



Swing

25c

APRIL, 1952

The Easter Urge

By Calvin T. Ryan

The sap rises, the blood quickens—it is Eastertide and life is reborn!.....Page 102

Amaritan of the Sea

By Stanley Jacobs

A doctor sitting in an office in Rome conducts surgery at sea around the globe.....Page 106

The Bride Saw Red

By Florence Pedigo Jansson

How far can an ambitious wife push her young husband before the danger signals flash?.....Page 142

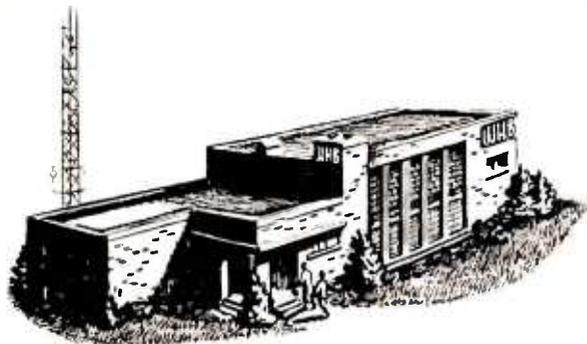
Articles

- Homecoming of a Hero.....By Bill Vaughan 110
- The Radio Station That Regulates Your Life.....By James L. Harte 124
- King of the Underwater Lumberjacks.....By Douglas Nelson Rhodes 129
- Man of the Month, Clifton J. Kaney.....By Don Davis 135
- Yogurt.....By Jean Turlov 146
- Leap Year Duels Under the Moon.....By Ruth Marr and Hal Boyle 150
- Radio Fights for Peace.....By Bruce B. Brewer 155
- Larry Ray Talks Sport.....By Larry Ray 160
- Breaking in Your Home.....By Frank Rose 170
- Pioneers in the Sky.....By Norton Hughes Jonathan 172
- Curare, Ancient New Drug.....By William D. Jenkins 177

Features

Swing Quiz Section.....196 Swing Photo Sections..133, 167

John Crosby's Criticisms • Radio & TV • Page 113



ONCE upon a time in Kansas City, a man named Emory J. Sweeney wanted a radio broadcasting station. He hired young John T. Schilling, Sam Adair and Henry Goldenberg to build it for him. ON MAY 10, 1922, a license to broadcast was issued to pioneering, 250 watt WHB. John Schilling was the manager, and today he has been manager of one radio station longer than any other man in the world. Henry Goldenberg, a mere youngster, was taken on as chief engineer. Today "Goldie" has been chief engineer of one radio station longer than any other man.

Other Kansas City stations came on—WOQ, now extinct; WDAF; KMBC, which was originally WPE and later KLDS. In 1922!

Now 10,000 watts and 30 years old, owned by the Cook Paint & Varnish Company, WHB looks at its history with deep pride, not in the mellowness of age, but with the venturesome spirit of youth—plus an abiding energy and eagerness to serve Kansas City and the Midwest . . . and serve well!

WHB

KANSAS CITY'S OLDEST CALL LETTER

Swing[®]

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WHB • KANSAS CITY

Your Favorite Neighbor



foreword

I WISH I didn't live in the United States. It's springtime and we get snow, cold and tornados. Last year it was the same. I resent the way the government takes a third of my money, seen and unseen, and gives it away in other countries. They built a string of airfields—in Africa—that cost \$3,000,000,000 and now they can't use them; the runways are too soft for the big ones to land. My hard earned money! Do you know what three billion is? If a family spent \$3,000 a day from the first day of our Lord, it would pass the three billion mark some 780 years from now. And to top it off, the country's in debt—up to here! It's upsetting to think about. Sometimes I don't feel well at all.

Prices are another dreadful thing. Prices are higher in the United States than anywhere else in the World, I'll bet. The government isn't run right. It is way too big to suit me, and I'm not even sure of losing my freedom honestly. Look at the way we're ripping our natural resources out of the ground. Tomorrow when they're all gone, what will become of our factories? They'll close down, that's what—everybody will be out of a job. I don't want to be here when that happens. I'm clearing out—for Trinidad.

Is all this true? In a sense, possibly, but SWING does not subscribe. Never have we seen so many radiant faces in a spring snow. We're prosperous enough that we can give up that third of what we make and still be better off than ever before. As any rich man who has held his wealth a long time will tell you: wealth is of little benefit if it is not put to good use among people less fortunate. So it is with nations. We may be extravagant; we may be in the red, but we're deeper into the black in health, happiness and hope than any other people in history. Sure there are wrinkles in our way of life, but they are wrinkles to be ironed out; the fabric is strong! We may have a real Utopia some day. Certainly the opportunity is here. When it develops, we'll write you all about it, care of general delivery, Trinidad.

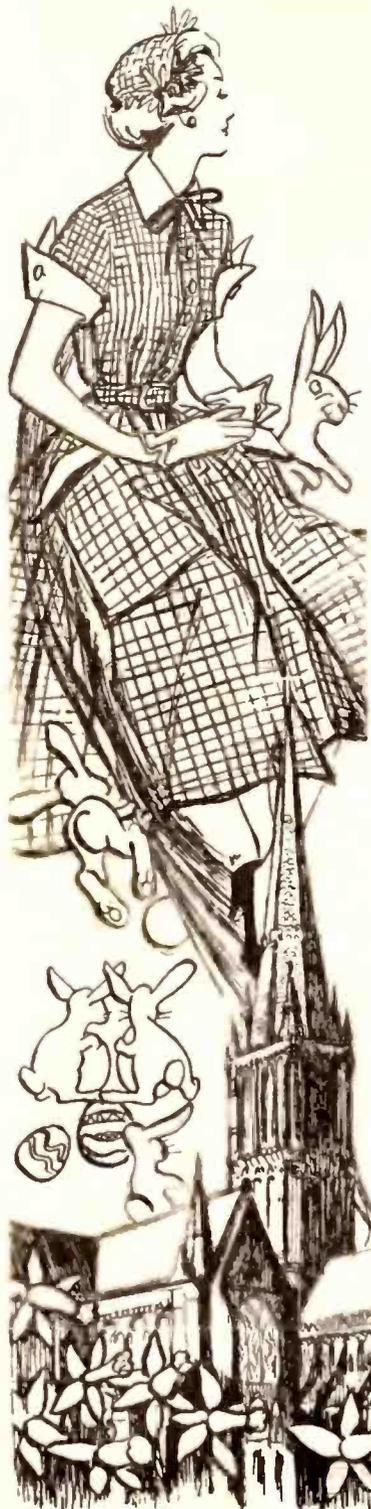
—D. E.

The Easter Urge

In the cycle of all growing things, Easter marks the Resurrection.

by CALVIN T. RYAN

WE stand at the threshold of a dangerous period. The warm light of the vernal equinox is fast thawing out winter-hardened hearts. In a matter of days strangely pleasant tinglings will start coursing through our frames. Youth will entertain ideas far beyond its years and conversely, childish gleams will replace winter's gloom in older eyes. Everyone will surrender at least a little of himself to the blandishments of spring. Yet, as much as we can, we place the cold steel of reserve against this reawakening that nature obviously intended for us to enjoy. Under the pretext of being too busy we try to ignore our inner surgings, but even the most resolute must summon up resistance.



to the call of the ballpark, the smiling brunette, the budding countryside, azure skies and the mid-week afternoon off in the garden.

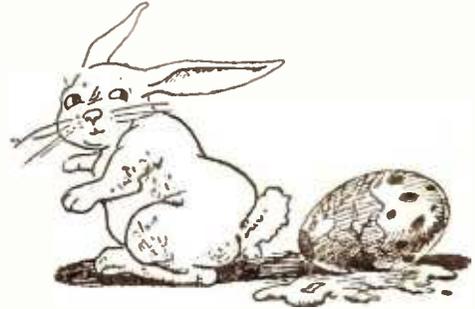
Not so, every other living thing! The quickening of the blood, the rising of the sap are triggers of explosive springtime growth — freshness — strength.

We, although fighting to stifle the essence of spring in ourselves, have made quite a thing of observing it in nature. New spring clothes typically are colored after the crocus, jonquil and violet. The idea of buying clothes in the spring at all is an imitation of the new green and varicolored hues in which nature clads itself. And it is appropriate for the ladies to display their new spencer jackets and textured fabrics on the holiday that is symbolic of the renewal of all life, *Easter!* Celebrating the renaissance in nature's life cycle, as well as the Resurrection, Easter is without doubt the most meaningful holiday of the year.

And it is easy to believe that it is the oldest, probably dating from about the time we began setting aside special days for ceremony and rejoicing. Primitive peoples saw the sun rise; the seasons come and go; noticed their own temperatures climb when the snow melted and green shoots speared up and warm days brought flowers. They saw the birds return and nest in trees that were turning green after being dead all winter. They saw the tender young plants grow to become taller than their beholders; they saw little birds fluttering in the nests; they saw the trees grow big enough to build homes in.

The coming of spring was indeed a time of celebration!

In the pre-Christian age when people were influenced by magic and controlled by superstition, what was cause and what was effect was not always clear. To explain the happy mysteries of nature, legend developed and these became wrapped up in ceremony. Among many peoples the egg had considerable stature in the early



spring festivals. It was the symbol of immortality. The Egyptians referred to their chief god as "Father of beginnings, and creator of the egg, the sun and the moon." The phoenix, the embodiment of the sun god, was born from a mysterious egg; grew for five-hundred years; set fire to its nest and burnt itself up. In the ashes would be another egg from which another phoenix would rise in the freshness of youth. In Hindu mythology is the story of the World-Egg, from which comes our own use of colored and decorated eggs.

Our Easter egg laid by the Easter Rabbit on Easter Eve is a parallel of the ancient egg stories made over in a more enlightened era for the children. From the modern egg may emerge chicks, ducklings or bunnies in chocolate or in person. Much, if not all the original meaning has been

lost in eagerness to eat the candy eggs, and take the bunnies to school in shoe boxes.

IT was not until Easter became a Christian festival that flowers became symbolic in the celebration. The first holy-makers were more concerned with their physical needs than with their souls. They wanted to appease their gods so that there would be good hunting, fish aplenty, and bountiful crops. The early Christians who established the pattern for our celebration of Easter were martyred to physical hardship, and found needed spiritual comfort in banks of flowers in their places of worship.

Nearly the whole world is in accord with the spiritual beauty of Easter, and as though to evidence what people feel in their hearts, the dogwood blossoms forth, and tulips, daffodils, lilies and violets brighten the garden walks, the woods and the churches so that life seems to start anew at the coming of spring. Many of the springtime flowers have legendary significance, and it is interesting to correlate events of the Resurrection with the flowers of Easter. Lilies are emblematic of purity and light, and it is legendary in Judea that wherever the risen Saviour walked lilies sprang up in his footsteps. In medieval Europe, the tulip, wherever it grew, was the symbol of the Resurrection.

The dogwood blossoms with the season in America, and lends credence

to the promise of renewed life. The early flowering daffodil was likened in olden times to the trumpet, the musical harbinger of spring, and the instrument most often mentioned in the Bible.

Violets are a symbol of steadfastness. Early Christians added them to their drawings of crosses on the walls of the catacombs trying to lighten the memory of the crucifixion.

Nowadays, no one is more concerned with Easter than the florist. No matter whether Easter comes early or late, he must have brought his Easter flowers to bloom so that they will be ready when people throng their churches to proclaim the Resurrection, and choir boys in their festive robes move down the aisles singing the age-old Easter anthems.



EVEN after Easter became a Christian holiday, it retained many of the pagan rituals carried on right in the church. For example, clergy and bishops would engage in a game of catch played with eggs. Later this activity was moved out to the village green, and evolved into the egg roll-

Calvin Ryan, head of the Language Department of Kearney State Teachers College, Kearney, Nebraska, is a graduate of Harvard and Wyoming Universities. He finds Nebraska a land of blizzards, sand storms, hot suns and good neighbors; and a soil that will grow anything—if it rains. Mr. Ryan has one daughter, studying in England on a Fulbright Scholarship. He limits his writing chiefly to professional English and to religious publications.

ing and throwing games we know today.

In the middle ages the church in England was in the dark about many of the customs and traditions of the church in Rome. One king had a bishop of the Celtic church, while his queen was devoted to a Catholic priest. This predicament led to the confusion of celebrating Easter twice a year in the royal household. While the king broke his Lenten fast with Christ's Paschal feast, the queen and her followers stayed upstairs and observed Palm Sunday.

While Easter was known to be a movable holiday, it was not always understood how to determine it. The old idea of its coming on the first Sunday after the full of the new moon in March is not quite accurate. In the year 325 A.D., the Nicene Council decreed that Easter should be observed on the first Sunday following the Paschal Full Moon next upon the vernal equinox. This rule is still followed, making March 22 the earliest possible date for Easter, and April 25 the latest.

Easter has become a fact in the

Christian's life. It leaves no place for the mythical or the magic. Science has explained the dormant trees and the grass and flowers coming to life. It has explained the changing seasons and the egg becoming the chick. We now agree that, the gift of Easter is not mortal life, but eternal life, spiritual life.

The modern American has gotten away from nature except on Saturdays and Sundays when he may get out into the yard or ride through the country in his automobile. Hence he no longer feels the acute stimulation that warm earth, balmy skies and burgeoning vegetation might otherwise arouse in him. Though he has lost touch with nature, the American has not lost his religion, and he finds that instead of consuming passion he feels only genteel elation as spring gets under way. Easter morning he quietly puts on his best suit, drives the family to church and sits in the family pew scarcely aware of the sartorial finery surrounding him, content in the knowledge that Christ is risen, and that his own immortality is assured.



A grumpy looking man boarded a train in Knoxville, called for a pillow, made himself comfortable and, just before closing his eyes for a nap, extracted a sizeable sign from his briefcase and propped it on his lap. It read:

"I don't trust Stalin. I hope we won't have another war. I think prices will start to go down in about a year, but that we won't have another depression. Wake me up in Atlanta."

▲
Jr., a high-school student, was getting ready to go to a dance and his mother noticed that he got dressed in record time.

"Son," she asked, "did you take a bath?"

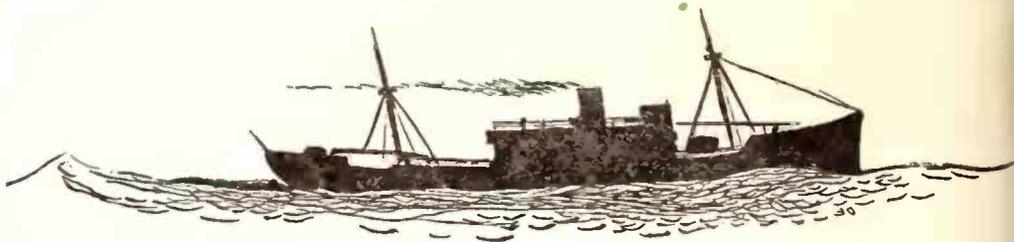
"No, mom," came the reply.

"Now listen, son," she remonstrated. "You wouldn't go to a dance without taking a bath, would you?"

"Sure," he replied. "It isn't formal."



A man walked into a restaurant and handed the waiter two vitamin pills and asked him to dissolve them in his bowl of chowder. After a long interval he asked why he hadn't been served yet. "You'll get your soup, sir," said the waiter, "as soon as we can get the clams to lie down."



Samaritan of the Sea

A kindly little doctor in Rome has a pipeline to the heart of every sailor who was ever stricken at sea.

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

THE little American freighter, *Emily Howe*, was cleaving her way homeward through calm equatorial Atlantic water, running low under a heavy cargo. The quiet on board was broken only by the swish of sea past her salt roughened hull, and by sporadic sounds of human misery emanating from below. The thoughts of all hands were directed toward a narrow, grey bunk and the anguished man who lay there.

In a soft carpeted medical office in Rome, the dignified silence is abruptly disrupted by the raucous crackle of a high-powered short wave radio receiver. Pleasant, bald little Dr. Guido Guida excuses himself, adjusts some earphones over his ears, makes a few short, nimble dial turns, and soon is talking calmly with the captain of the freighter in the South Atlantic.

"Dr. Guida, it is good to have you on the radio!" the strained voice of the skipper comes in across thousands of miles of space. "Five Days ago

our Engineer's mate cut his heel. It didn't seem to amount to anything. Now his leg is swollen to the hip, and he is in terrible pain, especially around the knee. I have given him penicillin, but it has not done much good. His fever is going up. What do you want me to do?"

"How far from port are you?" asks Dr. Guida.

"Three days out of Bahia."

"The man can't wait," exclaims the physician. "I'm sure he faces a general and probably fatal sepsis if you don't operate. Steady now, and I'll get a good man to direct the operation."

Within fifteen minutes, one of Rome's leading surgeons is on the radio broadcasting concise, simple directions to the sweating ship captain — exactly what sterilization measures are required — how to hold the lancet. He guides the direction of the instrument, is emphatic and crystal-clear in every detail of the operation.

Within hours, the patient's temperature drops and the grateful captain radios thanks to the specialist he has never seen, thousands of miles away in Rome.

This 24-hour-a-day service to sick and injured seamen is the world-girdling hobby of Dr. Guida, with the cooperation of other physicians, the Italian Navy, and Radio Rome. Hundreds of skippers at sea know that when they desperately need on-the-minute medical advice, they can flash MEDRAD—CIRM and get an immediate radio response from top Rome medical men. Day and night, the Rome receiver is manned and some forty physicians, surgeons, and specialists are available to go on the air at once with directions for emergency treatments and operations.

Dr. Guida and his colleagues will not accept a penny for their services. Dubbing themselves the "International Radio-Medical Center," they serve principally ships whose passenger and crew lists are too small to warrant carrying a doctor aboard.

Thanks to the ultra-powerful receiving and sending apparatus presented to him by the Italian Navy, Dr. Guida accepts every MEDRAD—CIRM call — often a frantic distress signal asking medical advice, and

taking precedence over all messages, with the exception of an SOS.

BACK in Trapani, Sicily, some forty years ago, little Guido Guida listened to the yarns his seafaring father and older brother would spin on their short stays home from the sea.

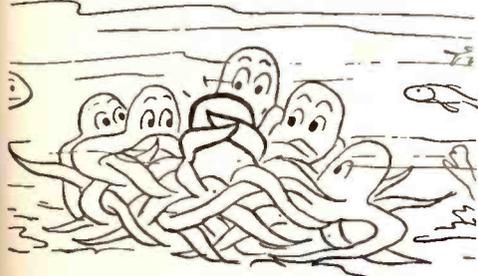
Always, the most harrowing stories were those of seamen, lying gravely ill or injured, perhaps weeks from port, with of course, no doctor aboard and no radio in those days to give emergency directions for saving human life.

Little Guido grew up; dedicated himself to medicine; and after long financial struggle became a prominent physician and a professor in medical school by 1935. But always, the terrifying tales he had heard of men who died at sea stayed in his mind.

Explaining his concern for these men to his colleagues, he proposed:

"Why not set up a voluntary network of physicians and surgeons who will broadcast free counsel to ships needing emergency medical service? It isn't the same now as when I was a boy — all ships are linked to land by radio, and an intelligent ship's officer who can follow our instructions faithfully may work wonders!"

The idea caught on at once. Letters offering this valuable free service were sent to shipping firms throughout the world. The Italian Navy donated the services of an expert radio operator plus equipment. Radio Rome, Italy's top station, readily agreed to relay messages when necessary.



"Guess who!"

As news of this unusual service spread from ship to ship, Dr. Guida's air clinic was bombarded with requests for advice. In 1949, for example, the Institute handled more than 1500 communications necessary in saving the lives of 200 seamen. That remote-control diagnosis and advice proved sound is borne out by the fact that only one patient died—a stoker who suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. Even a doctor aboard probably could not have saved him.

The requests radioed to Dr. Guida and his friends are of many kinds. Messages relating to sprains, stomach ache, hangovers and ordinary complaints get short shrift from the busy doctor. To keep minor league complainers out of his thinning hair, he has prepared a radio medical manual distributed to all skippers. In many cases, merely consulting the manual enables ships' captains to give relief without calling Dr. Guida.

When cases are serious, and some medical terminology is inescapable, Dr. Guida or his associates will ask the skipper to consult the manual and pay special attention to the anatomical charts — an invaluable aid when operations must be performed by untrained hands.

Time means everything in cases handled by radio. Typical was the engineer on an Italian ship who received a shard of iron through his neck when a boiler exploded. Though the man was bleeding to death, Dr. Guida hustled a surgeon to the radio

and the operator clicked out the surgeon's specific instructions on preventing further bleeding, applying bandages, and injecting penicillin and anti-tetanus serum. The man was saved and reached port in time for a successful operation.

Appendicitis accounts for many of the urgent calls tapped out over Dr. Guida's receiver. When one ship's captain proved too shaky to operate, a physician of the Institute dictated proper operating procedure to a first mate with steady nerves and hands.

Once, when a cloud of millions of brilliantly-colored butterflies overwhelmed the tanker *Saguaro* in the Caribbean, the crew became almost frantic trying to brush off the crawling things which filtered into shirt sleeves, dungarees and shoes. The next morning, every person aboard ship complained of a pestiferous rash and unbearable itching. Alarmed, the captain radioed Dr. Guida who himself was puzzled by the sudden butterfly-inspired ailment.

But Dr. Alessandro Van Eyck, a tropical medicine authority, and a member of the Institute immediately contributed his knowledge. In a soothing message to the distracted skipper, he said:

"The rash and itching are nothing serious and your own ship's supplies will provide the remedy. Apply oil, alcohol and talc to all affected parts. Relief should be quick."

Within two days, the butterfly scare was over and every man was

Stanley Jacobs is a Kansas Citian gone out to the great Northwest. Now engaged in public relations in Seattle, Mr. Jacobs has been published in The Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan, The Toronto Star, Magazine Digest, True, Today's Woman, The Baltimore Sun, and The Milwaukee Journal. His hobbies are flying, photography and catching 40-pound salmon.

well and jesting about the sudden plague which had necessitated a radio call for help to doctors 4000 miles away.

ALTHOUGH the Institute's unpaid staff of clerks, physicians and surgeons cannot understand or speak all languages, they find that their pooled knowledge of Italian, English and French suffices in most cases. They recall the case of an oiler suffering severe internal pains who spoke only Polish. A shipmate translated his complaint into English, it was re-translated for the French skipper, who had his radio operator give the final symptoms in Italian to Dr. Guida's operator. Prompt treatment was given and the man was made comfortable until he could be transferred to a port hospital three days later.

In addition to providing emergency advice, Dr. Guida and his associates conduct a nightly radio health clinic for mariners. For two hours, either Dr. Guida or a fellow member of the Institute will lecture on hygiene, new medicines, toxins, and first aid hints. Listeners thousands of miles at sea are asked to take out their manuals and consult the pages relating to the night's discussion.

On many ships, the captain and all available ship's officers gather in the

radio shack to listen to Rome and make notes on what Dr. Guida or one of his colleagues is saying. Over the years, such nightly tuning in on the medical school of the air has given many skippers a quasi-professional knowledge of therapeutics and first aid.

As you might expect, seafaring men are profuse in their gratitude for the free medical service and show their affection for the Institute in many ways. Seamen who have been aided send Dr. Guida and his staff fancy cigarette boxes, pipes and other trinkets whittled out of odds-and-ends. Silks from Japan and novelties from African bazaars arrive at Christmas time from grateful skippers.

To Dr. Guida, who over the years has gradually wiped out the memory of boyhood tales of suffering on the ocean, the radio and now television offer even more hope for the future.

He is developing a method whereby a cardiograph may be transmitted great distances over the ocean to Rome for diagnosis. With the rapid rise of television, he sees in the decades ahead a world-wide link of men and doctors by radio and video screen, so that no seaman on any ocean may suffer helplessly for lack of trained medical skill.



Curious friend: "Why do you want married men to work for you instead of bachelors?"

Manager: "The married men don't get upset when I yell at them."

An 87-year-old Texan attributes his longevity to the fact that he never stole a horse and never called a man a liar to his face.

Description of a missing bank cashier: "Five feet seven inches tall and \$57,000 short."



Wife: "I'll meet you half way. I'll admit I'm wrong if you'll admit I'm right."



Best advice when the brakes of your car give way—hit something cheap.

Homecoming of a Hero

— *the private thoughts of a business man on rendering a service to his country.*

by BILL VAUGHAN

RIDING home on the crowded bus the man felt just a little bit tired. It had been a pretty full day, and with this other business coming at the end of it—well, he was tired. But it was a good tiredness, and certainly the pleasant frame of mind he was in was worth it.

He felt at peace. He smiled to himself as he thought of how he would tell the family what he had done. Or maybe he would wait until Helen and Ed came over tonight, and tell them.

Of course, he wouldn't want to be ostentatious about it. After all, it wasn't anything that a lot of other people hadn't done. Still, by golly, it was something for a busy man like himself—desk piled high, taxes in a snarl, chairman of the social committee at the club and so on; lots of responsibilities—it was something for him to have done.

But, still, it wasn't the kind of thing you ought to boast about. The idea was to work it into the conversation. Let's see now.

Why, sure, when they had all talked a while, his wife would probably say, "Why don't you fix us a drink, dear? See what Helen and Ed want."

Then he would bring out the three glasses—none for himself. And after

they had marveled at that, he would say, "Don't think I had better for a while yet. They said down at the blood bank to wait for a few hours before drinking anything alcoholic."

So they would draw the story out of him, and he would tell it reluctantly, about how he had dropped by the Red Cross that day and given a pint of blood.

"There's really nothing to it," he would say. And, that was true, there wasn't. It had taken him forty-five minutes altogether, and that had included a 10-minute delay while he waited for another doctor to O. K. him because of the atabrine he had taken in Italy in 1944.

He wanted to stress to them the cheerfulness and the courtesy of the women at the Blood Center.

The trouble was, he would point out, that so many of us don't realize the need. Too many people take the war so casually. He found the phrase, "our boys in Korea," forming in his mind, and for the first time he felt a doubt. He was beginning to sound like a pompous bore, even to himself.

This was his stop. He got off and began the 4-block walk home through the rainy dusk.

As he walked, he liked himself less. He had given a pint of blood, a basic

Bill Vaughan is known in the Kansas City area as the author of Star Beams, a daily column appearing in The Kansas City Star. Homecoming of a Hero is an example of his delightful touch, imparting new life to an usually somber subject.

duty of citizenship these days, like sending your children to school and paying your taxes, and apparently he thought that entitled him to pat himself on the back and to speak patronizingly of "our boys in Korea."

Not, he told himself defensively, that there wasn't some justification in his case. He was a busy man, and he had intended to do this thing for months, ever since the war in Korea had begun. And he told his family as much. Every time he read in the paper about the blood campaign lagging behind he had expressed himself indignantly, and had promised himself that he would make an appointment—sometime in the next week or so.

The first summer of the war the club had sponsored that big golf tournament, and he was carrying the en-

tire load—arrangements and publicity and all sorts of things, and it had just been impossible, flatly impossible, or anyhow, it would have been inconvenient. Ever since then it had been one thing after another.

All important things, of course, but there was no getting around it—the blood he hadn't given would have filled a lot more bottles than the blood he had.

