

CBS TV

COMES TO  
KANSAS CITY  
ON CHANNEL

9



JOIN THE

*Swing*

to  
WHB-TV

Keep Your Eye on Channel 9

Pictures and Stories  
of the NEW CBS  
TV PROGRAMS

•  
*A Picture History—*  
"THRU 31 YEARS  
WITH WHB"

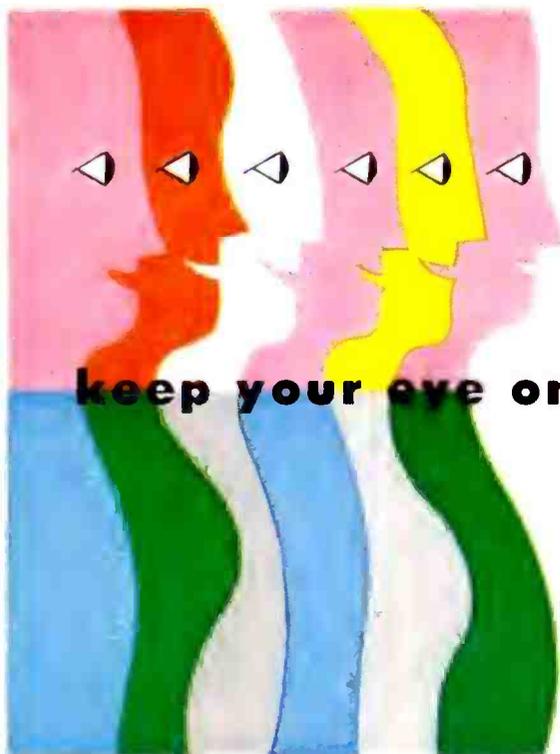
•  
The 1953 Season  
STARLIGHT THEATRE

25<sup>c</sup>





# CBS Television Come



**keep your eye on channel**



*Ask Your Blair-TV Man —*

**New York**—150 East 43rd St.  
Murray Hill 2-5644

**Chicago**—520 North Michigan Ave.  
Superior 7-5580

**Detroit**—524 Book Bldg.  
Woodward 1-6030

**Boston**—Statler Office Bldg.  
Hubbard 2-3163

**St. Louis**—1307 Paul Brown Bldg.  
Chestnut 5688

**Dollos**—Rio Grande National Bldg.  
Riverside 4228

**Los Angeles**—6331 Hollywood Blvd.  
Hollywood 9-1156

**Son Francisco**—3010 Russ Bldg.  
Yukon 2-7068

**Jacksonville**—1306 Barnett National  
Bank Bldg., Jacksonville 6-5770

**KANSAS CITY WHB-TV  
CLIENT SERVICE  
REPRESENTATIVES**

*Ed Dennis*                      *Win Johnston*  
*Ed Birr*                         *Jack Simpson*

*General Manager*  
**JOHN T. SCHILLING**  
*President*  
**DON DAVIS**

# W H B

710 KC. 10,000 WATTS  
MUTUAL NETWORK

**KANSAS CITY'S  
OLDEST  
CALL LETTERS**

Represented  
nationally by  
**JOHN BLAIR & CO.**

# WHB-TV

**CHANNEL 9 BASIC CBS-TV.**

SHARING TIME  
WITH KMBC-TV

Kansas City

Represented Nationally by

**BLAIR**  
INC

# to Kansas City — with WHB-TV on Channel 9

AUGUST, 1953, will long be remembered in Kansas City as the date on which WHB-TV and KMBC-TV began joint operation on Channel 9—sharing time equally to bring television viewers of the area the network programs of the Columbia Broadcasting System, plus the favorite radio personalities developed on the two AM radio stations.

WITH A jointly-owned transmitter . . . using maximum allowable power, 316 kw visual, 158 kw aural . . . with a thousand-foot tower to transmit from a height above average terrain of 1079 feet . . . with the full schedule of Columbia Network TV programming, *Channel 9 in Kansas City is really something to see and hear!* Interim operation beginning in August is from a transmitter and mast atop Missouri's tallest office building, reaching most of the 300,658 television homes in the Kansas City market—including the metropolitan trading area of Johnson, Leavenworth and Wyandotte counties in Kansas; and Jackson, Clay and Platte counties in Missouri.

THIS ISSUE of *Swing* devotes thirty pages to the fine CBS-TV programs now seen (many of them for the first time) in the Kansas City area. And we have reprinted, from our Anniversary Issue of last year, the story of the 31-year service rendered by Radio Station WHB—23 of those years under Cook ownership and management.

