Union Pacific.)

road across the Cascades. One of the men who made that first ascent set the mountain's height at 18,361 feet. No doubt he felt every inch that high, even though his miss was considerably better than a mile.

Because of its climate and geography—snowcaps, warm valleys, and a beautiful, temperate coastline—Oregon is dotted with playgrounds. But the playing is perhaps nowhere so concentrated as it is on Mount Hood. This climbers' delight is also the skiers' delight, and if you neither ski nor hike, you can fish, ride horseback, or play golf. If you aren't the outdoor type, you can still get your exercise by dancing at one of the resort hotels; and if nothing else, you can spend your time profitably enough just looking at the scenery.

From the parks and rose bushes of Portland it is roughly forty miles east to Mount Hood.

At the six-thousand-foot level, you find the Timberline Lodge. You find it, all right—you couldn't miss it! Nor would you want to. This is a 56-room, more than a million dollar, Cascadian chalet, built by WPA workers, dedicated in 1937 by Franklin D. Roosevelt, and owned by the national forest service. Roads to the lodge are kept open the year round, and the average number of week-end visitors ranges from two thousand to four thousand. In the winter they ski, making use of the celebrated ski lift that carries them a mile up the side of the mountain at fifty cents a ride. From June into October they may follow professional guides across glaciers, around lakes, up to the top. From July into September they ride

horses, take pack trips, folk dance, or sit in on theatricals produced by the Civic Theater of Portland.

But the beautiful mountain can see more than its climbers, farther than its skiers. Rising over three rivers—the Columbia, the Hood, and the Willamette—it looks down upon the tremendous water power that promises—or threatens—to turn Portland into one of the most important industrial cities in the nation. It looks down on Bonneville Dam, on Portland's fresh water harbor, upon the Hood River Valley, two hundred square miles of rich land that puts forth blossoms and fruit—six and a half million boxes of fresh fruit alone each year.

This tall white mountain beholds tremendous progress. Quite a change from the coppery skinned people it once looked upon, if, indeed, they could be seen at all, slipping among the pines and firs, the tamaracks, the cedars and larches. Quite a change from those tired wagons that rolled across its southern slope not so many years ago. Now instead of covered wagons, streamlined transcontinental trains, and ships built by a man named Kaiser; instead of Indians in beads and buckskin—vacationers in ski-togs; instead of empty plains and untamed rivers—dams and boats, tractors, furrows, and orchards.

But looking north, the mountain watches across the miles her sisters, also snowy, also tall and quiet, and remembers, perhaps, the time when all of them were younger and had fire in their veins, and rose with tumult and vigor out of a ledge thrown up by a turbulent sea.

The policy that makes WHB achievements a matter of record: Be First—Stay First!



First &

FOREMOST!

by GENNII PRUETT

WITH the pleasures and privileges of broadcasting come inescapable responsibilities to disseminate truth and knowledge, to entertain on a number of cultural levels, to perform service to the community.

But there is another: the responsibility of being original—of creating, of bettering through experimentation.

At WHB, whose three-letter call is the badge of the pioneer, the struggle for improvement of methods, services, and industry standards has been persistent throughout the station's quarter-century history. The effort to be out ahead, leading the way, has resulted in an impressive number of broadcasting "firsts."

Ironically, for a station which has held only a daytime operating permit for the past eighteen years, one of the most memorable "firsts" was the first *all-night* broadcast by any radio station! WHB was on the air from 7 o'clock, Sunday evening, February 1st, 1923, until the next morning at 7:28 a.m. This was the longest continuous broadcast that had ever been made, up to that time.

A wide variety of programs appeared on that first all-night broadcast, including music by Ted Lewis'

orchestra, an address by the president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Mr. J. H. Barnes, and a period of radio code practice. It began and ended with a talk by Mr. E. J. Sweeney, first owner of WHB.

Setting a new record for its competitors to aim at, WHB topped its previous performance with the broadcast of its *Second Annual All-Night Program* on March 23, 1924. This time, the station was on the air for 13 hours and 35 minutes, the all-time high for that era. There were reports that radios all over the nation, as well as in the Hawaiian Islands, picked up the momentous program. Newspapers advised their readers several days ahead of time to have their batteries charged to the limit to hear WHB!

There is strong evidence that WHB had the first full-time staff orchestra employed by any radio station in the world. Shades of Petrillo! One has only to recall that this was the period of free talent, usually of amateur calibre, to realize that a revolutionary innovation was this use of hired professional musicians! The Sweeney Orchestra played on WHB for the first time on August 15th, 1922, with Kansas City's mayor, Frank Crom-

well, addressing the listeners. The group was under the direction of Louis Forbstein, and boasted nine pieces. The Forbstein men played popular, light classical, or church music, according to the program scheduled.

Fired with ambition, WHB originated a program which connected the Pacific Northwest and the Middle West for the first time. During the program, circuits were reversed, furnishing what was probably the first instance in American radio where broadcasting circuits were reversed for transmission in opposite directions. This history-making broadcast occurred on April 30, 1925, when a program of nearly two hours duration celebrated the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Long-Bell Lumber Company. In Kansas City, the main part of the program was originated in a large tent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Nelson.

Other stations carrying this record-breaker were WFAA, Dallas, Texas; KGO, Oakland, California; and KGW, Portland, Oregon. With such a large territory being covered, a proportionately large listening audience should have been expected. But apparently the company's founder, Mr. R. A. Long, did not realize the potentiality of radio. In his opening speech, he greeted his fellow workers in the three states—and, incidentally, anyone else who might happen to be listening in.

The announcer on the three-way hook-up was the "Golden Voice of WHB," John Schilling. During the few minutes that it took to reverse the lines, Mr. Schilling read telegrams of congratulations. How different



the split-second network shifts of today, switching all over the world in a moment's time!

The early morning *Musical Clock* program, which is now so familiar to radio audiences of this area, was first brought to Kansas City by WHB in July, 1931. Don Davis, in his travels as the station's national sales representative, discovered the *Musical Clock* show on station KYW in Chicago, sponsored by Marshall Field's and announced by Halloween Martin. She came to Kansas City during her summer vacation and launched the program here, with George Hogan announcing. At a later period, in order to bring the charm and personality of Miss Martin's voice to WHB listeners, Davis had Miss Martin transcribe the show in Chicago. All that Kansas City announcers had to do was to play the recorded music and cut in with the temperature reports every five minutes when Miss Martin announced the time.

An outgrowth of the *Musical Clock*, with its time and temperature reports, was the idea of giving the time and temperature at every WHB "station break." Listeners now expect to hear time and temperature

reports every fifteen or thirty minutes, at the end of a program—but in 1931 that was a revolutionary idea, pioneered by WHB.

Midwestern people have long been interested in grain and livestock quotations; so it was only natural that this broadcast service would be one of the first features carried by early-day stations. From the time WHB went on the air, in April, 1922, the broadcast day was filled with periods of grain quotations from the Board of Trade, and with weather forecasts. In 1922, WHB had a private broadcast circuit direct to the Livestock Exchange; and in 1923 the engineers built a small booth in the Board of Trade building and set up a microphone. WHB was the first station in Kansas City to broadcast quotations direct from the source. The station still carries daily an early-morning program direct from the Agricultural Marketing Service of the Department of Agriculture in the Livestock Exchange Building, with one of that department's experts giving farmers advance estimated livestock receipts at all principal markets. This program is fed by WHB to the Kansas State Network.

Safety-wise, the year 1931 was a black one for Kansas City. At the close of the year, the number of fatalities from automobile accidents stood at 104. The following year, 1932, WHB originated daily broadcasts from the Kansas City Municipal Court, in an attempt to reduce this death rate. Hearing Judge Thomas V. Holland climax a traffic case with the sentence, "Thirty days. License revoked!" proved a most effective radio discourse on careful driving,

and the number of traffic deaths dropped to 72 for 1932, a decrease of 32 over the previous figure. The number continued to fall until 1940, when it was 24. That year, Kansas City won a plaque as the safest city in the nation.

Thus, while WHB was chalking up another first (broadcasting directly from a municipal court), it was also rendering the community a service which it desperately needed. Twenty-six stations in other American cities later copied the court broadcasts.

Another broadcast idea pioneered by WHB was "The Weatherman In Person." Weather forecasts had been broadcast since the first radio station took to the air, but the idea of letting the weatherman speak for himself was originated by WHB, to the best of anyone's knowledge. In June, 1932, WHB presented in person A. M. Hamrick, chief forecaster of the United States Weather Bureau in Kansas City; and with that broadcast an idea began that is now widely copied throughout the nation—and even here in Kansas City! The weather bureau now chooses weather forecasters for their radio personalities!

At the time the idea originated with WHB, the Weather Bureau was located on the eleventh floor of the Scarritt Building, one floor below the then new WHB Penthouse Studios. The nearness of the forecaster gave Will Scarritt, WHB's landlord, the idea of broadcasting the weatherman "in person," and he suggested it to Don Davis.

The soundness of the idea was apparent, and now nearly a hundred communities carry such programs.

At WHB, a permanent direct line connects the Weather Bureau office at the Municipal Airport with WHB's central board.



Another program idea pioneered by WHB was the *Kansas City Kiddies' Revue*. This was aired for the first time in the summer of 1932, sponsored weekly on Saturdays by the Jenkins Music Company for their students. Charles Lee Adams directed large groups of talented youngsters for several years, presenting the shows from the Jenkins Auditorium before audiences of three to four hundred people.

The present-day version on WHB is the Saturday morning *Spotlight Revue*, sponsored by the Cochran Music Company, and featuring the promising juvenile musical talent of today. The children transcribe their numbers individually, and the program is assembled for broadcast.

WHB installed the first modern recording laboratory in Kansas City to be set up as a separate department of a radio station. It was established in June, 1935, by Vic Damon. The purpose was to enable the station to

transcribe excellent Mutual programs originating at night for broadcast the following day.

Tide magazine, in its issue of January 15, 1937, commented: "WHB, a radio station out in Kansas City, claims conservatively that it's got 'the finest schedule of daytime programs of any station in America.

