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# Swing®

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A Wholly Owned Subsidiary of  
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WHB —  
Kansas City's  
Oldest  
Call Letters

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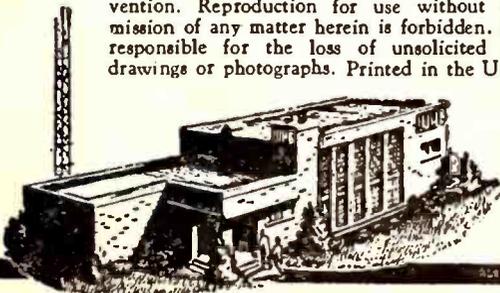
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**I**S THERE a formula for the defense of this country that is not military, but nevertheless, vital and essential? I believe there is. Let me explain what I mean. As you know, there are three primary colors: red, yellow and blue. From these three come all the rainbows of delightful and varied display found in the spectrum.

All of this beautiful variety is built out of and radiated from these three basic primaries. If something should happen to these three primary colors or any of them, you can imagine what would happen to the paint industry and what would happen to all of the beautiful panoramic concepts that enter into your production and provide your great customer appeal.

There are primaries in every association, in every profession and in every business, and there are primaries in the basic business of Americanism, too.

The average American is apt to lose sight of these primaries in his preoccupation with details and ramification. But under it all there is a blueprint for this prized freedom. There is a basic simple down-to-earth specification for the preservation of the republic.

There are some encouraging things about the 1952 election aside from the Republican victory. It is encourag-

# BLUEPRINT *for* FREEDOM

*Clarence Manion, former Dean of Notre Dame's Law School, in an address before National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association says: "Our greatest defense against Communism is the integrity of our States Rights Constitutional System"*

By CLARENCE MANION

ng to contemplate the great unprecedented interest manifested at the polls, the fact that so many millions stood in line for hours on end in all parts of the country in order to register their small voice in this tremendous decision, but there is nothing in this election result to act as an anesthesia, to serve as an excuse for a relapse into an apathetic conviction that the future of this country is now safe. On the contrary, there are very many disturbing portents in the election.

I am not at all convinced that the basic evils with which American business men have wrestled for twenty years were all defeated, last November 4. On the contrary, many of those difficulties have been underscored. Too many people on both sides of the political fence seem to regard those evils as a permanent part of our American life.

For many years past, the business man has been definitely on the spot in the United States. A great deal of your energy and your activity has been given over to a defense of what is called private enterprise, the life blood of the business profession in America. That battle for the defense of private business is not won by any means. To win it permanently you must get down to the basic primaries

of Americanism. There is a mammoth educational job to be accomplished in this country with reference to those primaries.

Within the last twelve months I have been in every state of the Union and in some of them many times. I think I have felt the pulse of American opinion and I tell you that *not one American in ten thousand suspects that the structure of freedom is built exactly like anything else is built; namely, from a blueprint.*

Yet we all know that nothing comes off our assembly lines that is not carefully planned in advance. First there is a drawing board, and then a transition from the drawing board to the assembly line. After the thing is produced, if it is any good at all, it is painted.

Paint makes a thing look a lot better, but it doesn't cure its essential basic defects in structure and mechanism. Don't think for a moment that this country has been cured by the bright coat of political paint that was applied to it last November 4.

Basic defects in popular understanding are still there and until those basic defects are corrected, then there will be no peace for the American business man and there will be no real future for a free America.

THE safety of our country depends upon the popular realization of the fact that the structure of freedom is produced exactly like any other great structure in America.

Many years ago where this hotel now stands, there was nothing but a vacant lot. Somebody came on to this vacant space with a pen, a pencil and a drawing board. He drew up certain specifications. He handed these over to the builders and eventually the building resulted. That basic blueprint took certain things for granted. The blue- printers knew that two and two is four. They confidently relied upon the multiplication table and from that basic pattern of mathematical certainty reflected in the blueprint, the hotel came forth.

Now, the American Republic is no different. Many years ago the founding fathers, the architects of this so-called American dream, came upon what is now the United States and found it a vacant lot. Then and there they proceeded to draw a bill of specifications for the Republic that has sheltered us all ever since and has now revealed itself as a shining symbol of hope, not for Americans alone but for the entire world.

I want to fix your attention upon that blueprint. I want to plead with you this afternoon to put it into the great channel of publicity that you have created in newspapers, Radios, magazines, billboards. Give this blueprint a few inches of that space now and then, because unless the public consciousness of this blueprint is revived, all of your advertising will eventually go for naught as the pri-

vate enterprise system is engulfed in socialistic statism.

WHAT was this blueprint for freedom that was drawn up by these founding architects in 1776? It was drawn with the first breath of the new life of this Republic in the American Declaration of Independence. Here is the plan. Here is embodied the mathematics of American freedom. Here are the basic, primary colors that go to make up the presently colorful panorama of American life. And here are the basic essentials without which America cannot endure in spite of all our work, desires and aspirations.

At the very outset of the great document the architects of America declared "We hold these truths." Truths! Here are not matters of opinion; here are matters of fact. "We hold these truths to be self-evident," the Founding Fathers said. Here is the "Two and two" of freedom.

Number one—we hold this truth to be self-evident, "That all men are created—" let's pause there a moment. Here is the number one postulation of official American certainty. Not a matter of opinion, not a matter of argument, but a matter of fact—*there is a God*. Under the first of the four cornerstones of this Republic, God's existence is stipulated as a mathematical certainty.

We now move on to the second cornerstone. We hold this truth to be self-evident, number two, "That all men are *created* equal." Here is indeed a truth to ponder over.

Misconceptions and misconstructions of this tortured matter of human equality is at the root of all the dis-

urbance in the world today. How equal can men be? What is the possibility for equality in human nature? This is a basic question.

The communists propose to produce human equality. Well, what kind of human equality is possible? Here in the blueprint, we see a reference to equality in precisely measured terms. The blueprint says that all men are created equal. All of us are equal in God's sight, in other words, and unequal in every other way on earth. Every man in this room is unequal to every other man. Every one of you is different. Your fingerprint is not the only distinctive and individual thing about you. Your personality is different. Your ambition is different. Your capacity is different. If we should go out of this chamber over to the darkest corner of Africa, and line up all of the billions in the human family in a single file from that dark corner of Africa to the brightest corner in Chicago, every individual in that long line, man, woman and child, black, brown, and white, every one of them would be different from every other one. All the king's horses and all the king's men, can never eradicate the personal difference that exists from one human being to another. That is the natural law of God's creation.

You are equal in God's sight and for that reason, you are made equal before the law of this land. Let us reconcile ourselves to the fact that beyond that, no equality is possible on earth.

In our basic blueprint of freedom that condition is stated as a matter of fact.

Now, let's go to the third cornerstone. Here is the third self-evident truth. We hold this truth to be self-evident that "all men are endowed," it says. Not by Truman or Stalin or General Eisenhower or the Bill of Rights. No, all men "are endowed by their Creator" with certain unalienable rights. Among these rights are life, liberty and the right to pursue happiness. These things are God-given to each person at the time of his creation.

We will all admit that life is important. Murder is a heinous crime. But, what about liberty? It says here that liberty and life are equally important. God gave you liberty, too, and that is also unalienable. Liberty like life is an unalienable attribute of the human being.

Here now finally is the fourth cornerstone, and here we find more confusion than anywhere else. Here the specifications for the Republic mention government for the first time. What is government for? Where does



"Paycheck!!"

-WLB-

it come from? Well, it says right here, "To secure these rights, governments are instituted among man, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Government, in other words, is a tool fabricated by man for the purpose of preserving God's gift to man. Men are God-made. Rights are God-given. Equality is before God and the law, but government is made by man. Government is propelled by man. Government is financed by man. Government is created by man as man's appliance for the preservation of God's gifts.

Now we brush the drawing board clean of all the super-structure that has resulted from it. Here are the basic primaries of Americanism. These are the things without which the Republic will not stand because here are its supporting cornerstones. Here are the concepts that must be burned into the consciousness of the American people before you shall be free from the bedevilment of socialism, statism and communism. Of first necessity is the proper popular conception of what government was designed to do and what government therefore can be expected to do.

**I**N this blueprint Government is designed to preserve rights. The man who wrote the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson, paraphrased it this way, he said that *government was designed to keep men from injuring one another and to leave them otherwise free.*

Government is a tool, a device for that purpose. How many people in this country today regard government as a tool, as an appliance to serve a special narrowly restricted purpose?

Certainly not very many. And yet, we are a tool-conscious nation. Nearly everybody understands about tools; the farmer, the mechanic, the housewife. Even I know something about tools and devices.

I went with my wife some months ago to purchase an electric dishwasher. I really went to *resist* the purchase, between you and me. We have had it now for about six months. It has been a Godsend. It is everything they said it was. You just put the soiled dishes into the dishwasher, close the lid and press the button. Some sort of a noise then emanates from the machine, splashings and rumblings—the operations are entirely secret—at a given point the lid pops open and the job is done. Just take the dishes out, put them on the cupboard shelf and go about your business.

At the moment, we are making eyes at a garbage disposal unit. I have maintained a safe distance in this case however. But, from that distance I have observed the garbage disposal unit is not unlike the dishwasher in appearance. It makes the same kind of noise, also operates in secret, and automatically stops when the job is done. It also costs about the same amount of money.

It has occurred to me that we might save the cost of this additional investment by taking the dishes out of the dishwasher when they are clean and then put the garbage into the dishwasher. The dishwasher could then dispose of the garbage.

Well, I can't even get a single vote on that in my household. Even my six-year-old son screams with laughter when I mention my plan to have the dishwasher dispose of garbage.

Nobody will ask a dishwasher to dispose of garbage because everyone knows in that way you would destroy the dishwasher and you wouldn't dispose of the garbage. Yet practically everybody will toss every conceivable problem that besets him from the cradle to the grave into the hopper of government; and expect the government to turn out the solution of this problem economically without corruption, without destruction, and in a completely satisfying manner. You know, that any tool or appliance in your plant is destroyed when it is used contrary to its nature and contrary to its designed purpose. You can explain that fact to any unskilled laborer in your factory. Now, why can't we explain this governmental tool to this same man? Why don't we try? Why don't we show him this blueprint and tell him that this government was designed to do a special job? That it did that job well for 150 years; but if you try to pervert it into a thousand uses for which it wasn't designed, then American government is going to be destroyed.

In spite of the unmistakable language of this blueprint I find that practically nobody now thinks of American government as a tool.

I find there is a prevailing misunderstanding about government in this country today. Until it is clarified all your battles for private enterprise are going to be lost. The average man and woman in this country today doesn't regard government as a tool at all. They regard government as a self-created, self-propelled, self-subsisting, self-financed institution; a benevolent thing, like a cow. Not a bull mind you, but a cow. A tremendous cow

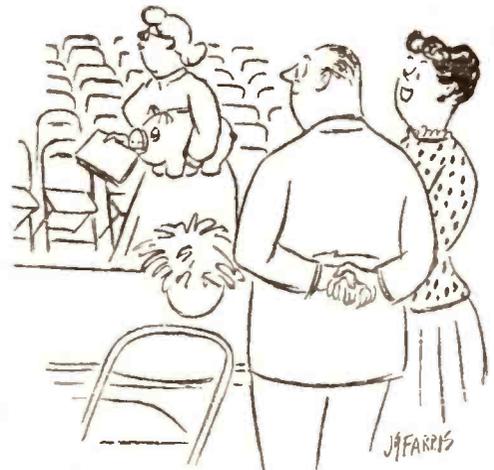
that stretches across the sky with its head in the clouds, eating stratosphere, I suppose, while it grows a big fat teat for everybody on earth.

There was a teat for Tito, another one for Churchill. We even offered one to Stalin, but he was having vodka that day and didn't want any milk.

The cow concept is the prevalent notion of American political science, and until you discredit the cow concept of government, don't waste any time trying to save private enterprise.

You will meet stiff sales resistance when you start to work on this unfortunate misunderstanding. It's a tough job to wean just one calf but you will have to wean millions of them. They will say, who is going to do these jobs if the government can't do them? If you narrow government down to this simple task of restraining men from injuring one another, what about all the list of things we want done in and for our society?

**T**HAT takes us back to the blueprint again. *The men who made this blueprint were afraid of govern-*



"She's our treasurer!"

ment. They didn't love it, they feared it more than anything else on earth. George Washington said, "Government is like fire, a dangerous servant, a fearful master."

I saw a gentleman light his cigarette back there. A moment ago he used a flaming match. After he used it, he didn't throw the match over his shoulder into the lap of the person in back of him. He put the match out, put his foot on it, just to be sure, because while fire is useful, it is also a dangerous thing. It has to be watched and guarded. Whenever you see fire, whether it is in a cook-stove or blast furnace, you see it watched and controlled behind iron walls. Fire is a dangerous thing. A useful thing, but a dangerous thing; a literally terrifying thing when it is on the loose and out of control. And Washington said that government is like fire, a dangerous servant and fearful master. When you study this blueprint you will see that all of the Founding Fathers felt the same way about government.

And what did they do with this fire of government that they lighted in the Declaration of Independence — this dangerous flame? They immediately contained it behind the iron walls of the newly constructed American Constitutional system. They hemmed government in and penned it up. They checked and balanced it. They gave a part of it to the governor, another part to the legislature and another part to the judges, and later they sent a part of it to Washington. But, every part of it was tied down and walled in, with the Bill of Rights and countless prohibitions against the invasions by government of this field or that.

This iron-walled containment of government is what we call the American Constitutional System.

That is why our Constitutional System was invented, to hold the fire of government. This is the first and only historical instance in which the dangerous fire of government was caught and firmly secured against the possibility of tyranny. Here in the blueprint, implicit in these specifications, I find a deep fear of government. Not a love of government, but a distrust of government, in all of its branches and phases.

Somebody asked the father of the Federal Constitution, James Madison, "How do you expect this thing to work? You have tied it down and barb-wire entangled it. No institution is going to work under those circumstances."



*"Let go of the limb, George,  
and I'll pull you up."*

And Madison replied classically, "What is government after all, but the greatest of all reflections upon human nature?" He said, "If men were angels, no government would be necessary, and if governors were angels, no restrictions upon their power would be necessary." But, unfortunately, men are not angels, so we must have government, and governors are not angels, God knows, so we must hem them in.

Then Madison added this, and here is what we have really forgotten. He said, "*We have staked the future of our American political institutions*" not upon the power of government, far from it. We have staked the future of our civilization "*upon the capacity of mankind for self-government.*"

**SELF-GOVERNMENT**—you say, well that means politics, voting. No. Madison meant what he said. Politics and voting are all right, but Madison said that the future of this country depended upon our capacity to govern ourselves, to control ourselves, to restrain ourselves, under the Ten Commandments of the Creator. That is what *self-government* means.

In the United States where government is tied down, restrained and restricted, the individual citizen, in order to be worthy of the liberty that only a restrained government will permit, must grow in moral stature, self-restraint, self-control, charity and morality, if you please. This is what Madison said was an indispensable prerequisite to the future of the United States. We have lost sight of that, too.

Here is the necessary complement to the restrictions upon government which our Constitutional system establishes. Self-government, by each and every individual, is essential if we are to keep the state restrained. One hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was written, William Penn, a pious Quaker down in Pennsylvania said this: "Those people who will not be governed by God will be ruled by tyrants." Penn was right. Those people who will not govern and restrain and control themselves under the moral laws of God will be controlled by a despot.

Go back and stand where William Penn stood in the wilderness of Pennsylvania, in the seventeenth century. Look back to Herod and forward to Hitler and Stalin. You see no exception to what Penn said because when personal self-control under God's Commandments goes out of the heart of any people, a vacuum is created which sucks in a tyrant who takes God's place. It will be so with us. It is being so with us, if you please. *When the state swells, the people are shrinking.* There is an inescapable ratio between the size of the citizen and the size of his government. *Big government is for little people.* Wherever you find big government invariably the people are small.

It takes big self-controlled people to enjoy the luxury of small government. Our government was designed to be small and restrained and contained upon the presupposition that the American citizen would be God-fearing and self-controlled; self-governed, in other words.

If you can keep your hand out of your neighbor's pocket, and your elbow out of his ribs, if you can love your neighbor as yourself, because God told you to—if you do those things, then you are going to have very little contact with the police force. Have you ever thought of that?

Primarily the coercions of the police are for the bad. The police state—complete police control, exists where people are unself-controlled—demoralized, in other words.

**O**UT in Iowa some months ago a man came up to me after a meeting like this. He said, "Manion, it's true, I keep my hands out of my neighbor's pockets and my elbow out of his ribs." He added, "I think I love my neighbor, too, reasonably well. And come to think of it, I have never been arrested. I have never had any trouble with the police, but" he said, "now will you tell me, please, how am I going to avoid the tender mercies of the F.T.C., the O.P.S., the I.R.B., the W.S.B., X.Y.Z., and their ten thousand federal agents, who are coming through my key hole and over my transom and taking up three-fourths of my working time?"

That, my friends, is the \$64 question. Moral self-government and self-control will not dissipate the incursions of the alphabetical agents with which we have been plagued like the lice of Egypt for many, many years. What are you going to do with them?

Why, you are going to look at these specifications, to see what government was designed to do, compare that with the millions of things that government is now trying to do. You will immediately observe that govern-

ment is now perverted and distorted, corrupted and on the way to being destroyed by being forced to do a hundred thousand things that it never was designed to do at all. If you found a machine in your shop that was being thus perverted, corrupted and denatured, you would change the operation immediately if you wanted to save the machine. Do the same thing with your government.

Please don't relax now because you put a new paint job on the face of American government last November 4. Go to work more manfully than ever before and see that these hundreds of thousands of federal agents who now hold your business in the hollow of their hands are dispersed and their jobs destroyed.

Many years ago Lord Acton said that power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. If you want to know what and who is responsible for the scandalous corruption of American government today, *put the blame where it belongs. Put it upon the concentration of power in Washington.* That is the seed of great corruption.

**R**EMEMBER, that the man who is President of the United States finds in the hollow of his hand more power than is in the hands of any executive on earth outside the Iron Curtain.

Think of that. *The thing to do with that power is dispense with it.* The thing to do with that power is to send it back to the local communities and to the individual self-governing citizens in an attempt to regenerate the self-control and self-respect, the

kind of self-control and self-respect upon which our founding fathers relied for the future of this country.

There is just one short simple definition for freedom. It was paraphrased by Woodrow Wilson 40 years ago when he was running for the Presidency of the United States in 1912. That was just about the twilight zone of wide-spread proper understanding of government in this country.

Wilson said then what was commonplace in those days, but which shocks this generation. Wilson said: "The history of liberty is the history of the limitation of governmental power." He went on to say that "when we resist the concentration of governmental power we are resisting the processes of death because an increase and concentration of governmental power is always what precedes the death of human freedom."



*"I've been fired from four jobs because he can't stay awake."*

How is human freedom today, if you please? Feel its pulse. Diagnose its situation. Do you want to know the present health of human freedom in America? Look at the concentration of governmental power in

Washington. The thing that Wilson predicted as presaging the death of human freedom has just about taken place. This concentration of power has sounded the death knell of human liberty.

Our people have lost not only freedom. They have largely lost the desire for freedom and the capacity of self-government; and the desire for the risks and responsibilities that go with freedom. All of this is a matter of education. I look at you manufacturers as I have looked at other groups like yours. I tell you candidly that if you would lock that door and put your heads and resources together here; if all of the manufacturers and all of the management interest in this country would do likewise, you would solve this vexed problem of private enterprise in thirty days. With the agencies of publicity which you employ through your newspaper advertising columns, through the Radio, through Television, through pamphleteering, you could bring the American people back to a patriotic understanding of what this blueprint specifies as the prerequisite for American freedom.

THE American people love the Constitution of this country. They have an ingrained, inherited devotion to it. Unfortunately they regard the Constitution now not as something to contain the fire of government but as some sort of a fence in the way of the gravy train. They hold the "cow" concept of government, and they are all reaching for their teat because they think it is their birthright.

It is simply a case of wide-spread misunderstanding. That misunderstanding can be corrected because the people of this country, the rank and the file of them in the shops and on the farms, they love this country just as deeply and as fervently as you do and as I do. They will not deliberately destroy it.

They simply don't know the real America has had no voice in the last twenty years. On the contrary, practically all of the channels of publicity and advertising and Radio have been slanted towards the cow concept, towards the numbing of the American sensibility to freedom. Every time a new evil appeared in our society, there has been a call for more and more government to salve and suture it. This governmental medicine is a narcotic. Every dose you administer calls for two doses next time until the American people are drugged, benumbed and helpless.

The pat answer to our plea for the Blueprint, is Russia. We are all properly concerned about Russia, and so the justification for this despotism says that we can defeat despotism in Moscow, only by establishing despotism in Washington. That is a self-evident falsehood.

**I**N Moscow you have the climax of all-powerful despotic government. *That's all Communism is—completely unrestrained government.* When we establish an unrestrained government here, we will not have defeated Communism. We will have surrendered to it, and nobody knows that better than the Communists.

How has Russia made her conquests? Within the last six years Russia has captured six hundred million people, and with those six hundred million people, fifteen separate nationalities have disappeared behind the Iron Curtain. This is the greatest conquest of humanity in all history. How did Russia do it—by dropping bombs and launching ships and marching men? No, not a man, not a ship, not a bomb. Russia took Czechoslovakia with Czechs. Russia took Hungary with Hungarians. Russia took Rumania with Rumanians. Russia took Bulgaria with Bulgarians. Russia took China with Chinese. Russia intends to take America with Americans, and Russia will succeed unless we galvanize ourselves into a firm protection of our Constitutional system.

At Notre Dame a half dozen years ago, a very wise, notorious and thoroughly repentant ex-Communist quite casually gave me the cue for resistance to Communistic advances. He said: "Never worry about conspiratorial Communistic conquest in America as long as you maintain your Constitutional system intact."

Russia's pattern of conquest, he said, is no top secret. First of all they get the police. Then after the police, they terrorize the ballot boxes and thus win the revolution by a great unanimous election. Since then, exactly that has happened in all of the countries, the roll of which I called just a moment ago. It happened just exactly as he predicted it would.

When the Communists come to the United States, they are frustrated, he said. Why? Because they find the police separately controlled in forty-

eight separate and independent states. They find the ballot boxes controlled in forty-eight separate, independent states. They find the land which they want to grab and redistribute in the interest of pseudoequality, they find that land controlled lock, stock and barrel by the laws of forty-eight separate and individual states. So the Communist conspirator in the United States finds he has to start forty-eight revolutions instead of one.

**T**HIS clearly reveals that *our greatest defense against Communism is the integrity of our States Rights Constitutional system.* If this power is centralized in Washington, the power over the police, the power over the vote, the power over the land, the stage will be set for the traditional Communist "Revolution." Every step toward federal centralization is exactly according to the Communist blueprint because when all power is

centralized, whatever the pretext or the excuse, the takeover of Communists will be short and simple and direct. If you want a short, swift, sure prescription for the resistance to Communism, you will not find it all in Korea. You will not find all of it in tanks or bombs or boys. You will find the surest and firmest resistance to the kind of conquest that Russia plans for this country in the strength of the Constitutional defenses built around the fire of government in this country by the founding fathers of the Republic. So enlist your energies to that end.

This will take courage. You can't resist the swelling centralized state by apathy, by complacency, by compromise. You have to fight that swelling relentlessly. A few months ago, I saw a 9 or 10 word cycle of human civilization.

Man, it said, is born in bondage. From bondage comes faith in God, and from faith in God, comes courage, and from courage comes liberty, and from liberty comes abundance, and from abundance, selfishness, from selfishness comes complacency, and from complacency, apathy, and from apathy dependency, and from dependency, to bondage; the full circle of civilization. At what stage are we poised on that vicious circle today?

We have experienced the abundance that is the consequence of liberty. We experienced the liberty that came of the courage that came of the faith in God, and now are we selfish, apathetic? Complacent? Are we ready to become dependent? Only the most militant kind of courage will reverse this cruel current.



*"He gave me the biggest tip I ever had—in Confederate money."*

Don't expect the poor unlettered fellow to wake up to this salient truth. You have an obligation for leadership in this matter, and you have the God-given obligation to exercise it courageously.

We sang the "Star Spangled Banner" here at the outset of these proceedings. I always thrill at the old line, "The land of the free and the home of the brave." How true. The land of the free is the home of the brave. The land of the free is not the home of the appeaser or the compromiser or the coward. The land of the free is the home of the brave man. You must resist the X.Y.Z. and its multiple alphabetical agencies manfully regardless of the fact that you might save a few nickels by compromising with them.

You must fight them. You say, "I can't afford to do that. I have too many financial risks." Like the man in my office last week. A good client—a paying client, for example.

He drew up a very involved trust fund, all balanced up with insurance and property settlements and gifts and whatnot. When we finished I said to him, "Now that you have done all this, what are you going to do for liberty?"

He answered, "Well, I will have to leave liberty to the politicians. After all, I am just a merchant. I have to make a few dollars to care for the wife and the kids." That is the short-sighted impression that so many business men have today.

I told him, and I tell you: Tear up your trust fund and throw away your insurance policy and forget your property settlements because, unless you

leave your children liberty, you leave them nothing.

Ask the Jews in Germany what good their property did them and they had lots of it when Hitler took over. Ask the Kulaks in Russia, how much their property holdings helped them against the Communist dictatorship.

In time of tyranny, property buys only one thing and that is a ticket to the concentration camp. It will be so with us unless we decide to drive government back behind its Constitutional walls. That will take courage. That will take resolution. You will find that resolution and that courage, if you look into the eyes of your children. Gather them around you. Project them down the pathway of life to the point where you are now.

What kind of an America are they going to live in when they are as old as you are? Look them in the eye. You will find resolution there; a resolution that your legacy, not of property but liberty, to these children is going to compare favorably to the great fortune of freedom which the founding fathers left to us.



*"I suggest that you get away from it all. Go on a long vacation."*



# LIVE *Your* *Own* LIFE

*She wanted to throw away  
the old furniture and take  
down the family portrait.  
But did she dare?*

By ADDIE JO SHARP

JAN found herself staring at the portrait again from the middle of the worn carpeted floor. From the first, the disapproving eyes of grandmother Whitney had drawn her gaze like a magnet. For a long time she had been promising herself that one day she would carry the offending painting up to the attic and turn its strangely beautiful face to the wall. Now she was stepping up the ladder, reaching out with both hands to take the picture down.

Then a slight frown concentrated her youthful features as she thought of Tim. "I can't do it," she whispered fiercely. "I just can't do it!" Her hands dropped away from the frame and she stepped back to the floor, glancing about the old fashioned parlor. This room had been lived in by Tim's father, and by his father's father. Tim was proud of it; he had intense pride in the whole house.

How well Jan remembered the day when, hand in hand, the two of them first opened the massive front door, and Tim had swept her up in his arms and over the threshold in a laughing and sentimental gesture. Sinking into the depths of the ancient cherry-wood sofa, the girl lost herself in memory. Her childlike face with its frame of spun bronze was the sole note of brightness in the somber surroundings. Watching the shadows crowding each other into corners of the parlor, Jan shivered and pressed her ringless hands. There had been no money for rings . . .

Newly deprived of both parents by sudden tragedy, Tim Whitney had rushed his bride of a few hours to the old homestead. There they had dug right in, trying to salvage what they could of the family fortune. Pridefully

he had presented her with the treasures the old house contained. "All these things belonged to Gran. You would have liked Gran," he said, "She was a great lady."

"She doesn't like me," thought Jan. "She doesn't want me to have her house—her lovely things. She doesn't want me to have Tim. She can't imagine an ordinary creature having the effrontery to aspire to a place in the family . . ." Timothy Marsh Whitney was the last . . . the only one left to carry on the traditions of a hundred years of gentle living. Now there was no money left . . . only the old house with its collection of museum pieces, and the name Jan's children would bear.

**F**OR nearly a year, Jan had lived with the reproofing eyes of grandmother Whitney upon her. She had said nothing to Tim of her feelings. Rather she had let the obsession grow. Something within her would not allow a moment's peace until the portrait was removed from above the marble-topped mantel. Today the bubble of unease had suddenly burst and she had gotten as far as the top of the ladder. Leaning against the mantel was a bright landscape she had found in the attic; dusted and cleaned, it was to have replaced grandmother Whitney. Then she had thought of Tim.

For nearly a year she had waited for him to suggest that they make some changes in the old house—changes that would make it Jan's instead of grandmother's. The suggestions had not come. Jan had done nothing, for she could not bring her-

self to move any of the sacred objects on her own responsibility, and besides, Gran's eyes were always watching.

Purposefully, Jan rose and crossed the room to the velvet draped windows. She'd call Bess Elliot next door to come over and lend moral support. Bess and Tim had played together as children, and Bess had befriended Jan with little acts of kindness. Jan pulled back the hangings. Beyond the garden, Jan could see Bess, long of limb, striding about among the azaleas.

The other girl raised a dark, close-cropped head in answer to Jan's call. "What's the matter, Chicken?" she queried, skirting the hedge that separated the two residences. "The little men after you again?"

Jan brightened. "Come on over, I need your advice."

The two girls looked up at grandmother Whitney, and Bess argued, "Why do you let that mouldy old painting get you down this way? If it bothered me that much I'd have had it down long ago, Tim or no Tim."

"She doesn't like me—I can feel it," Jan held out stubbornly.

"How could a picture like or dislike anyone, Goose?" Bess laughed. "You're always imagining things. Come on—get up there and let's take the thing down. I'll hold the ladder."