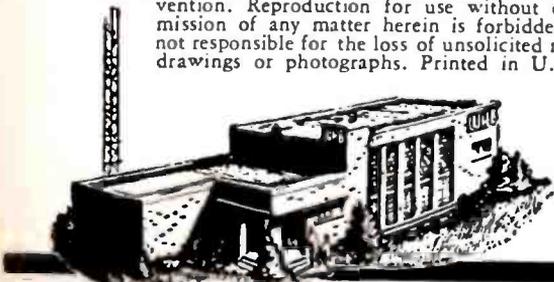
Your comments will be appreciated.

# Swing®

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## The Great GODFREY

ARTHUR GODFREY'S millions of morning television fans now have a total of three and one-half daytime hours every week to enjoy the Old Redhead Monday through Thursday over the CBS Television Network... in Kansas City on Channel 9. His TALENT SCOUT show has maintained a consistent "top five" rating since its debut on the Network, making it one of the most outstanding television offerings on your dial. ARTHUR GODFREY AND HIS FRIENDS has established a fabulous record for showmanship in past seasons, featuring his "little Godfreys": Janette Davis, Lu Ann Simms, Haleloke, Marion Marlowe, Frank Parker, the Mariners, and Archie Bleyer's orchestra.



**HI, HO, COME TO THE FAIR!**

**Godfrey Leads His Friends through a Spirited, Country-Style Number.**





### MODERN MAGIC CARPET

Dan Seymour uses his flying saucer to transport him to strange places and foreign lands in his quest for interesting personalities on the program "Everywhere I Go", which brings faraway places to CBS-TV audiences through ingenious special effects.

Now in its fifth year on television, Ed Sullivan's TOAST OF THE TOWN continues adding to the brilliant record that has made it one of the medium's outstanding programs since its debut on the CBS Television Network in 1948.

### ED SULLIVAN'S TOAST OF THE TOWN



### WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Emcee Todd Russell indicates the fabulous wheel featured in CBS-TV's "Wheel of Fortune" series, which provides an opportunity for beneficiaries of good deeds to reward their benefactors.

## HOUSE PARTY

Art Linkletter, one of Hollywood's most ebullient hosts, huddles with some young, enthusiastic visitors to CBS-TV's Art Linkletter's HOUSE PARTY, a lively entertainment series. In rear is Martha Proudfoot, teacher in charge of the program's "Kid's Department".



## BRIDE AND GROOM

A typical BRIDE AND GROOM wedding was that of Korean War veteran Henry Needham and Joyce Newman. Needham, 22, with five Purple Hearts and seven official citations, is one of the nine United Nations men alive after storming "Suicide Hill".

## MEET MILLIE

J. R. Boone, Jr., backs against the wall as his girl friend-secretary, Millie, tries her feminine wiles and her mother eavesdrops, on CBS-TV's comedy series, MEET MILLIE. Elena Verdugo, *left*, plays the title role. Boone is played by Marvin Kaplan; and Millie's mother by Florence Halop.





### **MY FRIEND IRMA**

This fast-paced comedy show co-starring Marie Wilson and Cathy Lewis, is still what television critic John Crosby called it: "a very funny . . . thoroughly professional show . . . (which has) . . . incorporated the very best features and eliminated the worst." Its cast includes Gloria Gordon as Mrs. O'Reilly, Sig Arno as Professor Kropotkin, Sid Tomas as Al, and Brooks West as Richard Rhineland.

### **JANE FROMAN'S USA CANTEEN**

Starring one of America's first ladies of song, famous for her magnificent work in entertaining the troops during World War II, U.S.A. CANTEEN is drawing raves from critics and viewers in its star-spangled salute to our Armed Forces. The program features Miss Froman's songs, a chorus, dancing and Henry Sylvan's orchestra, plus famous entertainers and talented amateurs now in service.





## STEVE WILSON AND HIS GIRL FRIDAY

**BIG TOWN**, half-hour mystery-adventure series, featuring lavish exterior photography and thrilling out-door action scenes, is one of the nation's big dramatic favorites. Patrick McVey stars as reporter Steve Wilson with screen actress Jane Nigh as his glamorous gal assistant, Lorelei Kilbourne.