"WHB isn't boasting as much as you think, either. They've just become an affiliate of the Mutual Broadcasting System, and they're not on the air at night. What they do is to make transcriptions of all the MBS evening dance music—which means they get bands like Goodman's, Lombardo's, Kemp's, etc. The next afternoon WHB puts these records on the air, and sells time to the local merchants.

"Last month MBS had a bang-up evening program to greet the new links in their chain. All their top-flight talent was scheduled to appear. Came a frantic last-minute request from WHB. Please remember, they said, not to let anybody on the program mention the word 'night'."

WHB gave its listeners news on the hour, every hour, as far back as 1935, and it is believed that this was the first instance where a station broadcast a feature at regular hourly intervals. Corroborating the date, national ads appearing in *Broadcasting*, *Variety*, and *Radio Advertising Rates & Data* for April, 1935, carried the following copy: "This idea of broadcasting baseball scores 'every hour on the hour' was originated in the Showmanship Shops of WHB . . . is copyrighted by us . . . and ex-

clusive with WHB in Kansas City. No station here broadcasts complete games throughout the season. WHB's reports are thus the finest baseball service heard in the Kansas City area!"

In 1933, the National Association of Broadcasters held its convention at the Chase Hotel, in St. Louis. As a promotional stunt, WHB had the pages of its yearbook mounted on art-board and placed as an exhibit in the hotel lobby. It thus became the first station to have an exhibit at an NAB convention. This use of exhibits has since become standard practice for attending stations.

During the past year, WHB took a definite forward step in accurate and interesting news reporting, with its most recent innovation, *Voices in The News*. This program had its roots in a weekly public service feature, called *The WHB Newsreel*, which began in 1936. At that time, studio transcriptions were made, but only the recent development of satisfactory portable equipment made it feasible to get on-the-spot coverage of news events.

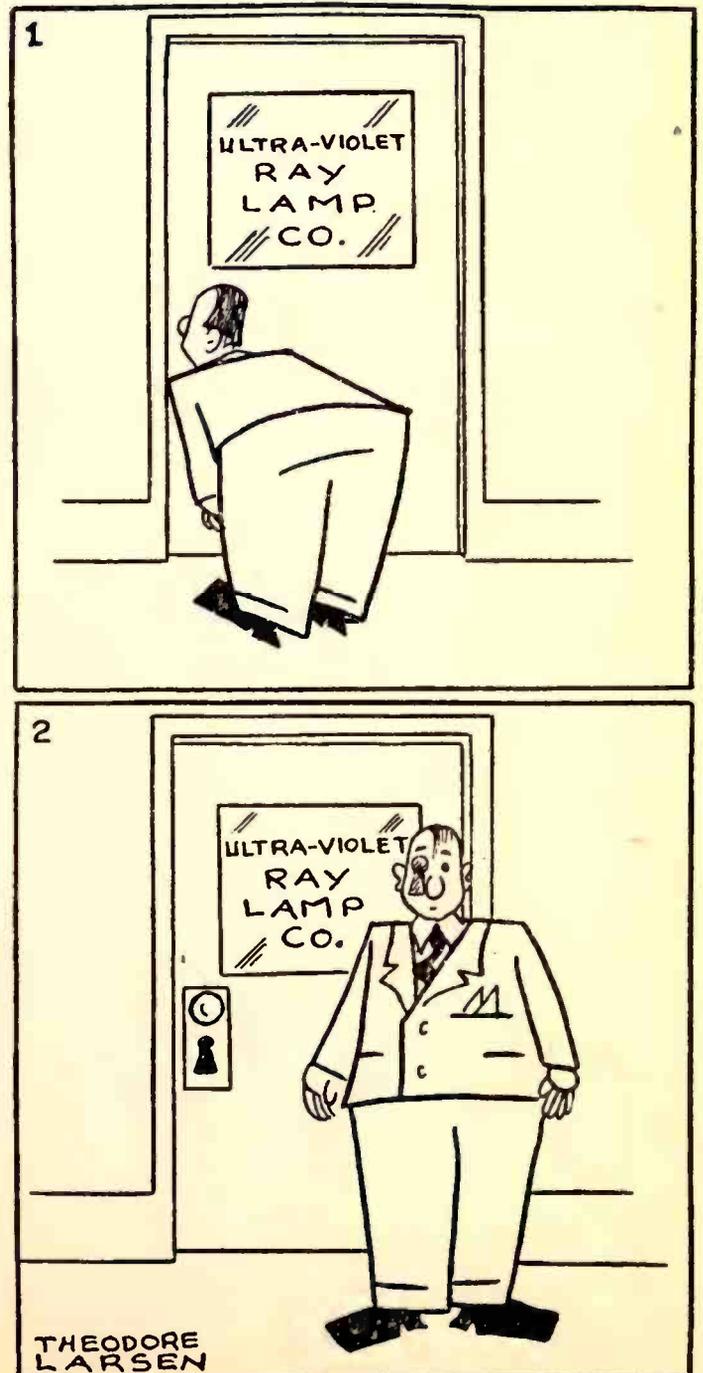
Voices in The News, and the many other broadcasting "firsts" of WHB, are the programming, promotional, and public service accomplishments of one radio station of one city in only one of the countries of the world.

But the globe over, other broadcasters are introducing ideas equally important to the industry and to all humanity!

WHB is proud of these accomplishments, justifiably proud, because they

exemplify the true creative spirit—the will to progress, to advance a great medium which has the power of knitting together all nations.

It is with a renewal of faith in ideas, in individual originality, that WHB faces the future—pledged to a continuance of the trail blazing which has made radio great, and can make a great world!



SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS



Paramount

CALIFORNIA — Ray Milland, Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Fitzgerald, Lily Bishop, having been run out of town by the "decent" women, joins a California-bound wagon train. Jonathan Trumbo (Milland) disapproves of her, but can't control his heart. On reaching Pharaoh City, they find it being run by Captain Coffin, who hopes to make California his own personal empire. Through Trumbo's efforts, a farmer (Fitzgerald) is elected to the Convention, where the state is to decide if it is to become a separate nation or will ask to join the Union. Coffin's mob rebels against the pro-Union vote, and just as Coffin is about to kill Trumbo, Lily shoots the captain. Fadeout with Lily and Trumbo making plans for the future.

SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING — Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray, Macdonald Carey, Arleen Whelan. Returning from overseas, WAC Captain Mary Morely hopes to patch up an estrangement with her husband. However, he greets her with divorce papers that require her signature. Mary refuses, whereupon her husband decides to make himself so obnoxious that she can't stand him. Realizing how badly he must want his freedom, Mary signs the paper. In going through their personal effects, they start reminiscing, realize their disagreements were over trivial matters. Happy, happy reunion!

20th Century Fox

CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA — Dick Haymes, Vera-Ellen, Cesar Romero, Celeste Holm. Technicolorful musical set at (you guessed it) carnival time in Costa Rica. Vera-Ellen and Cesar Romero are cast as an engaged couple, whose approaching marriage has been family-arranged. Each has other fish to fry, and the film presents their efforts to thwart family pressure. Celeste Holm is as enchanting as ever, and sings with abandon *Men Bring Out the Mother In Me*. Her change of pace is electrifying, and will remind you of *Oklahoma!* and *Bloomer Girl*.

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND — Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Ethel Merman. The ingredients for this one include a temperamental orchestra leader, a beautiful songstress, and a song writer. After a misunderstanding, the singer leaves the band, which soon breaks up; the band leader joins the army when World War I breaks out; and the song writer follows the girl to Broadway to write her ditties. Proximity being what it is, the two in New York marry, but later break up, and there is a highly unrealistic but satisfactory reunion of the singer and her real love, at Carnegie Hall. As always, the Irving Berlin tunes will please you.

Warner Brothers

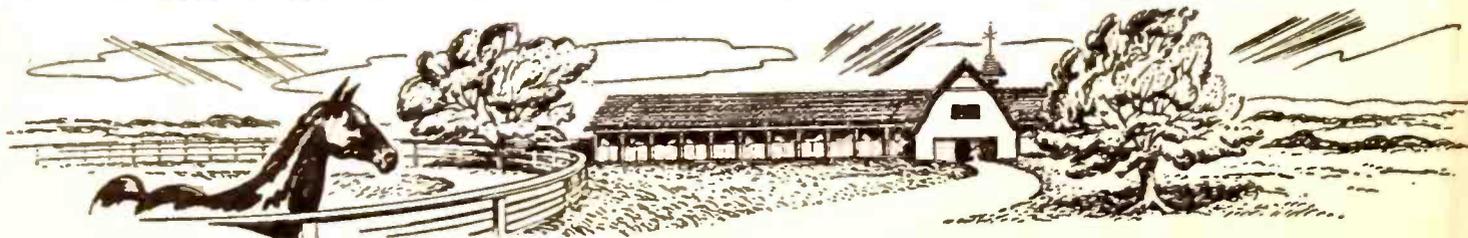
PURSUED — Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum, Judith Anderson, Dean Jagger. Orphaned Jeb Rand (Mitchum) is brought up with the Callum children, Adam and Thor, but has a strange feeling of always being pursued by an unknown avenger. After being ambushed, he kills the Callum boy. Months later, he marries Thor. The Callum clan trails Jeb to his hideout, and prepares to lynch him. Mrs. Callum rides up, and the lynching party is over, though it does take a little killing to get the clan's ring-leader to reconsider. Once dead,

he is quite docile, and Jeb and Thor mount their horses and ride off, free at last from pursuit. A newcomer, young John Rodney, makes his appearance in the film as Adam Callum. Watch for him.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE SEA OF GRASS—Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Robert Walker, and Melvyn Douglas. Katie Hepburn, as a St. Louis belle, marries Colonel Jim Brewton, a New Mexico cattle baron. She finds herself taking the part of the homesteaders, who want to break up the big cattle ranches. Her stand eventually results in an estrangement. She goes to Denver, has a brief interlude with a lawyer (Melvyn Douglas), then returns to her husband to try again to make her marriage work. She has a son (the lawyer's), then finally leaves again. Jim's drive against the farmers fails; and, in despair, he realizes his need for his wife. He searches in vain for her. The son, now grown, is held for a shooting, escapes, and is killed. Returning to the ranch after the funeral, Jim finds his wife, and they are reunited, proving it takes a lot to beat the Tracy-Hepburn combo.

