

MARCH

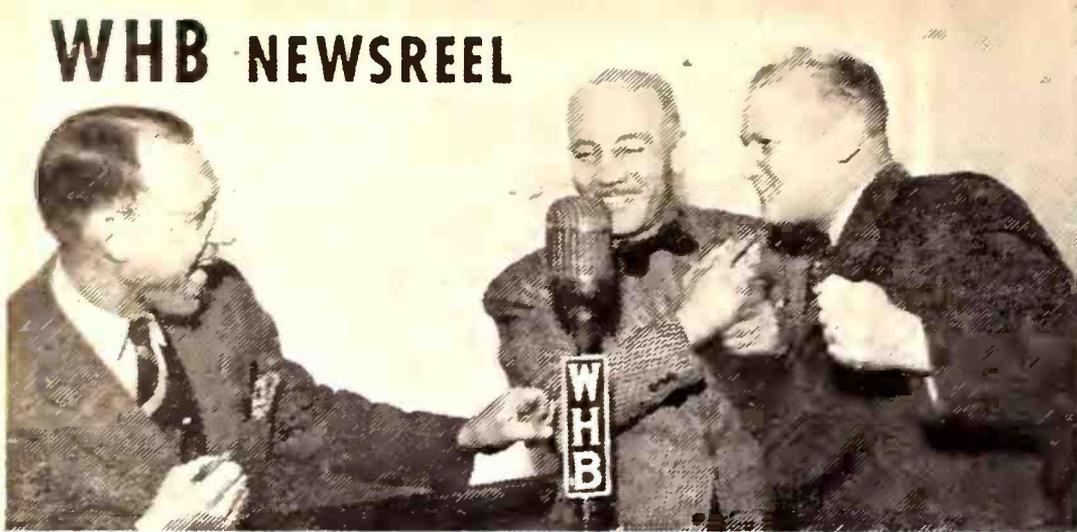
1948

25¢



Swing

WHB NEWSREEL



1. Ringmasters of the Golden Gloves Tournament spar before a WHB mike. They are Charles Myers, boxing director of the Kansas City recreational program; Benny Kessler, chief of officials; and Ernie Mehl, Golden Gloves Tournament director.

2. United States Senator Edward Martin of Pennsylvania, addresses a WHB audience on Lincoln's Birthday.

3. Rosalia Maresca, soprano, spins a platter under the approving eye of disc jockey Bob Kennedy.

4. John Holmes, president of Swift & Company, caught before an address to the Kansas Chamber of Commerce.

5. Reggie Hamilton, manager of the Pla-M hockey team, poses with stick wielders La Sylvestri, Johnny Harms, and Ray Powell.

foreword for March

SEE—it did come, after all. The spring, that is. And you thought it never would. But there never was a 26-inch snow, nor a wind off Lake Michigan, nor a frozen magnolia that could hold it back for long — nor keep the hats from blooming along Main Street, nor lambs and handbookies from gambling, nor Winchell from slopping over with tender, commercialized passion, nor us from slopping over.

Not, of course, that you can always recognize the spring. It so often comes incognito, blows hot, blows cold, gives you chills and fever, rains all over you, freezes the peaches, muddies up the lawn, crosses you up emotionally, and plays hell with all the best laid plans. And yet, it never fools us once. We'd know it anywhere. Because when it's time for spring, you feel it in your bones. It's simply a part of nature, and what you can do about that — even if the atom has been split? So here's a welcome to it, to the month when spring begins. We'll wear the green and plant a radish and stir from our winter straw and put forth bloom. And not all of Stalin or Stassen or Bevin and Britain, the Marshall Plan or Pakistan can stop us. Dear March, for all your ices and taxes and your cock-eyed weather, come in!

Jetta

Swing

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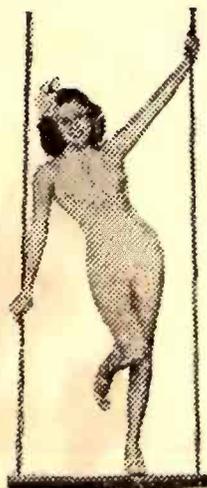
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MARCH'S *Heavy Dates* IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)

Loan Exhibitions: Photographs by the Kansas City Camera Club.

Masterpiece of the Month: Silver gilt bowl from the Sasanian Dynasty, 224 - 652 A. D.

Lectures: Wednesday evenings, 8 o'clock in the Gallery Auditorium, a continuation of a series by Paul Gardner on "Italian Painting." Admission free.

Mar. 3, "School of Naples."

Mar. 10, "The Baroque."

Mar. 17, "17th Century Painters in North Italy."

Mar. 24, "Venetian Landscape Painters of the 18th Century."

Mar. 31, "Venetian Figure Painters of the 18th Century."

Motion Pictures: On March 5 and 7, *The Puritan* (French with English sub-titles). On March 19 and 21, *King of Kings*. Admission free.

Conventions . . .

Mar. 2-4, Missouri Council of Churches, Independence Boulevard Christian Church.

Mar. 3-6, National Travelers Aid Association.

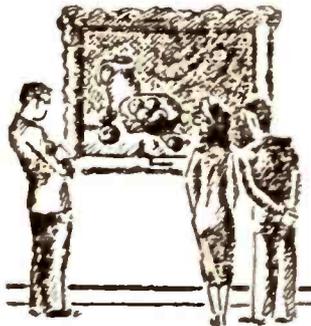
Mar. 10-12, Operations Division American Transit Association, Hotel President.

Mar. 17-18, Bankers Life Company, Hotel President.

Mar. 25-27, Midwest Business Schools Association, Hotel Continental.

Mar. 29-31, National Association Girl Scout Executives, Section VIII, Hotel Continental.

Mar. 31, Girl Scout Regular Committee and Commissioner Training Days, Hotel Phillips.



Music . . .

(Music Hall)

Mar. 2, James Melton, tenor.

Mar. 5, Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

Mar. 16, Vladimir Horowitz, pianist.

Mar. 22, Patrice Munsel, coloratura soprano.

Dancing . . .

(Plam-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.) Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Mar. 6, Gene Krupa.

Mar. 20, Woody Herman.

Drama . . .

Mar. 8, *All My Sons*, Arthur Miller's 1947 Pulitzer prize drama, Resident Theatre, 1600 Linwood.



Special Events . . .

Mar. 2-7, Police Circus, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Mar. 4, High School Band Festival, Music Hall.

Mar. 7, "Harvest of Stars," broadcast, Music Hall.

Mar. 8, John Mason Brown, lecturer, Music Hall.

Mar. 9, K. U. Band and Symphony Orchestra, Music Hall.

Mar. 15, Dr. J. H. Furbay, lecturer, *The Spell of Ireland*, Little Theatre.

Mar. 23-24, A. F. of L. Political Club, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Mar. 24, Burton Holmes, lecturer, *The Pacific Northwest*, Music Hall.

Wrestling . . .

Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.

Basketball . . .

Mar. 8-13, National Intercollegiate Basketball Tournament, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Mar. 15, Big Seven-Missouri Valley Basketball Play-off, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Mar. 17, Harlem Globe Trotters, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Mar. 19-20, N. C. A. A. Western Play-off, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Mar. 25, All-American Redheads, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Ice Hockey . . .

(United States Hockey League. All games at Plam-Mor Arena, 32nd and Main.)

Mar. 10, St. Paul.

Mar. 14, Minneapolis.

Mar. 17, Omaha.

Mar. 21, St. Paul.

Boxing . . .

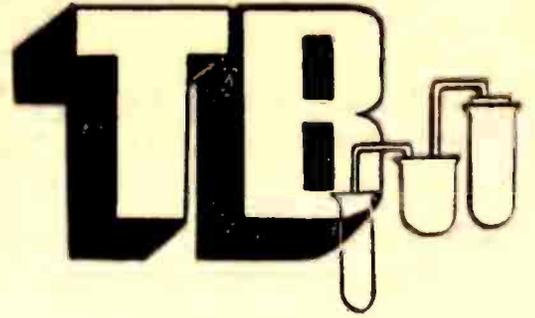
Mar. 29-31, A. A. U. Boxing, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

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MINNEAPOLIS

Attacks



by WALT ANGRIST

MINNEAPOLIS—city of 500,000 and capital of the Upper Midwest—has launched a frontal attack on the nation's number one killer.

And this attack, against tuberculosis, is designed to root out every possible hint of the disease in everyone over 15 years of age.

School examinations already have covered the "soda set."

The primary weapon of this city-wide war on the dread malady is the X-ray—on a mass level, and with no charge to the participants.

Only now can the final results be considered, though the first phase of the attack occupied the summer months of 1947.

Figures, seldom interesting or easy to examine, glow like neon lights for Minneapolis.

Three hundred and six thousand persons lined up at permanent X-ray stations in bank buildings, schools and clinics—or left their work benches and desks to "pose" for portable machines located at strategic points throughout the community.

Total elapsed time for the chest photograph and filling out of a post-card averaged 60 seconds.

Through that single minute of picture taking over 5,000 citizens of Minneapolis learned they had tuberculosis, heart disease or cancer of the lung, but most of the participants

received a prompt negative notice after the tests.

With that one moment of precaution, the 5,000 "positives" could be thankful that an unsuspected malady was revealed. Now proper treatment has been initiated, toward a complete cure in most cases.

Actually, the hunt for TB, and for other diseases which show up incidentally in a chest X-ray checkup, consisted of two steps.

Small negatives were made for the whole group. Of the 306,000, more than 10,000 showed positive evidence of disease.

Those with positive findings were called back by the trained technicians for 14x17 inch X-ray photos. Only with the enlarged pictures could doctors be sure that disease was there—to be checked and cured.

TB was found in almost half of the 10,000 positives. Cardiacs and cancer victims made up the remainder.

Nothing was forgotten in the city-wide program. Advance publicity generously displayed in Minneapolis newspapers and over Twin Cities' radio stations convinced the city that this war against tuberculosis was an important one, that everyone must do his part to help smoke out unsuspected symptoms.

Bank presidents and shop foremen sold their employees on the free ex-

amination plan. The public-owned tuberculosis sanitarium in the area indicated to the Minnesota legislature what its increased fund needs would be when undercover cases were revealed.

How did Minneapolis happen to be the guinea pig for what may be a nationwide free TB X-ray service?

Where was the money found to back the project?

How can any other large community in the country carry out the same disease-searching project?

These are questions which can be answered now that the first part of the program has proved a success.

Minneapolis' formula for launching the project followed a pattern which should be adaptable in many other cities:

THE CITY HEALTH COMMISSIONER lined up the area medical society and tuberculosis association.

THESE GROUPS and the city guaranteed a portion of the needed funds and workers.

THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH acted as intermediary for an equipment and fund request to the—

UNITED STATES PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE, which agreed to provide the technical equipment and staff.

That's all there is to it—beyond the months of preparation necessary to give the X-ray examinations a flying start.

Now Minneapolis computes that its adventure in the mass disease hunt will save residents at least \$300,000,000 in those costs involved with unknown carriers and spreaders of TB alone.

Because success in Minneapolis con-

vinced skeptics in the federal Public Health Service that mass X-ray would pay off, the national agency plans to carry the TB fight to 91 other cities of over 100,000 population.

What convinced Washington officials was the fact that Minneapolis has the lowest TB rate of all cities over 500,000. So, when thousands of unsuspecting citizens found themselves with active infection, all federal skepticism was swept away.

But like many a grim battle, the dead serious X-ray drive in Minneapolis did have its humorous side.

Some 7,500 of the participating Minneapolitans found themselves in a ticklish position. They were walking around carrying an extra rib!

The all-seeing X-ray photographs revealed these people had one more than their share of ribs—growing out of the neck vertebrae where the spine begins. Doctors explain, however, that these fairly common abnormalities of nature seldom cause ill effects.



In rare cases the extra rib may grow downward, putting dangerous pressure on blood vessels and nerves which cut across the first normal rib.

The X-ray revealed other odd conditions. About 25 persons learned for the first time that they had upside-down stomachs. A similar number

were informed that their hearts were on the wrong side.

One man's photograph showed a bullet in his chest. It was news to him.

Not all of the sidelight humor was of a physical nature. Joining the up-side-downs and the wrong-side-to's was a quirk of the mind, a fear of

X-ray.

X-ray officials think they solved their toughest problem with several Minneapolis citizens who couldn't bring themselves to face the machine.

The technicians—after careful consultation—had the patients do an about-face and back up to the X-ray to have their pictures taken.

Pop Populaire

WERE it not for a Philadelphia physician, disgruntled baseball fans might today be without suitable ammunition with which to "pop" unpopular umpires. For it is a Dr. Philip Physick (phony as the name sounds, the good doctor was real enough) who is credited with originating the carbonated soft drink.

About a century and a half ago, Dr. Physick induced Townsend Speakman, a chemist, to prepare carbonated water mixed with fruit juices as a tonic for some of his patients. The patients liked the prescription. So much so that they had it refilled time and time again. In fact, the medicine proved so popular that soda fountains sprang up in pharmacies all across the country, and in this way the soft drink industry was born.

There were, of course, no vacuum caps in those days, so the original soft drink bottle was quite unlike its present-day counterpart. Cylindrical in shape, it had a rubber gasket at the top of the neck and a glass marble inside. When the bottle was filled with carbonated water, the pressure of the gas forced the glass ball up against the gasket and sealed the contents. To open the bottle, a wooden plug was inserted in the neck and struck sharply with the fist. The sudden escape of gas caused a loud "pop" which gave rise to the name "pop bottle."

The drink itself soon became commonly known as "soda pop," which was later shortened to the now familiar "pop." But as a reminder of the drink's medicinal beginnings, there are to this day some parts of the United States in which soft drinks are known as "tonic."—*David R. Kennedy.*

ACCORDING to a report of the United States Population Reference Bureau, a study of American women between the ages of 45 and 49 reveals that college women average 1 1/4 children each, high school graduates average 1 3/4 children each, and women who do not progress beyond grammar school average 4 1/3 children each.

San Juan is one of the most unusual counties in the United States. Located in Puget Sound—as a part of the State of Washington—it is composed of 173 islands, none of which touch the mainland.

MODERN YOUTH

The glamour girl of yesteryear
Now has a teen-age daughter
Who primps and slaves to make herself
Look like she hadn't oughter.

—F. G. Kernan



"This one costs more,—it's still got the crackers in it!"

■ *C* i s f o r C O L O P H O N ■

by ROSEMARY HAWARD

A COLOPHON, Mr. Webster says, is an emblem, usually a device assumed by a publishing house, placed on the title page or at the end of the book. The uninitiated may call it a trademark. The familiar rider-on-horseback colophon of the Methodist Publishing House represents the founders of the establishment as well as the spirit of undertaking which have made this the *longest continuous publishing operation* in the world.

On February 5, 1948, visitors from all over the country gathered at the new Kansas City headquarters for the Methodist Publishing House at 1021 McGee. If John Wesley, the organization's forefather, were present on that opening day, moving spirit-wise through the modern marvel of book publishing and selling, doubtlessly he bestowed an ethereal grin of approval on the avalanche his small snowball had started.

The symbol of Wesley was the focal point of attention on that opening day. The silhouette of the man riding a horse and reading a Bible was emblazoned in glittering mosaic high above the doorway of the building. The bits of imported colored glass fashioning the colophon portray the modern triumph of the establishment Wesley fathered

... a business which has weathered every war and depression since the beginning of the United States.

Undoubtedly, John Wesley was one of the wonder men of his age. He was the most prolific author and publisher of his time, earning and giving away over \$150,000—an amazing fortune in the early 18th Century. Although fellow citizens of his native England often shook their heads dubiously over what they termed Wesley's crazy enthusiasm, time and again he proved that seldom had a religious leader been so sanely practical. He founded the system of traveling circuit preachers, men who traveled through many towns preaching the Word and distributing books. They were urged to beg money from the rich to buy books for the poor, and did just that. The first disciples of Wesley to reach America carried on the tradition which he had founded, carrying the only libraries of the day in their saddlebags wherever they went. Book hungry frontiersmen gulped down the preachers' stock of Holy Scripture as well as the best current literature afforded by the preachers' slim purses.

Many of the early day Wesley disciples had more than a nodding acquaintance with printer's ink. Even



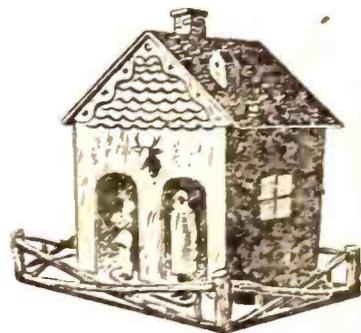
before the Church was organized, those such as Robert Williams began to reprint and circulate the Methodist literature. With the formal organization of the Church, measures were taken to control the printing and profits for denominational purposes. In 1789, the Methodist Church—made up of 58,000 members in a country of 3,000,000—founded its own publishing business.

The first Publishing Agent, or official head, of the new organization was John Dickens, long acknowledged to be the finest scholar among the early preachers. In addition to being scholarly, Dickens was also a very thrifty man, having accumulated savings of \$600. He offered this as working capital for the new publishing house. The offer was accepted and Dickens was directed to set about the business as he saw fit.

There were early signs that Dickens' working capital had been wisely used. At the Conference of the Church held in 1792, fellow members appropriated Dickens' profits for his yearly support: \$200 for dwelling house and book room; \$80 for a boy; \$333 to clothe and feed himself, his wife and children. It was with such encouragement as this that the first Publishing Agent struggled on, preparing the copy, reading the proof, managing the sales, keeping the accounts, and with the help of the "boy," attending to the shipping.

Many of the works published in the early days of the Methodist Publishing House have continued to be in print through the years. Wesley's *Notes*, *The Arminian Magazine*, *Thomas a Kempis*, *The Discipline*,

Catechism and *Minutes* are some of these. Others proved to be forerunners of types of literature produced currently. *Children's Instructions* was the predecessor of later literature for the Church school. *Tract On Slavery* has its modern likeness in books on moral and social reform. *The Family Adviser and Primitive Physic* suggests a group of later books on popular science. Finally,



there was *A Pocket Hymnal*, pioneer of the official songbooks of American Methodism.

Through more than a century and a half, the Methodist Publishing House has pursued the same course. Now, as in the beginning, the needs of the Church take primary consideration. The proceeds now, as in the beginning, are used to help support superannuated ministers and their dependents.

At the present time the Methodist Publishing House has 13 divisions set strategically throughout the country. All are operated according to a practical policy of centralized supervision and decentralized operation. No one House is "headquarters;" all are on an equal basis.

The best known department of the Methodist Publishing House is the Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, the book publishing department. Formerly, all books issued by Methodist publishers bore strictly Methodist labels, and were sold almost nowhere except through Methodist stores. Necessarily, this curtailed distribution of the

books to those outside the Church. But being good businessmen, the Methodists decided to adopt a name for the book publishing part of the organization that would have no denominational meaning to those outside the Church, yet would mean Methodism to the Church members. Hence, the Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. By reaching outside the denomination for sales, a greater volume is attained for nearly every item. The eight million Methodists enjoy lower prices and larger selections resulting from that volume.

From the very first, the Methodist Publishing House has been a stickler for high quality work. To accomplish this, about a third of its total investment in property and equipment is for printing plants and machinery. About a third of its employees is trained in the specialized and highly technical crafts of the printing and bindery industries. For these reasons, it is generally conceded in the publishing world that Abingdon-Cokesbury books are models of legibility, durability and beauty.

The Methodist printing plants are located at Chicago, Cincinnati and Nashville. Jobs are allocated among them on a basis of machinery efficiency. The Chicago plant is primarily concerned with producing *The Christian Advocate*. Book production is a specialty at Nashville. Church school and other periodicals are divided between Nashville and Cincinnati. More than a million books are printed and bound in these plants every year, and 130 million copies of periodicals pour from their presses annually.

Since the Methodist Publishing House serves primarily as an instrument of the Church, many items other than books and periodicals are handled by the 13 divisions. Included are thousands of specialties necessary to the on-going program of the Church.

Officiating over the entire publishing business are two Publishing Agents. Together they exemplify the religious fervor and business acumen of that first Agent, John Dickens. One is a minister; the second, a layman. They are charged with administering the affairs of the publishing business, and—like all employees of the Publishing House—are paid specified salaries for their services. No one but Conference Claimants shares in the proceeds of the business. The 1947 appropriation to Claimants, \$400,000, brought the total distributed since the founding of the Publishing House to \$12,418,198.

The employees share substantially in the rewards of the business. Those of the three printing plants are paid the highest wages for their respective crafts in their locality. Every employee may participate in the company's pension program.

