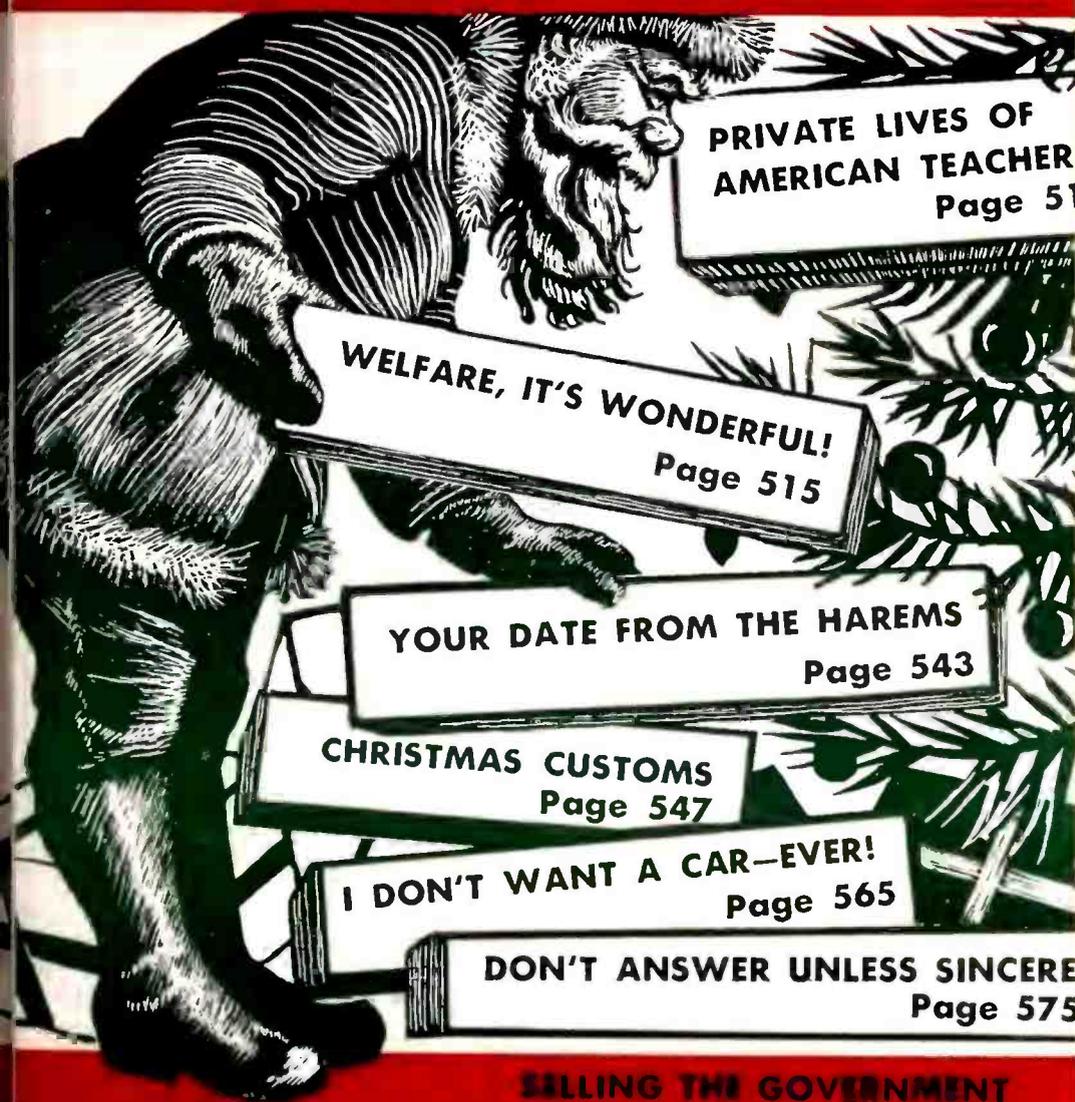


Swing

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DECEMBER, 1950



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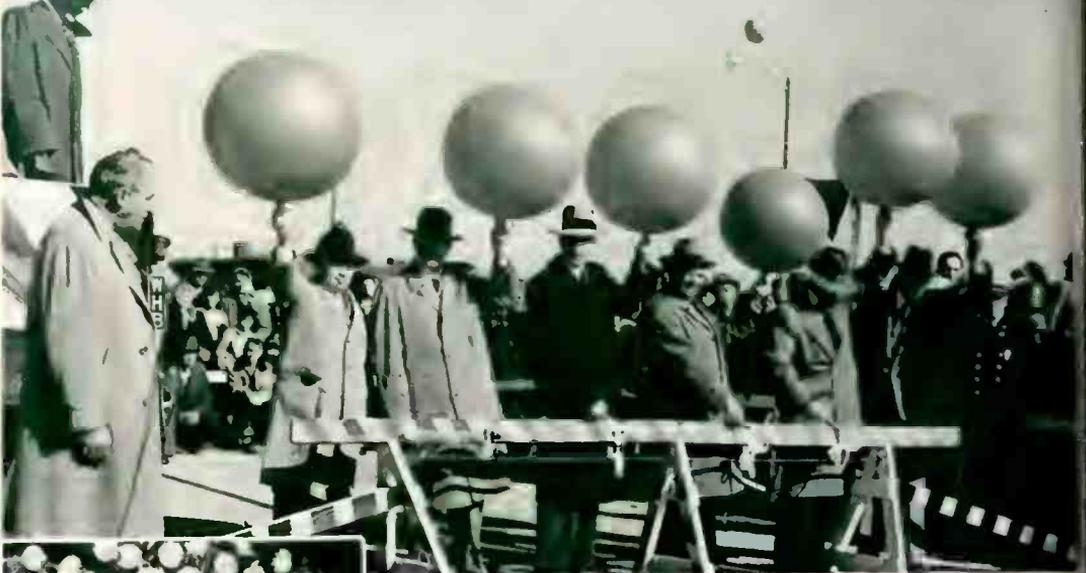
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SELLING THE GOVERNMENT
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1. DICK SMITH, WHB Program Director (left), described ceremonies at the opening of Kansas City's great, new \$7,000 Southwest Trafficway last month. About to release balloons will lift the gate and open the Trafficway are (left to right) Barney L. Allis, vice-chairman of the Downtown Committee; I. Cookingham, city manager; Mayor William E. Kemp; Harry Rodgers, chairman of the Missouri State Highway Commission; Clifford Shoemaker, bureau of public roads, and Albert R. White, past president of the Chamber of Commerce.

2. QUEEN OF THE 1950 AMERICAN ROYAL Live Stock Horse Show was Miss Mary Ellen Ash of Muskogee, Okla. Sen. Harry Darby of Kansas, president of the American Royal, has crowned her at the annual Coronation Ball.

3. THE FIRST INSTRUMENT of its kind ever made in America, the all-plastic chromatic harmonica, is demonstrated by its inventor, Finn H. Magnus. His story is on page 519.

4. WHB SPORTS DIRECTOR LARRY RAY interviews F. J. Oliver, runner-up in the \$15,000 Kansas City Invitational Golf Tournament; Lloyd Mangrum, tournament winner; and Leacock, president of the Kansas City Golf Association. For details see "Larry Ray Talks Sports" on page 535.

5. ARBOGAST INTERVIEWS EVELYN KNIGHT, Decca recording star, during The Arbogast Show from the Southern Mansion. The background is songwriter Mickey Addy, whose "No Christmas Like a Home Christmas" is a new hit. Arbogast discusses recording on page 582.



Swing®



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Whether you hang your star on a cedar tree, a cocoanut palm or a hickory limb, you—all of us—achieve a certain faith at Christmas time. And if we are to look for a miracle on this planet, this year, we shall have to hold fast to that faith. Faith shines around December like a halo, because at this time we all want so desperately that life be good and beautiful, that Peace On Earth somehow be achieved. Whether you call him Kriss Kringle, St. Nicholas, or Daddy, we hope that in your life there is a Santa Claus!

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WHB • Your Favorite Neighbor • KANSAS CITY

The Mysterious Gentleman

EVERYBODY who rides our ten o'clock bus is curious about the strikingly handsome gentleman who disembarks, every morning except Monday, at the city's busiest midtown intersection. Those of us who happen to be riding uptown between five and six in the evening on the same days, see him board the bus in front of the concert hall near the same intersection.

He is so tall that he has to stoop so as not to bump his head on the bus ceiling. As he does this, he always smiles with a sort of happy pride, which is infectious. The rest of us smile, and are proud, too. The bus driver always raises two fingers to his cap and says "Good morning, sir," or "Good evening, sir."

The gentleman has powerful shoulders, and fills a seat regally. Though people always make room for him, he is careful to give the impression that he does not wish to crowd anyone.

His head has the monumental characteristics of a fine piece of classical sculpture. His eyes are small, and would be rather lost under the bristling black brows and over the massive, ruddy, close-shaven cheeks, were it not that they twinkle so constantly.

He is always elegantly tailored. He wears gloves of dove-gray kid. His black top-coat has a velvet collar. And a black Homburg rides the rich clusters of his silver hair.

Business men take him for a bank president, and lady shoppers for a philosophic millionaire who prefers crowded buses to his own velvet-upholstered town car. Stenographers and librarians sigh furtively into their best-sellers. Tiny girls smile up into his face when he smiles down into theirs, and little boys become voluntarily subdued in his presence. The university students who see him board in front of the concert hall at night, take him for a visiting symphony conductor or a famous operatic baritone.

When he rises, people automatically make way for him, and he walks down the bus aisle like a benevolent king advancing along a crimson carpet.

On Sundays, when his transportation routine is the same as during the week, except Mondays, people find themselves speculating as to which of the several churches in the vicinity may be that of his choice. They feel then that all about him may be an impenetrable mystery—except the fact that he is a faithful church-goer.

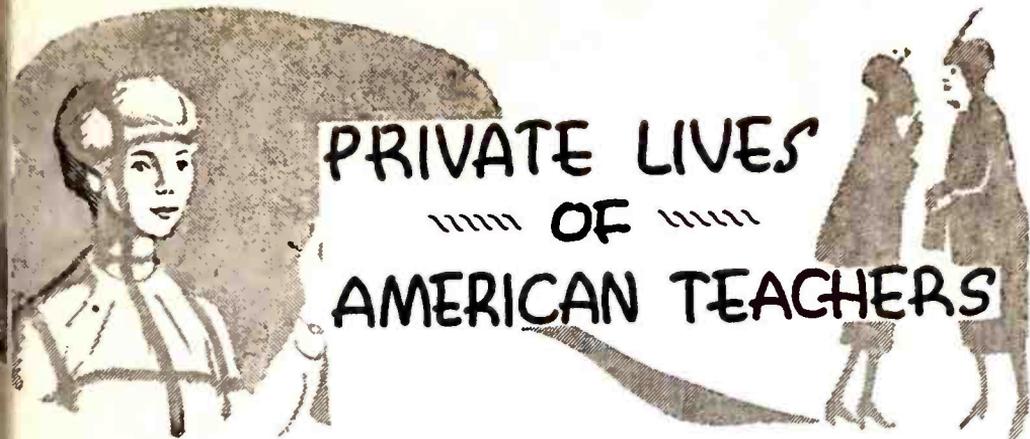
Actually, he is not a bank president. He rides the bus because he does not own a car. He has no musical talent whatever. And unfortunately, his working hours do not permit him to attend any church service.

If the people who ride our bus were more observant, they would recall that the Art Museum is located just south of the concert hall, and that it is open daily except Monday from ten till five.

If they were to visit the Renaissance Gallery there, they would notice a portly gentleman with clusters of silver hair framing his noble head, and wearing the blue-drab uniform of a Museum guard.

And they would see that as he paces back and forth between the rich tapestries, before the jewel-tinted paintings, and past the shelves aglow with silver-gilt and crystal plate, he smiles with happy pride, and walks like a king.

—Clara Lederer



PRIVATE LIVES OF AMERICAN TEACHERS

Can we change public opinion?—or must it continue to force a sterile existence upon the people who educate our children?

by ROBERT STEIN and ELLIS MICHAEL

HOW would you like a job where your boss did not allow you to smoke or drink, where you were not permitted to sit in a drug store in the evening, where you were not even free to choose your own friends? No such conditions of servitude in the present-day United States, you say? If you are inclined to be skeptical, ask any one of our 900,000 school teachers about their personal freedom. You may be in for an unexpected shock.

Ask the pretty young teacher of a small Florida community who was seen meeting a young man in front of the local drug store one evening. Two days later she was called up before the school board. "Our young people," she was told, "have too many wild ideas as it is. Seeing their school teachers sitting around a drug store making deals as a man gives them bad ideas." The teacher stopped seeing the man.

Or witness the experience of the young woman in Ohio who was called by the chairman of the local school

board. He had received complaints, the official said, from several parents who felt that she dressed too "friskily" for a teacher. She was advised to tone down.

Repression of teachers goes even deeper than mere restrictions on their outward behavior. In many instances their very thoughts are censured. Take the case of the high school teacher in Oklahoma who was seen on election eve distributing pamphlets urging people to vote for the local reform party. The reform party lost. The day following elections the teacher was called into the principal's office. He was sternly reprimanded for his political activity. A teacher shouldn't have political opinions, he was told, especially if he favored a party that wasn't in power!

Restrictions are very often written into the teachers' contracts. One of the most common and frequently the most painful to the teacher is the rule against marriage. While such rules are

not written down in black and white in many communities, they are usually taken for granted and enforced as rigorously as if they were included in the teacher's contract. One kindergarten teacher in a small Pennsylvania town decided, during the war, to go to New York for a weekend to say goodbye to her soldier-fiance who was about to go overseas. Local tongues started wagging. The next thing the young teacher knew she had received a call from the principal who advised her in a paternal tone that "teaching and social life couldn't mix." It was up to her to choose one or the other. She cancelled her trip.

Your Role in the Liberation of the American Teacher.

1. Learn about your child's teacher. Invite her to your home, as you would a friend.
2. Visit the school regularly. Take an active interest in the school and teacher.
3. In a disagreement between child and teacher, don't jump to conclusions. Look at both sides.
4. Join the local parent-teachers association.
5. Try to squelch gossip about teachers.
6. Remember at all times that a teacher is a human being, and can't be perfect.

Yet our teachers are most embittered by the fact that they are easy prey for thoughtless gossip-hunters. They know that their positions prohibit them from doing anything to stifle these rumor-mongers. The result, therefore, is a sense of helplessness and bitter loneliness on the part of many teachers—especially those in small communities.

THE idea seems to prevail that the teacher is a robot, an automaton whose every action is subject to control by the community. Or else the teacher is a public servant, with the emphasis on "servant."

This inconsiderate attitude toward teachers is reflected in the current battle over teachers' salaries. One legislator arose in the august chamber of the North Carolina state legislature to take a heroic stand against the passage of a bill providing for a raise in teachers' pay. "Why should we give teachers more money?" he argued. "They're making plenty now. Why the schoolmarm in my home town ever has a fur coat!"

A lucid picture of restrictions placed upon teachers has been drawn by Dr. Mary Lichliter of Boston University. In a survey of 232 separate communities in 34 states she found a recurring attitude of despair among teachers. Their complaints ran along these lines:

"I'm never invited to social and recreational functions."

"Always made to feel like a teacher."

"Set apart from the warm, human life of the community."

"Can't live my private life in privacy."

"We're the main source of gossip for townpeople whose usual topic is the behavior of the 'schoolmarm's'."

Many teachers refer bitterly to the "spy system" used by supervisors or inspection tours. Eager to catch them off guard, supervisors often resort to gestapo techniques in sneaking up on unsuspecting teachers. The teachers in turn, devise warning signals to tip each other off at the approach of a

spector. Thus, it is not surprising to find a teacher becoming extremely nervous following the "return" by a fellow teacher of a blackboard eraser which had never been borrowed in the first place. "How can a teacher use originality and initiative in the classroom when he knows that he may find his neck in a noose if he is caught by a 'cloak and dagger' operative of the school board?" a bewildered junior high school teacher wanted to know.

RECENTLY a questionnaire was given out to 160 girl seniors at Mt. Lebanon High School in Pennsylvania. They were asked to write on the topic, "Why I Wouldn't Like to Be a Teacher." Again and again the girls replied that by becoming teachers they would have to sacrifice their rights to normal life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.



Most of us look on the teacher as one whose sole function in life is to take our children off our hands for seven hours each day and to teach them the "three R's." If there is any truth in this picture we must take the responsibility for having made it so. When young teachers, fresh out of college, run up against the restrictions of a narrow-minded community, their

disappointment quickly dampens their enthusiasm for teaching. To cover up their bitterness and despair, they soon begin to act aloof and haughty. Many withdraw completely from all social life and soon become the musty people they are stereotyped as being.

The teacher shortage is already acute. Unless we start now to treat our teachers as human beings, the situation will become critical. More and more teachers and potential teachers will turn away from the profession in favor of careers which will permit them to live as free, socially accepted individuals.

The first step toward freeing the American teacher rests with the teacher-training schools. They must be geared to turn out well-rounded human beings rather than academic "grinds," stuffed with textbook knowledge. It is up to us to take up the challenge from there, by allowing teachers to develop and mature under normal conditions once they enter our school systems.

Some of the nation's leading teacher-training schools have begun to take up their share of the responsibility.

Springfield College in Massachusetts has sent its future physical training teachers into the locker rooms of professional teams made up of players of varied races and religions. Here, under the everyday conditions of athletic competition, they learn how cooperation can overcome racial tensions.

At Central Michigan College students have been sent out to mingle with leaders of the nearby Chippewa Indian community. In this way they learn to better understand the prob-

lems of the Indian children who come to their classrooms.

One of the most promising "liberating" movements for young teachers has been started at New York City College. In the college's School of Education, Dr. Mary Dare Hitchcock, herself a veteran of fifteen years of teaching in stiff-necked school communities, has started a unique program for "humanizing" the teacher of tomorrow. Teacher trainees learn how to dress for classroom and other occasions; how to style their hair; how to use makeup and, in general, how to be successful human beings.

OUR younger teachers are trying to break away from the old stereotype and to assume an active role in American life. But the success of their efforts, in the end, hinges on one important factor—public opinion. Our attitude toward teachers dates back to the days of the old Romans who utilized slaves as tutors for their children. Only the pressure of enlightened public opinion can break down the slavlike restrictions that we still maintain over our teachers.

What about your role, as an individual, in the liberation of the American teacher? Here are a few suggestions that you and other members of your community can follow:

1. Learn something about your child's teacher as a human being. Invite her to your home for tea or dinner. Try to see her in as

A little Hollywood brat in a swanky private school persisted in annoying his teacher. Finally in desperation, the teacher reprimanded him with: "Tomorrow, I want you to bring a note from your psychiatrist."

many lights as possible, as you would a friend.

2. Visit your child's school regularly. Take an active interest in what he is doing there. Find out what he thinks about his teacher. If he doesn't like her, ask him why.

3. If your child has had a disagreement with his teacher don't jump to the conclusion that the teacher is in the wrong. Above all don't take a "chip on the shoulder" attitude and threaten to report her to the principal or local school board.

4. Join the local parent-teachers association. It's certainly worth an hour or two of your time each week to learn something about the person who cares for your children seven hours a day.

5. Try to squelch gossip about teachers. They are favorite targets for local character assassins.

6. Finally, try to keep in mind at all times that the teacher is a human being with human desires and human frailties. Don't expect her to be perfect.

You may still say: "Well, all this is very interesting, but why should I be more concerned about teachers than I am about truck drivers, farmers or mail carriers?"

The answer is, of course, that our teachers are the trustees of America's most treasured possessions—your children.

"I'm sorry, madam," said the attendant at the movie, "but you can't take the dog into the theatre with you."

"How absurd," protested the woman. "What harm can pictures do to a little dog like this?"

WELFARE

It's Wonderful



The following letters, supposedly written in 1960, first appeared in the Blytheville (Ark.) Courier-News. The author is A. A. Frederickson, associate editor. The correspondence was put into the Congressional Record by Representative E. C. Cathings of Arkansas, and reprinted by the Reader's Digest.

March 28, 1960

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

Payroll Division, Redistribution
Bureau, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: After submitting it for my endorsement, my employer as usual sent my check to Washington last week to cover my participation in the federal-benefits program. But something must have happened to it.

I haven't received my certificates of entitlement for this week. My wife needs an infected tooth pulled but cannot get an appointment with the United States dentistry office here without her certificate for this week. The Dry Gulch Valley Authority has threatened to shut off my electricity if I don't turn in my certificate showing I am a paid-up consumer.

Also, until I can show my entitlements for this week, my credit has

been cut off at Brannan Memorial Delicatessen No. 82A, I can't get a pair of shoes my boy needs from the Federal Clothing Allotment Administration branch here, I can't make the next payment on my house to the Bureau of Low-Middle-Class Housing and I can't get credit for the second-quarter premium on my Government life insurance.

While I am writing you, I would like to take care of a couple of other matters. Since I have been authorized by the Bureau of Extra-Curricular Employment Assignment to raise a half-acre of black-eyed peas in my back yard, I would like to apply for the required 200 pounds of Government fertilizer.

THORNTON P. BLIVETT.

Wet Rock, Ark.

Reprinted from the Congressional Record and Reader's Digest.

THORNWALL T. BLIVETS,
Wet Rock, Ark.

DEAR MR. BLIVETS: Yours of the 28th instant received and noted.

However, you failed to submit your correspondence in octuplicate.

Kindly resubmit your letter in order that all items may be properly channeled.

QUAGMIRE K. GRAPHT,
Director, Payroll Division,
Redistribution Bureau.

P. S.—You are cautioned to note closely the carbon-paper ration for your district for the current month and penalties for exceeding same.

DIRECTOR PAROLL DIVISION.

DEAR SIR: It has been two weeks since I resubmitted. I'm now missing certificates for three weeks. My family is starving. My electricity has been shut off. My wife's jaw is infected, my insurance has been canceled and the Government is threatening to foreclose on my house. Can't you do something? And my name is not Thornwall T. Blivets.

THORNTON P. BLIVETT.

THORNWALL Z. BLIVENS,
Wet Rock, Ark.

DEAR MR. BLIVENS: In answer to your request of April 9, 1958, please find enclosed the Government manual on Sex Life of the Female Night Crawler in Lower Slobovia.

OLIVER H. RINGWORM,
Department of Animal Husbandry.

DIRECTOR, PAYROLL DIVISION.

DEAR SIR: I am now down to 103 pounds and barefoot. For goodness

sake, do something! Even if it's only getting my name right.

THORNTON P. BLIVETT.

THORNLEY E. GLIVENS,
Wet Rock, Ark.

DEAR MR. GLIVENS: As per your request, 103 pounds of fertilizer is being shipped to you express collect.

CROMWELL C. COMPOST,
Department of Utter Fertility.

DIRECTOR, PAYROLL DIVISION.

DEAR SIR: What's the matter with you people? A month has passed since I wrote you. I'm now out of a job and living in a tent on the courthouse lawn. Can't even get unemployment compensation because you've got my records all tied up. I beg of you, get this mess straightened out.

THORNTON P. BLIVETT.

THORNY C. SPIVENS,
Wet Rock, Ark.

DEAR MR. SPIVENS: After a thorough check of your records, we fail to understand your trouble.

According to our files, you died February 16 last year.

Such being the case, you will report immediately to the public embalming administration branch office nearest your home. In your case, this office is located in Formaldehyde, Arizona.

We hope this takes care of your case. We have been happy to assist you, and assure you that any future business you may have with our department will be just as speedily consummated.

CLIFTON Q. BUNGSTARTER,
Federal Benefits Administration

Thoughts For The New Year

A third collectivist movement which has been at work in the arena of American political thought for about 15 years has done the most damage. In some quarters it has succeeded in creating actual hostility toward facts, a militant refusal to accept the truth. Its leaders are the economic "planners," or more correctly described as "disguised Socialists."

They are trying to persuade us that in exchange for various material benefits from the government—such as subsidies, money grants and special privilege (all at taxpayers' expense)—we should not hesitate to give up a little of freedom here and there. This is the same materialism, basically, that motivates Communism and Socialism. Make no mistake, it is powerful! It clashes head-on with the spiritual values in Christianity, yet it has won enough naked physical force, in Russia and her satellites, to have already conquered and enslaved a third of the world's population.

—Harding College Letter

▲
Politics . . . is the art of interference. Its substance is power. It has nothing to do with the growing of potatoes, the making of shoes or the selling of automobiles—the things that men do of their own accord for their mutual benefit. Politics cannot make a single good; it can only take. For all his pretensions and self-delusion, the politician can only concern himself with the giving of privileges to some (including himself) to the disadvantage of others. He has no other competence.

—Analysis.

As other countries have found out, we can't surrender just a little bit of our independence! In this world of nations, you are either grown up or you are a child. Your Government is either your hired servant—or it is your boss! It may be a kind boss at first, but there is never any guarantee, human beings being what they are, that it may not be a very severe boss later on—when it is too late to do anything about it.

—Newton (N. C.) Observer.

▲
What has happened to Norwegians lately shouldn't happen to a cave-man. This land of timber, located right next door to match-making Sweden, has just about run out of matches—and a lot of other things.

The Norwegian liberal weekly, *Farmand*, says that "No country (west of the Iron Curtain) has carried government regulations and controls of trade and industry to such extremes as Norway."

The result: "In all countries (of Europe) there are more goods available and at cheaper prices than in Norway." Today, in Norway, it is "difficult to get fresh fruit. Difficult to get meat. Impossible to buy handkerchiefs. Impossible to get an automobile. Impossible to purchase a refrigerator. Impossible to get a telephone."

"There is even," says *Farmand*, "a shortage of such necessities as matches in this land of forests. . . . On some farms people are compelled by necessity to use the old flint and steel method to make fire in the stove."

Can these be the blessings of socialism? —Economic Intelligence

Painting His Way Through College

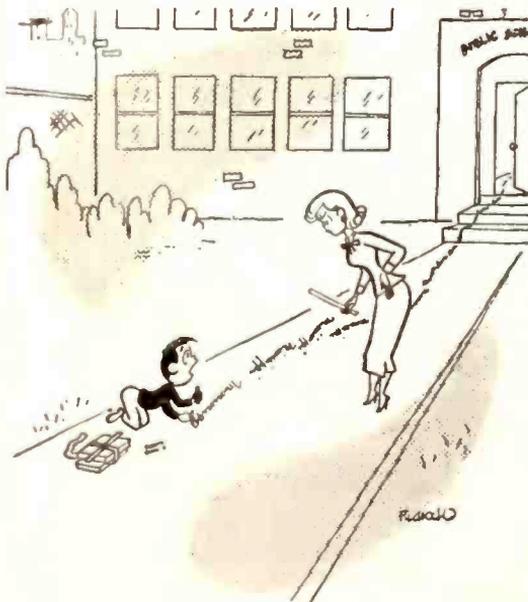
“WHERE can I find a good portrait painter?” asked a tall bearded man in 1810.

“Try young Morse at Yale,” said his friend. “He’s an enterprising young fellow who is helping to pay his way through college with his painting. He’s good too. He will go far!”

Yes, Samuel Morse did go far—but not as a painter. We remember him as the inventor of the telegraph. At 40 he gave up his rather successful career as a painter, turned from the security of life as Professor of Fine Arts at New York University, and went to live in one room. There he ate, slept and worked for 12 years, always with the idea of telegraph pounding in his brain. He knew he had the germ of an idea and his college interest in electrical experiments gave him a head start. But it was a long hard road to travel. He stopped his experiments only long enough to give painting lessons to support himself. Even so, he often lived on bread and tea.

But when Morse died at the age of 81, fame and security had come to him. He was hailed as the greatest inventor of his time. The telegraph message had revolutionized business. Messages sent in minutes meant much to a world that had used slow means of communication through the centuries. Gone forever were the semaphore means of long distance communication, the beacon fires on hill tops, and the flag waving signals.

Samuel Morse gave the world one of its outstanding inventions at a time when it was greatly needed, and he died secure in the knowledge that the world was a better place because he had lived.—Julie Holmes.