**S**LOWLY Jan mounted the ladder. She looked at the portrait. "Bess," she justified herself, "it's not that I don't like the picture and all the rest of these lovely old things. It's just that this way it isn't my home at all. It's hers. I keep thinking, too, about the difference in our backgrounds. Tim says she was a great lady. If she were

alive she would have wanted Tim to marry someone like you, someone with an old family name." She reached up and with some effort lifted the large painting from the wall.

"Well you two—," suddenly a masculine voice cut in from the doorway. "What do you think you're doing?"

Both girls started guiltily. The portrait fell from Jan's unsteady hands and went crashing to the floor. Grandmother Whitney glared up at the girl from the shattered fragments. Jan avoided the dark eyes of her husband, eyes so like those of the picture, as she managed in a small voice, "Why, Tim, dear, you're home early. Aren't you?"

The young Whitneys looked at each other for a moment. Then Tim spoke, "You know, I've been wanting to do that for a long time. I never did like that picture of Gran—didn't do her justice." His voice was thoughtful. "I've been thinking for some time that we ought to clear out a lot of this old stuff and fix the place up a little. But you've always seemed so crazy about antiques . . . Hey, what's this?" He stooped and pulled a heavy brown envelope from behind the picture frame. "Why, honey, it's addressed to you."

From her tall perch Jan took the envelope from his hand. It was addressed in a fine Spencerian hand to Mrs. Timothy Marsh Whitney the Third. Opening it carefully she read:

"My dear:

"When you read this note, I shall be gone and you will be living in my house. If you are the kind I hope my small Tim will marry, you will not be

long in taking my portrait down. I never liked it, but Tim's grandfather would never allow it to be moved—like the rest of the things in this house. They were handed down from his mother, and I hope you will want to get rid of them as much as I did. Life belongs to the present, not to the past, Tim, I think, is like me. He will want you to be happy in your own way. The Whitneys' way was never mine, as I was of the theater. I never was able to adjust myself to this way of living. Live your own life, my dear, and bless you.

"Agatha Whitney.

"P.S. In the envelope you will find my diamond. It will look pretty on your hand. I could never bring myself to give it to Tim's mother."



"That may be superb croquet, Alvin, but it's pretty poor courting."

# 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 you'll enjoy!*

By JOHN CROSBY

## *The Little Picture of History*

WE IN the United States are rather short on panoply, our public functions running to boiled shirts and homburgs rather than to powdered wigs and scarlet robes. But what the inaugural lacked in pageantry (by, let us say, comparison with the upcoming British coronation), it more than made up for in the sheer weight and grandeur of tradition which, I thought, the four television networks conveyed magnificently to an audience estimated at 75,000,000.

When you consider that the inaugural is—considering its importance—a very simple and brief ceremony, I had the feeling that the huge roster of cameras and commentators and technicians sent to Washington by the TV networks wouldn't have much to record. It didn't work out that way. What came across most clearly was—not the parade with its bands and marching troops which television always does well—but the faces of the outgoing and incoming leaders of our country.

There was nothing more impressive than the procession to the inaugural stand of Senators, of Governors, of Supreme Court Justices and Cabinet members and Joint Chiefs. For these were not just names of celebrated people, they were the people themselves—a smiling, assured Tom Dewey, an impassive General Marshall, an expressionless Dean Acheson remote as the moon. There was Herbert Hoover, ar-



riding on the stand early and looking even grimmer than he did twenty years ago when he rode down Pennsylvania Avenue with President Roosevelt. There was President Truman who seemed far more triumphant on the moment of his departure than at the moment of his arrival, listening with intense concentration to the speech of his successor and applauding faintly from time to time. There was Nixon shifting uneasily from side to side, seemingly uncertain which side he was to be sworn in from.

Television scored best on the little pictures of people ranging from the new President to a little Negro boy perched in a tree on the parade route which, while intimate, still carried the terrible authority of history. Not that the big picture was neglected. NBC, for example, with fifteen cameras, fifteen commentators and a total crew of 250, gave a performance which was an absolute marvel of coordination, jumping all over Pennsylvania and Constitution Avenues with hardly a flicker of uncertainty. The public is likely to take television technical virtuosity for granted but this one, which took months of preparation, was remarkable even by television's high standards.

General Motors has paid \$6,000,000 to NBC-TV for a series of public affairs (the inaugural, the coronation of Queen Elizabeth and some football games) which NBC would happily have carried for nothing. Apparently quite alive to the possibility of public censure, the commercialization of the show (suspended entirely during the actual ceremony) was almost eliminated beyond an occasional mention and the rather startling legend flashed on the screen once or twice that this was "A GM-TV Key Event."

G.M.'s best advertisement was the unbroken succession of Cadillacs, bearing the President and party to the White House. It must have been particularly galling to the Packard people who were sponsoring the show on CBS-TV and could hardly avoid telecasting Cadillacs to millions of viewers. G.M.'s only questionable activity was a half hour review on film of prior inaugurals in which the commentator pointed out how well the development of

Cadillac had kept abreast and, in fact, well ahead of our expanding national history. It wasn't offensive. It was just funny.

As to the parade, I have a private theory that television and parades are mutually incompatible. A parade, as I see it, should have a beginning and a middle and an end and the spectator, establishing himself at one fixed point, sees it in that order. But television, that electronic wonder, can keep right up with the denouement (in this case, President Eisenhower) so that instead of seeing him wave at you once which is what you're waiting for, you see it again and again. You're in the parade, not witnessing it. Actually, what we saw the most of were the Secret Service men, mostly the backs of their heads, an inspired sight.

However, once President Eisenhower took the reviewing stand, the TV cameras resumed the role of spectator rather than participant. Did a perfectly wonderful job, too, on the marching troops and cadets, the bands, the floats, the tanks, and even the elephant.

### *Welcome Home*

"TWO For The Money" is a show over which Fred Allen was to have presided. Then illness intervened and the doctors ruled Mr. Allen off the field for the time being. So NBC rushed in Herb Shriner from the bullpen. Naturally this changed the nature of the show. Mr. Allen takes a dim view of most everything mortal. Mr. Shriner is a quite different dish of tea.

He is introduced on this show as "the down-to-earth humanitarian and humorist" and that is a very apt description. He is certainly the most human humorist in the league just now. This is one of those quiz shows where the emcee tries to give away as much money as possible while making as many wisecracks as the Communications Act allows. Shriner, in short, is being asked to be an Indiana Groucho Marx. He does very well at it, too. The difference is that, while Groucho has to strain at being reasonably polite to the contestants (who, you feel, he'd like to strangle), Shriner acts as if politeness came to him naturally.

It's nice to have Shriner back. His first show he opened with some remarks on

that subject. "Quite a lot of people," he explained in his diffident way, "have asked me when I was going to be back on television. Well, actually, it was my landlady asking me if I had anything lined up." He paused and considered life for a moment, then observed mildly: "Can you imagine a man just standing around giving away money? I don't know how President Truman can give it up."

He thrust his hands in his pockets a little deeper and added: "If we're going to give away money, we might as well give it away while it's still worth something." That led into the first contestant, a man who exports milking machines. The contestant had a female consort as is customary in these quizzes. "How do the cows feel about milking machines?" Shriner inquired. "After four or five times, they forget they've ever been milked by hand." "Shows how fickle cows are," murmured Shriner and plunged into the questions.

This particular game—I never thought I'd wind up in the newspaper business describing parlor games—demands that the contestants supply, say, the names of as many European capitals as they can muster before the bell rings. Well, this couple was hot as a pistol on European capitals and on a lot of other things. In fact, at one point, Shriner, who had furnished the couple with a carton of his sponsor's cigarettes as an opening inducement, declared meekly: "I think you better give us back those cigarettes, please." They'd won \$585—and that was by no means the end. They went on to garner \$2,384. Even by modern quiz standards, that's quite a score.

"Well, that's a wonderful start," said Shriner helplessly and passed on to the next contestant, a button manufacturer. "I hope you do as well as the other folks did. If you do, we'll have to make the cigarettes shorter." Whereupon he fell to interviewing the button manufacturer's quiz partner.

"What do you do?" he asked a lady who worked in a department store.

"We advise brides what to do."

"Department stores do that now? Their mothers used to."

That's the sort of humor it is. And Shriner, who has the most disarming face in this racket, delivers it so gently that you almost approve of him doing this sort of thing for a living. I still wish he had his other show which gave him more scope. His other show, a sort of "Our Town" in miniature, was really one of the most winning and original and—well—wholesome television shows ever put together. I mourn its passing.

In fact, when I stare into the bottom of a drink late at night, I get mournful over the fact that so many of our comedians are up to this. Groucho Marx, Fred Allen (if he'd stayed sound), Herb Shriner are always asking ladies from Kenosha what their husbands do for a living and why they settled in Kenosha. I can't help feeling they should be doing better things.



### *This Isn't a Bit Believable, Mort*

I'M AS interested as the next man in science fiction and sometimes a little more so. (That next man has been caught nodding over "Space Cadet," a heresy in science fiction circles.) There are more things in science fiction than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio.

One of them was little Glenn Walkin, age seven, a cute freckle-faced urchin who not long ago appeared on "Tales Of Tomorrow." A tough job of acting for a seven-year-old or—for that matter—for Bette Davis. It was little Glenn's job to play the role of a sphere from another planet—a small round pulsating object which moved, had a superior intelligence

and could communicate to us earth creatures by means of small horn-like objects on its head. (Head? That's a head?)

Well, naturally, an assignment like that would tax the ingenuity of a Maurice Evans or maybe even of a Humphrey Bogart. So I dispatched my operative over to see just how well Glenn did. (I'd have gone myself, but seven-year-old boys terrify me even without small horn-like objects on their heads.)

Operative X-1 walked right into a big union problem. What *was* Glenn Walkin exactly—a prop, a costume, a piece of scenery, an actor? Glenn's thirteen-year-old brother held that he was an actor and added vehemently: "Oh, you always get the good parts!" The union eventually strung along and Glenn was paid scale rates with a bonus. The bonus: the sphere which he activated. He was enchanted with it and is even now frightening the wits out of all the little boys in his neighborhood.

The Brooks Brothers people—the costumers of show people, not of Madison Avenue executives—ran up the sphere which was a canvas bag about the size of a beach ball. It had a foam rubber exterior rough as the moon and it was painted a mottled green. The original idea was to zip little Glenn inside and have him roll around as living spheres from other planets are likely to do. This proved impractical on a number of counts. For one thing, it didn't ring true. For another, it gave little Glenn a very limited emotional range in which to act. For still another—and most importantly—it was hard on little Glenn who never knew which side was up.

So they unzipped little Glenn and pulled out his legs. Instead of rolling around, he walked around—a concession to practicality which would have horrified Jules Verne. The general idea of this script (called "The Quiet Lady") was that these green spheres were frightening us earth folks into fits and there was a nasty rumor running around that they were spreading a disease. Well, Una O'Connor, who was, so to speak, tuned into their antenna, got to hashing things over with one of the spheres (little Glenn) and found out that they weren't trying to spread the disease at all; they were trying

to teach us stupid earthlings how to *cure* it.

During rehearsals little Glenn Walkin grew so fond of his sphere that he'd crawl inside it and sit there between scenes. When Operative X-1 arrived, he was sitting inside it—just his head showing—drinking homogenized milk through a straw. The day before he'd crawled inside, zipped himself up and fallen asleep.

In little Glenn's big scene, John Conte walks into a room and opens a closet door. Out waddles the green sphere. It just stands there, pulsating, then staggers back into the closet. "Pretty scary sight," reported Operative X-1. Conte slams the door and yells for another actor and asks him to shoot the thing. But just then Una O'Connor gets a message from him and shrieks, "No, he's trying to tell me something."

They ran through it three or four times. When it was over, Glenn had quite a lot of trouble getting out of the sphere. He rolled over a couple of times, kicking and flailing his arms. Finally he crawled out, grinning and soaked with perspiration.

A cameraman turned to the director and shook his head. "Mort," he said, "this isn't a bit believable."

### *The 700th Concert*

**R**ADIO IS still winning handily in one department, that of music. On Jan. 11, one of radio's greatest programs—the New York Philharmonic symphony—was broadcast for the 700th time, which is a lot of times. The Philharmonic has become that rare thing, a radio classic. That is, it has acquired such enormous prestige that any changes in its structure are greeted with a roar of protests as if the network were proposing to monkey with the United States Constitution.

In the 1950-51 season, for example, the symphony was recorded and broadcast at 1 p.m. (EST) Sundays in place of the normal time at 2:30. Recording, of course, has become such a high art that even sound engineers can hardly tell the difference. Still, listeners from Boston to Houston were outraged at the very thought that their beloved concert was coming to them out of a can rather than out of a

concert hall. The following year, the Philharmonic went back on the air live and it still is live. It's doubtful that anyone will monkey with it any more.

Last December when the Philharmonic performed its 5,000th concert, it had attained such eminence that "Life" hailed it as the "greatest single institution in musical history," noting particularly that it had pioneered in the broadcasting of symphony music. Curiously enough, it took some doing to get on the air in the first place.

The symphony broadcasts were the brain child of William S. Paley, who had just acquired control of CBS. In 1930 when he dreamed it all up, CBS was very much the junior network to the older, larger and infinitely more powerful NBC. It was Paley's thought that the broadcasting of a symphony concert on a regular basis would give his network a little prestige with which to combat NBC's high position. His co-directors thought he was out of his mind, pointing out that there was no audience for good music. Paley retorted that he would create one. The Philharmonic has done just that. The first broadcast, October 5, 1930, a performance of Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz," was heard over sixteen stations by an audience which by today's standards is infinitesimal. Today it's broadcast over 194 stations to an audience that runs into the millions. Its national rating is 4.2. (In Kansas City, its November-December "Pulse" rating averaged 3.5.—Ed.)

It's impossible to estimate how large a contribution the Philharmonic has made toward creating the present huge market for symphony records or for concerts throughout the country. The Philharmonic has even done a lot toward building an audience for rival symphonies which followed it on the air. The impact of good music on American culture can't be measured in ordinary terms but it may be assumed that it has had a deep and permanent effect.

In fact, radio's contributions in the field of good music only calls attention to its glaring omission in other fields. Radio, it seems to me, might have created an audience for great books, great plays and great minds just as it did for great music. But it didn't.

The Philharmonic broadcasts have successfully disproved the old notion that symphony music appeals only to the upper crust. Fan mail, station reports, telephone calls and surveys reveal that symphony appeals to people in all classes of society and in rural as well as urban communities. Some of the Philharmonic's most devoted fans are soldiers situated in God-forsaken spots in the world. This December, the orchestra got a \$5 contribution from an army private in Korea who wrote that the broadcasts which are heard in Korea were his only link with America. The symphony is also heard by troops in Hawaii and Alaska. Today more people listen to the Philharmonic on a single Sunday afternoon than have attended the concerts at Carnegie Hall in the orchestra's 110-year existence.

James Fasset now does the ten or fifteen minute intermission talks and interviews and these bring in quite a lot of mail. These range from talks with musicians to tape recordings of musical events done on the spot around the country and sometimes in Europe. Fasset has made these tape recordings in Waukesha, Wis.; on Boston's Beacon Hill (where the Beacon Hill Bell ringers played carols on bells), and at Grandma Moses' home in Eagle Bridge, N. Y. On this one, Grandma Moses told about the first Christmas she remembered when she was four years old, eighty-eight years ago.

▲  
UP IN Albany, N. Y., Sen. Thomas C. Desmond is engaged in a private crusade to purify the air, specifically of liquor and beer commercials. (If hard liquor has ever been advertised on the air it's escaped my attention. It's been banned by the networks for decades.) Desmond objects even to the sponsorship of baseball games by beer companies which are far and away the biggest baseball sponsors in the nation. Children, says Desmond, now sing "Piel's is the beer for me" instead of Mother Goose rhymes. Shucks, Senator, you should have heard the jingles I sang as a child. They weren't Mother Goose rhymes and they weren't half as mild as "Piel's is the beer for me" which isn't a bad jingle at all.

At the age of five or thereabouts, one

of my favorites was the Georgia Tech song:

"I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech

"And a hell of an engineer.

"Like all jolly good fellows

"I drink my whiskey clear."

Just possibly it had a permanently damaging effect on my character, Senator, but I doubt it.



"Now see if you can guess what this tune is."

### A Sensible Approach

IT HAS always been my contention that children would survive television as they have survived the other cataclysms like the invention of the bathtub. Not entirely unscathed, but reasonably in possession of their faculties.

This moderate view is not susceptible to much editorial indignation and is not especially popular among parents, some of whom like to ascribe everything including measles to the malign influence of a piece of furniture in the living room. The case for the opposition—there is one—has been made, rather tellingly, I think, by the health officer of Oakland, California, Dr. J. C. Geiger.

"The more insecure an individual or

parent may be about the realities which surround him, the more anxious and voracious he or she will be about the radio, television or moving pictures. In many cases a parent who becomes fearful about the influence of television programs on his child is actually anxious about its effect on himself. In other instances, a parent may become anxious because he senses the fact that he will not be able to control this new ogre. For example, parents who are controlled by their children fall immediate heir to this anxiety and fear."

My own highly unscientific and slightly crotchety observations bear this out. To put it in the most matter of fact language I can muster, the type of parents who worry about television are likely to worry about every damn thing. I don't mean to impugn the common sense of every parent who has ever muttered into his martini about the persistence of "Space Cadet." There are certain legitimate complaints to be made about the children's fare on television. The noise rate—to take one very small example—of "Howdy Doody," for instance. They conduct that program at the tops of their lungs as if all the children were three rooms away, which frequently they are.

Parents, Dr. Geiger points out, have no real reason to fear all the shooting that goes on in the cowboy epics or the prevalence of the gun in their own living room. "The amount of influence that a television or radio program has on a child is directly related to the adjustment of the child in his family and to society in general. If the child has a secure relationship with his family and with his outside social environment, he will be able to take the 'Hopalong Cassidy' adventure or the 'Dick Shane' detective serial in his stride.

"Such a child will always be able to regard the program as a make-believe story and view it from that standpoint. He may act out the cowboy story in his play the very next day; however, he will always recognize his play acting as fantasy which may be cloaked with excitement but devoid of abnormal fear or anxiety.

"The maladjusted and insecure child who has an unloving relationship with his family and who is fearful of his social environment may be influenced personally

by television programs. He may see his own fears and insecurities magnified on the television screen. A child who feels unwanted and threatened by his own parents may react very fearfully to violence and brutality on the video screen. Because the maladjusted and insecure child is markedly confused about the realities in his own home, it is not unusual for him to confuse reality with fantasy as they are portrayed on the various programs."

This seems to me to be a remarkably sensible approach to a matter about which an awful lot of wild statements have been made not only by parents but also by doctors. Recently "The American Medical Association Journal" ran an editorial deploring "the mental, physical and social consequences" of radio and television on children. At the same time, "The Journal" admitted there has been "astonishingly little research on the medical and psychological impact of television on children." In spite of this "The Journal" closed by advising the industry to clean house before Congress did it first.

Frankly, I consider Dr. Geiger's solutions more apt. "By becoming furious at the television stations and at the programs they represent, parents are literally barking up the wrong tree. Actually all effort should be mobilized and directed at the basic problem; how can the community provide facilities for the tremendous number of maladjusted adults and children. If we can provide this help we would have no need to fear the spectre of the video set."

### *A Long Winter But a Merry One*

**L**ET'S FACE it, kids, the whodunit is going to be very much with us from here on in. We'll just have to get used to a lot of the old situations, the old dialogues. I seem to have a little list on me here somewhere of plots and lines which, I bet, you'd have trouble avoiding in any one night with the TV set.

There is—to pick one at random—the young comedy couple, just married, who through a series of wild coincidence find themselves trying, between kisses, to figure out who killed old Mrs. Throckmorton. Just after they have the murderer safely

stowed away, the bride whispers to the Inspector tremulously: "My husband always told me to keep my nose out of other people's business. After this, I will." You'll see quite a lot of these people.

You'll also see quite a lot of Cafe Royale (or Cafe Zanzibar or Cafe Madagascar) which is right square in the middle of Berlin within easy reach of the Russians. "We know Cafe Royale is the center of the Soviet espionage ring," says old Colonel Higgins of Intelligence, "but how do they get the information out of the cafe? How?" My hunch, one supported by years of experience at this sort of thing, is that it's the zither player who is tapping out his dreamy melodies in Morse code to the shifty-eyed character at table three. You'll meet dozens of zither players this winter in dozens of Cafe Royales. Don't take your eyes off any of them.

Just as a guess I'd say Ralph Bellamy this winter will slip through the Iron Curtain at least fourteen times in search of an Allied spy known simply as I. Fodor. Every blessed time, I. Fodor will turn out to be a girl, a very pretty one. Romance and suspicion will bloom in about equal quantities. Is she really a Soviet spy or isn't she? You can easily tell. The Soviet spies will be heavy-lidded temptresses; the others will be dewy-eyed maidens. In the end, when the good ones lead him back to the frontier and he tries to persuade her to flee with him to safety, she'll shake her head: "My people need me."

So much for Ralph Bellamy's winter. Now, as for Geraldine Fitzgerald, who had a rough time last year, I predict that at least a score or so times, she'll find herself alone in the old mansion way out in the country. Her husband calls: "Sorry, dear. Got to work late tonight. Be home about midnight." She just hangs up and the sirens wail. Seven convicts (or lunatics) have escaped from Dartstone. The rest of the half hour, she creeps around the house, being scared successively by the creaky shutter, the rising wind, the shadows on the lawn. When her husband finally get home, she (a) shoots him (b) goes mad.

Then there's the acting couple, the older man and the young wife; who by the most

alarming trick of fate happen to be playing "Othello." His suspicions (quite baseless) about his wife's relations with the juvenile are at white heat when he steps on stage for the strangling scene. His hands are around her throat when she screams and drops dead. No, he didn't strangle her, Inspector McGillicuddy tells us. She was shot by the lady playing Iago's wife who has long coveted the top role. There ought to be a round dozen backstage murders, only about half of them, I should guess in the middle of "Othello."

There'll also be the usual quota of frightened brides, full of nameless fears they won't let either us or their husbands in on. At least one of them, when confronted by the old house her husband just bought her, will say: "I have the strangest feeling I've been here before. I . . . I just have a feeling that behind that door there's a winding staircase with a red carpet. (There is, too) and over on this side is . . ." Well, she has it exactly right. Seems she was murdered there three or four incarnations ago—the bones are still mouldering in the mysterious locked closet—and would be murdered again under identical circumstances except that, having gone through it once, she manages this time to forestall it.

Then there are the inevitable lines: "We thought you might know who he's shielding?" "I? (frightened stare into the wings) How would I know?"

Or: "D'ya think I'm crazy? That stuff's hotter than an atomic furnace. We'd have every cop in town after us."

Or: (As they recognize the dim figure at the bottom of the garden): "Why—it's Adam! What's he doing here?"

Or: "I don't get it. If Stokes is really Featherbottom's long-missing nephew who is legally entitled to his \$4,000,000 fortune, why does he try to flee to South America?"

Or: (The private eye to the blustering Inspector): "Now don't get excited."—"Excited! Who's excited?"

Or: "Just what are you suggesting, Martin Kane?"

Or: (From the blonde who has freely engaged in smuggling, dope-peddling and arson): "I don't want to get mixed up in any murder."



### *A Soldier Complains*

“DEAR Mr. Crosby:

“Have you ever made any kind of study of the effect of television on hospitals? It might be the answer to the problem of keeping bed-ridden patients amused over a period of weeks. It might also be the answer to how the Russians get all those people to confess all those things.

“The wards here at Indiantown Gap (United States Army Hospital, Indiantown Gap, Pa.) are long and narrow, much the shape of army barracks, with fourteen beds on a side. The machine stands at the far end of the ward and it runs from 9:30 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. without even taking time out for meals. It is very much reminiscent of the George Orwell machine made famous in 1894, except that Winston could leave his room while the bed-ridden soldier can't.

“It's hard for a layman like me to gauge the effect of this constant video ray bombardment. Certainly more of the guys look at TV than read. Certainly they are so engrossed with it that they hardly know their neighbors' names. Certainly they complain when it is shut off.

“Yet, when I was so fortunate as to be moved for a few days to the one ward without a set, I found some strange reactions. The men did read. They played cards. They argued. They griped. They seemed to be alive.

“Coming back to the TV ward I ceased

reading and began to pay attention to this phantasmagoric monster which began to obtrude itself upon me by constant day-by-day pounding. It became impossible to concentrate. The effect was more hypnotic than pleasurable.

"You know what they were looking at? Of course you do, but you don't look at these things every day. Grown men, training to fight for our country, watching 'Ding Dong School,' a program for kindergarten children. They let the lady who runs this program tell them to fold pieces of paper and cut out sections to paste on cardboard. It's loads of fun, the lady says.

"They, so help me, listen to cooking recipes. The other morning the recipe was for spiced beets. Now who in this hospital or any other hospital is going to spice a beet? Then there's a program on which people get married and a serial in which a woman is paralyzed (her husband is mad), thus keeping her sister from marrying the man she loves. There's been a lot of hooting and hollering but the plot hasn't changed in three weeks. And the quiz programs—what's happened to them? They are just like soap operas except that all the people solve their terrible problems by striking it rich and breaking banks. And for a maraschino there is Howdy Doody, Wild Bill Hickok, Rama of the Jungle and a program in which girls dance with girls.

"I ask you is it legal to subject our soldiers to this kind of punishment? Aren't there narcotics laws? It doesn't make much difference to me. I'll be home on convalescent leave to enjoy a new kind of freedom—freedom to shut off the Thing.

"Sincerely,

"Private (Name withheld)

"P.S. Reading this over, I find it has no point. For all the effect it'll have, it's like sending an eviction notice to the inhabitants of Canada. The only purpose an investigation of televised wards would have would be to give the investigator some insight into the world of the near future when the ubiquity of the television set will make it impossible for Man to escape."

Well, I dunno, Private X. Last time I was in the Army hospital there was only radio to contend with. That was bad

enough. Each bed had a headset. At night, after the lights were out, the stay-awakes would listen to Bob Hope while the rest of us were trying to get a little sleep. Suddenly the darkness would be shattered by maniacal laughter at jokes we couldn't hear. Reason tottered.

And for the next war, progress will have taken another stride. They'll have the feelies by that time. Dagmar will kiss each and every one of us good night, whispering into each of our ears the reminder that Clorets leave the breath kissing-sweet.

▲  
THESE commercial announcers are beginning to wear me down. I mean the men who look right at you, holding the bottle of Pepto-Bismo, and grinning away as if they'd never had an upset stomach in their lives. The girls are much better at it. They look as if they had not only heard of the soap powder but had actually used the stuff.

But these stainless steel, relentlessly grinning announcers can't convince me they ever suffered from throat scratch or headaches or any of the other ailments they keep warning us about. I don't know what can be done about this exactly but I've brooded about it quite a lot. My only suggestion is that they muss 'em up a little. Disarrange those faultless neckties. Muss up their hair a little bit. They don't look quite human.

### *Dangerous Corner*

PERHAPS the most alarming single thing about television at the moment is the almost fatal conservatism that has enveloped it. Television is in grave danger of succumbing to hardening of the arteries at the tender age of five years.

Very little is being done to develop either new ideas or new personalities. Instead the old ideas and the old personalities are being exploited for all they are worth and perhaps a little more. George Burns and Gracie Allen—to take only one example—who were on every other week last year are on every week this year. Burns will tell you that the impact of the show and the audience it attracts are so very much less on an alternate week basis that a weekly show is imperative. People

simply can't remember to tune in alternate weeks.

And since there are only so many hours of prime evening time available on what amounts in many cities to only two networks (NBC and CBS), this means that a very few entertainers and a very few programs are going to dominate a very large industry. Along with this shrinkage of talent, there is an equal shrinkage of the amount of money available for television.

"Sponsor" magazine reports a rather alarming new trend in this regard. Clients, says "Sponsor," are getting more and more timid about launching anything new in format or personality. Instead, they are shopping around to buy into established shows which have a proven rating. A good many sponsors are discovering that their television shows—no matter how successful—are too expensive for their budgets.

Consequently, when a client approaches them with a proposition to share the billing and the cost, they are receptive. This is done in two ways. Philco Playhouse, for example, is now sponsored by Philco one week and by Goodyear the next. Same show but two sponsors. Buick has moved in on the Milton Berle show every fourth week. Here there are two different shows but the time slot—8 to 9 p.m. on Tuesdays—has been made so valuable by Berle that the Buick circus show is doing very well. And both Buick and Texaco, which sponsors Berle, are saving a wad of money.

"This stratagem," the magazine declares, "has provoked such comments from critical radio-TV executives as:

"It's the finishing touch to any incentive for creating new programs."

"If enough advertisers latch onto this sort of philosophy, the business will be in a position of actually consuming itself."

"In due time most network advertisers would become glorified hitchhikers—riding on the back of what would amount to thirty or forty network shows."

"It's bad enough that the area of experimentation has been constricted to almost nothing, but this chopping up into smaller sponsored pieces of what is already on the air can only lead to complete creative aridity."

This situation, I hasten to add, is not

entirely the fault of timid clients. Television is getting to be a horribly expensive proposition and not all of this cost can be justified. Naturally, a client with \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 to spend on TV is going to look for what one ad agency executive called "a safe rut." With that kind of money, he can't afford to gamble.

But costs never should have got so far out of hand in the first place. Union demands and union regulations in television are already fairly appalling. To get a piece of scenery from a warehouse into place on the set involves the high-priced services of four different union members. All sorts of featherbedding is beginning to crop up. Salaries of some writers and entertainers are swollen beyond belief.

Television, in short, is pricing itself into a dangerous corner. For the advertiser will pay out only what he happens to have on him. If he can't get silk, he will buy shoddy. Or he'll hitchhike on some one else's show. A few people will do mighty well both ratingwise and financially, but the industry as a whole will be the loser. The real loser, as usual, will be you and me—the members of the audience.



