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WHB 30th ANNIVERSARY

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GOOD BOSS?
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25c

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas



Listeners Swing to WHB BIG-SEVEN FOOTBALL -

PLAY-BY-PLAY BY LARRY RAY

Sat., Sept. 20—T.C.U. vs. K.U. at Lawrence
Sat., Sept. 27—Santa Clara vs. K.U. at Lawrence
Sat., Oct. 4—Colo. U. vs. K.U. at Lawrence
Sat., Oct. 11—S.M.U. vs. M.U. at Columbia
Sat., Oct. 18—Okla. U. vs. K.U. at Lawrence
Sat., Oct. 25—K.U. vs. S.M.U. at Dallas
Sat., Nov. 1—K.U. vs. K. State at Manhattan
Sat., Nov. 8—Nebr. U. vs. K.U. at Lawrence
Sat., Nov. 15—M.U. vs. Okla. U. at Norman
Sat., Nov. 22—K.U. vs. M.U. at Columbia

BIG-SEVEN BASKETBALL - 19

Pre-Season Tournament—Kansas City

Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday

December 26, 27, 29 and 30, 19

Dec. 18—Texas Christian vs. M.U. at Columbia

Dec. 19—Southern Methodist vs. K.U. at Lawrence

Dec. 20—NAIB Holiday Finals

Regular Season — Big-Seven Conference

(Games to be chosen from this schedule)

Mon., Jan. 5, Kansas at Norman, Iowa
Columbia, Nebraska at Boulder.

Sat., Jan. 10, Missouri at Norman, Kansas

Mon., Jan. 12, Colorado at Norman, Kansas
Lincoln.

Sat., Jan. 17, Iowa State at Lincoln, Missouri
Boulder, Kansas State at Lawrence.

Mon., Jan. 19, Missouri at Lincoln.

Tues., Jan. 20, Kansas at Boulder.

Sat., Jan. 24, Kansas State at Columbia.

Sat., Jan. 31, Iowa State at Manhattan.

Mon., Feb. 2, Iowa State at Norman.

Sat., Feb. 7, Colorado at Ames, Kansas
Lincoln, Missouri at Lawrence.

Mon., Feb. 9, Kansas State at Ames, Colorado
Lincoln.

Tues., Feb. 10, Oklahoma at Lawrence.

Sat., Feb. 14, Oklahoma at Manhattan, Kansas
at Lawrence, Colorado at Columbia.

Mon., Feb. 16, Missouri at Ames, Nebraska
Norman.

Tues., Feb. 17, Kansas at Manhattan.

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

Monday through Friday

4:45 p.m.—News and
Sports—Dick Smith

6:15 p.m.—Larry Ray's
Sports Round-Up

10:00 p.m.—News—
Sports—Weather



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KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

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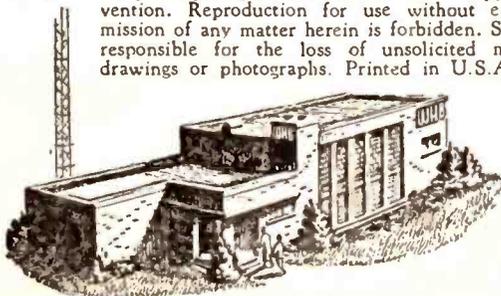
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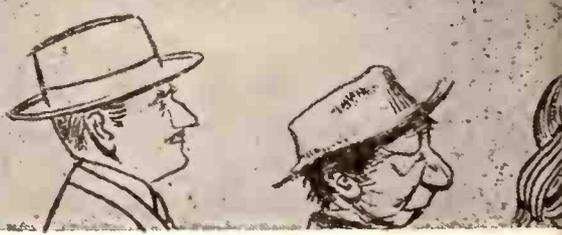
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MY BOUT WITH THE BUDGET



Can a wife save more by putting money or fruit into canning jars? You may find the answer here.

by AGNES KEMPTON

IT'S sweet of them to be so helpful, I thought, when married friends and relatives covered me over with the saccharine syrup of guidance and advice. I was, at that time, in the last month of financial irresponsibility as a single woman, vaguely aware of being immersed in a whirlpool of confusion, but too happy to protect myself. "We all operate our homes on a budget," they told me. "It is very essential, my dear—budget."

"Money dribbles away so easily if one doesn't plug up the leaks. A budget will pin-point the leaks."



I listened and agreed; it was all so straight, so simple. They were experts giving me the benefit of their wisdom.

"What's that?" my husband, Joe, asked when I came home from town shortly after we were married lugging a giant ledger.

"All married couples nowadays operate their homes on a budget," I replied loftily. "We have to use a ledger so the figures will balance."

"But we're not running a corporation," Joe protested. "We have only one pay-check to cover the expenses for the month. You have enough paper there to take over the bookkeeping of General Motors."

"Well, we want to go about this in a business-like way," I retaliated with quiet authority. I lifted my pen thoughtfully and began inscribing a heading on the first page.

Beside ordinary expenses such as groceries, recreation and medical, Joe and "Myself" were allotted pin money. It wasn't satisfactory to let "Miscellaneous" stand alone. It had to be split five different ways. It was the same with "Repairs." There were funds for house repairs, auto repairs, furniture repairs, electric appliance repairs and sundry. Thirty different funds in all! One thing was certain, I would reap much praise from my counsellors.

The next day I began rapturously to label fruit jars. Joe came in as I was emptying some strawberries into a bowl. He looked about him in consternation, searching for the key to what was going on before exposing himself with a question. "Don't we have two boxes of fresh strawberries

in the refrigerator?" he finally asked in a most casual manner.

I nodded. "But we have to start some time eating the things Mother canned. And today is a very advantageous time," I replied seizing a jar of pickles.

At last I had all my jars ready. My husband watched while I stripped the bottom cupboard of its contents. "Isn't it going to be rather unhandy having all your dishes and glassware on the top shelf?" Still casually.

"It's more important that we have the money handy. We'll be using it oftener than the dishes."

"It seems to me," said Joe, finally rising to peevishness, "that this budget is taking up an awful lot of space. I hope there will be room enough for all of us in the house by the time you're through."

"You should be glad I'm so efficient." It was all right not to take Joe's objections seriously, and it was clear he had several, because I knew that the system would win his approval as soon as I had it working smoothly. However, after two months had passed I began to wonder if the time would ever come.

I SOON enough discovered that shopping was going to be a problem. I didn't, of course, want any of the funds to become mixed.

Groceries, as any housewife will agree, are the top-ranking expenditure. Grocery money, therefore, took possession of my billfold. When downtown, though, on a general shopping tour, it would be necessary to carry a half-dozen other funds along.

The only solution, it seemed, was to buy some little coin purses—each

of a different color. Pin money could be blue; gifts, red; household, green, and so on.

The first purchase happened to be a pair of scissors. I found some nice ones on the display counter and handed them to the sales girl with a crisp, business-like air, and then delved into the black abyss of my old black suede bag for the little black purse which contained "Sewing." I couldn't find it. The clerk came to attention slipping on her money-taking posture, as my hand flailed inside the bag, finally emerging with a little green purse.

I dumped it into my coat pocket grinning, and went to work again among the contents of the suede bag. "If at first you don't succeed . . ." I blurted, reddening in self-consciousness. The clerk showed not the slightest crinkle of a smile. She stared stonily; but I could see understanding in her face; she had reached an understanding with herself.

"I have other customers waiting for service," she said with all the charm of a water moccasin. I rummaged now in a cold frenzy, and luck was with me—out came the black purse. I withdrew a dollar bill and held it out.

Then suddenly I was overcome with doubt. I hesitated. A scissors would be used for other purposes than sewing. The clerk sniffed. "Really, madame, I can't wait all day. Are you going to part with that dollar or not?"

"No!" I decided. I pulled the bill away from her outstretched fingers, and she nearly lost her balance. A scissors would have a great many uses.

The money should really be taken out of "Household."

I started fumbling in my purse again, and the cluster of waiting customers started to emit sounds of annoyance. They cleared their throat; they clinked money against the glass case; they dropped merchandise on the floor. It had the ominous effect of an approaching storm. At last I poured the innards of the bag on the counter. When I placed a dollar triumphantly in the clerk's hand, a spontaneous cry of relief went up around me and echoed from the structure walls.

THERE were other embarrassing moments. Many times, on the verge of a purchase, I would realize with a start that I had no appropriate fund to cover such an expenditure. Every month, in fact, saw the addition of new funds to those already in existence. I opened more strawberry and pickle jars. And we soon had four jars sitting on the bottom shelves of our cupboard.

Each day my funds got more and more out of control. Indeed, they were soon multiplying so rapidly that I was quite helpless—like the optimist who buys one rabbit for a pet, only to find himself in the business.

The cokes I sometimes have as an afternoon refresher are just one example of this. I didn't know exactly which fund should supply these nickels and dimes. For a time I took them out of groceries. However, my conscience was never satisfied, so I started taking cokes out of recreation. Being still ill at ease with the matter I established a "Coke" fund.

Of course, the establishment of these new funds constituted a drain on those already going. It cut the distribution of money rather thin. Some of the jars accumulated quite a tidy amount of change while others were empty at the time.

Aunt Hildegard's birthday present, I remember, was two months overdue by the time I got it off in the mail. Her birthday falls in December unfortunately, and Christmas shopping had sorely depleted "Gifts." We just had to wait until the fund built up again to squeeze out a hand-kerchief. Then there was the time I had to attend my cousin's baby shower empty-handed. The invitation came unexpectedly, and I'd already bought no shower presents that month.

I tended my funds with all the care he bestows on a new-born baby. But in spite of this, the budget would be hopelessly balled up by the end of each month. It often happened, right in the middle of a shopping tour, that one or more of my funds would expire. And this caused the trouble. For it necessitated borrowing from some other purse. Well, by the time I'd made very many purchases, my mind would be panting like a race horse, and it tried to keep pace with the exchange of money. And it was quite evident, from the chaotic state of the monthly budget, and the sea of crumpled paper that covered the library floor most of the time, that I was losing the race.

WHEN one day fate pitched me a mean curve. And since it caught me in a weakened brain condition, I could do nothing but stand helplessly

by while the whole budget went down under a gigantic landslide.

When my husband returned from work that Saturday afternoon, I was curled up on the davenport reading a murder mystery. Moreover, I detected no portent of impending disaster in Joe's hurried kiss, his rapid strides toward the kitchen. However, when he failed to reappear after two chapters, I did experience a vague stirring of uneasiness. I read on for another half-hour, but Joe's absence was beginning to get on my nerves. Finally the suspense became so great that, even as murder was about to strike, I cast the book aside and hastened to the kitchen.

I thought I would faint at the sight which met my eyes. Horrified, I stared at the empty fruit jars and mounds of coins scattered the length of the drain board. And right on the spot, with his hands buried in the loot, stood the man I had taken for better or worse.

"Wha—what is the meaning of this?" I stammered.

But my husband had turned into a grim-eyed, tight-lipped stranger. Without glancing around, he continued sifting money through his fingers.

"The transmission on the car has gone out," he said evenly.

"But look what you're doing!" I cried. "You're mixing up all my funds."

"The car needs a new transmission. It will cost in the neighborhood of \$150.00. Maybe you don't realize it but the prices of car repairs are pretty

well set. They don't adapt themselves to family budgets."

I knew the odds were against me. When Joe disappeared through the door, I stared bleakly at the scatter of empty fruit jars. It hardly seemed worth the effort to start again. I might get my system working smoothly in a year or two. But it would be a pretty risky undertaking when there were such menaces as broken-down transmissions lurking around the corner.

Well, the fruit jars could always be used for strawberries and pickles. Other fruits and vegetables too. Why, when you stopped to think about it, the possibilities were unlimited. And extensive canning was a splendid way,

I'd been told by friends and relatives of saving money. My mind began to buzz like a rocket ship. My hand scrambled in a drawer for a pen. Let's see, there were corn, beans, carrots . . .

I wasn't quite sure how much more could be saved by a large canning program, but at the end of an hour I had invested \$200.00 in fruit jars, new fruit cupboards and a complete sprinkling system for our enlarged garden. I hadn't really expected my calculations to swell to \$200.00. Still, if I could spend \$150.00 for a mere automobile part, \$200.00 seemed a normal enough sum to put into such a vast, money-saving project. I began happily to wash fruit jars.

Agnes Kempton is a secretary for a small steamship company in her native Portland, Oregon. Business is slow and she has time to write, mostly for denominational and juvenile magazines. Her work has appeared in the Christian Science Monitor, Child Life, Family Digest, Children's Playmate, St. Joseph, Magnificat and the Canadian Home Journal. Mrs. Kempton is the mother of two children, a boy 9, and a baby girl. She likes to bowl, play golf and canasta; she is former secretary of the Portland Manuscript Club.



One month not long ago my wife made a real effort to balance her checkbook. Instead of throwing away her canceled checks as she usually does, she matched them with her stubs. After one whole Sunday morning she handed me four sheets of typewritten figures with items and costs sitting neatly in their respective columns. I checked her total with the bank statement—and it balanced! Then out of curiosity, I went over her list of items: Milkman—\$11.25; Cleaner's—\$4.60; and so forth. Everything was clear except for one item reading E. S. P.—\$24.56.

"What does E. S. P. mean?" I asked warily.

"Error Some Place," she answered.

"And now, gentlemen," continued the congressman, "I want to tax your money . . ."

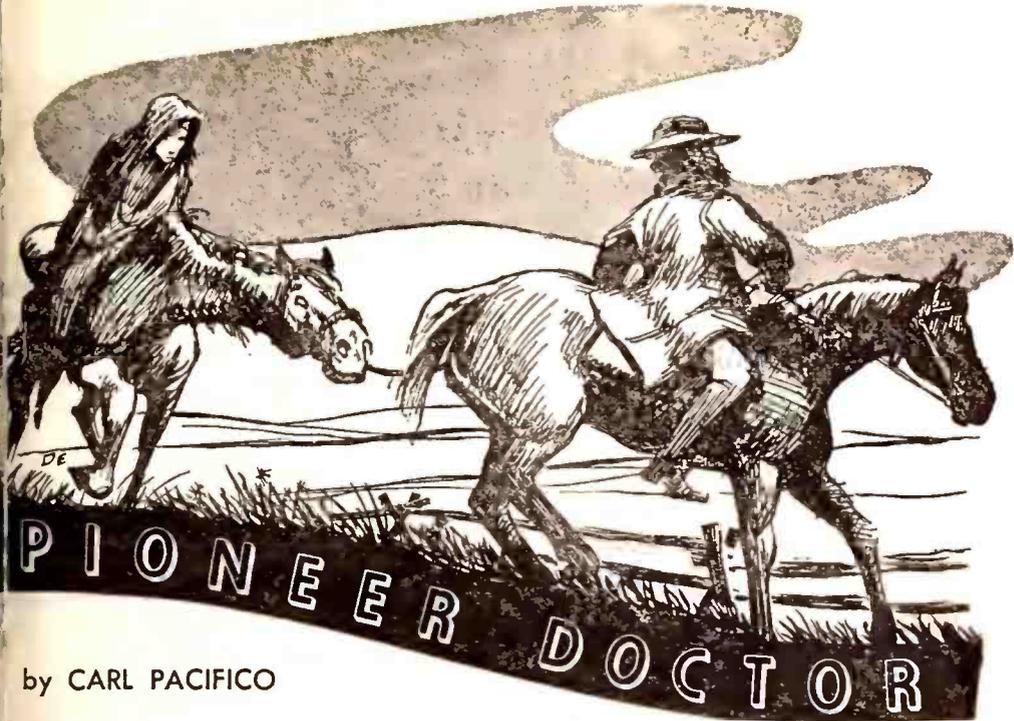
"Good heavens," muttered his colleague, "why didn't we think of that before!"



A building must be 36 stories or higher to qualify as a skyscraper. New York has over 40, while there are only 20 scattered through other cities of the nation.



The handset telephone is really "tailored to fit your face". Bell Telephone Laboratories measured the faces of 4,000 persons to get the correct "average" distance between the mouthpiece and the receiver.



by CARL PACIFICO

on faith and a steady hand opened the way for the multitudinous forms of modern abdominal surgery from appendectomies to Caesarean births.

IN the state capitol building of Kentucky there are only three statues. One of these is the statue of Andrew Jackson. A second statue honors Henry Clay, orator, senator and perennial Presidential candidate. The third is of Ephraim McDowell.

It would be heart-warming to be able to say that Ephraim McDowell earned the right to such distinguished company because the neighbors to whom he devoted his life—whom he tended and healed—loved and appreciated him. Actually, the honor was presented with a sense of shame for the treatment accorded his great work during his lifetime.

There is no doubt that Ephraim McDowell was worthy of this distinction. Countless lives have been saved

as a result of the very action that led many of his contemporaries to hate and fear him. Though the name of Ephraim McDowell is practically unknown outside the medical field, a man's success must be measured not only by the heights he reaches, but by the obstacles he must overcome to achieve his goal. Ephraim McDowell had more than his share of obstacles. He had to contend with ignorance, stupidity and fear.

The events leading to McDowell's ordeal for fame began simply enough. In 1809, in the semi-wilderness that was then Kentucky, a farmer's wife believed herself pregnant.

It had happened five times before and she knew the symptoms. As the months passed and she found herself

growing larger than was normal, she was assured by her doctor that the problem was nothing more than that of bearing twins. But as the allotted time drew near, arrived and passed with no delivery, it was finally apparent that something was seriously wrong. As was customary when a problem was beyond the knowledge of the local doctor, a summons went to the only available expert, Dr. Ephraim McDowell, who, true to the tradition of country doctors everywhere, traveled sixty miles on horseback to examine the patient.

Dr. McDowell was at that time 38 years old and a pillar of conventional society. He had the advantage of an education in Scotland at the University of Edinburgh, and although he had not completed the course, his training so far surpassed that of his contemporaries that he was by far the best known and most respected doctor west of the Appalachians. McDowell had married well, the daughter of the governor of the state, and she helped him emerge from his rustic background to become a distinguished and important member of Kentucky society. He was one of the founders of the Episcopal Church in his city, and contributed generously to charity and to the poor. As was customary, the money was obtained by charging stiff fees where they could be well afforded.

The practice of medicine, however, was not a business to Ephraim McDowell, but a high and holy office. His mission was to heal; his goal, a useful life. He was a good, practical doctor; but to his friends and colleagues, there was nothing in me-

thodical, rustic McDowell which suggested fame. Surely this trip in December 1809 was just another routine visit into the backwoods of Kentucky.

But this was no routine trip. It took Dr. McDowell only a few minutes to discover that the farm woman was carrying not a foetus but a tumor. It took him only slightly longer to make a most important decision.

MEDICAL opinion of that day was unanimous in the belief that any attempt to pierce the stomach wall would lead to certain death of the patient by peritonitis. This belief was so strong that no physician would risk his reputation by attempting such an operation. None would even risk a conflicting opinion! Nevertheless, since it was certain that the patient would die if the operation were not performed, Dr. McDowell decided to stake his reputation in an attempt to save this woman's life. He told her that she had a tumor and could, at best, look forward to about two years of lingering life. With her permission he would operate; but she must know that the best doctors in the world were sure that the operation would end in her death. This brave woman, Jane Todd Crawford, preferred a chance at life, or at least a quarter of death, to months of torture. And in the middle of winter, she rode on horseback the sixty miles to the doctor's house in Danville.

It was a rough ride in more ways than one, and for the doctor as well as the patient. The indignant local doctor saw to that. The story spread like wildfire throughout the county side, and soon practically every-

agreed that McDowell was a potential murderer. Everywhere his party stopped Mrs. Crawford was received with kindness and sympathy, but McDowell was greeted with aggressive suspicion. Only his great prestige prevented the populace from ending the endeavor before it began.

The operation was to be performed on a Sunday in late December, and in preparation for the event the Doctor pored over all the inadequate medical books then available, fixing in his mind the position of every muscle in the abdomen. For this difficult operation he expected the skilled help of his nephew, Dr. James McDowell. However, the increasingly ugly mood of the townspeople was too much for the young man. It was obvious that the slightest excuse would push the crowd beyond the talking stage, and plenty of impactus was being pro-

vided by rival doctors and the town minister. The young man, by no means certain that his uncle was right and all other doctors wrong, became frightened at the possible consequences and withdrew, leaving Ephraim McDowell with only a poorly trained assistant.

There was no hospital in the area; so that it was necessary to use the doctor's home for the operation. For an operating table, a long, wooden table was used. The surgeon had no spotless white gown but wore street clothes, coat off, vest snugly buttoned, shirtsleeves rolled up to the elbow. Knowledge of infection lay in the future, hence there was no gleaming sterilizer spouting steam into the room. Only a clean dinner napkin on which to lay the relatively primitive instruments! Most terrible of all, since this occurred long before the discovery of anesthetics, Mrs. Crawford was obliged to grit her teeth, bite her lips and sing hymns or recite psalms to dull the pain.

Shortly before the operation was to begin, Dr. James McDowell appeared, having conquered his fears enough to want to assist in the dangerous work. He was welcomed gratefully, as his training made him invaluable for the task at hand.

Unfortunately, the time chosen for the operation was not a favorable one. The minister that morning had chosen this operation as the subject of his sermon. In condemning the "murder" that was to take place, he fired the townspeople into action. They surged from church determined to prevent the slaughter, and reached the house just as the operation was to begin.



C.R.Q.

"Watch your step, please."

Some of them tried to smash down the door of the house, but the sheriff and some of the doctor's friends fought them off. That did not end the threat, however, as a rope was swung over the limb of a nearby tree so that Dr. McDowell could be properly rewarded should the operation fail.

This must have been indeed a moment of decision for Dr. McDowell. He had so little to gain and so much to lose. The operation could still be cancelled. After all, even if he were successful, what did it matter to all but a few people if this obscure farm woman lived or died? Yet if he failed, as there seemed every likelihood he would, it would cost him more than his reputation. It was certain that even if he were not lynched, he would be found guilty of murder by a coroner's jury. He had a wife and children to consider.

Dr. McDowell made his decision by handing his nephew the knife and indicating where the incision should be made.

The operation proceeded smoothly. A large pedunculated cystic tumor of one ovary was found. The tube was tied off, the cyst opened and evacuated and completely removed. The incision was sealed, and Mrs. Crawford, forty-seven years old at the time, was given thirty-two additional years of life. The way was opened for the multi-

tudinous forms of modern abdominal surgery from appendectomies to Cesarean births.

Although the operation was successful, the world was not yet ready to hail the work of Ephraim McDowell. The townspeople never completely forgave him. The ignorant ran the road in fear when they saw him coming. Many closed their doors against him. His practice fell off, and only the patronage of a few friends prevented his reduction to poverty.

A man's success is not measured in dollars and cents. There was no profession; surely the medical field would recognize the value of his work and honor him properly. Not that Dr. McDowell was seeking honors. He wrote a brief report, full of grammatical errors, not to obtain credit for work but to provide a basis on which other lives could be saved.

McDowell's report was received with laughter and scorn. The best medical minds in the world had "proved," in theory, that the operation was impossible. And if it could be done at all, it certainly could not be performed by a backwoods doctor who couldn't even report on it properly. It was all a huge joke.

They regretted their words eventually, but it took a long time. Although the first operation was performed in 1809, it was not until

▲

On an island in a river between Canada and America, is where you'll find the Pacifico of Grosse Isle, Michigan. Grosse Isle is a charming spot of land with about 4,000 residents living in a closely-knit, spirited community, in whose many group activities Carl and his young family love to participate. In his job, Mr. Pacifico directs the development of new markets for his company's chemical products. Writing and gardening are active hobbies, and he has just finished the first two chapters of the forthcoming "Handbook of Chemical Business."

827, after the operation had been successfully completed on several patients, that Ephraim McDowell was finally vindicated.

It was even later before the people of Kentucky decided that a great

wrong had been done to one of the most worthy of her native sons. They decided to do what they could to set it right by erecting his statue—the first statue of a medical man to be dedicated in the United States.



Just home from his first train ride a small boy was telling a friend about his new life's ambition. He wanted to grow up to be a railroad conductor. "But couldn't you rather be an engineer and give the train?" his friend asked.

"No, siree," he said in a positive tone. "The conductor gets to carry home all the comic books kids leave on the train."

In the heart of the Ozarks a man who had lost his way inquired of a native, "Am I on the road for Kansas City?"

"Well," the native answered, "not exactly. That road just moseys along for a piece, then it turns into a hog trail, then a squirrel track and finally runs up a scrub pine and ends in a knothole."

Buffaloes Delighted

IN THE 1860's, maintenance men of the overland telegraph line were kept in irksome and almost daily labor re-erecting telegraph poles toppled over on their march across the treeless expanse of western prairie. Early it had been discovered that the vandals were bison coming from great distances to use the poles for scratching posts. The ponderous, lurching animals would rub their shaggy hides until the poles snapped and the lines dragged the prairie level. Mile upon mile of wire was thus laid low every week, and the continuity of communication became a major problem.

On one occasion the company sent to St. Louis, the nearest hardware center, for all the bradawls that could be purchased. The poles were to be fitted with the long chisel edges, and it was hoped, the assaults on company property would be repelled. Never was a greater mistake made. The buffaloes were delighted.

For thereafter, they came to the scratch sure of a sensation thrilling from horn to tail. The earth shook and the dust swirled from battles fought for position next to the metal. The victors would rub themselves into bliss until the bradawls broke and the poles came down.

There was no further demand for bradawls after the first invoice, and the certainty of telegraphic communication in the west was assured only when the bison was wiped from the face of the free range.

Matthew Cawthorne

He is his most urbane self as with the familiarity born of long acquaintance he reaches into the cupboard and pulls down the bottle. You are indeed among the—

Friends of the Drunk

by ELEANOR MEYER



IT is considered lamentable taste to refer to the drunk as the drunk. "Alcoholic" is in current usage and it sounds far better. But there comes a time when only the old and naked word really covers the situation. Consequently I am talking about the drunk.

I feel sorry for his wife. I feel sorry for his children, and he usually has some, and for all the other relatives whose lives he shadows. I feel sorry for the employers whom he encounters along the way, or the employees who fall in his path. But recently I've come to feel most sorry for those who are the friends of the drunk.

There is an infinite variety of grief in store for those of us who cannot

find it in our hearts to cast off the old friend who has become such a problem. It is one thing to become embroiled in difficult situations because of people met casually along the way, people whose charm and abilities cannot compensate for the chaotic confusion they create. It is quite another to teeter on social tight wires because of old and beloved friends who gained access to our deepest affection in happier days.

So let it be understood at the outset that one cannot solve the problem by closing his door or by looking in the other direction.

If you number among your friends someone who cannot drink without becoming a social nightmare, y

know the endless maneuvering and plotting that is demanded to keep even the most simple situation under control. There cannot be a second's relaxation. Unless your efforts are concentrated on keeping him happy without too many refills, he'll find a thousand astonishingly clever ways to ferret out the bottle for a series of jolts.

Over and over again the same sorry pattern is repeated. Now *this* time, we'll offer everyone sherry or a highball before dinner, and with dinner served promptly there simply won't be time for more than two drinks before the meal is on the table.

Good hot food works miracles. Everyone will get up from the table in no mood for further drinks until much later in the evening. If we linger long enough over coffee and liqueur (and who ever heard of *anyone* getting drunk on liqueur?) there won't be time for more than two stiff drinks in the hour before departure.

With most people this is a schedule so overwhelmingly reasonable and foolproof that the entire evening *does* fall into the preconceived outline. But not when the drunk is among your invited guests. *Not then.*

In the forepart of the evening he behaves very well indeed. His two berries or two highballs are consumed lowly and appreciatively. You breathe a sigh of relief. Dinner is coming up and everything is fine.

Everything remains fine until the second cup of coffee and the second glass of liqueur are downed. Then the drunk finds it necessary to go to the kitchen for a glass of water.

No, not a living soul can wait on him—he'll just go by himself.

You tag along apprehensively. You stand and smile helplessly while he opens the cupboard door with the familiarity born of long friendship and takes down the bottle. He becomes his most urbane and socially responsible self as he unscrews the cap and pours himself a stiff one. He defies you by the very suavity of his manner to make one hesitant gesture. All of the tactful words, all of the severe words die on your tongue. You stand frozen as the evening's ruin begins.

THERE are other trips to the kitchen. After the third, there is no explanation involving a drink of water. No one offers to go with him as a watchdog, for everyone is dedicated henceforth to the proposition that he get out of your house without starting a fight or breaking any of your furniture, and that he not be allowed to drive his own car home.

At what moment the wife of a drunk realizes that her husband is a drunk is something that no one can answer, not even the woman in question. But his friends know, and in no uncertain terms.

They debate for a long time as to whether they should "take it up" with Sally or just keep still. Eventually keeping still leads to such complications that they decide to take it up. For their interest, their genuine desire to help, they are regarded with outraged emotion and noticeable coolness thereafter. Things are never again quite the same.

YOUR relations with the drunk himself haven't changed, however, not one iota; and how could they when

he doesn't even admit that a problem exists? In some melancholy moment he may concede that he shouldn't drink quite so much, and it's to you, his friend, he turns when Sally gets tiresome and nags about it. These confidences leave you sitting in an exquisitely uncomfortable spot.

If you pluck up your courage and tackle him with the reality of his behavior, he will accuse you of taking away his last refuge. Furthermore, he will even act upon his conviction and disappear from your ken for weeks on end. During those weeks you get reports of incidents so grievous that you regret ever having said a word that would drive him from the comparative safety of your company.

For a long, long time my husband and I have battled with the problem of Mac, an immensely competent architect who has been a truly good friend to us for many years. We can remember when Mac didn't drink to excess, when the happiest times we had were pot-luck suppers with him, his wife and children; gay, carefree picnics; occasional trips to the nearest city to do something special; and good long winter evenings of bridge when we kept a season's score and the losers paid with some extraordinary junket. That's the way it used to be—and it meant a great deal to us.

These days we spend a lot of time plotting complex paths around the most trivial situations. Shall we hide our one bottle of whiskey under a box in the storeroom or under the laundry tubs in the basement? He's located it when we hid it in the linen drawers, the vegetable bin and, the single most unlikely place in the

world, the children's cookie jar. It's a hot afternoon and we'd enjoy some beer, but do we dare get more than six cans? Or shall we invite him to meet two old friends, a decorator and an architect, when they arrive for a brief visit from the West Coast? He'll be mortally hurt if we don't for he is the one logical person to ask

But how can we once again sit in agonized verbosity as he returns from one last fatal trip to the kitchen and smashes over the coffee table? How are we to find new words to explain his incredibly insulting belligerence to these unsuspecting guests who have no way of reconciling such behavior with the stimulating personality whom they met earlier in the evening?

These problems, and a dozen more like them, are the problems we have come to know so well. There are many people who still believe strongly that birds of a feather flock together. If one consorts with a drunk the inevitable conclusion is that he has found his level. Water seeks its own, too, you know! Such clichés translated into attitudes give rise to difficulties that are virtually impossible to explain.

It doesn't help matters that accidents do happen with such appalling frequency to drunks. Sooner or later one is bound to find himself impaled on a situation that simply cannot be clarified satisfactorily.