By the time he reached his front door, his mood was one of humility. There would be no posturing before Helen and Ed . . . not until he had been to the blood bank two or three more times anyway.

When his wife greeted him, he told her where he had been.

"That's nice," she said.

"What's for dinner?" he asked.



A British Embassy official in Washington, preparing to receive Winston Churchill for a visit, told the story of an Embassy aide who was asked about Mr. Churchill's preference for food and drink. "Mr. Churchill's tastes are very simple," replied the aide. "He is easily pleased with the best of everything."

▲
Sign on a table of Bibles in a Hollywood book store:

"David and Bathsheba—you've seen the movie. Now read the book."

▲
Samuel Raphaelson, dramatist, bought a trim little yacht. One of his first visitors aboard was his grandmother, a sweet, clear thinking little philosopher.

"See these crossed anchors on my cap, Grandma?" asked Rafe, proudly. "That shows I'm a captain."

"H-mmm-mmm," mused the old lady.

"You don't seem much impressed," said Rafe, a trifle crestfallen.

"All right, Rafe," said the grandmother, calmly. "I'm impressed. By you, you're a captain. By me, you're a captain." Then, shaking an admonishing finger under the dramatist's nose, she added, "But, by the captains, you ain't no captain."

▲
One afternoon in the school library a little boy who had spent quite a bit of time wandering from the posted reading lists to the book shelves, came to the librarian with the question, "Will my mother like this book?"

"Your mother?" questioned the librarian, in surprise.

"Yeah," replied the lad. "She's going to read it for my book report and I want her to enjoy it."

▲
The perfect pessimist was the farmer who remarked, when told that his chicks looked sturdy, "Yes, but the old hen hatched out six and all but five of 'em died on me."

INFLATION

YOU realize it's really here when you learn that barber college haircuts are now fifty cents . . . and that doctors make new babies cry by simply telling them how much of the national debt they owe . . . It's no longer possible to make anything but spending money . . . One Congressman wants to provide free aspirins with each income tax payment . . . For as he says, "Everybody needs 'em then, but nobody has a dime left to buy an aspirin." . . . Guess he realizes it's getting harder all the time for us to support the government in the style to which it's grown accustomed . . . The law of averages is about the only one left that doesn't have a highly-paid "board" to administer it . . . It's tough, but remember this: the dictator countries have guards to keep the people in . . . here we have guards to keep 'em out . . . Prices are nudging the moon, but we have more cars in New York than all of Europe . . . Food is expensive all right . . . yet our national sin is over-eating . . . Present day Americans are taller, healthier, and living longer than any past generation . . . Our dollar may be worth only 50c now . . . but that buck still buys the world's biggest bargain in secure and comfortable living.

—Roscoe Poland



Gladstone used to tell his friends about a neighbor's little girl who really believed in prayer. Her brother made a trap that caught the sparrows and she prayed that it might fail.

Suddenly her face became radiant and for three days she prayed hard and her faith was absolute. Her mother asked her one day: "Julia, why are you so sure your prayers will be answered?"

Julia smiled. "I know my prayers will be answered because I went out three days ago and kicked the trap to pieces."

As Grandma Mapes approached the century mark her friends made plans for a gala celebration. They asked Grandma what she wanted and she had no desires. Finally someone suggested an airplane ride.

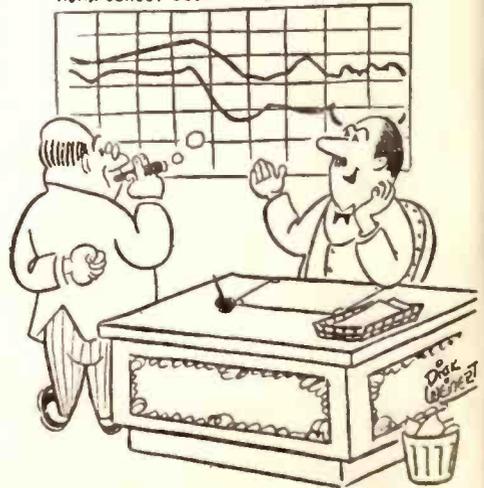
"I ain't ag'in' to ride in no flyin' machine," replied Grandma with conviction. "I'll just sit here and watch my television, like the Lord intended me to do."

"Well, son, what sort of a time did you have at the picnic?"

Slowly the lad replied: "I'm so glad to get back, I'm glad I went."

"What funny names these Korean towns in the news have," remarked a man from Schenectady as he read a Poughkeepsie newspaper on his way to meet a friend from Hackensack.

AJAX CORSET CO. PROGRESS CHART



"We're not in such bad shape, J. B."



The CREAM of CROSBY

John Crosby, of the cool and penetrating eye, looks at his foster children Radio and Television Broadcasting, and doles out warming praise or head-smarting raps according to the merits of each.

by JOHN CROSBY

The Revolt in Gary

I AM allergic to talk—especially talk about democracy—that does not carry with it responsible action,” writes Elmore McKee, of the Ford Foundation, in the current issue of “The Survey.” McKee, a member of the Friends Service Committee, had considerable experience in Germany with the futility of talk about democracy.

In Frankfurt, for example, he tried to appoint a committee of three—a professional laundry operative, a social worker, and a neighborhood mother—to discuss plans for a proposed laundry in a new neighborhood center. His proposal was rejected after a local priest declared: “In Germany, we leave these matters to the experts.”

This provoked from McKee the observation: “In America we would not leave the laundry to the experts but to the people—to all groups concerned, including the mothers who would use it. Your method seems to be a vertical trusting of the specialists, ours to be a horizontal faith in all concerned.” Said a German: “Is that what you mean by democracy, that all people concerned should have something to say?”

“Yes,” answered McKee, “and be responsible.”

Said the German: “I have waited a year to find out what your government meant by democracy. Now I see.”

McKee got his committee. Later, returning to this country, McKee fell to wondering whether America was quite so horizontally operated as he

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had said, whether Americans had not forgotten that democracy consisted not only of the privilege of participation but of the responsibility for it, about whether Americans didn't need a Voice to America as well as a Voice from it.

This led him to originate a radio series called "The People Act" which ran for some time on NBC and which, improved and revised, is now on CBS as a co-operative undertaking between the Ford Foundation and the CBS Radio-Television workshop. "The People Act" is a series of tape-recorded, documented stories about genuinely horizontal democracy, a phenomenon much rarer in this country—which is so fond of prating about democracy but not of practicing it—than we like to think about.

FROM Gary, Ind., a tough steel town with once the second highest incidence of crime, the third highest incidence of vice in the country, came the tape-recorded voices of the steel workers, the housewives, the District Attorney, explaining the predicament Gary was in. The city was in the grip of two national crime syndicates. The syndicates had financed the elections and had set up a super-government which allowed them the protection to operate.

One night a popular school teacher, Mary Cheever, was murdered on her way home, the eighth murder in a year. A long-suppressed murmur of outrage swept through Gary's women-folk. Telephones began to ring. Questions flew. The upshot was a march on City Hall of 2,000 angry women who demanded and were promised law enforcement.

They didn't get it. The gambling houses flourished. Crime abated not at all. The more active members of the Women's Citizens Committee received threatening phone calls. The husband of one, who was told to shut his wife up or suffer dire consequence, replied mildly: "You shut her up. I've been trying to for eleven years."

The women set up their own spy system, keeping watch on the gambling houses and writing down the names of the patrons. They sat accusingly in the idle courts, visited the idle police stations. They called in a private detective. He got a job as janitor in the D. A.'s office which he instantly wired for sound. Recordings of the conversations in the D. A.'s office, a convenient and damning record of bribery and corruption—one of them played on the broadcast—were kept under cover until the 1950 elections when they blew the administration clear out of office. The alliance between crime and politics was destroyed in Gary.

They underplay nicely, these amateur actors who simply re-enact the roles they played in the Gary revolt, and Bob Trout, the narrator, refrains entirely from editorializing. He doesn't have to, Mr. McKee's moral is sufficiently plain.

Certain Weird Minds

Leonard Mackenzie is generally introduced with the words: "Here is the fellow you've always wanted to get your hands on." He's a little tired of it but also rather proud of the fact that so many people would like to lay violent hands on him. "It's my small claim to fame," he says modestly.

The fact is, Mr. Mackenzie writes

singing commercials which have been dinned into the aching ears of millions of people the world over. He is the author of, among other jingles, "Chiquita Banana," now seven years old and still going strong, "Tide gets clothes cleaner than any soap," now in its second year (very unusual because jingles rarely last longer than one year), and the shortest-lived of all singing commercials, "I'm Talullah, the tube of Prell." That last one brought an instant lawsuit from Talullah Bankhead who claimed the name Talullah belonged to her exclusively. To Mackenzie's chagrin, it was played on the air only seven times and then was hurriedly yanked. (Chiquita used to be played 5,000 times a week.)



When last heard from, seventeen clients were clamoring for singing commercials from Mr. Mackenzie who writes both words and lyrics. Each client expected to get them within six days. They won't, though, the composition of singing commercials being harder than you think. Even popular songwriters have a terrible time with jingles. Songwriters, Mackenzie points out, are used to spreading one small idea—I love you, for example—over thirty-two bars. A singing commercial composer's problems are far more

complex. In twelve bars, he has to ram home the idea that Sudso cleans floors, removes paint, smells heavenly, is kind to your hands and comes in three sizes, including the big family size. "Chiquita Banana" is rather an exception to all rules in that it contained only one idea—never, never put bananas in the refrigerator—rather than a dozen.

Mackenzie, who works for Benton & Bowles and thinks he is the only full-time singing commercial man in the ad agency racket, usually writes a jingle on the commuter train from South Norwalk, polishes it on the piano in his office, gets a singer to record it, and then starts it on its agonized way. At least six people at Benton & Bowles have to approve it. Then it goes to the client and heaven knows how many relatives and friends he calls in. No one ever goes into raptures over a jingle the first time around, Mackenzie reports sadly. They have to be pounded into the client just like they're pounded into the rest of us. If the jingle doesn't please the ad people, they have an expression for it: "But is it memorable?" (Rough translation: "It stinks.")

In most cases, Mackenzie is inclined to agree. He has a fairly low opinion of most of his output but he has just finished one he's very fond of. We'll all be hearing it soon—a chicken singing that there are real eggs in Hellman's mayonnaise. He harbors a certain affection for his Post raisin bran jingle, too. "Maisie the Raisin was fairly popular with certain weird minds," he says.

Just the same he's pretty happy with his work. Prior to settling into

this line of endeavor he had composed a stack of songs which had not been published, played the piano with a number of bands and, like a lot of musicians, always dreamed of making a living out of music, staying in one place and working civilized hours. Singing commercials give him all that.

Mackenzie works on salary, but there are lots of free lance jingle writers including a number of husband and wife teams. When he has more work than he can handle, Mackenzie farms out jobs to the free lancers. He gives a lot of work to a young lawyer and his wife who are now doing so well in the jingle business that he has little time to devote to law.

There's a lot of money in it, in case you're interested. An established jingle writer can get \$3,500 for one. Jingles are also sold on a royalty basis where they can bring in \$750 every three months. First, though, you have to get them accepted—not by the home audience which has no choice in the matter—but by the agency and the client. It's not easy. Mackenzie submits five or six from which one may be chosen. Sometimes none are chosen. Once he had to submit 160 jingles before a client was satisfied.

Once in a blue moon, a singing commercial catches the people's fancy and becomes a popular song. Rosemary Clooney has recorded one of Mackenzie's about the three Sugar Crisp bears which has sold 25,000 copies. Another called "Timetable Mabel," written for the Boston & Maine Railroad, had quite a popular fling, too.

Metamorphosis of the Disk Jockey

THE disk jockey has taken some strange forms in recent years. Benny Goodman is a long-haired disk jockey, prattling on knowledgeably about all types of music from bebop to Brahms; even Sam Goldwyn tried disk-jockeying for a while. And now Jane Ace is in the game, assisted by the resigned voice of her husband, Goodman. For your real connoisseur of disk jockeys this rates two and a half bells, an absolute "must" if you haven't anything better to do. For one thing, Jane breaks precedent by playing records.—"Walking My Baby Back Home," "Dardanella," "At Sundown," "Valencia" and a lot of other old tunes which arouse what Jane describes as "neuralgia." In between records she and Goodie talk.

"Disk jockey," she'll say. "That's a man's word. There ought to be a girl word for it."

"You mean discus jockey?" Jane, Goodie explains, was always dissatisfied with her billing even when she was a housekeeper or dust jockey. "And now for a word from my sponsor—if I had one," interrupts Jane.

"The Crother Company—for fifty years dispensers of quality. Yes, sir, fifty years ago the Crother Company dispensed with quality and today—just like fifty years ago—it's February 9."

It's nice to have the Aces back, anyway, even in such dilute form.

Speaking of disk jockeys, I'd like to pass on a few details on another one gleaned from Art Buchwald's column, "Mostly About People," in the Euro-

pean edition of the New York Herald Tribune. Buchwald, I ought to explain, drifts about Paris, interviewing celebrities and strays with which Paris is fraught. The other day he flushed an ex-New York disk jockey named Janet Wolfe who spake as follows:

"One night I'm making the rounds of the New York clubs and some people dragged me into one of the more famous ones. They had a radio disk jockey there who plays records all night and talks to people who come into the bar. I talked to him for a half hour. He asked me what I thought of New York and I told him it reminded me of Paris because everybody spoke English. Then he asked me what my ambition was. I told him I wanted to win a Fulbright scholarship so I could go over to Europe and study Orson Welles.



"A few more cracks like that and they hired me to work on the same program as the disk jockey. At first I was hotter'n a firecracker. I started a new political party called the Golden Rule party. The idea was that people would get along with each other or the party would kill them. Then I advocated a march on Washington by all women to protest putting their

right ages on passports. This also became a popular issue.

"Once a man came up and asked me what I thought of vivisection. I told him I wasn't prepared to talk on the subject but next week I'd arrange a debate with two people who knew more about it than anybody else—a doctor and a dog. The man walked out of the bar without paying his check.

"The most fun I ever had, though, was one night when they let me read the commercials. I had three sponsors, a beer company, a coffee company and an airplane company. The commercials were pretty dull to read so I decided to tie them all together. I told a story about a pilot who loved to drink—Beer and used to get so soused that the only thing that would sober him up was—Coffee. Two cups before every flight he could fly a plane as good as anybody in the air-line business."

That did it. Miss Wolfe was fired.

New Kind of Journalism

RADIO has perfected a new type of journalism—tape reporting—and invented a new kind of journalist, the tape reporter. A tape reporter deals in speech and sound the way the other kind of reporter deals in the written word. His job is to get the story in the words and inflections of the participants.

It's not easy. A radio documentary like "The People Act," which is under the supervision of producer Irving Gitlin, has a staff of thirteen people, two of them full-time field reporters. Aim of the show is to show a com-

munity taking some great civic stride forward—the aforementioned Gary, Ind., throwing off civic corruption; Blairsville, Ga., absorbing 100 years of progress in ten years—and to make the story come out of the mouths of the people who were there.

To accomplish this the tape reporter must be a psychologist. His task is to make the people forget they are being recorded so that they talk naturally. He mustn't ask questions that can be answered yes or no. He must be self-effacing. In fact, a good tape reporter asks questions that can be edited out of the show without being missed. He must be patient. Sometimes the interviewees stumble along for half an hour or more, all of it recorded, before he starts making sense.

Equally important are the tape engineers, who are also a new breed of technician, men with great ears for the nuances of sound. Four years ago, Gitlin says, the present type of tape editing couldn't be done with the equipment that was then in existence. Sixty hours of tape editing now go into one show of "The People Act."

To make a good program, Gitlin selects stories that he feels are exciting, "tape wise"—that is, a community's progress cannot have been made, say, by legislation confined within four walls of the legislature. Also, the story must not be old and some part of it must be currently happening so that Gitlin's staff can find fresh live tapes.

Once a place is selected, a researcher—if possible a man from a similar region—goes there and "opens up the community," which means winning the confidence of its people. Then he

returns to New York for a story conference and later goes back to the town with a tape reporter and an engineer. The three of them spend a week, digging and recording. Back in New York the tape reporter cuts down fifteen or twenty hours of the recorded tape to the four best hours. Then the rest of the staff takes over and pares it down to twenty minutes.

All tape editors and reporters feel real physical pain at the wonderful material that has to be thrown out. "A lot of stuff we get is sheer poetry," says Gitlin. "It's the most exciting stuff. We have a crisis every show over the stuff we have to throw out."

As an example of some of the "poetry" that had to be thrown out, Gitlin will show you the extemporaneous statement of a Gary, Ind., lawyer on how Gary men are made:

"Gary is the melting pot of the world. You have the witty Irishman and the sturdy Englishman and the alert Scotchman and the emotional Frenchman and the hardworking Slav and Swede and the musical Italian and you have all these crushed in here together and in this element we are molding an American that really—when you really get him molded right—is a real outstanding man. But there's a lot of—well, over there in the mill when you make steel, you have a lot of sludge that gathers all around, and we have a lot of sludge, more sludge probably than you would get anywhere else in the country, because you get steel by heating, pounding, cooling—and that's the way you make men—and we're making men here. Don't get the idea Gary is all bad. Gary is good but she's got a lot

of sludge that we've got to get out of the way."

That's a pretty fair sample of tape journalism, too — raw, musical, authentic.

No Business Like Show Business

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN has been the scene of some pretty tall political nonsense, so I guess it can survive the Eisenhower bandwagon meeting a week ago. Whether Eisenhower can survive it is another matter. A Presidential candidate is allowed to withdraw his name from the New Hampshire primaries if he feels like it. He ought also to be allowed to keep his good name out of Madison Square Garden where his friends can do him endless harm.

Even the celebrities rounded up by Tex McCrary and his co-chairman, Jacqueline Cochrane for display in the center ring were pretty disgruntled when it was all over. "It was a great rally for Tex McCrary," muttered one of them. I'm not even willing to concede that. Mr. McCrary and his co-workers managed to get 18,000 people in Madison Square Garden after midnight, an impressive demonstration of Eisenhower's pulling power, but before they got out of the place a good many of them may have decided to vote the straight Democratic ticket.

The fact is, McCrary didn't have very much on his mind once he got them in there. Again and again, to the 18,000 in the Garden, to the uncounted millions who saw it on television or heard it on the radio, McCrary declared exultantly: "They said we couldn't do it. They said we couldn't fill the Garden. But look

around — and there are thousands more outside."

There were indeed. Bill Stern was interviewing them. Mrs. Jimmy Doolittle, for example. "How are you?" said Mr. Stern. "I take it you're an Eisenhower lady. Any reason?" "He's a great man," said Mrs. Doolittle. "Thank you," said Stern. Some Conover models were even more cryptic. They gave their names, pledged their allegiance and smiled prettily. Inside, McCrary, for lack of anything else to do, was crying, "Who likes Ike?" The multitude responded with "I like Ike," a wan, dutiful shout.

"Will the New Hampshire delegation be seated?" implored Mr. McCrary. "Will the drum and bugle corps hit it up. Please, let's hit it up." The drum and bugle corps hit it up for awhile, then stopped. For a long while nothing at all happened. The crowd milled. "Who likes Ike?" carolled Mr. McCrary. "Let him hear you now—let him hear it." (There was considerable talk that General Eisenhower was listening to the rally by radio. It developed later he was asleep.)

Presently, Jinx Falkenburg clambered through the ropes and belted autographed tennis balls around the arena. Bill Stern, who had moved inside the Garden, voiced unstinted admiration for her form and especially her power.

Fred Waring and his Glee Club got into the prize ring which had been vacated only a few hours earlier by a couple of welterweights. Mr. Waring tried a couple of "Who likes Ikes" and demonstrated he was a better

cheer leader than McCrary. Then he led the choir and as much of the crowd as he could get into the game in "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." For a moment, it looked as if the rally might shape up into something—if not enlightenment, at least entertainment. But no. A moment later a small covey of celebrities, including Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, were flushed from their seats and displayed in the ring like prize birds. They seemed terribly ill at ease.

As entertainment it wasn't bad but it was just a little embarrassing, rather juvenile and more than a little pointless. I suppose it's too much to ask to get all the hoopla out of politics. But no political rally should be *all* hoopla, even after the candidate is elected. This rally had no bones in it at all, no message of any sort either from the General or his supporters, no foundation all along the line.

Not in the Script

WE have a couple of small boy stories here. One youngster, according to his mother, came down recently with a bad case of space fever, an affliction he picked up from "Tom Corbett, Space Cadet," one of whose characters had it. The script writer obligingly inserted a message in the next program that earthlings couldn't get space fever. Boy got well right away.

From Frank Sullivan, my Saratoga correspondent, comes the story of a little girl in full cowboy outfit watching Hopalong Cassidy. Hoppy was in bad trouble. Some varmints had him backed against a wall and, when he reached for his shootin' iron, it wasn't

there. "Whar's my gun?" he cried. "Take mine," said the young lady and pitched it right through the screen.

Then—this is an unborn child story—there's the lady on "The People Act" program who had helped the valiant and successful fight of Arlington housewives to procure good schools in that swollen Washington suburb. When the fight was won, she suddenly became aware she didn't have any children to enjoy the educational blessing. "I'm going home right now and have a baby so my child can go to the new kindergarten," she exclaimed. She's having one, too.



Task Force To New Hampshire

ON MY screen, the New Hampshire lady looked nonplussed and even a little hostile when accosted by Senator and Mrs. Estes Kefauver right out on the Main Street. New Hampshire folk are not noted for loquacity to strangers, which leads me to suggest that, for the next Presidential primary, the cameraman take along a platoon of actors to shake hands with the candidates.

Actors are the only thing missing up in New Hampshire, as this is written. Never in my memory have fourteen delegates been fought over so strenuously. The natives are being

jostled by candidates, reporters, news-reel boys, radio commentators, tape reporters and television cameramen all over the state. The particular lady mentioned above was buttonholed by the Kefauvers on a snowy street in the presence of a movie camera. Before she fought loose she had confessed that the weather was pretty cold. That's all the opinion the Kefauvers could extract from her.

Not all the New Hampshire people have been that reticent. Seems to me, pretty near all of them have been seated at one time or another around a pot-bellied stove and (while the cameras purred) divested themselves of their opinions on Taft or Eisenhower or MacArthur. It was a homey little scene—the pot-bellied stove, symbol of New England freedom of thought; the citizenry gathered around, warming their hands and their convictions; the cameras recording the whole thing for posterity and for John Cameron Swayze and for Doug Edwards and for the nation's TV screens.

No one thinks the New Hampshire primary is really that significant, but before the reporters and W. W. Chaplin and George Hicks and the rest of them get through with New Hampshire, the local residents are likely to think it is. It must be terribly unsettling to find Estes Kefauver thwart the route to the Main Street grocery, to encounter Stewart Alsop when you just wanted to trot down to the corner for a beer. It's likely to set a voter thinking some rather uppity thoughts, this getting interviewed every time he sets foot out the front door.

THE importance of it all has crept into NBC's prose which is as sensitive as litmus paper to affairs of this sort. "Yesterday," says a dispatch from NBC press in the language of the communique, "an NBC radio and television task force left for Concord, N. H., spearheaded by a trio of top-flight commentators — George Hicks, Leon Pearson, and W. W. Chaplin."

Much has been written about the effect of television on the candidates. No one has thought very much of the effect of television coverage on the voter encountering a television task force for the first time. The down easters have been noted up to now for the stability of their political judgment. But this is the first year they have been hamming it up around a pot-bellied stove, the first time a TV director has been around asking them to assume picturesque poses around the general store, the first time the tape machines have so assiduously recorded their political utterances.

Heaven knows what this will do to the electorate. At the 1948 conventions, the candidates first began to demand makeup. The minute the pancake got on his face, it began to infiltrate his thinking. Well, the voter will be demanding the makeup next —complaining about the camera position, rehearsing his inflexions, worrying about himself rather than the candidate's foreign policy.

Show business, in short, has begun to absorb the attention of the voter as well as the man he is to vote for. This'll keep both their minds off such distractions as Korea, taxes, and the shape of SHAPE.

The Issue Is Political

SPEAKER SAM RAYBURN'S sudden decision to ban television at House committee hearings may be the greatest boost the TV broadcasters, who instantly protested it, ever had. Actually, there are some fairly cogent non-political arguments against the televising of Congressional hearings. In fact the house of delegates of the American Bar Association just condemned the televising of judicial or investigative Congressional hearings on the grounds that it was an infringement of individual rights.

Speaker Rayburn made no such claim. Originally, he ruled that television violated House rules; later he shifted his ground to say that House rules didn't authorize television. In other words, House rules don't say you can't televise, but, on the other hand, they don't say you can either. The Speaker, whose decisions are rarely challenged, can issue his own interpretation and in this case ruled that the absence of a specific ruling constituted a prohibition.

It's rather odd. For Rayburn banned, not only television, which is fairly new, but also newsreels, tape recorders and radio; and these things have been around Congressional hearings for years. Why? The political interpretations are fairly obvious. First committee to be blacked out by the ruling was the House Un-American Activities Committee meeting in Detroit. One of its members is Rep. Charles E. Potter, R. of Michigan, who has been mentioned as a possible opponent of Sen. Blair Moody, a Democrat. Potter, a legless veteran of

World War II, is almost unknown in Detroit and is conceded little chance, but television could have built him into a potent candidate as it did Rudolph Halley in New York City.

There are, of course, far larger political issues at stake in this election year. Most of the Congressional hearings—all the newsworthy ones—involve charges of favoritism or crookedness on the part of the Administration, and the Democrats, naturally, would like to minimize the publicity as much as possible. It puts the Republicans in an awkward spot. Some of them called the ruling censorship. Others, mindful that they might be in office next year when the positions might be reversed, refused to take a stand one way or another. That makes the ban essentially a political issue when it should be above politics. My own view has always been that the cameras and the microphones should be allowed wherever the press is allowed (or wherever practicable since there are some news spots where it simply isn't possible). The cameras are journalistic instruments considerably more complex but legally no different from a pencil. It's up to the committees whether the hearings should be open or closed. But if they are open, they ought to be all the way open—to cameras and microphones as well as to reporters.

Great issue has been made as to the discomfort caused by TV's lights (an unfair charge, since the bright lights are there because of the newsreels, not because of TV), of the invasion of privacy implicit in spreading a man's face over the nation's television screens. Both seem to me to be matters of degree. Let's take the dis-

comfort first. There's great discomfort, I expect, in just being called before a Congressional committee, in being investigated in the first place. The lights, the cameras, the microphones may heighten the discomfort; they hardly cause it. Getting used to lights and cameras and the rest of it, I think, are going to be part of the price of civilization, like getting used to the noise of a subway train. As for the invasion of privacy, here, too, the individual is subjected to a certain amount of this the moment he is summoned, the moment he gets his picture in the paper. Television just increases it.

The charge that television makes a circus of a hearing is simply not borne out by the facts. The effect of television is to impose higher standards of decorum and fair play on the investigators who are under the scrutiny of millions of voters.