MY BROTHER TALKS TO HORSES — "Butch" Jenkins, Peter Lawford, Beverly Tyler. A delightful comedy-drama about a young man whose plans to marry are shattered when he loses his life savings to prevent a horse, which his young brother loves, from falling into the wrong hands. He suddenly becomes aware that his brother, who talks to horses, can pick winners at the racetrack. The whole family backs "L'Ef-fendi" in the Preakness, the horse wins, and marriage plans are on again. If you liked "Butch" in *Our Vines Have Tender Grapes*, you'll love him as the boy who talks to horses. Peter Lawford is the handsome elder brother, and Beverly Tyler provides love interest. Edward Arnold, Charles Ruggles, and Spring Byington give solid support.



JOHN BLAIR & COMPANY

W H B's New National Representatives ☆☆☆

by WELLS H. BARNETT, JR.

WHEN John Blair & Company, national representatives of radio stations, took over the responsibility on April first this year of selling time on WHB to national advertisers, four pioneers in the radio broadcasting field became associated. They are: The Cook Paint and Varnish Company, for 17 years owners and operators of WHB; John T. Schilling, who built the station in 1922; Donald Dwight Davis, president of the WHB Broadcasting Co., and for 16 years WHB's chief salesman and promoter; and John P. Blair, president of the firm which bears his name, one of the first advertising men to realize the full potentialities of radio as an advertising medium.

After extensive advertising and merchandising experience with Montgomery Ward & Company, Chicago, and General Outdoor Advertising, Chicago, Mr. Blair went to the West Coast as head of the new business department of the San Francisco office of the J. Walter Thompson Co., nation-wide advertising agency. It was there, in the early 30's, that he foresaw the tremendous possibilities inherent in radio and realized that radio stations would need competent staffs of experienced salesmen to present their stories to national ad-

vertisers in the major advertising centers.

Early in 1933, the firm of Grieg, Blair and Spight was formed with Humphrey Grieg and Lindsey Spight, then sales manager of KPO, San Francisco, and western sales manager of the National Broadcasting Company. The first office was opened in San Francisco and the first station represented was KNX, Los Angeles. The experiment was so successful that in a few months offices had to be opened in Chicago and New York, with Lindsey Spight managing the Coast operation as he does today, Grieg going to New York, and Mr. Blair establishing the Chicago office and permanent company headquarters. More stations were added to the list, such as KDYL, Salt Lake City and WOW, Omaha. In 1935 the name of the organization was changed to John Blair & Company and it was firmly established as a vital factor in the swiftly growing broadcasting industry. Today the company maintains offices in Chicago, New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Los Angeles and San Francisco, with seventeen experienced salesmen, various other departments, and a client list of approximately 35 major stations and two regional networks, all doing a substantial volume of national business.

This fast but solid growth was no accident. From the first, Mr. Blair built his organization on two major premises—one, to build a sales staff composed of competent and experienced advertising men, with an emphasis on men who had had actual radio station background; two, to see that each of these men was as fully-informed about each station as the station's own management. Today



eleven of the seventeen Blair salesmen have actually worked in radio stations in various capacities. The others are all men of broad experience in publication advertising and merchandising.

And to keep this top-flight force fully informed of the operation of all stations, a sales development department is maintained as the chief channel of information from the stations to the salesmen. Elaborate files are maintained on each station in all six offices. These files are supplemented by a constant flow of bulletins and publications from the department. The salesmen are relieved of the responsibility of writing presentations, soliciting information from the stations and doing other "inside" work.

They are free to devote the principal part of their time to selling and developing new business. The sales development department assumes the job of visiting each station periodically for the purpose of re-evaluating its operation, and of making analyses of new stations which are added to the list from time to time.

The result of strict adherence to these precepts has been a record of continual growth of both John Blair & Company and the stations which it has represented over a period of years. Now one of the leading firms of national representatives, the company has not lost a major station in nearly eight years. Its associations with stations have been enduring and mutually profitable.

Other principles and methods have contributed heavily to the success of the organization. Mr. Blair has long felt that the best sales organization is one in which the salesmen are well-paid and happy, and have a feeling of partnership in the organization. This feeling has been carefully nurtured to the extent that turnover of personnel has been extremely slight. In addition, most of the salesmen are stockholders. As a result of this feeling of participation in the organization's prosperity, the service tenure of Blair salesmen is long—their interest in the welfare of the company is great. Moreover, since they are all men of considerable ability, they have built up personal reputations of the highest character among the advertising agency people on whom they call. Long years of honest dealing and fair practices have established each Blair salesman as a man of integrity as well

as ability. The importance of this type of representation is incalculable to stations with which the company is associated. After fourteen years of constant growth, John Blair & Company now represents the following principal radio stations:

WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
KIDO	Boise, Idaho
WHDH	Boston, Mass.
WLS	Chicago, Ill.
KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
WBNS	Columbus, Ohio
KFEL	Denver, Colo.
WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va.
WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
KTRH	Houston, Texas
WIBC	Indianapolis, Ind.
WHB	Kansas City, Mo.
WROL	Knoxville, Tenn.
KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
WLOL	Minneapolis- St. Paul, Minn.
WDSU	New Orleans, La.
WNEW	New York, N. Y.

KODY	North Platte, Neb.
WOW	Omaha, Neb.
KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
KALE	Portland, Ore.
WMBG	Richmond, Va.
KXOK	St. Louis, Mo.
KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
KGB	San Diego, Calif.
KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
KGDM	Stockton, Calif.
KOL	Seattle, Wash.
WWVA	Wheeling W. Va.
KGMB	Honolulu, Hawaii
KZPI	Manila, P. I.
WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
WQAM	Miami, Fla.
WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
WFLA	Tampa, Fla.
<i>Don Lee Mutual Broadcasting System: 47 stations blanketing California, Washington and Oregon.</i>	
<i>Arizona Network:</i>	
KOY	Phoenix
KTUC	Tucson
KSUN	Bisbee-Douglas

PECCADILLOS

by M. M. PARRISH

I

TO NEARLY ALL RADIO COMICS

When wowed by the wonders of nature,
Won't you talk of the stars and the
trees,
Erosions or oceans or aardvarks—
And please omit flowers—and bees?

II

TO LAX LYRISTS

We're used to the rhymes that are faulty;
Cliches, as you know, will get by.
But it might be effective to watch your
objective
And not say "between you and I."

III

TO CERTAIN ANNOUNCERS

Though you speak with the tongues of
angels,
Broad a's and a tone that's prophetic,
I'd gladly behead you all when you say
sched-you-all
Or roll out the word ath-e-letic.

DITTO

I hope that I shall live to see
The day you call it lingeree.



“WON'T you come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly.” Just a nursery rhyme, but these words played an important part in Myra Taylor's life.

It happened back in 1938 when Myra Taylor, with her love for music, started to make songs her professional career. After appearing in Kansas City night spots for a number of years, she decided that her singing career was at a standstill, so she landed a writing contract with the Blasco Music Publishing Company.

One day in the late summer of '46, Myra approached her boss with a new tune, which he recognized immediately as a natural. It was a simple melody taken from the old nursery rhyme, *The Spider and the Fly*. You see, Myra had read to the neighborhood children, and their favorite was the story of the spider and the fly. The more she read it the more she thought, “It's a lie!” So the song buzzed around in her brain and the words came easily . . . thus the novelty song *The Spider and the Fly*.

Mercury Recording Company, upon hearing the audition, came to Kansas City immediately, and cut the master disc, along with other Taylor originals which included *Still Blue Waters*, *Take It Easy*, *Greasy*, and *Tell Your Best Friend—Nothing*.

Myra is still writing, and has an exclusive three-year contract with Mercury. During the next three years, she will cut twenty-four sides, eight a year, and they will all be Myra Taylor tunes.

Myra loves music; she lives it every day, singing in public appearances seven days a week. This looks like a rough schedule, but not to Myra, who says, “When something is so much dog-gone fun, it just can't seem like work to me!”

Platter Chatter

Mary Lou Williams' Victor recording of *Waltz Boogie* is the only boogie ever waxed in three-quarter time with six instead of eight beats to the bar . . . Columbia is presenting a new release of that old Frankie Carle favorite *Sunrise Serenade* . . . Stan Kenton and crew are now doing one-nighters on the West Coast . . . Al Donahue is one of the latest to join the ranks of platter mer-



With BOB KENNEDY

chants . . . Watch for the new Kay Cee records, especially the Dee Peterson combo with a wow vocal by Ken Smith (he's a second Phil Harris) . . . Frank Sinatra back to work with a Cuban tan . . . Drummer-man Gene Krupa is currently one-nighting in the Midwest . . . Benny Goodman leaves Sunset and Vine to head east this month . . . Doris Day, a former Les Brown starlet, just cut her first records for Columbia.

Bob Hope and Dottie Lamour have just completed a duo recording set for Capitol . . . Decca's re-release of Busse's *Hot Lips* is showing sales . . . Vaughn Monroe's recording of *Beware My Heart* will be a sensational seller . . . Majestic's Mildred Bailey will make her Midwest concert debut in Chicago on Easter Sunday . . . Tod Duncan, original star of *Porgy and Bess*, has cut an album of the still best-selling tunes from the show for Musicraft . . . Favorites of the Grand Old Opry airshow, Pee Wee King and his Golden West Cowboys, were signed by Victor . . . Tex Beneke says he will continue using the Glenn Miller name in connection with his work . . . Trumpeter-leader Erskine Hawkins has a big project under way. He is completing the setting of the Emancipation Proclamation to music. It's taken him three years . . . Harry James' recording of *Man With the Horn* is a jazzfan must. It features a superb solo by altoman Willie Smith.

The song *After You* is destined to go to the top . . . Elliot Lawrence, Columbia recording star, won't have to worry for awhile; he's booked up solid til '48.

Highly Recommended

MERCURY 5003—Frankie Laine and Mannie Klein's All Stars. *September in the Rain* plus *Ain't That Just Like a Woman*. Here's a crooner with an easy "sexy" style that the women will go wild over. Both sides are very good. The instrumental group stays in the background and supports Frankie with a pleasing rhythmic beat. The Laine boy is going places!