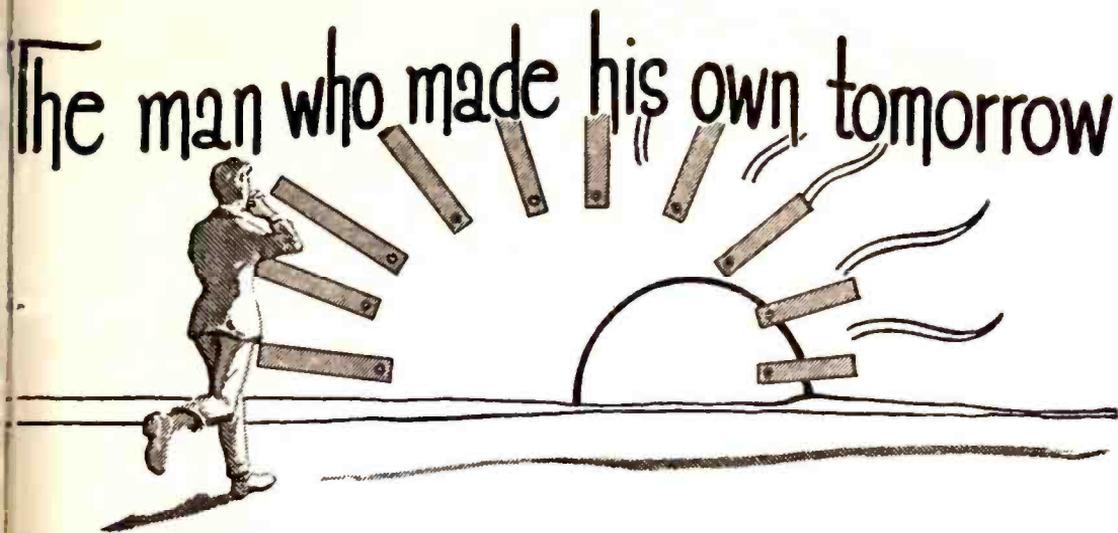


▲
A motorist vacationing in the Blue Ridge Mountains stopped at a one-pump gas station in front of a mountaineer’s cabin. After the tank was full, his wife asked the proprietor if there were a “ladies’ rest room” in the vicinity.

“Nope,” he said, “but there’s a mighty comfortable rocker up there on the porch.”

▲
Among the props for an amateur theatrical show was a caged snake. One night the snake got out and wrapped itself around another stage prop—the telephone—just before a big scene. The leading lady walked on stage, prepared to answer the ringing phone. Just as she was about to pick it up, she spotted the writhing snake. Frozen, she stood there, letting the phone ring. In desperation, the director sent the actress who was playing the maid on stage to pick up the snake. The woman went bravely in and snatched up the reptile. But, standing there with the snake in her hand, she thought she ought to say something to the gaping audience. “Pardon me, miss,” the maid said calmly, “but I forgot to tidy up this morning.”

“You said I’d have to write Mississippi 500 times because I mis-spelled it . . . so I thought I’d do it on my way home.”



Faith in America made this Norwegian immigrant top man in the new U. S. harmonica field.

by HAROLD PRINCE

FOR a man who came to this country twenty-five years ago with twenty-five dollars in his pocket and a love for the harmonica, Finn H. Magnus of Essex Falls, N. J., is doing just fine. These days, his harmonicas are blowing to the tune of millions of dollars a year. That's the gross from the new American harmonica industry which Magnus founded with the invention of the all-plastic harmonica in 1943.

Around New Jersey, this blond, husky man who traces his ancestry back to the Vikings, is known affectionately as the "King of the Harmonica." He might be described with equal accuracy as the Henry Ford of the plastic musical instrument business. How he got that way is a rag-to-

riches story that he never tires of saying "could only happen here."

When the 17-year-old Norwegian clerk arrived in New York in 1925, he was sure that there were great opportunities in this country for anyone willing to give more than he got. Magnus was eager to prove his philosophy, and his first step after renting a room was to begin looking for work. Bewildered by the maze of strange city streets, he got lost, and neither found his room nor the baggage he left there.

But he did find a job—as stevedore. While he studied at night, in rapid succession he was a dishwasher, elevator operator, and factory stock clerk. Then he joined the Button Corporation of America, and in nine years climbed from night machine operator to superintendent and general manager. By ordinary standards here was success enough for a lifetime, but Magnus was just beginning.

One day in 1941, Magnus went shopping for a harmonica—the metal type. But in store after store, there

were no harmonicas to be had. Salesmen explained to him that the war had cut off the supply from German and Japanese manufacturers.

"Aren't there any American makes?" Magnus asked one salesman.

"Don't be silly," was the reply. "There are eighty metal parts to each harmonica! You need 180 separate operations to put them together. It takes days! Who's got time for that?"

"How about mass production?" Magnus inquired.

"Can't be done," snapped the salesman. "You need special skills. Harmonica reeds must be tuned by hand." And as Magnus walked out of the store, he heard the salesman scoff, "Who ever heard of American harmonicas?"

But Magnus wouldn't admit for a moment that his adopted country couldn't do anything—and do it better—than Germany or Japan. He'd prove it! And now he gambled all his money, his time, health and future on this deep-rooted patriotism. He'd show the world that America could mass produce harmonicas — *from plastics!* When scientists, engineers and plastic experts heard what he wanted to do, they chorused, "Impossible!"

"But I was too dumb to know how hard it was," Magnus says. "I just went ahead and did it."

THUS a new American industry was born. Today, with machines turning out 6000 harmonicas each hour, the Magnus plant at Newark, New Jersey, is the hub of the world's harmonica industry, and the foreign stranglehold on this rich market has been broken forever.

That means hectic days for Magnus. But, busy though he is, Magnus takes time for an absorbing outside interest—combating juvenile delinquency. It all began with an excited phone call from an elementary school principal in one of Newark's toughest sections.

"Mr. Magnus," the educator shouted, "I've caught the criminals!"

"What criminals?" the surprised Magnus wanted to know.

"Why—why" the principal stammered, "the boys who stole your harmonicas."

Then Magnus remembered . . . some harmonicas ready for shipment to Iran had been stolen. Now the principal had identified some of his students as the culprits.

"Of course," he told Magnus, "you'll want to bring charges in Children's Court."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," was the Magnus retort.

He told the principal that behind the boys' anti-social acts lay an unfulfilled longing to play musical instruments."

So, instead of prosecuting, Magnus gave away dozens of harmonicas at a school assembly. He assigned a professional harmonica player to give free lessons. Within a few weeks, the kids had organized a harmonica band, mastered selections in four-part harmony . . . and delinquency had dropped to a new low.

In a schedule as crowded as Magnus', there is little time for social life. Summer weekends are spent at his seashore cottage in Manasquan, N. J., swimming or deep-sea fishing in his 40-foot boat. An avid fisherman;

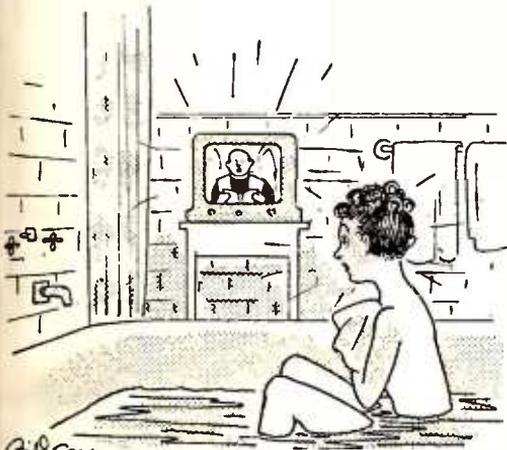
Magnus has caught two 7-foot, 4-inch marlins this year and entered a national tuna contest.

BUSINESS continues to be Magnus' greatest interest. Up at 6:30 a.m., he drives 15 miles from his Essex Falls, N. J., home, and is at his desk in Newark by eight. Two nights a week, at least, he stays at the plant until 7 or 8 at night.

Then home to his wife and eight year old son, Kenneth. After dinner, he slips out to the experimental laboratory adjoining his garage, for two or three hours more work. Most of his new ideas (and he has more than 30 on drawing boards) are tested there before plant engineers see them.

Since 1943, many of those new ideas have become best sellers in the music field. Soon after Magnus' develop-

"Before taxes our profits amounted to \$14,230,000," the treasurer reported to the board. "After taxes," he continued, "we transferred it to the petty cash account."



... and, now, we shall all stand to sing the last verse!"

ment of the simple all-plastic harmonica, accordions, concertinas, chromatic harmonicas, and keymonicas (a cross between the clarinet harmonica and button accordion) began to stream from his plant. This year he produced the world's first portable electric organ, no bigger than a table radio, but giving the rich, sustained tones of a grand organ.

Today, the youth of America, hungry for inexpensive instruments with which to begin their musical educations, are off to a flying start—thanks to one man who never lost faith in America and the American way of doing things. "This is the land of opportunity," Finn H. Magnus says, "and you'll be surprised to find how many opportunities there are for you if you just decide to give more than you get!"

Up to 16 a lad is a boy scout. After that he is a girl scout.

The instructor was teaching the cute young thing how to drive a car. "This," said he, "is the hand brake. You put it on quickly in case of an emergency."

"Oh, I see," was the cute young thing's exclamation. "It's something like a kimona."

The man arrived home rather late with a heavy red mark on his forehead.

"Is that lipstick?" queried his wife ominously.

"No, it's blood, I've had a nasty accident on the way home."

"Humph," said the wife, "that was lucky for you."

"What do you mean by coming in so late?" demanded Jerry's daddy.

A sudden inspiration came to the boy, "Oh, Dad," he said, "I forgot to tell you, I knew you wouldn't mind. I was sitting up with the sick son of the sick man you told mother you visited last night."

Radio's Role in Progress

RADIO Station KVOO in Tulsa, Oklahoma, held its Silver Anniversary a few months ago. The station announced a contest in which listeners were invited to tell the station, in their own words, how they viewed "Radio's Role in Progress." The letters poured in, but from them all, the judges could select only one for first place. It follows:

"Perhaps because radio came only in our later years, we appreciate it more fully.

"Picture us, in 1925, a childless, middle-aged farm couple, far from town, few neighbors, no music—our recreation a 'Daily,' and magazines.

"Comes a modern miracle—Atwater-Kent, with its big horn. We invest. Immediate returns; Music, Church services, News commentators.

"Sports become realities; World Series, Kentucky Derby, The Rose-Bowl, New Year's Eve in Times Square.

"Politics become interesting; we hear National Conventions, Presidential Candidates, election returns.

"Come Amos and Andy, in their taxi cab; we laugh.

"Comes Lindy's triumphs and tragedy; Will Rogers last flight, and we mourn.

Foreign Broadcasts, now! Big Ben, a Coronation, Hitler shouting. We grow old and leave the farm; our radio friends go with us.

"Fire-side Chats, Miles of Dimes, Lottery of the Gold-Fish Bowl; Pearl Harbor, War! Radio reports from all fronts.

"Bells tolling, a slow-moving Funeral Train. A new voice accepting responsibility.

"V-Day-rejoicing. Peace problems, United Nations, Goodwill Trains, Marshall Plans. Counting costs, looking ahead.

"Yes, radio makes life vivid. We applaud.

"Radio's role in progress? To keep us all in tune with the times; to inform, inspire, instruct and entertain. A marvelous role, indeed."

"P. S. My husband passed away, last year, but radio gave him many happy hours, and so many were from your station.

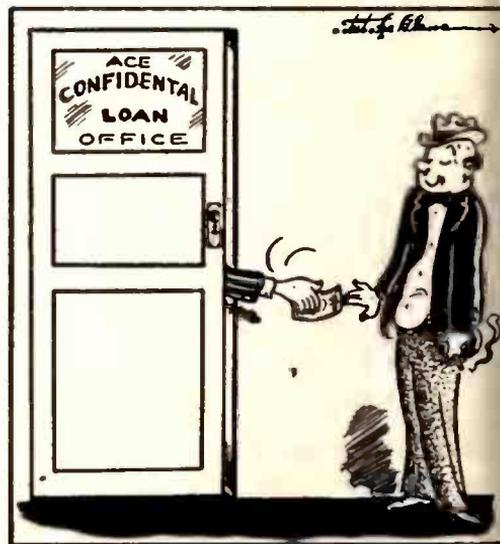
Thank you."

Two women were discussing a third. Said one, "Well, you have to admit she's awfully kind to her inferiors."

After a pause, the other retorted, "But where does she find them?"

"Tell me what you eat, and I'll tell you what you are," said a lunch-counter philosopher. Whereupon a meek little man sitting a few stools away, called to the waiter: "Cancel my order for shrimp salad, please."

The younger generation's great mistake is that it has learned things too readily from the older.



THE CROSS OF LORRAINE



AND HEALTH



One woman had an idea. It worked, and a dread disease has been conquered in America.

by DOROTHY TOOKER

THE double bars of the Cross of Lorraine speak the names of two women: Joan of Arc, patron of France, and Emily Bissell, American crusader against tuberculosis. This cross, combining the Greek and Roman types, was an old patriarchal emblem of Lorraine during the Middle Ages, and had flown on the banners of the crusaders, notably Godfrey de Bouillon during the First Crusade, long before St. Joan bore it with her to the siege of Orleans in 1429. As far back as the ninth century it was prominent in Byzantine art, and to this day it is regarded as the emblem of the Greek Orthodox Church, forming part of the heraldic arms of its patriarch. In the Roman Catholic Church

it is known as the archepiscopal cross because it is present in the arms of an archbishop and is carried before him in processions.

Traditionally symbolizing hope and humanity, the Cross of Lorraine was suggested by a Parisian physician, Dr. Sersiron, as the emblem of the worldwide campaign against the Great White Plague, tuberculosis. It was formally adopted by the International Conference on Tuberculosis in Berlin in 1902, and four years later became the emblem of the National Tuberculosis Association of the United States. No single factor has contributed more to popularizing the anti-tuberculosis campaign fought under the Cross of Lorraine than the Christmas seals originated by Emily Bissell.

It all started casually enough back in 1907. Emily Bissell's cousin, Dr. Joseph P. Wales, a Wilmington physician, asked her to help him raise \$300 to support an open-air tuberculosis home which he and several other doc-

tors had established on Brandywine Creek. There they were following the *Fresh Air and Rest* program prescribed by Dr. Edward L. Trudeau. Their own eight patients in the shack seemed to be improving, but they needed money desperately. Although the doctors donated their services, the land on which the shack stood was rented for \$1 a year from Alfred I. duPont, and it was staffed by a volunteer cook and nurse themselves tubercular, the project had to be abandoned unless money could be raised. Dr. Wales was despondent, for he felt that the only chance of cure for these patients lay in complete rest in the shack.



Inspired by an article she had read about Danish Christmas stamps sold to finance the erection of a tuberculosis sanatorium, Emily Bissell decided to try something similar in this country. She approached the Delaware Red Cross and received an enthusiastic response and permission to use the Red Cross emblem. In spite of the refusal of the Postmaster General to allow Christmas stamps to be sold through the United States post offices, Emily Bissell—still without money—located a printer who would take the job on speculation. She sketched a holly garland surrounding a Red Cross, wrote the words *Merry Christmas* underneath, then appealed to an artist friend for a few finishing professional touches. Soon the seal was printed, in gay holiday red, and was put on sale, by women volunteers, on December 7, 1907.

Several days later *The North American*, Philadelphia's great newspaper, got behind the seal drive. Gasping with delight when the editor asked her for 50,000 of her little stickers, Emily Bissell hurried back to Wilmington to set the printer to work again. Fifty thousand were all she had originally ordered! But the presses were soon rolling, and pennies began rolling in. In spite of predictions that tuberculosis was too morbid a subject to bring up during the holiday season, the crusade against the Great White Plague caught on. Emily Bissell smiled quietly to herself—she had been counting on that very generous, holiday mood! Yet even she was dumbfounded when the pennies were counted. Instead of \$300, she had raised \$3000!

REALIZING the potentialities of the drive to aid all mankind, Emily Bissell quietly settled down to what was to be her life work. The following year her seals, designed by the famous illustrator Howard Pyle, were distributed throughout the country by the Red Cross. In 1910 there began a decade-long partnership between that organization and the more recently formed National Tuberculosis Association, the Red Cross sponsoring the seal sale which was conducted by local tuberculosis agencies. In 1920 the Red Cross withdrew, and for the first time the seals were sponsored by the National Tuberculosis Association and sold by affiliated state and local associa-



tions. That same Christmas the Red Cross on the health seal was replaced by the Cross of Lorraine, and since that time the drive against what was once one of the most deadly and dreaded of diseases has been conducted under this old pledge of humanity and hope. Amazingly, the total work of the tuberculosis associations, both national and local, is financed solely through the sale of Emily Bissell's seals.

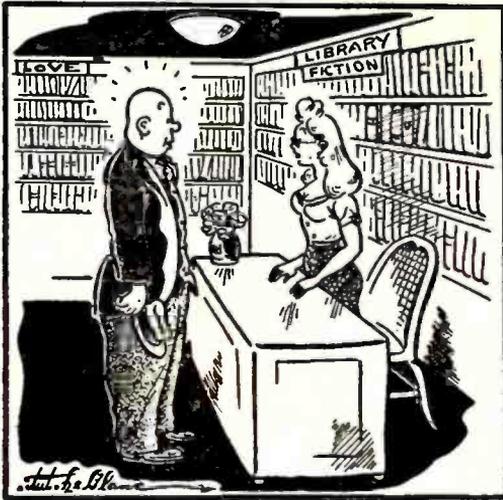
Through the years the tuberculosis crusade has varied. At first the problem was to educate a frightened public that tuberculosis was no disgrace, and that it could be prevented and even arrested if diagnosed early enough. Dr. Trudeau's slogan of *Fresh Air and Rest* swept the country. Where individual doctors formerly spotted isolated cases of tuberculosis, mass chest X-ray surveys are becoming routine throughout the country. Suspicious cases are easily discovered and rounded up for further examination and treatment. Different, too, are our modern light, airy sanatoriums with their workshops and recreation rooms as well as comfortable beds.

RESEARCH today would make Robert Koch, discoverer of the germ that causes tuberculosis, blink in amazement. How great the gulf between the tiny East Prussian office where he isolated the tubercle bacillus

from our great institutes for medical investigation! As great as the difference between the \$3000 netted by the first Christmas seal sale, and the \$20,000,000 in 1949.

Through the years the Christmas seal itself has varied greatly with numerous artists lending their skill to its production. Although seal designs are selected in open competition, the intricacies of such a small art work, plus the four-color printing process now used, make it almost mandatory that the modern tuberculosis seal be the work of a trained artist. Emily Bissell's simple *Merry Christmas* has proved to be the most popular sentiment expressed, but *Health Greetings*, *Christmas Greetings*, *Christmas, Greetings*, and *Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year* have all been used. Two seals have lacked a written greeting. Seal designs have depicted candles, Santa Clauses, ships, angels, carollers, sleighs—all sorts of motifs suggesting the spirit of the holidays except Christ Himself. No matter how close to the heart of Christ the association's work of mercy may be, it is only incidentally associated with the season of His birth, through the timing of the seal. Those who might deplore this fact are assured, however, as Emily Bissell's Christmas seal sale continues from year to year under the blessed Cross of Lorraine—symbol of humanity and hope.





"Have you any hair-raising stories?"

A Hollywood star had a studio photograph taken, and fumed at the result. "I can't understand it," she wailed. "The last time I posed for you, the photographs were heavenly."

"Ah, yes," the cameraman replied, "but you must remember that I was eight years younger then."

A college president was wailing to one of his professors about the rise of prices. "Everything has gone out of sight," he moaned.

"Calm yourself," soothed the professor. "I know of three things that haven't gone up."

"Really?" asked the president, open-mouthed in amazement.

"Yes," replied the professor, "your opinion of me, my opinion of you, and the students' opinion of both of us."

The government official in charge of agriculture had instructed the old farmer to collect his stock of every description and have them branded.

"I suppose that's all right," sighed the farmer, "but honest, mister, I'm going to have a helluva time with them bees."

The applicant for a job as housemaid was being interviewed by the employment agent and was asked if she had any preference as to the kind of family she would like to work for.

"Any kind," she replied, "but high-brows."

"You don't like to work for highbrows?"

"You bet I don't," she said. "I worked for a pair of them once—and never again. Him and her was fighting all the time and it kept me running back and forth from the keyhole to the dictionary till I was worn to a frazzle."

"You're getting prettier every day."

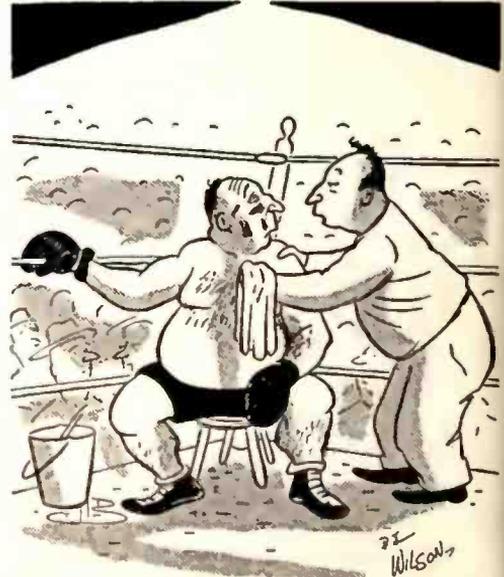
"Well!! No one else had the nerve to tell me that!"

"But why . . ."

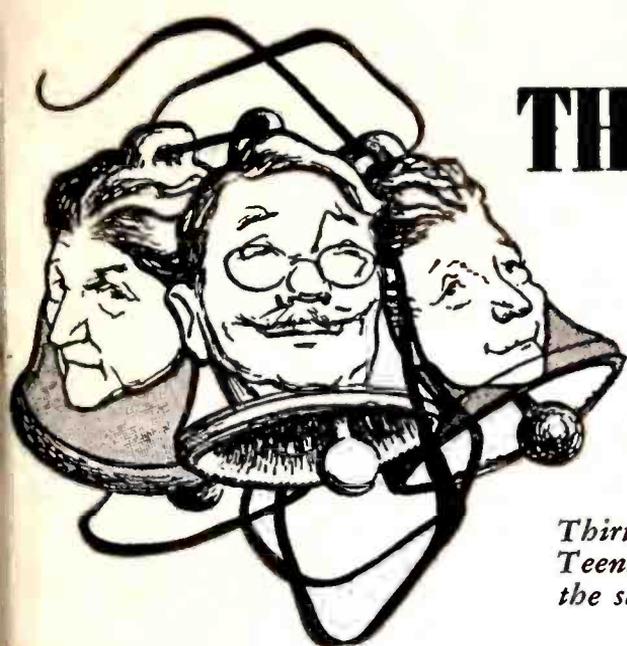
"No one seemed to think I could be any prettier."

The after-dinner speaker had talked for 15 minutes. "After partaking of such a meal," he continued, "I feel if I had eaten any more I would be unable to talk."

From the far end of the table came an order to a waiter: "Give him a sandwich."



"Use strategy on him. Start throwing some lucky punches."



THE KNELL OF ROMANCE

*Thirty years as old maids . . . then
Teenie and Tessie fell in love with
the same man!*

by GRIGGORY DOLE

JOE BLAKE, the grocery boy, had just gone by on his last delivery when Teenie and Tessie saw him coming across the lawn. Teenie had no more than time to whisper, "It's a man!" before there came a gentle rat-tat-tat on the screen door.

"How-dyu-yu-dyu!"

Their caller was squat, round-faced, gray-haired, wore glasses on a black ribbon, and spoke with a sibilant sound as if he were sucking soup with every syllable.

Badly flustered, the two maiden sisters couldn't find their voices.

But their visitor kept right on talking.

"Inasmuch as we are next-door neighbors, I thought it only polite to call. My name is Jennings—Wilber D. Jennings. I bought the Reynolds house. Perhaps you've heard."

Teenie and Tessie walked out onto the porch.

Tessie was the first to speak, and her voice sounded high and unnatural, "Won't you sit down?"

"It would be, indeed, a pleasure. Living alone as I do now makes me yearn for companionship. I've always liked company—always."

When Teenie and Tessie replied to their caller's almost continuous conversation, it was usually with a single word or phrase, but that did not seem to bother Mr. Jennings. His words flowed endlessly. Before the evening was over and by the time he had strolled back across the lawn, the sisters had learned that he was a retired undertaker, was a direct descendant of an old Mayflower family, always voted the Republican ticket, was fond of checkers and birds, and would be glad of a chance to sing tenor in the church choir.

Not a thing had been said about a

wife or family. It stood to reason that if he had any, he would most certainly have mentioned them first of all.

"He's real nice," said Tessie to her sister.

"And such a scholar!" Teenie glowed. "Did you notice how he used those big words?"

"Yes, and I watched him when he cleaned his glasses. He rubbed and rubbed until he made them shine like Aunt Hepzibah's goblets."

"I hope he comes again," Teenie admitted. "He isn't like most men."

If that was a wish, she soon had it granted. Mr. Jennings came the next night, and the next, and the next—in fact, he seemed to make a regular custom of sauntering across the lawn just at dusk.

The fourth night he called, Tessie went to offer him a chair when Teenie, dragging up a rocker, spoke up sharply, "No, you'd better have this." That night the two sisters did not kiss each other as had always been their habit before retiring to their separate rooms.

ON the seventh night Mr. Jennings was no more than launched into a detailed account of an exciting trip to Binghamton than his audience began to act strangely. Whenever he would pause, Teenie would exclaim, "How very interesting!", only to hear a loud "Humph!" from Tessie. Then, whenever Tessie spoke up, "It must have been wonderful," she distinctly heard Teenie sniff in the way she always did when she didn't believe a word of what the minister was saying.

For some reason, life in the sisters'

home wasn't what it used to be. By a long-standing agreement, Teenie had always done all the washing and ironing and mending, while Tessie did all the cooking and cleaning.

Teenie didn't like clam chowder and veal stew because they upset her digestion. But now Tessie was serving them nearly every day. But that wasn't the worst of the situation. After Teenie finished with the washing and ironing, when Tessie went to put on her favorite house apron, there was a place in it just as if somebody had been scrubbing with sandpaper—and two buttons were gone!

The thirteenth night that Mr. Jennings came over, he got a surprise. Teenie was sitting in the rocker on one end of the porch, and Tessie in the grandfather's chair at the other end. Being a polite man and not wishing to cause any hard feelings, he took the straight chair with the wishbone back and placed it in the center where he sat down.

But talking from that point wasn't so easy. Mr. Jennings had to raise his voice as loud as the preacher's on Sunday. When he would turn to Teenie, a derisive cackle always came from Tessie's end of the porch, and when he addressed Tessie, an unwomanly snicker from Teenie was unmistakably clear. He went home an hour earlier than usual.

That night when Teenie was moving toward her room, Tessie met her half-way down the hall. Her eyes were blazing and her lips were drawn to a thin line.

"From now on, Albertina Merriam, our paths must not cross! You go your way and I'll go mine. That goes for

cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, mending—everything!”

Sparks shot from Teenie's eyes and her voice sounded grim as she said, "Very well, Theresa Merriam. It's too bad we didn't do this a long time ago."

When Joe Blake came around the next day to get two separate orders for groceries, he didn't know what to make of it. But that was nothing



compared to what the Ladies' Aid women told each other when they saw two separate lines of clothes hanging out to dry later in the morning, nor what Joe Blake muttered under his breath when he made his delivery at dinner-time and found Teenie seated at the table in the kitchen, and Tessie at the one in the parlor, and both sisters chewing fiercely.

What would happen next in that house divided, no one was prepared to guess!

IT was that very evening that Teenie and Tessie were almost jolted out of their senses. When Mr. Jennings came ambling over at his usual time, he was togged out as they had never seen him. He was wearing a fawn-colored fedora, a high-standing collar with a red cravat-tie, and a vest with

such large polka dots that it looked like the breast of a young robin. He even had a new purple ribbon for his nose-glasses.

At such a sight, the hearts of both sisters fluttered wildly.

Mr. Jennings wasted no time, but began to speak as if he were a Fourth of July orator:

"Ladies, I come here tonight as the bearer of glad tidings. When I purchased the Reynolds property, my wife, the esteemed Mrs. Jennings, foolishly vowed she would never consent to live in a lonely country hamlet. But in today's mail I received a letter in which, praise God, she has finally relented. That is why I must cut my visit shorter than usual tonight, in order to meet her at the arrival of the 8:25 train. But be of good cheer. Within a very few hours it will be my pleasure to make you acquainted with one of God's noblest creatures—my beloved spouse—the esteemed Mrs. Jennings!"