Those, at least, seem to me the basic issues at the heart of the question to

televise or not to televise and I recognize there are grounds for argument on each side. There are, however, no grounds for argument that politics has no place in the debate at all. In imposing the ban when a Presidential campaign is already in high gear, Speaker Rayburn seems to be dropping a curtain around the misdeeds of the Administration. He's making out a strong case for those in favor of televised hearings by making it appear that the only reason for *not* televising them is to hush up the Administration's mistakes.

Operation Frontal Lobes

OPERATION Frontal Lobes, a designation that has not won universal approval, is the NBC television network's somewhat starry-eyed attempt to con the public into absorbing a certain amount of culture along with the jokes. It is a broad, many-faceted program and, while much of it rests on the deprecatory assumption that the average man will shy away from enlightenment unless it is slipped to him painlessly, the plan has some notable achievements to its credit.

Most notable, probably, was the presentation Christmas Eve of "Amahl and the Night Visitors," Gian-Carlo Menotti's original opera. It was sponsored by Hallmark Greeting Cards. The idea of commercial sponsorship of so elevated a show is a fairly revolutionary one and probably the most important single aspect of Operation Frontal Lobes (otherwise known as the Enlightenment Plan and the Horizons Plan). Five years ago, in radio, the opera would have been billed as



"Yes, you've seen me someplace before, baby—I'm your wife."

Continued on Page 181



The Radio Station That Regulates Your Life

WWV, the radio station of the National Bureau of Standards, holds the Western World in thralldom merely by giving the time of day.

By JAMES L. HARTE

IT BOASTS no program director, no corps of announcers, no parade of talent. Situated in the little community of Beltsville, Md., a suburb of Washington, D. C., it began in 1923 to broadcast time and tone signals periodically. In 1939, it went on the air on a 24-hour basis, thus beginning the only continuous service of its kind in the world. It can be heard anywhere in the world today as it broadcasts simultaneously on frequencies of 2.5, 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and 35 megacycles.

It is WWV, the radio station of the National Bureau of Standards and, if WWV ever went off the air, there would be some hectic confusion in your life. Your electric clock would fail to operate correctly. The orchestra you enjoy would sound off pitch. The pilot of the airliner speeding you across the continent would radio for help. The ship transporting you overseas would miss its port. You would

soon run short of gas and oil for car and furnace.

If your radio can pick up short-wave broadcasts, you may have frequently heard WWV without being aware of it. It may have sounded to you as some minor interference, a continuous tone signal and, over it, a pulse ticking off the seconds. But it is this broadcasting of time and of tone signals that is so important in the regulation of your life.

In our highly integrated society, the need for accuracy in time is fundamental, and the WWV time signals set the standard for all the nation and for much of the world. WWV ticks off the first 59 seconds of each minute, then skips the sixtieth, to indicate that the pulse heard after the skipped second is the start of a new minute. It announces every fifth minute; first, in Universal Time (Greenwich Mean) in International Code; then, by voice, Eastern Standard Time.

Approximately 80 per cent of the country's watch and clock manufacturers and repair men, by official estimate, use the WWV signals to keep America running on correct



time. An even greater percentage of navigators use the broadcasts, for their calculations must be accurate to at least one-tenth of a second, and WWV is their only promise of accuracy. And, for network broadcasting, all U. S. radio stations keep their clocks accurate to a fraction of a second via tuning in to WWV.

Actually, WWV is *too* accurate and the station's engineers must make corrections occasionally in the time-keeping apparatus to insure authoritative broadcasts. The time signals are accurate to one part in 50,000,000, or to one second of time in every 38 years! Old Mother Earth is less accurate, however, rotating on her axis at changing rates of speed. So, every now and then, to insure that WWV's time signals are not off a few seconds yearly, the time-keeping mechanism

must be corrected to the earth's changing rate.

The second WWV service so important to your life is the broadcasting of a continuous tone during the first four minutes of any five-minute period. These tones are actually frequencies, alternately being 600 cycles a second and 440 cycles a second. These signals set the nation's frequency standards and, as with the time signals, they are accurate to one part in 50,000,000.

How do they fit in your everyday life? Well, the 440 cycles a second is the musical "A" above middle "C". Instrument manufacturers use this pitch standard to keep their products uniform, and musicians, teachers and technicians use the standard to check, adjust, and retune instruments. And the 600-cycle standard, for example, is the base upon which the country's power companies keep their alternating current at exactly 60 cycles a second. If your electric company, for instance, started sending you current of 59 cycles, your electric clock would begin to lose one second every hour, and other of your equipment designed for use of standard alternating current would suffer.

WWV also broadcasts two further services, standard radio frequencies and radio propagation notices, which, while they have a definite effect upon your life, are highly technical. However, of utmost importance is the use of WWV's frequency standards in the field of electronics in which fantastic degrees of accuracy must be maintained.

Modern geologists, to use an example, do their prospecting electronically. Without the accuracy of the WWV standards, the discovery of oil reserves, so vitally needed in our present-day economy, would be hit-or-miss and we might face a shortage. And it is these reserves that fuel your car and your furnace in addition to keeping the wheels of industry in motion.

At the other extreme is our radar program, based entirely on electronics. In the use of high precision radar and navigation systems, one part in several millions may mean the difference between success and failure. It is well to remember that the missiles we may find it necessary to track and follow will be traveling at fantastic speeds. So, if there is a war in the near, or distant, future, our ability to intercept and destroy such attacking devices as supersonic planes and guided missiles will be due largely to the frequency accuracy of WWV.

Due to atmospheric conditions the WWV signals are sometimes unable to be heard in a given section, not only in the United States but in other of the countries that have come to accept WWV's signals as their standards. The reports and complaints, on such occasions, to the National Bureau of Standards indicate the extent of the confusion that could be yours if the broadcasts ceased. Once a Coast Guard station on the Great Lakes sent out erroneous time signals, resulting in disrupted traffic. A ship captain protested to the Bureau that he nearly ran aground in the Caribbean. A scientific laboratory in Germany cabled indignantly. Domestic-

airline pilots have called for mid-flight guidance. And a Northeast power company shut down, leaving a community in three hours of darkness until the atmospheric disturbance had passed and the company could again return to the WWV standard.

The secret of this amazing accuracy is a crystal clock that errs but a few parts in 10,000,000,000. But even this isn't good enough for the Bureau's scientists! With the coming of the atomic age, they have developed an atomic clock. When it is put into service, it is expected to be accurate to one part in a hundred billion—or one second every three centuries!



Meanwhile, the time and tone signals of WWV go on, the most relied upon and the most accurate in the world. Your plane stays on its course; your ship reaches port; your clocks run on time; your clarinet is true in pitch; there's oil for your furnace and gas for your car, and there'll be much less need to fear any enemy that would dare attack our shores. For these, and more, you can thank WWV, the radio station that regulates your life.

The World's Steepest Railroad

IN THE Swiss Bernese Alps, up lofty Mount Pilatus runs the World's steepest railroad not operated by cables. Rising from the western shore of Lake Lucerne the track ascends the precipitous granite of the mountain 7,000 feet to the summit.

Over one stretch the line climbs more than a mile in a distance of less than three miles, with a grade of 36 degrees at the way station at Alpnachatad. When the road was being constructed iron spikes had to be driven into the rock to afford footing for the labor gangs.

The railroad is built of solid masonry throughout, capped with granite flagstones. The ties are steel channel bars, anchored to the masonry with U-bolts every three feet. The gauge is 2.52 feet; the rails, as in other rack railways, merely support the weight of the train. The rack bars are set on edge, so that the cog wheels are vertical; the cogs would climb out of any horizontal rack.

Engine and cars are built on a single frame. The cylindrical boiler, six feet long, is placed crosswise of the frame so that the water level will not be disturbed. Engine speed is a little more than three feet per second, or about two miles an hour—carrying thirty-two passengers.

Parts of the Mount Pilatus line, particularly on the Eselwand, an immense, nearly vertical escarpment, are the most sensational bits of railroading to be found anywhere. The train creeps along the face of this rock and through four short tunnels on a shelf tilted skyward at a grade of 48 per cent.

Torturous and difficult though the little line is, it is completely safe and functional, and was constructed in only four hundred days.

—H. E. Zimmerman

A passerby stopped to watch an old man in his garden weeding.

"Which weeds do you consider the easiest to kill?" he asked.

"Widow's weeds," the old man answered. "You only have to say, 'wilt thou?' and they wilt."

▲

The young man's sweetheart told him that the next day was her birthday. He smilingly said that he would send her a bouquet of roses, one for each year of her life.

He ordered two dozen roses to be delivered the next morning. The florist, knowing the young man's father was one of his best customers, kindly put in an extra dozen. And the young man never knew why his girl was sore at him.

Recruiting for national services passed a crisis recently in London when a young man who had been summoned by the medical board was pushed into the establishment in a wheelchair. The chief medical officer glanced up quickly. "Oil his wheels," he ordered, "and pass him fit."

▲

The late Archbishop Trench of Dublin spent his old age in constant fear of paralysis. One story tells of the time he took an old friend to dinner. His companion heard him muttering to himself: "It's come at last; total insensibility of the right limb."

"It may comfort you to learn," said the friend, "that it is my leg you have been pinching all this time."

Good Advice

VICKI still looked as though she belonged in a chorus line instead of back of a ten seat hamburger counter, but it was good to meet her again anywhere.

"You're the first one I've seen from the old class in years," she said, inspecting my face for new wrinkles. "Brings back memories better'n good beer."

"Sure does," I said between mouthfuls of bun. "Like the night Johnny Barton bought the drinks to celebrate my exit from town. Whatever happened to him. Thought you kids were headed for the altar."

"Yeah, only Johnny got lazy," she sighed. "Just wanted to buy a gas station, settle down and get gray hair."

"He never struck me that way."

"You met him after I started working on him," she said. "I kept plugging. Talked him into going to night school and got him a job in an accounting firm. I put off marriage until I could finish the job . . . improving his social life.

"I wangled invitations to the society in this burg. Remember Gloria Gaylord . . . old man's the banker. She pitched in to help me out.

"We worked like a couple of mad dogs to make a big future for Johnny and then, poof . . . he's had enough."

"Just didn't want to get ahead, huh?" I asked?

"Oh, no, he finally saw it my way. Eloped with Gloria and is vice-president of the bank now."

Vicki swept the counter clean and tossed the rag underneath. "Drop over some night," she said. "My husband and I have an apartment upstairs."

—Daniel Streib

A Lancashire woman, wishing to lose weight, had been put on a diet by her doctor. One day a friend dropped in and was amazed to behold her tackling with great appetite a large potato pie.

"I thought you were on a diet!" she exclaimed.

"Aye, so I am," was the answer. "But I've had me diet and now I'm having me dinner."

▲
"I never said I didn't like her," a woman defended herself. "I merely remarked that all the polish she had was on her finger nails."

The sporting gentleman asked his friend: "What do you think would go well with my purple green golf socks?"

Came the answer: "Hip boots."

▲
"The Coal Retailers' dinner is next week," said Mrs. Jones. "What color dress are you going to wear?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Smith, "we are supposed to wear something to match our husbands' hair, so I'm going to wear black. What will you wear?"

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "I don't think I'll go."

KING of the Underwater Lumberjacks

The sailor jumped overboard into the harbor. He later returned to make a profitable career from what he had seen on the bottom.

By DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES

COAST Guardsman Robert Forrest finished his engine room watch and went topside to the cutter's desk for a breath of fresh air without the

slightest inkling that Old Man Opportunity was about to single him out as a favored son.

The cutter was moving at half speed through the Port Angeles, Washington, Harbor enroute to its dock and Bob Forrest morosely contemplated an uncertain future. His term of enlistment was completed and tomorrow he'd be just another ex-sailor out of a job. As he stood by the rail absentmindedly wiping engine grease from his hands, he felt something slip off his finger and he looked down just in time to see a cherished ring, a gift from his wife, fall into the harbor.

Forrest is a man of action, and hardly had the ring hit the water when he had hurled himself over the side in pursuit of it. He was a shimmering white patch below the surface when the deck watch cried "Man



overboard!", and the cutter's propellers began churning up a froth as the engines were reversed to brake the ship.

A few minutes later Forrest was hauled aboard splashing harbor water and grinning from ear to ear.

"You must have found your ring," observed a mate who had witnessed the incident.

"No, I didn't," he sputtered. "But I found something else—I found a new career! And it's going to make me rich! That harbor floor's plumb covered with good hemlock logs, and I'm going to salvage 'em!"

NOW, nearly seven years later, Bob Forrest has made his prediction come true. He is already well to do and is top man in a strange new industry—underwater lumbering.

Young Forrest and his crew recover thousands of feet of prime lumber every month from the watery depths off Port Angeles. Most of the salvage is in hemlock logs which had been floated downstream from the cutting areas where hemlock abounds. Hemlock is more subject to water-logging than are fir, spruce and other Northwest woods, for it averages a pound more per square foot in weight. After five weeks in the water, two per cent of the heavy wood sinks, a complete loss too costly to salvage—until Forrest came along with his unique idea.

As soon as Forrest was mustered out of the Coast Guard he drew out his savings and bought diving gear and a motor scow with winch and cables. Then he hired a small crew and experimented with ways to bring

up the logs. Finally he offered his services to logging firms on a fee arrangement whereby he would be paid so much a square foot for all timber recovered.

Winter and summer Forrest plunges below the surface in depths up to 180 feet. His personal equipment consists of a regulation diving outfit and a peavy, the stout pike-pole that is the hallmark of lumbermen.

Forrest does his timber cruising by strolling along the river and bay floors, keeping a sharp lookout, poling into the mud with his peavy. When he sights or feels a log he rolls it up and out of the muck; signals for a cable to be lowered from the scow; secures the sodden timber, and has it drawn up on the winch out of its grave and stowed on board. As soon as the log is on its way to the surface he resumes his search. In this way Forrest has routed from oblivion several million feet of sound, salable lumber.

ALONG with the rewards of his work come great occupational hazards. Not the least of them involves frequent encounters with giant octopi which set up housekeeping in submarine cavities, and seem to have a peculiar fondness for hemlock lodgings. One of the creepy leviathans nearly cut Forrest's career short on his third dive. A partially buried trunk was giving the diver trouble in his efforts to pry one end up so that the raising cable could be attached. Intent on his work, Forrest was startled to feel a sharp tap on his shoulder. "I looked around and didn't see a thing," he recalls. "I began to wonder if I wasn't getting the

shakes from being under water too long. Then I felt something like a monstrous arm slide gently around my waist. I looked down—and really got the shivers! It was a huge octopus tenacle! I jabbed at it with the only weapon I had—my peavey—and the octopus loosened its hold long enough for me to turn around and get set for battle.”

The next ten minutes seemed like ten hours as man and octopus sparred for advantage. Finally, Forrest landed a lucky blow on its soft underbody, and the octopus, staggered, hesitated a moment then emitted a cloud of inky fluid that enveloped the diver. When the water cleared Forrest was alone. He called up to the scow, and

was lifted to the surface. He climbed out of his rubber suit, and called it a day.

All the adventure of the job is not confined to danger. There's always the chance of stumbling on to sunken treasure, since the Port Angeles area was a sanctuary for 18th century pirates. Forrest once thought he'd struck a jackpot when he came upon a rusty iron chest. Envisioning a trove of doubloons and pieces-of-eight he broke open the chest and threw back the mouldering lid.

“Biggest disappointment I ever had,” grins the king of the underwater lumberjacks. “The darn'd thing was loaded with empty beer bottles!”



“It's been a wonderful evening, Harold. I needed a rest.”

A woman's face is her fortune. And sometimes it runs into a nice little figure.

▲
An English youngster was playing in Liverpool when a tourist approached him. “Little boy,” she asked, “can you direct me to the bank?”

“Yes, ma'am,” he answered, “for two bob.”

The woman asked if that wasn't a little expensive.

“No, ma'am,” he answered, “not for a bank director.”

▲
“Your eyes fascinate me, they're so beautiful. I can see the dew in them,” said the young man.

“Take it easy, bub,” she retorted. “That ain't do . . . that's don't.”

▲
An old fellow down from the hills for a few days visited the rodeo in Cheyenne. He was standing over a coal grating on a downtown street, muttering: “These things may be all right for warmin' up a hotel room, but when it comes to heatin' up a whole town they ain't worth a hoot.”

Historical Miniatures

THE first United States Railway Post Office was Inaugurated July 28, 1862, by the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad. William A. Davis, Assistant Postmaster at St. Joseph, conceived the idea that if mail could be assorted in transit it could be transferred to the Pony Express immediately upon arrival, thus permitting an earlier start on the long overland trip to California. Fred Harvey, the famous railway restaurateur, was one of the two mail clerks on the initial run.

MOUNT Vernon, the home of George Washington, was named by Lewis Washington, elder brother of great first president, in honor of Admiral Edward Vernon of the British Navy, whom he greatly esteemed. His admiration for Vernon and his naval successes caused Lewis to secure a midshipman's appointment for his brother George. If his mother had not so strenuously objected, and Washington had gone to sea, it might have caused an entirely different outcome in the fight of the colonies for freedom.

THE "Hi Lewis" Run was the name applied to the round-trip passenger train operated by the Missouri Pacific Railroad between Kansas City and Sedalia, Missouri, for over 35 years prior to its discontinuance in June, 1929. Listed on the time tables as No. 47-48, the train was better known as "Hi Lewis" in tribute to the popularity of Hiram Lewis, who served as its conductor for over 35 years. Capable and efficient, a man of splendid character, Hi Lewis made many lasting friends among his passengers. He was pensioned July 22, 1921, after 49 years of service. It is said that he ran his train so close to schedule that housewives set their clocks by him. He died November 9, 1924.

EMBEDDED in crumbling lava rock and the soil in the hills near the Columbia River a short distance from Ellensburg, Washington, have been uncarthed skeletons of a number of mammoth trees, which geologists claim were swept along in a Columbia Basin lava flow, possibly ten to thirty million years ago. Close to the surface may be seen marvelous opal logs, showing the exact structure of the wood—rings and grain—cast in a medium more beautiful than agate. Principally among the trees found were the "Gingko", a native of China for centuries.

—From *It Happened In America*, by Louis Honig.

At the Right: ELIZABETH TAYLOR Star of M-G-M Studios





Swing Presents
CLIFTON J. KANEY
The Man of the Month

by DON DAVIS

KANSAS CITY nourishes a special breed of men who deal in grain . . . oil . . . or cattle. They are venturesome businessmen whose daily transactions involve the hazards of speculation—big speculation. They are trained almost from boyhood to get and to weigh the facts to make quick decisions, and to deal only with people they *trust* . . . people whose spoken word is literally “as good as gold,” the only “contract” in transactions often involving thousands of dollars.

Such a man is the 1952 president of the Chamber of Commerce. Clifton John Kaney, a cattleman who for seven years has been president of the Kansas City Livestock Exchange, is the first livestock man ever to serve “uptown” as Chamber of Commerce president. His tenure of office is proving a refreshing and stimulating experience to businessmen who may have forgotten that Kansas City is a “cow town.”

Cliff points with pride to the fact that this great terminal live stock market, so much a part of Kansas City's

economic life, does a volume of business that has run into half a billion dollars in cash sales per year. In 1951 with the disastrous flood deadening the market for three weeks during the busy marketing season, and slowing it down for several weeks thereafter, dollar volume was some four hundred million.

Straightforward, outspoken, friendly Cliff Kaney looks you right in the eye and smiles as he says it. That's his way. He learned it from his boyhood idol, Charles N. Bird. At sixteen, when Cliff went to work for the Nelson Morris Packing Company as office boy at the Kansas City yards, Bird, who was head cattle-buyer for Morris, noticed young Kaney's eagerness and sincerity. Bird gave Cliff a job running errands, weighing cattle and tabulating purchases. Taught him a memorable rule: “Look folks in the eye, and smile.” Cliff has found a lot of things to smile about during his 61 years of life. He says “I have had more ups and downs than an elevator boy, but the downs have taught me to be appreciative and thankful for

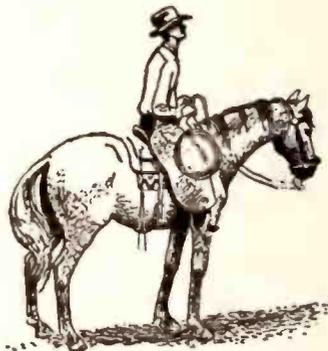
the ups. You are bound to lose part of the time but a decent average is about all the average man need expect."

CLIFF has won many times but he's very modest about it. "Nothing is out of your reach if you're physically and mentally alive," he says. "I've made a practice of studying people who know more than I know. And I've always been helped by someone who was kind and generous—which makes me want to help other young people. It's our mission in life to set an example for young folks whose character, habits and thinking are unformed—and thus, to help them. We've got to show them the advantages of a free economy! Make them realize that a regulated socialistic life leads to dictatorship and ruin."

You come to expect such positive, plainspoken statements from Cliff. They roll out with uncorked suddenness—punctuated by pungent, earthy expressions current in livestock pen and farmyard. Kaney has the amazing ability to speak as two persons at once: in polished, literate, almost oratorical phrases (at times he sounds like a philosopher or a statesman)—and in blunt, earthy nouns, verbs and adjectives that leave no doubt as to his meaning. His platform manner, presiding at Chamber or committee meetings, is something by Will Rogers out of Mark Twain.

Cliff learned early in life to take care of himself. Born on a 300-acre farm south of Lee's Summit in 1890, he was nine years old when his family moved to Kansas City in order that

Cliff might attend City School. His father, J. B. Kaney, had been a cattleman in Texas. His mother, Ellen Quinlan, was the daughter of Michael Quinlan, a cattleman in Western Kansas. They were well-off, well-educated, and discussed sending Cliff to college. But when Cliff reached High School age times were hard. He wanted to get into the world of business, and make his own "stake," and he had family obligations he wanted to fulfill.



At eighteen, he was a cattle-buyer for Morris; at twenty, assistant to the head buyer. After about five years of buying many thousand head of cattle each year he joined the Evans, Snider, Buel company as one of their two head cattle salesmen.

About this time Cliff met a young lady who had just moved to Kansas City from Virginia. Beautiful, blue-eyed, black-haired Marguerite Brady. In 1913 they were married. In Cliff's words that was a "good deal," paying high dividends in happiness these many years.

DOING business at the Yards teaches a fellow to know and appreciate the country people and

ranchers who love the soil, love their farm animals and rely upon and trust each other. Cliff has great praise for those pioneers who made their living by developing the livestock and agricultural resources of the corn belt and the range states. "They never struck nor threatened to strike," he says. "They worked until the day's work was done, according to the season—paying no attention to the number of hours of labor involved. When they needed help, the wife and kids pitched in—or neighbors came over to lend a hand. Overtime and double-time pay were unheard of. Your real American is the kind of man who gets the job done, and to hell with how many hours it takes!

"Those pioneers fed the nation a balanced diet," continues Cliff, "without the aid of electricity, without tractors and the automobile, or any of the other labor-saving devices we have today. They not only fed the United States, but fed it well.

"In these days of social security, unemployment compensation that is badly abused, the Federal agencies that force people to take subsidies and gifts, we are taxing the nation to death, killing the germ of free enterprise and destroying the very thing that made our nation great—the necessity for survival of the fittest. If this sort of thing is long continued, it will fester as a sore that will destroy the nation."

At sixty-one, Cliff Kaney has seen what has happened to the U.S.A. through two World Wars—and he predicts that our self-created inflation will be fatal, unless the strong, sober, clear-thinking, clear-living, decent

people stop it in time to avoid disaster. "I think the country people will come up with some of the answers" is his optimistic conclusion.

"And don't forget that agriculture is on the threshold of a new era in the production of grains, vegetables, fruit, meat and everything we eat," he says. "The research laboratories are achieving miracles in the production of fertilizers and the use of chemicals in farming. Modern farm machinery enables one man to do the work that a big family of sons couldn't handle two or three decades ago." Cliff believes that tomorrow's man-on-the-farm . . . the "hired hand" of the future . . . will be powered by gasoline and electricity. Who knows, maybe even by the Atom!

CLIFF KANEY'S CREED

1. Do the best you know how.
2. Love your family and your fellow man.
3. Help others, and particularly the young people—tomorrow's citizens.
4. Adopt the Golden Rule as your way of life.
5. Look to that particular Boss upstairs for guidance.
6. Do the best you can with what God gave you.

FORWARD-THINKING of this nature has always been a Kaney characteristic. In 1919, when Cliff was twenty-nine and the Evans-Snyder-Buel firm liquidated, J. C. Swift and Charles D. Henry of the firm of Swift & Henry offered Cliff a position as their head salesman. For the succeeding twenty years, his "office" at the Yards was his saddle, as he rode out among the live-

stock in the pens. He served ranchers with feeder-cattle to sell and corn belt farmers who wanted stock to feed, thus marketing their corn "on the hoof." He sold their fat cattle to the packers. Throughout all those years, Cliff made hundreds of trips out to the ranches and to the farms, visiting with the firm's customers, advising them on market conditions and trends, looking over their cattle and discussing their problems. In the "open spaces where men are men," Cliff found that you have to be a judge of people before you are a judge of livestock. In this unique business of livestock marketing, he learned "how to tell the kind of man you can trust—and how to tell when you smell a rat."

All these experiences make him a bitter enemy of controls—particularly, price control in the livestock industry. "The political people administering the controls simply don't know," he says. "They're a bunch of economists running on pure theory, and their theories won't work. No controls can ever possibly work unless the people administering them are business men with a world of experience, who know more than the people they're trying to control. Even then, in the free economy which built our democracy, there's no place for one group to control another."

"The cattle upon a thousand hills are the Lord's," Cliff believes—and he would rather trust to the Lord and his industry's established trade practices for their orderly marketing, than place reliance upon a man-made system of artificial controls. Incidentally, Cliff is something of a novelty in a business where it used

to be said that the cattlemen, ranchers, cowboys and farmers came to the "Big City" for a rip-roaring good time. He is a teetotaler, and he gave up smoking sixteen years ago. He disagrees with anyone who argues that a "wide open town" would improve Kansas City's position in the livestock world by making lurid attractions of a city the magnet to draw livestock business here. "Everything's up to date in Kansas City" . . . from the standpoint of morals, "they've gone about as far as they can go," insofar as Cliff is concerned.

"Men-of-the-Month" who have appeared in SWING have their own Fraternity, nominate and elect each new "Man-of-the-Month." The organization, in seven years, has become a civic "honor society" similar to those in a college or university. It is a Fraternity without membership fees or dues, sponsored by WHB and SWING. Six new members are elected annually from civic leaders in Greater Kansas City.

As Chamber of Commerce president, he is proud of a statement made in November by Captain James H. Flatley of the Olathe Naval Air Station, who announced that "Kansas City is the only city of its size in the nation declared a clean city, with no part of it considered off-limits to service personnel." His pride in this civic accomplishment is typical of Kaney's belief in clean, decent living . . . in moderation . . . in developing the kind of clean, intelligent young boys

and girls exemplified by Four-H Club members, the Future Farmers of America, Scout groups and such. "Give me those wonderful kids who love livestock and the outdoors!" he says.

