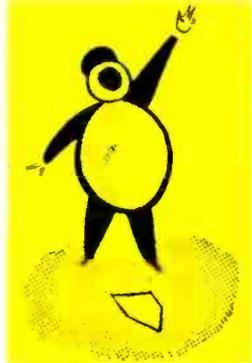


Swing[®]

25c





PLAY BALL!

Kansas City "Blues"—154 Night and Day Games

PLAY-BY-PLAY BY LARRY RAY

WHB • AT HOME AND AWAY

FOR the fourth consecutive season, WHB *exclusively* broadcasts all games played by the N. Y. Yankees' No. 1 farm team, the K. C. Blues. Muehlebach Beer and Kroysen Beer, for the fourth straight year, sponsor these popular broadcasts.

THE 1953 "BLUES" SCHEDULE (*Day Games in Italics*)

GAMES AT HOME

Apr. 15, 16, 17 Minneapolis
 Apr. 18, 19 St. Paul
 Apr. 26, 27 Louisville
 May 8, 9, 10, Toledo
 May 11, 12, 13 Indianapolis
 May 14, 15 Columbus
 May 16, 17 (2) Charleston
 May 18, 19, 20 St. Paul
 May 21, 22 Minneapolis
 June 12, 13 Charleston
 June 14 (2), 15 Columbus
 June 16, 17 Indianapolis
 June 18, 19 Toledo
 June 20, 21 (2), 22 Minneapolis
 June 23, 24, 25 St. Paul
 July 2, 3, 4 (2), 5 Louisville
 July 17, 18, 19, 20 Indianapolis
 July 21, 22, 23 Toledo
 July 24, 25, 26, 27 Charleston
 July 28, 29, 30, 31 Columbus
 Aug. 20, 21 Louisville
 Aug. 22, 23 Columbus
 Aug. 24, 25 Charleston
 Aug. 26, 27, 28 Toledo
 Aug. 29, 30 Indianapolis
 Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2, St. Paul
 Sept. 3, 4 Minneapolis
 Sept. 5, 6 Louisville

GAMES AWAY

Apr. 21, 22 St. Paul
 Apr. 23, 24 Minneapolis
 Apr. 28, 29 Louisville
 Apr. 30, May 1 Indianapolis
 May 2, 3 (2) Toledo
 May 4, 5 Columbus
 May 6, 7 Charleston
 May 23, 24 (2) Minneapolis
 May 25, 26, 27 St. Paul
 May 29, 30 (2), 31 Louisville
 June 2, 3, 4 Charleston
 June 5, 6 Columbus
 June 7, 8, 9 Indianapolis
 June 10, Toledo
 June 26, 27, 28 (2) Minneapolis
 June 29, 30, July 1 St. Paul
 July 7, 8 Toledo
 July 9, 10 Indianapolis
 July 11, 12 Charleston
 July 13, 14, 15 Columbus
 Aug. 2 (2), 3, 4, 5 Toledo
 Aug. 6, 7, 8, 9 Indianapolis
 Aug. 10, 11, 12, 13 Columbus
 Aug. 14, 15, 16, 17 Charleston
 Aug. 18, 19 Louisville
 Sept. 7 (2), 8 Louisville
 Sept. 10, 11 Minneapolis
 Sept. 12, 13 (2) St. Paul

AT THE "BLUES" SPRING TRAINING CAMP • LAKE WALES, FLORIDA

The 1953 Blues played 17 exhibition games—won 15, tied one and lost one. In photo below, left to right: Bill Skowron, Harry Craft, Jerry Lumpe, Larry Ray. In photo below at right,

Lee McPhail of the Yankees; Ernie Mehl, sports editor, K. C. Star; Parke Carroll, Blues business manager; Harry Craft Blues team manager; Larry Ray, sports director, WHB.



Swing®

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WHB —
Kansas City's
Oldest
Call Letters

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ART

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Joe E. Buresch
Harold R. Currier
Chas. H. Dennis
J. G. Farris
Don Fitzgerald
Edw. (Jalop) Gilardi
Martin Giuffre
Bill Gray
Hagglund
Wilbert L. Hawver
George Howard, Jr.
Charles Rodrigues
Joseph H. Serrano
Alvin Sherman
Kirk Stiles
O. R. Tupper
C. T. Waters
Hugh Walkinshaw

EDITOR

Don Davis

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Dorothy Fox

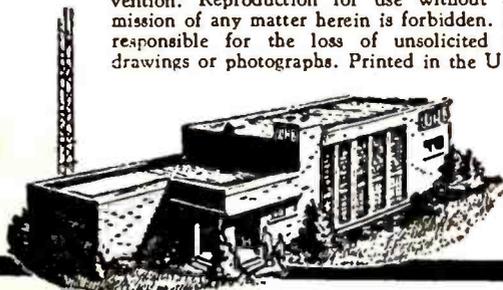
ASSOCIATES

Tom Collins
John T. Schilling
Fred Timberlake
Marcia Young

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bob Earsom
Hahn-Millard
Ray Farnan

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CITIZEN TRUMAN



When our former President writes the forthcoming story of his life, maybe he will tell what he intended to say that day in 1929 at the interrupted Independence-Liberty bridge dedication ceremonies.

By WILBUR PHILLIPS

HARRY S. TRUMAN is in the position of a man being chased by another man's dogs. All he wants is to be let alone but the dogs have other ideas.

Every day until his departure for a vacation in Hawaii, his Kansas City office was overrun with a strange assortment of well-wishers, plain pests, and "dear old buddies"—some of whom the ex-president never knew.

Vivian Truman says his brother's jangling telephone brings him a barrage of questions—"What did the former president do with File Cabinet X?" "What did he do with the Irish wolfhound somebody gave him in 1951 and what is his opinion of dogs in general?"

All of this leads the ex-president to pine for privacy which he can't expect to attain. Like all of America's ex-presidents, Mr. Truman finds it impossible to step back into the peaceful anonymity of a private citizen.

BUT there was another year when Mr. Truman had every reason to welcome even a portion of the attention which is now a part of his daily life. And most of all he could have used some adulation on a certain moist, windy day in the fall of 1929—a day on which he was overshadowed by a panda bear, a disheveled young lady, and a high-flying rancher, in that order.

The potent amount of lah-de-dah and scene stealing that reduced Mr. Truman's position at a bridge dedication to that of a supernumerary was preceded by a real life drama that almost—but not quite—blew the roof off. The cliché is intentional—for some 1,500 people felt themselves as irresistibly drawn from Mr. Truman as if they were iron robots against a gigantic magnet.

They had gathered high above the murky, erratic Missouri River, at the center of the Independence-Liberty Bridge, three or four miles northwest

AT THE BRIDGE

of Mr. Truman's hometown. They were to witness simultaneously demonstrations of four ways of transportation. In the river below, a steamboat was to pass under the bridge, tootling a fog horn. Along railroad tracks on the west bank, a bunting-decorated engine and cars were to idle along while huffing the sky full of heavy, acrid smoke. For awareness of a third means of transportation, the celebrators had only to look to their cars—including in those days, the square-shouldered Maxwells, Chandlers, and Essexes—which they had parked at the approaches to the bridge. But it was the airplanes—the wild blue yonder—that had the crowd's most earnest attention.

High above the comparatively tiny, skeletal, child's toy of a bridge, high above the thin, brown ribbon of a river—higher than the blossoming smoke from a ridiculously energetic little engine—daring young men in airplanes were to zoom through the sky! In fabric-covered flying machines men who seemed no bigger than gnats would nod their goggled, helmeted heads and wave their almost microscopic hands. From the lead plane, Ruth Mix, daughter of cowboy Tom Mix, would drop dahlias in the general direction of a thoroughly aroused blue-sky-gazing crowd.

EXCEPT the sky was not blue! Instead it was a leaden, brooding grey, full of threat of wind and rain. And there was a doubt rampant in the

crowd that a certain Col. Art Goebel would brave so portentous a sky, would dare to lead a formation of nine putt-putts in swooping flight over the celebrators. The prospect of a cancellation of the flight was disappointing to a people who were full of "Lucky" Lindbergh's flight to Paris and aware of America's entrance into the "Air Age."

Independence, where County Judge Harry S. Truman lived with his wife Bess and daughter Margaret, was bustling, full of life. In automobiles that would be museum pieces today, country cousins poured into the town, as though deliberately out to burst the small community at its geographical seams. All week before dedication day, aunts, nieces, and grandmothers sewed red, white, and blue bunting which the men folks suspended from the bridge super-structure. One tall, well set-up, thin fellow tried on an Uncle Sam suit which he was to wear at the bridge.

Promptly at ten o'clock of dedication day morning, a band commenced to tootle and blare the brass from a truck parked on the town square—the parade was on its way to the bridge! Two cars carrying dignitaries swung out from the square. Mr. Truman rode in the second car. Immediately behind his car was a "float" bearing a panda bear that had been borrowed from a carnival act. And immediately behind the bear came more "floats," with their smiling, toothy, scantily clad girls. Spectators along the parade route "oh'd"

and "ah'd" as the bear was swept past, and they appraised the girls with critical eyes. But there is no record of anyone paying more than desultory attention to the dignitaries or Harry Truman.

MINUTES later, dignitaries and celebrators alike parked their cars at the approaches to the bridge, and strode to a platform on the bridge, hoisted along a little by the band's zestful rendition of a Sousa march. It never could have occurred to the band to play "I'm Just Wild About Harry." Harry at that time was merely a friendly guy whom people liked—a warmly-cordial fellow who beamed a great deal at the dedication and shook hands with city officials from Liberty, Mo., the other town adjacent to the bridge. Polite and respectful, he listened attentively as the ranking dignitaries displaced volumes of air with ripping, snorting, old-fashioned oratory.

Missouri's Gov. Henry S. Caulfield, a free-wheeling oratorical spellbinder of the old school, was among the last to ascend the speaker's platform. His ascension only slightly preceded drops of rain which the governor seemed to accept as a challenge to his showmanship, a test sent from powers above. The heavier the rain fell, the stronger the wind blew, the louder the big, florid governor trumpeted. He stomped his feet and pounded with his fists as though wild with anger, but actually his words were silken with promise. Of course, his oration could carry no hint of the great Wall Street stock market crash which was less than a month away.

But the governor set spines in the crowd a-tingle as he described the untimely rain as "tears of joy."

Forty-nine minutes later, Governor Caulfield's jaws clamped shut, only to open once more to let fly an explosive "amen." The governor took a backward step that was almost military in its precision, just as Harry Truman stepped out from the ranks of bigwigs. Mr. Truman was scheduled to speak at a noon luncheon of the dignitaries at Independence, that was certain. And he appeared to be bent on saying a few words at the bridge before brunette Miss Laverna Foley, Queen of the Bridge, scissored a ceremonial ribbon that extended from two of the bridge's tallest girders.

BUT the crowd never knew what Harry Truman had in mind—for that was when the big wind came!



Miss Foley's girlish giggle was the first outward reaction to the abusing blast—a piercingly high giggle followed by a series of antics resembling

the throes of a young lady in a hotcha climax of the Charleston. Bringing her knees tightly together, pigeon-toeing her feet, Miss Foley wrestled mightily with the hem of her short, pleated, pink skirt while the wind lifted her hat—a bonnet that resembled nothing on earth so much as a World War II helmet liner. While Miss Foley fought the battle of hemline and hat, Harry Truman was seen to snatch at the ceremonial ribbon as though to sustain himself against the blast. Howling and shrieking like banshees on the war path, the wind charged past the bridge's girders and stirred the river far below.

The crowd let out a roar and a groan and turned its collective back to the wind—just as a brown speck was seen to fall out of the sky! An airplane was falling! People who still regarded airplanes as novel and uncanny were about to see one crack up!

With a loud splashing of feet in a frenetic dash up the bridge's concrete roadway, people surged, slid, fell and slithered toward their parked cars. They were soon dashing down a country road toward a "bottom country" farm where the wind-tossed little airplane had plummeted. Harry S. Truman stood almost alone, certainly unobserved.

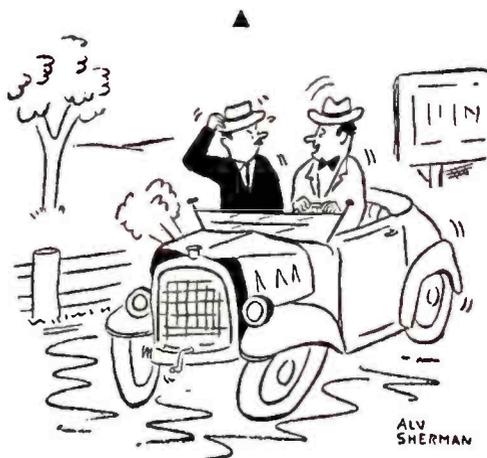
Minutes later the crowd reached the ripped, broken airplane and watched in bright-eyed wonderment as a daring young aviator shinnied unhurt down a tree. On the ground again, the aviator looked up at the fragile, flapping craft and answered his interrogators as if neither he nor they were a part of his private tragedy. He told members of the crowd

that he was George Leightener, a Wyoming cattle rancher.

Was he one of Col. Goebel's daring young men, spokesmen wanted to know. Was he part of the bridge dedication?

The answer was a drawly, emphatic Hell, no. He had purchased the single seater only that morning, after selling his cattle on the Kansas City livestock market. A pilot of less than 30 hours solo-time, he was flying the river route home to Wyoming when the sudden wind upset him, his plans, and his plane. He had never so much as heard of Independence, Mo. He was as unaware as the crowd itself of the high position Harry S. Truman was to attain.

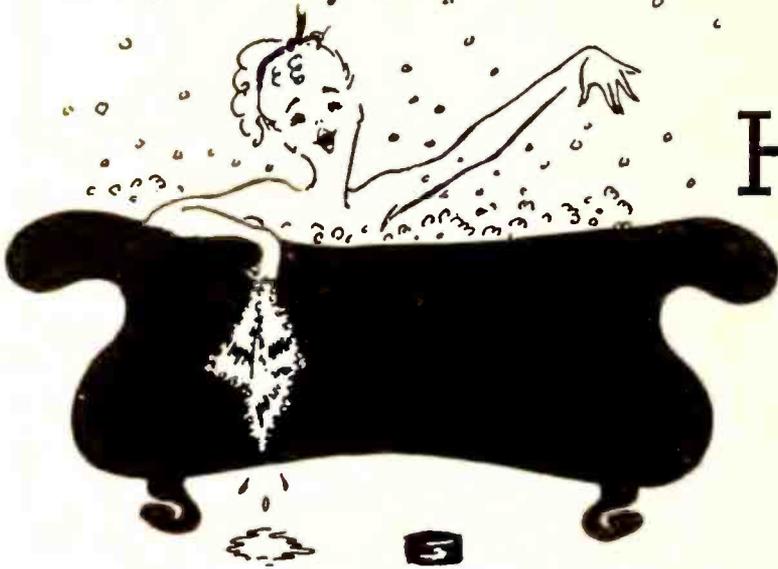
Whatever former County Judge Truman had in mind to say to his disappearing audience was lost on that windy day, but there may still be ears for his belated remarks. The remarks might make an interesting page in former President Truman's forthcoming story of his life.



"I picked it up for a song. I'm a songwriter, you know."

Dear SO HOW

By
MARY
BROWN



A BATH is more than a tubful of bubbles, a long-handled back brush. It has therapeutic value that has never been properly explored nor exploited. A tubbing not only erases the dust from your epidermus, it also peels off mental scales, chases nervous tension and brings magnified troubles to pin-point size where they belong. It is a mild form of psychiatric treatment because it performs, at least temporarily, a painless, pleasant mission of restoring you to the person you should be.

1 To get the most out of your bath mentally and physically, you must first of all want to take it. You must groom your mind to the point where your bath is positively the beginning of you. A bath is the beginning of poise—beauty—health. So gather up your long-handled brush and your short-handled ears and

hearken to this—a way to get the most out of your bath and prepare yourself for health and beauty . . . and a daily adventure. If you are stubborn and think it won't clear your mental cob-webs—the worst that can happen to you is that you will be scrubbed clean.

2 Long before you let the water run in your tub, you must select the right soap to pamper your body. Before your bath, make a mask of that soap, spreading tiny bubbles of it over your complexion. Beauty begins with clean, healthy skin—and if your skin isn't clean, it isn't far from being sick.

Droopy discolored skin isn't difficult to correct; but it needs the right, constant care you would offer a flower to preserve its lively petal complexion.

The loose lather of your soap helps

Lady:

YOU THINK YOU KNOW to TAKE A BATH?

"Scrub yourself from curls to cuticle every day," advises a beauty expert. "Beauty should end where YOU end, not your chin bone."

make it an excellent beauty mask . . . and child-easy to use. Just wet the soap and flip the cake sideways—then run it over your face in a rolling motion. It doesn't matter whether you run it up and down in strips or sail it around on your face like a boat in the breeze. It will achieve the same results so long as the lather touches your skin.

Then soap your fingers and add a second coat of lather by hand to the tiny suds that are clinging to your face already. Work it in with your fingers and relax with it on your face . . . and you don't have to waste a minute while your "Mist Mask" is on.



Step into your tub and let your "Mist Mask" remain on while you are taking your bath. Let the heat of the tub fold its warmth over your face in penetrating waves.

3 *Don't be afraid of warm water.* Any temperature your toe can stand, the seat of your pants can sit in—and it needs it. Your seat gets rough wear and little exercise so don't be afraid to give it a friction rub before taking care of any other part of your anatomy.

4 *The water should be high.* Two inches of wet area at the bottom of your tub won't give you more than a damp dip. Slide into your bath and let the water nuzzle your chin. Then relax. No matter what's bothering you — relax — because everything passes. Everyone's been broke at least once; we've all been in trouble up to our hair-ribbons; everyone's had a blow from which she thought she couldn't stagger back—but she did! And remember, whatever is worrying you won't be a problem this time next week.

After you have let your mind slip off to a zero you will feel so thor-

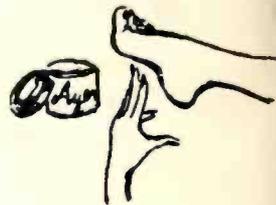
oughly without bones—so relaxed—you will have a job to fight off dozing. But surely as you sit there with suds hugging your shoulders and water lapping at your arms you will feel not only the grit and grime of the day scaling off but your cares will go, too. There just won't seem to be anything important enough to worry about.

5 Remember the four hidden horrors . . . your elbows—your back—your heels—and your soles.



Your elbows need all the help you and your bath can give them. Soap them well and use your nail brush to scrub them into smoothness. (Don't forget to rub your surplus face cream onto your elbows each time you cream your face—it will keep those crinkles away too.)

Your back—I guess it is as easy for a man to deconsecrate his heart after seeing an ill-cared-for back, as it is after seeing greasy hair. With backs exposed to raw sun on the beach all summer—on tennis courts—in full view at evening events all year . . . a back with a shine that doesn't come from soaping is a hopeless beauty liability. Scrub your back into spanking-clean beauty, too. Don't settle for a quick dunking and hope. And this is where your long-handled back brush comes in. Soap it and then



use it free and wide. Rake it across your back and make sure it takes with it the scales and oils that accumulate so quickly in that area.

Your heels—Use your nail brush or the nubbiest wash cloth you can find and soap your heels well, scrubbing them to rout the scaly, static skin into smooth baby-soft pinkness. Nothing looks worse through cobwebby hose than heels that are pointed with scales.

Your soles—Don't hesitate to use your hand cream on them every time you can, especially before you tuck them into your bath or your shoes. You walk on them all day and the punishment is acute. People who take showers instead of baths are frequently victims of foot callouses because poor, abused feet don't have time in a brief shower to soak rough treatment off themselves.

And your little pink ears—ah those little p. e.'s! Make sure you carve the outline of your ear as you go over it with your soapy washcloth. The exposed areas of your ears should shine like a baby's toe—and the inner area should be whistle-clean.

6 Use a rinse water after your soaping bath. You wouldn't think of pulling your head out of your shampoo water without rinsing it—then why leave the curds of your bath on your skin? Rinse yourself thor-

oughly because the soap has baked onto you during your steamy bath and the outer skin needs to be stroked



After your tub, rinse off the soap in your shower!



smooth and glassy after its soapy treatment. Why not use your shower as your rinse? Its quick spray will brighten you up like a shined copper penny. Or . . . run another tub for your rinsing—and drop your favorite fragrance or bath cologne into it. You'll leave your tub really groomed from your skin out. It's charming to have your body cologne match your perfume.

TAKE a hot and sopping wet wash cloth and lay it on your face to help it move off the lather of your "Mist Mask."

Rinse out the cloth and apply the hot, wet cloth again over your face, patting it over the areas the "Mist Mask" covered. Rinse again and sponge off the last traces of the soap. Then give it hot—then cold—then hot—then cold, repeated rinsings. Your face will look prettier and pinker than it has ever looked and your skin under your make-up will gleam like glass.



And dry your pretty self with the deepest-pile towel you can afford!

7 Use a towel with pile up to your first knuckle if you can get it. The

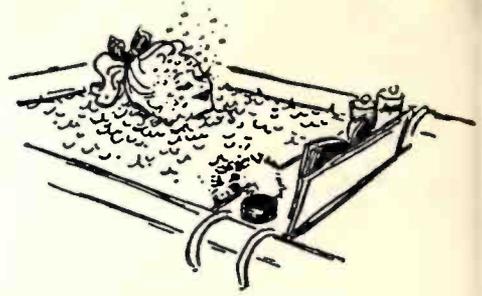
idea of trying to dry yourself correctly with a string of tea towels is ridiculous and leaves you with a chapped complexion all over. Even if it means learning to be an acrobat, make sure you are completely dry . . . and the stretching will do you good. Then . . . pat generous puffs of dusting powder over your body, especially over those areas where your girdle should slide. Pulling lingerie on over damp skin is always a tug-of-war. Make the most prosaic part of your grooming program a pleasure . . . and a quick and easy pleasure at that.

AND, lady dear, that's how to take a bath the pleasant way that rids you of cob-webs and starts you on the road to poise (because you know you

are skin right). And *beauty* (because you have dug down and dug deep with soap and your skin is as smooth and soft and baby-pink as nature will allow). And *adventure*—(because no female on earth who has poise completely lacks personality). Your crisp cleanness has put a sparkle in your eye as well as on your epidermis! Nothing will attract adventure faster than soap and water that looks like a woman!



8 And you might try these:
Before you bathe do that easy exercise so good for your circulation—so easy on your tired body . . . The Bicycle Exercise. It rolls off pebbles on your upper thighs—it subdues your stomach bulges—and it takes lumps off your hips. Just lie down on the floor, cross your arms over your chest, then roll over to the right balancing on the back hip area and start cycling away. At first do it ten times on one side; then ten times with the weight on the left hip—then increase the bicycling motion to 25 each side and then 50 each side. Do this before you step into your bath at any time . . . do it in the morning . . . do it at night—and watch those muscles firm—see your tummy tuck in, your hips roll away as your thighs turn silken smooth. It reads like a lovely dream, doesn't



it? But it can come true—try it for a week.

Learning Spanish—French?—Put your book on the bath rack in front of you with your soap and washcloth and gabble away . . . or just turn the phonograph record on and let the language pour into your ears. Talk with it or sing with it—you CAN learn a new language while you strip off the scales of your old skin.

It's really Fun to take a Bath!



"That's funny, they never had that trap on this part of the course, before!"

25th ANNIVERSARY

Altogether, four children—two of them with families of their own. Altogether, seven grandchildren. Not bad for a couple of forty-five! For our wedding anniversary, they give us a picnic. A short story.

BY SHIRLEY SARGENT

“YOUR wedding anniversary’s coming up, pop,” Georgie says.

Mama she smile at me not to get irritated, but Georgie he love to tell and I don’t like to be told. “I’ve been thinking to take your mother out to dinner.”

“But, pop, it’s your twenty-fifth anniversary.”

“So? I’m a gonna take her to a show, too.”

“Silver wedding, pop, don’t you know about that?”

Now if ever a son made a father roil, Georgie is the one. Not like our other two boys who had the sense to marry early. Self-appointed authority, this one, but mama wants that I should keep my temper. “I got the date marked. Only happens once in twenty-five years.”

“Don’t tease him,” mama laughs and—finally—our last-born gets the joke.

Now he swell up, act important. “Pop, the family is proud of you. We’re giving a picnic for you—in your honor.”

“So?” A picnic, I understand, especially the family variety in the mountains. “Mama can make the beans.”



“Absolutely not,” Georgie’s red in the face that never sees the sun except by accident. “It’s in your honor. You and mama aren’t to do anything; Joe, Franklin and their families, Marie and I will take care of everything.” He puts a hand on my shoulder, “You and mama enjoy yourselves for once.”

For once! Mama and I have more fun on a so-called quiet evening than Georgie does on a party. But it’s settled and we feel kinda proud that we’re to be guests of honor. Though mama looks wistful, when Georgie command she can’t even make their favorite cookies.

We’ve got the family all right—from Joe who’s twenty-four to Georgie just nineteen. Altogether four children, two of them with families of their own. Altogether seven grandchildren for a couple of forty-five. Not at all bad. On my head I got plenty black hair to keep the barber busy—the robber—and mama, she got the figure, the looks, and the same sweet smile she had when we were married.

Comes the Sunday of the honor picnic and not a lick of work have we done.

Mama offers, "Just a salad, I could make eyes closed."

Georgie grins, bossy-firm though. "No salad, mama, no nothing. Sit back and relax."

Does Georgie make the breakfast? Or do the dishes? Or help me mow the lawn? He calls out the window, "Relax, pop, this is no day to work."

"Grass grows every day," I wipe the sweat off my forehead that's browner than Georgie's morning coffee. Catch him working in the yard! The other boys now they're not afraid of work, but they've got the wives to keep them at it. Since Georgie pays board, I can't make him. I manage to finish cutting the hedge by the ready to go time.

Georgie says, "I'll do the driving, pop. You just relax."

"Relax? With you driving? Let me have that wheel." Enough is all I'm taking and mama she look relieved too. That Georgie—what a fancy kind of driver—with more tickets in a month than I collect in a quarter of a century.

"Okay, okay, your car, but from now on, you do nothing, see?"

See? Where was he when I was hedge-clipping? Mama winks at me and I notice how proud she's wearing the silver set I gave her. Matching ear rings, necklace and bracelet. We think together, I bet, on the trip we're going to take—alone. Like I said, the day is hot. A real scorcher to make you long for the mountains.

The car's taking a hill when we round a curve to find Joe stalled.

"That's our Joe," mama cries, worry quick in her brown eyes.

I step on the brake and Joe comes over. "Just a vapor lock, pop. Go on ahead and we'll be along later."

Now Joe's a good boy but here he is bossy too. "Let us take the children," mama says, "they look so hot."

Joe looks like saying sure, fine but Georgie says, "Nothing doing. Five children—that'd be some rest on the folks' day."

Mama starts arguing for, Georgie against, Joe in between and I'm about to shake son Georgie, good intentions and all, when Marie's motorcycle sputters up. Marie's our only daughter and a 1-A mechanic.

"What's all the fume and fuss for? I can fix that vapor lock in no time."

Like we're proud of Joe, we're proud of Marie. She's a good mechanic, he's a good contractor. "You get along," she orders, "Franklin and Fran are probably there already."

Pretty soon, mama says, "There's Franklin's car."

"So?" He's stalled near the top of the last hill and I have to shove him over. A vapor lock is his trouble too. I'm telling you this day is hot!

Franklin and Fran's two youngsters yell, "Happy 'versary," but Franklin he tells us to go along. Marie'll help him when she comes. He's that determined, I roll my shirt sleeves back down and start off again. Georgie's making a lot of talk about dumb

drivers but I know we'd been vapor locked too if he'd driven.

Then we're at the picnic area in a fine big lot of pines. People about but Georgie spots a good place. Nice, all right, with a fireplace, tables and faucet water close by.

Georgie jumps out, sniffing the cool air like a puppy dog. "Ah! Here, mama, I'll get you a blanket or do you want the hammock?"

Mama winks private at me. "The hammock, please."

It takes Georgie two minutes and five yelps of protest before he sees they're not in the back seat. He groans, "I forgot! Here, mama, you read the paper—lucky I brought it."

I unlock the trunk and bring out the folding chairs, the hammock and blankets and Georgie looks redder all the time. The paper with the funnies he wouldn't forget anymore'n his dark glasses, but he's sorry-shamed so I skip it.

Along comes the family now. Soon the picnic is taking shape, big and noisy and fine with seven grandchildren in seven kinds of mischief and four children all confusing each other trying to do the job mama always directs.

Marie calls, "I didn't realize how efficient you are, mama. Our organization is lousy. Now, don't get up."

Disappointed, mama sits back. I take her hand and laugh a little. Already we're sick of taking it easy. The grandchildren want me to play; their parents say, "Don't bother your grandpa or grandma either. This is their day to take it easy."

"Have they got a fire permit?" mama half-whispers.

"I should know?" I shrug my shoulders, sounding like Georgie, "sit back, relax, do absolutely nothing."

We laugh harder though I'm itching to see did Joe remember the horseshoes and mama's dying to take hold. Two, no three, grandchildren whisper they know a secret, what we're going to get.

Pretty quick along comes the fire permit man with the green ranger suit on. "Got your permit?" he asks friendly, remembering me from other picnics. You should hear the silence.