KEYNOTE 619—Charlie Shaver's Quintet. *El Salon De Gutbucket* and *My Man*. The former is definitely a collectors item. Recorded in 1944, it's still going strong. *My Man* features Charlie's muted trumpet. Other artists appearing are Teddy Wilson, Coleman Hawkins, Billy Taylor, and Denzil Best. Nuff said!

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

VICTOR 20-2080—Freddie Martin and Orchestra. *Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1* and *Cornish Rhapsody Theme*. The "concerto king" has compiled an album of his most popular classic adaptations. On these two numbers is featured the sparkling piano work of Jack Fina. It's Martin's first album, and a good one.

VICTOR 26763 — Artie Shaw and his Gramercy Five. *Summit Ridge Drive* plus *Cross Your Heart*, a Victor swing classic which is a collectors' item of note. This is by far the best swing number Shaw has put on wax. Both sides are excellent, and you'll want this re-release featuring Bill Butterfield, John Guarnier, Nick Fatool, and others. It's a "must."

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

CAPITOL 361—Stan Kenton and Orchestra—*His Feet Too Big For De Bed* and *After You*. The first is a calypso number with authentic beat provided by hired Cubans. The vocal is ably handled by June Christy and the Pastels. Un-

usual biscuit. The flipover is a smooth rendition of a tune that will hit the top.

DECCA 25017—Ted Weems and his Orchestra. *Heartaches* plus *Oh Monah*. This is a re-release that's headed for big sales. In rumba tempo, Weems plus the whistling of Elmo Tanner put out a very listenable disc, which is well worth the money.

*Brown Music Company, 514 Minnesota Avenue, AT 1206.

CAPITOL 374—Benny Goodman and Orchestra. *Lonely Moments* and *Whistle Blues*. Benny is up to his old tricks, which is all right with his many fans. Here are a couple of instrumental discs that feature Benny at his best. Backed up by a hand-picked group of "local" boys, they give jazzfans their money's worth. You'll find Goodman using more trumpets and fewer reeds in this new combo.

DECCA 25015—Henry Busse and his Orchestra. *Hot Lips* plus *Wang Wang Blues*. This is another re-release by popular request. Busse fans will want to scamper to buy this famous recording of *Hot Lips*. Your record is probably worn out, so you'll want to replace it while they're still in stock.

*Linwood Record Shop, 1213 Linwood, VA 0676.

MAJESTIC 1105—Eddy Howard and Orchestra. *I Want to Thank Your Folks* plus *Too Many Times*. The former is destined to become a hit tune, and the Howard treatment with the mellow soft background music should make this a welcome addition to your collection. The latter features Eddy and the trio with two minutes and forty-seven seconds of smooth music that's easy listening. Both sides very good.

VICTOR 20-2164—The Three Suns. *If I Had My Life to Live Over* and *Beatrice*. This popular trio has changed labels, and naturally their first release would be tops. Confidentially, it is. The A-side features a swell vocal by Artie Dunn; and the latter side is instrumental. If you like music for dreaming, this is it.

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by ELINORE CUMBERLAND

★ **AL SCHACHT'S.** If you can talk baseball you'll be a lifelong buddy of Al's. If you can't talk big league you'll just have to retire to a corner and munch on delicious Southern fried chicken or a juicy steak. 137 E. 52nd. PL 9-4753.

★ **ARMANDO'S.** The place crawls with the youngsters but they don't eat much so there's plenty of good food to go around. Jacques Thaler and Harry Harden make the piano and accordion speak of romance and far-away lands. 54 E. 55th. PL 3-0760.

★ **BLACK ANGUS.** It's just that. Aberdeen Angus beef prepared a thousand different ways. Each way seems better than the last. The place is attractive, modern and the prices somehow seem to fit any amount you happen to have along. 148 E. 50th. PL 9-7454.

★ **BILTMORE.** There's more music here than you can shake a baton at. Carmen Cavallaro and Don Ostro in the beautiful Bowman Room; Mischa Ruginsky in the famous cocktail lounge. If you're the manly type try the Men's Bar. The girls can't even squirm their way in! Madison at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★ **BOAR'S HEAD CHOP HOUSE.** All kinds of sea food and delicious roast beef but as the title implies, you'll find the house specialty is deliciously browned mutton chops. The decor will take you a stone's throw from Downing Street. 490 Lexington. PL 8-0345.

★ **CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** Barney Josephson offers the gay and charming Lucienne Boyer, Edmund Hall's orchestra and Dave Martin's Trio. Your food will grow quite cold while watching the excellent floor show. 128 E. 58th. PL 5-9223.

★ **CHATEAUBRIAND.** Famous for its French cuisine this lovely restaurant serves imported foie gras and pate maison as specialties. If you can't read French, just point—you're bound to hit something good! 148 E. 56th. PL 9-6544.



★ **CHEZ LINA.** Another Frenchy—a wee quiet spot specializing in home cooking. Onion soup! Ooo! And escargots, frog legs, filet mignon. A little bar and very reasonable prices. 70 W. 52nd. EL 5-9881.

★ **CONTINENTAL.** There's a palmist by the name of Marion Neville and some very clever murals on the wall on a "dog life." The food has a continental air and is most delicious. 19 E. 60th. RE 4-0150.

★ **ENRICO AND PAGLIERI.** A Village restaurant that has been serving the same appetizing Italian fare for years on end. Table d'hote and a la carte. Drop in Sundays after 1 pm. There'll be no need for that Sunday night snack, friend! 66 W. 11th. AL 4-4658.

★ **"49".** Imagine a filet mignon for a buck seventy-five! You can get a big sirloin for a dime less and you might want to try those barbecued spare ribs with the special sauce. Mmmh! 49 W. 57th. PL 3-1889.

★ **MOM'S IN THE KITCHEN.** Mighty homey setting. No drinks, but gosh, you don't even feel like lighting that cigarette . . . you're almost afraid the "old man" might catch you! Good old home cooking. If you're a stranger in town and lonesome, drift on over to Mom's. 47 W. 55th. CI 7-9544.

★ **REUBEN'S.** You could live in the place for a month—pastry shop, ticket office, florist and Dagwoods christened after celebs. You should try the cheese cake—the kind on a plate. 212 W. 57th. CI 6-0128.

★ **ROSE.** Gregarious Italian people strictly at home because they serve their native fare and they know it makes you happy. Ah, the martinis—they're really dry! 109 W. 51st. LO 3-8997.

★ **RUBY FOO'S.** The name is enticing enough for us. Outstanding Chinese provincial dishes in a gorgeous setting. 240 W. 52nd. CO 5-0705.

★ **RUSSIAN SKAZKA.** It's modern enough but still Rooshian although they serve American food, too. A delightful Balalaika orchestra from seven and folk dancing on Fridays . . . a cleaned-up jitterbug style will get you by. 227 W. 46th. CH 4-9229.

★ **SAVOY PLAZA.** Dancing daily from five on, to Clemente's marimba band and Conn's orchestra. The lovely Narita sings with Clemente's group. Excellent breakfast, luncheon and dinner in the Savoy Room. 5th Avenue at 58th. VO 5-2600.

★ **SAWDUST TRAIL.** The decor duplicates an old English music hall and the place is informal and friendly. Amy Andrews and Beryl Bevan head the entertainment. The 7:30 cover is just on account of the mugs. 156 W. 44th. BR 9-9741.

★ **TOWN HOUSE.** Spacious and gracious. Sunday brunch and man-sized drinks in the cocktail lounge. 108 E. 38th. LE 2-6044.

★ **TONY SOMA'S.** Walk in the door and you land smack back in the twenties. Tony, Mabel Mercer and Bart Howard do the entertaining and if Tony likes you, you won't have to pay the minimum. Excellent a la carte. 59 W. 52nd. PL 5-0170.

★ **WALDORF-ASTORIA.** The Wedgewood Room features Mischa Borr and Emil Coleman. Mischa also holds forth in the Sert Room and Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing in the Flamingo Room. Norse Grill is swell for breakfast and the fellows can hide away in the Men's Bar (boys only). Park Avenue at 49th. EL 5-3000.

★ **ZODIAC ROOM.** Your horoscope is painted all over the walls but it takes no crystal gazing to foresee a pleasant evening for you and your party in this charming room. Open at five with cocktails. 58th & Avenue of the Americas. PL 3-5900.

New York LETTER



by LUCIE BRION

DOROTHY and Dick (Kilgallen and Kollmar) who broadcast daily over station WOR in Manhattan, are by far the most interesting husband-wife combination on the air. Their interests are wide and varied and their manner of presentation is so charming and natural that one never has the reaction of being forcibly informed or consciously impressed. Recently they have been discussing, and inviting comments from their listeners, on the subject of the price of theatre tickets. This is a subject that is in the air as well as on the air these days.

Involved in this subject is the question of just how much effect a drama critic has on the theatre-going public. There has been quite a hearty response; and the general reaction appears to be that newspaper criticisms have a very definite effect because the price of theatre tickets is so high that one can't afford to gamble on an evening's entertainment. As was brought out in one of the letters received by Dorothy and Dick, a couple in search of relaxation can get a baby sitter, have dinner, park the car and go to a good movie for practically half the sum it would take for an evening at the theatre. This isn't a salutary comparison for the legit. Most everyone prefers the legitimate theatre to movies but with the recent era of free

spending on the wane they think two or three times before shelling out for the high prices demanded at box-offices — to say nothing of the extra amounts asked by brokers.

There is no doubt, theatre tickets are too high. Naturally, the legit with eight performances a week can't compete neck to neck with movie houses which grind on everyday from morn 'til midnight . . . but where are those good old \$3.30 orchestra seats?

• • •

The Donald Wolfit Repertory, a Shakespearian group from England, was in Manhattan recently and incurred one of the most amusing lines written all year by a drama critic. Wolfit and Company were unbelievably corny and their stage effects worse, causing those sent there by orders to suffer unmercifully. The line that said more than a column: "Oh, to be in England now that Wolfit's here!"

• • •

Taxicabs here often make front page news due to some hurried person leaving valuables ensconced therein. But here is one that didn't: A lady from Connecticut concluding a shopping tour dashed in a taxi for her train at Grand Central, return ticket in hand, only to find as she neared home that her wallet with thirteen dollars, driver's license and other precious items was missing. She went out that evening feeling quite miserable about the whole thing and returned home late to toss about all night wondering whether, and if, and how, she should attempt to find the missing wallet.