CLIFF'S own love of the outdoors is expressed by his 1300 acre farm in Jackson County, Missouri, on Route 2 south of Lee's Summit. His progress with Swift & Henry—plus income from his own cattle operations—long ago earned him the substance with which to acquire more and more good Jackson County land. His father's original 300 acres are part of the present day farm.

In 1938 upon the death of J. C. Swift, Cliff bought Swift's majority interest in the firm; and with Charles D. Henry redistributed the stock ownership to include their leading buyers and salesmen as firm members. The result is a well-knit, smooth-functioning organization—biggest of its kind at the Yards—doing about \$75,000,000 worth of livestock business a year.

Actually, there are two companies: the Swift & Henry Livestock Commission Company and the Swift & Henry Order Buying Company. They have separate offices and separate telephone switchboards—and Cliff has a private office, as president, in each group of offices. The commission company sells livestock on commission (at about \$1 per head). The order buying company buys feeder cattle and other livestock for farmers; and purchases fat cattle, hogs and sheep for eastern and middle-western packers who do not have their own "order buyers" at the Yards.

As president of the Exchange, Cliff also has a third office in the Livestock Exchange Building where he attends to industry matters. Now that an "uptown" office at Kansas City's Chamber of Commerce has been added, you'd think he would be pressed for time. The active market days—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—are occasionally hectic. But during the balance of the week he has opportunity to be leisurely in his activities and to attend the hundreds of functions and meetings where the chamber president's presence is expected or necessary. In bad weather, when the hour's drive to and from his farm might be hazardous, he just stays in town, at one of the hotels.

CLIFF KANEY'S ACTIVITIES

President

Kansas City Chamber of Commerce
 Kansas City Livestock Exchange
 Swift & Henry Livestock Commission Company

Swift & Henry Order Buying Company

Director

American Royal
 Kansas State Chamber of Commerce

Member

Saddle & Sirloin Club

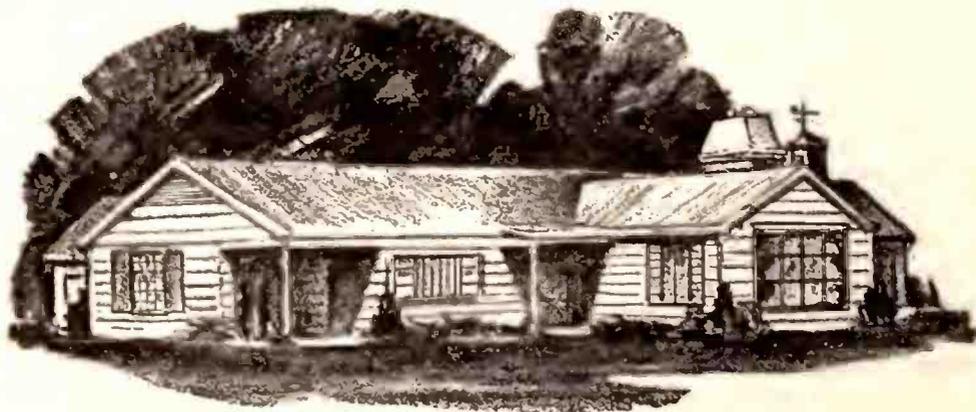
Another oddity: when this outdoors man goes on a vacation, he likes to go to the cities of the east, where he studies people, markets and the effect of urban living on our population. "Those people need meat to stand the strain of living there," he says.

Cliff takes his relaxation on his farm, admiring the rolling green pastures where in season he grasses about

800 whiteface steers. He loves to view the landscape in every direction for 35 miles, with Kansas City's skyline on the horizon to the northwest. Or loll at ease in the comfortable ranch-house home designed for him by a city architect, Edward H. Tanner. His daughter, Sally, Mrs. George Tourtellot III, and her husband live in their own ranch-house one-half mile south—with two children, Mike, aged three, and Dinah, born last November just a few days before Cliff was inducted as president of the Chamber of Commerce.

“KANSAS CITY is busting at the seams,” says Cliff. “As our industries expand, we must seek to preserve a balanced living, with agriculture playing its always-prominent role. Remember that America's grass lands are all in use. Our nation has 90 million cattle to feed 155 million people—with a predicted population of 200 million people within thirty years. Without food, we could lose the ‘cold war’ on our farms and ranches; because food scarcities bring riots and revolution. Therefore, we must continually develop our agricultural and livestock resources.”

As for Kansas City, Cliff endorses the entire Chamber of Commerce program: For flood control, through the construction of upstream flood reservoirs to assist local levees. For reasonable and practical flood insurance rates. For continued industrial progress; for a new Missouri River bridge at Lydia Avenue; for another well-located commercial airport (he loves to fly); for development of new and old industrial areas; for the underground garage project opposite Municipal Auditorium; for the clearance of blighted areas and the redevelopment of such areas for industrial use or as low-rent housing; for construction of the Municipal Stadium and an Exposition Center; for a solution to our traffic problems through construction of more expressways and crosstown traffic arteries, as well as the creation of off-street parking; for maintenance of public utilities in a healthy condition. He wants to see more bridges across the Missouri, opening up the undeveloped territory north of the downtown district, in Platte, Clay and Jackson counties. As a livestock man, he says we need more viaducts into the Central Industrial



District to provide access to the Yards, and better highways into the city and the Yards area for the guidance of livestock truckers. "Life is so short, and there's so much to be done!"

Whatever Cliff Kaney tries to do—as a stockman or as a citizen—it's a cinch he will get it done—with a level look and with a smile.



A man from a remote part of the country was making his first visit to a theater in New York. At the intermission he turned to the occupant of a neighboring seat:

"Mister, I'm wondering about the actors. Were they brought here special, or do they live here?"

The neighbor replied that most of them probably lived in New York.

"Well," mused the visitor, "they do pretty well for home talent."

▲
Announcements of the chemistry prof's new book and his wife's new baby appeared almost simultaneously. The prof. when he was congratulated by a friend on "that proud event in your family," naturally thought of the event which had cost him the most labor and said: "Well, I couldn't have done it without the help of two graduate students."

▲
"I knew these danged scientists would keep a-foolin' around until they did something they hadn't orter," stormed the old man from the hills. "Now look what they've gone and done."

"What's that, Pa?" asked his wife. "You mean the atom bomb?"

"Heck, no," exploded the old man. "They fooled around and now they've discovered something besides liquor that will cure a cold."

A young army recruit, appalled at the contrast between barracks life and his own comfortable, cultured home, was feeling homesick. He wandered behind the barracks and slumped down on the steps. A top-sergeant came around the corner and barked, "What are you doing there?"

"I'm procrastinating," blurted the educated culprit.

The sergeant looked dubious and said, "Well, just so you keep busy."

▲
The village idler was approached by a curious observer. "Must be pretty dull to sit there all day and do nothing but whittle?"

"Well," said Uncle Fred, "I think, mostly."

"Do you mean you can sit and do nothing but think and not get bored?"

The old man spat a brown stream. "That's right. Thinking is a lot like sin. Them that don't is scared of it. Them that do it enough finally get so they like it."

▲
Courage is the art of being frightened without letting it show.

▲
If common courtesy has been lost in America, it can be found where it was lost—in the American home.

▲
Dictatorship comes to a nation in which the people once had freedom and didn't use it.



THE BRIDE

SAW RED

If a clever girl can outsmart even herself, has an interloper a chance when the stakes are husband and happiness?

by FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

GIL and Joan had been married a little more than a year — long enough that he had muffed their first anniversary by giving her a dozen red roses. She had daydreamed of a cute fur jacket, something that would arouse envy among the girls in her crowd.

It wasn't just the anniversary bungle. There was an accumulation of many things — like postponing a new car. The old one was — well, it wasn't a bit better than the husbands of the other girls had. And he had decided against a television set in favor of an advanced course in building construction. Of course, she wanted him to get ahead in his business. Naturally. But what was the use of success if you couldn't show off a little?

Maybe it was a reaction from the first, almost unreal year of marriage. But, somehow, Gil and Joan were pulling in different directions. He had taken on a responsible married-man air, and was digging in to establish himself financially. That ought to show her that I love her, he reasoned. But Joan wanted his love proved in spontaneous flourishes of luxury.

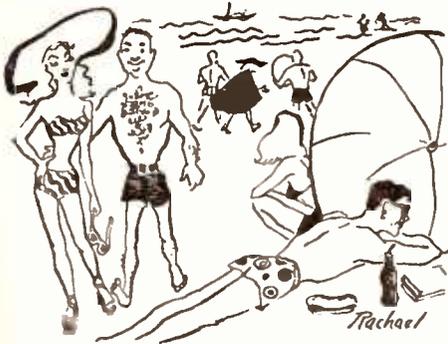
And so they had reached a stage of being polite to each other, rather dangerously polite.

Marital fencing found Gil at a disadvantage because he didn't know any way to be polite except to be polite.

Joan was cleverer. She could be polite with a vengeance. She knew how to do the kind thing with a subtle

unkindness, and the unkind with liquefying gentility — like the time she gave up going with the gang to the beach.

The trip was planned for a week end. It was the first real outing of their crowd in two years, an ideal occasion for the gorgeous beach clothes she had bought for her honeymoon. Wouldn't the girls' eyes bulge with envy? And Gil, the handsomest man of the lot would be all hers. Pete and Laura Mason would open their cottage and everyone would squeeze in. It would be wonderful!



"I can't go," Gil said simply. "Turner Watkins will be in town. He promised to go over the Harper construction plans."

"That can wait," Joan answered with thinly concealed impatience.

Gil stared in amazement. "One talks to Turner Watkins when he says. I'm lucky to have a chance to talk to him at all. Double lucky to have the Harper contract."

Joan's face showed keen disappointment, but she said with consummate politeness, "Why, yes, of course. We won't go."

Contritely he pleaded, "You go Joan. Go with Laura and Pete, and I'll come down Sunday."

But when he came home on Saturday, there was Joan — and a dinner with self sacrifice that rose in its steam and clung on its flavor. It was magnificent, and Joan showed not a trace of reproach. But Gil was stabbed by the unmistakable accusation that he was a heartless tyrant — that Joan was the noble victim of his foolish whims.

Other of the young wife's social projects ended similarly. Gil loved Joan deeply even though he could find little time to go to the parties that meant so much to her. He expressed himself by work and ambitious planning for a home, a family. He believed that these were, indeed, the ends of true love that Joan would appreciate if she could only see them in their real meaning. He must *make* her see them that way. But how? It seemed to him that they had not yet found each other's pace. There must be *some* way.

IN their fumbling they had reached a stage of awful politeness that threatened to crystalize into a permanent marital pattern. And that is how Joan's mother, Mrs. Payne,

Florence Pedigo Jansson is a correspondence clerk in the Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C., and makes her home in Arlington, Virginia. Her hobby is collecting historical oddities and Americana. Miss Jansson writes for the Washington Post, The Christian Science Monitor, Hollands and various educational, religious and juvenile journals. Her poems have appeared in many leading national magazines.

found them when she arrived unexpectedly for a visit.

"Why, mother!" Joan exclaimed in happy surprise. She kissed her, and cried a little in her childish delight.

Mrs. Payne was not an unusually large woman, but she seemed powerful. Her quick glance appraised the living room and the dining room beyond. Gil had a feeling that the whole place had started to shrink the moment she arrived.

"Well!" she ejaculated, turning to follow Joan upstairs. "Bring my bags up, Gil. He might as well make himself useful around the house," she continued to Joan. "Don't ever let him get the idea—."

She closed her door vigorously, but Gil could still hear the sound of her voice unreeling mother-in-law dictums.

He squared himself to the task ahead. The set of her chin abetted by three suit cases on the stoop cast a dark foreboding over the weeks — or months — to come.

Gil accepted the situation with stoicism. Evening after evening, with his blue prints spread on the dining room table, he worked doggedly against the background of her querulous monologue. Once in a while he could hear Joan's voice edging in half defensively only to be drowned out by the older woman's harangue.

"Mother, you never used to be like this—."

"You never used to have a husband on your hands to get straightened out. There are a lot of things I'll have to show you. I've lived a good deal longer than you; just listen to me."

So Joan listened. And Gil listened, too. There was no choice, Mrs. Payne had come to say her piece, and she was going to say it if it took all summer. It began to look as though it might take that long! There was an incredible lot of kibitzing to be done, and she wasn't one to shirk a plain duty.

She monopolized Joan for hours on end and coached her on how to tame a husband. "Keep him under your thumb. Make him feel guilty. Learn how to get your own way."

Joan and Gil now rarely saw each other alone. When they did find a moment together there was a sort of awkwardness about them. Joan took on a strained look, and yet there was a hint of tenderness in her eyes reaching out to offer him hurried, furtive comfort.

But it was not until her mother's last morning with them that she dared to defend him openly.

Mrs. Payne had seated herself comfortably at breakfast and had started her tirade at the point where it had been discontinued by sleep the night before. This final morning, a new subject was introduced, and Joan and Gil suddenly found themselves snapped out of their protective indifference with startled interest.

"You know, Joan," she was saying pointedly, "Your room at home is just the way you left it. I haven't changed a thing. Don't intend to. You never know—. If you should ever want to come back—."

JOAN rose from the table. Her eyes were blazing and her voice had a choked, angry sound. "Stop!" She cried sharply. "I don't want to hear

another word. You've done nothing since you've been here but find fault with Gil. But I don't care *what* you say, he's wonderful! You'll never make me think anything else!"

Mrs. Payne got up, looking hurt and surprised. "I only wanted to help."

"Well, you haven't helped anybody," Joan shouted.

"If that's the way you feel, maybe I'd better go home." Mrs. Payne's voice was subdued now, for the first time, and it shook a little. She turned and went quietly upstairs.

For a moment Joan and Gil faced each other silently. It was a deep, sweet, confiding silence that held a pledge of understanding. Then they were in each other's arms.

"Gil, darling!"

"Joan!"

How long they held their hungry embrace they did not know. At the sound of steps, they turned to face Mrs. Payne. Her hat was askew, and she held tightly to a little ball of handkerchief. "Goodby," she said brokenly.

"Goodby, mother," Joan added kindly. "Gil will drive you to the station." She turned to him. "Won't you darling?"

"Be glad to!" Gil answered with unflattering heartiness.

He helped her into the car, climbed in beside her, and started the motor. For some distance neither spoke. Then simultaneously the chuckles they had suppressed welled up into peals of shameless laughter.

"You were wonderful," Gil said. "Simply wonderful. You have that mother-in-law act down to an art."

"And you were all right as a suffering husband," she laughed.

"It really worked didn't it?"

"Like a charm," she agreed. I could see it working almost from the first. It's funny. Sometimes a woman will say or hint mean things about her own husband, but just let anybody else try it! That's all it takes to make her see she has the finest man in the world."

"That's the way I figured when I sent for you to come and be nasty," Gil replied.



"What a lot of your congregation have bad coughs," remarked a visiting parson.

"Bless you," said the verger, "Them's not coughs. Them's time signals."



The teacher in elementary arithmetic looked hopefully around the room. "Now, children," she said, "which would you rather have, 3 bags with 2 apples in each or 2 bags with 3 apples in each?"

While the class thought it over, one lad yelled his answer, "I'd rather have 3 bags with 2 apples each."

When the teacher demanded to know

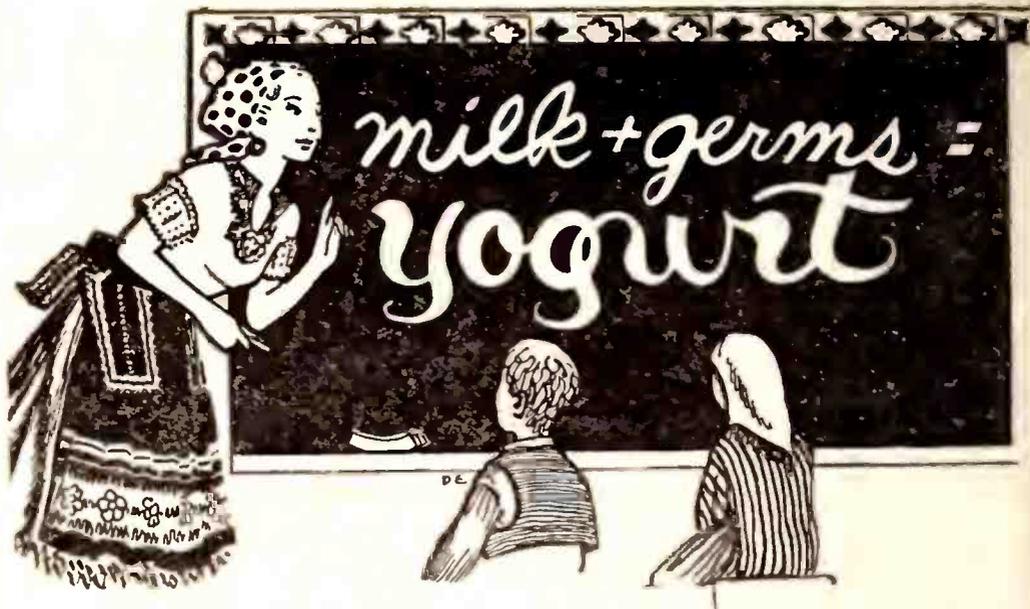
the reason for his choice, his logical reply was, "One more bag to bust."



Some animals, we are told, see all colors only as monotonous gray. Similarly there are too many overeducated people trying to paint word pictures to people who haven't the comprehension. Such was the travelling college professor who observed large clouds of smoke in the distance. He summoned a native lad and said:

"I say, my boy, is that a conflagration raging on the horizon?"

"Naw, suh," said the somewhat puzzled youth. "That's just the woods burnin' up."



Moses recommended it; French Kings called it "lait de la vie eternelle"; Eastern Europeans raised on it live to be 100. Why don't you give it a try?

by JEAN TURLOV

PRIMITIVE people have long believed in the health-giving qualities of a cultured milk known as Yogurt, but it was the Russian microbiologist, Ilya Metchnikoff, who discovered the scientific reason. Why, he wondered, did the peasants of the Balkans, the Russian Caucasus and the Near East enjoy such vigor and reach such ripe old age? Why was their average life span 87 and why did so many live to be 100?

Metchnikoff discovered that an important part of their daily diet was the cultured milk food, yogurt. This contained a great amount of lactic acid organisms which were "friendly" to the gastro-intestinal tract. Metchnikoff reasoned that if he could use yogurt to prevent the growth of harmful, putrefactive bacteria in the in-

testines, he could avoid the breakdown of vital tissues that caused premature old age and shortened life.

Only in recent years have Americans heard of yogurt, much less tasted the drink. Within the past few years, however, yogurt has become a favorite with many gourmets and has appeared on the menus of the most exclusive hotels.

Modern yogurt is a descendant of soured-milk preparations that have wound through the pages of history for 4,000 years. There are repeated references in the Bible to milk-foods of this type and it is related that Abraham offered it as a dish to his guests. Moses recommended it in the Biblical list of permitted foods. Pious Arabs referred to it with reverence as the "Milk of the Prophet." The

records of ancient India, Persia and Egypt abound with references to yogurt, where it was used extensively as a preventive against disease and for curative purposes. It was made from the milk of a variety of animals—sheep, buffalo, goat, mare, cow, llama, etc.

YOGURT was first introduced to France during the reign of Emperor Francis I. The king, ailing in health and aging rapidly, sent for a physician from the court of Constantinople, famous for his cures. The physician brought a culture with him and prepared yogurt daily for the monarch. Francis I not only regained his health, but improved in vitality to such an extent that he named the milk food "lait de la vie eternelle," or milk of life eternal.

Yogurt reached America slowly because it was a poor traveler. Attempts to bring it by ship failed when the culture became contaminated by foreign bacteria. But Trappist monks in France, who had prepared yogurt for centuries, were eager to bring it to the new world. Establishing an agricultural college and the Rosell Bacteriological Institute on the grounds of their monastery at La Trappe, Quebec, Canada, they affiliated with the University of Montreal and called Dr. Jose Maria Rosell from the University of Barcelona in Spain to head the work of obtaining a domestic yogurt culture. Dr. Rosell and his collaborator, Dr. E. Brochu, were the first to show that three bacteria were necessary for the production of this milk food: *thermophilus lacticus*, *bacterium bulgaricum* and *bacterium yoghourtii*. The Rosell Institute thus became the

first to prepare these milk-fermenting bacteria under precise scientific control, absolutely free from other organisms and combined in the right proportions.

Today, laboratories all over the country produce the yogurt culture, which in turn, is sold to dairies for processing and making yogurt. Two dairies in Kansas City carry yogurt, Aines and Country Club. Both sell the finished product in jars to stores and direct to customers.



Yogurt's main claim to fame lies in its easy digestibility. A highly nutritious food that can be digested when other foods are rejected, it is helpful in treating certain dietary conditions. Those who cannot drink milk or who are allergic to it, find they can digest yogurt easily. Many doctors have praised yogurt and recommended it for treating stomach and duodenal ulcers, gastritis, enteritis, colitis and dysentery in infants, children and adults. But there is no authoritative proof that it will cure any disease or lengthen life in any individual, as has

been claimed. It has been shown, however, that the yogurt bacteria do replace undesirable organisms in the intestinal tract.

UNDIGESTED food in the intestines promotes the growth of millions of harmful organisms. The protein part of the food, although undigested, is needed for health. Yogurt bacteria thrive in the body, convert milk sugar into lactic acid and produce protein-splitting enzymes. This acid supplements the hydrochloric acid of the stomach and aids, as do the enzymes, in the absorption of alkaline minerals and calcium.

Yogurt is a coagulated milk, much like buttermilk, but more acid in content. Snow-white in color, with the consistency of custard and an acid taste, it is cool and refreshing with a characteristically fruit-like aroma. It has a piquant and rather refreshing flavor, too odd for some palates, that can be completely changed by adding sugar, honey, jam, fresh fruits or berries.

Americans enjoy it as a topping for fresh fruit, or sweetened with honey, jam, jelly or molasses. It can be made

into a sundae with maple syrup and it is gaining popularity as a dressing for fruit and vegetable salads because of its taste and low calorie content.

Making yogurt at home has become a simple matter. The culture obtained from the laboratory is stirred into a glass of milk and left at room temperature to incubate from two to four hours. After being thoroughly chilled, it is ready to eat. It is a process similar to that of the commercial yogurt prepared by dairies. Since many people would rather make their own yogurt, information on how to obtain the culture can be obtained from your favorite dairy or the Rosell Institute in La Trappe, Quebec, Canada.

Many rash claims have been written about the ability of yogurt to lengthen life, but there is little medical backing. Yogurt research, however, is continuing with the medical profession hoping to find a springboard to longer, healthier lives, or as a factor in the control of diseases. Meanwhile, longer life or not, it is pleasant, palatable, interesting eating; a year-round delicious food.



"I was born at 7 o'clock in the morning," said one small boy. "I was born at 2 o'clock in the morning," the other replied. The first exclaimed, "What's the use of getting born before it's time to get up?"



For 30 years two old bachelors, one of them illiterate, had been partners on a little farm in Vermont. Today Nathaniel, returning from the village with the usual supply of groceries, said, "I had to spend an extra nickel, Abner, to buy me a new lead pencil."

"Always expenses," Abner replied, annoyed. Taking a grimy stub of a pencil from his pocket, he said:

"I've carried this one for 25 years."

"I know," his partner answered, "but it makes a heap of difference having to write out Nathaniel J. Allenbaugh or just making a little X mark, like you do."



It isn't tying himself to one woman that a man dreads when he thinks of marriage, it's the separating himself from all the others.

TV and the Presidency—1952

“TWENTY years ago radio took the Republicans out of the White House and whether television brings them back will depend on how intelligently they use it. For television will be instrumental in deciding the 1952 Presidential campaign.”

This prediction was made in an address in Los Angeles recently by H. Leslie Hoffman, President of Hoffman Television Co., and a member of the board of the Radio-Television Manufacturers' Association. Television, he said, can be used for good or evil.

“We saw radio used in Germany to sell Fascism in the Hitler regime; we saw it used in Italy by Mussolini. We are watching radio being used in places like Argentina where a dictatorship has moved in on a powerful means of mass communication.

“The impact of television is something that we Americans must recognize and see used for good rather than evil.

“For the world today is divided into two camps. One contends that a small group should plan for all the rest of us. The other camp believes in making men and women themselves competent to order their own affairs and disposed to do the right thing.

“We have unconsciously allowed the basic thinking of the first camp to dictate much of the thinking today in our own country in its anxiety to change the word ‘opportunity’ to ‘gimmie’.”

Going far beyond the field of entertainment, television has the unerring ability to sift insincerity and demagoguery. Television can bring back to America and into every home the old-fashioned town hall meeting and give us an opportunity to see and hear our candidates as they really are sans press agents and ghost writers, and we can cast our votes accordingly.

Thus it is that television will serve the nation and mankind in this period of uncertainty and confusion.

—From *The California Bureau, Julius Klein, Newsletter.*

A girl chasing a train was stopped by the porter, “Miss your train?” he asked, cheerfully.

“No,” came the disgusted reply. “I was just chasing it from the station. You shouldn’t allow them in here. Just look at the tracks it left.”

A gangling young man walked in to the clerk of the court and announced he wanted a marriage license. “Certainly,” said the clerk. “Where’s the bride-elect?”

“What do you mean ‘bride-elect?’” demanded the young man. “There warn’t no election. This gal appointed herself.”

Leap Year Duels



When it's springtime in Leap Year, gals, pick a night with shining amour.

THE vast spinster army — 3,000,000 unwed girls over 25 — are waiting only for warm weather and dry ground before launching the greatest spring offensive of its kind in history. Preliminary engagements under adverse conditions have been waged throughout most of the winter with only a few captive bachelors reported. It's no secret among male prisoners of previous wars, however, that the smaller and more poorly organized bachelor army will have all the worst of it once action flares out into the open, for it is admitted bachelors have a strong tendency to lay down their arms in surrender on a battlefield bathed in moonlight and honeysuckle. Veterans are expecting a short war, not lasting more than three or four months, with the bachelor army being scattered like — rice at a wedding. Come autumn when the remaining spinster army retrenches for the winter, there will be only handfuls of diehard bachelors hiding out in the hills resisting capture, and coming down for occasional raids. Each side has published a handbook of tactics for the coming fray, and excerpts from each are presented on the opposite page.

Under the Moon



For the Girls— Offensive Tactics

by RUTH MARR

1. Meet him, preferably through friends or through organizations. Pick-ups get you off to a bad start.

2. Impress him. Act very, very feminine, flatter him and make a good listener. Tell him he's a fine figure of a man even if he's overweight; admire his voice, even if it's a squeak.

3. Agree with him on every subject — this will "draw him out." Tell him he's so-o clever, even if you disagree violently. Time enough to tell him off once he's hooked.

4. Set the stage. On a dinner date, persuade him into a fairly inexpensive restaurant which serves excellent food. Or ask him with some other friends to dinner and impress him

For the Boys— Defensive Tactics

by HAL BOYLE

1. Don't try to be repulsive. The more repulsive you act to some women, the more determined they are to land you . . . even if you goose-grease your hair and use a toothpick in public.

2. Never borrow money from a single woman. She loves money second only to men, and if she has a financial as well as emotional investment in you she will track you down though you den with polar bears.