Long before their caller had thus delivered himself of speech, Teenie and Tessie had withdrawn from his hearing. At the very first mention of the word "wife" they arose as one, marched with their heads in the air to the screen door, opened it, passed inside, and locked it after them.

Indoors, each looked at the other with a fond light in their eyes.

"I think tomorrow," said Tessie, "that I will bake a chicken pie."

Chicken pie was Teenie's favorite dish above everything else.

"And I'm going to ask Joe Blake," spoke up Teenie, "to bring that apron with the flower pattern that you've wanted for so long."

Budget—1950 Style

I RAN ACROSS an ancient treatise called a budget that I purchased in a moment of lofty resolve around 1940. True, I gave it up after a short while, but I decided to compare it with a 1950 budget. So here is my budget for a family of five.

BUDGET ITEMS	% OF INCOME 1940	% OF INCOME 1950
Savings	10%	Hah!
Food	18%	50%
Shelter	22%	"Now here is a nice little post-war cottage for \$18,500!"
Clothing	17%	"This old '41 topcoat holds up well, doesn't it?"
Operating Expenses.....	20%	50%
Pet Luxuries.....	5%	One round steak per month
Hobbies	3%	Trying to pay for one round steak.
Advancement.....	5%	Hunh?
Totals.....	100%	100%

—Aubrey G. Lockhart

A man who was fond of playing practical jokes, sent a friend a telegram, charges collect, which read: "I am perfectly well."

About a week later, the joker received a heavy package on which he was required to pay a large express charge. Opening it he found a big block of concrete on which was pasted this message: "This is the weight your telegram lifted from my mind."

Last season during the progress of an opera in New York, the star became suddenly ill. His place was taken by a young and unknown tenor, who received little applause from the bored audience. However, at one tense point in the performance, the young tenor's six-year-old son, seated near the front stood up in his seat in his enthusiasm and called out in a loud voice, "Bravo, Daddy! That was swell!"

There was a moment of silence, then the audience cheered the startled father in encore after encore.

A woman bought a car after visiting eight showrooms. Asked how she finally decided, she said: "I walked into the showroom with a sore finger which was bandaged, and this salesman was the only one who asked me about it and seemed sympathetic."—Slim Barnard, *Los Angeles Examiner*.

Watching an inebriated man try without success to unlock the door to his house, a policeman asked if he could handle the key for him. "No, thanks," the man replied, "I can hold the key—you hold the house."



—Ed Bauer, TWA Skyliner

ONE SHOVELFUL OF ISLAND



The British Empire has an island it can carry in a pail!

by BARNEY SCHWARTZ

IT'S just a shovelful of lava rock and soil in a glass showcase, duly entered and recorded in the British Registry as a possession of the empire. You can find it on display in the Royal Museum in London, a curious thing that many sightseers pass up because it looks like nothing—or, rather, like nothing they've ever seen before in a museum.

Nevertheless, it's Graham Island.

The eighth of June, 1831, was mild and a bit hazy as His Majesty's Ship *Courier* made its way through the Mediterranean Sea. The compass showed the course was northwest and 100 miles off the coast of Spain.

Captain Peter Graham, resting in his cabin, didn't have to glance at the chart to know where he was sailing. The good captain knew these waters as you know your backyard.

Suddenly, from the crow's nest, came the excited cry, "Land ahoy!"

Captain Graham sprang from his seat. "Who's on watch?" he demanded angrily. "There's no land for a hundred miles!" However, a shout of land is an impelling thing to a sailor, and the captain dashed to the bridge, put his glasses to his eyes and saw.

There was no time for remarks. He went into immediate action, shouting commands for a change of course—and it was good that he did. Only by swerving at a perilous angle was he able to keep his ship from striking reefs of an—yes, it was an island in front of him.

Let it be said in the captain's defense that nobody aboard his vessel was more amazed than he. This island had never been seen before. But, it was there, its brown cliffs rising as high as 300 feet out of the ocean.

"All hands stand by!" shouted Graham. He had found something of great value. An island at this spot was so strategic that one cannon alone could control the strait. Such a fortress would be even better than Gibraltar—and the British could use it.

Here was a discovery equal in importance to a new continent!

He issued his orders. "Assemble a landing party and lower a boat. We are going ashore to claim this land in the name of the King!"

Captain Graham marvelled at the richness of the soil. Rocks were plentiful, but there was no vegetation. Nor were there any inhabitants. "There's nothing to stop us from claiming it," he rejoiced. A broad grin lightened his weather-beaten face. Fortune had smiled benignly on him. He thought of the favorable reaction at the Admiralty.

AFTER planting the Union Jack in the soil, he ordered members of his crew to shovel some loam and a few rocks into a bucket as proof of this momentous discovery.

Back on the *Courier*, the captain commanded, "Full speed ahead for Southampton!" His eyes were merry, his hopes high. "Every man will be given an extra ration of grog to celebrate!"

When his ship was at anchor at Southampton, the captain left for London amid cheers from his happy crew. The precious rocks and soil were with him, and he carried them down Bird Cage Walk which leads to the Admiralty.

"Incredible!" breathed the members of a board which reviewed his find. They lost no time accepting the island and officially entering it as a possession. The advantages of a stretch of land at that spot in the sea were unlimited.

The Houses of Parliament named it "Graham Island," and, with that sig-

nal honor, Captain Graham became the most-talked-about figure in the United Kingdom. He was lionized by society and learned the meaning of the word fame.

But, fate had played a trick on him.

Six months later, two other captains hurried to the Admiralty.

"Graham Island . . . pah!" stormed one of them. "There's no such place!"

"He's right, your Graces," agreed the other addressing the officials of the Admiralty. "I too have searched and searched for it—without success."

Maps were hastily reviewed. Reports were signed. The Admiralty was in a frenzy.

The order went out to "Call Captain Graham!"

Bewildered at this sudden turn of events, Captain Graham immediately set sail for his island. Sleep was farthest from his mind. He paced the bridge as the *Courier* plowed through the waters at top speed. He wanted to bring more rocks and soil back to England to show them he was not a fraud. Already he missed the prospects of more of the happy life he was leading as a hero.

But, he, like the other captains could not find the island. For days, then weeks, he checked and rechecked. Finally, he gave up. The island was gone. He returned to London to receive the censure he knew would be heaped upon him.

There was only one explanation. An underwater earthquake had caused land to rise to the surface just a short time before Graham happened upon it. And, by another quirk, the Mediterranean had again swallowed the land.

THE captain, unwittingly, had placed the government in a very embarrassing situation. His discovery had been placed in the British Registry and there was no way of saving face—except to retain the “island.”

Therefore, it was retained—in the British Museum. A mere shovelful of rocks and soil inside a glass showcase.

If Captain Graham came across any other islands in his travels, he never reported them. He had learned his lesson.

Flying over Oklahoma, a passenger asked the pilot to produce a flying saucer for the crowd. Said Continental's Captain R. M. Powers: “Never see 'em over Oklahoma. This is a dry state.”



“Thank Goodness—for a minute I was afraid it was a flyin' saucer!”

Yet, he was responsible for saving many lives and many ships from disaster—and few realized it for many years. In the Mediterranean, 100 miles northwest of the coast of Spain, skippers of vessels are careful to steam around the dangerous reefs they all know as Graham Shoals. Those same shoals are the tops of the 300-foot mountains which Captain Graham saw on “his island.”

A caller at a certain house in Isreal which was divided into several apartments rang the bell and asked the man who answered the door if he could speak to Mr. Erwin Muller.

“But you rang the bell only once,” the caller was accused.

“Yes,” he replied, taken aback.

“Well, can't you see the card over the bell says ‘Ring twice for Erwin Muller’? Must I keep running backwards and forwards for every Tom, Dick and Harry who rings the bell only once?”

The caller apologized profusely and the other slammed the door angrily in his face. Timidly the caller rang again—twice.

To his embarrassment, the same man opened the door. “Oh, I'm really so sorry,” said the caller. “Can I speak to Mr. Erwin Muller?”

“Yes, go on—I'm Erwin Muller.”

Eddie, the hardware store clerk, had made a name for himself as the most inefficient and discourteous salesman ever. The atmosphere when he was absent one day was like the tranquil beauty of summer weather after a thunderstorm. One regular customer remarked on the difference.

“Eddie ain't just away,” said the proprietor, “he don't work here anymore.”

“Do you have any one in mind for the vacancy?” the customer asked.

“Nope,” said the proprietor, “Eddie didn't leave no vacancy.”

The Christmas Gift To All Children

CHRISTMAS is supposed to be the happiest day of the year. But Professor Moore, a learned, dignified college instructor, knew that his Christmas in the year 1822 was going to be one of the saddest of his life. His seven-year-old son was dying, and there seemed to be nothing that he could do, even though the doctor had told him his son's illness was not too serious. The boy just didn't want to live, because one of his dearest possessions was dead; his pony.

That afternoon the boy had been happy. He raced his pony up and down a winding path, shouting and laughing. Then suddenly the pony slipped and fell. The lad hit the ground with a jolt and lay still. The pony, its leg broken, thrashed about, trying to get to its feet. That's how friends found them later. They shot the pony and carried the little boy home.

Doctors examined the lad and said there was nothing wrong but a mild case of shock and a slight loss of blood. But the boy, who felt the loss of his pony terribly, cried, saying he wanted to die with his pet.

As the hours passed his condition grew worse. Silent tears streamed down his face. And although his father pleaded with him to get well, the lad shook his head. He was no longer interested in Christmas, in another pony, in life. He wanted to die.

The professor left the room and went to his study. He knew that somehow he had to make his son happy if he were to live. But he knew no games, no stories. He was a writer, to be sure, but as he glanced at his latest work on his desk he realized that the task he faced was almost impossible. How could he write something funny, when he had just finished writing such a deep work as *A Compendious Lexicon of the Hebrew Language: In Two Volumes?*

For several hours he sat with his head in his hands. Then suddenly a gay poem started forming in his mind. He hastened to his desk and started to write desperately. For two hours his pen raced across page after page; scratching out, writing new lines, rewriting old lines. It seemed that his mind sped faster than his pen.

FINALLY he reached the end of his poem. He laid down his pen, read what he had written, then muttering a silent prayer, he went to his son's room.

The boy looked up as he entered the room. His face seemed whiter, his eyes more dull.

"Son," said the professor, "I've written a poem for you. I want you to listen."

The boy turned his head away. The professor took a deep breath and started to read, glancing often at his son. At first there was no reaction. Then the lad turned back to his father. The professor read faster. The boy was listening.

The professor reached the middle of the poem. He glanced hopefully at his son. And what he saw caused his eyes to fill with tears and his throat to choke up. His son was smiling!

He finished the poem, then fell on his knees and cried. He had won his fight with death. But he actually did more than that. The lines he wrote that fateful winter night have lived to cheer millions of children and grown-ups alike down through the centuries.

The lilting poem he composed so desperately in his study is well known. The first lines he scribbled so swiftly on paper go like this:

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse . . ."

The famous poem, *A Visit From St. Nicholas*, was written by Professor Clement C. Moore in an attempt to save his son's life. It did that. And for 128 years it has been cheering people every Christmas season. —Stanley J. Meyer



Kansas City has been added to the permanent tournament golf trail. In late September, the Kansas City Junior Chamber of Commerce sponsored a \$15,000 Open at the beautiful Milburn Country Club course. Not only did the Jaycees make about \$4,000, but they have a nest-egg for next September's meeting. Suave Lloyd Mangrum took top honors, nosing out Porky Oliver on the last three holes. Sam Snead received the annual Gopher Award for the season's top pro, and Frank Stranahan repeated as the leading amateur. The award to the man who did the most for golf in '50 went to Bob Leacox, the Golf Association president and president of the host club.

The golfers voted the Milburn course the fifth best layout on the golf wheel, and were impressed by the fine treatment accorded them in Kansas City. This success will undoubtedly bring one of the National Tournaments, Open or PGA, in the next three years.

The New York Yankees, deciding to go back to their organization for minor league leadership, did not pick up Joe Kuhel's contract as manager of the '51 Blues. The Yankees, however, cleared popular Joe from any blame in connection with the most impotent Kansas City team in many years—the 1950 Blues. At the moment, the favorites to take the Kansas City job are Johnny Neun, the 1943 pilot and later Cincinnati manager; and George Selkirk, one-time great Yankee outfielder and present manager at Binghamton.

An old friend, Al Lopez, got a good break in a two year contract to manage the Cleveland Indians. Before the '51 season opens many more changes will be seen in the baseball picture.

Oklahoma University set a new modern record of consecutive wins on the gridiron this season. By defeating Nebraska on November 25, Bud Wilkinson's "Sooners" ran the vic-

tory skein to 30 straight games. Naturally, they won the Big Seven crown.

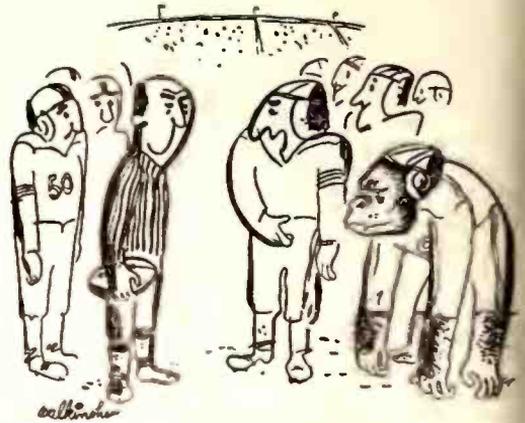
The round ball aces are practicing on the hardwood preparing for the game's greatest season. At present, North Carolina State, C. C. N. Y., Kentucky, and Kansas are getting national ranking; but no one knows what will happen when they hit their own conferences.

Interest in hockey all over the country seems to be gaining this year, and in Kansas City, the new team has fired up the fans. Wilf Field has gathered a group of speedy young players who hope to add another championship to those gathered by Kansas City in the past few years.

Pro basketball is making a comeback in Kansas City with the Kansas City Hi-Spots leading the way. President Ben Cockrell and player-coach Paul Cloyd have whipped up a fine team. It promises to be a fine season, and one that Kansas Citians will be proud of.

* * *

About the middle of World War II, Missouri University was scheduled to play Nebraska. Just before game time, Coach Chauncey Simpson walked into the officials' dressing room and said, "Gentlemen, I have a new play I want to tell you about." "Hold it," said the referee, "by telling us about it you think that will make it legal. But I want to remind you that you have the four best officials in the country working the game today. If you use the play, we will call it and call it right." Proudly the officials took the field. A couple of minutes before the end of the first half, Missouri had the ball and car-



"What's to stop him from playin' as long as he keeps up his grades?"

ried it out of bounds. As the ball was thrown in and spotted, Missouri used a quick line-up play and Harry Ice threw a completed pass. At the end of the half Nebraska football coach Biff Jones jumped the referee about the play, but the referee quickly stopped him with, "I saw the play and I called it." That was the end of the argument. The following week the movies of the game came out. On that play, the head linesman was checking his chain, the umpire was chatting with the linebacker, the field judge was checking his gun for the end of the half, and the referee was calmly spotting a friend in the press box. The next day a letter came to the referee from Biff Jones, with this sentence: "You may have seen that quick line-up play—but if you did, you have eyes in the back of your head."

Speaking of Missouri University and football, Coach Don Faurot tells the story of that game in Austin, Texas, a couple of years ago when

his team played under the sun with the temperature at 95. One by one, the boys were wilting. Jumbo Jim Kekeris was sprawled on the grass behind the bench, drenched with perspiration and struggling for breath. The coach, needing Kekeris back in

the game, asked Jim, "Is that heat getting you?" "Gosh, no," said Jumbo Jim, "it ain't the heat—it's this damned humility!"

That's all for now! See you next issue. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

The winner of the WORLD'S SERIES CARTOON CONTEST in the October issue of SWING magazine was Mrs. Dorothy Lowry, 1205 Linwood Blvd., Kansas City, Missouri. SWING is sending \$5 to her for submitting the best gag line to fit this cartoon. Congratulations, Mrs. Lowry!



"Hey, your battery's down!"

Enter the New Year — With Sound

Ring out the Old Year, ring in the New!—whistle and toot it in, hammer and bang and clang it in, greet it with a joyous outburst of all the noise possible, and the more the merrier! All because, in 1830, a group of merry souls in Mobile, Alabama, returning in the dark hours of the night from some staid New Year festivity, decided to celebrate the occasion in a new and different way.

Just in a spirit of fun, we are told, these gay young blades appropriated from a convenient hardware store an assortment of horns, cowbells, rakes, hammers, tin pans and other articles. With these, in the same spirit of fun, they paraded the streets the rest of the night, making all the noise they could.

Far from punishing the pranksters for taking the hardware, and subsequent disturbances of the peace, aristocratic and conservative Mobile appeared to agree that the idea was novel and diverting. The perpetrators then formed what they called the "Cowbellian de Rakin Society," and on the following New Year's Eve they staged a similar performance, participated in by many additional recruits, all well equipped with a variety of noise-producing implements.

These clamorous New Years became an accepted and expected thing in Mobile, and the Cowbellian parade and masked ball were events of the season. Antedating by some years the New Orleans celebration of Mardi Gras, the Cowbellian parade is credited with having furnished the initial ideas for this now world-famous event.

The success and popularity of the Cowbellian Society led to the organization of other societies in Mobile, one known as the Strikers Independent Society, and another using the initials T.D.S., dedicated to the same purpose of contributing to the joyous uproar of New Year's Eve.

From this beginning the custom spread throughout the country, becoming more and more a dominant characteristic of the occasion—until today it would hardly seem like New Year's Eve if the horns, whistles and cowbells were omitted from the celebration.

—Dolores B. Jeffords.



A friend visiting the late Woodrow Wilson found him studiously perusing a legal thesis. Wilson was still a young man, quite without presidential aspirations; but even at that the friend was extremely surprised to observe a nice shiny set of drums sitting in front of the bookcase.

"I see you've bought yourself a set of drums," he remarked.

"No," replied Wilson, "I borrowed them from the gentleman next door."

"I didn't have the slightest idea you could play drums," his friend said admiringly.

"I can't," Wilson confessed. "But, neither can he play them while I have them borrowed."

Seven-year-old Johnny constantly irked the teacher by letting his attention wander out the window, on the ceiling, anyplace except on his lessons.

One day the teacher was delivering a history lecture, and was surprised to see that Johnny was apparently listening intently, his eyes riveted on her face. When she had finished, Johnny slowly raised his hand.

"Question, John?" she asked, quite pleased.

Johnny nodded, a speculative look on his face.

"How much," he asked, "is your gold tooth worth?"



There's a "crazy man" out in Hollywood with a profitable sideline—sawing up new cars.

by DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES

ONE DAY, just after the close of the war, a desk sergeant at a Hollywood, Calif., police station was startled by a phone call from an excited citizen who reported an accident which seemed to require immediate attention. "Come at once," implored the breathless informant, "there's a crazy man here who's sawing his new car in half—a brand new car, and he's sawing it in half!"

The sergeant, then in his second year of waiting for delivery of a new car, took no chances. He dispatched men to the address with a warning to approach the suspect with caution. "Anybody who'd saw a new car in half these days," he warned, "is sure to be nuts!"

The officers found a balding man industriously at work with a hack saw, raising havoc with a glittering new coupe parked at the curb.

"Well, well," remarked the officer in charge soothingly as he eyed the partially dissected model. "Neat job of sawing you've done there—I'll bet it's lots of fun."

The auto vandal grinned. "It is kind of fun when you get the knack of it. Hard work, though. I've got two more new cars to saw up before night-fall." Then, seeing policemen converging on him from all directions, he exclaimed, "Hey, what's the matter? Is it against the law for a man to saw up his own car?"

"Not against the law, but a bit unusual nowadays," the policeman replied. "Suppose you tell us what it's all about?"

"Sure. I'm Dick McWhorter, an assistant director at Paramount Pictures, but I've got a side line renting out cutaway sections of cars which the studios use in making trick shots. This one's going into a new Cary Grant film. Now, please tell me what the riot squad is for."

Today, Dick McWhorter's neighbors no longer harbor the suspicion

that there is a maniac in their midst. They recognize him for what he is—a smart young man who struck a bonanza when he got the idea of enhancing the value of good autos by cutting them in halves, thirds and other fractions and then renting them out piecemeal to film studios for close-ups and trick shots where a whole car cannot be used.

Starting from scratch with a single jalopy a few years ago, McWhorter now is president and sole owner of the Studio Process Body Company—only firm in the world making a profession out of turning real autos into jigsaw puzzles. The unique concern is housed in its own large garage building with complete machine, body and paint shops. A fulltime crew of mechanics and artisans keeps the place humming the year around.

THE amiable moon-faced McWhorter stumbled on the idea of renting breakaway auto bodies when the studio where he was employed assigned him to procure a wooden mock-up car for a Bing Crosby film. The cast and crew waited days—costing the studio a fortune in wasted overhead and lost time—while Dick tried to find a suitable fake auto. When he found a facsimile wood model would require another week of waiting Dick decided to take a chance on getting fired. He commandeered a studio car and sawed it into sections to facilitate camera angles. Instead of being fired he was given a raise.

From that incident sprang the idea of renting prop cars—an inspiration that soon brought every producer in Hollywood knocking at his garage

doors. Dick's sedans, roadsters, buses and trucks have appeared in more than 200 movies and the vehicles are in such demand that McWhorter has established a priority system to accommodate regular studio customers.

The unusual auto company now keeps a stock of 20 cars busy with additions to the fleet now in process of being "unbuilt," as Dick terms his reverse version of an assembly line. The fleet, encompassing many makes and models, all converted into knock-down sections, includes several taxicabs, buses, ambulances and trucks, in addition to limousines and sport jobs. But this group actually comprises a much larger assortment because, with a few minor changes, these "basic" cars can be made to double for 150 different vehicles. The sections are simply juggled to form an almost endless variety of models—even foreign makes.

The primary purpose of sectionalizing cars is to enable the camera to look directly into any part of the machine without having the view obstructed by other portions of the car. Doors can be installed or removed in ten seconds and stripdowns of any part of the car can give the cameraman an exact angle which he may require in five minutes. Combinations of different car parts make up into numerous interior and exterior "sets."

An old bus today, rescued from a junkyard, literally has been worth its weight in gold. Mounted on a dolly, the old public carrier has masqueraded as a London Bus in "Enchantment," a rural school bus in "Take One False Step," and will appear in a new movie as a cross-country Greyhound bus.

DURING the past two years nearly every movie, calling for scenes in autos, has shown McWhorter's break-away cars. A few recent releases in which they have been prominent include: "Sorry, Wrong Number," "Welcome Stranger," "Cass Timberlane," "Bitter Victory," "Rope of Sand," "Slattery's Hurricane," "Sunset Boulevard" and Red Skelton's comedies, "The Good Humor Man" and the "Yellow Cab Man."

Prior to McWhorter's advent into the business, each studio built its own wooden mockup cars, sectionalized for camera work. This procedure, running into thousands of dollars, was also fraught with warping perils every time the bodies got wet in rain

A straight-laced old lady was annoyed by the amorous couple seated in front of her at the movie. Unable to contain her indignation, she tapped the youth on the shoulder and asked, "Must you behave like this in public? Have you no place of your own where you could go?"

The ardent swain turned to her eagerly, "Oh, madam," he said, "if only you could persuade her."



"First red, then blue, and now white . . .
What are you, a Chameleon?"

sequences. Now, for \$100 a day rental the film moguls can save this expense plus the average \$1,000-per-hour overhead costs while waiting for body changes—Dick's cars are held together with special clamps and the rapidity with which the parts can be shifted is amazing.

McWhorter, a family man with two youngsters, is proud of his jalopies and he looks forward to expanding his unique business still farther. Crownin' accolade, so far as he is concerned, came recently from Barbara Stanwyck who, after finishing a dramatic scene while seated in a McWhorter break-down convertible, turned to Dick. "Somehow," said the beautiful Academy Award winner, "I can always emote better in one of your cars."

Apache Ike, a hard working Indian owning a small stock ranch, found himself in need of quick cash and drove into town to see the local banker about a loan.

Ike's reputation was of the best, and the banker had no scruples about loaning the Indian the money. "But you've got to put up some collateral, Ike," he declared.

"What's this collateral?" asked Apache Ike.

The banker explained that it was property or holdings owned by the individual seeking a loan. "You've got a couple of hundred head of horses, Ike. You can put them up as collateral."

Ike agreed.

Long before the date due for final payment of the loan, Apache Ike was back with a roll of greenbacks thick enough to choke a horse. He stalked into the bank and, peeling off about half of the bills in the roll, settled his account in full.

The banker, eyeing the still fat roll of greenbacks in Ike's swarthy hand, had a word of advice. "Now, Ike, how about depositing some of that cash in our bank here?"

Apache Ike grunted. "How many hosses you got?" he asked.—Herb Smith.

Charley Parkhurst

CHARLEY PARKHURST was self-admittedly the "toughest, cussin'est, corneriest long-line skinner in cowhide boots." For ten years he drove a Wells Fargo stage coach through central California in the rugged days between 1870 and 1880. Along his routes he was known as "One Eyed Charley," by virtue of the black patch he wore over his sightless left eye.

A veteran of scores of holdups, the small, underweight Parkhurst never was known to lose his nerve—or his temper, at least during a holdup. Instead he would josh pleasantly with the bandits while they robbed his stage.

Charley's capacity for "red eye" was such that it was rumored he drank bigger and better men under the table time after time. He could cuss longer than a Cavalry mule could sit, and he is credited with teaching the boys in the United States Army some new, rich profanity.

Little was known—or asked—about Charley's background, the West being what it was in those days. Parkhurst himself occasionally mentioned the fact that he hailed from New England and had come from "good folks."

He was finally retired after he had faithfully served the express company for more than two decades. Afterwards Charley of the piratical black patch settled down to a more or less humdrum existence as a part owner of a roadside tavern near Santa Cruz.

He was not long in such green pastures. About three months after his retirement the one-eyed, colorful character passed away of natural causes, peacefully abed with his boots on. Not until then was it discovered that this swashbuckling individualist who had led the rugged life of all he-men of the time—was a woman!—Herb Smith.

Station wagon: Something a city fellow who moves to the country buys so the country people will know he is from the city.

A Viennese restaurateur wanted to run a restaurant such as had never existed before, and advertised: "Cutlets from Every Animal in the World."

His first customer asked for an elephant cutlet. The chef rose to the occasion. "Madam," he said, "I am very sorry, but for one cutlet we cannot cut up our elephant."

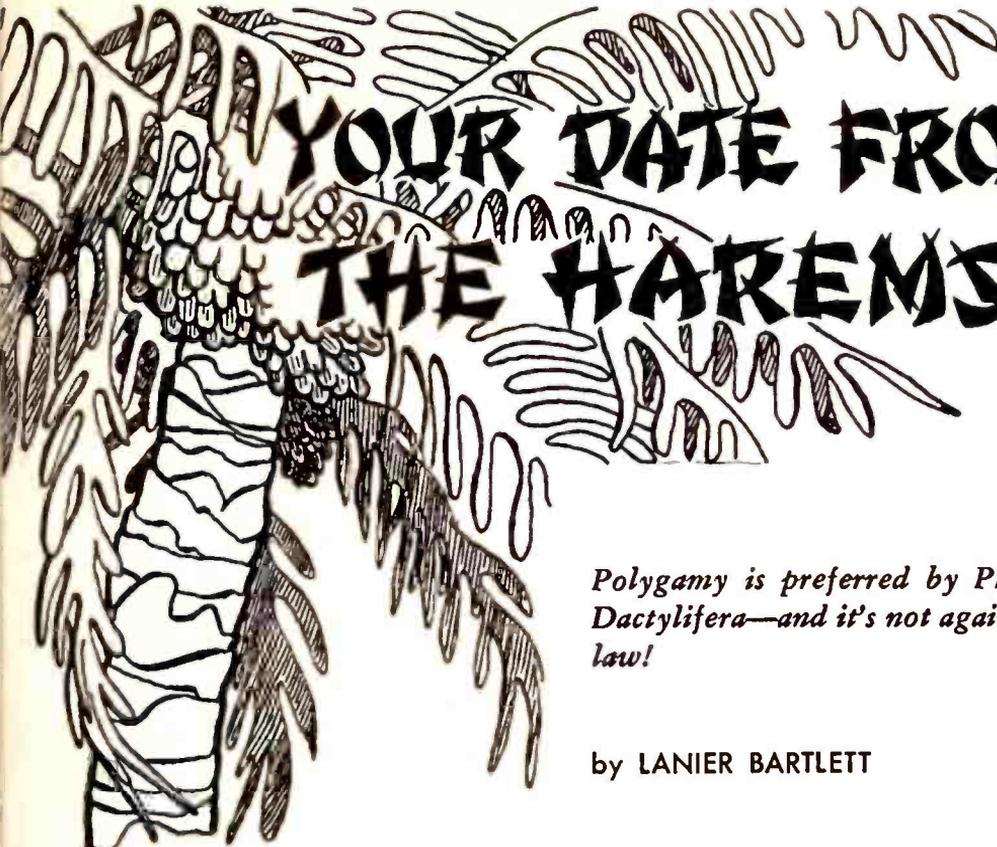
Before the atom bomb was revealed to the public, the Senate decided to investigate the mysterious doings down in Tennessee, and a commission, headed by Harry S. Truman, then a senator, went down to find out what was being done with the money. The senators prowled around and asked a lot of questions. Finally, Senator Truman stepped up to a man operating a machine that looked like something created by Rube Goldberg.