## Captain Braddock of the RACKET SQUAD

**RACKET SQUAD**, the dramatic series that exposes the workings of confidence men and women and warns citizens of dangers from "get-rich-quick" schemes, is based on actual cases from the files of police and business protective organizations. The program stars Reed Hadley as Police Captain Braddock. His investigations reveal the workings of confidence schemes uncovered in all parts of the country.



## IT'S NEWS TO ME

John Daly, host and emcee of CBS-TV's popular news quiz program, tells the show's permanent panel members, Anna Lee, John Henry Faulk and Quentin Reynolds, of their high rating with TV audiences.



## AMOS AND ANDY

Alvin Childress (*left*) plays the lovable little Amos, down-to-earth family man and taxi driver. Spencer Williams is Andy, brown-derbied, romantic, and eternal fall guy for the Kingfish's schemes in CBS-TV's AMOS 'N' ANDY.

## SEARCH FOR TOMORROW

This dramatic and absorbing daytime serial commands one of daytime television's largest audiences in its presentation of the trials of a widowed young mother preyed upon by ambitious in-laws. Dr. Ned Hilton, through his deep friendship for Joanne, produces an intriguing conflict of values in the mind and life of this young heroine. Joanne Barron is the featured star.



## STRIKE IT RICH

The beaming faces of these elderly newlyweds are typical of the happy contestants on CBS-TV's **STRIKE IT RICH**. They are 80-year-old Adolph Dettmers and his 76-year-old bride, who won \$200 to help them set up housekeeping. Warren Hull (*right*) is host and master of ceremonies.



## THE WEB

To avoid stereotyped performances, **THE WEB**, realistic CBS-TV mystery drama series, frequently casts talented people not usually associated with the acting profession. Here, for example, vocalist Jane Morgan and Leon Tokatyan are co-starred in a typical telecast of this very popular program.

## THERE'S ONE IN EVERY FAMILY

A contestant shows emcee John Reed King (*standing*) the special interest that earned him the right to vie for prizes for himself and members of his family, on CBS-TV's novel audience participation quiz, **THERE'S ONE IN EVERY FAMILY**. The five-times weekly program rewards contestants whose kin are proud of their accomplishments.





## ALAN YOUNG

TIME TO SMILE returns the brilliant young comedian to television in an entirely new role. Starring him as a well-meaning bank clerk with an amazing aptitude for complicating any and every problem. Lovable but vague, Young possesses an uncanny talent for stumbling into difficulties. His millions of TV fans know how well developed that talent is.

## MY LITTLE MARGIE

Gale Storm as the title figure in CBS-TV's MY LITTLE MARGIE continues to delight audiences with her zany adventures.

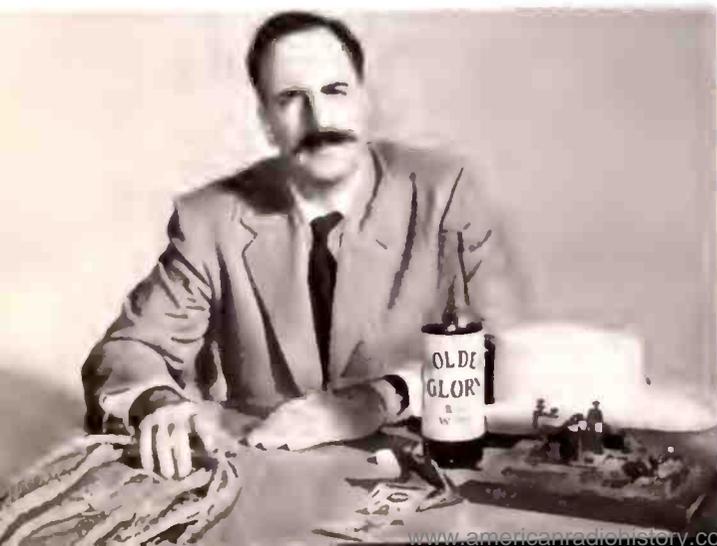


## I LOVE LUCY

Number One in popularity on all major rating services, week after week, attracting an average of 29-million estimated viewers each week—more than double the number of people who see the average Hollywood "A" film during its total domestic first run. I LOVE LUCY, the story of an uninhibited couple and their neighbors, co-stars Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz and features William Frawley and Vivian Vance.



## OMNIBUS with William Saroyan



Marking the first time he has ever written for television exclusively, William Saroyan, distinguished American playwright, presented his one-act play, "The Bad Men," and appeared personally as narrator on the premiere of OMNIBUS, an hour-and-a-half series on CBS-TV. This outstanding show has never been seen in Kansas City prior to the debut of Channel 9.