3. When she asks you to her apartment to look at her etchings, bring along a couple of crocheting needles and start knitting yourself some socks. Women are leery of men who crochet for a hobby. But if she still tries to force her attentions on you, well —

OFFENSIVE TACTICS (Continued)

with what a cook you are, even if you have to hire a caterer to do it.

5. Baby him. Act concerned over his job and his problem. Take his health particularly seriously and make a production of worrying about such things as head colds — but stop short of acting proprietary.

6. Surprise him. Find out some of his favorite dishes, and then have a dinner party with his favorite pie. But don't get into this routine too often, or he'll just come to your house to eat and never get around to proposing marriage.

7. Don't talk about yourself, particularly your past. If he gets inquisitive, say something like, "Oh, you're so much more interesting. Let's talk about you!"

8. Show a violent interest in domesticity. Talk a lot about loving children. Be fond, but not too fond, of pets. Indicate that you think there's nothing so wonderful and stimulating as making beds and dusting.

9. Agree with everything he says about his mother and her cooking.

10. Be demure with his parents. Listen to them, agree with them, keep quiet, smile a lot and try to help his mother with her chores.

11. Drag a proposal out of him subtly. Bring the subject around frequently to things you can do together — even if you loathe them — and be so helpless that he'll feel that he has to be around permanently to protect you.

DEFENSIVE TACTICS (Continued)

stab her firmly with the needle. Make her keep her distance.

4. Better yet, never go alone to a bachelor woman's apartment in the first place.

5. Don't tell a girl you don't want to marry her. Just say to your mother: "Mom, that girl is after me, but I just don't feel she's the type I want to bring home to you." Mama will handle the situation from there on out.

6. Ask your own father how he got caught. He'll be glad to point out his own mistakes — he's probably been mulling them over for years. Then avoid his errors.

7. Be romantic. Plant a century plant with the girl who has chosen you and tell her, "Dearest when it blooms a second time we'll wed." She'll wait and spend her spare time trying to cross-breed the century plant with morning glories.

8. Propose to all the girls you know, and give them each a dime store engagement ring. After they've had their rings appraised, whenever they see you they'll say, "Hello, poison ivy."

9. Wear a wedding ring yourself. Say you were secretly married to a young lady you met on a South Sea Island during the war, and that your far-away bride wears her wedding ring in her nose.

10. Finally, if you are just so darned irresistible that nothing else works, go to Athos for a year's vacation. Athos is a mountainous peninsula in Greece where no female is allowed. Legend has it that one woman managed to sneak ashore in

OFFENSIVE TACTICS (*Continued*)

Handle yourself cautiously in bringing a man to the point of a proposal.

Don't be dismayed if he shows signs of losing his hair. Over 67 per cent of men get bald.

The main thing, girls, is to convince your pidgeon that he's just wonderful. If you have to . . . pretend . . . pretend . . . pretend.

DEFENSIVE TACTICS (*Continued*)

men's clothing. But one of the monks in the twenty-two monasteries there quickly spotted her and she was sent away. The outraged and frightened monks then cut off the point of land where she had come ashore and built a stone wall around it.

If an American bachelor wants a peaceful leap year, he can't do better than to hibernate on Mt. Athos.

From the Associated Press



The Bomber That Was Never Built

REPOSING mournfully in the Air Museum of the Smithsonian Institution is a strange little model. Neglected by the tens of thousands of visitors to the Nation's Capital who annually take in the historical exhibits of the Institution, it looks like something out of a fantasy yarn or a Buck Rogers strip. It was, in fact, buried among the blighted dreams of a bygone day until it came to light in 1940, and was then turned over to the museum. It is the model of an aircraft that might have changed history, of a bomber that was never built—one that might have won the Civil War for the South.

The odd-looking little model is of a craft based on the helicopter principle. It consists of a hull, with two vertical screws to raise it and two horizontal screws to propel it. It has a rudder to guide it, and the indication that there would be a steam engine in the hull to rotate the overhead shafts, with gears connected to the shafting of the screws.

The framework of the hull, as noted on the 16 sheets of the inventor's drawings which came to the Smithsonian along with the model, was to be a crisscross slatting very much like that used in the latter-day British-made Blenheim bombers. It was to be 68 feet long.

This queer contraption was the work of William C. Powers, an architectural engineer, living in Mobile, Alabama. As it never got beyond the model stage, it was known only to a very few men high in the Confederate hierarchy. Looking back, it can be said that it was one of the best kept secrets of the War Between the States.

IN 1862, the Confederacy was being strangled by the sea blockade. Jefferson Davis and his colleagues realized the desperate plight of the South and offered a reward of \$100,000, Confederate money, to anyone who devised a

means of breaking the grip of the Northern ships. The reward set Powers to thinking, and his thinking settled upon air power.

Warfare from the air was not new, in a sense. Both North and South had taken to the ozone with observation balloons. But the balloon was not the answer Powers sought. He dreamed of a stable aircraft that could carry a load of explosives, move under its own power, and be steered with precision. He communicated his ideas to the Confederate leaders who had made the reward offer and they were enthusiastic. The plan was for "an airship from which to hurl explosives down on the blockading naval vessels." Backed by this enthusiasm, Powers sat down at his drafting table and came up with the plan for the bomber, the model for which Paul Garber, curator of the Smithsonian Air Museum, says reveals considerable genius in the then unchartered field of aeronautics.

Curator Garber doubts if the bomber would have flown. "The basic idea was fine," he explains, "that an aircraft could be lifted by helical screws; but it is doubtful whether the power generated by the steam engine would have been sufficient to propel the airship."

Powers, however, never doubted that his brainchild would fly. Actually, he was so certain it would, and that it would become too deadly a weapon, that after completing his working model he refused to do anymore. He hid both model and plans, explaining to those whose interest he had whetted the danger of the craft being brought down in enemy territory, the design copied and the craft duplicated in great numbers by the superior industrial force of the North.

His fears were shared. The South had no wish to invite greater destruction upon itself through power of its own devising—the project was forgotten. The 16 sheets of plans and drawings, and the little model lay undisturbed for more than 75 years until they came to light in Mobile in 1940.

Powers passed on, unsung, with never another hint of the latent genius that was his. And now, scarcely noticed in the shadows of the ship the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk, Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*, and other milestones of the air age, stands the model of the bomber that might have won a war and changed the course of history, the bomber that was never built.

—J. L. Hartman



Few ministers buy second-hand automobiles. They don't have the vocabulary to run them.



One bassoon player confessed that through an entire series of the classics he played nothing but "Home on the Range," transposed in the proper key. He said it went perfectly with Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven or anybody else.

During a wedding dinner a small girl, after listening to the remarks of the many weight-conscious women guests, commented wearily: "I guess all women do is either to put on fat, take it off, or rearrange it."



Oddly enough the world's shortest sermon is preached by a traffic sign: "Keep right."



Radio Fights for Peace

The role of Radio Free Europe in the cold struggle to turn back the inroads of Communism.

by BRUCE B. BREWER

MRS. BREWER and I had the good fortune to accompany executives of Radio Free Europe on a trip to European headquarters in Munich, and were able to talk to people who knew life behind the Iron Curtain intimately, for in Munich there were important refugees who had escaped in packing boxes; under the hoods of automobiles, and through barbwire fences to escape communism. They had been drawn by the welcoming voice of Radio Free Europe.

My interest in using the medium of Radio for the dissemination of American ideas and ideals abroad had started some years before, when in conversation with Frank Altschul, the man who was to become the "father" of Radio Free Europe, we had concluded that potentially radio was

more diabolical to the peace and safety of mankind than the atom bomb. Could the Kremlin have so dominated the Russian people, kept them steeped in serfdom if it had not monopolized radio broadcasting and dictated radio listening? Could Hitler have aroused a thoroughly whipped Germany to the war lust that brought on World War II without radio's ability to spread his inflammatory speeches to the German millions? Could Mussolini have lashed agrarian and pacific Italy to war's fever pitch?

If these leaders could make lies so persuasive over the radio, why could not we Americans employing our acknowledged advertising skill make the light of truth more persuasive using the same instrument of promotion?

Bruce B. Brewer is Managing Partner of Bruce B. Brewer & Co., Kansas City advertising agency. *Radio Fights for Peace* was written following a trip by Mr. Brewer to Europe to study the facilities and effectiveness of Radio Free Europe.

Our talks were not wholly beside the point, for Mr. Altschul, then the vice president of the National Committee for a Free Europe, disclosed that he was already considering how his organization might employ radio to counterattack communism over the width and breadth of the Iron Curtain countries.

Out of the work of the National Committee for a Free Europe, Radio Free Europe emerged—to become established as a useful tool for building peace in the world.

THE test for Radio Free Europe has been Czechoslovakia. Into that nation for nineteen hours a day since May 4, 1951, radio entertainment and fighting propaganda have been beamed from an 135,000 watt transmitter with the directional power of 700,000 watts. Compare this with the 50,000 watt stations, the most powerful in the United States. Compare its lively programming with the dull stuff of Radio Prague and other communist stations, and you can readily understand why Radio Munich is the top listener station in Czechoslovakia.

Observing the cascade of programs broadcast to the victimized little nation, Czechs in exile predicted confidently that a turn had come in their country, and that heads would roll. Shortly afterward came the Slansky-Gottwald break. It was evidence that the job of communizing was meeting resistance. Before Radio Free Europe sent in its thick blanket from the outside, Czechoslovakia was being shoved down the trail to communism, and freedom-minded people were losing hope. The threat of terror hung over them; blared continuously from their radios; dramatized itself in the obliteration of practically all who could be considered leaders of any freedom movement.

Readers of *Swing* and of the myriad other publications, in America have freedom of thought; each is a leader unto himself. Practically all of us who read what we please, who listen to the radio would be working the mines of slavery today were we living behind the iron curtain, for to exercise freedom of selection of information and entertainment is un-

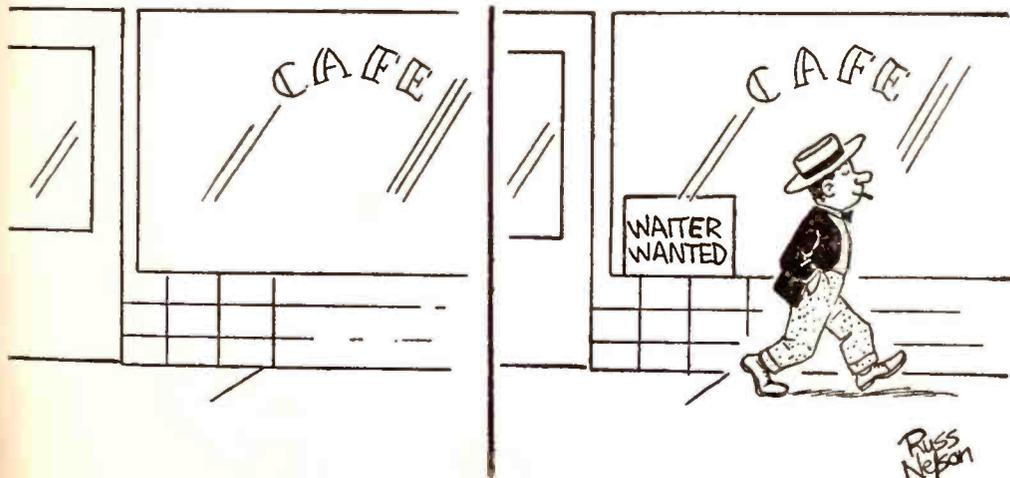


pardonable. Our children or grandchildren would remain, for the first means of Communism is to persuade youth. Iron Curtain children know little else than Communism. In their schools they repeat over and over communist dogma until it permeates their minds to the point where the lie becomes the truth, and the truth a lie.

Mr. and Mrs. Iron Curtain lie to live. Also they teach their children to lie so that father and mother might live, so that the children will have a home. Every child at school each morning must tell what one parent said to the other the evening before; to whom they talked; to what radio station they listened; what they had to eat. That families might survive this test, each child must be coached in the same lies. Should one child be independent, off goes Mr. Iron Curtain to the mines, perhaps never to be heard from again. If one child is weak and knows of the privileges given youthful informers, he tells on his parents and becomes heroic in the eyes of his teacher.

But now, where the counterpane of Radio Free Europe falls, we are on the march. We are winning back the minds, leaving Stalin the refractory legs, backs and arms. We are supplying spiritual, economic and emotional guidance. We are slowing down production. We are making the communist leadership subject to ridicule and to eventual loss of influence.

IF war should come to Western Europe, military leaders are trusting Radio Free Europe to have done its work well. The enemy's army cannot advance without an ever increasing line of supplies. About the first of May, Radio Free Europe will have spread the fan of its signal to include Poland, and then there will be a continuous and deep frontier separating Russia and Western Europe. If we look at the map, we see how important Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary are in military logistics. They stand astride Russia's line of communications and supply to the probable battle front. 100,000,000 potential fighters for freedom will surround



the arteries through which the life blood of the communist war machine must flow.

As the Kremlin looks at the alternative of war or peace it finds a delicate balance. Weighing heavily on the scale of decision is the problem of communication through resistance areas. Inside the iron curtain, excepting in mountainous areas, there is no freedom leadership worth counting on. But there are millions of minds reserving, cloaking sympathies, and over the air-waves from the outside is coming the kind of leadership these people want, and it is the leadership the people will look to should a major war again come to our world.

Stalin cannot abolish radio, for communistic dominion needs this instan-

taneous mass medium for its own purposes. Jamming has been proved ineffectual, for the tremendous power of Radio Free Europe gets the programs through.

Most of us have children or grandchildren who face the possibility of dismal futures. There may be a war or a continuing cold war that may last for decades. We of the present generation have badly fumbled the peace and are in danger of losing it. Peace over the earth in our children's time or even in our own is not a vain hope, however, so long as there is a channel of communication from the people of the free world to the people of the enslaved. We have that channel now working full time for peace. It is Radio Free Europe.



Origin of "Uncle Sam"

WHEN a mid-west newspaper recently offered two thousand dollars for the best portrait of a more modern "Uncle Sam", the people of Troy, New York, protested vigorously. They even adopted a resolution opposing the contest on the grounds that the traditional white-whiskered figure so familiar to every one as the symbol of the United States should remain the same for generations of Americans yet to come.

Coming from Troy, this protest was only natural for the original "Uncle Sam" lived in Troy for more than sixty years and his grave in Oakwood Cemetery is visited by scores of people from all parts of the country. For there was a real "Uncle Sam", from whose name the nickname of the United States was derived.

SAMUEL WILSON—that was his real name—was born in Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 16, 1766, the sixth child in a family of eleven children. When he was a small boy his parents loaded their big family and household belongings in an ox wagon and migrated to southern New Hampshire.

On a hilltop, near the present village of Mason, the Wilsons built their home. The story and a half building, with its huge chimney and many-paned windows, remained in the family for well over one hundred years and still

stands in a good state of preservation. A sign in front tells the stranger that this is the Uncle Sam House.

When he was twenty-one, young Sam and his brother, Eben, set out to walk to Troy, New York, where the two youths hoped to make their fortunes.

They found Troy a growing settlement on the banks of the Hudson River and soon the Wilson brothers were engaged in the town's chief industry at the time—brick making. Sam saved his money and invested it in farm lands near the settlement. He built a home for himself on Ferry Street, and went back to Mason, New Hampshire, for his bride—Betsy Mann, whom he married in 1797.

As the years went on, Sam Wilson engaged in various enterprises, but the most extensive was his slaughtering business. Scores of men were employed by him, and though only in his forties, every one called him Uncle Sam as a mark of respect, for he was a very popular, genial and kindly man.

It was during the War of 1812 that the incident occurred by which his name was given to the United States. Samuel Wilson had a contract to supply the army cantonment at Greenbush, New York, with beef and pork from his slaughter yards. The brand which he stamped upon his barrels of meat were the initials of the nation—"U. S."

One day when a large shipment was on the Ferry Street wharf, awaiting shipment to Greenbush, a party of passengers landed at the dock. They showed much curious interest in the great quantity of provisions, and one of them asked the watchman in charge what the "U. S." on the casks meant.

"I dunno, unless it stands for Uncle Sam Wilson," he replied. "He feeds the army". Since the abbreviation was almost entirely new at the time, many people would not have known that the "U. S." stood for the United States.

The joke was soon passed around and the friendly nickname by which our government is known was ultimately adopted by the entire country. Files of old newspapers show that the term "Uncle Sam" as applied to the United States appeared in print as early as 1813. Samuel Wilson died in Troy July 31, 1854 at the age of 88.

—Maude Gardner



A fusty old gentleman who ran a dusty old curio shop was being interviewed by a reporter who planned a feature story on the many strange things the old man had collected in a lifetime of trading.

"And what," the reporter asked, gazing at the deer heads, walrus tusks, stuffed alligators and shrunken heads, "would you say is the strangest thing you have in your shop?"

The old man thought a moment and contemplated his strange stock and said sadly, "I am."

There is always room at the top—just under a man's hat.

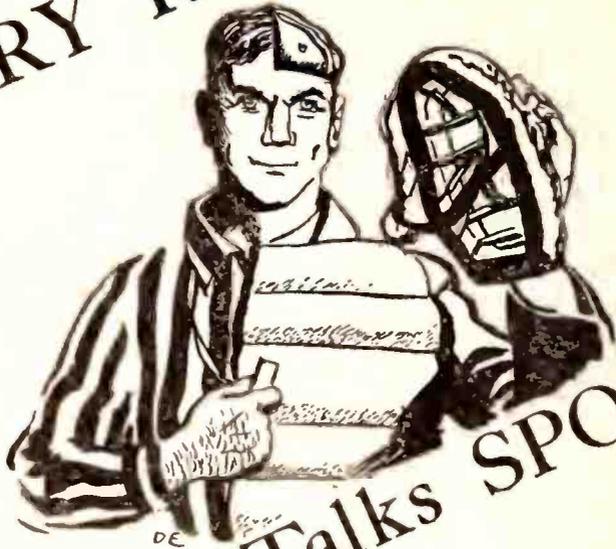


For a change, let's blame the Indians for the shape this country is in. They should have been more careful about the class of aliens they let come into the country.



Old Uncle Tom, always known as cheerful in spite of adversity, gave as his formula, "I just learned to cooperate with the inevitable."

LARRY RAY



Talks SPORT

By LARRY RAY

THE bats are already booming for the Kansas City Blues down in Lake Wales, Florida, and yours truly is champing at the bit for a dose of seashore, sunshine and spring baseball. We'll be broadcasting all the Blues games over WHB again this season—sponsored by Muehlebach Beer. The Yankee apprentices begin their season at home April 16, tangling with St. Paul. Kansas City seems headed for a high spot in the American Association Standings again, after finishing third in 1951. The kids will be once more under the leadership of George Selkirk, the great Twinkletoes of the Yankee outfield a few years back (but not too many).

The Blues seem to have every position sewed up tight except short stop, the weak link in the team's defense

since 1947 when they lost Odie Strain. Pitching will be strong with Rex Jones, Al Cicotte, Ed Cereghino and Wally Hood. If they find a cork for that key short stop position, the Blues look like the team to beat in the American Association!

IN basketball, the K. U. Jayhawkers staged a mighty campaign to win Big Seven, N.C.A.A. and Olympic championships—and kept the entire area in a high state of "basketball fever" right up to the Olympic finals in Madison Square Garden March 31 and April 1.

The University of Kansas swept aside its opposition at Kansas City and Seattle to take the N.C.A.A. Basketball Championship. Thus K.U. became the first National Champ in Big Seven

annals. The Jayhawks had been to the tournament once before; Oklahoma University reached the finals in 1947 to be defeated by Holy Cross; and Kansas State went down before Kentucky in the big game last year.

The championship was the biggest sparkler in the K.U. crown, but there were some jewels of individual and team performance that will shine for a long time. Eight tournament records fell to the Jays, one by the team, which racked up an all-time high of 80 points for the championship game. All-American Clyde Lovellette bagged the other honors for himself. He scored 141 points in the four games, 44 of them in the game against St. Louis U.; set a new record for field goals and free throws both for single-game and overall tournament play; and established a new tournament rebound record. Lovellette, the largest man in the tournament, though by no means the biggest in basketball, was reverently placed by Eddie Hickey, St. Louis U. coach, on his All-Universe team. Lovellette was voted the most valuable player in the cross-country tournament, and as far as we are concerned the entire K.U. team can go to Helsinki.



PRECEDING the N.C.A.A. finale was the exciting Big Seven Conference race. K.U. won the title after a neck and neck struggle with the Kansas State Wildcats. All other conference teams were pretty well out of the running by mid-season. The twilight of the season saw Dr. F. C. "Phog" Allen win his 700th coaching victory, a number no other coach can even approach.

WHB broadcast 30 Big Seven games and saw every team in action at least four times. The conference was very strong, and we feel that our All-Star team could go against any All-America team selected from the other loops around the nation. Here it is:

BIG SEVEN ALL-STARS

Clyde Lovellette—Kansas
 Bill Stauffer—Missouri
 Dick Knostman—Kansas State
 Jim Buchanan—Nebraska
 Bob Kenny—Kansas
 Jim Iverson—Kansas State
 Jim Stange—Iowa State
 Sherman Norton—Oklahoma
 Randy Gumpert—Colorado
 Bill Houglund—Kansas

THE small college teams moved into Kansas City 32 strong from every section of the country. Both on paper and on the floor it was the strongest assemblage in N.A.I.B. Tournament history. The play was red hot from the opening tip off, and the tournament took added luster when won by an underdog, eighth seeded Southwest Missouri State, the Springfield Bears. In second place was a scrappy team from Murray State, Kentucky; third was the highly regarded San Marcos State, Texas, five; and fourth came the crowd-pleasing Portland U. team.

Andy Johnson, 6 ft. 4 inch Negro sophomore from Portland stole the show in every game he played—with his Harlem Globetrotter proclivities. In a tournament studded with great individual performers, little Bennie Purcell of Murray State was voted the most outstanding player. The week's attendance was right at 55,000.

N.A.I.B. ALL-STAR TEAM

Forrest Hamilton—Springfield State
 Jim Julian—Springfield State
 J. G. Maze—San Marcos State
 Benny Purcell—Murray State
 Garrett Beshear—Murray State
 Andy Johnson—Portland U.
 Jim Winters—Portland U.
 Jim Fritche—Hamline U.
 Jerry Anderson—Springfield State
 Don Pollson—Whitworth

In the final eleven days of the season, WHB carried play-by-play broadcasts direct from four games at the Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City, March 22nd and 29th; four games from Seattle, March 25th and 26th; and the Olympic Finals from Madison Square Garden in New York, March 31st and April 1st.

And now to Florida for a brief vacation and to watch the Blues getting ready for their baseball opening in Kansas City, April 16th.

See you at Blues Stadium Opening Day!



What every woman wants is security and a chance to play with insecurity.



A New York traffic expert estimated that the old New Yorker sped 11½ miles an hour via horse and buggy. Today's motor traffic in midtown is an average of 6 miles an hour.

CURRENT

MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
5:30		Town & Country Time
6:00	Silent	News, W'ther, Livestock
6:15		Songs by Dan Sullivan
6:30		Cawtown Wranglers
6:45		
7:00	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	News, Ken Hartley
7:15		Musical Clack
7:30		
7:45		
8:00	News, Lou Kemper	News, Ken Hartley
8:05	Weather Forecast	Weather Forecast
8:10	Wings Over K. C.	Fruit & Veg. Report
8:15	Land of the Free	Musical Clack
8:30	Bible Study Hour	Crasby Craons
8:45		Musical Clack
9:00	Old Sunday School	Unity Viewpoint
9:15		Our Favorite Neighbors
9:25	Sunday Serenade	
9:30		Sandra Leo Chats
9:45		Our Favorite Neighbors
10:00	News, Lou Kemper	Ladies Fair
10:05	Barbership Harmonies	
10:15		News, Les Nichols
10:30	Nw. Univ. Review Stand	Queen For A Day
10:45		
11:00	Health Quiz	Curt Massey Time
11:15	Guy Lombarda Hour	Capital Commentary
11:25		Featured Five
11:30		Sandra Leo
11:45		

AFTERNOON

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
12:00	News, F. Van Deventer	News, Dick Smith
12:15	Health Quiz	Dan Sullivan
12:30	Operation Drama	Cawtown Wranglers
12:45	Young Ideas	
1:00	Top Tunes with Trendler	Deb Dyer Shaw
1:15	K. C. Blues Baseball	
1:30	(Mutual Mysteries	Songs by Eddie Arnold
1:45	in case of rain-out)	Dan Sullivan Sings
2:00	K. C. Blues Baseball	
2:15	(Mutual Mysteries	Club 710
2:30	in case of rain-out)	
2:45		
3:00	K. C. Blues Baseball	News, Dick Smith
3:15	(Mutual Mysteries	Club 710
3:30	in case of rain-out)	
3:45		
4:00	K. C. Blues Baseball	News, Sam Hayes
4:05	(Mutual Mysteries	Club 710
4:15	in case of rain-out)	
4:30		
4:45		
5:00	K. C. Blues Baseball	News & Sports, Smth
5:15		Bobby Benson Shaw
5:30	The Private Files	Wild Bill Hlckack
5:45	of Matthew Bell	Commentary, C. Brown

Swing

PROGRAMS ON WHB - 710

MORNING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Town & Country Time	5:30				
News, Weather, Livestock Songs by Don Sullivan Cowtown Wranglers	News, Weather, Livestock Town & Country Time Cowtown Wranglers	6 00 15 30 45			
News, Ken Hartley Musical Clock	7 00 15 30 45				
News, Ken Hartley Weather Forecast Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	News, Ken Hartley Weather Forecast Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	News, Ken Hartley Weather Forecast Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	News, Ken Hartley Weather Forecast Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	News, Ken Hartley Weather Forecast Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	8 00 05 10 15 30 45
Unity Viewpoint Our Favorite Neighbors	Unity Viewpoint News, Frank Singiser	9 00 15 25 30 45			
Sandra Lea Chats Our Favorite Neighbors	Our Favorite Neighbors	10 00 05 25 30 45			
Ladies Fair	Ladies Fair	Ladies Fair	Ladies Fair	Cowtown Carnival	11 00 05 25 30 45
News, Les Nichols Queen For A Day	News, Les Nichols Don Sullivan—D.J.	12 00 05 25 30 45			
Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary Featured Five Sandra Lea	Your Home Beautiful Cowtown Carnival Roy Rogers Show News, Dick Smith	1 00 15 25 30 45			

AFTERNOON

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
News, Dick Smith Don Sullivan Cowtown Wranglers	Man On The Farm Cowtown Wranglers	12 00 15 30 45			
Deb Dyer Show	Deb Dyer Show	Deb Dyer Show	Deb Dyer Show	Boogie Woogie Cowboys G. Hill's Westernaires Dunn On Discs	1 00 15 30 45
Songs by Eddie Arnold Don Sullivan Sings		2 00 15 30 45			
Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	Club 710	K. C. Blues Baseball	3 00 15 30 45
News, Dick Smith Club 710	K. C. Blues Baseball	4 00 05 15 30 45			
News, Sam Hayes Club 710	Club 710	5 00 05 15 30 45			
News & Sports, Smith	Green Hornet	6 00 15 30 45			
Preston of Yukon	Green Hornet	Sgt. Preston of Yukon	Green Hornet	G. Hill's Westernaires Les Brown Show Bands for Bonds Capital Commentary	7 00 15 30 45
King Commentary, C. Brown	Wild Bill Hickock Commentary, C. Brown	Sky King Commentary, C. Brown	Wild Bill Hickock Commentary, C. Brown		8 00 15 30 45

Baseball

Spring has zing at WHB, and the zing is a whistling line drive deep into center field. April 16, the "Blues" will bounce into Kansas City from their spring training quarters at Lake Wales, Florida, to launch their assault on the American Association Flag, against St. Paul. The "Blues" (Yankee farm team) carry the pre-season burden of being considered the "team to beat" in the pennant race. All "Blues" games, both at home and on the road, will be broadcast exclusively by WHB—play-by-play by Larry Ray. The sponsor is Muehlebach Beer.