"And just what are you making?" the president-to-be asked.

The worker looked at him a moment, shifted his tobacco quid and said, "Dollar sixty-five an hour."



"I hate 'em!"



YOUR DATE FROM THE HAREMS

Polygamy is preferred by Phoenix Dactylifera—and it's not against the law!

by LANIER BARTLETT

ALTHOUGH polygamy is outlawed in the United States it is none the less practiced widely in our Southwest. Not in Hollywood which, justly or unjustly, has been accused of almost every other divergence from the accepted social order, but ninety-odd miles southeastward in the Coachella Valley. There, in a desert region similar to that of Arabia, the Sultan of the family, *Phoenix Dactylifera*, stands proudly among his harem of from fifty to one hundred females of the species, blessed and sponsored by Uncle Sam.

Spaniards first planted the *Phoenix Dactylifera*, or date palm, in the Americas all of three hundred years ago, but it was not until the twentieth century that commercial date culture claimed a spot on the horticultural calendar of the United States.



The date, the world's oldest cultivated fruit, is to the Arab what rice is to the Chinese, potatoes to the Irish and corn to the aborigines of the Americas. More than that it is looked upon with almost religious love and respect by followers of Islam. Mohammed said: "There is among the trees one which is preeminently blessed, as is the Moslem among men. It is the Palm." Also: "The date is the only fruit which has in Heaven the same flavor as upon earth." Nor has the production of food been the only vital service rendered by the tree Eastern legend claims is kin to man. The trunk of the palm is the timber of the Arab builder. Thread and cord are made from the fiber of the leaves and stem; the leaves are used for roof thatch. Under the shade of the fronds other fruit trees such as the fig and apricot are shielded from the scorching sun. At the oasis this same protecting canopy furnishes respite for the sunburned caravans. Traditional accounts name the date palm as a chief motif in the decoration of Solomon's Temple. According to Arabian historians it was Solomon who impressed on the date seed the circle that is still reproduced there. This is said to be the secret name of God. On the smooth area of the pit from the next date you eat you will see this tiny circle (germ spore), whether your date is from Arabia or California.

The human qualities of the date palm are thus recorded by one Arab writer of centuries ago: "Like man, it holds up its head; like man it has a companion of the opposite sex. Its heart (terminal bud) immaculately white, is as tender and delicate as the

brain of man, the least hurt causing its death. Like man it feels the cold. If one of its branches be cut off it does not grow again, and thus is like man's limbs. If one cuts off its head it dies. The fiber which surrounds its head resembles hair."

GARDENERS of Babylon noted that fifty or sixty per cent of the trees were playboy males who did nothing all year long but bloom briefly and ecstatically, then stood around occupying valuable ground in the oasis, drinking copiously of the precious water supply. So the frugal gardener undertook to fructify the useful female palm directly, with an eye to eugenics. The practice of the ancients has come down to modern growers. Men from every state have come to the Coachella and undertaken the culture of this most exotic of fruits, even to such details as the method of tying the delicately adjusted slip-knot of palm fiber used to steady the pollen-laden sprig of male flowers in the embrace of the female flower. As soon as artificial fructification became successful, gardeners destroyed the superfluous playboys and established the harem idea in their palm gardens.

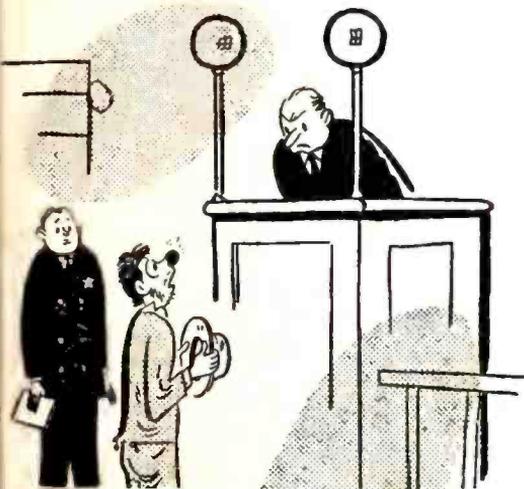
IN California, April and May are the months of pollination. It is desirable that a period of dry air and mounting temperature follows. A temperature of 120 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade may occur at this season. The date palm is happiest in such torrid heat, so long as its roots are amply supplied with water. The Arabs say: "The date palm lives with its head in Hell, its feet in Paradise." As fall approaches, all moisture must

be kept from the ripening fruit if it is to mature to its proper sweetness. To circumvent dewiness the growers place paper bags over each bunch of dates, a provision which also protects the fruit from birds. Beneath her arching green thatch the female date tree carries many huge paper bags filled with fruit turning from golden yellow to rich brown. Mexican and Indian workmen remove the bags and pick the fruit in time to reach your Thanksgiving tables. Housewives in the date-garden area cut branches with huge clusters of dates, hang them on their back porches and, as the fruit ripens, pick the dates as needed. There is a record of one date palm producing 465 pounds of fruit in one year.

In 1904-05 Dr. Thomas H. Kearney of the U. S. Department of Agriculture undertook the perilous journey that laid the foundations for the western date industry. Exploring the hinterlands of the Barbary States for

choice palm shoots, he waged a campaign against sandstorms and native hostility. The Arab peoples did not like the idea of surrendering their monopoly on the world's supply of the Deglet Noor, the *Date of Light*. From their oases along the northern edge of the Sahara the tribesmen had long supplied the fancy date trade of Europe with this choice variety. Dr. Kearney campaigned in Tunisia and finally reappeared on the Mediterranean Coast with a caravan of ninety camels bearing seven hundred offshoots of date palms. Not only did he have the Deglet Noor but fifty other choice varieties which were transferred to experiment stations in the Coachella Valley. From these was built the American date-growing industry.

While you are eating delicious dates or preparing them for cooking, remember the romance and the traditions surrounding this ancient of fruits.



"Tell you the truth, Judge, it got red from being too close to the grindstone."

A husband drew up his chair beside his wife's sewing machine.

"Don't you think you're running too fast?" he asked. "Look out! You'll sew the wrong seam. Mind the corner now! Slow down, watch your finger. Steady!"

"What's the matter with you, John?"

"Well, dear, I thought you might like me to help you, since you help me drive the car."



A judge disposed of a drunken driver, called the next defendant (also charged with operating a car while intoxicated), and discovered the drivers of the two cars had collided.

"I wish to commend you two," said the judge, "for running into each other instead of some innocent person. If this thing can be encouraged, I think we may have hit upon the solution of a serious problem."
—Quick.

COAL—The Black Magic

FOR centuries one of Nature's most closely guarded secrets was hidden deep within the earth. Coal, the black magic, the reservoir of tremendous power had been forming for something like three hundred million years. Back in what the scientists call the Carboniferous age, when monstrous beasts, reptiles and birds inhabited the earth, when there were rivers and seas of warm water and volumes of gases came forth continuously from the earth's fiery interior, the richest vegetation ever known thrived. There were giant trees, huge plants, thick mosses and luxuriant ferns. As the centuries passed by vegetation decomposed. Without seasonal changes to retard growth, new and lush plants and trees constantly sprang up. Muck became hundreds of feet thick. There was a powerful erosive pressure of successive layers of silt, sand and mud on the decomposed masses. As the mixtures sank farther beneath the surface the air was forced out of the layers. Consequently compact masses of coal were left in seams among the rocks. Later terrific convulsions within the earth pushed up the seams of coal, forming elevations and depressions.

It is not known when man first found coal. Mention is made of it in the Bible, the Greeks referred to it three centuries before the birth of Christ, and Marco Polo wrote of "rocks that burn" when he visited China around 1275 A.D. Be that as it may, the true value of coal has been realized but recently.

There are 200,000 products derived from bituminous coal and scientists tell us they have only begun to discover its uses. Not only do we get heat from coal but also coke, tar, coal gases, ammonia, fertilizers, insecticides, farm and dairy disinfectants. We secure aspirin and other medicines from coal, also saccharin, a sugar substitute, food preservatives, photographic chemicals, writing inks, vitamins, carbonated water for sodas, dry ice, suntan lotions, baking soda. We get playshoes, nylon stockings, shower curtains, belts, fireproof furniture, paint brushes, bicycle lamps, buttons, color films, parachutes, curtain ruffles.

Because of the tremendous strides made in the last few years in discovering still more uses, coal will continue to become the source of more of our heat and energy, the basis of more of the things we use, wear, and even eat, every day of our lives.—Dorothy M. Mead.



A woman stepped off the penny scales and turned to her husband. He eyed her appraisingly and asked, "Well, what's the verdict? A little overweight?"

"Oh, no," said the wife, "I wouldn't say that. But according to that height table printed on the front, I should be about 6 inches taller."



Someone has figured out that the peak years of mental activity must be between the ages of 4 and 18.

At 4 we know all the questions. At 18 we know all the answers.

A lawyer dropped in at the corner butcher shop and got into quite a conversation. "What would you do, sir," asked the butcher, "if a dog kept coming in and stealing meat?"

"Why, I'd make the owner pay for it, of course," replied the lawyer.

"In that case you owe me \$15," the butcher said, elated, "because it's your dog."

The lawyer smiled. "Fair enough," he agreed. "Just deduct the \$15 from the \$25 you owe me for the advice."—Hy Gardner, *Parade*.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS



DEC. 25

By Eunice Welch Foster

Have you wondered why December 25th was chosen as the day to celebrate the birth of Christ? Did you know that some of our Christmas customs and lore originated with such ancient peoples as the Egyptians, early Romans and Druids?

Christmas was not celebrated as a religious festival until 550 A.D. For many years ceremonies had been held "when Earth began to waken under a kiss of light," a poet's way of describing the winter solstice. In Egypt at this season a great fete was held honoring the chief goddess Isis. Later the Romans held wild Saturnalian revels. Among the Scandinavians great fires were built to defy the intense cold; large quantities of food and sweetmeats were consumed and great draughts of mead quaffed, as they looked forward wistfully to the opening for navigation of the ice-bound rivers.

Carols and food, gifts and decora-

tions, cards and candles were all part of Christmas centuries ago. In the days of early Christian Christmases the poor wandered about the streets singing in hope of alms and were rewarded by presents of warm clothing, food and money. Yuletide began on December sixth and lasted until Twelfth Night with much merrymaking, although Christmas Day was devoted to churchgoing, visiting and feasting.



MISTLETOE

By Eunice Welch Foster

In the great roofless temples of the Druids torches blazed to lighten the darkness, and everyone turned out to watch the cutting of holly, mistletoe and ivy to decorate their temples. Clad in flowing, snowy white robes with wide golden armbands and necklace, the Arch Druid, preceded by blaring trumpets, cut the mistletoe from the lowest branch of a sturdy oak. The prelate then broke it into small pieces, giving a sprig to each

person with a blessing and prayer for divine guidance throughout the coming year. These twigs were carried home to be hung over doorways, and each visitor received a kiss to seal his friendship and peace with that house.

Scandinavians revered the mistletoe, and if perchance enemies met beneath the tree where it grew, peace was declared for twenty-four hours, the pact sealed with a kiss of friendship. Thus originated our custom of hanging mistletoe in our homes, and of man kissing maid whenever she lingers beneath the charmed plant.



HOLLY

By Ethel F. Cochrane

There is a background of legend for the honored holly in our family of Christmas greenery. The use of holly for decoration dates back many centuries. There is a legend that holly grew up in the footsteps of Christ, and that its berries became red at the time of his crucifixion. Folklore claims the tree to be a charm effective against witches, and long ago it was held in such high regard that no one dared to speak ill of it.

Contrariwise, the same tree was thought to exert a certain witchery itself; for instance, if a holly stick was used upon a stubborn animal, that animal at once became obedient; a tree planted near the house could repel thunder and lightning. It was believed

to be a favorite of the sun because it retained its leaves. Traditionally, holly must not be brought into the house before Christmas Eve, or ill luck would follow; and it must be removed from the house by the Twelfth Night.

The name "Holly" is no doubt a misspelling of holy, and there are many references in book and song to the holy tree.

In the United States the great favorite is the English holly. The bright red drupes and the glossy deep green leaves add romance to the mysticism of the Christmas season. The uses of holly are not altogether ornamental. The hard close-grained wood is ideal for musical instruments and furniture. The leaves of a South American variety are processed into mate, a popular tea-like drink.

In England holly is coupled with ivy in Christmas decorating; in America, soft pine boughs seem the favorite partner for gracing windows, doors, mantels, and tables. But in any country, a sprig of this shining holly with a red berry or two tied to a package or worn upon a coat will always carry with it the spirit of gay good fellowship symbolic of the season. It says: "this is Christmas-time, and holly-time; a Merry Christmas to you!"

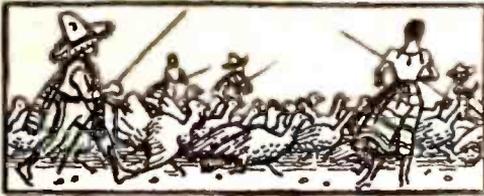


POINSETTIA

By Eunice Welch Foster

Everything we associate with Christmas originated in some other country,

except the use of poinsettia for decoration. Dr. John Poinsett of North Carolina, when ambassador to Mexico, saw this plant with its beautiful scarlet bracts and glossy green leaves growing in the Mexican countryside. An ardent botanist, he brought a number of the plants back to Washington, and thereafter devoted much time to their cultivation. Today poinsettia lends itself beautifully to the Christmas color scheme.



TURKEY

By Douglas Grahame

As Americans enjoy their Christmas dinners they may little realize that, although the turkey flourished wild along the eastern American seaboard from what is now Canada to the present Republic of Panama ages before white men appeared in the New World, the Mexicans were the first to make poultry of turkey, and deserve the credit for introducing them to the world. The bird was much prized by the Aztecs, and it was they who domesticated the turkey and elevated it to gastronomic glory.

Among the wonders the Spanish conquerors encountered in Mexico when they arrived in 1519, just 102 years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, were numerous droves of turkey. Great turkey farms dotted the environs of the large cities. With turkey as a staple of the Aztec diet, no

fiesta was complete without it. Prizes were bestowed upon farmers who could provide better turkey, and upon cooks who could devise new ways of preparing the bird.

The first Christmas dinner which featured turkey was that of Hernan Cortes and his gallant little band, which, after forcing its way into Montezuma's capital enjoyed a sumptuous spread in the palace, December 25, 1520. Turkey captured both the physical and spiritual fancy of the hard-bitten Spanish adventurers. They ate it early and often, in all forms of the Aztec cuisine and several of their own invention. Today the bird is known both by its Indian and Spanish names, guajalote and pavo.

One can still indulge the ancient practice of buying "turkey on the hoof," a novelty for tourists who may deal directly with the turkey ranchers. The rancher is likely to be a lithe fellow in skin-tight trousers, short open jacket, and huge sombrero of felt or straw. Or it may be a husky, cigarette puffing amazon with raven-black hair in pigtails, bright flowing skirt and bare feet. The turkey flocks are guided with willow wands over the highways into the residential districts of the cities. The birds are trained from chickhood to march like infantrymen, but their wings are clipped as a precaution. The presence of the flock is announced by the herders' cry, the sweet, plaintive note of the Aztecs, "Guajalote, guajalote."

The herds are halted at signals from prospective customers. The chore of buying turkeys in this fashion is usually assigned servants, but not a few

shrewd housewives take charge themselves. Purchasing from these ambulating marts is always on a bargain basis. The birds are sold "as is," the dispatch and preparation for the oven being left to the buyer.



SANTA CLAUS

By Eunice Welch Foster

History tells of St. Nicholas, the children's patron saint, who was greatly beloved for his care of the poor and sick, and for his kindness to children. At this season he gave toys and sweetmeats to good little boys and girls with only a birch switch for the bad ones. Yes, a pale-faced St. Nicholas really lived and through legend became the jolly, red-faced bewiskered old man we know as Santa Claus. According to the Dutch he came sweeping down from the North in his sleigh bringing all kinds of presents. Hollanders brought Santa Claus to the new world when they settled New Amsterdam.

Throughout Europe it was customary for energetic housewives to clean their chimneys in the early winter to free them from soot, telling their children they were doing it so St. Nick could come down the chimney, although it really was done so the fire might burn more brightly over the winter. In Holland, Germany, France

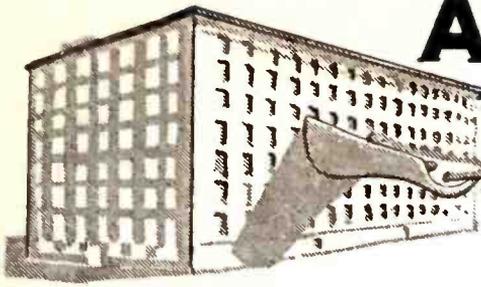
and Italy children wore sabots, and they placed these wooden shoes by the fireside so that the kind saint might fill them on Christmas Eve. In England there were no wooden shoes, and stockings which held more were hung by the chimneys.



THE TREE

By Eunice Welch Foster

The origin of the Christmas tree has been widely disputed, but authentic German manuscripts in 1608 refer to it as a regular part of Christmas. Belief in German origin is further strengthened by a story told of Martin Luther's first tree for his impoverished family. Walking home from a service in his church one clear, crisp Christmas Eve, Luther was awed by the beauty and immutability of the stars. Trying to describe them as seen through tall pines of the forest, and finding words inadequate he rushed out to cut a small evergreen. Calling to his wife to bring all the bits of candles in the house he fastened them to the tree's branches and lit them, illuminating not only his shabby little home, but creating for everyone thereafter a symbol of that great light which has illumined the world since the Babe was born in a Bethlehem manger.



A CARD FOR YOU TODAY

Not even disaster could stop the growth of Hallmark greeting cards, under the brilliant leadership of Joyce C. Hall.

By JOHN QUINN

MILLIONS of Americans are seeing the paintings of the Right Honorable Winston S. Churchill for the first time this holiday season. Seven canvases of the famed British statesman and amateur artist are reproduced in a special series, with the foregone conclusion that they will be some of the most popular Christmas cards of 1950.

In art and business circles the move which brought the artistry of Mr. Churchill to Americans at large is regarded as something of a coup. Although he is enthusiastic in following painting as a pastime and has many canvases to his credit, Mr. Churchill has sold but one of his paintings—for a charitable cause—and seldom exhibits his work.

The truth of the matter is that the move was not even a complicated negotiation. But it is characteristic of Joyce C. Hall, president of the Hallmark greeting card company of Kansas City. In describing the contact with Mr. Churchill, Hall said it was really quite simple.

"We felt the American public would be interested in Mr. Churchill's paintings on Christmas cards, and we made an offer which he graciously accepted. There was no bargaining, no haggling, no wire pulling. He told us he'd be delighted to have his work displayed in this country on Christmas cards. We acquired only the reproduction rights," Hall explained.

Because Hall believed there was a growing public interest in fine art, he sponsored an art competition in 1949 for French and American painters with \$28,000 in prizes. Nearly 10,000 artists submitted entries, with the art world and the public paying unusual attention to the project. Selected entries from the competition, plus some of the prize winners, are currently on tour of art museums in major cities.

These are but two of the many undertakings which illustrate the business acumen and statesmanship which characterize Joyce Hall. There are many others which have proven to be milestones in the journey which the company has traveled to reach its

position of leadership in the field today.

Early in his career young Joyce Hall faced a sudden and drastic reverse. Late in 1917, when he had been in business just a few years, he awoke one morning to learn his retail store and headquarters in downtown Kansas City had burned to the ground. The losses in stock, orders and equipment were figured at about \$17,000, but the greatest setback was in not being able to carry on the business.

In more recent years Hall recalled that just before the fire, after seven years of perseverance and hard work, the enterprise was beginning to show a profit for the first time. With a busy season approaching, there was nothing to do but try to recoup. It had taken a large helping of fortitude to stay with the undertaking up to that point, and it called for even more to start from scratch the morning after the fire.

Some fast work with suppliers brought in new samples and promises of stock replacement, and Hallmark in a few days was once again in business. Today the company looks back upon a record of steady gains, interrupted but once, and that in the depression-ridden days of the mid-1930's.

There are other instances when the head of the company was called upon for extraordinary personal courage. During the days of the National Recovery Administration a proposed regulation would have made it prohibitive for a greeting card firm to operate outside the Eastern seaboard and compete with established com-

panies for business in New England and the East.

To a firm in the middle west such a regulation meant being cut off from the populous East, and they had to do something. Hall made the trip to Washington and conferred with NRA officials, with the result that the regulations were made to give each firm in the industry an even break.

In the late 1930's old hands in the greeting card and advertising industries said Joyce Hall had blown his top, that he was going to advertise greetings cards on the radio. He began by sponsoring Tony Wons and his poetry over a single Chicago station, before long switched to a regional network, and then to a national network.

Today the Hallmark Playhouse is one of radio's top half hours of drama, and is carried regularly on the Voice of America. Radio is credited with much of the success of the company's slogan, "A Hallmark card, when you care enough to send the very best."

Members of the Hallmark family have seen qualities of business statesmanship shown by Joyce Hall in many ways throughout his business career. Today it is an annual custom for Hall to "chat" with everybody in the company each year early in January. He does this via loudspeaker from his office in the headquarters building in Kansas City, with long distance hook-ups to branches in Topeka, Parsons, Emporia and Leavenworth, Kansas. This is the occasion when he outlines the program for the year and

(Continued on Page 584)



1883



1882



1885

Christmas Cards from 1880 to 1950

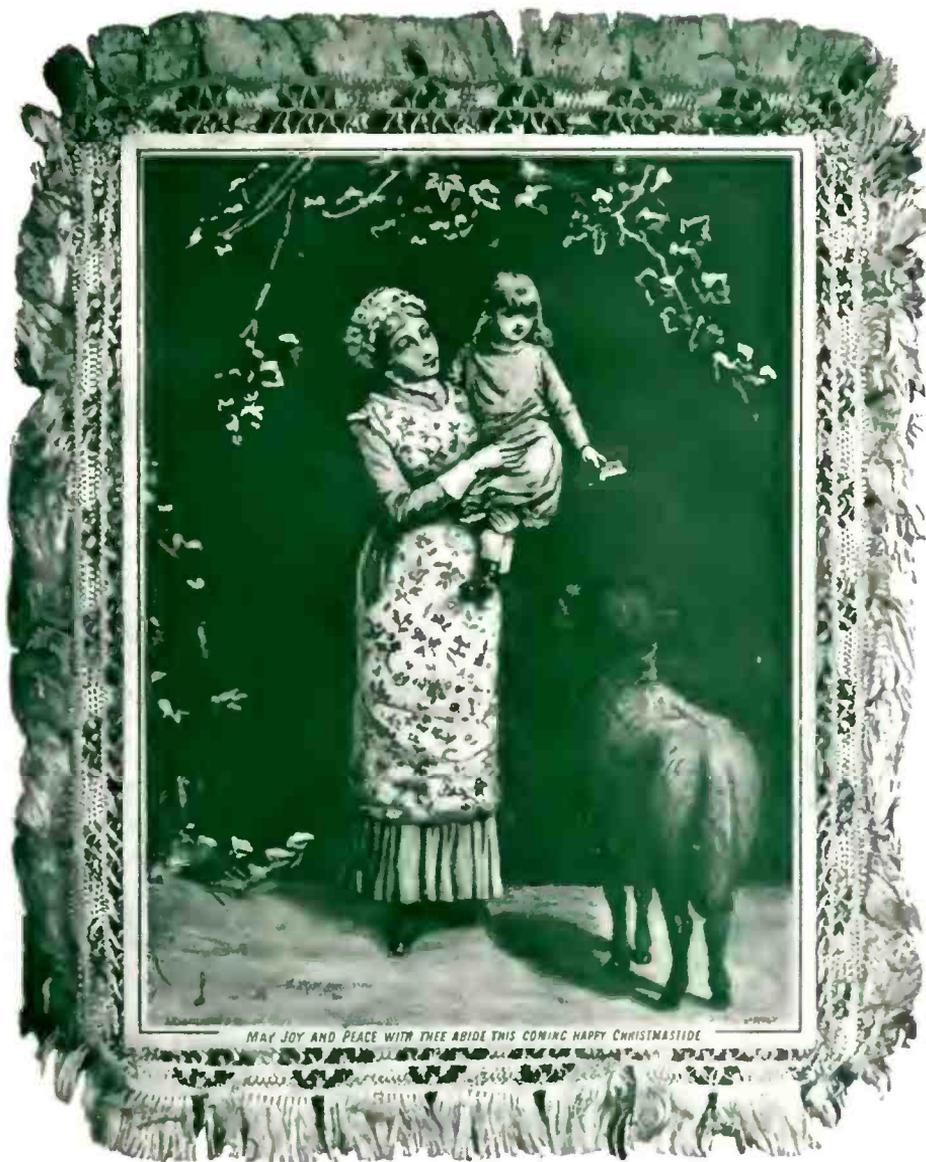
*The cards pictured are from
the Hall Brothers' Historical
Collection.*





Deluxe Christmas Card of 1881

This goodwill card featuring Kriss Kringle is a booklet intended as a Christmas remembrance from a business firm. The card is clearly dated by its silk fringe and illustrations. The booklet contains "choice original and selected poems in English, German and French and translations from the Swedish with two Xmas Carols set to music." It was published in 1881 by Peter Paul & Bro., Buffalo, N. Y.



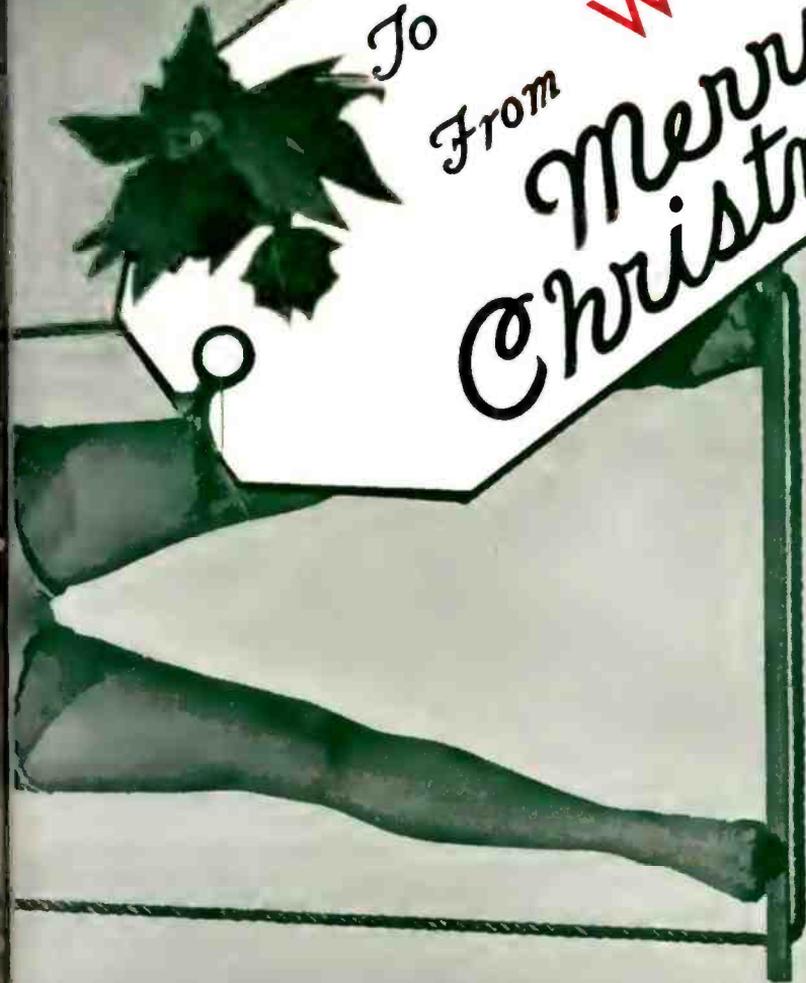
Christmas Greetings of 75 Years Ago

The large size and elaborate design indicate this was one of the better Christmas cards of its period, the 1870's or 1880's. The painting of mother and child shows how the choice of popular Christmas card themes had changed from the earlier scenes of feasting and celebrating.