"Georgie," everybody hollers at once, finding him reading the funnies. Georgie grumbles, but goes off with the ranger.

Joe's maddest. "That kid! He was supposed to put the tire swing up for the children."

"I'll do it." I'm up and ready but everybody's saying, "Sit down."

"I'm sick of sitting," I roar, sounding like a father again, "so's mama. You think that's any fun when you're all tasting?"

Now it's daughter-in-law Fran that speaks. "I'm no cook like you mama, and I've got an extra apron . . ."

Mama she flies up to the fireplace, face all a smile. And I've got the rope for the tire swing.

Joe shrugs, "Well . . ."

"So? Let us share in our own picnic; Georgie can do the resting for both of us." There's a great shout of laughter and no more argument. Everybody's happy, the way it sounds—a very fine honor picnic.



The Man Behind the **INDIANAPOLIS WINNER**

THIS Memorial Day at Indianapolis as the winning car roars past the checkered flag there will be a dirty but very happy man in coveralls in the pit area, who will slip a stop watch into his pocket and start putting away tools and engine parts. Although few, if any, of the spectators and newsmen will notice this tired and grimy individual, he will be as responsible for the car winning the 500-mile purse of about \$40,000 as the man behind the wheel. This man is the invaluable head mechanic.

Almost anyone old enough to drive a car will readily recognize such names as Wilbur Shaw, Rex Mays and Mauri Rose. But, it is doubtful that even most racing fans will do more than frown in a puzzled manner at the mention of such men as Cotton Henning, Lou Moore, or Pete Clark. Yet these men are often in the "mechanics winner's circle" and consistently handle the sleek mounts of the speedway's top drivers.

Many of the more rabid railbirds who have been coming to the Hoosier classic since the days of Ralph DePalma will tell you that the 500-mile grind is really won in the pits, not on the track. They usually base this statement on the belief that since many of the top drivers are of almost equal ability, the deciding factor comes from the men in the pits. The pit area is a section on the inside apron of the main stretch of track where the mechanics are stationed; and where the cars stop for refueling and repair.

Rabid railbirds say the Memorial Day Race is won in the pits.

By **ROBERT A. SLAYMAN**

EACH driver's pit crew usually consists of five men who are experts at accurate diagnosis and split-second repair work. It's not uncommon for these mechanical wizards to pump 45 gallons of fuel into a racer and change a pair of tires in 60 seconds. Ace mechanic Riley Brett probably holds the record for the fastest tire change. He once changed a wheel on Wilbur Shaw's powerful Maserati in 7-2/10 seconds.

In 1937 Shaw won the first of his three Speedway victories by streaking past the checkered flag only 2.16 seconds ahead of veteran driver Ralph Hepburn. Although Shaw had made two pit stops his total time in the pits was less than three minutes. Here, again, the lightning-like work of the pit crew had spelled the difference between first and second place, or dollar-wise, a difference of about \$10,000.

One of the most successful of the recent Indianapolis figures is Lou Moore, original owner-mechanic of the twin Blue Crown Specials. Lou, a former driver and mechanic, managed to scrape up \$66,000 to buy these two smooth-lined power plants and soon found his investment paid off in a big way. Mauri Rose and Bill Holland placed first and second in the cars in 1947 and 1948, and in 1949 Holland pulled down the win-

ner's purse after Rose had been forced out of the race.

Although many of the top-flight mechs hold down regular jobs in engineering plants throughout the country, some of the boys follow racing the year-round on the dirt and midget tracks. Work for the coming year's race might be said to begin the day after each Memorial Day. They break down the highly intricate and temperamental motors to work and rework them for the next year's grind. The car wizard will receive the frenzied cheers and lucrative purse as the "golden boy" of next year's race receives hundreds and hundreds of long tedious hours of patient grooming.

AN unusual figure around the Indianapolis oval is Murrell Belanger, wealthy Lowell, Indiana, auto and farm implement dealer, who is the owner and chief mechanic of the sleek, four-cylinder Belanger number 99 in which Lee Wallard won the 1951 Indianapolis race. Seldom do owners have his practical mechanical skill; and even less frequently do mechanics find themselves as wealthy as Murrell. Attesting to his patience and skill is the fact that only eight cars from among the 33 starters in 1951 were able to follow the blistering pace set by winner Wallard and finish the 500-mile grind.

Wallard clipped off the first 100 miles at the record-shattering average speed of 130.625 MPH. Wallard's only pit stop came at the 125-mile mark when he pulled in for fuel and two new tires. He was back on the track again in 75 seconds. Before the start of the race Belanger had disconnected the dashboard dials show-

ing gas, oil pressure and temperature because he felt there was too great a danger of mechanical failure in one of the gauges; and he didn't want Wallard to worry about anything except keeping the car on the track and winning the race.

Several years ago Mauri Rose lost valuable seconds during a pit stop when gas spilled from the refueling hose onto the red-hot exhaust pipe and his car burst into flames. To insure against anything of the sort spoiling his car's chance of winning, Belanger installed the gas tank opening on the left side—away from the exhaust.

BECAUSE of the tremendous speed and distance of the Indianapolis grind the driver's race is planned in advance and he drives on signals from the pits. He watches for blackboard messages from the pit as he flashes by the straightaway at about 150 miles an hour. These messages tell the driver whether he is maintaining his predetermined average speed, what position he is in, and when he should come in for a pit stop.

Occasionally a pit crew slips up in its work; but not often. In 1946 Danny Kladis was driving a good race until the fifty-second lap when he pulled into the pits for refueling. One of his mechanics forgot to reopen the shut-off valve on his gas tank when he started back onto the track. Kladis stalled on the back stretch and was disqualified when he was towed to the infield. However, things like this seldom happen, especially among the better drivers and pit crews.

Most railbirds regard Cotton Henning as the dean of racing mechanics. Master-mechanic Henning, who has been around the Speedway since 1921, has had four drivers in the winner's circle; Peter DePaolo in 1925, Wild Bill Cummings in 1934, and Wilbur Shaw in 1939 and 1940. One of Cotton's best-known feats of mechanical magic occurred in the 1946 race. Ted Horn glided into the pits with a dead motor and told the master what the motor had sounded like before it had konked out. Henning promptly diagnosed the trouble as a bad magneto and installed a new one in a little more than six minutes, time enough for Horn to get back into the race and capture third-place money. Henning now owns his own Maserati but he's still directing operations in the pits.

ALL of the master mechanics have their own secret fuel mixtures and they guard their formulas jealously. Most are a mixture of alcohol and ethyl of varying blends. The alcohol is used because it is a cool-burning fuel.

The cars start arriving at the track about three weeks to a month before race day and the crews are usually working on them constantly until the big day arrives. They balance and rework the delicate motors until there is an almost perfect agreement between driver and machine. After many trial runs the head mechanic and driver decide when the car is ready to take its qualifying runs, which begin about May 15. These qualifying runs are a serious job because they not only bring cash

awards, but they determine the car's starting position in the big race Memorial Day.

An example of a pit crew's last-minute work occurred in the 1948 race. Handsome Pete Clark decided the night before the race that Rex Mays' famous Bowes Seal Fast Special needed a new set of piston rings. The pit crew worked the entire night and next morning, right up to race time, installing the rings. When the car was finally rolled into its pole, or first place, position shortly before the start of the race at 11 a.m. the mechanics were still making minor adjustments.

With each year's winner establishing a new record, it seems likely that the '53 champ will finish the 500 with something better than Troy Ruttman's 1952 record of 128.922 MPH. And unless engine sizes are reduced or other mechanical restrictions imposed, the inventiveness and year-round hard work of the men in the pits will continue to furnish new records for the railbird.

The year 1946 marked the establishment of the Edward Stomper Memorial Trophy, awarded annually to the head mechanic of the winning car. It represents the first formal recognition of his very vital role. Hours and hours of hard work and grief are experienced by this mechanical man-behind-the-scenes; but he is always working and hoping for that heaven-sent moment when his charge, the car he has nursed so carefully, is wheeled into the Indianapolis winner's circle a little after 3 o'clock some Memorial Day afternoon.



UNDER THE GINKGO TREE

Some say: "Ginkgo" or "Gingko." It's an ornamental tree with fan-shaped leaves, quite common in Japan. This is the story of an American recreational hostess at an enlisted men's service club.

By ELIZABETH SCOTT

I LEARNED all about Japan in Miss Willis' seventh-grade geography class. Japan is an island composed of the Mikado, cherry blossoms, and rice.

Thirteen years and one war later there were some changes made. I hung like a wilted rose over the deck rail of a U. S. Army transport. There is no sun so hot as the sun of Indian Summer in the Orient; no harbor so tightly jammed with transports, freighters, and native sampans as Yokohama Bay. Fishermen flashed gold-toothed smiles over their nets. Black-eyed, raven-haired children swarmed like flies on the dockside, and screamed "Herro" as 1300 Americans, including myself, slid down the gangplank. This was land, and after sixteen days in a converted hospital ship on a storm-tossed sea, land looked good.

The hotel to which I was assigned was the largest billet for American women in all of Tokyo. There wasn't a vacancy, but since it is against Occupation regulations for American women to sleep in the streets, I was assigned a cot between two beds in a narrow backside room. I knew only the names of the occupants; they weren't at home when I arrived. Introducing myself in a pencilled note, I undressed and went to bed.

The next morning, my roommates stared icily. They both were of the opinion that the room being so small, and myself and luggage being so large, it would be best for all if I were to unpack elsewhere. I agreed, rubbing the misplaced vertebrae in my spine. Three hall-boys dragged trunks, suitcases, a portable typewriter, and

varied assortment of boxes from underneath my cot. The canvas sagged to the floor, and the legs groaned with a kind of blessed dignity.

The next room, in which I lasted for an entire year, with three different roommates, was on the top floor of the same hotel. The wide windows gave a magnificent view of the Imperial Palace, its moat, and a Japanese ball park.

My good fortune was short-lived. This was the only spot in the city where one could be awakened regularly at six o'clock each Sunday morning by the cry of "Play ball!"

Earthquakes became weekly events, rollicking to say the least. "Only the pranks of subterranean catfish!" explained the natives. I secretly wondered if my hotel was breeding colonies of catfish in its muddy bowels. Weekly, I was thrown out of bed, the furniture slid to starboard, but my first roommate, a veteran in the Orient, kept reassuring me: "The horizontal swing is always safe. Don't leave till you're tossed vertically; that's when the quake is right under you." I tried to calculate the velocity at which I might be hurled through the roof, but since mathematics is not one of my aptitudes, I stopped figuring.

THE evening of the second day I left a message with the desk clerk to be awakened at eight the following morning. I awoke shortly before noon. A note on my vanity read, "Excuse, please, Madam, eight o'clock."

Maids are provided to all American personnel and there never lived another like Mitsisan. She was the rare jewel that I hated to leave behind.

Upon our first meeting, she grinned like an old friend, and asked, "*Ohayo gozai masu, ikaga des ka?*" (Good morning, how are you?)

"*Arigato, genki des.*" (Very well, thank you) I replied.

I was eager to say something more, but swallowed my enthusiasm. All that I could remember from the war-time guidebooks to Japanese was "Halt, who goes there?"



Having now tested my linguistic ability, Mitsisan assumed my ignorance in all things. My personal business was personally hers. She learned my working hours, knew how I should dress to go to work, how I should fix my hair, when I would have a date, when it might rain, when I wanted a formal pressed. She could have made more money as a clairvoyant than as a chambermaid. In addition, she had latherphobia. She never permitted me to wear a garment long enough to dirty it. In a matter of weeks all the clothes I owned had been scrubbed to a cobweb consistency. My skunk jacket survived the soapsuds, but bristled under a hot iron; my nylon stock-

ings melted—"just pf-f-f-f," hissed Mitsisan, throwing up her hands to explain.

The same ritual for cleanliness and sterility was extended to the room itself. Each morning the bed, the vanity, and the occasional chairs (so called because the more occasionally you sat in them, the more you appreciated them!) were evacuated to the hallway. Mitsisan and a crew of giggling barefooted friends, all with heads tied in yards of colored bandana, lugged mops, brushes, and buckets into the room. One screamed "Mizu" (water) and dumped a gallon of water over the floor. Bucketful after bucketful was poured until a floating level for mops and brushes had been established. Then the grinning maids splashed feverishly, all the while chanting a sea song about fishing in the salty brine. This ability to accomplish a hum-drum chore with the maximum of pleasure seemed to me to be a philosophy of life worthy of imitation.

If I happened to be asleep during the scrubbing and disinfecting period, that didn't matter either. Mitsisan was as considerate of my welfare as she was of her own work schedule. The first morning that I awakened in my bed in the back hall, close to the freight elevator, I buried my head like an ostrich and tried to think my way out. Window washers brushed by, their wet rags dripping close to the place where my face should have been on the pillow, bell hops hopped with jugs of ice water. The elevator doors slammed and a man's voice bellowed "Oraaaanges!" I wanted to peek to see whether the oranges were getting

off at my floor. The next night I wondered when I might awaken inside the elevator, and whether I might pass into the mess hall as a side of beef!

ON my first day of work as recreational hostess at an American enlisted men's service club, the staff of 150 Japanese bowed into the office to be introduced. There were Okado, the plumber; Suzuki, the clerk; Watanabe, the tailor; and a chorus line of gorgeous young girls in flowered kimonos.

"But, you all look alike," I complained to Hirata, the interpreter.

"Oh no, Miss Beth," he retorted, "Americans all long noses, fuzzy hair; very hard to tell apart."

While I was eager to see a lot of Tokyo, I was not so anxious to get ensnared in the local transportation network. I felt the plunge would be suicide. After studying the situation through field glasses from my hotel window, I tabulated the system. Upon the onset of the traffic jam, only one rule applies: full steam ahead! A rickshaw runner can usually beat a slow-moving beast of burden, such as the ox, which plods its weary way across main thoroughfares every hour of day and night. An Army jeep can beat a rickshaw and even an animal, if given enough room on the street. An Army bus, cumbersome in size, has no chance at all. Only a bicycle, even with a trailer load of concrete blocks behind, can weave safely and speedily between knots of pedestrians and vehicles. One exception to this order of precedence is the general's staff car. Upon the appearance of this olive drab machine, all other vehicles, pe-

destrians, and animals hunt the nearest curbing.

Since I didn't have a friend in the Motor Pool, nor sufficient rank legitimately to acquire a staff car, I spent endless hours locating an American with a very small bicycle. To my knowledge, a young corporal from Iowa and myself set a commuter's record that has not been equalled. With his pedaling and my balancing on the crossbar, we covered the fifteen blocks from my hotel to the service club in one-and-a-half minutes, with green traffic lights, a good tailwind, and deafening applause from the native police force!



“**D**EMOCRASSIE” was in full bloom when I reached the Orient, the English language finding new converts daily. My dressmaker in Yokohama invites Western women with this shingle over the door to her shop: “American ladies have fits upstairs.” In the next block, a souvenir shop calls itself “House of the Real McCoy.” Tokyo’s busiest barber advertises: “Heads cut off here—10 cents.”

Opportunists thrive on every American holiday. On Fourth of July there is usually a convoy of cyclists peddling miniature American flags. Signs hanging from the handlebars read

STARS AND STRIPES
FOREVER!

Young girls are trading their kimonos for skirts and tailored blouses. No less incongruous a sight than the bow-legged Oriental in short skirts is the blonde female of the West loping down the streets in flamboyant kimono!

One day on the bus corner by the Army Post Exchange I spotted an American co-worker dressed in a cherry red *happi* coat, a knee-length silk jacket. Across the back of the coat several characters of the Japanese alphabet had been embroidered in white silk thread. Native women turned to stare and a group of children at play started to snicker, as my friend, as much at ease as one can be in a flowing garment, boarded the bus. I was curious. The next day I borrowed the coat, asked Mitsisan about it. She looked at the beautiful embroidery work. Then, with admirable tact and a poker face she announced slowly, “Miss Beth, it is the name of a fertilizer company.”

Months later, on a main-floor counter of the Post Exchange, a huge stock of cherry red *happi* coats was offered at half price.

PEOPLE back home frown when I mention desiccated fish heads drying in open market stalls, “honey buckets” (wooden pots of human manure) that are transported on rattling wagons to the farmers, the mo-

notonous clacking of *geita* (wooden clogs) on hard pavements.

But one subject brings warm smiles—the children. They are everywhere, sprouting like budlets out of the earth. Their laughter is as contagious as the measles. In winter their cheeks are beet-red and their noses drip like leaking faucets. They bounce like colored rubber balls, whether they are playing hop scotch in baggy pants or grandpa's underwear drawn up tight under the armpits, or riding astride mama's back as fat sleeping gnomes cradled in thick layers of bunting.

On my first Christmas Eve in Japan, our service club had scheduled a concert by a group of twenty children from a local Christian orphanage. They were thin, tired little children, their eyes filled with the tiredness of the war years. They had been scrubbed clean, their cheeks glowing like newly burnished copper. The boys wore long trousers and jackets whose frayed cuffs protested further alteration. The ebony hair of each little girl had been greased heavily with foul-smelling pomade, and tied on top with a bright bow. Garters, peeking from beneath hems of drab calico, made feeble effort to support the once-white stockings that bagged at the knees.

The children minced to the far end of the ballroom and joined hands in a semi-circle by the base of the Christmas tree. The GI audience read magazines, drank coffee, and smoked. A few soldiers yawned, "Just another bunch of kids."

Tomiko, a portly gentleman of 6, marched to the head of the choristers.

Facing the audience, he bowed three times, his snub nose almost scraping the floor. The baton was raised, the song came forth, "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so . . ."

I watched a GI fold his newspaper; another close his magazine.

Colored lights from the tree danced on the hair ribbons and a gold stream from the highest star gilded the calico. The smallest baby in the front row squeezed her rag doll so hard that the stuffing poured out—a thin stream of sawdust settling at her feet.

There was no snickering, no laughter, only a silence of holiness. The chaplain, scheduled to speak during intermission, never spoke. No one spoke.

After the performance, a blustery paratrooper sauntered to my side. "Damn it," he said, "you may never love these people, but it's hard to remember to hate."



ONE of the most significant, one of the most habit-jarring developments to come out of an electronic laboratory is Phonevision, a name which designates various systems of subscription television. It is television entertainment for which the home-viewer pays "admission."

There is no doubt that subscription television has amazing benefits to offer to set owners . . . to manufacturers of those sets . . . to broadcasters . . . and to advertisers who use television as a sales medium for their products.

The principle of subscription television is "pay-as-you-see." Seated in his living room, the home-viewer decides whether he would like to view—in his home, on his own television set—a certain pre-scheduled "first run" movie, a stage show, a football game, or perhaps a championship prize fight.

A Phonevision broadcast when transmitted from a television station appears on the television screen as a jittered or scrambled picture. If the home viewer wants to enjoy this program, the jitter has to be eliminated and to achieve this, Phonevision has available a number of different techniques.

The set owner can, for instance, call his telephone exchange and request that a "correcting signal" be sent over his own private telephone line to his television set. This signal will immediately clear up the scrambled picture. The telephone operator keeps a record of these calls which will form the basis for a monthly bill.

Other Phonevision systems enable the subscriber to pay his fee right in his living room by means of a coin

"Pay-as-you-see" television is the answer to the industry's economic problem, says the sales manager of Zenith Radio Corporation, who is active in promoting "Phonevision."

By H. C. BONFIG

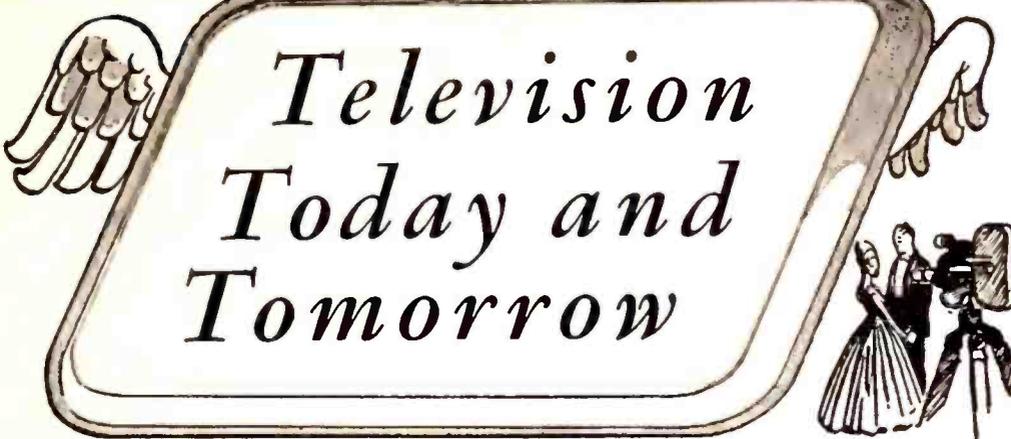
box device which perform exactly the same function described in the first method. Again, another technique employs vending machines in drug stores or local supermarkets. The subscriber can indicate on the vending machine his choice of program and subsequently the machine will sell him a card on which a number is printed. Arriving home, the viewer dials this number on a small instrument connected with his television set which again will clear up the scrambled picture on his screen.

Thus, the set owner, his family, and others assembled in the home are enabled to see the program. Those in other homes who do not "pay-as-they-see" get only a "scrambled" broadcast signal which is unsatisfactory.

It is estimated that the average cost per viewer may not amount to much more than ten cents per program. Would each member of your family pay a dime to see a first-run movie, *in the comfort of your living room?*

The technical workings of subscription television are so complicated that we at Zenith have prepared a 20-minute film just to explain how it works. But, in essence, you "pay-as-you-see" something you want to see.

ZENITH'S subscription-television plan is known as Phonevision. We cling firmly to the fact that all of us want television to be even more



Television Today and Tomorrow



dynamic . . . even more profitable to all than it has been and is today.

We have plenty of support for that premise—from advertisers, sports promoters, educators, broadcasters and the like.

Even time has lent a hand to help.

The rapid march of events has demonstrated that the commercial establishment of subscription television—and Phonevision—can do *more* to insure a strong, continuing demand for television, *more* to expand television to a nation-wide audience, *more* to underwrite the future of the set-manufacturing industry than any development on the horizon today.

The reason is fundamental.

The public buys television receivers in order to see programs in the easy comfort of their homes. The more and better the programs available, the greater audience there is for advertisers and of course, the larger demand for television receivers.

Since the Federal Communications Commission in 1952 announced the melting of the years-old “freeze” limiting the construction of television transmitters, hundreds of new applications for stations have poured in. The establishment of each new station

means a greater market for an advertiser's message and an additional reason for people to purchase television receivers.

Unfortunately, this type of expansion cannot go on forever, and there are two developments looming on the horizon which more than ever indicate the absolute necessity to your business and mine of subscription television.

THE first of these developments applies to every television market. That development is theatre television, aided and abetted by the fact that home television is a world's champion wrecker of box offices at stadium and theatre.

Already some of the choicest programs have been taken from regular television and shown exclusively at theatres. The large boxoffice of a handful of movie houses enabled them to outbid sponsors who would otherwise have presented these events on sponsored television. Among these sales-stimulating programs have been the best championship fights of the past year or two; and the Metropolitan Opera, which vanished from home television two years ago because its cost of telecasting outran the sponsor's budget.

But with subscription television—Phonevision—those great events can be restored to home television viewing. And even more: the Broadway plays can be made available to armchair audiences—as well as the *fine new* films and the celluloid classics that our up-and-coming generations have not seen; the best in spectator sports; and other fine programs of an educational nature which the public has *never* seen at home

All of us can recognize how many more viewers this will bring to television in the established markets.

But what of the smaller markets?

One thing that made radio truly national was the hundreds of small stations rendering local service and bringing first class presentations of network programs under conditions when even clear channel stations could not be heard dependably. That is why the major networks have included in their radio service hundreds of low-powered local radio stations that are theoretically within the regions blanketed by high-powered AM.

Television presents another picture.

THERE are no clear channel television stations because television's range is limited to an approximate of 50 to 100 miles. Applicants are fighting for television grants in urban areas; but in smaller cities the story is quite different.

MOST of our smaller cities have two, three, or four radio stations operating profitably, giving good service to the community and contributing to the surprising strength that the radio market has shown.

Not so, television.

Although television channels have been allocated to 887 cities in these United States that have a population of 25,000 or less, there have been applications for television grants in only 83 of these cities. Thus, in more than 800 cities that enjoy splendid local *radio* service there is today no indication that there will be local *television*.

The reason for this reluctance to apply for television in small-town markets is one that is very clear to small-town broadcasters. But the public does not understand. The public fails to realize that television costs are enormous. The public does not know that the best economists in the broadcasting industry believe national advertisers will not be able to buy more than the top 100 to 125 markets for their network programs. As a result, broadcasters in the small cities will be able to present network programs only on a "bonus" basis.

This means that the only income they would receive from these network shows would be the sale of spot announcements, chiefly to local advertisers. But there just isn't enough advertising money in the small markets to enable broadcasters to operate on this basis or even pay the line charges of bringing in network programs!

This leaves the small broadcaster with the problem of programming his entire television station at costs far greater than local advertisers can pay.

The only way most small markets can enjoy local television service of any kind is through the establishment of subscription television; so that these stations can devote part of their broadcast day to presenting pay-as-you-see programs.

In a flood of letters Zenith has received from small town broadcasters outlining this situation, one expressed it well when he said, and I quote: "In the small market television situation there must be some well-heeled god-father to foot the bill, but since none exists in broadcasting, it falls upon John Q. Public to pay for pleasing television fare."

The income from Phonevision, added to the income from sponsored programs sold to local advertisers, could finance the profitable operation of television stations in hundreds and hundreds of small markets that must otherwise depend upon the vagaries of fringe area reception, or do without entirely.

If television is to serve the broad public interest of the nation and not just a segment of it, the small town as well as the major markets must have the new medium.

Here is what it means in terms of people:

On the basis of present indications upwards of 20 million Americans will have virtually no television service, or be without a nearby station, *unless* subscription television is established to finance small market stations. With subscription television, virtually all of these people could within a reasonable time enjoy excellent reception of fine programs.

TURNING to another phase of television's puzzling economic problem:

It is apparent that a home box-office can furnish an economic assist of magnificent proportions to colleges and universities—many of whom are even now wondering how it is finan-

cially possible to make use of the special television channels that the FCC has assigned to them.

Using Phonevision and its TV metering systems, the educator can charge a "television tuition fee" for certain courses of instruction, to enable students to earn college credits at home. This would make college degrees possible for thousands who can't afford four full years in campus residence. With a few hours a day of pay-to-see-it television, our educational institutions could finance many additional hours of free programs that go far beyond the scope of the printed page and the confines of classroom or laboratory presentation.

NOW I do not mean to infer that an advertiser would lose any part of his audience to subscription television. On the contrary—the limitations of average family entertainment budgets plus the choices that would prevail between "fee" television and "free" television would mean that the average family would spend only two to four hours a week watching Phonevision programs. The rest of their television times would be watching regular sponsored programs. And this leaves plenty of elbow room for the *I Love Lucy's* . . . the *Toasts of the Town* . . . *Meet the Press* . . . *Jack Benny*, *Imogene Coca* and all other programs that have a special significance to American audiences watching a lighted television screen, to play to the much larger over-all audience that Phonevision could develop.

And I would like to advance this thought: I believe that the healthy competition between *all* types would raise the level of both pay-to-see-it and

sponsored television. And that, I contend, is a real plus for everyone concerned.

I believe also that Phonevision's system of opening up the great reservoir of premium programming not yet seen on home television, and distributing it to the grass-roots-level of America would be an economic shot-in-the-arm for our shrinking theatrical arts. The legitimate theatre could then afford to cater also to the tastes and pleasures of the minority—which with Phonevision, would involve an audience of millions.

With a home delivery service that would make our products of entertainment available right at the arm-chair for as low as one thin dime per viewer, we open an entirely new vista of public service.

The entire concept of subscription television and Phonevision leaves me with a profound feeling that such a commercial service is not only "in the public interest" but that it also provides an entirely reasonable and logical assist to television as a medium for advertising.

▲ *Report On Radio*

OF THE 43,849,460 radio homes in the U. S., 44 per cent use two or more radio sets in the home, according to the first nation-wide measurement of multiple-set ownership, says Arthur C. Nielsen, president of A. C. Nielsen Company.

A correlation between television and multiple-radio ownership was noted in the fact that families with three or more Radios are more likely to have TV sets than families with single Radios.

It was revealed that there were 70,175,670 radio receivers and 17,706,930 television receivers in operation in U. S. homes, as of June 1, 1952, when the field work of the Nielsen study was completed. In addition, 22,630,820 families owned one or more automobile radios.

Constituting what is believed to be the most up-to-date and complete measurement of multiple-radio ownership in the history of broadcasting, the Nielsen analysis shows 56 per cent of radio homes with single sets, 32 per cent with two sets, and 12 per cent with three or more sets.

Mr. Nielsen pointed out that the study, using a personal interview technique and a 100,000-home sample located in all 3,072 U. S. counties, was predicated on definitions based on industry needs. It therefore excluded from consideration in its home-radio count automobile sets, portables not used at home, FM-only sets, sets that were out of order and not soon to be repaired, and sets in business establishments and public places.

Allowing for these exceptions, it included all radio sets in the home, all radio sets in barns, garages, workshops and other outbuildings, combination AM-FM, AM-TV and AM-phonograph receivers, portables used in the home and sets used by servants, guests and roomers.