It has never enhanced our reputation, for instance, that Mac drove his car into a telephone pole one night after he left our home in a wild fury because we had pleaded with him not to drive. We were terrifyingly sobbing but we might as well have been roaring.

ing drunk with him as far as the town talk was concerned.



THERE is another penalty those of us pay who are friends of the drunk.

Never again for us, in his presence, will it be possible to relax with a drink. We can't afford to sit back and enjoy ourselves quietly and discreetly. Nor can we even sit down for an innocent glass of beer without first drawing the drapery and locking the doors, for at any moment he may drop in and make his amiable way to the

refrigerator to begin another debacle.

The happy picnics we once knew are all a thing of the past. Every encounter is fraught with tension for we must keep a sharp eye out always for the potential trouble that is brewing, must try frantically to think of some new way to circumvent the pitfalls that are lying in wait.

The Macs of this world are legion, and I feel sorry for all who are their friends. But memory is persistent, and it summons up a veritable cloud of recollections. The Macs have loaned us money when times were tough. They've brought us the perfect, beyond-our-own-pocket gifts when they returned from trips. They've entertained our murderously boring relatives far beyond the call of duty. They've said the good word when it mattered. In short . . . they've been friends, in the Biblical sense of the word.



I THINK I'll start a crusade for the reformation of reformers. I am fully persuaded that our besetting sin, as people, is neither intemperance nor grafting, but plain pretense. . . . We are not frank and honest with ourselves nor with each other. . . . The disposition to cheapen and adulterate and get the start of our fellows by Number Six Bluff and Guff is the universal habit of Church and State. . . . We are copper cents trying to pass for half-dollars.

My suggestion is that for a whole year we let the heathen rest, resign all public work in the Personal Purity League, and declare a vacation in the W.C.T.U. . . . Then let each man and woman set a guard over his own spirit and try to be greater than he who taketh a city. . . . In other words, just do our work and practise the old, plain, simple virtues of gentleness, charity and honesty, doing unto others as we would be done by. . . . By this method we should not have to talk so much and do so much and could think and rest, and dream and love. . . . Stop this violent running to and fro, and be simple and honest—only for a year! And then possibly at the end of that time we could sit in the presence of each other and be silent without being uncomfortable.

Let us try being gentle in our judgments—just kind—and see if we can't reform more wrongs than by going after folks who have made mistakes, with come-alongs and the loud ballyhoo and a brass-plated bazoo. Let us be kind—something the world has never really tried.

—Elbert Hubbard

The Spirit of Freedom

An average American community is North Mankato, Minnesota, a town of 4,792 inhabitants. Its residents work in the stores and small factories across the Minnesota River at Mankato.

In 1951, muddy flood waters of the river spilled into the streets and level lawns of North Mankato. The damage was reckoned at \$1.5 million.

The residents knew that such a flood would come again. Something had to be done. The big questions were: how should it be done, and who should do it?

The easiest way out would be to get help from Washington. Thus the cost of providing flood protection for North Mankato would be distributed over the nation.

Another way was for the community to pay the cost itself. It could be done quicker locally handled, but the financial burden would be great. This course was decided upon.

A \$60,000 bond issue was floated, and a 25 foot flood wall was built along the river bank—no federal help; no state help; only the backing of the people of North Mankato.

Came the spring thaw and the rains of April, 1952. The Minnesota River rose again. Across the river, the muddy waters once more coursed the streets of Mankato.

The people of North Mankato kept a close watch on their wall. Was it high enough? Was it strong enough? The river rose faster than it had the year before. Mayor Howard Wollam took no chances. He ordered workers to build up the wall one more foot. It would cost another \$40,000, but there was no time to ponder the problem.

The river crested at 24.6 feet this year, and North Mankato remained dry. But it had a bill for \$40,000 on its hands.

Another bond issue? A citizens committee was told that the interest would come to \$9 000. How else could the money be obtained?

Then the community went into action.

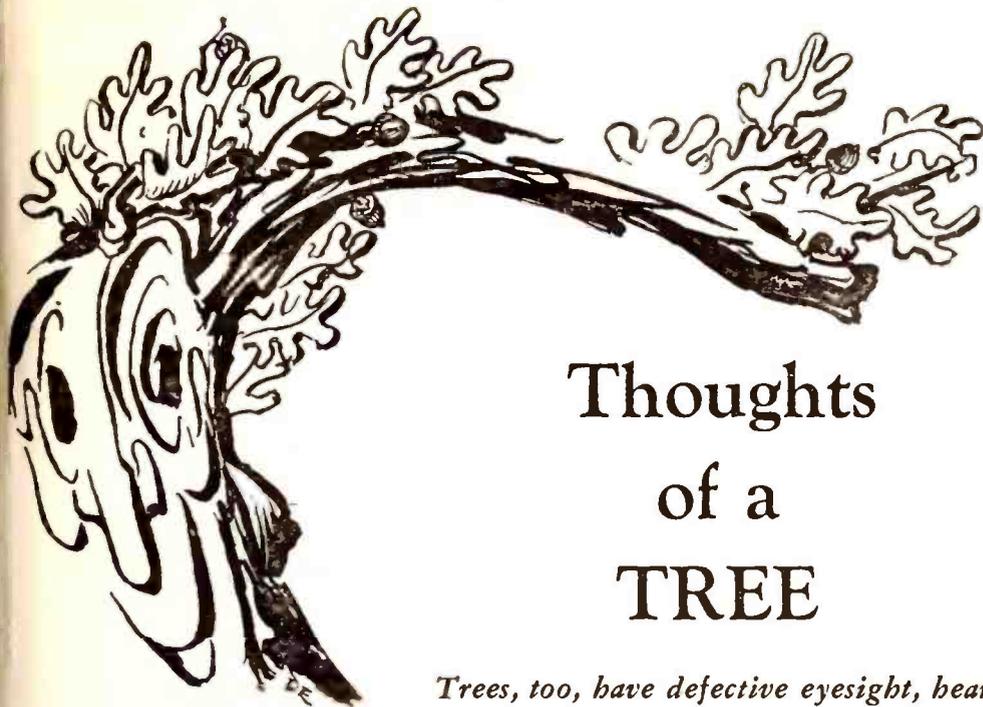
One Monday night it was decided that the residents of North Mankato would be tapped for \$40,000 the next evening between 7 p.m. and 11 p.m. Everyone was asked to stay at home. Each family's share would be \$20.

On the night of the collection, the streets were virtually deserted save for the volunteer solicitors. The first contributions were turned in shortly after 7 p.m. By 9:30, the people of North Mankato had chipped in more than \$43 000. Only 12 families out of more than 1,700 failed to contribute.

North Mankato has its flood wall. It is no longer worried about the Minnesota River. Some of the extra money collected is being used to install pumps and to surface the wall. Across the river, Mankato residents are a little sheepish about the panic of sandbagging they underwent in a vain effort to keep the flood out of their city.

Too few of us stop to realize that no government can give anything. What is a "gift" to one section is a tax burden on another. When we begin to expect someone else to pay our bills and to cushion the shocks of adversity, then we have taken a long step toward the loss of our independence.

*From the Washington Report—bulletin
of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce*



Thoughts of a TREE

Trees, too, have defective eyesight, heart trouble and nervous breakdowns.

by IOLA KIMBALL SMITH

ONLY GOD can make a tree. Did He grant more than life to those superlative creations? Did He give them the power to think, to feel friendship and to know the greatness of love? There have been and are many famous trees and among them is the majestic Hooker Oak of California. Those who go to see it may disbelieve that it could be a thousand years old; could cover eight thousand people beneath its mighty shade; or that just an oak tree trunk would have a circumference of twenty-eight feet. But only a moment under its huge boughs and a strange awe steals over one, the cathedric feeling of being in a "presence." This patriarch seems withdrawn and circumspect, as if it had drawn its

sublimating them to the higher and more spiritual things of life. One can almost feel the thoughts of this tree.

Science has found that even the lowliest plant can "think," can have emotions. These men of learning have in their cool laboratory experiments often come across such manifestations.

How can one look at the famous Hooker Oak, knowing it has lived over ten centuries, and not feel a deep love for it; not feel that here is something that lives; an entity that thinks—that it has lived through the centuries by the will of God and the gift He gave it in a beating heart—perhaps rudimentary but still a heart?

That it has this vital force, was proved by the late Professor J. C. Bose, physicist and plant psycholo-

gist of Calcutta, India. Many theories had been advanced as to how the sap of a tree is drawn upward from its roots. Some thought the respiration of water from the leaves caused a vacuum that drew up the sap, others that it was due to osmosis, while others inclined to the capillary action theory where the sap is drawn up like water or oil in a wick. But these hypotheses weren't quite satisfactory, particularly where the taller trees were concerned, yet science ignored the possibility that a tree might have a heart. Then Professor Bose, in his experiments with electric probes, found that trees do have hearts along with circulatory systems. That located in the slimy layer between the bark and the hard wood which is the tree's skeleton, are steadily pulsating cells that do the work of the heart, driving the sap upward. He showed that rough handling of the tree could cause the heart to beat faster, could even cause the tree's collapse.

This great educator discovered also that plants have nerves and show a supersensitiveness to light. The mimosa will droop at a touch. Some acacia leaves will fold in sleep even though the sun be obscured by clouds only a few moments. A house plant registered the passing of a wisp of cloud on the professor's apparatus. He had not noticed the difference and had to go outside to see what was affecting the plant.

For proof that a tree can see, one has only to consider the research of Gottlieb Haberlandt, Austrian botanist, and a pioneer in plant psychology and anatomy. He worked on the sensitivity of plants to external stim-

uli. He showed that many cells the leaves are lens-shaped. They feel the light as in the human eye. They know night from day, and sleep the dark hours. They can move of their own volition independent of the wind. Some leaves are violently affected by too strong or cold a winter become too aroused to sleep and often do not settle down until two or three nights later.



Trees can be rendered as unresponsive under ether as a person. A tree is equally muddled under a hazy atmosphere. Too much and the plant dies. Actual records have been made of their death spasms. Professor Bose made the plants keep a record on smoked glass plates. Then he gave the plant chloroform, enough to bring it to a condition where no amount of violence showed any nerve reaction. The line on the smoked glass remained straight. Then suddenly there was a violent discharge and the line shot up high and then came straight again. The plant was collapsed and could not be revived.

If a tree can be so responsive, how can we doubt that it can experience the exquisite tender emotions, and even differentiate between those it loves and those to whom it is ir-

rent; or that these emotions can change in the age of a tree?

WE find trees of all ages as individual as man and we respond to them in the same way. It is easy to love the old pepper tree with its squat comfortable trunk and its lacy foliage that hangs down like a veil from heaven. Most of us in the Southwest are interested in the madrono and the manzanita, whose colorful tones in variances from terra cotta to chocolate is amazing. One of the largest trees of this species is the Alma Madrona. Probably a seedling at the time of Christ, its trunk measures over 32 feet around, a measurement unprecedented in this slow-growing tree type. One's love for this tree is akin to sorrow, for it is obvious that the tree is dying. It was old in the days of the early California explorers and mission fathers. General Fremont and a motley array of trappers, Indians and soldiers rested under its beautiful shade. But its huge limbs look tired, although it wished the bees hadn't honeycombed its lower branches, but if it had no objection to the wild bees that nest in its top boughs. It has been crippled by fire that has left a great wound in its trunk. The tree is a known love, but because its mighty roots take up all the moisture that its grandchildren cannot grow very close, it is lonely, with no further will to live.

Fame comes to some trees as it does to man, having it thrust upon them, as with the Hooker Oak and the Alma Madrona, while others make their own fame. And as man must overcome his handicaps, often reaching stellar heights in life because of, or in spite of his disabilities, so these arboreals do the same.

The McCubbin manna gum, a eucalyptus growing in Southern California, is a living example of this. It was planted in 1889 after having been left in a barn overnight in a box with a hundred other seedlings among which a hen decided to make her nest. She laid an egg in the box, but not before she had scratched out nearly all of the seedlings and threshed the tops off the rest. The McCubbin gum was among the latter. Despite its decapitation, it grew to be a large and beautiful tree.

In the Horticultural Hall in Philadelphia is an old Sago Palm dating from 1776. The tree is said to have belonged to Robert Morris, the financier of the American Revolution. The plant is really a cycad and no palm at all, and has grown to the height of only a little more than seven feet, taking more than a century and a half to do it. During the middle of the eighteenth century, France and England were at War. The English East Indiaman on which the cycad happened to be was overtaken by a French ship which sent a

Lola Kimball Smith lives but a bridge length from San Francisco, in Oakland. Typing and writing about botanical subjects is her consuming hobby, and from her travels, her nearness to the northern California woodlands, and her naturally fruitful mind, she develops ideas in such abundance that she cannot find time to put them all in paper. Mrs. Smith, a Canadian by birth, is a grandmother at 36, and the great granddaughter of one of the founders of the Mormon movement in Utah under Brigham Young.

shot over her, lopping the top off. Robert Morris later planted the tree, and it finally grew two heads where only one had been before. In its old age it is to be admired for its steadfastness and persistence.

Most trees have this tenacity for life, and most go it alone, unlike flowers, many of which need support. If a tree finds it is veering too far from the perpendicular, it sends out huge buttresses, though often just a thickening of the bark gives it the balance it needs. The sacred fig of India, known as the banyan tree, sends out aerial roots which finally become multiple trunks. In Calcutta there is a banyan tree whose central trunk is over fifty feet around, with about two hundred progressive trunks. In an Indian river sets an island on which is a banyan with 350 primary

trunks and 3,000 smaller ones.

The cypress is another that stands alone, and even though the wind inclines it oftentimes to angles almost horizontal with the earth, it keeps good grip with its strong roots. The Greeks carved their statues out of cypress, and laws were graven on tablets of cypress because it was considered as enduring as brass. Michaelangelo planted two cypresses that are still living in Rome. In Lombardy is another that is thought to have been planted about the time of Christ.

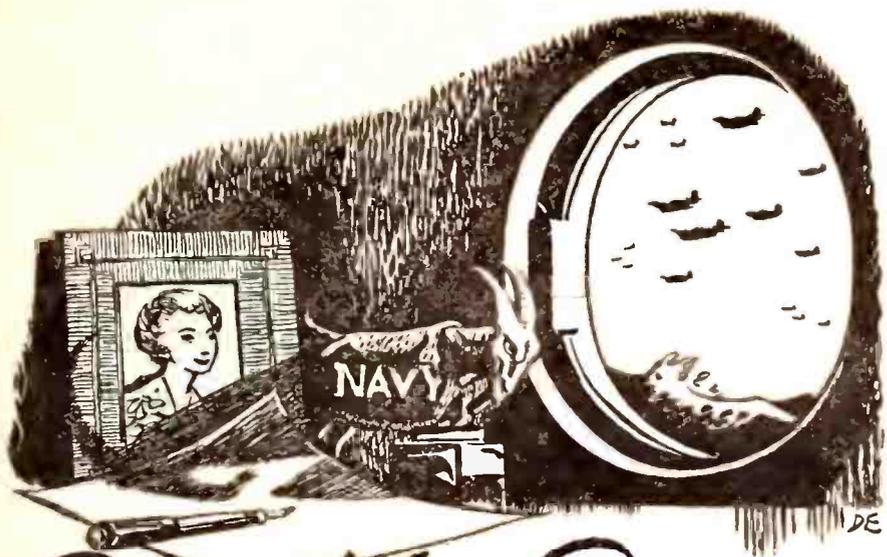
Ancient trees are the only living connections between ourselves and our descendants, and peoples who lived many centuries ago. If we could read their thoughts, even as we have come to learn that they have had and great sensitivity, what a wealth of information would be ours!



Politics

POLITICS is something we deplore even more than we do the weather. And we do even less about it . . . For science is making intensive study of weather . . . Some day we may really be able to line the clouds with silver . . . Or with tin foil, at least . . . But we've never consistently tried to control the storms of racketeering, or disperse the fogs of deceit that spoil the political climate . . . It's up to you and me . . . A country does get the kind of politics and politicians that its citizens will tolerate . . . All of us should try to be the kind of American that Abe Lincoln was: fair, square, tolerant and just—all the time, with no exceptions for petty personal advantage. The foregoing sentence may sound trite—but the trouble is, it's never been tried . . . For when all citizens insist and practice complete honesty, decency and fair play, then politics will reflect those qualities.

—Roscoe Pe



Dear Mr. Conway

Writing a letter of sympathy came hard to a young flier who had learned to express himself by action.

by JOE BELL

OLSON stirred restlessly in his stateroom. The stateroom was dark, and the faint ray of light that crept in beneath the closed door made him blink. He wondered vaguely where he had been asleep. The steady creak of the carrier as it nosed its way through Korean waters, a motion which had again become an integral part of his life these past few months, suddenly irritated him.

He got up on one elbow, peered out the darkened room, then said softly, "Dan?" There was no answer. Olson rolled to his stomach and crept over the edge of his bed into the bunk beneath him. It was empty.

Dan wasn't back yet. Probably in the wardroom playing cards.

Olson's glance wandered about the small, compact room and focused on a clipping and letter which lay open on his desk. He jumped down, switched on a tiny lamp, and sat down at the desk. He stared at the clipping. It was a good likeness of Ed. The same carefree, almost cocky, smile, the army hat pushed to the back of his head. Olson picked up the clipping and read it slowly to himself, pronouncing each word.

"Local Officer Killed," said the caption. "Mrs. Jean Conway today received word from the War Depart-

ment that her husband, Capt. Edward Conway, Jr., has been killed in action in Korea. Capt. Conway, attached to the 25th Infantry Division, was . . ."

Olson dropped the clipping and picked up his mother's letter which had accompanied it. He read it again, as if seeking some assurance that might mitigate the finality of the newspaper clipping.

"Dear Ray,

This is terrible news to be sending you, but I knew you would find out, and thought you would rather have it from me. The clipping tells all that we know. We've been with Eddie's parents this evening, and they're taking it as well as could be expected. I haven't seen Jean, and won't try to intrude on her grief.

"In the midst of his bereavement, Mr. Conway asked about you, Ray. He loves you, you know, almost as much as he did his own son. Write him, Ray, please write him, as soon as you are able . . ."

Olson toyed with the envelope, sliding it back and forth through his fingers as his mind bridged the months and years. It seemed only yesterday that Ed had laughed at Olson's recall to active duty, to find his own orders awaiting him a few days later. It had never been funny to Olson. Things were different now from those days ten years ago when he left college to join the Navy. There were new responsibilities, a new family of his own making. Ed had a family, too . . .

Olson sighed, opened his desk drawer, and picked out his pen and a sheet of paper. He wrote slowly,

"April 15, 1952," and paused to survey his work. He started to write "Dear Mr. Conway," but hesitated, pen in air, seeing the greeting in his mind's eye as he sought for words to express himself further. But his inspiration had left him completely.

Then suddenly, wonderfully, light came streaming into the room. Dan stood framed in the doorway.

"Whatcha doing, Ray?" he asked. "We've got a poker game started in the wardroom. We need you."

Olson looked at his roommate soberly. He hesitated so long that Dan impatiently said, "Well?"

"I don't think so," said Olson reflectively. "I don't think I feel much like playing poker."

Dan hesitated in the doorway.

"Come on," he pleaded, "it's early and we need one more player. Eat a drink, and be merry, you know."

Olson shuddered. "No," he said decisively, "not tonight."

"Okay," replied Dan, disappearing "if that's the way you want it . . ."

Once again silence pervaded the room. Resolutely Olson forced his attention back to the letter before him. "Dear Mr. Conway." He must put that down. But how could he put in words the thoughts that raced through his mind? The sense of loss he felt.

DIMLY he heard the clink of change in the wardroom. Almost unconsciously he pushed some coins that lay on his desk into the center of the table as if he were feeding a poker pot.

Angrily he kicked back his chair. He was conscious of a deep sense of hurt. He wanted companionship. He stalked from his room, felt his way down the narrow corridor, lurching

with the roll of the ship, and burst into the wardroom. He approached the poker table and watched the play.

Someone said, "Pull up a chair, Olson, there's a seat open."

Silently Olson found a chair and brought a handful of chips. But he found it difficult to concentrate on the cards. Something was distracting him. His attention centered on a player across the table who was methodically, continuously rolling chips between his fingers as he played. Ed had always rolled his chips the same way.

"Do you have to do that, Callahan?" Olson was startled at the harshness in his own voice, and felt immediately abashed. He pushed his chips in front of Dan and got up.

"I think I'll check out, if you don't mind," he said. "I don't feel so good."

As he left the table, he was dimly conscious of Callahan saying, "What the hell's eating him tonight?"

He wandered aimlessly about the wardroom, becoming increasingly irritated with himself and with the occupants. He tried to read, gave it up, finally decided to return to his room.

Without realizing it, he hoped that somehow that blank sheet of paper which he had left on his desk would be gone when he returned. It wasn't. It was just as white, just as barren. And it still said, "April 15, 1952." Nothing more.

Olson wasn't sleepy, but he made a conscious effort to go to sleep. He tried to crowd from his mind the

troubled thoughts that swept over him. Ed, Jean, their baby, his own wife and son, the morning's mission, his Panther which waited silently on the hangar deck to be pushed aloft in the morning.

At last Olson fell into a restless slumber. The sliver of light still seeped in beneath the door, moving up and down with the gentle roll of the ship.

OLSON was awakened by a hand, prodding gently at him.

"It's time, sir," said a voice.

Olson sat up in his bunk, stretched, said, "Okay, I'm awake," and dangled his feet over the side.

Apologetically, the voice said, "I haven't been able to wake Mr. Korman."

"All right," yawned Olson, "I'll get him up."

The shadowy figure opened the door, stepped into the passageway, and closed the door behind him. Olson jumped down to the floor. He kicked Dan, hard, several times on the rump. Experience had taught him that gentleness would never awaken Dan Korman.

Dan struggled to wakefulness, yawned lugubriously, said, "Not already?" and dropped his feet to the floor.

They dressed in silence. Even Dan was sobered before these early morning take-offs. Olson was dressed and ready for breakfast while Dan was still rummaging through his locker in search of his flight gear. Olson

Joe Bell is Director of Public Relations for the Portland Cement Association of Chicago. He is a recent graduate of the University of Missouri School of Journalism, married and has three fine children. Joe's hobbies are any kind of sport, flying, Abe Lincoln and, of course, writing. He will tackle any writing subject that contains a salable idea. And what is a salable idea? Ask Joe.

opened the door and said over his shoulder, "I'll see you at breakfast."

Faintly, from the depths of the locker, he heard Dan say, "Roger."

Overhead, airplane engines began to roar into life.

DAN KORMAN pushed open the door of his room, trudged slowly inside. His face showed an intense, almost terrible fatigue. He shuffled across the floor and slumped wearily down on his bunk. There he tugged at his helmet, pulled it off, and threw it over to his desk where it fell with a loud clatter as the goggles struck the metal table.

Dan stared across the room as Olson had the night before. His glance stopped at Olson's desk, paused over the picture of Olson's wife and son which was enshrined there, and went hurriedly on. For several moments he didn't move, then he got painfully to

his feet, walked to Olson's locker, and opened it. He removed all the remaining flight gear, stuffed it into his own locker, shut the door, and locked it. Then he began, aimlessly, to wander about the room. Once he stopped at the bunks, touched the worn creases in Olson's mattress gingerly, almost caressingly.

He went to Olson's desk, and surveyed the contents. His eye was drawn to the sheet of writing paper which lay there. It said, "April 14, 1952."

Dan stared, fascinated, at the writing, then slowly he sat down at the desk and removed a pen from the drawer. Laboriously he began writing "Dear Mr. Olson . . ."

Overhead the last plane had landed and the only sound was the trundling of the elevator as it plied its course to the hangar deck.

▲

The advertising director of a big department store in New York City was talking with one of her young girl copywriters, a recently graduated Phi Beta Kappa.

"I'll never marry," the girl confided, "unless I can marry another Phi Beta Kappa."

The director, no Phi Beta herself, intimated that such a course seemed just a trace snobbish.

"Oh, it isn't that at all," said the younger woman, "I want two keys in the family so I can wear them as earrings."

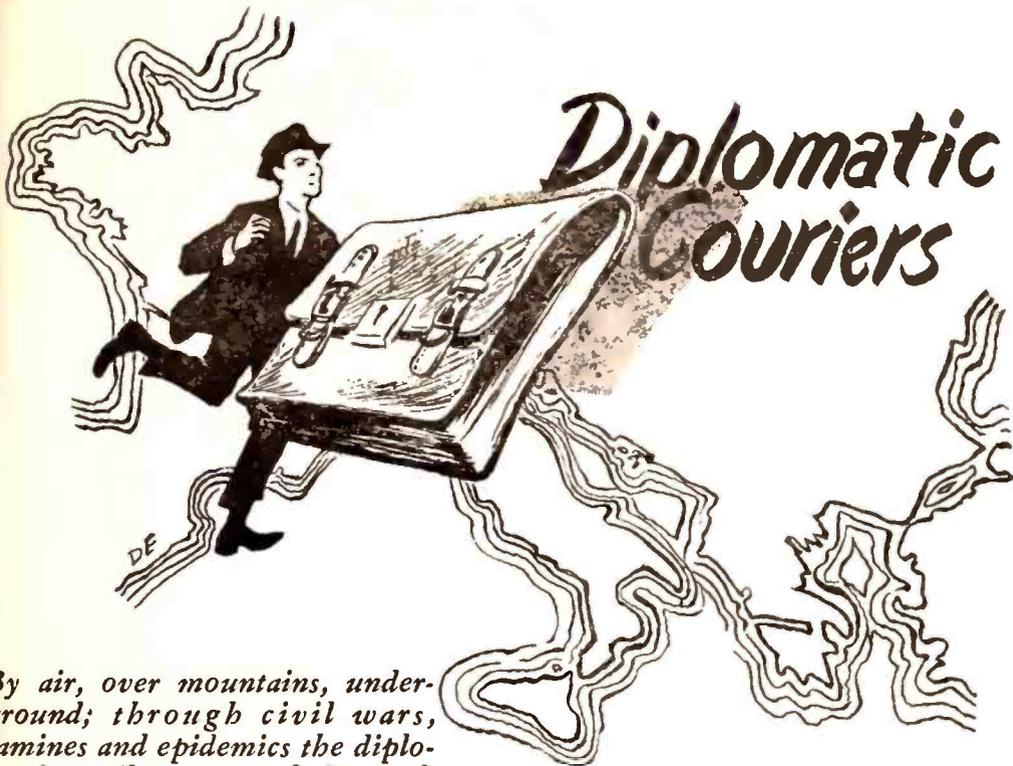
▲

Psychologists say an hysterical girl is most effectively quieted by a firm kiss, but they don't say how to get them hysterical.



Lloyd Baker

"You'd better take the vibrator back, Harold, I can't feel a thing."



Diplomatic Couriers

By air, over mountains, underground; through civil wars, famines and epidemics the diplomatic mail must reach its goal.

By JAMES L. HARTE

NO MATA HARI attempts to waylay and seduce them. No sinister Fu Manchu characters lurk in the shadows plotting to steal their pouches. Such are but the inventions of fiction writers who deal in suspense. Nevertheless, the small band of diplomatic couriers, less than 100, who carry Uncle Sam's official, top secret mail to our approximately 300 diplomatic outposts scattered around the world are the unsung heroes of the Department of State, and of the nation.

The average courier looks like a young college man, tired, perhaps, and unexciting, not at all in the image of the cloak-and-dagger courier of film or novel. He is a young man

just out of college and the courier job is the threshold to a diplomatic career. Tired and travel-weary he frequently is, for he averages between 200,000 and 250,000 miles a year, mostly by air. His hours are uncertain, and he may be on the go for days with but intermittent rest.

Take the case of Horton Telford, one of the more unusual in State Department annals. Telford left Berne, Switzerland, in 1940, with pouches of diplomatic mail for delivery to the American Embassy in Istanbul. He flew to Rome, first leg of a scheduled flight that would take him next to Athens, thence to Istanbul. But he landed in Rome just as Italy had declared war on Greece, automatically ending air travel to Athens.

Telford managed to get from Rome to Venice by train, and by further

rail travel to Belgrade, Yugoslavia. Another train got him as far as the Yugoslav-Greece frontier, but rail travel over the border had been halted. American dollars helped him hire several porters to assist in transporting the five 60-pound pouches in his charge. Leading this *safari*, the courier walked 20 miles over mountainous, guerrilla-infested Greek territory to the town of Quevali. Italian planes strafed them on the way, and at Quevali the porters deserted.

The courier finally managed to board a Greek train that was daring the trip from Quevali to Athens, and temporarily unburdened himself of his mailbags. Along the way, the train was frequently strafed by Italian airmen, and the hysterical passengers denounced Telford as being responsible. Greek guards arrested him as a spy, but he proved his identity and reached Athens without further incident.

There Telford hired a car to take him to the Turkish frontier. The car bogged down on a muddy road and an ox-cart was commandeered for the slow journey to the border. He reached a border rail station at long last and flagged down the Sofia-Istanbul express, taking him to the Turkish metropolis. Telford was near complete exhaustion when he reached Istanbul, but the mail got through.

THE story of Horton Telford shows typically the great sense of loyalty and devotion to duty inspired by the courier service. But the incident is the exception rather than the rule. Yet, as the 90-odd diplomatic couriers travel about 11,000,000 miles yearly, even the ordinary runs can become hazard-

ous. Of the total yearly mileage, almost 10,000,000 is by air, using American commercial and military airline and foreign lines. The balance is by rail, with odd miles here and there by whatever transportation the courier finds available to complete his appointed rounds.

Technically, the courier's task is to carry the pouches with their secret content between stations. He is met on arrival by a representative of the local U. S. Embassy who, after a mandatory exchange of credentials even though each may be well known to the other, takes charge of the bags. The courier then waits for an assignment back in the direction from whence he came. It may be immediate or, if he is lucky, it may be in a day or two and he can relax for a change.

AN ORDINARY run, like the South American schedule on which John Powell flew, can erupt into the unexpected and dangerous at any time. Powell, in April, 1948, landed at the Bogota, Colombia, airport expecting to be met by the Embassy official assigned to receive his mailbags. But a revolution had gotten under way and instead of being met by officials, Powell was met by gunfire from snipers secreted about the deserted air field.

The pouches had to be delivered to the American Embassy, several miles distant in downtown Bogota. Powell began to walk, the snipers still throwing lead at him. Burdened by the weight of his pouches, gasping for breath in the thin air of the Andes, he staggered on. Rioting raged all around him and, as he neared the protection

of the Embassy, three of the revolutionists attacked him with knives and machetes. He kept on, falling finally through the doors of the Embassy, unhit by the snipers but bleeding from a dozens stab wounds in arms, neck and stomach. He dumped his sacks to the floor before the Ambassador and his attaches and, as he fell atop the pouches, gasped, "May I have a receipt, Sir?"

Powell was hospitalized and recovered.

CLIMATE, weather, and foreign food are sometimes more hazardous than wars and revolutions. Dave McMurray, now a U. S. Infantry Captain, recalls that as a courier he was laid low in Brazil with a siege of dysentery that had him hospitalized for weeks. Some runs offer freezing weather and others the opposite extreme of enervating heat. Storms wreak their havoc, but, although a score or more couriers have suffered injury in accident, only three have lost their lives in plane crashes in the past ten years. Considering the total amount of air travel over the period, the record is remarkable. "Still," avers Captain McMurray, "when you look

back on your service, you wonder where the glamor was."