Long ago the Methodist Publishing House undertook the operation of retail book stores in the various divisions spread throughout the country. These stock the books of all publishers as well as those of the Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. The stores are operated in conjunction with the mail order houses. The Methodist Publishing House, including the retail book store, has been located in Kansas City, Missouri, at 1121 McGee since 1903. In September, 1945, a six-story building

at 1021 McGee was purchased by the organization. After long delay a complete remodelling program was put into effect, and in February, 1948, the Publishing House moved one block north to the new location.

The book store, occupying the first floor and mezzanine of the new building, is a far cry from the musty, dusty establishments of a generation or two ago. Designed by Neville, Sharp and Simon, architects, the store offers a fine combination of beauty and modern book store facilities. Fiction and non-fiction for adults and children have been added to the original selection of religious works. Stationery, art prints and maps are stock accessories. Classical and religious phonograph records, educational and Church motion pictures and movie equipment are other features.

The second and third floors of the building are occupied by the mail order division and the general offices. The remaining floors, with the exception of an auditorium on the fifth floor, have been leased to other non-profit organizations. The auditorium will serve for book reviews and selected gatherings.

Much of the credit for the expansion and development of the Methodist Publishing House in the Midwest area goes to division manager Milton Steinfeld. A youngish, genial, handsome man, Steinfeld guides the affairs of the company in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming and Colorado with a light, sure hand. Steinfeld carries on the tradition of the Publishing House in its most modern interpretation. Whereas the original vendors of books were traveling

preachers covering a few hundred miles every year on horseback, he keeps a finger in the Midwest Methodist publishing business by quick plane and train trips.

Steinfeld has proved himself a pioneer in the true spirit, however, by selecting a new medium to bring the Publishing House to public attention . . . radio. In August, 1947, he inaugurated a radio program aired three times weekly over WHB. It is called *The Man In The Book Store*.

John Thornberry, Executive Director of the Boy's Club and well known in Kansas City for his *Man On The Street* broadcasts, conducts the program, interviewing patrons of the book store. When famous folk of the literary world pass through the city, Thornberry interviews them, too. As set up by Steinfeld and executed by Thornberry, the program has a two-fold appeal: to acquaint the general reading public with the diverse facilities of the Methodist Book Store; and to sell books.

The new Publishing House headquarters is as modern as its methods of selling books. The old decor of "institutional gray" has given way to a profusion of pastel shades. Imported mosaic inlay highlights points of interest in the interior, and is repeated again for the exterior of the store.

"The Methodist Publishing House—since 1789," reads the inscription on the colophon. What is not written there—but could well be—is one of Methodism's oldest quotations, from Francis Asbury: "The propagation of religious knowledge by means of the press is next in importance to the preaching of the Gospel."

Our **PLASTIC** A A F

Amazing plastic protection solves storage problem for Air Force war planes and leaves them ready for instant use—just in case!

by JOHNNY FRASER, JR.

UNCLE SAM'S sky drivers who zoomed through the blue in combat aircraft during World War II may sometimes wonder what became of their shiny birds of destruction. The common impression that they lie rusting away at Air Force depots is far from true. Of course, many categories of war planes, no longer filling Air Force needs, have been scrapped, placed in desert stock piles or put on public sale. However, there are groups of advanced model aircraft that are needed not only for future training but to comprise the United States' standby air force.

Of chief concern in this important inventory of the American air arm are more than 1400 B-29 Superforts. Some of these giant, \$750,000 bombers saw action in the Pacific, but most of them never left the continental limits of the United States. Reduced budgets for fuel and fewer personnel for flight training missions have made it necessary to provide storage facilities for the sky giants.

There is not enough hangar space in the entire country to house more than a handful of the Superforts, so Air Force maintenance men faced the hard fact that the ships would have to be stored out-of-doors. The old

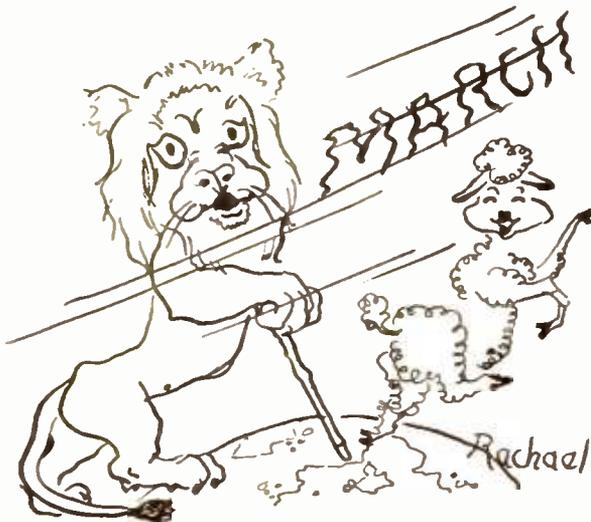
process of smearing all working parts with a coat of heavy grease and covering propellers and other surfaces with tarpaulins was considered inadequate. Besides, this method requires a large maintenance force to check constantly for rust and deterioration.

After much experimentation, an Eastern manufacturer produced a plastic coating process for the Air Materiel Command. It consists of a plastic "cocoon" covering the entire airplane. When properly applied, the coating will protect a plane for as long as ten years without further care.

Radar sets, radio systems and similar equipment are removed from the aircraft. Instruments and other interior parts subject to deterioration are sprayed with a corrosion preventive. The plane is then thoroughly washed and all openings are sealed with tape. Air Force maintenance crews dressed like men from Mars, wearing rubber aprons and special oxygen masks to protect them from the toxic solvents contained in the plastic mixture, begin spraying the surfaces with guns similar to paint sprayers. The spray is highly inflammable, and rubber shoes are worn to

prevent sparks from shoe nails.

As many as five or six coats of the plastic liquid are sprayed on all surfaces, propellers included, and each



coat is a different color so that workmen can keep track of the progress. Drying time between coats is about 20 minutes, and though the Superforts are a bit on the gigantic side, the entire operation can be completed in a short time. The final coat of plastic is a silvery gray to reflect the rays of the sun, rather than absorb them, as a darker color would do.

One of the amazing things about the process is that the thickness of the completed "cocoon" is just a fraction of an inch. Its resiliency and toughness is brought to light in an Air Force technical order that warns "do not walk on coated surfaces until thoroughly dry!"

Removal of the plastic coating is simpler than the application. You merely dig your fingernails into the coating, get a firm hold, and strip it off as though it were adhesive tape! Or it literally can be blown off by inserting an air hose under the airtight skin. A cocooned B-29 can be readied for flight in a matter of

hours!

After the cocooning process was developed, the Air Materiel Command searched for a storage area. The big Air Force base at Tucson, Arizona, was selected. Davis-Monthan Field, where countless B-24 crews went through the operational phase of their combat flight training before leaving for overseas, was the exact site chosen. The mountain peaks surrounding the sparkling desert plain where Davis-Monthan sprawls lazily in the sun, have been practice-bombed a million times by bomber crews who later went on "live runs" over Pacific targets.

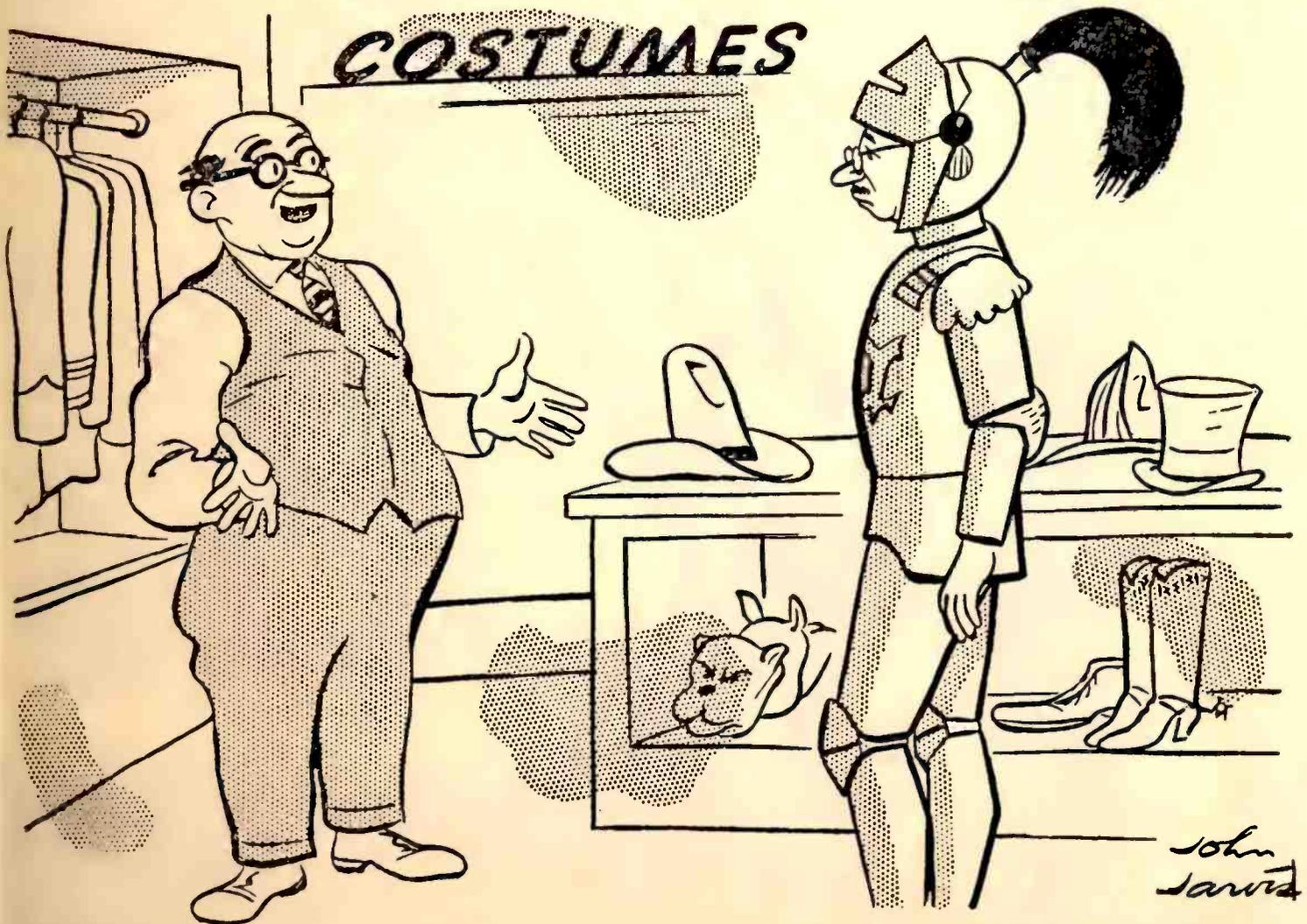
There are a number of training fields in Arizona, now inactive, which have been turned into a virtual lake of aluminum by training craft and other planes waiting to be sold or scrapped. It was logical that the AAF coordinate other maintenance activities by storing the Superforts at Tucson. Those who visit Davis-Monthan field today see row after row of glistening Superforts stretching into the desert haze. Ensnared in their cocoons, they're waiting—and ready!

The Superforts have company at Davis-Monthan in the form of "museum pieces" that will probably never fly again. There's the huge B-19, forerunner and experimental ship which proved the efficiency of the heavy bomber. There's the converted B-24 used by Wendell Wilkie on his world-circling trip. There are other experimental planes; some with 75 mm. cannon jutting from the nose, a transport converted into a glider, some B-24s, 25s, 26s and even a captured German light bomber.

Undoubtedly the most famous of all these aircraft is the Superfort "Enola Gay." On her proud and glittering nose is painted the atomic insignia of the 509th Bomb Group and the names of the crew who crouched inside her belly as she took off one day from an island in the Pacific. In her bomb bay once rested the first airborne atomic bomb. This was the bomb that fell upon Nagasaki. The Enola Gay and her famous companions receive a perpetual sun bath at Davis-Monthan while waiting for

a permanent resting place which is to be set up somewhere in the Midwest.

To the people of vision among Tucson's steady stream of visitors, the spectacle of the AAF's "Hall of Fame and Flame" parked side-by-side with Uncle Sam's proverbial "big stick" means more than poignant memories or the comfort of preparedness—it typifies the role America must take in shaping the peaceful future of the world.



John Savard

"It'll wear like wool!"

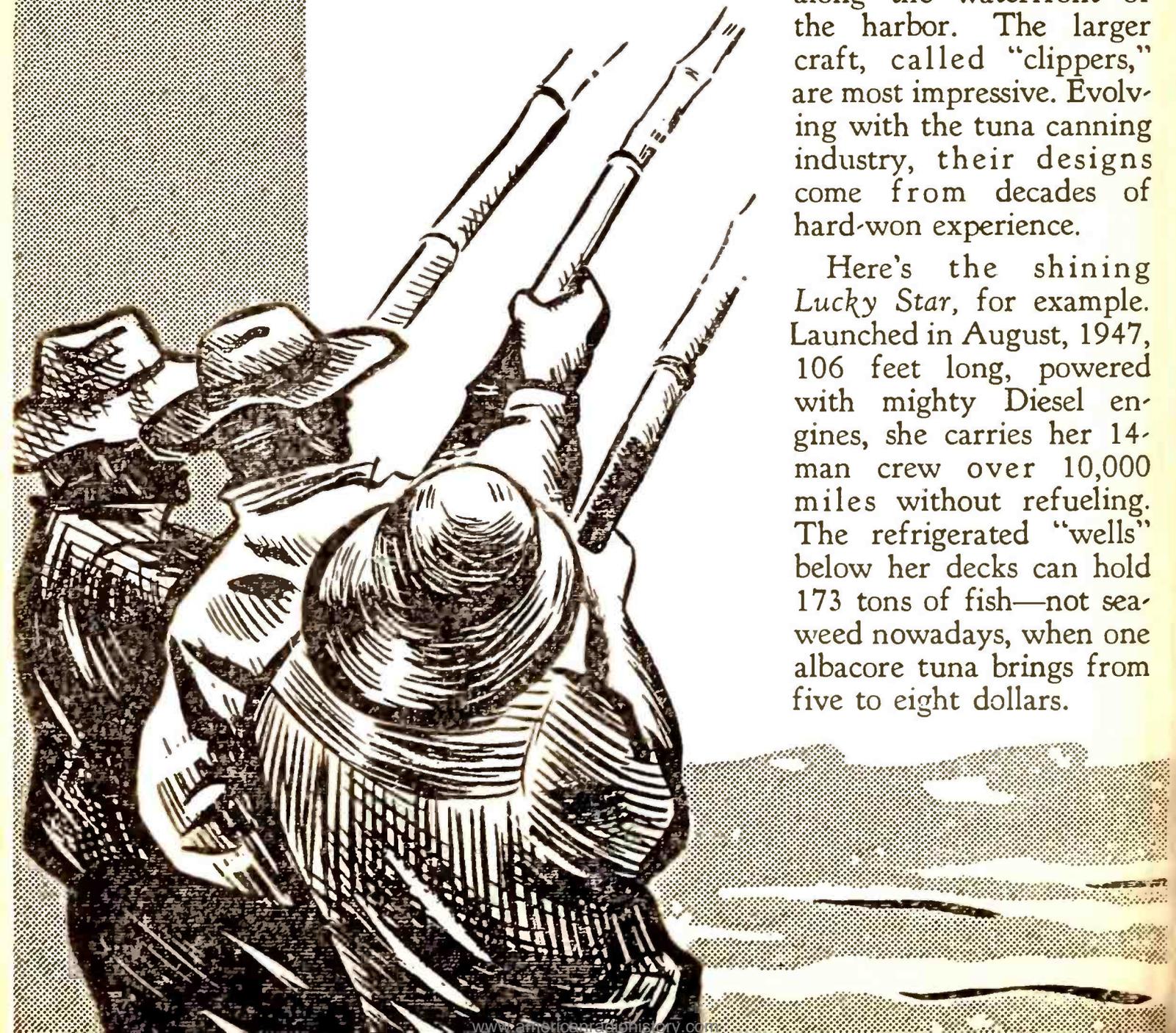
FISHING...

WOULDN'T you like a well-paid job on a tidy white boat sailing from San Diego or San Pedro, down along the coasts of Mexico and Central America? You might go as far south as Peru, Ecuador, or the Galapagos Islands. The work is the pleasant sport of fishing with a bamboo pole for sleek, fighting fish weighing perhaps five pounds, perhaps a hundred or more.

The tuna fishermen's trade sounds wonderful, but honest-to-goodness he-men are required for this fascinating, but laborious and dangerous task.

San Diego is the sunny capital of the great California tuna industry, and the tuna boat fleet is a familiar sight along the waterfront of the harbor. The larger craft, called "clippers," are most impressive. Evolving with the tuna canning industry, their designs come from decades of hard-won experience.

Here's the shining *Lucky Star*, for example. Launched in August, 1947, 106 feet long, powered with mighty Diesel engines, she carries her 14-man crew over 10,000 miles without refueling. The refrigerated "wells" below her decks can hold 173 tons of fish—not seaweed nowadays, when one albacore tuna brings from five to eight dollars.



is their **BUSINESS**

by ROSCOE A. POLAND

drawing by Don Fitzgerald

Before collecting such neat sums for a tuna, it is necessary to catch him. Let's see how it is done.

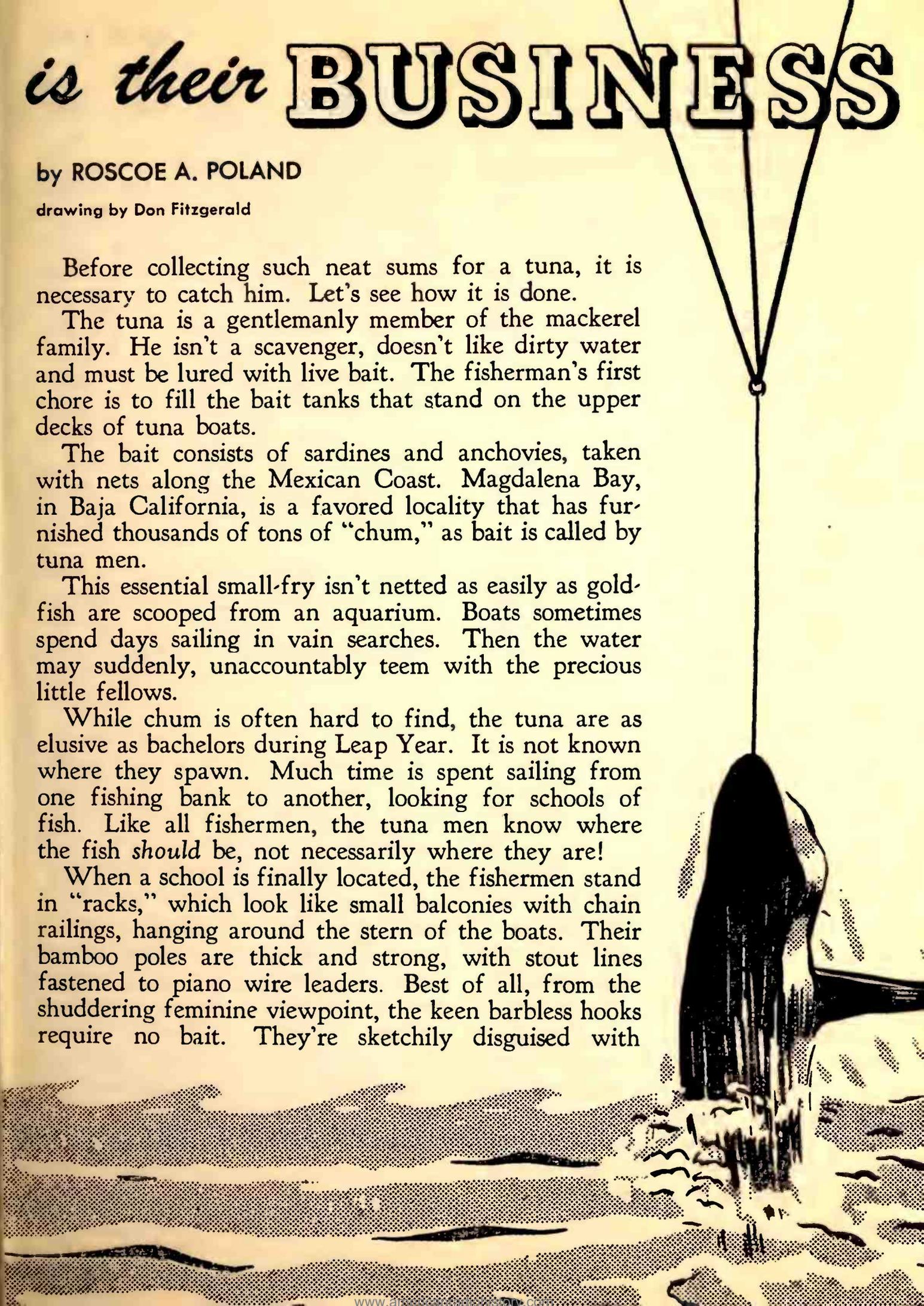
The tuna is a gentlemanly member of the mackerel family. He isn't a scavenger, doesn't like dirty water and must be lured with live bait. The fisherman's first chore is to fill the bait tanks that stand on the upper decks of tuna boats.