### THE BIG TOP

The full-hour weekly circus extravaganza, **THE BIG TOP**, is a children's favorite and also has a huge adult audience. With Jack Sterling as ringmaster, **THE BIG TOP** originates in Convention Hall in Camden, New Jersey, with a vast studio audience and more than 200 people taking an active part before the TV cameras on each show.



### HELEN O'CONNELL

Vivacious songstress Helen O'Connell is teamed with vocalist Bob Eberly and band-leader Ray Anthony on the CBS Television Network's thrice weekly TV's **TOP TUNES**.

### THE RED BUTTONS SHOW

is a popular CBS-TV drawing-card full of bounce and enthusiasm. Here Red Buttons, at the mike, is on view with Mitch Miller.





## JACKIE GLEASON

The veteran comedian of screen, radio, television and stage, in the role of the Timid Soul, one of the famed characterizations which he presents on the CBS-TV **JACKIE GLEASON SHOW**, a program which combines the sure-fire elements of glitter, spectacle, beauty (feminine) and laughter. Gleason himself presents such memorable characterizations as Rudy the Repairman; Reggie Van Gleason II; and Joe, a philosophical bartender.

## THE GUIDING LIGHT

Principals in the CBS-TV family drama, **THE GUIDING LIGHT**, first daytime radio serial to have its counterpart on television, are shown enacting one of the daily video episodes. They are (*left to right*): Herbert Nelson, as Joe Roberts; Jone Allison as his wife, Meta; Susan Douglas as Joe's daughter, Kathy; and Lyle Sudrow, as Bill Bauer.





## OUR MISS BROOKS

Comedienne Eve Arden as high school teacher Connie Brooks tries to convince her stuffy principal Mr. Conklin, played by Gale Gordon, that she has nothing to do with the latest shenanigans in her classroom, in a typical program of **OUR MISS BROOKS**.



## LOVE OF LIFE

is a sparkling and warm-hearted drama about a family's fight for happiness and dignity. Jean McBride is seen in the role of Meg, the heroine's sister, in the drama.

## SUSPENSE

Producer-director Robert Stevens (*right*) directs John Baragrey and Olive Deering in a sequence packed with tension on CBS-TV's **SUSPENSE**.



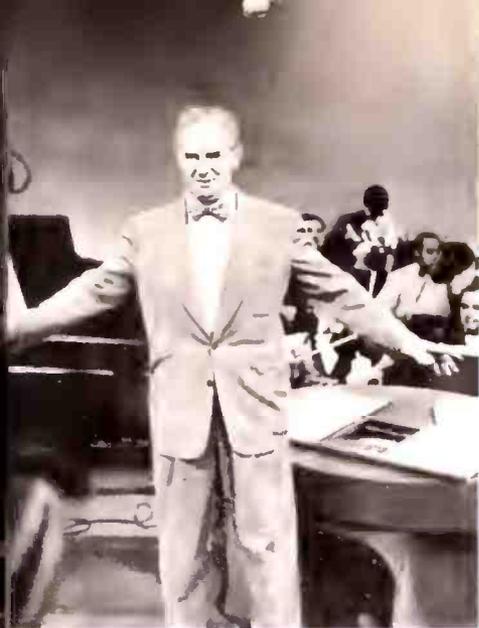
## LUX VIDEO THEATRE

One of television's top dramatic series, bringing audiences outstanding television plays starring such famous Hollywood actors and actresses as Miriam Hopkins, Celeste Holm, Raymond Massey and Pat O'Brien.



## BETTY FURNESS

Known to housewives the nation over for her adroit demonstrations of products for the home, lovely Betty Furness discusses clothes, charm and homemaking on CBS-TV program, MEET BETTY FURNESS.



## THE FRED WARING SHOW

Recipient of many top awards in musical programming, delighting viewers with memorable moments of music, comedy sketches, choreography, and spectacular production numbers, and featuring Fred Waring, the Pennsylvanians, the Glee Club, and dancers Nadine Gae and Mark Breaux.



## JACK BENNY VISITS "PRIVATE SECRETARY"

Jack Benny brings his droll humor and his famous fiddle to the CBS-TV comedy program, *PRIVATE SECRETARY*, starring Ann Sothern. Don Porter as her employer, Peter Sands.