Perhaps the movies and the fiction thrillers, romanticizing as they do, provide the influence. For the State Department reports that its Diplomatic Courier Service receives from four to five hundred job applications yearly. Through promotion or loss, less than a dozen vacancies occur on a year's average, and so the waiting list remains long. Recently, applications have shown an increase and Department officials believe it is because applicants expect to enter a field where derring-do and intrigue against the Communist threat is rampant.

Actually, Uncle Sam's couriers make regular trips to Russia and other of the Iron Curtain countries, unmolested, unthreatened, and unspied upon, just as the Soviet couriers who make regular trips to Washington, D. C., and other democratic capitals. There has never been an untoward incident in this exchange; no incidents have ever been recorded in all the Service annals of spies and thefts of top secret mail. Each country respects the other, knowing full well that to commit any crime upon a courier of another nation would bring retaliation in kind.



Jim Harte admits he has only one real hobby—his twelve-year-old-son, who leaves him time for no other. Young James LeRoy wants to grow up to be "a newspaper man like my daddy." We hope Swing will be as good a market for him as it is for his daddy too. Jim Harte, of Washington, D. C., is one of the oldest and most consistent contributors on the Swing roster of fine authors. Jim has a half dozen books to his credit, and his writing runs the gamut of poetry, through the pulps, biography and mystery, to ghost writing medical articles for physicians. Jim's first job, at 8 years, was as editor of a children's page in a Sunday paper. He still maintains his newspaper connection—through the Washington Post.



Alaska's Baby Airlift

The U. S. Air Force in Alaska packs a surprising one-two punch. It can deliver either bombs or babies.

by K. G. HAMPTON

THE TENTH AIR Rescue Squadron of the Alaskan Air Command is an Air Force unit devoted to the search and rescue of military personnel in Alaska. But as no American would hesitate to help a human being in need, the 10th has come to the aid of hundreds of civilians who live in the roadless expanse of Alaska's remote regions. These true accounts of civilian rescue missions are but a small part of their 24-hour vigil, a never-ceasing operation in the Arctic.



A CROWD of pilots and airmen waited quietly on the icy ramp of the 10th Air Rescue hangar, heads tilted back, staring at the heavy fog

that hung a few hundred feet above the runway. The still, frozen air was broken only by the drone of a C-47 as it circled slowly over the field.

A crew chief walked over to a block of wood used to brace the wheels of parked aircraft, sat down, and shook his head.

"I sure wouldn't want to be in Combs' shoes about now."

"He's been through worse things than this," a radio operator replied, "remember that crack-up out on Point Possession?"

"Yeah. But that isn't like delivering a baby!" the crew chief said.

It was hot in the rear compartment of the C-47. Sergeant Combs' hands trembled as he tore open a first aid kit and handed it to the nurse. A lot of rescue missions in Alaska, but none quite like watching little Sally Easau, an Alaskan native girl, as she brought a son into the world.

The rescue plane that had picked

up Sally at Nenana, Alaska, had almost reached civilization when the baby decided to be born. Gladys Coghill, Nenana nurse, had been carefully watching Sally when the first grimace of pain distorted her face. She whispered to Sgt. Combs. Racing up to the pilot's compartment, he shouted.

"Stay in the air—we're havin' a baby back here!"

Major Gordon Bradburn, the pilot, turned to the co-pilot.

"Lieutenant, you'd better go and see if you can help."

Lt. Schliep grasped the wheel tighter and said, "Not me, Brad, I'll fly—you go on back." Both of them turned to Sgt. Combs and he paled a little.

"Okay, okay," Combs yelled, as he whirled and ran back to the nurse, grabbing a first aid kit as he left.

Ten, fifteen, thirty minutes the plane circled slowly and steadily while the miracle of birth took place.

Finally, Major Bradburn heard an excited yell from Sgt. Combs coupled with the faint coughing cry of a baby.

"Take her down, Major, and add one man to the crew list!"

Smiles came slowly over the faces of Sally, the nurse, and the three-man crew of the C-47. One more mission accomplished, and one brand-new Alaskan—airborne, if you please.

LONG experience has made the 10th ingenious at improvising emergency equipment.

Not long ago a call came in from a tiny railroad station at Birchwood, Alaska, that a premature baby had been born to a sergeant and his wife

vacationing in a trailer nearby. Within twenty minutes a familiar little red-winged mercy plane had landed on a tiny sod strip nearly overgrown with brush. When the pilot and flight surgeon entered the trailer, they found distraught parents watching their tiny new-born daughter fight for life, the infant already turning blue with cold.

Immediately the flight surgeon, Captain Alexander Peat, applied oxygen, while the pilot constructed a makeshift crib from a clean cardboard box, soft blankets, and hot water bottles from the flight surgeon's kit. As the little girl slowly began to breathe easily, the doctor looked to the needs of the mother. Then the baby was carried in the box to the aircraft and flown to safety by Lt. Stanley Klir. Turning the baby over to a nurse at the hospital, the doctor breathed a sigh of relief.

"That was a close one," he said, "that baby wouldn't have lived 24 hours."

Tipping the scales at a mere 3 lbs. 2 ozs., the baby had set a new record for the 10th as the smallest patient to owe its life to the rescue flyers.

BUT the baby rescue that occurred on Christmas, 1948, still has the old-timers remembering it as the one to top them all.

Enroute to Anchorage, Alaska, a civilian airliner was slowly battling driving snow and winds of 70 knots when it was forced down on a small frozen lake on Point Possession, about 20 miles from its destination.

The SOS that came to 10th Air Rescue operations stated that a landing had been successful, but a woman

passenger was an expectant mother and needed a doctor's care.

In spite of the weather, a rescue helicopter with a flight surgeon aboard started for the scene. High winds tearing at the small craft blew the nose glass out of the 'copter during the flight. Finally the craft reached the stricken airliner, but once on the ground, the pilot saw the return trip would be too perilous to attempt—with the desperate woman and a damaged plane.

Once again the 10th sent out a crew, this time in a small ski-equipped Norseman, which too made a successful landing on the lake.

After the patient was loaded aboard, the Norseman took off into the storm, headed for Anchorage. Barely out, the Norseman was forced by weather to return to the shelter of the lake.

Since no further attempts could be made that night, the young woman was bedded down in the airliner.

The next morning the storm was still raging too severely for the Norseman to take off with the patient for Anchorage. Another attempt by a rescue helicopter to reach the tiny lake was thwarted by weather.

Time clearly was growing short for the woman to reach a hospital. The 'copter pilot decided to attempt the flight with his damaged plane. Patient aboard, the helicopter took off. Slowly, flying ten feet above the ground, the little plane carried its precious cargo to safety.

A few hours later, the tired rescue crews received word that a little girl had been born. By the men of the

10th, she was christened "Stormy" and the child's mother was given a written account of the mission that resulted in her rescue.

BABIES aren't new to Alaska's famous 10th Air Rescue Squadron. Since 1946, when the squadron was organized, they have gone far beyond their assignment of military search and rescue in the Territory. Under the command of a veteran Alaskan flyer, Colonel Pat Arnold, they have often brought the means of life and survival to tiny isolated communities where air transportation is the only link with civilization.

Unlike the other Air Rescue Service units in the States, the 10th is called upon for rescues which would be done by civilian land rescue teams in the U. S. A hunter with a broken leg, a sick child in a remote fishing village, or an old sourdough trapper with a frozen foot—all are emergencies that bring rescue planes out into the sub-zero winters of the Arctic.

Day or night, the work of the 10th goes on, doing the job of search and rescue of military personnel, but ever ready and willing to assist the stork. The pilots and crews whose routine work is saving lives have endeared themselves to all Alaskans but the times they are blessed by Alaskan women is when their red-winged rescue planes fly as Uncle Sam's baby airlift.



Some foreign countries are considering levying a tax on American tourists—possibly another way of trying to make them feel at home.

My Neighbor

by ELLA TURPIN

(A tribute to the working girl)

SHE wears a plaid coat with a gay swing from the square shoulders, and her step as she trips from the car to the house is quick and firm. Just seeing her gives my spirit a lift and makes me young again.

From my sunny breakfast nook where most of my daylight meals are taken, I catch these brief glimpses. She rents rooms upstairs over the garage next door, and while I'm nibbling at my toast, I'm aware of the swing of her coat with the strong surging of youth inside as she rounds the corner. In a minute the car is backing out and disappears from view.

When the news comes on at five-thirty, I'm back in my nook with a bowl of soup this time, and here comes the light car. I can't see her, but I stretch out a bit—and, yes, there she is at the top of her outside stairway; the door closes behind the pert swing of her coat. If I have my solitary dinner in the nook, I often get another glimpse of her slender figure looking for mail, hanging a towel on the line, tripping up the stairs.

Once I was close enough to speak. I was in the alley picking the lilacs that had pushed through the fence when she came 'round the building to the stairs and I stopped her with "Wouldn't you like these?" holding out an armful. Her face grew even brighter with smiles.

"Oh, thank you so much! I love them!"

"Pick all you want as long as they last," I told her, and she thanked me again as she turned, her face buried in the blooms, to climb the stairs.

Who is she? Where does she go each morning? What makes her so happy? Many questions come to me but I seek no answer. I know.



She is one of the multitude of the city's working girls. She makes enough to have her own little home, though it's only a couple of low rooms upstairs on an alley—hot in summer, none too warm in winter, but a home of her own, nevertheless, where she lives and does as she likes. I've never seen a guest climb those stairs, but they're only within my view while I'm in my nook and there's plenty of time for that when I'm not looking. But somehow I feel that after a busy day in the world outside, she loves a little solitude and has it.

I know she's the kind of girl who loves her home and keeps it well. I'm sure she loves her job and does it well. I know she sheds happiness in her daily work; and I know there's a very lucky young man somewhere in the world who will one day find his way to her, and then, I fear, my daily vision in the gayly swinging plaid coat will be lost to me forever.

My Wife — Alice Hubbard

My wife is my helpmeet, and I am hers. I do not support her; rather, she supports me. All I have is hers—not only do I trust her with my heart, but with my pocketbook.

I know the great women of history. I know the qualities that go to make up, not only the superior person but the one sublimely great. Humanity is the raw stock with which I work.

I know how Sappho loved and sung, and Aspasia inspired Pericles to think and act, and Cleopatra was wooed by two Emperors of Rome, and how Theodora suggested the Justinian Code and had the last word in its compilation. I know Madame De Stael, Sarah Wedgwood, George Eliot, Susanna Wesley, Elizabeth Barrett. I know them all, for I can read, and I have lived, and I have imagination.

And knowing the great women of the world, and having analyzed their characteristics, I still believe that Alice Hubbard, in way of mental reach, sanity, sympathy and all-round ability, outclasses any woman of history, ancient or modern, mentally, morally or spiritually.

To make a better woman than Alice Hubbard one would have to take the talents and graces of many great women and omit their faults. If she is a departure in some minor respects from a perfect standard, it is in all probability because she lives in a faulty world, with a faulty man, and deals with faulty folks.

I have never fully analyzed the mind of the woman I love, for there is always and forever an undissolved residuum of wit, reason, logic, invention and comparison bubbling forth that makes association with her a continual delight. I have no more sounded the depths of her soul than I have my own.

What she will say and what she will do are delightful problems; only this, that what she says and what she does will be regal, right, gracious, kindly—tempered with a lenity that has come from suffering, and charged with a sanity that has enjoyed, and which knows because through it plays unvexed the Divine Intelligence that rules the world and carries the planets in safety on their accustomed way—this I know.

Perhaps the principal reason my wife and I get along so well together is because we have similar ideas as to what constitutes wit. She laughs at all of my jokes, and I do as much for her. All of our quarrels are papier-mache made, played and performed for the gallery of our psychic selves. Having such a wife as this, I do not chase the ghosts of dead hopes through the graveyard of my dreams.

In my wife's mind I see my thoughts enlarged and reflected, just as in a telescope we behold the stars. She is the magic mirror in which I see the divine. Her mind acts on mine, and mine reacts upon hers. Most certainly I am aware that no one else can see the same in her which I behold, because no one else can call forth her qualities, any more than any other woman can call forth mine. Our minds, separate and apart, act together as one, forming a complete binocular, making plain that which to one alone is invisible.

She keeps out of cliques, invites no secrets and has none herself, respects the mood of those she is with, and when she does not know what to say, says nothing, and in times of doubt minds her own business.

I married a rich woman—one rich in love, loyalty, gentleness, insight, gratitude, appreciation.

—Elbert Hubbard

THE WOMEN ON WHB

YAMS WITH HAM (Right)
Margaret Ann Roberts, Louisiana Yam Queen, tells Roch Ulmer about the harvest festival at Opelousas. They are surrounded by Yam Princesses, from left, Billy Sovet, Ivy Lou Hidalgo, Betty Emonet and Juanita Brinkman.

RUTH ST. DENIS VISITS UNITY (Below)

Ruth St. Denis, interpretative dancer and poet, discusses with Mrs. Alice Fillmore of Unity School a program of reading and dancing given in Kansas City by Miss St. Denis in behalf of the Unity Temple Fund.

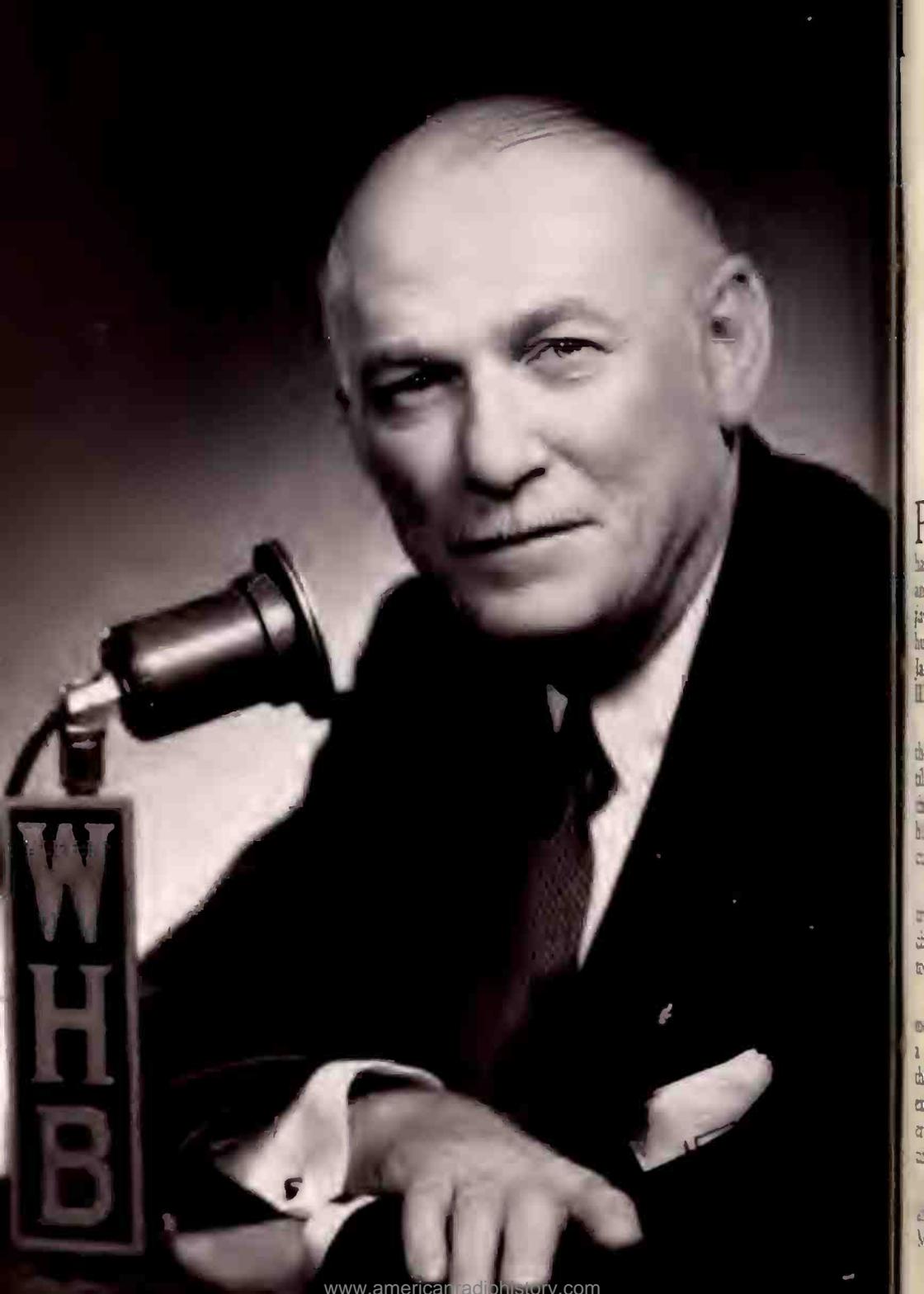
GENE'S "BABY AND ME" (Lower Right)

Charlotte Austin visited WHB to tell of the movie "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder." Miss Austin is the daughter of Gene Austin, who made famous the song "My Blue Heaven."

KANSAS CITY'S MOST BEAUTIFUL LEGS (Lower Left)

Belong to Mardell Williamson of Independence, Mo., Kansas City winner of the "Rita Hayworth Beautiful Legs Contest."





Swing Presents
NATHAN RIEGER
The **Man of the Month**

by DON DAVIS

PUT him all together—or take Nate Rieger all apart—and you have at least six Nate Riegers! First, and very much foremost, there is the *family man*—the Nate Rieger who is husband of Dottie; father of Mitzi, Jane and Jim; grandfather of Fred III, Ann, Randy and Rex.

Second, you have the *business man*, the banker—president of the Mercantile Bank and Trust Company, and the trusted confidant and advisor to hundreds of Kansas City businessmen, customers of his bank.

Third is the *civic figure*—a man active, and effective, in civic, fraternal, church and charitable affairs, almost to exhaustion.

Fourth is the *hobbyist*—an amateur movie cameraman; a stamp collector; a lover of opera, symphony and the theatre; a bamboo-pole fisherman; an ex-hunter and “business man’s golfer”; and a gin rummy player, any time, any place possible!

Fifth (and not many people know about this) is the *traveler*: To New Mexico, with close friends, the Irving

Meinraths. To Colorado, California and New Mexico. To Europe, where Nate is known and greeted by name at Claridge’s in London, the Royal Monceau in Paris, the Hassler in Rome and the Excelsior in Florence.

Sixth—and next to family and business, most important of all—is Nate Rieger, the *Boy Scout*!

Scouting began for young Nathan Rieger as Scout Master of Troop 40 at B’nai Jehudah Temple, when he was eighteen years old. Here he learned, believed passionately and taught that a Scout is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent. “Be Prepared” . . . “Do A Good Turn Daily” . . . Duty to God . . . Duty to Self . . . Duty to Country! . . . “On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my Country; to obey the scout law; to help other people at all times; to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.”

Many of us took that oath as children—lived it, broke it a hundred different ways, forgot it. We now read it again in later years with nostalgic pleasure, or with sadness and regret—as postscript to a yesterday in which dreams and ambitions and resolutions were *sure* to come true!

Nate Rieger *lived* the Boy Scout oath—and his boyhood dreams *did* come true! He has been a fervent Boy Scout from the day he joined—and his prescription for the world's ills is *more* Scouting. "If we have more Scouting, we'll have better American boys—and if the world has more Scouting, we'll have a better world." Nate Rieger is sold on that idea. He'll sell you, too, if you talk Scouting with him.

Nate has been talking Scouting, and selling Scouting, and working at Scouting ever since he became a Scoutmaster at the age of eighteen. Inasmuch as he was born September 1, 1896, that makes thirty-eight consecutive years of service to Scouting. "He didn't quit," says an admirer, "like so many of us, when his own son grew up." During those thirty-eight years, Nate has been successively a board member, executive committee member, many years treasurer and (in 1947-48) president of the Kansas City Area Council of the Boy Scouts of America. This is the 8th Region in Scoutdom, including the six states of Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska and Iowa. In 1942 he was given the Silver Beaver Award by the National Council for "Distinguished Service to Boyhood"; in 1942 he was made a Chief-tain of the Tribe of Mic-O-Say; in 1952 he was Sponsor of the Eagle

Scout Class in Kansas City and was presented the Silver Antelope National Award for "Distinguished Service to Boyhood," on a regional basis. In 1932 Roe Bartle presented Nate with a diamond-studded Boy Scout fleur-de-lis lapel pin which Nate wears always. Throughout Europe, wherever Nate travelled, and often several times daily, some man or boy would notice this pin and ask Nate about Scouting in the United States.

FROM his Scout training and family background come the characteristics which typify Nate Rieger—his generosity, his thoughtfulness, his love of people, his broad views, his complete sincerity, his strong sense of family and civic responsibility. And most of all, his manner of being distinctively "himself." His wife Dottie describes it thus: "Nate isn't a public speaker, you know. When he talks, he just talks like Nate."

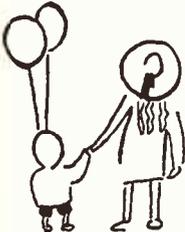
Nate's wife was Dottie Ludwig, daughter of Leo H. and Fannye Ludwig. Her father Leo was for many years the Ludwig of Edwards-Ludwig-Fuller, well-known Kansas City wholesale jewelers. Born and raised in Kansas City, she attended Westport High School, and was a friend of Nate's sister, Minnie, now deceased. Dottie and Nate met for the first time, not in Kansas City, but in Manitou, Colorado, at the old Cliff House—when Dottie had ridden over horseback from Colorado Springs during the summer vacation of 1914.

Nate, a Native Son of Kansas City, attended Westport High School, also. After a year at the University of Missouri during which he became

ill, he spent the years 1914 to 1921 looking after his father's real estate holdings. Alexander Rieger, his father, had originally been in the liquor business and had invested extensively in real estate and the Home Trust Company. During the boom-depression period from 1929 through 1933, when "slow paper" threatened the solvency of the bank, Alexander Rieger conscientiously put a healthy portion of his personal fortune into the institution to protect his depositors.

Nate's mother was Mollie Weinberger Rieger, who died when he was four. His stepmother, Flora, raised him and his two brothers, Jack and Oscar; and his sister, the late Mrs. Butler Disman.

At Westport High, Dottie Ludwig was forward and captain of the girls' basketball team. Nate used to accompany her parents to all the games in the school gym, where they would watch her—in bloomers and middy blouse—pile up points for Old Westport! They were married January 21, 1920.



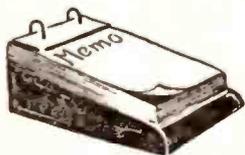
There are three children: Mary, known as "Mitzi," is now Mrs. Fred Goldman, Jr. (Goldman Jewelry Co.) and mother of Fred III, aged six, and Ann, aged three. Jane is married to Kenneth Krakauer (of Adler's), and is the mother of Randy, aged five,

and Rex, aged two. The Riegers' third child is son James Ludwig, whom they call Jim—now 23, treasurer of the family bank, a young business man very much like his father, a chap who loves people and is interested in civic affairs. A current activity of Jim's has been the recent "Ask the Candidates" series of broadcasts over WHB—presenting local candidates for public office in the 1952 elections, interviewed by members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The Riegers have lived for the past fifteen years in a Georgian Colonial home designed by Jess Lauck at 1240 West 57th Terrace in the Mission Hills section of Kansas City's famed Country Club District. Set well back from the street, their lovely house crowns a small hill and is approached by a wide, curving drive. "Nate wanted room out front to park," says Mrs. Rieger modestly. The neighbors have room to park, too, inasmuch as this part of Kansas City is not exactly a low-rent district. Around them live Ernest Benson of Benson Manufacturing Co., in the old John Henry Smith house; Bert Reid of Woolf Brothers; Robert Caldwell, attorney and governor of the Federal Reserve Bank; and James M. Kemper, board chairman of the Commerce Trust Company.

Inside, the Rieger house is Georgian Colonial for three rooms only: the large center hall, the dining room, the living room. The rest is neo-modern, except for the basement recreation room, which is Mexican. When they built some years ago, Mrs. Rieger's father sent her four tin candle sconces from Old Mexico. With the

sconces for a starter, and the help of Mrs. Walter Pritz of Cincinnati, a lifelong friend (the former Lucille Meinrath Bloch), they decorated the recreation room in the Mexican motif—built a real Mexican fireplace, installed wall niches, assembled a collection of Mexican art and pottery—and even hacked into the timbers, mouldings and stair rail to achieve the look of proper age. This is typical of the thoroughness with which the Riegers embark upon any enterprise.



NATE'S business and banking career has been continuous and successful since 1921, when he joined the old Home Trust Company as Assistant Treasurer. One of his first jobs was to supervise the architecture and construction of the bank's "new" building at 1119 Walnut Street. Its deposits at that time were \$1,424,734.17.

In 1933 four Kansas City banks were merged and brought into a new bank structure, renamed the Mercantile Home Bank and Trust Company:

Home Trust Company—1119 Walnut

Mercantile Trust Company—14th and Grand

Main Street State Bank—18th and Main

Sterling Bank—1125 McGee

The combined deposits on the date of organization, February 27, 1933, were \$4,755,412.01—and on that

date, Nate became vice-president of the Mercantile. In December, 1945, he was elected president—by which date deposits had grown to \$27,665,383.26. On June 27, 1949, the name was changed to its present form: the Mercantile Bank and Trust Company. Deposits at the last call, September 5, 1952, were \$34,235,026.24. The growth in deposits through the years, from one-and-a-half million to thirty-four million, is evidence in itself of Nate's success as a banker. He modestly attributes the bank's growth to the co-operation of his loyal associates. Among them is his brother Jack, vice-president of the Mercantile Bank and president of the Community State Bank, 3131 Troost, which he and Jack own.

Nate belongs, of course, to the Missouri Bankers' Association, the American Bankers' Association and the American Institute of Banking; and is a director of the Southeast State Bank as well as a director of the Mercantile. How his fellow Kansas City bankers feel about him is shown by the fact that on April 12, 1950, he was elected president of the Kansas City Clearing House Association for two years.

AS a banker, Nate naturally finds himself elected Treasurer in quite a few organizations, among them the Country Club Community Center, the Student Nurses' Loan Fund, the Optimist Club and the Boy Scouts. He also serves as a member of the Chamber of Commerce finance committee and chairman of the finance committee on the Citizens' Committee for Municipal Services. Also, as a member of the Board of

Advisory Trustees for the Citizens Bond Committee.

He is a board member of the United Jewish Social Services, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Community Chest, and the Catholic Community Services. He is a past president and board member of the Jewish Federation and Council; and co-chairman of the American Brotherhood-National Conference of Christians and Jews. Add to this a term, in 1947-48, as president and chairman of the Club Presidents' Round Table; membership as a 32nd degree Mason in the Scottish Rite, Ivanhoe Temple and Ararat Shrine; membership in the Civil Defense Advisory Council—and you wonder where he gets time to serve on the Board of Appeals for Film Censorship. But he does!

"If you want a job done well, give it to a busy man," runs the old adage—and Kansas City did! That's how Nate was chosen for his current civic job as general chairman of the 1952-53 United Fund campaign. Yet with all this, he finds time to visit friends who are ill, attend hundreds of civic and social affairs—and almost every Saturday, take one or more of his grandchildren to lunch at the airport restaurant. The grandchildren are flight-minded, like their grandparents.

AND at the age of forty, he learned to swim. Once on a White River float trip, a boat in which he was riding overturned. Embarrassed over the consequences, and because at country club swimming pools he was forced to sun himself as a spectator or indulge in shallow water splashing, Nate betook himself

secretly to the old Pla-Mor pool. There he completed a course of swimming lessons, later to astonish his family and acquaintances with his privately-acquired aquatic skill.

Out hunting once with C. O. Jones, their automobile crowded with dogs, a gun was accidentally discharged and the bullet narrowly missed Nate's shoulder. He hasn't been hunting since. But twice a year he goes fishing—down at Spavinaw, Oklahoma, where George Goldman, daughter Mitzi's uncle by marriage, has a fishing camp. George, merchandiser of the "George L. Goldman Complete Fishing Outfit"—(rod, rod handle, reel, fish scaler, plastic rod cover, hunting knife and case, 2 nylon leaders, 5 wooden plugs, 5 spinners, line, 6 sinkers, plastic storage box, 3 hooks with leaders, 6 swivels, case, 6 sinkers and case, 10 large and 10 small hooks, 1 stringer, extra line and a floater—64 pieces complete, \$40 worth of fishing tackle for \$19.95)—George could provide any sort of fishing equipment required—but Nate fishes with a bamboo pole.

He is a stamp collector, too—of first covers, first blocks of commemorative issues. "Filled an album or two," he says, "and have a lot more saved in shirt boxes. Must get around to pasting them in albums some day."

His greatest hobby, however, is as an amateur movie cameraman. He has photographed the birthday parties of his three children from the age of one until the most recent birthday—and now he's started on the grandchildren. With Jim, he makes titles, splices film, and turns out a semi-professional product. His film library,

naturally, includes reel after reel photographed during his family's travels in this country and abroad.

TRAVEL includes three trips to Europe within the last four years. In 1949, the Riegers traveled abroad with the Lou Rothschilds to celebrate the latter's 20th wedding anniversary, crossing both ways on the *Nieu Amsterdam* and visiting England, Holland, Belgium, France and Switzerland. Art galleries, museums, castles, cathedrals and government buildings were their standard daytime sightseeing fare—combined with the theatre and night clubs every evening. Some time you should ask Nate what happened to Louie at the *Boeuf sur le Toit* in Brussels.

In 1951 the Riegers flew to Europe on the TWA *Ambassador*, a luxurious sleeper plane carrying a crew of ten, and only nineteen passengers. Ladies' silk hose being scarce items in Europe, the TWA hostess carried a supply for sale to the passengers—to be distributed by them as gifts to their European friends. Some of Nate's dignified boards of directors would have been astonished had they watched him conduct an auction of ladies' hosiery aboard the plane. In Europe, they visited the Chateau Country of France, the Riviera, Italy and Spain, adding more material to Nate's film library. After seeing Florence, Capri and Sorrento, they visited with Admiral Carney of

the U. S. Fleet, then at Naples. Only trouble with flying, Nate reports, is the weight of movie camera and film equipment. They returned that year on the *Liberte*.

But in 1952 they flew both ways, heard the symphony in Rome, the opera in Paris, and the violins at *Ciro's*! *Ciro's* is Dottie and Nate's favorite spot. They were amazed and impressed with the modern architecture in Italy; pleased to note the presence of many American farmers among the tourists; had a lively experience while locked in the elevator of an apartment building in Rome. In London, within five nights, they saw five plays: "Deep Blue Sea," "Relative Values," "The Innocents," "The Young Elizabeth" and "Waters of the Moon." You think Nate Rieger doesn't love his theatre? However, his only appearance as an actor on any stage was when he was about thirty, at the Fortnightly Club. He dressed in cowboy clothes and sang "Get Along Little Dogies," off-key.