"Hello, Mr. Blake? . . . Mr. Blake this is 'PHONE QUIZ'. I want to ask you a question on behalf of my sponsor, The Bee Cee T. V. Co.—when are you going to make a payment on your television set?"

## The Mickey Spillane Influence On Songs

THE popular music scholars, an intrepid bunch of drinkers, have been turning a sour look on the contemporary songs. Too many tears, too much frustration. Arnold Shaw, who is vice-president and general manager of Duchess Music, complains in "Variety" that 1952 was the year that "sex-vex-wrecks" superseded "June-spoon-moon." It was, in short, the Mickey Spillane year in song-writing when "belt-ing replaced crooning and singing."

This is a terrible thing. Time was when a man's heart's desire was his mother. Then it was his wife. Now, it's somebody else's wife ("I Went To Your Wedding"). As Jim Walsh points out, tears are not foreign to popular songs but there is a great difference.

"In the old days the guy nearly always got his gal but after some years of what has always been called wedded bliss, she died and was planted in the village churchyard. Our hero then spent his remaining years with a permanent case of sniffles recalling how happy he and Genevieve had been before she kicked off. Sometimes she died before the wedding rites could be performed but he still consoled himself with remembering their strolls through the meadow.

"Today on the other hand, guy is fated never to get gal. He sees her crushed in the embrace of another character; he loses his little darling while dancing to the strains of the Tennessee Waltz or he goes to her wedding and watches her square off with some other square—but she is never his, not even for a few brief months or years. Instead he rends his garments and mourns her as one dead while doing some plain and fancy booze-h'isting and hic-coughing that she'll always be his 'in-spuh-ray-shun."

Walsh points out that the heroines of the old songs invariably died in the second verse, and were interred in picturesque spots. When the hero returned from distant shores to "The Girl I Loved In Sunny Tennessee" and asked where Mary was, her gray-haired old mother "pointed to the spot in the churchyard's little lot where my sweetheart sleeps in sunny Tennessee."



Nell was buried "Where The Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way." Even the heroine of "In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree" died in the seldom-sung second verse and was buried, naturally, in the shade of the old apple tree. "Frigolous Sal" died in the second verse too and "The Banks Of The Wabash" are chiefly famous as the last resting place of "angel Mary."

The death rate was awful among popular song heroines in those days but at least they left their men with some wonderful memories of a love that was true. Today, according to Arnold Shaw, love, in the accepted sense, is not what the guy has in mind at all. He or she is inflamed by a passion ("Kiss Of Fire") that would horrify angel Mary, Nell and even Frivolous Sal. The emphasis is not love—certainly not wedded love—but bodily possession ("Yours," "I'm Yours," "You Belong To Me").

I find this deplorable. Unless corrected and corrected soon, it's going to wreck all barroom singing. Your seasoned barroom tenor can really get his heart into "where my sweetheart sleeps in sunny Tennessee." Sentiment is his dish and your really good barfly can even muster up a few tears. But I never met a good drinking singer who could handle passion or, for that matter, could even sing about it with any degree of authority.

I can't, for example, imagine Mitch Rawson, one of the most celebrated of the midtown minnesingers, coping with a line like "hold me, thrill me, kiss me." He'd be drummed out of Bleek's. As for

"Though I see the danger, still the flame grows higher. I know I must surrender to your kiss of fire," I don't think Jack Bleeck would allow it in the place. After all, it's a family saloon.

Let's have a return to decent, respectable sentiment, Tin Pan Alley, when a man could clutch his beer and really let go with "Why Did They Dig Ma's Grave So Deep?"

### *Island Malarkey*

"FOUR STAR PLAYHOUSE," the offshoot of a supercharged character named Don Sharpe, is one of the most ambitious dramatic efforts to come out of Hollywood. It is on film. It employs the high-priced regular services of such stars as Dick Powell, Charles Boyer and Joel McCrea and the occasional services of such people as Ronald Colman and David Niven.

It is produced with painstaking care by a bunch of real experts. Naturally, with so many little blessings in its favor, the results are pretty spectacular. Not necessarily spectacularly good (though it has been that). Just spectacular. Sometimes it is spectacularly bad and, to your real connoisseur, that has a degree of interest too. For when you seek a really terrible movie you have to go to Hollywood. We haven't got the brains or the equipment or the know-how to do things anywhere near that badly here. We can turn out some punk movies. But if you're after downright lousy movies, then Hollywood is the place. They can get them for you wholesale.

The movie the other night on "Four Star Playhouse" (CBS-TV 8:30 p.m. EST alternate Thursdays) was just such a movie. It had David Niven, an actor of great talent and tremendous charms. It was very capably directed and photographed. The dialogue was reasonably literate. And, in spite of it all, it was just plain awful.

Let me tell you about this movie. It is set on a South Sea island paradise where the natives grin all day and the drums beat all night. And Dr. David Niven, who obviously has a guilty secret of some sort, happily shoots penicillin into the sick children and is rewarded by the love of the natives and, maybe, occasionally a cocoa nut.

Well, sir, into this paradise comes rich, nasty Mr. Masterson who owns the island and is exploiting the natives and getting filthy on copra. Right away Dr. Niven runs afoul of him. Brushes right past him without a hello because he's on his way to shoot penicillin into a native. So Masterson tells him to pack his syringes and get out. He's through. Not only in that island but in all the islands. (He owns the whole South Seas.)

Naturally, the natives are very sad and the drumbeats get very mournful. Dr. Niven starts to pack the syringes when a native beater comes rushing in to tell him to hurry, hurry. It's rich, nasty Masterson, writhing in pain. Acute appendicitis. Has to be operated on immediately by the doctor he just ruined. No, that's not the half of it. Wait. Wait.

The wind is rising. A big blow is on the way. And while the wind howls and shrieks around the flimsy hut, Dr. Niven slices away at Masterson's innards by candlelight in a manner that would have made Hippocrates weep with joy.

"The master is going to send you away?" asks his wistful little native interne.

"Scalpel," says Niven sternly, the wind howling like a banshee outside.

Next evening. The crisis is past. The storm's over. Masterson's lovely young wife comes out on the porch in the moonlight and finds young Dr. Niven staring off into the distance.

"Where will you go?" she asks.

"Who knows? Somewhere out there. Some little island. Somewhere where I'm needed."

Well, sir, they fall to walking in the moonlight together and you know what that leads to. In this case, it leads to nasty old Masterson suddenly realizing he'd better be nice to his pretty young wife or he'll lose her. "I'm not much for apologies," Masterson says shamefacedly to young Dr. Niven. "But I did a lot of thinking last night."

He wants to make amends. He'll send young Dr. Niven anywhere — London, Paris, Rome. But no. Niven wants to stay right there where he's needed. After the Mastersons have departed, the guilty secret comes out. Niven isn't a doctor at all. Just

had a couple of years of medical school. He decides he'd better pack up, after all, and go back to get his degree.

"But why didn't you tell Mr. Master-son?"

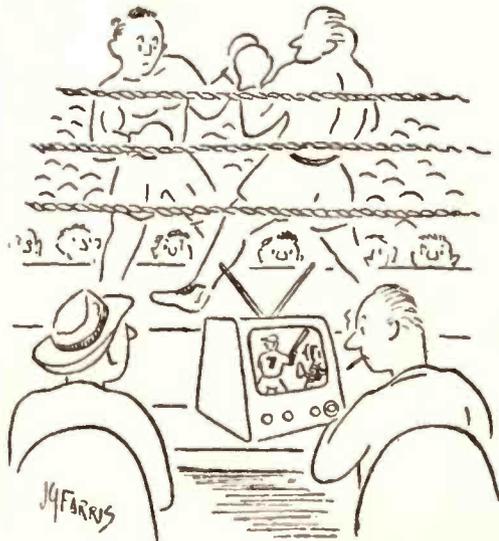
"And spoil the first decent thing he ever did in his life?" says Dr. Niven.

It's a great line.

▲  
**I**N general, the Fred Waring show is music and pictures—pretty music and pretty pictures, each harmonizing and enhancing the other. It's pure television.

▲  
**O**NE of the curiouser facets of our generation is our mania for watching people give things away on television. Now you take Groucho Marx who is a very funny fellow, a comedian and wit of great originality. Still, he may go down in show business memory as that nice man who gives away all that money on "You Bet Your Life." You'd be surprised how many folks adore Groucho, not because he tells jokes but because he gives away money and therefore must be an awfully nice man—as dubious a theory as any I ever heard.

If that happens to be one of your enthusiasms—watching people give away dough



—I suggest Herb Shriner who is also a very comical fellow. No one gives away money on television with such profligate gusto. All of us, I suppose, suffer a little from a Santa Claus complex but Shriner has it worse than most people. "Well," he'll say, rubbing his hands together with perverse glee, "we better give away some of this money. Got a lot of it here. Got it all baled up back there."

They sure pitch it around with abandon on that program, some contestants walking off with as much as \$1,200. The more they get, the happier Shriner becomes. It's a strange vice—this giving away other people's money—and I'm not at all sure it sets a good example for the children. How can you convince a child that 75 cents is adequate weekly recompense for a week's school work when he sees a man walk off with \$145 for remembering the names of four Presidents of the United States? Like as not the child can rattle off all thirty-three of them.

▲  
 New minister: "Do you think they approved of my sermon?"

Deacon: "They were all nodding, anyway."

▲  
 "Brown looks glum. He's been contesting his wife's will."

"I didn't know she was dead."

"She isn't."

▲  
 Operator: "It costs \$2 to talk to Bloomfield."

Customer: "Isn't there a cheaper rate for just listening? I'm calling my wife."

▲  
 One fellow boasted that he had driven a car for 20 years and never had a back-seat driver. He drives a hearse.

▲  
 A long suffering school superintendent once remarked: When Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic alone it was a remarkable feat, but it would have been much more remarkable if he'd done it with a committee.



# He's Giving The INDIAN A BREAK!

By LARRY SPAIN

IN an ancient adobe out in Taos, New Mexico, Woody Crumbo, Indian artist and historian, is engaged in a project that is unique. It is Crumbo's contention that if a nationwide audience could be shown Indian arts and crafts, the present precarious economic condition of the Indian would cease. Crumbo and a small group of full-blooded Indians are conducting one of the sanest programs for the rehabilitation of a race ever attempted.

Crumbo, a 40-year-old Pottawatomie Indian, is actually in the business of "discovering" Indians. "I've spent most of my life studying the Indian and his needs," says he. "His biggest need is publicity. The apathy that has characterized general acceptance of Indian handiwork is due to widespread ignorance of its existence, and too few sales outlets."

Every effort in the past to bring stability to the red race has failed. "And the reason," says Crumbo, "is that most of those efforts were misdirected. The Indian does not want charity; he wants only to work in his chosen fields and sell his output for a modest profit. He wants education, a better way of life."

Some months ago, Crumbo launched the campaign he believes will even-

tually give his people the publicity break they must have. His plan to bring recognition and security to the Indian took concrete form several years ago, when he began painting historical records of the red man. It resolved into four series of authentic Indian subjects, each series comprising 12 different scenes from his religion, rituals, wars, customs. It forms a complete saga of America's first resident, a graphic account of a minority race.

At the time he began painting his series, Crumbo had evolved the plan which is now in effect—publicizing Indian arts and crafts. The original paintings are being reproduced in full-color serigraphic prints in his old Taos workshop. Most of the skills involved are supplied by Indians, who were trained under Crumbo's supervision.

With all four series complete, they will be exhibited in the art classes of schools and colleges, in clubs, fraternal societies, youth and church organizations. It is believed that many sets will be purchased by these groups for art-history study mediums, and as home decorations. The student of early American history must have a firm grounding in Indian art and be able to interpret it faithfully, if he is to read the past of our ancient peoples.

Woody Crumbo's ability to portray the whole gripping story of In-

dian life in line and color comes naturally. As a youth, while fulfilling the manifold duties around an Indian household, he studied diligently, from white men's books and under the tutelage of the tribe's wise men. The books taught him the rudiments of education; the old men inculcated in him the trilogistic pattern of true Indian living: courage, honesty, moderation.

Early in life, Crumbo knew he would be an artist. Long before he entered the Indian schools, and later the Universities of Wichita and Oklahoma, he had mastered the essentials of Indian art: Religion, dancing, song, history, folklore. He taught dancing to Indians, became one of the few exponents of the Indian flute, and eventually taught art to students of many races.

From that point on, fame came rapidly. In 1938 Crumbo was appointed Art Director of Bacone College, the only college for American Indians in the nation. Crumbo original paintings hang in such top-ranking permanent exhibits as the Philbrook and Gilcrease Museums in Tulsa; the Museum of Natural History in New York; the Universities of Wichita and Oklahoma; the Corcoran Art Gallery; the San Francisco Art Museum, and others. In 1945 he won the coveted Julius Rosenwald Fellowship, capping a six-year winning streak of 14 first prize awards, plus a half dozen scholarships.

Crumbo's campaign to lift an entire race from oblivion and poverty is just getting underway, but already it has produced results. With only

word-of-mouth advertising of his project, letters come in every day from points across the country asking for information about his plans, where the prints will be on sale, what other types of Indian-made articles will be available, and when.

Meanwhile, Crumbo is lining up top talent from various Indian tribes. He hopes to produce a diversified line of Indian products ready to introduce to a large public. Part of the proceeds from print sales will go for advance publicity of these items. A considerable portion will also go for educating and training his "discoveries" among the tribes. Several Indian youths he has encouraged show remarkable skill in art. With only a brief training period under their belts, they could, if they chose, obtain jobs in competition with the best professional silk screen overlay artists.

The publicity value of these "discoveries" for Indians in general is readily apparent. One or two in each tribe will bring recognition to other artists and craftsmen in the same tribe. Within a few more months, Crumbo hopes to have "discovered" at least a hundred deserving and talented Indians. Their creations will be shown to the nation, and they will be able to set up in business with a fair chance at success.

With good markets for the output of several artisans in each tribe, Indian economy should start looking up. With money in his pocket, the Indian will live better, dress better, send his children to school, and eventually "stand with his feet on the ground and his head in the sky."



## WOODY CRUMBO OF TAOS

Silk-screen process painting is used by Indian workers in Taos to reproduce the original designs of Woody Crumbo. Above is his "Deer Family" (print size, 12 x 16 inches); at left, "Deer and Elements"; below, "Indian Dancer."





*Thanks to WHB.*

Local, States and National Candidates for assisting in our -

*"GET OUT AND VOTE CAMPAIGN"*



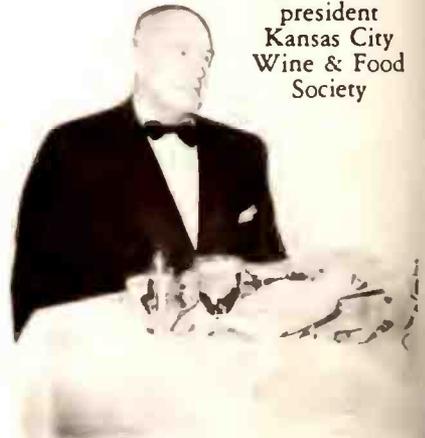
DR. GEORGE BENSON, president of Harding College, addresses Junior C of C Bosses' Night meeting.

DON SULLIVAN'S WESTERN BAND on WHB early morning, and at noon in "Neighborin' Time."



### WHB NEWSREEL

HARRY FAWCETT president Kansas City Wine & Food Society



BIG WESTERN SHOW AND BARN DANCE sponsored each Saturday night by Tidwell Furniture over WHB packs crowds into the World War II Memorial Auditorium.

WIN JOHNSTON, BRUCE GRANT AND E. J. ASHBAUGH of Fred Harvey Restaurant celebrate Bruce's birthday with Harvey cake.



JOHN STANDLEY TELLS WHB'S "OIL" WELLS it's "In The Book."

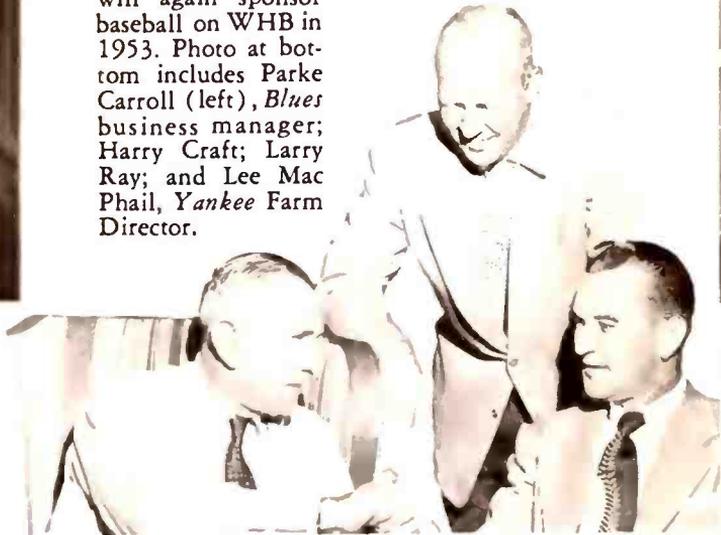




J. C. HIGDON (above), new president of K. C. Chamber of Commerce, broadcasts inaugural address over WHB.

BASEBALL is "just around the corner." Photo below, made at winter baseball meetings in Phoenix, Arizona, shows Casey Stengel, manager of the Yankees, with WHB Sports Director, Larry Ray, and Harry Craft, new manager of the K. C. Blues, the Yankees' number one farm team.

Muehlebach beer will again sponsor baseball on WHB in 1953. Photo at bottom includes Parke Carroll (left), Blues business manager; Harry Craft; Larry Ray; and Lee Mac Phail, Yankee Farm Director.



FRED G. GURLEY (below), president of the Santa Fe Railways, is principal speaker at Higdon inaugural dinner. Mr. Gurley stressed the importance of Kansas City as a transportation center.

Just between us . . . nothing like **Muehlebach** BEER

All Blues Games  
 with **Larry Ray**  
 WHB 710





*Swing Presents*  
**JOHN A. MOORE**  
**The Man of the Month**

by DON DAVIS

**B**OY IS FATHER to the Man—they say—and the story of John A. Moore, Jr., tends to prove the proverb.

At 48, handsome "June" Moore (the "June" is for "Junior") exudes boyish enthusiasm for whatever he attempts.

Like a boy, he loves sports—particularly golf and hunting. Like a boy, he is crazy about the animals in the Zoo he helped build as president of Kansas City's Park Board. Like a boy, he is enraptured with the world of theatre make-believe—a trait which led him delightedly through two terms as the first president of Kansas City's Starlight Theatre. And like a boy, June Moore still has the *capacity to dream!*

"I'm back in the real estate business 100% now," he says, referring to his prolonged career as a civic figure, holding office-without-pay. "And I'm dreaming up some dandy ideas!"

One such dream is the "Massman Building," to be constructed at the northeast corner of 13th and Wyandotte, on ground that is now a parking lot for The Kansas City Club.

This projected twelve- to sixteen-story office-building will be the first skyscraper office building constructed in Kansas City since World War II. It will be a wonder-world of "modern" architecture and invention, containing all the latest push-button gadgets—swift elevators, and handsome rooms—air-conditioned, scientifically lighted, constructed for beauty as well as utility—a building to make citizens blink with envy in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Houston, Dallas or Tulsa! And it takes quite a bit to make a Tulsan blink! Gentry & Voskamp are the architects; and Moore hopes to begin construction soon.

Another dream is a luxury apartment development for Kansas City—"better flats," Moore describes it. Two-and-three bedroom suites with baths; a large living room combined with an adjoining dining area in one tremendous layout; a foyer; and the usual service rooms: kitchen, pantry, storage rooms and the like. June Moore wants to promote a building containing 100 of these units—for which purpose he has quietly been

studying the latest such buildings constructed in other cities. He feels that an apartment building of this type—with its conveniences, location, beauty and dignity—will appeal primarily to married couples who no longer require a large home because their children have grown up. Or that such quarters will be ideal for widowed grandmothers who want guest space for family visits. Or that elderly wifeless gentleman might find living in such apartments preferable to the accommodations available at their Clubs. The development will be a "luxury apartment" building, in conception and in fact.

**T**HESE real estate activities Moore conducts as president of John A. Moore & Company, Kansas City's oldest real estate firm, dating back to its organization as the Rieger-Moore Realty Company located at Sixth and Main Streets in 1879. The Moore of the firm then was John A. Moore, Sr., who was 50 years old when Junior was born, July 13, 1904. Senior's father was a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Albert A. Moore, who came up from Kentucky to settle in Wellington, Missouri, in 1820. He was a circuit rider in the days when ministers of the gospel rode horseback to serve a number of communities. The Reverend Moore was one of the founders of the Westport Presbyterian Church in Kansas City (when the town was "Old Westport")—and a memorial window commemorating him may be seen in the present church building.

But there are *more* Moores in the



story! Both sides of June's family were named Moore.

June's mother was Velma Moore, a blue-eyed, brown-haired beauty, daughter of John Jasper Moore. His father (June's great-grandfather) was William Moore, a veteran of the Revolutionary War and a captain in the War of 1812 who moved westward to Missouri from Virginia to a land-grant homestead in Jackson County. The log cabin he built then is still intact. With him came June's great-grandfather, Travis Moore. Out in Independence, Missouri, is a tablet to William Moore's memory, as one of three revolutionary soldiers residing in Jackson County. June's "Uncle Milton" Moore was a general of the Missouri Militia in the Spanish-American War, and president of the Kansas City School Board for ten years. His mother's uncle, John W. Moore, was mayor of Kansas City in 1885-6.

The Moores on both sides of the family were all Gaelic-Presbyterians of Scotch-Irish descent, imbued with a deeply religious spirit which has continued in June's activities as a youthful usher at the Linwood Presbyterian Church; as a young deacon

of the Westport Presbyterian Church; and, in later years, as a deacon and now a trustee of the Second Presbyterian Church. A friend and advisor to the family for many, many years was the late Dr. George P. Baity, minister of the Westport Church. "He married our parents; buried them; married us and christened our children," says June's beautiful wife, "Scotty."

**S**COTTY'S real name is Marjorie; June calls her "Marge." When you "talk family" with her she rightly claims, as does June, to be "really a native." Marjorie is the daughter of the late Charles L. Scott, for many years Kansas City general agent of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company. He married Mary Coppock, daughter of Henry Coppock, whose mother was Mary Jane James, daughter of Thomas James. The early-day land holdings of the James family (not Jesse's) in Missouri included the site of the Herb Woolf farm and later the old Mission Valley Hunt Club, now the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Spencer.

Scotty's uncle, Ralph Coppock, held a parcel of 1,200 acres, some of which are now a part of the Mission Hills golf course and residential district. Her grandfather, Henry Coppock, gave an acre of his farm for the first Prairie School. Henry Coppock *had* to help build a schoolhouse! He had nine children. The old Coppock family mansion has just recently been demolished to make way for the Country Club Community Center being built in Prairie Village.

As a child, Scotty attended Bryant

Grade School, Sunset Hill and Westport High. June had attended Faxon Grade School and graduated ahead of Scotty from Westport High in 1921. A friend of Scotty's was Mary Margaret Moore (June's sister, Mrs. Robert Milton)—and it was Mary Margaret who introduced June to Scotty when the girls were in the sixth grade. This was at the age, of course, when girls got in June's hair. The introduction didn't "take"—at the time. Scotty says: "He was a headache."

Scotty went on to attend Penn Hall School in Chambersburg, Pa., a fashionable school for girls which would move intact—faculty, students and servants—to Ocean City for a month each May. There followed a tour of Europe for Scotty; while June, after a semester at Kansas City Junior College, matriculated at the University of Missouri, where he studied General Arts and "campusology" for two years and became a convivial member of Sigma Nu. He left college because no courses were offered that directly taught the real estate business.

**J**UNE was already working at the real estate business in these years. He began as a \$4-per-week errand boy in his father's business—chased abstracts and kept insurance records—and graduated to selling. He has always been a great "planner"—has the ability to dream dreams, and then work to make those dreams come true.

Romance became part of the dream—with Scotty as its object. The couple had planned to be married September 28, 1929—a church wedding,

with a big reception at Mission Hills Country Club afterward. Jaccard's had the invitations on order. Then, suddenly, August 24, only a month before the scheduled wedding date, June's father died. And June, sorrowing from his loss, had to take over management of the business, at the age of twenty-five.

But Scotty and June were married, nevertheless, on the date they had planned—in a small ceremony, at Scotty's home.

The year 1929, you may remember, was the final year of "Coolidge Prosperity"—climaxed by the fateful October break in the stock market which led into the "prosperity" that was always "just around the corner" as the great Depression of the 30's began . . . and continued.

These were the years when the Moores were adjusting to married life—living in their first home together, on their own. Years when young June struggled to keep the family real estate business alive. The market break had wiped out their nest egg; and it was grim going. "I got my first white hairs that first year of our marriage," says Scotty. June worked day and night, in a real estate market that was anything but active. That was when the "thrift and tireless industry" preached and practiced by John A. Moore, Sr., paid off. Dapper June Moore was not going to be licked by a mere world-wide Depression!

They built their first home in 1932, a Dutch Colonial at 642 Huntington Road, for which Scotty had planned the kitchen. She was a girl with ideas translated into clever cupboards, a

compact and orderly working space for the housewife-cook, the newest in kitchen "gadgets," and decoration of liveable, practical beauty. The *Kansas City Star* gave the kitchen two columns of description; and builders all over town copied the design and layout for years. Two daughters, Marilyn and Nancy June, were born to the Moores—in 1934 and 1937. The



latter year the Moores became part of the "Romany Road Gang," moving to a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse on Romany Road—where their neighbors were the new city manager, Perry Cookingham; Ray Conlin, Dan Nee and Kansas City's present mayor, William E. Kemp. During World War II they all cultivated a community Victory Garden west of Ward Parkway.

THE early years during which they lived on Romany Road were in the era when John B. "Jack" Gage was Kansas City's "clean-up mayor," following the defeat of the Pendergast city political machine. Jack Gage appointed June to the Park Board, of which he became president, serving from 1940 to 1945. Scotty has kept a scrapbook of newspaper clippings from those days—showing June in a

homburg welcoming Lord Halifax to Kansas City; spading earth to dedicate new play-fields; initiating improvements at the Swope Park Zoo; forcing the Park concessionaire to reduce the price of pop from a dime to a nickel (nobody cares much that it is 15c a bottle, nowadays); installing a train as a kiddie-ride in Swope Park; putting baby ducks on the lake in Loose Park at Easter and giving them to Mercy hospital when fat and full-grown at Thanksgiving.

"Cleaning up" the lax business practices of Park Board machine-appointed employees was the first order of business—leading June into many a bitter fight. Under his administration, William Cully was appointed as Zoo-keeper, with resulting savings to the city of 50% on food bills for the animals. June had the idea for open animal pits and development of a veldt at the Zoo—ideas capably executed by Cully. To procure a modern swimming pool for Swope, Moore obtained a \$250,000 W.P.A. appropriation, plus \$25,000 of city money. He visited every big municipal pool in America to get ideas for design. Prior to the closing of the pool last summer as a result of race-problem arguments, the city had more than received its money back from fees paid by swimmers.

At Loose Park, there were difficulties about the picnic ovens, resolved only after Mrs. Jacob L. Loose, who gave the land to the city in memory of her husband, had changed her ideas and wanted to permit ovens on the grounds. Mrs. Loose loved that park; and the ducks; and the ovens—and used to keep a watchful eye on

activities there with the aid of binoculars, from her apartment window in the Walnuts across Wornall Road a block away. If she saw a picnic she thought she'd enjoy, she joined the picnickers! Matters of conduct in the Park were discussed by the Park Board members at her apartment, over cocktails—with Loose-Wiles biscuits served as hors d'oeuvres.

There were arguments with Park Board members and city officials over "playgrounds" and "play-fields," too. "A playground," says Moore, "is any place a supervisor supervises kids at play. A play-field is a permanent facility of ten acres or more, where children and their elders engage in sports of their own free-will, unregimented." Moore feels rather strongly about supervised play. "When it is *not organized*, it is *recreation*," he says. "When it is supervised, it tends to become regimented—and regimentation is the Nazi philosophy."

**T**HE story of Moore's effort in behalf of the Starlight Theatre was told in *Swing*, June, 1951:

"As president of the Park Board, Moore got interested when the Board in 1943 wanted to build a \$10,000 band shell in Swope Park. Moore brought Edward Buehler Delk into the picture as architect. And the first thing they discovered was that outdoor musicals were a bigger attraction in many cities than band or orchestra concerts. But you couldn't stage such productions in a band shell! However, if an outdoor stage suitable for theatricals were built, a portable band shell could easily be placed on such a stage. That idea did it!

"When Moore resigned from the Park Board in 1945, he was made chairman of the outdoor theatre com-

mittee on the Citizens' Planning Council; and subsequently, chairman of a like group on the Citizens' Bond Committee. He was disappointed when they cut the proposed outdoor theatre construction budget from \$750,000 to \$500,000. But he kept at it! 'He nursed it, rehearsed it and gave out the news.' And when Kansas City celebrated its Centennial in 1950, funds subscribed by citizens for an outdoor historical pageant made possible construction of a skeleton Starlight Theatre Amphitheatre, seating 7600 persons.

