

Swing



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WHAT'S COMING IN TELEVISION

Will TV get the box office it needs?

By H. C. Bonfig Page 3

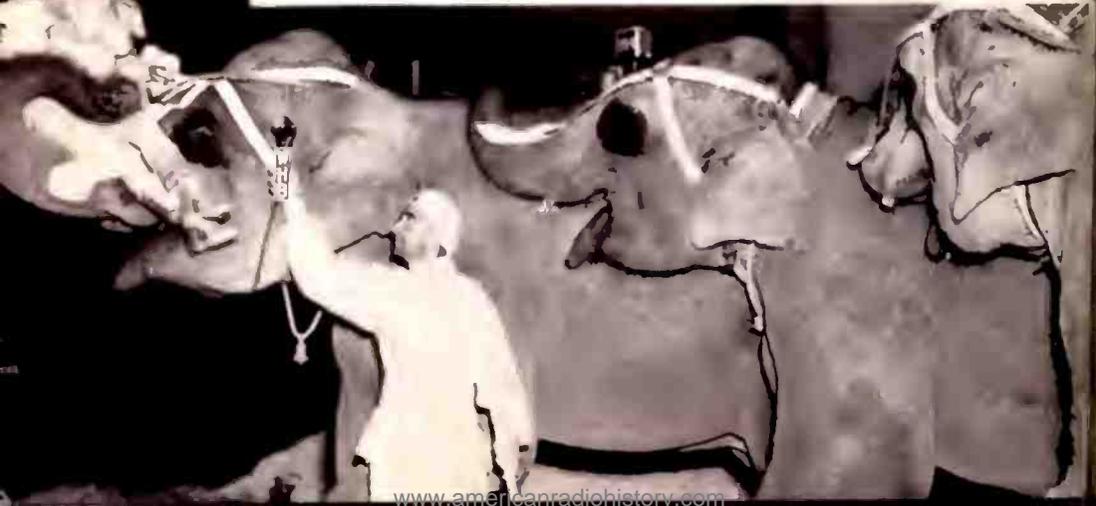


1. Buddy Rogers and the smile that made him famous are guests of honor at the Wyandotte Hotel ground-breaking ceremonies in Kansas City, Kansas.

2. The president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Herman W. Steinkraus, delivers a scathing blast at the "welfare" state.

3. Governor Frank Carlson of Kansas calls the community-owned Wyandotte Hotel a symbol of "progressive citizenship."

4. WHB goes to the Shrine Circus to interview Dolly Jacobs, famous elephant trainer.



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foreword for the new year

EVERY MASS MEDIUM has difficulty reconciling its own standards of quality with the dictates of the box office. Magazines reach a more selective audience, but it is still a problem of pleasing the greatest number of readers most of the time.

With this issue, *Swing* celebrates its fifth birthday. Circulation has doubled in the last twelve months, and we hope it will be twice as great a year from now.

Getting bigger is a sign of progress, but we are considerably more interested in getting better. We want to make every issue better than the last, and closer to being all of the things you want in a magazine.

Swing doesn't try to mold literary tastes or influence opinion. We're here to please you, and only your criticism can tell us whether we are succeeding.

With each of our readers, we'd like to go forward in 1950 to a more successful, pleasant, and prosperous new year.

Our War Against Polio!

LAST YEAR, 42,000 homes throughout the nation faced a doctor's grim diagnosis, "It's polio, I'm afraid." This was in 1949—11 years after the start of the fight against this disease! Although the percentage of deaths due to infantile paralysis is dropping, the number of residual cases definitely is not. Nineteen Hundred Forty-nine was the worst year on polio records. No longer can we predict an exact cyclical year for poliomyelitis, for there seems to be a continual outbreak of cases, and new deaths are reported periodically even during the winter months. Last year, from 25 to 30 per cent of those stricken by infantile paralysis—the "child's" disease—were over 18 years of age. Furthermore, it was discovered that many patients had both the ordinary and bulbar types of polio, a situation formerly quite rare. Where does this invisible stalking enemy lie?

Typical of America's larger cities in its fight against polio is Kansas City, Missouri's, Jackson County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Under the able chairmanship of banker James J. Rick, the chapter supplied help to 85 victims in 1949. Meanwhile it is caring for some 74 patients stricken in previous years. Although only six of Kansas City's fourteen hospitals are equipped to handle polio cases, those six can boast of the finest and most modern facilities. Eighteen respirators and fifteen hot pack machines were made available in last year's emergency, while trained therapists and nurses were called in for special duty.

In spite of the preparations made and the funds provided, the infantile paralysis epidemic of 1949 caused a serious drain on the resources of the Jackson County Chapter. Unfortunately, it was necessary to borrow \$50,000 from the National Foundation's reserve fund to continue the battle. The average family's income in the United States simply cannot support a case of polio. Yet, it is not the desperately poor who seem to fall prey to infantile paralysis. Instead, the middle classes are most often hit. No victim is refused hospitalization by the Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Arrangements for fees are made later—after the crisis.

Although the figures vary greatly, a case of polio usually costs the foundation about \$750. For example, a 36-year-old woman, the mother of two children, was hospitalized with polio on July 21, 1949. Efforts to save her failed, and she died on July 25. Even with her insurance benefits deducted, those four short days of treatment cost the Foundation \$140.85. Kansas City's Infantile Paralysis Institute makes no charge for the therapy it administers—expert care which would cost \$3.00 per treatment elsewhere. And for months—even years—after their illness, polio victims return to the Institute for treatment. Extensive research and a program of education for parents are constantly maintained by the Foundation. These tremendous expenditures must be met if we are to curb the effects of polio—the disease which heads the list of causes of deformity in the United States. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis is concentrating its every effort toward giving children a chance at normal, happy living. But—are you?



A live man pays 50 cents for a shave. It costs \$5.00 to shave a dead man. A wool overcoat costs \$40.00. A wooden one costs \$400.00. A taxi to the theatre costs \$1.00 for a round trip. But one trip to the cemetery costs \$10.00 for one way. Stay alive and save your money. Drive carefully.

—Morris S. Fogel.

What's Coming in



Jan.-Feb., 1950

by H. C. BONFIG

The vice president of a large manufacturing corporation promises a bright future for movies-at-home!

TELEVISION today is an economic monstrosity. Its popularity is spectacular and it has already proved a dangerous competitor to the motion picture industry and to others. Yet, it is causing enormous losses for broadcasters and has found no way to pay for the really high caliber, costly entertainment provided by Hollywood.

In the past the barrier to television's use of Hollywood movies has been economic—advertisers cannot afford the terrific production costs that make good movies what they are.

Without films, even a bigger share of the advertisers' money is not the answer. Most advertisers' appropriations, for a whole year, couldn't buy a week's supply of the great entertainment now reposing in Hollywood's film cans.

But there is an answer. Give television the quality films produced by Hollywood, and *give television a box office!* Let the public pay for better entertainment.

Set owners in five different television areas said they would willingly pay for first run movies and other costly programs.

Replies to a survey of nearly ten thousand set owners conducted by LaSalle Extension University indicated that in Pennsylvania 49 per cent would pay to see Hollywood movies on tele-

What They Say About Television

Arthur Godfrey: "Right now, about 80 per cent of all video shows remind me of poor 1910 movies. But the medium is improving. . . . The secret of success in television is to be yourself—and that's the hardest thing to get performers to learn. In TV, as in AM, you've got to stress intimacy, making your pitch to a single individual. Because of this, I personally oppose studio audiences. The only guests should be in the balcony—the sponsor and the relatives he can't get rid of!"

Wayne Coy, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission: "Some businesses do get wiped out. We no longer travel by ox cart or stage-coach or canal boat. Railroads and automobiles have replaced them, and since that replacement, we have seen the airplane come along and provide even a swifter means of transport. Movie houses replaced the legitimate theatre and the vaudeville theatre, but television is bringing back vaudeville and surely will bring the legitimate theatre to millions of our people who have never had an opportunity to enjoy it."

Mervyn LeRoy, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer: "Within five years 85 per cent of all television programs will be on films. When television and its sponsors can pay Hollywood enough money for our product, we'll be making pictures for television, the big mystery over production of films for television is a joke. Any fine picture is good enough for that medium and there is no special technique involved."

David Sarnoff, president of RCA: "In more than 40 years of experience in this field of communication and entertainment, I have never seen any protection in merely standing still. There is no protection except through progress. Nor have I seen these new scientific developments affect older businesses, except favorably, where those older business, except favorably, where those study to the possibilities of new inventions and developments for use in their own business. Hollywood is not asleep. It is certain that the great motion picture industry will not stand by and watch television become the world's greatest medium of mass entertainment without taking part in the development of television and winning some of the vast new profits that television makes possible."

vision; in New Jersey, 52 per cent; in New York, 64 per cent; in Chicago, 70 per cent; and in Connecticut, 76 per cent.

And in Los Angeles, another survey conducted by Television Research showed that 73 per cent would gladly pay to see first-class movies in their homes.

A few months ago the Zenith Radio Corporation conducted a post card survey in 25 different American cities, asking the question:

"Would you pay \$1.00 per picture for you and your family and friends to see first-run movies, in your home, on television with telephone wires?"

On the cards returned more than 83 per cent indicated that they would. There is no question at all about it — if we give television a bo: office, then television and Hollywood together can give the public what it wants.

My own company Zenith, has come up with Phonevision as a method of providing the necessary box office.

The principal of Phonevision is very simple.

When a transmitter is presenting entertainment for which the public is to pay, it broadcasts only 99 per cent of the picture over the air. This picture is garbled and blurred and is what will be seen on every television receiver not equipped for Phonevision.

The remaining 1 per cent is the key signal that will clear up the picture and make it just as perfect as a standard television transmission. This key reaches the subscriber's home over his telephone wire. In order to get this service and see the feature, the subscriber must call the Phonevision operator to get his line plugged into the Phonevision signal.

Phonevision signals don't interfere with the phone itself. They are stopped by a filter arrangement that keeps them from getting into the telephone, and that prevents telephone conversation from getting into the television transmitter. Consequently, it is possible to use the telephone at the same time that your television receiver is receiving a new motion picture by Phonevision.

For this service a fee of perhaps \$1.00 a movie will be charged. From this charge of \$1.00 per picture per home will come sufficient revenue to pay Hollywood for its costly productions plus additional revenue for the telephone line service and for the television transmitter. The broadcaster's income from the Phonevision presentation of new movies will be far greater than the sale of the same amount of time to advertisers. This will mean, at long last, profitable operation for television broadcasters.

Phonevision, bringing the top-flight visual entertainment that people demand, will expand set sales into many millions.

Present television stations, and those scheduled to go on the air, are in urban, highly populated areas. Not only will the number of set owners in present television areas increase, but Phonevision will create audiences in areas that otherwise would have had no hopes of receiving television. There are hundreds of towns throughout America that already support one or two local radio stations. But even the smallest television station means an outlay far beyond the resources of the average small town. With Phonevision available, new stations profitably can cover the country. They can tie in to network shows, both sponsored and Phonevision. They can provide local Phonevision showings of quality motion pictures or local sporting events—and they can tie in for these events on national networks.

Phonevision will not replace television, but will be an added service, just as phonograph records on a radio-phonograph combination are an added service. The same transmitter will operate both pay-as-you-see Phonevision and advertising sponsored television at staggered hours. The same television sets will receive Phonevision for which the owner is billed, and advertising-sponsored television programs as we know them today. When color comes, as it will some day, Phonevision will operate just as well with it as with present monochrome.

Phonevision will cause the sale of many millions of television receivers with, ultimately, national coverage

comparable to that known today for radio. It will provide for motion picture producers a gigantic new audience from the more than 65,000,000 people who could go to movies but who seldom or never do.

There are more than 25,000,000 home phones in use today, and the number is growing rapidly. This assures wide coverage by Phonevision.

The paradox of Phonevision is that it can deliver first-rate movies to the home at one-third of the price now

paid by the public, and still give the producer twice as much revenue per person as he now receives.

Within a few years, virtually all of television's entertainment will originate as motion pictures. The demand for new top quality films will exceed any yet experienced. The revenues produced by television-Phonevision will bring a new period of prosperity to the motion picture producer. Phonevision will make television the greatest entertainment and advertising medium the world has ever known.



A bridge table is one of the very few places where you'll find a wife doing her husband's bidding.



Bernard Baruch, recipient of a great number of honorary degrees, was present at one commencement ceremony where practically all of the honorary titles went to wealthy business men who had given financial support to the college.

One of his companions, visibly impressed, murmured, "Evidently this is a very wealthy school."

"Not yet," slyly retorted the elder statesman. "But it is getting richer by degrees."



While urging her six-year-old son to take his vitamin pills, a mother suggested that the pills would make him grow up quickly.

"Oh, no," he replied, "if I grow up that fast, I'll get older sooner and that means I'll have to die younger."



A pastor in Paris received a package from his nephew in America, which was a very plain tie, suitable for one of his calling. He wore it one evening when he called upon a very orthodox and well-educated family. In the middle of an extremely philosophical conversation the lights suddenly went out. It was pitch black, except for the pastor's "plain" tie, on which gleamed the request, "Kiss me in the dark!"



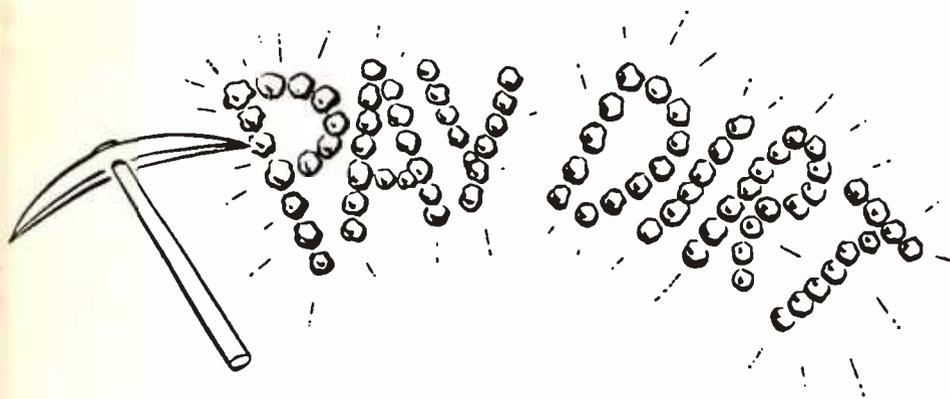
Tommy came home proudly from his first day at school.

"What did you learn in school?" asked his mother.

"Nothing," said Tommy. Then, seeing the look of disappointment on her face, he added, "But I learned a lot during recess!"



Bob Hawk, quizmaster, asked a fellow on his radio program if he had heard the expression, "He toils not, neither does he spin." The fellow thought for a second and said, "Yes, I think it's about a man who lost his job and had his auto repossessed by the finance people."



by JOHN P. HANCOCK

NIGHT was darkening the canyon when a miner by the name of Foster came to Big Matt Dunbar's claim with some jerked beef and a bag of beans. He stayed outside the cabin, his hat in his hand, and asked could he help some.

Big Matt stood in the doorway so Foster couldn't see the bed inside.

"You can git the preacher," Big Matt said. "I'd best dig the hole and make the box myself. Much obliged for the grub."

Big Matt waited until Foster was around a bend on the freight road. Because Big Matt was no hand at reading, it was fitting for the preacher to come and say things from the black Book. But no other man would do these other last things for Emma.

The moon was up when he took his pick and shovel and climbed the slope. He picked a spot just above his claim, a spot where Emma used to gather the blue lupin before the sickness took her.

He worked slowly. Everything had to be right. When he finished, dawn outlined the Sierra peaks and nearby

in the dogwoods the jays were awake and jawing at him.

He stuck his shovel in the mound beside the pick. Wiping his hands on his homespun pants, he looked down at the dark rectangle in the ground. It was a well-dug hole—square corners and sides shaved straight as walls. It was a good deep hole—down toward bedrock where the grizzlies couldn't smell.

The tightness had left his throat now and he felt instead a red-eyed fatigue and a hollowness in his guts. He stood there, shoulders sagging, and the sun got hotter and the peaks stood out sharp and blue.

Big Matt straightened finally. He reached out and jerked the pick from the mound. Grunting, he swung it around his head until it hissed. He let go and it arched away. He saw it hit far down the slope and bounce and spin and stop near the creek, the handle slanting off the ground a little.

"Lay thar and rust!"

In the stillness, his voice boomed. The jays squawked and flew away.

Let it lay. He'd never touch it again, never dig another barrow of creekbank gravel to wash in the pan, hoping yellow would show on the bottom. He was through.

The fever was gone from him.

He left the shovel sticking in the mound and went back down to the cabin. As he neared it, he saw the wet canvas roof billowing in the wind, a ripped corner flapping. He'd aimed to build her a snug cabin—a cabin of solid oak timbers—but the fever kept him digging all the time. He'd got a three-foot oak wall up, that's all . . . the rest was canvas stretched over a pine frame.

Going around to the side opposite the bed, he took a crowbar and began to pry planks loose. The nails screeched and echoed back from the canyon wall.

He worked slowly with hammer and saw. It had to be right. It had to be straight and strong and nailed tight so the dirt wouldn't sift in.

When the box was finished, Big Matt tacked in a thick red quilt for a lining—the one Emma brought from Frisco and never used, the one she kept in a chest with her crinoline wedding dress.

There was a short oak piece left over, and he made a cross, carving the name and dates with his Bowie knife. The name and the 1830 came out bold and even, but when he gouged the 1850 his hand shook and the figures ended wobbly.

Emma wouldn't care. She knew he was no hand with fussy work like this. He was handy with tools that fit a miner, that dug and bit at paydirt and soothed a man's fever.

He propped the cross against the

box and squatted down beside it, breathing hard, and the sawdust smell was strong.

The fever was gone. Sometimes the tools are good to a man, sometimes no. A man hears stories first, then he gets himself tools and grubstake and heads for high country. He finds a creek, stakes a claim. He works from light to dark, up to his crotch in melted-snow water while the sun blisters his back. One day he knocks loose a boulder as big as his head and it splits open and there's 500 dollars waiting to be picked out. The fever takes a man then like a craziness in the head. He picks the vein as clean as a desert skeleton and goes roaring down to Frisco with four buckskin pokes so fat with gold the drawstrings won't pull the top shut. He has a fine gay time. And he meets a gal—not a dancehall gal, but one fresh and young, the real home-lady kind. A pretty little one, soft and shy as a doe but with a fire in her that stirs a man's blood like a ten-pound nugget. And when the pokes are flat, she goes with him back to high country. The tools are jinxed this time, and a man digs his heart out at a claim that washes 90 cents a week. They eat jackass rabbit and wear flour sack patches on their clothes. The pretty one gets faded and skinny . . . and one day while he's digging far up the canyon she shivers and dies under a canvas roof.

Big Matt looked up. The canvas billowed and flapped.

He went inside the cabin. Putting his arms under her, he lifted her off the bed. She was light in his arms and her yellow hair brushed his face. The tightness gripped his throat again so

he could hardly breathe.

Outside, he lowered her into the box.

As he nailed the lid on, her hair came loose in the sunlight, spreading over the quilt as pretty as gold dust on red velvet.

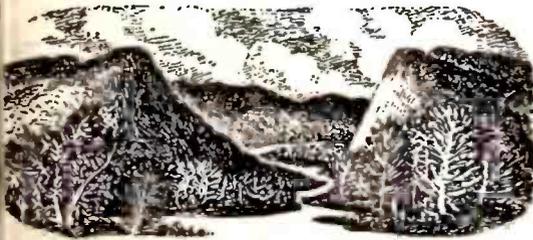
On the road below him, wagon axles squeaked and a hoof clumped on granite. Big Matt waited, bareheaded, while the mules stopped and Foster and the preacher climbed off the wagon.

"All right, Matt," the preacher said. Foster came up and they lifted the box into the wagon. Sawdust sifted from between the planks and the wind whipped it into Big Matt's face and he looked away, blinking.

Foster said he'd follow on foot. Big Matt sat beside the preacher and the mules moved ahead. A wheel lifted over a boulder and came down hard and Big Matt heard the box shift and scrape behind him. He stared down at his boots.

The wagon stopped.

When they carried the box up the slope, Big Matt tried to bear all the



weight himself, straining so the box wouldn't bump the ground, and his shirt darkened with sweat.

They eased the box down beside the hole. Foster took his hat off and went

behind the mound. The wet dirt and gravel steamed in the sun.

When the preacher opened the Book and cleared his throat, Big Matt sank to his knees and rested his forehead on the box.

"The righteous live forever—"

Big Matt rubbed his forehead back and forth on the wood. Emma . . . Her daddy was an apothecary in Sacramento now. He'd best go and tell her daddy first.

"Blessed are the dead—"

He guessed he'd give her daddy what dust was left in the poke. It would be fitting. Then he would work his passage on the hide schooner back to New Orleans. This country wasn't tolerable any more. Emma . . .

"Before the mountains were brought forth—"

The preacher was talking. Big Matt listened. The words sounded fitting, but they were hard to understand. After awhile, they all ran together.

Big Matt lifted his head, squinting up into the high distance where the peaks stood out blue and the great crevices were splotched with snow.

"It's best you go now, Matt." He felt the preacher's hand on his shoulder. Across the hole, Foster leaned on the shovel.

Big Matt stayed on his knees, his gaze traveling from the shovel down into the hole. It was a well-dug hole—sides as straight as walls, the cut pine roots moist circles in the gravel.

"Matt." The preacher's hand suddenly pressed hard.

But Big Matt stared into the hole, his mouth coming open and his muscles moving under the wet shirt.

"Matt!"

Foster let the shovel fall then. He scrambled across the mound and some gravel came loose and clattered down into the hole.

Big Matt got up. He knocked the preacher's hand away.

"Git back, Foster! I'm claiming this!"

Foster kept coming. Big Matt slapped his hand down hard on the box and vaulted into the hole. He hit bottom, his knees smashing against his chest.

He plunged a hand into the gravel.

He pulled it out, sand streaming from around his knuckles.

He extended his fingers and saw the gold gleaming in his palm. Staring at it, his face flushed as though with fever.

Big Matt pulled himself out of the hole. As his eyes came over the edge, he looked past the box and down the slope to where the creek flashed green and white.

It was there on the bank. The pick-handle slanted off the ground a little, worn and shiny in the sun.



Bing Crosby's favorite story, when he meets an actor whose head is getting too big for his halo, concerns a time the Groaner and Danny Kaye were having coffee and conversation in Lindy's restaurant on Broadway. A middle-aged man approached their table, ignored Kaye like he was an ex-wife, stuck out his hand to shake Crosby's and said, "Betcha don't remember me, pal! Fourteen years ago I was entertainment chairman for our lodge and I risked my reputation to hire you for our show." Bing, trying to be polite, grinned and said, "Sure, sure, mister, how could I forget?" Thus encouraged, the stranger went on. "At that time you were dead certain that some day you'd be a big radio and movie star." Crosby nodded. "So tell me," the man inquired, "what finally happened to you?"



A group of men had gathered in the lobby of a hotel and proceeded to make themselves known to one another.

"My name is Fortesque," said one, extending his hand. "I'm a painter—work in water colors, chiefly."

"Indeed," chimed in another, "I'm an artist, too. I work in bronze."

A quiet little fellow who had been inclined to keep apart stepped up with a dry smile. "Glad to make the acquaintance of you gentlemen, for I have a common interest with you. I'm a college professor. I work in ivory."



Back in the drought days a couple of cowmen were discussing their plight when one asked the other, "Just how bad are things with you?"

"Pretty tough," the other cowman replied. "My cattle arc so thin that by using carbon paper I can brand two at a time."



"What did you come to college for anyway?" asked the disgusted professor. "You are not studying."

"Well," said the student, "Mother says it's to fit me for the presidency; Uncle Jim, to sow my wild oats; sister Helen, to get a chum for her to marry; and Dad, to bankrupt the family."

STEAMBOAT



J O H N

*Only a fool would have believed it was possible.
But then—John Fitch was that kind of a fool.*

by STEVE WESTON

IN 1927 a national monument was erected, honoring a great American failure. The monument, provided by an act of Congress, was for John Fitch, the inventor of the steamboat.

It's rather strange that a man who was a failure in life, whose name means nothing to most of his countrymen today, should be recalled by Congress as a great American. But John Fitch was a strange man. Tall, gaunt, shabby, excitable, he was almost incoherent when he pleaded for something in which he believed.

Most people credit Robert Fulton with being the first to revolutionize transportation by applying steam to water travel. While Fulton won the plaudits of the world, Fitch got only poverty and disappointment.

Sometimes individual genius is not enough. Tact and diplomacy are necessary, very often, to accomplish desired ends, and diplomacy certainly was not Fitch's forte.

He had to raise money to finance

the building of his boats. But in his eagerness to build steamboats he became impatient with people who could not visualize as well as he the great future of his invention.

The names of the men he offended trying to obtain money for the boats read like a Colonial *Who's Who*, with George Washington and Benjamin Franklin heading the list.

There does not seem to be any parallel in American history for the constant and unrelieved failure of John Fitch. An evil destiny seemed to follow him from his childhood on a poverty-stricken Connecticut farm to his death, supposedly by his own hand, in the wilds of Kentucky.

Early in life, Fitch demonstrated the quality of perseverance that was to be his only hope of success, but which, in its intensity, brought him failure when success was in sight.

Fitch's father forced him to leave school when he was ten years old to work on the farm. Working in the

evening, after he had completed a hard day's work for his father, Fitch raised a crop of potatoes and bought a geography book with the profits. At night and in the early morning he brought out his geography and devoured the names of the far-off places he was to help bring closer together.

Fitch's early career certainly was varied. He was successively a clock-maker, brass founder, silversmith, surveyor, explorer, and map maker. During the Revolutionary War he was a lieutenant, and he furnished supplies to the American troops at Trenton and Valley Forge.

After the war Fitch became a deputy-surveyor in Kentucky. But after he was captured by the Indians in 1782, he decided to return to the comparative comforts of Eastern life, and he moved to Pennsylvania.