"Thus," Mr. Nielsen stated, "every set counted is actually delivering an audience."

On the subject of automobile set ownership, the survey revealed a total of 33,581,870 car-owning families, of which 67 per cent, or 22,630,820 families, have one or more car radios.



HIDDEN BEAUTY in STONES

*Ever hunt for geodes? It might be
a hobby you'd enjoy!*

By ERNA CLARK

YES, its fun to—

hunt them! polish them!
test them! wear them!
lick them! show them!
cut them! **THRILL** over them!

What? **GEODES** of many kinds!

Until I saw my first geode I had never even heard of the word. Then, when I started collecting them, I became a full-fledged "rock-hound."

A rockhound is described as follows: instead of having four legs like the usual run of hounds, a rockhound is a mortal with two legs, who hunts along beaches and over desert hills and mesas with nose and eyes to the ground. Suddenly he swoops down upon a geode, agate or rock removes it from its setting or home where it has been resting in peace thousands (or even millions) of years then takes his geologist's hammer and bats off a corner then, finally, licks it with his tongue (like a hound) and tests it to bring out the color or promise of what might be inside when cut. Selah! He has found a *good rock!*

It is taken home "to bury" or to polish. Then the rockhound shows it

off to fellow rockhounds who didn't find quite such a "nice bone". If it isn't too *too* heavy the rockhound will wear it as jewelry—perhaps on the finger or the watch-fob, or carry it in his pocket for good luck. And keep hundreds of other similar finds on shelves at home!

MY good fun started when a geode turned the key to a new interest in life for my husband, who had to retire from his profession because of ill health Chasing geodes on outings in the pure air of the desert soon helped him.

Of course, neither of us knew what a geode was until a civil-engineer-friend showed us one which he found while surveying land on the Mojave Desert. It was a rounded nodule with a translucent and crystal-lined center . . . about six inches in diameter. However, one finds geodes from the size of an English pea to apples, Irish potatoes, cantaloupes and pumpkins—even larger!

A geode is usually formed by volcanic activity, as we were told. They start as "volcanic gas bubbles" in hot lava or trap-rock or volcanic ash. In subsequent years (ages) ground-

water minerals in soluble-form enter the cavities by osmosis, or through a point of infiltration. Then they harden, precipitating as calcite, agate, or quartz crystals lining the original cavities.

Thus Nature makes a geode! (Actually there are other theories as to how geodes are formed; but the above explanation sounds logical and is good enough for me.)

WHAT fun we had—from the time we found our very first geodes! Many of the geodes remind me of scintillating jewel boxes. When we cut them in half and polish them, the cutting reveals their hidden beauties. Some are filled solid with chalcedony and have colorful patterns. These are referred to as nodules and when they are without matrix they are called agates. Some have flower designs just like flowers of our fields. Occasionally we find some with “scenic pictures” inside.

There is no end of variety and fun with geodes . . . to fashion them into unusual book-ends, paper-weights, ash trays, lamp-bases and coffee-table tops.

We joined a rock and mineral club which has monthly meetings and lecturers—*just to study about rocks!* The membership consists of bankers, bakers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, mechanics, carpenters and engineers. Wives enjoy it as much as the husbands. The children enjoy rockhunts too; and we call them our “pebble-pups.” You, too, can join in this fun-hobby, by contacting a local or nearby Mineral and Rock Club, or the Earth Science class of a nearby

college. The instructor can probably direct you to a society of rock-collectors and lapidarists. The latter cut and polish rocks to bring out their hidden beauty.

WE EVEN bought a new station wagon with four gear shifts; so we could explore sandy canyons off the beaten path . . . just to collect *more rocks!*

Then we traveled to ever-new fields—into other deserts, and other states throughout the nation: to the Dakotas, Idaho and Montana for agates and beautiful rose-quartz; to Florida for agatized oyster shells which can be cut and fashioned into lovely jewelry; to the New England states for purpleite; to New Jersey for the unusual fluorescent rocks; to the west for jade in California and Wyoming; to Washington and Oregon for agates and fossil woods; to Texas for rare plume-agate; to Utah and Colorado for fossil woods. We found jaspers and petrified-palm-roots from one end of the great Mojave Desert to the other; and beautiful geodes in Iowa and Tennessee. There probably are pretty rocks in every state in the union if you start out to seek, to find, to track down new fields.

By now our garage walls (fitted with shelves) were bulging with rocks. The prettiest ones were displayed on our mantel. Even the books on the library shelves were replaced by colorful rocks.

ON A MONTHLY FIELD TRIP our caravan of rockhounds stopped for gas at a desert village after a highly successful geode hunt

in the Chocolate Mountains. Cars as well as rockhounds were dusty and grimy looking; but the happy collectors were a jolly bunch, full of conversation and enthusiasm.

An eastern motorist who also had stopped for gas was taking it all in. He was so puzzled by what he saw and heard that he asked a native: "What in thunder are all these folks doing here on this God-forsaken desert?"

"Oh them's been hunting 'joddes'," replied the dry-skinned bystander.

The Eastener looking even more puzzled; questioned, "The what?—the what?"

Nonchalantly the native quipped, "Jodees".

"What is that?"

"Oh them's is *hollow rocks* they dig for!"

By this time my husband nudged me and said in low voice, "Both green-horns."

Then the easterner, shaking his

head and still puzzled, commented as he started off, "I always heard the desert heat was bad on folks, but I didn't think it caused them to look for *hollow rocks* . . . I'm getting the hell out of here and drive on to the coast yet tonight!"

IT IS special fun to hunt for magnetized lodestones—out there on certain desert hills and mesas where there are millions of black rocks. But they are not all magnetized. We hunt them by tying a string on a stick (like a boy's homemade fishing pole)—with a hair-pin or nail tied to the end of string. As we "fish" about on the dry desert sands, the line suddenly draws towards a piece of black stone. We have "caught another fish": a specimen of lodestone which is also known as magnetite.

If people watching us did not know what we were doing they would surely think we are **NUTS!**

But they don't know how much fun we are having!

Try it sometime!—at least until you have found a *few* specimens!

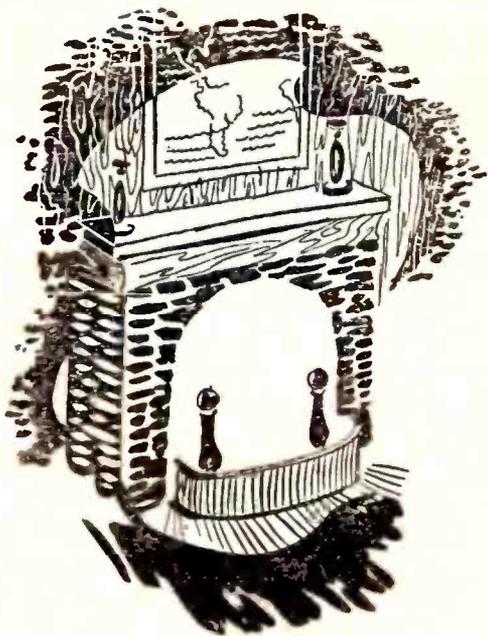
Geodes may be the enjoyable hobby you have been seeking!

A small boy was left inside a motor car while the mother shopped. To amuse himself he was twisting the steering wheel and uttering motor-like sounds. A man watched for awhile, then leaned over and put his head into the window and said: "Sonny, you'd better stick your arm out when you go around corners or you'll get into trouble."

The small boy regarded him scornfully. "Look," he said, "you stick your arm out of a space ship and you'll get it ripped off."



"Where is your other arrow Dear?"



FIRE

at your

FINGERTIPS

Twenty-five billion match books a year! You get them free because a Philadelphia lawyer saw match book covers used for advertising by a traveling opera company.

By FRANK ROSE

PEOPLE are fond of speculating how impressed George Washington would be by airplanes, automobiles and other major wonders of our modern machine age. He would indeed marvel at these achievements, but the chances are that he would be most impressed by the simple magic contained in an ordinary book of matches.

The creation of fire in Colonial days was a laborious process of striking flint and steel together until a spark ignited a piece of tinder. On a damp day this clumsy method often required a good half hour's work. Today, with a flick of the wrist, fire is at our fingertips in a second.

We take matches for granted now, but it was not until 1826—58 cen-

turies after the earliest record of fire making—that an English pharmacist named John Walker invented and sold the first match. It consisted of a three-inch wooden splint tipped with sulphur which emitted sparks when rubbed on sandpaper. It was crude and undependable; but it was a vast improvement over the cumbersome tinder box.

In 1830, Dr. Charles Sauria of France improved the match by substituting easily-ignited phosphorus for the sulphur. However, these matches were dangerous and caused a lot of fires because they lit too easily. Two Swedish scientists finally solved this problem by developing the safety match, which ignited only when a certain material in the match

head was scratched against a special composition in the striking surface.

In 1892, Joshua Pusey, an American patent attorney, looked into the future and foresaw the need for book matches. Deciding to capitalize on his idea, he dipped 50 thin cardboard strips into a match head composition which he brewed on his office stove. Then he folded a small piece of cardboard for the cover, painted on a striking surface and stapled the strips inside. Unluckily for Pusey, his talents ran to inventing and not selling. No one wanted to buy his newfangled fire gadgets, so he finally sold his patent to a match company.

AT first, this organization enjoyed little more success than Pusey in selling the public on book matches. But when they hired Henry Traute, a gifted Philadelphia lawyer, to handle the sales job, things began to happen. He quickly put the American flair for advertising to work and started the industry skyrocketing toward its present volume of 25 billion books a year.

He picked up the idea of match book cover advertising from a traveling opera company. The manager of the Mendelssohn Opera Company bought hundreds of the blank books and used them to promote a New York performance. He had his singers and musicians letter a message on each, starting with the phrase, "Wait—we are coming." Tiny photographs of the leading lady and man were pasted on each cover. This unique advertising scheme caught the public

interest and the New York performance was jammed.

Traute immediately seized upon the idea. He had a Milwaukee brewer's advertisement printed on several match covers as a sample. Then he took them to Wisconsin and launched his sales campaign. When he wired back an order for 10 million match books, officials of his company called an emergency meeting. Their whole match book production staff consisted of six girls, each capable of turning out only 300 books an hour. At that rate, they figured it would take them two years to fill their first order. They decided they either had to go out of the match book business or expand without delay to keep up with their ambitious salesman. The scent of larger profits ahead overcame their



"On the contrary, boss, I think this is the time to ask for a raise!"

caution and they increased their force and equipment overnight.

WITHOUT waiting to find out if his company could handle the order or not, Traute went right ahead with his selling. He called upon a large tobacco firm and was just getting warmed up to his spiel, when he was hustled out of the office and practically thrown down three flights of stairs. Undaunted, he got up, limped over to a rival tobacco company and landed an order for 30 million more match books.

Traute proved himself an all-time sales "great" when he talked William Wrigley, the chewing gum king, into signing a contract for one billion books. Wrigley listened patiently to all of Traute's persuasive arguments, then stated flatly that he was not in the least interested.

"In that case," said Traute, "I'm going to buy a million boxes of your chewing gum and give them away to promote match book sales."

Wrigley groaned. "I know when I'm licked, young man," he said. "No one would buy my gum if you were giving it away free." He placed an order for a billion match books to promote his chewing gum.

In spite of this spectacular success, Traute was not satisfied. He wanted

everyone to be able to get book matches free. He chose a New York City street intersection with tobacco shops on each of the four corners. He convinced one proprietor that a free match book with every purchase would beat competition. The idea worked and the man doubled his business. Before long, all four shops were giving away match books. The idea spread until it is now an accepted practice.

Today, twelve and a half billion match books are given away free with tobacco purchases or as good will gifts. In addition, thanks to Traute, tens of thousands of businesses ranging from the small corner store to such industrial giants as General Electric and United States Steel use match book covers to make their names and products familiar to the public. Clubs, schools, politicians and even churches are among those who carry their messages to the public in this manner.

Yes, it is safe to assume that Washington would be impressed by our match books. He would be amazed to learn that the United States uses 57 million matches an hour and 500 billion a year. He would be even more amazed to learn that half of these are given away free.





FORD WINGS for the B-47 JET BOMBER

Celebration in Kansas City acclaimed the first shipment of bomber wings built at Ford Motor Company's Claycomo plant, as two pairs of wings leave for the Lockheed

factory at Marietta, Georgia. The Boeing plant in Wichita, Kansas, and the Douglas plant in Tulsa, Oklahoma, also build the B-47, to a design by Boeing. *At left*, Maj. Gen. M. E. Bradley, Jr., Director of Procurement and Production, AMC; Henry Ford II, president, Ford Motor Company; and Lt. Gen. E. W. Rawlings, Commanding General, AMC. *At right*, B. W. Rose, Kansas City Aircraft Plant Manager, Ford Motor Co., and Henry Ford II. *Below*, D. J. Haughton, v.p. Lockheed's Marietta Division; J. E. Schaefer, v.p. Boeing's Wichita Division; Lt. Col. John P. Fitzgerald, Director of Procurement Administration, MIAPD; Ernest R. Breech, executive v.p., Ford Motor Co.; Henry Ford II, at microphones; and F. W. Conant, senior v.p., Douglas' Santa Monica Division.



W H B R A D I O

VOTING MACHINES FOR KANSAS CITY?
Charles Gray (*left*), WHB newsman, interviews John Oliver, president, and Paul Van Osdol, Jr., secretary, of the Jackson County Board of Election Commissioners. WHB broadcast series of panel discussions favoring the installation.



SARAH CHURCHILL (*above, left*) speaks before K.C. Women's Chamber of Commerce and is interviewed by Sandra Lea of WHB.

BETTA ST. JOHN (*below*) is soon to be seen in M-G-M's 'Dream Wife,' co-starred with Cary Grant.



GUEST DISC JOCKEYS are Percy M. Franks (*above, left*) and Harry Denni, photographed in the WHB Studios.

NEWSREEL

PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Laurence F. Lee, was recent Kansas City visitor, photographed (right) as he spoke before the K.C. Chamber.



GEORGE FISKE (*left, above*), retiring General Electric official in Kansas City, and a prominent civic figure for three decades, is given set of recordings of speeches made at testimonial dinner in his honor, by Harry M. Gambrel, president of the Man-of-the-Month Fraternity.



WILD BILL HICKOK (Guy Madison, *left*) and JINGLES (Andy Devine) continue their search for bad men via WHB and Mutual.



'BOOKS BRING ADVENTURE' is weekly Junior League program Thursdays at 1:15 p.m. over WHB. Members of the radio committee (*below, left to right*) are Mrs. Arthur B. Church, Jr.; Mrs. Grant Cowherd; Mrs. Ralph Hill, president of the Kansas City Junior League; and Mrs. Richard Newlin pictured at Junior League clubhouse.



Swing Presents
RAYMOND W. HALL
The Man of the Month

by DON DAVIS

RAY HALL learned from his father an intrinsic truth which has guided him all his life: "A man can do anything he wants to do, if he has average intelligence and an intense desire to do it."

Over his study desk at home is this motto in Old English type:

"Konsider the postage stamp,
My Son.

Its usefulness konsists of its
ability

to stick to one thing until it
gets there."

As a boy, Roy determined to be a lawyer. He stuck to it, and his many-faceted career since young manhood has always been connected in some way with the law.

JUDGE CHARLES D. HALL, Ray's father, was a big-scale farmer and banker in Weston, Missouri. He and Mrs. Hall, who had been Laura Brown Williams of Weston, believed in raising a big family. Along with seven brothers and a sister, Ray attended the one-room Hazelwood School taught by Miss Honora Allen

at Weston, across the road from the family farm.

The brothers would form a team to play baseball against the rest of the school—or they'd gang up in schoolboy fights. The Halls vs. Everybody Else. Everybody Else, that is, except one little chap who was always on the Halls' side: another "Bee Creek Boy" named Albert F. Hillix, who was later to become president of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce and of the Kansas City Country Club.

When Ray was about fifteen, his father became probate judge of Platte County, with offices in Platte City, the county seat. Ray's older brother, Decatur, liked horses and the farm; so it was taken for granted that he would be a farmer. But Ray's father decided Ray should work as a clerk in the judge's office. This he did, for two years, until he went to Columbia, Missouri, in 1908 to finish high school. Weston High was not then an accredited high school; so Ray attended University High School at Columbia in order that he might gain admission to the State University.

ATTENDING M. U. meant that he could join a college fraternity. With a year's residence in Columbia during which to look the fraternities over, the banker's son from Weston decided to join Phi Gamma Delta. He wrote his father about it, and the judge replied: "I'm glad, son. I am a Phi Gamma Delta myself." The elder Hall, who came from Front Royal, Virginia, had graduated from Roanoke College in Virginia and joined the fraternity there.

The fact that Ray became a "Fiji" began a tradition in the fraternity, because four of the younger Hall brothers later became Phi Gams, too: Warren, who manages the Hall orchards, farms and tobacco warehouses at Weston; the late Elmer Hall, who died in April, in Kansas City; Glenn, who is president of the First National Bank of Birmingham, Alabama; and David, who is a merchant in Weston.

Of Ray's two other brothers, Charles is treasurer of the Price Candy Company in Kansas City; and Marshall manages the Columbian Hog & Cattle Powder Company farms out of Hiawatha, Kansas. The sister, Mrs. Reeta Hall Brill, lives in Weston.

At the University of Missouri, Ray took his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1913, and his Bachelor of Laws in 1915. He has always been a patient, courteous, conservative person, thorough in his studies and in his work. These qualities attracted the attention of Judge John D. Lawson, Dean of the M. U. School of Law, who depended upon Ray to teach his class in Contract Law on days when the professor was forced to be absent.

At this time, Dean Lawson was writing his books on "American State Trials," condensing the text of famous trials held in every state of the Union. He employed Ray to assist. Ray could do it, not only because he was a law student, but because in high school he had mastered shorthand and the touch system of typing. Ray still remembers the typewriter keyboard; and today can type a letter or a speech blindfolded!

During summer vacations from college, Ray worked on the farm and in the family bank at Weston, except for one summer spent selling books from door to door in Minnesota. In the little Minnesota towns he found selling a book for \$13 tough going. Three weeks without a single sale! A friend in the crew, Lester Wyckoff, advised him to try the farmers—so the next day Ray took to the country lanes. Perhaps it was because he felt more at ease on the farms, or perhaps it was because the farmers recognized him as one of their own people—but that first day in the country he made five sales, and during the summer he earned \$250 in commissions. In those days, that was money!

Al Hillix recalls that when Ray was a senior at M. U., Al and eight other boys from Weston, accompanied by their fathers, all arrived in Columbia by train to enroll the boys in the University. Quite a group—eighteen people in all, carrying suitcases and trudging along Columbia's tree-shaded streets, gawking at the sights. Ray met them at the station; helped them all find quarters in rooming houses; showed the boys where and how to enroll. "That's how

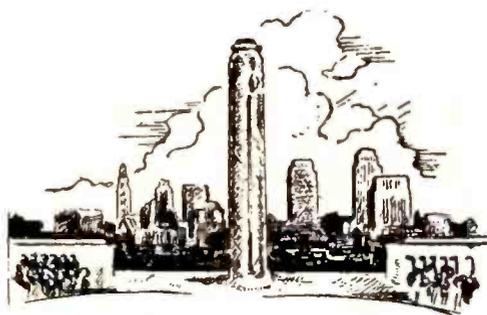
kind and courteous Ray is," says Al. "Other seniors would have thought such attentions to mere freshmen beneath their dignity." In the process, Ray pledged his brothers and Al to Phi Gamma Delta.

GRADUATED FROM MISSOURI and ready to begin the practice of law, Ray settled in Kansas City, although advisors told him there were already 1500 lawyers here and most of them weren't making a living. Nevertheless, he took a desk without pay in the firm of Austin and Davis—and there he worked during the years 1915-16-17 as Europe flamed with the battles of World War I.

His father brought him his first case, from Platte City. The next week, a friend of his father's came in with a case. Gradually, many of the Platte County people he had known in his father's office or in the Weston bank came to him with their legal problems. He tried his first jury case in Platte City, with Guy Park, later a Missouri governor, as the opposing attorney.

By this time, the United States had entered World War I. Ray enlisted in the Army; and served at Camp Lee, Virginia, returning to Kansas City in March, 1919, as a First Lieutenant. He became a charter member of William T. Fitzsimmons Post No. 8 of the American Legion—a thriving post with 1670 members—and in 1921 he became its commander. Kansas City's Liberty Memorial was built at that time. For its formal dedication, Ray was a member of the American

Legion committee which welcomed to Kansas City and entertained General "Black Jack" Pershing, commander of U. S. A. forces in World War I; Admiral Lord David Beatty of England; Marshal Ferdinand Foch of France; Lt. General Baron Jacques of Belgium; and General Armando Diaz of Italy. Opposite Kansas City's Union Station, likenesses of these World War I leaders are preserved today in bronze at the Station Plaza entrance to the Liberty Memorial.



IF YOU REMEMBER World War I, you'll recall that during those years the federal government first devised a new form of taxation known as the "income tax." Ray's brother Charles at that time was a revenue agent. His experiences convinced him that there was an opportunity for lawyers who would become experts in the field of income tax law. Among other things, the law allowed deductions for "depletion"—and its terms were then little known and less understood by some of the biggest oil companies in Texas! Charles persuaded Ray to become one of the first tax attorneys to practice in Kansas City, and with his brother Elmer, Ray began a tax practice. They officed at that time with another Phi

Gam from the University of Chicago, Attorney John S. Wright.

Meanwhile, up at Fort Leavenworth, a man from Virginia named Colonel Claude Miller had arrived to teach at the Staff and Command School of the Army War College. Back in Virginia, Ray's father's sister, Mrs. Elwood Douglas Jackson, of Front Royal, wrote her brother that Colonel Miller's cousin from Lynchburg was coming out to Fort Leavenworth to visit—and would the Halls please have one of the boys call on her? All of the Hall boys at home pictured this unknown lady as a grey-haired contemporary of their aunt's. The assignment to go to Fort Leavenworth, therefore, was definitely in the category of a "duty call." Ray, considerate as always, volunteered for the task.



Upon his return, he gave scant details of the call to his brothers. For the lady turned out to be the petite, young and charming Ann Miller Woodroof of Lynchburg . . . pretty, and younger than Ray! He kept her age and her beauty a secret until a romance was well under way. Ann "visited" out here as long as she dared (6 weeks); and then returned to Lynchburg.

Tax-lawyer Ray Hall suddenly found that his practice required more-and-more-frequent trips to Washington, D. C.—from which it is only a three-hour trip to Lynchburg. The couple become engaged, were married June 6, 1924, and honeymooned in Bermuda.

They have one son, Douglas Jackson Hall, age 22, whom they named for the aunt who introduced them. Young Doug attended Pembroke-Country Day School and had a year at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, before he enlisted in the Air Force. He is stationed at Luke Air Field near Phoenix. His hitch has a year to go from next October.

A portrait in oil of Doug in his Air Force uniform dominates one wall of the Hall's dining room, in their charming Georgian home at 6710 Tomahawk Road in Johnson County, Kansas. An interesting screen in that same room, made by Mrs. Hall, reveals the Virginia background with photographs of buildings and scenes in her ancestral native state. Like their house with its central circular stairway, overhead skylight and carriage-lamp fixture, the Hall garden is a bit of Old Virginia, too. Low, serpentine white-brick walls copied from the University of Virginia at Charlottesville enclose an outdoor terrazzo terrace. A box hedge of Japanese Yew, designed by Hare & Hare, repeats the pattern of the walls.

BUT LET'S FLASH BACK to Ray in 1924. Married, and with a growing law practice, his knowledge of tax matters attracted the attention of officials at Kansas City's First Na-

tional Bank. Chairman E. F. Swinney had been an old friend of the Hall family; and president Harry T. Abernathy and vice-president Carl Alendorfer of the First were giving attention to their growing trust department. They needed a tax expert to handle it. Ray was approached, and decided to accept the job.

In those days the bank's trust department assets were small. From June 1, 1926 to January 1, 1943 Ray served as trust officer of the First National, during which time its trust department assets increased to the extent that it became not only the largest in Kansas City, but ranked first in the entire 10th Federal Reserve District. Included among those assets were such estates as the Carrie J. Loose fund of 3-1/2 million and the Ina Calkins estate of 1-1/2 million. Ray's quarters in those years increased from basement space where there were five employees to an impressive third floor layout with a staff of thirty, using the basement space for vault and record storage.

A SON OF PLATTSBURG, MISSOURI, Gavin Leedy, meanwhile had become president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City, at a time when the Bank needed a new general counsel. Ray Hall was chosen for this position—and resigned from the First National to become a vice-president of the Federal Reserve on January 1, 1943. Robert B. Caldwell was then serving as chairman of the Board of Directors, with Robert J. Mehornay as deputy chairman. Ray served as Federal Reserve Bank general counsel for two years, at which

time he resigned to become vice-president of Hall Brothers, makers of Hallmark Greeting Cards. He is no relation to the three brothers in the Hallmark concern, Joyce C. Hall, Rollie and Will.

Then, when Robert B. Caldwell resigned effective January 1 of this year as chairman of the Federal Reserve, Ray was chosen to succeed him. It is a "part time" job, and doesn't interfere with his work at Hall Brothers, where he is still active.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK is not owned by the federal government—and that big 20-story building at 10th & Grand is not a government building, even though former President Harry S. Truman is one of the office tenants. County and city real estate taxes are paid on this building just as on all privately-owned buildings. The member banks of the Tenth Federal Reserve District own the capital stock and participate in the operation of the Federal Reserve Bank and the building, with directors elected by their own members to a board which governs the bank's operating policies.

In addition, there are three directors chosen by the board of governors at Washington—from commerce, industry and agriculture in this district. Ray Hall is one such director. As chairman, Ray is one of twelve Federal Reserve officials (one from each of the nation's Federal Reserve Districts) who meet with the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System in Washington and help to decide the country's monetary policies.

Together, the boards of directors of the Reserve Banks and the board of governors do such things as raise the rediscount rate in order to make credit easier; or they will require increased reserves from member banks, which has the effect of making less money available for loans. Lowering of reserve requirements means that the member banks have more money available for loans.

Also, they buy and sell government securities to increase or decrease the amount of funds that member banks have available for lending and investing. The theory of the Federal Reserve System is that the fight against inflation or a too sudden deflation can be carried on by the concerted effort of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks with the Federal Reserve Board as the coordinating agency.

As board chairman, Ray is also the Federal Reserve Agent at the Reserve Bank. In such capacity he has responsibility for currency matters in this area under the supervision of the board of governors in Washington.

RAY'S CIVIC AND COMMUNITY JOBS make a long list. He is the former Treasurer and now a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Kansas City. He is on the Board of Governors of the Kansas City Art Institute. And he is president of the Chi Mu (for Columbia, Missouri) Scholarship Fund of Phi Gamma Delta.

Through the years, in addition to being commander of William T. Fitzsimmons Post No. 8 of the American

Legion, he served on the City Central Executive Committee. He was on the Finance Board of the Women's Christian Association, which operates the Armour and Gillis Homes; a Trustee of Pembroke-Country Day School for Boys; and Treasurer & Director of the Kansas City Country Club. As a director and chairman of the advancement committee of the Boy Scouts, he was given the Silver Beaver award. He has been a director of the Boys' Club. He served as a trustee and treasurer of the Council of Social Agencies, and on various budget committees. He was director of Community Studies, Inc. In business, he was a director of the Employers' Reinsurance Corporation; the Johnson County National Bank and Trust Co.; and is still a director of the Kansas City Life Insurance Co.

His biggest civic job was as general chairman and organizer of the Citizens' Planning Council of Greater Kansas City, in 1944-45, to prepare and integrate an area plan of post-war programs. It was, and is, a citizens' movement to stimulate full employment for our citizens, and to provide the finer things of living for the entire area. It reviews and coordinates the work of all groups (business, industries, agencies), to eliminate waste and overlapping effort in mapping the area's future. Concrete results of this activity, which expanded to a Board of Governors of 101 people and committee memberships of 942, then increased to 3,000, are such achievements as the Veterans' Information Center operated after World War II; building of the Southwest Trafficway; the

Starlight Theatre; and a new bridge across the Missouri River. On the docket are twenty such major projects for greater Kansas City, including an inter-regional system of express highways; a new stadium-armory; a new public library; a Jackson County library with branches in all towns of the county; plans for the economic development of the area; and thirty or more other projects under study.

BUT WHAT ABOUT this fellow Hall as a *person*? Well, he's certainly one of the most modest, friendly people you'll ever meet—a good listener, loyal, sympathetic. His quiet sense of humor delights his friends and golf partners—one of his hobbies (work is first!) being golf. During the football season, he and Ann manage to get down to Columbia for most of the Tigers' home games.

Back in the mid-twenties, when the old Shubert Theatre on 10th Street had a new road-show play or musical comedy every week all winter, three front-rows of Phi Gams had tickets together in "Peanut Heaven" (the top gallery) every Thursday. The young-married Halls never missed a show! Though he was trust officer of the First National

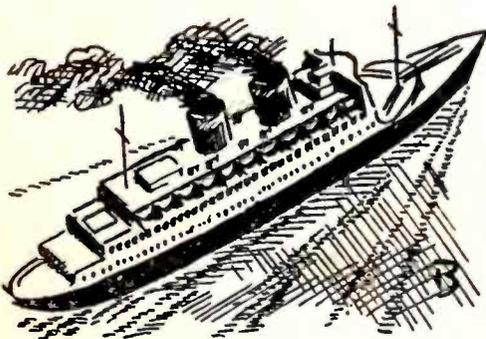
Bank at the time, it never occurred to Ray Hall that he might appear undignified in a top-gallery theatre seat.