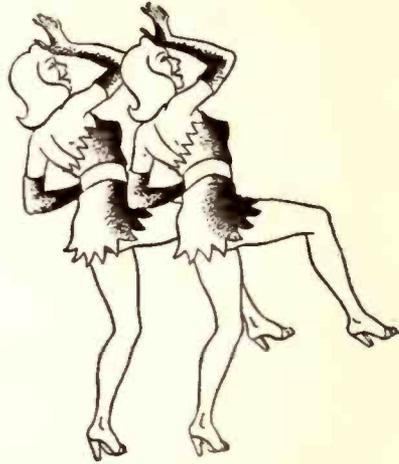
"No architect, meanwhile, had ever approached a professional task with greater zest than Delk. Talented and temperamental, he had built castles for Oklahoma oil kings; planned suburban shopping centers and store buildings that became models for real estate developers throughout the nation; he had designed memorial towers and public buildings. But the outdoor theatre was a *dream* assignment! In order to make it as attractive and practicable as possible, Delk visited every outdoor theatre of consequence in America, conferring with architects and theatre officials on technical details.

"The construction bill on the theatre amounts to \$1,243,000 to date. At least \$350,000 in additional funds will be included to add two more permanent buildings backstage and to build pergolas at the rear and along the outer aisles; so the spectators may find haven in the event of a sudden shower.

"Everything's been done with a bold hand. The electrical contractor tells you there are more than five miles of conduit, carrying 25.5 miles of wire of various kinds and sizes. A substantial portion of the conduit and wire may be seen in an underground tunnel that is four feet wide and six feet deep, extending from the stage to one of the pylons in the rear of the theatre, a distance of 300 feet.

"The backstage area is a city peopled with more than 200 artists, craftsmen, specialists and players—in the ballet and chorus rehearsal pavilions; dressing

and wardrobe buildings; office; music library; shops; paint scaffold; transformer room; first aid station; and cafe.



The stage is occupied from morning until night, seven days a week. The production director has a large staff of experienced stage practitioners who whip together a new show for Monday night opening, each week from June through Labor Day weekend. The scenic designer has a crew busy building and painting sets that roll over the concrete slabs on rubber tire casters.

"One of the brick pylons down front houses the \$64,000 dimmer board controlling banks of lights. On the light bridge suspended between the two rear pylons are spotlights with sufficient power to throw a white-hot light on a singer or dancing ensemble 250 feet away. Here, too, is the control board for the sound system with its ten stage microphones that will pick up even a whisper. A special feature is a tunnel underneath the stage used by orchestra members in taking their places in the pit; and by singers and dancers in crossing from one side to the other."

Moore served for the first two seasons as president of the Starlight, turning over the reins for the 1953 season to vice-president Herbert H. Wilson.

**B**UT of all the stories about June Moore, probably the best is what happened when he resigned from the Park Board in 1945. His friends, Mayor Gage, members of the Park Board, Park Superintendent J. V. Lewis, Secretary John Lacy and Zoo-keeper Bill Cully didn't want Moore to quit. On Easter Sunday, when Scotty had the house freshly cleaned and dinner in the oven, the group suddenly appeared on Romany Road with three animals from the Zoo, bearing a sign, "Please Don't Leave Us!" The animals were Bob-Bo the monkey, Barney the bear, and a baby lion named Tike. With their appearance, every neighbor kid for blocks around got the word and suddenly decided to call upon the Moores' two daughters, Marilyn and Nancy June. Ten, then twenty, then thirty people—youngsters and adults—swarmed into the house. The party lasted several hours, while dinner was put aside and Scotty watched in dismay and delight as animals and youngsters created minor havoc with rugs and furniture!

The Moore daughters have begun to take more of father's time and money in recent years. For one thing, with two teen-age daughters, the family needed a larger house. So they bought (in 1947) the former Herman Langworthy home at 810 West 57th Terrace. It, too, is a Pennsylvania Farmhouse, near Sunset Hill School for the girls; and designed by Edward Buehler Delk. "When I saw Delk's design plate near the front door, I knew we had to have that house," says June.

With college years for the girls

looming ahead, the family toured the east last summer to inspect schools—through New England and the Cape to Boston, New York, Washington, D. C., and Williamsburg. They think they've about settled on a school in the east (after which Marilyn wants to go to a state university). In Williamsburg, Marilyn got material for a term paper she's writing. In Washington, June called Mrs. Harry Truman, who invited them to the White House. The remodeling work had just been completed, and they had opportunity for a complete inspection. President Truman turned up to show them through his office and the cabinet room—and "presented" Nancy June with a miniature statue of Andrew Jackson (a replica of the Courthouse statue in Kansas City) if she would just pick it up and hand it to her father. Nancy June tried—but the replica weighed 1200 pounds!

From the time the girls were small, June has always planned vacations for his daughters to make travel a part of their education—with trips through Yellowstone, Grand Canyon and other national parks. Annually the girls attend Camp Kamaji at Cass Lake, Minnesota, where their mother herself had been a camper.

But for all the women in his life—wife, daughters, a sister, a widowed mother and mother-in-law, two elderly aunts—and a female dog—June is strictly a "man's man." He never misses a Saddle & Sirloin Club trail ride; he hunts duck and pheasant every fall; for years he shot golf in the low 70s and once toured the Canadian tournament circuit with a group of golf pros. He loves to play

pitch with the "boys" at 711, his "inner club" at the Kansas City Club.

On the family trip east last summer, June pursued his newest hobby, as he had done previously on vacations to California and the Caribbean. He has become a "Stereo-Realist" camera enthusiast—a sure-enough shutter-bug!—and is "collecting people." His gallery of three-dimension photos includes practically every friend, relative and notable he has met since he took up photography!

**P**ICTURES in the collection include members of the many organizations to which June belongs: the Sons of the American Revolution, the Native Sons of Kansas City, Sigma Nu, the Legion of Honor of DeMolay (an unusual honor, because Moore is not a Mason). Fellow club members in the Saddle & Sirloin, the 711 Club, the Kansas City Club (of which June is vice-president), the Mercury Club and Mission Hills Country Club. Rabid alumni of the University of Missouri; Chamber of

Commerce and Y.M.C.A. co-workers. Church officials and "wheels" in the Park Board and the Starlight Theatre. Political pals (June describes himself as a Gage-Eisenhower Democrat). And there are hundreds of pictures of the children's friends, and the Moore relatives! Now, more than ever before in his life, June "belongs" to his family. He is determined to devote more time to them, and to his business.

His business has had its career rewards. He is a director and a member of the executive committee of the Kansas City Title and Trust Company, and of the Safety Federal Savings and Loan Association. He serves this year as president of the local chapter of the American Institute of Real Estate Appraisers. For thirteen years, off and on, he has been a director of the Real Estate Board, and in 1946-47 was its president. In this he followed his father's footsteps. John A. Moore, Sr., was an organizer of the Real Estate Board and its second president. The Moores, Sr. and Jr., are the first father-son team to hold the presidency.

But June remembers when his father was not always civic-minded. "They begged him to run for mayor when I was a kid," he says, "and I got mad at him because he wouldn't. But he *did* serve on the Health Board for a while—cleaned it up—and then resigned. I didn't like it when he wouldn't stand for mayor. I have read a lot about the British theories of public service—and I feel that every man owes a debt of service to his community. He earns his living from that community, and if the



community is good to him, he should give something back to it in public service. Regardless of the fact that there is a tendency to 'work an old horse to death,' on committees and in civic organizations, I don't feel that any business or professional man in a community has a right to sit back, get rich and fat, and let everybody else do the civic work."

**H**OW June's associates in the Real Estate Board and the Starlight Theatre feel about him is best expressed by the handsome plaques with which he was presented after his years of service:

Resolution  
Members of the  
**REAL ESTATE BOARD OF  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI**

From time to time have made magnificent contributions to the civic progress, cultural advancement and public welfare of the city.

**JOHN A. MOORE**

Distinguished past president of the Real Estate Board has added new luster to the name Realtor, and new prestige to our profession by his personal sacrifices and inspired leadership, in bringing to a most successful reality, the dream of a Starlight Theatre. During his administration as president of the Park Board, he laid the groundwork and caused to be developed the plans for this, the most modern and artistic outdoor theatre in the world. As president of the Starlight Theatre Association, he has organized the forces and talents in our community, to bring to full and complete fruition what may well be

regarded as one of our finest civic assets.

Therefore, be it

Resolved that this resolution of appreciation, adopted at a meeting of the Board of Directors July 3, 1951, be read at a general meeting of the entire membership of the Real Estate Board, as recognition of his outstanding contribution to the cultural and recreational life of our community; that this resolution be spread upon the records of the Real Estate Board and a copy be delivered to him to commemorate the occasion.

Attest.

(Signed) Carl B. Rechner  
President

Frank J. Loren  
Executive Secretary

(Dated) July 13, 1951



To the President of  
Starlight Theatre Association of  
Kansas City, Inc.

1951 and 1952

**JOHN A. MOORE**

In recognition of his modest and distinguished leadership throughout the first two years in the development and progress of the Starlight Theatre. It was his optimism and confidence that prompted the beginning of this outstanding civic attainment. He led it skillfully through its early stages of trial and endeavor. It stands now as a monument of good will for the enjoyment and benefit of all the people of Kansas City and surrounding communities.

As an indication of esteem and respect for John A. Moore and as a token of sincere appreciation of and gratitude for a prominent service notably performed, the Executive Committee of the Starlight Theatre Association deems it an honor and privilege to present to him this plaque. (Signatures — Executive Committee)

**M**OST personal of all is the inscription on an enlarged photograph of the Starlight Theatre which Edward Buehler Delk himself tinted in color for presentation: "To the Big Star of the Starlight Theatre—June Moore—From His Architect Friend, Edward Delk."

## A JOB OF THE HEART

**W**ING-SECTIONS for B-47 jet bombers are being built at Ford Motor Company's Claycomo plant near Kansas City, to a design by Boeing. The wings are attached to aircraft being built at three plants: by Boeing in Wichita, Kansas; Douglas in Tulsa, Oklahoma; and Lockheed at Marietta, Georgia. Each wing weighs nine tons and is 116 feet long. The B-47 has six J-47 turbo-jet engines and can carry a 10-ton bomb load. Its over-all weight is 185,000 pounds. 3,300 Ford employees are now building wings at Claycomo. Eventually, the plant will employ 7,600. Two years of planning, plant-construction and assembling produced the first wings ready for shipment Feb. 18, 1953—ahead of schedule. At a celebration of the first shipment of wings, to Marietta, L. D. Crusoe said:

“**T**HE things that can be bought with money are relatively easy to get—brick and mortar, machines and material. But it hasn't been the *material* things that have brought this job to its present state—it's been the *people* back of those things. Here we are today, with completed wings, ahead of schedule. And more important than those wings: the 'pipe line' is full.

“This has been a job of the heart—not a job of the pocketbook. The things that have made it go can't be bought with money. We've used a good American System here that has been one of the basic factors in the success of American industry. It's pretty basic—and it rests on the fact that almost everyone of us in this country, down deep in his own heart, wants to do a good job of whatever he does, if he has a fair opportunity.”

—L. D. CRUSOE,  
Vice-President, Ford Division,  
Ford Motor Company.

# Winter is Wonderful on WHB

**L**IKE TO TRAVEL? Then tune in WHB any Sunday morning at 10:30 a.m. for "Travel Time," presented by the Lee Kirkland Travel Bureau and Lee Kirkland Luggage Shop—now located in handsome new quarters downtown, across from The Kansas City Club.

Delightful music is background for a program of travel hints and vacation suggestions that will make you want to "go places and do things." Marcia Young of the WHB continuity department collaborates with Mrs. Kirkland and Ed Birr on the delightful scripts, under Mr. Kirkland's direction. Famous travelers and well-known travel officials from steamship lines, airlines, rail lines, bus lines, foreign travel offices and resorts appear for guest interviews.

\* \* \*

**A**RE YOU A BARBERSHOPPER? The Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America holds forth—"live" or on recordings—Sundays at 10:05 a.m., for 25 minutes, sponsored by Don Fitzgerald's Central Pontiac agency. In addition to the music, news of Barbershoppers' activities is broadcast. If you like to sing "the old songs" in harmony, get with it!

\* \* \*

**W**HB 20 HOURS DAILY is our new schedule—broadcasting continuously from 5 a.m. to 1 a.m.

General Manager John T. Schilling wants to stay on the air *all night* Fridays and Saturdays. What enterprising sponsor would like to reach this night-owl audience?

▲

**E**ARLY-MORNING listeners, many of whom have been "Musical Clock" fans since the program was inaugurated July 12, 1931, have been writing WHB letters and cards of congratulation as a result of the lengthened time for this popular "service" program—now heard from 6:30 a.m. until 9 a.m., Mondays through Saturdays.

It formerly began at 7:15 a.m.—but since February 16, it starts ticking at 6:30 a.m. Two-and-a-half hours of tuneful, wakeup music . . . the correct time and temperature announcement every five minutes . . . and a five-state and local weather forecast.

Bruce Grant is featured as "Timekeeper," in a 22-year succession of "Musical Clock" announcers which has included George Hogan, Les "Sunny" Jarvies, Jack Todd, Norvell Slater, Jack Grogan, Dick Smith, Allen Franklin, Ken Heady, Lou Kemper, Jim Burke, Roy Engel and Bob Kennedy.

At 7 a.m., Charles Gray presents a 15-minute news report from the wires of the Associated Press and the WHB Newsbureau; and again at 8

a.m., a 10-minute news summary. The "Weatherman-in-Person" (another Radio feature originated by WHB) is heard at 8:10 a.m., direct from the weather bureau at Kansas City's Municipal Airport. At 8:15 a.m., Reuben Corbin of the U. S. Department of Agriculture tells housewives what fresh fruits and vegetables are available *that day* in their neighborhood markets. Gabriel Heatter tops it off at 8:55 a.m. with an inspirational story.

It all adds up two-and-a-half hours of cheerful music, time signals, temperature reports, weather information and news designed to "start your day with a smile and a song—and on time!" If you haven't formed the "Musical Clock" habit, try it for a few days and see if it doesn't help you get going in a better mood each morning!



**I**N MARCH, WHB celebrates the tenth anniversary staff membership of our only husband-wife team: Ed and Phyllis Birr. Ed became a salesman in the WHB Client Service Department ten years ago this month, followed by Phyl as Director of Women's Activities—when she spoke up one day and asked us why we didn't *do* something about the yackety-yak format for women's programs with which Radio was then deluged. Phyl adopted the name "Sandra Lea" when she took to the airways.

Result of the Birrs' unique collaboration is the *Sandra Lea Program* heard Mondays through Fridays at 9:30 a.m. Instead of solid chatter, listeners hear a daily program of "sweet" Guy Lombardo music, into

which Sandra deftly inserts news of women's activities, fashions, health, home-making, child-care and other topics of interest to women—along with the commercial messages of her local sponsors "sold" by husband Ed. It has been a fruitful collaboration: Phyl gets a salary, Ed gets commissions and their advertisers (whom they serve as a "team") *get results!* Nine of the thirteen current active accounts have been on the program since it began!

Each week-day morning the Birrs leave their charming home at 8619 Holmes for the drive to the studio, where Phyl goes over the day's script, does her broadcast, and then spends

## The WHB EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
<b>6</b>	:00 Chicago Theatre of the Air.....	"Strictly From Dixie"
	:15 Operetta.....	Larry Ray, Sports...
	:30 Guest Star.....	Gabriel Heatter.....
	:45	Fulton Lewis, Jr.....
<b>7</b>	:00 Little Symphonies...	The Falcon.....
	:15	Adventure, or Big 7 Basketball...
	:30 Enchanted Hour....	Hour of Fantasy.....
	:45	Futuristic Drama....
<b>8</b>	:00 Jellersonian Heritage	Bill Henry, News....
	:05	Reporters Roundup...
	:15	News Panel.....
	:30	Titus Moody.....
<b>9</b>	:35	John Thornberry....
	:40	WHB Varieties.....
	:00	WHB Varieties.....
	:15	Musical Comedy Selections.....
<b>10</b>	:30	Frank Edwards.....
	:45	Songs of the Services
	:00	News—Sports.....
	:10	Weather Forecast...
<b>11</b>	:15	Serenade in the Night
	:30	Music to Read By...
	:45	Mutual News.....
	:55	
<b>12</b>	:00	WHB Night Club of the Air.....
	:15	Pop Records.....
	:30	Rock Ulmer.....
	:45	WHB Night Club of the Air.....
1:00	WHB Signs Off.....	WHB Signs Off.....



# The WHB DAYTIME PROGRAM SCHEDULE

## 5:00 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Co. and Greiner-Fifield Lithographing Company. When World War II began, he was operating his own business in Chicago, designing and manufacturing dealer displays. His advertising experience thus prepared him for Radio through his knowledge of publications and graphic media, direct-mail and point-of-purchase display.

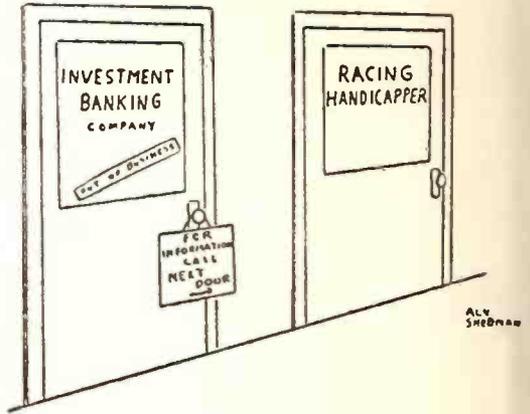
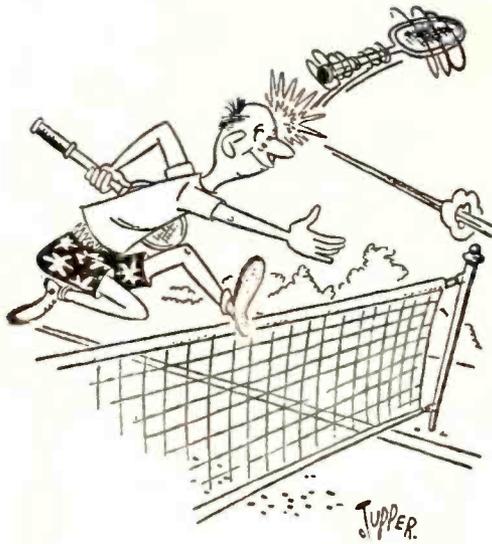
Ed is a director and vice-president of the Business District League of Kansas City; a member of the Advertising Club; and during World War II served without pay as public relations director of the Office of Price Administration. His hobby is "barber-shop" singing; and he is a director of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America.

All together, folks! Let's sing out a word of greeting and congratulations to Ed and Phyl Birr on their 10th Anniversary at WHB!

**A** VISIT by Johnny "It's in the Book" Standley to Kansas City resulted in a fan letter to Roch Ulmer of WHB from Johnny's father, J. T. Standley of Oklahoma City. Seems Standley *pere* listens to the WHB "Night Club of the Air" every night! "Your commercials," writes Standley, Sr., to Roch, "are tops—the lead up, timing and body punches that really count. What I call a *real* sales talk. And you always have a good program." Father Standley is 76. He operates a tent show through Oklahoma, Kansas and Texas.

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
<b>5</b>	:00 Silent.....	Town & Country Time.....
	:15 <b>A. M.</b>	
	:30	Don Sullivan Show..
	:45	
<b>6</b>	:00 Silent.....	News-Weather-Livestock.....
	:10	Don Sullivan Show..
	:15	Musical Clock.....
	:30	Music-Timo and Temperaturo .....
:45		
<b>7</b>	:00 Sun-Dial Serenade..	News, Charles Gray..
	:15 Music and Time Signals .....	Musical Clock.....
	:30	Music, Time and Temperature .....
	:45	
<b>8</b>	:00 News.....	News, Charles Gray..
	:10 Weather.....	Weather.....
	:15 Wings over K. C.....	Fruits & Vegetables.....
	:20 Sun Dial Serenade..	Musical Clock.....
:30	Bible Study Hour.....	Crosby Croons.....
:45	"....."	Musical Clock.....
:55	"....."	Gabriel Heatter.....
<b>9</b>	:00 Old Sunday School..	Unity Viewpoint.....
	:15	
	:30 How's Your Health? Land of the Free....	Guy Lombardo Orch. Sandra Lea Program. For Women.....
	:45	
:55		News, Frank Singiser
<b>10</b>	:00 News.....	Ladies' Fair.....
	:05 Barbershop.....	with Tom Moore..
	:15 Quartet Singing.....	News, H. Englo.....
	:25	Queen For A Day with Jack Bailey..
:30	Travel Time.....	
:45	Travel Hints.....	
<b>11</b>	:00 Guy Lombardo Hour "Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven".....	Curt Massey Time... Capital Commentary. Allsweet Music Box. WHB Neighborin' Time.....
	:15	
	:25	
	:30	
:45		
<b>12</b>	:00 Bill Cunningham..	News, Charles Gray..
	:15 Lanny Ross Show..	WHB Neighborin' Time.....
	:30 "Young Ideas" with Rosemary Grace.....	
	:45 K.C.U. Playhouse..	
<b>1</b>	:00 Proudly Wa Hail... Drama.....	WHB Neighborin' Time—Deb Dyer..
	:15	News, Sam Hayes... Don Sullivan.....
	:25	
	:30	
:45	Drama Time... Mystery.....	
<b>2</b>	:00 Myster Theatro... Drama.....	CLUB 710.....
	:15	
	:25	Pop Records Old Standards.....
	:30	
:45	Peter Salem Mystery.....	
<b>3</b>	:00 Crime Fighters... Police Action.....	News, Sam Hayes... CLUB 710.....
	:05	The "Top Twenty Tunes"...
	:15	
	:30	Dear Marge, Its Murder.....
:45		
:55	News, Ed Pettit.....	
<b>4</b>	:00 The Shadow... Mystery.....	News, D. Smith... CLUB 710.....
	:05	
	:15	
	:30	True Detective Mystery Drama.....
:45		News & Sports.....
<b>5</b>	:00 Nick Carter... Mystery.....	Bobby Benson Show. Drama at Bar-B.....
	:15	Wild Bill Hickok.....
	:25	Drama.....
	:30	Cecil Brown.....
:45	Squad Room... Mystery.....	
:55		





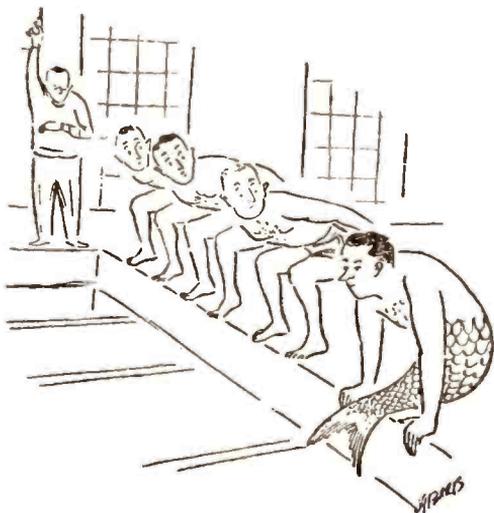
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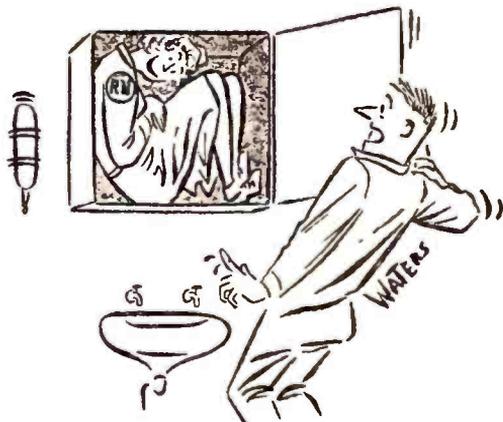
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# “SAFE with ELLEN”

By FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

**I**T DIDN'T seem fair, but that's the way it was. Some girls, like Ellen, were plain, colorless creatures with tawny hair, faded blue eyes, and a dejected manner. Others, like Crystal, were lovely—with dark, shiny hair, big brown eyes, long lashes, everything!

Ellen was young, only twenty-one, but already it was generally accepted that she would never marry. Who would want to marry such a homely girl when there were plenty of pretty ones angling for husbands? And if Ellen wasn't going to marry, why should she knock herself out trying to be attractive when it couldn't be done anyway?

She accepted her lot, not happily, but with a painful sort of resignation which some people mistook for contentment.

“Oh, Ellen's satisfied,” they'd say. “She doesn't want much.”

Maybe she didn't want much; but she wanted something. And she wanted that something very much indeed! It didn't matter if she wasn't the prettiest girl in the crowd. Or the most popular. Or the wealthiest. All she wanted was to be reasonably at-

tractive and fairly intelligent, an average sort of girl with an average beau and friends.

All through high school she had been the one girl who had gone undated. Even the other girls had passed her by for livelier, more attractive friends. All except Crystal, who had found at least some place for Ellen in her scheme of things.

Oddly enough Crystal and Ellen, two extremes in personal appearance, had formed an attachment for each other which, after graduation, carried over into their rather casual ventures into the business world. Aside from the practical convenience of sharing an apartment, they somehow needed each other.

Ellen needed Crystal because she had no one else.

Crystal needed Ellen as a contrast to heighten her startling, youthful beauty. She found Ellen a comforting person, one she could trust. Other girls might have flirted with her beaus or won them away from her. Not Ellen.

Another thing. She could talk the way she felt to Ellen. They didn't have to pretend.

“I don't think I'm quite ready to accept Bob. Not quite,” Crystal confided.

Ellen opened her faded-looking

blue eyes. Not ready to accept Bob Racement? Imagine being able to toy with a question like that! Why, any girl in town—any girl except Crystal—would have accepted him instantly! Tall, clean-cut, suave, intelligent, he was the kind of man a girl pictures in her dreams.

"I just don't want to make up my mind until—well, Harvey Slade is taking a cottage at Mountain Lake in August. Aunt Grace will open her cottage there about the same time. I ought to be able to wangle an invitation to spend two weeks or a month with her. After that I'll know better what to say to Bob."

"But surely—why, any girl—" Ellen began, then shook her head helplessly.

"Yes, I know," Crystal sighed luxuriously. "But Harvey's just as handsome as Bob—and a lot wealthier."

CRYSTAL was determined to go. Why not? There was nothing to lose. She could fix it so Bob would be waiting for her when she returned.

"Aunt Grace needs me," she told him shamelessly. "I—I'm going to miss you terribly, Bob. But you do understand, don't you darling?"

Bob understood. He dreaded the lonely weeks ahead; but he was glad Crystal, for all her bright gaiety, was a thoughtful girl, willing to sacrifice her vacation for an aunt who needed her. He wished there was something he might do for her.

"Just take care of Ellen," she said thoughtfully. "You know, Bob, she's a lonely girl, and it will be even lonelier for her when I go. It would be

sweet of you to drop in once in a while and take her to a show or something." There, that ought to keep him from dating other girls. With Ellen he'd be safe.

"Why, yes," Bob agreed heartily. "That's a good idea."

The more he thought about it the better it seemed. He had scarcely been aware of the shy, quiet girl before, but now he wondered why he had not occasionally shown her some bit of kindness. It must be rather dreadful for a young person to be so lonely.

The next afternoon he stopped at the florist's shop and ordered a dozen roses for her. He tried to picture her surprise, opening the box and seeing his card tucked in among the flowers. Quite possibly she had never received flowers from any man before in her life. It gave him a warm, tender feeling toward the poor, neglected girl.

Now that he was aware of her, it seemed incredible that he hadn't thought of her before. He could have taken her to a show occasionally. It would have pleased her enormously, and he would have felt better, too! Like now.

Why not call her this very minute and ask if he might take her to a show, say tomorrow evening?

Ellen answered the phone immediately. "The roses—oh-h! They are lovelier than just roses could ever be. They are lovely like the kindness of a friendly heart. I don't know how to tell you, but they just make me happy!"

It was Ellen, and yet it was not Ellen. There was a vibrant fullness in her tone that he had never heard

before. It rounded into frank eagerness when she accepted his invitation.

Bob found himself looking forward with odd excitement to seeing this girl he had known so long and yet had never known at all. Her pathetic eagerness cried out to him, and he responded with a sort of protective fondness. He was surprised to find that he was even a little restless waiting to see her.

At last the hour arrived, bringing with it a surprise quite beyond all understanding.

Ellen's eyes were *not* faded! They were blue—a live, sparkling blue that laughed happily and glowed from inside. A becoming blue dress gave them able support. The shoulders that used to droop so dejectedly were proud now, and straight. Even tawny hair can be utterly charming when it is treated right.

Bob stared, unbelieving.

"You're beautiful, Ellen," he said slowly. He said, "You're beautiful, Ellen," just like that, and it made sense. He didn't say it easily, lightly, the way men do when it is expected of them. He said it soberly, with wonder, as if he *had* to say it.

"**Y**OU'RE beautiful, Ellen." In the days that followed the words echoed and re-echoed through her mind. They were a bright thread that wove purpose and meaning into her life. They were true!

Each time she looked into the mirror she was astonished at what she saw. If she had not looked into the mirror at all she would have known something wonderful was happening to her. She could feel the happiness

welling up inside to sparkle in her eyes and find its way into gay laughter that fell from her lips. And Bob told her again and again that it was so, that she was beautiful.

His eyes told her more. They told her unmistakably that he was beginning to care for her. Perhaps he would have loved her had it not been for Crystal.

Crystal. Suddenly Ellen knew she hated Crystal, hated her with an intensity that was frightening. She felt always she must have hated her.

Ellen saw now that the proud, selfish girl had used her as a foil for her beauty and her romance, never as a friend.

Crystal would be coming back soon, coming back to say "Yes" to Bob unless she had succeeded in her designs on Harvey Slade. This thought was the dark shadow on an otherwise beautiful new horizon.

Ellen thought long and hard. It wasn't fair to Bob, she reasoned. Crystal was holding him in reserve as a second choice. If he knew—. She frowned.