## THIS IS SHOW BUSINESS

Sam Levenson, witty panelist of *THIS IS SHOW BUSINESS*, tries a tune on a famous fiddle as owner Jack Benny, and Levenson's colleagues, George S. Kaufman and Clifton Fadiman, look on with mixed feelings.



## PLAYHOUSE OF STARS

Beautiful Irene Dunne, one of Hollywood's top film personalities, is hostess of CBS-TV's PLAYHOUSE OF STARS. She introduces the cast of film stars who appear in the Playhouse drama every week.

## MAMA

continues as one of television's most consistently popular dramatic shows. This famous character (*center, below*) made her debut in the Kathryn Forbes best-selling novel "Mama's Bank Account," widened the scope of her popularity with the Broadway play "I Remember Mama," and then set box-office records as a motion picture under the same title. Peggy Wood as Mama.





## WHAT'S MY LINE?

Television's gayest game, **WHAT'S MY LINE?** has consistently been among the top-rated programs on the air and has received numerous awards as video's most popular quiz game. Regular panel members include Dorothy Kilgallen, Bennett Cerf, Arlene Francis, and Hal Block.

## LAMP UNTO MY FEET

The unsympathetic innkeeper stands forbiddingly at the door of his inn during a scene from "The Good Samaritan," one of the filmed Biblical parables using marionettes for actors, on CBS-TV's **LAMP UNTO MY FEET**.



## MR. AND MRS. NORTH

Pam and Jerry North—delightful detective duo known widely through their appearances in novels, movies and radio continue their adventures through the medium of television on the CBS-TV mystery-comedy series starring Barbara Britton and Richard Denning.





## THE LONE RANGER RIDES AGAIN —on Television

The Lone Ranger and his faithful Indian companion, Tonto, prepare to embark upon another of their exciting adventures on THE LONE RANGER program over CBS-TV.

## AMERICA'S FAVORITE COWBOY—GENE AUTRY

Gene Autry, star of the GENE AUTRY SHOW, is the hero of millions as he brings law and order to the West in the roles of sheriff, U.S. marshal, ranch foreman, cattleman, and happy-go-lucky rider of the sagebrush trail. His thrilling television programs will be seen on Channel 9 in Kansas City.





### **THE KEN MURRAY SHOW**

features one of America's favorite comedians, long famous for his ability to produce top-notch musical-comedy revues. His productions blend showmanship, comedy, music, dancing and big-name guests. In photo with Ken above is Laurie Andrews.



### **RANGER JOE — Jesse Rogers of WHB**

Jesse Rogers, star of the righ-rated RANGER JOE Western series, poses with his horse, Topaz. Rogers, an Oklahoma cowboy and cousin of the immortal Will Rogers and of yodeler Jimmie Rogers, has built up one of the biggest juvenile audiences in television. Well remembered by WHB listeners in the Kansas City area, he appeared on the WHB FARMER'S HOUR show now called WHB NEIGHBORIN' TIME, featuring Bruce Grant and Don Sullivan.

## GENERAL ELECTRIC THEATRE

Broderick Crawford stars in a typical weekly dramatization of the GENERAL ELECTRIC THEATRE, the summer replacement for THE FRED WARING SHOW, on CBS-TV.



## MAN AGAINST CRIME

Ralph Bellamy, noted Broadway and Hollywood actor, plays the role of private eye Mike Barnett on the CBS Television Network's MAN AGAINST CRIME.

## ARTHUR MURRAY PARTY



## BERT PARKS

Bert Parks, ebullient quizmaster who doubles in comedy as well as questioning, is starred in **DOUBLE OR NOTHING**, a fast-paced, half-hour quiz program on the CBS Television Network.



## Musical Companions on STUDIO ONE

Producer Montgomery Ford and his wife Celia Ryland (*rear*) are the composers of original lyrics and melody for the J. B. Priestly love story, "The Good Companions," which was presented as a musical drama on "Westinghouse Studio One Summer Theater." It co-starred Edith Fellows (*on keyboard*) and Hamish Menzies.





## I'LL BUY THAT

CBS-TV star Mike Wallace (*rear*) is moderator of a team of quiz experts consisting of (*left to right*) Albert Moorehead, editor and games authority; TV actress Robin Chandler; Hans Conreid of Broadway's "Can-Can"; and Vanessa Brown of "The Seven Year Itch," or I'LL BUY THAT, five - times - weekly daytime series.