Their travels have taken the Halls to Hawaii, to South America and to Europe. Ray is a Rotarian; and on a trip to Lima, Peru, he carried along a Kansas City Rotary Club flag to present to the Rotarians of Lima. Aboard his ship were two young señoritas who had been attending school in Gulfport. Although Ray had spent several years learning Spanish, and had clients in Mexico, he wrote out his flag-presentation speech in English; and the beautiful young señoritas provided a Spanish translation, then rehearsed him in it.

In Lima, the president of San Marcos University suggested to Ray that if he wanted to get a real burst of applause, he might add a paragraph saying that he liked San Marcos University so well that he would like to send his son there to school. This Ray did. The speech was a tremendous success; and the applause was as predicted.

Ray learned other Spanish, too—he can dance the rumba, the samba, and the mambo. "Ray's a conservative, but not an old-fashioned dancer," say his partners.

The Hall's European journey last summer had three magnificent highlights. They lunched with the Honorable and Mrs. Winston Churchill at No. 10 Downing Street; visited General Eisenhower at S. H. A. P. E., and were received in audience by the Pope in Rome. Switzerland is Ray's favorite European country; and he likes the city of Lucerne best of all.



From girlhood, Ann has always been a painter—water color and oils. Out at Rancho Santa Fe in California in 1948, she persuaded Ray to attempt an oil painting—and he has pursued painting as a hobby ever since. His first primitive attempt hangs in their home, as does a view he painted later of the rail-fenced entrance to the Kansas City Country Club—a truly difficult problem in perspective, well done!

Another Hall hobby is the collection of paper-weights, of which they have a case-full in their living room. Many are quite rare—all are beautiful—and the acquisition of each one is a reminder of some happy moment or occasion in their life together. When Ray was appointed chairman of the Federal Reserve, for example, Ann gave him a bouquet—in a paper-weight.



THREE new University of Kansas City programs are now heard on WHB. At 8:15 Sundays "University Forum" is broadcast. It features a discussion of current problems in the news by a professor and several of his students from a different department each week. Dr. Edgar Rosen of the history department led off with a discussion on the problem of European unification.

At 1 p.m. Sundays, "University Showcase" is heard weekly. The show consists of performances and compositions by students and members of the faculty of the music department.

Compositions by Gerald Kemner, senior, were heard on the opening program; vocal numbers by Hardin Van Deursen, associate professor of music, and Dorothy Clay. Albertine Baumgartner joined Kemner in playing his piano compositions.

The "University International Review" presents an analysis of current international news by four professors at 7:30 Saturday nights. Speakers are Dr. Samson Soloveitchik, expert on Russian civilization, Dr. Edgar Rosen on European affairs, Dr. Ernest Mannheim on Africa and the Middle East and Dr. John Hodges, economist. Henry Mamet, director of the radio department acts as moderator.

The WHB EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
	Chicago Theatre of the Air.....	"Strictly From Dixie"
6	Operetta.....	Larry Ray, Sports...
:00	Vignette.....	Gabriel Heatter.....
:15	News, Cecil Brown.....	Fulton Lewis, Jr.....
:30	The Shadow.....	The Falcon.....
:45	Crime Doesn't Pay.....	Adventure.....
:55	True Detective.....	Hall of Fantasy.....
	Mysteries.....	Futuristic Drama.....
7	Dear Margy, It's Murder.....	Bill Henry, News.....
:00	Nick Carter, Master Detective.....	Tunes Till Baseball.....
:05	Northwestern Univ. Reviewing Stand.....	
:15	Sixth Row Center.....	
:30	K. C. Calendar.....	
:45	Serenade In The Night.....	Baseball Scoreboard.....
8	Weatherman In Person.....	Titus Moody.....
:00	Mutual News.....	Frank Edwards.....
:15	WHB Night Club of the Air.....	Weatherman In Person.....
:30	Pop Records.....	Mutual News.....
:45	Lew Kemper.....	WHB Night Club of the Air.....
9	WHB Night Club of the Air.....	Pop Records.....
:00	WHB Night Club of the Air.....	Rob Ulmer.....
:15	WHB Night Club of the Air.....	WHB Night Club of the Air.....
:30	WHB Night Club of the Air.....	WHB Night Club of the Air.....
:45	WHB Night Club of the Air.....	WHB Night Club of the Air.....
1:00	WHB Signs Off.....	WHB Signs Off.....



ers. Al Fanelli's quartet supplies the musical background.



JOHAN WEIGEL, Mutual's newest disc jockey, lives in by-gone days as far as his new ALLSWEET MUSIC BOX program is concerned—WHB, Monday through Fridays at 11:25 a.m. His show features songs of the roaring '80's played on the popular old-time Regina music box—a living room fixture of great-grand-dad's days.

The discs used by Weigel are all-steel platters and the collection consists of several hundred melodies. He first become interested in this enter-

A NEW weekly radio series and a country-wide concert tour are on MBS personality Lanny Ross' schedule during the spring months. The popular tenor began his new Mutual network LANNY ROSS SHOW programs March 1—WHB, Sundays at 12:15 p.m.

Lanny's Sunday series is devoted to popular songs of the day and romantic melodies requested by his listen-

PROGRAM SCHEDULE • 6 P. M. to 1 A. M.

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
"Strictly From Dixie" Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Fulton Lewis, Jr.	"Strictly From Dixie" Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Fulton Lewis, Jr.	"Strictly From Dixie" Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Fulton Lewis, Jr.	"Strictly From Dixie" Larry Ray, Sports Gabriel Heatter Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Tidwell Jambores or Swing Session	6 :00 :15 :30 :45 :55
Tbat Hammer Guy Micky Spillane High Adventure	Crime Files of Flamond The Search That Never Fails	Official Detective Crime Reports John Steele Adventurer	Take a Number Bishop Sheen	"Twenty Questions" Parlor Game K.C.U. International Round-table	7 :00 :15 :30 :45
Bill Henry, News Tunes Till Baseball	Tunes Till Game Time	8 :00 :05 :15 :30 :40			

KANSAS CITY BLUES—AMERICAN ASSOCIATION BASEBALL

Play-by-play by Larry Ray—At Home and Away 8:15 Nightly

101 Regularly Scheduled Night Games—

Monday through Saturday—April 12 through September 12

Baseball Scoreboard Titus Moody Frank Edwards Weatherman In Person Mutual News	BASEBALL or Dixieland Jazz Band Weatherman In Person Mutual News	9 :00 :15 :30 :45 :55			
WHB Night Club of the Air Pop Records Roch Ulmer	WHB Night Club of the Air Pop Records Lew Kemper	10 :00 :15 :30 :45			
WHB Night Club of the Air	WHB Night Club of the Air	11 :00 :15 :30 :45			
WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	WHB Signs Off	12 :00 :15 :30 :45 1:00

The WHB DAYTIME PROGRAM SCHEDULE

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

tainment medium when he saw an antique Regina on display in a museum.

Weigel began his radio career in Ohio, while still attending high school. He met his wife, Virginia, also an entertainment personality, while attending Ohio State University. He interrupted his career to join the Army Signal Corps during World War II. He was assigned to the University of Minnesota for a special training course. His roommate at school was William Oatis, the A.P. newsman interned by the Communists in Czechoslovakia.

Following his discharge from the armed forces, Weigel settled on a farm in Libertyville, Ill., and became a popular figure in Chicago radio circles.

Extensive research by Weigel, whose patter is also in the vernacular of the roaring '80's, permits him to tell unusual anecdotal stories about each melody aired on the ALL-SWEET MUSIC BOX.



TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
5	:00 Silent	Town & Country Time
	:15 A. M.	Don Sullivan Show
	:30	News-Weather-Livestock
	:45	Don Sullivan Show
6	:00 Silent	Musical Clock
	:10	Music-Time and Temperature
	:15	News, Charles Gray
	:30	Musical Clock
7	:00 Sun-Dial Serenade	Music, Time and Temperature
	:15 Music and Time Signals	News, Charles Gray
	:30	Musical Clock
	:45	Music, Time and Temperature
8	:00 News & Weather	News, Charles Gray
	:10 Wings over K. C.	Weather
	:15 University Forum	Fruits & Vegetables
	:20	Musical Clock
9	:30 Bible Study Hour	Crosby Croons
	:45	Musical Clock
	:55	Gabriel Heatter
	:00 Old Sunday School	Unity Viewpoint
10	:15 How's Your Health?	Gay Lombardo Orch
	:30 Land of the Free	Sandra Lea Program
	:45	For Women
	:55	News, Frank Singier
11	:00 News	Ladies' Fair
	:05 Barbershop	with Tom Moore
	:15 Quartet	News, H. Engle
	:25 Singing	Queen For A Day
12	:30 Travel Time	with Jack Bailey
	:45 Travel Hints	Curt Massey Time
	:00 Guy Lombardo Hour	Capital Commentary
	:15 "Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven"	Allsweet Music Box
1	:25	WHB Neighborin' Time
	:30	News, Charles Gray
	:45	WHB Neighborin' Time
	:00 Bill Cunningham	WHB Neighborin' Time
2	:15 Lanny Ross Show	WHB Neighborin' Time
	:30 "Young Ideas" with Rosemary Grace	WHB Neighborin' Time
	:45 Proudly We Hail	WHB Neighborin' Time
	:00 K. C. U. Showcase or Tunes Till Game	Don Sullivan
3	:15 Squad Room or Blues Baseball	CLUB 710
	:30 Crime Fighters or Blues Baseball	Pop Records
	:45 Tunes Till Game or Blues Baseball	Old Standards
	:00 BLUES BASEBALL	CLUB 710
4	:15 13 Single Games	The "Top Twenty Tunes"
	:30 8 Double Headers	CLUB 710
	:45	News & Sports
	:00 April 19 through	Bobby Benson Show
5	:15 Sept. 13	Drama at Bar-B
	:30	Wild Bill Hickok
	:45	Drama
	:55	News, Ed Pettit

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Town & Country Time.....	Town & Country Time.....	Town & Country Time.....	Town & Country Time.....	Town & Country Time.....	5 :00 :15 :30 :45
Don Sullivan Show..	Don Sullivan Show..	Don Sullivan Show..	Don Sullivan Show..	Don Sullivan Show..	6 :00 :15 :30 :45
News-Weather- Livestock.....	News-Weather- Livestock.....	News-Weather- Livestock.....	News-Weather- Livestock.....	News-Weather- Livestock.....	
Don Sullivan Show..	Don Sullivan Show..	Don Sullivan Show..	Don Sullivan Show..	Don Sullivan Show..	7 :00 :15 :30 :45
Musical Clock Music-Time and Temperature.....	Musical Clock Music-Time and Temperature.....	Musical Clock Music-Time and Temperature.....	Musical Clock Music-Time and Temperature.....	Musical Clock Music-Time and Temperature.....	
News, Charles Gray. Musical Clock Music, Time and Temperature.	News, Charles Gray. Musical Clock Music, Time and Temperature.	News, Charles Gray. Musical Clock Music, Time and Temperature.	News, Charles Gray. Musical Clock Music, Time and Temperature.	News, Charles Gray. Musical Clock Music, Time and Temperature.	8 :00 :10 :15 :20 :30 :45 :55
News, Charles Gray. Weather.....	News, Charles Gray. Weather.....	News, Charles Gray. Weather.....	News, Charles Gray. Weather.....	News, Charles Gray. Weather.....	
Fruits & Vegetables Musical Clock.....	Fruits & Vegetables Musical Clock.....	Fruits & Vegetables Musical Clock.....	Fruits & Vegetables Musical Clock.....	Fruits & Vegetables Musical Clock.....	9 :00 :15 :30 :45 :55
Crosby Croons Musical Clock.....	Crosby Croons Musical Clock.....	Crosby Croons Musical Clock.....	Crosby Croons Musical Clock.....	Crosby Croons Musical Clock.....	
Gabriel Heatter.....	Gabriel Heatter.....	Gabriel Heatter.....	Gabriel Heatter.....	Gabriel Heatter.....	10 :00 :05 :15 :25 :30 :45
Unity Viewpoint.....	Unity Viewpoint.....	Unity Viewpoint.....	Unity Viewpoint.....	Unity Viewpoint.....	
Paula Stone Show..	Guy Lombardo Orch. Paula Stone Show..	Paula Stone Show..	Guy Lombardo Orch. Paula Stone Show..	Guy Lombardo Orch. Paula Stone Show..	11 :00 :15 :25 :30 :45
Sandra Lea Program. For Women.....	Sandra Lea Program. For Women.....	Sandra Lea Program. For Women.....	Sandra Lea Program. For Women.....	Sandra Lea Program. For Women.....	
News, Frank Singiser	News, Frank Singiser	News, Frank Singiser	News, Frank Singiser	News, Frank Singiser	12 :00 :15 :30 :45
Ladies' Fair with Tom Moore..	Ladies' Fair with Tom Moore..	Ladies' Fair with Tom Moore..	Ladies' Fair with Tom Moore..	Cowtown Carnival..	
News, H. Engle.....	News, H. Engle.....	News, H. Engle.....	News, H. Engle.....	News, H. Engle.....	1 :00 :15 :30 :45
Queen For A Day with Jack Bailey..	Queen For A Day with Jack Bailey..	Queen For A Day with Jack Bailey..	Queen For A Day with Jack Bailey..	Cowtown Carnival..	
Curt Massey Time... Capital Commentary. Allsweet Music Box. WHB Neighbborin' Time.....	Curt Massey Time... Capital Commentary. Allsweet Music Box. WHB Neighbborin' Time.....	Curt Massey Time... Capital Commentary. Allsweet Music Box. WHB Neighbborin' Time.....	Curt Massey Time... Capital Commentary. Allsweet Music Box. WHB Neighbborin' Time.....	Cowtown Carnival.. Cowtown Carnival.. News, Charles Gray.	2 :00 :15 :25 :30 :45
News, Charles Gray. WHB Neighbborin' Time.....	News, Charles Gray. WHB Neighbborin' Time.....	News, Charles Gray. WHB Neighbborin' Time.....	News, Charles Gray. WHB Neighbborin' Time.....	Man on the Farm... Bromfield Reporting.	
Don Sullivan, Pokey Red, Bruce Grant, and Don Sullivan's Western Band in Saddle Soap Opera from "Triangle D Ranch"—the Cow Country Club					3 :00 :15 :30 :45
WHB Neighbborin' Time Don Sullivan.....	WHB Neighbborin' Time Don Sullivan.....	WHB Neighbborin' Time Don Sullivan.....	WHB Neighbborin' Time Don Sullivan.....	Cowtown Carnival... or Swing Session....	
CLUB 710	CLUB 710	CLUB 710	CLUB 710	BLUES BASEBALL or Swing Session....	4 :00 :15 :30 :45
Pop Records Old Standards.....	or K. C. Blues.....	Pop Records Old Standards.....	Pop Records Old Standards.....	Six Afternoon Baseball	
CLUB 710 The "Top Twenty Tunes"...	BASEBALL Eight Afternoon Games between April 15 and Sept. 9.....	CLUB 710 The "Top Twenty Tunes"...	CLUB 710 The "Top Twenty Tunes"...	Games Between April 18 and Sept. 12.....	5 :00 :15 :30 :45 :55
CLUB 710	CLUB 710	CLUB 710	Tidwell Jamboree... or Swing Session....	
News & Sports.....	News & Sports.....	News & Sports.....	News & Sports.....		
Sgt. Preston of Yukon Drama of the North Sky King Drama Cecil Brown.....	Bobby Benson Show. Drama at Bar-B... Wild Bill Hickok Drama Cecil Brown.....	Sgt. Preston of Yukon Drama of the North Sky King Drama Cecil Brown.....	Bobby Benson Show. Drama at Bar-B... Wild Bill Hickok Drama Cecil Brown.....		



HE NEVER CLIMBED IT!

by BARNEY SCHWARTZ

LIEUTENANT Zebulon Pike and the men of his exploration party gazed with uncontrolled awe at the majestic, 14,000-foot peak. They had seen many awe-inspiring sights as they travelled over the uncharted course into Indian country, but this was the greatest.

"We shall climb it!" Lieutenant Pike exclaimed suddenly. "From its sides we may be able to see passages which will save us much time." The men were enthusiastic about this idea.

The young army officer had been assigned the mission of travelling to the headwaters of the Arkansas and Red Rivers to begin peaceful negotiations with Indian tribes. Only a year before he had successfully searched for the source of the Mississippi River. Now, in 1806, the army had chosen him to learn more about the great area known as the Louisiana Purchase.

They had gone, on foot and on horseback, overland to Pawnee country, due west from St. Louis and up the Missouri and Osage Rivers. But, as yet, they had not found the headwaters of the Arkansas because the river became narrow and shallow as it wound through the Colorado Mountains. From the summit, which became known as Pike's Peak, they hoped to view the headwaters.

Greatly encouraged, they began the arduous and dangerous ascent. But, the mountains had deceived them. The peak they climbed looked as though it were part of the 14,000-

foot summit, inasmuch as it blended into it. Men have been fooled many times in the same way. When Pike and his party reached the high-point, Pike's Peak still loomed in the distance. They had climbed what is now known as Mount Cheyenne instead!

"Some day I'll return and climb it," Pike declared resolutely, seeking to hide his disappointment. "We must continue our search."

A bitter winter almost wrecked the brave exploration. Men and animals were near exhaustion. The food supply ran perilously low. Then, one day, they came to the banks of a frozen stream. "This," Pike said, in desperation, "must be the Red River!"

Again he was wrong, and he learned his mistake when Spanish cavalry rode up and took the entire group as prisoners. They had trespassed on Spanish territory and the stream was the winding Rio Grande. Pike and his men were held captive in Mexico for several months, and then released and deported through Texas.

Pike, himself, had been weakened by the rigors of the exploring and by the months in captivity. He died a short time after being returned to America.

His maps and charts, even though there were many errors in them, still were very valuable to those who followed the trails into the Louisiana Purchase.

Pike's Peak stands as a monument to his valiant efforts, but he didn't realize that one ambition. He never climbed it!

The CLOWN PRINCE of BASEBALL

Seventy million people have seen him "in person" during the last 28 years . . . and he was the "most requested" male entertainer to appear before our GIs in World War II.

By LARRY RAY

IT happened in the ninth inning of an International League game between the Buffalo Bisons and the Jersey City Skeeters in the early 1920's. The score was tied. Two men were out, the bases empty, and the next batter was the pitcher—comparatively, a little fellow—perhaps too small for baseball. He'd already won for himself the sobriquet "The All-American Automatic Out," but his real name was Alexander Schacht, and things looked none too bright for the Jersey City nine.

The opposing pitcher, over-confident, became careless, and the Skeeters took fresh hope when Alexander went high-legging it to first with a base on balls. A moment later a snappeg from the angered Bison pitcher caught the runner napping off base. In a desperation head-first plunge to



get safely back, Schacht upset Wiltse, the first baseman, and the play at the bag was lost in dust. When Wiltse got to his feet, however, the ball seemed to be lost, too, and he looked wildly around to find it. Schacht corralled a split second in which to appraise the situation, brushed himself off and streaked for second, where he hooked the bag in a near-perfect slide, got up, dusted himself off again, and, while pandemonium broke loose in the enemy infield, cut the grass for third. Poor Wiltse, meanwhile, was being driven to madness by the frantic shouts of his team-mates for the ball. If the runner scored, it meant the ball game.

Standing on third like a young leprechaun, while the fans were screaming in glee or anxiety, and the players of both benches were on their feet, jumping up and down, Al tucked his head low and bolted for home, where he maneuvered another sensational, dust raising slide.

"Safe!" roared umpire John O'Brien. And Al leapt to his feet shouting, "We win!" But at this point the umpire spied the ball as it rolled innocently away from Al's feet.

"Oh, yeah?" the umpire moved his scarlet and navy blue bulk to a posi-

tion looking down upon the wilting Schacht. "Now how do you reckon that ball got there?"

Quickly Alexander's hand went for a hip pocket. And his face became suffused with red as he sheepishly stammered, "Aw, look ump. I was just fooling."

O'Brien boomed, "Well, you're out for interference! And I ain't foolin'! I'm going to report this to President O'Toole, an' that'll probably cost you fifty bucks!"

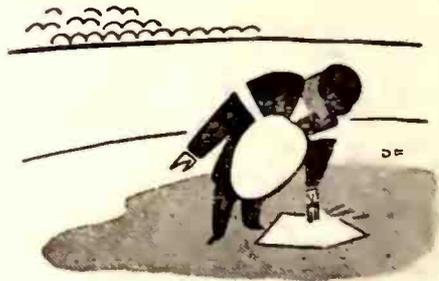
Al paid the fifty. But that was the last time it ever cost him money to clown.

This cut-up, Alexander Schacht, is the same Al Schacht who was *Number One* on the list when Yanks in every theater during World War II were asked to name the male entertainer they would like best to perform for them. And during the war, Al visited almost every front. One night in Africa he had the stolid British soldiery and their distinguished general, Sir Bernard Montgomery, doubling with laughter on the eve of the Sicilian invasion.

This is the same Al Schacht whose performances have been witnessed by some 70,000,000 people during the last 28 years. For more than two decades he has been the most seen-in-person star in comedy entertainment history. When considering the fact that in a single World Series, Al does his stuff for something like a quarter of a million fans, it is not difficult to account for the over-all figure. Some leagues offer records to prove that their attendance figures tripled when the Clown Prince of Diamonds was in their parks.

To ask what makes him great is like asking what makes people fall in love. Neither can be analyzed satisfactorily. As to why people laugh at him; it isn't too hard to understand when you picture a man of fifty-odd years in a black cutaway coat with a bright red lapel, an emerald green baseball uniform and a much-in-disrepair top hat. Add to this the somewhat Indian-like facial characteristics, marvelously expressive eyes and a rudder-like profile. And if you laugh yourself sore at his baseball buffoonery, don't worry about it. He did the same to Christy Mathewson, Honus Wagner, John McGraw, Ted Williams, Bob Feller and Hal Newhouser.

Schacht does not resort to theater tactics. Showman that he is, he uses very few props and sticks resolutely to baseball. He loves the game and all the good Americanism it stands for.



"I was nuts about baseball," Schacht wrote in his book *Clowning Through Baseball*, "from the first time I heard the crack of batted balls as they echoed up from Harlem. The Polo Grounds was only a stone's throw, or a short swim from my house. And there was no thrill in the world for me like seeing the game's

heroes coming through the clubhouse door."

"Al, old boy," he used to say to himself as a youngster, "you've got to forget about being a fire chief. You've got to be a ball player when you grow up . . ."

He went on to star at the High School of Commerce—where Lou Gehrig later starred. And the fact that he held the International League record for shutouts, and on four occasions was called upon to pitch both ends of crucial double-headers, is proof that he realized his boyhood dreams. Later, he decided to take a flyer with the Cincinnati Reds. But Clark Griffith signed him and farmed him back to the International League.

The game between the Buffalo Bisons and the Jersey City Skeeters was not the first clowning incident for Al. His first act in organized baseball is said to have come off in 1914, when he came riding bareback into the ball park on an old plug mare at game time. He was preceded by a tiny colored boy in livery. The fans went wild—so wild, in fact, that it pleased the management. Indeed, everyone was pleased with Schacht that afternoon except the opposing batsmen who had to try to keep their eyes on his fastball.

Schacht went to the Washington Senators in 1916. But an accident halted his pitching career in 1919. Still it marked only the beginning of his fame, for after a period of coach-clowning with the Senators, he turned full-time comedian. Having never in his life earned more than \$7,500 a season as a pitcher, his gloom-busting antics have paid off at an estimated

rate of \$30,000 a year. And augmenting this income in the "off-season" is the famous Al Schacht's Restaurant in New York City, run and personalized by Al himself.

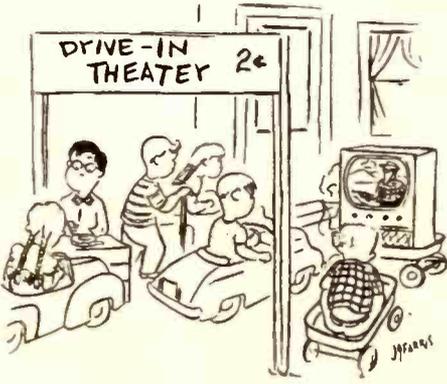
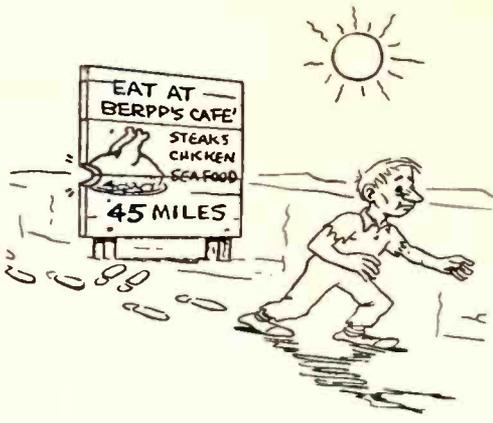
Proof of his love for the game is the fact that only once in his career has his act departed from a general baseball background. And this was during a World Series—in 1922.

A man named Rudolph Valentino was hero of a picture called *Blood and Sand*. Al burlesqued the toreador act in the picture. He had a goat stand-in for the bull, put it in a taxi and sped to Yankee Stadium. Al wore the customary emerald baseball suit, and a bullfighter's hat, red sash, and all. His pockets were filled with cabbage leaves and this enticement kept the "bull" busy with no ifs nor ands, but butts. Armed with a wooden stave instead of a sword, he staged a first class "bull fight" and, needless to say, got the goat in the end.

Wherever baseball is discussed they still talk about that one—along with a hundred other unforgettable antics of the amazing Al Schacht!



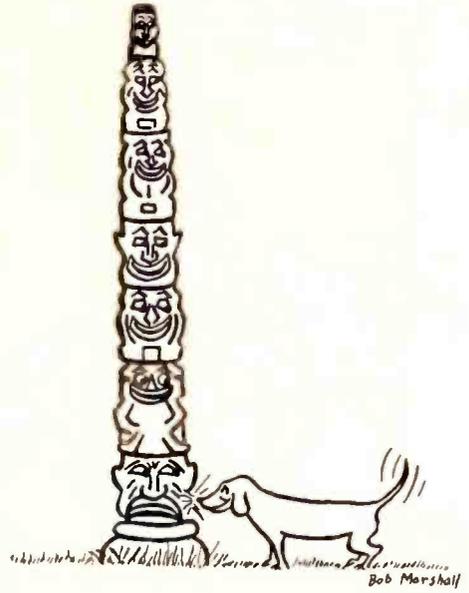
"I'm getting married right after the game!"



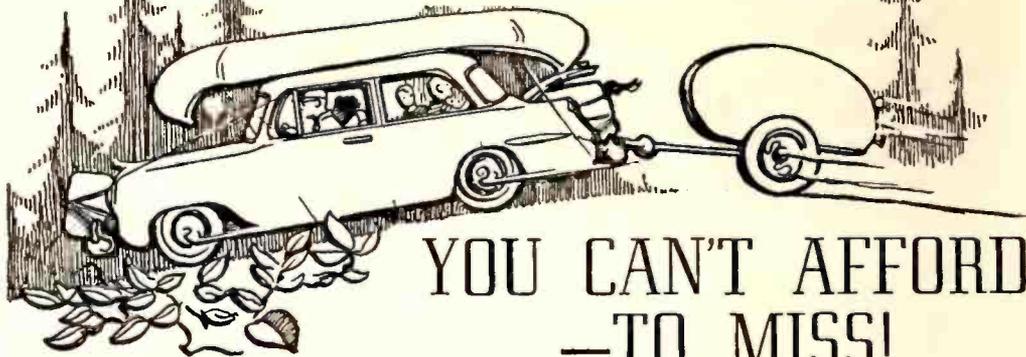
PICTURES
without
WORDS
 SWING • WHB
 KANSAS CITY



TELEVISION



THAT AUTO TRIP



YOU CAN'T AFFORD —TO MISS!

By HUSBAND R. CASH

TODAY, all the wonderful places in America are as near as your automobile door. And your distant relatives and friends live just around the corner. Unfortunately, many families are unaware of the fact that long auto trips can be inexpensive, and needlessly limit their vacation trips to short week-end excursions. Equally unfortunate are those families who let the havoc done to the family budget overshadow their otherwise long, happy auto trips. In America, thousands of miles are inexpensive if you plan your trip at the two-cent-a-mile rate.

Many travelers budget their trip expenses at this rate. The first time the author's family tried the two-cent-a-mile system, the cost was exactly sixty dollars for three thousand miles. The following summer, by profiting from our previous experiences, the identical three thousand mile trip was made for fifty dollars.

Here are a few tips on how to join the two-cent-a-mile travelers.

To Save on Gasoline

1. *Have car properly tuned-up.* For example, if your ignition points have

seen too many miles, a new set will pay for themselves in the first few hundred miles. After that, they will pay you.