Bob was beginning to care for her. Of that she was certain. But she was so new, so untaught in this strange game of love. Could she pit her resources against the experience of a schemer like Crystal?

Her problem lent a sort of gravity to her youthful beauty and made it all the more appealing. She could feel Bob's tenderness reaching out to console her, seeking to share her thoughts. At times, when she dwelt too long on the dread of Crystal's return, there were flashes of sharp anger in her eyes and a quick decisiveness in her

manner. This, too, added a strange new allure to the girl who had once seemed so spiritless.

AS often as she had mentally rehearsed their next meeting, she was unprepared for it when Crystal suddenly arrived.

Ellen was expecting Bob. Her hair was drawn back bewitchingly from her brow and tied with a blue ribbon. Her face was alive, her eyes sparkling.

As she opened the door Crystal slipped in. Ellen's face fell. Unconsciously she clenched her small fists. Now—now!

She heard a hateful voice like some strange, far away sound coming to her in a dream.

"Did I surprise you?" Crystal laughed lightly and glanced around the room. "Didn't take time to phone you from the station. The nearer I got to home the faster I wanted to come. There's so much to be done. I must see Bob and—"

She stopped, really looking at Ellen for the first time.

"Ellen! Is this really you? Why, you're beautiful, Ellen!"

Beautiful. Even Crystal had been surprised into saying she was beautiful. It should have been a triumph; but what did it matter now?

The enchanted hour was over. Crystal was back to claim Bob, to take him from her, easily, naturally, without so much as even noticing that she cared.

She closed her eyes for a moment, and the beautiful, shining hours she had lately known seemed to fade slowly, merging into gray distance. Perhaps it had all been a dream.

No! No! She thought fiercely. Not that. It was real. I've had a few golden hours and nothing can take them from me. Nothing!

Slowly she opened her eyes as the sound of Crystal's voice tore again at her tired mind.

"Poor Bob," she was saying, "I suppose he'll be hurt, but it is the way of love. A girl has to choose."

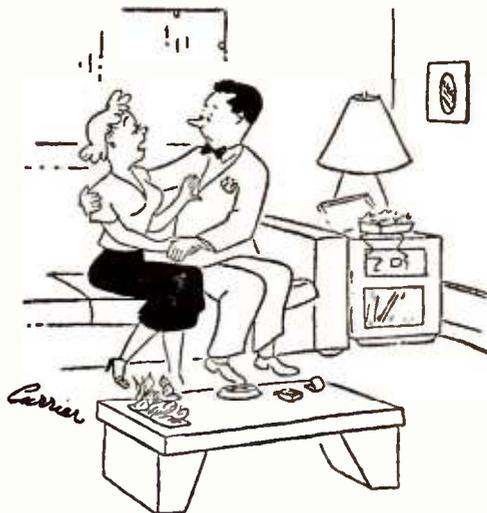
Ellen stared for a moment, unbelieving.

"You mean—" she began.

"Of course." Crystal sighed happily and displayed her engagement ring. "Harvey proposed, Aunt Grace gave us her blessing, and—but how can I tell Bob?" She caught Ellen's hand and gave it a pleading little tug. "You must help me, Ellen. Help me make him understand."

Ellen gasped a little and smiled happily.

"I'll help you," she promised.



"Everything you have is mine? Big deal!"

# The Sage of Swing Says—



The only time some people won't pass the buck is when there is a collection.

Culture is what makes us think we like something we know we don't.

The world's most dangerous chasm—an open mouth.

Fifty years ago the United States was a melting pot—today it's a pressure cooker.

If it weren't for weak arguments what use would any of us have for strong words?

What a different world it would be if people would listen to those who know more and not merely try to get something from those who have more.

It may not take much of a man to be a Christian, but it takes all there is of him.

Diplomacy is a synonym for discretion when the other guy is bigger.

Fanaticism is the enthusiasm of the stupid.

The best thing about the future is that it only comes one day at a time.

It's probably even later than the fellow who says it's later than you think, thinks it is.

More nervous women are created over a bridge table than a washtub.

The dullest thing in the world is an old blade trying to cut up.

One way to find out where the shoe pinches is to foot the bills.

Biggest worry of a doting father usually is a dating daughter.

If taxes continue to climb a fellow may have to work like a dog to be able to live like one.

What the average father would really like to say to his son at the dinner table is, "eat my spinach, Junior."

A woman seldom itches to marry a man who has to scratch for a living.

Bridegroom—A wolf who paid too much for his whistle.

The man of the hour is the fellow whose wife told him to wait a minute.

A low neckline is about the only thing a man will approve of and look down on at the same time.

Machines are so nearly human that they can do things without thinking.

The cost of living is not nearly so high as the cost of enjoying living.

Arguing with a woman is like trying to read a newspaper in a high wind.

Praise is something a person tells you about yourself that you've suspected all along.

It would appear that the economy plank in a political platform is usually made of slippery elm.

For some, religion is like a bus: they ride it only when it is going their way.

The trouble with wives is that they'd rather mend your ways than your sox.

The best kind of leadership is that which produces followship.

The soul would have no rainbow if the eye had no tears.

Why don't the owners of movie theaters finally face the facts and advertise their places as popcorn stores?

A survey shows that families live more harmoniously in rural areas. Probably because they can only pick up one TV station.

There is far more hunger for appreciation in the world than there is a hunger for bread.

Flattery is a splendid cure for stiff necks. There are few heads it won't turn.

The best way to break a bad habit is to drop it.

A generous man is grateful for a small gift. A stingy man is not grateful for a large gift.

When an idea cannot thrill, decay has set in.

The braver a man is the less need he has to prove it.

It seems near the place when a person killed in an automobile accident dies a natural death.

Remember way back when the largest grab at your pay envelope happened after you got home?

The people who want to go home and the people who don't want to go home always seem to be married to each other.

"Blessed are those who can give without remembering and take without forgetting."  
—(Elizabeth Bibesco).

A man who wants to lead the orchestra must turn his back on the crowd.

"Money may not be everything but it will have to do until everything comes along."  
—(James Campbell Hoot Agency).

I wouldn't object to the neighbor's dog crossing my lawn if he'd just go on and cross it.—(Paper Topics.)

Character is not made in a crisis, it is only exhibited.

Civilization is no longer at the crossroads. It's at the traffic light.

If inflation is with us much longer wooden nickels will be worth a dime.

Many a person is so narrow minded he has to stack his prejudices vertically.

Many a man marries a girl like a magazine cover and expects her to wear like a Bible.

It's easy to spot a person with lots of personality. He always reminds you of you.

If you think old soldiers fade away just try getting into your old army uniform.

An old timer is a fellow who remembers that the government was criticized for extravagance when it gave away free seeds.

Wallflowers usually have poor stems.

ABC's of attracting a woman—A Bale of Cash.

The only difference between theory and practice is that in practice you can't leave anything out.



"I'll see that your raise comes through, Edwards, so you can hire a decent cook!"

Happiness is like your shadow; you can't get nearer by chasing it.

In the picture a child draws of the world there is always a sun shining—even on a rainy day.

A neurotic is one who believes the world owes him a loving.

Another fine thing about keeping your mouth shut is that no one will be able to misquote you.

Why should we worry about getting old? When we stop getting older, we're dead.

The White House is a little bit like heaven. Everybody talkin' about it ain't going there.

Maybe our Federal tax collectors need a special kind of fountain pen—one that writes under hot water.

A taxpayer is a government worker with no vacations, no sick leaves, and no holidays.

There's something to be said for living in Russia at that; you'd never lose an election bet.

The bad luck in meeting a black cat really depends on whether you're a man or a mouse.

Try to be nice to everyone until you have made your first million. After that they'll be nice to you.

In Julius Caesar's time it cost seventy five cents to kill an enemy soldier; in Napoleon's time the cost was \$3,000. In World War II it had risen to \$55,000.

It used to take two to make a quarrel, now it takes two to make a living.

Middle age is a period of life when you'd do anything to feel better, except give up what's hurting you.



"Yes, *Smitbkins* is a regular fixture here."

In about ninety eight times out of one hundred, when a person tries to mix business and pleasure, pleasure rises to the top.

One of the things we're fighting for is the right to send our children to the church of our choice, so that we can beat them to the Sunday comics.

Economy is spending your money without getting any fun out of it.

Any home built at present prices truly is a home of the brave.

No wonder Shakespeare wrote so many plays. He didn't have to answer the telephone.

Always remember, money isn't everything; but you mustn't talk that sort of nonsense until you've made some.

Two kinds of people are always in tough luck; those who did it but never thought; those who thought but never did it.

When you have nothing else to worry about these days, you can always fuss about the country being in the red, or the Reds being in the country.

A communist is a fellow who likes what he hasn't got so well he doesn't want you to have it either.



The only way to achieve contentment is to tune your yearning capacity and your earning capacity to the same wave length.



The rest of your days depend on the rest of your nights.



Government is like your stomach. If it's working right you don't know you've got it.



Love is like a vaccination. When it takes you don't have to be told.



Optimism—Planting a tree at eighty and expecting to sit in its shade with the next grandchild.



A pessimist is a person who is seasick throughout the entire voyage of life.



Prejudice is a loose idea, tightly held.



A hundred mistakes are an education if you learn something from each one.



Come to think of it, there is nothing so habit-forming as resting.



Few men ever drop dead from overwork, but many quietly curl up and die because of undersatisfaction.



The man who says he has never told a lie has made a very good beginning.—(Mark Allerton).



A scandal is a breeze stirred up by a couple of wind bags.



When his miserly old uncle died and left him a sizeable bequest Honore de Balzac wrote the news in identical notes to his publisher and friends—"Yesterday, at five in the morning, my uncle and I passed on to a better life."—(Volta Review).

Apology: Politeness that is too late.



He was a very absent-minded lawyer. When he began to plead the cause of his client, the defendant, he said: "I know the prisoner at the bar. He bears a reputation of being the most consummate, impudent scoundrel in the county."

There was a flurry in the courtroom and the lawyer's partner hurried over and whispered, "Tom, it's your client you're talking about that way. You're supposed to be defending him."

Immediately the attorney continued: "But what great and good man ever lived who was not slandered and calumniated by many of his contemporaries?"



A teacher in Brooklyn said, "Joey, give me a sentence using the word 'bewitches'." After deep thought, Joe replied, "Youse go on ahead—I'll bewitches in a minute."



There are more homes with radios in the United States than there are homes with electricity.



DRESSING ROOMS



"This hand cart wasn't a bad investment after all."

# Twice-Told Tales



*"Are you sure I'm not keeping you from your ironing up there Mildred?"*

A story being told to a little boy concerned another child who had exciting adventures. When the story was finished the lad asked, "What about the mother?" "The story didn't mention the mother," said the story teller. "Maybe she was dead." The listener thought and reacted dramatically. "I'll bet she was killed in a nervous wreck."

A tailor suffering from insomnia finally agreed to try out the old remedy of counting sheep. Next morning he turned up for business more tired than ever. "What a night," he confessed. "I counted 3,000 sheep. Then I figured that as 8,000 yards of wool. That would make 2,500 suits. How can a man sleep worrying about where he would get all that lining?"

An American boy and a Soviet boy were discussing their respective countries. "We have chocolate," said the American boy.

"But we have Stalin," the Soviet boy said.

"So what?" replied the American boy. "We could have Stalin if we wanted him."

"Ah," said the Soviet boy. "But then you couldn't have the chocolate."

An aged farmer from the Middle West was being shown around the Royal Conservatory in England. He was duly impressed.

"This clock," said the guide, rather pompously, "is the one from which all the world takes its time."

"You don't say?" the old man, replied. Then deliberately he drew out a huge gold watch at the end of a 2-foot gold chain. Consulting his trusty timepiece, he observed, "Well, mister, your clock's pretty nigh five minutes fast."

He was a playful, middle aged wolf. Seating himself close to a cute little blonde on a bus, he leaned over and asked: "Where have you been all my life?"

She looked at him coolly and replied: "Well, for the first half of it, I wasn't born."

A Cal Coolidge type of character applied for Christmas work at the post office and was asked his reason for leaving his previous job. His reason was: "Done all the work." He had also served in the army and to the formal question, "Why did you leave the armed forces?" he replied: "Won the war."

A convict was brought up before the warden accused of beating up his cell-mate.

"I can't understand it," said the warden. "You and Jenks have been friends for three years. Why did you suddenly turn on him?"

The convict hung his head. "Well, Warden," he replied, "he tore a leaf off the calendar and it was my turn."

A girl showing her aunt around an art gallery pointed out, "Here is the famous 'Angelus' by Millet."

"Well, I declare," commented auntie. "That feller's copied the picture on a calendar that hung in my kitchen twenty years ago."

Personnel manager: "Your application says you worked for your previous employer for 60 years, yet you are only 50 years old. How do you account for that?"

Applicant: "Overtime."

Male patient: "I certainly have a good nurse. Just one touch of her hand cooled my fever."

Another patient: "Yes, we heard the slap all over the ward."

"My husband plays tennis, bowls, and plays golf. Does your husband exercise?"

"Yes, last week he was out seven days running."

Detective: "I'll need a description of the bank president. Is he tall or short?"

Bank director: "Both."

Young thing: "I'd like a perfume that would help me in conquering the men."

Clerk: "I have just the thing. It has a chloroform base."

Father: "How did these flies get in?"

Movie Minded Daughter: "They passed the screen test."

"It's nice that you and your son carry on the business together."

"Yes it works out pretty well. I run the business and he does the carrying on."

Visitor: "Was that your wife or the maid who came to the door?"

Householder: "Oh, come now. Would I hire a maid that ugly?"

Photographer: "Why don't you ever get to work on time?"

Girl: "I'm a late model."

"Why all the new sawdust on the floor?" the cowboy asked the bartender as he walked into the Wild West saloon.

"That ain't sawdust," replied the bartender. "That's last night's furniture."

Two honeymooners walked arm in arm along the beach. In a burst of romantic eloquence, the groom exclaimed: "Roll on, you deep and restless waves, roll on."

The bride gazed trance-like at the water for a moment, then cried, "Oh, Gerald, you're wonderful. They're doing it."

A woman with a reputation as a man hater announced that she was about to be married.

"Good gracious," said a friend, "I thought you despised all men."

"Oh, I do," replied the bride, "but this man asked me to marry him."

Housewife: "I don't like the looks of that codfish."

Storekeeper: "Lady, if you're buying a fish for looks, better get a goldfish."

A teacher wrote to the parents of a little boy: "Your boy, Charles, shows signs of astigmatism. Will you please investigate and try to correct it."

The next morning she received a reply from the boy's father, saying: "I don't exactly understand what Charlie has done, but I walloped him tonight and you can wallop him tomorrow. That ought to help some."

All the animals boarded Noah's ark in pairs. All except the worms—they came in piles.

In Hungary a commissar halted the owner of a textile mill. "How much goods are you turning out, Comrade?"

"Under our glorious leader in far away Moscow, Joseph Stalin, our mill is producing material so fast that if it were piled high it would reach to the feet of God."

The Commissar glared at him, "But there isn't any God, Comrade."

The mill owner shrugged his shoulders. "There aren't any textiles either."



*"Well, you wanted it half-full, didn't you?"*

Standing outside the gate of his house was a small boy dressed in an obviously new cowboy outfit—chaps, hat, belt with holsters and so on. As a bus approached the cowboy drew his guns pointed them at the driver and said, "Stick 'em up."

The driver drew the bus into the curb, jumped down and approached the cowboy with his hands up, at which the youngster dropped his guns and ran howling for his mother.

A three-year-old had been painstakingly coached in her duties as a flower girl at a wedding.

All went well on the eventful day until, half way down the aisle, the little girl made a sudden detour and squeezed into a pew beside some wedding guests.

Later the bewildered mother quizzed her offspring. No, the child wasn't ill; she hadn't turned an ankle; no dire calamity had befallen. "I just sat down," she said simply, "'cause I ran out of petals."

At the cost per ounce the average woman's bathing suit sells at, it is estimated that a man's overcoat would cost \$795.63.

A burglar, needing money to pay his income taxes, decided to burgle the safe in a retail store. On the safe door he was much pleased to find a sign read;

"Please don't use dynamite. This safe is not locked. Just turn the knob." He did so. Instantly a heavy sandbag fell on him, the entire premises were floodlighted and alarm bells started clanging. As the police carried him out on a stretcher, he was heard moaning; "My confidence in human nature has been rudely shaken."

▲  
A nation must make up its mind before it can make up its morals.

▲  
The optimist may be wrong more frequently than the pessimist but he's a darn sight happier.

▲  
The individual who is willing to admit faults has one less fault to admit.

▲  
Just praise is a debt, and must be paid.

▲  
A small boy came home from school one day proudly exhibiting a book, which he said he had won for accuracy in natural history.

"However did you do that?" asked his mother.

"The teacher asked us how many legs an ostrich has and I said three."

"But an ostrich only has two legs," his mother answered.

"I know, but all the rest of the class said four."

▲  
After Sunday morning service a woman stayed to chat with a friend, leaving her purse on the seat. When she returned it was gone but she soon found it in the possession of the pastor himself.

"I thought I had better hold it," he explained. "You must remember that there are some in the congregation who might consider it an answer to a prayer."

▲  
In a little mining town there was an old man who had lived in the same house for fifty years. One day he surprised all his neighbors by moving into the house next door. Reporters were sent to see why he had moved. When they asked him, he replied,

"I guess it's just the gypsy in me."

▲  
A porcupine gets no petting.

Even a Stradivarius needs tuning occasionally.

Reasoning with a child is fine, if you can reach the child's reason without destroying your own.

A vacation usually starts several days before you leave your job and lasts several days after you get back.

The next best thing to a really good woman is a really good natured one.

Love making hasn't changed much in 2500 years. Greek maidens too used to sit all evening and listen to a lyre.

### IT MAKES SCENTS

Why reeks the goat on yonder hill  
Who seems to dote on chlorophyll?

Campaigning against profanity, the vicar of Pendeen, England, wrote in his parish magazine that one mother in his flock told him: "My child swears, but I don't know where the hell he gets it from."

If the Russians were really proud of their Communist experiment, instead of an Iron Curtain they would put in a Plate Glass Show Window.

As an experienced executive recently put it, "A conference is the confusion of one man, multiplied by the number present."

Paternity is a career that is imposed upon a man one fine morning without any inquiry as to his fitness for it. That is why there are so many fathers who have children, but very few children who have fathers.

This was an exasperated wife's advice to her erring husband: "The night before last you came home yesterday and last night you came home today. If you come home this afternoon tomorrow, I'll go home to Mother."

You have to be little to belittle.

It is especially important in these times to know how to get along with people, because you just have to get along without money.

When you get rid of the idea that your mission is to regulate other people, you are in a position to improve yourself.

Sweet are the uses of publicity. It builds prestige and inflates the ego.

When the time comes for the meek to inherit the earth, the taxes will probably be so high they won't want it.

If a man takes off his hat in an elevator, it means he has manners and hair.

It is twice as hard to crush a half-truth as a whole lie.

In their own way and at their own levels, executives are as ardently in quest of security as any other class.

Patience is often simply not being able to think of anything to do.



"But why go on and on? Not only are you unable to sell them—you can't even give them away!!"

## The PAUSE THAT REFRESHED B. C.

**W**HAT was the "pause that refreshes" B.C. . . . before colas and soft drinks?

It took years of inventing to produce today's bottled beverages, and until cheap ice and mechanical refrigeration skyrocketed the industry, cooling drinks were made at home. Without ice, at that, unless you were fortunate enough to have some cuttings from frozen ponds stowed away in your ice house.

Next to the perennial lemonade, a frothy cherry flip was perhaps the favorite cooler-offer of great-grandpa's day. To make it, fruit juice, raw egg, a small amount of sugar and maybe a sprinkle of nutmeg were "flipped" or shaken in a glass jar.

Fruit shrubs were also highly favored, combining juices and syrups from any of the great variety of sweet pickled fruits and preserves that embellished the tables of the times.

Just as popular was "switchel", a combination of ginger extract, molasses and sparkling cold well water "switched" in a stone jug. Farmers working in sun-parched fields found this a quick pick-up conveniently drunk straight from the jug.

Yet another pre-pop refresher, a tall glass of Yankee mead, was prepared by stirring together sassafras, molasses, water and sugar.

"Receipt" books of the 90's also mentioned "raspberry vinegar" . . . half crushed fresh berries and half sweetened vinegar.

Although these old-time drinks may sound amusing to our ice cube age, thirsty people "clutched at straws" as eagerly then as we do today when we can step to fountain or refrigerator and choose from a bewildering number of jewel-colored thirst stoppers!

*Margaret O. Kelley*



## MONEY

**M**OST people want all of it that they can get . . . just never allow it to "get" you . . . We do have to listen when it talks . . . just don't let its metallic monologue shut out the songs of the world . . . People were once buried with coins on their eyes—and today some go through life with "coin" in their eyes, seeing nothing else . . . An honest dollar for honest work is most certainly part of the formula for self-respecting living . . . Yet the road to happiness isn't marked with \$ signs . . . For while money is an essential part of life like baths and exercise and fresh air, it's still not the most important . . . The basic ingredients for happiness are found in a wife's cheerful song . . . in the clear eyes of children . . . in simple, gracious living . . . Money is a useful servant like oil, gas, and electricity . . . But be careful to keep it a servant . . . don't let it become your master.

—Roscoe Poland

# WHAT DID HE DO . . . ? ? ? ? ? ?

By LOIS SNELLING

In fiction people have occupations, just as they do in real life. In the two columns below, can you connect each character with the right job?

- |                         |                     |      |
|-------------------------|---------------------|------|
| 1. Ichabod Crane        | A. Boatman          | 1-D  |
| 2. Long John Silver     | B. Aviator          | 2-S  |
| 3. Faust                | C. Planter          | 3-F  |
| 4. Bob Cratchitt        | D. School-teacher   | 4-J  |
| 5. Arthur Dimmesdale    | E. Barber           | 5-L  |
| 6. Simon Legree         | F. Chemist          | 6-C  |
| 7. Pagliacci            | G. Personal servant | 7-K  |
| 8. Charon               | H. Weaver           | 8-A  |
| 9. Charlie Chan         | I. Ship's captain   | 9-M  |
| 10. Silas Marner        | J. Clerk            | 10-H |
| 11. Friday              | K. Clown            | 11-G |
| 12. William Bligh       | L. Preacher         | 12-I |
| 13. Basil Lajeunesse    | M. Detective        | 13-P |
| 14. Friar Tuck          | N. Sculptor         | 14-T |
| 15. Shylock             | O. King             | 15-R |
| 16. Icarus              | P. Blacksmith       | 16-B |
| 17. Pygmalion           | Q. Chimney-sweep    | 17-N |
| 18. Macbeth             | R. Money lender     | 18-O |
| 19. Figaro              | S. Cook             | 19-E |
| 20. Tom, the Water Baby | T. Robber           | 20-Q |

## REHEARSE THE VERSE—

The couplets below are all from well-known poems. The trouble is, the second line of each is attached to the wrong first line. If you can straighten them out, you should be eligible for a poetic license.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. He who walks in love may wander far<br>Along with Captain Gooding    | 8. And she sits and gazes at me<br>When Spring brings back blue days<br>and fair      |
| 2. Laugh and the world laughs with you<br>Just for tonight              | 9. And hour by hour we rot and rot<br>But God will bring him where the<br>blessed are |
| 3. I have a rendezvous with Death<br>Every morning just at nine         | 10. I had six honest serving men<br>I have not winced or cried aloud                  |
| 4. In the fell clutch of circumstance<br>They taught me all I knew      | 11. Make me a child again<br>For there are those who trust me                         |
| 5. Father and I went down to camp<br>And thereby hangs a tale           | 12. Drove she ducklings to the water<br>It grew, a starlit flag unfurled              |
| 6. A light! a light! a light! a light!<br>A sword, a horse, a shield    | 13. I would be true<br>Weep and you weep alone  |
| 7. And with a stronger faith embrace<br>With those deep and tender eyes | 14. I feel like one who treads alone<br>Whence all but him had fled                   |
|   | 15. The boy stood on the burning deck<br>Bozzaris ranged his Sullote band             |
|   | 16. At midnight in the forest shade<br>Some banquet-hall deserted                     |

- |      |      |      |       |
|------|------|------|-------|
| 1-9  | 5-1  | 9-5  | 13-11 |
| 2-13 | 6-12 | 10-4 | 14-16 |
| 3-8  | 7-6  | 11-2 | 15-14 |
| 4-10 | 8-7  | 12-3 | 16-15 |



# Read Any Old Magazines Lately?

**H**ERE ARE SOME good articles you may have missed! Ask your librarian:

*Fortune* 39:103-9+, Feb., '49. "The Management of Men."

A review of the old type of methods used in relations between management and labor, with the suggestion that emotional re-education is needed by both groups.

*Harvard Business Review* 30:33-45, Mar., '52. "Reaching Out in Management." W. B. GIVEN, JR.

The Chairman of the Board of American Brake Shoe Company points out that the development of management opportunities is not enough; all executives in a firm must be prodded to capitalize on them.

*Harvard Business Review* 30:53-72, Mar., '52. "Story of Executive Relationships." J. PERRY and R. W. STRAUS.

A detailed account of how an industrial consultant could study the executive relationships of a large engineering corporation and effect a solution of top management disputes.

*Modern Industry* 23:43-9, May 15, '52. "How Good an Executive Are You?"

An interesting checkup chart by which you can rate your ability to manage yourself, your job, and your subordinates.

*American Business* 22:22. Mar., '52. "It Takes Good Employers to Find Good Help."

A brief but pertinent article illustrating how good supervision and personnel techniques can result in employment of satisfactory workers.

*Dun's Review* 60:16-17+, Jan.; 32-3+, Feb. '52. "Developing Leadership for Tomorrow's Tasks." E. G. PLANTY and C. A. EFFERSON.

Two articles dealing with the "Guided Experience" approach to executive development — on-the-job projects carried on with the guidance and counsel of each executive's direct superior.

*Personnel* 28:101-7, Sept., '51. "Is Management Listening? What Many Companies Are Doing to Improve Communication." W. E. SHURTLIFF.

Suggests methods proved successful by many companies for discovering employee attitudes.

*Personnel Journal* 30:85-90, July, '51. "Communicating With Our Employees." H. S. HALL.

A clear statement of what communication is and specific suggestions as to how the administrator may effectively employ it with his workers.

*Personnel Journal* 30:255-61, Dec., '51. "Executive Development; the Personnel Man's Challenge." M. I. PICKUS.

Qualities of good leadership and how they may be developed through the Personnel Institute's Management Achievement Program, are analyzed in this article.

*Railway Age* p. 38-40, Apr. 9, '51. "Giving a Supercharge of 'Know-How' to Rising Managers."

Many large industries . . . are assigning promising officers to intensive training in modern managerial technique to improve leadership and, consequently, company results.



GENERAL E. C. WHITEHEAD before Chamber of Commerce, urges increase in jet aircraft output.



JIMMY MARTIN, polio victim, will have operation as result of sales of Deb Dyer song, "The Lord Will Help You." With Jimmy, John G. Gaines.



HARRY C. MURPHY, Burlington railroad president, addresses Chamber of Commerce.

**WHB NEWSREEL**

OPENING United Fund Drive at Hall Brothers plant (below), John Thornberry is shown with (left to right) Ed Goodman, vice-president; Joe Kipp, director of planning; O. E. Brown, assistant treasurer; J. C. Hall, president; R. W. Hall, vice-president; W. F. Hall, treasurer; W. P. Harsh, personnel director; C. S. Stevenson, vice-president, and Basil Taylor, personnel.



JOYCE C. HALL, president of Hall Brothers, interviewed (right) by Prof. Everett Hendricks on WHB for "Sixth Row Center." John Thornberry (at microphone, below) has become narrator of program, since Prof. Hendricks' illness.





LARRY RAY as toastmaster gets things off to a fast start. Sammy Dubin at left; Larry at speaker's stand. Sparky Stalcup, Missouri basketball coach, joins Tom Van Cleave, Jr., in gag.

Football coaches DON FAUROT, Missouri, and J. V. SIKES, Kansas.

## 'NIGHT OF SPORTS' DINNER

Sammy Dubin, at speaker's stand. *To his left*, Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director. Sparky Stalcup, Missouri University basketball coach. "Phog" Allen, Kansas University basketball coach. Don Faurot, Director of Athletics, Missouri University; football coach. Dutch Lonborg, Director of Athletics, Kansas University. Dutch Zwilling, former Blues manager, now general manager, St. Joseph, Missouri, ball club. J. V. Sikes, football coach, Kansas





PHOG ALLEN, coach of K.U.'s Olympic basketball champions, is presented award as "Coach of the Year," by Larry Ray.

AFTER-DINNER GROUP: Sparky Stalcup, Phog Allen, J. V. Sikes, Larry Ray, Hy Simmons, Sammy Dubin, Don Faurot, Dutch Zwilling, Harry Craft, Dutch Lonborg.

University. Ralph Houk, catcher, N. Y. Yankees. Frank Hiller, N. Y. Giants. Paul O'Boynick, K. C. Star. Ray Stenzel, former Colorado football star (absent when photo was made). Eddie Pick, former Blues star (face not visible). *Left to right, left half of speaker's table:* Runt Marr, St. Louis Cardinals. Joe Presko, St. Louis, pitcher. Ernie Nevel, former Blues pitcher, baseball award winner, now with Cincinnati. Sid Morris, newspaper executive, Bedford, Iowa. Hayes Richardson, Director of Welfare Department and City Recreation, Kansas City, Missouri. Pat Collins, former Yankee catcher. Hy Simmons, Missouri University football-baseball coach. Harry Craft, manager, Kansas City Blues. Ray Dumont, president of the National Baseball Congress.