Early the next morning the 'phone rang and she answered to hear a gruff voice say: "Where have you been? I tried to get you all evening." Candidly and a little cowed, the lady gave an account of herself. "Well," the voice said, "you left your wallet in my cab. What do you want me to do with it?" Happily the lady instructed him to mail it to her—adding that he should keep the cash, all but a silver dollar souvenir and the cards. "That's too much," the voice said. "Oh no," the

lady replied, "you have restored my faith in human nature."

"You've helped mine, too," he answered.

Next day the wallet arrived with everything but the reward intact. The lady was so pleased that she telephoned the cab-driver's home to thank him again. In answer to her ring the cab-driver's wife answered. Told the message the wife replied: "Well, he can't come to the 'phone now. He's taking a bath. You see, he's not only honest but clean."



Many out-of-towners pay a visit to Brass Town, a visit that calls for comfortable shoes and plenty of time. Brass Town consists of many little shops with piles and piles of brass, copper and silver interspersed along the west side of Allen street from about numbers 90 to 125. The prices are most reasonable and the shops appear to have everything metal of every size and description, new or antique. The array is really breath-taking and now, with the process of laquering, one can buy with no dread thought of weekly polishing. Also, these shops do a lot of shipping so there are no worries about the homeward trek.

In Brass Town, too, are many little shops which cater exclusively to the finest objects of china . . . Dresden and Meissen and such. Uptown buyers frequent these shops, as do collectors. There is no question as to the superb range of choice, and the prices are definitely lower than anywhere else. As is true in the antique shops on upper Third Avenue, it is wise to haggle over prices. It takes time, but is the mark of a seasoned shopper and can become quite an interesting game. Instructive, too. Some very fine pieces may have a chip off here and there. It's best to find them, but of no terrific importance to connoisseurs. At Uptown auctions, chips are mentioned and disregarded in practically the same breath. It may be a long, long time, if ever, that Europe will again produce such fine work.



Speaking of auctions . . . one would never regret going to an evening auction at the Parke-Bernet Galleries on Fifty-

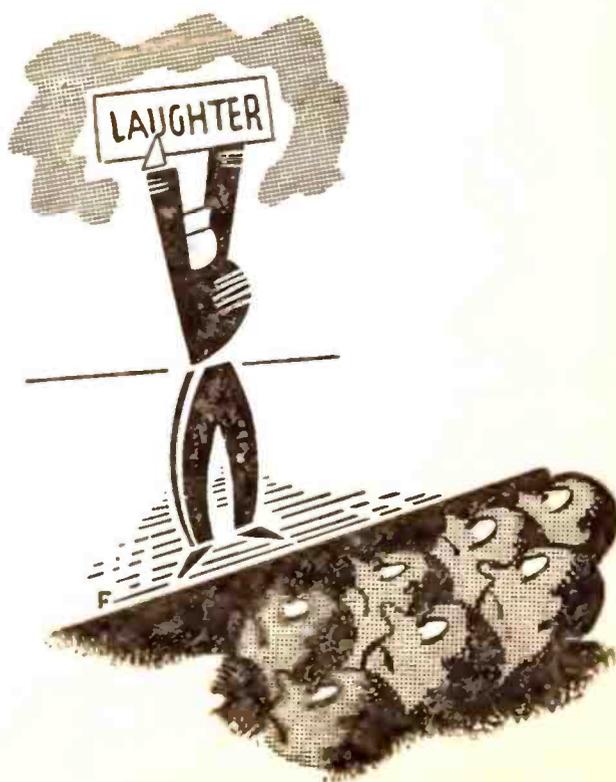
Seventh Street. The newspapers always carry notices of these auctions in advance . . . and the galleries are so beautiful and interesting that an evening there is a delightful combination of school, museum and theatre. They deal in only the finest objects of furniture, art and bric-a-brac, and everything is authenticated. Dealers and collectors alike frequent these auctions and bids may range from fifty dollars to thirty-thousand. Parke-Bernet is open during the day to invite close inspection of the items to be auctioned, and always many people mill about with critical eyes and even magnifying glasses. Very interesting.



Hats are now the point of focus for the spring season. Every fashion show features them, and rightly so. They are being designed for human beings again and no doubt will remove the hatter's mote from the male eye. With or without brims, with or without veils, with flowers or feathers, they cuddle to the head and flatter. The exotic is out and the original purpose is in.



Things are much quieter in Manhattan these days but still not quiet enough to relax on reservations . . . hotel or restaurant. And it's still no place for a rusty elbow.



NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays . . .

★ **ALICE IN WONDERLAND.** (International). Latest venture of the American Repertory Theatre is this Eva Le Gallienne production. Miss Le Gallienne did the adaptation with the aid of Florida Friebus, and is doing the acting with the support of Richard Waring, Margaret Webster, Philip Bourneuf, Bambi Linn and others. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ **ALL MY SONS.** (Coronet). About a war contractor who sent two sons and a number of defective plane engines to the wars. Arthur Miller's earnest indictment of a familiar social and economic crime, competently performed by Ed Begley, Beth Merrill, Arthur Kennedy, and a few others under the guidance of Elia Kazan. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST.** (Fulton). Lillian Hellman's *Little Foxes* and how they grew. Margaret Phillips, Patricia Neal, and Leo Genn appear as three of the more malevolent or helpless of Miss Hellman's infamous southern family. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BATHSHEBA.** (Ethel Barrymore). A Jaques Deval play starring James Mason and Pamela Kelino under the direction of Coby Ruskin. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum). Proving that you should never educate a woman, unless you want her to wreck your racket. Paul Douglas as a villain with Ideals; Judy Holliday as the Innocent. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BURLESQUE.** (Belasco). Air for a G-String, with overtones of Pagliacci and *Can't Help Lovin' That Man*. Bert Lahr and Jean Parker do a bang-up job in this revival of a 1927 hit concerning the rise and fall of a comic. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **CRAIG'S WIFE.** (Playhouse). George Kelly's play (earlier and considerably better than *The Fatal Weakness*) about a woman who is a good deal like every third one you meet, and that isn't very encouraging. Philip Ober and Judith Evelyn are Craig and wife, respectively. Evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, at 2:40.

★ **THE EAGLE HAS TWO HEADS.** (Plymouth). The throaty Miss Tallulah Bankhead is back! Helmut Dantine and Clarence Derwent also perform creditably in this piece by Jean Cocteau. The direction and production is by John C. Wilson. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HAPPY BIRTHDAY.** (Broadhurst). Helen Hayes on a jag, with the audience on the subjective side. Anita Loos brewed it up, and although the play isn't terrific, Miss Hayes is. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HARVEY.** (48th Street Theatre). A rabbit hunt led by Frank Fay and Josephine Hull, and likely to go on forever. Evenings, except Sunday,

at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.** (Royale). Certainly one of the brightest comedies of the season—thanks almost solely to talented and sagacious John Gielgud, who has somehow managed to preserve all the best points of the original Oscar Wilde play while revamping the worst. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **JOAN OF LORRAINE.** (Alvin). Ingrid Bergman playing an actress playing Joan of Arc. Perhaps the best performance on the American stage today. Maxwell Anderson wrote the play. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **JOHN LOVES MARY.** (Booth). A revolving door sort of a comedy in which somebody is bound to get lost occasionally. Something about a returned soldier who wants to marry the senator's daughter as soon as he can sever ties with a British bride who was somebody else's girl, anyway. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince head a cast that includes Pamela Gordon, the daughter of Gertrude Lawrence. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, at 2:40.

★ **LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN.** (Cort). Wit in the Wilde manner, outshone by Cecil Beaton's lavish costumes and scenery surrounding an excellent cast. Cornelia Otis Skinner is the one you'll likely hear most about. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **LIFE WITH FATHER.** (Bijou). Of which the alumni association increases year after year. Donald Randolph and Mary Loane are the latest pair to head the cast of the Crouse-Lindsay comedy after the book by Clarence Day. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ **O MISTRESS MINE.** (Empire). A slight comedy enriched by the incomparable Lunts who play a pair of Britishers living in fashionable 'in. Dick Van Patten, as the lady's adolescent son, is the only other actor on stage for more than a few minutes. It's the Lunt's play and that's all right by us. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson). Up to date 'till forty-eight, this Pulitzer Prize winner by Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse won't be old-hat until the last vote from the electoral college is in. Ralph Bellamy still heads the cast, which includes Kay Francis again and Minor Watson. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco). Spring song for three voices—Beatrice Pearson, Alan Baxter, and Vicki Cummings. A charming comedy written by John Van Druten and into its third or fourth year; we lose count. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **YEARS AGO.** (Mansfield). How an actress became one. Ruth Gordon's delightful autobiography of her younger years, delightfully performed by Frederic March, Florence Eldridge, and Patricia Kirkland. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Musicals . . .

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial). Women in love often sing or shoot. Annie Oakley did both, or she does in this captivating show in which Ethel Merman sings Irving Berlin's music. In the firing range are Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Bellaver. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK.** (Martin Beck). The George Abbott production has music by Sidney Lippman, lyrics by Sylvia Dee, settings by Jo Mielziner, choreography by Richard Barstow, and a cast that is large, loud, and lively. It all adds up to a six dollar top. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **BEGGAR'S HOLIDAY.** (Broadway). In 1728 one John Gay wrote *The Beggar's Opera*. In a textbook on English literature, by Woods, Watt, and Anderson, the editors remark of Gay's masterpiece that it "would have been a twentieth-century musical comedy." Well, now it is, after some working-over by John Latouche and Duke Ellington. An excellent black and white cast is headed by Alfred Drake and Zero Mostel. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **BRIGADOON.** (Ziegfeld). It could be funnier, but hardly more handsome. The music is catchy, the cast competent, and the dancing quite pretty. The whole thing is set in Scotland in 1747, so prepare for plaids and burrs. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER.** (Century). The music is by Oscar Straus, and the book is based on *Arms and the Man*, by an Irishman name of Shaw. Billy Gilbert, of sneezing fame, is the principal comic, but this is offset by Frances McCann as Nadina and Keith Andes as Bumerli. Both are attractive young people, and pleasant to watch. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (National). Comic comment on military and civilian life, by some ex-G. I.'s who know what they're talking about. One of the better shows. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **CAROUSEL.** (Majestic). Liliom as it might have happened in New England, according to Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein. It has passed the 800-performance mark. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** (46th Street Theatre). A leprechaun in the Deep South. High spots in this more or less engaging fantasy are the performance of David Wayne, the songs of Ella Logan, and the dancing of a girl named Anita Alvarez. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **OKLAHOMA!** (St. James). *Oklahoma!* as it probably didn't happen in Oklahoma, but should have. Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein adapted this one, you know, from Lynn Riggs' play. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Sunday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **STREET SCENE.** (Adelphi). The famous drama by Elmer Rice turned into exciting opera by Mr. Rice, Langston Hughes, and Kurt Weill, plus a gifted cast. Anna Sokolow created the dances. They aren't extensive but they're fine. Evenings, except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **SWEETHEARTS.** (Shubert). That Victor Herbert thing revived. Artificial respiration violently applied by Bobby Clark. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Of Special Note . . .