2. *Know your route.* Many oil companies have services to help you plan the best and shortest routes (and indicate interesting places to see that you might ordinarily miss). Have the entire family know the route well so they can assist the driver to stay on the correct route.

3. *Maintain as even a speed as possible.* Don't "floorboard" the throttle when passing. Every time you depress the accelerator, the carburetor pumps gasoline into the motor.

4. *Drive conservatively.* Ask your mechanic to estimate the cruising speed of your car. Then plan to stay at or below this speed. Gas and oil consumption per mile increase rapidly at higher speeds.

5. *Buy wisely.* Regardless of what brand of gasoline you prefer, the price varies somewhat from state to state due to taxes and transportation charges. Ask your travelling friends about the various prices. Naturally, don't estimate your gasoline needs too

closely in attempting to reach a state line.

Mile after mile, the gasoline saved will surprise you. The fifty dollar-three thousand mile trip mentioned earlier in this article was made in a light car that averaged twenty-eight and a half miles to the gallon of gasoline on the trip. And every mile-per-gallon saved, when multiplied by thousands of miles, puts money in your pocket.

To Save on Food

1. *Plan picnic lunches.* Take along the essential parts for several lunches. Then buy fresh milk and perishables at the super markets along the way. (Many travelers avoid last minute confusion by preparing the sandwiches the previous day and storing them in the freezer unit until time to leave.)

2. *Include plenty of oranges and other fruit.* For between meal snacks and thirst quenchers.

3. *Eat in small town restaurants.* Two-cent-a-milers feel that as one-stop strangers in town they are in no position to gamble on the assorted restaurants and prices in a large city. (Nor do they have the gasoline to waste looking for a suitable restaurant and a place to park.) In a small town, any resident can usually tell you which of the few restaurants in town serves good food at moderate cost.

4. *Or, cook your own meals.* Either at auto courts that have cooking facilities or make use of that old camp stove for some delicious outdoor meals.

Fortunately for the budget, a little food goes a long way on a trip. Because of the limited exercise, large

heavy meals should be avoided. Light meals with an emphasis on salads and fruits are the traveler's friend.

With a little planning, your trip budget for food should not be much more than the food allowance for the same period on your regular budget. Two-cent-a-milers generally allow about fifteen to twenty percent for extra food costs on the trip.

To Save on Sleeping Costs

1. *Stop driving early in the day.* By stopping early in the afternoon, while there is still an assortment of vacancies, the traveler can usually find suitable accommodations at a reasonable rate. Later in the day, vacancies become so limited that a choice has to be made because of necessity without regard to finances. (Stopping early and starting very early in the morning will also give you better driving conditions—another saving on gasoline.)

2. *Know your stops and rates.* The AAA and other organizations furnish helpful information about rates and accommodations. Also supplement this information by inquiring among your friends who have recently traveled the route.

3. *Try sleeping in small cities and towns.* If you are unable to plan suitable sleeping accommodations in advance, give the motels in the smaller cities and the hotels in the large towns a trial.

And a final tip on tips. If you sleep and eat in the small towns, don't tip excessively—it's not expected.

Good luck and good driving. We'll be looking for you at the picnic spots and motels to swap bargains of the road!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ANYTHING?

Vacation's more fun if you make your plans well in advance . . . provide for emergencies and contingencies . . . and have with you everything you'll need, except the supplies you expect to purchase en route. Here's a handy Check List to tick off before departure:

YOUR JOB

- Check Vacation Dates with boss and business associates
- Leave copies of Itinerary, where to be reached in Emergency
 - With Boss or Partner
 - With Relatives
 - With Closest Neighbor

THE CHILDREN

- Take 'em Along
- Stay with Relatives
- Engage Nurse or Sitter

THE PETS

- Arrange for Care at Home
- Arrange for Boarding

THE HOUSEHOLD

- Stop Milk Delivery
- Stop Bread Delivery
- Stop Newspaper Delivery
- Stop Mail Delivery
- Arrange for Mail Forwarding
- Arrange for Parcel Deliveries during Absence
- Arrange for Yard Care
- Check Water Taps
- Check Toilets Running
- Put Refrigerator "On Vacation"
- Empty Refrigerator of Spoilables
- Turn off Radios, Phonograph, TV and Appliances
- Arrange Trash and Garbage Removal
- Leave Light Burning to guard against prowlers
- Put Porch Furniture Away
- Lock all Windows
- Lock all Doors
- Lock Garage

THE NEIGHBORS

- Leave House Key with Closest Responsible Neighbor and Friend
- Arrange for Them to Pick Up Circulars, Parcels, Deliveries
- Care for Flowers and Plants

YOUR FINANCES

- Pay Upcoming Insurance Premiums, Bills, Taxes, due during Absence
- Arrange for Payment during Trip
- Arrange for Bank Deposits during Absence; of checks due, etc.
- Credit Cards
- Club Cards
- Travelers' Checks
- "Mad" Money
- Letter of Credit
- Check Book or Blank Checks on your Home Town Bank

YOUR BAGGAGE

- Overnight Supplies for all members of party in one case, to facilitate overnight stops
- Supplies Needed Enroute in one case, to provide ease of handling
- Principal Baggage for use at Destination stored in car trunk
- Baggage Tagged, for identification if lost or misplaced

CHECKING THE CAR

- All-over Lubrication Job
- Motor Oil
- Battery
- Tires
 - Spare Tire
 - Wheels Balanced and Aligned
 - Rotate Tires
- Spark Plugs
- Motor Tune-Up
- Brakes
- Tools all O. K.?
- Jack
- Chains
- Tow Rope
- If convertible, does top work O. K.?
- Cover for convertible top.
- Auto Club Identification
- Drivers' Licenses
 - State
 - City
- Car Licenses up-to-date?

-Swing's VACATION "CHECK LIST"

YOUR SUPPLIES

- Camera
- Film
- Flash Bulbs
- Camera Equipment
- Notebook
- Pencils and Pen
- Calendar
- Sun Glasses in
Glove Pocket
- Paper Napkins
- Paper Towels
- Kleenex
- Extra Reading
Glasses
- First Aid Kit
 - Band Aids
 - Mercurichrome
 - Bandage
 - Chigger Remedy
 - Mosquito Remedy
- Extra Razor Blades
- Sun-Tan Oil
- Spot Cleaner
- Flashlight
- Road Maps
- Guide Books
- Touring Information
- Portable Radio
- Portable Typewriter
- Portable Phonograph
and Records
- Scotch Tape
- Writing Materials
- Post Cards
- Carbon Paper

- Traveling Iron
- Sewing Kit
 - Thread
 - Needles
 - Thimble
 - Scissors
- Paste
- Safety Matches
- Books
- Magazines
- Supplies for Knit-
ting, Crocheting,
Embroidering, etc.
- Cigarettes
- Cigars, Pipe Tobacco
- Playing Cards
- Games for Children

YOUR FOOD

- Packaged Lunch—
Snacks
- Fruit
- Box in which to
carry supplies pur-
chased en route

YOUR BEVERAGES

- Thermos Bottles
- Supplies
- Mixer
- Bottle Opener
- Can Opener

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

- Canoe—Boat
- Outboard Motor

- Tent
- Tent Light
- Fishing Equipment
- Golf Clubs
- Tennis
- Baseball—Softball
 - Ready-to-Go?
 - Advance Repairs?
 - Packed

YOUR CLOTHES

- Bathing Suit or
Trunks
- Beach Slippers—
Moccasins
- Bath Robe
- Water Wings for
Children
- Sun Hat—Visor Cap
- Sports Outfit
 - Shorts
 - Slacks
 - Shirts
 - Sweaters
- Summer Tux or
Formals
- Rain Coat
- Rubbers—Over-
shoes—Waders

HEALTH SUPPLIES

- Medicines
- Health Garments
- Toilet Kit
- Seat Pad or Pillow

FREE! Reprints of this "Check List."
Send request on your letterhead
to Swing Magazine, 1121 Scarritt Building,
KANSAS CITY 6, MISSOURI
Have you suggestions for additions to list?



DRUMM INSTITUTE

Know an orphan lad who is worthy of good schooling? Maybe Drumm Institute is the place for him, if he can qualify for admission.



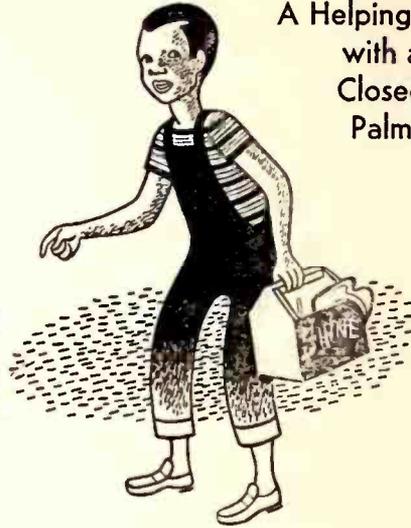
By BRUCE DAVIES

IN these days of endless solicitations, it is gratifying to know that one private institution is building character for Kansas City boys without asking for a penny from the hard-working public.

The Andrew Drumm Institute, southeast of Independence, Missouri, receives very little publicity. It quietly goes about its daily task, providing a home and school for about fifty boys who deserve a chance, but have never had the opportunities of the average student.

The school was founded by the late Andrew Drumm, a livestock agent at the Kansas City Stockyards. Major Drumm, as he was called, made a fortune in the cattle business in the early part of the century, and his dream was fulfilled when the Institute officially opened in 1928. This

A Helping Hand
with a
Closed
Palm



coming June, the school will "harvest" another crop of boys who have been trained in Vocational Agriculture, in addition to the required credits taught at East High School in Kansas City.

The Drumm Institute is not a correctional home . . . in fact, has no room for delinquents. Usually, boys who apply for entrance have lost one or both parents, or are from other broken homes. They are accepted on a sixty-day approval after their character has been carefully studied. Financially, the school is very sound, subsidized by a rich endowment from oil and cattle land in the Panhandle. Though the operating costs are high, the boys slaughter and process their own yearly supply of beef, pork and lamb from livestock right on the farm; and they can or freeze all their

own fruits and vegetables. A complete packing shed is provided for this purpose, with one of the finest freezer lockers in this area located in the basement of the main dormitory.

THE Institute is not a "show-place," but a practical farm that is paying off, mainly by hard work. The boys learn by doing. The school cooperates closely with the Missouri College of Agriculture and follows many improved farming practices. It was one of the first farms in the community to learn the benefits of soil conservation and wildlife preservation.

All of the students are active in 4H and FFA projects, and each year the community 4H Fair is held right on the grounds. Definite approved practices are carried out each year. During the drought years, for example, the boys surveyed and terraced two 40-acre fields that were eroding; constructed a spillway dam and farm pond; and erected more

than twenty soil-saving dams that by now have completely filled gullies in pasture land.

Work in the field consists of cultivating corn, haying and harvesting small grains for their Shorthorn cattle, Duroc hogs, and Hampshire sheep. For their own dinner table, the boys grow strawberries for the freezer, dig potatoes, hoe sweet corn and cabbage, and plant onion sets in the chilly air of early spring.

Knowing that too much work makes Jack a dull boy, the Institute has a broad recreational program. Keen interest is displayed in their own baseball team. In the fall the lads suit-up for a rugged football schedule, and they are fanatic on the subject of basketball. Each year, an extensive vacation trip is planned, and the boys rough it in pup tents and consume gallons of Mulligan stew while en route to Yellowstone Park, or Washington, D. C., or any place the majority vote will take them. Once a year, each boy has time-off for a visit with friends or relatives, and they are active the year round with school parties and church functions.

INDIVIDUALLY, the boys are honest, rather shy, and very polite. Each one has had unpleasant experiences early in life that need to be forgotten, and they are proud of Drumm in spite of the usual share of griping that always follows a rigid pattern of institutional life.

Take the case of one boy who graduated in 1940. Cancer took his mother's life when he was three years old,



"He's been seeing too much big city stuff on television!"

and he was reared by his grandmother till illness forced her to give him up. The lad, then aged twelve, was recommended by an intimate friend of the family for admittance to the farm. Tom was accepted by the Institute on a trial basis. He had a difficult time with the readjustment . . . learning to work and live with others, and trying to become a man instead of a baby. The boy showed an aptitude for public speaking and took part in many scholastic contests. He was president of the FFA Chapter; and in his senior year, was elected vice-president of the Missouri State FFA. He is now engaged in agricultural work with a radio station.

Another lad, George, spent most of his early years in various orphanages, shuffled back and forth because of various age requirements of the homes, and he finally wound up at Drumm. He had a keen, analytical mind; and determined to make a

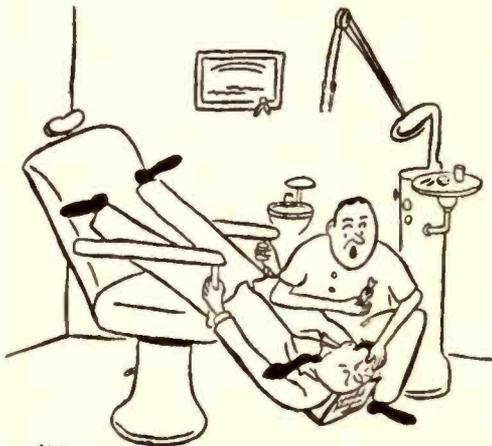
career of engineering. After honoring his school with a brilliant record in the Navy Air Corps, he completed his schooling, and is now engaged in atomic research with a major electrical firm in the East.

Dale took up farming after attending the University of Missouri; and he now owns and operates a 200-acre turkey and broiler farm near Jefferson City, Missouri.

Another graduate showed remarkable ability in sales, and he now owns a motor car agency. Along the same line, a slightly-built but aggressive lad has shown real talent in business administration. This chap is an assistant manager of a large farm hardware store, and he has done it in less than ten years.

MOST of the credit goes to the manager of the school, Harry R. Nelson. Nelson is a former newspaper man, and is known in agricultural circles over the state. Tough as nails, but never profane, he has constantly hammered certain ideas into the minds of the boys, and they are obviously paying off. He is extremely proud of the record the Drumm boys have made, and he keeps in touch with every graduate. His basic philosophy is the belief that everyone can succeed if he works hard; but Drumm boys must work faster and get a head start in life.

Harry Nelson asks for no contributions for the Institute. He asks only that prospective employers weigh the qualifications of each of Drumm's graduates; and give them the needed confidence necessary to make leaders and citizens.



ALVY
SHERMAN

"Come, come, old man—aren't you overdoing it a bit!"

A STUDY *in* JAZZ



Jazz is an utterly respectable lady today—but underneath she has the same old rowdy, carefree manner that dominated at the beginning, and still does. From New Orleans, via the river boats up to Memphis and St. Louis, this music spread until it was heard 'round the world.

By LOUIS E. TAPPE

SHE was a sleazy sort of lady—the lady called Jazz—down there at the beginning in New Orleans. She shuffled amid the dank cellars and along the murky docks. Traveling northward to Memphis and St. Louis, her laughter rang with disdain and bravado. Bold and adventurous, with push and flamboyance, she never was a timid gal. She never was an ambitious gal, either, and had no yen for the paeans of culture. Like Topsy, she just grew in spite of herself—and the plaudits, acclaim and homage of the intelligentsia all came along in good time.

Like any lady who's going places, Jazz had those who snipped at her skirts with cattish demeanor. Some side-glanced with phrases nasty or pretty in turn, while others deigned



to cast a flirtatious eye. A huge segment took her into its arms and twirled her around and around in bacchanalian high-jinks that were nothing less than a real gone love affair.

Many still clearly and vividly remember the first birth pangs, which were not pangs at all but something akin to utterly exciting freedom and lack of inhibition. We recall the first Chicago hullabaloo. The midwestern metropolis, ever a wonderful, wild sort of place, did much for the development of Jazz. New York was a "Johnny-come-lately," and took the nod from the South and West. When it hit Manhattan, finally, there was a crash that has not ceased to reverberate to this day.

NOW Jazz is an utterly respectable lady, styled in high fashion, rouged and bejewelled, but underneath is that same old, basic,

rowdy manner of carefree flair that dominated at the beginning and still does. A lady who has bowed at court can look up at royalty without humility, or down on the peasantry with cold arrogance.

To describe Jazz—well, you just don't—you feel it! You like it or you don't, and today most of us do! As the renowned Louis Armstrong, the great trumpeter, says, "If you don't know what it is, don't mess with it!"



Forgetting stuffy, pedantic scholarship, some of our greatest composers and musicians long ago enthusiastically gave Jazz whole-hearted endorsement. They have utilized the medium time and again. Among others are America's great Aaron Copland, Paul Bowles, Norman Dello Joio and Kurt Weill; and in France, Darius Milhaud, Francis Poulenc and Erik Satie.

THERE were the first times Jazz invaded the sacred concert hall. Lincoln's birthday, 1924, is regarded as an important pioneer step—when Paul Whiteman gave his program of "American Music" at Aeolian Hall, including the premiere of Gershwin's

"Rhapsody in Blue" as orchestrated by Ferde Grofe.

But as early as 1914, Jim Europe, a Negro jazz band leader, had directed a concert of ragtime in Carnegie Hall. November 1, 1923, the singer Eva Gauthier included jazz music by Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern and George Gershwin in a song recital, with Gershwin himself as her accompanist. Carl Van Vechten suggested that "we get up a torchlight procession headed by Paul Whiteman to honor Miss Gauthier, the pioneer."



Stealthily Jazz slipped down the sacrosanct aisles of Carnegie and exploded on the stage while many a dowager dropped her lorgnette and ran for cover. To the consternation of everyone, it took its place right up there on the podium. It had arrived! But all this is elementary and factual, just as was the enormous success that followed in Europe. From the very start, France and Germany were hotbeds for development. Jazz was a shot in the arm to their music. Parisian composers went wild. You might have thought that they invented le

Jazz hot themselves. Holland and all Scandinavia enlisted in the crusade.

While America shimmied and Charlestoned, Jazz, like any sort of art, quickly and readily, amoeba-like, developed from ragtime into diverse forms and formats. Blues, bounce, boogie-woogie, swing and jive, Dixieland, barrel house, be-bop and the rest . . . all are component parts of Jazz. Each took on specialized coloration. Each had its experts, artists, enthusiasts, sycophants and those who disagreed. All spoke with eminent authority. If all the arguments that have echoed and re-echoed about Jazz over the years were gathered into one conglomeration of debate, it would be the biggest mixture of words since the babel that took place 'neath the tower.

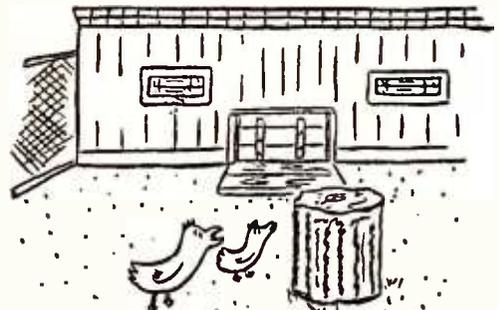
AFTER all, other musical forms met with violent opposition. Even Bach and Wagner, Stravinsky and Brahms went through the same trial by fire. It has been said that it takes people forty years to catch up. Jazz is not much older than that, even now, yet is ripe and luscious with maturity. We might easily say that Jazz occupies an honored place in the world of standard music. But no one knows, for if the men from Mars finally arrive, they may bring something with them that will knock all our ideas of music and art, in general, into something more than an old battered cocked hat. After all, vogues come and go. As an example, some of the outstanding and once popular English literary writings of the 18th century are now as defunct as last year's Thanksgiving turkey.

Our great bands, large and small, of course, actually did more than

anything else to bring on the development of Jazz. There was a demand for such music; so it had to be created and written. The composers followed along. Some of it was contrived . . . some of it improvised. Almost always it is the arrangement that counts, rather than the tune itself.

Heaven forbid that Jazz ever gets ponderous or stuffy. Let Jazz remain spontaneous, full of verve and many moods. And let the lady never cease to be her real self!

▲
RADIO listeners in the WHB Big Market can hear outstanding examples of American Jazz nightly, Monday through Friday, at 6 o'clock on WHB. The program called "Strictly From Dixie" presents the great Dixieland bands of all time—from the music of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings (of the era 1916-1923) to the modern groups of today, such as Henry Levine's Dixieland Jazz Band; the Firehouse Five Plus Two; and the present-day organization of Red Nichols and his Famous Five Pennies.



ALVY
SHERMAN

" . . . and when you grow up, this is where you'll probably get your block knocked off."

Hangtown Gals are lovely creatures
Think they'll marry Mormon preachers
Heads thrown back to show their features
Ha! Ha! Ha! Hangtown Gals!

To church they very seldom venture
Hoops so large they cannot enter
Go it, Gals! You're young and tender!
Shun the pick-and-shovel gender!

—GOLD RUSH SONG



The NUGGETS of "WHEELBARROW JOHN"

"I came to California to mine gold, not to build wagons," said young John Mohler Studebaker. But the \$8,000 he saved in five years, building wheelbarrows and repairing stage-coaches, provided the fresh capital needed by the young firm of H. and C. Studebaker to become the world's largest manufacturer of wagons and carriages.

By PHILIP FERRY

BY no stretch of the imagination would there appear to be any connection between the birth of the automobile industry in the United States and the California gold rush of 1849.

Yet, a small stake accumulated in the placer diggings of the Mother Lode was the means of launching one of America's pioneer industrial fortunes. In the California gold fields a young man named John M. Studebaker accumulated an \$8,000 nest egg that enabled the Studebaker brothers to branch out from the family wagon-building business and venture a timid foothold into the carriage business. From the latter, it was a natural transition into the manufacture of

the "horseless buggy"—the first Studebaker "electrics" and gasoline-powered cars.

The Studebakers were of pioneer stock. As early as 1736, Studebakers had migrated from Holland to the state of Pennsylvania, thus becoming some of our first "Pennsylvania Dutch." Even at that early day the Studebakers were wagon-makers and blacksmiths. Around 1835 a considerable migration took place to the Ohio country. The restless Studebaker *pere*, like so many others with wanderlust in their veins, succumbed to the "western fever" of that day and set about building a Conestoga wagon. In this covered wagon, with its characteristic boat-shaped body

curving upward at the ends to prevent spilling on the grades, the family set out for Ashland, Ohio. Here the father built a house and shop and set up as blacksmith and wagonmaker. Here three sons, including John Mohler Studebaker, were born. Two other sons were born later.

The boys were put to work early to help support the large and growing family. As the boys reached maturity the solid Dutch father emphasized the desirability of getting an independent start in life. About 1850 two of the older boys, Henry and Clem, moved westward to South Bend, Indiana, where they established the firm of H. & C. STUDEBAKER. With two forges and a capital of sixty-eight dollars, they began blacksmithing and wagon-building on a modest scale—so modest that the first year's production totaled three wagons.

SOON John joined his brothers. This was in the flush years of the gold rush and thousands of adventurers were moving overland to California. John was an industrious and hard-working youth. The pioneer blood was strong in him; and he cast wistful eyes westward. Before many months passed he resolved to set out in quest of Eldorado.

The cost of joining a wagon-train to California was \$200, an impossible sum to people as frugal as the Studebakers. The three brothers joined forces and built a covered wagon which they traded to a passing expedition as payment for John's passage and board across the plains. Thus the first bearer of the name Studebaker to reach California did so in a Studebaker wagon.

The party left South Bend in March of 1853. Five months later the caravan rolled into Hangtown, the notorious camp with the inelegant name. It is now known as Placerville. It was first found to be a gold producing center in 1848, and for a time was known as "Dry Digging" because of the scarcity of water. In 1849, because of prompt action in enforcing the miners' code, it was given the name of "Hangtown."



Hangtown was the first important camp reached by the wagon trains after crossing the Sierra over the Carson Valley route. Situated on the main immigrant road into California, it was the most accessible of all the camps; and as such was the magnet for great numbers of immigrants. Here Studebaker's party resolved to stop.

WHEN the wagon train from Indiana pulled up in the town's main square, a throng of the curious gathered around. The newcomers were anxious for news about the diggings; and the miners were even more eager for news from "back in the states."

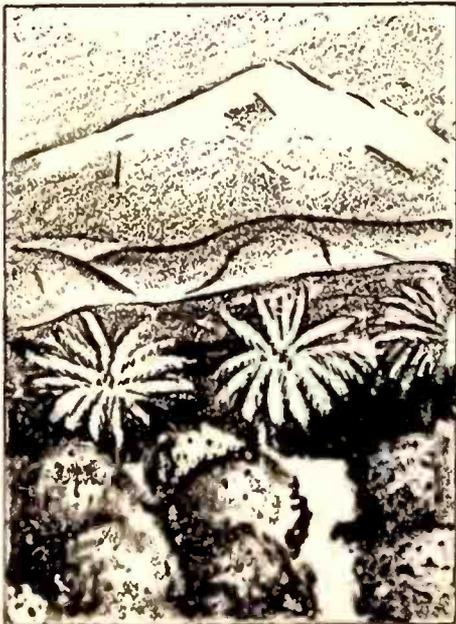
While all this conversational hubbub was going on, one Joe Hinds, the camp's blacksmith, stepped forward and inquired if there was a wagon-maker among the new arrivals. John's

companions pointed him out, whereupon the smith offered the young man a job in his shop.



"I came to California to mine gold—not to build wagons," indignantly replied the proud youth whose entire fortune was a fifty-cent piece he carried in his pocket.

After the disappointed Hinds had departed, a stranger stepped up to the cocky boy and said in a polite manner: "Will you allow me to give you a little advice? Take that job—and take it quick!" The stranger went on to explain that mining was an unpredictable gamble, while the offer just made was a flattering one for a stranger to receive.



John was impressed by the man's words and manner; and after a short deliberation determined to follow his advice. Hunting up the smithy he applied for the job, and was put to work making wheelbarrows for the miners.

Wheelbarrows were an important part of placer-mining equipment. Hangtown was a "dry" digging. All of its mining was done in the numerous ravines, gulches and dry creek beds that laced the surrounding hills. These claims were often located some distance from water. Since water was essential for sluicing and panning the gold, the pay dirt had to be carted to the nearest stream—and the wheelbarrow was the most practicable and inexpensive conveyance for the job.

THOUSANDS of miners were concentrated in and about Hangtown and Studebaker worked hard and long turning out wheelbarrows, being paid ten dollars per vehicle. The tools at his disposal were poor and the material was unseasoned pine. A legend has grown up that Studebaker's first barrow was so cumbersome as to require the full strength of a strong man to push it over the trails. John was two days making it.

When it was finished at the end of the second day, Joe Hinds looked at it with a puzzled expression and asked:

"What do you call that?"

"I call it a wheelbarrow," Studebaker answered.

"A hell of a wheelbarrow," was Hinds' comment. And he was correct, for as a matter of fact the wheel was a little crooked.

"But," countered Studebaker, "you asked me if I was a wagon-maker. I

said I was. I did not say I was a wheelbarrow-maker. However, with better tools and an improved design I believe I can do a satisfactory job."

Provided with other tools, the boy went to work on a design of his own and was soon building wheelbarrows the equal of any in the mines. For five years he turned out wheelbarrows that brought him the respect of the miners and a nickname as well. These rough miners, who could give their roaring camps such fitting names as Hell's Delight, Whiskey Gulch, Jack-ass Flat and Hangtown, could be counted on to dub a fellow worker with an equally appropriate label. Young Studebaker was nicknamed "Wheelbarrow John."

JOHN did not devote his talents entirely to turning out wheelbarrows. He managed to do a little mining on the side, working a small claim on the American River from which he took several hundred dollars in coarse gold, a poke he preserved as a memento of his days on the Mother Lode. He also made picks and pick-handles for the miners, cribbage boards for the gambling-saloons, and did various jobs



on the stagecoaches that passed through the camp. These stages ran over the rough mountain roads between Sacramento and the camps along the American, Feather and

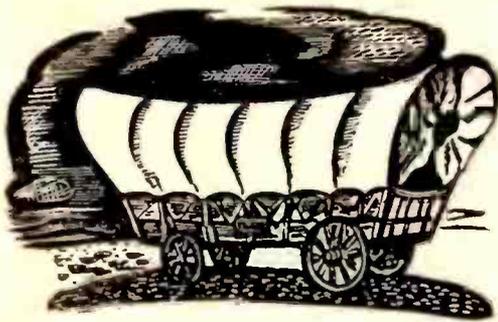
Yuba rivers. Occasionally a coach put in with a broken wheel or other damaged part. These required immediate attention, because the coaches maintained a rigid time schedule; and John frequently worked the whole night through in order to finish a rush job and have the wheels rolling by six the following morning.

While the gold diggers were prospecting every ravine and creek bed, Studebaker stuck to his wheelbarrow making. Soon he had the satisfaction of observing that although the hordes of grubbing miners who swarmed over the diggings like hungry locusts made hardly enough to cover their bills at the grocery stores, those who stuck to steady jobs made out very well indeed. Like all shrewd observers of the gold rush period, he was not long in noting that most of the fortunes in the mines were acquired by the keen-witted business men and merchants who, sooner or later, garnered most of the gold into their tills.

The story is told that when Studebaker had accumulated a stake of \$4,000, fate nearly robbed him of his hard-earned poke. A rumor reached Studebaker and Hinds that the local express company which served as bankers for the small community was about to close its doors that night. Resolved to save their deposits, the two hid themselves in a spot where they could see if the cash reserve were removed during the night. After a vigil that lasted until dawn, they spied the bank's officers removing the currency and gold to the vault of a nearby hardware store. The two obtained an attachment on the safe and

were able by this stratagem to recover their money while others less fortunate lost their entire savings.