## THE AMAZING PENTAGON

"Nerve Center of Defense" has parking lots for 6,000 automobiles. General Omar N. Bradley (right, below), confers with Rear Admiral Thomas H. Robbins, Jr. and Major General T. H. Landon. At left, Army clerks handling personnel records; and a view of Pentagon employees in courtyard at lunch hour. The clover leaf maze (below) sorts out traffic.



**N**O government building in history has achieved such great fame as quickly as the Pentagon, the world's largest office building and the nerve center of this nation's military might.

In less than a decade, the Pentagon has come to rank with the centuries-old Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Tower of London and the Louvre Museum as a world-prominent landmark.

One reason for the reputation of the huge five-story structure is the wide number of stories in circulation about it. A favorite is the one concerning the Western Union boy who came to deliver a message. But before he could find his way out, he had been made a colonel and equipped with his own private office.

Being confused and "lost" in the 17 miles of corridors within the Pentagon isn't far-fetched in the least. The structure gives every impression of being a modern labyrinth. Actually, however, the Pentagon is of dignified, simple construction. But to make sure a visitor will discover the right exit before old age overtakes him, the corridors and intersections are lined with maps. And special guides are everywhere to steer the puzzled arrivals straight.

Built during the war, when the nation's military force was being expanded at a great pace, the Pentagon was rushed to completion in 16 months (1943) although some of its offices were occupied and in use nine months earlier. In terms of real estate, the "house of brass," as it is sometimes known, covers 34 acres and has three times the space of the Empire

# INSIDE the PENTAGON

By JOSEPH  
PAPARA



State Building. The Pentagon's six million square feet of office space are contained in five rings of buildings spliced together by ten spokelike corridors. To get around the five sides of the Pentagon, you'd have to walk a mile.

Opponents of the huge center predicted it would be a white elephant; and termed it "Somervell's Folly" after work was begun under the supervision of General Brehon Somervell. A bundle of energy, the general spurred contractors, cut away miles of red tape and bulldozed suppliers to get the project completed in far less than two years at a cost of about \$65 million.

The building seemed to spring up out of nowhere in a maze which once was swampland. At one stage during the work, the government had 30,000 workers putting the Pentagon together.

The project provided a field day for "sidewalk superintendents" who watched day-by-day operations and marvelled at the speed of construction. The Pentagon, incidentally, is

situated on the Virginia side of the Potomac River; and is only two miles from the cluster of federal buildings on Constitution Avenue in Washington.

As a military headquarters, the Pentagon has no equal. It is home to the men who control military activities in virtually every part of the world, from the fighting front in Korea to fleet units in the Mediterranean and other zones. Close contact is maintained with key personnel everywhere through the famous "telecons." Conferences can be held by telephone and teletype with participants in London, Tokyo and Berlin. Messages flow in and out between the Pentagon and its men on land, sea and air.

Little facts about the noted center tickle the public palate. For example, there is the \$4 million a year telephone bill; the 7,370 windows; 17 miles of corridors; 4,000 clocks; the 10 tons of waste paper collected each day; the 68,000 miles of trunk lines which makes the Pentagon's private branch telephone exchange the largest in the world; the four men whose only job is to replace the 600 light bulbs which burn out each day.

With the exception of electric power, which it purchases, the Pentagon, with a population of 32,000, is as self-sufficient as any city. A visitor or employe may purchase anything from a button or a stamp to a suit of clothes or a television set, in the many stores lining the Concourse on the second floor. The Concourse, 680 feet long and 150 feet wide, is larger than that of the Pennsylvania station in New York City.

The Pentagon "inhabitants" are fed at ten snack bars, six cafeterias or at the outdoor pavilion in the five-acre central courtyard brightened by umbrellas of every color. A gymnasium, bowling alleys and handball courts provide for the recreational needs of officers and civilians.

The stores and service centers were added to the Pentagon's facilities in order to lessen absenteeism resulting when employes wasted valuable time by shopping in downtown Washington during working hours.

A person entering the Pentagon for the first time is struck by what appears to be one scene of confusion after another, with high-ranking officers and important-looking civilians hurrying back and forth in an endless stream.

But in spite of its lack of apparent order, the Pentagon has come to be recognized as the most efficiently planned and operated office building anywhere.

And that brings to mind another favorite story about the Pentagon.

A new captain fresh from the field arrived to take up his duties in a Pentagon office. After a couple of weeks, he noticed that no matter how hard he worked, his desk always seemed to be stacked high, while that of an officer of similar rank was forever clear.

"How do you manage?" the puzzled captain asked.

"Simple," the other said, with a laugh. "I just mark everything, 'Captain Brown should see this.'"

"You blankety-blank," the newcomer roared. "I'm Captain Brown!"



# ANDRÉ SIMON



and the

## “KANSAS CITY BRANCH”

**A**MONG fifteen cities of the United States, and thirty-four communities elsewhere in the world, Kansas City is unique in that it has a “branch” of the Wine & Food Society—an organization of gourmets and would-be gourmets formed with these objectives:

**1** to bring together and to serve those who believe that a right understanding of wine and food is an essential part of personal contentment and health, and that an intelligent approach to the pleasures and problems of the table offers far greater rewards than the mere satisfaction of appetite;

**2** to raise the standard of cookery by organizing periodical dinners and luncheons at different hotels, restaurants and clubs, when the fare and wines will be happily partnered, and when deserving Chefs will be accorded a fair measure of articulate appreciation;

**3** to promote a wider knowledge of the wines of the world and a more discerning appreciation of their individual merits, by means of periodical tastings and visits to various vineyards;

**4** to maintain a library of manuscripts, books and documents re-

*A world-famous gourmet and 50 Kansas Citizens make “an intelligent approach to the pleasures and problems of the table” at Wine & Food Society meetings.*

By HARRY FAWCETT

lating to the art of good living which shall be accessible to Members of the Society.

**5** to provide reliable, practical and entertaining information upon the history, production, preparation and enjoyment of wine and food, through the distribution of the Quarterly Magazine, published by the Parent Society in London, as well as other books and pamphlets dealing with every aspect of the art of good living;

**6** to provide at each function of the Society a description of the foods and the wines which have been served; so that all attending may have knowledge of the preparation of the dishes and the affinity for those dishes of the accompanying wines.

In the United States, the Wine & Food Society has branches in

Baltimore  
Beverly Hills  
Boston  
Chicago  
Honolulu  
Kansas City  
Long Beach  
Los Angeles

New York City  
Phoenix  
Riverside  
St. Louis  
San Francisco  
Santa Barbara  
Washington, D. C.

Headquarters of the organization are maintained by President Andre L. Simon and Secretary Marjorie Fletcher at 30 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W. 1, England. Elsewhere abroad are the following "branches":

ENGLAND	Cotswolds
Bedford	Liverpool
Birmingham	Manchester
Blackpool	Middlesbrough
Bolton	Nottingham
Bradford	Norwich
Brighton	Oxford
Bristol	Preston
Cambridge	Southport
Charnwood Forest	Wolverhampton

IRELAND: Dublin and Limerick.

SCOTLAND: Edinburgh and Glasgow.

WALES: Cardiff.

AUSTRALIA: Ballarat, Geelong, Melbourne, Perth and Sydney.

BRITISH WEST AFRICA: Kano, Nigeria.

SOUTH AFRICA: Cape Town and Johannesburg.

**A**NDRE L. SIMON, founder of the Society, in London in 1935, is a world-famous gourmet — an authority on wines and foods—and publisher of "Wine and Food", a gastronomical quarterly, issued by the Society. He is also the author of many books on these subjects, including his latest, "A Concise Encyclopedia of Gastronomy", just published by Harcourt, Brace and Co. It is a classic work of 816 pages, by a man who is not only one of the great gastronomes of the world, but an accomplished writer.

Simon visited Kansas City in June, 1946, at which time a banquet in his honor was arranged at the Hotel Muehlebach. As a result, the "Kansas City Branch" of the Society was formed. Simon pronounces it "Kawn-sas Ceety Braanch."

The original membership was limited to 50. There is no thought of snobbishness in this limit since very few of the Society's Branches, spread

over the entire world, have more members. The reason is inability to find establishments able and willing to carry on the highest culinary tradition demanded by our menus. With the membership thus limited, there is usually a waiting list of as many applicants. From six to eight affairs are held annually, to some of which the ladies are invited. The menu of the first Kansas City Banquet follows:

Vichysoisse  
 Ripe Olives which have been marinated in  
 Oil and Garlic  
 Filet of Pike  
 Amandine  
 New Asparagus Hollandaise  
 (Served as a course with  
 Melba Toast)  
 Tournedes Bordelaise  
 Potato Suzette  
 Celery Victor  
 Melon Richelieu  
 Small Cakes  
 Demitasse

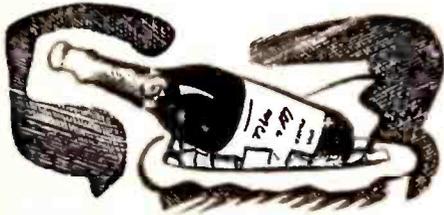
With which was served:

Dry Sherry  
 Neirsteiner 1937  
 Malmsley Madeira

"Extracurricular affairs" are interlarded with the more formal banquets. These have taken the form of a corned beef and cabbage dinner at a local brewery; a barbecue at the home of one of our members a hundred miles from Kansas City; and a dinner on dining cars of one of the railroads serving Kansas City. But the bulk of the affairs are strictly formal, and mostly stag. Where facilities permit, members are privileged to invite guests.

Has the Wine and Food Society left its imprint on Kansas City culture? Well, only a few years ago one man-about-town told a Maitre d' that he would have a bottle of sour wine with his dinner. Sour wine was also known to most of his companions as "Dago Red." Perhaps the Wine and

Food Society had nothing to do with it, but the other day the same gentleman called up his club and ordered a Burgundy wine for a dinner at his home, specifying that it must be "Macon" and of the 1947 vintage. One of our members confides that his purchases and sales of dinner wines have increased 400 per cent since the Wine and Food Society first spread its gospel in our community. One banquet at one of our fine hotels was repeated for non-members of the Society, not once but on three different and separate occasions.



The simple rules of the Society as to no smoking during the service of meals, no ice water, and no controversial subjects discussed, have marked each of its affairs with dignity; and have made its members proud to belong to this organization, which has no thought of gain except as the community might gain through its being. The last Annual Meeting Banquet occurred at the Town House in Kansas City, Kansas; and it is surely no disparagement of our sister city when we say that the holding of such a banquet in Kansas City, Kansas, would have been an impossibility without its beautiful, modern Town House hotel. I like to think that perhaps even that great community venture itself was influenced by the cul-

tural advancement of our community since the Wine and Food Society first functioned. The menu of that affair follows:

Tortue Claire Aux Xeres  
Celeri Olives  
Truite Filets En Papillotte  
Filets De Pintades, Robin Hood  
Riz Sauvage  
Laitue Bibb  
Cerises Jubilee  
Cafe Noir

With which was served:

Sherry—Pedro Domecq—Amontillado  
Graves—Cruse 1945  
Macon—B. & G. 1947

Nina Wilcox Putnam has said, "The grape absorbs the sun, the wine puts the sunshine into men's hearts; without it the world would begin to look for vice to take the place of conviviality."

One of the more profound pronouncements was that of John Hay, American writer and diplomat who died in 1905. Mr. Hay said, "Wine is like rain. When it falls on the mire, it makes it all the fouler; but where it strikes the good soil, wakes it to beauty and bloom."

Let me quote also from one of our contemporaries—the operator of New Orleans' most famous restaurant, Roy Louis Alciatore of Antoine's: "Don't make the mistake of ordering a good meal and then expect to enjoy it with ice water as a beverage. A rich meal without wine is like an expensive automobile equipped with hard rubber tires. The whole effect is lost for the lack of a suitable accompaniment. Rich and heavy foods which are unpalatable with water can only be appreciated with a suitable wine. Wine warms the stomach and hastens digestion."



*"You're sure no white man has ever fished this spot, Wimble?"*

# VIRGIN WATER

*A lake near Mokane, Missouri proved to be a fisherman's paradise — when equipped with two Pullman private cars and a Delco light plant.*

BY JOHN K. WALSH

and Christmas were fast approaching. "Make it ten years!"

"Sold!" grinned Judge Blair, "Sold to the baywindowed, astute business man and sucker, Clyde Isaac Walton Hunser. And what will you do with it, miles away from civilization and accessible only by rail? Probably you didn't know that the Katy is going to stop stopping its trains there!"

Clyde batted his eyes. "Gimme a map! You fix up the papers! There must be a road somewhere nearby or dammit, I'll build one!"

"Just like that!" chuckled Blair. "It sure is too bad they've already built the pyramids or you could take over that job some Saturday afternoon!"

Hunser was studying the map. "Holy Smokes," he sighed, "if all these circles and curlicues on the map are contours and if contours are what I think they are, there's nothing but hills all around the lake. We'll need an airplane!"

Judge Blair was scanning a long typed page. "By the way, Mr. Hunser," he drawled, "Do you suppose

WHEN the Katy Railroad, during the depression era, was liquidating assets to cut overhead, Clyde Hunser, inveterate fisherman, recalled that many years ago, a deep spring-fed gully had been dammed near Mokane, Missouri, to provide water for the Katy's engines.

"We'll buy that old lake you got near Mokane," exclaimed the doughy angler, rushing into the office of Judge Jack Blair.

"Yeah, what with an' why for?" shot back the Judge, eyeing Hunser suspiciously, and sniffing the air.

"Give you a hundred dollars for a lease!"

"How long a lease? Cash, mountain scenery or jawbone?"

"Cash—er, that is, mostly cash," amended Hunser hastily. He remembered sadly that winter coal bills, club dues, possibly a new overcoat

you'd be interested in a couple of ex-president's private coaches? The interiors are good as new but the wheels and trucks are condemned and we have to remove them."

"How much do private cars cost?" ventured Hunser.

"Well, a new car, such as either one of these was fifteen or twenty years ago, would cost a mere fifty thousand. However, inasmuch as you are one of our lessees, clients, or customers, so to speak, I'd let you have it a bit cheaper!"

Hunser was still studying the map; but from force of habit his mind unconsciously had to submit a bid.

"I'll give yuh a hundred dollars!"

"You're nuttier than you look!" exploded the Judge. "What the 'ell do you want with a couple of private cars?"

"I made you an offer—take it or leave it! Make up your mind!"

"Sold!" chuckled Blair. "We were going to burn the cars for scrap iron anyhow. At fifty dollars each the company saves labor and worry."

"Fifty apiece? OK—I meant a hundred apiece! But I'll accept your figure!"

"Smart, eh youngster? Now that you own a ten-year lease on a puddle of water and two private cars—let me slip you some bad news. You have just thirty days to get those cars off the siding or we charge you five dollars a days each demurrage thereafter. Also . . . I want your check right now for two hundred dollars."

"Gee," mused Hunser thoughtfully, "I thought Blair was an Irish name! Shucks, I'll bet some Caledonian blood crept in somewhere!

You're tighter than a new pair of shoes."

TWO weeks later, footsore and weary, the good natured and perspiring Hunser limped back to Mokane after a trip to the lake. Joy bubbled in his heart. Not a footprint nor a wheel track had he found near the little sheet of water nestled away in the hills. No empty tin cans, milk bottles nor newspapers! The water was clear, cold and sparkling. Hundreds of early ducks were already zooming down out of autumn skies as if into a sanctuary. Virgin timber lined the shore. Squirrels had chirped defiance at his approach. Back up the valley he had found an abandoned farm where broad acres, long since overgrown with brush and scrub oak, would provide excellent cover for whirring coveys of quail. Turkey? Maybe not.

At the old farm, he had stumbled upon an ancient road that led back along the ridge into a farm-to-market road, and then to paved State Highway Forty! A few loads of gravel, some culvert pipe . . . a little labor and then—

Between Mokane and Tibbets, Hunser spotted a road contractor in his natural habitat, mud. Two huge 12-ton tractors were grunting and raging in tandem as load after load was moved away. Soon the ground would freeze and work would be halted.

Hunser and the contractor went into a huddle. A Pullman coach, stripped of its trucks, brakes, vestibule and steps was unwieldy, but—two tractors could pull the Statue of

Liberty if you could only put the old girl on wheels, and keep the ground solid!

Hunser next visited a St. Louis house-moving concern. Yes, for a nominal sum they would rent four solid iron-wheeled couples that could be mounted under heavy oak timbers. A week later, following a bitter cold spell that froze the ground solid, Hunser ordered the railroad to spot the cars, on successive days, on a siding near the farm-to-market road; and to free the coaches of all wheels and underpinning as per contract.

THE contractor, crew now idle, felled saplings here and there and with caterpillar tractors and dynamite removed larger stumps and rock ledges along the old farm trail. The coaches were gently eased off the rails by skidding them on greased planks. The huge jacks were lowered and the first Pullman coach, looking strangely like a gigantic roller skate, was ready to go.

People in Mokane still talk about the day when a Pullman coach appeared in the heart of town and slowly, ponderously, like a huge turtle, crept through the streets. Autoists drove hastily off the highway, cleaned windshields and promised to sign the pledge when they glimpsed what appeared to be a train, backing up along the right of way. When the second coach was launched even the rural school turned out.

A week later both private cars, now mounted on rock foundations, stood like sentinels on the little bluff overlooking the lake. In their wake was a well defined trail, which the

indomitable Hunser soon converted into a road, most of which was on railroad property covered by the lease. An easement through an adjacent farm cost twenty-five dollars and a promise to buy butter, eggs, milk from the farmer.

TOWARDS the end of May, when busy business men feel that urge to sneak away to streams and woodland glades, irrepressible Clyde Hunser again visited Judge Blair's office.

"Sorry, Clyde," grinned the Judge, "we are all outa junk today. Nothing to sell . . . unless of course we might dispose of an old locomotive or two . . ."

"Oh yeah? Listen, Jack, do you realize that the fishing season opens Decoration Day!"

"Yes, I do," admitted the august member of the Missouri Bar. "As a matter of fact, Buck Pershal was in only yesterday and tried to pry me loose—Jim Newell is a damn nuisance. Every time we have a Board meeting he spins a fool yarn about a fisherman's paradise!"

"Maybe there is such a place," whispered Hunser softly. "I know of a spot which is a natural duck sanctuary. Squirrels and quail!—well, did you see Harry Mueller's picture in the *Globe* last fall with the bag he got? Listen—"

"How's the fishing? That's what I'm interested in!"

"This place hasn't been fished in since twenty years ago when it was stocked with small mouth bass and crappie. Here, lookee these snapshots! It's alive with fish!"

Clyde spread a series of pictures over the Judge's desk. Practically every snap showed the broad-faced Hunser mounting guard, like a happy Billiken, beside a string of fish.

"Humph! Did you catch these yourself?" inquired Blair.

"Absolutely," lied Hunser.

"Then I guess anybody could do pretty good! Where is this place?"

"And listen, Jack . . . there's real beds at this place, electric lights from a little Delco plant; even toilets and shower baths and—"

"Oh, I see . . . a regular tourist camp full of squawling brats and bathing beauties and outdoor motor boats," exclaimed the judge disgustedly.

"Nope, this is entirely private and cut off from all the outside world."

"Probably five hundred miles away, down in the Ozarks, where an auto can't get within ten miles of the place!"

"No, you're wrong again—this place is not much more than a hundred miles from Kansas City—less than a hundred from St. Louis—I measured it on my speedometer."

"You mean to tell me, Clyde Hunser, that there's such a place, where hunting and fishing is good . . . where there's modern conveniences . . . and where there's privacy . . . all within one hundred miles? Why I'd buy in on that, sight unseen!"

"Now you're talking," beamed Hunser. "I've got Buck and Newell and Mueller and Jake Walker and Gale Johnson lined up. That makes five—and with yourself and myself, that's seven. Will you kick in one hundred smackers for a ten-year

membership!"

"Gladly," exclaimed Judge Blair . . . "if all you say is true, which it probably isn't. Why, it's worth a thousand! By the way, where is this place?"

"Better make out a check," reminded Hunser . . . "and if you don't exercise your option in thirty days, I'll charge you five dollars a day, demurage, I believe you called it."

"What are you talking about? Here's your check but—"

"Gimme that map showing the Katy right of way," replied Hunser.

Judge Blair pushed the blueprints across the desk, puzzled.

"Right here is the place," said Hunser putting his pencil on a curve near a siding.

"Why . . . you poor nut . . . that's the old watering place near Mokane that I unloaded on you nearly a year ago," the Judge exploded, "Just an old creek that was dammed."

"And for which you just paid me a hundred for a mere seventh interest," chuckled Hunser. "But at that you're a mighty lucky man. It's the best fishing hole in Missouri."

"Well I'll be—!" breathed the Judge.

"The fishing season opens next Saturday," tempted Hunser. "Money back if you don't catch the limit! Betcha I get the first strike!"

There was a glint in the Judge's eye. A soft, caressing breeze wafted the scent of spring violets in through the open window. Judge Blair was not thinking of leases, right of ways, damages or legal matters. Clyde Hunser tiptoed quietly away.



# BETTOR ENGLISH

*for* HUNTERS,  
FISHERMEN

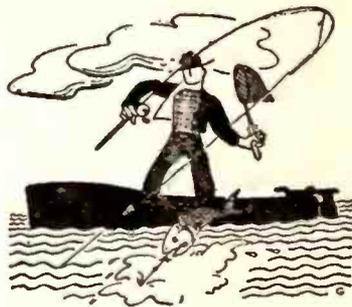
*and*  
POKER PLAYERS

By JAMES L. HARTE

A FEW weeks ago I received an invitation from a friend of mine to attend a small get-together at his apartment. There, occupied with cocktails and small talk, someone suggested a game of cards. Because of the ladies, I expected bridge or Canasta or, at long odds, some style of rummy. Imagine my surprised delight when the wife of the host said: "Why not play draw poker?"

That affair led me to an investigation which unearthed that, despite such fads as gin and Canasta, poker is still America's top indoor sport. But, shades of Gentle Annie!, the ladies have stolen this once great he-man game! It is no longer the exclusive property of men-only clubrooms, pool-hall backrooms, cellar sanctuaries and other spots long glorified by draw, straight stud, seven-card stud, and such varieties of poker as are indulged in by the male element alone. No, no; for the ladies have brought poker to the parlor.

But take heart, friends and fellow sufferers, for what was once our exclusive property may well come back to us because the *femmes* are failing; they can't or won't learn the language



of the game, without which the color is gone. So the fair lassies may soon be the outcasts of flat poker!

LET'S go back to the evening that started all this. Draw poker, five-cent limit, and I had little luck for several uneventful hands. On the next deal my cards turned out to be four spades and one heart. The pot was opened, I played along, and drew one card: the King of spades, giving me a King-high flush. Betting progressed, with several raises engineered by myself and the hostess who, likewise, had drawn but one card. Finally, it was the two of us, and I called.

The lady put her cards on the table, face up. "I have five diamonds, with the 10 high," she said, "That's a flush, isn't it?"

It was a flush. Mine, King high, topped hers. I spread it out before me,

saying "Mine are all blue, King high." I reached and raked in the chips.

"But I have a flush," the hostess interrupted.

"So has he," intoned her husband, "and his is better than yours."

"But he said something about 'all blue,'" she protested.

With the type of patience usually reserved for constituents, my friend explained to his *frau*: "In poker, dear, spades are very often referred to as *blue*, and when he said his hand was *all blue* he meant that he had five spades, which is a flush. His highest card is the King, yours is the 10, so his is the better hand."

"I understand about the King and 10; but why call spades *blue*? We girls don't do that."

"You could have called your hand *all pink*," I interjected.

"That's the color of diamonds," she said, "but spades are black."

We let that logic go and returned to the game.

IT IS nonetheless true that in the language of poker, hearts and diamonds have been given no nicknames. And with all my research, I've been unable to find any reason for this. Spades, wherever men play poker, are never spades, but spuds or blues. Oddly enough, there is an exception in this suit, the Queen always being termed the Black Widow.

All Aces are bullets or bulls for short. Kings are bulldogs, K-boys or cowboys. Queens are ladies or dames; and Jacks are bucks or knaves or hooks. Tens are casinos. In spades, then, the Ace is the blue bullet or bull; the King the blue bulldog or

cowboy; the Queen, of course, the Black Widow; the Jack the blue hook, blue buck or spud buck; the 10 becomes the blue casino or spud ten; and the 9 is the spud or blue nine.

Clubs are clover or puppy tracks, with the Ace the puppy foot and the Queen the queen pup. Often, in this suit, the exception to the general terminology is the King, which here becomes the constable. Hearts and diamonds are just known collectively as pinks.

Among male addicts, terms for worthless cards and hands far outnumber anything else. "Rags," "hash," and "fruit salad" all designate poor hands of unrelated cards. "Trash," "junk," and "a palooka mitt" are likewise. And, in various localities, other localized terms which generally derive from something worthless or rundown in the specific neighborhood are applied to such poor hands as five unrelated cards all under the 10. With the exception of "powerhouse" and "mess of gravy" there are very few generalized terms for good hands.

Terms for specific hands are rife, however. "All blue," and "all clover," "all pink" for flushes, "stair steps" for straights, and a combination of the terms for straight flushes. A full house can be a "full shanty," "crowded cottage," "no vacancies" or "everybody home." "Four bullets," "four cowboys," "four ladies," and "four hooks" are easy to understand, as are three of any such card. "A pair of K-boys," "pair of hooks," ditto. Sometimes a simple pair is referred to as "twins."

One of the most widely used and most misleading expressions of poker is "sweetening the kitty." When a

player is asked to "sweeten the kitty," he is actually being requested to put his ante into the pot, whereas the "kitty" itself is not the pot but a portion or percentage of it, taken from each hand, as a house fee or, if by the host at home, to defray such expense as food or drinks served, or to pay for the cards used. "Get your feet wet" is interchangeable with "sweetening the kitty" and is reaching wider use.

**E**VEN possible hands have their special designations. A four-card sequence that can be added to at either end is generally, and logically, a straight open at both ends. But such a possible sequence of five cards, with the middle card yet to be acquired, is called a "loophole straight," "lame straight" or "cripple," "one open in the belly," or a "split week." This last term spread through the game after first having been used by theatrical adherents of the pastime. Straights which can be extended in only one direction are known as "dead ends," or, specifically, one that can be filled in at the top only is a "barehead," and one that can be added to only on the lower side, a "barefoot."

In stud poker the card dealt face down, usually the first card dealt to each player, is the hole card. A player getting the same value card on his first card up as that which he has in the hole, has a pair "wired." And such player, with bulls or hooks wired, might "take a breather" and "chip along to spot the power," then "bump" to "sandbag the shoe salesman." Translated, this better English means that the player with Aces or

Jacks paired up might pass up his first chance to bet, thus feigning a poor hand; pay into the pot only the amount needed to keep him drawing cards until he noticed if any other player raised the bet, thus indicating a strong hole card for that player; then raise the ante to scare out of the hand the holders of only fair hands who might, if allowed to stay in the hand cheaply, assemble winning cards. Holders of weak hands are always either "shoe salesman" or "ribbon clerks."



*"I'm tired of fishing . . . I'm going for a swim."*

**M**OST of the terms used by rugged he-men in their bouts with the pasteboards are lost in a maze of contradictory stories or in their very antiquity. A hand holding the two-pair combination of Aces and 8s is generally known as the "dead-man's hand," as it is reputed to be the hand held by Billy the Kid at the time he was shot to death. Any truth to this is clouded by the application of the same story, of the same value hand, to at least a dozen other famous or infamous citizens of America's early wild and wooly West.

Such poker slang, however, is not to be confused with some of the more serious, but far more rare, terms of the game as applied in certain locales. These terms are for special hands recognized in various parts of the country but which are illegitimate as far as Hoyle and the majority of poker players are concerned. Poker in the Deep South adds the "blaze" as a good hand, it being any five picture cards; and it beats two pair but loses to three of a kind. The "tiger" is another Southern addition, a hand with the 7 high and the deuce low, without pair, straight or flush, and it outranks a straight but loses to a flush.

The "skip," which is a hand of all even or all odd cards in sequence, such as 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10; or 5, 7, 9, Jack, King, is accepted in some places. In the South it beats any hand up to and including the "blaze." In the Pennsylvania mining country, where it has several local nicknames and is the only legitimate extra hand, it beats two pair but loses to three of a kind.

**A**S Hoyle, or any other authority, does not list such added hands; the rule of the house or host where the game is played must be taken as the final authority. One inveterate poker player found the meaning of such rule to his everlasting chagrin. The clubman, visiting in the South, sat down for a game in the back room of a neighborhood saloon in this certain Southern town.

The game progressed for several hands without incident, with poor hands and little betting. Then, with an exceptionally large pot at stake in

which the visitor, holding a straight flush, had deposited much coin, the lightning struck. Called, the clubman spread out his straight flush and began to rake in the chips. "Hold on," barked the caller, "that's my pot." He displayed a sequence of 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 which he called a "Lollapalooza." The visitor objected until his attention was directed to a sign on the wall of the room. It read:

LOLLAPALOOZA 2-4-6-8-10  
BEATS ANYTHING.

The poker lover gave up the hand but kept it in mind. Much later he drew the Lollapalooza sequence and, as fortune would have it, the man who had previously beaten his straight flush was the final man in the pot with him. Raised and re-raised, he finally called. The townsman laid down a full house. Then the visitor triumphantly exhibited his Lollapalooza and started to rake in the chips. Again he was stopped.

"Friend," his opponent said, "I guess you didn't read that sign very carefully."

The fellow examined the sign more closely and learned something else about house rules and odd poker hands. Beneath the huge bold letters of the sign was a smaller line of very fine type:

(Only One A Night.)