★ **MAURICE CHEVALIER.** (Henry Miller). In this, his first post-war appearance here, Mr. Chevalier proves he has lost little of his engaging charm. The program ranges from an appealing number called *Vingt Ans* to a nostalgic medley of the songs he once made popular in America.

★ **THE MASS IN B MINOR.** (Cathedral of St. John the Divine). In commemoration of the 250th anniversary of its founding, the historic Trinity Parish has arranged performances of the *Mass in B Minor* by the Bach Choir of Bethlehem (250 voices) and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Ifor Jones, on Sunday, April 13, from 5 to 6:30 p.m. and from 7 to 9:30 p.m. Admission is by free ticket only. For tickets, write Committee on Anniversaries, Room 405, 74 Trinity Place, New York 6.

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Adelphi, 160 W. 44th.....	CI 6-5097	E	Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....	BR 9-5641	E
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....	CI 5-6868	W	Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-2412	W
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.....	CI 6-0390	W	International, Columbus Circle....	CO 5-1173	
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E	Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....	CH 4-4256	E
Bijou, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-8215	W	Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....	CI 6-0730	W
Booth, 222 W. 45th.....	CI 6-5969	W	Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.....	CI 6-9056	W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E	Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th.....	CI 6-6363	W
Broadway, 227 W. 45th.....	CI 6-0300	W	Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....	CL 6-6230	W
Century, 932 7th Ave.....	CI 7-3121	W	National, 208 W. 41st.....	PE 6-8220	W
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.....	CI 6-8870	W	Playhouse, 137 W. 48th.....	BR 9-3565	E
Cort, 158 W. 48th.....	BR 9-0046	E	Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....	CI 6-9156	W
Empire, B'way & 40th.....	PE 6-9540		Royale, 242 W. 45th.....	CL 5-5760	
Fulton, 201 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6380	W	Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....	CI 6-9500	W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6075	W	St. James, 246 W. 44th.....	LA 4-4664	W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th.....	BR 9-4566	E	Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 64th.....	CI 5-5200	
Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd.....	BR 9-3970	E			

Chicago LETTER



by NORT JONATHAN

WE were informed by no less authority than the eminent Mr. Frank Casey, the cut-rate Barnum, that this monthly letter has been overlooking the considerable talents of Miss Dorothy Shay, the Park Avenue or Upper Lake Shore Drive hill-billy. So we consented to be led by the hand to the Empire Room of the Palmer House where Miss Shay, along with Griff Williams, is packing 'em in—to put it mildly. Also, again to put it mildly, Mr. Casey was and is right. Dorothy Shay is wonderful.

For one thing, the gal's slick chick costume, manner and voice are no preparation for the mountain songs she sings. You're knocked right off your chair when she walks out on that dinky dance floor and you never climb back on again until the last of many request encores is finished. She has certainly proved there's gold in them hill-billies.

The gal never resorts to hey-rube inflections or the tricks which too many novelty singers use to get back to the mountains. Instead, the opposite is true. A wonderful sense of melody, swell timing, and a few clever songs help a really outstanding voice put those songs across. In addition, she looks wonderful! If you can't

make it to Chicago during the remainder of her stay, however, you can hear her via recordings. Mr. Casey has also helpfully pointed out that Dorothy Shay has just finished cutting a few platters for Columbia.

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It must also not go unmarked that the Chicago Blackhawks are still residing either in or quite near the National League hockey cellar. Qualification is always necessary because the Blackhawks can always be counted upon to cross up their most devoted admirers. Just a few weeks ago, through well-nigh super-human effort, they managed to sustain a winning streak of some three games.

However, no matter where the Blackhawks happen to be percentage-wise, the true-blue hockey fan who mashes out to the Chicago Stadium on Sunday night can always count upon plenty of action. Recent Sabbath evenings have featured free-for-all skirmishes involving every member of both teams. Also one Sunday evening not too far in the past was marked by an astounding double-header surprise which riveted the attention of one and all: (1) A spectator had the temerity to reach out and poke the referee in the eye. (2) An inmate of the upper balcony was actually arrested for indulging in the sport of tossing torn playing cards down onto the ice.

Briefly in the center of the sport stage while the Cubs and Sox warm up out in California are the Golden Gloves amateur boxing championships and the professional basketball games. As for the Golden Gloves bouts, they're always a big event on practically everybody's sports calendar. They're a refreshing contrast, too, when compared with some of the professional bouts put on in these parts lately.

• • •

In the theatrical line we are pleased to have with us again Miss Jan Sterling in a new hit called *Born Yesterday*. Miss Sterling, then just Jane Sterling, was last seen in these parts in the road company of Ruth Gordon's *Over 21*. She made a considerable impression at the time in the role of the young Army wife whose husband has just been commissioned a second lieutenant. Now she's back minus the "e" in

Jane and playing to the hilt a part which should make her a star—if Hollywood doesn't get to her first. Incidentally, it couldn't happen to a nicer gal. We recall that two years ago Miss Sterling could always be counted upon to get up at nine o'clock in the morning (practically the middle of the night for any stage actress) to help out on bond rallies and Army and Navy radio programs.

Born Yesterday has been running in New York for quite some time. However, we here in Chicago are happy with a relatively new hit and a company which, according to the playwright's own admission, is as good or better than the original cast. It seldom happens here.

Other shows of interest, of one kind or another: The annual Chicago Park District Easter and Spring Flower Show at the Garfield and Lincoln Park Conservatories. Daily from ten in the morning until eight in the evening, there's a lavish and free display of spring flowers . . . The Sunday night play readings at the Actors' Club—a memorable treat, especially if you've never heard a play read well from manuscript . . . Bob McGrew, the WHB-Kansas City boy who made good in the Drake's Camellia House, still packing the place.

Another show, very much in the offing, is the annual Press Photographers' Ball, scheduled later than usual this year for April at the Steven's hotel. The reappearance in the press of numerous shapely young ladies in scanties reminds us daily

that it won't be long now until the photogs cut loose with their annual frolic—bigger, louder, smokier than any other Chicago public dinner and brawl.



The Daily News is somewhat red-faced these days. It seems that Mr. Knight's newspaper came to the parting of the ways with its ace war correspondent and constant author, the fabulous Bob Casey. So it was tactfully announced in the pages of the News that Mr. Casey was retiring. Mr. Casey gave out an interview; the News printed a kindly editorial. However, Al Capone died the next day and Mr. Casey was promptly hired by the rival Herald-American to write a series of articles about the life and times of Mr. Capone and his contemporaries. Exactly twenty-four hours after his "retirement"—complete with appropriate editorial tribute—Mr. Casey was back on the front page again. This time on Mr. Hearst's front page. To complete his escape from "retirement"—and, incidentally, the Daily News building—Bob Casey is now writing a daily column about the many characters encountered during his years of reporting. It's along the lines of his recent best-seller, *Such Interesting People*.

While on the literary scene, be it noted that the *Reader's Digest* has just devoted several pages to Henry C. Lytton, the one hundred year old Chicago merchant. *Swing* carried an article on Mr. Lytton nearly a year ago. Read it first in *Swing!*



The continuity girl approached one of the announcers. "Bruce," she asked, "how about buying a ticket to a raffle we are having for a young widow?"

"Nope," said Bruce. "My wife wouldn't let me keep her even if I won!"



The station manager was interviewing an applicant for a technician's job. "For this position," he said, "we want a responsible man."

"That's me, boss," the applicant answered. "The last place I worked, everytime anything went wrong, they told me I was responsible!"



A disgruntled schoolteacher asked a bright-eyed boy how long he had studied his poorly recited lesson.

"Well," drawled the little boy, "I studied from *Blondie* until the ten o'clock news.



by MARION ODMARK

Plush . . .

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Handsome is as handsome does and the Boulevard Room does it the Hilton way with Dorothy Dorben's creative production and the music of Don McGrane and his orchestra.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Terribly smart and comfortable and a good investment for superlative food and surrounding company.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). A room that makes women look even lovelier and brings out the most expansive personality of their escorts. Dancing to Bob McGrew's romantic tunefare.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). It will cost you a small fortune to enjoy Palmer House food and entertainment in this exquisite chamber of good taste, but good living has always come high.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Jimmy's headman here and Joe Vera's band is sweet, swiny and even allows for your own sparkling conversation.

★ **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 East Walton Place (Whi. 5301). The ladies in particular will cherish the attention to details in this decorative restaurant.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Show off your new Easter finery here and enjoy the artistic show Dorothy Hild has devised with the musical assistance of Henry Brandon and his orchestra.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan and 7th (Har. 4300). Tradition runs rampant in cuisine and service, and the dancing-fare by Ramon Ramos and his orchestra and just one king-size act is the perfect supplement.

★ **NEW HORIZON ROOM**, Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan (Whi. 4100). Smartly the last word in tropical trimmings with Florian ZaBach and his string-minded orchestra for dancing.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Screen stars, stage celebrities, literati and just plain millionaires make ogling in this dramatic show-piece worth the tariff.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Pre-war magnificence seems to pervade this handsome, large room and the little show is delightful divertissement.