Fate tried once again to cheat Studebaker of part of his savings. In 1856, a series of disastrous fires swept Placerville. When his cabin burst into flames, Studebaker rushed into the burning building and dragged out a trunk containing his wardrobe and some gold specimens. He made for the hills; but the flames forced him to abandon the trunk. But not before he removed the gold to the safety of his money belt! Later, Hinds and Studebaker buried their money under the floor of the shop, for Hangtown was a lawless place.



MEANWHILE, John corresponded regularly with his brothers back in South Bend, keeping them informed of the demands made upon wagons undertaking the punishing overland crossing. Acting on his advice, the brothers steadily improved the design of their wagons. About this time the Indiana Studebakers began the building of carriages; however, their resources and credit were not sufficient to finance an expansion of the business and they came on hard days. They had few tools;

their materials were purchased as needed from a local hardware store; and money was so scarce that frequently they took payment for their wagons in stock and crops. The brothers finally persuaded John to return to South Bend and add his savings to their struggling business.

In 1858, after five exciting years in Hangtown, John bade farewell to the Mother Lode and took passage to New York on a windjammer. Strapped about his waist was a leather money belt containing \$8,000 in gold dust and nuggets, the proceeds of five years of wheelbarrow-making and frugality. This fresh capital proved a momentous boost to the young firm of H. & C. STUDEBAKER. In the course of the next thirty years, they became the world's largest manufacturer of wagons and carriages. With the advent of the automobile in the 1890's, they began experimenting with "electrics"—and then with the "gasoline buggy"—a field in which their success was to be even greater than in the business of manufacturing wagons. They sold their first electric in 1902; their first gasoline car in 1904.

In the summer of 1912, after an absence of half a century, the aged and no longer poor Studebaker paid a visit to historic Hangtown. At a reunion dinner tendered by the old settlers and friends of his youth, Studebaker labeled Hangtown "the place where I made the stake which enabled me to begin business for myself."

Today a bronze plaque commemorates Studebaker's sojourn in old Hangtown.



CLEMENT

HENRY

JACOB

PETER

JOHN MOHLER

THE FIVE STUDEBAKER BROTHERS

and the Plaque

commemorating John M.'s residence in Hangtown. *At left*, samples of gold from John M.'s early life's savings in California. *Below*, Hangtown in 1849.





CIVIL AVIATION Conference

brought aviation leaders and airport officials from the U.S. and abroad to Kansas City for series of business meetings and aviation operations exhibits. WHB broadcast addresses by the principal speakers.

DR. WALTER BERCHTOLD, president of Swissair, Zurich.

RALPH S. DAMON, president of Trans World Airlines.



MAYOR WILLIAM E. KEMP of Kansas City, Missouri.



THOMAS E. BRANIFF, president and founder of Braniff International Airways.

'GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES'

is new 20th Century-Fox production employing the photogenic services of Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell. For further details, see page 176.



GRAND OPERA

in Kansas City

With the 80-piece K.C. Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Hans Schwieger 'in the pit' and famous singers on stage, Kansas City's Opera Festival produced by Dr. John Newfield of the University of Kansas drama department presented 'La Boheme,' 'I Pagliacci' and 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' JAN PEERCE of the Metropolitan (*above*) sang leading roles.



DICK SMITH OF WHB interviews EVA LIKOVA, the glamorous 'Musetta' of 'La Boheme,' on opening night.



IRMA GONZALEZ (*left*), soprano of the National Opera of Mexico, who sang 'Mimi' in 'La Boheme.'



J. CHARLES GILBERT of the Chicago Civic Opera is interviewed by Sandra Lea of WHB from the Music Hall.

—and 'THREE D' MOVIES

At *right* is JOAN VOHS of Columbia Studios, appearing in 'Fort Ti' opposite George Montgomery—the first 3-D action film in Technicolor. The rulers are to indicate her three dimensions.

KANSAS CITY SINGERS in 'La Boheme' included Margaret North, understudy to Likova, interviewed backstage by Dick Smith of WHB.

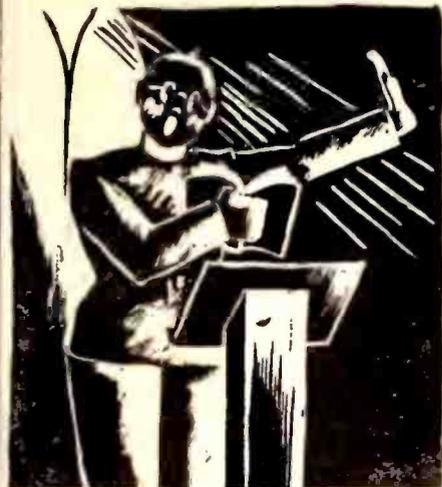




SERMONS *under* GLASS

Inspired by the wayside shrines of Europe, an American minister had the idea for "syndicated sermons" to be posted outside your neighborhood church.

By WHIT SAWYER



AN unemployed, disabled and despondent Korean veteran stood on a river bridge in a big mid-western city. Nothing seemed worthwhile. "Why not take the final jump and get it over with?" were the words running through his mind, he later admitted.

Suddenly something clicked off the switch of his suicidal mood. It was a short one-line sermon he remembered reading that same morning as he had passed his neighborhood church. It was a sentence posted on a "Wayside Pulpit," like thousands of others which dot church lawns from coast to coast. It read; "When you come to the end of your rope—Tie a knot in it and hang onto it."

Perhaps you've never stopped at a Wayside Pulpit to read its message. Each poignant sermon is printed in bold face letters of not more than four lines, on white paper 32 by 44 inches and displayed under glass in an upright frame. The "sermons" are readable from across the average city street.

IT is estimated that at least five million Americans pause momentarily each day to read and ponder these non-sectarian words of wisdom and sage philosophy, such as: "Taking the line of least resistance is what makes rivers and some men so crooked."

Many of these punch-line sermons are culled from the Bible, while others are taken from the sayings of great men in the past and the present.

The daily congregation reading these capsule sermons is never asked to drop a coin in the box, join in singing a hymn, nor listen to a long-winded service. The effectiveness of the message of the Wayside Pulpits is demonstrated by the testimonials coming daily into the office of the American Unitarian Association on Boston's Beacon Hill.

From that office, the headquarters of the Wayside Pulpit idea, weekly sermon messages are mailed all over America to churches, schools and industrial plants. Many go to far off South Africa and China, many more

to Canada. They give the readers a conscience-prodding piece of advice, or a worthwhile thought from the world's greatest philosophers.

These punch-packed messages are read by people from all walks of life; the lowly, the humble, the high, and God-fearing. One municipal street laborer who says he never goes to church remarked: "I always go out of my way to read those little sermons. They keep me on guard against the evil in the street; they keep me out of the gutter!"

BREVITY is the soul of the message, according to the editor of the Wayside Pulpit sermons at Boston Unitarian headquarters. All have universal appeal, all are strictly non-sectarian. The idea originated some years ago with the Rev. Henry H. Saunderson, now retired, when he was traveling in Europe.

He was impressed by the continental wayside shrines. Arriving home, he decided to do something about the dull, drab bulletin board at his church.

Why not make it a shrine with the written word? He observed that the bulletin board at his Boston church was either empty, or that it merely announced the time and date of the next service. Often the announcement was of an event long past.

Rev. Saunderson conceived the idea of putting a different one-or-two-line message outside his church each Sunday night with a pithy appeal to all, and readable from across the street. Soon he discovered many people of all creeds stopped to read

his "sign." He thought the idea might have greater usefulness, perhaps national appeal.

He followed up the thought by presenting his plan to almost a hundred different clergymen, asking for their opinions. Their decision was unanimous. They agreed to erect similar "signs" of the same size, and to share the expense of having uniform sermons printed on a uniform-sized card.

SINCE then the idea has grown and multiplied, and even with all the other means of bringing inspiration and uplift everywhere, the unique Wayside Pulpits cast their words of wisdom in almost every state.

Most "sermons" express some religious ideal with a common denominator, or an ideology of life acceptable to all. But few sermons are ever repeated. One exception which is an annual event is a wish for a Happy New Year to those of the Jewish faith. This one is used each year, written in actual Hebrew letters: "L'Shanah Tovah Tikusaivoo."

The size of the card adopted to carry the sermon message limits its length. The signs cannot utilize more than four lines of twenty words each. Most are confined to two lines. Many sermon suggestions come from Unitarian clergymen, others from laymen, and still others from clergymen of other faiths. The Unitarian headquarters staff selects and edits all sermons.

In nearly every community where there is a Wayside Pulpit, it is a habit of the people to read each sermon as it is posted weekly. The

THE WAYSIDE PULPIT



To survive we must deserve to survive and to be free we must
deserve to be free. —*Wiley B. Rutledge*

Wherever souls of men have worshipped, there is God.
—*Herbert D. Gallaudet*

Hell begins when God grants us a clear vision of all we might
have achieved. —*Gian-Carlo Menotti*

The only basis for a nation's prosperity is a religious regard
for the rights of others. —*Isocrates*

Without adventure civilization is in full decay.
—*Alfred North Whitehead*

The truth which has made us free will in the end make us
glad also. —*Felix Adler*

Courage means using our utmost energies to secure worth-
while ends. —*Morris Raphael Cohen*

Whatever ennobles man and lifts him above his little self —
that is religion. —*Hu Shih*

Knowledge is the antidote to fear. —*Emerson*

All hopes of stability which do not rest on the progress of the
many must perish. —*William Ellery Channing*

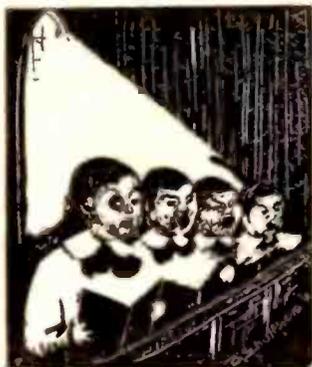
God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell
upon all the face of the earth. —*Acts*

No one can have more peace than his neighbors will allow him.
—*Chinese proverb*

messages have a popular appeal, as they usually express a conviction all know and believe down deep—such as: “Character is what you are—Reputation is only what men think you are.”

Many of the thought-provoking sermons are taken from Washington, Lincoln, Shelley and Shakespeare, among others. “Liberty knows no race, creed, or class in our country, or in the world,” was said by Harry S. Truman and used as a one-line message.

EVERY three months the weekly cards for the coming twelve sermons. are mailed out from Boston



Rhyme of a Roue

Go on and lead your old life of rigor
 And annoy me with your disgusting vigor.
 I know that my innards are practically ruins
 Because I won't eat vitaminish pruinus.
 I'm wasting away
 Inch by inch,
 For I will not devour
 Carrots and spinach.
 Your heart ticks on with an oily hum
 Because you eschew all traffic with rum.
 But after all, my spartan friend,
 Where does it get you in the end?
 For it's sad but true that both of us must
 Become the same insipid dust.

—Charles Hogan

in heavy pasteboard tubes. In addition, the Unitarian Association makes available blueprints for building and erecting a Wayside Pulpit.

Busy American adults and hurrying school children today are getting a round-the-clock capsule inspirational lift, or a homespun piece of sage advice from the world's best minds—all because of the humble idea of a Boston cleric.

A recent typical Wayside message was taken from the words of the noted scientist and mathematician, Albert Einstein: “If two per cent of the world's population were determined for peace, war would be impossible.”

Gabbledegook

Women mostly chatter
 Over things that never matter.

Note on Purity

Reformers have a flair
 for sanctimony, utter.
 With their noses in the air
 and their minds in the gutter.



“Make Me A Boy Again

—Just for Tonight”

Hogan is peevey about teevy. The plots are naive, the commercials are gruesome . . . and John Cameron Swayze's hair is more than it used to be in Kansas City!

By CHARLES HOGAN



SCIENCE, which is chucking too darned many miracles at us these days, has more than answered this fervid plea for our lost youth. If you don't believe it just consider television. At the flick of a finger, teevy can transport us spang back to the days of our childhood; and those frabjous nights when Ruth Roland was leaping onto cayuses and ca-booses with equal abandon.

Nothing has been changed. Even the scenery for interiors has the same weary flimsiness that once provided backgrounds of a sort for Pearl White and Fatty Arbuckle. The “flats” of those days were flats by name and flats by nature. They still are. In fact, so cunning is the illusion that many a senescent dodderer like me can't tell whether four decades have actually elapsed—or Dustin Farnum really rides again!

All the magic of my childhood nights has been preserved. The pictures skitter wildly all over the screen, just as they did in the good old Bijou and Gem Theater days. Plots

of today's cliff hangers are just as meager and loose at the seams as they ever were in that dim long ago. Bewiskered rascals lurk behind the very same boulders that shielded them so many years ago. They're a bit the worse for wear and weather, these boulders, but withal they're my old friends down to the last rock. The mangy varmints in human form behind these stone ramparts mean no good to the vapid heroine. She will come plunging into what passes for a plot in the very same runaway buggy she used in 1918.

Or, for dramatic novelty, the scripters of today will have the bevy of villains waiting to rob the rackets stage coach a-comin' any minute from the Golden Nugget mine with a chest of gold dust. These naive teevy dramatists play up this theme con-

stantly, obviously laboring under the delusion they've got something red hot in the way of novelty along this line. Poor tykes, little do they realize that Messrs Hoot Gibson, Eddie Polo, Buck Jones and William S. Hart were galloping to the rescue of the luckless lass, or the stage to Cayuse Bend, long before the present authors were even a tentative project in the eternal cosmic scheme of things.

IT IS reassuring to observe that television hasn't deviated one tittle (whatever that is) from the good old streaky originals. The picture jitters and wobbles all over the screen with commendable fidelity to tradition. There are pleasing moments when the film runs completely amok and the audience is treated to an eye-slashing barrage of flickering black lines. These unfortunate lapses never seem to come at moments when somebody is trying to sell me something. Instead they hit just when things are livening up; and the western hero is emerging spotless and serene from a frenzied chase through the sagebrush, or a bitter free-for-all in the Last Chance saloon.

But a genuinely radical departure has been achieved by the electronic wizards in the matter of what to do when the picture goes clear off the deep end. In the nickel-show era, when the picture began fan-dancing and then zoomed up into the stratosphere, the operator crammed a crude slide into the projector which read "One moment please, while the operator changes reels." This usually appeared upside down. It gave the kids in the front rows another excuse for

erupting into an organized bedlam of foot-stomping and ribald sneering.

When calamity overtakes the drama on teevy, an artistic message replaces the crackled slide. The public is informed that due to technical difficulties our heroine's battle for her honor may be heard but not seen. Then one sits and stares at the blank gray rectangle which glares back just



as blankly. The dialog booming out of the vacuum produces a jolting illusion that one is hearing menacing voices in a haunted Scottish castle.

Nobody stomps his feet or indulges in jeering catcalls. Mocking a video tube is like looking down a well—there's not much future to it.

THOSE commercials! Radio, with age, has achieved both dignity and decency along this line. But on teevy, fantasy runs rampart. Coffee cans swirl out of space, cartoon figures cavort madly out of medicine chests and baked bean cans; rockets zoom to burst into a grinning pitchman who is strictly a flower from a old bouquet.

This character is as sleek as an eel in a swamp. With his too-too sharp double-breasted suit, often embellished by a discreet flower in the lapel, he somehow manages to resemble a moderately successful boot-

legger or an old-time vaudeville hooper "at liberty" but trying to fool his fellows. Or, possibly, a brilliantined bond peddler oozing his way into the hearts and pocketbooks of simpering widows in the hectic days that preceded the bust of '29.

To add a still more devastating touch of grue, the video commercials reek with sex-appeal. Lady announcers pop out of infinity constantly to gurgle weird sales talks on everything from the only laundry soap containing chlorophyll to the only streamlined steam-roller on the market today. It goes without saying that their commands to quit whatever you're doing, and tear down to the steam-roller store this very minute, leave one in a sort of hypnotized haze. Somehow, the sight of a shapely young waffle, "making with the teeth" in an enticing grin, lacks the ring of verity when she is jibbering about some such thing as the innards of a Dynablast carburetor or the element of torque in the ne-eu-w Atom-esh transmission.

In the same way, the commercials lack any semblance of reality when the gal is dolled up in a Schiaparelli apron, spotless to the last pleat, to sell some harrassed housewife the myth that mother can look just as enticing while doing the family wash. Provided, that is, that "hubby" has dug down for the ne-eu-w "miracle washer that makes MONday FUN-day!"

If the moment ever comes when some advertiser shows wash-day as it really is, with the laundry drudge slithering through the sudsy water on the basement floor, her stringy

hair falling over her eyes, one will know that teevy copy writers have finally come out of their dream world and faced the facts of life.

Besides the general sappiness of video commercials, they have as few manners as some women at a bridge party. They interrupt the action on the screen with cloying monotony and disgusting frequency—usually, just when the plot is beginning to quicken. For example, we start off with a stark drama of marital love. The love burgeons to the point where mom decides not to shoot her old man but to poison him when, WHAM!—the suave pitchman with educated tonsils rockets into the picture, threatening us with a jar of peanut butter and cajoling us with honey-talk about the product.

This pestiferous peddler doesn't even wait for a between-acts break. He just bursts on the scene to simper sly words to the point of yawndom every few minutes during most any half hour.

There is a variant on this ruse in one of the detective operas. In that one the brilliant sleuth and his addlepated stooge puff solemnly on pipes as they gaze down on what is left of some old codger who is lying in his library with a paper knife rammed through his ribs. And what do you know? We next see the pair strolling into a cigar store to banter with the proprietor.

There, sprightly chit-chat goes more or less like this:

"Why hello, inspector, how are things going?"

"So, so. Behind quota for the week, though. Three stranglings, an ax

murder and an alleged guzzling. By the by, I need a packet of Berrigan's Burley."

"Yes, sir, inspector—we're sure sellin' a heap o' good old Berrigan's Blended Burley these days."

"Naturally. That's because good ol' Berrigan's Blended Burley has that richer, snappier, that smo-oo-ther blend of the finest tobaccos with imported chlorophyll—"

"Precisely. Why, inspector, Berrigan's Blended Burley is hand-cured, leaf by leaf, by Colonel Berrigan himself, to give you smokers a ne-eu-w smoking thrill."

Then, probably, in bounces a pair of shapely feminine gams disguised as a king-size package of Berrigan's Blended Burley. They tap out the theme song—"It's never too late,
It's never too early,
To buy a bag
Of Berrigan's Burley."

This is topped off by a smiling female who waves her gleaming teeth at us, twitches her pert little schnozzle and sighs: "Um-m-m! And that zoomy aroma simply sends me, but natch."

This is supposed to give a fellow the delusion that just a puff of smoke will transform him into a Poor Girl's Errol Flynn. The shamus puffs back into the plot and the mystery is thus doubly confusing.

THE mystery yarns, baffling as they are in themselves, are only a segment of other curious phenomena which permeate the wondrous world of teevy. There is the curious problem of how they ever managed to drag out and dust off all those

unicycle riders, sword swallows, patter teams and crumbum comics who were optimistically believed to have vanished when vaudeville expired.

There is the enigma of why everybody is presumed eager to buy a certain razor because some muscle man of athletic renown woodenly declaims a pretty little speech to the effect that it sure "gives me, faster smoother shaves, yes sir!"

But the king-size mystery of all is the Curious Case of John Cameron Swayze's Hair.

Those of us who knew "Swoz" or "Pete" as he was lovingly called in Kansas City during his salad days, are plain bumfoozled by this baffler. In that era Mr. Swayze galloped frenetically from the federal building to the city hall, the calaboose and the court house in Kansas City, to tarry a few flittering moments in the respective press rooms. He was gathering up the news from the news-gatherers who reported to him the results of their hours of toil each day. Then, back he'd hurry to the *Journal-Post* studios, for his noon newscast over WHB.

What there was then of Swayze's hair consisted of some tawny colored strands down the middle of a nobly-high forehead. Now, Swayze's hair turns up on teevy as a rich ebony glory—and there's almost enough on that distinguished noggin to outfit a Russian Rasser!

Has "Swoz", like laundry soap, been enriched with something particularly teevyish—possibly chlorophyll? H-m-m?

THEY SPAN *the* PACIFIC

When Hawaii becomes the 49th State, it will be because the Matson Line helped place the star in our flag.



By JULES ARCHER

IT was the worst tragedy that could befall any honeymoon couple. They had sent their big trunk ahead by rail to the S. S. *Lurline*, docked in San Francisco. But it was still nowhere in sight by the time the gangplank was pulled up. The honeymooners sailed for Hawaii with their wardrobe the clothes on their backs.

But when they reached Honolulu, they found to their amazement that the trunk was there, waiting for them. It had arrived at the Matson Line pier after the *Lurline* had pulled out. The Matson officials, touched by their plight, had flown it to Hawaii by air express as a goodwill gesture to romance.

The Matson Line has a heart for sweethearts because much of its cruise business to Hawaii and the South Pacific hinges on the search for and celebration of love. During summer vacations, an estimated one-fourth of Matson passengers are single girls. The very blue Pacific gives them the romantic background so persuasive to the eligible males they meet at ship's dances, cocktail parties and deck games. Cupid is also quietly abetted

by Matson deck stewards, who are trained to be discreetly blind when the stars come out.

Because Matson, perhaps more than any other steamship line, depends so much on a purely pleasure trade, it goes in heavily for personal service. No request floors a Matson official. A duchess sailing from San Francisco to Honolulu insisted that her stateroom be completely redecorated for the four-and-a-half day trip. She handed Matson the color scheme she wanted, and the revamped stateroom was ready for her when she boarded ship.

One man boarded a Matson ship with several crates of live chickens. "I can't eat anything but fish and fresh-killed chickens," he told the purser. The chickens were placed on the upper deck, near some dog kennels, and dispatched as needed for two days. On the third day at sea, the dogs got out of their kennels and polished off all the chickens. Thereafter the dietary faddist was fed chicken out of the ship's refrigerator—without alarming him with this news—and he left the ship in beam- ing good health.

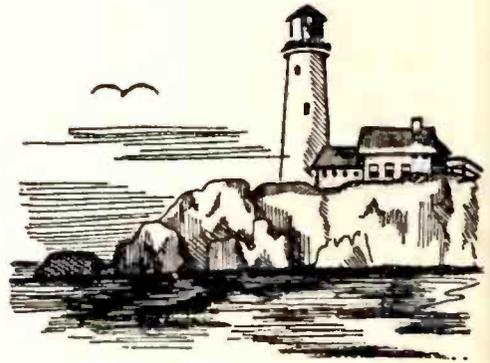
Although Matson is best-known as the steamship line which specializes in romantic cruises to the Hawaiian Islands, it has played and still plays a much more important role in the American economy. Its founder, William Matson, helped Hawaii's sugar planters boom their Pacific outpost into a modern American territory soon to be a state—a state which supplies a sixth of our sugar, 80% of the world's pineapple, and \$200,000,000 a year in American trade. It was Matson who also developed the trade and tourist links between our nation and Australia and New Zealand.

Finally, it was the Matson fleet which carried our troops and supplies into the South Pacific—as well as the Atlantic—in the crucial four years following Pearl Harbor. Immediately after the outbreak of war, four Matson passenger ships—the *Lurline*, *Mariposa*, *Monterey* and *Matsonia*—were hurriedly stripped of their luxurious fittings and transformed into troopships. Forty-five Matson freighters became Army and Navy cargo carriers. Matson helped us get there fastest with the mostest, and with no let-up until after their final wartime chore—bringing home the troops, war brides and war babies.

THE man who made all this possible was Captain William Matson, a barrel-chested, mustachioed Swede with a passion for ships, trade, fine clothes and trotting horses. He worked his men hard, but paid the best wages and fed the best food. He could make old sea-dogs wince with a salty and profane tongue-lashing,

yet was so smooth a diplomat that for several years he was Consul-General of Sweden, and also President of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce.

Matson was born in Lysekil, Sweden, in 1849, the year of the California gold rush. Left an orphan at the age of four by an accident which killed both his parents, he grew up without any strong ties for the land. When he was only ten, he went to sea on a sailing ship as a "handy boy." He attended school between voyages until he was fourteen, and then shipped out on the *Aurora*, a Nova Scotia vessel bound for New York.



Here he heard so much excited talk about the fortunes in gold to be found in California that he signed on the *Bridgewater*, a sailing ship going to San Francisco by way of the Horn. But when Matson reached the city which was to be his home port for the rest of his life, he found that the gold fever had ebbed considerably. With Swedish prudence, he got a job on a schooner carrying coal from Mt. Diablo across the Bay to the Spreckles sugar factory in San Francisco.

By the time he was twenty-one, he was master of the schooner, and also keenly interested in the possibilities of the sugar trade with the Sandwich Islands, which later became Hawaii. After taking a trip to this Pacific kingdom ruled by King Kalakaua, Matson became firmly convinced that a great future lay ahead in trade between Hawaii and the United States. Why not build a schooner and get in on the ground floor?

The cheapest he could build one for, he found, was about \$20,000. He didn't have that kind of money, nor know where such awesome sums were to be found in one piece. So he followed the custom of the times and divided the ownership into twenty shares of \$1,000 each. When the *Emma Claudina* was built, he had over a dozen partners in the 300-ton cargo schooner. But this little ship was the cornerstone of today's Matson Line, whose net worth is estimated at \$63,000,000.

Matson sailed the *Emma* to Hilo on her maiden voyage in 1882, carrying general merchandise for Island merchants. He brought back coconuts, hides, sandal wood, tropical fruit, railroad ties, and a large cargo of sugar. It was Matson who sold the Hawaiians on the idea of cutting their native woods into railroad ties for the railroad-building boom going on in the West, so that he could gain an additional valuable cargo.

His trade prospered. But the limited capacity of the *Emma* irked him, because it couldn't carry all the sugar offered him for the insatiable American market. So he turned to

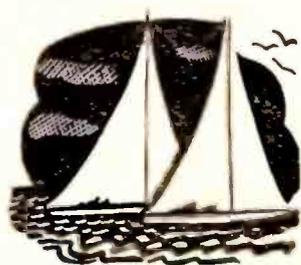
his partners with the plan that they sell the *Emma* and build a 640-ton brigantine. They agreed. Matson raised the money for his new project by splitting the shares into thirty-two portions of \$1,000 each. When the new *Lurline* was ready, Matson proudly boarded her as Captain and 8/32nds owner.

By 1891 things were going so well that Matson decided he might as well start to build a fleet. He bought the wooden bark *Harvester*, which carried ten passengers and a crew of thirteen. This was followed by the purchase of the steel bark, *Santiago*, and the sailing ship, *Rhoderick Dhu*, into which Matson built the first cold storage plant and electric lights ever to be carried by a rigger. With the *Rhoderick Dhu*, he set a speed record of nine days and three hours between San Francisco and Hilo.

THE more Matson's trade expanded, the more ships he bought. The more ships he bought, the more his trade expanded. His ships were now in the one-thousand ton class, and all selected with an eye for speed. A fast ship which could make four trips to a slow ship's two, earned twice as much profit by moving the planters' sugar to market twice as fast. That was why Matson wasted little time in maudlin sentiment when the old sailing ships were abruptly challenged, after the turn of the century, by steam navigation.

Matson signaled his acceptance of the change by incorporating his fleet in 1901 as the Matson Navigation Company. He and his partners went into a huddle about the practi-

cal aspects of changing over from sail to steam. There was one major obstacle—the price of building a steel steamship. One of Matson's partners suggested a way they could get into steam navigation through the bargain basement. A Spanish steamship had been wrecked off the Atlantic Coast. It could be bought at auction, salvaged, rebuilt, registered and operated as an American vessel.



Other steamship companies had the same idea. The bidding was stiff, and took Matson past the top price he had been authorized to bid by his partners. But Matson, a stubborn Swede, was determined that the ship would be his. He topped every other bid, and let it be known that no one else would have it, no matter what price he had to pay. Bidding stopped, and he had his first steel steamship. The rebuilt ship, which he named the *Enterprise* as a tribute to the partners who had supported him, was finished in 1902.

Matson was waiting on the dock for her at San Francisco when she steamed in with her quota of 22 passengers. Eyeing her 3,620 tons deadweight, he observed, "We're going to have to work hard to get enough cargo to keep her full." He worked hard. In a short while the

Enterprise was so full that Matson added three more steamers to his fleet.

MEANWHILE, Hawaii had made enormous strides. In 1898 she won annexation as a Territory of the United States. Hawaiian sugar production doubled and trebled, thanks largely to the energy of Matson in building a fleet which could take it away to the American market as fast as it was offered. The steady runs of the Matson Line inevitably increased tourist traffic to Hawaii as well.

Matson refused to let well enough alone—a trait which characterized his career and accounted for his rise to dominance in the Pacific. Realizing the growing importance of the Hawaiian tourist trade, Matson built a second *Lurline* to carry 51 passengers and 8,000 tons deadweight. Its arrival in San Francisco was a memorable day. The President of the Chamber of Commerce marvelled at the "daring of the man who risked so much." But Matson was only starting to warm up.