The bait consists of sardines and anchovies, taken with nets along the Mexican Coast. Magdalena Bay, in Baja California, is a favored locality that has furnished thousands of tons of "chum," as bait is called by tuna men.

This essential small-fry isn't netted as easily as goldfish are scooped from an aquarium. Boats sometimes spend days sailing in vain searches. Then the water may suddenly, unaccountably teem with the precious little fellows.

While chum is often hard to find, the tuna are as elusive as bachelors during Leap Year. It is not known where they spawn. Much time is spent sailing from one fishing bank to another, looking for schools of fish. Like all fishermen, the tuna men know where the fish *should* be, not necessarily where they are!

When a school is finally located, the fishermen stand in "racks," which look like small balconies with chain railings, hanging around the stern of the boats. Their bamboo poles are thick and strong, with stout lines fastened to piano wire leaders. Best of all, from the shuddering feminine viewpoint, the keen barbless hooks require no bait. They're sketchily disguised with



chicken feathers lashed on to resemble the white squids tuna fish feed upon. No reels are used.

The fish are attracted by scoops of chum tossed overboard by the "chummer," or bait man, who stands on the bait tanks. The tuna swirl toward the boat and soon begin striking on the hooks. When caught, they're flung back over the fishermen's heads onto the deck. The fish slip off the barbless hooks easily, and the lines are instantly flung back among the surging survivors.

One man can land a 35-pound fish, while heavier ones are pulled in by teams of two or more men. When working as teams, each man holds a pole, but the lines run to a single hook. A two-man "rig" brings up fish weighing 65 pounds or so; while three men haul out the 100-pounders. Four men, or more, are needed for anything heavier. Remember, these fighters don't hang like stockings on a clothes line. Leaping high, and thrashing about with furious energy, they often manage to slip off the hooks.

The tuna in any given school are of almost identical size, so the fishermen team up accordingly. Large fish are impressive in pictures, but canneries prefer smaller ones of 40 pounds or less, because they are easier to process.

Catching the first two or three fish would be thrilling fun for you and me. After that, it becomes plain, back-breaking work, about as romantic as scrubbing the kitchen floor and twice as hard. During a good catch, a team may pull out four or five good-sized fish a minute.

Last August, Nick and Leon Cor-

dileoni, brother-owners of the *Maria Joanna* of San Diego, filled their craft to the deck in less than three days. From that one trip they brought in a cargo worth about \$5000. But how those boys earn their money! They are often in waist-deep water and danger always hovers close by. The lines snap back when fish fall off, the whizzing hooks a horrible menace. The chummer, especially, has to look out for their mangling points.

Sometimes a powerful fish pulls a man overboard. Ploop! he goes, just as in the cartoons—but it's not funny here. His heavy clothing and boots may pull him down before he can be rescued.

Freak accidents occur, as in any trade. A fish once leaped out of the water and grabbed a man by the throat. Fortunately, a nearby yacht had a surgeon on board who saved the man's life.

Amateur fishermen ramble homeward at sunset, making generous estimates of the big ones that escaped, but not the tuna men. Fishing stops at dark, but all hands turn to stowing away the day's catch in the wells, which are kept constantly at 18 degrees Fahrenheit. Fish are stored just as caught, for the canneries do all processing. Stowing the catch is hard work, but it used to be even harder.

Listen to Manuel Freitas, owner of the *Lucky Star*: "Before the days of tuna fishing for canneries, we had no place to put ice in the boats. So we had to clean, salt and pack every fish. Our food also had to be all dry because of no refrigeration. We'd take along a few sacks of dry toast and some salted meat. Nowadays, we

have fresh food and a cook to prepare it."

The tuna boats go out the year around, the best season being from June through September. As the fish move northward from below the equator, many non-professional fishermen venture out in small craft. More than 500 of these part-time fishermen have operated out of San Diego in recent years. Others sail from Long Beach, San Pedro, and other ports.

Four kinds of tuna are processed by Southern California canneries: striped, yellowfin, bluefin, and albacore. The latter is the patrician of this aristocratic finny family, his high-priced flesh bringing him the nickname, "goldmine of the sea."

Aristocrats are often temperamental, and albacore are no exception. About two decades ago, they disappeared from their usual haunts and never a one was seen for 12 years! When they suddenly reappeared, it was off the coasts of Oregon and Washington. No one knows the reason for this vanishing act—or whether it may happen again sometime.

While they were gone, the cheaper but more abundant yellowfin became the sought-for prize. Larger boats were built in which to hunt them in the waters around the far-off Galapagos Islands. That was the beginning of the great tuna fleet of today.

Tuna boats sometimes meet untimely fates. In 1932 alone, six large ones were lost at sea. In 1940, the *Belle Isle* encountered some mysterious disaster. The last words from her radio were casual and carefree, as she cruised peacefully in the Gulf of Panama. Yet no trace of her or the

crew has ever been found. Perhaps a Japanese submarine did her in, or death may have struck in the form of a *chubasco*—a ferocious hurricane.

The *St. Anthony* was caught by one of these off Cape San Lucas, Baja California. Waves 40 feet high slammed the boat around unmercifully, while an 80-mile an hour gale smashed in the thick plate glass of the pilot house. Captain Alioto, at the wheel, narrowly escaped being blinded, or cut to pieces. Yet he brought his boat through to safety.

This makes us understand why most tuna men are chaps whose ancestors battled the sea, in other lands. Most of them are Portuguese descendants of sturdy seafarers from the Azores and Madeira Islands. There are numerous Italians and some Scandinavians in the trade.

Both the tuna men and their boats served loyally and well during the war. Hundreds of men served in the Navy and scores of the boats were used. The Navy classified them as YP boats; typical Yank exuberance soon changing this to "Yippee." Used in convoys, inshore patrols and supply work, they became known as "errand boys of the Pacific."

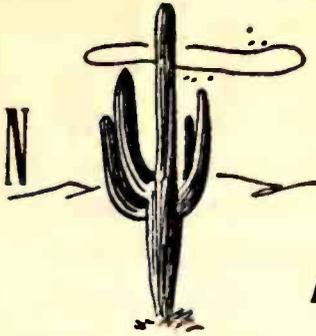
The seas are peaceful once again, but much effort is still required to furnish us with the tasty tuna sandwiches and salads we enjoy. The tuna men's lives are still hard, lonely, and full of dangers. Yet, like most proud sea-farers, they wouldn't trade their jobs for any other, particularly on shore. They are of a hardy race, men who go down to the sea in ships to wrest a precarious living from its depths.



"It came as quite a shock to learn she was a non-deductable item!"

Contrary to the general conception of company towns is this model California community.

COMPANY TOWN



in the DESERT

by MAXINE BLOCK

SOME 5,000 men, women and children live beside prehistoric Searles Lake on the sun-baked Mojave Desert in one of the most thoughtfully-conceived company towns in America. The town is Trona, California, once a lonely desert land dotted with sage brush. All but a few of the residents are employees of the American Potash and Chemical Corporation whose families live as comfortably as other citizens in non-company towns. APCC workers, however, have additional advantages: they can either buy their homes at cost or rent them on most attractive terms. They also share in a unique plan whereby their food, dry goods, entertainment and other services are made available to them at cost from company-operated facilities.

Trona itself is a complete, self-contained desert community — a “company town” only in the sense that APCC operates it. But it is as much the residents’ town as the company’s, and American Potash wants it that

way. Workers recognize the fact that what some people may call “paternalism” is no more than a job well done in looking after employees’ wants and needs at no profit. APCC does not participate in any profits accruing from the village account. Tronans shop in modern markets, department and drug stores where prices are as low, or lower, than in Los Angeles stores. The Trona retail shops, the theatre, the service station and billiard hall—even the barber shop—operate under the company’s rebate system, first established in 1923. Employees purchase non-transferable scrip books in varying denominations, turn in the book covers semi-annually for auditing, then get back a cash rebate based on the amount of scrip used. Should the mercantile department make, for example, a “net profit” of 15 per cent for the six months’ period, an employee who turned in scrip in the amount of \$1000 would get a rebate of \$150.



Tronans' night time diversions are provided for by a modern motion picture theatre, bowling alleys, billiard tables and other amusement facilities. For employees and their families there are a tree-fringed swimming pool, a golf course and tennis courts—all free. Available for social gatherings is a large clubhouse, while the *Trona Argonaut*, a 12-page weekly tabloid, and a fine library provide news and intellectual stimulation. More than 600 young Tronans attend the Trona Unified Schools (a school bus is provided), with the school building serving as the meeting hall for the town's Speakers' Forum. Here nationally-famous personalities make regular appearances.

Trona has two churches—Roman Catholic and Community—as well as a competently-staffed hospital that furnishes APCC employees and their families excellent medical, surgical and dental care. Not the least of Trona's attractions are nearby trout streams and mountains, which offer a constant invitation to the nimrods and Izaak Waltons.

From the giant APCC plant beside the centuries-old "dry" lake come potash, borax, soda ash, salt cake and a number of other products—all basic chemicals vital to human existence. Trona's labor relations are good and are covered by an agreement with the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, Alkaline Salt Workers' Local 414. Employees have a voice in the operations of the Trona stores and services by virtue of a union contract provision which established a joint company-employee advisory board. Although desert tem-

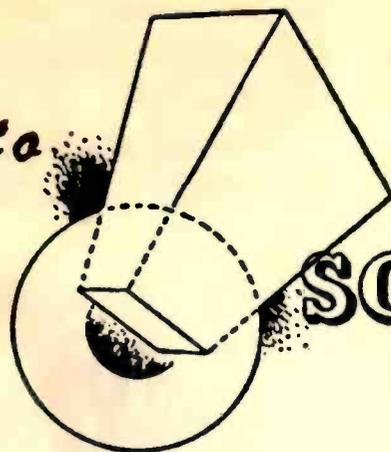
peratures occasionally hit 115 degrees in July and August, labor turnover is relatively low. Nearly one-third of the employees have been with the company five years; 17 per cent have served ten years or longer. Some 126 workers, salesmen, supervisors and executives, as well as the secretary of the local CIO, own almost 5000 shares of company stock.

APCC employees live in Trona itself and in adjacent Pioneer Point, a newly-developed subdivision. Workers' homes are equipped with air-cooling devices and are protected by all the normal services a busy community requires—police and fire departments, sheriff's office representatives, a justice of the peace and other municipal services. The company is now building and selling a number of new five-room homes in the Pioneer Point area, each costing approximately \$7100. These are available at cost to any employee of the company for a ten per cent down payment, with financing handled through the bank.

APCC has in progress now a \$7,000,000 plant expansion program which will bring more employees and their families to Trona. Already started is a new, long-range \$1,000,000 community development program designed to extend and enhance the pleasant living conditions. This American Potash and Chemical village is obviously vastly different from the old-time conception of a company town. Trona is a community of contented, self-respecting citizens whose living standards, both material and spiritual, appear to be as high as those in any comparable municipality in the United States.

Misfits are on the way out, thanks to aptitude evaluation.

Farewell to



SQUARE PEGS

by LUCILLE WALLACE

FOR 20 years, a Chicago grocery clerk, vaguely unhappy with his job, looked with irritation and hostility each day at the bins of potatoes and stacks of canned goods which surrounded him.

"My job is too good to give up and too poor to hang onto for life," he complained to a friend. "What shall I do?"

"Get tested!" the friend, a soldier, replied promptly. "They didn't know what to do with me in the Army, but after I took an aptitude test they put me in the medical corps. It worked out fine!"

Heartened by this counsel, the grocery clerk invested \$20 in an aptitude evaluation test, given by a reputable firm of psychologists.

After three hours with a trained talent evaluator, the middle-aged clerk was told: "It's odd, but you possess the exact aptitude pattern which a good lens grinder should have. Ever thought of such work for yourself?"

"No," the amazed clerk replied. "Do you think I should?"

Encouraged by the psychologist, he

manfully quit his job, went to school, and got a job as an apprentice in an optical factory. Two years later, he was earning one and one-half times what he made as a clerk and, more important, was self-confident and contented for the first time in his life.

The clerk's experience is not unusual. Square pegs in round holes are on the way out. The successful experiences of the armed forces in evaluating and job-placing twelve million soldiers has encouraged countless men and women to make a post-war break with tiresome routine by finding—through testing—the exact fields for which they are suited.

That's what happened to an able accountant for a large manufacturer, who was on the verge of losing his job because "his heart just isn't in his work," according to the superior who wanted to fire him.

Another official interceded and the accountant was persuaded to take an aptitude test. It confirmed his ability to handle his work well. But, significantly, the test also revealed the man was high in unsuspected engineering

talent.

"This man is disheartened by his routine accounting chores," the psychologist said. "His work consists solely of checking groups of figures and he's bored to death.

"But if you'll move him over to the cost-accounting department, his capacity for 'structural visualization'—inherent in good engineers—also can be used to advantage in working with charts, blueprints and graphs. Such work is similar to that performed in an engineering office. It may give him the chance to combine his two aptitudes, save his job, and make you a valuable man."

The company followed the psychologist's advice and the accountant was transferred, with dramatically impressive results. His enthusiasm for his new assignment mounted as he found short-cuts and money-saving by-paths for his employers.

Within three years, he was head of his department. A short time later, as head of the entire division, he became the superior of the man who originally had recommended firing him!

IN PAST generations, the farmer's ambitious son became a farmer and the tinsmith's dissatisfied boy still evolved into a tinsmith. This hereditary pattern in trades and professions allowed for no deviations in people and no differences in their basic interests and abilities.

Fortunately, things are different today. The youngster in his late 'teens finds 20,000 different ways of earning a living open to him, ranging from advertising to zoology. But unless he chooses wisely and in conformity with

his aptitudes, he is as likely as the tinsmith's son to find himself up a blind alley.

Trained engineers and psychologists have lifted aptitude evaluation from



the realm of mumbo-jumbo and fakery to a highly dependable system of pointing an individual toward fields—not necessarily specific jobs—which may require his natural abilities.

A railroad company reports a 90 per cent decrease in operating mistakes by employees who were placed in their jobs after scientific testing. An automobile manufacturer, trying aptitude screening on new employees in one department only, found that these tested workers were 40 per cent more efficient than the untested employees in all other departments.

That aptitude tests work well has been spectacularly proved by the record of a pioneer tester, Johnson O'Connor, who started in the early 1920s as a young Harvard psychologist assigned to job-test workers at the General Electric Company.

O'Connor's results were so accurate and impressive to businessmen and industrialists that he found a new job made to order for him—helping others

to discover and use their own aptitudes.

Today, as head of the Human Engineering Laboratories, psychologist O'Connor has offices in ten cities and has given tests to more than 75,000 men and women.

The Human Engineering Labs, under O'Connor, have a master list of 13 aptitudes: personality, accounting skill, creative imagination, structural visualization, inductive reasoning, analytical reasoning, finger dexterity, tweezer dexterity, observation, memory for design, tonal memory, sense of rhythm, and number memory.

Says O'Connor, "Most people have five or six high aptitudes out of the thirteen known. Some use none of their aptitudes. Others utilize one or two. Developing and using all your aptitudes in exactly the right combination for a specific job or profession is the surest key to success and contentment!"

O'Connor's long experience has shown that the "structural visualization" aptitude, for example—one which is useful to engineers and factory superintendents—is hereditary and descends from father to daughter and from mother to son.

A novel instance is provided by a Massachusetts shoe magnate, who yearned for his son to take over and operate his thriving business.

"The son tried, but he couldn't make the grade," relates O'Connor. "Then the youth's sister took an aptitude test and rated very high in structure. Her father was persuaded to give her a job in his shoe factory. Within a short time, the girl had mastered every operation and was run-

ning the whole show for her dad."

Then there was the case of the unhappy saxophone player in a New Orleans jazz band, who realized that he wasn't doing just the thing that made him happy. A testing psychologist, noting his high marks in tonal memory and pitch discrimination, asked, "Have you ever thought of trying photography? For some odd reason, these musical aptitudes also are found in many successful photographers."

The startled sax player was amused, but he agreed to study photography in his spare time. Before long, he quit music to work in a photo studio, and now has his own thriving camera business.

Sometimes, an aptitude expert is able to effect mental changes which border on the psycho-analytical. One man was hailed by his friends and associates as "the perfect salesman type." Tall, considerate and affable, friendliness oozed out of him. From college days on people had solemnly assured him, "You're just made for success in sales work, Harry!"



Harry believed it himself. His remarkable personality won for him a succession of good sales jobs he was unable to hold. At the end of ten years, his

family and friends shook their heads sadly and said they couldn't understand why "poor Harry," with his swell personality, can't make a decent living when he is a born salesman!"

Finally, a visit to an aptitude laboratory showed Harry that he wasn't a born salesman at all. "To the contrary, you have a subjective personality and your tests seem to indicate a feeling for research work."

Harry, electrified, almost jumped from his seat. "I think you've got something!" he exclaimed. "Ever since my sophomore year at the university, I've had a yen to do economic research."

"But well-meaning people kept urging me to go into business and become a star salesman. I've flopped. Is it too late to do what I want to do?"

Harry, at 32, went back to school for some statistical and research courses. Now 36, he is a well-adjusted research worker for a large insurance company, making a comfortable salary, though less than he would have earned as even a moderately successful salesman. "The devil with the income!" he says. "I'm doing what I was meant to do. That's all that counts."

Then there was the Philadelphia saleswoman who, despite a winning personality, made a poor showing at selling dresses. Her store gave her an aptitude test in which, among other things, she used tweezers to insert 100 blunt, headless pins into a flat metal plate punched with 100 holes.

She showed marked "tweezer dexterity" and was urged to use it in a new field unrelated to selling. Today she is profitably employed in a watch factory where such skill is in demand.

The same evidence of tweezer dexterity led a St. Louis youth who was failing in his commerce studies to switch over to medical school. "Your

ability at handling the pins with tweezers indicates you could use a surgeon's scalpel deftly," commented the psychologist who examined him. Today the former commercial student is interning at a famed hospital after graduating from medical school with top honors.

Finger dexterity, not necessarily related to tweezer skill, is determined by having you pick up pins with the fingers of one hand and inserting them into holes within a given time. If you possess this aptitude, you probably would do well in handicraft or factory assembly work.

Such tests can be given to oldsters as well as to 'teen-agers, since aptitudes are inherent and do not change with the years.

An Oregon grandmother was left penniless after the death of her husband. She took a test and rated high in "inductive and analytical reasoning." These aptitudes were coupled with a high degree of imagination which impelled her interviewer to suggest the craft of writing.

Obtaining a newspaper librarian's job during the war, this 60-year-old woman is the vigorous and successful society editor of a small city daily. Yet, the idea of applying for a writing position had never occurred to her before her aptitude interview.

If you think you might be a square peg, don't guess about your capabilities and limitations—learn the truth from men who make it their business to spot abilities and weaknesses in the human make-up. An aptitude test now may result in thousands of dollars more per year for you in the not too distant future!

Even the birds concede him a niche in their Hall of Fame!



by EVELYN HOLT

THERE'S a story circulating the tree-tops that a young canary came to his parents expressing a desire to become a great concert artist—perhaps someday to perform at Canarygie Hall. The question was, where could he find a teacher? His father, a performer of no mean ability, thought and thought and thought, and finally said, "My son, we will send you to Fred Lowery."

This competitor of the feathered artists, and one-half of the team Lowery and Rae, was born 39 years ago in the small Texas town called Palestine. Both his father, an engineer for the Missouri Pacific lines, and mother died shortly after Fred's birth, so he and his three sisters went to live with their grandmother on a cotton farm in Jacksonville, Texas. At the age of two, a serious illness resulted in the loss of most of his vision. At seven, he entered the Institute for the Blind at Austin.

During the school months, he paid wandering attention to the three R's like any other little boy, but during the summer he returned to his grandmother's farm and cotton picking. This was when he started giving the birds trouble. They called to each

other in the hot sun. A strange voice answered. At first, the birds were silenced by this social intruder, but silence was too much for the treble chatterers in the end, and again they called to each other across the cotton fields. The strange voice lost its strangeness. It no longer interrupted their conversations—it joined them. It didn't always make sense, that was true, and it did have a certain tonal fullness that was different. But the birds, consciously or not, exchanged their secrets with young Fred Lowery.