Although he probably had had the idea of using steam for navigation ever since he was a boy, Fitch did not begin working on his steamboat until 1785. He built an odd-looking model with a small engine made of brass and paddle wheels. When the model operated successfully on a pond near Davisville, Pennsylvania, Fitch began looking for money to assist him in perfecting his invention.

With some fairly prominent backing, Fitch started for New York to interest Congress in the invention. Apparently red tape was present even in post-Revolutionary days, because Fitch's appeal was referred to some obscure committee, where it disappeared.

The treatment he received from his country angered Fitch, but before he returned to Pennsylvania he demonstrated that he had not become em-

bittered by it. He was approached by the Spanish minister to the young Republic.

The minister was interested in Fitch's invention and made a financial offer with one important condition: Fitch's invention was to become the exclusive property of the Spanish king. Fitch refused. He had an opportunity to become rich, to continue his work in luxury, but he would not sell out to a foreign power even when his own government turned him down.

But Fitch was penniless and he needed outside help to build the steamboat. He knew he was on the right track, but for the first time he showed instability. He alternated between fits of rage, sorrow, and argumentiveness in his unsuccessful quest for money.

The inventor began a methodical tour of the state legislatures, stopping to plead his case with high government officials and men of prominence as he traveled. He went to the Virginia legislature, and to the state legislatures in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, but they all refused him.

In every state he got unofficial encouragement and approval, but no financial aid. He did get formal recognition from the Maryland legislature. But after they considered his suit for three days they decided not to endorse the invention.

Seeing that the states were not going to give him money, Fitch decided to change his tactics. He began asking for legal privileges instead. In 1786 the New Jersey legislature granted him exclusive rights to navigate New Jersey waters by steam for 14 years.

The effect of the monopoly was very favorable, for within five weeks Fitch had organized nearly 20 men who contributed about 20 dollars each to form a company.

But the hardest part was yet to come. He began the difficult task of building his boat, assisted by a Philadelphia watchmaker named Henry Voight. Together, with nothing to guide them, they built a small skiff and an engine with a three-inch cylinder. And in July, 1787, the first steamboat ever seen in American waters operated successfully on the Delaware River.

The machinery did not work too well, and the spectators jeered the two men. It was not a very auspicious beginning for the new means of travel. The newspapers did not even mention the experiment.

Fitch wanted to build a new, improved boat. But he needed more money and all his efforts to get financial aid that year failed.

He went to see Ben Franklin, but for once the shrewd, old patriot made the wrong decision. Franklin refused to endorse the invention. He offered Fitch some money privately—probably because Fitch looked so shabby—but Fitch refused it and stamped out angrily.

To add to his troubles, he deposited his plans and drawings with the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. When he tried to draw them out at a later date they were gone. They never were found.

Fitch never faltered in his belief that he had hit upon a revolutionary means of transportation, but lack of money reduced him to temporary in-

activity. Even worse, his company began to break up. The contributors wanted immediate returns on their money and they decided that Fitch was not a good investment.

Just when his activities apparently were halted permanently, new hope came in the form of action by the



state legislatures. Delaware, New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia all granted him monopolies in steamboat travel.

Fitch got his money and built a second boat that operated successfully in the presence of most of the members of the Constitutional Convention, then meeting in Philadelphia.

But there still was no recognition of the important event. Fitch seems to have been the only person to realize the enormity of the project.

He then became involved in a controversy with James Rumsey. Rumsey also had been working on a steamboat and he was violating Fitch's monopoly in Virginia. George Washington was known to favor Rumsey in the controversy.

Fitch's third boat, with many improvements, received its first trial in July, 1788. For the first time, public attention was attracted to the inven-

tion. The boat was commissioned as a regular passenger boat on the Delaware River.

But with success in sight, trouble developed from another source. Fitch had to build a fourth boat to comply with the Virginia law, which stated that at least two steam vessels had to be in operation on state waters by November, 1790, for Fitch to maintain his monopoly.

When the boat was almost complete it was destroyed in a violent storm. It was too late to build another boat and Fitch lost the Virginia monopoly. His persistence with the state legislatures had worked too well.

This came as a crushing blow to Fitch's associates, who were counting on an immediate profit. The company crumbled, but Fitch did not despair. He presented various schemes, including one to put steamboats on the Mississippi, but they were all rejected.

Unable to gain recognition in this country, Fitch signed a contract to build a boat in France. As usual, diffi-

culties arose and he returned to America when he found it impossible to continue with the prescribed design. Fitch probably made one more attempt—in 1796 on Collect Pond in New York City.

At last he stopped the hopeless struggle and retired to the Kentucky wilderness to get away from the unbelieving public. But even there he could not get away from his failures.

His health became bad and he died on July 2, 1798. Some historians claim he committed suicide, but that is disputed.

After Fitch's death, a strange contraption was found among his belongings. It was a primitive model of a steam engine on wheels.

John Fitch, the man who had presented a scorning, apathetic world with the first steamboat, was trying to build the railroad of the future!

Yes, John Fitch was a personal failure. But he was a great American.



The best description of the current situation in Berlin is given by a press cartoon. The Four Powers, represented by one man apiece, are sitting around a table. Each spokesman is cutting out with scissors a portion of a document labelled "Potsdam Pact." Each man is saying, "The part that I am taking is still in force: the rest is not."



A pessimist is an optimist who builds dungeons in the air.



One day a certain catcher tried to find the batting weakness of Ted Williams, Boston Red Sox star. He noticed that Ted always talked to pitchers, catchers, umpires or anyone else handy. So this catcher dug up some good stories and kept up a running fire of conversation with Ted. It seemed to work. Ted laughed at the stories. He popped up twice. In the sixth, with two runners on, Williams up, the catcher decided to use his best story. Ted seemed highly interested, and just as the catcher reached the punch line there was a loud crash and Williams hit one out of the park. As he crossed the plate, Ted smilingly picked up the conversation and inquired genially, "Then what did she say?"

Industry's Inquisition is in the cause of safety.

TORTURE Tests

FOR

... New Products

by MARTIN LARK

EVERY time you toast a piece of bread, shave electrically, or hook up your iron, you'd literally be taking your life in your hands were it not for a little-known band of men in Chicago who have made your safety their concern.

These men are the engineers, testers, research specialists, metallurgists, physicists and mathematicians of the Underwriters' Laboratories—a vast, fort-like red building on Chicago's near north side where strange tortures are devised for prosaic household appliances.

In this huge structure, Rube Goldberg-ish contraptions mercilessly bang flatirons against a cement wall for hours at a time. Other machines macerate electrical wiring savagely, hours on end, in an effort to break it down and cause a short circuit.

Day and night, white smocked specialists—a highly trained "torture

squad"—are giving the products of American factories blows, pulls, yanks, twists, bumps and the "hot foot," to determine the safety quotient of each one. Many a self-confident manufacturer has sent an appliance over to the Underwriters' Laboratories, believing that his product would outlast any tough test developed by the experts. And many such a one has been bewildered, angry and eventually compliant in the face of a report that his product is unsatisfactory.

But those manufacturers who conform to the high standards are permitted to use the coveted little tag or collar with the initials "UL." Such a tag is your insurance that you won't be shocked, jolted, burned or seared by the devices which make life easier for you.

The story is told of a vacationing family which drove happily away to the mountains, confident that every-

thing was shipshape in their pleasant suburban home. When they motored back two weeks later, they entered their house and were horrified to see the electric iron still plugged in, turned on, and fully heated. In the wife's haste to get away, she had overlooked her iron.

But instead of burning down the house, the iron—which bore the UL label—stayed at a uniform temperature for the entire two weeks. True, it had charred through the ironing board and through the kitchen floor, and was hanging from its cord into the basement. *But no fire had broken out in the house*, simply because the wife had been prudent enough to insist on an appliance with a UL label!

Back of the huge Underwriters' testing operations is the story of their humble beginning at the time of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Electric lights—then a novelty which dazzled the nation—were strung along the exposition grounds and caused a series of fires in the exposition halls.

A Boston engineer named William Henry Merrill was assigned to work with firemen and discover why the fires broke out. Every time the new invention of electric illumination caused a blaze, Merrill rode along with the firemen to subdue it and learn what he could about its cause. Before long, he had a sizable notebook filled with suggestions for improving electrical wiring. Manufacturers made the changes in their products suggested by Merrill.

Encouraged, Merrill proposed that a permanent testing laboratory be set up; he argued that it would save the insurance companies money, help

manufacturers, and, most important, safeguard the public. Finally, the companies came across with \$350 which Merrill spent on equipment he installed in an old Chicago firehouse.

Other insurance firms, meanwhile, had started the first fumbling efforts to set up their own meager testing laboratories. Then Merrill made a wise proposal, "Why don't we pool laboratories and personnel and make the combined lab an official testing bureau for all insurance companies?"

The proposal was accepted, and out of this modest beginning in a fire station emerged the giant Underwriters' Laboratories of today.

Countless products you use with nary a thought as to their safety have received a rugged going-over at the hands of UL before being placed in mass production.

That pressure cooker you value because of the time it saves you is a potentially lethal instrument. It can exert more than a half-ton of pressure against the lid. But UL testing revealed the method whereby a safety valve which *always* works could be installed.

If your office safe bears the UL seal of approval it will stand a real scorching while the valuable papers in it remain unharmed. The finest and most expensive vaults and strong-boxes made are subjected to punishment and abuse in the UL "torture house." They are hoisted up several stories and dropped with a crash on concrete floors. They are filled with papers—simulating cash and bonds—and exposed to raging fire for hours. Those which neither crack nor allow flame to singe or blacken papers may

receive the highly prized UL label which wise business men insist upon.

So rough are UL tests that in the past 20 years not one safe okayed by these laboratories has been broken into by a safecracker. The underwriters have their own legalized cracksmen who use torches, electric hammers, drills, chisels and pneumatic tools in determining a safe's resistance to unlawful entry. Once a safe bears a UL label, its owner can sleep nights, knowing that its contents are safe indeed.

When you drive your car into a service station, you rarely think of any hazard in connection with your order, "Fill 'er up!" The gasoline pumps, however, are a potential source of death, since even a tiny seepage of gasoline within the pump could cause an explosion if set off by a spark from the pump's motor and wiring.

UL-approved pumps don't explode or, if they do, the slight muffled explosion is contained inside the pump and does no damage. The testers also check and double-check the gasoline hose and nozzles used by service stations, for they are aware that a leak can build up explosive vapors around a station very quickly. UL-okayed hoses and nozzles can't leak. This makes everybody happy, including the

station attendant, motorist, and insurance company.

Even the safety glass on your car has been scrutinized by the underwriters. So have the fuel lines, carburetors, mufflers, heaters and any other parts or accessories which must work safely all the time.

If a manufacturer claims his product is fireproof or fire-resistant, the Underwriters' Laboratories men make certain that the product is exactly as represented. To test the fire-resistant qualities of roofing materials, carpenters build roofs of pine board to which various roofing material samples are attached.

Then the professional product-torturers toss a burning faggot on the roof, turn on the wind-simulating machine, and take careful notes of what happens. If the sparks and flame penetrate the covering and ignite the wood beneath, it's tough on the manufacturer because he gets no UL label. He can try again and again and again until his product meets safety standards.

So, if the roofing material on your home bears the UL seal of approval, you may rest easy. For UL, best friend of the American family, is a watchman who has done his work in advance.

▲

While General Joseph Stillwell was in San Francisco, a Chinese-American youngster approached him for an autograph. The dour but good-natured general greeted the boy with a bland smile and accepted the autograph book.

To surprise the youngster, the celebrated "Vinegar Joe," as Army intimates called him, decided to autograph his name in Chinese, which he wrote and spoke fluently.

When he handed the book back to the youngster with a paternal pat on the head, the boy studied the signature critically, then with a shrug gave up. "Jeepers," drawled the boy in American idiom, "a five-star general, and he can't even write plain English yet!"

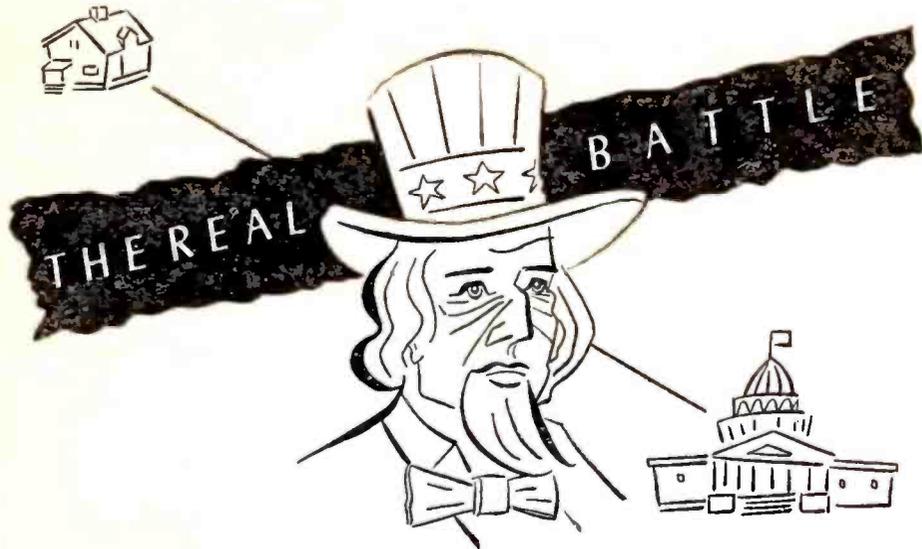
AJAX
FINANCE CO.

"LOANS YOU WON'T FORGET"

J. P. COYLE



"I'm going out to repossess a few Christmas presents!"



by JAMES P. KEM
United States Senator from Missouri

THE cold war with Russia, and our fears of a possible clash of arms, have tended to overshadow the most fundamental of all the issues which confront us. The all-important question—the real battle—is this: Will the remaining free peoples of the world continue to control their governments, or will their governments gain control of the people themselves?

The issue is freedom versus slavery. It is a question of whether free people are to retain their fundamental liberties and human rights, or whether they will permit an all-powerful central government to tell them what to do, when to do it, and how to do it.

In Russia the die is already cast. The light of freedom flickered out long ago behind the iron curtain. All is communism now.

In the western world the threat to freedom goes under a different name—socialism. This should confuse no one: a stink-weed under any other name smells the same. Socialism and communism are fruit of the same tree, and the roots of that tree are the theories of Karl Marx. There is this distinction between the two: the Communist would establish government ownership of the means of production by overthrowing governments with force and violence. The Socialist wants to accomplish exactly the same result without violence, by peaceful processes of infiltration.

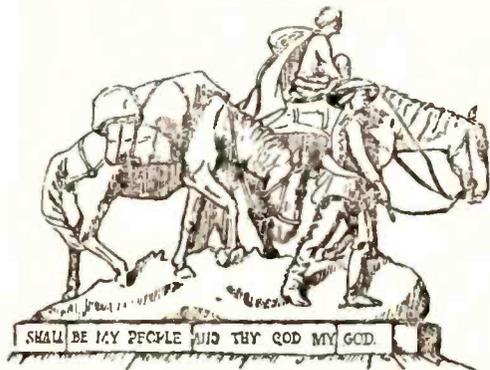
Several of the countries of western Europe are far down the road toward a completely socialized state. The Socialist government of England has ac-

Reprinted from the Congressional Record

quired and now operates ten important industries.

France has socialized 23 of them.

What have been the results of these experiments in socialism? Let us see what has happened in Great Britain. Here are just a few specific cases of what life in England is like under a Socialist bureaucrat's thumb.



British farmers, in particular, are regulated and directed from sunup to sundown. A British farmer may neither kill a pig, nor give a dozen eggs to a neighbor, without first applying for and securing a permit from the proper authorities. The Ministry of Agriculture can force a farmer off his own land if he does not plow, sow, and reap according to plan.

The British Board of Trade issued a regulation requiring that metal discs be attached to the horns of pedigreed Aberdeen Angus bulls being exported. Later, the order was amended to require instead that the horns be branded. Then the order was canceled altogether—the Board of Trade had finally discovered that Aberdeen Angus bulls have no horns.

Here is an instance of how the working man fares under socialism in

England. A carpenter gave up his job and appealed to the British Labor Exchange for other employment. He was told to go back to the job or he would have to go to prison for three months or pay a fine of \$300.

The British Ministry of Fuel determines who may drive an automobile and where they may go.

The most unfortunate result of the British experiments in socialism is that economic recovery has been interfered with, production held back. The British are now as hard-pressed as at any time since the end of the war, and daily their plight grows more tragic. This situation is particularly unfortunate from the standpoint of the American taxpayer, who last year contributed nearly 1300 million dollars to Great Britain under the Marshall plan. These dollars—the money of the American taxpayers, mind you—were used to finance the British Socialist program.

It is time to stop coddling socialism, both abroad, and at home. "It can't happen here," it is said, and that, "We'll never see a socialistic United States." It was once said that it could not happen in England, but it did happen.

Our Republic is in danger now, endangered by those who would substitute for our free economy, a socialized, planned economy. Radicals, who call themselves liberals without knowing the real meaning of the word, would replace Americanism with statism. They would weaken and impair the liberties which we have enjoyed under the Bill of Rights, and replace them with bureaucratic regulations and dictatorial interpretations flowing out with monotonous regularity from

Washington. They would subtract from our social, political, and economic freedoms, and add to the size and power of the Federal Government.

During the closing days of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, wise old Ben Franklin was asked what kind of a government was set up in the new Constitution. He answered, "We have given them a republic—if they can keep it."

Our Republic is threatened today, threatened by the rapid growth in the size and power of the Federal Government. Washington bureaucrats are more and more injecting themselves and their agents into the affairs of our states, counties, cities, and townships.

I am convinced that we are drifting in the wrong direction. We should return to the principles of Thomas Jefferson, under which America grew great and strong. We should return to the principles of local self-government. I think it is time for more government to be sent home, back to our county courthouses, our city halls, and state capitals, back to the grass roots, close to the village pump, where our people can control it and fit it to their own particular needs.

Of all the devices used to concentrate authority in Washington, Federal grants-in-aid are the most popular among power-hungry bureaucrats. The states are not free to use this money as they see fit—no, indeed; there are strings tied to it, rigid requirements laid down by the bureaucrats in Washington. Federal aid means Federal controls, just as surely as night follows day.

There are those who attempt to lull

us into accepting Federal aid by implying that we are getting something for nothing, that it comes entirely from the Federal Government. The money the Federal Government spends can come from only one source, the pocketbooks of the American taxpayers. There is no magic pot of gold in Washington. Certainly the Federal Government does not live on interest from its foreign loans. Furthermore, the dollar taxed out of our citizens' pockets and sent to Washington is not any bigger when it goes back. The fact is that it is quite a bit smaller, because the political brokerage of the bureaucrats has been taken out. Many a dollar never finds its way back home. Poor little dollar! It never escapes the jingle, jangle, jungle of Washington.

Federal aid, then, means two things: Less for the taxpayers' money, more regimentation for the taxpayers.

The Eighty-first Congress has been under a barrage of proposals from the Truman Administration to strengthen and extend the grip on our daily lives of this great Federal octopus on the banks of the Potomac. We have been urged to approve a program of socialized medicine, for example, which would concentrate control of the practice of medicine in the hands of the Federal Government. The Brannan farm plan, for another, would place the American farmer in a strait-jacket and destroy his freedom of action, as has happened to the British farmer under a Socialist government.

Former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes recently jolted Washington with his stern warning against the drift toward socialism. He left no doubt that, in his opinion, the road

we are now traveling leads to economic slavery for us all. Mr. Byrnes pointed out that:

"Some of the proposals now suggested which would curtail the liberties of the people are offered in the name of public welfare and are to be made possible by Federal aid. That phrase is an opiate. It is deceptive.

"It leads people to believe that Federal aid funds come from a Christmas tree. . . ."

Finally, Mr. Byrnes solemnly warned:

"Beware of those who promise you something which does not belong to them, and which can be given to you only at your own expense. . . ."

General Eisenhower, now president of Columbia University, recently had this to say:

"I firmly believe that the army of persons who urge greater and greater

centralization of authority and greater and greater dependence upon the Federal Treasury, are really more dangerous to our form of government than any external threat that can possibly be arrayed against us."

We have tried bureaucratic government from Washington. We have learned that it is always expensive, often inefficient, and, above all, that it is steadily creeping up and destroying some of our most cherished liberties.

The people of my state, the people of Missouri, have always loved the Republic of our fathers. We are willing and anxious to do our full share to save it in its constitutional form, to cherish and preserve it for ourselves, for our children, and our children's children.

▲
Many a woman who can't add can certainly distract.

▲
Back in the middle 1930's a surprise flood in Sinking Creek, Laurel County, washed away all the late John Green's corn which he had cut and shocked in neat rows along the creek bank. Seeing the fruit of his labor wiped out, the old man was pretty well down in the dumps.

"Don't worry, Mr. Green," said a well-meaning woman. "The Lord knows best, I always say."

"Ma'am," answered Green, "I'm doggone certain He oughta know more about gatherin' corn than that."

▲
London's current quip deals with the Royal Physician. He was recently knighted, according to tradition, because he attended Princess Elizabeth when her child was born. After that event, he can expect added honors.

Many of the British (who usually take these things seriously) have suggested that the doctor be called Lord Deliver Us.

▲
What this country needs is a stork with a housing bill.

▲
One of our neighbors is proud of her little boy's scientific knowledge and likes to show him off in front of our bridge club.

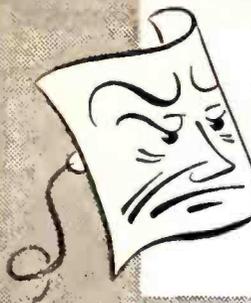
One afternoon she asked her poor man's quiz kid, "Bobby, what does it mean when the steam comes out of the spout of the kettle?"

"It means," said Bobby, "that you are going to open one of Daddy's letters."

A Lifetime

Out of

CHARACTER



Any resemblance to a hero is strictly hallucination.

by HAROLD HELFER

LET a man of humble origin lift himself up by his own bootstraps and become somebody, and his story cannot escape inheriting a "Horatio Alger" label in the press and in the public mind.

Yet the fact remains that there could hardly be a less likely candidate for the "Horatio Alger" tag than Horatio Alger himself.

It is true that his name as a prototype of sterling success is probably indelible. It is also true that two generations ago he was a phenomenal literary rage. Yet Horatio Alger is one of the most pitiful figures ever to stride—falter is a better word—across the American scene.

He began life out of character because he was not raggedy and obscure. His father, also named Horatio Alger, was a Unitarian minister. Far from selling papers on a corner, Horatio, Jr., attended the best schools and was graduated from Harvard.

But young Horatio did have a big handicap: his father. The Reverend

Alger of Revere, Massachusetts, was a stern disciplinarian and believed in a routine composed entirely of study and work. He frowned on light thoughts and insisted that his son study for the ministry, even though the boy was ill-suited for the cloth. Not only that, but he stepped in to break up

Horatio's first love affair.

The man whose name was to become synonymous with forthrightness and pluck was never able to stand up to his father. He gave up his romance—although there were indications that he never got over his first love—and he studied theology, even if it wasn't what he wanted to do.

Horatio finally did rebel, all right, but there was nothing particularly forthright about it. When the Reverend Alger drove up to Cambridge to see his son on Harvard's graduation platform, Junior wasn't there. He'd skipped the ceremonies to run off to Paris.

There he took up with a Bohemian crowd, and—although it did not come easily or naturally—he finally began to lead what might be said to be a Bohemian life. He didn't go in for spirited liquids and he didn't care for nicotine. But there was a woman.

She was French and she finally seduced him, but she practically had

to hit him over the head with the Eiffel Tower to do it. Now it wasn't that Horatio was tall, dark and handsome—in fact, he was on the short side, plumpish, and looked disgustingly milk-fed. But there was something about his naive and shy manner that seemed to get the girls in that city of super-sophistication. No sooner did Horatio and the girl get themselves established than another lady came along and took the young man from Massachusetts away with her.

The new female in Horatio's life was so possessive and demanding that the poor fellow finally caught an American-bound boat to escape her. Only he underestimated the power of a woman. She got on the ship, too. He finally ditched her in New York by ducking into a crowd at the docks and running for dear life.

Back on home soil, he found himself again in the clutches of his father. Against his real wishes, he became an ordained minister. For two years he occupied a pulpit in Brewster, Massachusetts.

What Horatio Alger really wanted to do was become a great writer. Finally he went to New York to seek his fame and fortune. While waiting for some great inspiration to strike him, he turned out a story called *Ragged Dick*, a saccharine-sweet story about a newsboy who by impeccable virtue and unswerving devotion to hard work climbs the ladder to success. Horatio Alger didn't know it, but fame and fortune had just tapped him on the shoulder.

Ragged Dick immediately became popular. Publishers began clamoring for more of the same. Horatio Alger

obliged—and he wasn't kidding about more of the same, either. The pattern of his stories never varied an iota. Sometimes, so closely did the yarns resemble one another, he absent-mindedly let characters of one book wander into another.

Meanwhile, the Civil War had broken out. Horatio Alger set out to enlist in the Union Army. But unlike his staunchly heroic characters, he never quite made it. He fell en route to the recruiting station, broke an arm, and was rejected.

Nor did that end the tragi-comic nature of his own life. On a trip to upper New York he was mistaken for a murderer and arrested. He got out of the lurid situation promptly enough, but meanwhile he had fallen for the sister of the victim's widow.

There were certain complications, inasmuch as this new light of his life already had a very legal husband. Unlike the pure characters of his worded creations, this fact did not prevent Horatio from seeing her clandestinely. Finally, though, he came to make such a nuisance of himself that the woman and her husband fled to Paris to escape him. Ungallantly, he followed them.

When he ran short of money there, he merely turned out another one of his virtue-always-triumphs stories. He reached the point where he could knock out a book in two weeks without missing a stroke of his quill.

But when he returned to America he was pretty much a broken man. He manifested a sincere interest in the Newsboys Lodging Home in New York, and spent much of his time there. But a 13-year-old Chinese boy

he had taken under his wing was run over and killed by a wagon. And Charles O'Connor died. O'Connor ran the Home and was probably the only friend Horatio ever had. That was the last straw.