Two years later he followed the new *Lurline* with the *Wilhelmina*, which boasted eleven bathrooms, appointments that rivaled the luxury of the Atlantic ships, a motion picture show—and carried 146 passengers. Then came the *Manoa*, the *Matsonia* and the *Maui*, each bigger and better. These four Matson ships became the mainstay of Hawaii's tourist industry, working on a schedule of regular weekly sailings to and from the Islands.

Every step of the way, Matson proved that he was as much of a

rugged pioneer as the men who had opened the West. He was the first major figure on the West Coast to pin his faith on oil as a fuel to replace coal in steamships and industry. Despite jeering along the waterfront, he converted his first four steamships to oil, the first on the Pacific coast to do so. He then convinced Hawaiian plantation owners that California oil would give them cheaper fuel than Australian coal.

With oil contracts under his belt, Matson promptly organized a company to produce and transport oil from fields around Coalinga, California. This later developed into the Honolulu Oil Company, one of today's big producers. Matson converted some of his sailing ships and a steamer into tankers, to carry his own oil to Hawaii. He was disturbed by the high freight cost of getting oil from his fields to the waterfront. So Matson became the first American to hit upon the idea of a "big-inch" (it was four inches) pipeline. He built it, and oil transported itself from his wells to a seaport refinery.

The Hawaiian plantation owners were grateful to Matson because his cheap fuel meant cheap electricity, and lower costs in making sugar. So were the California public utilities that switched from coal to Matson's oil. But for Matson, his oil venture was simply another shrewd stroke of good business. He made a profit on every barrel he sold, and another nice profit in freight for every barrel delivered by his ships.

Matson also pioneered on the Pacific in wireless communication. Al-

most as soon as it was proved practicable, he installed an old spark set on his S. S. *Enterprise*. It became the talk of the shipping industry, and other ship owners soon followed suit. Matson had instantly recognized the value of ship's radio in keeping in touch with his ships and being able to tell his shippers when one would arrive.

It was Matson, too, in 1917, who installed the first steam turbine on a Pacific ship. Turbines were risky, ship owners felt—they would "strip," and repairs couldn't be made at sea. Matson ordered the *Mau*i to be built with high-powered, geared turbines. They proved so reliable and economical that all Matson ships built thereafter were equipped with turbines. Other ship owners hastened to follow suit, embarrassed by Matson's enjoyment of their discomfiture.

MATSON had built well and wisely—perhaps more wisely than he himself knew. When World War I broke out, 100,000 American troops were transported to the European battlefield by Matson ships. Other Matson vessels were used as fueling ships, cargo carriers and for general purposes. Every Matson ship won a plaque for meritorious service, bestowed by a grateful government.

But Matson never saw the plaques. He never even saw the fleet he had built up from the 300-ton *Emma Claudina* go into action in the service of his country. Worn out by his strenuous life, he died of a sudden stroke at the age of 68 on October 11, 1917.

His place was taken by E. D. Tenney of Hawaii, who guided Matson destiny until the late twenties, when he was succeeded as Chairman of the Board by William P. Roth, Matson's son-in-law. Under Tenney and Roth, the Matson Line continued to operate in the bold traditions laid down for it by its founder. A freight service was opened between Atlantic ports and Hawaii, via the Panama Canal. Faster-running passenger ships were built, to cut the time of the regular runs in half so that Americans could fit Hawaii into the regulation two-week vacation. New luxury ships were added in 1932 to link Australia, New Zealand, the South Seas and America into a full-fledged trans-Pacific service.

When World War II rolled around, the Matson Line once again had a powerful, this time bigger and faster, fleet to put at the service of the War Department. Its 45 freighters became the elephants' backs for our Pacific war effort. Its four passenger liners traveled one-and-a-half million miles, and transported three-quarters of a million troops.

Following the war, the *Lurline*, *Mariposa* and *Monterey* were completely reconditioned into fireproof luxury liners for the Hawaii run. The worn-out old freighters were scrapped, and replaced by a modern fleet of cargo liners, linking Atlantic and Pacific ports with the entire South Pacific.

EVERY Matson ship is searched for stowaways before it sails. Whenever one is found he is courteously but firmly escorted to the

gangplank. Not all stowaways try to conceal themselves. Some openly mingle with the passengers. But a high percentage of these are spotted by keen-eyed Matson officers, whom long experience has taught to recognize by guilty mannerisms and expressions which give them away. Stowaways who are discovered at sea are placed under technical arrest, and shore authorities are notified by wireless.

It often happens that a man seeing his friend off to Hawaii joins him in one too many in his stateroom, where both fall asleep before sailing time. Although his trip isn't intentional, the man who forgot to get off the ship is technically a stowaway, and must alter his status by paying passenger fare. He usually does. Not long ago three girls, each about 21, "forgot" to get off a Matson ship when she sailed. It was quite obvious that they had decided on stowing away as a lark. They were so vivacious and charming, however, that the passengers adopted them and took up a collection to pay their fares and buy them sport clothes at the ship's store. Once in Honolulu, they had themselves a wonderful time, and then wired their parents for money to come home.

Passenger lawsuits are also an occasional headache to the Matson Line. A favorite suit is for injuries received while falling down stairs. One prize suit was by an indignant mother who claimed that her boy cut his lip in the ship's playroom when the ship stopped suddenly at sea. After the complaint had been made legally, Matson's attorney

softly explained to the woman's attorney that it is physically impossible for a ship to stop suddenly at sea. The suit was dropped.

Most Matson passengers are well-behaved, but there is always a small quota of men for whom a little liquor goes a long way. Matson bartenders have orders to refuse requests from passengers who have obviously had enough. If a passenger gets difficult about it, the bartender summons a ship's officer, who takes the offender on deck for persuasion. If the drunk starts swinging, they lower the boom, and he finds himself in the ship's brig until he promises to be a good boy.

Rich college boys, sent to Hawaii by their indulgent fathers as a reward for not having flunked out, sometimes make life difficult for Matson stewards. One group celebrated the voyage by smashing all the drinking glasses on board, necessitating the substitution of paper cups for most of the trip. Their fathers were told about it, and presented with a stiff bill for the broken glassware. It was paid without comment.

Mischievous small boys are often an equal problem. Recently one seven-year-old got into the ship's print shop while the printer was having lunch. He did a carefully neat job of scrambling the type case. When the printer returned, he set type for a dinner menu, without looking at the type as he withdrew the letters out of each compartment. When he stared at the proof he pulled, he wondered if he had gone quietly mad.

On one of the older Matson ships,

with reduced bathroom facilities, a nine-year-old boy once showed an amazing genius for getting a whole ship in an uproar. Just before breakfast he gathered several pairs of his father's shoes and took them to the men's room. He put one pair in each compartment, so that the toes showed beneath the door of each, which he locked. Then he crawled out from under the last compartment.

After breakfast the men passengers began to file into the men's room. They waited impatiently, eyeing the shoes under each locked compartment door. Finally one man could wait no longer and fled toward the ladies' room. He bumped into a woman just coming out, and she screamed. The scream brought passengers, stewards and ship's officers running. There was utter confusion, and for a while no one knew what was happening.

The hoax was finally discovered, along with its perpetrator. The ship's captain was so thoroughly provoked that he lost his temper and warned the ingenious boy's parents if they didn't restrain him from any future experiments of this kind, Junior would be tossed in the clink.

With more than 700 passengers on board each trip, it is obvious that one or more are going to provide a unique problem for the ship's personnel. On a recent trip of the *Lurline*, a dining room steward began to miss one of the passengers, a nice quiet young man. He went to the passenger's cabin and found the door locked. Worried, he phoned the bridge and an officer came down to investigate.

They forced the door open and found that he had unscrewed every-

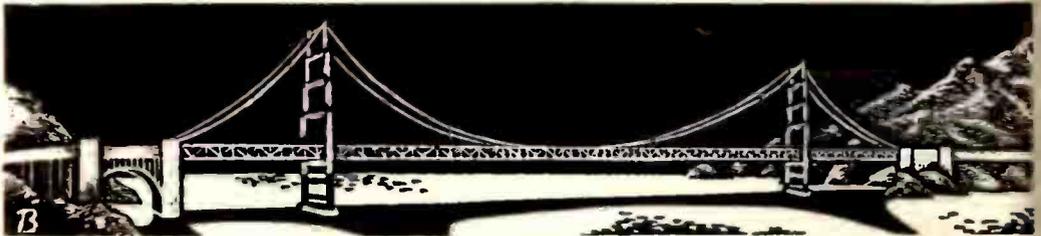
thing unscrewable with a bottle opener. He was sitting on the floor in the middle of the cabin, holding in his hands the circular plate he had unscrewed from around the porthole. "Hello," he said amiably. "Tell the Captain not to worry. I'm steering the ship into port. I'll get us in, all right!"

WHEN Hawaii becomes the 49th State of the Union, it will be the Matson Line, more than any other factor, which placed her star in our flag. Hawaii will never forget William Matson for helping it grow from a tiny Polynesian kingdom to an important power in the Pacific.

It was Matson who provided the Pacific bridge for Hawaii's sugar—

now produced at the rate of 1,000,000 tons each year—and her pineapple, which as both fruit and juice sells 20,000,000 cases annually. It was Matson who built luxury liners to encourage tourist travel in Hawaii; and then built the Royal Hawaiian Hotel to cater to the Americans he carried there in the Pacific's first air-conditioned ships. And it was Matson who gave Hawaiian sugar plantations oil as fuel to replace prohibitively expensive coal.

If Matson was Sweden's gift to America, he was also America's gift to Hawaii. The world is a smaller, better and richer place to live in today because of a fourteen-year-old Scandinavian boy once sailed around the Cape to find his career and fortune in San Francisco.



About Any Zoo

One could hardly look for gratitude
In a trapped creature's attitude.

Pure Love

It is better to have loved and lost
Than to have won, to face the cost.

Limerick to a Loved One Who Is Gone, Alas, More or Less

There was a young lady named Frances
Who was troubled with ants in her pants
'Til she lit a blowtorch and crawled under the porch,
Poof! No more ants, no pants, no Frances.

—Charles Hogan

Chanel Crossing

Lipstick is a substance
Destructive of élan.
It won't stay on a woman
And won't come off a man.

The GUSHER

If she's a gracious and Simon-pure gusher, go ahead and say anything that occurs to you! Nothing will register.



By
LESTER
KROEPEL

COCKTAIL parties bring together all sorts of people . . . the intense, the bashful, the bored—but for sheer delight, nothing quite equals the gusher. She is usually very pretty and for this, nature insists upon compensation.

When you meet a gracious, Simon-pure gusher, one *born* to gush, you can throw all bounds of probability aside and say the first thing that comes into your mind, certain that it will meet with an appreciative burst of enthusiasm. Her attention is always on something else, perhaps on the dress of her neighbor, perhaps on the reflection of her pretty face, but never on the conversation.

You are presented to her as:

"Mr. Mnnnnnn."

She is, "Delighted."

She smiles ravishingly. As yet you don't know she's a gusher, though her first remark, the animation of her face and the farawayness of the eye makes you suspicious, so you test her.

"I happen to have six children."

"Oh, how perfectly wonderful! How old are they?"

Quite sure that she is engaged in mental evaluation of the dress on the woman who has just entered the room, you answer:

"Each is five."

"Oh, how nice!" She looks you in the eye, unseeingly. "Just the right

age to be companions."

"Yes, all but one."

Her eye has wandered to another part of the room but the sympathetic voice says, "That's a pity."

"Yes, isn't it? But he's quite healthy."

It's a game you're enjoying now.

"Healthy, you say? How nice. Do you live in the country?"

"Not exactly. We live in the Holland Tunnel under the tulip trees."

"Oh, how perfectly idyllic!"

"We have all the advantages of the city with the comforts of the country. The children bathe in the sewer when it's cold enough."

"Oh, how charming. How many children do you have?"

"Just seven. The oldest is five and the youngest is nine."

"Just at the interesting age. Aren't children fascinating?"

Again the vivacious smile and the roving eye.

"Yes . . . indeed. My oldest . . . He's thirteen and very original . . . says that when he grows up he doesn't know what he'll be."

"Honest? How cute. How old did you say he was?"

"Just seventeen and very effeminate for his age."

She nods and murmurs in musical, sympathetic tones.

"That's an adorable age. Did you say it was a girl?"

"Yes, his name is Myrtle. He's a wonderful help to his mother."

"Little darling."

"Yes. I tell them of city advantages but that they'd be better off in the penitentiary."

"Where did you say you were?"

"New York Central freight depot. You see, with only one child, Mrs. Jones is naturally anxious that it should grow up healthy." Her absent minded nod indicates full attention. "He plays with tarantulas and drinks great drafts of ale."

"Oh, you're quite a poet!"

"No, I'm an artist."

This sharpens her attention.

"Oh, do you paint? How marvelous, darling. Do you allow visitors in your studio?"

"I'm so afraid it will bore them that I've never asked any, though I've never prevented them from coming."

"Oh, how could anyone be bored at anything?"

"Your enthusiasm isn't a common asset, Sam. My studio is over a vacant lot and no one always comes there."

"Oh, then you're not married?"

"Dear no! A man who is married to his art can't commit bigamy."

"How clever." Again she is ap-

praising a hair-do. "So you're a bachelor."

"Yes, but my wife keeps me company. We'd be delighted if you'd drop in on us some Saturday between four and six a.m."

"I'd be delighted!" Her eye now catches an acquaintance just coming in and you say:

"Hope you don't mind a bit of unconventionality, if we have coffee made from morphine, served with jelly beans and sugar, the Egyptian fashion?"

"Oh, I think it much better than cream. I adore unconventionality."

"You're glad you met me, I'm sure."

"Awfully nice of you to say so."

Anything goes at a cocktail party, but no one goes home.



... "as yet, you don't know she's a gusher — though the eyes make you suspicious."



The CREAM of CROSBY

The New York HERALD-TRIBUNE'S sometimes acid radio and television critic often steps on tender toes. SWING presents more excerpts from his syndicated column on the subjects: Opera in English, Academy Awards, Gerald Johnson, Copy Writers, the Johns Hopkins Science Review, Joy Scouts and other topics.

By JOHN CROSBY

"La Boheme" in English

THE final curtain of Howard Dietz's English version of "La Boheme" at the Metropolitan Opera which was broadcast over ABC radio last Saturday, was greeted with shouts of "bravissimo." In other words, while Dietz had contrived very skillfully to translate the Puccini opera into English, he didn't manage to translate the audience into English, too. (The proper ejaculation of approval for an English language rendition of opera is not "bravissimo" but "just great.")

The same spirit that prompted the "bravissimos," it seems to me, settled heavily on the music critics who viewed the Dietz libretto with something less than wild enthusiasm. There was considerable muttering in print that he had cheapened the opera and changed the spirit of it. Of course, among traditional opera lovers, a crusty bunch, some of this could be expected. There was a certain amount of initial resentment that Howard Dietz, a Broadway character who co-authored "The Bandwagon" and "Inside U. S. A.," and Joseph Mankiewicz, a Hollywood character who directed among other things, "All About Eve," were permitted to lay their hands on Puccini in the first place. Opera is generally a closed aristocracy and outsiders, particularly such crassly successful ones as Dietz and Mankiewicz, were regarded with grave suspicion.

My own decidedly amateur opinion is that the Dietz libretto was an immensely ingenious, gay and singable interpretation of one of the most beloved of all operas. There were some violations of the mood of the opera but then it's hard to see how any major works can be transformed from Italian into English without it. After all, there are certain irreconcilable differences in the language.

Dietz's version had a jauntiness and simplicity and sheer singability that is sorely missing from the only other English version I ever saw (that of W. Grist and P. Pinkerton). The first entrance of Colline, for example, when he returns from an unsuccessful visit to a pawnbroker, his opening words—in the old version—are:

"Surely miracles apocalyptic are dawning
"For Christmas ever they honor by allowing no pawning."

I don't know how anyone can sing such a thing. The Dietz version:

"He was born in a manger
"In sorrow and danger.
"A merry Christmas to all
"Except the old money-changer."

The Dietz version throughout made an alarming sort of sense which, I guess, was a little too prosaic for the critics. Dietz, thank God, banished some of the dust of centuries which had settled at least on the prior English translations.

"Bright eyes as yours, believe me,
 "Steal my priceless jewels.
 "In fancy's storehouse cherished
 "Your roguish eyes have robbed me
 "Of all my dreams bereft me
 "Dreams that are fair yet fleeting."

This sort of dusty velvet poesy was replaced with:

"My gold and silver song words
 "Porcelain jars of long words
 "My tiaras of poetry—
 "Necklaces made of dreams."

This sort of slick lyricism outraged a good many people but I find it infinitely preferable to the other type of thing. In fact, Dietz's very skill as a rhymester seems to have got him a lot of undeserved censure. Musetta's first entrance, for example, in the old version goes like this:

"Look, 'tis Musetta.
 "She, Musetta
 "'Tis she, Musetta.
 "Yes, yes, 'tis Musetta."

The Dietz version is again slick as a silver whistle:

"Here's
 "A
 "Thing
 "To
 "Trim the tree with.
 "It's Musetta.
 "Who is she with?"

Is such formidable coherence a bad thing? I don't think so. If opera is to be in English, let's have it in English, not in second-rate Maxwell Anderson. Now if we could just find singers who could sing English as if it were my native tongue!

Streamlined and Sponsored

IN the old days, just about every Academy Award winner unloosed a speech and it was always pretty much the same speech. "I want to thank . . ." and then came the list—the producer, the director, the wardrobe mistress, the head cameraman, the second assistant cameraman, Max Factor and just possibly Max Factor's mother.

But then NBC moved in with its filthy moncy (\$100,000) and the great affair was streamlined which took some of the fun out of it for your aficionado of

"thank you" oratory. The recipients—all except two, Cecil B. De Mille and Shirley Booth—were restrained to simple "thank yous." No elaboration. The two award winners, whose mouths were briefly unbuttoned, followed the classical tradition, Mr. De Mille extending his thanks to thousands who helped him make "The Greatest Show On Earth." I believe that's a world's record for Academy Award winning "thank yous." "I am only one little link in the chain which made this picture," he declared. Truly a fine line.

The Academy Awards are for the best performances in pictures during the year. It is my custom to hand out awards for the best performance at the award ceremony. Over the years there have been some truly splendid exhibitions and this, the first sponsored ceremony, was no exception. The Crosby Award for the most triumphant swagger down the aisle goes without question to Gloria Grahame, the best supporting actress, who looked as if she could use a little support herself at the moment.

The Crosby Award for the most overdressed woman is always close. For these affairs the girls bring out all the spangles they own. This year, I should say Ginger Rogers won out by an eyelash over Mary Pickford and Joan Fontaine. There was also a nip-and-tuck contest for the best reader of names off slips of paper. Ronald Colman, I thought, was easily the most suave name-reader.

There are, of course, a great many technical awards and always these are glamorized by getting a screen name to hand them out. The most glorious marriage between glamor and technology was the award made by Ann Baxter for "a device to measure sound distortion"—a phrase she read in pear-shaped tones more suitable to a boudoir than to the laboratory.

Now for award speeches, a branch of oratory almost as formalized and rigid in tradition as "thank you" oratory. Well, sir, Dore Schary did a fine upstanding job there. "The writer," he said, "is a lonely man. But they make of their aloneness a credit to their craft." After this salute to the lonely fellows, Schary

awarded the award for the best screenplay to three men who wrote "The Greatest Show on Earth." In Hollywood, two's company; with three you're alone.

The Crosby Most Interesting Pronunciation Award, which ranks in stature roughly to that award for devices to measure sound distortion, goes unequivocally to Walt Disney. Reading off the list of nominees for music, he contributed the names *Geeno Carlo Menotti* and *Frank Loser* (a fellow I've thought of as *Frank Loesser* all these years).

This is essentially a Hollywood show so it's understandable that the New York crowd jammed in a theater at Columbus Circle should be given short shrift. And short shrift it was. The picture would jump 3,000 miles from California, a miracle of communications, and there would be Conrad Nagel saying, "Well, we're still here but we've been told to keep it brief, so take it away Hollywood." And we'd be back in Hollywood.

Frederic March swam into view from New York and said: "We could tell some bad jokes but we must keep it brief—so back to California." Coming right on top of Mr. Robert Hope, who had made a passel of bad jokes, it was a pointed remark.

I don't know that awards will ever make very interesting television for the simple reason that awards are always local affairs, of interest only to those who might win. Still, I hope they keep televising them if only to keep me abreast of "thank you" oratory. I have only one other observation. If "The Greatest Show on Earth" is the best movie of 1952, my critical judgment ought to be retooled from head to foot.

New Sage from Baltimore

GERALD JOHNSON, who has a program called "Viewpoint" on Baltimore's WAAM, is both a democrat and a Democrat but, I should say, he puts the interests of the first ahead of those of the second. A remarkably lucid, sane and sensible man, his commentaries are marked by a historical perspective almost wholly lacking among other commentators, few of whom, for one thing, are endowed with his remarkable education.

He takes the long view on democracy about which he remains incorrigibly optimistic. His greatest service, though, is in reaffirming the older values which are likely to get lost in the hurly burly of day-by-day politics. Once he belabored the Baltimore politicians for loading the ballot box with referendums on matters the politicians should have made their own decisions on without bothering the busy electorate. Yet, he pointed out, when a politico did make a decision on his own "there is a terrific howl about dictatorship and undemocratic methods."

And he had some wise words to say about that: "We can't get through our heads the difference between pure and representative democracy. We are still wrapped up in the town meeting idea which was pure democracy and workable only in a very small group dealing with very simple problems. The democracy of ancient Greece blew up because it stuck to the town meeting idea too long. In Athens everybody voted on everything and in the end it destroyed Athens and gave democracy a bad name that lasted a thousand years."

Johnson has a great gift for putting contemporary events into their proper historical framework. He has had more to



"One fare to Milwaukee, please?"

say about our current passion for witch-hunting than about any other subject and possibly his wisest words were in answer to a man's letter, asking: "Do you mean to say that to defend free speech we must allow a lot of subversive talk?"

"I am sure it never crossed that man's mind that his question was a lot more subversive than the worst Communist gabble because it suggested the abandonment of the very mudsill of American liberty.

"A brief glance at any history of the United States will show you that more straight-out sedition was uttered in the administration of Thomas Jefferson than in the hundred years following. Nor was it confined to riffraff. Overthrow of the government, if necessary by force and violence, was openly advocated by clergymen, college professors, and newspaper editors. Yet this is precisely the period in which our form of government became genuinely democratic, and the loyalty of its people was firmly established."

Not that Johnson endorses all speech, no matter how foolish. He feels that this republic, like the Philistines who tangled with Samson, "may yet be slain with the jawbone of an ass." He is shrewd enough to recognize that irresponsible gab and irresponsible secrecy (to cover incompetence in high places) are equally dangerous. "The jawbone of an ass is a fearful thing, whether it is flapping loose or bound by lockjaw."

Johnson is a great one for the narrow but important distinction. Praising a Maryland judge for the quiet and orderly way he handled the sensational Grammer murder trial, Johnson declared: "A Maryland judge is accountable to the public but not accountable to the mob. There is a difference, a whale of a difference. If a man does a thing that is unpopular, the mob will tear him to pieces even though his act was essentially right. Yet if it was really right, in the end it will be popular. So protection from the mob means allowing time for the heat to cool off."

Again and again he uses history as a guide to the present. For those who think that the end of the Korean war will mean peace everywhere, he warns wryly: "We can rely on it that if we do get Korea

quieted down, trouble will break out elsewhere. That is the bitter price of world leadership. We talk about the period from Waterloo to Sarajevo as the ninety-nine years of peace; but the British army was fighting somewhere in practically every one of those ninety-nine years." And the task of policing the world, he pointed out, was now ours, not Britain's.

Few are as politically astute as Johnson. On Eisenhower's landslide, for example: "Millions came out to vote for the hero but did not vote for other Republican candidates. These were the sentimentalists and sentimentalists are the most cruel people in the world. They will expect miracles from Eisenhower and when he produces none they will turn on him with a fury equal to their adulation at the moment. Within six months Eisenhower is going to be blamed for everything from the wickedness of Stalin to the foulness of the weather."

Agree or not, Johnson's is an astringent, perceptive, deeply knowledgeable voice and it's a pity he's heard only in Baltimore.

Ode to a Copy Writer

ON the subject of commercials about which I occasionally wax pettish, I have a kind word to say for a change. Incredible as it may sound, I have become passionately fond of a particular advertisement writer, fellow by the name of Jack Goodman. Goodman is executive editor of Simon & Schuster, a frustrated writer (but not frustrated often enough), and the man who writes those crazy book ads for S & S.

Goodman's specialty might be described as the "For heaven's sake, don't buy this book" gambit. His ads may start out with the startling admission that S & S has been bludgeoned into publishing a book of which they hopelessly disapprove. He'll warn the reader that the book will shock him to the marrow or bore him to distraction or utterly demoralize him. The piqued reader instantly buys the book to find out if any of these crazy claims are valid. They never are. But the device sells books, showing how contrary people (or at least readers, who are a specialized branch of the human race) are.

One of Goodman's latest and finest outpourings concerned a book called "The Unfair Sex" (which won't be in the book stalls till late April). It started: "Simon and Schuster is in a delicate position. Only you—the male booksellers of America—can help us. In an unguarded moment—and moved only by the innocent notion of making some money—we signed on a little book called 'The Unfair Sex.' We'd read a chapter or two and thought it very funny. When the entire manuscript came in, we realized that this seemingly innocuous book was actually a ruthless expose of the human male in his relations with the female, by a writer who had shrewdly veiled her identity under the nom de plume of Nina Farewell.

"What we had, we discovered to our acute dismay, was a book that was to woman, in her eternal battle with man, what Mahan is to sea power and Machiavelli to the art of politics. The book exposes all the top secret strategies that have enabled men, for centuries, to be first class powers.

"Naturally, as men, we cannot condone or promote such a book."

If that won't sell books to both sexes, I don't know what will. (I've peeked into it and it's a pretty funny book. There's a chapter advising girls never, never, under any circumstances to go to a man's apartment. Next chapter: what to do when you get there.)

Probably the worst shellacking any author ever took in advertising was Bob Hope concerning his book "So This Is Peace." This was an almost unreadable collection of gags—and don't say you weren't warned by the ads. One of Goodman's ads ran: "Buy this man's new book! Some people will laugh at anything, and you may be one of them." Another: "Those ghosts you hear groaning this Halloween did not write Bob Hope's new book. They just read it."

Some of Goodman's finest and most insulting prose was lavished on S. J. Perelman's "Westward Ha!" One ad ran: "Once in a blue moon, there comes a book so patently a work of genius, so brilliant in scope and thrilling in execution that it oozes greatness at every pore. But in the meantime publishers have to

keep on publishing books they think people will enjoy reading anyway. Books like this one."

Much of Goodman's stuff is simply a spoof of all the advertising fraternity. (Goodman is essentially an editor and would be horrified at the idea that he's a paid up member of the same fraternity.) One ad for a book called "Merely Colossal" which is about the motion picture business was adorned with the cartoon of a bosomy female under which was the legend in huge type: "WHAT WAS HER STRANGE SECRET THAT DROVE MEN mad!" The body type started out prosaically: "We really haven't the slightest idea. But since all movie ads start like this, we thought it would be a good way to lead into an announcement that the new book 'Merely Colossal' reveals the whole unlikely truth about The Industry."

I was especially taken with the candor of an ad about Walt Kelly's book "I Go Pogo," which read:

"NO BIGGER!

"NO BETTER!

"(But new)"



"That fellow didn't even look at us! I've got a good mind to walk right back and pass him again!"

I keep wondering what would happen if Goodman started advertising something else, like toothpaste. "Avoid it at all costs," I can see in my mind's eye. "It contains irium! Your teeth will be so gleaming white it'll frighten the children into hysterics." It'd be kind of fun for a change.

Fifth Birthday for Johns Hopkins

IN its five years on the air, Johns Hopkins Science Review, the oldest educational program on the air (and virtually the only network show), has attracted a polyglot audience of surprising variety. "During the past three weeks," said Lynn Poole, its producer, "those who have personally mentioned the program to me include the following: a banker, taxi-driver, at least fifty parents, an airline hostess, a waitress, many children, an elevator operator, the building superintendent, and a number of school teachers." Truly science in these grim days is everyone's business.

The variousness of the audience is more than matched by the variousness of the things it has seen—some of them fascinating, some pretty dull, some pretty funny. I think the most absorbing thing I ever saw on the program was motion picture film shot seventy-six miles above the earth, showing the curvature of the earth, the great cloud masses surrounding it, and the dense chilly blackness of outer space. A frighteningly lonely experience, it was.

The duller ones, to my mind, have been those in which science turned matter-of-fact and practical. How to harden the surface of a table, for example. That is for the women's programs. I prefer science in outer space or grappling with atoms. The funniest one was a bird expert who reminded me strongly of that old Robert Benchley short about the sex life of the amoeba:

"I think—uh—there are fifteen million nesting birds in this country," said this man whose name eludes me. "I—uh—don't think anyone can challenge that—uh—estimate. We can thank the Audubon Society for—uh—counting. . . . Birds don't just sing for the—uh—functional thing. It's—uh—well, the male summoning the female. Some times, it—uh—

means 'Stay out of my territory.'" He demonstrated some bird calls. "The rose-breasted grosbeak sounds like a robin who has—heh heh—taken voice lessons." He ended the lecture with the words: "Good birding!" which, I guess, is the rallying cry of all good bird-watchers. Good birding to you, sir!