That just about sums up my notes on Nate Rieger. But I asked Mrs. Rieger two of the usual questions: Does Nate read much? Yes, all the banking journals, *Time*, *Life* and a few banking stories, like "Point of No Return."

"How about his disposition?"

"Wonderful!" she replied, "except that he's so horribly bright, chipper and cheerful early in the morning before I have had my coffee!"



This Fall is the greatest of All on WHB



RADIO is not only "great" on WHB this fall — Radio's programs are greater than ever before, *everywhere!* As the newness and glamour of Television wear off, people are *re-discovering* Radio . . . realizing suddenly that on Radio there is entertainment you don't have to watch to enjoy. You can read, or sew, pursue a hobby, make love, write letters, do the housework . . . and listen to the Radio. In your car, driving to work or traveling a highway, Radio is your companion . . . your newspaper . . . your commentator on events . . . and your musical pal. Its fine dramatic shows enable you to use your imagination, picturing the characters and the settings as you visualize them.

In the new TV homes, viewing has climbed to 4.33 hours a day, according to A. C. Nielsen's latest report. But Radio in these same homes is still listened to 1.66 hours a day—almost "half-as-much." Taking all U. S. Radio homes, there is an average of 2.84 hours of Radio tuning a day per home, vs. only 1.73 hours of TV viewing. And TV viewing hasn't pulled up much lately, indicating that it may be hitting a plateau.

At the latest count, there were only 18,700,000 TV sets against 105,300,000 Radio sets. More than half of all Radio listening in all homes is now done outside the living room.

Better Radio is undoubtedly one of the reasons. Every Radio network, every Radio station, is broadcasting its finest programs ever—*now*, this minute! There's more variety . . . there are greater names, bigger stars, finer music . . . better writing, better direction . . . in programs that delight the ear, stir the imagination. If you've become a living room "captive" of your TV set, break loose for an hour—or a night—and listen to your Radio once more. You'll be glad you did!

ON WHB, Sunday evenings for example, you'll hear a line-up of programs that spell sheer delight: fine drama, superb music, inspiring history, stimulating discussion, and the news. At 6 p.m. the Chicago Theatre of the Air presents operetta and famous musical shows. Seven o'clock brings a full hour of drama presenting outstanding stars from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film studios. This is followed by the Ford Foundation series for adult education, "Jeffersonian Heritage." At 9 o'clock is the Northwestern University Reviewing Stand—scheduled by WHB at nine because many listeners were unable to hear its informative panel discussions at an earlier hour Sunday when the feature is "live" on Mutual.

At 9:30 p.m. Sundays, Dr. Everett Hendricks of the University of Kansas City presents "Sixth Row Center" on WHB—a preview of the coming week's cultural and entertainment events in Kansas City at the University and University Playhouse, Town Hall, Music Hall, Orpheum Theatre, the Fritschy and the Seufert Concerts, the Thursday Morning Series, the Philharmonic, Resident Theatre, Junior College, Conservatory of Music, Nelson Gallery and the Kansas City Museum. Fine music and sparkling interviews feature this weekly half-hour.

After the 10 o'clock news, sports and weather (seven nights a week) comes that

favorite WHB feature "Serenade in the Night"—instrumental music to read by, for forty minutes nightly. Then, for two solid hours, the WHB Night Club of the Air with popular recordings—emceed by Roch Ulmer Mondays through Fridays, and guest disc jockeys on Saturdays and Sundays. WHB's "Guest D. J. Club" is Kansas City's newest and liveliest musical organization—well-known citizens whose hobby is record collecting. They build their own programs, play rare items from their personal record libraries, and announce their own numbers. Saturday nights the music is popular—Sundays, it tends to a mixture of popular and "long hair."

OTHER nights on WHB are just as stimulating and entertaining, beginning with Fulton Lewis, Jr., at 6 p.m.—followed by Larry Ray with his sports round-up—then Gabriel Heatter with his "good news tonight"—and at 6:45 p.m. a series of three five-minute featurettes: Roch Ulmer with "The Weather and You" . . . John Thornberry, well-known civic figure, in his nightly "editorial," *John Thornberry Says*— . . . and Titus Moody, Fred Allen's fellow humorist, in a breezy, chuckle-filled review of the news.

Seven o'clock, Mondays through Fridays, brings an hour of star-studded Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dramatic entertainment—see the schedule on these pages. Bette Davis, Orson Welles, Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Errol Flynn, Mickey Rooney and Ann Sothern are featured "names" in this nightly series.

Variety is the keynote of the newly-scheduled "WHB Varieties" for a full-hour, Mondays through Fridays, at 8:30 p.m. Newest records by leading recording artists (no jump)—plus fine albums in their entirety, plus entire musical comedy selections! Observance of special musical events, composers' birthdays, movie preview music, special "days" and special "weeks." The judgment in musical selection of Ednalee Crouch (WHB's musical librarian), plus the superb showmanship of Roch Ulmer, with his ready wit and glib tongue. And here's a tip to advertisers: Dignified sponsors with a dignified

message are welcomed on this show—on a participating schedule which allows only five commercials within the full-hour format. A premium spot for superior products! "Radio's best night-time buy!"

MONDAY through Friday, from 2 p.m. to 4:45 p.m., "Oil" Wells presents the latest popular records—and the old standard tunes. Two solid hours and 45 minutes of wonderful listening, with short, cryptic introductions make Club 710 "mostly music." Each show features the "Top Twenty" tunes of the week, as reported by *Billboard*, *Variety*, *Cash Box*, a poll of local record shops, and the WHB Concensus. A wonderful time-segment for participating announce-

The WHB EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6	:00 Chicago Theatre of the Air Operetta	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Weather & News John Thornberry Titus Moody
	:15	
	:30	
	:45	
	:50	
7	:55	
	:00 MGM Theatre of the Air Full Hour Drama	Woman of the Year Bette Davis Crime Does Not Pay Mystery
	:15	
	:30	
8	:45	
	:00 Jeffersonian Heritage	Bill Henry, News Reporters Roundup News Panel WHB Varieties Fine Music
	:05	
	:15	
9	:30 John J. Anthony "Mr. Agony"	WHB Varieties Musical Comedy Selections Frank Edwards Songs of the Services
	:45	
	:00 N. W. University	
	:15	
10	:30 Reviewing Stand Panel Discussion "Sixth Row Center" Everett Hendricks	
	:45	
	:00 News—Sports Weather Forecast Serenade in the Night Music to Read By Mutual News	News—Sports Weather Forecast Serenade in the Night Music to Read By Mutual News
	:05	
	:15	
11	:30 WHB Night Club of the Air Pop Records	WHB Night Club of the Air Pop Records
	:45	
	:00	
	:15	
12	:30 WHB Night Club of the Air	WHB Night Club of the Air
	:45	
	:00	
	:15	
1:00	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off

ments—"live" or minutes, transcribed. On one afternoon a week representatives of the leading phonograph record companies bring "Oil" their newest records (never before heard on the air in Kansas City)—and present them personally on the air.

What's new in the World of Women? . . . in clothes, home decoration, household helps and appliances, food, drugs, entertainment and entertaining, child care, feminine achievement? Sandra Lea knows!—and against a background of Guy Lombardo music every morning, Monday through Friday, she tells, and sells! If you have a product, store or service women buy—schedule your spots on this show! Minute transcribed spots may be used, with an appropriate lead-in by Sandra Lea and her Announcer. Or,

"live" copy, adapted by Sandra Lea to her pleasant style!

The noon-hour is western music round-up time on the WHB range. Popularity of this noon-hour bloc of western music (with the news at noon) has caused its extension from 11:30 a.m. until 2 p.m., Monday through Friday (already practically sold out). Music by the best-known western music recording stars, plus Don Sullivan, WHB's "International Singing Cowboy" in person—with Bruce Grant, Pokey Red, Deb Dyer and other WHB favorites. If you sell to the masses, this time segment and this type of programming are for you! A listener contest will determine the new title of this show, formerly billed as "The WHB Boogie Woogie Cowboys."

PROGRAM SCHEDULE • 6 P. M. to 1 A. M.

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Fulton Lewis, Jr.	"Take To The Air"	:00			
Larry Ray, Sports	Larry Ray, Sports	Larry Ray, Sports	Larry Ray, Sports	Pentagon Report	6 :15
Gabriel Heatter	"Down You Go"	:30			
Weather & News	Weather & News	Weather & News	Weather & News	Bergen Evans	:45
John Thornberry	" " " "	:50			
Titus Moody	News, Cecil Brown	:55			
Black Museum	MGM Musical	Modern Casanova	Adventures of Maisie	Twenty Questions	
Orson Welles	Comedy	Erol Flynn	Ann Southern	"Parlor Game"	7 :00
Dr. Kildare	Full Hour	The Hardy Family	" " " "	Tidwell Jamboree	:15
Lew Ayres	Musical	Mickey Rooney	It Pays to be Smart	"Country Music"	:30
Lionel Barrymore	" " " "	Lewis Stone	High School Quiz	" " " "	:45
Bill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Bill Henry, News	Tidwell Jamboree	:00
Search Never Ends	Family Theatre	Murder Will Out	Our Town Forum	Direct From	8 :05
Science Drama	Drama	Mystery	Panel	Stage at	:15
WHB Varieties	World War II	:30			
Pop Records	Hit Songs	Old Favorites	Music You Love	Memorial Building	:45
WHB Varieties	Your Date With Dixie	:00			
Fine Albums	Special	Composers'	With Rock	Dixieland	:15
Complete	Musical Events	Birthdays	Ulmer as M. C.	Jazz—Full Hour	9 :30
Frank Edwards	" " " "	:45			
Songs of the Services	Songs of the Services	Songs of the Services	Songs of the Services	" " " "	:45
News—Sports	:00				
Weather Forecast	:05				
Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	Serenade in the Night	:15
Music	:30				
to Read By	to Read By	to Read By	to Read By	to Read By	:45
Mutual News	:55				
WHB Night Club	WHB Night Club	WHB Night Club	WHB Night Club	WHB Night Club	:00
of the Air	of the Air	of the Air	of the Air	of the Air	:15
Pop Records	:30				
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	:45
WHB Night Club	WHB Night Club	WHB Night Club	WHB Night Club	WHB Night Club	10 :00
of the Air	of the Air	of the Air	of the Air	of the Air	:15
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	:30
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	:45
WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	11 :00
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	:15
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	:30
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	:45
WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	12 :00
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	:15
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	:30
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	:45
WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	1 :00

AND don't forget that WHB's famous "Musical Clock" is still on the job every morning—to get you to work, to school or to play on time—with tune-ful wake-up music and the correct time and temperature announcement every five minutes. Listeners throughout the great Kansas City trading area have made it a daily habit to tune in this fine program ever since it began, July 12, 1931. Bruce Grant is your time-keeper.

Then there are all of Mutual's headliners, too: the Paula Stone Show, "Ladies Fair" with Tom Moore, "Queen for a Day" with Jack Bailey, "Curt Massey Time" with delightful songs and Country Washburn's fine little orchestra—plus news many times a day. Charles Gray, WHB's own morning newscaster, brings you Associated Press and local news at 6 a.m., 7 a.m., and noon—followed by Dick Smith at 4:45 p.m.

Saturday is a great day on WHB, too!—with "Cowntown Carnival" added to such old favorites at "Unity Viewpoint" (heard daily at 9 a.m.)—"The Man on the Farm" at noon—and Big Seven Football or "Swing Session" Saturday afternoons. Deb Dyer has a new Talent Show at 1 p.m. Nort Jonathan brings a new feature for the high school crowd at 4:30 p.m., the "Hi Club." From the stage of World War II Memorial comes the 90-minute "Tidwell Jamboree" every Saturday night—followed by a solid hour of Dixieland Jazz, "Your Date With Dixie."

Yes, "this fall is the greatest of all on WHB"—and we hope you'll be with us, at 710 on your Radio dial!

A pretty coed was tripping across the campus when she noticed the handsome athlete approaching with an interested look in his eye.

"Look here," he said, "you don't know me, but I've seen you around a lot."

"Yes, I've noticed you, too," she replied with palpitating heart.

"Well, are you doing anything special tonight?" faltered the youth.

"No," she replied excitedly. "What did you have in mind?"

"I thought maybe you'd be free to sit with our baby while my wife and I go to a movie."

The WHB DAYTIME

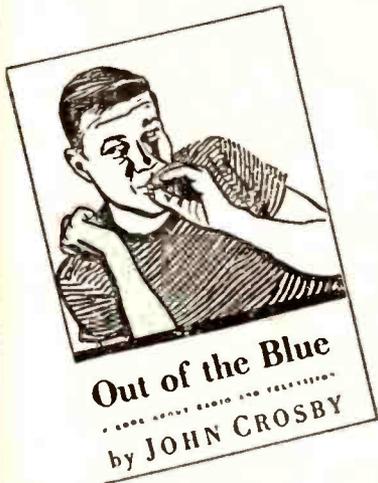
TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
5:30	Silent.....	Town & Country
5:45		Time.....
6:00	Silent.....	News-Weather-
6:10	".....	Livestock.....
6:15	".....	Don Sullivan Show..
6:30	".....	
6:45	".....	Sons of the Pioneers.
7:00	Sun-Dial Serenade..	News, C. Gray.....
7:15	Music.....	Musical Clock.....
7:30	and.....	Music, Time
7:45	Time Signals.....	and Temperature.....
8:00	News.....	News, C. Gray.....
8:05	Weather.....	Weather.....
8:10	Wings over K. C.....	Fruits & Vegetables
8:15	Sun Dial Serenade..	Musical Clock.....
8:30	Bible Study Hour.....	Cresby Croons.....
8:45		Musical Clock.....
9:00	Old Sunday School..	Unity Viewpoint.....
9:15		Paula Stone Show....
9:30	Hew's Your Health?..	Sandra Lea Program..
9:45	Land of the Free.....	For Women.....
10:00	News.....	Ladies' Fair.....
10:05	Barbershop.....	with Tom Moore.....
10:15	Quartet.....	
10:25	Singing.....	News, H. Engle.....
10:30	Travel Time.....	Queen For A Day....
10:45	Travel Hints.....	with Jack Bailey.....
11:00	Guy Lombardo Hour..	Curt Massey Time....
11:15	"Sweetest Music.....	Capital Commentary..
11:30	This Side of.....	
11:45	Heaven".....	
12:00	Fred Van Derenther..	News, C. Gray.....
12:15	Bill Cunningham.....	
12:30	"Young Ideas".....	→
12:40	with Rosemary.....	
	Grace.....	
1:00	K.C.U. Playhouse....	
1:15	Preudly We Hail....	
1:30	Drama.....	→
1:45	Peter Salem.....	
2:00	Mystery.....	
2:15	Under Arrest.....	CLUB 710.....
2:30	Crime Fighters.....	Pop Records
2:45	Drama.....	Old Standards.....
3:00	Mystery Theatre....	News, S. Hayes.....
3:05	Drama.....	CLUB 710.....
3:15		The "Top
3:30	Files of.....	Twenty Tunes"....
3:45	Dr. Matthew Bell..	".....
3:55	Joseph Cotton....	".....
4:00	News, Ed Pettit....	".....
4:05	The Shadow.....	News, D. Smith.....
4:15	Mystery.....	CLUB 710.....
4:30	Drama.....	".....
4:45	True Detective.....	".....
4:55	Mysterics.....	News & Sports.....
5:00	Drama.....	
5:05	Nick Carter.....	Bobby Benson Show..
5:15	Mystery.....	Drama
5:25	News, Cecil Brown..	at Bar-B
5:30	Official Detective..	Wild Bill Hickok....
5:45	Mystery.....	Drama
5:55		Cecil Brown.....

PROGRAM SCHEDULE • 5:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Town & Country Time.....	Town & Country Time.....	Town & Country Time.....	Town & Country Time.....	Town & Country Time.....	5:30 5:45
News-Weather- Livestock.....	News-Weather- Livestock.....	News-Weather- Livestock.....	News-Weather- Livestock.....	News-Weather- Livestock.....	:00 :10
Don Sullivan Show..	Don Sullivan Show..	Don Sullivan Show..	Don Sullivan Show..	Town & Country " " " "	6 :15 :30
Sons of the Pioneers.	Sons of the Pioneers.	Sons of the Pioneers.	Sons of the Pioneers	Sons of the Pioneers.	:45
News, C. Gray.....	News, C. Gray.....	News, C. Gray.....	News, C. Gray.....	News, C. Gray.....	:00
Musical Clock.....	Musical Clock.....	Musical Clock.....	Musical Clock.....	Musical Clock.....	7 :15
Music, Time and Temperature.	Music, Time and Temperature.	Music, Time and Temperature.	Music, Time and Temperature.	Music, Time and Temperature.	:30 :45
News, C. Gray.....	News, C. Gray.....	News, C. Gray.....	News, C. Gray.....	News, C. Gray.....	:00
Weather.....	Weather.....	Weather.....	Weather.....	Weather.....	:05
Fruits & Vegetables	Fruits & Vegetables	Fruits & Vegetables	Fruits & Vegetables	Fruits & Vegetables	8 :10
Musical Clock.....	Musical Clock.....	Musical Clock.....	Musical Clock.....	Musical Clock.....	:15
Crosby Croons.....	Crosby Croons.....	Crosby Croons.....	Crosby Croons.....	Crosby Croons.....	:30
Musical Clock.....	Musical Clock.....	Musical Clock.....	Musical Clock.....	Musical Clock.....	:45
Unity Viewpoint.....	Unity Viewpoint.....	Unity Viewpoint.....	Unity Viewpoint.....	Unity Viewpoint.....	:00
Paula Stone Show.....	Paula Stone Show.....	Paula Stone Show.....	Paula Stone Show.....	Cowtown Carnival..	9 :15
Sandra Lea Program. For Women.....	Sandra Lea Program. For Women.....	Sandra Lea Program. For Women.....	Sandra Lea Program. For Women.....	Cowtown Carnival..	:30 :45
Ladies' Fair..... with Tom Moore..	Ladies' Fair..... with Tom Moore..	Ladies' Fair..... with Tom Moore..	Ladies' Fair..... with Tom Moore..	Cowtown Carnival..	:00
News, H. Engle.....	News, H. Engle.....	News, H. Engle.....	News, H. Engle.....	News, H. Engle.....	10 :05 :15
Queen For A Day... with Jack Bailey..	Queen For A Day... with Jack Bailey..	Queen For A Day... with Jack Bailey..	Queen For A Day... with Jack Bailey..	Cowtown Carnival..	:25 :30 :45
Curt Massey Time.....	Curt Massey Time.....	Curt Massey Time.....	Curt Massey Time.....	Cowtown Carnival..	11 :00
Capital Commentary.	Capital Commentary.	Capital Commentary.	Capital Commentary.	" " " "	:15
WESTERN MUSIC ROUND-UP TIME ON THE WHB RANGE (Listener Contest for Program Title Now in Progress)					:30
News, C. Gray.....	News, C. Gray.....	News, C. Gray.....	News, C. Gray.....	News, C. Gray.....	:45
WESTERN MUSIC ROUND-UP TIME ON THE WHB RANGE (Listener Contest for Program Title Now in Progress) Don Sullivan, Pokey Red, Bruce Grant, Deb Dyer and your WHB western favorites in "Country Music", Songs and Philosophy					:00
WESTERN MUSIC ROUND-UP TIME ON THE WHB RANGE (Listener Contest for Program Title Now in Progress) Two-and-a-half hours daily—					:15
CLUB 710.....	CLUB 710.....	CLUB 710.....	CLUB 710.....	Man on the Farm... " " " "	12 :30
Pop Records Old Standards	Pop Records Old Standarda	Pop Records Old Standards	Pop Records Old Standards	Cowtown Carnival..	:40
News, S. Hayes.....	News, S. Hayes.....	News, S. Hayes.....	News, S. Hayes.....	News, Les Nichols..	:45
CLUB 710.....	CLUB 710.....	CLUB 710.....	CLUB 710.....	Cowtown Carnival..	1 :00
The "Top Twenty Tunes"...	The "Top Twenty Tunes"...	The "Top Twenty Tunes"...	The "Top Twenty Tunes"...	Deb Dyer Talent Show.....	:15
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	Tunes Till Game	:30
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	Big Seven Football..	:45
News, D. Smith.....	News, D. Smith.....	News, D. Smith.....	News, D. Smith.....	Big Seven Football with Larry Ray	2 :00 :15 :30
CLUB 710.....	CLUB 710.....	CLUB 710.....	CLUB 710.....	Big Seven Football with Larry Ray	:45
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	3 :00 :05 :15
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	:30
News, D. Smith.....	News, D. Smith.....	News, D. Smith.....	News, D. Smith.....	" " " "	:45
CLUB 710.....	CLUB 710.....	CLUB 710.....	CLUB 710.....	Big Seven Football..	:55
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	4 :00 :05 :15
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	:30
News & Sports.....	News & Sports.....	News & Sports.....	News & Sports.....	Hi Club—Swing Sesaion.....	:45
Sgt. Preston of Yukon Drama	Green Hornet..... Mystery Drama.....	Sgt. Preston of Yukon Drama of the North.....	Green Hornet..... Mystery Drama.....	Swing Session.....	:00
of the North.....	Wild Bill Hickok. Drama.....	Sky King..... Drama.....	Wild Bill Hickok Drama.....	" " " "	:15
Sky King..... Drama.....	Cecil Brown.....	Cecil Brown.....	Cecil Brown.....	" " " "	:25
Cecil Brown.....				Football Finals.....	:30
				News, Baukbage.....	:45 :55

The Cream of Crosby

Eighteen times a month, the New York Herald-Tribune's radio and television critic erupts pungent little essays on life—life as seen on TV screens, heard on the radio. *Swing* cannot print all of them in our brief pages . . . but here are a few of his summer best!



JUST published by Simon and Schuster is a 300-page edited and selected result of what has gone on in John Crosby's mind in the six years during which he has been reviewing radio and television as a daily columnist. The book is called "Out of the Blue."

As his readers know, Crosby's is one of the most lively and provocative minds you can find around these days. His book is a virtual biography of American radio and television over the past decade. Many bad programs are described in loving detail because, as Crosby points out, it's much more fun to write about bad programs than good ones. It's also more fun to read about them.

Crosby was born in Milwaukee, graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy and passed a couple of years in the freshman class at Yale before beginning what he considers his real education—newspaper work. His material is syndicated (and copyrighted) by the New York Herald-Tribune, from which paper *Swing* secures Crosby's manuscripts. If you enjoy Crosby in *Swing*, you'll certainly want his book! "House Without Television" and "One Station City" appearing in this issue were written last summer while Crosby visited his parents in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, "home town" of WHB's Ed Birr.



House Without Television

"LADIES, do you get the jitters when you make pie crusts? Well, new Crisco ends pie crust failure."

"Mothers, to help build strong bodies . . ."

"Now, friends, if you want to enjoy kindly extra flavor coffee, the coffee with the extra flavor . . ."

I'm in a house without a television set, one of the last remaining strongholds of sightless broadcasting. The babble that comes out of the radio is not exactly new or unfamiliar; it's just that I haven't been exposed to it so insistently for quite a while—all those free trial offers, all that hurry, hurry, hurry, do-it-today in those dulcet voices. I've been out of touch with our advertising pitch men and it's nice to get back and listen to all the things I've been missing.

One product, for instance, that's going to give me "radiant new tone," something I could use; another that will make nature work rather than substitute for nature. "Friends, Bisodol quickly relieves . . ." "Friends, here's your opportunity to . . ." "Friends, you can win \$10,000 in tax-free prizes . . ." "A wonderful good will offer . . ." "Contains no harsh chemicals . . ." "Friends, prove to yourself . . ." "A brand new pleasing fragrance . . ."

I'm happy to note that the advertiser is still as concerned as ever over my body odors, something he hasn't managed to improve much in all these years. One of the newer advertising wrinkles—new to me, at least, probably old stuff to the rest of you—is an "exciting shampoo test," a form of competition I was unaware of. In this one, a couple of women are asked to examine a babe who has been shampooed on one side by one soap, on the other by an inferior brand, and to decide which side of the girl's noggin looks "more radiantly alive." There was thunderous applause when both girls named the Prell side as infinitely more radiant.

In the middle of all the deodorants, the floor waxes, the soap powders, comes the entertainment, rich, full-bodied and unconditionally guaranteed: "Although her panic increases every day, Helen is determined not to let Aunt Agatha know how

frightened she really is." Helen Trent, soap opera heroine, was being shot at by persons unknown. Meanwhile, a couple of witches straight out of Macbeth were plotting her undoing. Things have never been more magnificently horrible for Helen in her long, battle-scarred existence.

On another station was that old veteran of day-time radio—the telephone. "And now for our second telephone call of the day with thirty-five silver dollars in our jackpot. Here's our question. You have thirty seconds to come up with the right answer. In what state did Arbor Day originate . . . What? Oh, that's a shame! But here's a chance to win five silver dollars." This was a new twist. The lady had to know the name of the sponsor's local salesman to win five clams. She knew it, too. The salesman will deliver the five bucks in person and probably sell her twenty-five dollars worth of stuff.

A few kilocycles away a woman with an overwhelmingly refined voice was spouting poesy of the sort I haven't heard much of on radio since the days of Tony Wons:

"There's no feeling in the world that I like so much

As to shake the hand of one who has the friendly touch."

Down the dial a bit an entertainer named Uncle Freddy was shouting: "Happy birthday, youngsters!" to an audience full of moppets. Later he sang a song called: "Oh, No, Little Billy Goat."

"The color and texture of a cold platter are important. Arrange alternate slices of boiled ham and salami for eye appeal," declared a home-making expert vigorously.

In the Ma Perkins household a few stations away, the Pendleton versus Pendleton divorce case finally came to trial with Gladys named as correspondent, and everyone pretty blue about it all. And over on CBS Wendy Warren was telling all the housewives about a device to make life easier for them. It was a grocery store consisting of a gigantic revolving wheel. The shopper stood in one spot and sooner or later everything passed right in front of her. Cuts shopping time in half.

What, I considered, are women going to do with all the time they save? Listen to the radio, I expect. I switched over to Walter O'Keefe, of "Double or Nothing,"

whose jokes are a never-failing source of wonder. "So you're specializing in mathematics," Mr. O'Keefe was saying. "Is that where you learn to play the angles?"

"Friends, for safe, sure relief no other product can compare . . ."

As I say, it's sure restful to get away from television for a while.

One Man's America

ALISTAIR COOKE, a transplanted Englishman who is now an American citizen, won a Peabody Award, radio's highest prize, for his BBC broadcasts from America, some of which are now available in a book called "One Man's America." They are immensely readable, these little essays on us; they are also a little disheartening because no one in this country is doing anything remotely comparable to these polished, literate, sensible talks.

Mr. Cooke is quite frankly mad for America and writes of his adopted land with an affection more unrestrained than would be possible in a man born here. Because he is English he knows us better than we know ourselves. As he explains it: "If you are a goldfish or if you swim among them long enough, it is impossible to say what are the characteristics of a goldfish. But if somebody claps a mackerel into a goldfish bowl, you can see at once all sorts of things goldfish have and the other things they lack."

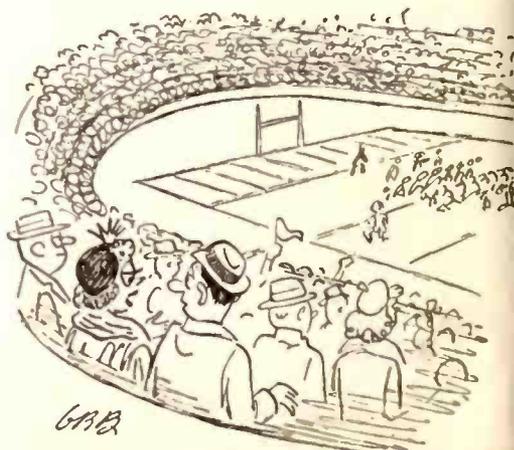
That observation is fairly characteristic of his style, which is lucid, dry and urbane, and of the special quality of his mind, which is relaxed and greatly sensible. While he is quite definitely an American apologist, he does not blink at all our little faults. He will admit, for example, that we are a little too obsessed with bathtubs—but he points out that Americans did not complain when they crawled through Japanese jungles or invaded Okinawa. On the celebrated formality of the British he merely comments that no Briton would spend ten minutes with a man and call it being "in conference."

In examining America and writing about it, he has travelled a lot farther than most native Americans. The West, Florida, New England have all been under his feet at various times and have crept into his prose. His piece on Florida would, I imagine, be

a revelation even to a Floridian. It is by all odds one of the most thoughtful and penetrating studies of that sun-drenched state I ever read. I'm also immensely fond of his description of Yosemite, "where geography is a combination of Switzerland, Persia and the Day of Judgment."

The book is studded with immensely quotable phrases of that nature. "A field of speculation I should like to graze around in" is the way Mr. Cooke expresses a simple desire to express an opinion. Of the traveller in strange lands, he expresses that universal feeling, "the sudden recognition that it is you, not they, who are foreign." And his summary of his own feeling when he met his first Indian: "I was as tense as High C."

The British who listen to him acquire an education not only about us but also about themselves. For Cooke is not above needling his fellow countrymen about their own peculiarities, sometimes by indirection. Americans, he will say, "don't believe that whatever is uncomfortable is good for the character"—a clear implication that the British do believe it. He fails to understand British passion for Damon Runyan and scolds them rather severely for it. However, he admits that the British have been right about American authors before, notably about Mark Twain who was taken seriously in Britain long before he was recognized in his own country.



"I always did want to see a television broadcast."

He tells some wonderful stories about us. I particularly like one tale about Hartford, Conn., in 1780 when the skies turned from blue to gray to black, causing a panic. Many folks thought the Day of Judgment was at hand and fell to their knees. The House of Representatives was in session and there were some panicky demands for adjournment. The Speaker of the House, a Colonel Davenport, declared: "The Day of Judgment is either approaching or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish therefore that candles may be brought."

Bringing candles is what Mr. Cooke is doing, lighting up our American face so the British can get a good clear look at us. We're mighty lucky to have so witty and persuasive an apologist telling the British about us. I only wish someone would put Mr. Cooke's little talks on the air over here. Americans would find them just as illuminating as the British.

British Thoroughness

THE highest honor was paid by British television to a mythical animal—good old Mickey Mouse. A few hours before the outbreak of World War II, September 1, 1939, British television then serving 23,000 homes, went blank for the duration of the war. Service stopped right in the middle of a Mickey Mouse cartoon. Six and a half years later, in 1946, the British resumed television service right where it left off—in the middle of the Disney cartoon.

Interview With a Moose Stalker

BOB AND RAY, whose last names are immaterial, irrelevant and probably false, were selling their home taxidermy course the other day on their morning radio show.

"You can be a home bird stuffer, too."

"Just write STUFFY, NBC."

"And say . . ."

"I'm strictly for the birds."

That's fairly typical of Bob and Ray's sensational free trial offers which attract a hell of a lot of mail from hopeful listeners who wish they were true. Mostly the boys ask for the mail to be sent to NBC. Sometimes they have it shipped elsewhere,

usually with disastrous results. For the Handy Bob and Ray Home Wrecking Kit, we were advised to write the Smithsonian Institute, which got 1,000 letters asking for it. The Smithsonian has requested, boys, for heaven's sake, don't do it again. (The home wrecking kit, if you still want one, contains house-wrecking tools, 200 termites, a trained live mouse, a "condemned" sign to hang outside it and a guarantee to make your ugly new house over into a smart antiquated barn within two weeks.)