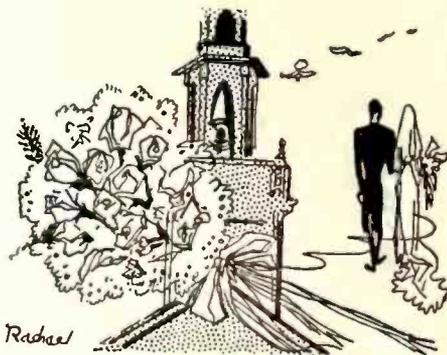
But the ladies, well, they just refuse to learn to speak *bettor* English. And so, I repeat, man to man, I'm sure the grand old pastime will come back to us from its present place in the parlor, back to our back rooms and hideaways where we can call our cards as we see fit. Meanwhile, the ladies don't fear to call a spade a spade!

*A soft-spoken young real estate salesman from Kansas City has chalked up \$3 million in sales in three years with methods pop-eyed veteran salesmen are scrutinizing.*

By JACK STARK

## *Biggerstaff Sells*

# A MILLION A YEAR



**I**F Bill Biggerstaff is an enigma to the J. C. Nichols Company's sales staff, it's because in a few short years he's sold more real estate and broken more records than any other salesman in the company's spectacular 48-year history.

And "spectacular" is the word for the Nichols Company—developers of the world-copied and much studied Country Club District of Kansas City, where 60,000 people live in 12,000 houses in 50 subdivisions. The area is a masterpiece of residential city planning, with winding boulevards and picturesque homes. A \$500,000 outdoor collection of rare and imported art objects—sculpture, columns and fountains—is used majestically to adorn the District. There are churches, schools, neighborhood shopping centers and golf clubs strategically placed throughout the park-like areas. Effective street planting makes the "Country Club District" one of the most beautiful residential areas in the nation.

In an organization which created such beauty, and established some rather sensational sales records, Bill

Biggerstaff started from scratch four years ago. In each of the past three years, he has sold more than a million dollars worth of real estate a year.

There are certain factors that make a salesman "tick," and Biggerstaff is no exception to the rule. Salesmen's betting odds were that Bill's first "million dollar sales record" was a stroke of luck, personal charm, sex appeal, voodooism and working almost exclusively on new small houses. But "the Kid," as the old veterans termed him, turned around the next year when new home building was drastically curtailed and did it again.

After that he became as much scrutinized as the Hope diamond. Even more experienced salesmen hoped that some of this "Biggerstaff charm" would brush off on them.

To Missouri-born Bill Biggerstaff who stands six feet, two inches and is a 1940 Golden Gloves light-heavyweight city boxing champion, three consecutive years of selling a million dollars in residential property is not a miracle.

"It's work and applied human psychology," he claims. And by "human

psychology" he means his own home-spun, self-fashioned, human relations "rules of thumb" by which he works and gets people to buy homes. What's more, he makes friends doing it and they constantly call him back to give him new leads.

What are these magical rules that have never been published? Remember they come from an uninhibited salesman who started out not knowing any selling rules, and fashioned these out of his own observations of people and their reactions. You are not reading these out of a book. They are fresh, original in most part, adaptable to every salesman and power-packed in the results they bring.

Some of the following eleven main points most salesmen will identify with their own work. Others may appear as a startler, possibly be questioned. But, remember . . . sometimes Bill throws out his own rules to make a certain sale.

But here's how he tells it in his own words:

**1** "I'm instinctively shy. My earliest brush with selling was in insurance training (one year) and I was too embarrassed to stand up before the class and make a graduation speech. Thus, I tend to hold back with a new prospect and get *his* feelings on what *he* wants. I still keep pretty much within myself until I find the house I think he'll buy. Then I lose my shyness.

**2** "Enthusiasm! I have a great deal of enthusiasm for my work and really build up an excitement over saleable homes. Especially when I have sounded out my prospect and know what he and his family wants. He's married,

has a couple of grade school kids, does a lot of his work at home and needs a den for privacy. When I realize his needs and I have such a home listed, I begin getting that pins and needles feeling, that is closely associated with selling, big game hunting, or deep sea fishing. You know you have the *right* bait to dangle in front of the big one. From here on I go all out and my enthusiasm is taken up by the buyer. Find homes *for* people instead of just making sales. Try it!

**3** "Uninhibited is what a certain Kansas City columnist pinned on me. But, by uninhibited I don't mean getting brash. That is the very opposite of my nature. To me uninhibited (if I really do have that quality) is luckily having started out selling without too much 'do's and don'ts' preached at me and not too many sales barriers strewn in my way. I am like the cub reporter who went out and interviewed the recluse multimillionaire and got a national newspaper scoop because he didn't know any better. The wise old timer who put him up to it knew it couldn't be done.

**4** "I try saving time. A lot of salesmen I have observed are spinning their wheels. Too often I have heard a salesman answering the phone tell a brand new prospect he'll meet him on the corner in thirty minutes and show him some houses. All this without any preliminary to finding out what he wants, or even what he can afford. I save a lot of time by finding out all the details first—including how much money he can put down—then I select homes in his bracket. On hard-to-get-out prospects I use this system

effectively. I find out exactly what it is he needs by getting real specific. Then I eliminate all houses but one that seems to fit him most and call him. I'm anxious to show it to him. It's terrific. I have exhausted the whole book and this one is for him. We go out. I know that this man is tired from having been shown too many houses by real estate salesmen who wanted to take him on the 'tour.' Not many were concerned to find him ONE house that suited him.

5 "Another thing I try to do in making a sale is to point out the differences in a home . . . its good features as well as the bad ones. If the back yard is triangular and pie-shaped plus a little cramped, tell him so right off. If that third bedroom is really too small and would make a better sewing room—tell his wife that too. This builds up his confidence in you and soon the buyer is leaning on you for advice instead of looking for things wrong with the house. In time I am able to eliminate all but one home and when I do I sell him that one. (Sometimes the buyer buys a home over Bill's objections to it and later finds out Biggerstaff was right. This buyer can't send him enough prospects from then on.)

9 "I always try to take the husband and wife out together to look at homes. I have found out in my few years of real estate selling that even though the husband likes a home, the wife has to approve it. This makes two trips! Why not cut it down at the beginning?

7 "I always try to take any reasonable offer to the seller. A lot of salesmen miss this point. A house is

priced at \$19,500 and the prospect I am showing it to likes it and offers \$17,500 tops. Some sales-people let that go and begin showing them more homes. I make sure to take this reasonable offer to the seller and tell him I have sold his home for \$17,500 and would he like to buy it back and try to sell it at a higher price. For that is actually what he is doing when he turns down the offer. Sometimes, not all the time, you make the sale.

8 "Never get into an argument with the customer. This is a rule every salesman knows, but I still hear my colleagues argue a customer down 'because I know real estate and don't tell you how to make bottle tops in your factory.' This is a 'maybe' approach I use with a good deal of effectiveness when a customer points out some minor detail which he seems to feel is important. I always say: 'Mr. Bell, that may be true as you have pointed out. However, I wonder if you have considered . . .' and we flatter him first for having seen something he is proud of having discovered. Then we switch his thinking for him.

9 "I always check with the salesmen around our main office to learn what they think of a home before I ever show it. This may sound like a lack of confidence in my own judgment, but I have always found I learned something from discussing a house's points with the rest of the staff. The Nichols sales staff knows I do this constantly as I first told them at a sales conference where I was invited to speak and discuss my sales methods. Then, after I have learned all about the home, I'm ready to show it to a prospect. But first I tell him

that I have found a perfect house for him . . . and what's more, several of our sales staff have said it was the outstanding buy in this price bracket. Immediately he thinks 'How can I go wrong?' The switch from what I think of the home to what 25 sales experts think of it, helps make the sale.

**10** "When I call prospects to show them a home, I always load myself with plenty of good points about the house to overcome any objections they might have against it. The buyer might not like the rear porch. I mention the closeness to high school (he has two teen-age daughters), Lutheran Church (he's a Lutheran, I found out), and wonderful community shopping center. His wife may think it a too-busy street. I mention the three family-size bedrooms upstairs and the paneled recreation room in the basement; the quiet, fenced-in rear yard; good transportation along that very same street. Also I never open a phone conversation: 'Mr. Jones, are you still in the market for a home?' That's bad. Tell him you have found a beautiful home for him with what he needs and get enthused about it. If he's bought, he'll tell you. If not, you have a hot customer again.

**11** "I never get to that cold point where all talk bogs and only the contract signing is left. How many deals are lost here! I close most deals by knowing my customer well (I have spent a few hours with him and asked him lots of personal questions). Then I play up those points that are his favorite likes . . . and I talk. His family, his children, his needs for a den, a quiet neighborhood, nearness to a country club (he shoots in the 70's),

out in the country where he can rent a pasture for his horse—all these make my closings easy for me. Soon he is reaching for a pen and asking if I



have a contract ready. Then I use the short form which is quick, sure, safe, and painless."

With his modest enthusiasm Biggerstaff says: "One of the most important things is good decoration and good condition. A prospect can rarely visualize what fresh paint and paper could do. By putting homes shipshape before they are shown, the sellers can profit handsomely by a better price. Sure, the wife of the buyer may want to do it all over again to suit her taste; but if it hadn't been clean and attractive in the first place she wouldn't have given it a second look."

It may be encouraging to timid souls to know that you don't have to be an extrovert, a back slapper, the life of every party and a jolly good fellow to sell a million dollars annually in residential property. At any party Bill Biggerstaff is conspicuous only because of his size and his blond

wavy locks. Otherwise he's the quietest man in the room.

One of Biggerstaff's most amazing sales was accomplished by letter. It bears repeating because it illustrates his friendly manner, knowledge of prospect, an uninhibited nature, enthusiasm, list of sales points and checking with the sales staff.

This potential buyer was being moved to Kansas City from the east, and had looked at several good homes with Biggerstaff—including one that Bill was convinced he should buy. The man needed two bedrooms and a den, a nice neighborhood, and price was not a factor. The home shown, which Bill knew instinctively the man should buy, had three bedrooms (one could be made into a den) and was in lovely Indian Hills subdivision. But the man turned it down and returned to New York.

Biggerstaff figured he had done a bad selling job and chalked up his loss to a breakdown in enthusiasm plus not giving the man enough reasons why he should buy. Then, one day, along came a letter from the man requesting that Bill buy two license plates for his cars; so he would have them when he arrived in town. His New York plates had expired.

Acting quickly, Bill had some plans redrawn of the home; showing exactly how the spare bedroom could be made into a den. He listed also 17 points why the home was perfect for the New Yorker. Then he told him how



One kind of motorist who never seems to run out of gas is the back seat driver.

Among other things that do not turn out quite as you expect are people who drive cars.

he had checked with the entire sales staff to justify his opinion; and they all agreed the home was still the best buy on the market.

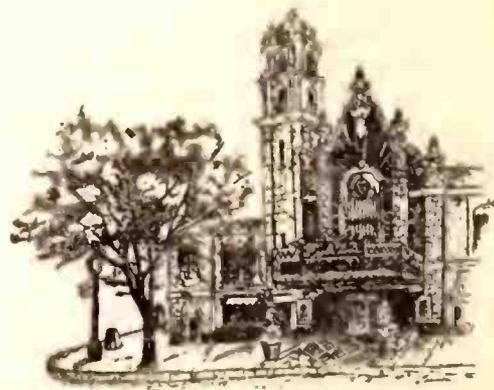
He also pointed out in the letter that in order to buy the local plates the man needed a Kansas City address. He asked him why he didn't buy the home (it still puzzled him)—and a contract was enclosed if he should change his mind with all this new information.

A week later back came the signed contract—and the deal was closed with an \$1,800 commission! The man also got his license plates.

You could end such a modern success story right there. But Bill flaunts tradition in still another way. In a departure from most of his real estate contemporaries he bought the most expensive car he could find—a yellow Cadillac convertible—and began showing homes from \$10,500 upwards. Now that is inviting the buyer to say: "Heck, this guy's getting rich offa this stuff. He's not for me!"

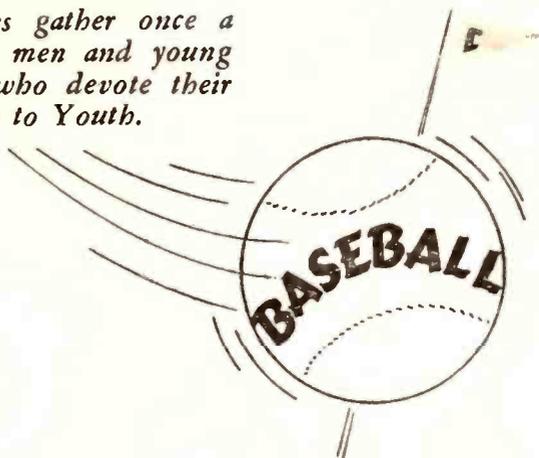
Could be.

But Bill went on to sell his second and third million and is now driving his second Cadillac.





*Sports Personalities gather once a year to honor the men and young men of the area who devote their hours of recreation to Youth.*



By JOHN R. THOMSON

## *Nite of Sports*

ONE of Kansas City's most pleasant traditions is an annual dinner attended by leading figures in the sports world from this area—in honor of the hundreds of men who organize, promote and support amateur sports of all kinds; and particularly, those men who work with youth, giving of their time and effort to create and maintain year-round sports programs.

Mushrooming to ten times its original size, the eighth annual "Nite of Sports" dinner held February 8 at the Town House Hotel overflowed into the junior ballroom as the greats of all sports in the Kansas City area accepted invitations to Sammy Dubin's annual party. It was a fitting tribute to the silver-thatched sporting goods salesman who launched the tradition eight years ago with a dinner for forty-eight people. Now Sammy is worrying about what to do when the party outgrows its present home!

Dubin picked up the check; but it was underwritten by business and professional men who laid \$2,000 on the line so that none of the six hundred guests would have to buy tickets! In fact, tickets are never sold at Dubin's Doings.

Although they ask nothing in return, the sponsors of the dinner this year will receive an album of photographs taken that evening. This year, also for the first time, there was a surplus in the treasury. At the suggestion of Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director and the master of ceremonies for all eight "Nites," the sponsors were each sent a refund.

Dubin, one of the original organizers of the "3 & 2" baseball program during the war, thought it was only right that some recognition be awarded the men who gave of their time and talent to teach youngsters how to play the national pastime.

The "Nite of Sports" (when it was begun in 1945 by Sears, Roebuck—Sam's employers at the time) originally was confined to coaches and managers in the "3 & 2" program. But the idea was too good! Gradually other groups were invited, until now every sport and every sports figure in the area is represented around the festive board.

Forty-eight guests attended that first dinner; and Larry Ray was the master of ceremonies. Sam admits there weren't any big shots there: "Just managers, me and Larry" he says.

Next year the party moved to the Hotel Continental. In 1947 the Ray-Dubin combination took the party to Kansas City, Kansas, and there it has remained. The past two years the party has been held in the new Town House Hotel.

Dutch Zwilling, the likeable Dutchman who managed the Kansas City Blues in 1927-32, hasn't missed a party; and according to Dutch, "I don't intend to."

Sparky Stalcup, the Missouri basketball coach, is another regular and perhaps the most popular speaker on the long list of personalities. Sparky for two years has been the final speaker of the evening and twice he has proved the hit of the program.

Although the list of distinguished guests has grown steadily, Ray has never let the program deviate from its original patter: "No long speeches, everything in fun."

Cynics say Dubin does all right. Maybe so; but we happen to know Sammy, who incidentally is the father



*"I'll go out early—some weekday, when no one's around, and play by myself. Then I get a hole-in-one!"*

of Vera Lynn, the songstress, has changed jobs five times in the last eight years and had to sign a note to pay the deficit on past parties. This year was the first and only time the underwriting has exceeded the expense, thus permitting refunds to those who contributed.

Ray summed it up when he said, "Sammy will wear out your right ear and then your left ear. He does a magnificent job; so who can criticize? Not only that, the guy's terrific and as big hearted as the Texas plains."

How about Sammy? What's his attitude?

"I just want everybody to have a good time, get acquainted. This party is for everybody. Negro, Jew, Catholic, Protestant. They're all welcome." They were all there, too!

All of them enjoyed the favorite stories of the eighteen speakers—and it was with a start that the assemblage realized it was eleven o'clock when the party broke up!

If there was a central theme it was the presentation of three citations: To Ernie Nevel for his no-hit, no-run game in the final game of the Kansas City Blues season; to Al Conway, William Jewell halfback who led the nation's small colleges in scoring; and to Forrest C. "Phog" Allen, the nation's No. 1 basketball coach last year.

While the theme was friendliness and a good time, there was the serious side. It included a moment's silence for those sports figures who left the sports scene in 1952; a moving description by Allen of the Olympic

games; and the report that Charles "Kid" Nichols, Kansas City's only entry in Baseball's Hall of Fame, was very ill at his home.

The list of distinguished guests was impressive. (See photos on page 70 and 71.)

Well-known golf pros represented their sport. Steve Aleshi, who has won just about every fly-casting championship there is to win, was present; and the press and radio had a table.

Take it from those who have attended sports parties all over the nation, there is nothing quite like Kansas City's "Nite of Sports." Take it from his friends, there isn't anyone quite like Sammy Dubin!

## NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

A certain clergyman was known for his shrewd and humorous expressions. In the pulpit he maintained a grave and orderly manner. Occasionally, if emergency required, he introduced something queer in a sermon for the sake of arousing the flagging attention of his listeners. Seeing that his congregation was getting sleepy one Sunday he paused in his discourse and said: "My dear friends, you haven't any idea of the sufferings of our missionaries in foreign lands. The mosquitos in the tropics, for instance, are terrible. Some of them are enormous. A great many of them weigh a pound and they get on logs and bark when missionaries come along."

This aroused the people. When he had finished his sermon members of his congregation called him to account for telling fibs in his pulpit.

"There never was a mosquito that weighed a pound," said one member.

"But I didn't say that one of them weighed a pound," replied the minister, "I said that a great many of them weighed a pound, and I believe a million of them would weigh a pound."

"But you said they barked at missionaries," the member persisted.

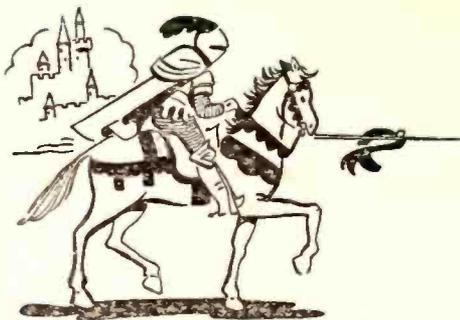
"No, no," the minister replied, "I just said that they would get on logs and bark. Logs do have bark on them you know, and while we're on the subject, Brother Smith, is it possible that you got your dreams mixed up with part of the sermon?"

—Louis J. Mihalich

Wifey was at it again. "I gave up everything when I married you," she said.

"The heck you did," replied her harried husband. "You didn't give up talking."

"Tell me," said the sweet young thing, as she tripped up to the bank teller's window, "how do I make out a check so it comes from my husband's side of our joint account?"



# Apple-Polishing, Back-Stabbing, and Other Sports

By JOHN CROSBY

**S**HEPHERD MEAD is vice-president in charge of television copy at Benton & Bowles advertising agency, an excellent vantage point to study the predatory habits of that curious and alarming profession. From these observations he has spun out a number of books including "The Magnificent MacInnes," a merciless ribbing of the survey and research racket, and "Tessie: the Hound of Channel One," a satire on television which he described as a wonderful medium which jumped straight "from infancy into senescence."

In his latest, Mr. Mead has broadened his field of fire to take in the whole field of business, though I rather suspect that the practices of which he writes with such consummate authority are more extensively practiced in the advertising dodge than anywhere else. The name of the latest opus, "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying," is a pretty fair indication of the contents which are highly immoral.

It is a perfectly wonderful compendium of the methods used every day to get ahead without the exercise of brains or hard work, by clever credit-grabbings, back-stabbing and apple polishing. Mead covers the whole field thoroughly from how to get the job right on to elbowing the old man aside and stealing the business from him in wonderfully abbreviated and witty sentences. I'm especially captivated by the helpful bits of suggested dialogue for all possible occasions.

How, for example, explain that you'd just got pitched out of your last job on your ear. Here are a few of Mead's suggestions. "I felt I had outgrown them." Or: "Let's face it. They're not up to you people." Or: "Well, it's an old outfit. I

want to work with young men." (If the interviewer is young) Or: (If he's old.) "Somehow they seem a bit callow. I want a shop with experience."

Once you get your feet in the door, Mead recommends a merry ruthlessness. The chapter on how to be a fair-haired boy, for example, pretty well covers the field. Cultivate the boss's hobbies, says Mead: then some bright day in the elevator, fire your opening gun:

"Got to hurry home, sir. The little devils are whelping."

"Whelping, Finch. Don't tell me you're a mongoose man!"

"Are you, too, sir? We are a rare breed, aren't we? Tell me, do you favor snake meat or kippers?"

Your really brilliant apple-polisher isn't even above adopting the old man's school. "A few days spent at Old Ivy State Teacher's Normal will supply you with all the necessary information and equipment . . . A good opening wedge may offer itself on a Monday following Old Ivy's disastrous defeat by a traditional rival."

Side up to the old man and mutter:

"Sorry, sir. Not myself today. Rarely touch a drop, but I did belt off one strong one yesterday. Those damned Chipmunks!"

"Chipmunks?" (His nostrils begin to quiver.)

"Oh, beg pardon, sir. You can't be expected to know. The old school took quite a drubbing Saturday. Old Ivy."

"Old Ivy? You're not an old Ivy Man, uh . . ."

"Finch, sir. Old Ivy '24."

"Well, by God, Finch! Old Ivy, by God! Well, we'll get the damned Chipmunks next year, won't we?"

"We did it in '27 and we'll do it again, sir, if we ever get Ozymanowsky off the sick list."

Mead offers a full course in how to get a reputation as a hard worker while doing as little as possible. One dodge: drop in at the office on a Saturday a half hour before the boss drops in to pick up his golf clubs. Touse your hair. Litter the desk with empty paper coffee cartons and fill the ashtrays with hundreds of cigarette butts: "Oh, working this morning, Finch?"

"Is it morning already, sir?"

"Great Scott, been here all night?"

And so forth. The whole book is a sorry, though hilarious, course in lying, conniving, legal theft, character assassination (of rivals), and assorted skulduggery which brings Machiavelli up to date. In fact, so heinous (though widely practiced) are Mr. Mead's methods of success that Simon & Schuster were a little nervous about publishing the book, fearing that their imprint might be mistaken for endorsement of these practices (which it isn't).

Well, just one more, then. Mead suggests that it's wise to act like a commuter, even if you aren't one. If, for example, you show up hours late:

"Damned Long Island Railroad!"

"Oh, train late again, Finch?"

"Almost two hours."

"Funny. Mine was on time."

"But we're on the spur you know. Always a bottleneck."

And, if you want to slip out early:

"Have to run, J.B."

"Now? It's only three-thirty."

"Trestle. Blazing like hell this morning. Lucky if I get home at all."

### *Soap Opera in Three Dimensions*

TELEvised soap opera is still relatively an infant. But it's coming up fast and may eventually devour the afternoon air as it did radio's. First of the genre was "The First Hundred Years," which proved to be a wildly optimistic title. It lasted only 22 months. It was sponsored by Proctor & Gamble which also sponsors another TV soap called "The Guiding Light," the first and only radio soap to embrace tele-

vision. One day a P & G executive noticed that "The First Hundred Years" cost \$12,000 a week to "Guiding Light's" \$8,000. That ended "The First Hundred Years."

Cost is the great bugaboo of the TV soaps as it was the great and virtually only virtue of the radio soaps. Recognizing this, Pat Weaver, NBC's vice-president, bent his mighty brain to the task and came up with what may be a solution. NBC has come up with a block of four soaps set back to back called "Hometown." There will be four separate stories all set in the same town and sometimes the characters will wander from one soap to another. NBC will build a whole village in its Brooklyn studios. The town will be the background for the separate woes of the town surgeon, an elderly couple who run the grocery store, a lady personnel manager of a local plant and the town seamstress. The permanent settings shared by four shows will cut costs, it's estimated, by 80 per cent.

At present, NBC-TV has only one soap opera, "Hawkins Falls." CBS-TV has three, "Guiding Light," "Love of Life" and "Search for Tomorrow." Where the general outlines and hysterical atmosphere of the stories haven't changed an awful lot from radio days, the technical problems are vastly more complex. Radio soap opera acting, for example, used to be one of the cushiest little rackets on earth. The actors stood in front of a microphone, script in hand, and emoted vocally—which for the veterans was no work at all.

Television soap acting is almost as tough as radio soap was easy. The actors have to remember their lines through all the noise and confusion of which there is a great deal and in spite of the continual interruptions for camera direction and boom direction. They are usually forced to act in terribly close quarters cause there isn't much space and the settings are fragmentary. They do it five times a week and almost never blow lines.

Rehearsal for "Love of Life," a typical one, starts at 9 a.m. and continues till 11:45. At 12:15 they're on the air for the fifteen minute show. Rehearsals for the next day's show start at 1:30 and continue for a couple of hours. After that the actors

go home and study their lines. Still, being an optimistic breed, they thrive on it and many of them feel they're getting valuable experience which is what an actor says when he isn't making much money.

Their mutual problems have welded the cast and crew into a close-knit and happy team which has a good deal of the old college try spirit about it. They like problems, having surmounted so many, and they get bored when things run too smoothly. Both cast and crew get a good deal of amusement out of the soapier dialogue, and are likely to burst right out laughing at a passage like:

"I believe that the core of love that was there has now changed entirely to hate and that you are now being devoured by it—devoured wholly and entirely . . . And you, Meg, you went to see Sandra Gamble only to torture her. You want to refuse Charlie his divorce from you only so you can torture *him*." . . .

The actor who had to say this shrugged good-naturedly at the snickers of the camera man. "I know," he muttered. "What can you do?"

Even the announcer, Don Hancock, gets into the spirit of things and loosens up his tonsils with: "Hello, everyone. Bad breath speaking. Welcome to 'Love of Life.' I'm so eager to do this chlorophyll commercial, I love it so. I'll be all right if I just don't mention the wrong product."

As a cost-cutting device, "Love of Life" has borrowed Albert McCleery's no-scenery techniques. Sets are suggested by something like an unattached door set six to eight feet from a cyclorama which registers black on the screen. Walls are suggested by simply hanging a picture right from the ceiling. There are no walls. A lawyer's office was created by a desk, a couple of chairs, two pillars, a bookcase and an unattached door.

One thing that hasn't changed between radio and television soap opera are the commercials. They average three minutes and ten seconds on "Love of Life," and sometimes they go on for five minutes which is an awful lot of commercial for a fifteen minute show.

The important thing about televised soap opera, beyond wringing the heart, is

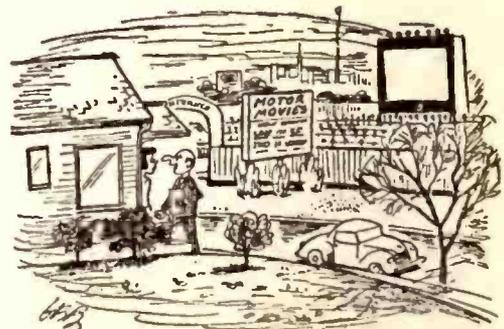
(a) to save money, (b) to stretch out the plot as thinly as possible over the most possible episodes. John D. Hess, who writes "Love of Life," has a lot of little tricks to accomplish this. One is the telephone. A lawyer character consumed half of one installment on the telephone, expostulating first to Meg, then to Charlie, to get the two into his office. The next installment they got there, all right, but they spent much of it trying to stalk out—but not quite leaving. Most any episode finds one character, his hand on the knob, threatening to walk out—forever.

Another soap adage, never violated, including this case, is that men, either the good ones or the bad ones, are essentially weak, women, both good and bad, essentially strong. Hess not only follows this rule but has garnished it with the following observation as expressed by Meg: "I know that when all's said and done that a weak man needs a strong woman and a strong woman needs a weak man."

Hess is not primarily a Radio or TV writer. He writes short stories and has written a play. Once in a while his current chore, his first writing for TV, gets a little too much for him and he sticks his tongue out at himself in print. One episode, for example, ended with a stage direction which read:

"She closes the rest of the gap with near violence, kissing him with the same violence with which she had slapped him . . . hands around his neck and, as our rating goes up three full points, we . . .

"Fade out."



"Could I interest you in a course in lip reading?"

### Presidential Tour

WHATEVER imprint President Truman may leave on history, he has certainly left his fingerprints all over the White House, and it was a wonderful experience when he succumbed to the universal urge to show us around his celebrated, newly decorated domicile on a television tour. The President proved to be a relaxed and knowledgeable guide, and the three networks, which pooled their resources, covered him with some of the slickest camera work and direction I've ever seen.

The telecast started quietly. There was a shot on film of the White House and grounds, taken from the Washington Monument. Then shots, still on film, of the rear and the front of the dwelling. In a miraculous bit of camerawork, the film changed to live television so subtly you couldn't tell the difference. The camera panned up to the front door, then took us inside. Inside another camera crept across the foyer and peered upstairs. Presently, down the stairs came the President, unheralded and unsung and in perfect taste. He greeted three newsmen, Walter Cronkite of CBS, Frank Bourgholtzer of NBC and Bryson Rash of ABC.

"Whenever you're ready," murmured the President and the tour began. Cronkite and the President walked down to the ground floor—as opposed to the main floor—the downstairs camera picking them up at the precise moment the upstairs camera lost them. While three cameras scurried from room to room, the President discoursed. He explained why he had decided to take the Great Seal out of the floor and put it over a door, "because I didn't like to see people walking on it," and another sensible undertaking—his decision to fill the diplomatic reception room with paintings of some of the handsomer First Ladies of the land.