The show runs the science gamut from A to Z (astrophysics to zoology, in case you didn't know science ran such a gamut). There is a studious attempt to remain on top of the news. Two years ago when volcanoes were erupting all over the place, there was a demonstration of how and why volcanoes erupt. Krilium, the new soil conditioner, was on the program almost the moment it got out of the laboratory. Sometimes, the professors modestly claim a real news beat. They claim the first official discussion and scientific demonstration of biological warfare, much of which had been withheld from the public up until then. In fact, about the only scientific marvel left strictly alone by Johns Hopkins is Christine Jorgenson.

The scientists refuse to be intimidated by the normal network taboos. A series on cancer employed such words as cervix, uterus, vagina, breast, testes, and ovaries, and also used drawings of many of those regions. There wasn't a single squawk from the public. In fact, the program was complimented for not pussyfooting around, indicating a degree of maturity not often suspected in network audiences.

After the cancer series, one man wrote that he and his wife had watched a program on breast cancer. "Upon the conclusion of the program, my wife checked herself for 'lumps' and found a growth in her left breast. Surgery, which was performed within a few days, revealed the growth to be malignant. The growth was still in an early stage and the malignancy had not spread too far. There is no reason why my wife should not completely recover. I am sure that had we not watched your program, the malignancy would have gone unnoticed until it reached a stage where surgery would have been of no avail."

After that letter the staff felt its program was indeed educational.

Joy Scouts, Television Neck and Perfumed Ink

NATIONAL Smile Week, it says right here in a press release, begins Monday. Well. Well. How time flies! It seems like only yesterday that it was National Smile Week and here it's rolled around again. No speeches, no parades this year, says the National Smile Week Committee. Just Joy Scouts, going around spreading sunshine.

"And who are the Joy Scouts? Well, a Joy Scout is anybody who smiles and helps others to smile." Everyone straight on that? Well, I'm all for National Smile Week, provided it be counterbalanced by a National Non-Smile Week, this latter for pitchmen and pitchwomen only. Just one week a year, it seems to me, those pretty young ladies who demonstrate the green-glo shampoo, the spray deodorant, the easy-spin washing machine, the men who talk with such gusto about toothpaste and cigarettes and embraceable wrist-watches, ought to unpin those smiles—if only to get the creases out of their faces.

Just one week a year they ought to try snarling at the toothpaste instead of regarding it with such unstinted adoration. It would restore their sense of proportion and I think we'd all feel better. Speaking of upper case Weeks which are weeks dedicated to higher purposes like smiling, you'll all be happy to learn that Wife Week slipped by unnoticed. During Wife Week, husbands and children were urged to take over the housewifely duties of cleaning, washing, cooking and homemaking, heaven forbid. You can come out from under the bed, men. It's all over.

Wife and Smile Weeks are just a couple of the big news stories that have been piling up here, unvented for lack of space. We'll try to get rid of all of them at once. In the realm of invention, a designer named Paul Laszlo has come up with a teevee set suspended on a monorail. It can chase you all over your own house—the living room, bedroom, kitchen and I presume even the bathroom. Kate Smith will be right at your heels every minute, nagging you into buying her particular brand of canned orange



"I'm going to the store, dear. Is there anything you want . . . a hairbrush . . . shaving cream . . . vitamins . . ."

juice. Nobody will dare use anything but Lipton's. Arthur Godfrey will be right there staring over your shoulder reproachfully like an electronic conscience.

And in the field of medicine, Dr. William Kaufman, an expert on musculoskeletal disorders, has this to say in the "Journal of the American Medical Association": "Recently I have observed a clinical syndrome in persons who, in watching television programs, maintain strained postures of the head and neck often for prolonged periods. The manifestations of this syndrome, which for want of a better name can be called television neck, include measurable increased limitation in ranges of neck movement and pain or discomfort in the posterior nuchal region."

In laymen's language, television neck is caused by staring up at or down at the TV screen or twisting the neck to see it. The remedy: look at it head-on and raise or lower either your chair or the set so that it is at an approximation

of eye level. Or turn it off and go play with the children.

There have been a good many honors and distinctions of various sorts which have escaped the attention of the press. One of the most decorated ladies around is Doris Day who, among other things, received from soldiers of Korea the titles of "Miss Close Support of '52" and "Miss Heavy 30 Calibre of '52." So much for honors. Now as to contests, of which there have been a great many, the most ignored (with good reason) was WMGM's contest concerning the proposition: "If you could invite anyone you wanted to Christmas dinner, whom would you invite this year?" The winners in a neck-and-neck tie: Adlai Stevenson and Marilyn Monroe.

The only other item we have around is that a new side of that many-faceted man John J. Anthony has been uncovered. Mr. Anthony, the well-known marital counsellor, author and non-objective painter, was—when last heard from—working on the development of a new ink called Springtone Perfumed Ink. Smells like flowers. Fine for breach-of-promise cases, notes left by wives who have just absconded with the chauffeur, or, at very least, for writing Mr. Anthony to ask his advice about your wife-beating husband.

Soft vs. Hard-Selling

I SUPPOSE of all the complaints that I pass across this desk the one that comes most often, year in, year out, is the noise level of the commercials. "We get our set adjusted to proper volume for comfortable listening," writes one reader, "only to have the commercials come in loud enough to blast us out of our chairs. It seems to me this is unnecessary and simply a matter of poor management in the control room."

No, it isn't poor management. It's a deliberate (and, in some ways, understandable) attempt by the sponsor to make sure you don't get any free entertainment without paying the price of listening to his pitch. This is a violation of the Federal Communications Commission regulations which insist that broadcasters maintain a consistent level of vol-

ume. Still, violations occur every half hour on most every radio and television station in the land and nothing is ever done about it.

I don't imagine anything ever will be done about it unless the folks themselves express their disapproval by patronizing those sponsors who use soft rather than hard-selling techniques. There is a trend in this direction. One of the most effective of all salesmen on the air is Arthur Godfrey, a man who never raises his voice much above the level of a hearty chuckle. Faye Emerson sold Pepsi-Cola by the box-car, all in a dulcet whisper. You don't have to shout at people.

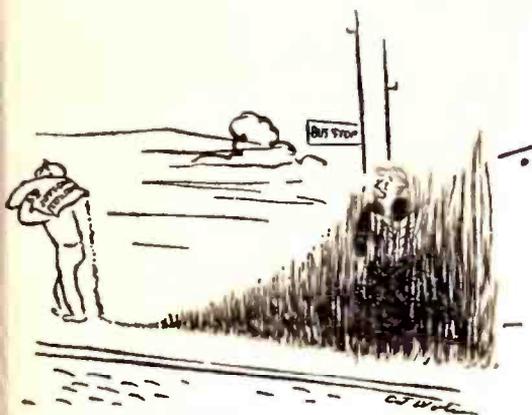
Not long ago, "Sponsor" magazine, which makes more sense than any other trade magazine, declared: "There is a growing number of broadcasters and advertisers who feel that the radio and TV audience is fed up with high pressure commercials.

"Listeners and viewers, this group contends, are either gripped by an immense boredom or are restraining themselves from bopping station executives over the head with their own microphones every time they hear shouting announcers and other hard-selling techniques.

"The group is small as yet and no one among them will stake his reputation on the opinion that they will in time become a majority. Indeed, some broadcasters are having a hard fight right now convincing advertisers that soft, cool, extra-mild commercials are good for the ears.

"Among those trying hardest to convince advertisers are the classical music stations. It seems to be axiomatic so far as audiences are concerned that Beethoven and painless commercials go hand in hand. Some stations like WQXR, New York, have gone through the mill and find advertisers pre-sold on the advantages of non-irritating commercials. Others, like WBMS, couldn't sell the listener and therefore couldn't sell the sponsor.

In other words, the irritating, shouting, jingling commercial will continue as long as it is successful. And it will continue to be as successful as long as you folks buy the stuff—so that the ultimate responsibility rests with the viewers. You can



"Hey!!!"

hardly blame the advertiser for trying to attract attention. There is a fairly painless way of doing this, which is becoming increasingly popular.

That is by using a personality who is presumably attractive enough to win attention without yelling at us. Westinghouse has Betty Furness, probably the pioneer in this line of work. Amident has Dick Starr; Autolite (among others) has Rex Marshall; Lucky Strike has Dorothy Collins. They're all doing so well that many other sponsors are seeking attractive personalities who will be associated with their products.

The plain fact is that the popularity of a TV show is not always reflected in the sale of the product. The most popular show on the air right now is "I Love Lucy"—but Philip Morris which sponsors it is not selling cigarettes to nearly as many of the 43,000,000 people who are supposed to look at "Lucy" as they had hoped. Other shows, whose ratings are minute next to "Lucy," do much better at moving the stuff off the shelves.

Time Marches On

"THE March of Time," which disappeared some time ago from the nation's theaters, is back again, this time on television. Instead of the old once-a-month films which the "Time" people considered a fairly rough schedule, they are now being turned out weekly which

once would have been considered practically impossible. It just goes to show what television can make men do simply because they have to.

The series has hardly been an unqualified success. Some of the documentaries, notably one of the Eisenhower Cabinet in which the men who had barely arrived in Washington uttered a succession of platitudes about responsibilities they seemed to know very little about, were real dull and not a little pointless. On one of the more recent ones about Levittown, the completely planned city of 70,000 persons constructed by the Levitts in southern Bucks County, Pennsylvania, the boys really hit their stride.

Levittown was entirely planned by the remarkable Levitt brothers before a single house was built—planned along the very latest sociological, sanitary, engineering and mass production lines. Everything was planned for except the cussedness of human nature which may disappear altogether under the weight of Levittown's uniformity. Portrayed first were the charming old Bucks County houses as they were dynamited and burned and bulldozed to the ground to make way for the shiny new edifices.

Up sprang Levittown—and sprang is exactly the word. "Time" showed one really extraordinary sequence in stop motion photography of the construction of a house in one day. Speeded up to hundreds of time normal, the workmen swarmed over the building, resembling Keystone Kops in the Old Mack Sennett comedies. Then there was a shot of one of Levittown's new residents, a woman, watching a tractor bore, in the space of seconds, a hole in the ground. Moments later, men appeared and plopped in a tree which the Levitt brothers can plant with much efficiency and speed.

The cameras then roamed through the schools, the churches, the nearby factories and even the police station. The cops cope with an occasional lost child or stray dog but there is no crime, no crime at all. While socially this is altogether admirable, I found even this civic wholesomeness a little depressing. The amateur actors are

no less amateur in this series than they ever were and this may be the fault of the film's director and producer.

At least, Edward R. Murrow on "See It Now" has shown that amateurs can be very moving and effective if handled properly. Recently, "See It Now" showed a meeting of cattle farmers debating governmental controls. The lined, rugged faces of these cattlemen were studies in conflicting and vivid personality, almost a lesson in Americana. The "March of Time" amateurs, on the other hand, seem rehearsed and ill at ease. I have a hunch that the difference stems from the fact that the cattlemen were speaking their own thoughts on a subject they felt deeply about and that the Levittowners were emitting lines put in their mouths by someone else.

My principal complaint about these documentaries is that they need a little bite, a little social commentary, a little less whole-hearted approval. Levittown is an imposing monument to American ingenuity but it does raise some disquieting thoughts. What, I kept asking myself, happens in a town where every blessed house has two bedrooms, no more, no less? Suppose somebody wanted to have seven children? What do they do—curb their parental urges? Or move somewhere else? Or what about the population pressures that are bringing about these vast boarding houses?

The series could use a touch more humor and—for want of a better word—some of the humanity that Murrow interjects into his shows. It is admirably photographed on 16 mm. film which, in spite of dire predictions to the contrary, has the appearance of 35 mm. "March of Time" is now seen (at various times and days) in seventy-three cities, giving it one of the largest circulations of any television show.

Songs

ONE of my readers, knowing my passionate interest in the popular song art, has been browsing through BMI's two catalogues called "Performindex" and has unearthed some examples which ought to be passed along to the rest of you.

"I have barely skimmed the surface of the second of these books but already my life is richer, fuller. Where else, I ask you, could you find nuggets of philosophy such as 'When You Face the Sun, the Shadow Falls Behind You' or 'Where There's a Will, There's Relatives, Relatives.' (I am particularly fond of that repetition.)

"Then there is the request song. 'Let Me Be Your Sidetrack' and 'Take Your Cold Feet Outa My Back.' Nothing can touch, of course, the rounded beauty of 'Turn Your Head Sweetheart—I Can Still See Your Face.' There is the torch song 'You Blacked My Eyes Once Too Often,' the love ballad 'When I Saw I Love U' (a difficult bit of enunciation, I should think) and the happy thought for today 'A Woman's Place Is in the Groove.'

"I also liked what might be called the information songs: 'When Grandpa Sat on the Mousetrap' (I've been unable to look that one up and discover the outcome) and 'It Bruised Her Somewhat' (some harrowing experience or other, I've no doubt). Yes, I strongly favor your study of these books and even the ASCAP catalogues—it broadens one's outlook considerably."



"What does Harry's date look like?—
Not that it matters."

But, Doctor, You Must Go On!

“CAVALCADE of America” is more or less dedicated to the glorification of America’s heroes, of the American dream. This, of course, is a splendid intention but then television, like Hell, is paved with good intentions not all of which work out very well.

After eighteen years on radio, “Cavalcade” has now invaded television where in all likelihood it will continue forever. There is a lot of material. I’ve heard quite a passel of “Cavalcades” on radio and seen a few on television. A pattern emerges which is clearly indestructible and almost unassailable.

In the opening scene, a man is discovered at his microscope. The door opens and in comes the scientist’s best friend, also in white smock. “Six more cases, Bill,” he says, slumping into a chair. “And we’re no nearer a solution than we were two years ago when we started the work.”

The scientist pushes the microscope away and paces a bit, muttering: “Ah, I’m sick of it all! Just death, death and more death! I’m sick of the sight of death! I’m ready to give it all up and go back to New York and marry the rich widow Wenceslas and settle down to a prosperous practice on Park Avenue. That, I am.”

“But, doctor, you can’t do that! We must go on. And on. And on.” (A little “Go on” music here, professor.)

But young Julius is still mutinous until the girl—a nurse, of course, comes on the scene. She has a dedicated look in her eye and is also kind, competent, neat, trustworthy, brainy, lissome and staggeringly beautiful. Also, unselfish, unstinting, and blond. And dedicated.

“Why does a beautiful girl like you work in a charnel house like this?” asks Julius. “Why? Why? Why?”

“I must,” she says simply.

So he hangs around, still grumbling, while more patients die of yellow fever. And eventually he comes down with it, too. Then she casts herself into the breach and volunteers as a human guinea pig, thrusts her arm under a mosquito, comes down with the disease and dies in her doctor’s arms. That gives him the

resolution to go on. And on.

This simplified version of the American success story is followed fairly faithfully week in and week out. At the man’s elbow, there invariably stands a woman and just as he is about to give the whole thing up, she spurs him on. And on. Eventually he invents the waterwheel or revolutionizes double entry bookkeeping or discovers electricity.

While in sympathy with this raking over of reasonably authentic and usually obscure pages of American history, I get mighty tired of the black and white characterization and the sort of predestined plots. In any works of this kind, you get what I can only describe as the Fate-Has-Brushed-Against-Me type of acting. That is, an actor stares off into space and, when his cynical chum tells him there have always been maggots in beef, he says: “Well, maybe there won’t always be.” And he goes on to discover refrigeration.

This sort of thing, which I like to think of as “Maybe there won’t always be” gambit, was followed faithfully in the last “Cavalcade” to pass my stricken gaze. On this one the young dedicated girl, her eyes aglow with hindsight, declared, “Maybe he won’t always be a common tailor.”

She was right, too, as the women always are in these things. She taught him to read and write and he grew up to be Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States. She had to cuff him into it, of course. There was a bad moment there when he wanted to quit it all and go back to Tennessee. The fact that he was also the only President to be impeached and missed conviction by only one vote was, of course, omitted entirely. American heroes are pure hero on “Cavalcade.”

The films are usually well produced and reasonably well acted, though. “Cavalcade,” too, is a pretty nice show and would be a lot better if they occasionally injected a spark of humor. And an even better one if the actors could avoid the self-consciousness of genius. But then it’s awfully hard to get an actor, who is acutely conscious of being Benjamin Franklin, to relax and act human.

The Customer Isn't Always Right

COMPLETELY apart from the principle, the affair George Kaufman ought to act as some sort of useful guide to sponsors' conduct in future occurrences of this sort which are bound to take place. It ought to but it probably won't.

The principle involved in the original ousting of Mr. Kaufman, who has sensibly been reinstated by the Columbia Broadcasting System, is a very simple one. But it is, I think, dangerously wrong not only on moral grounds but also on practical ones. It is that a sponsor is trying to sell his product to all the people and cannot afford to offend any of them. Therefore any program or personality which offends any minority must go. Now that, from a businessman's point of view, is very sound doctrine—if it works.

But in radio or television broadcasting it very conspicuously hasn't worked. There's hardly a radio or television program that doesn't offend *somebody*. But the reactions vary. Some people just turn the darn thing off. The more militant ones write or phone. This is usually a fairly small group of malcontents but a highly aggressive and sometimes highly organized group. While it is as entitled to its opinion and to the right to protest as anyone, this group is hardly qualified to act as arbiter of taste for all of us. Their private discontents are not necessarily the discontents of those quieter members of the community who don't rush to the telephone or to the writing desk the moment their sensibilities are ruffled.

However, purely as a practical matter, there is another graver objection to this way of doing business. Every time one of those cause celebres has arisen, whether it be Jean Muir or Philip Loeb or George Kaufman, there has been an uproar in the press. Two or three hundred people get upset about something—and let's not, for the moment, worry about what upsets them—and so the sponsor either cancels a program or fires an entertainer.

Then the uproar begins. The original handful of protestors is now joined by hundreds of thousands of others, most of whom will take sides one way or another. I didn't hear Mr. Kaufman make his now

celebrated remark about "Silent Night." I read about it. So did thousands of others who would never have heard about it if Kaufman hadn't been fired. A very tiny tempest suddenly blew up into a great big one. If the idea is to keep out of trouble with the customers, this is one hell of a way to do it.

Messes of this sort spring up, it seems to me, because of that old precept that the customer is always right. This philosophy works very well in a department store where each man's problems are dealt with separately. It doesn't work at all on radio or television where millions of people, with conflicting opinions and tastes, are in the front row. You can't just fire the saleslady in this case. If you do, you mollify one customer and outrage a hundred others.

In other words, the idea of yielding to every small bleat of anguish from the listeners is not only morally indefensible but practically unworkable. No one was appeased by the Kaufman ousting and his subsequent rehiring. Far from solving the problem, the timidity simply created one. I bring it all up at this date because this sort of thing has cropped up time after time and, sure as God made little apples, it'll happen again.

The most hardheaded way to settle the next batch of letters that comes in is to throw them in the wastebasket and settle the issue on its merits. Sooner or later, popular opinion will force the sponsor to do this, anyhow.

Let's Repeat the Good Ones

I WAS having lunch one day with Groucho Marx at the Hillcrest Country Club in Beverly Hills and Marx was raving about one of the Martha Raye shows. Everyone at the table—there were ten of us—had heard what a great show it was. But when Groucho counted noses, we found that only two of the ten at the table had seen it.

"That's television for you," remarked Groucho. "They pour eighty to a hundred thousand dollars into a show. Martha beats her brains out giving a great performance. And then the show is dead. Why don't they repeat the great ones?"

It's a very sound idea. No matter how

much a show is advertised, no matter how loyal the star's audience, there are certain nights when we're all out of the house, quaffing strong waters or singing the old songs. Just at that moment, they sneak over a great show on us and it's lost forever to a great segment of the populace. Actually, that two-out-of-ten ratio is high. Of the television audience, estimated at 60,000,000 persons, it's a lucky thing if one out of twenty sees the fine shows.

The Martha Raye show in which she teamed with Rocky Graziano, Cesar Romero and Rise Stevens in one of the funniest dinner parties on record, could be repeated without altering a single inflection. Another show that ought to be re-done without changing a line was the first Ray Bolger show on Colgate Comedy Hour, one of the most exuberant hours television ever provided the customers. Bolger had been on TV only once before, as part of an all-star lineup for the opening program on WJZ-TV in New York.

On the Colgate show just before Christmas, he had the hour practically all to himself and he filled it like a Christmas stocking with his boundless charm, laughter, his boneless dancing, songs and gayety. From the opening bit when he fell out of a revolving door to the closing when he danced off into the shadows after singing a Christmas song to some children, there wasn't a dead spot in the show.

In between he did some of the best routines he has built up over the years—"The Old Soft Shoe," his crazy manual of arms, and his great song "Once in Love With Amy" which is a triumph of pure showmanship. Twice—in "Once in Love With Amy" and again in the Army routine—he got the audience to join in the fun with him and they seemed to be having the time of their lives. There was also a very funny skit with Bolger and Betty Kean demonstrating the home life of a department store window dresser, one of those things that could have been embarrassingly bad but was, under Bolger's skillful fingers, both charming and hilarious. Altogether it was one of those shows that leaves you feeling good for hours afterwards.

There have been a good many other shows that afforded me great pleasure and that I'd like to see again. It would be nice to see Tallulah Bankhead run through her subway routine again, one of the funniest things ever seen on TV. I'd like to watch Donald O'Connor, one of the brightest new talents on television, do his parodies on Mack Sennett once more. Or Sir Caesar and Imogene Coca's magnificent take-off on "Streetcar Named Desire," which may ultimately become more famous than the original play.

A good many of Edward R. Murrow's "See It Now" programs could easily bear repetition, but the one I'd especially like to see again was his film report on a mock bombing of New York which showed up the glaring inadequacies of our plane spotting system. Of the "I Love Lucy" series, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz have yet to top their opening show wherein Miss Ball struggled hopelessly with a candy conveyor belt.

Among the hundreds of dramas I've seen, three stand out in my memory—"The Paper Box Kid," a really superb short story on "Danger;" Fletcher Markle's first production of "Studio One" called "I Am Jonathan Scrivener;" and Robert Montgomery's recent "The Closed Door" featuring a really fine performance by Charlton Heston.

Two of NBC's television operas ought to be repeated and almost certainly will be—the Leonard Bernstein opera of frustrations in the suburbs called "Trouble in Tahiti" and Benjamin Britten's "Billy Budd."



Canner
"You can stop worrying about me losing my job. I lost it."



This Issue, You're Swinging with

JULES ARCHER, author of "They Span the Pacific" on page 185, lives in Pine Plains, New York, at the corner where Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York state meet. He received his formal education at C. C. N. Y.—but learned most from a four-month bike jaunt through Europe. He has published several books and is a contributor to many magazines.

HENRY C. BONFIG, a former Kansas Citian, is vice-president and director of sales for the Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago. His article on "Television—Today and Tomorrow" on page 126 was delivered as a speech before the Advertising Club of Boston.

MARY BROWN, who tells us "How to Take a Bath" on page 110, is director of publicity for Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Inc. She really is "Mary Brown," a native New Yorker who loves New York! She has written poetry, articles, short stories—and is currently working on a couple of books for children. Confidentially, the soap she recommends is Pears' Soap!

ERNA CLARK, author of "Hidden Beauty in Stones," page 131, is a collector of rare stones from many parts of the world. She writes about her rock-hobby—and lectures before many organizations. She is an active member of the National League of American Penwomen and social sponsor of Beta Sigma Phi sorority in her home town—Redlands, Calif.

JOHN CROSBY, whose Radio and Television critical reviews are a regular feature of *Swing*, was born in Milwaukee, graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy, and passed a couple of years in the freshman class at Yale before beginning what he considers his real education—newspaper work. His material is syndicated by the *New York Herald-Tribune*. Mr. Crosby left in April for a month's trip to Europe, his first vacation in several years.

BRUCE DAVIES wrote "Drumm Institute . . . A Helping Hand with a Closed Palm" on page 162 from firsthand knowledge of the Institute. He attended the farm school from 1936 to 1940.

PHILIP FERRY, author of "The Nuggets of Wheelbarrow John" on page 168, is a free-lance writer whose specialties are history, travel, exploration and adventure. His travel pieces have appeared in the *New York Times*, *New York Herald-Tribune*, *Chicago Tribune* and in all the automobile magazines. A native Californian, most of his material is secured in that area.

CHARLES HOGAN, who pleads "Make Me a Boy Again" on page 181, is a newspaperman who worked on the late *Kansas City Journal-Post*, the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, *Chicago American*, and for *International News Service*.

LESTER KROEPEL, author of "The Gusher" on page 193, is a mechanical draftsman by profession who turned to free-lance writing ten years ago. He writes articles, short stories and some radio material. While mechanical engineering and writing are his main interests, he likes reading, dancing, television, radio—and girls!

WILBUR PHILLIPS, whose article "Citizen Truman at the Bridge" appears on page 106, is a native Kansas Citian whose sole aim in life is to turn out better writing—for a living and for fun! He has published in national magazines, particularly in *Fawcett Publications*; and has written many newspaper Sunday-supplement articles.

ROBERT SLAYMAN, author of "The Man Behind the Indianapolis Winner" on page 118, is a graduate of the University of Illinois. He worked as a retail advertising salesman for newspapers in Waukegan, Ill., and in Des Moines, Iowa, until he entered the army. After 19 months in Korea, he was discharged as a sergeant. He is now at the School of Journalism, Northwestern University, working for a master's degree.

LOUIS TAPPE, who wrote "A Study in Jazz" on page 165, is a native Kansan who has been in radio for 20 years, starting with NBC in New York. He has served as announcer, program director and continuity director; and has written and produced many network shows. For the last four and a half years he has been with *Sesac, Inc.*, in New York. He is considered an authority on jazz music.

SHIRLEY SARGENT, whose story "Twenty-fifth Anniversary" appears on page 115, is an engineer's daughter who attended thirteen schools, living in three western states, four national parks and three national forests. Now she lives in Pasadena, Calif., nine months of the year, where she runs the *Topsy-Turvy Nursery School*. But she still has "mountain fever" and is concentrating on her "Cabin Fund" with which she wants to build a cabin just outside Yosemite.

WHIT SAWYER, whose article "Sermons Under Glass" appears on page 177, is a Yankee by birth, a cosmopolitan by choice. He studied journalism at the University of London, and law at De Paul in Chicago. After 30 different jobs in 30 places, he turned to writing several years ago and has contributed articles to several national magazines. He is a columnist for the *Worcester, Mass., Telegram*.

ELIZABETH SCOTT'S article "Under the Ginko Tree," on page 121, has an authentic background. She was program director in an enlisted men's club in Tokyo while on a year's assignment with the Special Services Department of the Army. Now married to an analytical chemist, she lives in Manhattan, Kansas, where she is working on a master's degree in English at *Kansas State College*.

OUR COVER GIRL appeared in national magazine advertisements placed by Fuller Fabrics, 1407 Broadway, New York City. Marcelle Fcybusch is advertising manager and promotion director. The dress is in Everglaze cotton designed by Joset Walker. The advertising agency is *Hockaday Associates—art director, Al Chereskin*.

The illustration of the couple in the swing on this page is used courtesy of The *Lennox Furnace Company*.

Al Chereskin

Missouri AP News Coverage Monthly Contest

Missouri Associated Press-Radio News Coverage Award for 1953

Dick Smith

For Outstanding News Coverage for *March*

Frank H. Gray
Chief of Bureau
Kansas City, Missouri

Sam Bana
Chairman
Missouri Association of Associated Press Broadcasters

routine just routine

FIRST place award for outstanding news coverage during March, 1953, was awarded by the Missouri Association of Associated Press Broadcasters to Dick Smith of WHB. "On March 12," reads the AP summary, "Smith did an outstanding job of covering an accident near Lone Jack, Missouri, in which five persons were killed. He gave the first tip, followed in fast and had his information in fine shape—an outstanding job."

WHB's eye-witness reporting of the

Eyssell Court apartment-house fire April 1, in which five persons died and fifteen were injured, was another outstanding example of WHB radio reporting. Charles Gray hurried to the scene as soon as the blaze was reported; witnessed the searing tragedy as it developed; and made four telephone reports on the air between 4:12 p.m. and 5:52 p.m. Usual WHB programs were interrupted for his on-the-scene bulletins. At 8:30 p.m., Smith and Gray broadcast a complete "wrap-up" of the story, with a special tribute to the gallant firemen who died fighting the fire: Don Nastasio, Melvin Kurtz and Joseph Cooney.

Exciting and disturbing as these events are, their careful and complete reporting is "routine" for the WHB Newsbureau.

WHB • KANSAS CITY



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... And Alert Advertisers
are Swinging with

WHB Musical Clock

6:30 to 9 a.m., Mondays thru Saturdays.
Tuneful wake-up music . . . time signals
. . . temperature announcements every
5 minutes.

WHB Neighborin' Time

11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m., Mondays thru Fri-
days. Western music and noon news.

"Blues" Baseball Spots

Available before and after play-by-play
broadcasts of K. C. *Blues* games.

Club 710

2 to 4:45 p.m., Mondays thru Fridays;
Top Twenty Tunes, with "Oil" Wells,
d.i. and the nation's most popular music.

WHB Night Club of the Air

11 p.m. to 1 a.m., Mondays thru Fri-
days. Kansas City's most popular late
show with Roch Ulmer as m. c.

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