In school, Fred studied violin. By the time he was ten, he realized he would never play well enough to be a great artist, nor could he see well enough to read music in an orchestra. He wanted to find something he could do in the field of music however, so he decided to put what he had learned on the violin into whistling. He bought a victrola, some classical records, and practiced four and five hours a day, mastering trills, chords, double notes and the intricate modulations and transitions he does so well today. Fred Lowery spent all his time whistling, "even at meals—between courses, between mouthfuls." He was determined to achieve volume first

and quality afterwards.

With all this, he still found time to be an outstanding athlete. At track meets, he defeated all comers. Though the sightless runners had to run in lanes marked by wires, holding a trolley-like stick looped over the wire at each runner's right, Fred Lowery was able to run 100 yards in 10 3/5 seconds. He was a champion rope-climber, and won national honors for hurling a basketball. And, of course, he went on whistling.

After graduation, he became a staff member of radio station WFAA in Dallas, giving concerts in his free time. In 1934, he went to New York, where he started on some sustaining programs and finally made a guest appearance on Rudy Vallee's variety program.

At a musicale he met his long-time idol, John Charles Thomas. The two of them combined talents on *Home On the Range*. Vincent Lopez was Fred's next listener, and for the next four and a half years, the whistler traveled with the Lopez band. Then, the big break came! Horace Heidt heard Fred and signed him up on the spot.

Heidt saw to it that Fred made solo recordings for Columbia. His *Indian Love Call* alone has sold over a million copies. While with Heidt, Fritz Kreisler honored the whistler with a special arrangement of *Caprice Viennois*. With the band, he performed for Franklin D. Roosevelt. He was the first whistler to have a featured part in a movie. He was featured on all the Horace Heidt radio programs, including the original "Pot o' Gold" show. He did frequent guest shots on

various network shows. And in the meantime, all over the country, Fred Lowery records became increasingly popular. His first three recordings went over the half million mark by 1943, and are as popular now as they were then. His cuttings include such classical and light-classical favorites as *William Tell Overture*, *I Love You Truly*, *Listen to the Mocking Bird*, *All the World Is Waiting for the Sunrise* and *Estrellita*.

When Fred was starting with Horace Heidt, a single appearance on a small radio station resulted in 3,500 requests for his photograph. His first half dozen records assure him an annual income of \$5,000 for life.

In 1945, Horace Heidt disbanded and the various featured artists struck out on their own. On the band's last tour, "America's Foremost Whistling Virtuoso" had teamed up with one of Heidt's vocalists, a bit of talent and pulchritude named Dorothy Rae. They had been such a success together wherever they played, they decided to make a team of it. They've been a team ever since, booked so solidly that they haven't been able to get to their Hollywood homes for more than a few days at a time in the last three years.

Beautiful, talented Dorothy Rae, called "The Girl with the Smile in Her Voice," was born in Duluth around 24 years ago. Show business was her cradle. At three, she started to sing, dance and play piano for amateur theatricals. Her next stop was Hollywood, where she played bit parts in the movies and did personal appearances with several "kiddie" revues on the Coast. By the time she

had attained the ancient age of 11, Dorothy was a dancing instructress with several hundred pupils, many of them older than she. On the side she did singing engagements and was an honor student in school.

Not too many years passed before she was singing for Buddy Rogers'



band, yodeling with Spade Cooley's Western outfit and voice-dubbing for such stars as Lana Turner and Joan Crawford. Eventually, she caught the ear of Horace Heidt and became one of the four girls who called themselves the "Sweet Singsters." She was promoted to featured girl singer and started working with Fred Lowery. She wrote novelties for the two of them to do, of which her first and most successful was *Whistlin' Joe*—their first recording together as a team.

Dorothy has written about 20 songs, both words and music. Her novelty tunes which she does alone, or as duets with Fred, include *Whistlin' Joe*, *Debutante's Lament*, *Two-Gun Fernando*, and their most recent release on Columbia, *Whistle and Be Happy*.

Fred's first loves are his six-year-old son, Scooter, and wife, Gracie—his childhood sweetheart. They

travel everywhere with him. Fred is interested in baseball, photography, "everything and everyone." When Dorothy isn't writing songs or singing them, she takes out a talented needle and makes her own clothes.

As a team, Lowery and Rae have made friends and started fan clubs all over the country. They've been broadcasting guests of Harry James, the King Cole Trio, Jack Smith and the Hire's program. Their biggest ambition is to have a radio show of their own.

The team has recently completed engagements at the Hotel Bellerive in Kansas City, Chase Hotel in St. Louis, State Lake Theatre in Chicago, Palace Theatre in Cleveland. In May, they will open at the famous Capitol Theatre in New York City.

Album covers have been issued to hold any four of Fred's records. In October of last year, Columbia issued the first all whistled album ever made. Called "Whistling for You," the album includes *Song of India*, *La Paloma*, *Trees*, *Star Dust*, *La Golondrina*, *Old Folks at Home*, *Caprice Viennois*, and *Song of the Islands* with Dorothy.

In the Lowery-Rae duo, Dorothy is the canary, but Fred does the whistling. And according to this man, who knows, the lips in whistling should be relaxed, not puckered. Puckering minimizes the wind content of the mouth and creates a narrow rush of air and harsh tone.

"The lips should be held almost normally," he says, "but firmly. When you achieve good tone at any pitch, you can start double-noting.

To do this, you place the tongue as if to make a T-sound, and permit the air to flow over and under it."

It's as "easy" as that to whistle classical, popular, standard, cowboy, novelty and semi-classical tunes. But it's easier yet to relax and enjoy the combined talents of Lowery and Rae.

The latest word from the tree-tops is that Papa Canary is going along with Junior for lessons. He says, "Son, you know, I think I could learn a thing or two from that Lowery fellow. You see, he has a different approach than we birds—whistling is his *work*."

Victor Hugo and His Double

NO man in gay Paree ever had a more entertaining time than the chap who passed as Victor Hugo. He was only a poor pencil peddler, but—with his big forehead, bushy beard and disordered hair—his resemblance to the great writer was so striking that even commercial artists and photographers used him as a model of the real Hugo.

This was pleasant work, but it didn't furnish half the fun the peddler got in other places. He used to ride home on the top of the omnibus, and it often happened that he was spotted by some *bourgeois*. Later, an awed Parisian would tell his wife, "Tonight I rode home with Victor Hugo!" If the wife expressed her skepticism, her spouse would explain, "Oh, it was quite by chance! The great man happened to be on the omnibus. And when we parted, I want you to know that he shook hands with me!"

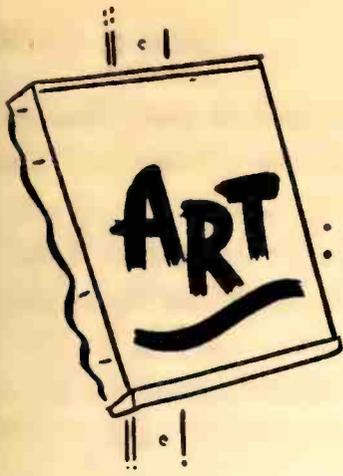
The pencil peddler knew how to make the most of a good thing. Night after night, he would head for the Latin Quarter. In more than one cafe he became a familiar figure, for he was not the kind to refuse any stranger who, taking him for *Pere Hugo*, insisted on toasts in his honor.

Many times this drinking took place after midnight. Of course, many a wife objected to her husband's late homecoming, but that gentleman always had a good excuse. He would tell of the impressive meeting with the world-famous writer, then add, "I offered our poet one bock and then another. He never refused, and he talked literature with me the whole time. You can understand that when one has Victor Hugo for his guest, it isn't the custom to get up and leave before the night is over!"

There is no telling how long the pencil peddler's racket might have lasted. But then, quite suddenly, the real Victor Hugo died. Thereupon the grateful "double" made his most generous gesture. He offered to deliver the funeral oration. But Hugo's family did not seem to appreciate the honor. They turned him down cold.—*James Aldredge*.

IT happened on the subway, where a student was hurriedly scanning a newspaper. Although he must have been annoyed by the people on either side who hung over him in a continuous attempt to read the news, he said nothing. Then, as the train slowed for the 116th Street station, the student rose, deliberately tore the paper through the middle, and with a bow handed a piece to each of his astonished seat-mates.

IN the Presbyterian burying ground at Cooperstown, New York, is an old tombstone whose inscription reads: "Mrs. Susannah, the wife of Mr. Peter Ensign who died July 18, 1825, aged 54 years—Lord, she is thin!" Above the last word can be faintly seen the final "e" which the stone-cutter vainly attempted to insert after making the error.



Billions - Dollar **RACKET!**

*Seeing is not believing; at least
not in the world of old masters!*

WHEN fat Hermann Goering liberated the art treasures of Europe and installed them in his own estates and galleries, lovers of art mourned and vowed vengeance on the corpulent Nazi.

But the art lovers had the last laugh just before Goering swallowed poison in his Nuremberg cell. A bland, self-assured Dutchman named Hans van Meegeren confessed to Netherlands police that he had unloaded \$3,000,000 worth of faked art treasures on gullible collectors, his prize sucker being the greedy Luftwaffe leader. Goering had been outsmarted for once in his rascally career. Accepting forger Van Meegeren's offerings in good faith, Goering swapped 173 worthwhile pictures—including many rarities—for a handful of spurious Vermeers actually painted by Van Meegeren.

For the Dutch art faker had studied every brush stroke of the master and every recorded incident in the great Vermeer's history. Internationally-famed connoisseurs confessed themselves baffled by the excellence of the forgeries when studied side by side with genuine Vermeers. Small wonder that Goering had hun-

grily snapped up the fakes!

Unfortunately, many honest collectors throughout the world today are being duped as thoroughly as the infamous Goering was at the hands of Van Meegeren. Indeed, one noted art dealer who prudently remains anonymous when he speaks on this tender subject, asserts that 15,000 fraudulent masterpieces were bought in a single year by dealers and collectors in the United States and Canada.

"The faking of Sevres chinaware alone has become a juicy \$10,000,000-a-year racket," he says. "Many of the art frauds never are uncovered simply because collectors are understandably reluctant to have their judgments assailed.

"One New York magnate with a rich and varied collection for years has known that a prized Rembrandt is a hoax. He paid \$30,000 for it and thought he landed a bargain. Now, rather than subject himself to gibes and laughter, he suffers in silence and discreetly offers no comment when his guests rhapsodize over the picture."

Another expert quips: "Corot is known to have painted 3,000 pic-

tures. At least 10,000 of these are in North America!"

Yet our swindled collectors have important company among other victims of art racketeers. The late Kaiser Wilhelm gladly paid \$40,000 for a wax bust by da Vinci. He was disillusioned when German art experts found it was too much of a bust. They dug out bits of 1913 newspapers in the composition of the figure, proving it was a clever imitation.

Even the great Baron Rothschild, reputedly the final authority on art matters, was tricked to the tune of \$50,000 spent for a fraudulent "antique" enamel work. And the British Museum itself boasted about its ancient funeral vase from Mexico, assertedly of Aztec origin, until the London climate acted up and exposed the vase as a swindle. Clammy fog and dampness caused the treasured piece to crack and peel. Dismayed curators gaped when they saw that an ingenious imitation had been fashioned around the shapeless fragments of an authentic urn.

TODAY, because of their dread of inflation, wealthy collectors are falling over each other to snatch up every alleged masterpiece. In times of economic stress, genuine art treasures keep their value and even increase in dollar worth. But three out of five collectors, according to art sleuths, are being hoodwinked.

These art sleuths should know, for it is almost impossible to deceive a trained art detective. Such an expert is Sheldon Keck, restorer for the Brooklyn Museum, who has used the latest instruments of science to

detect cunning forgeries and to repair rotted but genuine works of the masters.

Keck takes numerous microphotographs of suspected paintings and uses X-rays to reveal hidden clues which may lead to verification of a picture's origin or to rejection of it as a fraud.

An honest art dealer came to Keck one day and said:

"I have a painting with me which I have sold for \$85,000. Something about this picture troubles me. If it's the real thing, I'll be relieved to know it. If it's phony, then I want to know that too and I'll cancel the sale!"

Keck's scientific scrutiny proved the work was a forgery. The dealer sighed and ruefully told the truth to the would-be purchaser.

But not all art merchants are so conscientious. A prosperous West Coast dealer is said to have his own scientific laboratory in which he pretests his pictures. Even when his findings are calamitous, this peddler of "originals" says nothing and sells the fakes with glib assurances as to their great value.

Paintbrush Sherlocks use the ultra-violet lamp to show if old masters have been retouched. They know that varnish fluoresces under the lamp, but re-paintings do not.

If a signature is forged, it will stand out in accusing contrast to the rest of the painting. Any spurious brushwork, though done as carefully as Van Meegeren aped Vermeer's technique, is relentlessly exposed by ultra-violet.

X-rays are utilized to cut below the surface of a painting. Using micro-

photography, art investigators blow up tiny details of a picture which they compare with other blow-ups of an old master's known brushwork. Phonies stand out like so many sore thumbs.

If an investigator is still in doubt, however, he may use a micro-sectioner, a special instrument resembling a hollow, abbreviated hypodermic syringe. He plunges this gadget into a corner of the painting, extracts a sample of the various layers of paint, and chemically analyzes each segment. Paints of modern manufacture are revealed by this method.

The art detectives have become wise to all techniques of the art forgers. They know that it is a simple process to manufacture cracks in



paint: the faker simply applies a lacquer which, when heated, pulls at the underlying paint and causes it to crack in a simulation of the ravages of age.

But this lacquer gimmick doesn't affect the gesso, a coating on the canvas, which remains flat and smooth if it has been recently applied. By rubbing away the color and examining the gesso underneath, the fraud hunters can say if a painting has been aged artificially.

And if the forged signature of a

famous painter is newly applied to an old work by an unknown, the art sleuths will know about it because the new paint fills up ancient cracks—a tell-tale clue.

To age their new productions, talented art crooks may brush their pictures with limewater and leave them for a month or two in a dank cellar. After this manufactured mildew, the "old masters" may be lightly sprinkled with soot to resemble the dust of centuries. Even phony flyspecks are applied in this fashion.

Statues also are aged realistically and foisted on moneyed buyers as the best works of long-dead sculptors. It's simple to give a statue the patina of age.

The art faker chips his completed work with a chisel, then applies sand and acid to dull his tool marks. Next, he washes the statue with a watered-down solution containing green vitriol. When rubbed afterward with flannel, the statue possesses the greenish tinge of old marble.

But the ultra-violet machine inexorably exposes statuary frauds, too. The fake work is revealed as whitish in hue, but true old marble appears purple under the magic light.

Ivory also is frequently misrepresented. A Chicago collector paid \$800 for an alleged African statuette of great age. When an expert saw it, he snorted:

"That ivory piece is a brilliant fake! Its cracks were produced by dipping the newly-carved ivory into a vat of boiling water, then holding the piece near an open fire to cause rapid expansion and cracking.

"Next, the crook rubbed tobacco

juice over the figure to give it the mellow look of old ivory. Test it under ultra-violet and you'll see I'm right." He was.

Astute as they are, today's art fak-ers can't hold a candle to the great Rubens, who mass-assembled ersatz art works by the dozens.

Rubens laid out his compositions;

skilled pupils did the fill-in work for him, and the maestro himself added some finishing touches and his signature.

Even now, collectors are baffled in appraising the alleged works of Rubens. They'll never be certain whether he did one-fourth, one-half, or all of any "Rubens" picture offered by the most reliable dealers!



Fingerprinting For Your Diamonds

MORE than 100 million dollars worth of jewels are stolen in the United States every year, with some sectors receiving particular attention. Miami Beach, for instance, wintertime mecca of millionaire tourists, offers particularly lush pickings, and is plagued by jewel robberies every season. But the end is in sight.

Research scientists in New York are rushing to completion an X-ray device which will make identification of precious gems as sure and simple as fingerprint identification of human beings. The machine photographs the grain pattern of jewels in one-millionth of an inch detail. Since that grain pattern is different in every jewel, the identification it furnishes is positive, incontrovertible.

When the device is marketed and put into use, the thief who customarily steals gems will be cut off from his source of revenue. Stealing will be no more difficult, but it will be almost impossible to dispose of the loot for profit.

All jewels will be "fingerprinted" and catalogued, so that a dealer may X-ray any jewel and check the photograph against a register to determine the stone's rightful owner. No front man or fence will dare peddle stolen gems to legitimate dealers; and, of course, sale to private individuals is extremely dangerous.

The invention is the work of Dr. George Firth, of the Manhattan Research Laboratories. Dr. Firth has been working on it for slightly more than a year and a half. A model has already been built, and commercial production will begin in a few months. The machine will cost close to \$3,000.

Diamonds, rubies, sapphires and all other precious stones may be photographed with equal effectiveness. When this has been accomplished generally, insurance rates will drop on jewelry. And many hundreds of American jewel thieves will be forced to turn their hands to some new trade.
—Paul Shawver.

Centerpiece

JANE HARKER was secretary to a Hollywood talent scout for two and a half years before her own talent was discovered. Now she is the property of Warner Brothers. She appeared in *The Time*, *The Place* and *The Girl*.



1. Emily Kimbrough, co-author of *Our Hearts We Young and Gay*, brings Hollywood anecdotes Kansas City.

2. Cowboy star Merle Travis says "howdy" to WHB listeners.

3. E. W. Phelps, manager of the Kansas City Sw... and Company plant, receives the Distinguish... Award for Service to Safety from Sidney William... assistant to the president of the National Safe... Council.

4. John Thornberry, WHB's Man in the Bookstor... interviews author Robert St. John at the openin... of the new Methodist Bookstore. (See page 7.)









. . . *presenting* ALBERT F. HILLIX

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

PRECISE, acute Albert F. Hillix has assumed leadership of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce, a vital and progressive group. To it, he brings liberal views, a fine sense of proportion, and a dry, crackling wit guaranteed to add spice to executive sessions and new-found energy to the indolent.

For worshippers of the cynical latter-day novelists, however, Mr. Hillix is apt to be a disappointment, since he bears little resemblance to the Babbitt-like Chamber official of popular fiction. His thinking is accurate and un-muddled. Moreover, he detests speech-making and is constitutionally opposed to those perennial favorites of luncheon clubs, creamed chicken on toast and new green peas.

Even though the welcoming of distinguished visitors is an undeniable duty of the Chamber of Commerce, it has more serious and much more important functions. It is to these the new president chooses to devote himself.

The Kansas City Chamber of Commerce, like the chamber of commerce of any other city, is an affiliation of businessmen. It provides research, information and protective services for business firms of the area; plans and supports a comprehensive program for community betterment; it has in times

past, and could again, advertise Kansas City to the nation; and it furnishes an organization that is set up and ready to go—prepared to grapple with problems or grasp opportunities as they present themselves. The basic aim is to make Kansas City the best possible place in which to live—an end toward which geographic location and natural endowments aid mightily.

Growth, the Chamber feels, is important to raise the living standard of the community; but it emphasizes that growth alone is not enough. There must be selectivity. New industries must be chosen carefully, and persuaded to relocate in Kansas City.

The cornerstone of the Chamber of Commerce is enthusiasm, and faith in the city's destiny is its doctrine. That doctrine is preached constantly to industrial leaders in other cities, to transportation officials, to farmers and livestock men of the area, and to Kansas Citians themselves.

A discussion of Chamber of Commerce functions offers a choice of pitfalls. It may be general and unsatisfactory; or specific and interminable. Even a partial list of activities in which the Chamber is currently engaged would be twice as long as your arm, but not nearly so interesting. Every piece of proposed state or national legislation, for instance, is ex-

amined to determine its possible effects on Kansas City public and social life, and recommendations are made to support or oppose each bill. Transportation by river, rail, highway and air is a vital field of activity. "Natural" transportation routes made Kansas City in the days of steam boats, covered wagon trains, early railroads and pioneering airlines. No one wants to see the city lose its advantages by failure to maintain Kansas City as the "air crossroads of the nation."

Regular boards of the Chamber stimulate discussion designed to foster fair play between management, labor and the public. The downtown traffic problem is being studied, street by street. In every freight case heard before the Interstate Commerce Commission, a representative is present to secure the most favorable rates possible for Kansas City. An extensive convention program is carried on, the purpose of which is to keep attendance at a profitable level, but consistent with the best interests of the community. Tax studies are conducted. Industrial research, to encourage new products and services, is supported. There is an active program toward expansion of existing industries. Information on improved agricultural techniques is disseminated, aimed at increasing production in the Midwest and benefitting Kansas City by a larger volume of goods shipped in for sale, resale and processing.