The White House is no ordinary home, but much of his spiel had the familiar wistful ring of any homeowner. At one point he declared: "We hope to obtain all the old kitchen utensils that went with those old fireplaces." Even after a \$5,000,000 redecoration job, no home—not even the White House—is ever quite finished.

There are always the small aspirations—the copper pot one needs for the fireplace, the wing chair that needs recovering. It's nice to know the next tenant of the White House will have something left to complete.

"Do all the clocks run, Mr. President?" asked Mr. Cronkite.

"Yes, they all run. We have a special man to wind all the clocks every Friday." This astonishing bit of information prompted quite a lot of speculation in my circle. This clock-winder, is he Civil Service? Or does he change with the Administration?

A good deal of the President's chatter was pretty startling, notably his observation that the Capitol would some day fall down, a remark that cries for amplification. At one point he remarked that he didn't know the history of a certain bottle. It was virtually the only thing he didn't know. Here are a few of his running stream of comments. Of the East Room: "One of the Wilson girls was married here. Also Alice Roosevelt and one of the other President's daughters—I don't recall which." Of the Red Room: "We have some wonderful pictures here. That painting of Theodore Roosevelt is by John Singer Sargent. It's the most expensive painting in the house."

Of the Blue Room: "The furniture in this room was purchased by James Monroe in Paris when Jefferson was President. It's the only real antique furniture left."

He told the old one about John Quincy Adams taking a swim in the Potomac and a lady office-seeker sitting on his clothes until he promised to give her one; he revealed that the Washington Monument is 160 feet east of where it was scheduled to be built and that he liked to watch the kids play baseball in the park through binoculars, tried to join them once and only broke up the ball game.

Most celebrated single bit of the fifty-minute tour was Mr. Truman's rendition of Mozart's Ninth Sonata on a ballroom piano—easily the TV scoop of the year. Mr. Bourgholtzer conned him into this very cleverly by asking: "Do you mind if I show the audience what it sounds like?" "I'll show them what it sounds like," said the President. And sat down and played.

*City Station in Stress*

THERE is some loose talk flying around, most of it out of the mouth of New York City Comptroller Lazarus Joseph, of closing up WNYC, the nation's only non-commercial municipally-owned and operated radio station, because it costs \$315,000 a year to operate. This is the most deplorable economy suggestion I've heard this year. The way they throw money around at City Hall, \$315,000 is peanuts, and the people of New York get an awful lot of pleasure and profit for their little outlay.

What other radio station, for example, has a Shakespearean Festival which, in addition to full length Shakespearean plays, ties Shakespeare into its whole schedule? (The food program discusses food in Shakespeare's time.) What other station, after turning the shop over to Shakespeare for a week, courteously invites in the Baconians to utter their sharp little cries of dissent?

Well, WYNC does that and a lot more. Its audience is small—400,000, which is tiny by New York City standards—but terribly devoted, especially to WNYC's fine musical programs. Many of the former devotees of WQXR, once a pillar of culture and good music, fled to WNYC when WQXR succumbed to crass commercialism. WNYC hasn't any commercials at all, a blessing which alone is worth \$315,000 a year.

The station has been threatened with extinction before. The late Mayor Fiorello La Guardia considered the station such a total loss that one of his campaign promises was to close it down. Under the urging of its present director, Seymour Siegel, La Guardia not only changed his mind but became the bright star of the program department, his shrill imprecations against the money-changers enlivening the New York air as it hasn't been enlivened since. When New York's newspapers were shut down by a truck strike, he read the funny papers to the children, an unforgettable experience.

La Guardia is gone, but his philosophy still dominates WNYC. Since it can never reach the entire audience, WNYC reaches

out for (and gets) the opinion-makers in the community. It never underestimates the intelligence of its listeners and consequently it reaches the intelligent who are almost unavailable to other broadcasters. La Guardia told the folks where their tax dollar went and WNYC still does.

La Guardia also had an old womanish desire to change everyone's eating habits to what he considered the proper foods. WNYC still does this. The City Food Guide tells what is plentiful and therefore cheap in the markets. Because of this program, vegetables like kale which were once spurned by the housewives have become popular.

Its most popular programs, though, are music programs, and the music lovers are devoted to WNYC's David Randolph who is the music connoisseur's connoisseur. Randolph gets so esoteric that sometimes no one but himself knows quite what he's up to. Once he dug out the ten most esoteric records he could find—some of them didn't even sound like music—and asked the audience whether they liked them. That drew 2,000 letters, many of them very esoteric, too. Randolph regularly pulls 400 to 500 letters per program (and, incidentally, Comptroller Joseph, he works for exactly nothing.)

WNYC frequently employs what Siegel calls "a circus technique," scrapping its whole regular program schedule for some big flashy affair like its American Art Festival, or Opera Festival, or Great Play Festival, or Children's Drama Festival, or Book Festival. They're crazy for festivals over at WNYC.

The station proudly boasts that it has carried more United Nations coverage than any other station in the country (600 hours last year), that it devotes more time to public health than any other in the nation, that it's virtually the only station that has one special program for doctors and another for lawyers. All this for \$315,000. It's a bargain.

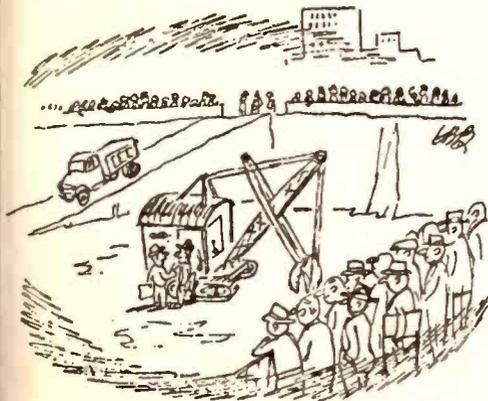
Postscript: In the future lies television, too. The City Planning Commission has set aside \$379,000 to build a municipal TV station. If WNYC (which is safe until July 1) is eliminated, there probably wouldn't be any city TV station.

### Some Small Complaints

ALWAYS on the alert to guard that citadel of American culture—the popular song—I'm sounding the tocsin right now against a practice which I consider subversive. You know what television producers are doing to blues songs? They're putting happy endings on them. I seen it with my own eyes.

The other day on "The Hit Parade," a young lady, conceivably Dorothy Collins, was moaning that popular lament that she wished he were here because they were painting the sky a different color this year or some such nonsense. At the end of this anguished cry, he showed up, the answer to a maiden's prayer. A little while later, another forlorn maiden was shown singing "Somewhere Along The Way." She hoped she'd find him somewhere along the way and damned if she didn't. As I say, I consider this tampering with the fundamental intent of a songwriter un-American.

When a songwriter writes about a girl sitting alone by the telephone, he darn well wants her to be alone. Heartbreak is the most precious element of the songwriter's precarious career. If I were a songwriter, I'd rise in revolt against these TV producers who are trying to mend the hearts he has shattered in song. Next thing you know some singer will be shown singing "My Buddy" out in No Man's



"You've got a record crowd out there today, boy—give 'em everything you've got!"

Land over the body of his fallen comrade and the corpse will rear up and proclaim that it was only a flesh wound.

MY South American intelligence service, normally a somnolent operation, came to life briefly the other day. At any rate, the mail packet brought a letter concerning television in Rio De Janeiro. "We are the proud possessors of one TV station. It works from 5 to 6 each afternoon during which time they show old Charlie Chaplin or Laurel and Hardy pictures—at the end of which a trailer clearly states, in English, that the picture is not licensed for TV.

"The second period of television runs from 8:30 until about 11 P. M. It can't go on longer than this because the transmitter (not the studio) is located atop Sugar Loaf mountain and the last cable car from there is at midnight. So if the program runs any longer, all technicians are marooned on top of the mountain until the morning after.

"As to the programs, there was one unforgettable version of 'Othello' in which the opening sentence was *Nao entrai* simply because the fool in charge of the script didn't know enough Portuguese to realize it should be *nao entreis*. That's like saying 'Is I in love, I is', no less. On top of that, Othello was the only actor in the entire cast you could positively swear had no Negro blood in him whatsoever.

"Our picture is never sharp except in the background or foreground. This isn't too objectionable since it always seems to be seen through waves of gelatin, and focus wouldn't be appreciated anyway. Another thing the TV people like to do here is to stop a picture right in the middle, run off an ad and then go on to another program. I find it frustrating. However I get back at them by calling the station and, after they answer, leaving the phone off the hook (after explaining why) for half an hour. Our phone system is so constructed that their phone cannot make nor receive calls until the calling phone (in this case mine) is replaced on the hook."

SO we take leave of romantic, sun-drenched Rio and return to New York, where there is an early morning weather-

man on WNBT named Charles F. McCarthy whose weather chats pulsate with such wondrous prose that some of his listeners dive right back into bed and pull the covers over their ears.

"Here in midtown Manhattan," Mr. McCarthy is quite likely to say, "it's a rare and lovely November morn. An enchantingly beautiful robin's egg sky with a lacy pattern of woven wisps of wondrous white. A glowing golden gleam from Old Sol adds the touch of a picture post card sky. The air is savory and delightful. All makes for a topdrawer four 'S' day—succulent, sunny, semi-summery."

Now, look here, McCarthy. There hasn't been any savory air in Manhattan since the Indians owned it. As for those "woven wisps of wondrous white," if you look again you'll notice that lacy pattern spells out Pepsi-Cola. It's an ad, son. Enough of this succulence, McCarthy. How cold is it outside?

### *Chaos in Suburbia*

"TROUBLE In Tahiti," the second in the monthly NBC Television Opera series, opens with a deliciously ironic paean of praise to the American Suburbia ("Parks for the kids. Neighborly butchers. Less than an hour by train.") which is written and sung in the style of a singing commercial.

The trio sings it deadpan with only the faintest hint of a dry smile, suggesting that life in Suburbia is not quite so enchanting as the lyrics proclaim. It's a sort of very modern Greek chorus in jazz rhythms, and the lines, innocent appearing in print, are extraordinarily pointed and malicious when sung.

"Up to date kitchen, washing machine  
"Colorful bathrooms, and 'Life' magazine . . .

"Real solid silver, wine in the soup;  
"Two-door sedan and convertible coupe . . .

"Vitamin B chlorophyll toothpaste  
"Who could ask Heaven for anything more?

"Lovely life, oodles of culture  
"Over TV, Book-Of-The-Month Club . . ."

And so on. Apart from this chorus which is just a trio, there are only two

characters in Leonard Bernstein's opera—a man and wife who are about as miserable a married couple—the up-to-date kitchen, notwithstanding—as you can imagine. We first encounter them quarrelling, an old, old quarrel, over the breakfast table. An accusation of infidelity. Who first raised his or her voice the night before? Why can't he make Junior's school show? All the little disharmonies, which reflect the immense barriers between the two, come out in short staccato sentences which are, I suppose, Bernstein's way of interpreting the tempo of life in Suburbia.

SAM: You lead your life  
And lead me to mine.

DINAH: Oh, but you're selfish

SAM: And we'll get on fine.

The next scene at the office shows Sam ("You marvel of a man" sings the Greek chorus) besting a friend in business, then loaning a less fortunate friend some money. ("Oh, Sam, you're an angel, you big-hearted man" sings the chorus.) The scene shifts to the psychiatrist's couch where Dinah sings of her dreams of "harmony and grace" as opposed to the blood-curdling competitive drives of her husband.

If I understand Bernstein correctly, this wolfish competitive drive of modern society, which is consuming the wife, is the theme of the piece. It is best summed up, and frighteningly so, in an exultant song by Sam about the men "who never, never, never will win" and the other kind (of which he is a representative):

"The winner is always a winner!

"He never will have to worry

"About his dinner.

"He never will have to think

"About getting thinner.

"'Cause he's a winner, a nature boy!"

The title "Trouble In Tahiti" is pure irony. It's the title of an insipid movie the wife goes to see to escape from her torments and then sings about the plot in a wonderfully funny lyric which should make any movie producer squirm with embarrassment for his art.

Bernstein's work was not conspicuously successful when it was tried out at Tanglewood this summer and I think I know why. It is an intimate opera, far more attuned to the intimacy of a seventeen-

inch screen than to a huge stage. This contrast between the American drama of material plenty—the little white house with all the latest gadgets—and the psychic havoc caused by bowing low before that materialism is perhaps as vital a theme as any you'll find in American life today, and I applaud NBC for having the courage to put it on—biting the advertisers' hand that feeds it in the process.

"Trouble In Tahiti" is much too witty and provocative to be allowed to lapse after only one performance. I hope they'll do it again.

### *Victory at Sea*

"VICTORY At Sea," a monumentally ambitious enterprise of NBC television, is an attempt to tell in motion pictures the history of sea warfare from the outbreak of the war in 1939 to the day before yesterday. At the command of the producers was some 50,000,000 feet of film, \$200,000, lots of time, the services of Richard Rodgers who composed an original score, and—at least, as originally planned—the writing talents of C. S. Forester, conceivably the greatest living writer of the sea.

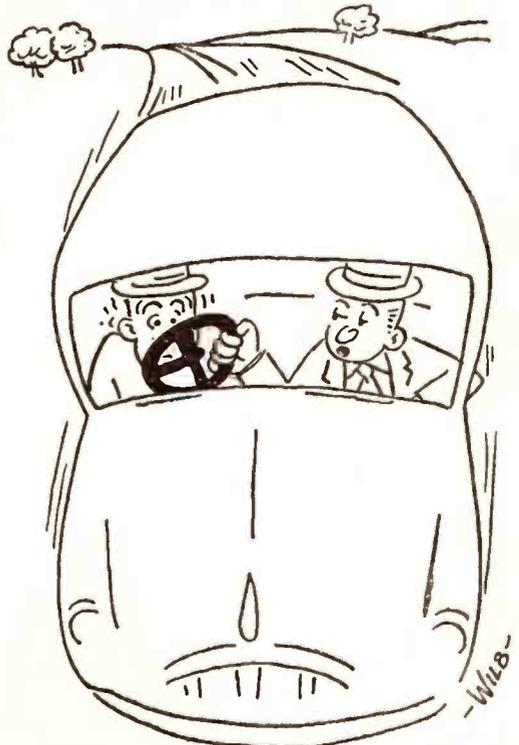
Somewhere along the line, Mr. Forester and "Victory At Sea" parted company but the fruits of the rest of the labor are now on view. Sea warfare, for my money, is the most absorbing, the most photogenic, the most intricate of mankind's destructive preoccupations and this series can hardly fail to capture your most earnest attention.

Still, considering the time, money and intellectual resources that went into this effort, it is a little disappointing, conceivably because I expected too much. I have seen only two of the twenty-six episodes—one on the convoy battle of the Atlantic, one of the battle of Midway. Now, the battle of Midway is one of the most important sea battles of all recorded history. It was here that Admiral Spruance led what was left of the American battle fleet against a larger Japanese fleet, here that America won her first decisive victory after a series of unbroken and humiliating defeats.

The actual battle is magnificently portrayed, not only on our own film but on

captured Japanese film which shows the Japanese planes taking off from their carriers. The grim early part of the battle, in which our bombers failed to score a single hit, our torpedo squadrons were wiped out without causing any damage to the Japanese, is shown in heartbreaking detail. Then came the incredible two minutes when the whole tide of battle changed, three Japanese carriers went to the bottom, and the Japanese fleet scampered for home, leaving Midway still in our hands.

Richard Rodgers has deleted all the ordinary battle noises from the film and substituted music. So skillfully is this done that you never miss the gunfire at all. The music suggests it instead. The Rodgers score is a beautifully descriptive job of writing, but here again, I think, it does not—in the episodes I saw—quite rise to the sweeping grandeur of the sea and of sea warfare. A sea battle is a majestic thing and the music, captivating as it is, is not quite up to it.



*"Care to take the wheel awhile, Herb?"*

Also, the victory at Midway, it has now been fairly well established, was to a large extent made possible by the fact that we had broken the Japanese code. Admiral Nimitz probably wouldn't have dared pull all his battle units out of the South Pacific and throw them into Midway if he hadn't known where the Japanese fleet was. This fact isn't even mentioned, an odd omission.

The film devoted to the grim battle of the convoys over the Atlantic was studded with breathtakingly beautiful shots of sea and sky in which the ugly freighters were almost an intrusion. Convoy HXO sets off from New York for Britain and we see the vigilance of the escorting warships, the air cover which was hideously inadequate for long stretches of ocean. On captured German film there are glimpses of the inside of a submarine, the commander spotting the convoy, the deadly trail of the torpedoes through the water, the explosion in the night.

"Dawn," says the commentator. "A few random traces in the indifferent sea show a convoy has passed, a submarine has struck."

The commentary verges into rather stiffish, overly dramatic prose from time to time, which seems unnecessary. The war was dramatic enough without embellishment. Also the voice of the narrator gets a little sticky with portent which I found annoying.

On the whole, though, "Victory At Sea" is a rewarding and gripping experience, a vast panorama of living history that shouldn't be missed.

### *Singing Commercial*

THE high point of "Ruth Lyons 50 Club"—to me, at least—was Miss Lyons and her sidekick singing the commercial for A-1 Sauce. I've heard love songs before but never such passion as this. They sang it as if dedicated or—a much larger possibility—as if they were afraid of losing the account. After that rendition, I don't see how A-1 could move elsewhere. That's her song. "My Man" belongs to Fanny Brice, A-1 belongs to Ruth Lyons. (Now I suppose you all want to know what my song is. Well, sir, stand back while I give out "If God Can Forgive Me, Why Can't You?")

### *Great Show*

"OMNIBUS," the Ford Foundation's hour and a half essay into serious experimental television programming, opened with an excerpt from Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado"; an original playlet by Maxwell Anderson, "The Trial of Anne Boleyn" starring Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer; an original play by William Saroyan, "The Bad Men"; a Haitian witch doctor dance; and the interlocking commentary of Alistair Cooke.

My only sizable complaint against this show, which was on the whole magnificent, is that it wasn't especially native American or breathtakingly original. While Mr. Anderson is indubitably American, he has been maundering these many years about the conscience of dead English kings, and his stars, the Harrisons, are as violently British a young couple as you can find. Mr. Cooke is a transplanted Englishman. Gilbert and Sullivan are pure Empire and Haiti is also non-resident. That leaves Saroyan who is unquestionably a local talent though even he is slightly seasoned by his Armenian ancestry.

Notwithstanding all those English accents, "Omnibus" was an earthy, competently produced, showmanlike essay into a level of culture which its executive producer, Robert Saudek, absolutely proclaims to be middlebrow rather than high-brow. Its sole venture into the truly avant-garde, I expect, was the prize-winning film of the Haitian witch dance in which a witch doctor drove the sin out of a young girl, a fearsome, convulsive affair which went on much too long. (It couldn't be cut, the producers explained.)

The chief charm of the program and greatest innovation was its total disregard for the ordinary tyrannies of time. Each disparate element was accorded what it deserved—eight minutes or twenty-four minutes or whatever. The program as Mr. Cooke observed at the outset was going to be "exceedingly various" and this variousness, which might have given the viewer intellectual indigestion, was knit together and smoothed over by Mr. Cooke's urbane, literate and extremely relaxed comments. His presence added immeasurably to the coherence of the proceedings. In fact, there wasn't really enough of him and

in the future we are promised some Cooke features of his own which ought to be highly entertaining.

"The Bad Men," which probably took the individual honors of the afternoon, had Mr. Saroyan's fingerprints all over it. It dealt lovingly on a couple of vaguely intoxicated Indians who were the bad men of the title but actually the good men of life. The theme, I gather, was that all men should love one another, a theme with which Mr. Saroyan has toyed before and finds inexhaustible. It was marked by that childlike grace and manic charm which is Mr. Saroyan's special gift and it was thoroughly delightful.

Mr. Anderson's playlet was completely different in mood and substance, full of Mr. Anderson's heavily costumed poetry. Fortunately it was graced by those two professionals, the Harrisons, who can bring a measure of authority to even the most tree-ripened of the Anderson blank verse. ("Her lips were an over-eaten plate.") It was a passionate piece and the Harrisons acted it with passion and eloquence and great subtlety. There has been a little too much of Anne Boleyn's mis-handling by Henry on television of late and I couldn't help wondering why they picked this one for the opening show.

The production was impressive but far from flawless. Shadows from the microphone boom were visible a good deal of the time. Some of the audio was pretty bad. In conclusion Mr. Cooke recited a verse from Ecclesiastes as a rather unusual salute to Armistice Day. It was a beautiful bit of prose but it was horribly disfigured by the use of some of the most hackneyed still pictures I ever saw—the rows of white crosses, the marching men, the breaking waves.

Still, "Omnibus" was on the whole a splendid and remarkably rapid hour and a half of television.

### *Harpo and Chico*

**H**ARPO and Chico Marx have been belting around the television circuit separately and not entirely successfully. But they teamed up on the Colgate Comedy Hour to give some of the younger members of the class—Martin and Lewis,

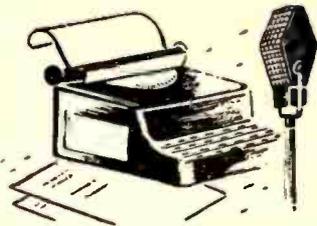
let us say—a lesson in advanced lunacy of the sort that won them fame and fortune in the '20s and '30s.

As lunatics go, Martin and Lewis are funny people, all right, all right, but they haven't anything in their bag of tricks quite like Harpo's stolen silverware routine. This is the one, you'll recall, where a cop shakes Harpo's hand to congratulate him on his honesty. A cluster of spoons drops from his sleeve. His face remains a study in innocence. Another handshake and more silver cascades to the floor. It keeps coming, a drumfire of stolen silver, until Harpo is up to his ankles in the stuff. The contrast between the seraphic faces and the preposterous quantity of boodle is what makes this one of the funniest bits I know.

Harpo's is a wonderful face anyhow, alternating with the speed of light between unimaginable evil and total innocence, a combination of a small boy and a satyr. His mute act doesn't do well by itself, more's the pity. Harpo needs Chico's expert assistance; the face needs a voice to respond to and make grimaces at. Together, the two assaulted a piano in a hilarious duet and created some large scale pandemonium in a sketch in which Harpo impersonated the worst bad man in the southwest. This bit has seen heavy service on TV, but somehow Harpo and Chico endowed the thing with more polish and finish and sheer maniac hilarity than the rest of the boys. The comedy team seems to be a big thing on television these days, so I don't see why the Chico and Harpo team shouldn't be perpetuated. Alone they're not much. Together they're terrific.

### *The Prop Laugh*

**O**N comedy shows this season there's an awful lot of what I can only refer to as the prop laugh. The prop laugh, kiddies, is when a comedian is suddenly convulsed by some miscue which isn't apparent to the rest of us. He then turns his back and shakes with laughter while you and I wonder what the hell is the matter. It's a private joke, and I don't think private jokes ought to be allowed on national networks. They're a terrible waste of time.



....this issue  
You're Swinging with—

JOHN CROSBY, radio and television critic for the New York *Herald-Tribune*, syndicates a column four times a week to a long list of American newspapers. A native of Milwaukee, he attended Phillips Exeter Academy and Yale—then began his "real education" as a newspaper reporter. There's a "double dose" of Crosby in this issue: beginning on page 18; and again on page 94, where we publish some "hold over" that was just too good to omit!

HARRY FAWCETT, whose article on the Wine & Food Society begins on page 75, is manager of The Kansas City Club. His expert knowledge of wines and food is the result of a lifetime spent in Club management. As a former member of the Chicago Branch of the Wine & Food Society, he was instrumental in formation of the "Kawnsas Ceety Branch."

JAMES L. HARTE, author of "Bettor English" on page 82, is a Pennsylvania-born ex-newspaperman. A free-lance writer who has appeared in more than 300 magazines (including *America*, *Nation's Business*, *Readers' Digest*), he has also been a heavy contributor to the pulps. While specializing in non-fiction magazine articles, he is now writing whodunits for the pocketbook trade. He has published eight books.

FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON, who wrote "Safe with Ellen" on page 54, is a clerk with the Veterans Administration and spends her spare time as a free lance writer and collector of historical oddities and Americana. She has written essays, fiction, verse and book reviews for leading newspapers and magazines.

CLARENCE MANION, former Dean of the School of Law at Notre Dame University, is now on the "lecture circuit;" appeared recently before the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce, sponsored by the American Legion. His article, "Blueprint for Freedom," page 2, was delivered as a speech before the National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association.

JOSEPH PAPARA, whose article on the Pentagon appears on page 73, is a member of the Wausau (Wisc.) *Record-Herald* sports staff. He began free lance writing early in 1946 after 42 months' service with the Army in World War II, 25 months of it in the South Pacific.

ADDIE JO SHARP, author of "Live Your Own Life," on page 15, is an ex-school teacher and retired business woman. She writes her own page for *Baking Industry Magazine* ("Between Us Girls"); has published articles in several trade magazines and newspapers. In 1950 she won an award in the short-short story contest sponsored by *Writers' Digest*.

JACK STARK, who wrote "Biggerstaff Sells a Million a Year," (page 86) is a freelance writer and real estate salesman. Born in New York and brought up in Florida, he has a background of newspaper work, publicity, advertising and public relations in the south, east and middle west.

LARRY SPAIN, whose article "He's Giving the Indian a Break," begins on page 31, has lived in the American southwest for some years; and knows well the Indians of Santa Fe and Taos. He sent *Swing* the interesting photos on page 33.

JOHN R. THOMSON, who wrote "Nite of Sports" on page 91, has been sports editor of the *Kansas City (Kansas) Kansan* for ten years. A member of the Football Writers' and the Baseball Writers' Associations, he says the biggest thrill he has ever had was the night he appeared as guest Disc Jockey on WHB's "Night Club of the Air."

JOHN K. WALSH, who wrote "Virgin Water," on page 78, is Director of Personnel for the Missouri State Penitentiary. He is an ex-Field Artillery Major and was a mining engineer in South America. He has served as a member of Board of Curators of the University of Missouri. His two favorite hobbies—short story writing and fishing—are happily combined in this current contribution to *Swing*.

OUR COVER GIRL (front cover) appeared in national magazine advertisements placed by the Susquehanna Waist Company, 1350 Broadway, New York City—makers of "Ship 'n Shore" Blouses. Mervine and Jesse Levine, Inc., are the advertising agency; Mervin Levine, the account executive.

*Swing* expects to continue using color plates from interesting advertisements. Does your firm have a set of plates you'd like to suggest as suitable? Two-to-one they won't be like this month's "Ship 'n Shore" plates—with the "S" already built-in where we need it!

YOU BASKETBALL FANS in the Kansas City area can get set for the climax of the season when the National Collegiate Athletic Association "play-offs" and "finals" come to Manhattan, Kansas, and Kansas City, Missouri, in March. Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director, will broadcast every game, play-by-play—and if there's Television, you can look at the TV picture and "listen to Larry" on WHB. March 19th, Larry leaves for Florida to cover the Kansas City Blues spring training activities; broadcasting direct from Lake Wales each weekday night at 6:15 p.m. You'll be listenin', we hope!

*Clou Davis*

# The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

and the November-December, 1952  
"Pulse" Survey shows why:

**SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, for example:**

WHB . . . . .	27.0
Station "B" . . . . .	17.0
Station "C" . . . . .	18.0
Station "D" . . . . .	17.0

**MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY during the  
WHB "NIGHT CLUB OF THE AIR" with  
BOCH ULMER as Master of Ceremonies:**

WHB . . . . .	10.3
Station "B" . . . . .	8.3
Station "C" . . . . .	5.8
Station "D" . . . . .	7.5

**For last year's FOOTBALL GAMES,  
PLAY-BY-PLAY BY LARRY RAY:**

WHB, Larry Ray . . . . .	33.4
Station "B" . . . . .	24.2
Station "C" . . . . .	13.6
Station "D" . . . . .	26.9



**10,000 WATTS IN KANSAS CITY**  
**WHB**

**DON DAVIS**  
PRESIDENT  
**JOHN T. SCHILLING**  
GENERAL MANAGER

Represented by  
**JOHN BLAIR & CO.**

# Spring has Zing on WHB



**W**HEN the newsie at the corner puts up the flaps of his cap . . . when crocuses push up through a patch of late winter snow . . . when you look with new and im- personal passion at someone who isn't your wife or your true-love . . . and at last forsythia butters the Plaza . . . then, brother, watch out! *It's spring!* You open a book and the print starts up like starlings out of the grass. You reach for a pencil and find you've a radish and four sprigs of wild verbena for a hand. When you put on your shoe, a wing gets in the way.

**H**APPILY, along streets crowded with noon, you wander lonely and ecstatic, hearing over the dis-sonance of traffic the willow buds open. Your soul takes off its long underwear and catches cold and you sneeze and the miracle happens! Any old miracle! Your own private miracle!

**B**UT here in Kansas City there's another sure sign of spring: the arrival of the Blue baseball players, home from spring training in Florida. And suddenly it's April 15, Baseball Opening Day at Blues Stadium! Larry Ray of WHB is on the spot to do the play-by-play broadcast, as he'll do for 153 consecutive games thereafter . . . through the pleasant summer days and nights right up to Labor Day! With baseball, our new spring schedules start on WHB—fascinating Radio programs for which we've been planning all winter. We hope you'll be with us—as a listener, or as an advertiser alert to the best way of reaching the most people at the least cost.

Via WHB, of course, of course!

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**10,000 WATTS IN KANSAS CITY**  
**W H B**

DON DAVIS  
PRESIDENT

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GENERAL MANAGER

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**JOHN BLAIR & CO.**

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