## BURNS AND ALLEN

It's nice to have a man of science around the house, so Gracie, with the pure reason of genius, invites one to dinner. Here we have Dr. Gireaux (Maurice Marsac) being introduced to George. Needless to say, the situation explodes, on the **GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN SHOW**.



## PERRY COMO and the FONTANE SISTERS

Perry Como and the Fontane Sisters have as much fun performing on CBS-TV's **PERRY COMO SHOW** as the audience in viewing the performance.

## The GARRY MOORE SHOW

is a half-hour session of music and informal good humor, starring the easy-going comedian with a group of talented assistants, including vocalists Ken Carson and Denise Lor and announcer Durwood Kirby. All three regularly participate in the games, stunts and sketches included in the Moore program.



## THEY'VE GOT A SECRET



Beautiful Jayne Meadows whispers her own secret to emcee Garry Moore of CBS-TV's popular panel program **I'VE GOT A SECRET**. Miss Meadows, well known for her Hollywood films, is now a permanent member of the show's panel and along with the three other panelists on the program, tries to guess the secrets of the guests.



## NEWS AND SPORTS ON

### SPORTSCASTER

Russ Hodges (*left*), veteran sportscaster, comments for the CBS Television Network on the PABST BLUE RIBBON BOUTS every Wednesday night.

### SPORTS SPOT

Mel Allen (*below, right*), shown here with one of Sam Snead's golf clubs, is host to sporting greats on SPORTS SPOT, a fitting nightcap to the Wednesday night Blue Ribbon Bouts. The informal sports program immediately follows the fight broadcast.



### YOU ARE THERE

Walter Cronkite, chief Washington correspondent for the CBS Television Network, is narrator of the series, YOU ARE THERE. This exciting program re-creates and reports great events of history as if they were actually happening now.

CBS-TV  
CHANNEL  
9  
KANSAS CITY



### SEE IT NOW

Edward R. Murrow's **SEE IT NOW**, which many critics consider the greatest half-hour of television on the air, developed from the widely-acclaimed "I Can Hear It Now" record albums, and has been honored with the Peabody Award for "television news and interpretations."



### SUNDAY NEWS SPECIAL

This fifteen-minute preview of Monday's headlines brings a complete picture not only of latest news around the world, but also emphasizes the highlights of the preceding week. Don Hollenbeck, CBS-TV newsman, edits the program.



### DOUGLAS EDWARDS

was the first radio newsman to make the full-time switch to television. His **DOUGLAS EDWARDS WITH THE NEWS**, now in its fifth year, is seen every night, Monday through Friday.

### CHRONOSCOPE

Frank W. Taylor and Henry Hazlitt, co-editors of CBS-TV's weekly discussion of world history, talk over some of the issues to be considered on the program.





## BIG PAYOFF PARTNERS

Former "Miss America" Bess Myerson and Randy Merriman co-star in **THE BIG PAYOFF**, popular five-times-weekly audience participation program on which men win gifts galore for their ladies.



## FOUR ★ STAR PLAYHOUSE

Dick Powell, Charles Boyer and Joel McCrea are members of a group of stage and screen stars who take turns headlining **FOUR STAR PLAYHOUSE**, CBS-TV dramatic series on the air on alternate weeks. A different name star is presented every fourth week, to round out the quartette of top-ranking lead players.

**DICK POWELL**

**CHARLES BOYER** **JOEL McCREA**



## GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD

"The Soldier's Servant" was the first of three dramas to be seen on the award-winning religious series, THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD, on the CBS Television Net.

## FREEDOM RINGS

John Beal, star of stage and screen, heads the CBS-TV program, FREEDOM RINGS. The program combines comedy and audience participation with telephone contestants and studio audience members vying for prizes.



## BALANCE YOUR BUDGET

Bert Parks dubiously studies a young visitor to his CBS-TV program, BALANCE YOUR BUDGET.



## DANGER

features taut fictional mystery-dramas with casts composed of television's finest players. Each week's presentation is characterized by an attention to realism and detail that create a suspenseful thirty minutes of thrills. The show is produced by Charles Russell.

## BEAT the CLOCK

Bud Collyer, host and emcee of **BEAT THE CLOCK**, watches two contestants go through one of their assignments on this popular CBS-TV show. The problem here is to pick up a bottle with their bare feet from a tub of water. Guest contestants attempt to perform breath-taking and hilarious stunts while hurrying against a time limit.