These, understand, are only a very few of the exertions going forward right now. In the main, they are carried on by a highly-trained staff of specialists. But the administration of the Chamber, which changes from

year to year, can do a great deal by advising on policy and improving the efficiency of the established organization.

But of all Chamber of Commerce functions, the most important is the leadership it offers the community. As president, Albert Hillix is in reality a leader among leaders—not an entirely new role for him, since he was an officer in both wars, and attained the rank of colonel.

In 1917 he was a year below draft age, but enlisted and became a lieutenant in the Air Force, serving as a pilot and as an instructor in aerial gunnery.

In 1942 he was a year over draft age, but volunteered again and was commissioned a major. Two weeks later, being loaded into a large open bed truck with others of his rank for an inspection tour of their indoctrination base, he heard a nearby corporal whistle softly. "Golly," the man grunted, "there goes a ton and a half of majors!"

When the 3,000 pounds of gold-leafed officers completed their training, they were sent out over the earth. Hillix reported to Yakima, Washington, to take command of the aviation mechanics school there. Three months later he became commanding officer of the Army air base at Pueblo, Colorado. It was at Pueblo that he grew grass.

Hillix, a lieutenant-colonel by then, believed in the grass. The fact that other people couldn't see it didn't shake his faith. Throughout the Southwest spread the legend of "Colonel Hillix's grass."

The soil around Pueblo was barren,

and occasional high winds blew dust which played havoc with airplane engines. Grass, decided the Colonel, would solve the problem.

So grass seed was sown, tons of it. Across the dusty base hundreds of little signs appeared. "Keep Off the Grass," they admonished.

Weeks passed. In spite of water, prayers and anxious scrutiny, nothing sprouted from that sterile earth save the tiny signboards.

The situation became increasingly humorous, but not to the C.O. He had said grass and there would be grass.

Only there wasn't.

Of course, it was confusing to the uninitiated. There was the young pilot, for example, who halted his crew to point out one of the lonely placards standing forlornly on an expanse of sun-baked sand.

"Look," he said, "What do you see?"

"Nothin'."

"Where do you mean, Cap'n?"

"Over there," the pilot explained. "I want you fellas to look at that grass."

"There ain't no grass there, Captain. Nothing but a sign. There ain't a blade of grass within two-three miles."

"That's what you think," the captain told him. "Don't ever make that mistake again. I want you to know that I was confined to quarters for 24 hours for walking across that very grass!"

Did the Colonel's grass ever grow? No. At least, not enough of it to deserve mention. But he did contrive, in the face of repressed hilarity, to raise

a considerable crop of vegetation of one sort and another. It held the soil and saved the engines—which was what he wanted, after all.



Lieutenant Colonel Hillix was a better administrator than his gardening might indicate, however. The Pueblo base, rated "unsatisfactory" when he took over, received an Inspector General's report of "excellent" by the year's end.

It was a clear demonstration of his basic philosophy that determination overcomes all obstacles. "Believing is the important thing," he says. "Believing with all your might. Once your mind is really set to an accomplishment, nearly anything is possible."

After 15 months in Colorado, Hillix was transferred to Chicago, where he became procurement executive for the Army Air Forces. In the course of his 20-month tour of duty there, he supervised over four billion dollars worth of AAF contracts. In April of 1945 he was promoted to the rank of colonel.

Albert Hillix—successful, immaculately-groomed city lawyer—likes to refer to himself as a farm boy. He attributes his upper-80's golf game to coordination he developed pitching Platte County hay. But no one takes much stock in it, not even these who happen to know he was born in Weston, Missouri, just over 50 years ago.

From Weston high school he went

to the University of Missouri, joined Phi Gamma Delta and took an A. B. degree. He taught Latin and English at Plattsburg high school for a year, then left to join the Army.

After the war, he enrolled in the George Washington law school, working his way through as an auditor in the income tax unit of the Treasury Department. For a year he was assistant personnel officer for the income tax office.

When admitted to the Missouri bar, he became city attorney of Weston—largely, he says, on the reputation of an uncle who had held the office 44 years. He kept the post eight years, spending the \$35 annual salary in commuting expenses. His office was in Kansas City. He was the city's first specialist in tax law.

Mr. Hillix has been in the tax law field ever since, and has established himself as an expert. In the early days, nearly 80 per cent of his business came from other lawyers—mostly cases with a hopeless look.

Many men are "family" men, but not in the sense of Albert Hillix. His wife and two daughters have always had full priorities on his time and interest. Now he has a grandson, four months old, whose picture he keeps in his desk. "It's a booby-trap," he explains. "Fellow will edge off when he sees a grandfather reach for his pocket. I keep this picture in a drawer, where I can whip it out for display purposes before my audience has a chance to get away."

Hillix is the first practicing attorney to hold the Chamber of Commerce presidency. A number of people wonder how he finds time for the

job. "I owe it to the city," he says, "so I'm taking the time. Kansas City has always been awfully good to me."

For the Chamber, Mr. Hillix has outlined a practical program embracing positive action on flood control, a return in all businesses to prewar standards of courtesy, an area plan for conversion to war production on short notice, further support of the new county charter and city bond program. He exhorts his associates to take a leading part in social and economic affairs affecting the community or the nation. He advocates full equality for the Negro race, in practice as well as theory, and fights for it in biting, stinging terms.

For mild-mannered Mr. Hillix, who is reasonable and logical almost to a fault, is quite capable of making himself plain when the pale terms of everyday conversation prove inadequate.

The editor of a small daily newspaper learned this. He had doggedly refused cooperation with the Army, and nipped at its heels at every opportunity. Finally, he was brought to



terms by Hillix. When he emerged from the room where Hillix, in high dunder, had set him straight on several issues, he hurriedly confided to

the adjutant something many people have felt, "One thing about that fella in there—he has no trouble expressing himself!"

Of all the problems facing Kansas City, Hillix feels housing is the most pressing. Chamber efforts to import new industry are lost unless adequate living quarters can be furnished the workers.

"A system which fails to house its citizens humanely," he says, "is a system with a critical weakness."

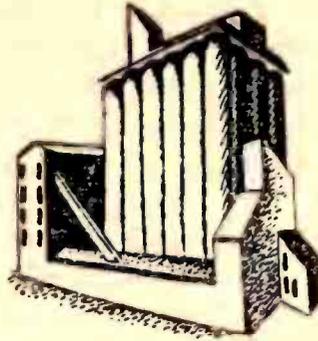
In a recent speech to the Real Estate Board, Hillix made his position clear. He spoke as a private citizen, without title, but the Chamber of Commerce has subsequently endorsed his pointed remarks. Although Hillix disclaims the role of crusader, it was a fighting speech.

He piled statistic on statistic to emphasize the local situation, with special attention to veteran needs. He made a plea for the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill, which would make great

progress possible in the building industry, and reduce the cost of building—even with present methods—by nearly a third.

He said he wanted to keep government out of business, and presumed realtors did, too. But if they didn't, he assured them he had a sure-fire formula for handing the building industry over to government by popular demand. Then, step

by sickening step, he went over the exact do-nothing-but-confuse policy which the National Association of Real Estate Boards is following today. It was quite a speech. And let it not be thought that Mr. Hillix is an evangelist. Oh, no. The new Chamber president merely handed a lighted cannon-cracker to some real estate friends of his and walked away. Smiling.



Radio's Pig Latin

IF you think you know your broadcasting slanguage, try to match up the following scrambled bits of radioana. Answers on page 68.

- | | |
|------------------------|--|
| 1. Clambake | A job done without payment |
| 2. Disc jockey | An actor who inches up to the mike |
| 3. Across-the-board | Running on time |
| 4. Creeper | An announcer who chats between records |
| 5. On-the-nose | A program running five times weekly |
| 6. Marry | To fill in time with extra music or plug |
| 7. Kicking the needle | Playing sentimental music |
| 8. Hog-calling contest | Commercial copy |
| 9. Spiel | A series of bad programs |
| 10. Omelette | General audition for announcers |
| 11. Schmaltzing it | Using too much force |
| 12. Cushion | To link together two speeches |
| 13. On the cuff | A program hurriedly gotten together |

They Want Your Opinion

ARMED with little more than sharp pencils, America's inquisitive public opinion pollers have turned the old "Question and Answer" game into a million dollar business.

Last year alone, 5,000 interviewers quizzed two million Americans on everything from the newest presidential candidate to the little woman's cooking. The bills were paid by hundreds of business firms, private groups and government agencies who cleverly have been convinced that they can sell their products and ideas only if they know what you are thinking.

Taking polls has become a complex with many businessmen. Sixty-five of the nation's largest corporations regularly measure public opinion on bitterly discussed issues, and one steel magnate even polled his workers to learn what they really thought of him.

Actually, Uncle Sam is the nation's top opinion seeker. Dr. George Gallup, one of the "Big Three" among opinion pollers (the other two being Elmo Roper and the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center), estimates that government agencies annually spend five times as much on polls as do American businessmen.

There is very little information about you which does not find its way into some government poll. Your ideas on the latest tax form are carefully noted by the Treasury, while the Public Health Service keeps tab on the number of colds you catch, and the Federal Reserve Board traces your spending habits. The State Department alone refuses to disclose whether or not it polls national opinion.

While a public opinion poll is based on the simple idea that from the opinions of a few members of any group, the opinions of the entire group may be predicted, asking the right questions of the right people is not as simple. The quizzers still shudder when they remember the 1936 *Literary Digest* presidential poll which forecast a Republican victory and nearly wrecked the infant straw vote industry. Students of this fiasco claim there was not sufficiently wide representation in the number of people queried, and hence the poll failed to reveal how the nation really felt about the major candidates.

With another crucial national election just around the calendar, the pollers are determined not to make the same mistake. Today's polls are based on the widest possible cross-section of opinion.

The opinion seekers were in their heyday during World War II when, for the first time in history, a public opinion poll was conducted before a country was invaded. Specially trained agents infiltrated into North Africa before that invasion to learn what the natives really thought about the Allies, and thousands of Germans unwittingly answered the same question before the Normandy strike. The results were used principally in psychological warfare.

Like other American customs, the opinion poll has been adopted by countries around the world, but often with strange results. In Lebanon the interviewer must be as tall as the person being interviewed, and must be a member of the same caste. Frequently Latin American people are too polite to give the frank answers which add so much spice to our polls.

Thanks to the opinion seekers, future scholars will have ample evidence of our strange ways to ponder. They will discover that the modern American wife wants the word "obey" deleted from the marriage ceremony, while her husband prefers a good companion to a good cook. The scholars will probably linger longest over a poll being taken by a college professor who is studying American sex habits. So far he refuses to reveal his findings, but admits to having 20,000 "cases" in his files!—*Frank Gillio.*

*It was a little thing maybe,
but awfully important to Petey.
It shouldn't have happened at all.*

by FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

HOW WAS I TO KNOW

HOW was I going to know that anything like that would happen? I wasn't trying to brush off the kid, even if Laura seems to think so. Petey's my son and I love the little guy. Look how I bought him a bike and new roller skates. He didn't even have to ask me. And then, sending him off to that fancy summer camp. Did I have anything like that when I was ten years old?

So, maybe I ought to talk to him more when I come home at night, take him into our conversation more. Only I'm always so bushed after a day at the office. All I want to do is sit down after dinner, read the *Hollywood Reporter* and *Variety*, and then go on to bed. But I do love the kid. I'm nuts about him.

It wasn't the black eye he got that I minded so much. All kids get them some time or another. But it's the way I let him down, that's what hurts. Now I see I was stupid; I can see it now, after it's too late. What makes it worse is that Petey isn't angry with me. Even now he acts like his old man is still a pretty good Joe. It's Laura who's sore; she's really burning, and I guess I can't blame her.

Well, I'll give you the whole thing, even if it isn't pretty. It sure shows me up as a hell of a parent, but I see I had it coming.

Anyway, one night last week I was reading in the living room, while Laura and Petey were finishing up the dinner dishes. I could hear them off in the kitchen, laughing and jok-

ing the way they always do. Then, Petey comes in and asks me to tell him some funny stories. I just couldn't think of any—or said I couldn't—so Petey said, "Shucks, Pop, you write 'em all day long, why can't you remember some?"

Well, how can you explain to a ten-year-old that a press agent doesn't originate gags? If he did, he'd be getting \$750 or \$1000 a week from Jack Benny or Fred Allen or some of the other radio comics. All he does is thumb through a lot of tired joke books, lift a joke and freshen it up with maybe a new twist, then put his client's name in there somewhere and plant it with some columnist like Skolsky or Skinny Johnson. Kids don't understand a routine like that, now do they? How could they understand?

But Petey is a pretty insistent little guy; he never lets up once he gets something in his mind. So finally I said, "Okay, you know I'm not very good at telling stories. I'll go back to the den and type out a couple for you."

That seemed to tickle him. "How long will it take, Pop?" he asked, all excited.

"Oh, just a few minutes," I said, never dreaming what he'd do with

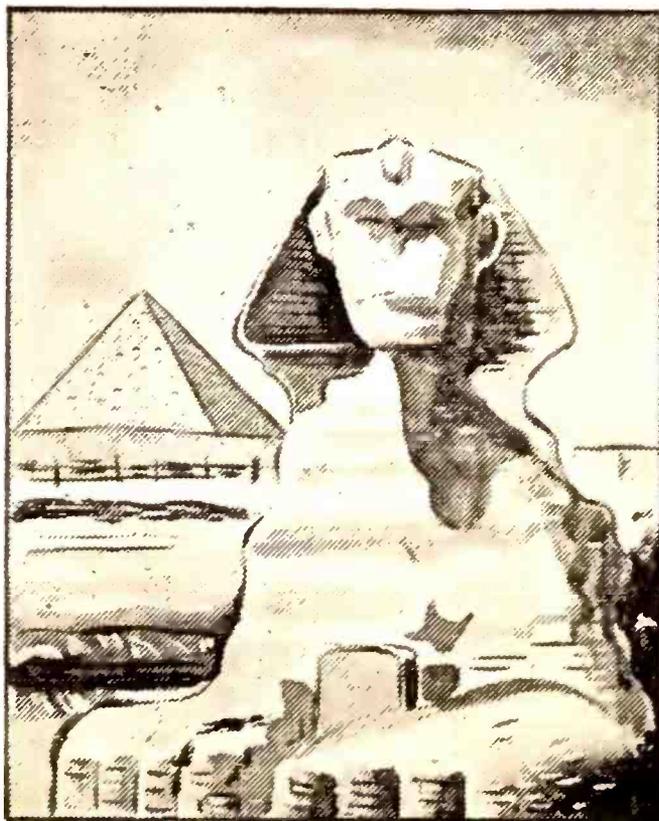
them.

So I went back, got out my portable and looked through an old Joe Miller I had in my desk, then typed out three or four gags I figured he'd get a chuckle out of. I didn't bother to change them much; just a word here or there, to bring them up to date. Then I took them in to Petey. "Here you are, son," I said, like a dope, "right fresh out of the typewriter." That's all I meant, I swear. It never occurred to me he'd think I really made them up.

Anyway, he took the typed sheet, read it quickly, then said, "Gee, Pop, these are neat. Thanks." I figured I'd made him happy, so I went back to my magazine and Petey went into his own room. I just didn't think any more about it.

Laura came into the living room and I forgot all about the jokes, until I went in to get Petey off to bed. There he was, stretched out on his stomach on the floor, studying those fool jokes. "Hey," I said, "what are you doing, memorizing them or something?"

"Sure," he said, with a grin. Then he tucked the sheet of paper into a pocket of his Levis. Well, I talked to him a few minutes about his school



OUR BACK COVER is the inscrutable Sphinx of Egypt. (Kodachrome courtesy Trans World Airlines.)

work, kissed him good night and went out to the kitchen to make myself a drink. How could I know what he was thinking?

The next day was like any other day at the office, only more so. Along about three o'clock I felt myself coming down with a cold, so I told my secretary I wasn't feeling well and left. Driving home I decided to stop at a toy shop and buy Petey a little present, one of those Western six-shooters or something. But I couldn't find any place to park along the Boulevard, and I told myself I'd bring him something another time.

Come to think of it, the kid wouldn't have wanted anything from me just then, not after what he had gone through at school.

Because when I got into the house I could hear voices in the bathroom. I knew Petey was home because I'd had to move his bike from the middle of the driveway. I called Laura, but she didn't answer. Then I heard Petey say, in a kind of strained whisper, "Hey, there's Pop!"

That sounded strange, so I walked back to the bathroom to see what was up. Well, there was Laura standing over Petey, who was sitting on the edge of the tub. She was holding a wet cloth to his eye. I could see what seemed to be a good-sized lump; his nose was skinned, and he didn't look at me, even though I was standing right there in the doorway. Neither would Laura; she wouldn't look at me at all. She just went right on patting that wet cloth on the kid's eye.

"What goes on?" I said. "Is Pete hurt? Let me take a look."

"It's all right, Pop," the kid mumbled, still not looking at me. "It's all right." He sounded pretty subdued.

"What is it?" I asked again. "Did you fall off your bike, or were you fighting?"

"I was fighting," he said, "but I'm not hurt, Pop. It's all right."

"No, it's not all right," Laura burst out. I could see she was furious. "Any time a grown man would do a thing like that to his own son—"

"What is this?" I wanted to know. "Why am I in the dog house?"

"Mom, I told you not to say anything to Pop!" Petey said. I could see he was about ready to cry. "It isn't really Pop's fault, Mom. I told you."

"You go on to your own room, dear," Laura soothed the kid. "I'll come in and stay with you in a few minutes."

Petey went out, giving me an odd, pleading look, but he didn't say any more. That eye was pretty bad; it was swollen almost shut. But, hell, I thought, consoling myself, all kids get into fights and get black eyes. This should be over in a few days. What was all the shooting about? I turned to Laura. "Well, tell me—"

"I'll tell you!" she snapped. "Those stupid jokes you typed, that's what caused all this. Clever, aren't you?"

I was getting kind of angry myself. "What jokes are you talking about? And what have they to do with Petey's getting into a fight?"

"Oh, Tom, why did you have to fool him like that?" Laura cried. "That eye hurts, but it doesn't hurt him a tenth as much as the thing you did. That poor child."

"Look, honey," I said, "let's take

this calmly. Come and sit down and tell me all about it." So we went into our room and Laura told me what had happened.

"You see," she said, "poor Petey memorized those jokes you wrote out for him, and at school today he started telling some of the other boys—you know how proud he is of you—what a good gag man you are. Then he came up with a couple of those jokes. It all sounds silly, but he's still so naive. 'My Pop,' he said, 'my Pop made them up for me.' Then one of the bigger boys laughed at Petey and said, 'Your old man didn't make up those jokes. Why, they're older than I am. Your father's lying.' Well, you know Petey. It ended up in a fight and I guess he got the worst of it."

God, I felt sick. "That poor kid," I said.

"What hurt me more than anything," Laura went on, "was that he insisted I wasn't to say anything to you. He kept saying, 'Listen, Mom, let's not tell Pop what happened. Don't tell him, will you? Just say it was a fight. I don't want him to think his jokes really aren't so funny.'"

There wasn't very much I could say, so I just sat there. All this, I thought, over some stupid gags. But how can you tell about a kid?

Finally Laura said, "Tom, maybe you'd better go in and talk to him."

"All right," I said. I felt like a heel when I went into Petey's room. He was lying on his bed, reading a comic with his good eye and holding that wet cloth to the other. He looked up when I came in and gave me a little smile. "Hi, Pop," he said.

"Hi, Pete," I said. I hesitated a moment. "Seems like I got you into a lot of trouble."

"Naw, it wasn't really anything. I never liked that Donald character, anyway. That cootie."

What a guy, I thought. How did I ever have a kid like this? "Did you manage to get in a couple of good licks?"

"Yeah, I sure did."

"Look, son," I said, still feeling my way, "maybe I should have explained about those silly jokes. I guess I should have told you I lifted them out of an old gag book. You know, I was busy, and—" I stopped. "You didn't think I originated them—I mean, made them up out of my own head?"

He had dropped the comic book and was picking at a loose thread on his sleeve. He didn't answer.

"Did you, Petey?"