THE "BLUES" SCHEDULE

Games "Away" appear in Italics
(2) Indicates doubleheader

DATE	DAY	OPPONENT	TIME
APR. 16	WED.	St. Paul	1:45
APR. 17	THU.	St. Paul	2:00
APR. 18	FRI.	St. Paul	8:15
APR. 19	SAT.	Minneapolis	2:00
APR. 20	SUN.	Minneapolis (2)	1:30
APR. 22	TUE.	Minneapolis	8:15
APR. 23	WED.	Minneapolis	8:15
APR. 24	THU.	St. Paul	2:00
APR. 25	FRI.	St. Paul	2:00
APR. 27	SUN.	Milwaukee	2:00
APR. 28	MON.	Milwaukee	8:15
APR. 29	TUE.	Milwaukee	8:15
MAY 1	THU.	Louisville	8:15
MAY 2	FRI.	Louisville	8:15
MAY 3	SAT.	Indianapolis	8:15
MAY 4	SUN.	Indianapolis (2)	1:30
MAY 5	MON.	Toledo	8:15
MAY 6	TUE.	Toledo	8:15
MAY 7	WED.	Columbus	8:15
MAY 8	THU.	Columbus	8:15
MAY 9	FRI.	Indianapolis	8:15
MAY 10	SAT.	Indianapolis	2:00
MAY 11	SUN.	Indianapolis	2:00
MAY 12	MON.	Louisville	8:15
MAY 13	TUE.	Louisville	8:15
MAY 14	WED.	Louisville	2:00
MAY 15	THU.	Toledo	8:15
MAY 16	FRI.	Toledo	8:15
MAY 17	SAT.	Columbus	8:15
MAY 18	SUN.	Columbus (2)	1:30
MAY 20	TUE.	Minneapolis	8:15
MAY 21	WED.	Minneapolis	2:00
MAY 22	THU.	St. Paul	8:15
MAY 23	FRI.	St. Paul	8:15
MAY 24	SAT.	Minneapolis	3:00
MAY 25	SUN.	Minneapolis (2)	2:00
MAY 26	MON.	St. Paul	8:15
MAY 27	TUE.	St. Paul	8:15

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6	00 True Detective Mysteries	Fullton Lewis, Jr.
	15 Nick Carter	Larry Ray, Sports
	30	Gabriel Heatter
	45 I Love A Mystery	
	55	
7	00 Mysterious Traveler	Woman of the Year
	30 Family Theater	Crime Does Not Pay
	45	
	55	
8	00 M-G-M Theater of the Air (Dramatic)	News, Bill Henry
	15	
	30 K. C. Blues Baseball	
9	00 John J. Anthony Hour	
	15	
	30 Chicago Theater of Air	K. C. Blues Baseball
	45	
10	00 Chicago Theater of Air	K. C. Blues Baseball
	15	
	20 Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night
	55 Mutual Reports News	Mutual Reports News
11	00	
	15 The Jack Layton Show	The Bea Jay Show
	30	The Rach Ulmer Show
	45	
12	00	
	15 The Jack Layton Show	The Rach Ulmer Show
	30	
45		
1	00 WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
MAY 28	WED. St. Paul	8:15
MAY 29	THU. Milwaukee	8:15
MAY 30	FRI. Milwaukee (2)	1:30

Kansas City, as always, is alive with "spirit" for Opening Day, and for a successful "Blues" season. This year there are more "Blues Fan Clubs," in and out of town, than ever before—and even the local high schools have organized fan clubs. The Chamber of Commerce had scheduled a special "Baseball Luncheon" for April 16, with Del Webb, co-owner of the New York Yankees, the parent club, as guest speaker. The Kansas City Club is organizing an "Opening Day Luncheon," with members having lunch at the Club, taking special busses to the game and sitting in a special section.

PROGRAMS ON WHB — 710

EVENING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Fullon Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Fullton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Fullton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Fullton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Land's Best Bands Twin Views of News Down You Go	6:00 15 30 45 58
Black Museum Gildare	M-G-M Musical Comedy Theater	Modern Casanova The Hardy Family	Maisie (Ann Sathern) Damon Runyan Theater	News, Cecil Brown Twenty Questions Spade Cooley's Band	7:00 30 45 55
News, Bill Henry	News, Bill Henry	News, Bill Henry	News, Bill Henry	Sports Summary Cowtown Jubilee	8:00 15 30 45
K. C. Blues Baseball	K. C. Blues Baseball	K. C. Blues Baseball	K. C. Blues Baseball	Hank Thompson Show Dixieland Band Hour	9:00 15 30 45 58
K. C. Blues Baseball	K. C. Blues Baseball	K. C. Blues Baseball	K. C. Blues Baseball	Red Nichols' Band	10:00 15 30 45
K. C. Blues Baseball	K. C. Blues Baseball	K. C. Blues Baseball	K. C. Blues Baseball	Weather Forecast Serenade in the Night	11:00 15 30 45
Serenade in the Night Mutual Reports News	Serenade in the Night Mutual Reports News	Serenade in the Night Mutual Reports News	Serenade in the Night Mutual Reports News	The Jack Layton Show	12:00 15 30 45
The Bea Jay Show The Rach Ulmer Show	The Bea Jay Show The Rach Ulmer Show	The Bea Jay Show The Rach Ulmer Show	The Bea Jay Show The Rach Ulmer Show	The Jack Layton Show	1:00
The Roch Ulmer Show	The Roch Ulmer Show	The Rach Ulmer Show	The Roch Ulmer Show	The Jack Layton Show	
WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	
TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME

Hundreds of other clubs and local business firms are also organizing group attendance for Opening Day.

BLUES FAN CLUB OFFICIALS

President.....Leo Barry
Special Events..Ray Edlund, A. J. Stephens

CHAIRMEN

MISSOURI

Kansas City.....Leo Barry
Clinton.....Tom Mansfield
Fairmount.....Marcell Leach
Excelsior Springs.....Earl Purpus
Richmond.....James Weltmer
Lathrop.....Harry Kerr
Warrensburg.....A. P. Darnell
Warsaw.....W. J. Lumpe
Plattsburg.....Frank Jaques
Orrick.....Clifford Gooch
St. Joseph.....W. L. Jeffrey
Liberty.....Jack Massey

KANSAS

Kansas City.....Charles Lowder
Paola.....Charles Steele
Olathe.....Dewey Minnick
Garnett.....Leo E. Becker
Pleasanton.....Lee Offutt
Parsons.....Harry Edwards
Fort Scott.....M. D. Kaufmann
Holton.....Sam Anderson
Atchison.....Herbert Ham
Osawatomie.....Robert Hawkins
Tonganoxie.....George White
Chetopa.....Barnes Combs

HIGH SCHOOLS

Argentine.....Lewis Johnson, Gene Klinger
Central.....Tom Slaymaker, Todd Sichel
De LaSalle.....Gary Ward
East.....Herb Morgan
Glennon.....Bill Brewer
Hogan.....Bob Tungett
Illis.....Bert Keys
Manual.....Carl Blando
Northeast.....Jerry Fellers, Wayne Hansz

It Happened In America

IN every instance in the history of our Presidential elections, where the candidates for President and Vice-President on the same ticket possessed surnames ending with the letter "n", these candidates were elected. These included Jefferson and Clinton; Madison and Clinton; Jackson and Calhoun; Jackson and Van Buren; Van Buren and Johnson; Lincoln and Hamlin; Lincoln and Johnson, and Benjamin Harrison and Morton. No president has been defeated for re-election to a second consecutive term, if he had served in the American armed services, or the election occurred during a war period or a crisis.

RANKING their popularity as great Americans according to the number of counties in the various states which have been named in their honor, George Washington is in first place with counties named for him in 30 states. Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson are tied for second place with 21. James Madison and Andrew Jackson are next with 18 each, with James Monroe sixth with 17, and Abraham Lincoln seventh with 15.

WHEN the Republic of Czechoslovakia, now under Soviet domination, was formed out of the dual empire of Austria-Hungary after the first World War, the duly elected President Masaryk, now deceased, and members of his government assembled in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, and signed the Declaration of Independence for the people of this then new nation.

ELIAS Howe, Jr., invented the sewing machine while employed on his father's farm, in a small mill the elder Howe operated in 1819. In 1835 young Howe went to Lowell, Massachusetts, where he was employed for a time in the manufacture of machinery. Here, with the aid of George Fisher, an old schoolmate, in May, 1845, he turned out his first sewing machine. It was not a financial success, so he went to England. While he was there this machine was imitated and placed on the market without any regard for his previous patent rights. After much litigation and the help of some of his friends, in 1854, he successfully defended his claim to this invention. When his patent expired September 10, 1867, he had amassed a fortune of over \$2,000,000. He also received a Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He died in Brooklyn, October 3, 1867.

—From *It Happened In America*, by Louis Honig.

At the Right: SALLY FORREST of M-G-M Studios



SWINGSHOTS

Reading clockwise from the top of the page: DR. F. C. "PHOG" ALLEN (right), University of Kansas basketball mastermind, is congratulated by Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director, on his 700th coaching victory. The Championship K. U. team had just presented Dr. Allen with his greatest season in 35 years of coaching.

The portico of the proposed \$1,575,000 building for the MIDWEST RESEARCH INSTITUTE of Kansas City.

MARTHA SCOTT and JOHN LODER tell WHB's Roch Uimer about their Kansas City—pre-Broadway—opening of Second Threshold. Miss Scott is the daughter of "Scottie" Scott, Director of Maintenance at the Cook Paint & Varnish Company, Kansas City.

R. T. MIRCHANDANI, Minister of Food and Agriculture for India, visited WHB with REUBEN CORBIN, Govt. Market Specialist, while on a tour of American markets.



“Breaking In” Your Home

When your new house starts cracking at the seams, maintain a decorous manner—use your head to set it right, not your saw and hammer.

By FRANK ROSE

WHEN cracks suddenly appear in the sidewalks and plaster walls of your new home, take it easy! When the baseboards, moldings, and trim begin to work out of their original positions, when the boards in your floors separate and leave gaps, don't grab for a gun and go hunting for the contractor. When your doors begin to bind and the windows stick in their frames, when the joints of your woodwork commence to pull open, don't tell your lawyer to file suit.

All of these minor catastrophies to the new home owner are natural and inevitable. Your only concern should be to make the necessary adjustments quickly and sensibly, for, like a car, every home must go through a “breaking in” period, and the same principle applies in dealing with both.

The moisture content of the wood materials in your home must adjust itself to that usually present in your locality, and shrinking or swelling of the wood always accompanies any

change in moisture content. The degree of shrinkage cannot be predetermined, but it is known that the joists usually shrink more than other structural members. As they do, they pull other materials that are fastened to them out of position, causing baseboards and moldings to shift position, joints to open, doors and windows to bind, and cracks to appear.



It is a waste of time to rush about repairing this damage while the house is suffering from its growing pains. When the moisture content of the lumber has fully adjusted itself, and when the house has settled firmly on its foundation, then is the time to go to work.

There is one outstanding exception. Binding doors and casement windows should be relieved at once by the use of a small plane; otherwise they will be ruined beyond repair by the continual strain of being forced into openings that have grown too small to accommodate them. You must be careful, however, not to make them fit too loosely in their openings, especially during conditions of extreme humidity. If you do so, it is almost certain that the dry season will find them so shrunk from their jambs that weatherstripping cannot make them weatherproof.

After the "breaking in" period—usually a year or two—the moldings need to be reset. To do it any sooner will only entail another job later. Gaps in the floorboards can easily be overcome by using a wood filler just before you refinish the floors.

You will notice that the shrinking of wood in your bathroom will often cause an unsightly separation between the tub and the floor and wall tile. This is easily remedied by filling the cracks with white cement.

As for the cracks that appear in your plaster walls, the wise home owner will anticipate them and avoid doing any expensive wall decoration

until the house is thoroughly broken in. Then, when you are ready to re-decorate, your painter can easily fill the cracks and there is little possibility of their reappearance.

It is impossible for the builder to avoid the cracking of concrete. Such cracks are due to a number of factors, such as the natural shrinkage which occurs in the final setting of the concrete, various changes in temperature, and an excess of fine materials brought to the surface in the process of troweling.

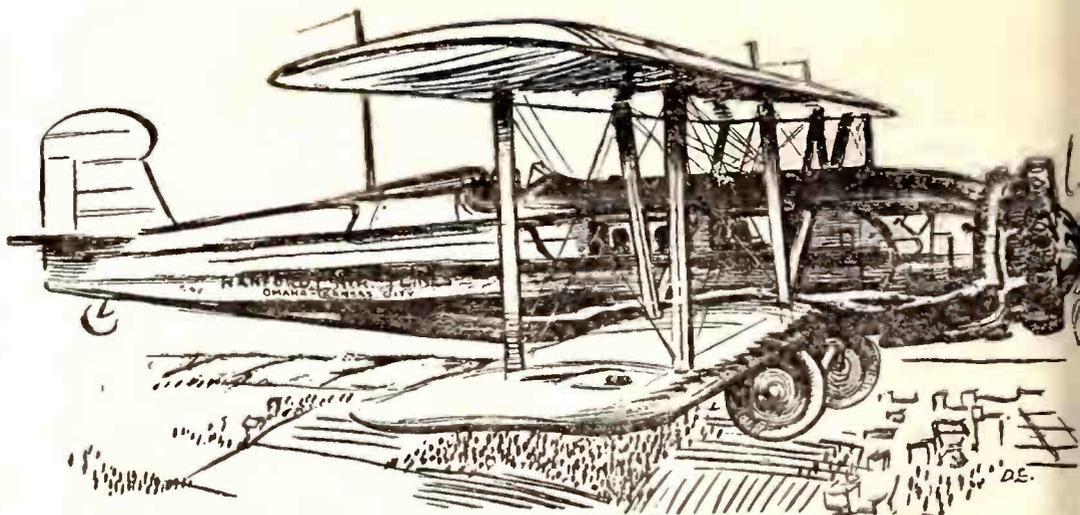
Cracks do not indicate poor concrete. Quite to the contrary. Poor mixes of concrete will show less cracks than the richer mixes, but they will lack strength and durability. None of the cracks that ordinarily occur in concrete will prove sufficiently damaging to shorten its useful life.

Cracks in stucco, like those in concrete, are unavoidable. No method has yet been discovered that will entirely eliminate them from the early period of a house. Fortunately, they usually are so small that they are no detriment, and, after the "breaking in" period has ended and the house has been repainted, they become completely unnoticeable. Seldom will any more cracks appear.

By exercising care and common sense during the "growing-up pains" of your home, you will find that you have both saved considerable money and provided your loved ones with the dream castle you saw on the drawing board's.



What a country needs is not New Deals, Fair Deals or Square Deals, but Ideals.



PIONEERS IN THE SKY

Those seat-of-the-pants days when pilots hedge hopped with the United States mails are remembered, but not with longing—the quarter-century story of Mid-Continent Air Lines, of Kansas City.

By NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

ON A summer night in 1935 a man in a mechanic's coveralls went to work at Kansas City's municipal air terminal at a series of jobs that would keep six men busy today.

The man was Leo Cullen, early-day aircraft mechanic, cargo handler, dispatcher, radio operator, station agent, and co-pilot for Hanford's Tri-State Airlines. Cullen worked for one of the pioneer airlines of the middle west, which was organized in Sioux City in 1928 and in 1934 activated air mail routes between Kansas City, Omaha, Winnipeg, Minneapolis, and Chicago.

Under the hangar lights, Cullen—the one-man gang—began servicing the airplane, checking and double-checking all vital parts. That task

finished, he refueled the gas tanks and went to work loading mail and cargo. With that job completed, he changed to a pilot's uniform and disappeared into the office to sign the mechanical release and dispatch the flight before climbing into the co-pilot's seat.

Today Leo Cullen is Assistant Chief Pilot for Mid-Continent Airlines, and is one of the company's thirty-nine pilots who have flown a million miles or more, backed by more than eleven hundred fellow employees. But in those early Hanford days it wasn't unusual for the same man to service, load, and dispatch an airplane—then help fly it to Omaha and Minneapolis. If he had a little spare time on his hands, there were always planes to be cleaned. They

were tri-motored Fords and Lockheed Vegas, and they took off from Kansas City from a single cinder runway.

In 1936 Cullen was "promoted" to station manager for Hanford in Sioux City. Inside the radio room one day a message brought the news that a Hanford plane had been forced down in a farmer's field near the town of Vermilion, South Dakota.

Cullen, the station manager, called his company's office to report the accident and promised to fix the plane himself. Then he picked up his tool kit and drove to the scene of the accident. Cullen the mechanic repaired the plane quickly and the pilot took off from the plowed field to resume his flight with the mail to Minneapolis. Only four hours had elapsed from the time the message reached Cullen in Sioux City to the resumption of the interrupted flight. It was all in a day's work, according to Cullen.

Leo Cullen is one of five of the original group of Hanford pilots now flying commercial airliners for Mid-Continent. The name was changed in August, 1938, in the belief that it better identified the airline with the midwest. The number one man on the seniority list is Captain Al Jaster, whose service goes back to July 1, 1934, and whose record lists 3,500,000 miles. Jaster's list of "firsts" includes many pioneer air mail flights. He also

was the captain on Mid-Continent's first Convair flight between Kansas City and the Twin Cities in June of 1950—a long step from flying early-day Bellancas and Boeing 40-B's, both open cockpit aircraft, in winter months when the temperature often went as low as forty degrees below zero.

Jaster recalls the 40-B's with a grim smile. "Four passengers rode in a cramped, boxlike cabin. The cabin had two seats and windows which—luxury of luxuries—allegedly could be opened for better ventilation! The pilot flew the plane from an open cockpit just behind the passenger compartment. In the winter time he wore, in addition to his helmet, goggles and thick flying suit, a face mask to protect him from sub-zero temperature. He looked like a man from Mars."

ACCORDING to Jaster, the first transcontinental scheduled plane travel became possible in the fall of 1927, when connections at Chicago were made between Boeing Air Transport and National Air Transport—two of the predecessor companies of United Air Lines. From New York to Chicago, the hardy souls who ventured cross-country by air traveled in open cockpit planes, sitting with the mail bags, or on them. West of Chicago they flew in the comparatively comfortable 40-B's. The trans-

Norton Hughes Jonathan is Assistant to the Director of Publicity of Mid-Continent Airlines. He is a veteran contributor to SWING, and acted as Chicago editor from the first issue until January, 1951. His new book, "The High Horizon", will be published by the John C. Winston Company this summer.

Mid-Continent Airlines is celebrating its 15th Anniversary. In that time it has grown from a 7-plane airline to a major north-south carrier with 4,000 route miles and 27 modern aircraft.

continental trip took a total of 32 hours with 14 fueling stops. The fare was \$400. Today its \$157, and the air-coach fare is \$99.

In 1929 Southwest Air Express—known as Safeway and a predecessor company of American Airlines—formed part of another transcontinental airline pattern. Passengers boarding planes on the west coast would fly all day until they reached Albuquerque. There they would transfer to a train, ride all night, then board a Safeway plane at Sweetwater, Texas, the next morning. At the end of the second day of flying, the injured travelers found themselves in St. Louis, where they would return to a train for the overnight trip to Columbus, Ohio. The final portion of the journey—from Columbus to New York—was made by air, with the harried pioneer reaching New York on the third day. The trip took a considerable amount of stamina.

DEAN of Mid-Continent's pilots mileage-wise is Captain D. S. "Barney" Zimmerley, who has just passed the four-million miles aloft mark. Zimmerley flew in World War I and then barnstormed through the middle-west. That meant playing the carnival and state fair circuit, flying ancient planes and taking anyone up for a ten minute ride who had the necessary confidence and \$2.00. There were few airports worthy of the name. In those days, an airfield really was a field—any field large enough to land in with a reasonable amount of safety.

Zimmerley established two flight records which are still in the record

book. On July 1, 1929, he flew a three-place, 85-horse-power Barling plane non-stop from Brownsville, Texas, to Winnipeg, Canada—a record non-stop flight for light planes. Then on February 16, 1930, after taking off from St. Louis, he flew the same type ship to an altitude of 27,000 feet—another record for light planes.

Another veteran of mid-western aviation is Jack Seay, present-day station superintendent for Mid-Continent. He recalls that he was hired because of his considerable experience with plywood, of which there was an abundance in Lockheed Vega aircraft. Seay used to call them "pickle barrels".



When Hanford needed a mechanic at Tulsa, Seay was asked to get a radio operators license. Back in the pioneer days of 1936 Tulsa was a one-man station, so Seay automatically became mechanic, cargo handler, plane cleaner, and radio operator as well as station manager.

Today a modern teletype network speeds airline operations, but in 1936

all contacts between stations were made by voice radio. In the fall of 1937 a radio telegraphy system was installed, but it was not until 1944 that the first company teletype circuit went into service.

Seay seldom had time on his hands. Station managers worked a seven-day week and were expected to be on the job most of the day and night. He usually put in a solid month at his assorted tasks—then got all his time off when the relief man appeared—if he did appear.

Chief Dispatcher A. A. MacDonald of Mid-Continent is another Hanford veteran who remembers the high plywood content of the Vegas. "It was very easy to stick an arm or a leg through the plane's skin," he recalls. "I helped install the first two-way radios in Hanford planes back in January of 1936. Putting radio equipment in a Vega was hard work, requiring an extremely cramped position in the plywood tail of the aircraft. I once made the mistake of moving my foot too far and made the discovery that I had shoved it through the side of the plane."

THE early days of commercial aviation produced a number of unusual radio messages between stations. There was the time that Don Bridie, an early-day Hanford radio operator, station manager, and part-time pilot, found himself marooned in the tarpaper St. Paul airport building while it was being buffeted by a high wind. He told the rest of the airline by radio: *Station blowing away. Am bailing out.*

MacDonald also recalls that in the severe winter of 1936, Bismarck, North Dakota, was isolated from the rest of the airline for twenty-one days. "That was hard on the local station manager," he says. "His pay check didn't reach him for almost three weeks."

Today a thick manual governs every phase of airline operations, but in the days of the old Hanford company a single sheet of paper governed all flight operations. This was long before instrument flying and centralized flight control. Either the dispatcher or the pilot could "clear" a plane if a 500-foot ceiling existed with one-mile visibility. Pilots often flew just above the tree-tops. The change-over to a centralized flight control came in 1936 with the installation of a two-way radio in all aircraft.

THAT highly decorative symbol of commercial aviation—the airline hostess—first appeared in 1930, when Boeing hired eight nurses to serve passengers on its Chicago-San Francisco flights. The young nurse who recruited and trained these pioneer flight attendants was Ellen Church, who is now studying for her Doctor's degree in nursing administration at the University of Chicago. Miss Church has not been associated with aviation since the beginning of World War II when she joined the Army Nurse Corps. She is also an exception to the popular notion that airline hostesses marry soon after going to work. The first hostess has never married.

Transcontinental and Western Air began assigning Kansas City and

California young women to its flights as a third member of the crew in 1934. The first TWA hostess was Thelma Jean Hiatt. She flew from 1934 through 1939, and was co-founder of a "Clipped Wings Club"—made up exclusively of ex-hostesses who lost their wings at the altar—when she became Mrs. Hylton Harman of Kansas City, Kansas.

A year later, in 1934, Hanford Airlines employed three young women to work as hostesses aboard its trimotored Fords. However, the period of service for the pioneer trio was a



brief one. When the company became Mid-Continent Airlines and purchased Lockheed Electra equipment, the new planes were too small to permit the carrying of a third crew member. First officers took over the hostess' duties, from reminding passengers to fasten their seat belts to serving food. Flight crews reputedly ate very well during this period, particularly during rough weather.

However, few co-pilots cared much for their additional cabin duties. One 225-pounder reputedly had all the grace of an elephant as he toted trays

up and down an Electra's narrow aisle.

HANFORD, like other early-day airline companies, sold advertising space on its ticket envelopes. The envelope used by Hanford in 1934 advertised several places to visit in New York and hotel accommodations. Single room "apartments" were offered at well-known hotels at \$3.00 per day, and the Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway was offering Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees. Dinner was \$1.50—with no cover charge.

A rough map showing the principal airline routes of the United States was reproduced on the flap of the envelope. Airlines listed included names still famous in American aviation, as well as several that have been forgotten. Among the present-day companies were TWA—known in 1934 as Transcontinental and Western Air Express — Braniff, American, Eastern, Northwest, and Pennsylvania Airlines and Transport Company, which later became Capital Airlines. Also listed were such long-forgotten air transport companies as Albert Frank Airlines, Bowen, and Pacific Seaboard Airlines, which became Chicago and Southern.

Although veteran airline operating personnel like to talk about the past there's no longing among them for the days when a pilot sometimes flew by the seat of his pants and often expected to end up along with his mail sacks in some farmer's field. The airline people are too busy building a greater future.



Curare—Ancient New Drug

It has taken centuries to change a deadly poison into a medical and surgical aid.

By WILLIAM D. JENKINS

THE man who first brought tobacco to Europe, Sir Walter Raleigh, also brought back tales of poisoned arrows so lethal, a mere scratch brought certain death. Today, you may very likely thank this ancient discovery of Indians in the jungles of the Amazon for your prompt recovery from your next operation.

How American scientists saw in the lack, pungent syrup with which these Indians poisoned their arrow tips a drug of benefit to mankind, how they isolated the active ingredient, purified it, standardized it, is a story of interest to everyone likely to need the services of a surgeon and, for that matter, to an increasing number of other people suffering from a wide variety of afflictions.

Until recent years, one of the great hazards of surgery was the frequent effect of anesthesia. The administra-

tion of deep anesthesia often caused post-operative complications, nausea, shock, depression, heart-strain. Convalescence was seriously delayed, even if no significant harm was done. Surgeons thus have always preferred to avoid deep anesthesia. Unfortunately, it was necessary for one simple reason: although unconscious under lighter anesthesia, the patient remained rigid, so tense that surgeons could scarcely pass the barrier of rigid muscles into the abdominal cavity until deep anesthesia had relaxed those muscles.

Now, thanks to a recent discovery based upon the Indian jungle brew, deep anesthesia is far less frequently necessary. That development is a purified and standardized preparation of *curare*, a drug which has been known for centuries, but whose action medical

science has only recently been able to apply.