At various other times the two zanies have offered to give away any state (except Rhode Island) to the winner of the contest "I'd like to own a state because . . ." Then there was the time they offered sweaters with "O" on them.

"If your name doesn't begin with 'O' we can have it legally changed for you.

"Sweaters come in two styles—turtle neck or V-neck. State what kind of neck you have."

Always there are these two deadpan voices, expounding on these great free trial offers in the language of pure radio cliché. Few people have so keen an ear for the most tired phrase, and no one can make such complete nonsense out of the messages that assault us on radio every day.

Once they were giving away a ranch home.

"Box hedges made of real boxes."

"Breezeways—complete with breezes."

"Deep freeze lockers deep enough to accommodate a family of four."

They have cheerfully offered to give away a twenty-five foot shelf of fake books (with room for tennis rackets under Tennyson), a ten-day course in how to become a ninety-seven-pound weakling, untinted sun glasses for cloudy days, and—oh yes—a get-away car ("a must for anyone who's ever had to make a fast get-away").

The windows on the get-away car were made of glass six inches thick and, since you couldn't see through them, you drove by radar. It had a number of other features—a 20-millimeter cannon mounted right below the Kleenex dispenser, a complete set of hot tires and a back seat divided into neat compartments for cash. Plenty of room to stack tens, twenties, fifties and

(Continued on page 348)

OUR POI

From what fertile br

by
PAUL V. R.
HOYSRADT

A LONG with the excitement and tumult of a Presidential election, there is one thing Americans can always count on. Once again the Republican elephant and Democratic donkey are parading through the newspapers! As everybody is aware, cartoonists do not miss a chance to represent these party symbols in either the most favorable or absurd light, appealing to the voter's pride, or tickling his sense of humor.

Out of whose clever brain did the elephant and the donkey spring in the first place? Both emblems, along with the Tammany Tiger, were the inspiration of one man—Thomas Nast—the father of American political cartooning. For years his drawings in *Harper's Weekly* influenced public political thought, even decided the futures of men in public life. Since his day, satirical artists have never been allowed, nor seemed to wish to drop his two most famous animals.

Nast was brought to this country from Germany in 1846, when he was but six years old. His father was a musician, and played in orchestras and bands in and around New York City. But a present of some crayons

took away any notion the boy might have nurtured of learning to play the big tuba; even grammar school subjects became boring in the intensity of the desire to draw. All young Tom wanted to do was draw. He did it by the hour.

When he was only fifteen, Nast had progressed so well that he caught the attention of magazine publisher, Frank Leslie, and was put to work drawing for his *Illustrated Newspaper* at four dollars a week. And so began a long and absorbing career. Nast was still under twenty when he was given orders to go up into the Adirondacks to make sketches of the burial of John Brown, the Abolitionist, whose body had been brought back from Harper's Ferry.

Reportorial art came so easily to Thomas Nast that this first endeavor won him an assignment to England with the *New York Illustrated News*, and from there as artist correspondent in Garibaldi's civil war campaign in Italy, from where the young draftsman contributed to American, English and French publications, and won particular acclaim for his work in *Harper's Weekly*.

Once back in the United States, Nast threw himself, heart and soul, into the Union cause in our own Civil War. His brilliant pen had never been so active. There was a steady stream of Lincoln pictures and fighting scenes, drawn on the battlefields. His new connection with *Harper's* gave his drawings a nation-wide

TICAL ZOO

lid the party symbols spring?

showing, and since he lashed out savagely at the South and the slaveholders, it is no wonder Lincoln referred to Nast as “. . . our best recruiting sergeant.”

IT WAS in the angry Reconstruction period that the donkey was introduced as a symbol of “Copperhead” Democrats. It certainly was not used in any complimentary sense. The G.O.P. elephant did not appear until several years later. By its very size, it was meant to show how massive and overwhelming was the Republican vote.

If Lincoln had been Nast's early idol, Grant was equally so in later years. When the Union leader won the Presidency twice at the polls, he declared that Sheridan's sword and Nast's pencil had made victory possible. The cartoonist was so devoted to his soldier-hero that he put all his savings in the investment firm which the ex-President later headed, and lost everything when it collapsed.

Probably Nast's greatest triumph was over the corrupt ring, headed by “Boss Tweed” in New York City. The tiger which has stood as a symbol of Tammany to this day was copied off Tweed's big red fire engine. Week after week the caustic drawings came out, stirring up indignation against the grafters. Tweed was finally convicted and sent to prison.

The savage humor that Nast some-



times utilized might have led some readers to think of him as a hard and gruff man. They could have had no greater misconception. In his pleasant home at Morristown, New Jersey, with his family, no kinder, more devoted father and husband ever existed.

IT IS pleasant to remember that there was one young man who had closely followed Nast's battles against dishonesty with hearty approval, a young man who had himself fought a hard battle in early life, and who was to attain the highest office in the land. The two became good friends, and as the years passed, and the magazine editors demanded more delicate and subtle humor than Nast seemed capable of turning out—as his following and his employment fell off, the cartoonist found his friend's benevolence a cure for his empty purse. Nast was appointed Consul General to Guayaquil, Equador, and, although he was to die there, of yellow fever in his sixty-second year of life, he valued as his greatest possession the friendship of Theodore Roosevelt.

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C-notes and still have lots of space for the baby.

When they're not giving things away, they're satirizing about every other type of voice you will ever hear on the air. There is Mary McGoon, for example, who gives tips on—I believe the phrase is—home-making.

"No, friends, beer should not be served in fingerbowls. For quiet elegance serve it in demi-tasse cups."

Their interviews are classics which should give pause to everyone in the interview racket—uh—profession. They have a nice one with a real stupid ballplayer named Dazzy Very. "I'd like to fire away."—"Well, fire away."—"The real lowdown from behind the scenes. Well, you've caught about every pitcher in the major leagues. Who would you say was the best, Dazzy."—"I'd say they were all good. I couldn't single one out. If they're pitchers in the major leagues, they've got it."—"Make a note of that, sports fans." Sounds like all the sports figures I ever heard interviewed.

Once they—well, one of them—interviewed a moose-stalker. "What do you do exactly?"

"I stalk moose. I follow 'em and take notes."

"Why?"

"I do it for the S.P.C.M. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Meese."

"Isn't it dangerous?"

"Oh, no-o-o-o! I wouldn't hurt a moose! I'm gentle."

"I mean for you—isn't it dangerous?"

"Well, it's funny you're asking me that. Just the other day a moose started to stalk me!"

"What happened?"

"We mixed it up a bit. I got moose-handled."

Mostly, it's what you call switch humor—take a cliché and turn it upside down—but it has more genuine observation and imagination and wicked speed than anyone in the business just now.

Two for the Money

HAD lunch one June day with Fred Allen at the usual spot in the Hotel Plaza, a hotel whose architecture and

mood are terribly appropriate to Mr. Allen's baroque point of view. He ordered watermelon. "You've changed," I said. "It used to be a lettuce leaf."

"I used to have the chef's salad but I no longer trust the chef," declared Allen, whose diet would starve a canary. "He started sneaking in cheese and ham."

Allen has recently returned from Hollywood, where he made two pictures. Or rather, he made episodes from two pictures. The episodic picture, which is three or four separate plots rather than just one, is a big thing in Hollywood just now. Allen was in a picture with Marilyn Monroe and he never met her. In fact, he never met anyone except Ginger Rogers who plays opposite him. The pair play a husband and wife radio team, who get married only because that's the only way they can get the job. They have loathed each other ever since.

"I was in another episodic picture with a lot of people. I met Oscar Levant and a bear." This was a collection of five O. Henry stories. "There was a cat in one of the pictures. He was a big star in another picture. In our picture he had a bit part, just sleeping. It shows that failure in Hollywood is not confined to humans."

Mr. Allen has been felled several times by television but will try again in the fall with a quiz show called "Two For the Money" in which he will, it is devoutly hoped, be as successful as Groucho Marx, who is in pretty much the same line of work. "That's an apt title, 'Two For the Money,' for a Goodson-Todman production," I suggested. "They've got all the money in the world."

"This will be their tenth show on television," Allen remarked gloomily. "But of course they're all inexpensive shows. I asked them if 'The Name's the Same' was going off for the summer and they said no, the summer replacement would cost more."

He brooded a bit, masticating watermelon. "This (television) is not an instrument of wit. It's all physical. Jackie Gleason. Milton Berle. Sid Caesar. The man who is doing more for the spoken word than anyone else is Monsignor Sheen. He's the first man to stand up and simply talk."

"Some of the jokes he tells," said another man. "The laughs!"

"Well," said Allen, "you tell a joke differently from the pulpit than you do from on stage. I'd like to put him in the Copacabana with that routine. He'd die." I sat there, trying to contemplate Monsignor Sheen in the Copa. Reason tottered.

"This is your first picture in seven years?" I inquired. "How did you get into pictures? You've been in some awfully bad pictures."

"Nunnally Johnson first took me to Hollywood," said that celebrated nasal, enormously descriptive voice. "He was tired of looking at Ned Sparks. He heard me on radio and thought I had the proper inflections. But no one had seen me, so Twentieth Century-Fox sent people east. Their mission was to look at me. They looked at me."

Allen was asked to go to Chicago to do commentary on the Republican and Democratic Conventions. He said no. "I've had a heart attack. All that heat and noise and confusion. It'd be an awful strain. I'm not taking chances like that. For what?"

For some reason I disremember, we fell to discussing the old days. "Things never get back to normal," said Mr. Allen sardonically. "Prosperity was just around the corner. It never turned the corner. Lucky Strike green went to war. It never came back. Taxes were put on Pullman car reservations as an emergency measure. They were never repealed."

The conversation drifted here and there a moment or two. Then someone—not me—brought up Arthur Godfrey, a personality who is not overwhelmingly popular with Mr. Allen. Mr. Allen rumbled ominously. "I defy anyone to quote anything Godfrey ever said—including what he said ten minutes ago."

Terrible Shock

MR. DAVE GARROWAY is still a man entranced with odd facts which he likes to pass on to you and me. "Girls learn to tell lies earlier than boys do," he revealed the other day. Two years earlier. It's a useful bit of information to have on you. Lots of men never learn that girls tell lies at all, and this revelation that they do it awfully young will come as a terrible shock to them.

Mr. Crosby Makes His Bow

BING CROSBY, that very relaxed man, took his time, plenty of time. For the last three or four years he has been asking questions about television of everyone who knew anything about it. His own opinions on the subject remained strictly his own. So far as I know he wasn't passing them around. Meantime, he stayed away. While everyone from Shakespeare to Helen Hayes was getting into the act, Crosby stayed out.

Until last June. Then, teamed up with Bob Hope, he made his debut on the fourteen-and-a-half-hour telethon for the benefit of the United States Olympic Fund. I thought he was terrific. It's difficult to assess the Crosby charm with any degree of coherence but I'll try. For one thing there is a large measure of intelligence mixed up in it. In talking to athletes or to Avery Brundage or to Bill Corum or to Walter Pidgeon, Crosby always seemed to know the score a little better than they did.

This lad never makes a wrong move. When Mr. Hope expressed dissatisfaction with the way the money was coming in (a bit of querulousness that didn't sit too well with just all the listeners), Mr. Crosby made it clear that it was Mr. Hope not himself who was irked. And when Martin & Lewis, a couple of real rough customers, tore in, Mr. Crosby very quickly and quietly got lost. His own casual style can cope with anything except those zanies so he just didn't try. When the noise abated and the two perpetrators had disappeared, he strolled out: "Is Operation Pandemonium all over? I sat it out in the bomb shelter." That disposed of them.

Mostly Crosby and Mr. Hope, who was being much funnier than usual, just read the names of contributors off sheets of paper. It doesn't sound like much and it wasn't; still, to have held so great an audience with so simple a routine for so extended a period is a type of genius of some sort. Crosby wandered on and off camera unexpectedly, and while the other entertainers had to be shoveled away, he gave the customers less rather than more than they expected—which is a good trick if you can do it. Considering the fact that he was on for all that time, he sang almost

nothing—which is another good trick if a singer can get away with it.

The telethon form of entertainment is a bit wearing for my personal taste and I'm ashamed to say I neglected Mr. Berle's last one entirely. I did catch quite a lot of Martin & Lewis's long distance derby and enjoyed it. But none of them, I thought, quite came up to this one—simply because Mr. Crosby and Mr. Hope had a whale of a lot of talent on their hands. The oldest routines were the best. I'm very partial to Abbott and Costello's "Who's on first" which never fails to kill me; I'm very fond of Gracie Allen's and George Burns's little bit: "He's my brother by marriage."—"Your brother isn't married."—"No, but my mother and father are." I'll even forgive Mr. Hope's time-honored "When the blue of the night meets the gold of his pot." All these—and many more—were in there.

In addition there were some rich shots of Mr. Sinatra doing rather badly in face of the competition, of Cass Dailey, who was wonderful, and of Bill Corum, who held his own, no easy thing. A trio with Crosby, Hope and Ezio Pinza singing "Doodle-De-Doo" was pretty dreadful. And Mr. Hope's ad libs—to Crosby, "Who made you up—Madame Tussaud?" to a bearded Jackie Coogan, "Hello, Orson," and in helpless exasperation to everyone in general when the tote board kept the same figure for about twenty minutes, "Is someone going in business for himself?"—were all very funny. Even Bing blowing the lines on one of his old classics "Million Dollar Baby" had an antique charm all its own.

The two old pros did very, very well, leading to the suspicion that they ought just to wander out and talk rather than submit to the ministrations of gagwriters. There were about a million others on the telethon and I have a jotting or two on all of them. Zsa Zsa Gabor, I thought, may easily be the most beautiful woman in the land. Walter Pidgeon had best consult the makeup department before going on TV the next time; he came as an awful shock. Phil Harris looked and sounded just like someone impersonating Phil Harris and doing it very well. Production and what must have seemed like direction to

somebody were perfectly dreadful. Considering that the show hit sixty-four cities and had millions of listeners, it seems a shame. If they get half of the \$1,000,000 pledged, they'll be lucky but that's still something to shout about.

Here's Prunes in Your Teeth

MY Madison Avenue etymologist, who has been assigned the task of keeping abreast of the English language employed by the ad people, blew in the other day, his brief case bulging.

"Let's pressure-cook it," he announced cheerily.

He had me there for a moment. I haven't been around the Madison Avenue crowd for awhile. "I'm soft as a grape," I murmured. "Throw me the spell-out. In short—what the hell do you mean: 'Let's pressure-cook it?'"

"I mean let's play house with it," he said, opening his brief case, which spilled metaphors in all directions. "The prose situation on the Avenue has firmed up since last we met. Let's try it on for size, shall we?"

"Let's what?"

"You are soft. Word-wise, you're not tuned in on my antenna. Get with it, lad! Get the egg off your face, or you'll be caught off first base without a paddle."

"Update me, big boy," I murmured. "Give me the new wrinkle on the pitch. I'm way down wind."

"Okay, crowd in," he said, picking up a sheaf of papers from the brief case. "I'll pitch up a few soft mashie shots to see if you're anywhere near the green." He pulled out a document. "This is an actual letter that went out from an ad agency the other day. See what you can make of it:

"You are absolutely right about how it figures—TV is pricing itself right out of the market. What frosts us is that this is happening just when it is positively sensational, client-wise, especially with the top brass.

"Price-wise trouble isn't the only grief either. The only way you can go home with your skin on is to buy the stuff packaged and then if you get it from the webs, you may have clearance trouble and the thing may turn out to be a turkey. It isn't just the kines are washed out but all those

D.B.'s mean that you are in lousy slots. So what chance is there to explode the market?"

I took a deep breath. After all, you mustn't concede easily. "It doesn't quite jell with me," I said. "When you glim the over-all picture, you must realize there are certain rock-bottom slants which have to be considered before the final wrap-up." I paused for station identification. "How am I doing?"

"Just fair! Just fair," he said. "The trouble with you is that you are still too definite. You wouldn't last an hour on Madison Avenue even if they took the busses off it. If you're going to talk even reasonably respectable ad agency English, you have to ride with the punches; you got to housebreak it for the top brass; you have to hit 'em where they live."

"I'll buy that," I exclaimed. "Housebreak it? That's a new one—and a very good one. How do you housebreak an idea?"

"Why, it's the easiest thing in the world. You kick it around. You take a reading of the general situation to be sure that the whole picture hasn't changed. You gather the gang and spitball until the wrinkles are ironed out. You motherhen it. You talk off the top of your head and the bottom of your pants. In short, you finalize it. By that time it's so thoroughly housebroken its mother wouldn't recognize it."

He picked out another paper. "Oh, one other thing—protein. That's the new word. The format has to have enough protein to stand by itself. If you've got enough protein, if you've figured the angles, and checked the trade, you're in the clear. Otherwise, you're in left field with prunes in your teeth."

MY friend Jim Mainwaring and I were kicking it around the other day, just seeing how far we could make it go. "Television," said Jim, "is pricing itself out of the market." That's as good as any to start with, an ad agency truism that has seen good service and yet is as up to date as "Variety" where it has been kicked around pretty thoroughly.

"You mean, money-wise, the whole picture has changed?" I inquired.

"You're tuned in on my antenna," said Jim who knows every agency cliché in the book. "Only it's not money-wise this season. It's dollar-wise."

"Dollar-wise, then, the whole picture has changed."

"Dollar-wise and agency-wise and copy-wise and talent-wise," said Jim, warming to his task, "television is pricing itself out of the market."

"How do you know?" I asked him. "The precincts aren't all in. You're sitting around Ad Alley thinking that outside New York it's 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 mean, it doesn't jell with you?" asked Jim.

"I mean I won't buy it."

"Well then," said Jim, who is an expert at the Machiavellian maneuver. "Well then, let's spin the compass and see where we're at."

Right away, I saw what he was up to. And he was.

"The ball's in your court now," said Jim firmly.

I toyed with it awhile, not knowing whether to run with it or kick.

"Let's start from the top," I said cautiously. "If television is pricing itself out of the market, then the big play goes back to radio."

"It figures."

"It figures?" This was high praise from Jim. "You mean I'm tuned in on your antenna?"

"Well," said Jim cautiously, "not quite. Let's take this ball of wax and motherhen it. Let's woodshed it. Let's iron the bugs out of it."

The ball was back in his court now. "Okay," I said, "let's do all of those things. Let's think on our feet, shall we? Let's put wheels on it."

"Well," said Jim, venting a new expression that doesn't quite know its way around yet, "I'm allowed one crazy idea a month and this is it. If you'll just let me run off at the mouth a bit."

"Go ahead, big boy, fill me in."

"Well, I was talking to a guy on a plane from Cincinnati—I realize this is

just a one-man survey—and he updated me on a couple of gimmicks he's got on the hopper."

"New wrinkles on his pitch, eh?"

"Yeah, but he hasn't quite cleared it with the top brass. So I hope you're sound-proof."

"I'm deaf and dumb. Update me, big boy."

Jim lowered his voice to a whisper. "He says dollar-wise the Big Act has got to go co-op. That's straight from the upper echelons. Of course, plans haven't been finalized yet."

"You mean they haven't covered all the bases?"

"No, but he's trying to get the client to firm up. It's just possible he may put the wrap-up on it next week. You think it figures?"

"Well, I can only call 'em as I see 'em and I'd like to have the research department dig out the facts and take a good look at the numbers before I make a firm commitment but—just thinking on my feet here—I'd say it comes off, though not perhaps from every angle or when the overall picture is considered."

"Good boy," said Jim with admiration. "That's one of the most beautifully qualified statements I ever heard. You really hit me where I live."

Through the Enchanted Gate

ONE of the boldest experiments in progressive education on television is WNBTV's "Through the Enchanted Gate." This was a series of art programs for children produced by WNBTV with the cooperation of the Museum of Modern Art in which children from three to ten years old were allowed and encouraged to express themselves in paint and clay and also in such odd and unorthodox materials as paper and bits of yarn and cardboard.

"Children need to say what they think and feel in their own way," explained Victor d'Amico, producer of the program, who is director of the department of education at the Museum. "If adults impose their own ideas on the child, he will lose confidence in himself. Copying, color books and other devices that encourage imitation destroy the child's power to create. Your child's work may seem crude and imma-

ture, yet it is highly expressive and personal because it is an interpretation of what he feels and knows rather than an exact representation of the way things look."

That's the philosophy of the show and in support of it, the children—some awful cute youngsters—are told to make feelie pictures (pictures which appeal to the tactile sense out of papers and textile), to paint how they feel inside, or to paint, let us say, what noises sound like. Because they are children, they tackle these unlikely chores with a complete absence of self-consciousness. It's only the adults on the show who lapse occasionally into self-consciousness while trying to get through the enchanted gate with the children.

You never know how deep a child has ventured into the world of fantasy and it's best not to try to guess. One of the adult assistants on the program, for example, picked up a lion that one of the children had moulded in clay. "Should I be afraid of this lion?" she asked—and was promptly rebuked by the child who said: "It's not a real lion. It's only a pretend lion."

Children, as even Milton Berle long ago discovered, are the most photogenic things on television (with the possible exception of racehorses) and they are at their best when they are doing something fairly reasonable for their age group. In other words, they should be doing something besides an imitation of Eddie Cantor. And while the busy fingers were painting the sound of a loud noise, Ben Grauer, who was narrator and general handyman on the program, told us something about them—about Peter who wanted to be a clown, about Ellie Ann who liked to cook and play ball with the gang.

The program was designed for the edification both of children and of parents. The children at home were encouraged by Mr. d'Amico to make their own feelie pictures or clay statues. WNBTV even put out a little booklet showing what materials would be needed each week so the kids could have the proper ones on hand. And at the end Mr. Grauer advised them gently to wash their hands, to put away the clay paints and restore order to the living room.

For the adults, there was a good deal

of advice from Mr. d'Amico. On the subject of talent, for example: "I wish we'd forget about talented children. Talent does them no good. It just isolates them from other children."

Or on the subject of clay: "It is really significant what happens to children who play with clay. They're expressing their feeling for form and space. We've known for generations children had these feelings but we didn't know how important it was. For generations children have played with blocks—developing an over-all sense, an organic sense. The children are also developing their tastes."

Meanwhile, the children are doing all this development in front of your eyes and presumably your own small fry are, too. This is what I would like to think of as genuine television in two senses. In the first, the children are doing something rather than pretending to be something which is the nature of most television. In the second place, it asks for participation by the home audience rather than passive acceptance. How many children take them up on it I have no way of knowing—but at least the offer is there.

There should be more of this kind of television which makes demands on us and especially makes demands on the children whose imaginations are in danger of being throttled rather than stimulated by TV.

The Hollywood Drift

IF television is to wind up 70 per cent on film (as the ad agencies devoutly hope it will), if Hollywood is to dominate the production of these films (as it rather looks that it will), it might be wise to examine the nature of the product that is going to be inflicted on us.

There are about a dozen different types of TV filmed series, ranging in quality from "Boston Blackie" which is fairly close to the nadir if ever I saw a nadir to "I Love Lucy" which is about the most popular TV show on the air and is a very funny comedy show. Between the two, though, there is not only a world of difference in quality but a world of difference in technique.

"Boston Blackie," a Ziv Television production, is a straight movie as we generally understand the term. Shot at Ziv's Holly-

wood studio which has flexible sets, revolving stages, trained crews standing around to remodel a set the minute work is finished on it, a "Boston Blackie" drama is shot in bits and pieces like any movie. Unlike any good movie, though, the Ziv dramatic films are triumphs of cost accounting over art. The Ziv lot is on a mass production basis, which is the only way movie techniques can be made to fit into the relatively small television budgets.

"I Love Lucy," on the other hand, is not a movie in the ordinary sense at all. It is a combination of radio, movie, television and the stage all rolled into one. It is a film of a live comedy rather than a motion picture. The difference is that it has an audience and a beginning, a middle, and an end. The cast rehearses on permanent sets. On shooting day, it rehearses all day long. At 7 p.m. an audience files in and sees the show—not shot as is a movie in short takes—but in three or four long takes (on three cameras simultaneously) like long scenes of a play.

By using an audience and by keeping a coherent story line, the cast of "I Love Lucy" knows where it is going. The show has spontaneity and it has, in a very real sense, acting. The other type of filmed show like "The Unexpected," "Boston Blackie" and about a score of other filmed series now belting around the TV circuits, seem to be lifeless affairs with no emotional content at all. Why? My theory is that these are movie-trained actors who are employing techniques that simply won't work on a mass production basis.

The know-how of which Hollywood is so proud is a perfectionist technique. It works fine for "A" pictures where, if you can get two minutes of completed picture in the can, you've done a good day's work. The system requires fine direction and endless time and money for retakes. But the TV film producers haven't the fine directors or the time and the money. Consequently, the very techniques which contributed so much to the polish and perfection of major movies are turning out appalling television shows.

In contrast to the deadness of the filmed shows, any live show—"Suspense," "Danger," "Martin Kane," "Lights Out" all have vitality and an air of intelligence. A

recent "Martin Kane" show, which God knows, could hardly be confused with great art, contained, at least, a lot of flavorsome characters who were competently written and pungently acted, some fine interesting camera shots and an air of authority. Again it is my theory that at least part of the reason lies in the fact that the cast is "acting," in the true sense of the word, a coherent story in front of what it very well knows is a large audience. Live television has (for lack of a better word) immediacy which communicates itself to the cast and to those of us at home.

If you can't have this immediacy, the next best thing is to simulate it as is done with "I Love Lucy." That doesn't mean all Hollywood or filmed operations are bad. "Dragnet" and "Foreign Intrigue" are both films and both are, in different ways, excellent. Also—and this seems to make a big difference—both are almost one-man operations. "Foreign Intrigue" is written, directed and produced by Sheldon Reynolds in Europe—far away from the pressures of the ad agency folk or the mediocrities of Hollywood. "Dragnet" is filmed in Los Angeles but it is under the direction and production of Jack Webb (who is also its leading player) and Webb, by applying a documentary approach of strict realism both to the writing and filming of the show, avoids the stereotyped acting and vulgarity of story line prevalent in the other filmed TV shows.

The drift to Hollywood is continuing and can hardly be halted. So far its effect has been disheartening. In spite of the very great reservoir of real talent that exists out there, Hollywood's general effect has been toward the mediocrization of everything it has got its hands on.

Example

The Dennis Day jokes are assuming the immutable, unchanging outlines of the Jack Benny jokes. "That's my mother over there—Mrs. Day. She was named after my father." I think the best Dennis Day joke I ever heard came on Mr. Benny's radio show and went like this.

Day: (Running into his house) Mother! Mother!

Man's voice: Your mother isn't here.

Day: Who are you?

Man's voice: Your father.

It Needs Editing

THE Republican Convention revealed television's basic strength and also its basic and fundamental weaknesses. As journalism, television is stenographic; it's altogether too complete; it lacks editing.

This is a great asset in certain instances, notably the Puerto Rico insurrection which brought down the tense, overwrought house on Wednesday night. The same story in print in the papers the next day seemed flat and lifeless; you had to watch it happen to appreciate it. On the other hand, the prose of some of the malevolent lady Republicans who occupied the screens from time to time—oratory which any sane newspaper man would toss out—made you wonder if all this technical accomplishment was worth the effort.

Television has acquired the facilities and the know-how for concise and intelligent editing. But it lacks the courage. It feels that it shouldn't leave the speaker or the floor or the official proceedings in favor of its own interpretations. It still lacks complete confidence in its own judgment.



Glenn Bernhardt

"It's really an excellent play, but I happened to think of a devastatingly clever criticism that I simply can't afford not to use."

And this is a mistake. The network which talked the most, which did the most editing, was CBS, and the early Hooper ratings indicate that it got the biggest audience in those cities where it had competition from the other networks.

There has been a lot of malarkey written—some of it by me—to the effect that the searching eye of the camera would drastically revise convention procedures, that it would shorten the speeches, restrict the amount of oratory, and modify the demonstrations. Well, it hasn't. A good many of the speeches were just as dull as they were in 1948, conceivably duller, and they certainly weren't any shorter. The fact is that conventions are traditional affairs as resistant to change as human nature.

Those of us who clustered around the cameras during the 1948 conventions when television was theoretically in its swaddling clothes have noticed very little difference in the end product—which is to say, what you actually see on the screen. The difference in physical plant is vast. There are more cameras, more commentators, more everything; but you can use only so much of it on the air. CBS once set up five different shows in five different parts of town, each with its own camera and crew, and didn't use any of it. All the people here are obsessed with their own technical opulence at the expense of editorial significance.

Television's great gift is the ability to transmit, not only pictures and information, but also the passions of the moment—the humor, the anger, the exasperations. Sometimes it does this a little too well. One night the cameras dwelt on a lady Taft enthusiast, beating her palms together remorselessly, inflexibly, endlessly, and—it appeared—hopelessly. It was a great shot and the director kept coming back to it. This was fine television, but I'm sure the lady had no idea she was on screen and wouldn't have behaved just like that if she had. A great many other close-ups maligned the participants so thoroughly that you wondered if the Democrats weren't running the cameras. This is an invasion of privacy which is carefully avoided at, say, a ball game but is hard to avoid at a convention where a lot of

over-eager and very skillful cameramen can make monkeys out of you at 100 paces.

This was television's convention all right, but radio was still here and did a wonderful job. In fact, CBS's Bob Trout was deluged with wires from people who said they were looking at the picture on television but following the audio on radio. Radio seemed to be able to stick with the story longer, to follow it more coherently. Radio (and TV, too) stuck with the convention where in previous years they would, during dull stretches, have cut back to studio programs.

This is largely because the conventions are sponsored anyhow. Despite sponsorship, the networks probably all lost money. They had to cancel far more commercial shows than they thought necessary, paid hundreds of technicians vast quantities of overtime pay and spent money like water. "Variety" estimated the Republican convention, sponsorship included, still cost the networks \$3,000,000, a figure which seems a little high.

THE Democrats went to Chicago more television-conscious by far than the Republicans. After all, they'd spent a week watching the Republicans on their home screens and they were full of overweening confidence that they could do it better. But they didn't. At each seat was a little sign admonishing the delegate that 140,000,000 eyes were on him—an incredibly overblown statement—and for God's sake be careful. But they weren't. The Democrats were infinitely ruder in public to their own speakers than the Republicans.

They visited around, kept up a steady hum of chatter and pretty well ignored their speakers to such degree that India Edwards and Sam Rayburn had to plead for some semblance of attention. This lack of interest in the delegates was pretty well matched by those of us at home. For most of their convention, the Democrats laid an egg. They had no such dramatic division as the two-chariot race between Eisenhower and Taft, no such gripping issue as the stolen delegates.

"I'm sure you're all sitting on the edges of your chairs at home," said Lowell Thomas, giving a little televised essay on CBS's magnificent coverage. He then

showed us around the CBS sector and did a fine job of explaining how it was all done. But I doubt that anyone was sitting on the edge of his chair. Fact is, the interest in television was pretty disappointing. The Republican convention, which was more consistently interesting because more fraught with controversy, attracted a night-time rating of only 36 in New York. That's terrible. Milton Berle, "I Love Lucy" and a lot of other things do much better than that on a single network.