The man who turned out 130 books in series of eight or ten, and who, by sheer voluminous output, probably became the most widely read author who ever lived, was lonely and unhappy. He became something of a pathological case. He finally went to live with a sister in Massachusetts. There, in the year 1889, he died, a melancholy recluse.

His from-rags-to-riches stories had inspired a generation of boys, but his tremendous output of words is given the cold shoulder by our more sophisticated small fry of today. He did turn out a few "serious" novels which never came close to getting to first base with the critics or the public. Never able to acquire a full personal life, frustrated in his dreams of becoming a great novelist, the plump, ungainly man looked upon himself as a colossal failure.

The truth is that Horatio Alger just didn't have the stuff that successful heroes are made of.

▲

A young minister had been asked quite unexpectedly to address a Sunday school class. To give himself time to collect his thoughts, he said to the class, "Well, children, what shall I speak about?"

"Well," answered one little girl, "what do you know?"

▲

Two cannibals meet in an asylum for the insane. One is devouring pictures of men, women and children.

"Say," the other queries, "is that dehydrated stuff any good?"

▲

Jimmy Durante told Don Ameche one evening, "This must really be a high class eating place. I just saw a waiter walking across the floor with something on a flaming sword."

"What was it?" asked Ameche.

"A customer who left only a \$5 tip."

▲

Myron Cohen tells of an insomnia-sufferer being advised by a doctor, "Take one of these pills. You'll not only sleep, but you will take a trip. You'll wake up in Paris."

Next morning the patient phoned. "Doc, I slept. But no trip. I'm right here at home."

"What color pill did you take?"

"Yellow."

"Darn," said the doctor. "I made a mistake. I gave you the round-trip pill."

▲

It's no harder to find a needle in a haystack today than in a girl's hand.

▲

Said one girl to her friend, "If I could combine their qualities, I'd be the happiest girl in the world. Ronald is gay, debonair, rich, handsome and witty, and Clarence wants to marry me."



Tom Collins Says...

Opportunity doesn't carry letters of introduction with it.

If dogs behaved as do some people, they would be suspected of rabies and promptly shot.

If your efforts are criticized, you must have done something worthwhile.

A friend is a present you can give yourself.

No man really becomes a fool until he stops asking questions.

Forget the past. No man ever backed into prosperity.

Good will is about the only asset that competition can't undersell.

What a terrible din there'd be if we made as much noise when things go right as when they go wrong.

Imagination is what makes some politicians think they are statesmen.

Society is the sworn enemy of mental health.

Many an optimist has become rich simply by buying out a pessimist.

The real measure of our wealth is how much we should be worth if we lost our money.

There is no nation on earth so dangerous as a nation fully armed, and bankrupt at home.

The most wonderful thing made by man—a living for his family.

A good marriage is like a good handshake. There is no upper hand.

The surest way to go broke is to sit around waiting for a break.

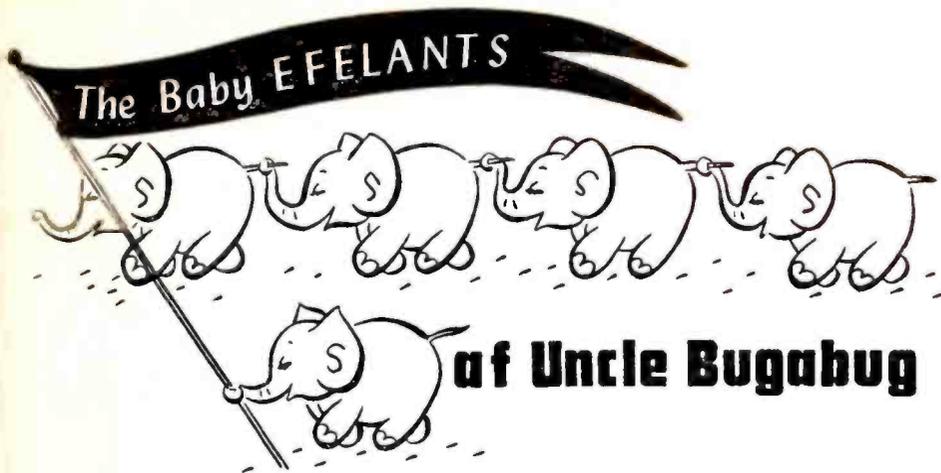
If you never find your neighbor's faults he'll never look for yours.

You can't expect your ship to come in if you don't send it out first.

If you don't learn from the mistakes of others you won't live long enough to make 'em all yourself.

A man is really a success when flattery gives him a headache instead of a big head.

Believing is seeing.



by MARGARET LOWELL WHITE

WHEN my father and uncle homesteaded on the Western prairies after the turn of the century, I was a very small child. Small as I was, I was allowed to roam pretty much at will. Only the barn was forbidden ground.

Perhaps they feared that the log walls and straw roof might collapse any minute, having in mind the fact that the structure leaned obligingly with each season's prevailing wind. Perhaps they were terrified lest I get entangled with the flying heels of a pair of broncos who never did a useful day's work but kicked out the partitions with deft cunning and monotonous regularity. Perhaps they envisioned me falling into the pen with the surly sow who had a peculiar yen for the seats of trousers, either male

or female. Perhaps Mother's loud objections to the amount of manure I always managed to attach to my diminutive person had something to do with it. Whatever the reason or reasons, the restriction added a glamour to our barn that no other barn in the district possessed.

In my child's mind, Uncle Ben and the barn were synonymous terms. I suppose he did work elsewhere on the farm, but to this day memory persists in associating him with the barn. Always I picture him moving around that little low building: a big man with a curious stoop that reduced his height and gave him an oddly misshapen appearance. When I recall his face, weathered to a brick red, crisscrossed with deep seams and leathery in texture, it comes to me through the dusty

gloom of that barn. Even in its dim light he squinted from under his bushy brows just as he did against the dazzle of sun and snow. But for all the frowning fierceness of his brow there was no disguising the twinkle or the gentleness of his blue eyes. As was fashionable in those days, he grew a heavy drooping mustache that could not hide the smiles continually hovering around his mouth.

It may seem strange that Uncle Ben, a bachelor, should understand my little girl longings better than my father did, but such was the case. Father rarely took me into the barn. Uncle Ben took me in on any and every pretext. He had only to yell, "Come here, Tadpole," and I would hear, even in the most distant corner, and come running, my fat legs pedaling furiously and my pigtailed flying.

On one such occasion he lifted me over the closed lower half of the barn door, saying very mysteriously, "Want to see a surprise, Flipperty-gibbet?"

"What's a surprise?" I asked.

"Never mind, Question-box. Do you want to see something very special? And don't start asking what *special* means. I declare you can ask more questions than Toby can scratch fleas."

"Tell me what it is," I persisted.

"Hold on now, Miss," he said calmly, going into an empty stall with me at his heels. "Ready?" and he sat me on the edge of the box manger. "Look in there. See anything, Peter-Bob?"

When I shook my head he reached into the manger and then held his cupped hand into the sunshine slanting through the small high window.

"What are they?" I asked, staring

at the tiny pink things that squeaked and squirmed in his hand.

"Don't you know?"

I shook my pigtailed again. He gave me a sly look. His eyes began to twinkle and a smile tugged at his mustache. For a moment I was sure he was going to say, "It's a wimwam for a mustard mill." That was his teasing answer to many of my questions.

After due consideration he said, "They're baby elephants, Bridget."

"Baby efelants?" I breathed.

"Elephants, not efelants, Buster."

"Elephants," I repeated solemnly.

"Are they really, Uncle Bugabug?" The nickname slipped out in times of great emotional upheaval.

"Really, Madam," he assured me with a solemnity matching my own. "But don't you tell a soul. Not even Francie. Because it's a secret. Want to hold them?"

"Oh, no," I shuddered, drawing back and almost slipping off my perch, feeling my flesh crawl at the very idea.

"All right, Miss Pernickety," he laughed, replacing the babies and swinging me down. "Run along now and don't tell our secret." He smacked my bottom for the proper emphasis.

I went, but with all the speed of a snail. I wanted to breathe in the good damp smell coming up from the earthen floor, the clean smell of straw, the biting smell of the animals and the tangy smell of leather. I thought it was the most delightful perfume anyone could ever wish.

It was fun having a secret. But it was puzzling too. Slowly, surely, I was being consumed by curiosity. What did elephants look like when they grew up? Something warned me not

to ask Uncle Ben, so I asked Francie. She was going to school and knew a great many wonderful things. She let me look at a picture of elephants. I was amazed. How could those little pink things in the barn ever grow to look like the things in the book? Then I forgot to wonder about that because I suddenly thought of something else. Whatever would Father say when he saw elephants walking around in our barn?

I was never to find out what Father would say, but I did find out that the little pink things were not baby elephants and my trust in Uncle Ben was shaken considerably.

Mother's wooden washing machine broke down, and while it awaited Father's whim to repair it, it became a catch-all for paper and rags. When Father did decide to fix the machine, Mother flew to empty it before he could change his mind. Suddenly she stopped the clearing out process and said mildly, "Well, I never. Of all things! Look, Mig, at what's in the tub."

I looked. "Baby elephants!" I breathed rapturously.

Mother looked startled. "They're baby mice," she stated flatly. "Baby elephants, indeed! I suppose that's some more of your Uncle's nonsense."

Timothy Eaton was always catching mice and laying them at our feet as a tangible expression of a cat's devotion. Somehow it was much easier to believe that the little pink things would grow into mice rather than those things pictured in Francie's book. Besides, I had never known my mother to be wrong and to think that she might be untruthful was almost sacrilege.

I was terribly hurt at Uncle Ben's deception. Yet I never let him know I had found him out. The babies disappeared from the barn and were never referred to again. When I left the farm the incident had long since been lost in the realm of forgotten things.

YEARS later, equipped with a family of my own, I revisited the old farm. In a very new barn Uncle Ben was showing my son something that he held cupped in his hand. When I leaned over to look he grinned up at me.



"Mom, look at the baby mice," shouted my five-year-old.

Then he was gone in search of something more exciting.

Slowly the old man straightened up as much as his poor bent back allowed. His eyes under the still dark bushy brows were a trifle unhappy. "I couldn't tell him anything," he said wistfully. "He knew what they were, right off."

For a moment I was again that little pigtailed girl, bitterly hurt because of a trusted person's deception. I wanted to say, "It's a good thing my son isn't as dumb as his mother was. You can't fool him." But with the faded blue eyes watching me the words would not come.

"Never mind, Uncle Ben. Modern children are much better at . . ." I began. "They're so . . . so . . ." I stopped. I didn't know how to explain

about modern children and I realized that trying to explain wouldn't help at all. Here was an old man who had been childishly hurt and he was looking to me to do something about it. What could I do? What should I say?

I reached out and gingerly touched the little pink things and suddenly I knew exactly what to do and say.

"He thinks they're baby mice because I never told the secret," I said softly. "You and I know they are baby

elephants. And I love baby efelants, Uncle Bugabug."

His eyes began to twinkle and a smile tugged at the drooping white mustache. "I believe you do, Miss Pernickety. I believe you do," he said on a rising note of wonder, and he dropped them into my hands.

Be it recorded to my everlasting credit that, without flinching, I held them, pink and squeaking and squirming.

Poster Wit

In an Eastern grocery store:

Apples you can eat in the dark.

In a California store:

We buy old furniture. We sell antiques.

On a Galveston bathing beach:

A coat of tan is yours for the basking.

In a tavern:

Please don't stand up while room is in motion.

On a liquor truck:

When low in spirits, visit us.

In the window of a reducing specialist:

What have you got to lose?

On a movie marquee:

Adam Had Four Sons, at 12:10, 3:50, 7:30 and 11:10.

In a Boston library:

Only low conversation permitted here.

In Cobb's Mill, Weston, Connecticut:

Just rap on the table and we'll see that spirits appear.

In a barber shop:

During alterations patrons will be shaved in the back.

Southern Pacific Railway:

Spend the winter where the sun does.

In a Pennsylvania tavern:

If you must drive your husband to drink, head him this way.

In a restaurant:

Don't be afraid to ask for credit. Our refusals will be polite.

In a Till City, Indiana, store:

Block and Tackle Whiskey sold here. Take a drink, walk a block and tackle anything.

In a furniture store:

Notice to employees—Excuses to be absent because of illness, funerals, or weddings should be presented to the office the day before the game.

Twenty million canines can't be wrong!

America



Goes to the
DOGS

by TOM FARLEY

ACCORDING to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, a man's dog is not a deductible dependent within the meaning of the income tax law. The Bureau figures that Rover eats scraps from the table, contents himself with his own skin for clothing, and requires no more than a friendly pat when sick. This view is sadly behind the times. Today, 17,000,000 dog owners spend several hundred million dollars a year feeding, clothing, housing, registering, grooming, photographing, showing, amusing, doctoring and burying the 20,000,000 canine members of the American population. Consider the statistics:

Dog owners bought a billion pounds of prepared dog food last year. The tab: upwards of \$120,000,000.

"The Fancy," as dog fanciers are known in the trade, paid some \$700,000 to register nearly 250,000

dogs of gentle birth in the American Kennel Club, the canine equivalent of Burke's Peerage. They paid \$2,000,000 just to attend dog shows. One professional manager of dog shows, the Foley Organization, collected \$600,000 in entrance fees from 150,000 owners who hoped their pets would win cash prizes ranging from \$3,000 to \$20,000, or would cop at least one of the thousands of blue ribbons mass produced to accommodate all the bench shows, tracking tests, obedience trials, and field trials patronized by people who want to show their dogs to each other.

Those who regard the relation between pooch and master as a strictly private affair will be startled to learn the facts of organized dogdom. In addition to the blue-blooded American Kennel Club, there's the American Field, which records the pedigrees of 25,000 sporting dogs a year, and the

United Kennel Club, which registers some dogs that the American Kennel Club doesn't recognize. In addition, there are over 100 associations dedicated to the preservation, promotion, and purity of individual breeds.

More than a hundred American and British magazines are devoted to the dog, and two popular columns on dog care and training are widely syndicated among newspapers. A series of 13 weekly radio forums featuring Tom Farley was aired in 674 communities last summer.

National Dog Week of 1949, with Arthur Godfrey as general chairman, was observed in more than 3,000 communities. The week is sponsored by the National Dog Welfare Guild, which maintains a year-round office to carry on its work. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals flourish in nearly every town and city in the United States.

Dr. Clive M. McCay, professor of Animal Nutrition at Cornell, is a past winner of the National Dog Week award of \$2,000 for the year's outstanding contribution to canine medicine. At present he is studying the digestive processes in dogs to solve the dietary problems of aged and mentally ill canines. He would like to know, among other things, why dogs prefer bones buried in soil to those that have been exposed to the air; why fresh trimmings from the hoof of a horse are more attractive to dogs than stale trimmings; what are the optimum conditions for toasting bread crumbs, corn and wheat flakes for incorporation in dog foods; and the different nutritional requirements of various dog breeds. Fluorine protection against tooth decay, now being recommended

for children, is old stuff to Dr. McCay, who early discovered that fluorine added to drinking water preserved a dog's vitally important teeth.

Although urban living presents many problems to dog owners, 38 per cent of the United States dog population lives in cities. Half the nation's dogs live on farms, and the remaining 12.5 per cent in rural non-farm areas. The average dog, figuring in every breed and size from Great Danes to Pekingese, eats a pound of food a day, or half as much as a person. Of 6,000 dog-owning families studied by the Psychological Corporation, 26 per cent reported that Brother fed the dog; 22 per cent said Sister, 24 gave the job to Dad. But pinch-hitter for them all was Mother, who ends up feeding the family pet most of the time.

Makers of dog food are currently spending impressive sums on advertising and promotion, and on nutritional research and taste preference as well.

Manufacturers of first grade canned types, for instance, claim their product is the only completely balanced diet for man or beast sold in a single package. Canners test a dog-food formula first on fast-breeding white rats and



hamsters. If it proves itself, they then try it in kennels kept specifically for the purpose. Several of the companies have records of generations of dogs that have existed on a single formula from the day they were weaned until they died, years later, of plain old age. A few years ago, one company announced the results of tests on 300 dogs of different breeds in which measurements, bone structure, coat, rate of growth and size of litters were all recorded. Theoretically, the food could have achieved the same results on human beings with the addition of Vitamin C, which dogs do not require.

Government gets into the act, too: an entire section of the Department of Agriculture is devoted to inspecting and certifying better brands of canned foods. Manufacturers who accept this service and meet the rather high specifications for content and cleanliness are entitled to carry the Department's seal of approval. More than 175,000,000 cans of these better (and slightly more expensive) foods were produced in the first six months of this year.

Typical of the reaction of dogs to this better food is the behavior of Bouncer, a fire house mascot. Bouncer used to slip each day into the neighborhood grocery to filch a can of his favorite dog food off the shelf. The grocer retaliated by hiding Bouncer's brand behind two rows of canned tomatoes. Not to be outdone, Bouncer paid his usual morning call, sniffed the dog food out, nosed the tomato cans aside, and made a clean getaway with his accustomed booty. The disgusted grocer now bills the fire station every Saturday.

Food manufacturers and grocers are not the only business men interested in dogs. Dog boardinghouse keepers charge about \$30 a month for the care and feeding of Rover when the family goes away, and 1,200 hotels stand ready to serve him if he travels with his master. The half dozen top dog handlers in the United States earn close to \$25,000 a year teaching show-dogs how to behave, and exhibiting them in the ring. But the newest development in canine education is the instruction of owners in modern principles of dog pedagogy. Several hundred teachers hold regular classes in which dogs are enrolled with their masters. In the course of eight or nine sessions, dogs learn the basic rules of good manners, including toilet training and respect for nylons. They learn to stand, sit, lie down, stay, come, and heel. Masters learn how to command and punish in a way that will inspire the dog's confidence.

Doctors as well as teachers render professional services to dogs. Many of the nation's 12,000 veterinarians work in dog hospitals where the latest drugs and aseptic techniques are used. Most of the operations performed on human beings are also performed on dogs, including Caesarean sections. Fees are about one-fourth those for human surgery.

A natural result of the expensive care, feeding, and thought devoted to dogs has been an increased dollar valuation of the animals themselves. Prize winning aristocrats of fashionable breeds like Cocker Spaniels, Boxers, Chihuahuas, German Shepherds, Beagles, and Collies bring upwards of \$1,000, and sales at \$5,000 have been recorded. Dogs have been valued as

high as \$7,000 for purposes of taxation. However, very good dogs can be bought for less than \$500, and well-descended puppies are often sold for less than \$100.

In order to protect this considerable investment in money and affection, organized dogdom considers measures

against its two major enemies, the automobile and the thief. Special traffic training for dogs is suggested for the former. To foil the latter, a nationwide tattooing service provides painless but indisputable proof of each dog's identity.

The dog days are upon us!

Famous People

In one of Professor Eliot's classes there was a student who had completed a written examination and was told he must sign a statement to the effect that he had received no help. The student, with a straight face, explained that he couldn't very well sign as he had repeatedly asked God for assistance during the course of the past hour.

Professor Eliot glanced quickly over the written sheets and remarked, "Don't hesitate to sign, son. You didn't get any help!"



Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," wrote in a hand almost impossible to decipher. Once a San Francisco club invited him to read some of his poems at their annual meeting. When his reply came, it covered four pages, but no one could read it.

Finally the club secretary dispatched the following communication to Mr. Miller: "We have been unable to determine from your letter whether you have accepted or declined our invitation. If you will be present on the date mentioned, will you kindly make a cross at the bottom of this letter? If it will be impossible for you to appear, will you kindly draw a circle?"

The poet promptly complied, but the issue remained in doubt. No one could decide whether the mark at the bottom was a cross or a circle!



General Sherman was once guest of honor at a banquet which was followed by a reception. Among the people who shook hands with him was a man whose face was familiar, but whom he could not place.

"Who are you?" he asked in a whisper as he heartily welcomed the guest. The man's face flushed and he quickly answered, "Made your shirts, sir."

"Ah, of course," exclaimed the general, and turning to the receiving commission he said, "Gentlemen, allow me to present Major Shurtz."



Professor Irwin Edman once delivered a spirited lecture in Kingsport, Tennessee, on the Medes and the Persians. At its conclusion a stout party hustled up to the platform, wrung his hand warmly and told him, "Yo' talk was particularly interestin' to mc, Professor. You see, mah mother was a Meade."



HOW LONG WILL YOU *Live*?

Your chances for a long life are better than ever—but a lot still depends on you.

by RUTH E. RENKEL

OLD age can be likened to your past misdeeds. The more you think about it, the sooner it is going to catch up with you. At least, that's what psychologists say.

Actually, according to these same authorities, we start growing old at the age of ten. That's when our eyes begin to age. Hearing begins to deteriorate when we are 20, muscular strength and speed at 30. Between the ages of 25 and 30, we age more rapidly than we do from 30 to 40, and more from 40 to 55 than from then through the next score of years. Mental power never ages, says Irving Lorge, though mental speed starts slacking up around 27 or 28. But, all in all, we seem to be lasting longer than before.

Babies born in 1950 will have to accept the idea of growing old, just like the rest of us, whether they like the idea or not. In the Wisconsin State Medical Journal, Reinhard A. Hohaus, actuary of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, writes that these children will have a 50-50

chance of living to be at least 72. Three-quarters of them will reach 60. Reinhard makes these claims of life expectancy even if there are no more advances in pushing down death rates from disease and accidents. Compare these figures with the life expectancy at the turn of the century.

Only three-quarters of the babies born in 1900 could expect to live to the age of 24, while one-half could pretty much depend on still being alive at 58. Reinhard maintains that control of infectious and acute diseases, especially those of childhood, has been a major factor in extending this life span. New drugs, treatments, and medical knowledge, more public health services and higher living standards have helped the cause, too.

When you consider that in 1947 the death rate from tuberculosis was only one-sixth as great as in 1900, and that deaths from pneumonia have been cut in half in the last ten years, you'll realize why the child born today has a much better chance of reaching retirement age than did his

grandfather. Too, material mortality has been cut 75 per cent in the last two decades, while infant mortality was cut by half in the same amount of time.

As early as 1980, it has been estimated, about 40 per cent of the United States population will be more than 45 years old. And medical science has done so well in prolonging man's life that it now has set about devoting itself to making old age more pleasant, or at least more bearable.

Although hormones have proved a failure in making older people feel younger, says pharmacologist Dr. Chauncey D. Leake, vice-president of the University of Texas Medical Branch, there is some hope in experimental work on vitamins as a means of making the aged feel a little spryer. But medical science has not yet discovered how to keep the heart, blood vessels and kidneys in first-class working condition when a man approaches the three-quarters-of-a-century mark.

We all like to *feel* young, of course. And old age, according to C. M. Douthitt, prominent Cleveland, Ohio, physician, is a matter of physiology and state of mind—not years.

The aging process, says Dr. Douthitt, seems to be controlled by three factors; namely, heredity, environment and living habits. Since we haven't much choice in the matter of grandparents, and we are bound—sooner or later—to be around where and when accidents occur, the right thing to do is to acquire the proper living habits.

If you are no longer young, Dr. Douthitt reminds you that:

What you eat is, of course, important. Good health is usually based on what kind of fuel we put into our bodies and how our bodies make use of it.

Rest and recreation will prevent Jack from becoming not only a dull boy—but an old one as well.

Exercise has to be determined by how much your body can take. Nature insists that you have to use what she has given you, physically and mentally, or she will take it away.

Surplus fat will work against you. Try counting the number of fat people you know who lived past 60.

You should be happy in your work. "Happiness" is not another word for "having," but for "doing." Effort determines your zest for living—not attainment.

Moderation is the best byword. Even virtues turn into vices if you overdo them. Take the middle road.

Be sure that your hobby—and see that you have one—is different from your regular occupation.

Associations with people younger than yourself will help keep you mentally young.

Regardless of your age, you should have a goal. As long as you are interested in something, you'll forget about growing old.

Your ambitions should be within reason. Don't try to break the record for the 440-yard dash; those days are gone forever.

Avoid mental stagnation as though it were the atom bomb. Regardless of how wide your interests, you can always find new ones. Look for them.

Last, shun anxiety, fear and worry. They are enemies of mental and phys-

ical health. If you keep yourself busy, you won't have time for them.

If all this sounds dull and forbidding, remember that growing old has some advantages, according to Dr. Wingate M. Johnson of the Wake Forest College medical school. The aged usually have, he says, a higher resistance to infectious diseases. Migraine headaches usually disappear after middle life; diabetes is less severe in the old than in the young; and cancer progresses more slowly in the aged.

Lest this sound overly optimistic, the doctor warns that older persons' muscles become flabby, their bones brittle and their joints stiff.

Some authorities insist that women do a better job of growing old than do men. According to Dr. George Lawton, psychologist and expert on the problems of the aging, women outlive men on the average of five years.

A man of 65, he maintains, often becomes boresome by trying to assert his ego in recapturing the past. He glories in recalling those circumstances in which he gave evidence of bravery, ingenuity or some kind of achievement. Dr. Lawton points out that, contrary to the usual opinion, growing old is a greater threat to what men hold dear than it is to what women value.

For one thing, he says, a woman of 65 usually feels that she is a fulfilled person. She has been an object of male love and attention, known the feeling of creative reproductivity, reared children, and is still interested in her appearance. She broods less about losing her job because in old

age she doesn't depend upon a job to supply ego satisfaction as much as a man does. All in all, says Dr. Lawton, she is better adjusted than the male of her own age.

However, many people disagree with Dr. Lawton's opinion. When an inquiring photographer from a Chicago newspaper accosted ordinary citizens with the question, "Which accept growing old more gracefully, men or women?" four out of six answered, "Men."

Most of those questioned said that women spend too much effort trying to look younger than they really are. Women, they said, call attention to their age by refusing to admit their real age and by dressing in frivolous clothes that only emphasize their dated contours.

Regarding such comments, Dr. Lawton has more to say. In his book, *Aging Successfully*, the psychologist contends that it is a rare woman of 45 who can hope to duplicate the outward beauty possessed by the lass of 17, and women of 65 can seldom compete with those 20 years their junior. But he goes on to point out that there is more than one kind of beauty in women.

"What we want to see in the face of an older woman are not the gorgeous tints and allure of 25 but a rich, alive inner security and satisfaction which is the fruit of experience," he writes.