Today, curare, used in conjunction with cyclopropane, ether or other anesthetics, is found in operating rooms around the world. Injected immediately after the patient loses consciousness, a proper dosage of curare completely relaxes muscles except those controlling respiration and heart action. The patient sleeps peacefully but lightly while his relaxed body permits the surgeon to make an incision of minimum size and manipulate muscles without resistance. Many surgeons believe that cyclopropane with curare approaches the ideal in anesthesia.

Chief use of curare is therefore as an aid in surgery, but it is proving useful in a growing number of other fields as well.

Psychiatrists, for example, welcome curare in the application of shock therapy. One method for treating schizoids and certain other mental cases is to rouse them from lethargy by shocking them with convulsive-action drugs or with electricity. The shock produces not only the desired effect on the brain, but a violent nervous convulsion in which the patient's body thrashes about, possibly resulting in injury. Curare, administered a few minutes before the shock, helps to make the convulsion less severe.

Many doctors find curare of use in the management of poliomyelitis. Curare does not cure poliomyelitis, or fight the virus which causes it. But during the early stages of the disease, while the body itself is building resistance, permanent crippling can often be prevented by means of physical

Present Uses for Curare

- In conjunction with other anesthetics in surgery
- As shock therapy in psychiatry
- To relax spasms of poliomyelitis
- To lessen severity of convulsions resulting from tetanus
- For diagnosis of myasthenia gravis
- In nervous diseases where muscle spasms are a feature
- To relax muscles to facilitate insertion of instruments for examination of body cavities

therapy—the massaging and exercising of afflicted limbs and muscles. Curare may be used to relax the spasm in the affected muscles and thus make possible their manipulation without causing unbearable pain.

Other uses for curare include:

- Lessening the severity of convulsions resulting from tetanus or lockjaw. As the latter name indicates, this form of infection causes muscles to contract tightly.
- The diagnosis of myasthenia gravis, a disorder characterized by muscle weakness. The injection of a minute amount of curare aggravate the basic condition and exaggerate its symptoms, making accurate diagnosis of the disease possible.
- The treatment of certain nervous diseases of which muscle spasm is a feature.

•The relaxation of muscles to facilitate the insertion of instruments for examination of body cavities.

The everyday use by physicians and surgeons of the various curariform products now available marks curare as no longer an experimental curiosity. Only a few years ago, however, when the American public first became aware of it, curare was a thing of romance as well as a "miracle drug." In its crude form curare had been used by South American Indians on their blowgun darts to kill small animals and birds. It simply relaxed their breathing muscles to the point where these small creatures suffocated. Popular science writers seized upon the subject eagerly and wrote of "Indian arrow poisons" and "jungle drugs." Their melodramatic writings may well have had some effect in delaying the drug's acceptance by the medical profession which is noted for its insistence that a drug be understood completely, that it be tried and proved, and tried and proved again, before it is administered to patients.

The first explorers of South America made the acquaintance of curare in a somewhat disagreeable manner. They were exposed to its effects on the tips of darts and arrows aimed at them by inhospitable Indians. However, the explorers were fascinated by what they saw of the substance and took considerable pains to find out about it. The earliest book on America, Pietro Martyr's *De Orbo Novo* (Of the New World), published in the year 1516, contains numerous references to arrow poison, presumably curare.

Sir Walter Raleigh, who brought tobacco to Europe, is also credited with bringing back the first specimen of curare in 1595. The substance aroused considerable interest among contemporary men of science, but they had little of it and were unable to learn much about its composition and action.

It was not until the late eighteen hundreds that anything of any importance was known about curare. The difficulties facing investigators were not primarily scientific. They just couldn't get hold of the drug or its basic ingredients. Most of the South American Indians themselves didn't know what they were using. The ingredients and the methods of preparation were closely guarded secrets of a few selected natives. Hundreds of years went by before a white man succeeded even in watching a batch prepared. In 1812, however, it was established that curare killed by relaxing breathing muscles to the point where they ceased acting. Shortly thereafter botanists began to identify and classify various curare-yielding plants.

The great French physiologist, Claude Bernard, studied the effect of the drug and localized its action at the point of junction between nerve and muscle, in the microscopic areas known as the motor end-plates. Bernard, whose work was confirmed by later investigators, demonstrated that curare by some unknown process temporarily interrupted nerve-muscle impulses so that a state of complete relaxation resulted.

Claude Bernard's findings were made known in 1859, and the potential value of curare in medicine

became evident through his work and that of others.

Largely because of the short supply, however, another 75 years went by before progress was made with the drug. In 1935, Dr. Harold King of the National Institute for Medical Research in London, obtained from the British Museum a specimen of curare which had been in the Museum's possession for many years. From this specimen he succeeded in isolating the active chemical ingredient, a crystalline substance which he named d-tubocurarine chloride. The botanical origin of the museum specimen was unknown, but certain evidence suggested that it had been obtained from some member of the plant species known as *Chondodendron*.

Meanwhile an American, Richard C. Gill, became interested in the potentialities of curare. While in South America, he had actually tried the Indian curare on himself and been impressed with its action. He came to the United States with various specimens of curare syrup and dried plants.

Chiefly responsible for the development of the first purified, standardized extract of curare available to the medical profession—Intocostrin—is H. A. Holaday, a biochemist on the staff of E. R. Squibb & Sons. Holaday worked out the method for purifying crude curare and devised the biological assay which is used in adjusting each production run of Intocostrin to a standard strength. Thus, physicians and anesthetists may count within reason on a uniform response in their patients. Without such a test, the use of Intocostrin in medicine

would not have been possible. The test has been made an official assay method of the United States Pharmacopeia.

While the development of Intocostrin, the purified standardized extract from plants, was still going on, two other Squibb scientists, Doctors Oskar Wintersteiner and James D. Dutcher, began to work on the problem of isolating the active principle of curare syrup derived from the single plant species, *Chondodendron tomentosum*. The successfully-isolated substance proved to be identical with that obtained by Dr. King in 1935 in London.

Squibb d-Tubocurarine chloride was made available to the medical profession in 1943. The drug is now official USP.

But the story of curare is not yet ended. Scientists are continuing to work on it. New compounds have been discovered. One of them, Mecostrin, has already been made available to doctors; it has several times the paralyzing powers of d-tubocurarine chloride, but it has lesser effects on respiratory functions. Another compound, known as d-chondocurarine chloride is being investigated. It appears to be many times more active than the substances now being used but it occurs in the plant extract in such small amounts that as yet science does not know what to do with it. Still further substances, new formulas, more derivatives are constantly being investigated.

In this one field alone lie significant promises for further conquest of pain and disease, for a longer and happier life for mankind.

OUR OLD MOTHER

SCIENTISTS now believe the earth is about 2,000 million years old. While you read this paragraph, the sun will send as much heat to the earth as ten million tons of coal could provide.

If you could get high enough to see the entire earth at once, it would sparkle like a gem from the 2,000 thunderstorms that are flashing away at all times. This means rain is always falling somewhere—about sixteen millions of water every second.

Astronomers estimate that fifteen million meteorites enter our atmosphere every day. All but a very few burn to dust immediately by friction.

There are many tornadoes and cyclones going on much of the time. Most of the former occur in the United States, which Middle-Westerners can easily believe.

Humanity doesn't take up much room on this globe. Someone has figured out the whole human race could go swimming in Lake Erie at one time, and each person would have sixty square feet of water to splash round in.

—Roscoe Poland

She entered the office of a noted divorce lawyer. "I—I want to know if I have grounds for divorce?" she asked.

"Are you married?" asked the lawyer.

"Of course," was the reply.

"Then you have grounds."

"I suppose," said the teller, "that you and your wife have a joint checking account?"

"No," said the customer. "I've been married twice."

A tourist crossing the plains met a great file of prairie caravans, men, women and children. "We are going to found a town," the caravan leader explained. "We are going to found a town in a scientific manner. We have everything with us and nothing is unnecessary. The man with the red hair is a baker. I'm a doctor. That fellow is a blacksmith. There isn't a person on our party that won't have some important duty in our new town."

The tourist pointed to an old and feeble man with a long white beard. "That old man there—," he began.

"Oh, yes," said the leader, "he's important too. We're going to start our new cemetery with him."

At a village store in the Blue Ridge country the old proprietor was trying to sell a wastebasket to a hillbilly. Sales resistance was set in the chin of the bearded customer. "How come I need a basket? It'll just need emptying every month or so."

"Not this one," said the proprietor. "Ain't no bottom in it. All you have to do when it's full is just move it a jot."

A New Englander and his wife had taken up a little homestead in Oklahoma. The soil was kindly and their thrift great and they prospered. At last when the wife lay ill and fearing death, she called her husband and said, "John, I want you to send me back to Vermont when I've passed away."

"It would cost a lot, May," replied her husband. "I could buy that windmill for what it would cost."

"But I couldn't lie still in my grave so far away from the home folks of Vermont," the wife protested.

"Well, now, don't fret," compromised the old man. "I'll tell you what I'll do. Suppose we try it here and I promise you, if you don't lie still, I'll ship you back to Vermont."

THE CREAM OF CROSBY

Continued from Page 123

a public service; NBC would have done a certain amount of breast-beating for having produced it; the operation would be designed toward winning awards at the expense of costing it a large slice of its audience.

FIVE years ago the network thought: (a) no advertiser could be persuaded to produce anything so commercial; (2) even if he wanted to, no advertiser should be permitted to put his dirty money hands on culture. This view has been sensibly modified. Now NBC feels that the responsibility for spreading culture around should not be that of the network alone, that the advertiser has a certain amount of responsibility, too. The advertisers have been remarkably cooperative. So far, every advertiser NBC has approached—it hasn't hit them all yet—has agreed.

Under this philosophy, NBC has managed, for example, to slip a factual and accurate recital of the Robert Vogeler story into the framework of its regular Goodyear Playhouse program. Five years ago it probably would have been done as a sustaining documentary. By making a commercial program of it, the Vogeler story inherited a large regular audience and also was assured of a much larger network coverage than it could have commanded as a sustaining program.

NBC has done fourteen similar shows, sneaking some form of culture and enlightenment on to the customers in prime broadcast time under commercial sponsorship. It has many more on the drawing board. One of the more ambitious projects is a series of

six programs on Man prepared in association with the American Museum of Natural History—the physical nature of man, man as a social and psychological animal, communications among men, the crust of the earth, the sea, and the nature of the universe. (Some of these may be a little beyond the present resources of television, it is admitted.)



ANOTHER major undertaking due to start in September will be a series on the United States Navy which will be both a naval and world history. It will be written by C. S. Forrester with an original score by Richard Rodgers and narration by Robert Montgomery, an impressive roster of talent.

Operation Frontal Lobes is actually a three-pronged attack on our deepest sensibilities of which the sneaking in of full programs into sponsored time is only one. Along with these sneaky attacks NBC is engaged in an even more underhanded method of instilling culture or enlightenment into us by slipping snippets of rarefied air into its regular entertainment programs, bits of opera on "The Show of Shows," bits of uplift on the Kat Smith show. For example, Howard Doody has begun a campaign for

CARE packages. The idea here is not so much to get kids to kick in with a CARE package—though that's not a bad idea either—as to educate them that life abroad is not as rosy as it is here.

The third aspect of O.F.L. is, I'm afraid, straight undistilled culture, something Sylvester L. Weaver, vice-president in charge of television at NBC, refers to rather disparagingly as "the orthodoxy of shows frankly labelled enlightening." These include such shows as "Zoo Parade," "Meet the Press," "The Nature of Things" and "Mr. Wizard" where you have to take your zoology, politics, physics and chemistry more or less straight.

Television Is People

MY friend Jim Mainwaring, who lives in Scarsdale, whose opinions have been tested in a dozen country club locker rooms and have been found sound, has been spending more time than is quite good for him with the ad agency folk lately. This has seriously affected not only his thinking but his prose style. He has mastered not only the cliches of the industry but also the inflexions.

"Television," he is likely to tell you, "is people. Television comes right into your living room."

"You're just talking off the top of your head, I presume," I said.

"I'm just throwing it on the table for what it's worth," he corrected me. "Television comes right into your living room," he repeated. "And when I invite a guy into my living room, he's got to be a real guy. I mean you can like him or dislike him but he's got to be real. Television will detect a pho-

ney every time. Television looks right through a politician's chest at his heart."

"Let's start from the top," I suggested, which is ad agency parlance for "Where were we?" "Television, you say, is people? You're just thinking out loud, I assume."

"Television is people," said Mainwaring firmly. "Television is 14,000,000 truckdrivers and bank clerks and little guys and their wives and their children. And when you criticize television, you're criticizing the American people."

That was the philosophical defense of radio for a great many years and one with which I violently disagree. But, of course, you can't say you disagree. Not in that league, you can't. I put it into English. "I can't go along with you there."

"You mean you won't buy it, don't you?"

"I won't buy it. Or any part of it. It's for the birds."

"Well," said Mainwaring defensively, "it was just an idea." He underscored the *just* heavily, putting the proper disparagement on ideas, especially his own. To take pure ad agency with real skill, one must deprecate an idea before it is hatched. One must never get into too exposed a position. Wholehearted endorsement is foolhardy.

Most ideas are prefaced with a thick screen of hedging. "I don't know where this will take you but . . ." Then, suitably hedged, out comes the idea. "This is probably wrong but . . ." That particular gambit divorces the author from all responsibility before even stating whatever he has in mind.

In this half light, an idea—any idea at all—appears shamefaced from the outset. It is, as it were, a sustaining idea; it hasn't got a sponsor. When you throw an idea on the table for what it's worth, you're divesting it of a good deal of its value. Most ad agency clichés are a form of timidity. "Let's pool our brains," for example, can be roughly translated as: "Don't forget we're in this mess together."

There are a good many gambits for climbing out from under responsibility for a suggestion. A man will be—shall we say—thinking out loud, just talking off the top of his skull, and he suddenly perceives they're not buying it or any part of it. Right there, he says: "Seriously, though." He means that everything he has said up to that point is arrant nonsense and that he knows it as well as the rest of them.

Seriously, though, let's pool our brains. (Or, in English, "Why the hell doesn't someone else make a suggestion?") Let's start from the top. ("Why don't I learn to keep my big mouth shut?") The way I look at it, we want a show with a track record. ("Let's buy 'The Aldrich Family.' After all these years, how can it go wrong?")

Television Comes to the Bishop

WHEN the police finally caught up with Willie "The Actor" Sutton, they found in his room a rather pathetic pile of self help books, including Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's "Peace of Soul," which apparently hadn't done Willie much good. It goes to show, though, how Sheen gets his message into the oddest places.

Latest place is television where Bish-

op Sheen, a veteran of twenty-two years of radio, has inaugurated a half hour show called "Life Is Worth Living." That throws him up against some formidable competition—Milton Berle and Frank Sinatra—a situation that hasn't bothered the Bishop very much. His first show drew 4,000 letters (and is still drawing mail), an impressive figure in any league.

"Apparently," said the Bishop, "people are looking for something else besides distraction." Apparently, at any rate, they are looking for something besides Milton Berle. Apart from the fact that they both tell jokes (the Bishop's being no older than Berle's) the two shows are studies in opposites.

Veteran TV men, including those who have had prior experience with religious programs, would almost certainly argue that "Life Is Worth Living" is not television at all, that it violates all the tenets of show business, that it needs a gimmick. Sheen, resplendent in his bishop's robes, simply walks out in front of the cameras in a book-lined study (designed by Jo Mielziner) and starts to talk. There is no script, he explains, and he begs people not to write in for one. (They do anyway, refusing to believe so suave and polished an address could be unprepared.)

He stands very erect throughout ("If you can stand for me, I can stand for you," he says, a pun which I have an idea, saw long service at Catholic University.) His props are his cavernous, luminous eyes, his superb vocal equipment and his eloquent hands, which are among the most expressive in television. The effect is

hypnotic—only partly because of the personal magnetism of the man himself.

The fact is, that Bishop Sheen is dealing in ideas; by eschewing showmanship, nothing comes between the ideas and the audience. Essentially he is a great teacher and he demonstrates that a great teacher doesn't need film clips, dramatization, panels by experts, diagrams, charts, or fancy lighting. He needs only himself. A great teacher is fundamentally a great personality different only in outlook from any great show business personalities like Bing Crosby.

THERE is a lesson here for all broadcasters, commercial or non-commercial, who plan to get into educational broadcasting. There must be pellbinders on subjects other than Christianity—physics, chemistry, history or some such—and they had best be let alone to talk, unencumbered by showmanship.

Sheen started this series from the very bottom, assuming that his listeners had no faith and almost no knowledge, an assumption that a good many people may find irritating. His first broadcast argued the existence of God on the ground that there could not

not be a God. On his second one, he demolished a good many of the standard arguments against the existence of God, including evolution and the atom bomb.

The Protestants and Jews, who generally share equally whenever a religious program is started on a network, are not going to be especially happy about Bishop Sheen's which is not counterbalanced by the views of the other denominations. However, Sheen proposes to keep the program strictly non-denominational and Dumont plans to start another religious program in which Catholic, Protestant and Jew will share equally.

Minority Report

“DON'T worry about television,” Red Skelton advised us in a recent interview. “It's the greatest thing since sliced bread.” The trouble with this advice is that I'm paid to worry about television, Red, and I'm especially worried about the Red Skelton Show (NBC-TV 10 p.m. EST Sundays) which my friends tell me is phenomenally funny, which enjoys the third highest TV rating in the land and which nevertheless leaves me feeling only tired and depressed.

Tired, especially. Red Skelton is without question the hardest working comic around; he is an engaging fellow with a rubber face which can stretch into an infinite number of shapes for what seems like miles; and he makes almost everyone laugh except me. I don't know what this is, since he's dealing in the most tested material anywhere around.

Last Sunday, for example, he did a pantomime of a girl dressing in the



morning—a bit, he assured us, his father did in Hagenbeck's Circus fifty years earlier. This was illuminating information since the ensuing pantomime was, almost to a gesture, an exact replica of Sid Caesar's famous burlesque on the same subject. I suppose this lays Caesar open to the charge of stealing Skelton's father's material fifty years ago which seems hardly likely. Caesar wasn't around that long ago.

Actually all these travesties have been kicking around the vaudeville circuits for decades. They are in the open market for all comedians. However, this particular one has been perpetrated so ably and so often by Caesar that Skelton, I think, was ill-advised to try and follow him. Caesar has not only made this bit his very own, at least as far as television is concerned, but he's also infinitely funnier and subtler at it, and Skelton was rash to risk a comparison.

The same criticism can be levelled at a lot of his other material. His opening, for example: "A lot of things happened in Los Angeles this week. I won't say it rained out here but a lot of sunshine went down the drain." It didn't go very well, this Hollywood weather joke which belongs to Bob Hope, so Mr. Skelton added: "Right there two writers bit the dust"—a gag apology that belongs to Mr. Berle.

On the most positive side, Skelton has appropriated a lot of comedy routines as his very own. His is conceivably the finest and most finished drunk act on the boards. He can fall down with more authority than anyone since Buster Keaton. Both of these

are low comedy achievements of distinction and I would be the last to belittle them.

Skelton is also unique among comedians in that he is his own cast of characters—Clem Caddleshopper, a rustic of rococo design not seen in these parts since the '80's; Cauliflower McPugg, a punchdrunk pugilist; San Fernando Red, a politician who kisses babies over eighteen years of age; and the best known and most obnoxious of his radio characters, the Mean Widdle Kid.

He has also at various times been Hopalong Cassidy and Willie Lump-Lump, Private Eye—all of them resembling Mr. Skelton to a great degree. It gives him great scope to don a thousand costumes, to twist his face into endless contortions, to employ a dozen accents, and to do pratfalls—both verbal and physical—in hundreds of interesting variants.

In that way it's very much a one-man show, a dazzling exercise in virtuosity, a technical triumph which



"I'll do the dishes when I'm good and ready—I'm ready."

leaves the other comedians in the field breathless. But it doesn't leave me breathless. Some defect in my character, I expect, since it is relished by the public to such extent that Mr. Skelton now enjoys a 44 Nielsen rating which is very high indeed.

So much for Mr. Skelton's physical exertions. As to the verbal level of the comedy, it is pretty well summed up by the following exchange:

"How stupid can you get?"

"I don't know. I'm still pretty young."

Nice Comedians

THE shenanigans of Martin and Lewis are not much different from any of the other comedians that came out of the borscht circuit, but they are nicer people and there seems to be a good deal more to both of them. Martin, for instance, is more than an ordinary straight man—a singer, a comedian in his own right, and very much a person, Lewis has more bounce and more tricks, it seems to me, than a half dozen Abbott and Costellos, and in addition is considerably more sophisticated. I'm the unhappiest person that ever was a mortal!"

The team has been widely admired for their timing, but I set little store by this. Frankly, they don't seem to bother with timing exactly; they just know when enough is enough and pass on to other things.

Appealing, Beguiling, Gallant

NO DOUBT about it. The Westminster Kennel Club show is the best television show of them all,

not barring even the Zoo Parade. This sweeping claim is not made lightly. It is the custom here whenever possible to avoid review of any TV program until it has been witnessed three times. It was rather difficult to stick to this rule in regards the Westminster Kennel Club show because it comes only once a year.

This meant three years of silence, a long time to think things over. Of course, there are them as says it wasn't long enough, that my reviews would be infinitely improved if I thought things over indefinitely, preferably forever. To get back to the dog show, it proves once more that animals are the most telegenic of all actors and infinitely the best behaved. Among the swarms of cairns, basset hounds, Norwegian elkhounds, Welsh corgis, Irish setters and Alaskan malamutes, there was not a single case of upstaging; no pooch tried to swipe the camera from any other; no bark trod on another's laugh line.

Each dog was a study in politeness that ought to be required study for all comedians. At the microphone as usual this year—and, as always, conspicuously invisible—was Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt, one of dogdom's great ladies (she was named canine woman of the year, as dubious a title as ever I heard), the most unabashed dog enthusiast in the Western Hemisphere, conceivably the world's leading authority on poodles, and the possessor of one of the most impeccable accents anywhere on TV.

Mrs. Hoyt's pronunciation of "dog" alone is worth the price of admission.

Continued on Page 190

(Continued from page 165)



North Kansas City.....	Norman Catts
Olathe.....	Al Hyer
Paseo.....	Ed Chimeti
Redemptorist.....	Joe Kelley
Rockhurst.....	Dick Hill
Rosedale.....	Morris Kelley
Shawnee-Mission..	D. Sater, Bill Rockwood
Southeast.....	Dick Petty
Southwest.....	John Handley, Joe McNay
St. Agnes.....	Tom Scofield
Ward.....	Omer Zeller
Westport.....	Ben Gardner, Max Moxley
Wm. Christman.....	
Wyandotte....	Jim Logisdon, Ralph Wallace

Mystery and Adventure Sunday

WHB and Mutual continue to dominate the mystery field with the great Sunday afternoon block of detective stories, moved to late afternoon and evening during the baseball season. A recent addition to the select group is *The Private Files of Matthew Bell*, at 9 p.m. Sundays—in which Joseph Cotten, as Dr. Bell, police surgeon, leads us through some of the most fascinating and least-known aspects of the police and crime detection fields. And while preserving a courtly bedside manner, Dr. Bell bests the brainiest and brawniest of criminals at wits and fisticuffs, and occasionally rescues a lady from the iron jaws of sin.

The old actives in the WHB Sunday Mystery Fraternity are topped off by the "Chicago Theatre of the Air" on the following spring and summer schedule:

- 1:00—*Danger, Dr. Danfield*
- 1:30—*Baseball—Doubleheader*

- 5:30—*The Shadow*
- 6:00—*True Detective Mysteries*
- 6:30—*Nick Carter*
- 7:00—*Mysterious Traveler*
- 7:30—*Family Theater*
- 8:00—*M-G-M Theatre*
- 9:00—*Private Files of Matthew Bell*
- 9:30—*Chicago Theatre of the Air*

"I Love a Mystery"

New time for "I Love a Mystery," the serial adventures of Jack, Doc, Reggie is 6:45 p.m., Monday through Friday.

Other Mutual mysteries "blanked out" by the baseball games will be recorded by WHB from the network and saved for rainy days—literally! On rainy Sunday afternoons, and a "rain-out" at the ball park, the usual Mutual mysteries will be heard at their usual time. Mid-week "rain-outs" will cause the scheduling of such old favorites as "Crime Fighters," "Official Detective" and "Out of the Thunder." The schedule will be announced on WHB whenever baseball games are postponed because of rain.

M-G-M Shows—"Made for Mutual"

Every evening except Saturday, WHB, via Mutual, presents an hour of highest caliber entertainment ladled out generously by M-G-M's greatest stars in stories tailor-made to set off the talents that have brought them fame. The affiliated M-G-M-Mutual shows are now swinging into their fourth banner month.

The first "natural" is *Woman of the Year*, Monday evenings at seven o'clock, co-starring Bette Davis and George Brent in stories revolving around the cosmopolitan affairs of the newspaper game. Following at seven-

thirty Monday you hear *Crime Does Not Pay*, crack dramatizations of the ancient truism by top Hollywood personalities.

Tuesday evenings at seven, Orson Welles delves into the somber collection of Scotland Yard's *Black Museum*, and weaves around some chosen item its authentic and chilling tale of murder. The next half-hour gives you an intimate look into hospital staff life as Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore gambol through the heart-warming *Adventures of Dr. Kildare*.

Seven o'clock Wednesday evenings brings *The M-G-M Musical Comedy of the Air*, a full hour of musical comedy in the masterful hands of an All-Star Hollywood cast beautifully backed by David Rose, his orchestra and chorus.

Thursday evenings at seven, Errol Flynn dramatizes the escapades of another classic lover in *The Modern Adventures of Casanova*, stories that might well have originated in the pages of Errol's own little black book. Then hear the *Hardy Family* during the next half-hour with Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and Fay Holden in the roles they immortalized on the screen—roles which set the pattern for the "family programs" since brought to radio.

To know how a pretty girl should take care of herself in the world of wolves and nice guys, listen to *The Adventures of Maisie*, Fridays at seven, cutely wrapped up for you by that arch-type for cuddlesome spinsters, Ann Sothern. Next, at seven-thirty, comes *The Damon Runyon Theater*, stories based on the works of

that late genius, cast in the pure argot of Brooklyn and Broadway.

For a Sunday evening treat, WHB airs *The M-G-M Theater of the Air*. The curtain goes up at eight o'clock; and when it is rung down at nine, you'll get up from your chair realizing you have just heard the best combination of acting, writing and producing Hollywood can put together.

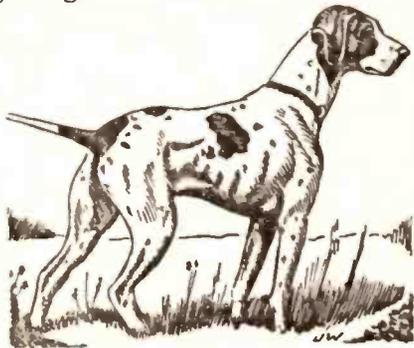
The News

WHB transmits all local, national and international news with unexcelled rapidity and accuracy. "Stay ahead of the headlines with WHB." There are nineteen newscasts and commentaries daily, a blanket of coverage that permits no news event to become more than a few minutes old before reaching you.