To YOU
From WHB

Merry
Christmas





—RICHARD KOPPE



—GRANDMA MOSES

1950 GREETINGS *by*

RICHARD KOPPE
GRANDMA MOSES
NORMAN ROCKWELL
WINSTON CHURCHILL

The growing interest in fine art has led to reproductions of paintings on Christmas cards. These examples from the Hallmark line indicate the wide range. Top left is a Richard Koppe painting, one of the selected entries in the \$25,000 Hallmark art competition. Lower left is a scene by Grandma Moses, perennial favorite. At the right is the always popular Norman Rockwell, and below, the prize of the year, a Winston Churchill painting.



—NORMAN ROCKWELL



—WINSTON CHURCHILL



W
H
B

Swing Presents
Dr. Franklin D. Murphy
The Man of the Month

IMAGINE the State of Kansas in 1948 writing a medical "want ad" . . . something like this:

NEEDED, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! MORE DOCTORS FOR RURAL KANSAS COMMUNITIES—State population has increased 25% in past 42 years. Number of practicing physicians has decreased 30%. Average age of the country physician is much greater than those in cities. Young doctors are settling in cities instead of small towns. Seventy small Kansas communities plus the state hospitals and institutions beg for well-trained physicians, nurses and medical technicians. We Kansans must bring more doctors to our farm communities and thereby aid the rural citizens who comprise the majority of our population.

Now, figure the time, personnel and facilities required to train a Kansas doctor: Four years of University training (at K. U. in Lawrence), leading to an A.B. degree. Then to the Medical School with 1½ years spent in studying the pre-clinical sciences: anatomy, bio-chemistry, physiology, bacteriology. Followed by 2½ years at the University Medical Center in Kansas City, leading to the M.D. degree. Then a year of internship. This is the minimum.

Add, if the student can manage it, another year or more of residency as a practicing physician in a hospital. Three years if the student specializes in internal medicine. Four to five years if his specialty is surgery.

It takes time. It takes teachers. It takes classroom, laboratory and hospital facilities and equipment. It takes patients and patience. And it takes money. (Medical educators figure six to eight hospital beds per student, in

order that he may learn to diagnose and treat patients with wide varieties of illnesses and diseases). But you can say that last again: *it takes money.*

The school has to have money: to provide the teaching staff and the facilities required.

The student has to have money to attend the University for six, eight years or more. To get established—as a doctor, and probably as the head of a family. During their student years, as internes or residents, most doctors marry, have two or three children. It takes money—a minimum of \$15,000—just to purchase the technical equipment required by a modern physician. Small wonder, then that the young doctors tend to go into an established practice with an older doctor—usually in the city.

THE man who reversed this trend in Kansas—the man who, in effect, "wrote" the want-ad and led the state to provide its own answer—is a 34-year-old, money-raising Kansas doctor named Franklin D. Murphy who since July 1, 1948 has served as Dean of the University of Kansas School of Medicine. For his achievements, the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce in 1949 named him as one of America's Ten Outstanding Young Men. Doris Fleeson, the Wichita girl who became a Washington columnist, says he is one of the greatest men of our time,

All kudos aside, dignified, erudite, ardent Dr. Franklin D. Murphy is responsible for the change—probably because he realized no one man could do the job alone, and he knew how to enlist powerful friends! Result was that the legislature passed and Governor Frank Carlson signed on February 18, 1949 a "Rural Health Program for Kansas" containing the following appropriations:

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS HOSPITALS
KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

For construction of two additional floors on Eaton building.....	\$ 170,755.00
For construction of two additional floors on clinic building.....	306,395.00
For construction of basic science building (60' x 100' basement—four floors and animal house).....	757,102.50
For construction of service building (60' x 100' basement and four floors)	811,957.50
For construction of building for chest disease.....	481,860.00
For construction of building for psychiatry	481,860.00
For construction of addition to Nurses' home.....	432,630.00
For equipment for above buildings and additions.....	420,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$3,862,560.00
Grant of Federal funds.....	\$ 750,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$4,612,560.00

That was the beginning. But *only* the beginning. Dr. Murphy—who is sagacious, ingenious, alert and effective—looked with longing at the many grants given by private charity and public funds to eastern medical institutions. Why not bring some of that money to Kansas?

After the proper approach, an eastern Foundation offered \$150,000 for post-graduate education in medicine if the sum were matched locally. Spurred by Dr. Murphy, and under the leadership of George Davis, Joyce Hall, Roy Roberts and Arthur Mag, local citizens raised the matching \$150,000 in twenty minutes at a dinner meeting. The Foundation then gave the Medical Center a grant of an

additional \$40,000 for five years (that's \$200,000)—and indicated it would continue for a ten year period. This money is for post-graduate medical education and a demonstration program in practical nursing. Ten years at \$40,000 would be \$400,000 . . . plus the two \$150,000's makes \$700,000—that's almost three-quarters of a million dollars!

And there have been other grants this year. \$285,000 for research—from such varied sources as the Public Health Service, National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, the Atomic Energy Commission, American Cancer Society, American Heart Association. A K. U. alumnus who strayed across the state line gave the University 1,000 acres in Carroll County, Missouri, the income to go to the medical school for research. Mrs. E. H. Hashinger gave \$75,000 to build an auditorium in memory of her son, J. R. Battenfeld, Jr., a naval flight surgeon in the last war. The Kansas Medical Society gave \$10,000 for the student loan fund. These gifts are being combined to provide a Student Center, with auditorium, dining and recreational facilities, and a Continuation Center where doctors from throughout the state may come in for post-graduate study.

Currently, the school has in training

350 medical students	15 physical therapists
60 resident physicians	25 medical laboratory technicians
18 internes	5 X-Ray technicians
150 student nurses	7 hospital dieticians
8 occupational therapists	

Total Enrollment—638.

End result will be that the 15-acre institution at 39th and Rainbow Boulevard can turn out 100 qualified medical doctors a year instead of 70.

At the K. U. Medical Center, 80,000 to 90,000 visits a year are made by patients to the "Out-Patient Clinic." If they are medically indigent, and approved by the Social Service Department, they pay only a 50c registration fee, and for their drugs. But these patients get skilled treatment. The students get "practice" — but under the watchful eye of an older, experienced physician. The schooling (and the treatments) cover every branch of medicine: internal medicine, pediatrics, obstetrics and gynecology, radiology, general surgery, neurosurgery, orthopedics, psychiatry, neurology, dermatology, ophthalmology, pathology, physical medicine, preventive medicine, or the one with the fanciest title, otorhinolaryngology. That means "throat."

A **N**OTHER facet of the Kansas Plan is to help rural communities in their efforts to bring a doctor to town, provide facilities for his practice, and finance his establishment — on long term notes which the doctor signs and pays out of income. Ever hear of Bird City, Kansas, population 800? They provided such a clinic, brought in a doctor, and he serves between two and three thousand patients from the surrounding area. At Johnson, Kansas, the community bought a house, equipped the doctor's office in the basement — and his family lives upstairs. Mineola, McClouth, Mankato and Hanover are other small Kansas towns that have done the same thing.

"We have been uniquely fortunate," says Dr. Murphy. "Everybody is pulling together. That's what makes the Kansas Plan work!"

A **T**HIRD facet of the Kansas Plan is to relieve the "medical isolation" of doctors in rural communities by conducting a "circuit type" post-graduate course each year throughout the state. Doctors from the local communities meet in cities not far from their homes for lectures and demonstrations conducted on a "circuit" by the University faculty and practicing physicians at six six-hour sessions spaced from December through May. This year they meet at hotels in Junction City, Great Bend, Newton, Garden City and Iola. At hospitals in Colby and Beloit. And at Ted's Grill in Coffeyville. Doctors from Topeka, Winfield, and Wichita are assisting the University faculty to "guarantee the doctors of Kansas as fine and usable postgraduate medical education as is available anywhere in America."

THE sympathetic, civilized, effective young doctor who administers and propels all this activity was born in Kansas City in 1916, son of Dr. Franklin E. Murphy, and grandson of an Indiana country doctor. From his mother he gained a tremendous interest in people, music and the arts. His grandmother taught him to be practical — to know how to do things with his hands. An uncle, Lee Murphy, insisted he work in a department store, learning poise and the ability to get along with people.

After Pembroke-Country Day School, where he played quarterback on the football team, young Franklin attended K. U. His constant companion there was Lyman Field, his cousin, a law student. They pledged Beta Theta Pi and roomed together, enlivening many a night with endless

"bull sessions." Exposure to Zoology in his junior year at K. U. stirred young Murphy's interest in science, led to his study of medicine. Receiving his A.B. at K. U., he was selected as an exchange student to live in Germany a year, during which time he traveled around Europe, talked with everyone he met, widened his thinking and viewpoint.

Then came medical school at the University of Pennsylvania, where an interest in kidney diseases led him to write a prize-winning paper on medical history. His next interest was the philosophy of medicine. At graduation he led his class and was elected to Alpha Omega Alpha, the Phi Beta Kappa of medicine. Then a year as an interne, another two years as a resident physician at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital. When World War II began he took over the teaching assignments of older doctors called into the service, finally entered the Army himself, as a captain. On his office wall today is the framed Army Commendation Ribbon of the Army Ground Forces.

Meanwhile, he had married Judith Harris of Kansas City, and there are now four little Murphys: Judith Joyce, Martha Alice, Carolyn Louise and the baby, Franklin Lee. Dr. Murphy is a great believer in the closely-knit family group and the institution of the "family reunion," several of which are held every year. This gives him an opportunity — between trips throughout Kansas, to Washington, D. C., and elsewhere—to catch up on everyone's growth. At the reunions, they always play charades, or enact a play. Recently, Judith Joyce took the part of Mrs. Murphy, and a small cousin played the doctor. Seated at

the table, as if at dinner, his daughter said: "Franklin, put down that paper, We see you so little, you should pay attention when you are here."

Item: During September, October and November this year Dr. Murphy made 23 speeches and attended 36 other meetings in Topeka, Wichita, Scott City, Olathe, Lawrence, La Crosse, Marion, Manhattan, Clay Center and Chanute, Kansas; St. Joseph, Missouri; Ft. Worth, Texas; Roanoke, Virginia; Iowa City, Iowa; Washington, D. C.; Lake Placid, N. Y.; and at Columbia University in New York.

How he does it all only Mrs. Murphy knows; but Dr. Murphy also serves on the Board of the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, the Kansas City Conservatory of Music and the Midwest Research Institute. He is active in the American College of Physicians and last year was vice-president of the Association of American Medical Colleges. He serves on the Kansas Council for Rhodes Scholarships. He is on the Medical Advisory Board of the Veterans Administration, requiring a minimum of four trips a year to Washington. "I couldn't do it if it weren't for the airplane," Dr. Murphy says. Fortunately, he loves to fly!

And his hobby? Collecting medals. He is a member of the Society of Medalists, who strike two medals a year commemorating some important person or event. The medals of medical men are displayed in Dr. Murphy's office. Others are treasured in a locked case, occasionally displayed to interested visitors. They are valuable beyond price, and he plans to leave his collection to the University.

SWING'S guess is that if Dr. Murphy's drive and initiative continue through a long life, the Society of Medalists will be holding another competition one of these days for an appropriate design. Subject: "The Murphy Medal."



I DON'T WANT A CAR —EVER

Three out of four American families have automobiles. The family of Milton Mayer is the fourth. Mr. Mayer, a contributor to Harper's, Life, Reader's Digest, and other magazines, is an unreconstructed, last-ditch, bitter-end anti-automobilist. He is also an inveterate writer of open letters. In both capacities he contributes the following lighthearted footnote.

Automobile Manufacturers Assn.
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I yield to no man, and to few women, in my admiration for the automotive industry. The very phrase rolls on my tongue like tokay. But I do not want an automobile just now. Or ever. I don't want a hydramatic, ultramatic, or numismatic automobile, a powerglide, dynafLOW, airflow, -flight, -flyte, or fleetline automobile, or even a Cadillac Debutante like the one I saw covered with leopard skins and white sidewall tires optional—optional like death and taxes.

I've had an automobile. There's a Ford in my past. I bought it for \$100. It ran halfway out of the used-car lot and stopped. The used-car man had a tape measure, and the tape measure showed that the car was more than halfway out of the lot; it was mine.

I pushed it to the J. B. Johnson Automotive Service. J. B. Johnson himself was there. He opened the hood, wrinkled his forehead, and said, "It's the compression." "What's that?" I said. "Fifteen dollars," J. B. replied.

This happened once or twice a month. It wasn't always fifteen dollars, but it was always the compression. Then J. B. retired to Palm Beach and bought the old Flagler Place, which he renamed "Compression Cove."

I bought a Buick cabriolet for \$200. This was an interesting model of a type you may not remember. You could look out of it both to the front and to the rear. You could even wear a hat while looking.

I walked this one into the S & S Garage one day in late April. "I think it's the starter," I said to Sam Schenck, the co-proprietor. Sam opened the hood, wrinkled his chin, and said, "It's

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the points." Points turned out to be half the price of compression, but twice as often. I suppose Sam calls his Florida Place "Point Comfort."

After the Buick I traded my inheritance and my pottage for a \$975 vehicle. About the time the engine block cracked, my banker, Wormley, dropped in to tell me my loan would be called unless I put up more collateral. "You have my right eye now," I said. "You still have your left," said Wormley, polishing his gold-handled cane with the palm of his glove. I got to my feet, took a few tentative steps in the direction of Wormley, and found I could walk. "I can walk," I said wildly. "You no longer interest me," said Wormley frigidly, and he waved to his man to carry him to his car.

All that was some time ago. But I am still on my feet, I am happy to say, and in spite of your blandishments I am going to stay there.

Gentlemen, the automobile made a fool out of me. I got so I called people bad names—not just pedestrians and policemen, but my own little children, when all they wanted to do, in the middle of Sunday afternoon traffic, was go to the bathroom. I got into two wrecks mastering the overdrive in the city and two more using fingertip touch control in the country. I got into another one trying to wear a hat.

I have taken note of the "integrated" fender. You nick a fender and you buy a body. And now, they tell me, you're taking the clutch out. So all right, you take out the clutch and the left foot joins the tonsils, the adenoids, and the appendix as evolutionary vestiges. But, like them, it hangs

on, with nothing to do. It gets nervous. It starts beating time to the music coming out of the dashboard radio. Then the right foot absentmindedly joins the left, and the road is strewn with flaming wreckage.

I have been thumb-and-forefingering through the four-color advertisements for your newest models. I see them now for what they are. That beautiful woman leaning on the front fender (it is a fender, isn't it?) of the new Nash Airflyte—what will she look like ten years from now? What will she look like now, if the brake slips? That couple getting out of the new Lincoln Cosmopolitan in front of the big red brick house with white pillars—where did she get the ermine throw? Why have they been invited to the boss's house for dinner? I had a car, and the boss never invited me to dinner. Not only that, but when I told him I had to have a raise, he said, and his voice was like ice, "You manage to keep up a car on your present salary, I see." Ermine throw, indeed.

My brother has one of your automobiles. He told me it costs a man \$1000 a year to drive a car. He had it down in black and white—not just depreciation, but wear and tear *apart from* depreciation; not just wear and tear, but repairs *apart from* wear and tear. He told me about things I had never heard of, things you never advertise in four colors, such as the interest on the purchase price, compounded.

I asked him how long it took him to figure this all out. He said he did it in three or four hours one Saturday while driving around looking for a place to park. I asked him how much

his time was worth. "Ten dollars an hour, time and a half on Saturdays," he said. It cost him \$60 to figure out how much it costs a man to drive a car (and \$2 to park it when he finally found a place). I say that a man who doesn't drive a car is putting money in the bank—\$2 here, \$60 there, \$1000 here and there.

Gentlemen, I am in the middle-income bracket, or vise. People like me are doing well if they make one

end meet. On top of not having a car, I haven't got all that money it takes to drive one. I don't want you to take this personally, gentlemen, or to think that I'm a small-minded old fogey. I'm aware that the automobile, like the flying saucer, is here to stay. I simply don't want one. I've had one. I bought it for \$100. It ran halfway out of the used car lot . . .

Yrs. rspy., &c.,

MILTON MAYER.

Automobile Salesmanship at Work

Southern Automotive Journal, March, 1950, Speech by Henry Luhring, Jr.

"**H**ERE'S one example of a technique we have used successfully in many cases. It has closed dozens of deals in the last six months, both on used cars and new cars.

"A salesman on a deal has progressed with the customer to a point where only \$50 stands in the way. Selling a \$2000 car, he has offered to trade for a difference of \$550, allowing the customer \$1450 on his trade-in. The customer, always with the price for his trade-in uppermost in his mind, has said he must get at least \$1500 for it.

"In many cases, if the salesman merely makes an oral concession of another \$50, the customer, taking the concession as an indication of weakness on the part of the salesman, will fear that he has not held out for enough and will make some excuse to postpone buying, such as, 'I'll talk it over with my wife and come back.' He never does.

"Our salesman will close the deal by saying something like this: 'When I saw the boss this morning, he seemed to be in a pretty good humor. Ordinarily if I took a proposition like this in for approval, he would throw me out on my ear. I want to help you get this car. If I take an order in to the boss, with \$10 or \$15 pinned to it, I may be able to get it through for you. Anyway, it's worth a try.'

"Let's suppose the salesman gets the order on that basis. The customer, in his own mind, has bought the car. He is already visualizing the neighbors gathering around that evening, the ride with the family over to his brother's the next day. While he is sitting in the car enjoying these pleasant daydreams, the salesman has gone back to the Coke machine for a drink.

"In a few minutes he returns to the customer: 'Boy, I sure am lucky and so are you. I really didn't think there was a chance of that deal going through, but I wanted to try. The car is yours, for only \$25 more. Now, will three o'clock be early enough for you to take delivery?' the salesman will ask.

"He hasn't seen the boss yet. He knew, when he took the tentative order, that he had made a sale because he knew ahead of time that the customer's own proposition would have been acceptable to the house. We don't pick up the extra \$25 in every deal, but we make a lot of sales that we would miss by using any other trading technique.

"The sales manager must be able to conceive ideas like this one and put them across to his men. . . ."

The Cattalo of Northern Canada

CATTLE that grunt instead of bellow and paw through heavy snow for food may soon dot vast areas in northern Canada. Twenty-five years ago experiments were started on the development of the latest addition to the domestic family of stock cattle—a cross between buffalo and domestic cattle. Today Canada has the cattalo, an animal that will turn barren areas into thriving ranching country.

And further experiments show that this extraordinary type of beef cattle will be able to stand the rigors of the northern Alberta climate. The cattalo braves the snow and ice storms and afterwards digs through the crust with sharp hooves to the vegetation beneath.

Near Wainwright, Alberta, picked buffalo were mated with Hereford, Aberdeen-Angus and Shorthorn cattle. Direct cross breeding resulted in too great a mortality, so the Tibetan yak was imported to act as intermediary breed. The resultant cattalo has shown that, like the buffalo, it can live a rugged life in the open, and subsist on very little food. It eats shrubs, weeds, or anything else it can find, and its heavy coat protects it against wintry blasts.

Efforts to find a reproducing cattalo strain were successful this year when many cattalo calves were born from the union of cattalo cows and bulls. At the Canadian government station in Wainwright there are many strains of buffalo and domestic cattle. The various cross breeding experiments so far show that buffalo characteristics have been maintained. One dominant characteristic of the cattalo is a long grunt instead of a bellow as an expression of anger. Also, like the buffalo, the cattalo stores up fat in good feeding seasons as a reserve against lean winter periods.

Origin of the cattalo is good news to the settlements along the northern frontier. The days of tinned and frozen meats are nearly over. According to reports the meat of the cattalo is as good as buffalo or domestic meat. Now the northland will have its own fresh meat which is an important commodity in the frigid wastelands of the far north.

—James Montagnes

▲
A traveller seeking ads for a country magazine called on the village grocer. "Nothing doing," he was told. "Been established 80 years and never advertised."

As he turned to leave, the traveller said, "Excuse me, but what is that building on the hill?"

"Oh that," said the grocer, "is the village church."

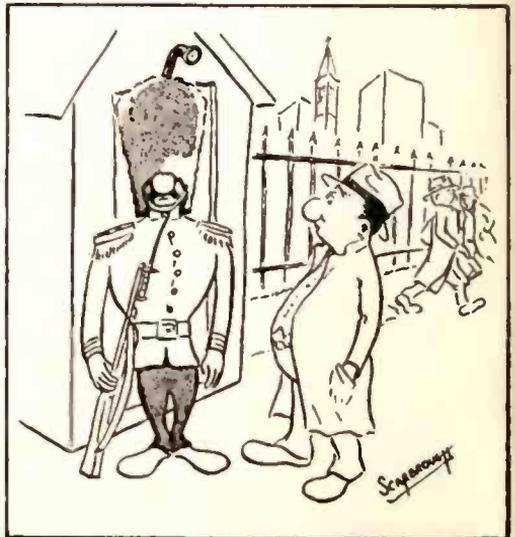
"Been there long?" asked the traveller.

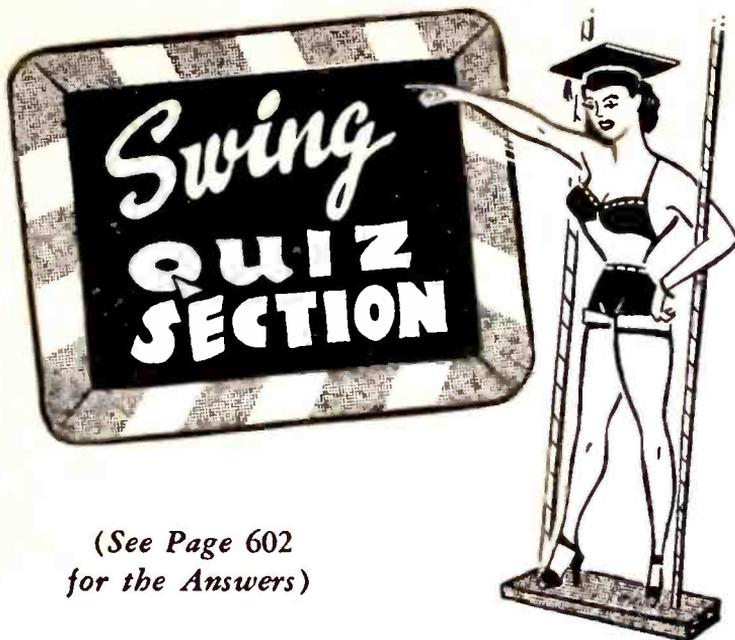
"Yes," said the grocer, "300 years."

"Well," replied the traveller, "they still ring the bell."

▲
The customer complained to the waitress that his soup was too soupy, the eggs too eggy, and so on. Finally he said, "And when you order that chop, make it lean."

"Yes, sir," said the girl. "Which way?"





(See Page 602
for the Answers)

A CHRISTMAS MATCH

by Maymie R. Krythe

Can you match these people and their achievements?

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| 1. Johann S. Bach | A. Developed into our Santa Claus |
| 2. Irving Berlin | B. Had first electrically lighted Christmas tree in the White House |
| 3. F. D. Roosevelt | C. Generous to the poor at Christmas |
| 4. Joel Poinsett | D. Composed "O Little Town of Bethlehem" |
| 5. St. Francis | E. Celebrated Christmas by winning a battle |
| 6. O. Henry | F. Originated Christmas seals |
| 7. G. Washington | G. Author of "Story of the Other Wise Man" |
| 8. St. Nicholas | H. Gave us our Christmas flower |
| 9. Phillips Brooks | I. Set up first manger scene |
| 10. Theodore Roosevelt | J. Painted the "Nativity" |
| 11. Einar Holboell | K. One of the three Wise Men |
| 12. Corregio | L. Wrote "White Christmas" |
| 13. Henry Van Dyke | M. Wrote "A Visit from St. Nicholas" |
| 14. King Wenceslas | N. Author of "Gift of the Magi" |
| 15. William H. Taft | O. Wrote words of "Silent Night" |
| 16. Clement C. Moore | P. Composer of "Christmas Oratorio" |
| 17. Charles Wesley | Q. Owned a Christmas tree farm |
| 18. Bret Harte | R. First President to hear caroling on the White House lawn |
| 19. Melchior | S. Wrote "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" |
| 20. Josef Mohr | T. Author of "Christmas at Simpson's Bar" |

SPORTS HEAD SCRATCHERS

by Norman Daly

(See the Chart on Opposite Page)

How well do you know your sports? Here are a few mental gymnastics to hurdle and find out how you rate. There are 15 questions—divided into 4 sections, and to do it right, tackle a section at a time. Score yourself 10 points for each correct solution. 30 to 50 points is about average. 60-110 is very good. 120-150 is superb and qualifies you as the real McCoy.

Section A:

This is a sports charade. The 5 illustrations suggest, symbolically, 5 popular

sports. Take your time on this—it's a little corny but cute.

Section B:

Can you associate the 4 illustrations with these 4 LEGENDARY characters? WILLIAM TELL, RIP VAN WINKLE, CASEY, ATLAS. (Don't sulk—they positively belong in the sports category.)

Section C:

Can you name the game that is played on each of these 3 field diagrams?

Section D:

It's raining—let's go indoors. What 3 table games do these illustrations suggest?

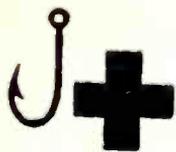


SLEEP HABITS

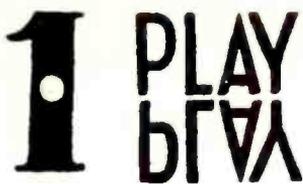
by Lawrence R. Barney

How are your sleeping habits? To test them, as well as your knowledge of good sleeping habits, there are TEN True and False questions listed below. They are based upon the "10 Commandments" for good sleeping as set forth by Dr. Paul H. Fluck in a recent American Medical Association publication. A score of 9-10 right is excellent; 7-8 is good; 5-6 is fair; and with a score of 4 or less right you probably take sleeping pills. Underline the correct answer.