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Russian charm about everything — food, music by George Scherban's orchestra, service, and atmosphere.

Big Shows . . .

★ Floor shows change with the whim of management and agents, not to mention acts' temperaments, but you'll find the cream of entertainers at **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) . . . **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544) . . . And at **COPACABANA**, State and Lake (Dea. 5151) . . . Reservations suggested unless you're not fussy about sitting this side of the kitchen.

Ice Revue . . .

★ Dorothy Lewis and her hit ice spectacle and Ted Weems and his orchestra have replaced noisy swing bands in the **COLLEGE INN** of the Hotel Sherman, Randolph and Clark (Fra. 2100).

Change of Scenery . . .

★ Next best to turning trader, an evening at **DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S**, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812) . . . Catacombs and eerie wine cellars at **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) . . . Primly Victorian with a dash of old Paris is **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070) . . . **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892), is all the title implies . . . And **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733), really is.

Stuff Yourself . . .

★ Food is the thing at the **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 Rush (Del. 5930) . . . **AGOSTINO'S**, 1121 N. State (Del. 9862) . . . **GIBBY'S**, 192 N. Clark (And. 8177) . . . **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 Rush (Del. 1492) . . . **KUNGSHOLM**, 631 Rush (Sup. 9868) . . . **HOE SAI GAI**, 75 W. Randolph (Dea. 8505).

Girlesque . . .

★ The night you're on the town and making a production of it, you might wind it up at one of Chicago's honky-tonk girl show rendezvous (the best people do it) . . . Places like the **PLAYHOUSE CAFE**, 550 N. Clark . . . **FRENCH CASINO**, 641 N. Clark . . . **L & L CAFE**, 1316 W. Madison . . . **606 CLUB**, 606 S. Wabash . . . **EL MO-CAMBO**, 1519 W. Madison . . . **CLUB FLAMINGO**, 1359 W. Madison.

▲
She fell back into his arms. The soldier looked down into her eyes and then their lips met. Suddenly, she turned and spoke.

"You know, this is the first time I've ever done anything like this."

"I know," replied the soldier, "But you certainly did inherit an awful lot of experience."



The Magnificent Meal . . .

★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** "Pop" Wormington offers you the usual wide selection found in cafeterias with the added attraction of preparing each dish as though it were a culinary masterpiece. The Bluebird is one of the finest cafeterias in the country . . . you'll like the food and you'll like the genial, rotund Mr. Wormington. The place is absolutely immaculate, too. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.

★ **BRETTON'S.** Viva la France! The chef we mean 'cause that's where he learned his stuff. Beef, turkey, lobster—you name it! Like pastries? You do? Try Max Bretton's Napoleon slices. Mmmmmh! 1215 Baltimore. HA. 5773.

★ **GUS' COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** Friendly Gus Fitch likes to pump people's hand and he likes to offer good music to his patrons. So, the answer is Joshua Johnson, Boogie King of Baltimore—and with that flashy left the man could go national. But he doesn't want—he likes the local scene. While listening to Josh, order one of those great, big, juicy steaks. 1106 Baltimore. GR 5120.

★ **IL PAGLIACCIO.** Handsome Frank Ross used to be a Big Six man but now he calls the plays in the Rosses' colorful, newly decorated restaurant. There's a peach of a bar, and dinner music by Dave McClain. Bring your lady and the Rosses will do the rest—spaghetti, meatballs and a beaker of wine. 600 East 6th St. HA. 8441.

★ **KELLEHER'S MART CAFE.** If you work in the Mart why leave the place when the first floor boasts all kinds of good food and drink? No reason at all, friend, but if you work somewhere else, it's a different story. Among other features, Mr. Kelleher has an evening smorgasbord accompanied by an entree ordered from the table. Talk it over with the chef if you don't find what you want on the menu. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ **FRANK J. MARSHALL'S.** Frank is always tearing off to New Orleans or someplace—ostensibly on a vacation but the truth of the matter is that he's hunting for different ways to prepare lobster. The trips have been a success because the seafood is delightful. Frank prepares more than a quarter of a million chickens annually—black-and-white proof of the popularity of his chicken dinners. The newest Marshall addition is the spic and span restaurant at 917 Grand. Hearty breakfasts and business men's luncheons. Also located at Brush Creek and Paseo. VA 9757.

KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

★ **PATSY'S CHOPHOUSE.** You won't have to listen to Lou's portable playback anymore—he bought himself a huge juke box that plays twenty records on both sides. If you have a favorite record, bring it over and Lou will put it in his shiny machine. Patsy, Lou and Vince delight in serving large parties so have your next one at the Chophouse. Gad! Those filets! A heck of a friendly place, too. East end of 6th St. Trafficway. HA 8795.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** Omnipresent host Jerry will guide you to table, booth or bar. Watch out, or he'll leave you at the bar! Roast beef, marvelous French fried onions and soft music by Muzak. The place is always filled with Kansas City gourmets. Looking for your friends? Go over to the New Yorker and you'll invariably find them. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ **SAVOY.** We've always spoken nostalgically of the Savoy, and rightfully so—but this grand old restaurant has kept pace with the times and the food is as delicious to the youngsters as it is to those whose heyday dates back a decade or two. The specialty seems to be lobster but snow-jacketed waiters can offer you a host of other fine items, too. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ **CABANA.** WHB's Alberta Bird plays the top tunes on her Hammond in a most fetching manner while handsome Latins serve your drinks and luncheon. Wee tables, cozy booths and a circular bar for milord and lady. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **LA CANTINA.** It's hard to get tipsy in this downstairs room because the vivid red-and-white striped walls seem to straighten you right up! We do have trouble finding the door, though. J.B. music only, so no tax. Drinks and sandwiches. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** Cool, dim and friendly. Mal Duncan and his talking piano make it unnecessary for conversation with your lady friend . . . just sit and hold hands. If you're a woman hater, sit at the bar—the girls aren't allowed. Up from the bar are tables and leather seats along the walls. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ **PLAZA ROYALE.** Hangout for the Country Club district. You don't have to know your Greek letters to get in, but the place is full of the old guard from school. Oh, those wonderful seats at the horseshoe bar . . . backs and arm rests! Mary Dale makes the tubes in the Hammond amplifier spurt blue flame. 614 W. 48th. LO 3393.

★ **TOWN ROYALE.** The sign says "Kansas City's Smartest Cocktail Lounge" and we agree. You can drop in for an afternoon cocktail but Harry Newstreet is happiest when he seats you at a table for drinks and dinner. Zena and Zola shimmer in their sequin gowns and their Hammond music shimmers, too. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7167.

★ **RENDEZVOUS.** The clientele includes Kansas City's Blue Book with all their chic clothes and mannerisms. The waiters dispense their duties in

a superb fashion—it is said that in order to buttle here your family tree must go back to the Mayflower. A long bar and tables across the room for dinner service—at the wave of a hand. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **THE TROPICS.** Take me back to Bali! That's the feeling you get in this dim room with tropical murals on the walls. The lights go out periodically and thunder and lightning provide the effects of a thunder storm. Smooth music and smooth tropical drinks. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** Piano music and sometimes a song or two for that feeling of well-being and comfort. There's a tiny bar presided over by two gentlemen in white jackets who know how to make dry martinis dry. Seats as comfy as the davenport in your living room. If you don't have a living room that's all the more reason for trying the seats in the Zephyr. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Playhouses . . .

★ **BLUE HILLS.** Eddie Cross is young and friendly and so are the people at the Blue Hills. The Happy Cook Foursome, direct from the Terrace Hotel in Tampa provides danceable music, comic novelty numbers, and ballad singing. Don't forget—Blue Hills opens every day now at 11:30 for luncheon! South on Troost to 6015. JA. 4316.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** We talked to Alma the other night and she said that she taught the Navy all those ditties. If you go there on Tuesday nights you'll hear some beautiful numbers rendered by the Muehlebach Chorus whose members gather at the Congress weekly. Ask Floyd, the waiter, to tell you about all those quail he shot last fall. Keep your arms behind you, though, or he'll talk 'em off. Good dinner salads and steak. 3539 Broadway. WE 5115.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** This entertaining place is now operated by genial Dale Overfelt. Dale offers music by Buzz Moten. Good food and over-sized drinks make your evening a happy one. Just to make sure, you can bend your neck at the bar (while bending your elbow), and see old-time films on a screen above the barkeep's noggin. Do you get thirsty on Sundays? Whip over to Broadway Interlude at midnight for a drink or three. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ **CROWN ROOM.** We always mention the Varga girls on the walls because they made such a lasting impression on us. Gad! What beauties. They're especially pretty while sipping one of the free drinks you get for being in the place during the cocktail hour from two 'til five. The bell rings, you get a free one on Joe Nauser. Judy Conrad for dancing. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

★ **DUFFY'S TAVERN.** Mac, Johnny and Red mix drinks like crazy behind that big old bar. Little Buck, he's only about ten feet tall, sings when he's in the mood and so do Eddie Harris and the rest of the gang. If the real Duffy and Archie could see this place, they'd give up—and come to KC! 218 W. 12th. GR 8964.

★ **LA FIESTA BALLROOM.** Beautifully decorated with a brand new bandstand, you'll always find the place full of genuine dance enthusiasts. Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday at

La Fiesta. Each Wednesday at La Fiesta there's an Old Time Dance. Saturday night old time dancing holds forth at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 Paseo, under the same management. Old Time Matinee Dance at La Fiesta every Sunday from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. After this period regular dancing is resumed. Admission before 4:30 Sunday only 45 cents. Plenty of soft drinks, ice cream and sandwiches. Stag or drag at La Fiesta any time. 41st & Main. VA 9759.

★ **MARY'S.** This newly decorated mecca often plays host to big names who stop in Kansas City for a night or two at Mary's. You're always assured of first class music. The place is inside the city limits now but you can have a world of fun before closing time. Mixed drinks are available and there's a new cocktail lounge. 8013 Wornall. JA 9441.

★ **MILTON'S TAPROOM.** Platter-famous Julia Lee is as much of a celebrity as those caricatures on the walls. She has a throaty warble you'll be a long time forgetting and her boogie is strictly bouncy. Milton is happy, Julia's happy, we're all happy when we go to Milt's. 3511 Troost. VA 9256.