What all these opinions add up to, perhaps, is this: You're not going to grow any younger, so make the best of today and let tomorrow take care of itself. That's good advice at any age.

Robert Lincoln's Remarkable Rendezvous

THREE times Robert Todd Lincoln, son of the 16th President of the United States, followed in the wake of the Grim Reaper. He just missed seeing three great men shot down by three of the most infamous murderers in America's history.

On April 14, 1865, Captain Robert Todd Lincoln and General Ulysses Grant arrived in Washington, D. C., bearing good news for the President. General Robert E. Lee had surrendered at Appomattox Court House. The War between the States was officially over.

Captain Lincoln and General Grant were informed that the President was attending a performance at the Ford Theatre. They hurried over to the theatre—but arrived too late.

Just minutes earlier, John Wilkes Booth had shot Abraham Lincoln through the head.

On July 2, 1881, Robert Todd Lincoln, as Secretary of War in Garfield's administration, went to the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Station in Washington to see the 20th President off on a trip.

Once again, he arrived too late.

Charles Guiteau had entered the railway station only a few minutes earlier, pulled out a gun, and shot James A. Garfield down.

On September 6, 1901, Robert Todd Lincoln took his family to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, New York. Near-pandemonium was reigning when they arrived at the fair grounds.

President William McKinley was visiting the Exposition that day, too, Robert Todd Lincoln knew—and immediately his father's and President Garfield's tragic deaths flashed through his mind. Had he followed in the wake of death again?

He had.

Only minutes earlier, our 25th President had been holding a public reception at the fair grounds. He had been shaking hands with all these people who wished to meet him. Leon Czolgosz stood in line with the others. A handkerchief bandaged his right hand. Beneath that handkerchief was a Derringer pistol—which he fired point blank at William McKinley.

Three great Americans had been murdered, three Presidents had been assassinated (the only three in America's history) and Robert Todd Lincoln had arrived only a few minutes too late each time.—Joseph Stacey.



An artist whose ruling passion is spare time sculpture retired to a hilly retreat in Pennsylvania a few months ago. The somber, reflective sort, he soon had developed a serious interest in the Quaker faith. It seemed that he was moving toward acceptance in their church, never a hurried process, when by purest chance he overheard one of the Friends commenting unofficially upon the artist's standing in the community.

"... not that I aim to judge," the benign old lady was saying to a neighbor, "for it may be found that I have myself broken one of the Ten Commandments.—But at least no one can say I've ever made unto myself any graven images!"



The Lady of Skid Row

by JACK STALEY

IN A ONE-TIME BROTHEL on Kansas City's tough north side, two evangelistic dreamers started a rescue mission for men.

It was 26 years ago that the Reverend Dave Bulkley and his vivacious red-haired wife moved into the biggest and most notorious call house in a wide-open town. There, they began ladling out soup and religion to the very dregs of humanity: bindlestiffs, alcoholics, pimps, and petty criminals.

Reverend Dave is gone now, but his widow still reigns among the flops and cheap dives as the Lady of Skid Row. It's been a nightmare a quarter-century long, but she can look back over the human hulks who came for aid and count many successes to offset failures. A number of men turned to religion as a result of her husband's powerful sermons; some of them became ministers, some missionaries. Other stumblebums were nursed back to mental and physical health and fought their way uphill to success in the business world. A lot kept right on slipping.

The mission has changed a little during its years of growth: it now ministers to women and children as

well as to men. But it is essentially the same persuasive power for good that Dave Bulkley hoped it would be when the idea came to him back in the 1920's.

Beulah Loyd Bulkley didn't think much of that idea. Her husband was director of social and religious work at the Helping Hand Institute. Night after night he would return to their home in a good residential district in the northeast part of the city and pray for guidance and help in founding a mission. He was a big, handsome chap who at 28 had been a successful business man before turning to the ministry. And when he prayed, he prayed aloud.

Beulah never got to sleep during those prayer sessions, though she tried to pretend that she did. She turned her face to the wall and attempted to close her ears to her husband's sonorous, stentorian tones. She knew the north side was no place to live, no place to bring up her baby daughter. She hadn't intended to marry a preacher at all, not until Dave Bulkley came along. Let someone else do this work that had become such a fixation with her husband; she wanted to maintain her family and her friends

in a decent neighborhood. So she lay in the dark, arguing with herself, trying desperately not to hear. But it didn't do any good. She did hear, and she began to feel the importance of what Dave was saying.

Late in the summer of 1924, Bulkley brought home word that the Council of Churches agreed he had a wonderful idea. But there was no money available to help finance it.

"I guess I'll just have to start a mission on faith," he told her.

Beulah scarcely heard him. That day she'd gone to see a doctor about the bad pains she'd been experiencing lately. The doctor had examined her, and gravely announced that she was in immediate need of a major operation.

Bulkley cried when she told him, and she cried, too. Then, impulsively, she said, "If the Lord will give me the strength, I'll help you start the mission!"

Two weeks later, the Bulkleys and their daughter, Ruth, moved into the shadowy depths of Kansas City's north side. The surgery was never performed. And today, 11 years after her husband's death, she is carrying on the work of the City Union Mission. She's still making good on a promise she uttered in a moment of emotional crisis, 26 years ago.

It was no district of parks and boulevards into which the Bulkleys moved. On one side, their neighbor was aging Annie Chambers, famed as a madam in earlier days of a segregated red light district. On the other, a house of prostitution still did a thriving business.

And all along Main Street, bending

southward from the turreted old City Hall and the antiquated city produce market, human relics sought the sunny side of the street to loaf, to sleep it off, looking out at a shabby world through bleary, half-seeing eyes.

Bulkley turned to on the old building with zeal. He swept it out, scrubbed it down, and hung a cross over the front door. He offered hot food, advice, and spiritual guidance. Into the tiny haven he had carved in a barren shore eddied the flotsam and jetsam of a nether world.

Life in those early days was one shock after another to his well-bred wife. He brought home the drifters he found along Skid Row—pensioners, panhandlers, and good men who were down on their luck. He brought children of the slums, too, so many that it was necessary to hire a nurse to look after them.

One hot summer evening he read funeral services over the still form of a prostitute's baby. As he preached the rites in the high-ceilinged ballroom which once had echoed to the drunken gaiety of a bawdy house, the dead infant's mother listened from her place of employment next door. But Annie Chambers was listening, too, sitting beside her open window and pulling each syllable of sound out of the sticky August air. That wizened old mistress of harlots wept large and very real tears, completely unashamed, as she had always been. And at the conclusion of the service she went to Reverend Dave and told him she was ready to return to the church from which she had strayed so many years before. The Bulkleys welcomed her

and looked after her until her death. Today, in a log cabin which is part of the Ozarks summer camp the mission maintains for poor children, a large and perfect gold framed mirror covers one entire wall. It once hung in the front room of "Annie Chambers' house."

Bulkley's mission has never prospered, if you speak in terms of money. But it has prospered in exactly the way he intended.

Every night, from the day the doors first opened, there has been a religious service for men. Every Sunday the mission has conducted religious services in the city jail. During the depression years the emphasis swung more and more away from male rescue, and the mission is now an interdenominational church serving whole families.

Dave Bulkley broke down after Christmas in 1939. The Yuletide season is always a heavy one at the City Union Mission. He died the following spring.

Near the end he told Beulah, "I'm not afraid to leave the mission in your hands. I know you'll handle it very well. But, please, don't forget my old men . . ."

The morning after his death a member of the board of directors called on Beulah. "You're not going to leave the mission, are you?" he asked. "We want you to stay."

And this woman who had never wanted to marry a preacher, who had never wanted to mingle in the squalor and horror of the north side, looked at him as though he were crazy.

"Why—" she gasped, "certainly I'm going to stay!"

Bulkley was buried from his mission. The street outside was roped off. A great crowd filled it. For more than an hour, people filed past his bier in a steady stream. Catholics knelt as they paid final homage. Old men sniffled and wiped their brimming eyes and noses with their coat sleeves. Men and women held up their children for a last look at the man who had helped them.

Then Mrs. Bulkley stepped into his shoes. They are big shoes, but she has worn them well. "Just be hard-headed," her husband had told her. "Never be hard-hearted."

The nightly services continue, conducted by a long list of Kansas City ministers who are anxious to share in the work. Each year the mission operates twin summer camps for children, so they can explore for the first time the wonder of hills, trees, and grass. One of the camps is for children from three to six years old. Mrs. Bulkley calls it "Tot Lot."

The kitchen at the mission continues to serve meals for a nickel and fifteen cents—and for nothing at all if a man doesn't have a nickel. It has a clothing distribution center, and it operates 15 Sunday school classes, furnishing a meal for youngsters at the close of the services.

For some of the children, that Sunday dinner is the only good meal they have except for noon lunches at school. In the summer, it's the only one from Sunday to Sunday. One little girl summed up her feelings



while saying Grace. She said, ". . . and thank you, God, for seconds."

The mission also operates a home for old men. It's called Harbor Annex, and 50 men live there all the time, stretching their little pension checks just far enough to maintain life.

Last year, donations to the mission totaled only \$19,000. From that slender capital all bills were paid, the camps were operated, and a staff of 12 was kept on the pay roll.

No campaign for funds has been conducted since Bulkley's death. Somehow, enough money seems to come in when it is needed. But the need is always there, and it is growing greater as living costs rise and more of the old-timers who helped found the mission pass on.

Not a cent ever has been received from the Community Chest. Bulkley asked for \$3,600 during the first year,

but was turned down because Chest officials said the mission was in reality a church; they couldn't set a precedent by helping a church. So the mission never asked again.

Mrs. Bulkley conducts her work at her husband's old desk. The roll top is missing now. From a gilt frame on a wall of the narrow little office, her husband's likeness looks down.

Last year the mission distributed 4,112 garments, served 154,434 meals, and provided 13,704 beds. Almost 25,000 people attended its religious meetings.

Beulah Loyd Bulkley's red hair isn't so bright, now. She's 59. But there's plenty of bounce in her stride and plenty of snap in her eyes when she's excited. Just as long as she's able, she intends to continue her work in the depth of the slums, proud to be known to the drifters and grifters as the Lady of Skid Row.



A butter-fingered man who had been suffering from a long siege of unemployment at last found a job in a chinaware house. He had been at work only a few days when he smashed a large vase. He was summoned to the manager's office and told by that dignitary that he would have to have money deducted from his wages every week until the vase was paid for.

"How much did it cost?" asked the culprit.

"Three hundred dollars," said the manager.

"Oh, that's wonderful! At last I've got a steady job."



"There," said the medical examiner, unrolling the eye chart. "Read the fourth line down from the top."

"Read it?" chortled the patient. "Why, I know the guy personally. He used to play football at my school."



A near-sighted man lost his hat in a strong wind. He gave chase, but every time he was catching up with it, it was whisked from under his hand.

A woman screamed from a nearby farmhouse, "What are you doing there?"

He mildly replied that he was trying to get his hat.

"Your hat!" the woman exclaimed. "There it is over by the stone wall. That's our little black hen you've been chasing."

The egg is big business for the producer, the consumer, and for 500 men in the middle.



by MARCIA CARTER

JUST about everybody eats eggs for breakfast. You probably had two this morning—sunny side up. But have you ever wondered why it is that you can buy eggs at any time of the year? After all, you can't buy green vegetables all year around, because they are produced seasonally. Some vegetables can't be bought at all during certain periods, and others can be bought only if they are frozen. That, of course, is one of the answers to the question of eggs—refrigeration. But it's only one of the answers, and the other is a national market where eggs may be bought and sold for future delivery.

As our country grew, the problem of how to make supply meet demand in such a basic food as eggs grew with it. Production increased but stayed pretty much in the same general areas.

Demand, on the other hand, became more and more concentrated in big cities. Without some means of assuring a level supply, it might easily be that there would be no eggs at certain times of the year and a large surplus at others. Hens don't lay the same amount all year around. During spring and early summer the lay is particularly heavy, whereas in the winter months it is much too light to supply the demand.

Some 30 years ago this problem had reached the point where it required an immediate solution. At that time a group of men in the egg trade got together and formed an association known as the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, for the purpose of trading in eggs both for cash and for future delivery. Since that time this association has grown until it is the largest

market for eggs in the world. Its 500 members have offices in every state in the union, and the bids and offers which come to it are nationwide. Trading on the Exchange is carefully organized, and is conducted in accordance with strict rules and regulations. As a result, the buyer can be confident that he will get the goods he bought; and the seller, that he will get his money. Each transaction made on the Exchange is guaranteed as to its completion by the Exchange itself. In addition, the Exchange now operates under the Commodity Exchange Authority of the United States Department of Agriculture, and is licensed by it as a national market. Each carload of eggs delivered as a result of an Exchange transaction is inspected in grade and quality by government inspectors as a further protection for the buyer.

Eggs follow a well-defined path from the nest to your breakfast table. After they are gathered, most eggs are picked up by handlers—men who buy them from a number of farms. The handlers in turn grade, process, and pack them in cases holding 30 dozen each. Government inspectors then check and approve them as to grade, and they are loaded into refrigerator cars ready for the retail market.

When they reach this stage, however, they take one of two routes. Either they are bought for the "cash market"—that is, for use immediately—and go to a wholesaler who in turn sells them to your local grocer; or they are sold as surplus eggs for use at a later time.

Offers of eggs for delivery in a future month reach the market through

brokers who are members of the Exchange. Here, too, are brokers representing buyers who want the eggs for future delivery. The offers can therefore be matched against the bids. All offerings are in carload lots, and it is understood that they are made in accordance with the regulations of the Exchange. Thus a producer who knows that he will have during the spring and summer a large number of surplus eggs may sell those eggs before they are laid. In turn, a buyer who knows that he will need eggs for fall and winter may buy them for delivery during those months.

All bids and offers are shown on the boards of the Exchange, as are all sales. As sales are made during the day they are sent by teletype to the press news services and to radio stations, and are picked up by newspapers and broadcasters for use daily. The farmer who lives far out in the country thus knows exactly what the price of eggs is each day—both for cash delivery and for delivery in a future month.

When delivery time approaches, the buyer is notified by the Exchange that the eggs will be ready for him at a designated place and at a specified time, and that he must be ready to accept them at that time. If for any reason either he or the seller cannot carry out the agreement made months previously, the Exchange itself will complete the transaction. The market is completely "free." Prices made both on the bid and offer are not set by anyone. They are solely the result of the ebb and flow of supply and demand.

(Continued on page 47)



OUR COSTLY CONGRESS

Stationery, light bulbs, neck trims, paint, uniforms, grass seed, china-ware, roomettes, aspirin, and stenographers . . . Are you getting your money's worth?

by STANLEY J. MEYER

AN elderly man recently visited Capitol Hill, and after sitting in Congress for some time and seeing the Senators drift in and out of the room, he began to shake his head sadly. Finally, he turned to one of his neighbors and whispered, "Damn it, I thought them guys was paid to pass laws. Why, all they do is march in and out of here. I wonder if they don't realize they're wasting my money when they ain't in here tending to business."

He was probably thinking of the \$12,500-a-year salary that a Senator receives, plus the \$2,500 tax-free expense account that the government allows him annually.

If he had known that the true cost of Congress alone is \$50,000,000 every year he would have been fight-

ing mad. Salary is but a small portion of what it takes to keep a Congressman on Capitol Hill. The estimated cost per man is \$100,000 per year.

Where does all this money go? It goes to maintain the little city that the Senate building has become. For example, the railroad that runs from the Capitol to the Senate costs \$2,000 a year to maintain. And this is the smallest amount spent on any item.

Every time a Congressman gets up to make a speech, even if it's only to congratulate one of his fellows on getting married, a covey of shorthand experts swings into action and faithfully records every word for posterity. Costly talk, this. To immortalize the words of the Congressmen takes \$109,-000 a year.

When a Senator wants someone to run an errand for him, he raises his finger and a page boy is at his side. To educate these lads, the government shells out \$20,000 annually.

The government also pays the cost of a private police force, whose main duty it is to keep the spectators from tossing cabbages and rotten tomatoes

at legislators. Maintaining the police force uniforms costs \$17,000—and their salaries come on top of that.

If your Congressman writes you a letter, you pay for the stationery. Your tax dollars also pay for the special delivery or air mail stamp that he might believe the letter warrants. And if he sends you seeds, you pay for the packing box.

In fact, it even costs you cash if you send a present to him. Large refrigerators are supplied your Senator so that the perishables his constituents send him won't perish. You help pay for the refrigerator and the electricity that keeps it chugging at full speed. But don't let this minor item bother you. That electric box uses only a small part of the \$1,500,000 worth of electricity that is burned yearly in the Senate building.

From the time your Senator awakens in the morning until he returns home at night, he is spending your tax dollars to pass your legislation.

Suppose the first thing he does after climbing out of bed is to call Capitol Hill. He doesn't have to worry about getting through, because telephone service is maintained there 24 hours a day. You pay the cost of the 3,000 lines that go into the switchboards, plus the salaries of the operators.

If your Congressman drives to work he can park in the private garage that you maintain for him underground between the Capitol and Senate buildings.

If he needs a shave he gets one in the Senate barber shop for 35 cents. A haircut costs him 50 cents and this he pays out of his own pocket. But your tax dollars keep him looking neat

because each barber receives \$105 a month from the government.

Perhaps you might think that by now the Senator is ready to settle down to work and quit spending your money. But if he isn't feeling up to par—he may have been up all night working on an income tax bill—he can go to one of the three steam baths that are maintained for his use, or he can work out on the parallel bars or play a few games in one of the two gymnasiums. Later on he might even take a dip in the small swimming pool.

The women who are sent to Congress aren't overlooked, either. Two beauty shops are available for them.

Despite all these seeming luxuries, most of the Congressmen are hard working, conscientious men. To help them carry out the duties of their office each one is allowed five employees. None of these is paid more than \$5,000 a year, and many get less. However, it still costs you \$45,000 annually to keep your Congressman's office running.

When the gentleman you elected really gets down to work, the cost starts to mount even more rapidly. If he is working in committee on a bill, and the bill is eventually to come on the floor, it first is channelled into the offices of the legal talent, where it is filled in with such terms as "to wit," "whereas," and a few others. To put the bills into language that few people without the services of a lawyer can understand, costs you \$200,000 per annum.

When the bill is completely entangled in legal language it goes to the floor and the debates start. After the shorthand experts fill reams of

pages with words, their writing is prepared for the Congressional Record, which costs \$80 a page. Total cost every year: \$7,700,000.

At last the Congressman goes back to his office. Perhaps he has to make several long distance phone calls. You pay the bill. And you also pay for any telegrams he sends.

If he is working on some bit of legislation that requires research, the Congressional library is available for his use. To maintain the library costs \$600,000 a year.

Of course, there is always the question of re-election. One of the best ways your Congressman can attain this end is to let the voters at home know what he thinks of the various workings of Congress, the dastardly deeds of his opponents, and the efforts he is willing to expend if his constituents will only put him back in office.

However, he can't run home every time he wants to make a speech, so he trots up to the attic of the old House of Representatives building, where a private radio studio is maintained for legislators. Here he can rave or rant until he's filled a phonograph record or two, then he has copies made which are sent out to the radio stations in his home locality.

Thus we come to the dinner hour. And, since tax dollars have paid for

the day, what is more natural than a private restaurant for Congressmen? Surely you don't mind spending a few dollars to keep this establishment going.

On the other hand, this expenditure might pyramid, too. If the Congressman develops a stomach-ache from a bad oyster or the pressure of his duties, or gets a sore throat shouting himself hoarse for you, he visits the doctor or one of his attendants, whom you pay.

Only one thing remains now. Letting the voter know what is going on in Washington. For this purpose Congress has its own publicity office that costs only \$65,000 a year.

In reality, though, the taxpayer—that's you—must spend prodigious amounts to make laws to protect himself. If your Congressman is conscientious and hard working the money is well spent.

And if Mr. Congressman isn't doing much of a job, you have one consolation: the next election. But even here the Congressman has the last laugh. Before leaving Washington to return home he is handed a check to cover his traveling expenses—20 cents for every mile. So, you see, even to get your Congressman back to nature, where he can't spend your money, costs you cash: \$1,250,000 a year.

THE EGG AND YOU *(Continued from page 44)*

Thus it is that in months of low egg production, no shortage exists. You can still be sure to have eggs on your

breakfast table at a reasonable price, and as a staple food instead of a luxury.

So They Say

JULIAN HAWTHORNE, after achieving literary fame in his own right, was frequently annoyed by celebrity-hunters who mistook him for his noted father. On one occasion he addressed a literary society, and invited questions from the audience.

A plump matron rose and simpered, "Oh, Mr. Hawthorne, I haven't a question. I just want to say that I've read *The Scarlet Letter* three times, and I think it's the most remarkable book you ever wrote."

"I am glad you like it," the young novelist replied. "And the most remarkable fact about it is that it was written when I was only four years old!"

▲
James Thurber is not mechanically minded. One day, when he was out driving his car, he glanced at the dashboard and observed to his horror that one dial read 770. "Good heavens!" he muttered. "This car is burning up!"

Fearing an explosion at any moment, he pulled in at the nearest service station and excitedly stammered his predicament to the attendant. The latter listened patiently, then stepped into the car to take a look. Thurber retired behind the gas pump, his face white.

"Have you located the trouble?" the humorist asked nervously.

"Yes," replied the bored attendant. "Your radio is tuned to WJZ—770 on your dial."

▲
A young reporter was instructed by his editor never to state anything as a fact that he could not verify from personal knowledge. Sent out to cover an important event soon afterward, he turned in this story:

"A woman giving the name of Mrs. James Jones, who is reported to be one of the society leaders of the city, is said to have given what purported to be a party yesterday to a number of alleged ladies. The hostess claims to be the wife of a reputed attorney."

Words for Our Pictures

1. James J. Rick, Kansas City banker and chairman of the Jackson County (Missouri) chapter of the Infantile Paralysis Foundation, poses with a radio the chapter is supplying for two polio patients. Seventy-four convalescent patients are now in the chapter's care.

2. David M. Brown, national commander of the Disabled American Veterans, warns WHB listeners that the Veterans' Administration is dangerously slow in authorizing and building new hospitals.

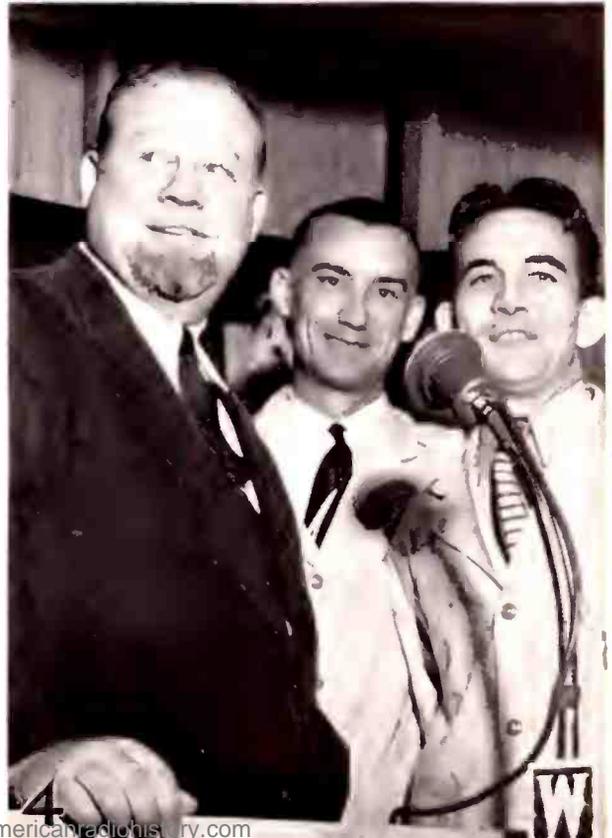
3. A sub-chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture, Representative George M. Grant of Alabama, visits with Reuben Corbin, United States Department of Agriculture fruit and vegetable reporter. Mr. Corbin's regular market report is a WHB feature at 8:10 a.m., every day but Sunday.

4. Ballad-singing Burl Ives is a special guest of Frank Wiziarde and Lou Kemper on the popular WHB Luncheon on the Plaza program.

Centerspread

UNLESS that beach scene is a mid-winter mirage, black cats are strictly good luck charms for Vera-Ellen, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dancing star of *On the Town*.

SWINGSHOTS









. . . presenting L. RUSSELL KELCE

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

MAYBE you'd better hide Junior's textbooks and buy him a pair of safety shoes before it's too late.

Three generations of Kelces went to work in the coal pits before their tenth birthdays. But stocky, wide-eyed L. Russell Kelce was a 12-year-old high school sophomore before a mine explosion broke his father's back, foot, and several ribs, leaving Russ as the sole possible breadwinner for a family of seven.

The shocking accident spared aging Russ the label of "softie." He grabbed his lunch pail just in time to make the afternoon shift.

He hasn't been back to school since, and he's still a miner. That's the way such stories usually end, but in Kelce's case there are a few new twists.

After 39 years with "black diamonds" he is chairman of the Chicago Great Western Railroad, head of the eighth largest coal producing organization in America, and president—at a recent, rough count—of slightly more than a dozen corporations.

He lives on a 1,000-acre showplace

just south of Kansas City, and owns his own island in Canada.

In addition to railroads and coal, his business interests include livestock, heavy construction, farm machinery, oil, and agriculture.

But it hasn't been easy. Unless Junior is prepared to work from seven o'clock in the morning until one o'clock the following morning, perhaps you'd better send him to a well-regulated college somewhere and then take him into the family firm.

Russ Kelce's father was a small mine owner in Pittsburg, Kansas, but the disastrous explosion ruined his finances as well as his health. So Russ singlehandedly kept the family going until the other boys were old enough to pitch in and help. At 19, he was the youngest man ever to superintend a mine in the state of Kansas.

He went to the army for a year or so, served as an infantry instructor, was mustered out as a sergeant, and headed with his new bride for Tulsa, Oklahoma.

And there he did a very amazing

thing. At the age of 22, in a town filled with strangers, he raised \$275,000 to start his own business!

He named it the Leavell Coal Company, after the principal investor, and began strip mining at nearby Dawson.