- 6:00 a.m. Ken Hartley
- 7:00 a.m. Ken Hartley
- 8:00 a.m. Ken Hartley
- 8:05 a.m. *The Weatherman in Person*
- 8:10 a.m. *Fruit and Vegetable Report*
- 10:25 a.m. *Les Nichols**
- 11:15 a.m. *Capital Commentary**
- 12:00 noon *Dick Smith*
- 3:00 p.m. *Dick Smith*
- 4:00 p.m. *Les Higbie**
- 4:45 p.m. *Dick Smith, news & sports*
- 5:55 p.m. *Cecil Brown**
- 6:00 p.m. *Fulton Lewis, Jr.**
- 6:15 p.m. *Larry Ray, sports*
- 6:30 p.m. *Gabriel Heatter**
- 8:00 p.m. *Bill Henry**
- 10:00 p.m. *The weatherman in person, followed by Frank Edwards**
- 10:55 p.m. *Mutual Reports the News**

Continued from Page 187

It defies phonetics, that pronunciation. It isn't dog, or dawg or daug; it is more dog with a long o—an incredibly elegant sound. Mrs. Hoyt's untempered enthusiasm for the canine world is reflected in her bubbling prose. "I find them (a brace of poodles) enchanting. They're quite beguiling."



Of a four-dog team of short-legged little beasts, she exclaimed: "There they go, twinkling down the line." "Twinkling" was the perfectly descriptive word for the sparkling gait of the little dogs. Her unsparing adjectives fall like gentle rain all over Madison Square Garden. "Appealing", "gallant", "beautifully mannered", "delightful"—that is some of the more restrained language employed by Mrs. Hoyt who has never been known to say anything derogatory about a dog.

"Look at that dog pose! Isn't he wonderful!" The exclamation points in her delivery ring like silver bells. "He's a neighbor of mine. He's the pet of two small children. He's a champion but he's a housedog. Sleeps on the sofa. Everyone loves him up in Greenwich." She was talking at the time of Storm, a Doberman pinscher,

which went on to win the best in show award, top honor in the dog kingdom. I'm happy that one of Mrs. Hoyt's neighbors won the big prize and even happier that the championship should go to a housedog who sleeps on the sofa and doesn't go putting on airs.

Storm—Mrs. Hoyt knows him well enough to call him Stormy—refutes the canard show dogs are stuck-up little monsters. (Declared one Broadway character: "These show dogs—they're inhuman.") In addition to her charm and enthusiasm, Mrs. Hoyt seems to know everything there is to know about dogs of all breeds, seems personally acquainted with every dog in the show and knows an awful lot about their handlers, owners and kennels. Practically no sporting event is so thoroughly and accurately covered as the dog show. Unhappily, for a whole year now, we have nothing to look forward to except humans—people like Milton Berle.

The Farmers Hotel

THE central figures of John O'Hara's short novel "The Farmers Hotel" were a pair of star-crossed lovers, married, but not to each other who were stranded by a snowstorm in a newly opened inn, a circumstance that led to their destruction. I suppose even Mr. O'Hara might quarrel with that thesis, arguing that the central figure of his book was the inn itself. Nevertheless, without the lovers, he wouldn't have had much of a book.

Somewhere, in translation to television on Robert Montgomery's theater, the emphasis, originally placed

in the lovers, was distributed rather evenly among all Mr. O'Hara's picturesque characters—a tough, hunched truck driver, the innkeeper, his Negro assistant and friend, a couple of brightly painted and hopelessly bemused showgirls, a fast-talking Broadway type who managed the girls, the aged local doctor—each one getting a little more attention than he deserved. This took much of the shape and much of the point out of Mr. O'Hara's novel and also, I think, altered its mood almost beyond recognition.

On the credit side of the ledger, his particular production broke new ground in a number of interesting directions. For one thing, it forced Mr. O'Hara, a non-set owner, to witness a television drama. He's never seen one before. He was very pleased with the production, though he admitted he had no basis for compar-

son. One thing he discovered was that television was a medium of its own, that his book—short as it was—was too long to compress easily into an hour without losing a lot of values. He and Mr. Montgomery are now discussing the possibilities of dramatizing some of his short stories.

Here he's likely to run into the reverse problem. The short stories are probably too short for an hour, would fit more readily into half an hour. Television time limits are awfully arbitrary. No one has yet figured out a way to handle a story that takes twenty minutes—no more, no less—to tell. What do you do with the other ten minutes?

The program was unusual in another respect. It's uncommon though not unique to have novels dramatized on television while still on the best seller list. Generally, the authors keep them off the home screen while they explore more profitable avenues such as the movies. There were some interesting reasons why O'Hara broke this rule. "The Farmers Hotel" was written six years ago as a play which it still strongly resembles. O'Hara then let it lie fallow while he wrote "A Rage To Live" and then rewrote the play into a novel.

The book reviewers instantly decided "The Farmers Hotel" would make a fine play. O'Hara was not entirely convinced. The television production was in the nature of a try-out and, insofar as persuading the author, a successful one. It will be reconverted into a play. This is a new and challenging use for television and a reversal of its usual role as a borrower from the stage.



Apart from Thomas Phipps' adaptation about which I have grave reservations, Mr. Montgomery did well by O'Hara, the cosy cluttered settings especially capturing the particular atmosphere of a farmer's hotel. The camera work, direction and casting all looked as if a lot of meticulous thought had gone into them.

The only complaint I have against this show is that it is still opposite CBS's "Studio One". Both appeal to the same type of audience and this competition among two networks for one audience is a sort of public-b damned attitude which doesn't do them much credit.

Today in Capsule Form

SOMEWHERE in the second hour of NBC-TV's over-touted early morning television program "Today", NBC's Washington man nabbed Admiral William M. Fechteler, chief of Naval Operations, on the steps of the Pentagon.

"Can you give us a pronouncement on the state of the Navy?" inquired the NBC man.

"Well, I don't know," said the Admiral. "When I left it yesterday, it was in great shape."

"Thank you, Admiral Fechteler," said the NBC man heartily.

It wasn't much but it may easily have been the meatiest bit of news on this incredible two-hour comedy of errors perpetrated as a "new kind of television". The fact is, Admiral Fechteler hadn't opened his mail yet. For all he knew, the Navy might quietly have sunk during the night.

Right there lies the weakness of this show, a weakness which should

have been obvious to somebody in the six months it was in preparation. Dave Garroway, a combination of commentator, master of ceremonies, host and entertainer—or, as NBC calls him "communicator"—never tired of telling us that he was surrounded by the most magnificent array of communications equipment ever put into one room. And he was too. Teletypes. Telephones. Television monitors. Telephone machines. Intercoms. Wireless. Everything was all set in case anything was happening anywhere. Nothing was.

"Hello, Ed Haaker in Frankfurt," said Garroway into a phone. "Tell me the news in your part of the world."

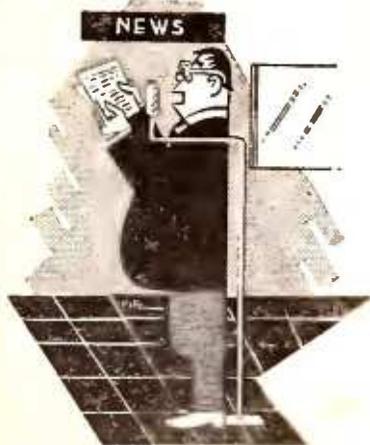
"The big news is the weather," said Haaker, his voice ranging clear as a bell, a triumph of communication over content. "We had our first big storm of the year. We're really chilly."

"You're not alone," said Garroway briskly. "Goodbye, Ed."

What hath God and NBC wrought I kept thinking, and what for? I found out a few minutes later. Garroway got on the phone with Romney Wheeler, the NBC man in London. "All we want you to do is start our next record," said Garroway. (This is a disc jockey show along with everything else.) "I hope it's 'Domino,'" spake the distant voice of Mr. Wheeler. "It's very popular over here." The next record was "Domino". It's a familiar enough tune, but this is probably the first time it has been set in motion by a voice 3,000 miles away. Big deal.

Mr. Garroway wandered from machine to machine, trying hard to make them fulfill their functions. "This is the telephoto machine," he pointed out and asked the operator. "Anything coming in?" "Yes, the 25th Division," said the operator. Garroway tarried a bit, waiting for the 25th Division to spill out. It didn't and he moved away.

Washington swam into view again, a view from the Wardman Park Hotel of cars scurrying along parkways delivering their drivers to work. "We're still waiting for Secretary of the Army Frank Pace—expected any minute," said an offstage voice. He never showed either. So we returned to Garroway seated at his huge horseshoe desk, surrounded by clocks showing what time it was in, say, Tokyo. (Who the hell wants to know what time it is in Tokyo?)



Ends and Means

At one point, on the opening broadcast of NBC-TV's "Today" the cameras caught a glimpse of a passerby, owl-eyed, his nose pressed to the plate glass window on 49th

Street, clearly bewildered by the scurry of activity in the RCA Exhibition Hall where the telecast emanates. Inside, the participants seemed even more bewildered, like passengers in a space ship which has lost its pilot, passengers surrounded by a lot of gleaming dials and instruments whose purpose they didn't comprehend.

"Never before," declared Dave Garroway, the master of ceremonies, "have the facilities to tell people about what is going on in the world been organized as we have them here . . . This is a program with a big idea, a big purpose." Later he said: "You're in the NBC communications center where the news is made in front of you. News is coming in every minute." Said an announcer: "We are in touch with the world." We were promised, in addition to the usual news, time, and weather reports—reviews of books, plays, movies and the latest scientific information.

This is indeed a big idea, a big purpose and for that very reason, the customers have more reason for complaint than they would against a program of smaller ambition. But there is no point at all in having a London correspondent on the phone if he has nothing to say. And these foreign correspondents had very little on their minds. The second day the correspondents were on film. The live Garroway asked questions and got previously transcribed answers.

It seems clear to me that Mr. Garroway, the overseas and national NBC correspondents and James Fleming, who four times in the two hours gives a resume of Page 1 news, are

relying much too heavily on the newspapers and news services, much too little on their own imaginations. Newspapers and news services are geared for the printed page, not for this new and challenging medium whose demands are so different. The same news story—let's say the explosive situation in the Near East—should not be handled entirely on a spot news basis, as it is in the press—waiting, that is, for the riots, the assassination or whatever comes—because when the spot news breaks television will be in no position to cover it. The cameras should be out there now—probing, sifting, analyzing and explaining what might come and, above all, why.

Actually, in spite of this morass of communications equipment, the home audience gets less news and fewer weather reports than it would get in the average early morning radio program. The weather is presented, not locally but nationally, Mr. Garro way talking to a man in the Weather Bureau in Washington and printing the word "Mild" over two-thirds of the country. You could get a more satisfactory report on local conditions by putting your hand out the window.

As for the "reviews of books, plays and movies," it was, on the first show, confined to a highly inadequate interview with Fleur Cowles, author of "Bloody Precedent," a book about the Perons and two bloody predecessors who "ruled and ruined" Argentina 100 years ago. "Tell us about this woman, Evita; is she woman or machine?" asked Mr. Garro way. "She's a steel trap, a power, a machine,"

said Mrs. Cowles, looking mighty spry for so early an hour. "I'm glad she's 4,000 miles away." "Thank you for coming down," said Mr. Garro way and introduced her to Bill Stern.

Mr. Fleming showed us a bunch of out-of-town newspapers flown in from distant spots. "We don't quite know what we're going to do with them," said Mr. Fleming helplessly. "But we'll probe them and see. The publishers think we should." He seemed chiefly impressed by the fact the papers were *there* rather than what was in them. Several times, he invited our admiration to a facsimile copy of "The San Francisco Chronicle," pointing out that the newsboy who would deliver it were still in bed. Nothing was said about what was in "The Chronicle."

Mr. Garro way apologized profusely for "the bugs" in the show—technically it was an atrocity—and I have no doubt they'll work them out. But that won't help much. It seems to me there is a basic lack of understanding of the purpose of communications which is, after all, just a conveyer, not an end in itself. NBC was showing off *big* television, demonstrating how much money it was prepared to spend, how much hoopla could generate. If one-fifth the money spent on cameras and technical crew and long distance phone calls and telephoto machines, had been spent instead on writing, research and editing, NBC might have something of value to say between 7 and 9 every morning.

I ought to add that Mr. Garro way is a very winning, personable and intelligent "communicator"—a tit

NBC had best just forget—and it seems a shame he has nothing to get his teeth into. If he wants a place to sink his teeth, I suggest Sylvester “Pat” Weaver who dealt this mess, who is largely responsible for “the

big television” theory with which NBC is now obsessed and which may wind up squeezing all the common sense and humanity out of NBC television.



WE reproduce below a sharp-eared satire on the bromidic speech of the New York advertising gentry. It is the work of Dick Coffey of *Time*, and was inspired by radio and TV critic, John Crosby, of the *New York Herald Tribune*, who had previously treated the same subject. See Page 183.

Dear Cros:

Copy-wise, we were kicking your column around our shop and while all precincts haven't been heard from, early returns indicate that the brass thinks it comes off.

Theme-wise though, don't you think you were a little blue sky for KC, Mo? If television is people, then newspapers is more so. And you can't expect to hit me where I live if you're sitting around ad alley thinking that outside New York its all Jersey. You gotta check the trade and get out in the field. Or else you're talking to yourself. You're not tuned in on my antenna.

You don't have to buy this, of course, but, I was talking to a guy on the plane from Cincinnati—I realize this is a one man survey—but he says that TV is pricing itself out of the market and money-wise the Big Act is gonna have to go co-op. So TV is not only people, but its give and take.

Why don't you give him a blast on the horn and have him fill you in. He's got some new wrinkles on his pitch—to the surprise of nobody—and just .y.i.—Bolton has had it with us. Couldn't cope. Not at least with the third martini at lunch. Took to falling down too many elevator shafts. Incidentally, this isn't official yet, so I hope you are soundproof.

Didn't mean to fill up the white space like this, but when I caught your piece this morning, I thought I would run off at the mouth a bit. Let's get together for lunch. I may be tied up for the next few months (I'm practically living with the client heading up a task force which is trying to get “Operation Windfall” off the ground out in Denver. Plans haven't been finalized as yet, but am needling the client to firm up, especially since this is the E.P.T. dollar-wise to spend cheap money). I should be free about Labor Day. I'll have my little girl check your little girl.

Think I've covered all the bases, but before putting the wrap-up on this, I'd like to say like Phil Pillsbury:

Best

Richard E (Cof) Coffey



Swing

QUIZ SECTION

COLOR BLIND?

By Norman Daly

The first word in each of the following statements is a COLOR and you are expected to paint in that color. Get out the old paintbox and brush up on your colors. Score yourself 4 points for each correct hue. 52 is average. 80 indicates an artistic flair, and a score of 100—brother, Rembrandt himself couldn't blend these colors that well.

1. _____ HERRING is a subject intended to divert attention from the main question.
2. _____ ELEPHANTS usually present themselves to people suffering from delirium tremens.
3. _____ JOURNALISM refers to cheap, inelegant editorials and policies.
4. _____ GRASS State is a nickname for the State of Kentucky.
5. _____ MOUNTAIN BOYS were a group of Vermont soldiers in the Revolution, organized in 1775 under Ethan Allen to oppose the claims of New York.
6. _____ MARIA is a police wagon in which prisoners are carried to or from jail.
7. _____ JACK is the quarantine flag flown.
8. _____ PAPER of 1939 is a British law prohibiting new Jewish immigration into Palestine.
9. _____ HEART is a decoration received for wounds inflicted during a battle.
10. _____ HEN STATE, a popular nickname for Delaware, is said to have been suggested by a Revolutionary captain who insisted that no fighting cock could be truly game unless the mother was of this color.

11. _____ MEN is a secret society organized in the North of Ireland in 1795 to "defend the reigning sovereign of England and to support the Protestant religion."
12. _____ BOMBER is a nickname given to the former heavy-weight champion, Joe Louis.
13. _____ HAired BOY is another appellation given to a "favorite son." Usually political.
14. _____ BOWL football classics are played annually at Miami, Florida.
15. _____ CROWNS were wreaths of leaves used to crown the victorious gladiators of ancient times.
16. _____ JACK was Gen. John J. Pershing's pet pseudonym during the First World War.
17. _____ LAWS were certain laws of extreme rigor enacted in the early days of Connecticut.
18. _____ KNIGHT OF GERMANY was none other than Manfred von Richthofen, the celebrated German ace of World War I.
19. _____ SOX is as good a name as any to identify the Chicago American baseball team.
20. _____ ERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY is a well known American sleuth shoppe.
21. _____ AND OLD LACE is a term synonymous with the Victorian period.
22. _____ DEM BICYCLES are built for two cyclists, one sitting behind the other.
23. _____ BOWL football classics are played annually at Pasadena, California.
24. _____ BEARD, hero of the story of the same name, is the wolf who married Fatima.
25. _____ MATTER is nerve tissue of the brain and spinal cord and comes in handy solving quizzes such as this.

DO INVENTORS REGISTER WITH YOU?

By Hildegarde Walls Johnson

Most of the changes in our way of life from that of our ancestors, are due to the ingenuity of a few inventors. Below are listed the names of fifteen and the inventions with which they are credited. How many can you identify correctly?

You should recognize at least ten instantly, recall two more after a few minutes' thought, and if you know them all, you are qualified to open a patent office of your own.

Continued Next Page

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| 1. Benjamin Franklin | a. Telephone |
| 2. Elias Howe | b. Cotton gin |
| 3. Robert Fulton | c. Typewriter |
| 4. Charles Goodyear | d. First gasoline automobile to run on a road |
| 5. Ottman Mergenthaler | e. Reaping machine |
| 6. John Stevens | f. Method of vulcanizing rubber |
| 7. Alexander Graham Bell | g. Rocking chair |
| 8. Thomas Blanchard | h. Steamboat |
| 9. Benjamin Chew Tilghman | i. Incandescent light bulb |
| 10. Cyrus McCormick | j. Screw propeller |
| 11. Charles E. Duryea | k. Telegraph |
| 12. Christopher L. Sholes | l. Linotype |
| 13. Eli Whitney | m. Copying lathe |
| 14. Thomas A. Edison | n. Sewing machine |
| 15. Samuel F. B. Morse | o. Process of making paper from wood pulp |

AROUND THE WORLD FOR A SONG

By Maymie R. Krythe

Complete each song title in the right-hand column with the appropriate name from the left. It may surprise you what facility with geographical names you have developed merely by lingering within ear-shot of your favorite disc jockey.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. _____ BLUES | A. SANTA FE |
| 2. ROSE OF _____ | B. DOVER |
| 3. _____ WALTZ | C. KENTUCKY |
| 4. ALONG THE _____ TRAIL | D. ERIN |
| 5. ARE YOU FROM _____? | E. ROCKIES |
| 6. _____ POLKA | F. CAPISTRANO |
| 7. MY OLD _____ HOME | G. RED RIVER |
| 8. I LOVE YOU, _____ | H. DIXIE |
| 9. WHEN IT'S SPRINGTIME IN THE _____ | I. SCOTLAND |
| 10. THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN _____ | J. GREENLAND'S |
| 11. WHEN THE SWALLOWS COME BACK TO _____ | K. ST. LOUIS |
| 12. WHITE CLIFFS OF _____ | L. PARIS |
| 13. CARRY ME BACK TO OLD _____ | M. PENNSYLVANIA |
| 14. _____ VALLEY | N. GEORGIA |
| 15. BLUE BELLS OF _____ | O. SAN ANTONIO |
| 16. COME BACK TO _____ | P. MADRID |
| 17. _____ IN APRIL | Q. CALIFORNIA |
| 18. FROM _____ ICY MOUNTAINS | R. VIRGINIA |
| 19. IN OLD _____ | S. ENGLAND |
| 20. MARCHING THROUGH _____ | T. MISSOURI |

Answers on Page 10

YOU POUR IT

By Norman Daly

You don't have to be a tippler to take this test, and earning a perfect score need not cast any reflections on your sobriety; it merely indicates you're a knowing host or hostess, with a gift for gracious living.

The ingredients of ten popular party beverages are listed below. Into which glass would you pour each concoction?

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| A . . . Champagne.
(Glass No. ____) | G . . . 1/2 lump sugar. Bitters. Ice cube. Rye. Lemon rind. Slice of orange, lemon and a cherry. (Glass No. ____) |
| B . . . Scotch. Ice cube. Soda.
(Glass No. ____) | H . . . Rye. (Glass No. ____) |
| C . . . Vermouth. Gin. Olive.
(Glass No. ____) | I . . . Eggs. Rum. Granulated sugar. Milk. Sweet cream. Rye. Nutmeg.
(Glass No. ____) |
| D . . . Brandy.
(Glass No. ____) | J . . . Benedictine.
(Glass No. ____) |
| E . . . Egg. Powdered sugar. Rum. Hot milk. Brandy. Nutmeg.
(Glass No. ____) | |
| F . . . Port. (Glass No. ____) | |



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10

ANSWERS: SWING QUIZ SECTION

COLOR BLIND	DO INVENTORS REGISTER WITH YOU?	AROUND THE WORLD FOR A SONG	YOU POUR IT
1. RED			A . . . Glass No. 1
2. PINK			B . . . Glass No. 3
3. YELLOW	1 — g	1. K	C . . . Glass No. 5
4. BLUE		2. O	D . . . Glass No. 2
5. GREEN	2 — n	3. T	E . . . Glass No. 7
6. BLACK	3 — h	4. A	F . . . Glass No. 8
7. YELLOW	4 — f	5. H	G . . . Glass No. 6
8. WHITE	5 — l	6. M	H . . . Glass No. 9
9. PURPLE	6 — j	7. C	I . . . Glass No. 4
10. BLUE	7 — a	8. Q	J . . . Glass No. 10
11. ORANGE	8 — m	9. E	Champagne
12. BROWN	9 — o	10. S	Scotch highball
13. WHITE	10 — e	11. F	Martini cocktail
14. ORANGE	11 — d	12. B	Brandy inhaler
15. OLIVE	12 — c	13. R	Tom & Jerry
16. BLACK	13 — b	14. G	Port wine
17. BLUE	14 — i	15. I	Old Fashioned
18. RED	15 — k	16. D	Straight whiskey. Rye, etc.
19. WHITE		17. L	Egg Nog. Yuletide special
20. PINK		18. J	Benedictine. Liqueurs, etc.
21. LAVENDER		19. P	
22. TAN		20. N	
23. ROSE			
24. BLUE			
25. GRAY			



Remember—locomotives don't whistle at railroad crossings to keep up their courage.

A truly educated man is one who can detect sound policy from merely plausible policy.

There's this about television: The more unsuitable the program the quieter it keeps the children.

An Administration official says they are not worried about Big Steel. Looks more like they should worry about poor spelling.

An optimist is a man who believes his wife can drive a 6-foot car through a 10-foot garage doorway.

Hitting the ceiling is the wrong way to get up in the world.

Average child's complaint: Mother overdoes herself overdon'ting me.

Patience may simply be inability to make a decision.

A half truth generally is the worst half.

A man reveals his character more when he tells jokes in private than when he tells them in public.

A chip on the shoulder is one of the heaviest loads that can be carried.

An average father today wears out a pair of shoes while his family is wearing out a set of tires.

K rations stored in Germany since the war have spoiled. Any former G.I. would wonder how they can tell.

There are two occasions when a person ought to keep his mouth shut. When he is swimming and when he's angry.

WHB... LARRY RAY

Kansas City's

Top Sports

Combination

Will Broadcast All 1952

Kansas City Blues Baseball Games

Sponsored by Muehlebach Beer



AT HOME

Date	Team	Broad- cast Time
Wed. Apr. 16	St. Paul	1:45
Thu. Apr. 17	St. Paul	2:00
Fri. Apr. 18	St. Paul	8:15
Sat. Apr. 19	Minneapolis	2:00
Sun. Apr. 20	Minneapolis (2)	1:30
Sun. Apr. 27	Milwaukee	2:00
Mon. Apr. 28	Milwaukee	8:15
Tue. Apr. 29	Milwaukee	8:15
Fri. May 9	Indianapolis	8:15
Sat. May 10	Indianapolis	2:00
Sun. May 11	Indianapolis	2:00
Mon. May 12	Louisville	8:15
Tue. May 13	Louisville	8:15
Wed. May 14	Louisville	2:00
Thu. May 15	Toledo	8:15
Fri. May 16	Toledo	8:15
Sat. May 17	Columbus	8:15
Sun. May 18	Columbus (2)	1:30
Tue. May 20	Minneapolis	8:15
Wed. May 21	Minneapolis	2:00
Thu. May 22	St. Paul	8:15
Fri. May 23	St. Paul	8:15
Thu. May 29	Milwaukee	8:15
Fri. May 30	Milwaukee (2)	1:30

AWAY

Date	Team	Broad- cast Time
Tue. Apr. 22	Minneapolis	8:15
Wed. Apr. 23	Minneapolis	8:15
Thu. Apr. 24	St. Paul	2:00
Fri. Apr. 25	St. Paul	2:00
Thu. May 1	Louisville	8:15
Fri. May 2	Louisville	8:15
Sat. May 3	Indianapolis	8:15
Sun. May 4	Indianapolis (2)	1:30
Mon. May 5	Toledo	8:15
Tue. May 6	Toledo	8:15
Wed. May 7	Columbus	8:15
Thu. May 8	Columbus	8:15
Sat. May 24	Minneapolis	3:00
Sun. May 25	Minneapolis (2)	2:00
Mon. May 26	St. Paul	8:15
Tue. May 27	St. Paul	8:15
Wed. May 28	St. Paul	8:15



(2) Indicates doubleheader
(For balance of schedule see June issue).



Catch
Larry Ray's Nightly
Sports Round-Up
Monday through Friday
6:15 p.m.

LIKE AN ICEBERG, most of Radio's use by national and regional advertisers is not visible to the observer. The hidden part is SPOT RADIO. Advertisers this year will spend more than \$135,000,000 on Radio Spot Announcements. In terms both of dollars and volume of advertising, Spot Radio is probably the country's largest advertising medium. Using 1935-39 as the base period of 100, in 1951, Spot Radio had an index of 591, compared with Newspapers 263, Magazines 356, Outdoor 269. In one week in February of this year more than 100 new Spot Campaigns were put into the works.

Minute announcements are in constant demand, with Newscasts still the hottest programs in the National Spot Market. With its famed "Musical Clock" program of sparkling wake-up music, time-signals, news, market and weather reports, WHB traditionally holds the lion's share of the Kansas City Market-land audience.

WHEN advertising in the Kansas City area, remember that Radio, the Old Reliable, is infallibly the mass medium that reaches the most people for the least money. And WHB—the listener's best bet, is the advertisers' best buy.

WHB

Your Favorite Neighbor

10,000 watts in Kansas City
710 on your dial

DON DAVIS, President

JOHN T. SCHILLING,
General Manager

MUTUAL BROADCASTING
SYSTEM



The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

*Client Service
Representatives*

ED DENNIS
ED BIRR
WIN JOHNSTON
JACK SAMPSON