1. Listening to the radio in bed is conducive to good sleeping? True—False
2. You should positively never read in bed? True—False
3. Going to bed at irregular hours is not a bad sleeping habit? True—False
4. Closing your eyes immediately upon getting into bed is a good habit? True—False
5. Providing a regular schedule for a dog or hobby that might interfere with your sleep is a good habit? True—False
6. You should try and get at least one hour of sleep before midnight? True—False
7. If sleep doesn't come immediately, you shouldn't try and remember what position you generally wake up in, in the morning, then take that position? True—False
8. It is all right to eat ice cream before retiring? True—False
9. When going to sleep, it is necessary to relax your mind as well as your muscles? True—False
10. It is all right to drink only a glass of milk or to eat no more than a small bowl of cereal before retiring? True—False



1



2



3



4



5

B



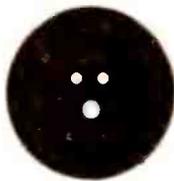
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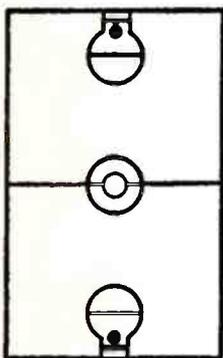


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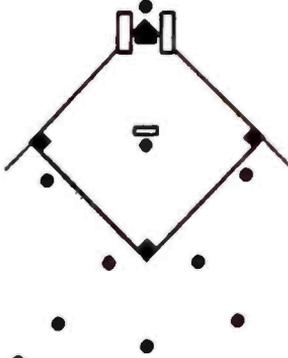


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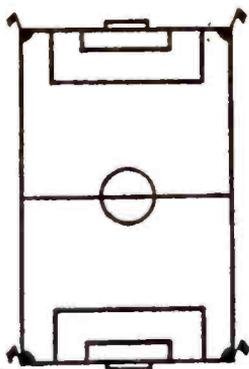
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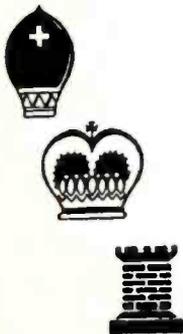


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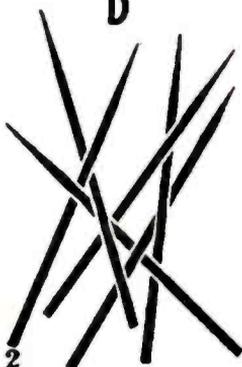


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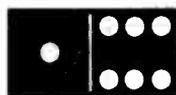
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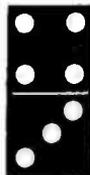
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2



3



CITIES HAVE NICKNAMES, TOO

by Helen L. Renshaw

Everyone likes a nickname. Maybe you didn't know it, but many of our prominent cities have been given nicknames. Your job is to match the cities with their favorite titles.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Boston..... | Iron City |
| 2. Brooklyn..... | Queen City of the Lakes |
| 3. Buffalo..... | Golden Gate City |
| 4. Chicago..... | City of Churches |
| 5. Kansas City..... | Flour City |
| 6. New York..... | Hub of the Universe |
| 7. Philadelphia..... | City of Magnificent Distances |
| 8. Pittsburgh..... | Cowtown, U.S.A. |
| 9. Portland, Oregon..... | Garden City |
| 10. Rochester..... | City of Roses |
| 11. San Francisco..... | Gotham |
| 12. Washington, D. C..... | City of Brotherly Love |

MISSING VERBS

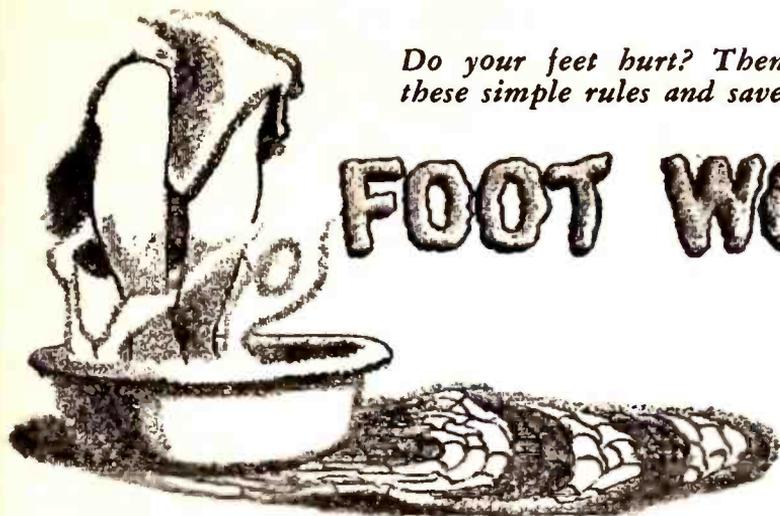
by Hildegard Walls Johnson

A present participle is formed by adding the ending *ing* to a verb, and may be used as an adjective or a noun. The definitions which follow belong to verbs which begin with *dis*, and may be used as adjectives. The beginning and ending of each word are given. How many of the missing verb parts can you discover? Count 4 for each word completed correctly. 72 is Fair; 84 Good; 92 or more Excellent. Good digging!

- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| 1. Offensive | 1. DIS ---- ING |
| 2. Characteristic | 2. DIS ----- ING |
| 3. Suspicious | 3. DIS ----- ING |
| 4. Censuring | 4. DIS ----- ING |
| 5. Rendering ineligible | 5. DIS ----- ING |
| 6. Lessening the self-confidence of | 6. DIS ----- ING |
| 7. Vanishing | 7. DIS ----- ING |
| 8. Giving another semblance to | 8. DIS ---- ING |
| 9. Rendering cheerless | 9. DIS ----- ING |
| 10. Recognizing a difference | 10. DIS ----- ING |
| 11. Setting aside | 11. DIS ----- ING |
| 12. Perceiving | 12. DIS ---- ING |
| 13. Crippling | 13. DIS --- ING |
| 14. Agitating | 14. DIS ----- ING |
| 15. Melting | 15. DIS ---- ING |
| 16. Filling with consternation | 16. DIS --- ING |
| 17. Belittling | 17. DIS ----- ING |
| 18. Wishing to settle something | 18. DIS --- ING |
| 19. Vexing | 19. DIS ----- ING |
| 20. Failing to fulfill a hope or expectation. | 20. DIS ----- ING |
| 21. Putting out of place | 21. DIS ----- ING |
| 22. Diverting | 22. DIS ----- ING |
| 23. Bringing down to reality | 23. DIS ----- ING |
| 24. Contrary | 24. DIS ---- ING |
| 25. Falling to pieces | 25. DIS ----- ING |

Do your feet hurt? Then follow these simple rules and save money.

FOOT WOES



by LAWRENCE R. BARNEY

FOOT trouble is the woe of millions of people, and an expensive one, too. Foot trouble cost industry the staggering sum of six hundred million dollars in 1949 alone. This was due to the lowered efficiency, lost motion, errors, accidents and lost time incurred by workers suffering from foot ailments.

Warts, bunions, calluses, five varieties of corns, ingrown toe nails, athlete's foot, bursitis, inflammation, hammer toes, five kinds of ulcers, varicose veins, frost bite, fissures, shortened calf muscles, sprains and fractures, and flat feet are only a few of the seventy-five ailments that plague the foot.

When two out of three women and one out of four men wear ill-fitting shoes you readily understand why the main cause of foot trouble is attributed to either tight shoes or the wrong type of footwear. By wearing ill-fitting shoes not only are you laying yourself open for the host of foot

ailments; but also, you are giving yourself back and leg pains, and posture and gait trouble.

Dr. Benjamin Kauth, director of the American Foot Institute, New York, warns against the practice of giving children worn hand-me-down shoes. This practice, he explains, often



leads to the warping of the children's feet. In addition he cautions parents to keep up with the growth of their children's feet; for in six weeks a youngster up to the age of twelve may have a full size larger foot.

The high heels of women's shoes pitch their bodies forward. Dr. Harry Budin, New York, gives this as the major reason for finding ninety per cent of women's foot trouble in the area of the big toe, or the forward part of the foot.

Occupational habits are often a source of foot trouble. For instance: Dentists, barbers, salesclerks, and others whose work requires them to stand on their feet all day may develop neuralgia of the feet. Secretaries who wear high heels while working at their desks pull the lower part of their leg back and develop a weakening and shortening of the calf muscles. Deliverymen who jump upon hard pavements all day will groan with painful enlargements of the joints.

▲
An Iowa doctor and lawyer with their wives were leaving Boston's Hotel Statler after a convention. Recalling their difficulty in reaching the hotel, the lawyer put the two women in a taxi, told the driver to take them to the Sumner tunnel and added, "Don't drive too darn fast because a couple of Iowa farm boys will be following you in their cars."

▲
Senator John L. McClellan, of Arkansas, was listening to a witness explain that Costa Rica couldn't make her payments on the proposed Pan-American highway extension because she had a national deficit of \$25 million.

"Twenty-five million!" McClellan snorted. "We don't even keep books on that small amount."

HAVING read this far you probably have become quite concerned with the proper care of your feet. Good! The Foot Health Council, which is sponsoring industry foot clinics, offers the following rules for foot health:

1. Always wear shoes that fit your feet properly.
2. Always wear shoes that fit the occasion.
3. Do not wear the same pair of shoes two days in succession.
4. Bathe your feet daily; drying well afterwards.
5. Keep your feet dry.
6. Cut your toe nails straight across; not rounded or curved.
7. Exercise your feet and toes.
8. Cultivate good posture.
9. Do not neglect any foot ailments or aches.

Following these simple foot rules faithfully will help you to have healthier feet and may well save you from the misery of some foot ailment.

▲
The victim, a woman in her early 30's told me this one:

It had been several weeks since John Gerlack, a prosperous farmer and good customer, had been in the bank where she worked. He especially liked to have one of the lady tellers wait on him and he was usually quite frank in his talk. Today he apparently meant to be complimentary:

"Miss Lee, you seem to be getting a little stouter."

She thought to help him acquire tact: "Now, Mr. Gerlack, don't you know you must never tell a woman she is getting fat?"

"Oh, yes?" he seemed genuinely surprised, "— but I didn't think a woman your age would mind."—True.

2—Strictly Personal

GIRL WANTED to run barefoot through my hair. Fifty cents an hour and traveling expenses. Those with bunions need not apply. Box X-11, MIRROR.



DON'T ANSWER UNLESS SINCERE

by JOSEPH STOCKER

ON March 3, 1949, the following notice appeared at the head of a column entitled "Strictly Personal" in the recently-launched *Los Angeles Mirror*:

GIFTED ARTIST, 42, homely, moody, usually broke, gambles, drinks, would like to meet attractive middle-aged woman for companionship. Just lonely. No matrimony. Box A-15, Mirror.

There were only a few other "Strictly Personal" notices that day, besides the heart-cry of the melancholy and vice-loving artist. One was a warning from a Mrs. J. M. A. that "unless a certain bookie stops taking bets from my husband, I'll turn him over to the police." Another was the offer of a reward if witnesses to a gambling raid would come forward and "help a married man." A third was simply this enigmatic message: "TOOTSIE: Television Saturday night. 'Columbus' will be there. 'Pooch'."

But, modest as it was, another "agony column" had been born. The next day in the *Mirror* there were more "Strictly Personals," and the day after that still more. Within a few months

the lusty new Los Angeles tabloid was carrying two and three full columns of "agony notices" every day, to the delight of its customers, and circulation was up nearly 35,000.

The *Mirror*, of course, wasn't starting anything new or unique. The "agony column" is almost as old as journalism itself, and yet as fresh and zestful as a page 1 headline—a looking glass held up to the heartbreak and foibles of just plain people with problems.

Among the most famous "agony columns" in the history of American publishing was the one James Gordon Bennett the Elder proudly nurtured in his *New York Herald*, back in the last century.

In those days the *Herald*, with tender solicitude for the well-being of its business office, devoted the whole of its front page to advertising. On an average week day the Personals occupied all the first column, but on Sundays they filled the entire page and occasionally splashed over into the inside of the paper. The *Herald* enjoyed the largest Sunday circulation in New York City, and much of the credit went to the "agony" department.

AMONG the American literati, the Personals column of the dignified and sophisticated *Saturday Review of Literature* has long been a celebrated institution. It came into being in 1933 when Louis Untermeyer, the poet, brought a pair of donkeys back from Sardinia. One of the donkeys died, and Untermeyer, possibly because he didn't want to be reminded constantly of his bereavement, decided to sell the other. He offered it in the *Saturday Review*, with prompt and profitable results. The column caught on and is still going strong.

Apparently sophisticated book-lovers can get just as hungry for human companionship (preferably of the opposite sex) as non-sophisticates who never read anything heavier than Li'l Abner. Witness these more-or-less typical Personals in the *Saturday Review*:

POET-DIOGENES (typewriter a-poised): "Where is one female, creatively inclined, knowing best books, socialistic, loving nature, intellectually adventurous, disliking Philistine cities?"

NATURE-BOY rebels against psychotic earth-civilization, but trains to Mars not yet running. Would correspond with untroubled earth-lass who loves the simple life.

Aware, perhaps, of the unhappy fate which befell the *New York Herald* and anxious to avoid all pitfalls, the *Saturday Review* permits no advertiser to state his age, phone number or address. He is given a box number and all replies are forwarded.

Even so, a slick and highly literate confidence man succeeded once in catching 30 lonely women in a net which he disguised with high-sounding words and hung out in the magazine's Personal columns. A member of the *Saturday Review's* own staff finally got suspicious, trapped the

swindler and had him arrested by Uncle Sam's postal sleuths.

Saturday Review Personals aren't restricted to lonely hearts. The column serves also as an odds-and-ends corner where you'll find offered for sale such disparate items as cookbooks, Christmas cards, cigarettes, tea, bookplates, wastebaskets and anti-snoring devices.



Ghost writers ostentatiously rustle their shrouds through the column, hoping to attract some public figure who is spoiling to tell the world the story of his life but can't get beyond the words, "I was born . . ." And recently there appeared this poignant item, causing probable discomfiture to anyone who thought our American democracy had reached a state of grace and perfection which couldn't be improved upon:

NEGRO GIRL, tired of runaround in land of opportunity, wants job abroad where color no handicap.

Even the stately *London Times* has its column of Personals, which it publishes on the front page as did the old *New York Herald*. But it's not often—if ever—that you'll find British boy

trying to meet British girl via the *Times* Personals. Notices have to be veddy, veddy proper before they rate the famed Thunderer's "agony column," if such it could be called. And, as though to lend added dignity, each day's column starts off with a quotation from the Bible. Below that, you will read such good, gray items as these:

GRANGE (Crowborough) OLD BOYS REUNION, Rubens Hotel, July 4th. Will those who have not had a notice write G. Proctor, Benington, Crowborough?

And:

BIRTLEY PARISH CHURCH, Co. Durham, observes its Centenary this year. Former parishioners invited to subscribe to the £1,000 Centenary Fund for Church improvements. Full details from the Vicar (The Rev. A. M. Stephens).

Perhaps the closest approach to American-style Personals in any foreign country is the matrimonial column of the *Hindustan Times*, published by Devidas Gandhi, son of the late Mahatma. Since it is not uncommon among Hindus for matches to be made through friends or marriage brokers, this is the sort of thing you'd see in the *Times*:

WANTED—A poor, good-tempered, issueless widow or virgin about 20 years from any higher caste for my Kayasth Mathur (caste) friend of 35 years, employed in Jodhpur Public Works department as mistri (skilled worker), earning 60 rupees per month. Simple & immediate marriage. Pls respond to J. N. Saxena, Engineer, Udai Bhavan, Unmeidpura, Jodhpur.

THE latest of the additions to the world's "agony columns," that of the *Los Angeles Mirror*, leans heavily to spice, which isn't surprising, since this is the prevailing flavor of Los Angeles journalism as a whole.

Here and there in the Strictly Personals you'll find a drab and painfully earnest notice such as—

WILL shy, unsociable, eccentric girl help dreamer idealist? No triflers, please. Don't answer unless sincere. Box W-49.

Or an almost poetical supplication like this one:

IS there a tall, dark Slav, about 30, with hair on his chest and a mind of his own who likes the world and beauty and little lost girls?

But more often it seems as though the buyers of Strictly Personal space are competing to see who can turn the cutest phrase calculated to capture the most attention. It's become a sort of game in the sprawling southern California metropolis, providing a fleeting diversion between Hollywood divorce scandals. Readers skip eagerly over the editorials, Business & Finance and even the movie page to scan the "agony column" for such little gems as these:

GIRL wanted to run barefoot through my hair. Fifty cents an hour and traveling expenses. Those with bunions need not apply.

YOUNG man with two heads would like to meet young lady with two heads interested in sharing 4-way cold tablet.

DO you want a plain golden ring on your finger? Do you want to cuddle up in my arms?

Do you want someone always to love you?

Someone always to keep you from harm?

Do you want someone to thrill and to cheer you, So you'll never be lonesome or blue?

If you want all the things I want,

Then write to Box B-42.

Almost anything is liable to pop up in the *Mirror's* Strictly Personals. A culling of some recent columns disclosed a reader offering to sell the cornea of one eye and a young veteran advertising himself as a "HUSBAND FOR SALE" (price: \$5,000). A mother and father, lacking the wherewithal, plead for transportation to France to be with their daughter at the birth of her first baby. A widow with time on her hands offers to help solve other people's problems, just for her own "mental satisfaction"—no strings attached.

Are they all bona fide? Or, as some rival Los Angeles newspapermen have hinted cynically, do the bright young

members of the *Mirror's* staff turn out some of those little gems, purely for reader bait?

They're all "legitimate," insists Classified Ad Manager Robert M. Kozek. He admits, however, that one "phony" did sneak through. A matrimonial club, of the kind which flourishes in the heady and slightly wacky atmosphere of southern California, planted a carefully-disguised come-on in the column. But the paper found out about it and confiscated all the replies.

"We started this column because there are a lot of lonesome, sincere people in this part of the world, with no way of getting in touch with other people," says Kozek. "Many have left their friends behind in the Midwest or some place and come out here alone to start all over again. Maybe they aren't the type to go to bars and pick up somebody. What other means do they have for meeting people?"

The *Mirror*, of course, has no way of knowing whether everybody finds a soulmate who advertises for one in the Personals. But some interesting results have come to light.

A WOMAN who described herself as a wealthy, "very attractive"

"I've decided on a name for the baby," said the young mother. "I shall call her Euphrosyne."

The husband did not care for the selection, but he was tactful.

"Splendid," he said cheerfully. "The first girl I ever loved was called Euphrosyne."

There was a brief silence. Then his wife said sternly: "We'll call her Elizabeth after my mother."

but lonely widow of 35, owning a fine home and a Cadillac, advertised for an "honest young man for social companion and travel." She got 650 replies in two days (which probably isn't to be wondered at), cancelled the ad in considerable panic and complained that it would take the rest of her life to read all the applications.

The gifted, homely, moody and vice-doting artist mentioned at the beginning of this article got 17 replies to his ad. Sixteen were on the up-and-up. The 17th was a penny postcard advertising automobile polish. There was a pencilled notation across the bottom: "If you get any extra numbers, I'll swap a can of polish for them."

A young strawberry blonde fishing for a boy friend placed a notice in the Personals. Three days later a question about her ad came up at the *Mirror* office and one of the ad takers called her.

"Oh, don't bother me now," came a fluttery voice across the wire. "I'm about to get married—to the most wonderful fellow in the world!"

Call the preacher. Reserve the church. Ring out, joyous bells. Susie's hooked a man in the Personals!

Little Susie had been naughty, and her mother suggested that she mention the matter in her prayers. She did so, and this is what she said before going to sleep: "Dear Lord, I know I'm a bad little girl, and I do wish you would help me to be better, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

High prices sure knock the quality.

LAY THAT SHOVEL DOWN! HEART ATTACK KILLS SNOW

PRICE 5 CENTS

BODY OF PROMINENT ATTORNEY
FOUND ON FRONT WALK OF

Take it easy. You don't want to make headlines this way!

by GEORGE STATLER

DOES that headline look vaguely familiar? Do you recall seeing it flash often before your eyes from your local newspaper last winter?

Perhaps you do. And with another frosty season about to cover the land with its blanket of white, the head of the family once again dreads that gloomy day when he must sigh, tug on his scarf and galoshes, and sally forth to remove the most unwelcome portion of that "blanket" from his walk and driveway.

Which is all right, in a way. But if he is a sedentary worker who has been cooped up in the office ever since Labor Day, he'd better watch out. "The sudden and unaccustomed exertion of heaving uncounted shovelfuls of snow constitutes a considerable strain on the heart," warns more than one doctor. Others repeat their annual advice to "Take it easy!", pleading for common sense and moderation, especially for those with normally light

daily routines and those who are getting up in years.

During the one big snow in the east, when power lines crashed under the weight of the ice, and roads drifted shut within an hour, an aged couple was marooned at home just outside the city limits. They could not get their car out, neither could other cars get to them. Then the wife became suddenly ill, and her husband flew into a frenzy.

"Doctor!" he shouted over the phone. "How will you get through?"

"Now, don't worry," soothed the voice at the other end. "I'll pick up some neighbors who have cleared their roads and we'll get to you. Just sit tight. We won't be long."

However, the old fellow chose to ignore this counsel. He waded into the drifts, shovel flying. In fifteen minutes he found himself staggering for his doorway, gasping for breath, with that knife-like pain in his chest. Instead of one, there now were two sick people in that house. But for one of them the doctor arrived too late.

How to shovel snow and live?

The hardest part of the job entails lifting that big wide scoop full of the crystallized water vapor called snow.

Therefore, if you can eliminate the hoisting, you've done away with the tough element right at the start. To facilitate this, various contrivances have recently come onto the market.

One is the "scoop on wheels." All you do is push it. The gadget works all right as long as the snow is no more than six or seven inches deep. Which is the usual state of affairs. But if the stuff begins to drift you're back to hoisting again.

ANOTHER and similar machine is the small plow on wheels, which also requires a push. It shoves the snow to one side. This one works best on sidewalks and paved driveways, but still cannot do as clean a job or clear as wide a path as the shovel. Both of these contraptions are a big help, nevertheless, and lighten the job for city dwellers in particular. In most cities and towns, ordinances demand immediate clearing of sidewalks after a snowfall, which means that *somebody* must get out there and get started. Any little help is welcome.

For those who can afford it, the newest aid is a one-man, powered rotary plow. Slightly larger than a motor-driven lawn mower, the machine cuts a sixteen-inch path, throwing snow twenty-five feet away.

But suppose you live on an unpaved street or country lane, where you're stuck with the old shovel? It is that or nothing. You wish it were nothing. But the snow is waist high against the front door and melting through the keyhole. Your wife is pounding your ear with broad hints and you're on the spot.

There are good and bad ways of handling that elemental prehistoric

tool, the shovel. Go to the digger of ditches, the pitcher of hay, the cleaner



of streets. Observe their ways. They know their business. See how they take their time. The steady, deceptively slow pace they set lets them move a huge amount of material and still be able to stand at day's end.

Slide . . . lift . . . backswing . . . heave! they go, over and over, with that continuous, easy motion. The weight of the loaded shovel is a pendulum, which on the backswing gains momentum for the final hoist. This takes a large amount of weight from the arms and back muscles.

It can be the same with snow. Take your time. Take it easy. It is a job that calls for a lazy technique, and the eager beaver will impress no one but his undertaker. How many have uttered these unrecorded last words?—"I'll just tear into that stuff right after dinner and be done in no time."

Possibly the two most important words to keep in mind once the job is started are these: *Rest often*. If the air is sharp with frost and you're perspiring mildly under woolen togs, you would be foolish to stop working and stand around, of course. Keep moving.

Swing your arms. Walk around and don't get chilled. Thus you will avoid a morning-after lame back . . . or worse.

I watched two ancient members of our city's sanitation department one day and, watching, knew how they had kept active out-of-doors so long, through fair weather and foul, white-haired and bent as they were. Did they care if they never finished? Apparently not. Each thrust of the shovel was deliberate. When a bite of the firm white drift was deposited at the side of the street, it was carefully patted with the shovel. Then one white-wing would straighten up, slowly fill his pipe and light it. The other would do the same. After a few quiet puffs, they'd indulge in a bit of chit-chat about the weather, their wives, the state of the world. Then back to work again. Maddening to watch in their slowness, yes. But they finished their job in due time and weren't even flushed when they moved along.

WITHOUT a doubt, if you are past forty and unaccustomed to daily physical exertion more severe than stoking the furnace or hoisting the garage door, the best course to follow is to avoid the snow-shovel as though it were booby-trapped. Be shrewd, like the man who installed hot water pipes under his driveway. Now he sits by the radiator and watches the snow disappear as fast as it falls, melted by the same heat that keeps him warm.

Failing that, hire somebody twenty years younger to do the odious task. In our town, every snowfall is immediately followed by a stream of

small boys with shovels over their thin but willing shoulders. They employ various ruses to get the job, so anxious are they for it. One will shovel the far end of the walk as clean as Uncle Tod's dinner plate, then offer to finish to the door for fifty cents. Few householders can resist him.

When one's neighbor's walks are clear, the shovel brigade finds it easier to shame or spur by comparison other prospects to do the same. "Keeping up with the Joneses" works in many ways. While certain tricks of the young shovel wielders smack of chicanery and racketeering, what of it? Certainly they're no worse than similar dodges practiced by their elders.

SURE, it seems like nothing at all to dash out the door, shovel and spirits held high, to begin making the snow fly in forty different ways like you did when you were a kid. You sail into the soft white bank like a spoon into cottage cheese. At first you enjoy it. You go along swell, for about ten minutes. Suddenly you're out of breath. You begin to pant. "Huh. Must have eaten too much."

Your arms ache, feel awfully heavy. Sweat chills the small of your back. Maybe you can sense a slight pain beneath your shirt buttons. Watch out, pal. That's a warning that you are not in as good physical shape as you think you are.

That is the moment, right there, to prove to yourself that you've gotten smarter as you got older. Drop that back-killing tool. Take a rest. And if you must do the job yourself, start again in a half hour, the safe and slow way.



with ARBOGAST

IT SEEMS we had a contest. The local Victor wheels gave us a pre-pre of Phil Harris' fantastic "The Thing" and we were enthused.

So we had a contest. And we asked our listeners to tell what "The Thing" might be.

Kenneth Bonar of Kansas City, Missouri, won the contest with his classic idea: "A left-handed strap wrench stolen from the Glutz collection of old and rare wife-beating instruments back in 1902."

Phil Maggio, of the Southern Mansion, Kansas City restaurant from whence our night show emanates (did I write that?), treated Ken and his guest to dinner and the works for winning. He took home five Victor albums, too.

So Ken became the first person in America to win a contest for naming "The Thing."

We were all happy because we had come up with a first.

Then what happens?

Victor Records in New York has an idea. "Disc-jockeys! Have your listeners name 'The Thing' from Phil Harris' new Victor recording. Valuable prizes for the winners. FELT HATS for you for helping us conduct this big, nationwide contest."

All of this three days after our local contest closed.

We jumped the gun so we're out one felt hat.

Our winner is happy; he got the prizes. Phil Harris and the Victor men are ecstatic; they've got a big hit.

But us? We're bareheaded (except for a rather tattered Boy Scout hat given to us by the Wolf Patrol, Troop 20, in Memphis) for another season.

Contests! Bah, humbug! . . . Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. Maybe he's got a felt hat for us.

Enough. Let us speak of other, more esoteric things. Like records, namely these:

CHRISTMAS BOOGIE (Sugar Chile Robinson . . . Capitol) We're supposed to be joyous during the Yuletide and not commercial as we're fast becoming. The amazing (he's 11 years old) Sugar Chile makes us properly happy with fine piano and whimsical lyrics and takes a playful poke at Xmas commercialism with lines like, "A fabulous train and a catcher's glove, make this the season for brotherly love." A clever new approach and the cutest of the new crop.

SICILIAN TARANTELLA (Reina's Orchestra . . . Victor) This is the theme for our nighttime stint from the Southern Mansion. The demand in the WHB area has been terrific. What may be an ocarina is featured. It's sad and happy, weird and beautiful at once. If you've heard it you know what we mean. We used to call it the "Silly Tarantula" just for laughs, but it turns out that the people used this song along with a self-inflicted tarantula bite to ward off a plague many years ago in Italy. They danced to "S.T." after the bite until they dropped or felt better (no Hadacol on hand then, but the same principle, really). It's an old Italian folk song, fine for old Italian folks and for everyone else, too. Soon or currently available in Kansas City.

SOMETHING I DREAMED LAST NIGHT (Kay Penton-Teddy Wilson . . . Musicraft) Kay sings to an absent lover. One of the best torch ballads of all time. One that is a cinch to give you your throat-lumps. The master, according to Teddy Wilson at WNEW in New York, is in the hands of M-G-M. We're hopeful for a re-release and so are many of the Arbo Show listeners.

See ya'. Merry and Happy and all that!

Platter Chatter . . .