That, really, was the beginning. After that, life was a series of ups for Russ Kelce. Within a year he had cleared his initial indebtedness, and today he controls the largest strip mine operation in the United States.

Much of his success is attributable to his association with the late Grant Stauffer, who back in 1921 was the 33-year-old president of the Sinclair Coal Company.

Sinclair was purely a sales organization: it produced no coal. Kelce arranged for Stauffer to market the entire output of the Leavell mine, and was much impressed by the manner in which it was accomplished. Gradually—based primarily on reciprocal admiration for the other's special abilities—a warm friendship grew up between the two young men.

In 1924 they became partners with a continuation of their previous working arrangement: Kelce supervised the production of coal, Stauffer supervised its sale. They acquired another mine near Muskogee, Oklahoma, and worked just the two mines until 1927, when they bought another at Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. Two years later they got substantial acreage at Hume, Missouri. There they started the Hume-Sinclair Coal Company, another strip operation which last year produced more than a million tons.

So the holdings grew. The companies in the Sinclair group now employ 2,000 people and conduct min-

ing operations in Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, Oklahoma, Illinois, Kentucky, and Alabama. They produce six million tons of coal a year and their sales organizations—Sinclair and the Southern Coal Company of Chicago—market in excess of nine million tons yearly.

Of the Sinclair output, five million tons are unaffected by the actions of John L. Lewis. So the Midwest will keep warm this winter, no matter what happens elsewhere.

Mr. Kelce moved to Kansas City in 1931 as vice president in charge of operations, and succeeded to the presidency in April of last year, after the death of Mr. Stauffer.

There are approximately 25 companies in the Sinclair group. The number fluctuates as new properties are added and as old properties are mined out and the companies holding them liquidated. Each company is a separate corporation, but all of them are owned by the same people—by the employees themselves.

"You might think a man is doing his very best," Kelce says, "working hard, thinking on his feet, being fully devoted to the business.

"But make him a stockholder, and just watch the change that comes over him! He does more work than you ever dreamed possible."

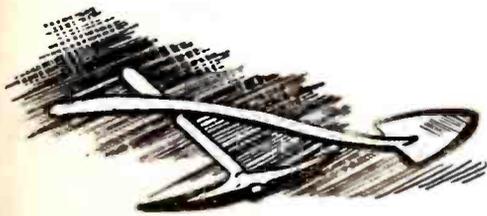
The Sinclair group has built its success on this principle. Every employee in an administrative capacity is a stockholder. No stock is owned by anyone outside of the companies.

Russ Kelce's two brothers are also active in the business. Ted Kelce is vice president in charge of the western division, and Merl Kelce serves as executive vice president. Another

brother died when quite young. Marie, the only girl in the family, is the wife of Dr. W. V. Hartman of Pittsburg, Kansas.

It was in Pittsburg that Russ Kelce met his own bride, Gladys A. St. John. She was born in Coneaut Harbor, Ohio, but her father was an engineer whose specialty was heavy construction. That kept the St. Johns on the move. They arrived in Kansas when she was 13, and decided to stay.

Gladys's first words were "steam shovel," which she mastered a few weeks before progressing to "mama." However, the nomadic life had made an unfortunate impression on her, and she firmly resolved to have nothing to do with miners or construction men. It took Russ Kelce only a short time to expose that as an empty vow. Actually, she's a two-time loser, because one of the two construction companies controlled by miner Kelce has just completed the \$2,500,000 Missouri River levee around Kansas City's northeast industrial district.



Russ Kelce didn't let adversity keep him down when he was young, and he hasn't let success change him either. He is completely natural and abundantly friendly. Telephone callers find they are connected with him immediately, without the necessity of identifying themselves and their business to a secretary.

"Some calls waste time, sure," Kelce

admits, "but I'm always in to anybody who wants to talk to me."

He works in a large, uncluttered, southwest-corner office which is carpeted in pale green and paneled in oak from floor to acoustic ceiling. The walls are completely bare, except for a barometer-thermometer gadget shaped like a grandfather's clock. A framed photograph of his son is the only decoration on his sturdy oak desk.

Extra-curricular community duties sometimes call him out of his comfortable office. He is a former vice president in charge of agriculture of the Chamber of Commerce, and served on the Chamber's board of directors for two years. He is a director of the American Royal Association; chairman of the American Royal livestock committee; and secretary of the Saddle & Sirloin Club of Kansas City.

Youth organizations and 4-H clubs have always claimed his attention. Companies of the Sinclair group provide land for community recreational facilities and young people's camps in the areas where they operate, and a large Boy Scout camp outside of Tulsa is named "Camp Russell" in honor of Mr. Kelce.

Kelce himself is quite a joiner. In addition to the River Club, Kansas City Club, Mission Hills Country Club, and Saddle & Sirloin Club of Kansas City, he belongs to the Chicago Club and Union League Club of Chicago, and the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.

Keeping up with clubs and with business, he travels frequently, causing Mrs. Kelce to call him "a born tramp." Occasionally she takes a long, shuddering look at a roster listing him as

president of x-teen companies and adds that he is afflicted with "presidentitis."

Within his own industry—or, more accurately, industries—Kelce also manages to keep busy. He is a director and member of the executive committee of the National Coal Association; director of the American Mining Congress; past president of the Missouri Shorthorn Association; past president of the American Shorthorn Breeders Association; and a member of the Locomotive Development Committee.

This last group is composed of representatives of three coal companies and six railroads. They have \$4,000,000 invested in the development of a modern, coal burning, gas turbine locomotive, and expect to have two experimental models on the rails by fall.

The Committee claims the new locomotives, which will operate on a mixture of powdered coal, will be far less expensive to build, maintain, and operate than comparable diesel engines. They hope to apply the same principle of generating electricity to power plants. Since it would obviate the necessity of locating plants next to large bodies of water, success in the venture would mean more power, for more people, at less cost.

For a number of years, Kelce raised purebred cattle. He recently dispersed his herd, however, and is concentrating on fancy feeder stock.

Aside from Pitch in Room 711 of the Kansas City Club, Kelce derives most of his fun from outdoor sports. He is a great horseman, loves hunting and fishing.

Most of the fishing he does on his 11-acre island in Rainy Lake, near Fort Francis, Ontario. The Kelces have a large lodge there, three speedboats, and some guest cabins. Last summer they entertained 29 house guests at one time.

Kelce is immensely affable; rarely gets excited or loses his temper; has a wealth of friends. "In the Midwest," he says, "you can figure that anybody who calls you 'Mister' is someone you're meeting for the first time."

Russ Kelce's primary interest is his business, and he is proud of the fact that for 114 years every male Kelce has been working with coal.

His father, David Kelce, recovered from the mine explosion and worked in a supervisory capacity for the Sinclair organization until he retired at the age of 75. He and Russ's mother still live in Pittsburg.

And Russ's grandfather was a miner 77 years. He went into the pits when he was eight—finally retired at 85 because of failing eyesight.

The fifth generation of coal mining Kelces is on its way up. Russ's son, Robert D. Kelce, is an engineering and business administration student at Kansas State College. But he has been working in the mines during summer vacations, and wants to get into the business permanently when he has his degree.

"He made his own decision," Russ brags. "I've never tried to exert any pressure on him."

But Mrs. K. snorts at that. "What else could he decide?" she asks. "He's heard about coal ever since he was a baby. He doesn't know that there is any other business!"



by JOHN LA CERDA and
MARY ANN RAMSEY

“BE THE BOSS OF YOUR JOB —not the slave of your job.”
On such sound advice hangs the difference between the healthy business man and one on the verge of an emotional or physical breakdown.

At the Benjamin Franklin Clinic in Philadelphia, where some 1,500 business men have been treated since its beginning in February, 1948, doctors

are continually seeking the answer to the question, “What makes a ‘tired business man’ tired?”

They find a variety of answers, and they are getting closer to the whole truth all of the time.

The clinic was conceived, really, in the jungles of New Guinea during the desperate early stages of the last war. A group of physicians from the Pennsylvania Hospital sat down one night to discuss their favorite topic—what they would do when the war was over and they returned to Philadelphia.

They all agreed that medicine would be facing new challenges, that something would be needed as an answer to those who favored socialized medicine in America.

The doctors, who were attached to the Army’s 52nd Evacuation Hospital, decided that if and when they got home they would band together to form a new type of cooperative clinic.

It would be a place where, for one all-inclusive fee, rich and poor alike of any age or sex could undergo complete medical diagnoses and study at the hands of specialists. Operating in the Quaker tradition of aid to all, the clinic would render a new kind of service to the community, and beyond.

Today that clinic is a successful reality and is being studied by the American Medical Association and leading hospitals as a possible pattern for other diagnostic clinics. Called the Benjamin Franklin Clinic in honor of one of the Pennsylvania Hospital’s founders, it has, in slightly less than two years of existence, studied and

diagnosed the ailments of almost 2,000 persons—many of whom ordinarily could not have afforded the complete skills of specialists.

From throughout the United States and abroad, the patients have come to the clinic at 330 South Ninth Street, located in a modern building originally occupied by the Jewish Welfare Society and purchased by Pennsylvania Hospital for establishment of the clinic.

Available for the study of patients' ailments are 57 specialists. Many of them maintain private-practice offices in the building and handle the clinical work on a part-time basis whenever their particular specialty skills are needed. Thus the clinic has been able to spread the costs thin and set a single rate of \$150. This one charge applies whether the patient needs only a simple diagnosis or one involving expensive X-rays, cardiographic studies, bronchoscopy and other examinations.

Dr. Leonard W. Parkhurst, director of the clinic and one of the founders, points out that the clinic differs from many others in that a patient is accepted only on referral from a private physician. All reports of medical findings, are, in turn, sent to the referring physician. Thus the clinic's 57 specialists act as a sort of "consultant board" to the private doctor.

"The general practice physician secures for his patient, through the clinic, varied yet complete and unified specialty consultations within the means of the average private patient, while thus guaranteeing the return of his patient to his care," Dr. Parkhurst says by way of definition.

"This," Dr. Parkhurst points out, "is in keeping with medical ethics and makes the referring physician part of the complete team of cooperating specialists."

Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, chief medical officer of the Veterans Administration, recently referred to the role of diagnostic clinics when he told the American Medical Association that such clinics "avoid unnecessary bureaucracy, reduce costs and taxes, and provide a vital check against unneeded operations." The clinics, he said, represent a "positive middle way that avoids the false optimism of the do-nothing policy and the potential disillusionment of the extreme of state medicine."

His words were a startling change from the attitude of a few years back, when in 1933 for example, the American Medical Association expelled several Washington physicians who took up group practice. Dr. A. Reynolds Crane, a leading Philadelphia pathologist and secretary-treasurer of the Benjamin Franklin Clinic, says that from the average doctor's standpoint, the Philadelphia clinic has been a financial success and will become more so as volume increases. The average patient also has saved money—sometimes hundreds of dollars—through the single-fee plan, Dr. Crane feels. The referring physicians, too, have benefitted through a saving in time and through ability to give their patients more complete care and advice on the basis of a single "packaged" examination.

"Without doubt," says Dr. Crane, "this is the medicine of the future. Group practice is one of medicine's

most effective answers to its critics.”

More than 600 general practitioners refer cases to the Franklin clinic. Approximately 100 patients per month are processed. Because six to eight days are generally needed for a complete study, out-of-town patients make their own arrangements for overnight stay, whether at a hotel or elsewhere.

Most patients are ambulatory. Many come from rural areas where doctors usually have limited facilities. Each patient upon arrival is seen first by an interne in a well-appointed reception office. This internist orders whatever studies and consultations appear necessary and acts as the “family doctor” during the patient’s time in the clinic.

He can call upon the skills of such outstanding men as Dr. Leon Herman, urologist and president of the clinic; Dr. Garfield G. Duncan, chief of medicine of Pennsylvania Hospital; Dr. Adolph A. Walkling and Dr. John B. Flick, surgeons; Dr. Joseph B. Vander Veer, cardiologist; Dr. Paul A. Bishop, radiologist, and Dr. Robert A. Kimbrough, gynecologist.

Other specialists are available for the study of allergy, dermatology, diseases of the chest, gastro-enterology, hematology, neurology, pediatrics, psychiatry, rheumatology, bronchoesphagology, neuro-psychiatry, ophthalmology, orthopedic surgery, vascular surgery and aotolaryngology.

Studies and consultations usually take place in the clinic building but all facilities of Pennsylvania Hospital, across the street, also are available. The hospital is reimbursed by the clinic for use of such facilities.

In the clinic is some of the most

up-to-date equipment to be found in the eastern United States. As part of the clinic there also is an animal research laboratory, where rabbits and guinea pigs are used for the study of medical reactions. The ages of clinical

Nine Rules for Longer Life

1. Delegate responsibilities.
2. Pick assistants carefully and train them well.
3. Don't get excited about mistakes that have already been made; correct them or forget them.
4. Organize routine work and make it automatic, so that your mind and energies are free for more important matters.
5. Develop a hobby.
6. Take an annual vacation.
7. Spend 45 minutes or an hour at lunch discussing subjects not connected with business.
8. Be moderate and regular in work, play, and exercise.
9. Remember that worry is no substitute for work.

patients have varied from one year to seventy-nine, although 75 per cent are between the ages of 30 and 50. Most are of average or middle income groups.

Patients admitted for one ailment frequently are found also to be suffering from other diseases of a major or minor nature—diseases which the patients and their referring physicians did not know were contributing to the primary ailment.

Many patients come from industrial and business concerns interested

in conserving their investments in key men. The medical director of a major Philadelphia industrial firm recently referred 63 executives for a complete check-up. A clear bill of health could be given to only about 20 per cent of this group. The remainder had definite abnormalities of one sort or another. Four individuals had organic diseases which had become intractable because they were not detected in time.

"After studying this group," says Dr. Parkhurst, "we knew a little more about why the 'tired business man' feels that way.

"In many instances, we found that advice from psychiatrists was needed. The men had to be convinced that they must slow down, and stop worrying about security or competition."

The statistics show that the business man balanced on the precipice of a breakdown is a more familiar figure than most people think. He's the briefcase toter: you've seen him at five p.m. or thereafter on his way home, carrying his business troubles in his hand. He's the decision-happy executive who makes a business conference out of the luncheon table. He's the indispensable potentate who refuses to

delegate duties to his associates or to absent himself from his business kingdom long enough to take a vacation. He's the man without a hobby or he's the man who erroneously thinks his once-a-week strenuous physical activity absolves all the ills he's been collecting for five or six days. He is the man who has never learned that regularity and moderation in work and play offer the solution to his mental and physical problems.

The most common diseases found among Philadelphia business men are:

I. Coronary artery disease with infarction (heart attacks).

II. Hypertension (high blood pressure), which leads to cerebral hemorrhage (apoplexy), and kidney or heart failure.

III. Ulcers of stomach or duodenum.

In 1951, Pennsylvania Hospital will observe its 200th anniversary. Founded in 1751, it was America's first hospital. Its progress over the years has been marked by innumerable contributions to social welfare, including many medical "firsts." Now it has brought to Philadelphia and the nation another "first," the Benjamin Franklin Clinic.

No False Alarm

A CERTAIN prominent woman playwright was expecting a visit from the stork, and was keeping everybody in a constant state of suspense and anxiety over the situation. Whenever a play she was attending threatened to become too exciting she would ostentatiously arise and depart, to signalize her concern over her ever-so-delicate condition. Marc Connelly took her aside one day and begged her to drop the whole thing.

After what seemed an interminable period of waiting, the good woman was delivered of her child, and became the recipient of many telegrams of relief and congratulation. The choice greeting came from Dorothy Parker, who wired collect, "Good work, Mary. We all knew you had it in you."—*Adrian Anderson.*

Isle of Paradox



Curacao:

by EDNA MAE STARK

Storm or no, here is a port that bears looking into.

A TINY DOLLOP of land only thirty-three miles long and six miles wide occupies a position of importance in world travel and trade out of all proportion to its size. Measured by natural resources alone, it is comparatively poor; yet it enjoys great prosperity. It is located practically on the doorstep of Latin America—40 miles from Venezuela—but is as Dutch as the Zuyder Zee. And while it thrives as a tourist mecca and looks like a musical comedy stage setting, it is actually highly commercialized.

This is Curacao in the Netherlands West Indies, shipping capital of the Caribbean, an island which has held the attention of seafarers for four and a half centuries.

To most Americans, Curacao is a name on a bottle, a label bespeaking fine liqueur. But to the Spaniards who discovered the barren spit in 1499 it

was not even that; it was an insignificant steppingstone on the way to mainland treasures of gold, silver, and precious gems.

So it is small wonder that Spain put up almost no struggle when Holland cast covetous eyes on the little island early in the 17th Century.

What attracted the Dutch were the salt lagoons—a practically limitless new source of salt for their thriving herring industry—and the completely landlocked harbor which offered an ideal base for the expansion of the Dutch West India Company's trade with South America.

But Curacao was far from remunerative, and even these basic assets were not enough to keep the Dutch from getting discouraged over their new tropical acquisition.

Finally, however, they sent to the island as governor a man of great vision and iron determination. His

name was Peter Stuyvesant, and he later became governor of an island farther north which we now call "Manhattan."

Stuyvesant saw the possibilities of Curacao as a market, and started it on the road to success. During ensuing years, the diminutive possession was transformed into one of the most prosperous properties in the Caribbean. Trading ships and cargo vessels from all parts of the globe called there to be outfitted, to leave cargo for trans-shipment, and to take on supplies.

Then, early in the present century, Lady Fortune herself put into Curacao and her sister island of Aruba—they were selected as sites for great refineries to handle the oil from the vast, newly discovered deposits in the Lake Maracaibo region of Venezuela.

Today, one of the world's largest refineries rises from the shores of the Schottegat, inner basin of Curacao's harbor, and about 8,500 ships drop anchor there each year. Willemstad, the port city, is the seat of government for the Territory of Curacao (now composed of six islands), and it is the shopping center of the Caribbean.

There is little in the first glimpse of Willemstad to suggest its commercial importance. With its tiny, bright-hued buildings; dwarfed trees and cactus fences; bridges, windmills, and canal-like streets; it is like the background of a children's story come to life.

The ordinary visitor finds it quite a jolt to see a sea-going tanker in the

middle of town. But the dark-skinned vendors who crowd the market place and fill the air with a soft musical jargon scarcely glance up as the giant steamers slide by. They are familiar with the most enchanting aspect of Willemstad; the harbor is behind the town. To reach it, the constant parade of ships—including the Grace Lines' weekly luxury cruisers — travel through a narrow channel which bisects the city like an avenue.

The two shores are joined by a famous pontoon bridge known as "Queen Emma." As a ship stands in, the harbor-master signals from his location atop an old fort. The bridge runs up a black flag, sounds a warning siren, and swings majestically aside—completely ignoring the abrupt halt of crosstown traffic. The natives, of course, are accustomed to this inconvenience, and tourists think it's quaint.

Tourists find much to see and do in Curacao. They swarm over old Fort Amsterdam and the Governor's Palace; traipse through a Jewish synagogue built in 1732 and a Protestant church erected in 1769; stand for a moment in silent reverence before the oldest Caucasian cemetery in the Western Hemisphere; then move on to observe with interest the Schooner Market at the quayside in the center of town, where the sailboat fleet ties up when it arrives from Venezuela with fresh fruit, vegetables, meat, and fish.

But shopping in Willemstad's fascinating bazaars is the chief pastime, for the city is practically a "free port," and the tax-free, duty-free merchandise from all over the world is

available at exceedingly tempting prices.

After shopping and sightseeing, visitors usually head for the Hotel Americano at one end of the pontoon bridge. The Americano's cocktail terrace is a splendid vantage point from which to view ship maneuvers and hear the symphony of charmed sound that fills the city at close of day.

But an equally popular spot is the tropical clubhouse at Piscadero Bay, a short drive from town. Here, there are excellent facilities for ocean bathing, and the quiet contemplation of tall drinks beside the surf.

As to night life in the capital of

the Curacaos, there is the recently constructed Choboloba Club. The Choboloba is distinctive because of an illuminated glass dance floor set in an outdoor patio. The patio is bordered by a small stream with water lilies growing in it.

And one of these days a fine new luxury hotel will rise along Willemstad's oceanfront, if you can believe what the travel people claim. They say it will be a fine vacation hostelry designed to encourage travelers to stay a while in Curacao, learning more about the fascinating little island of paradox that rests quietly in the cobalt waters of the Caribbean.

Licked by a Stamp

WHEN Uncle Sam was debating where to dig his great canal to join the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, a powerful group, headed by Senator Morgan of Alabama, in the legislature, and Colonel Henry Watterson, among the newspaper editors, advocated constructing the waterway in Nicaragua. They claimed that Panama was greatly menaced by volcanic disturbances, while not a single active volcano would endanger the enterprise in Nicaragua.

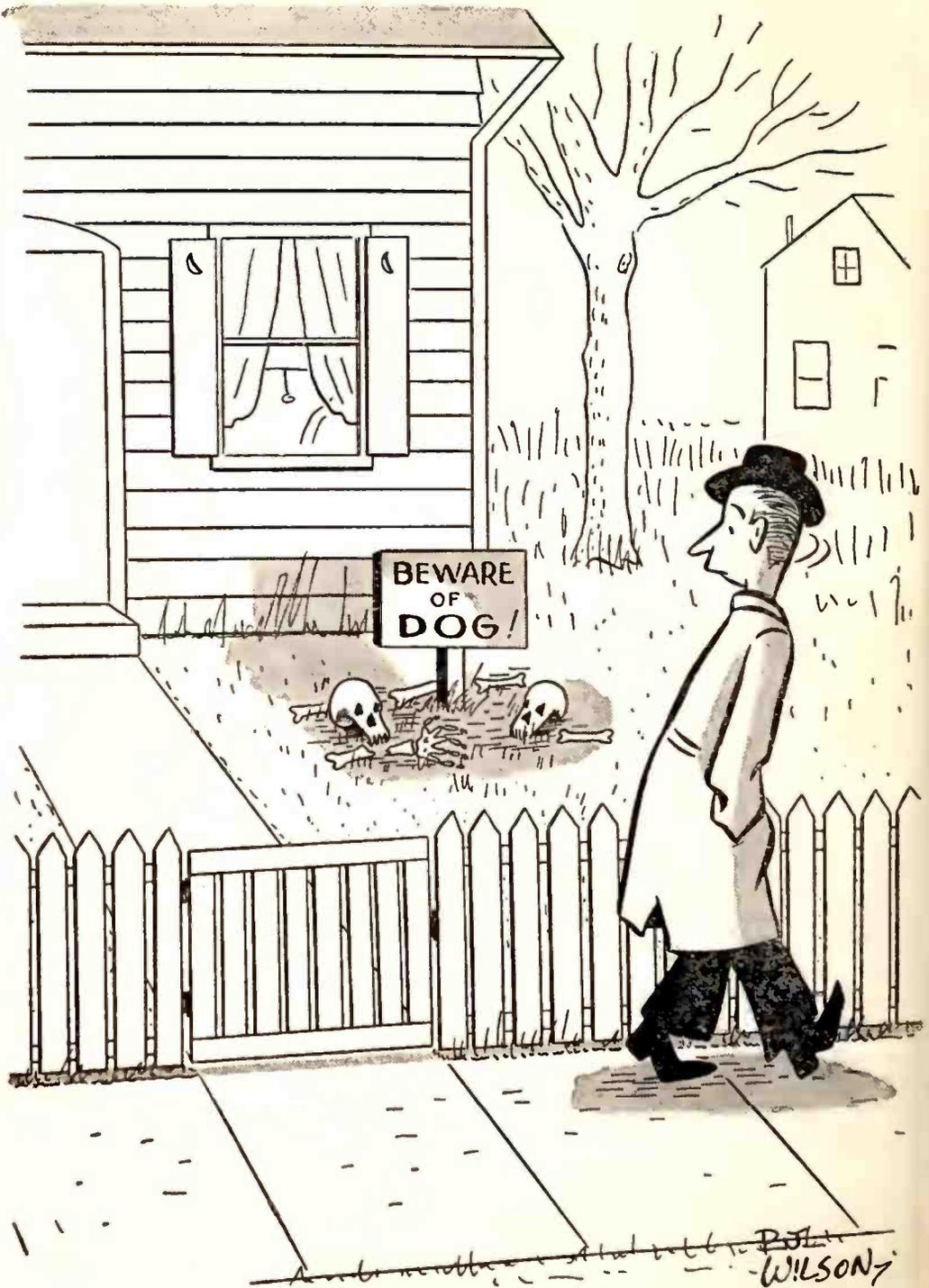
Then, providentially it seemed, there came a dispatch from New Orleans announcing a violent eruption of a volcano upon the upper reaches of Lake Nicaragua, destroying the wharves of the town of Momotombo. In quick denial, President Zelaya of Nicaragua cabled, "News published about recent eruption in Nicaragua entirely false."

The Nicaraguan minister supported this assertion by supplying Senator Morgan with an official certificate declaring, "Nicaragua has had no volcanic eruption since 1835." It seemed almost certain Nicaragua would get the canal.

But working on the New York Sun was a Frenchman named Philippe Bunau-Varilla, who recalled a postage stamp issued by the Nicaraguan Republic which bore a beautifully engraved view of this very same Momotombo pouring forth a great volume of smoke, and showing in the foreground the selfsame docks which had reportedly been destroyed by the eruption only a few days before.

By ransacking all available philatelic resources, Bunau-Varilla succeeded in procuring 90 of these postage stamps. One of these incriminating bits of paper he sent to every Senator who had inclined an ear toward Morgan's plea for the Nicaraguan canal, thus disproving President Zelaya's denial.

Three days later the Senate voted to locate the canal in Panama.





*Americans have developed a new hobby—
and they're having the time of their life!*

by JAMES L. HARTE

THE time: A crisp Sunday afternoon in November, 1949. The place: Griffith Stadium, Washington, D. C. The scene: The Washington Redskins-Chicago Bears professional football game, now about five minutes old.

A young but professional-looking chap rushed to the gateman. "Who called the doctor?" he gasped, allowing his topcoat to swing open long enough for the gateman to glimpse a white coat underneath.