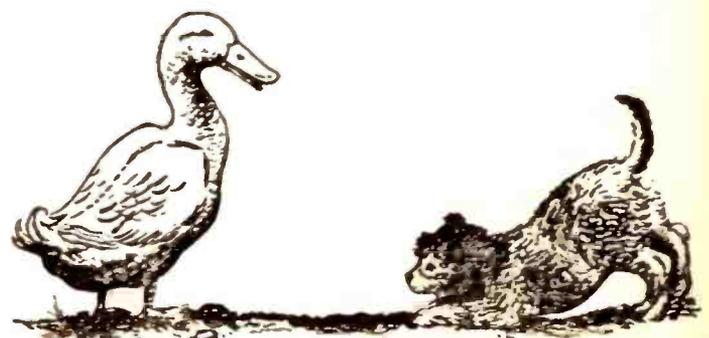
"Well," he said, slowly, "I thought you'd made them up just for me."

"No," I said. "I suppose I should have told you."

He didn't say any more and didn't look up. I sat down beside him and put my arm around him. "Petey," I asked, "are you very angry with me?"

"Hunh-uh. I'm not angry."

"You sure?" I asked.



"No," he said, at last. "No, I'm not angry."

"Look," I said, "would you want me to buy you something? You know, something you really want?"

"I don't know, Pop. I guess there isn't anything I want."

"A new air rifle, maybe, or a chemical set? Or that hunting knife you liked so much?"

"No, Pop, I guess not."

We weren't getting anywhere, I saw that. We didn't seem to be getting anywhere at all. "Well, son," I said, "if you change your mind—you know, about any of those things you'd like to have, will you tell me or Mother?"

"Sure, Pop," he said, "but I don't really want anything."

So I had to leave it that way. "Your eye," I ventured, unable to think of anything else to say, "your eye looks better already."

"Yeah," he said, gently touching it. "I guess maybe it does."

I patted him on the shoulder, then I went out and made a couple of drinks and took them in to Laura. "Well," she asked me, "how do you think he's taking it?"

"He's taking it fine," I answered. "Just fine." We looked at each other. "Listen, Laura," I cried, "don't you realize I'm sorry? I know I'm a fool. But how was I to know? How was I going to know? Will you tell me that?"

▲
A hillbilly built a house for his wife in which he fashioned windows but no doors. His nervous bride asked, "Where are the doors?"

Drawing himself up to his full height, her husband demanded, "Doors? Doors? Are you going somewhere?"

▲
A Chinese boy learning English is credited with the following thesis on the banana:

"The banana are great fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as sausage, difference being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat wrappings of banana. The banana are held aloft while consuming, sausage are usually left in reclining position. Sausage depend for creation on human being or the stuffing machine, while banana are pristine product of honorable Mother Nature. Finally banana are strictly of vegetable kingdom, while affiliation of sausage often undecided."

▲
An old lady who was about to die told her niece to bury her in her black silk dress, but to cut the back out and save the material.

"Oh, Aunt Mary," said the niece, "I don't want to do that. When you and Uncle Charlie walk up the golden stairs, I don't want people to see you without any back in your dress."

"They won't be looking at me," the old lady answered. "I buried your Uncle Charlie without his pants."

▲
"Where are you going my pretty maid? Why do you pass me by?"

"I'm on my way to gymnathtic thchool," she lithped as she heaved a thigh.

▲
"Tell me, Bobby," said the teacher, "where is the elephant found?"

"The elephant, teacher, is a large animal and it's scarcely ever lost."



"You gotta give the new fashions credit—they keep your mind on a higher plane!"

A LOT OF BONES!

There was white gold on the plains, there for the taking.

by DUANE PATTERSON

MUCH fun was made in 1868 of a whiskered old Dodge Citian and his skinny team of horses. People laughed as he dumped wagonload after wagonload of buffalo bones along the new Santa Fe right-of-way, and dubbed him "Old Buffalo Bones."

The old fellow heard the laughter, but it didn't stop him. The next year he bought another wagon and team, and added his son as driver. Town-folk slapped their thighs and hooted whenever they looked at the bones stacked in piles higher than boxcars.

Smiles faded, though, when the Santa Fe filled its eastbound cars with the bones. They figured the railroad couldn't be crazy, too. And when "Old Buffalo Bones" suddenly became one of the richest men in Dodge, there was no more laughter. Others hitched their teams and headed for the city limits and the plains. There were plenty of bones left.

The Easterner had read of the buffalo slaughter. But as he rode across the Kansas-Oklahoma-Nebraska plains, staring at the vast mass of whitened skeletons, he realized the true extent of the killing for the first time.

He remembered newspaper stories that had thrilled him, stories of how professional hunters, usually working in groups accompanied by skinners, often annihilated herds of 150 or more

animals at one shooting. He thought of the many hours spent before his fireplace lying on the matty robe purchased in a city store. Gazing on the plains, he knew that somewhere out there were the bones of "his buffalo." It meant nothing to him right then, because neither Easterner nor Westerner dreamed a use could be made of the bones.

But after the Union Pacific and Santa Fe railroads pushed their rails into the territory, men like "Old Buffalo Bones" inaugurated an immense new industry. Fertilizer manufacturers in the East found the bones excellent sources of new life for worn-out farms. From 1868 to 1885, nearly \$3,000,000 worth of bones went east.

Santa Fe records show that from 1872 to 1884, it shipped from points on its lines in Kansas 10,793,350 pounds of bones. Santa Fe also figures that other lines in the same section for the same years shipped an additional 21,686,700 pounds. The price paid the "pickers" averaged from six to nine dollars a ton. It took about 100 carcasses to make a ton of bones.

Historians credit the horse-wagon freighters as being the first "bone pickers." The freighters carried rail goods from Midwestern terminals to Texas. Around 1867, they began filling their empty wagons with buffalo

bones on the return trips. They piled them at the terminals in the hope that a demand might develop for them at fertilizer factories. Such a market was established, and as a consequence, considerable sums were pocketed by the thoughtful teamsters.

During the winter of 1874-75, Art Bill and his cousin resigned their jobs as teamsters, and began gathering bones between Dodge City and Camp Supply, Indian Territory. They outfitted themselves with two wagon teams, a couple of pack horses and a tent, and went onto the plains for weeks at a time. Bill contracted government freighters to haul back to Dodge City the bones he piled along their route. Bill and his cousin got from seven to nine dollars a ton for their work.

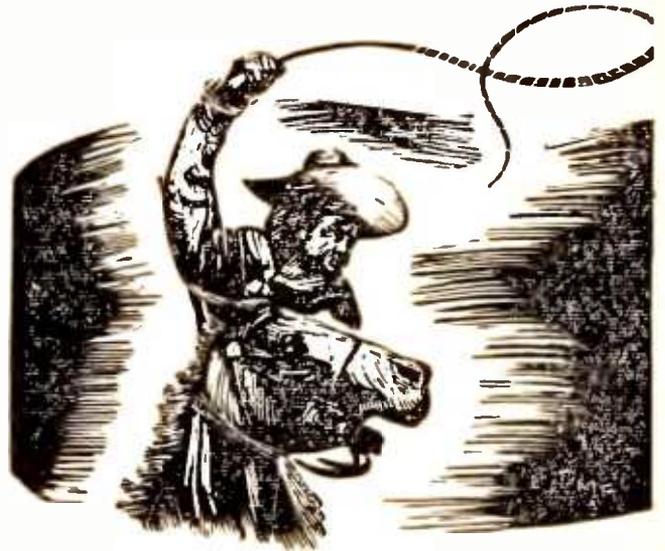
The bones were a godsend to the early settler, for often they were his main stock in trade for a long time. If it had not been for the industry, a number of poor families would have lacked the necessities of life. Many immigrants came with nothing but a poor team of horses and a wagon that had long since seen its best days. Upon the hoof tracks of the vanishing buffalo they wheeled their creaking wagons. They made enough money to buy land, food and even to tide them over during the drouth and grasshopper years. Many of these pioneers became rich farmers, thanks to the bone money which gave them a start.

Soon nearly everyone was gathering or dealing in bones. Indians, French half-breeds, land-seekers, traders, promoters, real estate dealers and lumber and machinery men sought the "white

gold." The bones began to disappear almost as fast as the herds had before them.

"Buffalo bones are legal tender in Dodge City," was the strolling sentence in the old Kansas Exchange.

Major Inman of the Larned *Chronoscope* made a thorough survey of the trade. He reported that from 1868 to 1881, more than \$2,500,000 was paid out for buffalo bones in the Kansas section alone. His figures show this represents carcasses of 31,000,000 ani-



mals. The industry continued in Kansas about four more years after Inman's investigation. This would represent another million buffalo.

B. J. Potter went to Hutchinson, Kansas, from the East in 1871. He bought bones along a route from Dodge City to Newton and from Lindsborg to Medicine Lodge. Because of his generosity toward the poor farmer, Potter didn't get rich. During the grasshopper ravage, the dealer furnished nearly every poor family in that section of the country with spending money.

"I doubt if he averaged more than \$10 a car in the way of profits," one

settler remarked. And it took a lot of bones to fill a car.

The dealing center in Dodge City was the Wright, Beverly and Company store. The June 3, 1879, *Ford County Globe* ran this information on the Dodge trade:

"In one day last week ten wagon-loads of bones, weighing 49,290 pounds, were weighed on the scales at Wright, Beverly and Company's store. Since the settlement of the country around Dodge, picking bones has become a favorite resort for the granger . . .

"The lot of bones referred to were brought from the Cimarron river, about 60 miles south of Dodge . . . Our merchants, we believe, are paying about \$6 per ton for these bones, which they ship east to be ground up and used for fertilizer and other purposes."

The *Topeka Mail and Breeze* said, "Allowing 40 feet for a car, which is really crowding 'em in, it would make a string of cars 7,575 miles long—enough to more than fill two tracks from New York to San Francisco."

That's a lot of bones!



"I'm gonna hang around till your boy friend comes," the kid brother said to his sister. "He always gives me a quarter to go to the movies."

"It's a Marine tonight," she answered, "so here's a dollar, and you stay right here."



A man got up out of bed at two a.m., threw a robe over his pajamas and galloped down two flights of stairs to the landlord's flat. He rapped sharply on the door, which was finally opened by the sleepy landlord.

"I just want to inform you," he blurted out, "I won't be able to pay the rent this month."

"Why wake me in the middle of the night?" the owner asked. "Couldn't that wait until morning?"

"Sure," the man admitted. "But why should I worry alone?"



When old man Jones' lawyer learned that his client had inherited two million dollars and five per cent interest in an oil company, he told his secretary, "I'll have to break the news to him gently or the old coot will drop dead from the shock. Now, watch how I do it."

The aged Mr. Jones was wheeled into his lawyer's office and crossly demanded to know what was up.

"Mr. Jones," began the lawyer softly, "what would you say if I told you you had inherited a couple of million dollars?"

Jones cackled, "Say? Why, Jim, you danged fool, I'd say that half of it goes to you."

The lawyer dropped dead.

IT'S YOUR RED CROSS... KEEP IT GOING



The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

The United States will reach its economic crisis during a presidential election year, unfortunate though that may be. It is equally unfortunate that certain men in high places consider their political futures above the future of this country and their fellow citizens. If memory serves fellow citizens honestly, however, they will recall motivating the machinery which put such men in these high places.

The extent of this combined misfortune will be realized by John Q. Public at least by January of 1949. The boom will have run its course. The anticipated depression might well be averted if stringent measures were adopted by the government. Such measures have been suggested from several quarters. Primarily from the Council of Economic Advisors. This group suggests Labor moderate its demands for higher salaries, they discourage large tax reductions, they recommend price control, wage control, rent control, and compulsory allocation of materials—measures which have no appeal to politicians flicking the dust from their political laurels rather than busying themselves with a little honest-to-John government housecleaning.

The Administration leaders know that warnings of coming economic difficulties seldom find favor with the people. Boom periods create an illusion of prosperity and a desire to maintain the illusion. Bad news is extraordinarily unwelcome in the middle of a party—which is just what this country is having, at the moment, a huge national good time, an economic binge with a great big headache due in the morning.

Businessmen are making their own predictions, which, as usual, are full of good cheer and optimism. Their forecasts take on a quavering note of uncertainty, however, when we realize the significance of their refusal to commit themselves any

further ahead than midyear, or the fall of 1948. These men know that a boom can turn to a bust with no warning. Business looks good for a few months yet, but the crystal ball is maintaining a discreet blankness when it comes to prophecies beyond the immediate future.

During the next six months prices will edge up higher and higher. Wages will keep going up—the end of the spiral is not yet in sight. Average wage increases will be around ten per cent. A few companies will be able to absorb this increase, but most will not and prices will rise again. The day of price fluctuation is gone for the present. Instead we find a steady and persistent rise in prices and wages quite reminiscent of the increasing pressure within a kettle before the lid is blown off. In spite of all the economic dangers presenting themselves, there is no evidence that Congress will cooperate with the President and his advisors. The election year has emphasized the split between the Chief Executive and Congress.

In his vote-getting speech to Congress, Truman appeared to beat the drums for everyone. It was a political speech designed to put Congress on the spot and to enable the Administration to point a scornful finger toward congressional Republicans.

Mr. Truman requested, among other things, statehood for Alaska and Hawaii, a huge national health program, universal military training, a national anti-lynch bill, enlarged social security and admission to the United States of displaced persons, all distinctly liberal recommendations reminding us not so faintly of the Roosevelt Administration. It is doubtful if any of these measures become law.

However, Congress will see fit to vote in a 65 per cent minimum wage law, a housing plan of limited proportions, rent control, rural electrification, foreign aid in

the form of the Marshall Plan, crop insurance on a large scale, and tax relief.

The President talks one way and acts another. He has surrounded himself with a diverse group of men who seem to find it difficult to work as a team. This liberal talk and conservative action seem to mystify those eccentrics who demand coherence in Administration policy. Mr. Truman evidently has a policy against the inflationary rise of prices. He urges that we not lower taxes because such an action would put more money in the pocket of the consumer, which in turn, aggravates the inflationary trend. Yet, he fires Eccles, the shrewdest inflation fighter in the government, from top position on the Federal Reserve Board. Mr. Truman condones high expenditures inside the government and out, high guaranteed mortgages and similar policies. Mr. Truman advises Labor to be cautious about requesting further wage increases, but at the same time, his Administration issues official reports showing the need for wage increases of a substantial nature.

Recent devaluation of the franc means that the pound will have to be sliced also. This measure is necessary in

order to save Britain's export market. The dollar will not be devaluated in spite of world monetary pressure.

The latest piece of merchandise from the rumor factory of Those Who Know, is that by summer the United States will have sent 40,000 troops into Palestine, and Russia will have sent in the same number. This is evidently for the purpose of enforcing the partition order. With proper encouragement from both sides, the boys could develop a situation of this sort into a rousing good "incident."

The Mediterranean Sea is fast becoming an American Lake. Strong naval units entering those waters at present will be backed by strategic United States air bases in Libya. The first base will be located just ten miles outside of Tripoli on the Mediterranean coast. The old Mel-laha Base used during the last war is still there, and with slight alterations, will be suitable for basing every type of plane now known and possessed by the United States military forces. From this base, Soviet oil fields can be bombed—an idea which has probably already occurred to our suspicious neighbors, the Russians.

ON a crowded San Francisco street car one wet, miserable night, a coin thudded to the floor and rolled along the slippery aisle. As nearby passengers craned their necks an old man stooped and picked it up.

"Anybody lost a silver dollar?" he asked anxiously.

Nine passengers hurriedly searched their pockets and shouted, "I have!"

"Well," said the old man, "I've found a penny towards it."—Ollie James Robertson.

MOMAN PRUIETT, who died of pneumonia only two years ago, was a self-made lawyer who rose to fame by defending accused killers. Of the 343 men he defended in 27 states, 303 obtained acquittals, and Pruiett saved the remaining 40 from paying the death penalty.

According to Pruiett himself, he began as a boot-black in Fort Smith, Arkansas. His law career started in Fayette, Arkansas, as a janitor in the common home of six lawyers. Although his schooling was slight, Pruiett studied the law books of the six men until he had learned enough to be admitted to the bar.

Pruett defended the poor and rich alike, and never stopped fighting for his clients. When one of them, a penniless Negro, was sentenced to die, Pruiett mortgaged his personal property and went to Washington to see President McKinley. He persuaded McKinley to commute the death sentence to life in prison. After serving 15 years, the Negro was freed.—Ollie James Robertson.

Platter Chatter

Here's the pay-off Story of the Month: Some "characters" from the hills came into Decca the other day and wanted to record. They'd heard nary a word about the Petrillo ban! . . . Majestic, by the way, put Jimmy Bunn, Kansas City *Big Break* winner, on wax before the deadline . . .

At last, Ellen White (another Kansas Citian) is getting a break. This canary is going great on Universal records . . . Nellie Lutcher, Capitol's find of the year, is winding up a successful visit in St. Louis . . .

Benny Goodman, with a Brazilian vacation under his belt, is returning to California via Meh-e-co City . . . Jon and Sondra Steel have a smash platter, their first for an independent Kansas City disc-maker . . . Stan Kenton is still accepting only concert dates, at least until the middle of March . . . Jean Sablon, French singer, returns from London this month for appearances in San Francisco . . . Columbia's Frankie Carle and orchestra have a musical date at an Atlanta Hotel . . .

Spike Jones and his Musical Depreciation unit are headed for London . . . Johnny Moore's Three Blazers will continue with the same billing although they're now a quartet . . . Sam Donahue has a new hit platter, *Robbins Nest* and *Tacos, Enchiladas and Beans*—the latter tune was written by Mel Torme . . . Xavier Cugat has a new sideline making candy goodies called "Cugat's Nugats" . . .

Tex Beneke's new Mutual show (Friday night) is proving successful. While in California, Beneke made several film shorts to be released soon . . . *I'm Looking Over A Four-Leaf Clover*, latest oldie revived, is headed for success . . . Perry Como, "king of the Juke Box" may soon go Western and buy a ranch . . . The long rest is over for Jimmy Dorsey, he'll soon be making music with a new band . . . Bing Crosby will return to "live" programs this month . . .

The Eddy Heywood Trio is due in Hollywood for night club appearances . . .

Woody Herman and the herd will appear in a new George Pal Technicolor feature. incidentally, Woody wrote six of the eight songs in the pic . . . J. Caesar Petrillo has "allowed" Armed Forces Radio Service to continue recording live talent for special programs beamed to men overseas and used in United States Military



with BOB KENNEDY

Hospitals . . . Majestic isn't sorry about signing Rose Murphy to a contract, her initial disc is going over—but big . . . Esy Morales' Rainbow recording of *Jungle Fantasy* is decidedly different, introducing an echo-chamber flute solo . . . Louis Jordan and his Tympany Seven will make music in Los Angeles this month.

Highly Recommended

COLUMBIA 38059—Harry James and his orchestra. *I Understand* plus *East Coast Blues*. The first tune, an outstanding ballad of several years ago, is being revived by the James crew. Harry opens the disc with a terrific solo and rides through 'till Buddy DeVite takes over with a fine vocal on the second chorus. The flip-over is an exciting number built around the standard blues pattern. Besides Harry's trumpet, Ziggy Elner, one of the top musical men in the country, slides a solid trombone. Good for both listening and dancing.

COLUMBIA 38060—Les Brown and his orchestra. *Dream Girl* and *Love Is So Terrific*. Moving up from a Broadway hit, *Dream Girl* is now on record. With a symphonic intro, Ray Kellogg takes over with some mighty fine vocalizing. The first release of this tune on wax is a natural for your collection. The reverse side is a jivey, jump tune with Eileen Wilson doing the vocal honors. If you like your tempo "up"—you'll go for this!

CAPITOL 15022—Peggy Lee with Dave Barbour and his orchestra. *Manana*

plus *All Dressed Up With A Broken Heart*. The first is a novelty number with an entertaining Latin flavor. Peggy Lee does an all-out vocal, proving her versatility once again. The musical background is something pretty special. The reverse side has Peggy doing one of those easy ballads she does so well. *Manana* means tomorrow—but this record you should buy today!

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

DECCA 24283—Bing Crosby with Victor Young and his orchestra. *But Beautiful* and *The One I Love Belongs To Somebody Else*. If you saw *Road To Rio* you'll remember this tune written by the famous Isham Jones. Bing and Victor Young work together — but beautiful — on this one. The flip-over is perfect in mood, tempo and range for Bing's voice. A trumpet solo on the second chorus adds variety and backing for the well-known mellow styling of the *Groaner*. To Crosby fans — need we say more . . . ?

DECCA 24301—Larry Clinton and his orchestra. *Ooh, Look-A There, Ain't She Pretty* and *The Dickey-Bird Song*. It's a pleasure to welcome Larry Clinton back to the wax-family. *Ain't She Pretty* is nicely arranged for Larry's smooth brass section, basses, and a clarinet that practically talks. Vocal work by Lloyd Strang and the Dipsy Doodlers. On the reverse side, Helen Lee's vocalizing puts plenty of spice on the *Dickey-bird's* tail. This is Larry Clinton's debut on Decca, and a fine one!