You can hardly blame the networks for this (apart from an excessive timidity about breaking into long speeches with comment which was generally infinitely more interesting and informative). The convention procedures themselves ought to be sharply modified, the speeches ought to be shorter, there should be fewer of them. Old-line politicians, I suppose, will scream bloody murder at such amputation. When they do, I suggest someone remind them that the endless, meaningless demonstrations, the long swatches of oratory succeeded in driving 64 of every 100 set owners in New York to turning off their sets during prime evening time against no competition on other TV stations. Nothing will dry up these stagestruck windbags faster than to tell them they're losing their audience.

Not Yet—And Never?

Television is a four-way, all-weather electronic miracle, all right, but it hasn't reformed or to any degree elevated the standards of any politicians yet. It may help defeat some. It sure hasn't changed them. It's my bet that it won't.

Moon Over Abe Burrows

THE popular song dodge is certainly being exploited in all directions. Every time you turn around, there is a movie at your elbow celebrating the life and hard times of some obscure character who wrote—they're scraping the bottom of the barrel now—"Put a Candle in the Window, Mother. We're Riding Late Tonight."

I've been waiting for them to get around to Abe Burrows, the celebrated author of "If You Were the Only Girl in the World, All Right, But Right Now Leave Me Alone." That one I'm waiting to see. I was sitting in a little sidewalk cafe on the

Champs Elysees when Burrows wrote—on the back of the menu—his masterpiece "The Girl With the Three Blue Eyes" which contains those immortal lines "What makes her different? It's the way she walks, the way she talks." His heart was breaking, as is customary in these matters. The girl with the three blue eyes had just left him for a four-toed sloth who drew sidewalk pictures in Montmartre. Lousy pictures, too.

Gads, the drama of Burrows' life! I recall vividly another great occasion in his career. We were at another sidewalk cafe farther north where our credit was better—me on one side taking notes, Toulouse-Lautrec on the other sketching the great scene—when Burrows reached for another menu and penned that song that went around the world—"I'm Dancing With Tears in My Eyes Cause the Girl in My Arms Stole My Watch." You can imagine what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will do with that one. The way they'll do it, technicolor and all, it'll be the watch his mother gave him. Actually, he won it from her legitimately in a crap game.

We'll just have to wait for Burrows' life and it can't be much longer. Hollywood has done Mozart and Cole Porter. Ed Sullivan has done Rodgers and Hammerstein. Who else is left?

Just how bare the cupboard is was illustrated by Ed Sullivan who is doing the story of the American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers or, as it is known, ASCAP. That gives Sullivan a whole grab-bag of composers—thousands of them—and about a million songs to play with. It was a fine sentimental show last week, and I for one had a tear in one eye throughout. No, just one eye. The other one was working.

Sullivan's short history of ASCAP, comprising virtually every composer since Victor Herbert, in which he limned the greatness of the organization took me back to the mid '30s. Then CBS (which broadcast the Sullivan show) was leading the fight against ASCAP which wanted a little more money for its songs. Ah me! How well I remember! Then ASCAP was depicted by some very skillful CBS publicists as a dirty capitalistic monopoly preying on the poor little networks who were

barely eking out an existence on their miserable four or five hundred million dollar a year income. And here was Sullivan lavishing large praise over CBS for ASCAP's great public service. Well, times change.

It was a fine show. Sullivan started by displaying the wallet found on Stephen Foster when he died. The wallet contained Foster's fortune—thirty-eight cents. No, they didn't have the original thirty-eight cents. Someone slipped up there. The bulk of the show consisted of composers—a good many of whom you thought were dead—singing their own songs. There was Jack Norworth, who now looks a little like Harry Truman, singing those great old songs he wrote, "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" and "Shine On, Harvest Moon."

Harry Tierney sang "Alice Blue Gown"; Maude Jerome, who is getting on in years, sang "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and did a soft shoe dance, too; Geoffrey O'Hara, the white-thatched composer of "K-K-K-Katy," who claims to be the only man alive who knows the verse to that song, sang both verse and chorus; Ernie Burnett sang "Melancholy Baby" and so on. All of them confirmed an old theory of mine—that composers shouldn't sing except privately—a conclusion I reached watching Irving Berlin wrestle with "Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."

The only composer I ever heard who could sing passably was Harold Arlen. Well, Arlen was one of the feature attractions and he ran through bits of his great hits, "I've Got the World By a String," "I Love a Parade," "Let's Fall in Love," "It's Only a Paper Moon," "Devil and the Deep Blue Sea," "My Mamma Done Tole Me," "Stormy Weather," "Over the Rainbow" and "Old Black Magic." But even Arlen wasn't in good voice that night.

Still, they're all great songs and fun to hear even in the cracked tones of their ancient composers. CBS unveiled some pretty fancy camera tricks—showing dancers about the size of dolls dancing on the grand pianos while the composers played and sang. But it was the composers' show, and I'm especially happy that CBS has got around to saying nice things about them. At least, until the next ASCAP contract

comes up for renewal. Then the composers again will be referred to as thieves, swindlers and robbers of orphans.

The Smartest Horse

WHATEVER else you may think about Roy Rogers—and I'm sure you all harbor opinions—you can't accuse him of false modesty. He bills himself as "king of the cowboys," a sweeping claim which, I imagine, would be seriously contested by the Hopalong crowd. His wife, Dale Evans, who co-stars with him, is listed simply as "queen of the westerns," his horse Trigger is billed as "the smartest horse in the movies" and his German shepherd is labeled "the wonder dog."

Against a combination like that no outlaw has a chance, though they keep trying. Nothing stimulates me quite so much as watching a bad man try to match wits with "the smartest horse in the movies." Or, for that matter with "the wonder dog," who may, for all I know, be the smartest dog in the movies. Of course, outwitting Roy Rogers is not especially difficult. Mr. Rogers is constantly stumbling into one ambush after another. I'm doubtful that he'd have lasted a week in the cow country without Trigger and Bullet. They—the animals—supply the brains in this operation. Mr. Rogers is strictly for muscles.

The Rogers show differs from Hopalong in that these half hour films are made especially for television. (Hopalong's are usually old movie films.) This means Mr. Rogers deals more intimately with the gentlemen of the advertising industry, which has a corruptive effect even on cowpokes who had hitherto been considered too stupid to be corruptible. Mr. Rogers, when not being rescued by his horse from the consequences of his own dumbness, is not above advising our whelps to gorge themselves on Post Toasties which by some freakish coincidence, sponsors the man. Perhaps, I'm just old fashioned, but there's something demeaning about cowboy heroes going so unabashedly commercial. Good old Bill Hart, the idol of my formative years, never stooped to such practices.

In any case, the commercials of the Rogers show are among the most hilarious on all television. They're fond of Indians. One Indian will say to another Indian

"We need um heap plenty food tonight." This cues the second Indian (hereinafter referred to as the straight Indian) to inquire: "Catch um venison?" "No," says the first Indian, "something heap better. Post Toasties."

The middle commercial features the misadventures of a cartoon cowpoke named Rawhide. Rawhide stumbles into situations which require great feats of strength, gobbles up a box of Post Toasties and instantly his muscles swell to about twice their normal size. To me it's wonderfully funny. My sense of humor is notoriously depraved.

As cowboy adventure stuff goes, Roy and his brainy animals hew closely to the classic formula. The villains are after title to old Granny's land and will stop at nothing to get it. "Failing in his attempt to kill her and steal her land, Bill Mason, grandnephew of landowner Granny Hobbs, tries to have her declared legally insane," reads a press release which shows how the wind blows on this show. On another one, the villain kidnapped the poor girl and tried to force her to sign her ranch away. Though Mr. Rogers blundered into an ambush even more stupidly than is his normal wont, the girl was rescued, largely by Bullet who was cooking on all burners that day.

I'm also fond of the Rogers show for its acting, which is among the most atrocious to be found anywhere. It's so terrible that it's kind of fun to watch, simply to speculate on the motives which drove these people into a profession they're so clearly unfitted for. Among others, there is a comedy character, name of Magnolia, whose dialogue is pure enchantment. "Lands sake, Mr. Rogers," she draws. "I like to ventilated you." I can't think of a more preposterous combination of idioms than those of the cow country and the deep south and that's exactly what Magnolia talks.

Let's see. What else? Oh, yes. Mr. Rogers and his wife sing those numbing cowboy songs, in case that sort of thing attracts you. Mr. Rogers also talks to his intelligent horse. "Hey, those shots sound like they came from Jim Barton's ranch," he'll exclaim to Trigger. Trigger doesn't talk

back but I can see the thoughts running through his head. "Quiet, Stupid," you can hear him thinking, "while I figure this thing out. If I let you handle it, we'll be up to our necks in trouble again."

Note of Good Cheer

JUST what is television doing to our habits? How much is it reducing our reading, our movie attendance, our sports attendance? The Radio-Television Manufacturers Association has just released another report which seems to indicate that television is not competing with sports, movies or magazines but actually promoting them.

In the light of the NCAA-controlled televising of football games, the report on football attendance is mighty interesting. In 1947, before there was any television, \$91,000,000 was spent on admissions for college football. The last three years with millions of TV sets in the country, the figures were respectively \$106,000,000, \$103,000,000 and \$98,000,000. That last figure, the worst of the three, is especially interesting because that is the year televising of games was controlled in an attempt to boost attendance. Yct it fell off \$5,000,000 that year. In any case, colleges in TV areas did better than those in non-TV areas, which indicates that television actually stimulates attendance rather than the other way around.

"Sometimes the best answer to the controversy over television is to see what happens when it is banned," says the report. "Professional hockey and professional basketball eliminated television in many areas—and attendance has continued to level off." Receipts in 1948 when TV wasn't banned from professional hockey were \$8,000,000. Last year when TV was banned from most pro hockey clubs, attendance was down \$2,000,000 worth. "Spectator sports had a huge increase of nearly 200 per cent right after the war and before TV became general," continues the report. "Few experienced men believed sports could hold these huge gains after people started buying homes, durable goods and paying big taxes, regardless of television. But the amazing record is that spectator sports are holding their big 1946-'47 increases and are only slightly below

the biggest year in their history in both numbers and dollars. No other major form of spectator entertainment has done so well.

"Predictions that video would empty our great parks and stadia have proved as groundless as the earlier fears that once threatened to ban sports writers from the parks and did ban radio twenty years ago. Sports casting is paying its way with \$6,000,000 to \$7,000,000 in fees; educating millions to the thrills of sports and opening enormous possibilities as network and theater TV expand. Million dollar gates for big events are coming back, with television fees leading the way to greater stability."

How about newspapers, magazines, movies, radio? Well, total newspaper circulation is up 27 per cent in the period from 1940 to 1951. The percentage is exactly the same for newspapers in TV markets as those in non-TV markets. Magazine circulation is up 32 per cent in the same period. Again television helps rather than hinders. TV families buy more magazines than non-TV families, spend just as much time reading them.

The Hollywood attitude has changed drastically. "Good pictures are drawing well," says the report. "Good shows are sold out. Only the mediocre productions are taking it on the chin—and you can't blame television for that. Maybe TV has helped make people more demanding in entertainment—but is that bad? The critics tell you about the 2,000 moving picture theaters that have closed. They seldom mention more than 3,000 new drive-in theaters that have opened—or that about 80,000,000 people a week paid half a billion more for movies in 1951 than in 1941. 'The Wall Street Journal' reports more than 30,000,000 people attended symphony, ballet and opera performances in 1951—just double the number ten years ago. Here in the only nation with widespread television, we have three times the number of concerts given in all other countries combined."

Comedy Still Eludes the Cameras

LITERATE dramatic comedy—as opposed to the "I Love Lucy" type of domestic farce—has so far resisted tele-

vision fairly successfully. This is no very serious charge against the TV producers. After all, the movie folk, with their wealth of resources, don't pull it off very often either.

Comedy is just damned difficult, and I'm grateful for the few moments of pleasure I get when someone manages even a single successful scene. Of the regular producers, Robert Montgomery has sought most earnestly after the comic formula and, I think, has come closest to achieving it. As the inaugural play of his summer series—he turned out one of his most successful efforts in this line, a dramatization of James Thurber's delightful and trenchant short story, "The Catbird Seat."

"The Catbird Seat" is a tale of a little fuss-budget of a man who has never been late to work in thirty years. In reward for this small, pathetic accomplishment, the president of the advertising agency gives him a watch, declaiming that Irwin has been really hitting the line, and has touched all the bases and that a team that stays on its toes will win. That's the way this ad man talks—as if he swallowed a sports page.

Into Irwin's ordered, rather stuffy life, drives a lady efficiency expert who has been exposed a little too thoroughly to Red Barber, the announcer for the Brooklyn Dodgers. This formidable female tears into the established procedures at the ad agency—throwing out old Mr. Dittendorfer's waste basket, belittling Irwin's cherished filing system and meanwhile emitting such expressions as "sitting on the old cat-bird seat," "tearing up the pea patch," "eating high on the hog," and "hollering down the rain barrel." These weird noises Mr. Barber brought up from the southland some twenty years back and turned loose on a hapless Brooklyn in an attempt to describe the Dodger baseball games.

Ultimately, the little worm of a filing clerk revolts and vanquishes the lady tigress. It's hardly a new idea, but it's one Mr. Thurber handles with more authority than anyone else, having been in this line of work a great many years. The story is full of delicate, satiric touches of dialogue and possesses some fine character comedy, all of which Mr. Montgomery reproduced with suitable rever-

ence. Like most stories which originally occupied only four or five written pages, this one got stretched a little thin when blown up to a full hour, but otherwise was fairly satisfactory.

The Montgomery summer series is a sort of mild essay at a television stock company. There are three permanent members of the cast—Vaughn Taylor, who played Irwin and who is virtually the original TV actor; Margaret Hayes and John Knowland. All three faces are so familiar to anyone with a television set that you may sometimes wonder if they're not relatives. They'll be stars one week, bit players the next. It'll be a little rough on the actors but, on the whole, good for them. Maybe, television will restore some of the versatility and genuine professionalism which—what with the movies and the long-run hits in the theaters—has been so long missing from the acting dodge.

Mr. Montgomery is essentially a movie man and his productions are studded with the comedy tricks of that industry—the dead pan looks, the silences, the shrugs, the under-playing. Another Montgomery production called "King of the Castle" was the story of a Scottish noble family living under an ancient curse which struck down each succeeding head of the family on the eve of his fiftieth birthday. Bulk of the story was the effort to keep the current title-holder alive through the night before his fiftieth birthday. They almost made it. Like "The Catbird Seat," this one was a little bit attenuated and at the end it got rather silly and cluttered. But it contained some fine scenes, notably one where the staff of the castle filed in, one by one, and lugubriously wished the doomed laird luck.

Mr. Montgomery's less fortunate attempts have included a dramatization of Penny, the comic strip heroine. Teen-aged girls of Penny's Machiavellian, rather sinister charm—especially her dialogue which belongs to the too-too-utterly pluperfect school—eluded both the adapters and actors so completely that the results were pretty painful. Mr. M. also came a cropper on a little item called "Till Next We Meet," a romantic yarn of a poor young newspaper man in love with a rich young heiress. I thought they'd

retired that one from the lists long ago.

Anyhow, in the comedy field, Mr. Montgomery is in there pitching hard—generally in the right direction.

Bear-Baiting Contests

DISCUSSION programs just now are pearls of great price. For years "Meet the Press" billowed forth from the Mutual Broadcasting System, attracting great praise but no great audience. Then along came television and the show began getting a rating, which is to say an audience, that even a comedian would respect.

Controversy, that yeasty but unstable substance, is now as salable as jokes. The air is alive with reporters (or people who pass as such) who fix a beady eye on the victim and remark: "Senator, isn't it true that in 1902 you voted in favor of slavery?" and the Senator mops his brow and answers that, well, slavery was not nearly so reprehensible in 1902 as it is now.

That is the nature of the discussion program. If you have a Southern Senator on, you ask him about civil rights; if you have a New Dealer on, you ask him about Secretary of State Acheson and when will the State Department get rid of the Reds. The idea is to cause the most acute embarrassment, to ask the hardest questions. Well, of course, all good journalistic questions cause a certain amount of soul-searching. This, though, takes matters a little to extremes.

The idea is not to enlighten so much as to needle; it's a sort of bear-baiting contest and is the secret of its great popularity. It'd probably be even more popular if you could throw the dissenters to the lions in Madison Square Garden. Such a program would combine the most popular current anti-philosophy with sadism. A man could morally be uplifted while being at the same time basely entertained—a tough combination to beat.

Still the Best of All

THE greatest thing about "See It Now," easily the best show on the air, is that it assumes its audience is intelligent. There is no writing down, no elaborate explanation of the obvious, no shrinking from the complicated.

Its producers Edward R. Murrow and Fred Friendly (who deserves more public attention than he gets for the success of this operation) do not hesitate to tackle subjects which ordinarily might be considered a little esoteric for mass consumption on the laudable assumption that if it interested them it would interest the rest of us. That clears away a lot of underbrush and gives the show a simplicity and candor missing from most other news shows.

On politics alone, Messrs. Murrow and Friendly have afforded us some fascinating glimpses of the inner trappings which are enlightening and occasionally a little sickening. Recently Murrow pointed out drily that political campaigns required a lot of preparation, even audience preparation. There ensued the sort of filmed shot of the sort you rarely see. A cheer leader was warming up an audience, getting them to clear their throats, then rehearsing them in that well known refrain: "We like Ike."

Presently a man with a headset on came on the stage, shaking his head. The cheer leader had jumped the gun. So he quieted the audience down. A moment later Mr. Headset signaled him to go ahead and the cheer leader produced a frenzy of "We like Ikes" from the audience—just before Ike himself appeared. Rarely has the phonicness of a campaign been so nakedly revealed. By 1956, I expect the politicians will be holding up cards with "Applause," "Laughter," "Wolf whistle" and the like written on them, just like the comedy shows in Hollywood.

By skillful cutting, Murrow has shown the two candidates talking on the same subject—say, taxes—and appearing almost to contradict one another as if debating from the same rostrum. There have been telling and revealing shots of Eisenhower stumbling over the election date—December 4 instead of November 4—and of Stevenson muffing the name of the city he was in (Waterburg instead of Waterbury).

The portraits of public men—and essentially that's what they are—have given an insight into them you can't find anywhere else. Murrow once interviewed Sen-

ator Taft in his living room in Ohio, not about politics, simply about how nice it was to be home and how lovely the hills of Ohio were in the fall. It was the most endearing glimpse of Taft on record. I'm happy that Murrow also gave the folks a good look at a really great man, Cyrus Ching, the seventy-six year old mediator who has probably settled more labor disputes than any man alive, the great shaggy head, the wise wonderful eyes, the charm and humanity which contributed so much to cooling so many hotheaded industrialists and labor leaders.

"I started in with an idea," Ching explained, "that I owed a great debt to this country and I tried to pay a little bit of this debt, just a little installment."

The weekly film features are always just a little off the beaten track. Probably the best one was a magnificently exciting and thoroughly alarming film of the simulated attack on New York City by a couple of B-29s flying from England. The film jumped back and forth from the planes to the fighter bases and the radar network which was supposed to detect and intercept the bombers—but never did. Another time, the Messrs. Murrow and Friendly gave us all a perfectly delightful ride on one of the world's most glamorous trains, the Orient Express, which leaves Paris every evening and winds through Milan, Trieste, Belgrade, Salonika and finally, into Istanbul.

On still another occasion, the cameras invaded the peaceful farm of a Yugoslav peasant and followed him through his chores, his meals, his daily life. Most recently, the CBS cameras visited the little island off Wonsan, seventy-five miles behind enemy lines off Korea, where twenty Marines in imminent peril from enemy guns on the mainland still sing under the makeshift showers, play horse-shoes and tell the Navy how to zero in on enemy installations on shore.

Murrow has reserved for himself the right to editorialize, but the editorials are usually implicit, not explicit. Of the foregoing, he said simply: "The politicians are busy arguing over the responsibility for the Korean war. We feel it our responsibility to tell you it's continuing."

One Station City

THE television audience in the Milwaukee area is the captive of a lone station, WTMJ-TV, the property of that massive pillar of midwest respectability, "The Milwaukee Journal." That means Milwaukee and environs is more or less subject to the whims of WTMJ's extremely capable but very capricious general manager, Walter Damm.

Damm may select most anything he likes from the four networks. But he is an opinionated and formidable thinker and in drawing up his schedule he pays only scant heed to popular tastes, infinitely preferring his own. The extent of Mr. Damm's whimsicality may be measured by the fact that he decided Arthur Godfrey was too salty for midwest consumption and tossed him off the local air for a year-and-a-half. Godfrey's Wednesday evening program, the lesser of his two shows, is now back, but Godfrey's Talent Scouts, which is far more popular, isn't.

Godfrey addicts, a fanatic breed, have to content themselves on Monday night with Thomas L. Thomas and the Firestone Orchestra. It's doubtful that Firestone fans and Godfrey fans have a blessed thing in common, but in a single station town they have to conform to one another's tastes or go bowling. It is difficult for a New Yorker, accustomed to the dubious opulence of six stations, to comprehend the limitations of one. Even two stations give a man a little elbow room upon which to vent his exasperation. With one station, brother, you're stuck.

Milwaukeeans are not likely to complain so much over what they see on television—after all, they have the choice of the very best—as to what they don't see. They've never, for example, seen Bishop Sheen. The Catholics have heard a good deal about him and would like to catch a glimpse of him, but Tuesday evenings are still sacred to Milton Berle in this area.

Another thing the local viewers have to get along without is baseball. This has caused widespread suffering in this baseball happy neighborhood. WTMJ-TV is much too busy sending out Uncle Norm, Woman's World and the other staples of daytime television to bother with baseball,

which always suffers first when there's a shortage of frequencies. Only the World Series and the All-Star games manage to break through the audience participation and the household hints and the kid shows.

One thing that strikes you forcibly in this area are the hours which are hard to adjust to. Milwaukee is two hours behind New York, a good long time. That means the kids are getting their daily dose of Howdy-Doody at 3:30 in the afternoon, which is pretty early. Groucho Marx heaves into view at 6 p.m. or around the second martini, probably causing endless heartburns. The network shows are pretty well washed up by 9 p.m. local time. After that you get Kineoscope or film.

While Kineoscope has improved a bit, the loss of quality is grievously conspicuous to those of us who are accustomed to the live shows. Two CBS shows, Perry Como, and "The Web," both noted for the subtlety of their lighting, arrive here in a seriously damaged state—the contour is flattened out, the shadows obliterated. Also I imagine Mr. Como would be seriously distressed if he heard the sound of his own voice on Kineoscope. The audio on Kineoscope seems unexpectedly dreadful.

Sometimes I rather question Mr. Damm's scheduling. Como's program, for example, is designed as a supper show—light, tuneful and demanding no very serious attention. It gets here at 9:15 following a heavy dramatic show, such as Montgomery Theater, which does demand attention. The choice of the program I don't fully understand either. "The Web" is available. "Suspense" and "Danger," two similar but infinitely better shows, aren't.

On the whole, though, I say Milwaukee doesn't do badly. It is spared some of the worst of television (apart from local programming, which is another story) and it gets most of the best of it. The greatest disadvantage is the psychological one. No American likes to have everything laid out for him. We are accustomed to the luxury of choice. Here you take what you get or you turn it off. Even Mr. Damm, I imagine, gets a little restive at so narrow a range.



WHB NEWSREEL

GOV. ADLAI STEVENSON (Above) swung through Kansas City on his presidential campaign tour and broadcast from the World War II Memorial. His Kansas City crowd was one of his biggest.

GENERAL DWIGHT EISENHOWER (Above) who made an important speech in Kansas City at Municipal Auditorium, is shown facing a battery of mikes at the Union Station. Kansas' ex-Senator Harry Darby and Senator Frank Carlson accompany him.

COLONEL SYDNEY H. BINGHAM (Right), Chairman, New York City Board of Transportation, spoke to the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce on the occasion of public transportation's bicentennial.

AT DEDICATION (Lower Right) of Kansas City's new veterans' hospital, Carl Gray (right) presents dedicatory plaque to Dr. J. B. McHugh, Hospital Manager.

G.O.P. TRUTH SQUAD (Below—Center) meets at President Hotel. From left, Senators Eugene Milliken, Bourke Hickenlooper, Homer Ferguson.

MISSION FROM INDIA (Below, at Bottom) to study U. S. agricultural methods included Mr. S. C. Rory, Agricultural Extension Director (left), and K. R. Damle, Secretary of Agriculture (right). They are accompanied by John F. Hull, Ford Foundation Counselor for the Mission.

BILL HENRY (Lower Left), newsman heard over WHB, flew into Kansas City for the telecast of the K.U.-T.C.U. football game at Wabash and originated his MBS program from WHB.





SWING'S SPORTS SHOTS

BIG SEVEN FOOTBALL (Above)—Celebrating Hallcrafters' second year as sponsor of the Big-7 Football broadcasts on WHB are (left to right) John T. Schilling, WHB general manager; John G. Gaines, Hallcrafters distributor; Jack Sampson, WHB sales representative; Bob White, treasurer, John G. Gaines Co.; Ed Dennis, WHB sales manager; Jack Gaines, John G. Gaines Co. sales manager; Bill Burris, John G. Gaines Co. sales representative; Ray Smith, John G. Gaines Co. technician; Bill Icenogle, John G. Gaines Co. attorney; and Larry Ray, WHB sports director, who does the play-by-play broadcasts.

K. C. OPEN GOLF TOURNAMENT (Right)—Perspiring Dr. Gary Middlecoff steps victorious off the final green of the Kansas City Open Golf Tournament at Milburn Country Club, for an interview with Larry Ray. Scene below them shows part of the large gallery at the Kansas City Open before the tournament scoreboard.

BASEBALL (Below)—Otis Bryan, president of the Muehlebach Brewing Company, sponsor of WHB baseball broadcasts, holds the \$250 Longines watch presented to Larry Ray as the announcer whose American Association city turned out the best attendance for Radio Night. Blues players are (left to right) Art Mazmanian, Bill Skowron, Kal Segrist.

After the Kansas City Blues had won the American Association playoff, Parke Carroll, general manager, and George Selkirk, team manager of the Blues, gather for a bit of merriment with Larry Ray before the WHB mike.



Ye Olde Time Pug

A peek into the life of James Figg, the undisputed father of modern fistiana.

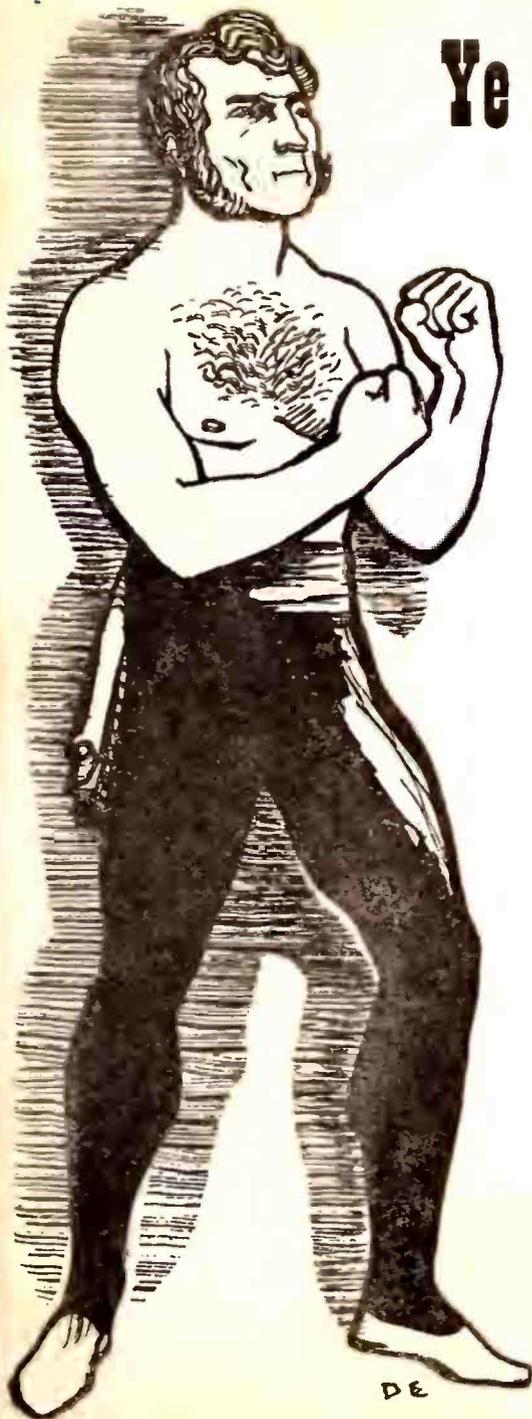
By NORMAN DALY

IN THE January issue of *The Protestant Mercury*, 1861, a news item read:

"Yesterday a match of boxing was performed before his Grace, the Duke of Albemarle, between the Duke's footman and a butcher. The latter won the prize, as he hath many times before, being account, though but a small man, the best at that exercise in England."

This description is accepted as the first newspaper account of a prize fight, but in the light of the present day reportorial sports copy it was a sad affair. In omitting the "Butcher's" name completely the reporter of the *Mercury* left nothing of that gallant victor to posterity. Today, in the annals of pugilism, he is unknown, so we must therefore turn and worship at the shrine of James Figg, the undisputed Father of Fistiana.

Although popularly believed to have been solely a pugilist, Figg was more distinguished as a cudgel and backsword player. In 1719 he opened



an academy known as Figg's Amphitheatre, in Tottenham Court Road, and here declared himself "the champion of England." He taught and practiced the art of self-defense and issued an engraved card bearing the inscription:

JAMES FIGG

Master of the Noble Science of Self-Defense on the right hand in Oxford Road near Adam and Eve Court, teaches Gentlemen the use of the small backsword and the Quarterstaff at home and abroad.

The cudgel was a short, heavy stick with a rounded knob at one end used as a weapon. The quarterstaff was the same type of bludgeon but considerably longer, and the backsword is the same fencing weapon we know today as the broadsword. Only one edge is sharpened.

The science of boxing in that bygone day of the illustrious Figg was as crude and cruel a sport, and as profitless, as the cudgel contests. It was a savage game of give-and-take, few if any rules, and utterly a question of survival of the fittest, in its broadest terms, for then the bout terminated only when one or the other contestant was completely and hopelessly beaten. It was a relentless and brutal pastime, and Figg, with his scowling, battened features and small, penetrating eyes harmonized in appearance with the nature of his profession.

The records of the fights of this man are lost, but his three battles with Ned Sutton, a pipemaker of Gravesend, are known. Sutton was furious on learning of Figg's declaration of himself as the champion of England,

and promptly took him to issue. Of the first two battles Figg won one and lost one, and not until the third encounter was Figg acclaimed, without reservation, the champion. However, these contests, though chronicled as "fights" were really cudgel matches.