"Must be one of the teams," said the startled ticket-taker, adding to the fellow, "Go through there and down the ramp on the right. Someone in the dressing room will know."

The "doctor" hurried into the park and soon was lost in the crowd of more than 30,000 cheering fans. By the time he disappeared into the multitude, the gateman realized he had been

taken. The fellow had carried no bag; there was an official physician in attendance in case of emergency; and, come to think of it, only in the movies do doctors answer calls in white coats.

Oddly enough, that particular gate-crasher really was a physician, a fairly well-to-do person who could have paid his way into the park many times over. But he experiences a thrill in crashing the gate, and he believed—correctly, as it turned out—the ruse of the white coat would be sufficiently disconcerting to the gateman to enable him to crash the game.

The same young medico crashed the swank reception given in November for the Shah of Iran at Washington's elite Shoreham Hotel. But he isn't telling how he managed that.

He is typical of a new menace, a cult of strange hobbyists who use varying means and abilities to attend—

uninvited and unpaying—receptions, dances, parties, special conventions, and sports events. The custom is particularly prevalent in the nation's capital, where there is an overabundance of functions to bait the skill of the artful dodger. But it is by no means peculiar to Washington; it flourishes today in every major American metropolis.

The followers, old and new, of this fine art of giving the gateman the slip are generally folks who can well afford to pay. Actually, they disdain the petty sneak or chiseler who tries gate-crashing as a penny-saving device; the kind who tries to hide the two-cent pat of butter on his cafeteria tray from the eyes of the cashier, or who, on a crowded streetcar, sneaks a penny into the fare-box. Instead, theirs is an art that provides them a vicarious thrill only a psychiatrist could explain.

The city of Baltimore boasts among its expert gate-crashers a millionaire building contractor, a wealthy stockbroker, and the office manager of a large insurance firm. The broker, for example, enjoys giving himself up once he has sneaked into an event. He employs dozens of ruses to crash social and sports events, then thrills to the act of approaching the gateman or ticket-taker, *from the inside*, and buying his ticket.

A respectable Philadelphian specializes in crashing sports events and boasting, thereafter, of his prowess. For more than a year he managed to get into basketball games, prize fights, roller-skating derbies and other indoor promotions by posing as an electrician. His technique was to saunter up to the gateman, ask if the overhead bulbs

were giving enough light, shout instructions regarding the replacement of burned-out bulbs to any maintenance men who might be nearby, then stroll briskly into the arena as though to complete his check of such facilities. When finally caught at this dodge, he adopted a new ruse which he keeps a secret—since he is still using it.

Baseball attracts hordes of fence-climbers and the ordinary run of crashers, but the adept dodgers refuse to lower themselves to such shenanigans. Typical of the lengths to which the expert will go is the case of the Baltimorean who, throughout the baseball season, used to disguise himself as a woman every Ladies' Day. Inside the park, he would remove the disguise and enjoy the game.

Social functions are harder to crash than sports events, according to the gate-crashing fraternity, except perhaps in Washington where receptions are too numerous to be carefully policed. But this added difficulty only brings forth more ingenuity from the members of the cult.

One group of would-be crashers placed life and limb in danger to get into an exclusive party held on the twelfth floor of a Baltimore hotel. They rode an elevator to the floor above, climbed out of a window, slid down a drainpipe to the twelfth-floor ledge, and then entered the party via another window . . . only to be caught.

It used to be fairly simple to crash certain events. Scholastic and collegiate football games, for instance, were once fruitful fields for such simple approaches as getting a handful of programs and impersonating a sou-

venir program vendor, donning apron and white cap like those of a concession employee, using towel and water bucket to look like a student manager, or carrying a musical instrument to pose as a member of the school's band. But these attempts—amateurish in the eyes of the modern crasher—are no longer feasible. Ticket-checkers and gatemen are wary of all the ancient dodges, but fear the cleverer experts.

In place of the once-easy ways, the better gate-crasher now evolves such schemes as that which is executed with a fake medicine bottle. The crasher gets a druggist friend to prepare a bottle of colored water. On the label he types some double-talk to pass for a prescription, then the name of a prominent player or coach. He walks to the gateman, exhibits the bottle and asks where it is to be delivered.

But even this gag is now outmoded, replaced by some other ruse which, unfortunately, must remain the secret of its originator until it is no longer of use to him.

Only the novices and the chisellers resort to the ancient wheezes. Almost every large party in any of our American cities has its weak attempts by would-be crashers who still try the old gag of impersonating members of the entertainment committee, or, "My wife paid for both of us; she went on in with the tickets (or invitations) while I parked the car." And every movie theatre in practically every town has its daily quota of hopeful ducat-dodgers, mostly women who "just came out, but I forgot my gloves. I must go back for them."

There is, also, the gate-crashing specialist, such as the Baltimore man who

concentrates on receptions for famous people. His one-time favorite ruse was to pose as a newspaperman, brandishing pad and pencil, but he has discarded that in favor of a more sedate method which he will not at the moment disclose. Under the old newspaperman front, however, he managed to greet Charles A. Lindbergh back in the days when Lindy was a hero just returned from his Atlantic hop; dined with the famous old man of baseball, Ty Cobb, and with Cornelia Otis Skinner.

There are probably gate-crashers within the circle of your acquaintance, for the fad is growing by leaps and bounds. And it's just as probable that you suspect no one—for the better the gate-crasher, the better he keeps secret his technique. Gatemen, sports promoters, party givers, all refer to gate-crashers as "phonies." The chiseler-phony is generally caught; it's the expert who worries management.

The money the expert saves is no object; it is a hobby with him, and his cleverness and daring are thus more acute. But even so, he is costly to those who put on the functions which attract him. A Washington sports promoter says, "I've never attempted to count up how much crashers cost me, but it's a pretty penny. And, if you add up how much is lost across the country through these free admissions to sports events alone, I'll wager it goes into hundreds of thousands of dollars."

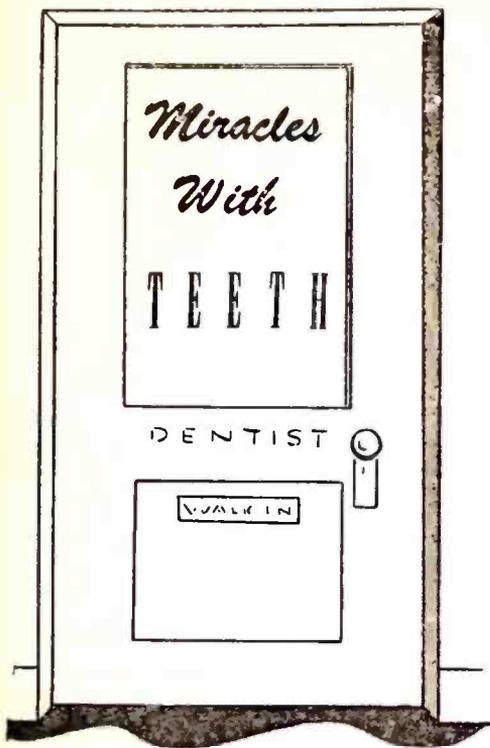
That's the story of the latest American hobby.

See you at the game tomorrow?

Says Who?

MISCREDITING a quotation is nearly as widespread a sin as misquotation itself. Here are 18 *bon mots*. Each one is followed by the name of the person who said it, plus the names of several people who *might* have said it. See if you can give credit where credit is due. Fourteen correct answers make you a good reporter. Answers on page 72.

1. "Broadway is a main artery of New York life—the hardened artery."
George M. Cohan
Fiorello LaGuardia
Texas Guinan
Walter Winchell
2. "Everyone in the world is Christ and they are all crucified."
Lloyd Douglas
Sherwood Anderson
Cervantes
Pope Pius XII
3. "The only bird that gives the poor a real tumble is the stork."
Wilton Mizner
Chester Bowles
Charles Dickens
Dorothy Parker
4. "Reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God and the angels know of us."
Thomas Paine
Emily Dickinson
Socrates
Lord Byron
5. "We often forgive those who bore us but we cannot forgive those whom we bore."
Hedda Hopper
Somerset Maugham
La Rouchefoucauld
Aristotle
6. "The receipts of cookery are swelled to a volume; but a good stomach excels them all."
Oscar of the Waldorf
Shakespeare
Sidney Greenstreet
William Penn
7. "You cannot expect to be both grand and comfortable."
Kipling
J. M. Barrie
Henry Wallace
St. Francis of Assisi
8. "Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week."
Emerson
Billy Sunday
Tennyson
A. J. Cronin
9. "An honest God is the noblest work of man."
Jonathan Swift
Robert Ingersoll
Plato
Cardinal Spellman
10. "A husband is always a sensible man; he never thinks of marrying."
Solomon
Chic Young
Mark Twain
Alexander Dumas
11. "To me there is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy."
George Sand
Robert Louis Stevenson
Keats
Edgar Guest



Dentistry—70 per cent off!

by ELLIS MICHAEL

A REVOLUTIONARY new plastic is now giving added hope to millions of Americans who could not afford adequate dental care in the past. It enables dentists to fill teeth, prepare bridges and tooth crowns and make other restorations in a fraction of the time required when using conventional materials.

The amazing new plastic is called Athermoplast. It is a methyl methacrylate compound that looks like ordinary talcum powder. Yet when mixed with a certain colorless liquid, it takes on a unique property: the ability to harden at body temperature in a few minutes. Before it sets, however, it has the pliability of putty. Thus it permits the dentist to shape it to any

form he chooses.

Because of these unusual characteristics, says Dr. Ralph Howard Brodsky, the New York dentist who is credited with testing and proving the new plastic, Athermoplast may virtually eliminate the use of heat in dentistry.

With conventional materials, bridges and other dental restorations have to be heated for hours in high-temperature ovens in order to polymerize—or harden. As a result, perfect fittings are difficult to attain. Too much expansion or contraction of the material used distorts the denture and makes necessary refittings or even a complete recasting of the restoration.

Since Athermoplast does not have to be placed in an oven to set, it does away with the heating phase of dental mechanics, traditionally one of dentistry's biggest headaches. And since it polymerizes in a matter of minutes, your dentist will now be able to complete your false teeth, jacket crowns, or partial denture *while you wait!*

A case in point is that of eight-year-old Jeannie who tripped and fell while on her way to school. Striking her mouth against the pavement, she broke off all of her front teeth at the gum line. Jeannie's mother immediately took her to a local dentist who treated her teeth roots. But he explained that restoring the actual teeth would run into hundreds of dollars.

Since this expense was out of the question, Jeannie's mother took her to a clinic at a nearby hospital. There, the staff dentist used Athermoplast on Jeannie's teeth. Fifty-five minutes after he started to work, Jeannie got up from the dental chair and walked over to a wall mirror. Cautiously

opening her mouth, the child's eyes widened in astonishment. Every one of her broken teeth had been restored perfectly.

Developed by a Swiss chemical firm back in 1945, Athermoplast has been tested in hundreds of clinical cases. It is now being distributed for general use. Since the beginning of this year, more than 750 dentists throughout the country have begun to use the remarkable plastic in treating their patients. Many of them report excellent results in cases where conventional restorations would have been impossible because of the time required or the prohibitive fees involved.

In one instance, a well-known actor dashed into a New York dental office and excitedly explained that he had just broken off one of his front teeth. "I'm supposed to go on the stage in two hours," he declared. "How can I possibly do it with a front tooth missing?"

The dentist examined the actor's mouth and discovered that he wore a partial denture. He took the tooth that the patient had broken off and fastened it to the bridge with Athermoplast. Within 20 minutes, the actor was out of the dental office and on his way to the theatre. He is still wearing the bridge with his own tooth attached.

Since the dentist's working time is by far the most important factor in determining the size of your bill, the use of Athermoplast is expected to slash dental costs by decreasing the amount of time he spends working on your teeth. Treatment that usually takes days or hours can now be done in a few minutes. Dentists who have

been using Athermoplast estimate conservatively that it may very well reduce the cost of operative dentistry by as much as 50 to 70 per cent!

In addition, as Dr. Brodsky observes, "It will make possible with relatively simple procedures the saving of teeth in clinics and hospitals where, in the past, by virtue of the time required and expense involved, dentists have been forced to resort to extractions."

Dr. Brodsky, a small, scholarly man of 49, is no newcomer to the field of dental research. He is a graduate of the Harvard University Dental School and formerly headed New York's Heckscher Foundation Dental Clinics. He is also a former director of the Division of Oral Surgery at the city's Seaview Hospital. While in the latter post, he introduced the Grenz-Ray treatment to dentistry—a type of radiation treatment that has come into widespread use as a means of curing tuberculosis of the mouth, pyorrhea and other oral lesions.

Now research director for Athermoplast Products, Incorporated, the firm that is distributing the miracle plastic, Dr. Brodsky started testing it early in 1947. First, he and his laboratory assistant, James O. Clareus, took samples of Athermoplast into their laboratory and tested it for hardness, permeability, color stability, contraction and expansion.

Completely satisfied with the re-



sults, Dr. Brodsky next used the material clinically on 75 of his own patients. Then he called in professors of oral surgery at several of the country's leading dental schools as well as a number of fellow practitioners. They checked his findings by using it on more than 300 additional patients. In every case, the plastic did exactly what was expected of it.

While sufficient time has not yet passed to allow for a conclusive answer as to Athermoplast's durability, Dr. Brodsky points out that "for almost two years it has been subjected to extremes, clinically, and it seems to be standing up well." And in laboratory tests, Athermoplast's durability factor has compared favorably with those of conventional materials that have long been in use.

Another amazing quality of the plastic is the fact that it is impervious to food and beverage secretions in the mouth. As a result, it is expected to help reduce tooth decay and faulty breath, hazards faced by wearers of conventional dentures.

From the point of view of improving the general appearance of teeth, Athermoplast holds out advantages, too. It comes in nine colors to match different shades of teeth, and it can be used to cover up unsightly gold or silver amalgam fillings which many persons are forced to wear in their front teeth.

Athermoplast will also enable dentists to cover stained or deformed teeth with caps or jacket-crowns that are perfectly fitted and inexpensively made. Psychologically, this will be especially important for children and

teen-agers who are often so deeply ashamed of their ugly teeth that they soon develop feelings of inferiority.

For example, 16-year-old Grace was recently referred to a dental clinic that had just started using Athermoplast. The dentist noticed that she had gotten into the habit of shielding her mouth with her hand when she spoke. Upon questioning Grace, he found that she came from a lower middle-class family and had never been able to afford proper restorative treatment for her malformed teeth.

In slightly over an hour, the dentist made up a complete set of tooth jackets that ordinarily would have taken days to complete. Invited by the dentist to examine her "new look" in the mirror, the girl turned to him, smiling. But there were also unshed tears in her eyes as she remarked, "You know, doctor, this is the first time I can remember laughing since the kids at school began to make fun of my teeth."

The exact formula of the methyl methacrylate plastic is still a closely kept secret. At present, it is distributed in three different forms. One type, V-10, hardens in ten minutes at body or room temperature and is used for fillings, jacket-crowns and restoring lost or broken teeth. V-15, which polymerizes in 15 minutes, is used for repairing bridges. V-30 sets in 30 minutes and is utilized in the actual construction of dentures.

A decided advantage of Athermoplast stems from the fact that it requires no new or unconventional operative techniques. As a result, it is possible for dentists to make use of

it in routine treatment without additional training.

The plastic is not only creating a king-sized furor in dentistry; it will affect medicine and surgery as well. Whenever casting work or splinting is needed for delicate operations at short notice, Athermoplast may soon replace silver and other metals currently in use.

In brain operations, it is often necessary to insert plates in the patient's scalp. A cast is made and the plate is molded from the cast. This is a task that may require hours or days of carefully supervised labor. With Athermoplast, the entire process is reduced to a matter of minutes—the time it takes for the plastic to harden.

Not long ago, a 50-year-old man was brought into a large metropolitan hospital with cancer of the lower jaw. The surgeons knew that immediate radiation treatment was necessary if the patient's life was to be saved. At the same time, it was necessary to protect his jaw from necrosis, a tissue deadening that can occur as a result of the burning effects of X-rays. Ordinarily, this is done by using a denture that is lined with lead. But modeling such a device so that it will

fit the jaw perfectly requires several hours, at the least.

The doctors had just about given up hope when someone thought of calling in a dentist attached to the hospital staff who had been working with Athermoplast. The dentist rushed to the X-ray room with a kit containing the plastic. Within a few minutes, he had taken a small sheet of lead and encased it in Athermoplast. Then, he fitted the denture into the patient's mouth. In another 30 minutes, the plastic had polymerized and X-radiation was applied. The patient lived.

Today, several firms are experimenting with materials similar to Athermoplast. There is no doubt that in the near future, new and improved plastics using the principle of low-temperature polymerization will be developed. Many dentists feel that eventually these compounds will replace most of the conventional materials now in use.

To the average American, of course, this means that he can now begin to look forward to adequate restorative dental treatment that is rendered quickly and with no personal discomfort—at fees he can afford to pay.



A teacher, annoyed with his clock-watching students, covered the clock with cardboard on which he lettered, "Time Will Pass. Will You?"



Answers to "Says Who?"

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Walter Winchell | 6. William Penn |
| 2. Sherwood Anderson | 7. J. M. Barrie |
| 3. Wilton Mizner | 8. Tennyson |
| 4. Thomas Paine | 9. Robert Ingersoll |
| 5. La Rochefoucauld | 10. Alexander Dumas. |
| | 11. Robert Louis Stevenson |



Anything can happen—and nearly everything does!

by BILL LEWIS

YOU would think that sooner or later the supply of odd accidents would run out. But not so. The freak mishaps that just couldn't happen keep right on proving that they can. And 1949 produced a bumper crop.

In many cases these unusual accidents bring death, suffering and heart-break. Frequently, however, fate appears to be so mellowed by her ingenuity in thinking up new ways to cause trouble that she mercifully spares the victims from more serious consequences than a bad scare or a few broken bones.

Here, for instance, are a few of last year's oddities that caused more talk than tragedy.

A woodpecker pecked a peck of trouble for Mr. Samuel Hutkin of Berlin, New Jersey. The bird flew into Mr. Hutkin's car as he was driving peacefully along, and pecked him partly on the cheek. Mr. Hutkin lost control of the car and it knocked down a small telephone pole. The falling pole snapped a fire hydrant and

the ensuing torrent flooded the basement of a nearby house. The woodpecker died in the excitement.

John Castle used to regard a cigarette as man's best friend. But since a cigarette shot him, he isn't sure. He placed a lighted butt on a window ledge near a .22 calibre bullet. Heat from the burning stub exploded the cartridge and physicians dug the bullet out of Castle's shoulder. He now smokes a pipe.

Likewise, Harold Raebush, a farmer of Scotia, Illinois, has lost his faith in pigs since one of his own porkers put a lead slug through him. Raebush leaned his .22 rifle against the barn. A pig came along, poked at the trigger with his snout and the next thing Raebush knew he had been shot in the forearm. He enjoyed roast pork for his next Sunday dinner.

And, speaking of rifles, here's the topper of all unusual rifle tales. Marcelino Mareno of Saginaw, Michigan, was showing a friend how he had shot off one of his fingers at the second

joint in an accident 12 years before. He pulled the trigger of an "unloaded" gun and shot off what was left of the same digit.

Firemen of Kankakee, Illinois, who had assembled boats and grappling hooks on the banks of Soldier Creek, were annoyed by the attention of a nine-year-old boy who was letting his intense interest interfere with the firemen's work.

"What you doin'?" he asked.

"Don't bother us, sonny," a fireman replied. "We're looking for a little boy who was drowned."

"What was his name?" persisted the boy.

"Adrian Lavine," said the fireman. "Now run along and let me alone."

"All right," said the boy reluctantly. "But it's pretty silly to keep on looking in that creek for me!"

And then there was Whitey Long of Elk City, Oklahoma, who has good reason to fear he's becoming absent-minded. First, he forgot to bring along a piece of punk when he started his Fourth of July celebration. So he lighted a firecracker with his cigarette. Then he tossed away the cigarette and stuck the firecracker in his

mouth. It didn't satisfy. It blew out two of his teeth.

Bob Forde, strolling along in Marysville, California, wondered why the two men approaching him were walking so far apart. It wasn't neighborly. Mr. Forde decided to go between them. By the time he discovered they were carrying a big sheet of the new invisible glass, it was too late. He describes the experience as painful.

A rapid, amazing chain of events transpired when driver Lloyd Watson's truck skidded over an embankment near Marysville, Kentucky, last April. Mr. Watson jumped to safety, but the truck rolled several hundred feet and knocked two houses off their foundations. They caught fire from burning gasoline as the truck exploded. The shock of the crash, and the excitement of the fire, attracted no less a celebrity than the Stork himself, and a woman living in one of the houses promptly gave birth to an eight-pound boy.

It's 1950 now, but there's no reason to believe the chain of freak accidents has ended. Better think twice before lighting your gas furnace with a blowtorch—it might not be funny.

▲
Sir John Lavery, the famous painter, tells of an old Scottish gardener who went to an exhibition of pictures in London. The old man intently surveyed one picture labeled "The Fall" until asked what he thought of it.

"I think no great great things of it," was the reply. "Eve is tempting Adam wi' an apple of a variety that wasna known till about 20 years ago."

▲
The fact that this civilization survives makes us wonder more and more what could have destroyed the old ones.

▲
All the bone in some folks' spinal columns seems to be lumped at the top.

▲
Many a girl marries a night owl in the hope that he'll turn out to be a homing pigeon.



The Unearthly Friends of D. D. Home

They admired his spirit.

by R. E. ARTHUR

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, England's learned chemist whose invention of the Crookes Tube made the X-ray possible, gazed unbelievably as an accordion floated, unsupported by visible means, in a small wire-bound cage. Music issued from the instrument as its keys were manipulated by some unseen force.

Previously, the man of science had seen an eerie luminous cloud condense and form a hand that carried objects about—had seen a man lifted into the air without apparent means of support. Now he was witnessing events which he described as so extraordinary as to defy reason. And, the phenomena which he saw took place in Crookes' fully lighted laboratory, under scientific test conditions he himself prescribed!

Twenty years later, in 1889, the scientist wrote that he had not changed his mind about the accuracy of his observations. Nor had he discovered any flaw in these experiments to which he lent the authority of scientific proof.

"Pray do not hesitate to mention me as one of the firmest believers in you," he told the spirit medium in whose presence these mysterious events took place.

Daniel Dunglas Home, considered one of the greatest physical spiritualists of all time, was the mysterious medium whose uncanny gift was endorsed as genuine by Crookes and countless others. Home's medium height and fair complexion, his thin face and figure, his grey-blue eyes and long curly blond hair, his high forehead, com-

bined to give him a cadaverous appearance.

A curious personality, Home never worked a day in his life, though he lived well. He and his unearthly friends were accepted wherever they went. His unbelievable abilities, combined with his charming manner, had the best people running after him throughout his life. To this day, no one has been able to solve the mystery of his amazing feats.

Three witnesses—the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Crawford, and Captain Charles Wynne—on one occasion saw one of the most amazing seances in history. They gathered at Ashley House, London, December 16, 1868. Home floated out a window 70 feet above the ground and returned as mysteriously as he had left their presence.

Houdini, world-famous escape artist and ghost-hunter, once offered to duplicate the Home levitation. He didn't make good the offer, however, because an assistant backed out of the bargain. No one has ever duplicated or satisfactorily explained the trick.

Home obtained messages from beyond for those fortunate enough to witness his strange powers, though his forte was the movement and manipulation of inanimate objects. When Home entered a room, onlookers noticed candles dim and sway. Heavy furniture was shunted about as if it were alive. Raps seemed to come from the very walls. Wraithlike hands and figures appeared and carried out capricious tasks requested of them.

Many of Home's feats occurred in full light, an appreciable improvement over the clumsy maneuvers of most

mediums of his day. Their phantom visitors arrived only under the cover of darkness.

"Where there is darkness," Home was quick to point out, "there is the possibility of imposture."

Home was born March 20, 1833, 15 years before the advent of modern spiritualism as introduced by Margaret and Katie Fox. It was their spirit rappings which ushered the whole ghostly business into existence. Subsequent confessions of trickery by the Fox sisters did not quell the enthusiasm of a world anxious to communicate with the spirit domain, and the movement spread rapidly.

Home, born in a village named Currie, near Edinburgh, was the son of highly unusual parents. His mother was said to have been gifted with second sight. His father was the illegitimate son of an English nobleman. Daniel displayed his extraordinary powers at the age of four, when he predicted distant events. A childless aunt brought him to Norwich, Connecticut, when he was nine.

A very nervous child, Home was tubercular most of his life. He was musical, and played the piano well, developing noticeable manual dexterity. Critics cite this talent as characteristic of the trickster they believe him to have been.

At 18, the amazing Daniel was turned out of his home because of his strange activities, which were not so readily accepted by the New England community in which he lived as they were later by European notables and royalty. He never lacked the necessities nor the luxuries of life, however, as his wonderful gift made him wel-

come in the best of homes wherever he roamed.

William Cullen Bryant was one of a group of four for whom the illustrious Home conducted a seance in 1852. For them a table "moved in every possible direction, when we could not perceive any cause of motion." Later, the table appeared "to float in the atmosphere for several seconds, as if sustained by some denser medium than air."

As the famous poet, Bryant, watched, the others seated themselves on the table as it continued to rock and move about.

"We may observe," said the four witnesses in a written account, "that Mr. D. D. Home frequently urged us to hold his hands and feet. During these occurrences the room was well lighted . . . and every possible opportunity was afforded us for the closest inspection. . . . We know that we were not imposed upon nor deceived."

Mark Twain, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Thackeray, Dumas, Ruskin—these are but a few of the spectators who sat entranced as the marvelous Home called down his friendly spirits. At their bidding the spirits would play melancholy music, produce flowers, answer questions, and perform a host of other mysterious actions. The unearthly visitors did not like tobacco smoke or dogs in the rooms in which they appeared, and made this evident to their observers through Home.

One of the last of Home's American seances was described by F. L. Burr, editor of the *Hartford Times*. A ghostly hand was materialized for him. Taking a pencil, the hand wrote a message on a sheet of paper. As Burr

drew near to watch, the hand disappeared. When it reappeared, Burr examined it closely.