AL JOLSON went to Korea without his doctor's permission . . . An example of a real trouper to the end . . . Benny Goodman is back in the record-fold with a new Columbia wax contract . . . Rumors are that Sarah Vaughan may do some of the film work that was slated for Lena Horne . . . The song "Harbor Lights," now making a comeback, was first introduced by Rudy Vallee in 1937 . . . Duke Ellington has revived his Tempo publishing house . . . Tommy Dorsey and his wife may do a stint on Eastern TV . . . Doris Day's new film is "Lullaby of Broadway" and she'll be seen dancing . . . Art Mooney has recently purchased the La Boheme Club in Miami . . . Mario Lanza, riding the crest of the best seller lists with his Victor album, "That Midnight Kiss," plans as his next a "pop" album . . . Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are hard at work on TV, after completing their independent flicker titled "At War With The Army" . . . Guy Lombardo has taken his latest dishing to heart ("Our Little Ranch House"). Guy and his wife just purchased a ranch house in Long Island . . . June Hutton, who recently left the Pied Pipers to become a single, is bandleader Ina Ray Hutton's younger sister—no relation to Marion or Betty . . . Randy Brooks is recuperating from a stroke in California . . . Roy Rogers and Bob Hope will be teamed in a Paramount picture . . . Reports from Tin Pan Alley indicate that polkas are replacing hillbilly tunes in the juke boxes . . . Margaret Whiting's first nightclub appearance will be at the Waldorf, January 1 . . . Patti Page has just completed screen tests in Hollywood . . . Ray Anthony is set for his third engagement at the Cafe Rouge in New York.

Betcha Didn't Know That . . .

Benny Goodman got his start in the entertainment world at the age of 12 doing an impersonation of Ted Lewis . . . and all for 5 dollars . . . Margaret O'Brien will soon make a novel record with advice to children on how to treat growing parents.



with **BOB KENNEDY**

Highly Recommended . . .

VICTOR 20-3933—Perry Como . . . "There's No Christmas Like a Home Christmas" and "The Christmas Symphony." For the Yuletide spirit here's Como in a holiday mood with a pair of new tunes appearing for the first time. The "Symphony" side is destined to be one of the big hits this season.

CAPITAL 1203—Nat "King" Cole . . . "Little Christmas Tree" and "Frosty, the Snow Man" . . . Nat's smooth ballad style is perfect for this. Both are new tunes and on the latter Nat gets some fine assistance from a singing group known as the "Singing Pussycats."

DECCA 27228—Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters . . . "Poppa Santa Claus" plus "Mele Kilikimaka" . . . Here comes that man with no hair upon his head—but what a voice! These tunes are both new. The first is a jovial bit with Bing and the Andrews Sisters kidding around. The flip is an unknown title, but don't let it fool you. It means "Merry Christmas" in Hawaiian! Tops for the holiday!

COLUMBIA 39035—Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra . . . "Dixieland Band from Santa Claus Land" and "It's the Dreamer in Me" . . . the original Dorseyland Jazz Band tells the story of a Santa with a band in his sleigh, closing with the familiar "Jingle Bells." The flip is sung nicely by Kenny Martin.

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

A CARD FOR YOU TODAY

(Continued from Page 552)

checks over what was accomplished in the previous twelve months.

Many close to Hall believe this plan had its beginning about 1935. That year Joyce Hall took an extensive tour around the country and talked with store officials and marketing men. When he returned, he worked out the Ten Point Program, regarded by many as a keystone in the company's early growth. The Ten Points:

1. Accurate and complete customer files.
2. Eye vision display fixture service.
3. Useable window display service.
4. "The Hurricane," a magazine to be published for field representatives.
5. A practical collection program.
6. Plan of sales supervision and cooperation.
7. Real mail sales promotion department.
8. Helpful "Handy Book" to be published for dealers.
9. Cash incentives for doing a good and complete job.
10. A real line of merchandise to sell.

In one way or another these ten points have become the channels through which the company's major efforts are directed today. Many believe the tenth point is the most important. Certainly it is the point for which the public best knows Hallmark—as an exponent of quality greeting cards.

The eye-vision method of showing greeting cards in stores and shops was

almost unknown in 1935. Greeting cards were displayed in boxes on the counter, possibly in show cases, or in any way the local store desired. Today it is virtually standard throughout the industry that cards are shown in racks which make them easy to see and select. Hallmark has no exclusive on this, but were strongly instrumental in beginning this development.

Hallmark designs and develops its own three dimensional window displays. There is a semi-monthly publication, "The Thumbnail News," for employes, as well as the "Hurricane" for field representatives. The personnel policy includes many benefits for employes—cafeteria operated on a non-profit basis; birthday off with pay; group insurance and hospitalization, to name a few.

Generally, there are nine main reasons for the rapid, but concrete, growth of Hallmark under the original program:

1. A credit rating when things were tough.
2. Sound fiscal procedure.
3. Ten point program.
4. Perfectionist attitude toward designs and sentiments.
5. Aggressive sales group.
6. Acceptable personnel policy.
7. Progressive advertising campaign.
8. Good line of cards.
9. J. C. Hall.

Most of all it focuses the qualities of imagination, courage, thoughtfulness and honesty of the Hallmark leader, J. C. Hall. He is Hallmark.

Spray Gun



REMBRANDT

One gun is better than two as the mechanical age moves into the field of landscape painting.

by C. J. PAPARA

THE bones of Rembrandt must rattle sorrowfully in their grave every time Ralph L. DeGayner picks up a spray gun on behalf of art. For while the good Dutch master spent months on a painting, the man from Michigan "shoots" one on canvas in five minutes.

DeGayner, a brisk-looking man with a tidy little mustache, completes as many as 1,500 paintings a year, or an average of about five each working day. In spite of the speed with which he works the triggers of his battery of spray guns, there is nothing sloppy or amateurish about his canvases. The fact is, his art is selling for prices ranging from \$20 to \$400 apiece in many cities of the country, including New York.

Claiming to be the only artist in the world successfully to master a production type spray gun, DeGayner—who doesn't own a brush—can

whip out an appealing landscape in less than five minutes. He needs only 20 to 90 minutes to execute a seascape, complete with clipper ship, waves and rigging.

DeGayner's spray-gun technique is bringing in a lucrative annual income padded by fees he earns from lecture tours. Colleges and high schools pay him well for talks on his art, followed by a spray-gun demonstration. The Channing, Mich., artist uses at least five guns, each firing a different color, to do a painting. This eliminates the flushing and cleaning that would be necessary if only one gun was used, and it speeds DeGayner along toward a greater yearly output.

A former commercial artist, married and the father of six children, DeGayner produces his paintings in the studio of his home at Silver Lake, not far from Channing. There, he is carving out a career that started entirely by accident about 15 years ago.

One day, he picked up a spray gun in his father's auto body paint shop in Iron Mountain and idly made a rough sketch on a garage wall. Fascinated by the possibilities of using

the "guns" for artistic work, DeGayner began to practice diligently, and after six years, he mastered the art of squeezing the triggers to gain the right touch.

After a time, he acquired such delicate trigger control that he was able to render fine lines and other effects always considered by men in the field impossible of accomplishment except with the brush. More remarkable; no two of DeGayner's pictures are alike, uncommon with artists who turn out work in volume.

"The fact that I am able to spray-gun a picture does not in itself insure the success of those pictures. It is the quality of the paintings that determines whether or not my work is worthwhile," he says.

DE GAYNER is quick to point out that his spray guns are not air brushes, a type of atomization instrument often used in doing detailed work. Scenery painters frequently use the spray gun to paint in backgrounds of stage settings, he says, but they must rely on stencils and other aids to achieve the sharp details.

"To my knowledge, I am the only person who does not use stencils or models," DeGayner states.

Without doubt, DeGayner is the only artist of note in the country to turn out paintings on a mass-production basis. Often, he is able to complete up to 25 pictures in one day, with his favorite subject being the cutover timber lands of Michigan's upper peninsula. Strangely, DeGayner never plans a picture beforehand, but dreams them up as he expertly fingers the triggers of his spray guns. "I find," he explains, "that when

I plan a picture in advance I get in a rut."

People who watch him work are amazed at the speed with which the picture magically springs to life. To start with, DeGayner has nothing before him except a piece of canvas or academy board, standard spray guns and several colors of lacquer or automotive enamel.

Then he starts out like a fighter pilot in action, with his guns wide open and spitting paint. Sharp details are procured not by reducing the pressure at the gun but by skillful triggering. Inasmuch as pulling the trigger all the way back will create nothing but a big splash, the importance of proper trigger manipulation becomes apparent.

Success in painting with the gun depends entirely on knowing just how far to pull the trigger and on having the controlled touch to do it. Delicate pressure creates fine lines. A heavy touch, if not expertly executed, causes a smudge. Gradations of color are accomplished by varying the amount of air blown with the enamel. The air pressure remains the same at all times. Different tones of color are gained by varying the distance of the gun from the board or canvas.

DeGayner delights in traveling about the country lecturing to students. He freely imparts his knowledge of composition and drawing, and he willingly discloses tricks of handling color to any student interested in learning.

However, outside of an explanation of his equipment and how it works, the Michigan man doesn't try to pressure his listeners into abandoning the

brush method in favor of the mechanized technique. Spray gun painting, while intriguing, is an art in itself and it holds no guarantee of success. Thus, DeGayner isn't eager to shove anyone else into the field although he has gladly helped many in the proper use of the guns.

Some time ago, he held a class in his Chicago studio for some of the

A recent advertisement in a Canadian paper worked wonders. It ran: "Millionaire, young, good-looking, wishes to meet, with a view to marriage, a girl like the heroine in X's novel."

In less than 24 hours, every copy of the novel in the city's bookshops was sold.

Beach—a place where people lie upon the sand—about how rich they are.

Atlas, powerful gent that he was, always failed on one strength test—lifting train windows.

nation's leading painters, interested in "shooting" pictures.

"But after three days, lacking experience and trigger control, they gave up, and I was exhausted from trying to put it across," DeGayner said. "They didn't see how I did it."

Rembrandt, if he were alive today, would probably say the same thing.

A 9-year-old girl became so enamoured of adventure tales and tabloids that she neglected everything to concentrate on reading. Her room became an untidy mess, and all of her mother's exhortations fell on deaf ears. One afternoon, however, her mother returned home to find her room as spic-and-span as the operating theatre of a big hospital. Not one thing was out of place. "How wonderful!" she exclaimed, "What got into you?"

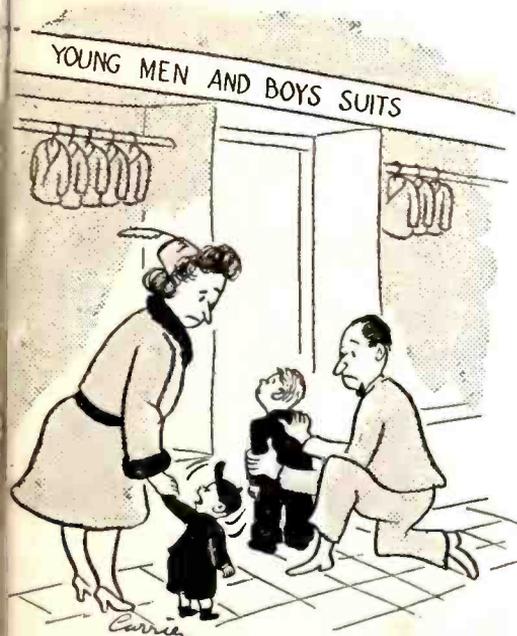
"I've realized how important housework is," the daughter informed her. "I read in the paper where two ladies got a year each in jail—just for keeping a disorderly house."—*Bennett Cerf, Saturday Review of Literature.*

One of the deepest urges in human nature is the desire to be important. A shoe shine boy learned this lesson recently while soliciting trade in Chicago's municipal airport. Approaching Max Baer, former heavyweight boxing champion, he asked, "Shoe shine, sir?"

Baer shook his head. A nearby stranger motioned to the youngster, whispered in his ear, and the lad scampered after Baer. This time Baer nodded. When the boy finished, he ran back to the stranger, a bill in his hand.

"It sure worked, mister, thanks," said the lad.

What the stranger whispered to the shoe shiner was that he should ask Baer a second time, but this time say, "Shine, Champ?"—*William P. Johnstone.*



"I don't like it! I don't like it! And in two years I still won't like it!"

This Fall is the Greatest of All on WHB

BY far the most unique program to hit WHB and Kansas City in years is that funny, funny fellow, Arbogast. Not only is it different, but the night-time setting for The Arbogast Show is the most unusual ever tried in the Midwest. Bob Arbogast and his cronies, Paul Sully and Pete Robinson, broadcast nightly, except Sundays, from the Southern Mansion, one of the most popular nightclubs in the city. From 11 p.m. to 1 a.m., Arbogast presents a "disc jockey" show with two 15-minute inserts of "live" music from the Mansion's current band, Jimmy Tucker and his orchestra. This, coupled with the zany Arbogast humor and the "little voices," makes the show a listening and laughing treat.

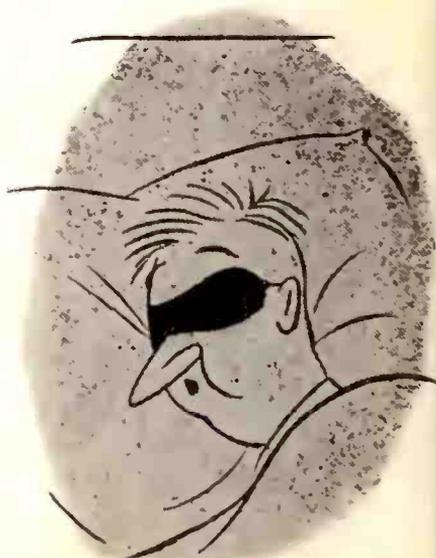
Daytime fare for housewives and young people listening at home is "Club 710" on WHB. The Club has thousands of members, holds regular meetings, and a different member each day serves as President on the air. Bob Arbogast directs the meetings, and brings an elfin humor to the show. It's never the same, and it's always funny. Listen from 2 to 4 p.m., Monday through Friday, and learn how you can become a member of Club 710!

Several new music shows are on the WHB schedule. One of the most pleasant is the "American Radio Warblers," a group of canaries who sing to organ accompaniment, now in their 25th year of broadcasting. Known as "the singing teachers to the canaries of America," they are heard each Sunday at 12 noon. Got a canary in your house?

Turning from the birds to live canaries and more classical music, the "Chicago Theatre of the Air" is heard every Saturday from 9 to 10 p.m. on WHB. Two lyric sopranos, Nancy Carr and Lillian

(Continued on Page 591)

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6	00 Peter Salem	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
	15 Peter Salem	Tello-Test
	30 Juvenile Jury	Gabriel Heatter
	45 Juvenile Jury	Falstaff Serenade
	55 Juvenile Jury	Falstaff Serenade
7	00 Singing Marshall	Larry Ray, Sports
	15 Singing Marshall	Larry Ray, Sports
	30 Singing Marshall	Behind the Stars
	45 Enchanted Hour	Crime Fighters
	55 Enchanted Hour	Crime Fighters
8	00 Opera Concert	Bill Henry, News
	15 Opera Concert	Murder by Experts
	30 Gabriel Heatter	Murder by Experts
	45 Get Mare Out of Life	War Front - Home Front
9	00 Oklahoma Symph. Or.	War Front - Home Front
	15 Oklahoma Symph. Or.	Frank Edwards, News
	30 Oklahoma Symph. Or.	Mutual Newsreel
	45 Oklahoma Symph. Or.	I Love a Mystery
10	00 News	John Thornberry, News
	15 Network Orch.	Les Higbie, News
	30 Serenade-in the Night	U.N. Highlights
	55 News	Serenade in the Night
11	00 Network Dance Band	News
	15 Network Dance Band	Arbogast Show
	30 Network Dance Band	Arbogast Show
	55 Midnight News	Arbogast Show
12:00	Swing Session	Arbogast Show
1:00	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY



PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

EVENING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Fulton Lewis, Jr. Tello-Test Gabriel Heatter Falstaff Serenade Falstaff Serenade	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Tello-Test Gabriel Heatter Falstaff Serenade Falstaff Serenade	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Tello-Test Gabriel Heatter Falstaff Serenade Falstaff Serenade	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Tello-Test Gabriel Heatter Falstaff Serenade Falstaff Serenade	Natl. Guard Show Twin Views of the News Comedy of Errors Comedy of Errors Cecil Brown	6:00 15 30 45 55
Larry Ray, Sports Larry Ray, Sports Behind the Story Soft Lights-Sweet Music Soft Lights-Sweet Music Bill Henry, News	Larry Ray, Sports Larry Ray, Sports Behind the Story Soft Lights-Sweet Music Soft Lights-Sweet Music Bill Henry, News	Larry Ray, Sports Larry Ray, Sports Behind the Story International Airport International Airport Bill Henry, News	Larry Ray, Sports Larry Ray, Sports Behind the Story Collegiate Serenade Collegiate Serenade Bill Henry, News	Twenty Questions Twenty Questions Twenty Questions Take a Number Take a Number Take a Number	7:00 15 30 45 55
Frank Edwards, News Mutual Newsreel I Love a Mystery John Thornberry, News	Frank Edwards, News Mutual Newsreel I Love a Mystery John Thornberry, News	Frank Edwards, News Mutual Newsreel I Love a Mystery John Thornberry, News	Frank Edwards, News Mutual Newsreel I Love a Mystery John Thornberry, News	Hawaii Calls Hawaii Calls Cowntown Jubilee Cowntown Jubilee	8:00 15 30 45
Les Higbie, News U.N. Highlights Serenade in the Night News	Les Higbie, News U.N. Highlights Serenade in the Night News	Les Higbie, News U.N. Highlights Serenade in the Night News	Les Higbie, News U.N. Highlights Serenade in the Night News	Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air	9:00 15 30 45
Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air	10:00 15 30 45
Arbogast Show WHB SIGNS OFF	Arbogast Show WHB SIGNS OFF	Arbogast Show WHB SIGNS OFF	Arbogast Show WHB SIGNS OFF	Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show Arbogast Show	11:00 15 30 45
Arbogast Show WHB SIGNS OFF	Arbogast Show WHB SIGNS OFF	Arbogast Show WHB SIGNS OFF	Arbogast Show WHB SIGNS OFF	Arbogast Show WHB SIGNS OFF	12:00 1:00
TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME

Morning and afternoon schedules on next page



CURRENT PROGRAMS OF

MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
5:30		Town & Country Time			
6:00	<i>Silent</i>	News, Weather, Livestock	News, Weather, Livestock	News, Weather, Livestock	News, Weather, Livestock
6:15		Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
6:25		Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
6:30		Hank Williams Show	Hank Williams Show	Hank Williams Show	Hank Williams Show
6:45		Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers	Cowtown Wranglers
7:00	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	AP News	AP News	AP News	AP News
7:15	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock
7:30	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock
8:00	News	AP News	AP News	AP News	AP News
8:05	Weather	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person
8:10	Wings Over K. C.	Fruit & Veg. Report			
8:15	Our Church Youth	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock
8:30	Bible Study Hour	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons
8:45	Bible Study Hour	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock	Musical Clock
9:00	Sunday Serenade	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint
9:05	Sunday Serenade	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint
9:15	Sunday Serenade	Dick Jurgens' Orch.	Dick Jurgens' Orch.	Martha Logan Kitchen	Martha Logan Kitchen
9:30	Navy Star Time	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Plaza Program
9:45	Guest Star	Bonus Stamp Bargains	Freddy Martin's Orch.	Bonus Stamp Bargains	Freddy Martin's Orch.
10:00	News	News	News	News	News
10:05	Dave Dennis' Orch.	Melody Time	Melody Time	Melody Time	Melody Time
10:15	Dave Dennis' Orch.	Melody Time	Melody Time	Melody Time	Melody Time
10:30	NW. Univ. Review Stand	Luncheon on the Plaza			
10:45	NW. Univ. Review Stand	Luncheon on the Plaza			
11:00	The Lombardo Hour	News	News	News	News
11:05	The Lombardo Hour	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O
11:15	The Lombardo Hour	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O
11:30	The Lombardo Hour	Sandra Lea, Shopper	Sandra Lea, Shopper	Sandra Lea, Shopper	Sandra Lea, Shopper
11:45	The Lombardo Hour	Songs of the Islands			

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
12:00	Amer. Radio Warblers	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith
12:15	Salute to Reservists	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
12:30	Salute to Reservists	Boogie Waogie Cowboys	Boogie Waogie Cowboys	Boogie Waogie Cowboys	Boogie Waogie Cowboys
12:55	Land of the Free	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News
1:00	Spotlight on Glamour	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs	Don Sullivan, Songs
1:15	Operation Drama	Eddy Arnold Show	Eddy Arnold Show	Eddy Arnold Show	Eddy Arnold Show
1:30	California Caravan	Queen for a Day			
1:45	California Caravan	Queen for a Day			
2:00	Hidden Truth	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
2:15	Hidden Truth	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
2:30	Hashknife Hartley	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
2:45	Hashknife Hartley	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
3:00	Under Arrest	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
3:15	Under Arrest	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
3:30	Martin Kana, Pvt. Eye	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast	Club 710, Arbogast
4:00	The Shadow	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.
4:15	The Shadow	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O
4:30	Trua Detective Myst's	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O	Musical Tune-O
4:45	Trua Detective Myst's	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith	AP News—Dick Smith
4:55	Trua Detective Myst's	Sports News	Sports News	Sports News	Sports News
5:00	Roy Rogers	Mark Trail	Straight Arrow	Mark Trail	Straight Arrow
5:15	Roy Rogers	Mark Trail	Straight Arrow	Mark Trail	Straight Arrow
5:30	Nick Carter	Clyde Beatty	Sky King	Clyde Beatty	Sky King
5:45	Nick Carter	Clyde Beatty	Sky King	Clyde Beatty	Sky King

WHB — 710

MORNING

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	5:30
News, W'ther, Livestock Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs Hank Williams Show Cowntown Wranglers	News, W'ther, Livestock Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs Hank Williams Show Cowntown Wranglers	6 00 15 25 30 45
AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	7 00 15 30
AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	8 00 05 10 15 30 45
Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Mortha Logan Kitchen Plazo Program Bonus Stomp Bargains	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Dick Jurgens' Orch. Western Melodies Western Melodies	9 00 05 15 30 45
News Melody Time Melody Time Luncheon on the Plazo Luncheon on the Plazo	News Sammy Koye's Orch. Sammy Koye's Orch. Luncheon on the Plazo Luncheon on the Plazo	10 00 05 15 30 45
News Musical Tune-O Musical Tune-O Sandra Leo, Shopper Songs of the Islands	Freddy Martin's Orch. Freddy Martin's Orch. Freddy Martin's Orch. Cowntown Wranglers News	11 00 05 15 30 45

AFTERNOON

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
AP News—Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	Man on the Farm Man on the Farm Man on the Farm Man on the Farm	12 00 15 30 55
Don Sullivan, Songs Eddy Arnold Show Queen for a Day Queen for a Day	Don Sullivan, Songs Don Sullivan, Songs Bands for Bonds Bands for Bonds	1 00 15 30 45
Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast	Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session	2 00 15 30 45
Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast Club 710, Arbogast	Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session	3 00 15 30
Guy Lombardo's Orch. Musical Tune-O Musical Tune-O AP News—Dick Smith Sports News	Swing Session Swing Session Caribbean Crossroads Caribbean Crossroads Caribbean Crossroads	4 00 15 30 45 55
Mark Trail Mark Trail Clyde Beatty Clyde Beatty	True or False True or False Jo Stofford & Co. Jo Stofford & Co.	5 00 15 30 45

Murphy, alternate in the starring roles. Miss Murphy is from Kansas City, Kansas. Fans of Colonel McCormick will hear their favorite relating a vignette from American history on each program.

Do you get a kick out of identifying haunting tunes? Want to win a prize? Then play Tune-O, the radio musical game. Broadcast over WHB twice a day, 11:05 to 11:30 in the morning and 4:15 to 4:45 in the afternoon, Tune-O features good music, prizes and lots of fun. A musical bingo game, it's good listening!

Most classic of all are the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra concerts, sponsored by the Kansas City Southern Lines. Under the direction of Hans Schweiger, the full evening concerts are heard at 8:30 p.m. over WHB broadcast direct from the Music Hall. Guest artists are Claudio Arrau, pianist; Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Nathan Milstein, violinist, and Rudolf Serkin, pianist.

Concert dates for the next two months are Dec. 5 and 19, and Jan. 9 and 23.

"Music of All Nations," Mutual Broadcasting System's hour-long series of broadcasts by the Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra, is heard every Sunday over WHB from 9 to 10 p.m. Through the cooperation of the Armed Forces Radio Services, the Voice of America, and the new Radio Free Europe, the music is beamed all over the world, with particular emphasis on people living behind the Iron Curtain. Director Victor Allesandro has obtained nationally representative musical scores of 33 cooperating democratic countries, plus music banned in the Soviet bloc nations. Not only is it democratically great, but it's fine listening!

Turning to sports, WHB will continue to bring rich fare to sports fans. Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director, will broadcast the Missouri-Miami tussle in Miami on December 1, at 7:30 p.m. And WHB

(Continued on Page 592)

will bring the traditional Army-Navy football classic from Philadelphia on December 2, at 12:15 p.m., plus the East-West All-Star classic from San Francisco, December 30.

Hockey and professional basketball will be aired, and collegiate basketball as the Big Seven teams swing into their pre-conference schedules and regular season.

On December 15 and 16, Larry will broadcast the NAIB Basketball double-header in Kansas City. After that the Pre-Season Big Seven Tournament, with Minnesota as the invitational team, will be heard on December 27, 28, 29, and 30. The Big Seven basketball season begins January 6, with broadcasts at 7:30 p.m. from Lawrence, 7:45 p.m. from Manhattan and Norman, and 8 p.m. from Columbia.

The mysteries of the jungle—and the trapping of wild animals—will be sent to listeners via the new thrill-packed adventure series, "The Clyde Beatty Show," heard over WHB from 5:30 to 5:55 p.m., beginning Monday, December 11. The

show will be heard every Monday Wednesday and Friday. The show spotlights the adventures of the world's foremost animal trainer in his travels through Africa and Asia, plus exciting dramatizations of circus performers and the dangers they face in their profession.

Back on the air over WHB is the "Mar on the Farm." This popular variety-quiz show in the rural motif is heard for a full hour from noon to 1 p.m. every Saturday. Spiced with Chuck Acree's wit, it's a must for farmers, for all those with a yearning for a little plot of ground, and just as good for those who want a rural tang to their humor!

Kids and their parents as well get knowledge and laughter from "Juvenile Jury," the kids' own show heard over WHB every Sunday at 6:30 p.m. Formerly heard Sunday afternoon, the panel of precocious youngsters is moderated by Jack Barry in hilarious group discussions of problems that puzzle the small fry. A "must-listen-to" item.

Fernandito's English Lesson

Among the younger generation of Mexicans, the urge to learn English is very strong. Even the son of a poor peon may rise to the heights of prosperity with the opportunities offered to English-speaking young Mexicans. Many go to great lengths to learn the language. Such a lad was young Fernandito. He saw a brilliant future for himself if he could only learn to speak English. Perhaps he could become a guide and earn big tips from the rich tourists. Or he might become a clerk in a luxury hotel, eventually perhaps, a big politico.

Fernandito was a youth of action. Donning his best suit of clothing and a new pair of shoes, he left his companions taking their siestas in the shade and hitch-hiked to New York. There were no English teachers in his native village, but here in New York, he would soon learn to speak English.

In the meantime, of course, he must make a living. By sign language he got a job as dishwasher in a restaurant. Being a practical lad, he figured that here he was sure of three meals a day and a wonderful chance to learn English. He kept his ears wide open to every word of conversation in the kitchen between the cooks and waiters. For six months Fernandito ate well and listened to every word.

At last he felt confident enough to walk down Broadway and test out his proficiency in his new language. To his utter astonishment, no one to whom he spoke could understand a word he said. Poor Fernandito—he had made a grave mistake. He had gotten a job in a Greek restaurant.

—Ralph E. Ogden

In the wake of the Census



If you think yours is an odd name, cheer up! The census taker can always go you one better.

by JAMES L. HARTE

NOW that the 17th decennial census, begun in April of this year, is history, the experts of the Census Bureau in Washington must cope with the usual trouble of drawing honest statistics from the mass of information compiled.

The difficulty arises from the fact that too many Americans, not realizing that census findings are kept strictly secret, even from the Bureau's parent Department of Commerce, color the answers given the census takers. Most falsified replies are those concerned with age, rent, and income. Of the latter, one unabashed citizen, disdainful to answer the interviewer, wrote the Bureau: "Every year I spend a hundred dollars more than my income. Will you tell me how long I can keep this up?"