★ **NEW ORLEANS ROOM.** Freddie Finch's orchestra continues to pack 'em in. Some like the big drinks, some like the music and some like them both. A gay spot with a decor smacking of Ole N'Awleans. Dave Mitchell installed a bar long enough to bowl on and he'd probably let you if you brought your own ball. On Wyandotte just north of 12th St. GR 9207.

★ **OLD PLANTATION.** A large, rambling colonial style mansion just east of the city limits. Yes, and like Senator Claghorn, it even faces south. Massive columns, spacious rooms and convivial atmosphere. Pleasant, easy-to-listen-to music by Bill McPherson. Ray Duggan and Don Ross. Highway 40, East. FL 1307.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** This little mite of a cocktail lounge has more atmosphere than the American Royal arena. Little elephants dance around the room and Charlie Chaplin goes through his endearing antics of yesteryear on a side wall. Don't put your elbow in your neighbor's drink while watching Charlie but tap him (the neighbor) on the shoulder if you want a conversational companion. For such a tiny place the drinks are really man-sized! Hotel State, on 12th between Baltimore and Wyandotte. GR 5310.



★ **STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA.** "I used to work in Chicago, in a department store." This and other clever ditties are Jeanie Leitt's stock in trade and she certainly does them up red, white and brown. Stubb thinks the barbecue packs in the crowd. We'll

place our money on the beautiful boogie girl. You can't do up the town without a visit to hear Jeannie. 3314 Gillham Plaza. VA 9911.

Good Taste . . .

★ **ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP.** Eat your luncheon and listen to Alberta's top ten by remote from the Cabana. Another service feature is a mimeographed sheet containing the latest news in capsule form. A busy place on a very busy corner. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** Joe Gilbert and True Milleman provide food 24 hours a day and the customers provide the continental atmosphere. Los Angeles sportswear hangs in a carefree manner next to coats with a Nettie Rosenstein label. The place is full of air people and silver wings but they'll let you in even if you do live in Kansas City. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ **AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA.** Martin Weiss, your genial host, offers a menu as long as the tall green water bottles that stand on the tables. What's your pleasure? Borscht? Steak? Kreplock? Whatever it is, you'll find it on the menu. Up the stairs for appetizers is the El Bolero. Hotel Ambassador, 3650 Broadway. VA 5040.

★ **BARREL BUFFET.** Sit down and let Jack Accurso tell you about his new, stainless steel kitchen. It's a thing to behold, at that. The bartender mixes your drink while keeping an eye on those little wine barrels above his head. Maybe he's afraid one might roll off. The barbecue is terrif' and so are the beef, pork and ham sandwiches. Put out that appetite with a sizzling steak if you've a mind. 12th & Central. GR 9400.

★ **BROOKSIDE HOTEL.** None of the fancy frills—just a quiet, dignified dining room specializing in family dinners. It's restful just to stroll in and seat yourself at a table with a snowy tablecloth on it. The food is cooked family style and the prices are as quiet as the atmosphere. Courteous, efficient service. Brookside Hotel, 54th and Brookside. HI 4100.

★ **DIERK'S TAVERN.** It's just a schoolboy's skid down 10th from Grand. Noonday luncheons for a song but if you don't feel like singing just tear into a hot roast beef. Between Walnut and Grand on 10th. VI 4532. Maurice Bell also operates a pleasant cocktail lounge on the Brookside Plaza.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** Glenn found his delightful sea food restaurant so popular that he not only opened an annex down the street but he recently built a little dining room in the rear of his present establishment. He still can't handle the crowd, though! Proof of the pudding. And that "pudding" means the most delightful oyster stew you've ever tasted. Milk, half and half, or all cream. And they use a clean pan for every stew. Scarritt Arcade. HA 9176.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** It's hard to describe the color scheme because the walls are literally covered with photos of visiting celebs, and mmmh—those meatballs and spaghetti! Hie yourself to the Gardens any time of the day or night. Try one of those little beakers of wine that are served with meals. It's a cinch you won't leave hungry! 1110 Baltimore. HA 8861.

★ **BISMARCK BAR AND GRILL.** If you want to see your lawyer, real estate man or banker you'll find him here. They sit at tables sandwiched in between the radio people who usually carry the conversation. We wish we had a nickel for every

business deal that was consummated in the place. Mr. Kimber sees to it that your food is cooked the way you like it, and Ed behind the bar (a lad of 76) does the same with your drink. 9th & Walnut. GR 2680.

★ **MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** Hotel food at its very best. Served with no frills and no waiting. Try a Sunday morning breakfast of waffles and sausages. Good! Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **NU-WAY DRIVE-INS.** Atomic car hops, (atom blondes who wait on you with jet propulsion) make your sandwiches and malt a thoroughly enjoyable affair. The specialty is fine sandwiches, and that's just what Mr. Duncan serves. Try the Nu-Ways after the show—before the show, too! Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

★ **STROUD'S.** Helen Stroud is the apogee in hostesses and Brother Roy is behind the bar. Roy said he was going to help out for a few weeks as bartender. He was supposed to be in Florida last month. He's still behind the bar. Don't let that big, ugly old viaduct fool you when you're looking for the place. It's still there and they still serve delicious chicken. 85th & Troost. JA 9500.

★ **UNITY INN.** Operated by the Unity School of Christianity, this cafeteria is a vegetarian's delight. The tossed salads are scrumptious and some of the vegetable patties are so skillfully prepared you're sure they contain meat—but they don't! 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ **EL CASBAH.** In the heart of the Bellerive, this famous room offers a smooth, sophisticated atmosphere. From Jerry at the door with his exquisite manners, to the superb drink-blending by Tony Cordero the place is thoroughbred. Bill Snyder, an old favorite of long standing, tailors his music to the surroundings. It's definitely suave. There's a Saturday afternoon dansant and a new weekly feature of free rhumba lessons each Tuesday at six. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

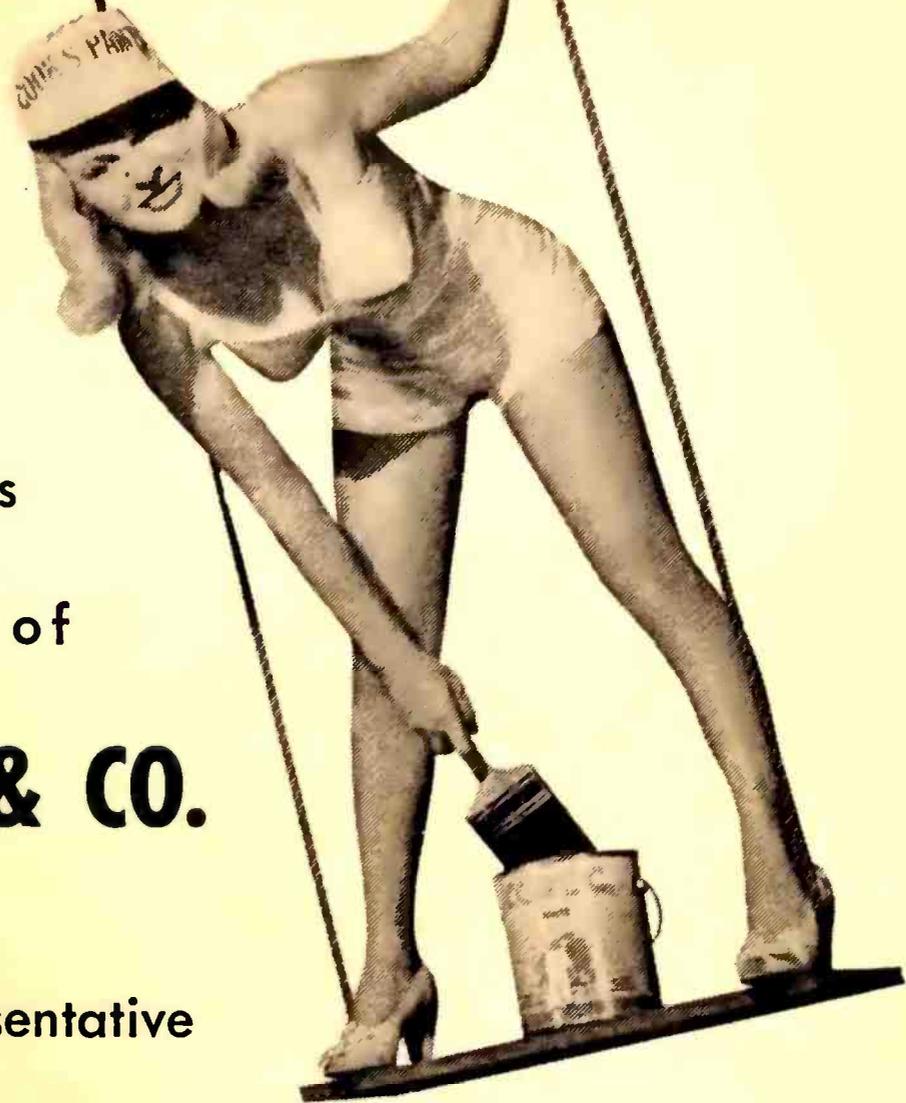
★ **DRUM ROOM.** Just inside the door that's highlighted with a big, red drum you'll find a circular bar inhabited by Harding and Gordon, two of the best barkeeps in town. Down a stumble or two is the Drum Room proper which is pleasantly saturated with the music of Glen Williams. One buck minimum week days. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Kansas Citians call it "Dee Peterson's Place" because the tow-headed boy and his band have had such a long, successful engagement there. Host Johnny Franklin is Johnny-on-the-spot as you enter the door and he'll take care of you first rate. The Mansion is the perfect place for the perfect evening. Good food, drinks and dancing. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Bernie Cummins is the April attraction at the Grill and his brand of music needs no description. Headman Gordon hovers about attentively and sees to it that all is well with you and your party. Sophisticated, aristocratic and beautifully decorated. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **WESTPORT ROOM.** A mecca for rail travelers but Kansas Citians have found out about the delightful cocktail lounge and adjoining restaurant. Clever, pioneer murals by Mildred Heire and mighty strong drinks by Joe, Danny and Andy. A Fred Harvey enterprise. Union Station. GR 1100.

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