It "let me examine the finger nails, the joints, the creases . . . it ended," he wrote excitedly, "at the wrist!"

Fire-handling and elongation were two feats added in the later years of Home's career. He would stir a blazing fire and remove a redhot coal with his bare hands, handling it as if it were very pleasant to the touch. In the elongation effect, he would stretch his body from his normal five feet, nine inches, to six and a half feet in height. At the same time his body was seen to grow larger around, witnesses stated.

Always jealous of imitators—whom he termed "conscious frauds"—Home wrote articles denouncing them and exposing their mysteries. In his book, *Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism*, published in 1877, Home devotes a chapter to "Trickery and Its Exposure." It was considered quite sensational in its day, but did not add to Home's popularity with his fellow mediums.

Home seemed to accept his own powers matter-of-factly. At no time in his career did he ever so much as hint that trickery might be the basis of the strange events which occurred in his presence. He submitted to rigid test conditions imposed by psychical researchers and scientists of his day. Not once were his actions proved fraudulent.

If Home was a charlatan, his knavery was carried off to perfection. Never in history has one man so utterly confounded his fellows as did the gifted D. D. Home.



"I'm not going to the game tonight—I'm too hoarse to boo!"

The Nazi who notched his gun for Shaffer was a little premature.

the **CONDESCENDING** **B**ullet

by SHERMAN KEATS

FIVE years ago, on a damp, penetrating night in March, Ray Shaffer, a machine gunner with the 91st Infantry Division, was manning his position in the Italian mountains near Bologna. Although there was no appreciable enemy activity that night, he and his buddies were somewhat distressed by two German machine gun nests that were intent on subjecting them to a harassing fire. Shaffer, who was to be relieved in a few hours, could only think of how he would be enjoying the nebulous comforts of the rear area that were to be his reward for an extended period in the forward lines.

Suddenly, his balloon of day dreams was pierced when he realized that an exceptionally long burst of enemy fire was being leveled in his direction. Intent on returning the hospitality of his gracious hosts, he swung his gun around to the direction from which

the firing was coming. While in the process, Shaffer was struck in the chest by a .31 caliber machine gun bullet which had ricocheted off the one remaining wall of a battered farmhouse that had previously served as his protector. This is how one of the most fantastic medical cases on record began. After all, how many men have survived a *machine gun bullet through the heart?*

He staggered out of the line of fire, clutching his breast, and faded into unconsciousness. The other crew members managed to get him to the battalion aid station where he was administered morphine and a pint of plasma. Upon completion of this preliminary treatment, he was carried over a road that looked as if it had been cursed with the pox, to the 33rd field hospital. Ironically, the GIs had named this menace to transportation "Easy Street," as it ran past a nearby ammunition dump which was a fat

plum the Germans were literally dying to pick.

At the hospital, Shaffer, who by now had lost a great deal of blood, was immediately given a transfusion of whole blood as he was being prepared for X-ray. A surgical team composed of Major R. W. Robertson of Paducah, Kentucky, and Captain Robert E. Jones of Tifton, Georgia, prepared the dying soldier for what seemed to be a routine operation. Robertson realized that Shaffer's lung had been punctured and decided to suture it. He removed a piece of one rib to permit him to get into the chest cavity. The moment he attempted to pull the lung together, however, the patient began to gush blood through the opening and the doctor immediately knew that the heart had been hit. The lung had partially collapsed against the heart wound, thereby preventing excessive bleeding.

"My God," he muttered, "the bullet collapsed the lung and penetrated the man's heart. He should have been dead two hours ago!"

But Shaffer wasn't dead. Nor did the doctors intend to let him die, even though at this point he was more dead than alive. His blood pressure had

dropped to zero and what pulse there had been became inaudible.

Despite these apparently insurmountable odds, the doctor continued the operation. His nimble fingers clamped, tied, sutured. A glance at the readied tanks and a few words to his assistants indicated that whole blood and pure oxygen were to be administered under pressure. As he sutured the jagged wound in the heart, Robertson couldn't help marveling at the wonder of a punctured lung which had veritably sealed the heart, thus saving the soldier's life. Shaffer rallied immeasurably at the completion of the heart surgery—but the most mystifying aspect of the entire case was still to come.

An examination of the X-ray plates revealed that the bullet had entered his body on the right side of the chest, but now was lodged in the left hip region. The doctor admitted that this was a very unusual situation. He and his partner deduced that the bullet must have been deflected downward upon striking a rib.

"Hate to see what the kid looks like inside," Robertson mumbled. "His guts must be torn to shreds."

A deft incision was made in the abdomen; but once again the surgeon's eyes widened with surprise. Cautiously probing through Shaffer's belly, he momentarily expected to discover the wake of devastating wounds that would have resulted from the slug. His hands gently inspected the stomach, the liver, the kidneys, and, finally, the intestines. Jones, the other half of the surgical team, took a closer look at what was happening. His mouth slowly opened as his disbelieving eyes



strained to find something that refused to be discovered. There was no trace of blood that could be attributed to a wound, nor was there any wound within the entire cavity.

Furthermore, there was *no bullet* in the pelvic region where the X-rays had unmistakably shown it to be!

A doctor doesn't fall into deep meditation with a seriously wounded man on the table, so Robertson had Shaffer laced together and placed in bed.

Without further hesitation, all of the available doctors in the area, including Brigadier General J. I. Martin, the Fifth Army's chief medical officer, were called in to huddle over the X-rays. The bullet was undoubtedly still in the hip region, but why couldn't it be found?

The ensuing sessions provided little more than plenty of head scratching and numerous faces that were twisted with bewilderment. Finally, one of the doctors offered the suggestion that, perhaps after having spent itself in the heart, the bullet had dropped down the inferior vena cava, a vein about the size of a small garden hose which carries blood to the heart from the legs and torso. This explanation was entirely plausible but it just didn't seem possible, as a .31 caliber machine gun bullet is about as wide as a lead pencil and over an inch in length. Even if this were the case, then the pin-pointed edges of the copper jacket would have certainly torn the vein to shreds. Furthermore, the doctors argued, the very presence of such an obstruction within the vein should have stopped the flow of blood through his main supplier of the heart, result-

ing in a deadly hemorrhage. But somehow, the blood was managing to reach his heart. Despite every conceivable reason why it couldn't be so, Ray Shaffer lived.

Two days elapsed with the bullet still in Shaffer's body. After exhausting all other possibilities, Robertson summoned a vein specialist from Naples to substantiate or reject the controversial hypothesis which claimed the bullet was inside the vein.

The specialist carefully examined the X-rays, noting that the bullet showed as a white object on the films. He suggested that an opaque fluid be injected into Shaffer's vein. This would show up on an X-ray plate as a white area. Therefore, if the bullet was in the vein, it would blend with the fluid to show a solid white segment beginning at the point of stoppage.

At the completion of this test all suspicions were removed. The hypothesis was correct. No doubt about it, Ray Shaffer ought to be dead!

An Italian doctor accompanying the specialist was taken aside by Major Robertson. "Doctor," Robertson asked, "you don't believe this is really possible, do you?"

"Clinically impossible," the Italian answered. "But with God, all things are possible."

Two weeks after he had been hit, Ray Shaffer was operated upon. The doctors gave him a strange souvenir: the bullet which had tried, and failed, to end his life. From Europe, he was sent to Walter Reed Hospital, where he convalesced for seven months. Finally, after spending eight months more at Fitzsimmons General Hospital

in Denver, he was discharged. During the hospitalization period, Shaffer underwent five operations that restored two ribs and corrected many other disabilities which had resulted from the wound.

Today this lad is the recipient of an 80 per cent pension for the damage inflicted on his heart. But he is nonetheless a normal, healthy individual.

Shaffer, who is a senior student of business administration at the University of Illinois and a leader in campus activities, still recalls the modest surgeon who saved his life.

"It wouldn't happen like that again in a hundred thousand cases," the doctor said, "but it wasn't anything I did that made the case so unusual. It was just the course the bullet took. Very thoughtful of it."

Author's Note:—Ray Shaffer was a very dear friend of mine and anxious to see this article in print. But the day the editors of SWING notified me that it would be published, Ray Shaffer died of back injuries sustained November 26, 1949, when his automobile overturned three miles west of Paxton, Illinois. He was 25 years old, and scheduled to be graduated from college in February.—S.K.

The Tomato Goes to Court

THE tomato holds the distinction of being the only vegetable ever to go to the United States Supreme Court. The question which took it to the nation's highest tribunal was whether it is a fruit or a vegetable.

For a long time there has been a contention regarding the proper classification. Botanists maintain that it is a berry and should naturally be termed a fruit since it is a fruit of the vine. Horticulturists and the United States Department of Agriculture list it as a vegetable like cucumbers, squash, beans and peas.

A lawsuit resulted after the passage of the Tariff Act of 1883, which placed an import tax on vegetables but admitted fruits free of duty. An importer by the name of Nix brought suit against the Collector of the Port of New York, demanding back duties on tomatoes he had imported from the West Indies. He predicated his action on the supposition that tomatoes were fruit.

The lower courts, in 1887, ruled the imports under the vegetable category and returned a verdict in favor of the customs collector. The case went to the Supreme Court on May 10, 1893. In a lengthy opinion, which included many horticultural points, the Supreme Court justices upheld the verdict of the lower courts. Legally, the tomato is a vegetable.—Barney Schwartz.



DURING the administration of Calvin Coolidge, the trustees of an Eastern college went to great trouble to persuade the president to be present at the laying of the cornerstone of a new building. He reluctantly agreed to attend.

When the great day arrived, Coolidge himself took the shovel and turned a spadeful of earth. Though he had refused to make a formal address, the assembled dignitaries preserved a reverent silence in anticipation of hearing a few memorable sentences.

Coolidge finally realized that he was expected to say something. Modestly dropping his gaze to the upturned earth, he remarked, "Say! That's a mighty fine fish worm!"

The nightingale of the boudoir is a lonely, lonely man!



by JAY UTTAL

LAUGH and the world laughs with you. Snore—and you sleep alone, like the record-shattering snorer in an army camp who had to be isolated so that his buddies could get some sorely needed rest.

But if you are an offender, don't feel too bad about it; one-tenth of humanity snores, too, including Winston Churchill and the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Just remember that many of the most famous figures in history have been on the list of midnight yodelers.

That knowledge doesn't help the long-suffering wife, though, who tosses and turns in wide-awake helplessness while hubby emits nasal noises. Nor is it of much comfort to

the snorer who has trouble finding a roommate.

Snoring is due to relaxation of the soft palate when a person is unconscious. Sound is produced by the vibration of the soft palate in its relaxed state. And what a sound! Looking at your throat in the mirror, you will see that the uvula hangs in the middle; on each side of it is a thin structure known as the soft palate. The underlying mucous membrane covering this structure is muscular tissue. When you are young, it is firm and taut; in later life it becomes flaccid and at ease.

This condition would not be so troublesome if your snoring companion would keep his mouth closed,

but when he begins to breathe through it the relaxed tissues start vibrating. Then the throat gets tuned up, and bango! The whistling sound results when the nose is blocked and air passes out past the lips.

Snoring is worst when the snorer is lying on his back. The United States Patent Office has more than 300 devices that inventors—probably frenzied wives, for the greatest part—have devised to cure snoring. Most of the devices have been rigged up to keep the snorer from rolling over on his back.

As a rule, the trouble does not affect light sleepers as much as those who are dead to the world and to the insistent pleas, pushing, and plain pounding of their better halves.

According to surveys, most snorers are people who work inside, doing some sort of office routine that keeps them chained to their desks. The average noisemaker is over 35. Snoring in children is generally due to adenoids and enlarged tonsils, which cause interference with the breathing passage and require desperate efforts to get air past the obstruction.

In adults, snoring may be caused by chronic congestion or colds.

Medical men are agreed that there is an amazing shortage of information on the cure. Modern texts are surprisingly barren. A few years ago, Dr. Jerome F. Strauss of Chicago tried injecting a hardening substance into the palate, with the idea of insuring undisturbed slumber for millions of sleepless wives. He gained success in a few cases, but neither the good doctor nor anyone else followed

up because it seemed too drastic a remedy. Besides, the result could not be assured.

One of the most ironic facets of this far-from-facetious condition is that snoring rarely disturbs the soundness of sleep of the culprit himself. Although he is sensitive to various other noises while asleep, nature has played a dirty trick on his bunkmate by insuring that the snorer's own noises do not wake him.

As much as medicine has progressed, it still has been unable to develop a final preventive. But here are some hints from Dr. Samuel Salinger, internationally recognized as one of the world's outstanding ear, nose and throat specialists.

Snorers should avoid heavy foods late at night.

Snorers should shy away from alcohol in the evening.

Snorers should overcome mouth breathing by correcting nasal or throat troubles that interfere with normal exhalation.

If the snorer is not particularly apt to be aided by such corrections, he may break the habit by sleeping on his side or on his stomach.

Snorers may find that a bandage holding their mouths closed will help them to breathe properly.

Children should have enlarged adenoids removed. Often adults need removal of adenoids or tonsils that have grown back.

Office workers and others doing sedentary labor indoors should get outside more often.

Snorers should walk as much as possible and breathe deeply.

M i s e r s



You can't take it with you, but a growing army of boarding hermits figure it's nice to have while you're here!

by ROBERT STEIN

AT the turn of the century, Kate Powers was one of the belles of Brooklyn, an attractive young typist with a quick smile and an easy disposition.

Five years later, she was a doddering old crone, broken in mind and spirit. A target of neighborhood ridicule, she became known as Bundles Mary, because of the ragged bundles she persistently carried in her slow, shuffling trips through the city's streets.

Kate Powers' pitiful breakdown started with the death of her 80-year-old father. One night soon afterward, her brother keeled over at the supper table, and died. Then one morning Kate found her sister in bed—dead of a heart attack. The death of a second sister followed just a short time later—pneumonia, the doctors said.

Battered by this succession of cruel emotional blows, Kate Powers' mind finally weakened. She began to imagine that her father, brother and two sisters had been poisoned. She became convinced that she was marked to be the next victim.

From this point on, Kate Powers became Bundles Mary. She barricaded herself in the six-room flat that her family had occupied and ventured outside only to carry bottles of "unpoisoned" water from a nearby church and to do her meager personal shopping. She subsisted mainly on Grade-A milk. The bundles she clutched fearfully under her arms were filled with milk-bottle caps, soap wrappers, and scraps of bread.

One day in 1940, Bundles Mary was found unconscious. Rushed to a hospital, she died of malnutrition within a few days. But back in the

apartment of the tattered old woman who had starved to death, police found a yellowing heap of uncashed dividend checks and account books from 11 banks. Bundles Mary had left behind more than \$40,000.

But Bundles Mary is only one of a weird line of women misers and hermits who have colored the local legendry of our 20th Century United States.

Fifty years ago, the traditional picture of the miser was that of an unkempt old man, standing fierce guard over a mattress stuffed with greenbacks. Today, all that has changed. The increasing independence of American women has freed them to venture into every field of man's endeavor. Even the wretched old hermit of former days has been edged out of the limelight by his female counterparts.

Perhaps the most famous of recent miser-hermits were the Collyer brothers, who died year before last leaving behind 12 rooms full of old chandeliers, stacks of paper, tin cans, battered pianos, gas masks and other assorted junk.

But the ladies were not to be outdone. Several months later, along came the ponderous Wolff sisters. Each weighing over 300 pounds, the two women had, for nine years, shared a frame house which was notable for its lack of gas, electricity, and running water. The elder sister, Edith, made daily trips to a nearby garage for a bucketful of water. They cooked by kerosene range. Neighbor-

hood youngsters did their shopping.

One morning not long ago, the younger sister died of a heart attack. When local authorities called to remove the body, they found every room of the house, except the kitchen, piled ceiling-high with cases, cartons and boxes containing worthless old relics of every description. Most of the debris, the surviving sister explained, came from the dry goods store of their father, who had died nine years earlier. The rest "just grewed."

Over and above the accumulation of trash in their self-made hermitage, the Wolff sisters had managed to hoard \$12,000, which was safely tucked away in a local bank.

Another female challenger of the Collyer brothers was Mrs. Theresa Fox, who died several months before Homer and Langley. The 70-year-old recluse, who always dressed in worn-out rags, lived in one room of a small house. In the other rooms were odoriferous remnants of her hoard, which clearly showed the effect of wartime conditions. She had stored 100 one-pound bags of coffee and 500 cans of evaporated milk under a bed. Other mementos of wartime shortage were several bureau drawers filled with sugar and a wall lined, brick-fashion, with dozens of aged loaves of bread.

In an old stocking, police found \$1,300. Concealed bank books added up to \$16,000 more. And from old papers, investigators learned that Mrs. Fox was the widow of a real estate



dealer who had left her property worth \$100,000.

What makes women, or even men, for that matter, live and die alone in squalor, within arm's reach of an overcoat lining or suitcase bulging with bank notes? Dr. Coleman O. Parsons, who has probed into the lives of several hundred misers and hermits in the course of many years' study, lays it all at the doorstep of *psychological insecurity*, in one form or another.

Some misers come by their niggardly ways through an overemphasis on thrift imposed by poverty-stricken parents. Others are unsure of themselves, insecure to the point of terror at normal competition with people in the everyday business world. Still others are thrown off balance by a sudden large inheritance and flee from society in fear of being duped out of their fortune. Many are simple-minded people who just cannot cope with the world. Whatever the reason, all of these misers simply tuck their strongboxes under their arms and retreat into a tight little existence all their own.

When women gained political and social independence, they also acquired the rights to insecurity, want and deprivation. No longer the pampered darlings of husbands and fathers, they found themselves out on their own in a competitive, and not always kind, world.

Witness the case of 70-year-old Alice Jones, virtually a next-door neighbor of the Collyers on upper Fifth Avenue in New York. Dressed in tattered clothes, the elderly spinster lived a lonely and frugal life for

many years. Unlike most misers and recluses, she finally allowed her loneliness to get the better of her.

She struck up an acquaintance with a slick-talking investment broker. Within a short time, he had won her confidence, a \$15,000 loan, a business partnership and the designation of beneficiary in her will. One night, the bookkeeper brought her a dish of prunes — "to help her sleep well." Miss Jones did sleep well, too well. In the morning, \$50,000 in cash was gone from a wooden coal box near her bed. Gone, too, were the investment broker and his bookkeeper.

But that didn't faze Miss Jones. Once the secret of her wealth was out, she appeared in court, still dressed in shabby old clothes. With a show of pride, she announced that, in addition to the missing money, she was the owner of two apartment houses and a fortune of more than \$70,000.

But unquestionably the most fabulous miser of our time, male or female, was Hetty Green of Wall Street.

As far back as her early teens, Hetty Green was preparing herself for the role of super-miser. While other girls were learning how to dance and win the attentions of young men, Hetty was busily studying stock market reports.

For years, she waited patiently for the death of a rich aunt, who was expected to leave her a fortune of ten or more million dollars. When the old lady finally passed away, Hetty discovered that only one of the many millions had been earmarked for her.

She fought a bitter legal battle for the rest, but lost.

Beaten back in this campaign, Hetty Green then invaded Wall Street with her million dollars. Shrewd to the point of witchery, she broke the backs of rich opponents in the market and grew steadily richer.

But as Hetty Green's bankroll fattened, her private life became day by day more austere and miserly. She wore the same frayed dress for years. She left waiters empty-handed; even cheated on taxes. When Hetty Green died, in 1916, in a ramshackle flat in

Hoboken, she left behind the staggering sum of \$100,000,000!

Federal insurance of bank deposits, social security, workmen's compensation laws and group hospitalization plans have all helped in recent years to remove some of the insecurity that causes miserliness. But the current cycle of high wages and inflationary jitters will probably enrich our miser crop considerably in the next few years, the experts say. And unless human nature does a complete turn about, many of our fiercest hoarders will continue to be prim-looking little ladies in lavender and old lace.

The Great Potato Trick

IT WAS Dr. Antoine Auguste Parmentier who, while a prisoner of the Germans in the Seven Years War, discovered the wonderful nutritive value of potatoes. When he returned to his native France, he wrote a book about the wonderful tubers and the value they possessed as a food crop for farmers and a means of rich nourishment for consumers. But all the good doctor received for his pains was the ridicule of the populace.

At length, with the aid of Louis XVI, Parmentier set up an experimental potato garden near Paris. And, as a protective measure, he posted a cordon of soldiers to guard the valuable plants.

"Well, well," said the people. "Something very precious must be planted there, if it must be protected by the military!"

So they came by night and filched the potatoes, ate them, found them good, and planted them. Which was precisely the thing the wily Dr. Parmentier wanted them to do!

Today potato flowers bloom upon his grave.—*Adrian Anderson.*

▲
Prosperity is driving a mortgaged car over a bonded highway to pay the installment on the radio.

▲
Economist: a business analyst who thinks he sees the forest clearly but keeps bumping into trees.

▲
So far as little boys are concerned, cleanliness is next to godliness, and almost as remote.

▲
The world is equally shocked at hearing Christianity criticized and seeing it practiced.

▲
Your conscience is what your mother told you before you were six years old.

They Know The Ropes

by JOHN BARNGATE

The old cordsmen of Plymouth have quite a yarn to spin.

A WESTERN sheriff, whose unpleasant job was the hanging of a man one week after he assumed office, was worried lest the rope break and the victim linger on.

Finally, friends urged him to wire the Plymouth Cordage Company in Plymouth, Massachusetts, and explain that he had to have a rope with a breaking strain of 5,000 pounds. The company heads assured the nervous new law official that he had nothing to worry about: they made ropes for every purpose, and a noose guaranteed to function properly was all in a day's work to the wise rope-makers of old Plymouth. The man was hanged on time, the sheriff was grateful, and the rope-makers went on to more pleasant tasks.

You'll find Plymouth rope everywhere in the world, hauling in the anchors of ships, protecting window-washers, mooring balloons. When Admiral Byrd made his polar expeditions, he specified that the line carried along must be made by the master craftsmen of the old Massachusetts company.

For some obscure reason, a South American nation once placed an unusual order with the company: a 720-foot rope, with a circumference of 21 inches and a weight of 9,000 pounds, was needed in a hurry. The order didn't confound the cunning rope-makers of Plymouth; they produced it in 36 hours!

For 124 years, the ancient company has been making ropes for the world. The story is told that the founder, a strait-laced Puritan named Bourne Spooner, was outraged on a visit to New Orleans, where he watched slaves laboriously producing inferior rope under the brutal lash of an overseer.

Spooner, a religious man, set out to prove that free Yankee workmen could make better rope at a profit to the company and to themselves. He canvassed the state for skilled workmen, created his own port near his own factory, and in more than a century the firm he established has become known as the source of the world's best ropes.

Even now, under the presidency of

Ellis W. Brewster, a man with many of the pioneer virtues of the founder, the Plymouth company spares no time or money in its effort to remain tops with the world's users of rope.

Though the company is run with old-time New England thrift—Brewster frets if the stockholders don't make a fair return on their investment—it spends large sums on constant experimentation. From the world's great ports, samples of ropes which have been attacked by all types of marine life are forwarded to Plymouth for scientific scrutiny.

If the master of a whaling ship needs a certain type of rope, he states his specifications and the Plymouth technicians—with the help of veteran workmen whose grandfathers also worked for the cordage company—won't rest until they have given the skipper what he needs.

During the war, as in every war fought by Americans, the Plymouth rope specialists were busy almost 100 per cent on government orders. Bales of lend-lease materials were tied with sturdy Plymouth rope; the gliders which landed in Normandy were towed by Plymouth rope. Today, CARE bundles going abroad to Europe's needy are bound securely with the Plymouth product.

The firm's heads and foremen maintain a deep respect for the ancient principles of rope-making, but they are ever alert for new techniques which will make rope stronger, cheaper, and more useful. Today the old firm is making heat-resistant rope of Fiberglas—a development which would have made Bourne Spooner's eyes bug out in wonder.

There's also nylon rope, a silky dream of a product, which has a sheen, resiliency and durability unequalled by any rival rope in the world.

But the backbone of the firm's globe-girdling operation is just plain rope, made, for the most part, by methods reminiscent of Colonial days. Winding the rope around their waists, twisting right and left to make the



strands hold together, human spiders shuttle back and forth.

Over 35 acres of floor space, elaborate machines perform many phases of the rope-making operation: combing raw fibers, oiling them and twisting them. Supervising the machines are men who have worked as long as half a century at this highly specialized craft. In fact, 300 of the Plymouth workmen have been turning out rope for 25 years or longer.

"It's a family operation," says

Plymouth rope man with supreme satisfaction. "You'll see the president every day going through the plant, asking about the rope, inquiring about the men's families. It takes something more than a paycheck to keep rope-makers happy; they have to have that feeling of *belonging* in order to do their jobs."

The Plymouth company does everything possible to give its workers that feeling. Long before the nation became aware of social security, the cordage company was quietly adopting a pension plan, encouraging the purchase of company stock by workers, and setting up a comprehensive group insurance plan.

The employees get the latest books free from the rope company's lending library. They eat at low cost in the company dining hall, play games and hold athletic events in the handsome recreation building.

The skilled rope workers pay a modest rent for handsome Dutch Colonial homes owned by the com-

pany. In return for the solicitous attention of management, the rope workers do a conscientious job reminiscent of the prideful work of old Colonial craftsmen who saw their jobs through from start to finish.

The people of Plymouth, whose main industry is rope-making, have a fraternal feeling for the company and freely use its lawns, recreational facilities, and other services. They have become adept at telling the story of rope-making, and take pride in telling visitors from big cities how important the Plymouth Cordage Company is to the economic life of the world.

As the fishermen haul in their nets with Plymouth-made ropes, the workers stare at the scene with quiet confidence. They know they are lucky throwbacks in the Machine Age, for they are the last living links with an earlier and happier day when every man felt a bond with his work and knew that he was important, whatever his task.

A Big Man

IT happened just after the American Revolution.

A few soldiers were struggling with a large beam of timber which had to be dragged to the top of a hill. A non-commissioned officer was in charge, giving the soldiers commands in a loud, arrogant voice. It was obvious that with his assistance the task would have been an easy one, yet he would not make a move to help them.