That is but one of the many types of letters that have been arriving daily,

in the wake of the census, to plague officials and employees in the Bureau's decentralized (about ten miles out of Washington) almost-a-city-in-itself headquarters at Suitland, Md. It is this volume of mail, most of it unnecessary and unwarranted, at an all-time high rate of approximately 3600 letters weekly, that gives the Bureau more headaches than the deliberately colored replies to the 1950 questionnaire.

However, even the legitimate, though highly illogical, letters offer a daily minimum of chuckles to the Bureau's special staff. One such advised the Bureau: "There is a mistake about me being born according to your recent statement. I was born, and that is all I know about it, as my mother was away at the time and I can't give you any more information."

Another, anxious to help the Bureau with its records, stated: "My first wife was Sally, my second was Celia, my third was Emma, and my fourth Lou. I have been living alone for 30 years."

Sometimes that all-too-human quality of pettiness shows up, as in the

case of the woman who griped: "You sent my husband's record before mine and now he lords it over me. I am going to sue you."

The Census Bureau charges a small fee to undertake a search of its records to authenticate and provide data necessary in applications for birth certificates, old-age pensions, citizenship papers, and similar legal papers. The daily stream of letters with bona fide requests for information brings, in addition to the illogical missives, letters of all sorts, signed with strange, picturesque, but thoroughly legitimate names. Names that bring as many smiles, sometimes, as the letters they write.

ONE William William Williams advised the officials that he desired that the records be changed to show his name as Johnny Jones because, he wrote, "I've used this name for years, anyway." The Bureau had to reply that name changes were made by the courts.

The majority of the owners of odd cognomens, however, want no changes but only official authentication of the wild tags they bear. Emmet Emmet has been heard from in this regard, as has Peter St. Peter, John Rat Panther, Hoggie Hair, Safronia Rodent and O'Such Fitch. Hoggie Hair last wrote in to advise the Bureau that she had changed her name at last, by marrying a man named Bim Skins!

Easie Pace, Legal Tender Faircloth, Royal Blood, Jennie B. Sloppy, and Arizona Butcher have made inquiries of the Bureau. And, along with these, came the complaint from Mamie Mouse who said that the Census Bu-

reau had changed her daughter into a boy and "will that make any difference in her life?"

A banquet with all the trimmings. So one might have thought from the "menu" of the mail when the officials heard from Birdeye Bird, Virginia Pancake, Buford Rabbitt, Isadore Duck, Preserved Fish, Antonio Goodbread, Jeremiah Custard, and Roger Pie. And Lovie Cooks and Bershe Oven were available to help prepare such a feast, along with Apple Blossom for dessert or decorative purposes.



The records of the Bureau are currently being microfilmed to save wear and tear and, too, to save as much space as possible despite the vastness of the Suitland quarters where there is stored the largest compilation of human statistics in the world. A new modern scientific device is being added to the microfilming task, that of "soundex" system which classifies names according to pronunciation rather than geographically as has been the case. The "soundex" system will simplify searches for surnames which on inquiries, have been spelled wrongly, although pronounced similarly.

Even with such a system the classifier must give with a choke and a cough and a gasp when he gets mail requests from such as Hiteodomitockley Sopstain and Shirley Kikianauaononal Sheldon who wanted information on her family name, the middle one. And recently a series of inquiries arrived, in fairly rapid succession, from persons named Ax, Ak, Arr, Mid, Puh, Uk, and Zyzz. Comedians specializing in double-talk would have a field day in going over the Census Bureau records. Incidentally, the 1940 files, those of the 16th decennial census, are now open to public research.

Iduma Best showered upon the Bureau a gripe about that 1940 census and the birth record later sent her in reply to a request. She did her best, she vowed, in informing the census taker when he came around in 1940, but it isn't her fault that the record shows she is now nine years younger than she actually is. How many women would admit to being nine years *older* than records reveal?

As strange as the names they bear are the things upon which many of the letters are written. No paper shortage exists at this time, yet mail received at the Bureau is written on cardboard, caverboard, plaster board, paper bags, slate board, wrapping paper and even wallpaper. One woman recently unloaded upon the startled staffers a tremendous roll of wallpaper which arrived at the Bureau by parcel post. The roll looked large enough to paper a good-sized living room. The sender of it advised that the only record of her actual birthdate was that which had been written on a corner of this

wallpaper years before by her father; the date was now needed for an old-age pension application and she wanted the Bureau to find it and admit it to record.

HUNDREDS of the letters that come in are sincere yet funny either in themselves or in the visions they bring to the minds of those who receive them. One day's mail spelled romance to the clerks who had to handle the details of inquiries for Helen Fullilove, Willie Love, Mittie Moon, and Eternal Joy. And no doubt many a yawn had to be suppressed by the tired eyes that scanned the missives from Robert Sandman, Bob Sleep, and Jacob Snore.

The citizens who distort the facts for the census taker and censure the Bureau as an "invader of every American's constitutional right to privacy" would be amazed at their fellow citizens who write in and willingly reveal much more of their private lives than the Bureau can officially receive. Many of the 3600 weekly letters in the wake of the census give a greater insight into the American economy, even on the lighter side, than the agency can garner by legal, forceful means. Belle Sprite, for example, laid bare her most intimate life as she wrote the Bureau, requesting, of all things, a list of single, eligible men.

There are those, too, who look upon the Census Bureau as only another arm of inefficient government bureaucracy, as witness the man who sent in his fee along with inquiry and underscored the last sentence of his letter: "*Kindly rush me a reply before I die of old age.*"

The overworked officials and staffers nevertheless can chuckle while they scratch their heads over such letters as that which came from a young man named Junior Senior, jr. He wrote: "My father, Junior Senior, sr., has the same name as mine, but is not related."

Perhaps the staff could cut red tape and hasten searches so as to insure that replies to inquiries were sent out be-

fore the impatient inquirers passed on if it were not for the tremendous task it now faces in the compilation of statistics from the nose count of the past April. Perhaps it could have allowed the populace to count itself beginning with such inquirers as J. Wun, T. L. Tui, and Reverend Three. But, then, that might have led only to further confusion upon reaching such a name as One B. Ten.

Two young Germans were loafing on the corner, watching a company of occupation troops march in rigid formation.

"Pity the poor conqueror," said one, "See what happens when you win a war?"

"Yes," sighed the other who had heard the stories about possible rearmament of Germany, "but how long do you think we can keep ours lost?"

Even if you don't, some people do use pieces of bread for bookmarks. And others use combs or scissors. These are among the items found in books by the librarians at the Mayne William Library in Johnson City, Tenn. Other book-borrowers have used pencils, bobby pins, nail files, powder puffs, baby mittens and letters. In fact, there are lots of letters . . . especially those with the words "Please Remit" written on them.

Police captain William Kummer of Long Beach, Calif., has a stock answer to motorists who object to paying overdue penalties on traffic citations. He tells them "forgetfulness is no excuse."

Now he's hoping the city librarian isn't one of those motorists. Captain Kummer came across a book he borrowed from the city library in January, 1927. The fine—at one cent a day—adds up to 86 dollars.

The public library in Waterbury, Connecticut, recently got back a book that was taken out in March, 1911. A man found the book in the effects of an uncle. The library decided not to charge the amount due on the book—\$288.02 at the rate of two cents a day.

The proudest moment in one reporter's life came when, in the course of a presidential campaign tour, he was permitted to ride in the same auto with the current White House resident.

The presidential car was advancing rapidly along a street lined with wildly cheering citizens, when the reporter leaned over and anxiously inquired, "Mr. President, do you think you should be riding so fast?"

The latter looked out over the crowd and replied, "It's all right, they know who I am."

The reporter grinned back. "I know, he agreed. "But do you mind slowing down a bit so they can see who's with you?"



"Got something to make me jolly?"



Selling The Government

The Federal Government is the world's largest purchaser of supplies, equipment and non-personal services. Here's how you can sell to the Government.

PURCHASES of supplies, equipment, materials and services directly and vitally needed for national defense are increasing.

While there is a general awareness among businessmen of the potentialities of this vast market for their products, there is an equally widespread conviction that doing business with the Government is so difficult that it should be avoided, except in cases of necessity.

GSA is working to make it easier to do business with the Federal Government by standardizing and simplifying the procedures, contract and bidding forms, and specifications. They are also studying existing laws and regulations with a view to rec-

ommending changes where they can be made without weakening essential safeguards.

WHO BUYS

No single agency buys all the supplies, materials, equipment, and services used by the Government.

GSA sets the policy for civilian buying; makes indefinite-quantity contracts, on the basis of competitive bidding, for 103 classes of common-use items; and distributes Federal Schedules of Supply (contract information) from which the various agencies can purchase direct from the supplier at the agreed price. It stores and distributes through warehouses approximately 3,000 common-use items. It purchases strategic and crit-

ical materials for the national stockpile, at the request of the Munitions Board.

Among the other major civilian buyers are the Post Office Department, Departments of Interior and Agriculture, and Veterans' Administration.

The Department of Defense is the Government's largest buyer of dollar volume.

BID LISTS

Federal purchasing agencies usually have a specific form or questionnaire which you must fill out to get on their mailing lists for bids. This questionnaire indicates the things the agency buys—and you check the items which you can supply. To get the proper form or questionnaire:

On your letterhead, write and tell exactly what you have to sell, together with a short statement of your firm's experience in your line of business. Ask that you be sent the proper form to get on the mailing list.

The form and instructions will be sent to you immediately. You fill out the form and return it as indicated. That is *all*. If qualified, you will then receive GSA's bid invitations for products you want to sell.



To contact the GENERAL SERVICES ADMINISTRATION, or other civilian agencies, address your letter to:
Federal Supply Service Inquiry Office
Room 7282
7th and D Streets SW
Washington 25, D. C.

Service at the above address will include placing your name on the GSA mailing list as well as supplying you with the names and locations of other Federal civilian agencies which might be interested in your product. You may then contact these agencies directly for their mailing list applications.

To contact the DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE buying offices concerned send your letter to:

The Military Procurement
Information Office
The Pentagon
Washington 25, D. C.

HOW GOVERNMENT BUYS

Federal purchasing offices buy mainly by the following methods:

Advertising for sealed bids with public opening and awards.—Under this method the Government usually puts up notices in public places like post offices, and mails bidding forms to prospective suppliers on its bidding list. The bidding forms give the specifications and quantity of the item or items the Government wants to buy. Also described are the required delivery and other terms and conditions. Finally, these forms tell when and where to return the bid and the time and place at which all bids will be opened.

By negotiation with competing suppliers.—In certain exceptional instances, specifically authorized by law, the Government purchasing agent can buy without resorting to sealed bidding. These instances include purchases of relatively small amounts of goods and in cases of public emergency and urgency. Other instances are those in which contract

or research or experimental development of new devices are involved.

PROCUREMENT INFORMATION

The Small Business Division of the United States Department of Commerce makes available, through its 42 field offices and many cooperating offices, general Government procurement information.

The procurement assistance program provides information on Government specifications, possible subcontracting opportunities, general procurement data, and a day-to-day report of proposed purchases.

This information may be obtained in your home community at (1) a regional or district office of the Department of Commerce, and (2) the day-to-day report of proposed purchases is available at one of hundreds of cooperating offices located in other cities throughout the country. Among the largest number of cooperating offices are local chambers of commerce, associations of commerce, manufacturers' associations, businessmen's associations, and industrial-development organizations. Trade associations are also among the cooperating offices.



PURCHASING PROGRAMS

The General Services Administration is regularly in the market for many types of goods and services. These major buying programs are normally in progress:

Stock replenishment purchases.

Consolidated purchases.

Open market and special-purchase programs.

Federal supply schedule contracts.

Repair, maintenance contracts.

SPECIFICATIONS

The businessman should know that the descriptions or specifications of items he contracts to supply the Government involve continuing responsibilities on both parties.

Government specifications are developed after long, technical study by many cooperating Government agencies, with industry consultation as well. They call for a minimum standard of quality which the Government will accept. They change with the times, taking advantage of new materials and methods of manufacture which are approved by industry.

The supplier must adhere to the quality desired, and his delivered product will be inspected with that in mind.

FIELD ASSISTANCE

A substantial amount of purchasing, under the Stock Replenishment and Open Market Purchase Programs, is done by the regional offices.

The regional office will provide a centralized and authoritative source of information about buying plans and procedures in the area, and for technical assistance with regards to specifications and the execution of bidding forms.

General Services Administration regional offices are located in the following cities:

Boston, Mass.; Washington, D.C.; New York, N.Y.; Atlanta, Ga.; Chicago, Ill.; Kansas City, Mo.; Dallas, Tex.; Denver, Colo.; San Francisco, Calif.; Seattle, Wash.

The Sage of Swing Says —



Guest "Sage" this month is F. J. Raymond, whose column "Brain Leaks" appears regularly in the *Blakesburg, Iowa Excelsior*.

Americanism contains all the "isms" we are particularly fond of.

The average life of a dollar bill is seven months. Personally we never saw one last even half as long.

Cosmetics have been in use for centuries. It's the act of appreciation that conceals the age.

Some people have the impression that team work consists of doing a lot of kicking.

We know of none who are what they think they are.

Don't ridicule a self-satisfied man. With the aid of advertising he could have been a genius.

A woman spends an hour making up her face, and needs only a second to make up her mind.

The only thing left for the government to tax is talk.

Don't worry when you stumble. Remember, that a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down.

Unless we are lenient about the mistakes of others we have little or no right to make any of our own.

Long hair makes a man look intellectual but not when his wife picks it off his shoulder.

Business sweetens pleasure and labor sweetens rest.

Successful people always do more than they are expected to do.

Very often, ignorance is a man's main excuse for speaking.

A man can normally amuse himself by simply admiring himself.

If a man is of the butterfly type, it's hard to pin him down.

Knocking usually indicates either carbon or envy.

Every man is the tailor of the robes of the future.

The man who is waiting for something to turn up might do well to start with his shirt sleeves.

Effort balances with time on the scale of success.

Steel that loses its temper is worthless—the same applies to men.

The cruelest lies are often told in silence.

When you stop to think, don't forget to start again.

Fifty per cent taxation is coming, one commentator says. Wonder what the other 50 will buy.

White lies bring out 4 or 5 black ones.

If we could see ourselves as others see us, we would never speak to them again.

Friendship costs least in money and makes most in profits.



We heard recently of a woman who obtained a divorce because her husband couldn't come to dinner.



Women's hats and pocketbooks become antiques after one appearance in public.



It used to be that a spy had to wear six disguises; now he's supposed to look like a "common man." It used to be that a good candidate for president had to look like the "common man"; now he's got to wear six disguises.



The value of a Saturday night date depends on the law of supply and demand.



Some books with an unhappy ending—check books.



Fool-proof guns and hole-proof hosiery remain facts until the fool and the hole appear.



The man who is satisfied with himself is too frequently a disappointment to his friends.



Men are as old as they act; women as old as they look. Either may be older.



Scientists report a new way of analyzing the human breath in six minutes. Some wives can make a rough analysis in two seconds.



A preacher, who is paid for it, does not preach all the time, but some women who are not paid for it do.



Man has made so many laws that he ought to find it easy to keep the Ten Commandments.



The girl who is wise should never give young man a lock of her hair. She may decide to change the color of it.



Constant use of friends always wears them out.

As long as you live, keep learning how to live.



The most disillusioned girls are those who married because they were tired of working.



Blessed are they who were not satisfied to let well enough alone. All the progress the world has made we owe to them.



Time wasted is existence; used, it's life.



When a man starts thinking his wife doesn't understand him, he usually picks a pretty girl as an interpreter.



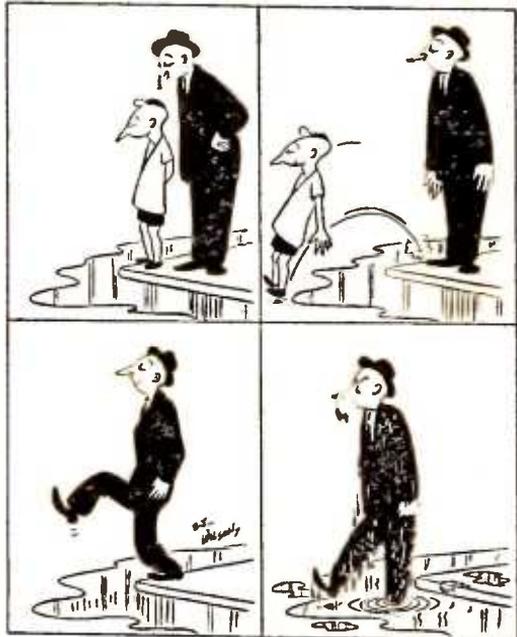
Next to being shot at and missed, nothing is quite as satisfying as an income tax refund.



At one time laziness was something for comment, but now even automobiles are shiftless.



Duties are the tasks we look forward to with distaste, perform with reluctance, and brag about ever after.



Answers to Quiz Questions on Pages 569-572



MATCH

- | | |
|-------|-------|
| 1. P | 11. F |
| 2. L | 12. J |
| 3. Q | 13. G |
| 4. H | 14. C |
| 5. I | 15. R |
| 6. N | 16. M |
| 7. E | 17. S |
| 8. A | 18. T |
| 9. D | 19. K |
| 10. B | 20. O |



SPORTS HEAD SCRATCHERS

Section A:

1. BOXING (Left hook-right cross). 2. GOLF (Hole in one). 3. BASEBALL (Double play). 4. DIVING (The Jack knife dive). 5. FOOTBALL (Two down).

Section B:

1. CASEY. The immortal Casey who, as if you didn't know, struck out. (Baseball).
 2. ATLAS. The mythological strong man who was believed to hold the universe on his shoulders. (Weight-lifting).
 3. WILLIAM TELL. The dead-eye-dick with the bow and arrow who shot an apple off his son's head. (Archery).
 4. RIP VAN WINKLE. Just before lapsing into his deep sleep he heard the distant rumble of thunder, which later turned out to be a game of ten-pins being played by the little men of the Catskill mountains. (Bowling).

Section C:

1. BASKETBALL. 2. BASEBALL. 3. SOCCER.

Section D:

1. CHESS. 2. PICK-UP-STICKS. 3. DOMINO.



CITIES

1. Boston—Hub of the Universe
 2. Brooklyn—City of Churches
 3. Buffalo—Queen City of the Lakes
 4. Chicago—Garden City
 5. Kansas City—Cowtown, U.S.A.
 6. New York—Gotham
 7. Philadelphia—City of Brotherly Love
 8. Pittsburgh—Iron City
 9. Portland, Oregon—City of Roses
 10. Rochester—Flour City
 11. San Francisco—Golden Gate City
 12. Washington, D. C.—City of Magnificent Distances

SLEEP HABITS

- False. Don't listen to the radio in bed if you're to sleep.
- True.
- False. You should try to form the habit of going to bed at the same hour every night.
- True.
- False. Provide the dog or hobby with a schedule that will not interfere with your sleep.
- True.
- False. You should try to remember; then take that position.
- False. Ice cream is the worst kind of bedtime snack. Never eat ice cold foods before retiring.
- True. Complete mental and physical relaxation is essential to good sleeping.
- True. Don't overdo it however.



VERBS

- DISGUSTING
- DISTINGUISHING
- TRUSTING
- DISAPPROVING
- DISQUALIFYING
- DISCOURAGING
- DISAPPEARING
- DISGUIISING
- DISPIRITING
- DISCRIMINATING
- DISAFFIRMING
- DISCERNING
- DISABLING
- DISQUIETING
- DISSOLVING
- DISMAYING
- DISPARAGING
- DISPOSING
- DISPLEASING
- DISAPPOINTING
- DISLOCATING
- DISTRACTING
- DISILLUSIONING
- DISSENTING
- DISINTEGRATING

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

BRETTON'S. For a really-different dining experience here in Kansas City, visit Bretton's Continental Restaurant and Upper Lounge. Gleaming copper and brass fixtures highlight the decor in the modern setting of this delightful spot . . . but the real thrill comes when your luncheon or dinner is served! Bretton's is noted for a variety of unusual foreign dishes, and for its unique gourmets' Nasch table. The salads and desserts are magnificent . . . and are surprisingly inexpensive! 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

EL CASBAH—HOTEL BELLERIVE. The "Cash Box," which recently celebrated its sixth anniversary, has gone all-out for big-time entertainment this fall! Here you'll see the night club stars whose names are known from coast to coast: Jimmy Savo, Evelyn Knight, recording star—or Carl Brisson, the dowagers' Frank Sinatra, who was starred at New York's Versailles. Coming in December are Libby Grace, Willie Shore and The Radio Rogues. The Vera's society orchestra beats out the tumbas and sambas, with Joe's wonderful piano. Expensive, but fun! 214 East Armour. Phone VA 7047.

KING JOY LO. A spacious restaurant here heavily carved and inlaid tables, closed booths, handleless cups and chopsticks welcome the lover of food prepared by skilled Chinese cooks. The varied menu offers such Oriental delicacies as chow mein with tender bean sprouts, dry fried rice, baby shrimp, egg foo yong, and rich almond cookies. However, strictly American food can be found on a second menu. Don Toy supervises the service in this Oriental setting. West 12th Street (Second Floor). HA 1113.

MAJESTIC BAR. Don't let the name "bar" fool you, for this is "The House That Steaks Built." It's the *other* door that has the modern, cozy and dim dining room, featuring some of the best steaks

in town. At the Majestic they pride themselves on a 14-ounce steak for \$2; and the 1-pound filet mignons for \$2.50 are wonderful. Equally delicious is their "pizza," the traditional Italian dish of cheese, sausage, anchovies and mushrooms. And, of course, they have that old standby, spaghetti and meatballs! If you're in the mood for some really excellent fish, try the channel catfish. 702 East 31st Street. VA 9208.

★ **MUEHLEBACH GRILL.** Things are happening at the Grill—really "big name" bands, and a floor show twice nightly. Kansas City's long-time favorite dining and dancing spot has come to life with a vengeance . . . and is pulling in the crowds again! The entertainment lineup changes every two weeks; so consult your newspaper to see who's doing what at this renowned night spot. There's "live" music at luncheon, too—which is why the town's prettiest damsels flock there for the filet of sole. 12th and Baltimore. Phone GR 1400.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** When a gaudily attired doorman helps you out of your car on Baltimore Avenue, you have your first taste of the cosmopolitan atmosphere at Pusateri's New Yorker. Inside there's a splendid extra-dry martini waiting for you; a thick, juicy filet; (roast beef or seafood, if you prefer); french fried onions; and a special tossed salad with oil dressing. Gus and Jim Pusateri, of course, will be mingling with the congenial clientele, with Jerry hovering about to make sure that everyone is enjoying himself. 1114 Baltimore. VI 9711.

★ **PUTSCH'S 210.** The freshness of springtime mingles with the charm of the deep South to make Putsch's a luxurious choice for leisurely dining. Surrounding you are cool green walls and delightful oil paintings depicting life as it ought to be lived in the New Orleans French

Quarter. Rich lobster, tender filets, red snapper and man-sized salads are prepared by veteran chefs who cater to discriminating palates. Business men and shoppers will find Putsch's 210 ideal for luncheon; and the theatre crowd always enjoys the late evening here. Currently entertaining are Gunnar Sondberg and his Continental Trio, alternating with Henry O'Neill at the piano. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** That Kansas Citians may never forget their heritage, the main dining room at the Savoy is just as it was decades ago. Above the old foot-rail bar is a mural, saluting Kansas City's pioneers. Food is traditionally excellent. Rare delicacies, such as frog legs, fowl, oysters and unusual seafood, as well as those every-popular Savoy steaks, are served by courteous waiters who seem to be as old as the Savoy itself. For comparison, the Savoy has its modern Imperial Room, where mirrors and coral red walls produce an equally distinguished setting for the same good food. Look for the sign of the Lobster at 9th and Central. VI 3890.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Just about the most spacious, pleasantly-lighted spot in Kansas City for excellent dinners, dancing and supper. New and unusual in the entertainment and radio field in Kansas City is The Arbogast Show, broadcast nightly from the Mansion over WHB. Witty and humorous, Arbogast spins platters, interviews celebrities, defies description. He's a funny, funny fellow! Always a crowd—of young people, their sophisticated elders, and not a few visiting firemen. Recently installed is the cute "Magnolia Room" bar, inhabited at all hours from 11:30 a.m. until 1:30 a.m. by the automobile crowd on Baltimore Avenue, celebrities from the theatrical and sports world and other interesting guests. Music by Jimmy Tucker's Orchestra. 1425 Baltimore. Phone GR 5129.

★ **PUSATERI'S PRIME RIB.** One of the most elaborate dining spots in Kansas City, featuring two magnificent chande-

liers. Their specialty is U. S. choice prime ribs—mouth watering and succulent. The bar is completely separated from the dining room by shrubbery. Ivory and green are the colors used, with two large, elaborately carved mirrors opposing each other. The Don Tiff Trio plays music for dinner, and dancing after 9 p.m. Mr. Franklin greets all patrons. The other food is good, but the ribs are wonderful! Hyde Park Hotel, 36th and Broadway. WE 3684

COMING . . . IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SWING

So You Want a Raise?

There are many ways of trying to get a raise in pay; but here's the how, why and what leaders of industry recommend to accomplish your desire.

Cowboys Like It Comfortable

Dudes flock to Porter's of Arizona for fancy Western clothes, but the store still considers the common cowboy the backbone of their business.

Wanna Bet?

Think you can beat the ponies? Or win at poker, roulette, bingo or three-card monte? One of the top authorities on gambling says no, and tells why.

What'll We Call It?

Here's the tongue-in-cheek story of how your favorite town got its name. Read about Sheboygan, Wax, Youghiogheny, Winterset, Dime Box, and many others.

Romeos With Paunches

The lowdown on some of the vicious practices visitors encounter in Chicago. You pay for the glamour and gaudiness with your billfold.

Here Come the Hamsters

The latest in the pet line. With no bad habits, and needing little care, these small animals may replace your present pet!

This Is Glenn Pigott

At three he was bedridden with polio. Today he is gaining fame as a pianist and composer.

The Clairvoyant Sees With Inner Eyes

Can clairvoyance be explained? Read what doctors and scientists have found out about it.

These and other articles and stories, plus regular Swing features such as "Swing Session," sports by Larry Ray, the Swing Quiz Section and hundreds of jokes and cartoons.

Meet Arbogast...

That funny, *funny* fellow!

CLUB 710 is daytime "disc jockey" fare for housewives and young people. The Club is organized, issues membership cards, holds meetings at picnics, movie previews and other events. A different member each day serves as President on the air—is interviewed by Arbogast and led through the Club routines by the troupe. A "Magic Carpet Rider" daily wins a trip by Yellow Cab to and from the WHB studios for the broadcast, participates in the proceedings. The records programmed are romantic, melodic, nostalgic with just enough rhythm, novelty and bounce to provide a change of pace.

Monday through Friday
2 to 4 p.m.

THE ARBOGAST SHOW nightly from the Southern Mansion features dance band music by the Mansion orchestra, plus the "current and choice" on records. Listeners are encouraged to write their requests; college and high school students 'phone in the scores of their games. Guest interviews are scheduled nightly, with a typical week including Albert Dekker, star of "Death of a Salesman"; Blackstone the Magician; Evelyn Knight, Decca recording star; a ventriloquist who wanted a name for a dummy given him by W. C. Fields (middle name Arbogast).

Nightly except Sunday
11 p.m. to 1 a.m.



Arbogast & Company: Paul Sully, Bob Arbogast, Pete Robinson

This Fall Is the Greatest of All on WHB...

with superb programming 19½ hours daily, including Kansas City's finest sports coverage: Football, basketball and hockey play-by-play by Larry Ray . . . Stepped-up news schedules to cover the international, national, regional and local scenes . . . Mutual's mysteries, music, shows for children, news and sports coverage . . . The nightly Arbogast Show by that funny, *funny* fellow, Bob Arbogast—plus the Arbogast version of "Club 710" week-day afternoons . . . The pleasant game of "Musical Tune-O," twice daily . . . Exclusive broadcasts of the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra . . . And all the WHB Old Favorites: Town & Country Time, Musical Clock, Martha Logan, Melody Time, Luncheon on the Plaza, Boogie Woogie Cowboys, Sandra Lea, Don Sullivan and the Cowtown Jubilee. No wonder—

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