Figg, enterprising business man that he was, cultivated a clientele of the better class, including Hogarth, the great artist, and Captain Godfrey, the foremost sporting writer of the times. It was Godfrey who later said of Figg:

"I have purchased my knowledge with many a broken head, and bruises in every part of me. I chose mostly to go to Figg and exercise with him; partly, as I knew him to be the ablest master, and partly, as he was of rugged temper, and would spare no man, high or low, who took up a stick against him. I bore his rough treatment with determined patience, and followed him so long, that Figg, at last, finding he could not have the beating of me at so cheap a rate as usual, did not show such fondness for my company. This is well known by gentlemen of distinguished rank, who used to be pleased in setting us together."

Figg's business cards professed to teach "defense scientifically", and his fame for "stops and parrics" was so great that he was often mentioned in the "Tatler", "Guardian" and "Craftsman", three better magazines of the times.

NOT unlike the modern ballyhoo promoters and showmen, Figg added "big names" to the attractions in his amphitheatre. Ned Sutton,

the Pipemaker of Gravesend, Timothy Buck, Thomas Stokes, and others. They were the Dempseys, Tunneys and Louises of that day.

The bouts, or "fairs" as they were called, usually gathered at Smithfield, Moorfield, St. George's Fields or Southwark. Hyde Park, not to be confused with the present day English drive of the same name, was found in 1723, by "order of his Majesty", and encircled by a fence. It was the scene of many improptu conflicts. The ring was finally obliterated in 1820.

Figg toured the countryside with his show, challenging any of the crowd to enter the lists with him for "money, love or a bellyful."

One of the lists relating to his fair at Southwark is herewith presented:

At

FIGG'S GREAT TIL'D BOOTH
on the Bowling Green, Southwark
(Which begins SATURDAY, the
18th of SEPTEMBER)

The TOWN will be entertained
with the

MANLY ART OF

Foil-play, Backsword, Cudgelling,
and Boxing, in which

The noted PARKS, from Coventry,
and the celebrated gentleman prize-fighter,
Mr. MILLAR, will display their skill in a tilting-
bout, showing the advantages of

Time and Measure:

Also

Mr. JOHNSON, the great swordsman, superior to any man in the world for his unrivalled display of the hanging-guard, in a grand attack of SELF-DEFENSE, against the all-powerful arm of the renowned SUTTON.

DELFORCE, the finished Cudgeller, will likewise exhibit his uncommon feats with the single-stick; and challenges any man in the Kingdom to enter the lists with him for a broken head or a bellyful!

To conclude

With a GRANDE PARADE by the Valiant FIGG, who will exhibit his knowledge in various combats—with the Foil, Backsword, Cudgel and Fist.

To begin each day at Twelve o'clock, and close at Ten.

Vivat Rex.

N.B. The Booth is fitted up in a most commodious manner, for the better reception of Gentlemen, etc., etc.

IN THE year 1733, a giant Italian came to England. He created the same sensation that the present day wrestler and former heavyweight boxing champion, Primo Carnera, made on his arrival in the United States. He was a tremendous fellow, hailing from Venice, and was known as "The Gondolier". He was capable of totally disabling a man with a single blow. The man's physical proportions and the tales of jaw-breaking and body-maiming struck terror to the hearts of many of the local pugilists. Here indeed was a menace to the supremacy of the English fighters.

However, a nobleman was found who was willing to wager a sum of money that a man would be produced to whip the colossus. Of course Figg was approached, and readily guaranteed to promote the bout and have the man-mountain from Italy whipped.

Figg selected one of his pupils, Bob Whitaker, and pitted him against "The Gondolier". The amphitheatre, of course, was the scene of battle, and the contest was witnessed by a fashionable assemblage, among whom, Captain Godfrey informs us, "There were no common people." (Boo)

When the men appeared stripped for action, poor Whitaker, well-proportioned as he was, seemed a sorry sight beside the titanic Italian. From all appearances there would be little choice in the matter . . . the brave Briton was doomed to destruction.

The men parried and the first blow, a right to Bob's head, sent the Englishman spinning across the ring and out through the ropes into the audience. Undaunted, and still game, Whitaker pulled himself together and re-entered the ring. Rushing the giant Venetian, and shooting a terrific blow to the stomach, Bob brought the Italian down gasping. His jaw sagged, his knees buckled, and the fight was over. The "Monster" quit cold.

Though Whitaker won in the sense of victory, Figg reaped the financial rewards, and not quite satisfied with them he immediately set about to show his fellow countrymen that he did not have to pit his best pupil against the giant. His next move was to match Whitaker with one Nathaniel Peartree, another of his proteges.

Peartree proved a sensation. He directed all of his blows to Bob's eyes, blinding him, and then pummelled him about the ring. Within six minutes Peartree was declared the winner, and Whitaker exclaiming: "Damme, I'm not beat, but what signifies my fighting when I can't see my man?"

Undefeated, James Figg died on the 8th of December, 1734, quite wealthy, beloved and admired by all. Captain Godfrey says of the olde tyme fist-fighter:

"In Figg, strength, resolution, and unparalleled judgment, conspired to form a matchless master."

Those were the days.

Norman Daly is one fellow who took the admonition "Make use of your Public Library" to heart. You wouldn't believe that Norm, living in the thick of New York City, 295 Madison Ave. to be exact, could be an expert on outdoor life, but that's just what he is. He spent years reading every volume in the New York Public Library relating to fishing, sports, wrestling and boxing. Now he's a successful contributor to "Hunting & Fishing," "Sports Afield," "Outdoor Life" and "The Ring." An expert in one field usually has substantial knowledge in others, and true to form, Norman Daly, with his 25th wedding anniversary coming up, has shown himself to be a sage in the field of wedded bliss. He's the home loving type, leaning to such hobbies as collecting rare pipes, exotic herbs and spices.



As You Will

Youth is the pursuit of the unattainable and middle age is the realization of its unattainability.

What makes the world go round is the temptation to attempt something that can't be done and to succeed.

There's Money In The Air

*Got a worthy cause?
Chances are, the Smart-
Money-Raiser can get you
\$100,000.00 to put it over.*



By STANLEY S. JACOBS

IN A single postwar year Americans generously wrote out checks totalling more than two and one-half billion dollars for everything from the cancer drive to building shelters for aged sailors.

To get cold cash to pay the butcher, the baker and the landlord, most of us have to work hard—but to a select little fraternity of specialists getting money by asking for it is not only a cinch but a very big business, indeed!

They don't tell the world how much money they get by asking for it, but behind the accomplishments of these fund-raising counselors are impressive stories of schools rescued from bankruptcy, small charities expanded into nationwide benefactions,

struggling hospitals transformed into renowned clinics.

No longer does the up-against-it college president have to go from office to office passing the hat so that his school may stay open. If he's "hep," he calls in a professional fundraiser, lays all cards on the table, makes the best deal he can—and lets the professional take over from there.

A small school in Dixie had \$75,000 in debts and no prospect of paying off the tabs. On the verge of closing, a New York fund-raising specialist heard of the school's plight, hopped a South-bound plane, and told the flabbergasted board of trustees:

"You men are thinking in terms of peanuts! I can raise \$300,000 for you in two months, if you cooperate. Just

give me the names of prominent alumni, let my company use your names in phone calls and letters, and the money will walk in by itself.

There followed a whirlwind campaign in which every old grad received a telegram informing him that he was invited to become a "Big Brother" of — College, for the modest sum of \$200. Big Brothers would have their names etched in stone used in a new administration building to be constructed in the near future. The telegrams, plus some urgent phone calls and flattering letters, brought in more than \$300,000. For his services in organizing and running the campaign, the specialist received a flat 10 per cent, or \$30,000—not unreasonable when you recall that the school otherwise would have gone bankrupt.

TOP BRASS of the closely-guarded fund-raising fraternity is John Price Jones, an ex-newsman who forsook journalism for the greener pastures of asking well-heeled men and women to part with the green stuff. Jones' most valuable asset is a priceless card file of 100,000 Americans who are sure-fire contributors to a good cause which is sold to them the right way.

Such a listing of well-heeled benefactors takes decades to assemble and could not be bought for any price. Scattered through the card file are not a few blue cards. The color blue signifies that the name on the card is worth a cool \$5,000,000. Jones and his staff of 90-odd money hunters would be downcast, indeed, if a blue card holder came through with any-

thing less than \$5,000 for any charity, school, hospital or church needing the money.

More numerous are the pink card people. Don't be sad if you're only a pink—that color in the Jones organization means that you are known to give \$1,000 and up to worthy philanthropies. Following the pink cards are thousands of "general" names who are good for \$500, or maybe \$750 if the squeeze is applied by somebody important like a bishop, general, or U. S. Senator.

The smart fund-raiser will not accept all clients. Long experience has taught him that some projects, however worthy, simply cannot be sold, while others—maybe less humanitarian—have such sure-fire human appeal that they attract whopping checks as a magnet draws steel filings.

One group of do-gooders came to a prominent Chicago fund-raising



ALV
SHERMAN

firm and wanted to promote half-a-million dollars for a home for aged spinisters. The cause was good, there were plenty of needy ladies, but as the specialist frankly told the committee:

"You don't stand a chance. Spinisters, to the general public, are old maids—and old maids are a sorry, pathetic lot, judging from the movies, radio and comic papers. Sure, they are worthy of real support—but how can you dramatize old maids? The heart appeal just isn't there!"

But a week later this same fund-raising expert took on a Pennsylvania animal shelter, blandly promised to raise \$100,000 in a two week campaign, and topped his promise by \$50,000.

"It was simple," he said, "because helpless animals are sure-fire items to sell to charity-dispensers. The very

people who wouldn't give a thin dime to help unmarried old ladies gladly shelled out hundred-dollar bills to save the cats and dogs. Don't ask me to explain it—in some ways, a dog is luckier than a human being down on his luck!"

Nature's own disasters set the stage for the greatest spurt of open-hearted giving. Flood relief, famine drives, and aid-to-hurricane-victims are magic keys which open thousands of purses, wallets, and checkbooks. But Jones and his colleagues have a tough time conducting drives for museums, cathedrals and scholarly societies, deserving though they may be. The heart-pull just isn't there.

The big money seekers avoid campaigns with under-\$100,000 goals. That's because a smoothly-operated campaign has expenses for office, stationery, postage, travel, phone and salaries. Besides, big goals attract big money; set your sights too low and a big business man may offer a check for \$25 instead of the \$500 a truly important campaign might elicit.

YOU can't always tell who will give money and who will not. In a small midwestern town a crew of California fund-raisers were soliciting in surrounding counties for gifts with which to build a community hospital. The campaign was short by \$10,000 on the last day—and that night the boys talked of a supplementary drive to snare the \$10,000 required to get the hospital launched.

They were about to leave the office when a town character known as Uncle John—a recluse—strolled in, chewing his tobacco vigorously.

"Heard you boys need some



money," he said curtly. "Here's the ten thousand." And he brought forth a tobacco tin filled with large denomination bills.

After the fund-raisers were revived, they asked the old man why he had never given to any charities before. "Nobody ever asked me, dang it," he said.

Many people still are not asked, but gradually America's elite corps of dollar-hunters are closing the gap between the givers and the non-givers. Uncle Sam, with his generous income tax deductions for big charity gifts, has made possible staggering campaigns unthinkable a decade or two ago.

THE top fund-raisers work on a flat fee basis, though percentage deals are not uncommon. Many individuals who conduct short campaigns for assorted causes net themselves \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year. For a top firm, a net income of \$75,000 to \$200,000 is far from rare.

"The secret of fund-raising lies in involving other people," says a San Francisco expert. "The smart money-raiser never does the asking himself; all he would get would be cold stares and rebuffs. But if he can get Banker Jones to ask Banker Smith for a generous check for a favorite charity, the results are much better. Potential givers to any cause—whether rich or of moderate means—tend to give when they know prominent individuals are supporting the

cause. And if the big shots themselves make the calls or sign the letters, or empower us to do so, the results are usually predictable."

The money-hunting specialists know every foundation and charitable trust in the country. They have their own "Who's Who" and can produce lists of affluent doctors, lawyers, dentists, manufacturers, retailers and jobbers. They break down various business fields into sub-divisions, and can estimate closely, say, how much the beaded bag manufacturers in New York City would contribute to a worthy cause if asked by the right people.

Lawyers are a source of much surprise money. That's because they have clients—many of them rich people with few or no relatives or friends—who seek their advice in making out wills.

A lawyer who is well-disposed to a particular charity or philanthropy can make certain that thousands of dollars flow into the coffers from people whose wills he draws up. In Ohio, one lawyer who had been stage-struck as a youth was interested in a home for aged and out-of-luck Thespians. He interested scores of clients in the enterprise. Over the years, the home for indigent actors has received more than \$75,000 from individuals who had no connection with the stage. The bequests were made at the suggestion of the attorney whose first love had been grease paint!





Modeling Myths

Exciting, but safe—and well paid, big-time professional modeling now opens its arms to the pretty girl next door.

By PHIL GLANZER

EVER since the day Eve tucked together some fig leaves and staged the first fashion parade for her one-man audience, Adam, women have been modeling.

The only difference today is that what Eve and her many daughters have done through the years, as amateurs, many girls are now finding a fascinating and lucrative profession.

A good deal of sensational material has appeared recently debunking the modeling profession. These stories picture modeling as a grim business which breaks the hearts of 1,000 girls for every one it provides with a living.

A survey made in New York showed modeling surprisingly easier to break into, and bringing better financial return sooner than do most other jobs open to girls.

Comparatively few American girls make any serious attempt to enter modeling. The top estimate of the largest and most successful agency is

that 60 to 75 girls a week come in or write to inquire about modeling. This is a small number compared to the more than 8,000,000 girls between 18 and 25 years old who, the United States Census Bureau reports, are living in the U. S.

NEW YORK is the Mecca for models. The greatest demand is there, the greatest variety of models. Most models use New York as their springboard to success. There is concrete reason for this. New York is the nerve center of the advertising world—the hub of the graphic and photographic arts, and through these media, models reach the public. In addition, all major fashion magazines have their editorial and illustrative departments in New York. Within a radius of one mile, are the most valuable contacts in America for the professional model. There are approximately 10,000 fashion models employed in the United States, and 90 per cent of them work in New York. It is

quite natural, then, for girls who are seriously interested in cultivating modeling as a career, to look to New York as the most fertile field.

If a girl is attractive facially, has poise and nice figure proportions, she is a "natural" for fashion modeling. And if, in addition, she knows how to model clothes, she should have very little difficulty in getting into the field.

How about photographic modeling—cover girls, and product advertising models? Here the requirements are somewhat stricter. Besides having a nice figure, she must also photograph well. However, photographic modeling has been very much over-publicized. Actually, it is a minor part of the modeling profession, and girls who model clothing are considerably better paid.

Another criticism leveled at modeling—although never by the models themselves—is that a girl's top earning period runs only four to twelve years. But girls in many other careers seldom work longer than that before marrying. Many nationally-known models are married and continue their work in stride with running their homes.

The "wolf" menace is also highly exaggerated, most models insist. Using this warning to discourage girls from entering the profession just makes most of the cover girls smile.

"Models are no more subject to

advances from men than any other attractive girls, and what girl doesn't like to have plenty of attention if she is normal?" Paulette Hendrix puts it.

"Most of us try to encourage our sisters or friends to get into modeling," Paulette says. All of the charming models agree.

Modeling is not only lucrative. It is also fun. So say those who should know—the models themselves! Take June Kirby, for example, typical of scores of models and their views on modeling.

"The average model, in my experience," she says, "works no harder than the average successful stenographer. Yet the compensations are far greater, and the work is glamorous and exciting to say the least.

"Every stenographer is expected to keep herself as attractively groomed as any model. But the model probably spends less on beauty treatments because she has learned to manage her own hair, give herself facials, and has allotted time to take care of herself. Further, she has more time for recreation."

But what are the other advantages? Again, the models themselves speak:

"Constantly I meet new faces and personalities," says sparkling cover girl Marian Snyder. "That elusive world of fascinating people of the arts is open to me—writers, artists,

Phil Glanzer is Managing Editor of the prospering Glanzer News Service in Toronto, the publishing center of Canada. An Ohio State graduate, Mr. Glanzer specializes in scientific writing, business administration articles and promotion and merchandising copy for trade journals. He has been published in *Coronet*, *American Mercury*, *The Rotarian*, *Esquire* and the *Kiwanis Magazine*. You may sometimes read him under the pen name, Larry Phillips.

publishers, and theatrical celebrities."

"The pace and vibrant change of scene thrills me," chimes in lovely Bobbie Snow. "One day I might be modeling the latest gown at the Plaza. The next day I might be photographed at the Stork Club one hour and find myself an hour later rushing to La Guardia Field to catch a plane to Arizona for another assignment—I never know what excitement will come next!"

While the photographic model's earnings are usually at a higher hourly rate, her earnings over the period of a year are much less than that of the fashion model. The income of the fashion models ranges from \$50 to \$125 weekly, and has the advantage of consistency. Most girls are not temperamentally suited to gyrations of pay and are happier in a career which offers a regular weekly salary. The

work of the fashion model is leisurely in tempo and has an intrinsic glamour of its own. Her environment is one of distinction in the retail field and creative in atmosphere in the wholesale field where America's fashion "firsts" originate.

"A model's wardrobe is too costly," some critics of modeling cry. The models interviewed said this was poppycock. A fashion model requires no special wardrobe at all. Her clothes are supplied by the store or manufacturer by whom she is employed. The photographic model can easily build up her wardrobe as she develops her career.

The discriminating girl of today, seeking a career of distinction, will find modeling as smart and flattering as the style of the moment.

"It's a model life!" the models say.



TODAY'S best-dressed golfer cannot hope to compare with some of the sartorial displays sported by an earlier and much more fashionable generation of golfing enthusiasts.

The venerable Thistle Golf Club was founded at Edinburgh in 1815. Its Scottish founders promptly decided upon a uniform garb to be worn by playing and non-playing members alike. Old Club records went into considerable detail in describing this uniform.

It consisted, according to the Thistle Club annals, of "a scarlet single-breasted coat, with a green collar, and plain gilt buttons, a badge on the left breast, with the device of the thistle embroidered with gold upon green cloth, the trousers white."

There was an outfit calculated to arouse the envy of any of today's most sartorially minded golfers. It even dispels the popular notion of the conservative, undemonstrative Scotsman. But there is no evidence at hand that it improved the scores of the members of the Thistle Golf Club in their daily assaults on Old Man Par.

Jasper Sinclair

To get a job **DONE**

ask yourself

3 QUESTIONS:

1 **WHAT**

am I to do?

2 **HOW**

am I to do it?

3 **HAVE**

I done it?

HENRY SCHOTT

He may sit above you; he may sit below you. You may be him. Whatever the case, you owe it to yourself to discover—

What Makes A Good Boss?

What Makes A Good Boss?

What Makes A Good Boss?

THE Northwestern University Reviewing Stand has for many years been a favorite with nation-wide radio audiences because of the universal appeal of the subjects discussed, and the thorough and intelligent manner in which the discussion is presented. "What Makes A Good Boss?" reprinted below was the topic of the August 3, 1952, broadcast carried over WHB and other Mutual stations. The participants are MACK T. HENDERSON, Consulting Psychologist with Rohrer, Hibler & Replogle, Psychological Consultants to Management; ALBERT C. VAN DUSEN, Associate Prof. of Psychology, and Administrative Assistant to the President, Northwestern University; JAMES C. WORTHY, Employer Relations Manager, Sears, Roebuck and Co.; and as Moderator, JAMES H. MCBURNEY, Dean of the School of Speech, Northwestern University.

Mr. McBurney: How should you look at this question of what makes a good boss? Should we look at it from the standpoint of the people who work for the boss, Worthy, or from the standpoint of the corporation or the business that employs this executive?

Mr. Worthy: I think you have got to look at it from both standpoints; from the standpoint of the people to whom the boss reports, because they expect him to be responsible for carrying out certain assignments; and you have got to look at it from the standpoint of those who report to the boss also. They see the boss and what he does in quite a different role, quite a different perspective than the boss's boss.

Mr. McBurney: Can a man be a good boss from the standpoint of management, Henderson, and a poor

Hear the Northwestern Reviewing Stand on WHB every Sunday at 9 p.m.—followed by "Sixth Row Center," a preview of the week's cultural events in Kansas City, with Everett Hendricks of the music department at the University of Kansas City as narrator and interviewer.

one from the standpoint of the employees?

"Same Characteristics"

Mr. Henderson: I think, ideally, when we ask ourselves the question of what makes a good boss, the employee looks for the same characteristics that the employer looks for in the boss man.

Mr. Van Dusen: For a limited period of time, the employee may be looking for something different than the employer is looking for in a given boss, but over any period of time, I think both groups would be looking for essentially the same types of qualities in the man.

Mr. McBurney: What would they be looking for? What makes a good boss?

Mr. Van Dusen: For me, a good boss is one that knows what ought to be done, a fellow who can communicate fairly effectively with his employees, so they understand what is supposed to be done; and a boss is a good one when he can help his employees taste personal satisfactions as they together try to accomplish the goals of their organization.

Mr. Worthy: I would like to emphasize one of the points Van Dusen made: the importance of the boss knowing his job. In the management literature the last few years, there has been a great deal of discussion, a great deal of emphasis on the importance of what is commonly termed, good human relations skills. Those skills are certainly important. I hope in our discussion today we will have a great deal more to say about them,

but I think we must never lose sight of the fact, first and foremost, the boss has to know his job. He has to know how to accomplish the task that he has set up to accomplish, whether it is running a store or running a factory, or running a department, whatever it may be. He must have the technical skills, and the technical know-how to accomplish that job.

Mr. McBurney: Why are you inclined to emphasize that, Worthy?

"Respect of Employees"

Mr. Worthy: For one thing, in so much of the literature that point has been de-emphasized in favor of the human relations side of the manager's job; but the other reason is that the first requirement of a boss is that he must have the respect of the people reporting to him; he must have the confidence of those people, and unless he knows his job, unless he knows how to accomplish what he is responsible for accomplishing, he simply can't have the necessary respect of his people.

Mr. Henderson: I should like to raise this question, Worthy: Does he gain this respect and this confidence through his technical know-how?

Mr. Worthy: Not entirely through it. Other things are necessary in addition to technical know-how, but unless he has the technical know-how, no matter what his so-called human relations abilities are, he is not going to be able to get the confidence of his people.

Mr. Henderson: Isn't it possible for a person who has the technical

know-how to lose the respect and confidence of his people?

Mr. Worthy: That is certainly true, particularly if he doesn't have these social skills that we have been talking about.

"Sensitive to Needs"

Mr. Van Dusen: I think the technical know-how is frequently overdone. For me, an individual who is in a supervisory capacity, by definition, supervises people as well as things. That implies he must be flexible enough to be sensitive to the variety of needs and desires of a lot of different people as well as having the technical understanding of a given job.

Mr. McBurney: Do you think there is danger, Henderson, that too much specialized technical knowledge might make a person less effective as an executive?

Mr. Henderson: That is a real possibility. The man who has a high

technical skill and relies upon that for his supervision is a person who can very well lose the confidence and respect of his people. I would settle more for the person who has a minimum amount of technical skill, but a superior amount of leadership skill.

Mr. Worthy: I would say that the important factor there is not whether the supervisor has too much technical knowledge or too little technical knowledge. The important thing is the way in which he uses it. Conceivably, a very technically skilled supervisor, in part because of his high technical skill, will involve himself too much in things which he should be delegating to his subordinates. He may try to do too much of the job himself. Where that happens, I think it happens not so much because of any technical ability the man has, but temperamental factors which make it difficult for him to delegate matters to others.

Importance of Attitudes

Mr. Henderson: It is how the man utilizes not only his technical knowledge, but his attitudes toward people. I also feel that it is quite possible for a person who does not have much technical knowledge to provide real leadership to a group of technicians.

Mr. Van Dusen: I would say that the higher the level of the supervision, the broader the flexibility and the boss' attitudes should be. It seems to me that the higher you go in the echelon of supervision, the more it implies that the boss has to know a greater variety of things. It is impossible for him to be an ex-



"I don't know—all I did was ask him for a raise."

pert in all phases of many businesses, and he has to depend upon the effectiveness of his relationships with many people.

Mr. Henderson: In other words, you are saying, Van Dusen, the conductor of the orchestra cannot always play first fiddle?

Mr. Van Dusen: I don't think he can.

Mr. McBurney: Worthy, you made the point that technical skill is important. Does it follow from that in your opinion that the boss ought to come up through the ranks? Ought he to be a man who has experienced these different jobs over which he is going to preside?

Mr. Worthy: It is difficult to generalize on that. Coming up through the ranks has a number of advantages in this respect. For one thing, if a man starts at the bottom and moves up through a series of levels, he is likely to have a much better knowledge of the technical processes of the department or the organization. He will have a much better appreciation of where his work and his department fits into the general scheme of things. He will have a background that will make it much easier for him to exercise the responsibilities of the boss. On the other hand, I don't think you can say that that is the only way to get to be a boss, because we have many examples in industry of people who come up by other means.

Mr. Henderson: Haven't we many examples of a person who has come through the ranks and has sampled all of the various jobs in the department, and is therefore quite techni-

cally familiar with all the aspects of the technical workings, but who fails when he is placed in a position of leadership?

Mr. Worthy: You have many examples of that.

Mr. Henderson: Why is it? That is the real question.

Difference in Temperament

Mr. Van Dusen: I think it is due, Henderson, to the difference in the temperamental makeups of people, how they have learned to respond to different situations. They may be quite adequate supervisors at a lower level, and when they find they are having to face many different departments, they are no longer competent. The job skill for a high-level supervisor is not the same as that of a lower level.

Mr. Henderson: It seems to me what we need to settle for here is the right kind of a person, rather than his technical knowledge, because the right kind of a person will provide the coherent type of leadership which will bring the group along. I think any time we try to generalize on this thing, we drift into exceptions. We can cite examples of people who have been placed in positions of leadership in sales who have had no previous experience in sales and who have been successful.

Mr. Worthy: It is difficult to generalize. To a large extent, success depends on an individual situation, the individual company, the individual department, the traditions, the policies, organization, and so on. In my own particular company, we have a long, established tradition of promo-

tion from within. Under those circumstances if we should try to bring in a man for an important position from outside the organization, he would have real difficulty in establishing himself.

Mr. McBurney: Henderson and Van Dusen appear to be making the point that there is such a thing as managerial skill or executive ability apart from technical knowledge of the job and apart from general personal competence. Am I right in that? Is there such a thing as managerial skill?

Managerial Skill

Mr. Henderson: You are right as far as I am concerned. Before we leave this question of promotion within the ranks, I do not want to leave the impression that people within the ranks should not have consideration for promotion into leadership positions. That is the place we should look if they are the right kind of persons in terms of skills needed for management. They should be given preference, but the first consideration ought to be the skills of management, and I think they can be rather quickly and easily identified.

Mr. Worthy: I might say here, Henderson, that it seems to me one of the important qualifications for a good boss is knowing who in his organization has possibilities for being developed for higher responsibilities, either for his own position or some other position of responsibility in the organization.

Capable Subordinates

Mr. Van Dusen: That is one of the managerial skills. A good manager

has to recognize the necessity of building up an organization with him so that there are responsible subordinates who are capable of moving up in the organization.

Mr. McBurney: How does a boss go about doing that?

Mr. Van Dusen: One thing is he should arrive at the stage where he is not afraid of having capable men serving with him. As a matter of fact, the bosses who seem to get ahead are those that are comfortable having bright young men and women around them, who in some respects are much better than they in some aspects of their work.

Mr. McBurney: Personally, I would underline that. One of the first marks of administrative skill is the capacity and the desire to associate yourself with really competent people, and some of them may be better than you are. You shouldn't be afraid of them. Also, once you've got those people you ought to be willing to delegate responsibilities to them.

Mr. Henderson: That is true, but we don't get those people unless the man in charge recognizes the need for such people. He has to make up his mind what his department needs, and one of his needs is to have capable people who can go beyond the positions they are in.

Mr. McBurney: I might add that the boss has to have a company willing to provide the salaries that will bring in these capable people. That is not unimportant.

Mr. Henderson: You have already pointed out the very peculiar role the boss is in. He has responsibility to his

subordinates, responsibility to his superiors, and responsibility to people on the same level with him. That places him in a three-way role which is not an easy one.

Mr. McBurney: What about this business, Henderson, of delegating jobs to subordinates?

Job Delegation

Mr. Henderson: In my mind, skillful delegation is one of the very important characteristics of a successful boss, one who doesn't cling to responsibility which rightfully belongs to subordinates. Recognition that a subordinate can carry a load is an expression of confidence and trust. That has to be done, even though we recognize that the subordinate will make mistakes.

Mr. McBurney: Why wouldn't a boss delegate? What would motivate him to keep these things on his own desk?

Mr. Van Dusen: You are looking at me, McBurney. I would guess as a generalization, and I think it is always tough to generalize about these things, I would say that the fellow doesn't feel too secure. If he is afraid that he may make an error in his judgment about the qualifications of those individuals to whom he might delegate, the chances are good he will do all the job himself.

Mr. McBurney: There is another factor. I think some executives and administrators are extremely conscientious people who feel keenly the responsibility placed on their desk and they are afraid to turn it over to somebody else. They want to keep everything in their hands. Don't you

think it works out that way sometimes?

Mr. Worthy: I am sure that is what Van Dusen had in mind when he emphasized the importance of the boss always being a man with considerable self-reliance and self-confidence. If the boss is insecure, if he is not sure of himself, of his position, and if at the same time he is being held responsible by his superiors for the accomplishment of certain things, it is going to be difficult for him to turn over a portion of that responsibility to members of his own organization.

"Give Responsibility"

But I would like to get back to a point made previously, the importance of developing good people within the organization itself. You simply can't develop good people unless you give those people responsibility. There has been a great deal written and said about this matter of delegation, and all executives will agree that delegation is an important part of an executive's job because the executive can't do the whole job. However, there is much misunderstanding as to what delegation consists of. Many executives conceive of their job as that of working out all of the processes in the greatest detail, working out all of the instructions down to the minutest point, and then simply calling in their subordinates and turning over those instructions for them to carry out. That is not true delegation. True delegation consists of giving people a responsibility for working out within whatever limits may be necessary in the

particular organization, the job to be done, and the way it is to be done.

Mr. Van Dusen: What you have emphasized, Worthy, is another one of these managerial skills. The successful boss is one who not only allows participation on the part of the employees, but encourages their participation in working out solutions to problems that they are eventually going to carry out themselves.

Mr. McBurney: What kind of a person should this boss be? Should he be a friendly, cordial individual? The stereotype of a boss often is a rough, gruff sort of a person.

Mr. Henderson: Very often he is stereotyped as a hail-fellow-well-met. It seems to me that neither one is the essential requirement. I think, in my judgment, a certain amount of friendliness is necessary, but to me what is more important is how accessible he is to his people, and what kind of consideration does he give them, when he is with them.

Mingle With People?

Mr. McBurney: He ought to keep his door open so people can come in? He ought to mingle with the people who work for him?

Mr. Henderson: I feel he should have his door open. That word, "open door" leads us to misconceptions. A lot of executives tell their people that the door is open . . .

Mr. McBurney: But nobody goes in!

Mr. Henderson: Nobody goes in because of the treatment they get when they arrive. It has to be more than verbal expression to the people that his door is open.