A civilian gentleman passing by stopped to watch the men at their work. Seeing the soldiers struggling in vain, he asked the non-com why he did not help.

"Because I am a corporal," was the reply.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the gentleman.

The gentleman then took off his coat, grabbed an end of timber, and helped the soldiers move it into the desired position. When that was done he turned to the corporal and quietly said, "The next time you have a similar task to perform and not enough men, just send for me and I will be only too glad to help."

"And who might you be?" inquired the haughty corporal.

"My name, sir," replied the gentleman, "is George Washington."



Platter Chatter . . .

THE YEAR 1950 will be a record year in the wax business! Record sales are predicted to sail higher and higher. But when we say a "record" year in 1950, we mean quality above quantity. Just as the country is settling down to peaceful living after the period of uncertainty which followed the war, so the wax business, the public's musical taste, and musicians are settling down to provide good music and entertainment. Western and hillbilly music should rise to even greater heights this year, with the country aching for down-to-earth realism in music. Look for the return of "sweet band" styles, particularly those with the late Miller touch. Ralph Flannigan, Victor band leader, is starting a nationwide tour to bring that style back to popularity . . . Don't be surprised if some of your bop artists don Stetson and boots to earn their bread and butter . . . This new year will find many of the smaller record labels getting the axe. But although records may be fewer, quality will be high . . . Mindy Carson, sultry songstress, will hit an all-time high soon, showering her talents on records, TV and the movies . . . Look for Ella Fitzgerald's new Decca platters. She'll be

teamed with outstanding Decca stars for socko double features . . . Jo Stafford, Capitol songbird, will stick around Hollywood until spring for her air show . . . Steve Gibson and the Red Caps, Mercury vocal group, will be in Hollywood the first of the year to make a musical film show and to launch a new radio and TV show . . . Ray Anthony, Capitol recording ban leader, will take his up-and-coming crew to the Hollywood Palladium to start the New Year . . . Russ Morgan, Decca platter star, will start his 30th year of bato waving . . . The Ink Spots, after a successful trip to England, return to New York for a Capitol date late in January . . . Tommy Tucker and his band are again active and will record for MGM . . . Elliot Lawrence has released his first album containing modern arrangements of old favorites . . . Mario Lanza is being tapped for four additional MGM pictures, including the lead in the Enrico Caruso life story . . . Merwin Bogue, better known as Ish Kabibble with Kay Kyser, is now fronting his own 14-piece dance band . . . The Blue Duke, Johnny Long, is now with King Records and he'll stick to old novelties for future waxings . . . A new album forthcoming that is strictly adult material features none other than Ma West.

Highly Recommended . . .

ECCA 24800—Bing Crosby with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. 'Way Back Home plus *The Iowa Indian Song*. Bing and Fred combine talents for the second time to bid for more new fame. They give 'Way Back Home, which was first published in 1935, superb treatment, and it should be ripe for revival. The flip is a brand new song penned by Meredith Wilson. It's a song dedicated to the Corn state, but not at all the usual stuff. Count on a surprise!

ECCA 24785—Billie Holliday and Louis Armstrong with Sy Oliver directing the orchestra. *You Can't Lose a Broken Heart* and *My Sweet Hunk o' Trash*. Billie and Louis team up together for the first time on wax. On the top side they dish out some clever advice to the lovelorn, and trade turns on the lyrics. The reverse is on the humorous side with Billie and Louis throwing in side remarks as the other takes the solo spot. Both tunes are from the new musical, *Sugar Hill*. An added feature is the musical arranging done by Sy Oliver. It's good jazz.

ICTOR 20-3586 Perry Como with the Fontaine Sisters and Mitchell Ayres and his orchestra. *Hush Little Darlin'* plus *I Wanna Go Home*. Here's the smooth voice of Perry Como, the first with a lullaby, a dreamy Western ballad which should prove handy to baby sitters; and second with a novel tune in which Perry is outnumbered by the Fontaine Sisters, each desiring to go home with him. The final result is amooosin' and Perry's easy style makes this a delightful three minutes.

ORAL 60128—Jon and Sondra Steele with orchestra directed by Roy Ross. *My World Is You* plus *The Bells of Avalon*. The *My Happiness* twins are back with what looks like a sure-fire winner. *My World Is You* is a new ballad written by Mitchell Parish and the male half of this singing combination, Jon Steele. Its nostalgic melody, plus better than average lyrics, make

this a top waxing. The flip is a veteran melody touched up in modern style by Mr. and Mrs. Harmony. An enchanting mixture of old and new.

MERCURY 5326—Vic Damone with Glenn Osher's orchestra. *Why Was I Born?* and *Lonely Night*. The youthful crooner has a couple of ballads here that should win your favor. Vic seems better than ever with this pair ideally suited to his tenor pipes. *Why Was I Born?* is that Kern-Hammerstein oldie that should revive quite well. *Lonely Night* is an adaptation from *Berceuse* by Jarnefel with modern lyrics by Alec Wilder. Damone fans, you'll like this disc!

CAPITOL 57-755—Gordon MacRae with Paul Weston's orchestra. *The Sunshine of Your Smile* with *The Prairie Is Still*. Gordon is magnificent with this coupling. The *Sunshine* side features some powerful singing by MacRae, and the backside is a Western-flavored melody sung smoothly by our crooner. Paul Weston's background music adds the final touch to make this a must.

The Album Corner . . .

COLUMBIA C-189—Doris Day in *You're My Thrill*. It's well named, because the honey voice of Miss Day makes a thrilling album. Many old standards may be found between the covers, including *Bewitched*, *That Old Feeling*, *You Go To My Head* and *I'm Confessin'*. Here is vocal artistry applied by Doris Day to popular songs of the first rank.

COLUMBIA MJV-55—Gene Autry and supporting cast, with orchestra conducted by Carl Cotner. *Stampede*. Here's the first of the special children's albums with story and music released by Autry. It's the next best thing to taking the kiddies to an Autry movie. The story, which follows Gene and an Indian boy, is a rip-snortin', jam-packed-with-excitement tale on records. Just the kind of things the kids will love!

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

Words That Wither

This story has been going the rounds in Czechoslovakia: Stalin was given a piece of cloth by an admirer. He took it to a Russian tailor and asked what could be made of it. Only a pair of shorts, he was told.

Not satisfied, Stalin went to a Polish tailor. A pair of full trousers could be cut from it, he was informed.

Next he went to Czechoslovakia and there learned it would be possible to make both trousers and a vest.

In France, the tailor could cut a coat and trousers.

At last Stalin went to a famous tailor in Regent Street, London, and asked if he could make a suit from the cloth. "How many?" asked the Englishman.

Surprised, Stalin asked how it was possible when only shorts could be made from the cloth in Russia.

"You see, Comrade Stalin," said the English tailor, "the farther you get from Moscow the smaller you become."



A tall gentleman was hurrying down the street when out of a doorway came another man, also in haste, and the two collided with great force. The second man was beside himself with anger, and exploded into a fury of abusive language.

The tall gentleman took off his hat, smiled in a friendly fashion and pleasantly remarked, "My friend, I don't know which of us is to blame for this encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate it. If I ran into you I beg your pardon; but if you ran into me, don't mention it." And then, with another smile, he walked away.



At a dinner party, a lady seated next to the chairman of a large corporation asked him just what the functions of a chairman were.

"My dear madam," he replied, "That is not too difficult to answer: the functions of a chairman are the same as the piece of parsley placed on top of a fish."

CURRENT MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6	00	Cowtown Wranglers
	15	Weather Report
	25	Livestock Estimates
	30	Don Sullivan, Songs
	45	Don Sullivan, Songs
7	00	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade
	15	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade
	30	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade
8	00	AP News
	05	Weather
	10	News
	15	K. C. Council of Churches
	30	Shades of Black & White
9	00	AP News
	05	Guy Lombardo's Orch.
	15	Guy Lombardo's Orch.
	30	Cavalcade of Music
	45	Cavalcade of Music
10	00	AP News
	05	Dove Dennis Orch.
	15	Dove Dennis Orch.
	30	NW. Univ. Review Stand
	45	NW. Univ. Review Stand
11	00	AP News
	05	Music in the Air
	15	Music in the Air
	30	Sunday Serenade
	45	Sunday Serenade

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
12	00	Sidney Walton, News
	15	Young Radio Artists
	30	Adv. of Babe Ruth
	45	K. C. U. Workshop
	00	Spotlight on Glomour
1	00	Adven. of the Falcon
	15	Adven. of the Falcon
	45	Adven. of the Falcon
2	00	Boston Blockie
	15	Boston Blockie
	45	Juvenile Jury
3	00	Hopalong Cassidy
	15	Hopalong Cassidy
	30	Martin Kone, Pvt. Eye
4	00	The Shadow
	15	The Shadow
	45	True Detective Myst's
5	00	Roy Rogers
	15	Roy Rogers
	30	Nick Carter
	45	Nick Carter

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

PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

MORNING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Cowtown Wranglers Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Cowtown Wranglers Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Cowtown Wranglers Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Cowtown Wranglers Weather Report Livestock Estimates Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	Cowtown Wranglers Weather Report Town & Country Time Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs	6 00 15 25 30 45
AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Lou Kemper Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	7 00 15 30
AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Cresby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Cresby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Lou Kemper Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	8 00 05 10 15 30 45
Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Plaza Program G. Heatter's Mailbag	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Plaza Program G. Heatter's Mailbag	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Plaza Program G. Heatter's Mailbag	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Plaza Program G. Heatter's Mailbag	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan Kitchen Library Lady Wyon. Radio Play'so	9 00 05 15 30 45
"Wells Bells" "Wells Bells" "Wells Bells" "Wells Bells" Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	"Wells Bells" "Wells Bells" "Wells Bells" "Wells Bells" Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	"Wells Bells" "Wells Bells" "Wells Bells" "Wells Bells" Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	"Wells Bells" "Wells Bells" "Wells Bells" "Wells Bells" Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	Coast Guard on Parade Coast Guard on Parade Coast Guard on Parade Luncheon on the Plaza Luncheon on the Plaza	10 00 05 15 30 45
Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Show Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Show Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Show Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Quiz Club Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Freddy Martin's Orch. Freddy Martin's Orch. Freddy Martin's Orch. Man on the Farm Man on the Farm	11 00 05 15 30 45

AFTERNOON

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	Man on the Farm Man on the Farm Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	12 00 15 30 55
Boogie Woogie Cowboys Queen for a Day Queen for a Day	Boogie Woogie Cowboys Queen for a Day Queen for a Day	Boogie Woogie Cowboys Queen for a Day Queen for a Day	Boogie Woogie Cowboys Queen for a Day Queen for a Day	Boogie Woogie Cowboys Meet the Band Meet the Band	1 00 30 45
Club 710 Club 710 Club 710 Club 710	Swing Session—Club 710 Swing Session—Club 710 Swing Session—Club 710 Swing Session—Club 710	2 00 15 30 45			
Club 710 Club 710 Club 710	Swing Session—Club 710 Swing Session—Club 710 Swing Session—Club 710	3 00 15 30			
Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cowtown Wranglers John Wahlstedt AP News—Dick Smith	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Indiana Drifters John Wahlstedt AP News—Dick Smith	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cowtown Wranglers John Wahlstedt AP News—Dick Smith	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Indiana Drifters John Wahlstedt AP News—Dick Smith	Caribbean Crossroads Caribbean Crossroads Network Dance Band Sports Time	4 00 15 30 45
Straight Arrow Straight Arrow B-Bar-B Ranch Tom Mix	B-Bar-B Ranch B-Bar-B Ranch Tom Mix Tom Mix	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow B-Bar-B Ranch B-Bar-B Ranch	B-Bar-B Ranch B-Bar-B Ranch Tom Mix Tom Mix	Quiz Show Quiz Show Mel Allen, Sports Hollywood Quiz	5 00 15 30 45

Evening schedule on next page

CURRENT PROGRAMS OF EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
6 00 15 30 45 55	Treasury Varieties Treasury Varieties The Saint The Saint Johnny Desmond	Helzberg's Tello-Test Falstaff Serenade Gabriel Hoatter Fulton Lewis, Jr. Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Helzberg's Tello-Test Falstaff Serenade Gabriel Hoatter Fulton Lewis, Jr. Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Helzberg's Tello-Test Falstaff Serenade Gabriel Hoatter Fulton Lewis, Jr. Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Helzberg's Tello-Test Falstaff Serenade Gabriel Hoatter Fulton Lewis, Jr. Fulton Lewis, Jr.
7 00 15 30 45 55	Mediation Board Mediation Board Enchanted Hour Enchanted Hour Enchanted Hour	Straight Arrow Straight Arrow Songs by Don Sullivan Songs of the Trail Bill Henry News	Count of Monte Cristo Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective Official Detective Bill Henry News	Can You Top This? Can You Top This? Songs by Don Sullivan Songs of the Trail Bill Henry News	It Pays to be St It Pays to be St Fishing & Huntin Fishing & Huntin Bill Henry News
8 00 15 30 55	Music for America Music for America Sheilah Graham Twin Views of News	Murder by Experts Murder by Experts Crime Fighters Crime Fighters	J. Steele, Adventurer J. Steele, Adventurer Mysterious Traveler Mysterious Traveler	Mr. Feathers Mr. Feathers Family Theatre Family Theatre	Comedy Playhos Comedy Playhos Comedy Playhos Comedy Playhos
9 00 15 30 45	Wings Over K.C. International Airport Mystery is My Hobby Mystery is My Hobby	Frank Edwards, News Songs by Gene Austin Behind the Story News—John Thornberry	Frank Edwards, News Guest Star Behind the Story News—John Thornberry	Frank Edwards, News Songs by Gene Austin Behind the Story News—John Thornberry	Frank Edwards, News Guest Star Behind the Story News—John Th
10 00 15 30 55	This Is Europe This Is Europe Serenade in the Night News	Calling All Detectives K. C. on Parade Serenade in the Night News	Calling All Detectives K. C. on Parade Serenade in the Night News	Calling All Detectives K. C. on Parade Serenade in the Night News	Calling All Dete K. C. on Parade Serenade in the News
11 00 15 30 55	Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Midnight News	Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Doems Taylor Concert Deems Taylor Concert	Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Doems Taylor Concert Deems Taylor Concert	Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Doems Taylor Concert Deems Taylor Concert	Network Dance Network Dance Doems Taylor C Doems Taylor C
12:00 1:00	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY



WHB — 710

EVENING

Swinging
the **Dial** **710**

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Loizberg's Tello-Test Tolstoft Serenade Lobriell Heatter Lulton Lewis, Jr. Lulton Lewis, Jr.	Hawaii Calls Hawaii Calls Comedy of Errors Comedy of Errors John B. Kennedy	6 ⁰⁰ 15 30 45 55
Russ Morgan Show Russ Morgan Show Eddy Duchin's Orch. Eddy Duchin's Orch. Bill Henry, News	Twenty Questions Twenty Questions Take a Number Take a Number Take a Number	7 ⁰⁰ 15 30 45 55
Air Force Hour Air Force Hour Meet the Press Meet the Press	Meet Your Match Meet Your Match Cowntown Jamboree Cowntown Jamboree	8 ⁰⁰ 15 30 55
Frank Edwards, News Songs by Gene Austin Behind the Story News—John Thornberry	Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air	9 ⁰⁰ 15 30 45
Calling All Detectives K. C. on Parade Serenade in the Night News	Network Dance Band Network Dance Orch. Serenade in the Night News	10 ⁰⁰ 15 30 55
Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Deems Taylor Concert Deems Taylor Concert	Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Midnight News	11 ⁰⁰ 15 30 55
Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	12:00 1:00
FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME

Jerry Browning is the clever detective who untangles a complicated maze of clues each weekday evening at ten p.m. when WHB begins *Calling All Detectives*. Armchair detectives and their powers of observation are tested when telephone calls are made to listeners during the broadcast. Exciting merchandise and cash prizes are awarded if they can answer a question about the drama to which they are listening.

• • •

Claudette Colbert, Maureen O'Sullivan, Ozzie and Harriet Nelson and Barry Fitzgerald are just a few of the popular stars of Broadway and Hollywood who have acted as host or hostess on WHB's *Family Theatre*. Every Wednesday evening at 8:30 a new drama built around outstanding talent is presented in a manner that appeals to every member of the family.

• • •

The stage is set for a hilarious evening of entertainment when you tune in *Comedy Playhouse* on WHB at 8:00 p.m., Thursday evening. These laugh-packed plays—a new one each week—are pre-tested on Broadway, so their mirth-provoking success is assured.

• • •

Delightful operas and operettas are heard every Saturday night at 9:00 over WHB on the *Chicago Theatre of the Air*. Familiar themes as well as sparkling new ones are especially adapted for radio by Jack La Frandre, and the orchestra is under the able direction of Henry Weber. During intermission, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, editor and publisher, gives a brief discussion of current events. In the singing roles are talented young opera stars, many of whom made their debuts on the *Chicago Theatre of the Air* summer series.



A Wife's Solution

NAT walked slowly to the Customs Official's office. Somehow, he sensed why he had been summoned. It was a period of expense-cutting, and the Salem, Massachusetts, Customs House did not escape the financial conditions of 1848. He had been working there several years, but he still was the youngest member of the staff, and therefore must be the first to be dismissed.

It was not an encouraging prospect. He had his family to support, and bitter experience already had shown him his writings couldn't provide the necessities.

He shrugged disconsolately and hurried on. Best to hear the bad news and begin hunting another job. He entered the official's office.

"Nat," the man began slowly, "my job isn't an easy one at such a time as this." He stopped. He didn't know exactly how to tell this quiet, sincere worker that he was no longer on the pay roll. Finally he said, "I shall be very happy to give references wherever you may need them."

Nat smiled. He appreciated the difficult task of the Customs Official. He thanked him and left.

At home, Nat's wife, Sophie, noted the sadness on her husband's face.

"I've been dismissed," he stated flatly. "Tomorrow I shall seek other employment."

"No," she answered, "now you can write the book you've always said you would write if you had time."

"I wish that could be," Nat replied sadly, "but we haven't enough money to tide us over until the book is completed. I must find another job."

She looked at him mischievously. "I'll be back in a moment," she said.

As he watched her leave the room, Nat reflected that she was the one person who understood him perfectly. She sympathized with the moods which were a natural outgrowth of his lonely boyhood.

She returned, carrying a large metal box.

"What's that?" Nat asked, rushing to help her.

Sophie smiled and opened the box. "Money," she said. "Now you can write the book. There's enough in this box to support your family while you are writing."

A lump in Nat's throat almost choked off his next question. "Where did you get it?" he managed to ask.

"Each time you gave me an allowance for household expenses, I saved some of it in this box. I was certain this day would arrive."

Now Nat was speechless, and Sophie understood his deep feeling. Free of everyday worries, he would write the book which had been in his mind so long.

The novel was published in 1850. It was *The Scarlet Letter*, and the world immediately hailed a new genius, Nathaniel Hawthorne.



William H. Taft was typed in the American mind as a jovial person, and he was. His great girth often rippled as the former President and Chief Justice heard an amusing story. But Mr. Taft could be acid, too. His crushing remark to Sherman Minton when the latter argued a point in Mr. Taft's Yale law class is an example. "I'm afraid, Mr. Minton, if you don't like the way this law has been interpreted, you'll have to get on the Supreme Court and change it."

That ended the debate, but the contentious pupil—Justice Minton of the Supreme Court—now has the last laugh.

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ NANCE'S CAFE.

Travelers arriving at the Union Station who cross Pershing Road to Nance's for a memorable meal always carry away a favorable impression of Kansas City. And for over 45 years Kansas Citians, too, have enjoyed the filet mignons, tender roast beef and special delicacies—such as stuffed pigeon—there. Seated behind the grilled gate in the back room reserved for private parties, or in the room where pictures of celebrities who have dined at Nance's line the walls, or in the main dining room, customers find the same delicious coffee and welcome the "Biscuit Girl." With her basket of flaky hot biscuits, this little lady is always on hand with seconds. For further convenience, Nance's pays your parking across the street. 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.



er booths where a tiny yellow lamp illuminates stained glass windows set high in green tiled walls. A beamed ceiling, the long, timeless bar and pioneer murals complete this venerable setting. However, the Savoy's modern Imperial Room with its mirrored walls and planted ferns provides an equally distinguished atmosphere for dining. Both serve those superb Kansas City filets and a variety of seafood. You won't miss the sign of the lobster at 9th and Central. VI 3800.

Something Different . . .

★ KING JOY LO. Here an authentic touch of aristocratic old China is nestled in the very heart of Kansas City's bustling downtown district. At massive inlaid tables where chopsticks and handleless teacups lend an Oriental air, diners taste Don Toy's famous specialties and watch the Twelfth Street crowds mingling below the wide windows. Trained Chinese cooks prepare such enticing dishes as extra fine chop suey and egg foo young; fried Maine lobster, Chinese style; chow mein with tender bean sprouts, egg roll or dried fried rice. And for the connoisseur of American food, the menu offers a variety of seafoods, excellent steaks and chicken. Whether you choose a Chinese or an American dish, you'll like the way it's served amid this Far Eastern atmosphere. 8 West 12th Street (Second Floor). HA 8113.

★ PUTSCH'S 210. It won't be necessary to go South this winter, for the warmth and elegance of the old New Orleans French Quarter is available on our own Country Club Plaza. At Putsch's 210, wrought-iron grillwork, generous planting and deep green walls recreate the charm of real Southern hospitality. A popular spot for a hearty business man's lunch or an oversized salad, Putsch's also serves dinners of rare aged steaks, red snapper, and air-expressed Colorado mountain trout as late as midnight for the theatre-goers. At low glass tables in the adjoining barroom, conversation flows easily under an unusual glass mural. Soft background music provides the final touch to this atmosphere of leisurely, elegant dining. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.



★ SHARP'S BROADWAY NINETIES. The keynote is informality and a song is the passport. For an evening packed with merriment—the good old-

fashioned variety of gay nineties vintage—you'll want to join in the singing at Sharp's. *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here, Bicycle Built for Two and Let Me Call You Sweetheart* are revived with lusty vigor by the congenial clientele while an obliging pianist plays on and on. The drinks, served at tables with red checkered cloths, are the kind that put new zest into the singing.

★ SAVOY GRILL. In tribute to the days when Kansas City was in its infancy, this dignified restaurant has retained its original furnishings. Guests are served by friendly old waiters at high, spongy leath-

Propped over the bar is a real tandem bicycle which calls forth some unusual comment and adds to the atmosphere of gaiety. Broadway and Southwest Boulevard. GR 1095.

★**UPTOWN INTERLUDE.** Charlie and Dale Overfelt mix those drinks just the way you like them every night at this favorite midtown spot. And during the day, Otis is on hand to see that your thirst is quenched. Nothing is spared to secure the best in entertainment at the Interlude. Always a crowd-drawer, Jeanie Leitt is now there singing those songs that bring a chuckle for which she is so popular. Her delightful manner has made her Kansas City's favorite, and out-of-towners won't want to miss an evening at the Interlude. Drop in after midnight on Sunday to chase those Monday blues away. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

To See and Be Seen . . .



★**PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** You find a bit of Manhattan here in Kansas City when you step inside the shiny door opened for you by a gaily uniformed doorman. Inside you walk over a thick carpet past the

New York skyline mural to an overstuffed booth. The menu offers a wide assortment of excellent meats—steaks, filets, roast beef—and rich seafoods. But you can't pass by the special tossed salad with oil dressing, the french fried onions and that choice dry martini. Soft background music is provided by Muzak, and Gus and Jim Pusateri are on hand to greet friends among their patrons. 1114 Baltimore. VI 9711.

Too Many Celebrities

TOURING through West Virginia, that famous quartet of friends, Firestone, Ford, Edison, and Burroughs, saw that their car needed a light. So they stopped at a crossroads store, and Ford went into the establishment to inquire, "What kind of automobile bulbs have you?"

"Edison Mazda," said the storekeeper.

"I'll take one," said Mr. Ford, "and you may be interested in learning that Mr. Edison is out in our car."

"You don't say?" the merchant rejoined skeptically.

When the light was installed, it was discovered that a tire was flat. Going back into the store, Ford inquired, "What make of tires do you carry?"

"Firestone," he was told.

Ford bought a tire.

"By the way," he remarked, "you might like to know that Mr. Firestone is out in my car, and that I am Mr. Ford—Henry Ford."

"The heck you say!" the storekeeper cackled.

The merchant was installing the tire when Burroughs, who sported luxuriant white whiskers, leaned out of the car and called, "Good evening, sir."

The storekeeper stared at the bewildered naturalist.

"If you try to tell me you are Santa Claus," he hissed, "I'll be darned if I don't crown you with this wrench!"—*Adrian Anderson.*



FOR the first time since before the war, American universities have a large number of foreign students. One famous institution gave a formal reception in honor of the new men, and a gallant Italian youth memorized phrases from the etiquette book for the occasion.

Given a cup of tea by a sturdy old dowager, he bowed politely and said, "Thank you, sir or madam, as the case may be!"

HB NEWSREEL



1. A broadcast of Luncheon on the Plaza, Gloria Swanson subjects one of the regular "crazy hat" comedians to critical scrutiny, finds it a bit tame.

Miss Swanson are Lou Kemper and Frank Conroy, co-emcees of the program which is heard on WHB Monday through Saturday at 10:30 a.m.

2. Attorney General J. Howard McGrath congratulates Harry Darby, new United States Senator from Kansas.

3. Joe Kuhel, one of baseball's famous player-pilots, lets WHB listeners in on his big plans for the Kuhel-managed Kansas City Blues.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

Boost your 1950 sales to an all-time high with the help of WHB!

A Kansas City retail firm has just completed its biggest season as a result of two daily programs and a heavy schedule of spot announcements over WHB.

A local dairy product which broadcasts six days a week on WHB has waved bye-bye to blues-singing competitors and chalked up sales increases ranging to 50 per cent.

And in a recent campaign, announcements on a daily WHB show pulled floods of orders from 291 cities, towns and farms spread over an eight-state area—Nebraska, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Wyoming. WHB was the only sales medium used, and for weeks the expensive items sold like hot cakes.

Resolve now to have a sales-happy new year! Swing to WHB!



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