MERCURY 5084—Jose Melis and his orchestra. *Jungle Rhumba* plus *Don't Call It Love*. The rhumba side is a terrific bit of instrumental rhythm with a Latin-American beat. You'll marvel at Jose's brilliant piano work highlighting the record. The flip-over provides easy listening with Evelyn Stallings on the vocal assignment. This side is all right, but *Jungle Rhumba* is worth the money even if you never turn it over.

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.

VICTOR 20-2590—Freddy Martin and his orchestra. *The Treasure of Sierra*

Madre plus *Don't Call It Love*. With *Sierra Madre*, Maestro Martin has a happy medium for one of his more danceable renditions. Stuart Wade paints the romantic word picture of the California gold mine trail. You'll also hear the rich, solo voicing of the Martin sax. Here's a disc you'll want to reverse for the theme from the film, *I'll Walk Alone*. Barclay Allen, presiding at the 88, gives this side something a little extra. Smooth styling, smooth dancing, smooth listening.

VICTOR 20-2592—Spike Jones and his City Slickers. *My Old Flame* and *People Are Funnier Than Anybody*. Spike and his outfit have turned out another screwball symphony. *My Old Flame* employs the tonal effects of a car horn and cowbells. Paul Judson does a sincere vocal, and then Paul Frees cuts loose with some hysterical warbling. The flip-over is a comedy calypso novelty that runs the gamut. Everything is represented. Dick and Freddy Morgan interpret the wacky lyric. It's one for all and all for fun!

MGM 10113—Kate Smith with an orchestra conducted by Jack Miller. *It Had To Be You* and *I'm Dancing With Tears In My Eyes*. Here's a standard for any record library. Two oldies that are as bright today as when they were written. *It Had To Be You* is done in the bright, expressive Kate Smith style and the reverse is a 1-2-3 tempo perfect for Kate's voice. This is Kate Smith at her best!

CAPITOL 40082—Julia Lee and her Boy Friends. *King Size Papa* and *When You're Smiling (The Whole World Smiles With You)*. A new release by Kansas City's own Julia Lee. As on past platters, rhythm is the keynote of Julia's recordings—and this one is an exception in no way. *King Size Papa* exposes a lyric like you've never heard before. The flip-over is an old standard, but in the Lee fashion it will have you toe-tapping in no time. Don't miss Julia's latest!

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.

Chicago LETTER

by NORT JONATHAN

THE word has gone around that Harry Conover, who by his own admission is responsible for discovering the Cover Girl, is about to set up shop in Chicago. However, Mr. Conover has made it clear through the proper channels that he does not plan to open a model agency in our city. Not that. Instead he is planning on opening a charm school, personality academy, or what do you want to call it? The inference can only be that Mr. Conover believes Chicago girls need a lot of charm and personality before they can come up to his standards.

This we refuse to take lying down. We think Chicago girls have lots of charm, and, interestingly enough, Chicago models generally have a few well-placed curves to make life happier for photographers, style show emcees, and advertising executives. For the most part, they are not the elongated skinny "High Fashion" gals of the New York picture magazines, who don't have enough sex appeal to flag a hand-car. They are closer to the luscious lovelies found across *Swing's* center pages each month, which is fine with the local citizens.

Incidentally, Mr. Conover is a little late getting into the charm school sweepstakes hereabouts. The Misses Pat Vance, Estelle Compton, and Patricia Stevens have already been tilling this prosperous and rewarding field for quite some time. The Misses Vance and Stevens are self-ad-

mittedly ex-Powers girls themselves. Long ago they got the happy idea of setting up shop for themselves by taking a modest but productive "You, Too, Can Be A Glamour Girl" ad in the newspapers. For 75 bucks they will teach a girl how to walk, how to sit down, and how to sip a dry martini gracefully. For another 25 they will teach a girl how to talk. This comes last, and is extra because they seem to feel that men sometimes prefer women who can't talk.

All this is fine preparation for luring a male down to the marriage license bureau, but not too important when it comes to modeling. Granted that grace and charm are important, they are qualities that any girl who has the figure and face for modeling can acquire without paying a hundred bucks to a charm school.

Connie Seaman, who runs the biggest model agency in Chicago not tied up with a charm school, claims that she can teach any girl who really has what it takes how to model in 59 minutes. The fact that most of the successful Seaman models have come from other sources than the charm schools certainly bears her out. Bettie Thomas was a school teacher. June Myers is a war bride, recently arrived from Australia. Rita Mae Miles was a secretary in a radio production office. Marian Negaard models in her spare time—between trips to New York and California as a stewardess for American Airlines.

So welcome to Chicago, Harry Conover, but don't look down your nose at the gals who became models without learning how to walk at ten simoleons a lesson. They had what it takes—in advance.



Mid-hockey season finds the Chicago Blackhawks in their usual recumbent position. However, the Hawks now have a new coach and are looking hopefully toward their farm team, the Kansas City Pla-Mors, for a transfusion. Incidentally, so much blood was let during a recent home game that it was feared some of the



players would need a transfusion on the spot.

The latest information from the Chicago Stadium rink is that King Clancy, the durable referee, has become sensitive. To Bill Tobin, chief of the Blackhawks, he issued this ultimatum, "Please, please order that organist to quit playing *Three Blind Mice* when I skate out with the two linesmen."

There's no place like the Stadium these March evenings when the Blackhawks—the greatest draw in hockey despite their rotten playing—go into their rough and tumble act with the other teams in the National League. Chicago fans are the loudest, most unruly, and most diabolical of any spectator group. Al Melgard, the stadium organist, is a musical cheer leader who provides fitting music for their moods. If the playing should slow up for too long, and become slightly less than mayhem, Mr. Melgard is likely to start playing *Kiss Me Again*. He is a musical veteran who has been the official stadium organist for about 20 years. Perched high in the rafters, he has played music for all stadium events from wrestling matches to political conventions.

Incidentally, the Chicago hockey fan is smart. He has learned that he can see more fighting in one of the Blackhawk games for \$2.00 than by paying \$50.00 to witness a heavyweight boxing championship.

The current and experimental curfew for bobby-soxers has turned up nothing

more so far than a few indignant interviews with teenagers in the newspapers. A few youths have been apprehended, but each had a water-tight alibi: (A) They



were on their way down to corner saloon to pick up Father. (B) They were hurrying home from their job on the newsstand. (C) They were on their way to the nearest drug store for a pint of strawberry ice-cream.

Art Kassel, the Chicago bandleader, is currently celebrating his 25th year as a maestro. Art is best known for his rendition of *Hell's Bells*—a number he will play on request more quickly than Henry Busse will play *Hot Lips* or Clyde McCoy will cough out a chorus of *Sugar Blues*.

Speaking of musicians, Phil Gordon is back in town at the Buttery of the Ambassador West Hotel. This is about his third or fourth engagement, and he's singing those happy songs again. Everybody seems to be having a happy time. Even the commuters are smiling.

Milkman's Lament

WHO said the life of a milkman is dull? Well, it isn't. Here are copies of notes actually left by customers:

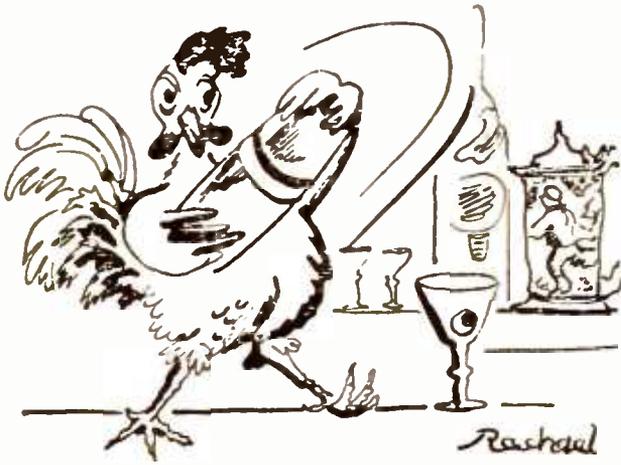
Dear Milkman: When you leave the milk, please wake me. I want you to help me turn the mattress. Hope you don't mind.

Dear Milkman: My back door is unlocked. Please put milk in refrigerator, get money out of cup in drawer and leave the change on the kitchen table in pennies, because we want to play bingo tonight.

Dear Milkman: When you leave milk, please let the dog out and put newspaper inside the screen door.

P. S. Don't leave any milk. We won't be back till day after tomorrow.—Paul Shawver.

Chicago PORTS OF CALL



by JOAN FORTUNE

Very High Life

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th at Michigan (WAB 4400). You'll have to travel far to find a show that tops the combination of Skitch Henderson and Dorothy Shay, the Park Avenue Hillbilly. Worth making reservations well in advance to enjoy. The room itself is one of the best in Chicago.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State (SUP 7200). This spot gets less publicity and/or acclaim than the Pump Room across State Street, but apparently doesn't need to be talked about to be popular. People discover it for themselves and come back often for cocktails, luncheon or dinner.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUP 2200). The Drake is consistently one of the finest hotels in the world. One reason for its popularity is the charming and intimate Camellia House, where Bob McGrew, once of Kansas City, plays for dancing. A Chicago best bet.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (RAN 7500). Fritz Hagner, the eminent major domo, still has to put up the ropes three or four times a week. Muriel Abbott's shows are one of the reasons why this gracious room always rates as one of the town's most popular spots.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HAR 3800). Jerry

Glidden and his orchestra are playing a return engagement here. His band is made for dancing, with rumba music much in demand during the cocktail hour.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th at Michigan (HAR 4300). Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers have set up some high attendance records for Tito Guizar to shoot at. Tito has long been popular in this ritzy room—which means that the management has nothing to worry about.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State (SUP 7200). The Hollywood and Broadway crowd—plus assorted society wives on the loose—keep this spot in the limelight. The room is beautiful, dim, and full of people wearing dark glasses and trying to look important. The food and the characters who eat it are the whole show.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEN 0213). Joseph Sudy is back in town and the Bismarck's got him—which is good news for night lifers who like their dance music on the sweet side. Joe used to do the vocals with Henry King's band, but now is on his own with a band of much the same style. You can dance, too, because the floor is one of the largest hotel dance floors in town.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (DEL 9300). Comes the revolution, this fine Russian-style restaurant will probably be liquidated by Uncle Joe Stalin as indicative of capitalist decadence. In the meanwhile it will continue to serve great food in a romantic atmosphere topped by nothing else in town. George Scherban's music adds to the atmosphere. Great place to take your girl before proposing.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (LON 6000). They keep coming back here for 25th anniversary parties, which gives an idea of this splendid room's longtime popularity and prosperity. George Olsen continues on the bandstand through Lent, backed up by a modest but entertaining show staged by Dorothy Hild.

The Show's the Thing

★ CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (DEL 3434). Ray Bolger, the veteran funnyman and dancer, will be around for awhile. Marty Gould continues to back up the acts with the best show music in town. Reservations are in order, particularly for Saturday and Sunday nights.

★ LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (RAN 5544). This spot is having its troubles but will probably stay open as long as convention business holds up. Large shows and large checks are usually to be found here.

★ RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (DEL 3700). It's a flesh show here, with girls and more girls leaving as little to the imagination as possible, as a dazzling lot of charmers with French names and South Chicago accents strive for that Continental flavor, but don't quite reach it.

★ JAZZ, LTD., 11 E. Grand Avenue. This is where the addicts are gathering these days. It opens late and closes somewhere around four or five. A steady procession of the best jazz men in the country keeps the cash register ringing.

★ COLLEGE INN, Sherman Hotel. John Kirby is the popular new maestro in charge of the music in Ernie Byfield's perennially popular cabaret. Crowded, smoky, and sometimes the bands blow the customers right out into Randolph street.

★ GLASS HOUSE, Graemere Hotel, 113 N. Homan. Well worth a trip to the west side, this smart room specializes in small musical groups that are fast making their mark in the entertainment world. Don Orlando's fine Symphony Five is currently winding up a long and successful engagement.

Strictly for Stripping

You'll find the loveliest girls in all of the take-it-off business in these north side and west side hangouts for conventioners and visiting buyers. But be sure to take along a full billfold and a few bank checks when you visit the FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark Street . . . EL MOCAMBO, 1519 W. Madison Street . . . THE PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark Street . . . L and L CAFE, 1315 West Madison . . . the 606 CLUB, 606 South Wabash . . . the TROCADERO CLUB, 525 South State Street.

Gourmet's Delight

★ MIKE FRITZEL'S, State at Lake. This new eating house is fast becoming one of the most popular restaurants in town. You'll probably have to wait in line to get in, but most customers seem to think the wait is worthwhile. Mike Fritzel, owner of the glamorous Chez Paree, personally supervises the entire operation—from hat check counter to wine cellar.

★ WRIGLEY BUILDING RESTAURANT, 410 N. Michigan. Deservedly popular for both luncheon and dinner. Fine food at low prices. New places may come and go, but it's hard to conceive that they will ever replace "the Wrigley" in the hearts of Chicago's radio and advertising fraternity.

★ CIRO'S, 816 N. Wabash. This new hangout for the stay-up-lates continues to attract the gourmets. From the number of free plugs it gets on disc jockey programs it must be either good or generous with free meals and drinks.

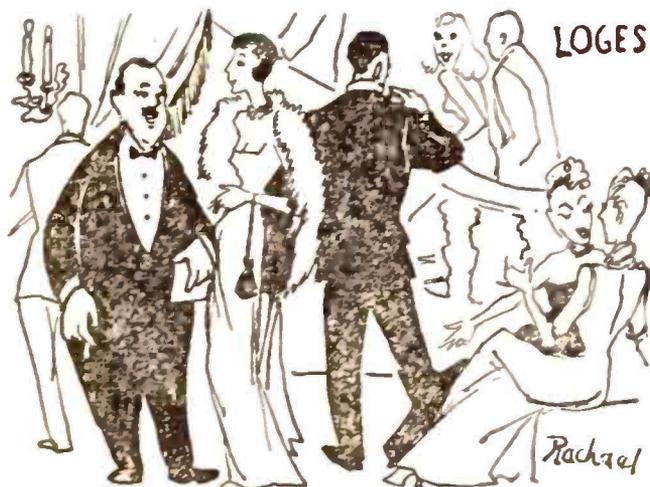
GIBBY'S, 192 N. Clark, BARNEY'S, Halsted at Randolph, and the STEAK HOUSE at 744 N. Rush Street are all well-patronized places at which the steak is king. JACQUES, 900 N. Michigan, has that French charm plus a really continental menu . . . For food with a foreign accent try these long-popular eating houses that specialize in exotic flavoring . . . A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 N. Rush Street . . . SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State Street . . . SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush Street . . . OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph Street, SINGERS' RENDEZVOUS, Rush and Superior . . . and IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 E. Walton Place. None of them will disappoint you.

Just for a Drink

The noisy but friendly CELEBRITY TRAIN in the Hotel Sherman . . . the dimly lit OLD SOUTH room in the Stevens Hotel . . . SCHLOGL'S hangout for newspaper characters on Wells Street near Washington, where Ben Hecht's picture is reverently framed . . . that cozy LE PETIT GOURMET on the Boul Mich . . . Oscar Merienthal's noisy LONDON HOUSE GRILL, Wacker at Michigan, and the intimate SURFSIDE on Walton Street just east of Michigan.

New York LETTER

by LUCIE BRION



MANHATTAN is yearning for spring in a way it hasn't yearned for anything for a long, long time. The city has spent millions fighting the snow and all that goes with it. And, as if it didn't already have enough to bear, some prophet has announced that the biggest snow of all is yet to come . . . about the first of March. We shall see, and hope.

The weather, however, has not and will not prevent the ladies from wearing spring hats and spring clothes laden with all sorts of foolishness in delicious colors. The men are prone to remark that straw hats and fur coats don't seem very logical . . . but then, they just don't understand. What does a little frost-bite matter anyway, compared to new colors and new clothes?

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A very interesting and thriving project here is the American National Theatre Academy, better known as ANTA. The purpose of the academy is to find and encourage new playwrights and new actors. When a play captures the interest of the board it is produced for a very short run. If it is a hit, it may appear later in full glory under the hand of a regular theatrical producer. Usually a well-known star appears in the leading role, and other parts are given to thespians of lesser reputation. Plays of merit that are not adjudged to be theatre material are considered for radio. So, altogether, there is

great opportunity here for new talent in many directions.

Judith Anderson in the role of Medea has caused theatregoers to sit spellbound by her superb acting or to leave the theatre in terror. She is on the stage from beginning to end of the intensely dramatic vehicle. The vengeance she portrays against her husband (to the point of killing her two small sons) is so vivid and strenuous that one wonders how there could be anything left of Miss Anderson at the final curtain. From a backstage chat we learned that there actually is little left. She can do very little else between performances but rest and take vitamins. One gentleman, after sitting through *Medea* for a couple of hours, said that he didn't think he would like to meet the fascinating Judith Anderson. When this remark was relayed to her she said that this was no uncommon occurrence . . . that when a charming gentleman asked her to supper she accepted with one proviso: he must not see *Medea* beforehand.

We felt a lot better ourselves when we saw the two little boys, so brutally murdered on the stage, come skipping down the stairs and out the stage door in the happiest of moods.

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The "New Look" is now being referred to as the "Now Look." Long skirts, getting longer, are a pleasure to most women. They are flattering and feminine and no end of help when the leg department isn't up to snuff. Most objections seem to come from the men folk, but one thing is certain: long skirts are here to stay for quite a spell, despite any likes to the contrary. We'll just have to settle down and be content arguing over taxes, the presidential election and foreign relief.

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Most dinner-supper-entertainment spots are suffering from a severe case of no-customeritis. But not the Persian Room at the Plaza. The reason for this is HILDEGARDE. She has been one of the biggest drawing cards in town for a long

time . . . and hasn't slipped a bit. Her new songs, *Good Evening, Friends* and *Ask Your Heart*, along with a French number and our old favorites, *Ja-Da, I'll Be Seeing You, Running Wild* and some others, make an hour of delightful entertainment.

Some reporter said in print that she couldn't play the piano, so now Hildegard has a piano rolled out to the ringside and plays *Hungarian Rhapsody*. She not only plays, but plays extremely well. The gal is all right . . . going to Paris this summer, and no doubt will pack 'em in at the Persian Room again next winter.

All during the various sieges of snow and ice in Manhattan, Best and Company, at 51st and Fifth Avenue, has listened to the wails of the snowbound with a very superior air. For Best and Company has no such problems. They heat the sidewalks around the store with pipes laid beneath the pavement. So, no drop of snow or ice can remain there for more than a second or two. Now, if someone will just invent an air-cooled sidewalk for summer . . .

The fad for short hair, but really short, is growing daily. It's a terrifying experience to be shorn when there is no definite assurance as to the outcome. And there is no halfway measure with this new hair-do—either you cut or you don't. On the whole, it is generally becoming and lends youthfulness, even though it takes a little getting used to. All calls for models now specify short hair, and that gives you a pretty good idea of what we're in for.

The biggest hit show in town is a revue called *Make Mine Manhattan*. As would be the case, it is practically impossible to get tickets. This is still true with older hits, too. Either the theatre is sold out to some benefit or other, or else there is a bottleneck at the box office. For Bea Lillie's new show, *Inside U. S. A.*, which will open in April, the house is already taken over for several weeks with benefits and advance sales to brokers. Outsiders just have to wait around for cancellations, or mortgage their all in order to do business with the scalpers—an expensive expedient to be recommended only as a last resort.

You Shoulda Seen the Other Guy . . .

JIMMY PARKS, of the Broadcasters' Guild, tells about a traveler headed for Joliet, Illinois, who had trouble sleeping on trains. To overcome the insomnia he fortified himself with a bottle and called the porter before leaving Kansas City. "Sam," he said, "there's bourbon whiskey in this bottle. I plan to drink it all and go into a deep slumber. However, I've got to get off the train at Joliet. Here's five bucks to help you remember that. Get me up, and dressed, and off the train at Joliet—no matter how stubborn I am. Understand?"

"Yes, sir!" the porter assured him. "I certainly do. Off the train at Joliet."

So the traveler drank his bourbon, grew drowsy, fell asleep. Many hours later he awoke. The train was moving through yards and into a station. It was broad daylight. He jerked upright and screamed. *Chicago!*

In two minutes he was dressed and dashing through the train. He cornered the porter, then the conductor, berating them angrily.

After listening in patience for some time, the conductor managed to get a comment in edgewise. "You're mad all right," he said. "Plenty mad. But you're only the second maddest man I've seen today."