Mr. Van Dusen: When we look into some of these examples of where the door is physically open, but no one cares to go in, sometimes we find that a characteristic behavior of the boss is that when he has a visitor from among the employees, the boss does all the talking and very little listening. It doesn't take many such experiences to discourage the employee.

Mr. Henderson: Another essential quality of a good boss is one who has a skill in listening.

Mr. Van Dusen: I would say that is one of the hardest skills to develop too, because it takes some work to listen effectively.

Mr. Henderson: Especially for a person who enjoys talking.

Mr. McBurney: You still haven't answered my question. Do you want a rough, gruff kind of boss?

Interpretation of Behavior

Mr. Worthy: I think the important thing is what kind of an individual the boss is. Certain bosses may have a rough, gruff kind of exterior, and other bosses may have a hail-fellow-well-met exterior. The important thing is the interpretation which the employees in the organization put on that kind of behavior. We have seen, particularly in studies we have made, bosses who on the surface are pretty strong, rough sorts of characters and at the same time, those people have a very high degree of loyalty from the members of their organization. On the other hand, we have seen the hail-fellow-well-met person, all sweetness and light, that the people don't have confidence in. The important

thing is the experience of the people with the boss and what they have learned to expect from him in terms of fair treatment, in terms of consideration, and how they have learned to interpret his behavior.

Mr. McBurney: Don't you think the boss' secretary is a pretty important individual in accomplishing these relations we are talking about?

Mr. Van Dusen: I would like to speak on that. I take my hat off to the good secretary. I go beyond that. I would say that any boss who has been a success who doesn't give a lot of credit to the people he surrounds himself with is a dope!

Mr. McBurney: I would agree with that completely.

Mr. Henderson: Are you recommending then that each boss have a secretary?

Mr. Van Dusen: Of course it depends on the situation, but I also wish to emphasize the important contribution of a good secretary.

Mr. Henderson: There are many bosses without secretaries, even though a secretary could be of great assistance in tipping off the boss to a variety of situations.

Mr. Worthy: The secretary can be a very useful person in keeping the boss informed as to the way people are reacting, problems that may be occurring in the organization, and so on. Usually the secretary is in closer touch with the rank and file, particularly of the white collar and stenographic workers.

"Members of the Team"

Mr. Van Dusen: It is important to give the secretary, as well as other

members of the organization the idea that they are members of the total team.

Mr. McBurney: Quite apart from the team relationship we have been discussing here, wouldn't you agree that real executive ability consists very largely in the capacity to analyze a situation, to put your finger on the problem, to have an over-all view of the entire operation? It would seem to me that would rank very high in selecting a man for an administrative position.

Mr. Henderson: I would agree with that completely with one possible exception. Many people have the notion that the IQ is the determining factor there.

Mr. McBurney: You mean the intelligence quotient?

Mr. Henderson: The intelligence level of the person.

Mr. McBurney: I should think it would be very important.

Mr. Henderson: I don't think it is an important factor after a certain point. I have observed many very skillful leaders in high positions who have knowledge, no more than what we might technically think of as average intelligence, but they have a creativity about them, and a skill in assembling the attitudes of the people, the judgments of the people, and together working out a solution that is more satisfactory than one man himself can do.

Mr. Worthy: It depends on what you mean by intelligence. In the studies we have made, we find a definite tendency for the average level intelligence to move up, to become higher, as you move to higher levels in the

organization. Of course, you find a certain range, sometimes a fairly wide range at one level, but nevertheless, there is a clear tendency for people at the higher levels to register higher on the IQ tests. But I think there are kinds of intelligence that aren't measured by the ordinary IQ test. If you can conceive of intelligence as ability to adjust, as ability to cut and fit to a situation, as ability to create, if you will, then I think that you have to admit that the boss, particularly as you move to higher and higher levels has to be a more intelligent person.

Self-Critical Attitude

Mr. Van Dusen: Isn't part of this skill we are talking about the boss' sensitivity to the impact that he has

on others? This is part of the planning of the organization. It is part of solving problems when they arise. It seems to me a successful execution of those requires that the boss have some insight into his own personality in this arrangement.

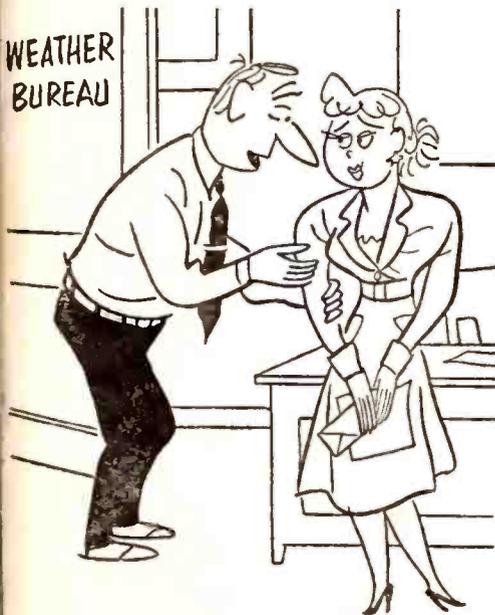
Mr. Henderson: I am glad you mentioned that, because I feel that the self-critical attitude of the boss is highly important. I mean a self-critical attitude of the sort which enables him to detect the differences in abilities around him and then how to utilize those abilities in terms of the good of the group.

Mr. Worthy: Well, in other words, what you are saying is that the boss must know the situation in which he is operating, he must know all of the factors that are at work in that situation. He himself is one of the most important factors at work in the working situation. Therefore, unless he has some degree of ability to size up himself in what he is doing in the organization, how the organization is reacting to him, he is going to miss a very necessary piece of information in order to accomplish a job.

Consistent Behavior

Mr. McBurney: You men have been emphasizing the importance of ability and flexibility, but as an employee, I like a boss that is reasonably decisive and reasonably consistent in his behavior, a man who can make up his mind, who doesn't vacillate too much, and a person who takes a position so you know where he stands, and who is reasonably consistent in that stand.

Mr. Henderson: I should like to point out that tractability does not



Joe Buresch

"Marry me today, and we'll have a honeymoon tomorrow probably followed by a home in the country and scattered children."

imply lack of decisiveness. We are looking for a highly adaptable person or flexible person who at the same time can make judgments with the discretion to know when to make a judgment and when not to make a judgment promptly.

Mr. McBurney: Often, those two things don't go together.

Mr. Henderson: That's right.

Mr. McBurney: You have a comment, Van Dusen?

Mr. Van Dusen: I was thinking that certainly you can't dilly-dally too long in an organization, or otherwise the employees are going to lose confidence in the boss man. I would agree with Henderson, snap judgments are of no particular virtue.

Mr. McBurney: Is there a standard formula for being a good boss, Van Dusen?

Mr. Van Dusen: I don't think so. As a matter of fact, we see examples around us every day that they don't come out of the same mold.

Mr. McBurney: Can different people achieve success as executives in

different ways? Does our discussion add up to that?

Mr. Worthy: Very definitely. You see people with different characteristics becoming equally successful, but there are certain basic factors comprising managerial skill. We have discussed many of these.

Mr. Henderson: One thing that accounts for that is the fact we have a different line-up of personal assets and skills as individuals. A good boss learns to use his strong points and to minimize what deficiencies he may have. There are personal differences but there are also essential skills common to most good bosses.

Mr. McBurney: How should people get to be bosses, Worthy? Do you think seniority rights are an important factor? Age an important factor?

Mr. Worthy: Both of those are factors in the situation. I don't think either of them however, can be controlling. . . .

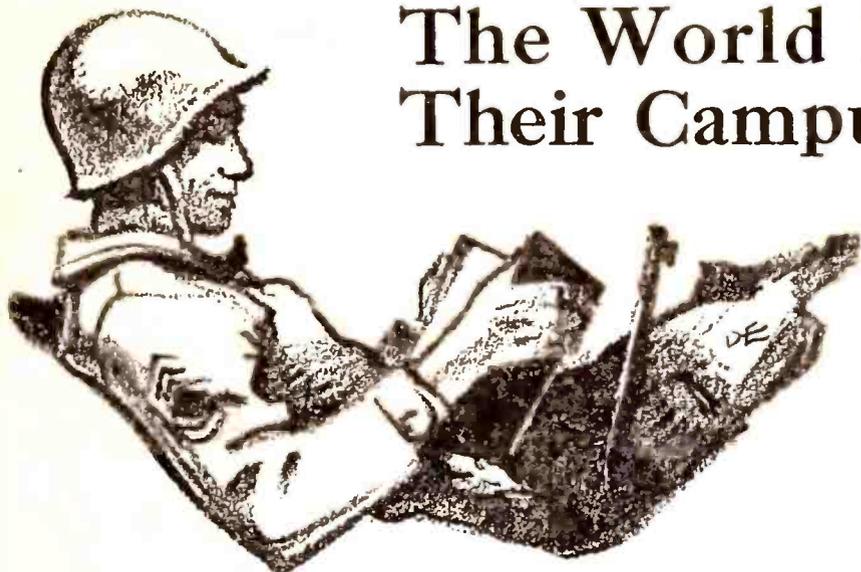
Announcer: I am sorry to interrupt but our time is up.



Troubles

Everyone has some—and every man thinks his own are the worst on earth . . . They're like mosquito bites, we never get used to having them . . . A shrewd old lady once said, "The trouble with troubles is that there's never a handy time to have 'em!" . . . But troubles do have their values . . . They erase small worries as the rain washes away chalk-marks from sidewalks . . . People with elephant-sized troubles usually bear up better than those with small ones . . . Big or little, few of us would really trade our troubles for those of others . . . Like our children, they vex and hurt us, but they're our own—they've grown up with us . . . The eternal problem is how to withstand our troubles . . . The solution is to compare personal troubles with those of someone worse off . . . Then pitch in and help that person! . . . Those who do will find their own troubles withering away for lack of attention.—Roscoe Poland.

The World Is Their Campus



American soldiers and sailors all over the world are eagerly awaiting tomorrow, for the mail may bring another lesson by correspondence.

By GEORGE L. CREEL, JR.

THE ARMED forces have the largest adult school system in the world.

The heart of this world-wide program is located in Madison, Wisconsin. Here some 350 civilians operate what is popularly known as USAFI. Officially called the United States Armed Forces Institute, it has furnished more than 3,000,000 men and women with correspondence courses since 1942.

Director of the Institute is Glenn L. McConagha, a former Ohio State University faculty member, affectionately called "Dr. Mac." He says, "At first, we were not sure that men would study of their own free will on their own time but the enthusiasm of servicemen soon removed all doubt.

"Every morning's mail at USAFI is

heavy, with new enrollments, lessons being submitted, questions about points of interest, letters of inquiry, and applications for tests.

"A sailor writes from his ship at sea that he's been stuck on problem six, page 237; will USAFI please help him? USAFI does.

"One soldier writes that he has not submitted any lessons recently because he's been on maneuvers, but he now expects to have plenty of time in the evenings to study his algebra.

"A colonel preparing for a business position after he retires from service enrolls for a course in accounting."

This reaction caused USAFI to grow rapidly. Ten years ago it offered only 64 subjects for high school and junior college credits. Now it has

more than 352 elementary, high school and college courses.

What Courses Should He Take?

A SERVICEMAN can make things a lot easier for himself if he goes to his local school and asks advice about the subjects he should take while he's away.

He will probably be too tired during basic training to even think about studying but after he reaches his outfit, he can go to his Information and Education officer and enroll in the courses he needs.

If he's on a small post or in an isolated detachment where an I & E officer is not available, he can write directly to USAFI.

Actually, he can choose any one of four plans of study. He can enroll in a correspondence course and receive texts and study guides from USAFI. A typical course is Elementary Photography which, for studying purposes, is broken down into 14 units. Each unit requires about eight to ten hours to study the text, answer the self-examination questions, and prepare the written assignment. When all assignments have been submitted to USAFI, then he takes an end-of-course test.

A prospective student may apply for a self-teaching course. If he has odd hours and can only work at infrequent intervals, perhaps this is the best method. This way he can study at his leisure and apply for an examination whenever he's ready.

If he has the time and facilities are available, he can attend group-study classes. More than 95,000 men and women enrolled in this type of course

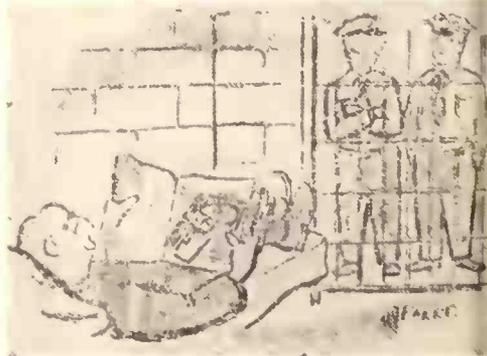
in 1951. Available at larger posts, over 1500 civilian and 1000 military instructors are used in this program. It is here that he can exchange ideas with other students and make friends with people that he would otherwise never know.

USAFI also has over 6,000 extension courses for which he can apply. These are made available through forty-four colleges and universities throughout the country. They are regular university extension studies and include everything from applied art to welding.

As in any school, certificates and diplomas are awarded for passing courses. Last year, about 25,000 received fifth grade certificates for completing elementary courses. Some 30,000 were rewarded with high school certificates.

Teachers Help Students

FOREMOST among the universities cooperating with USAFI is the University of Wisconsin. Many of UW's faculty have contributed their time to the preparation of study



Joseph Farris

"Never thought I'd see the day Slugger was reading a book!"

guides, instructor's guides, and other course materials.

All of USAFI's lesson plans are graded by university personnel. Alvin C. Gillette, a UW sociology instructor, says many students gain needed confidence from instructor's remarks on their papers. A chief petty officer in the navy encouraged by Gillette to continue his studies went on to receive his high school diploma.

One soldier writes: "Many thanks for the encouraging notes you have appended to my lessons. Seldom, if ever, has a teacher given me such reason for studying more earnestly, and I am deeply grateful to you."

Another was so worried about keeping up with his lessons that he said: "I am very sorry for the delay on this lesson but my wife just presented me with a daughter, and I was unable to keep up with my work for a while. This will not happen in the future if I can help it."

Only Up-to-Date Materials Furnished

DIRECTOR McCONAGHA expends every effort to give his students the best instruction available. He and his staff keep abreast of new developments not only in the educational field but also in the changing interests of uniformed personnel.

The effectiveness of the program is checked by visits to installations.

Textbooks are reviewed on a regular schedule.

Selection procedure for textbooks is so thorough that it often takes as long as 18 months for one to be approved. They are judged not only to the educational needs of the armed forces but are screened carefully for distorted views, passages that promote prejudices, anti-democratic attitudes, and statements that tend to develop a closed-mind in the student.

Program Still Growing

THE WORLD-WIDE campus of the armed forces educational system is still expanding. Three major universities now conduct classes overseas. The University of Maryland operates at 57 points in Europe. Instructors from the University of California teach at 21 locations in the Far East. Louisiana State University is establishing facilities in the Caribbean area.

Mobile units travel to remote areas to promote registrations.

Textbooks are microfilmed for patients in hospitals.

Throughout the world, military leaders encourage uniformed personnel to take advantage of these educational opportunities while Uncle Sam is paying part of their tuition.

They have found that informed servicemen not only make better soldiers, sailors, and airmen—they make better citizens.



Greater love hath no teen age son than that he let his old man use the car on Father's Day.



Jury: Twelve men chosen to decide which side has the better lawyer.

There's one nice thing about babies. They don't go around telling bright things their fathers and mothers have said.



There is just as much horse sense as ever, but it seems like the horses have it.

THEY DIED BUT ONCE

By JULES ARCHER

“**I**N THE face of death all men are cowards,” a wit once observed, “but only cowards show it.” The difference between those who steel themselves against fear, and those who don’t, may be counted today in the psychoneurotic wards of our big city hospitals. If enemy planes should ever fly through American skies, undisciplined fear may lead to panic, and panic to disaster. How can we keep our natural fear of death in check? We can find inspiration for courage in the last words of famous men who knew the same fear but mastered it:



GEORGE DANTON, victim of the French revolution, to his executioner: “You will show my head to the people. It will be worth the display.”



TOM APPLETON, one-time social leader of Boston, to the doctor who told him he was near death: “How interesting!”



BILLY THE KID, sentenced to be hanged “until you are dead, dead, dead,” to the judge: “And you can go to hell, hell, hell!”



THOREAU: “I leave this world without a regret.”



FREDERICK THE GREAT, on the battlefield as his army was hacked to pieces: “Is there no damned shot for me?”



CHARLES DARWIN, asked to recant his theory of evolution on his deathbed: “I am not in the least afraid to die.”



RABELAIS: “Let down the curtain—the farce is over. I am going to the great perhaps.”



SOCRATES, to the judges who condemned him: “The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better? God only knows.”



SIR SAMUEL GARTH, 18th century English physician, to the doctor bustling around his sick-bed: “Dear gentlemen, please let me die a natural death.”



JAMES SMITHSON, founder of the Smithsonian Institute, to the five doctors who couldn't diagnose his fatal ailment: "Perform an autopsy to discover what is the matter with me, for I am dying to know what my ailment is myself!"



CHARLES I of England, putting on two shirts the morning of his execution: "If I tremble with cold, enemies will say it was fear. I will not expose myself to such reproaches."



CLEMENCEAU, asking as his last wish to be buried with his coffin upright: "Even in death I wish to remain standing."



SIR WALTER RALEIGH, mounting the scaffold to be beheaded: "This is a sharp medicine but a sure remedy for all evils."



THOMAS HOBBS, English philosopher: "I should be glad to find a hole to creep out of the world at."



LORD BYRON, pondering last-moment appeals to repent his sins against convention, to his friends: "Shall I sue for mercy? . . . Come, no weakness. Let me be a man to the last!"



JEROME OF PRAGUE, being burned at the stake for his religious views, to his persecutors: "Bring thy torch hither. Do thine office before my face. Had I feared death, I might have avoided it."



BILL LONGLEY, western outlaw, as he tripped on shaky steps of the platform where he was to be hung: "Look out, boys—I don't want to get ripped!"

Kansas Fisticuffs

A PROMINENT citizen of the small Kansas prairie town entered the improvised boxing ring and motioned for silence. The crowd, eager for the exciting event, gave him their attention.

"Friends," he announced. "This fight has been inevitable. A professional boxer against a local amateur we think is better. Tonight, it will be settled. Introducing the contestants—The professional," he said and gestured to the stocky man at his left. "Frankie Brown!"

A roar greeted the professional fighter's handshake.

"The amateur," the announcer continued, and indicated a towheaded youth at his left. "I don't have to introduce him."

The young Kansan rose, smiled and waved a gloved hand.

The referee hurried the preliminary instructions and the fighters returned to their corners to await the first round. The bell sounded and as the youth faced his opponent, he heard friends shouting for him to show the skill that had made him the pride of the little town.

HIS opponent was good and he realized his only chance to win over Brown would be to outgeneral him. The youth was fast with excellent footwork dancing back and rolling his body under Brown's hard hitting punches. Brown would concentrate on the Kansan's body, then suddenly shift his attention to the head, throwing fast and powerful punches.

Both fighters kept the other from winning too many points and both attacked with equal skill. It was a hard bout between a professional and a small town boy who enjoyed boxing. Though the youth failed to overshadow Brown's skill and training, his opponent also failed to beat the natural ability of the Kansan. Few fighters could have been more evenly matched and even the crowd cheered the "draw" decision.

The youth quietly dressed and started for home but he hadn't gone far when Frankie Brown caught up with him.

"I wanted to tell you," Brown said.

"You could go to the top as a fighter the way you think on your feet."

Brown praised the youth's ability, painting a fanciful picture of a ring career.

"Boxing is a great sport and conditioner I like it," the youth replied thoughtfully "but, not professionally. It's a short career even for a champion and when it's over man's prepared for little else."

"Where could you do better?" Brown challenged. "You might become a champion."

"Oh, I don't know. I want to go to college and get an education so I can carve my own career to my ideas of living."

The discussion went on. Brown's argument fell apart and the youth won him over. Convinced, he decided to give up his boxing career and enter college, though he would have to work his way.

"Thank's for straightening me out," Brown said and started to say goodnight.

"You won't regret it, Frankie."

"Forget the Frankie. It's only a ring monicker. My real name's Rockne—Knut Rockne. And say, after all this talking, don't know your name either."

The lanky Kansan chuckled and held out his hand.

"The name's Dwight Eisenhower."



Russ Nelson

"Where have you been? Daddy and I have been looking high and low for you!"



Luck O' The Irish

At the end, kindness pays off, though not always in the striking manner it did for Doc Crowley.

By JOHN K. WALSH

OFFICER HOOLAHAN touched the brim of his cap with his right stick, a formal salute which is reserved solely for commissioners, sergeants and personal friends.

"'Tis a fine afternoon, Doctor Crowley," he said. "Sure, you're looking twenty years younger, every one I see ye'."

"An' 'tis a liar you are, Tim Hoolahan, if you ever did tell the truth in your life. I'm an old man that remembers well the day you came on the scene, a fresh lad with a strong back and an honest face. But—for once you're right on the weather. 'Tis a beautiful day to be out in the open."

Officer Hoolahan had something on his mind. "Which brings up the

subject, now ye mention it," he said. "It's about the kids playin' on the vacant lot next door. Your housekeeper has instructed the sergeant and the sergeant has instructed me, that the boys must be run off of the place. They make too much disturbance, she says."

"Mrs. Mahoney'd run the angels out of Heaven, if she ever gets there which I doubt. Pay her no mind, Hoolahan. It is my lot an'—. Let the boys play football there all they want to—."

"You're a good man, Doctor Crowley, despite the fact you're a wealthy one. You're good to kids—."

"Away with your blarney—But if you run any of those kids it's myself

that will tell the commissioners to suspend you."

Once more, Officer Hoolahan rendered the proper salute and sauntered on, chuckling. And wouldn't Mrs. Mahoney be mad!

DOCTOR CROWLEY, now that he was in front of his own house, in plain sight of his own door, straightened his shoulders and with feigned briskness mounted the step. The housekeeper, ever on the alert, opened the door and tried to offer her arm as she glared balefully at the departing uniform.

"Are you all right, Doctor?" she inquired anxiously, as the old man shook her off.

"I am, if you'll mind your own business and leave me alone, Mrs. Mahoney," came the usual reply. "It's busybodies like you—"

But plump motherly Mrs. Mahoney ignoring his protests was smoothing a pillow in the old Morris Chair by the big window in the conservatory. The doctor gruffly stumped in beside her, and eased back in the chair. His walk had tired him—a bit. The autumn air—was a trifle cool. Here he liked to sit—where he and Nora Crowley, many years ago had sat together—watching the horsecars crawl down Westport Avenue—watching Kansas City grow.

The housekeeper lit an old fashioned gas log burner at his feet and then—discreetly retired.

THE school children seemed to be late today. The old man missed them. Impatiently he crooked his cane around the leg of a small table and pulled it towards him, for the evening

paper. But the print blurred in the dimming light. He felt drowsy—he nodded.

Doctor Crowley hadn't noticed—that the ancient rubber hose that connected the gas burner, had parted. His aging ears missed the almost imperceptible hiss—.

A brisk football game got underway on the lot next door. The old doctor never heard the jubilant shout and laughter. Twilight gathered.

Suddenly the door bell jangled Mrs. Mahoney, irate, waddled to the door. Officer Hoolahan, with a brace of sniffing urchins stood on the steps.

"'Tis you, Hoolahan, that should know better than to awake the doctor," she exclaimed. "With a couple of brats, at this time of the day, and at the front door."

"It's an officer of the law, you're addressing, me good woman," said Hoolahan. "And it's the head of the house, he's after wantin' to speak to."

"And what important piece of business makes a Hoolahan think he can disturb the doctor?" she demanded tartly.

"These kids," began the cop resignedly, "was a playin' ball on the lot next door an'—"

"It's meself, Bridget Mahoney that ordered the sergeant to keep the little devils off—"

"Aye, an' 'twas the owner of the lot himself, Doctor Crowley, with his own lips, saving your pardon, that invoked your orders."

"Well—"

"So—I permitted the boys to play an—"

"An' what, ye falterin'—?"

"They just kicked the ball thru the window—the big one in the conservatory, Ma'am—. It's smashed into a thousand pieces."

Mrs. Mahoney, hands to high heaven in grim ire led the way. She knocked gently on the closed door. Suddenly Officer Hoolahan, sniffing the air, pushed her aside and plunged into the room.

Dr. Crowley, head turned to the falling sunset, quietly slumbered. The football rested in the ruins of a rub-

ber plant at his feet—the lace curtains fluttered briskly out the open window pane.

The officer shook him — the dimmed old eyes slowly opened in wonderment—then flashed in belligerent inquiry.

"Praise God," said Hoolahan, soberly. "The Almighty watches over His own. With the room full o' gas an' he sleeps like a babe in his mother's arms! The broken window saved his life!"

John K. Walsh is a man of action, a Major of Field Artillery in the first World War; later a mining engineer in Peru, and presently Director of Personnel at the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City. From 1933 to '37, Mr. Walsh was a member of the Board of Curators of Missouri University. His home is in the St. Louis suburb, Webster Groves. He is the father of four children, three of whom served overseas in the last war. Mr. Walsh's favorite writing subjects are hunting and fishing, adventure and the technical aspects of explosives. Many of his stories have an Ozark setting with strong vein of rural humor.



Several years ago the word "gobblede-
ok" was hailed as an inspired inven-
tion. More recently, a gentleman receiv-
ing an award for coining "bafflegab." For
my part, I prefer the word a five year
old used when she described an adult
conversation: "I can't understand them;
they are talking scribble."

In writing of the new Queen Elizabeth
one student declared: "Her son Charles
will be heir to the throng." Another said:
"Elizabeth is the mother of two children
and the wife of the Duke of Ellington."



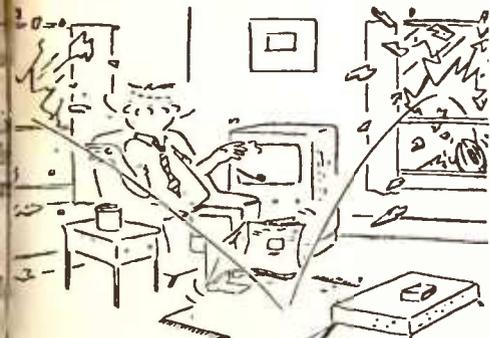
A Chicago man, visiting in London,
attended a ball where everyone except
himself spoke with the usual British
broad "a." The accent puzzled him but
he did his best.

He danced with the wife of his host.
The lady spoke with an especially broad
accent; also she was somewhat hefty.
When they had finished the dance, she
was panting.

"Shall we try another whirl?" asked
the Chicagoan.

"Not now," she said. "I'm dahnced
out."

"Oh, no," he said gallantly. "Not darn
stout—just nice and plump."



Martin Giuffre

Editor to Readers—

HOW do you like *Swing's* front cover this issue? For the first time in eight years of publication, the WHB "trade-mark"—the Swing Girl—is missing. Instead, we have used another bit of advertising art, Gotham Gold Stripe's "Cheese-cake '52" hosiery girl in a costume by Adele Simpson—reprinted through the courtesy of Gotham's sales promotion manager, Stanley Goodman, who furnished us the plates.

Stanley tells us that people always comment about one of the features of these Gotham ads: the use of dogs in the photographs. Any other comment?

A. A. Sterling, Inc., of New York City is the Gotham Gold Stripe advertising agency—Leona Bowman the account executive. These plates, which appeared in a number of national magazines, were made by Aetna of New York.

If you agency people or advertisers who read *Swing* have art work of your own you think would be nice for our covers, send along a proof for us to see. We thought maybe in future issues we might devote more covers to outstanding advertising art.

Any suggestions?

Readers to Editor—

THE WHB 30th Anniversary Issue of *Swing*, published last summer, brought us hundreds of nice letters from good friends. Reprinted below are excerpts from a few of them, published here to conclude this issue with a "Pat On The Back" department.

Please write to tell us what you like—and don't like—in *Swing*.

Let me add a rose to the thousands you must have been showered with on *Swing's* WHB 30th Anniversary edition. It was truly a professional job, no less.

All of you at WHB are to be congratulated on the high type of enterprise for which you have become known. I see you even took care of the Indians, Bob Burns

and Sally Rand. WHB has come a long ways since the old Hotel Baltimore day and all of you have a right to be justly proud!

With best personal regards.

Al Dopking
The Associated Press
St. Louis, Missouri

It's 5:00 p.m. and thanks to WHB 30th Anniversary number of *SWING*, have accomplished not one thing on my desk today!

Usually I can at least wait until I get home to read *SWING*, but not this issue. And even though I've gone through several times, it's one of the copies I shall keep.

You've done a marvelous job of taking us back 30 years.

Mrs. Kathryn Knappenberger
City Bond & Mortgage Co.
Kansas City, Mo.

Let me extend felicitations upon your anniversary issue of "*Swing*" which has just reached my desk. I like the "little gal" on the cover and, despite my age, the very sight of her raises my blood pressure about 10 points.

The material following the cover is indeed a vivid word and pictorial history of radio activities in Kansas City during the past 30 years, and of the multitudinous activities dealt with through that medium.

More power to you over the next years.

Powell C. Groner
Kansas City Public Service Company
Kansas City, Missouri

The purpose of this note is to tell you what a wonderful job I think WHB did in connection with the WHB 30th Anniversary issue of *Swing*.

It shows the splendid job WHB has done for the public for the past thirty years.

I hope the next thirty years will be great as the past.

Earl M. Johnson, Vice-President
Mutual Broadcasting System
New York City

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

Big-Seven Basketball

(Continued from Inside Front Cover)

- Sat., Feb. 21, Oklahoma at Ames, Nebraska at Columbia, Kansas State at Boulder.
- Mon., Feb. 23, Oklahoma at Boulder.
- Wed., Feb. 25, Missouri at Manhattan.
- Sat., Feb. 28, Oklahoma at Lincoln, Colorado at Manhattan.
- Mon., Mar. 2, Nebraska at Ames, Oklahoma at Columbia, Colorado at Lawrence.
- Sat., Mar. 7, Iowa State at Boulder, Kansas State at Norman, Kansas at Columbia.
- Mon., Mar. 9, Iowa State at Lawrence.
- Tues., Mar. 10, Nebraska at Manhattan.

Listeners Swing to WHB for . . .

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- NAIB NATIONAL TOURNAMENT — KANSAS CITY, MO. March 9-14
- NCAA WESTERN PLAY-OFFS — MANHATTAN, KANSAS March 13-14
- NCAA NATIONAL FINALS — KANSAS CITY, MO. March 17-18

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- FIVE-STATE COVERAGE
- LOWER RATES PER THOUSAND LISTENERS



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WHB

DON DAVIS
PRESIDENT

JOHN T. SCHILLING
GENERAL MANAGER

Represented by
JOHN BLAIR & CO.

MUTUAL NETWORK • 710 KILOCYCLES • 5,000 WATTS NIGHT

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



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SPORTS
EVENTS
Play-by-Play
by
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and

For friendly, unpretentious
best of games across the
or neighbors across the
at WHB. For drama, for
laughter, for more WHB.
And for advertising, more
WHB, of course. For one out
three and a half million homes
have learned to swing with
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Central 7955

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