"Yeah?" growled the passenger. "How could that be? Who was any madder than I am?"

"Why," replied the conductor, "the guy we threw off at Joliet!"

NEW YORK Theatre



Current Plays . . .

★ **ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.** (Nov. 26, 1947). Katherine Cornell revives an interesting Cleopatra, ably supported by Godfrey Tearle, Kent Smith and Lenore Ulric. Guthrie McClintic directed. Martin Beck, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:15. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:15.

★ **COMMAND DECISION.** (Oct. 1, 1947). A fine stage adaptation of William Wister Haine's powerful war novel. All-male cast including Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath and Edmond Ryan. Fulton, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **DOCTOR SOCIAL.** (Feb. 11, 1948). A new play by Joseph L. Estry which features the talents of Dean Jagger and Haila Stoddard, principally. Harold Barnard is the producer, and Don Appell directed. Booth, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ **DUBLIN GATE THEATRE.** (Feb. 12, 1948). A fine repertory troupe from Erin, playing George Bernard Shaw and other notable Irish comedy. Hilton Edwards and Micheal Mac Liammoir (which loses very little in translation) head the competent company. The whole thing is being promoted by Richard Myers, Brian

Doherty and Richard Aldrich. At the Mansfield, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ **FOR LOVE OR MONEY.** (Nov. 4, 1947). A rather tiresome comedy by F. Hugh Herbert which is more than considerably brightened by the charming performance of a pretty little girl named June Lockhart. Henry Miller, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **MAN AND SUPERMAN.** (Oct. 8, 1947). Mr. Shaw's turn-of-the-century essay on women and marriage getting everything Maurice Evans has, including production and performance. It was probably funnier in 1903. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **MEDEA.** (Oct. 20, 1947). The Euripides-Robinson Jeffers opus with Judith Anderson and no holds barred. Acting honors left over are shared with Florence Reed and Dennis King, who plays Jason. Royale, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **MISTER ROBERTS.** (Feb. 18, 1948.) Thomas Heggen's hilarious but piercingly accurate story of wartime routine on a Navy supply ship in the Pacific has been dramatized by Joshua Logan and Mr. Heggen. Ex-Navy officer Henry Fonda portrays the long-suffering Mr. Roberts and is supported by David Wayne, William Harrigan, and others. Directed by Joshua Logan, produced by Leland Hayward. Alvin, evenings, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **SKIPPER NEXT TO GOD.** (Jan. 30, 1948). John Garfield plays the lead in this play with high motives but questionable entertainment value. An Experimental Theatre Production, directed by

Lee Strasberg. Playhouse, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ **STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.** (Jan. 14, 1948). Funny, but mostly foolish, this comedy by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. Performers Joan Tetzl, John Archer and Carl Benton Reid do their part to make the evening one of entertainment. Morosco, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.** (Dec. 3, 1947). The play of the season, by Tennessee Williams. Top performances by Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter and Karl Malden. Superb direction by Elia Kazan. Excellent set and costuming. Don't miss it! Barrymore, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **TONIGHT AT 8:30.** (Feb. 20, 1948). *Ways and Means, Family Album* and *Red Peppers*—just like old times! Gertrude Lawrence stars in this revival under the guidance of author-director Noel Coward. Produced by Homer Curran, Russell Lewis and Howard Young. National, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Yes, 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE WINSLOW BOY.** (Oct. 29, 1947). Terrence Rattigan's moving drama about a British naval cadet and his suit against the Crown. Players from England include Alan Webb, Frank Allenby and Valerie White. Empire, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

Established Hits . . .

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Feb. 4, 1946). Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas as an ex-orine and crooked junk dealer, respectively, in this still wonderfully funny Garson Kanin comedy. Lyceum, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . **HAPPY BIRTHDAY.** (Oct. 31, 1946). Helen

Hayes eyeing the world through *Pink Ladies.* Plymouth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . **HARVEY.** (Nov. 1, 1944). Frank Fay, Josephine Hull and some rabbit. 48th Street, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . **THE HEIRESS.** (Sept. 27, 1947). Wendy Hiller supported by Basil Rathbone in the Goetz adaptation of Henry James' *Washington Square.* Biltmore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Current Musicals . . .

★ **ALLEGRO.** (Oct. 10, 1947). A Richard Rodgers-Oscar Hammerstein-Agnes de Mille potpourri that should be better than it is. The principals are Annamary Dickey, John Conte, Roberta Jonay and John Battles. Majestic, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **ANGEL IN THE WINGS.** (Dec. 11, 1947). Paul and Grace Hartman in a revue with sketches by the Hartmans. Their interpretations are terrific, the rest of the cast is fairly routine, but it's fun. Coronet, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **HIGH BUTTON SHOES.** (Oct. 9, 1947). Nanette Fabray's piercing birdcalls worth the price of admission. All this and Jerome Robbins' Mack Sennett ballet and a cast including Phil Silvers, Joey Faye, Jack McCauley and Mark Dawson. Shu-



bert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **LOOK MA, I'M DANCIN'.** (Jan. 29, 1948). George Abbott presents Nancy Walker in this delightful piece featuring the ballet as the butt of most of its jokes. Harold Lang, Janet Reed, Katherine Sergava and Alice Pearce are in the cast. Adelphi, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **MAKE MINE MANHATTAN.** (Jan. 15, 1948). Richard Lewine turned out the songs, Arnold B. Horwitt wrote the book. David Burns and Sid Caesar are the leading comics with fair support from Gloria Wills, Jack Kilty and remainder of the cast. Good bet! Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (May 10, 1946). Loud and irresistible Ethel Mer- man still going strong. Imperial, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . .

BRIGADOON. (Mar. 13, 1947). A musical fantasy with dancing and singing and David Brooks and Marion Bell. Zieg- feld, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30 . . .

FINIAN'S RAINBOW. (Jan. 10, 1947). A leprechaun comes to Missitucky and an accomplished cast takes it from there. 46th Street, evenings, except Sun- day at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . .

OKLAHOMA. (May 31, 1943). Still the toast of the musical comedy world. St. James, eve- nings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

NEW YORK THEATRES

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

Adelphi, 152 W. 54th.....CI 6-5097	E	International,	
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....CI 5-6868	W	5 Columbus Circle.....CI 5-4884	
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.....CI 6-0390	W	Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....CH 4-4256	E
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....BR 9-2067	E	Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....CI 6-0730	W
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.....CI 6-9353	W	Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.....CI 6-9056	W
Booth, 222 W. 45th.....CI 6-5969	W	Martin Beck, 402 W. 45th..CI 6-6363	W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th....CI 6-6699	E	Henry Miller,	
Century, 932 7th Ave.....CI 7-3121		124 W. 43rd.....BR 9-3970	I
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.....CI 6-8870	W	Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....CI 6-6230	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....CI 5-4289	E	Music Box, 239 W. 45th....CI 6-4636	W
Empire, Broadway at 40th..PE 6-9540		National, 208 W. 41st.....PE 6-8220	W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th....CI 6-6075	W	Playhouse, 137 W. 48th....CI 5-6060	I
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th..BR 9-4566	E	Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....CI 6-9156	W
Fulton, 210 W. 46th.....CI 6-6380	W	Royale, 242 W. 45th.....CI 5-5760	W
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....BR 9-5641	E	Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....CI 6-9500	W
Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....CO 5-2412	W	Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th..CI 5-5200	
		St. James, 246 W. 44th....LA 4-4664	W



W ZOLLEY LERNER of Twentieth Century Fox, who is currently in Kansas City to direct *All My Sons* for the Resident Theatre, tells this tale about a prominent Hollywood producer who ordered one of his writers to dig up a suitable play for a certain star.

The writer phoned in one day to say he had found just the thing. "Not only is it a great play," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "but it also carries an important message!"

The producer grunted into the mouthpiece. "I want a play," he said, "just one play. Let Western Union take care of the messages."

New York PORTS OF CALL

★ AMEN CORNER. Fifth Avenue Hotel. Fun in the dark! Start early for a night-cap, there's likely to be exceptional music. Open from seven on, Amen. 5th Ave. at 9th St. GR 3-6400.

★ BRUSSELS. French and Belgian cuisine a la carte offers extraordinary delight for epicures here. Leisure, quiet, old world charm prevail, which in turn mean it's not inexpensive. 26 E. 63. RE 4-1215.

★ ENGLISH GRILL. Everyone knows this ringside seat for New York's own free ice skating show. It's warmer, cozier here than looking over the railing. Good food and drink at average prices make it a perfect place for late lunch (if you are a visitor), as well as dinner at any time, for by then the wage winners have left their skyscrapers for suburban trains. Rockefeller Center. Downstairs Right. CI 6-5800.

★ GRAND CENTRAL OYSTER BAR. Top of the season for an Oyster Pan Roast. Best bivalves in captivity, no matter what your preference as to eating them raw or cooked. Ummmmmmmmmm! Grand Central Station. Lower Level. MU 9-5430.

★ JOE AND ROSA'S. Popular at noon with businessmen—at night with those who like those jumbo sliced tenderloin steaks. Unpretentious, good food. 745 3rd Ave. EL 5-8874.

★ MADELEINE'S LE POISSONIER. French food and Madeleine are most responsible for a usual full house here. There's music, no dancing—friendly pa-

trons and no stuffiness, which is the reason there are so many "returnees." 121 E. 52. EL 5-9706.

★ PIERRE CAFE, Hotel Pierre. Few intimate little rooms offer tea dancing as well as dinner and supper music. When you are crowding fun for a short stay this is a stop you'll have to make. Filled only on Saturdays when Columbia, Yale, etc., congregate. 5th Ave. at 61. RE 4-5900.

★ PIETRO. Climb those stairs with no trepidation. At the top you'll find as superb food as New York offers. But food only—the service excellent, and a limited menu which the waiter will give from memory. Specialty is steak, the accompanying dishes Italian. Expensive. 201 E. 45. MU 2-9760.

★ RUBY FOO. Theatres close by make this one of the most convenient good restaurants for dinner before or after the show. The finest cut hard noodles with chow mein should be sampled, or any of the delicious variety of Chinese dishes. 240 W. 52. CO 5-0705.

★ TERRACE ROOM, Hotel New Yorker. Ice shows are daily fare for patrons of this big room. Food and dancing all evening to top bands at average prices make it popular. Note of warning—don't sit at first row tables if you're eating. That flying ice will cool your coffee—but fast! 8th Ave. at 34th St. ME 3-1000.

★ THREE CROWNS. Smorgasbord in a lovely setting. Gradually, prewar delicacies are reappearing—a happy change after the long monotony of starchy dishes. Surprisingly modest prices. 12 E. 54. PL 8-1031.

★ TOKAY CAFE. Fine Hungarian cuisine, wines, as well as American food and drink. Ah, but the Gypsy Music! Hungarian people assemble here. Is that proof enough? Swing has let you in on one of its pets. 1591 2nd Ave. RE 4-9441.

★ VILLAGE BARN. Free-for-all-in-the-Village! Floor shows interlaced with entertainment by the customers. Take your choice as to which is funnier! As a tip—there's square dancing! 52 W. 8. GR 3-8841.



Kansas City PORTS OF CALL

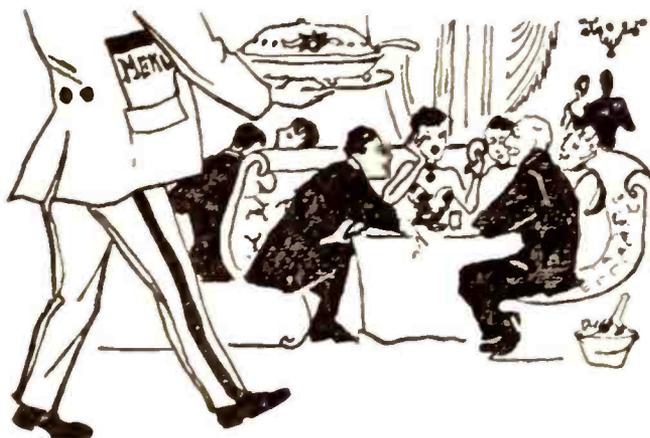
Magnificent Meal . . .



★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. One of the finest and chummiest eating houses along the Baltimore "strip." Chef Fanny Anderson's choicest foods are prime ribs of roast beef and Kansas City steaks. De-

licious salads and, of course, French-fried onions! You can have a sandwich at noon if you haven't time to tackle a steak. Jerry will see that you find a table or booth and have a dry martini or a bourbon on the way before you've removed your wraps. If you feel like passing the time of day, go over to the bar and spin yarns with Jim or Gus Pusateri. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. We had a swordfish dinner at the Savoy the other night and it was right out of this piscatorial world. The generous cut of swordfish was decorated with parsley and literally floated in butter. Mmmmmh! Wonderful! Noon-day specialties are red snapper, filet of sole and excellent sandwiches. The huge lobsters, always fresh and slowly broiled in butter rather than cooked by steam, are the sweetest and most tender you can imagine. And the sizzling steaks are a visiting fireman's delight! Headwaiter Brown, whom we suspect has been around as long as the tiled floor and historic murals, will find you a table or a huge,



Trachsel

high-backed booth. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★ WEISS CAFE. This popular Kansas City restaurant has been transplanted to the famous Coates House which is located in the historic Quality Hill area at Tenth and Broadway. Henry Weiss and Lawrence Solomon are featuring Continental style cooking at this beautiful cafe. Menu highlights include live Maine lobster, choice steaks, roast capon, Long Island duckling and excellent chicken. Reasonably-priced luncheons and dinners served seven days a week. For luncheon try that Weiss Special Salad Bowl. The menu says it contains "everything you can imagine," and it does! The ornate fireplace at the south end of the room dates back to 1867. Such famous people as Grover Cleveland, Ulysses S. Grant, Sarah Bernhardt and a host of other Coates House guests have driven out the chill while standing in front of that very hearth! There's a cocktail lounge serving excellent drinks. Coates House. VI 6904.

Class With A Glass . . .



★ PUTSCH'S 210. This exquisitely decorated bar and restaurant is one of the most beautiful anywhere. From the gorgeous glass mural extending the length of the bar to the New Orleans

wrought-iron-and-rose effect in the large dining room, the restaurant is superbly styled and decorated. Tables in the softly lighted Victorian lounge may be reserved for private luncheons. A gorgeous dinner may be had for as little as \$1.75. Air-expressed Colorado mountain trout, choice steaks and prime ribs of roast beef are excellent dinner suggestions. And, of course, the succulent lobster. The waiter takes the meat out of the claws if you wish and he does it without leaving a single delicious morsel in them. The "In a Hurry" businessman's luncheon is a treat and it costs only a dollar! A typical menu shows

baked pork chops with Southern dressing, mashed potatoes, chef's salad, hot rolls and butter, a drink and pie or ice cream! All for a dollar! The 210 is a "must" on everyone's list. Come to the Wyandotte side of the 210 for a fine cafeteria meal. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ **RENDEZVOUS.** Baltimore bankers, brokers, buyers, business biggies and bar babes drape their camel's hair and mink-swathed figures over the leather covered stools in this paneled bar room. The hush-hush whisperings of high finance transactions mingling with the crackling swish of pound notes fills the dignified atmosphere. There's a noon luncheon for about 65 cents with beverage extra. In the evenings you can order filet of sole for a dollar and roast beef for \$1.50. Steaks around \$2.50 — and up. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** Down the hall from El Casbah at the Bellerive. Soft music by Chris Cross and Betty Rogers and soft, plushy seats to rest your weary sacrum. Behind a circular bar two snow-jacketed barkeeps concoct your spiritual pleasures. Warm, inviting and cozy. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Atmosphere . . .

★ **KING JOY LO.** This excellent Chinese restaurant is located above the intersection at 12th & Main. The chop suey and chow mein combinations are delicious and varied as only good Chinese cookery can make them. The entrees are always accompanied by a bowl of rice, tasty soup, tea and cookies. Luncheons and dinners are reasonably priced for these times! American specialties include lobster, golden fried chicken, and steaks. Booths for privacy and courteous service. A delightful treat is lobster chow mein for \$1.25. It consists of a huge bowl of chow mein liberally spiced with tender morsels of lobster. Of course, you also get the rice, soup, tea and cookies. 8 W. 12th (2nd floor.) HA 8113.



To See And Be Seen . . .



★ **DRUM ROOM.** At the sign of the big red drum perched over the corner entrance of the Hotel President you find the circular bar that has grown so popular with Kansas

Citians and visitors. Down a flight of steps is the Drum Room proper and the music of Gene Eyeman. One of the house specialties is chicken a la king spread over crispy toast. Dinners can be had for as little as \$1.85. Nick or Junior will see to it that you are seated and happy. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Musical attraction at the Grill during March is the famed Ted Weems and his orchestra — who launched their career here (as did Joe Saunders) almost 25 years ago. Ted's Kansas City friends number in the thousands — and maybe they'll come out during March to take up some of that empty space the Grill has featured since the war. The management claims the food, service and music are getting better — with no mention of low prices. If you got mad at the Grill during the lush, plush days when you couldn't get in, give it another try, folks. Barney and Barney seem to need the business. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **EL CASBAH.** The popularity of Wayne Muir and his two-piano orchestra continues to draw crowds who rhumba and samba, as well as those who just listen or dance! Among the delightful and unusual dishes on El Casbah menu is Chicken-in-a-Cocoanut. It consists of tender, diced chicken in a curry sauce. Chopped celery, Indian and Turkish spices, red and green peppers are added and the ingredients are baked in the cocoanut. Scrumptious! Maitre d' hotel Herman Hermany is responsible for the smooth operation of this beautifully decorated room and rates a nod of congratulation. The "no cover charge" is also making new friends for Kansas City's finest sup-

per club. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

★ADRIAN'S. The Mart Cafe, considered by the building inhabitants to be cozy as a club, features an excellent luncheon for as little as 70 cents. Such specialties as Northern pike, beef stew and chicken croquettes may be ordered. In the evening there is smorgasbord with ham, beef or other meat entrees, two vegetables, hot biscuits and jelly, and a beverage. Price is based on the entree and you can get a big dinner for \$1.50. Convenient parking just south of the building. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.



★BROADWAY INTERLUDE. In these inflationary times it's a real comfort to know that there is a fine dinner at the Interlude for only \$1. Fried chicken or roast beef, tasty vegetables and a huge salad are all included in the \$1 price. Riley Thompson mixes those fine drinks. He has a deft "pouring hand" and the proportions are always perfect. Wet your Sunday whistle by coming over to the Interlude after midnight. More good news is the information that Joshua Johnson's latest album, cut by Decca, will be on sale

at the record shops in the near future. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★CABANA. Lou Vogel is head man and will see that you are seated in this usually crowded spot. Noonday luncheons are a treat, and are less than a dollar for meat entree, two vegetables, rolls and butter. No food at night. Alberta Bird's Hammond music at luncheon, for cocktails and in the evening. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★LA CANTINA. Down the stairs from El Casbah you'll find this friendly room done in floral patterns and dubonnet upholstery. You can order special La Cantina snacks at prices that please, as does the food. There's a juke box (tuned sweet and low) and always a well-dressed delegation from the college set. Fine drinks from the little bar. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Something Different . . .

★UNITY INN. The nationally known vegetarian cafeteria of the Unity School of Christianity. Meatless meals are prepared, using such treats as stuffed green peppers in an almost miraculous way. The salads and pastries are standouts at this green-latticed room. Very inexpensive, immaculate and convenient to downtowners who want to escape the "meat and potato" routine. Luncheons and dinners. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

▲
A conversation between women always concerns who, why, what, when and wear.

▲
"Did you hear about the chap who stayed up all night trying to figure out where the sun went when it went down?" one blonde asked another.

"No. What happened?"

"It finally dawned on him."

ANSWERS RADIO'S PIG LATIN

▲
1. A program hurriedly gotten together. 2. An announcer who chats between records. 3. A program running five times weekly. 4. An actor who inches up to the mike. 5. Running on time. 6. To link together two speeches. 7. Using too much force. 8. General audition for announcers. 9. Commercial copy. 10. A series of bad programs. 11. Playing sentimental music. 12. To fill in time with extra music or plug. 13. A job done without payment.

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EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

10,000 WATTS

EXTRA! EXTRA!

710 KILOCYCLES

EXTRA!

FULL-TIME



WHB is the buy-word with advertisers as well as listeners, because certain established WHB "extras" are general trade knowledge—extra selling power, extra selling power, extra experience; extra service in building fine, sound programs; and the extra famous WHB showmanship and *joie de vivre*.

Soon, however, WHB will offer new extra facilities, too — 10,000 watts day and 5,000 watts night on 710 kilocycles, full-time operation!

When will all this happen? This month, we hope. Act now for an extra-good buy!

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