## CITY HOSPITAL

This exciting and informative series depicts dramatic moments in the lives of doctors, nurses and patients in a big city institution. Melville Ruick (*left*) is starred as Dr. Barton Crane, medical director. The dramas profile the medical profession, with each complete story dealing in medical and psychiatric problems. Mysteries with a psychological twist are also presented.

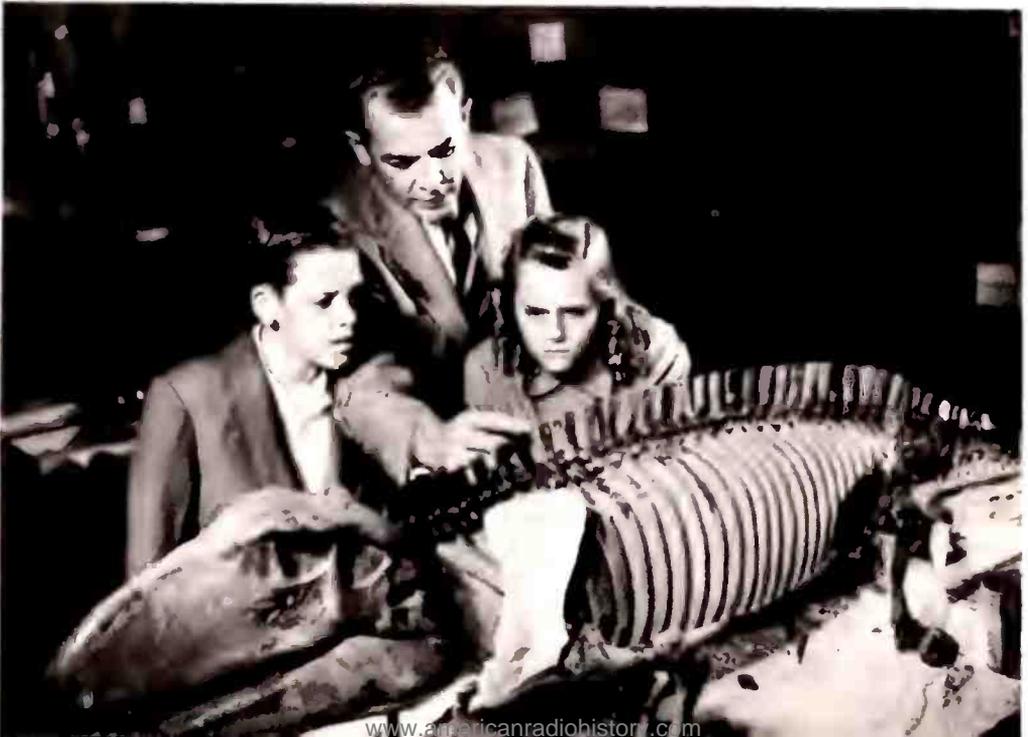
## STORK CLUB

The Stork Club in New York City, crossroads of the sophisticated world, is never without its coterie of glamorous personalities. Here is a typical scene at the world-famous rendezvous of smart folk—movie star Dorothy Lamour chatting with host Sherman Billingsley on the CBS-TV show. The programs originate directly from the Stork Club itself, via specially constructed studios equipped with complete telecasting facilities.



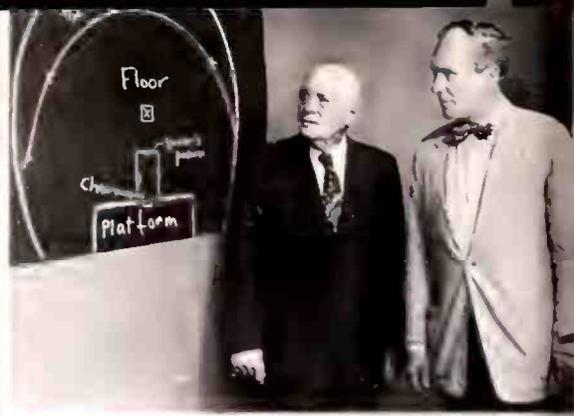
## ADVENTURE—from the Museum of Natural History

This series, from the American Museum of Natural History, proves that more drama, humor and suspense is hidden in the wonders of science than was ever contained in fiction. Here Charles Collingwood, CBS-TV newsman and anchor man of the program, examines an interesting museum exhibit with two young visitors.





Senator H. Alexander Smith (*left*) and Senator John J. Sparkman (*right*) discuss the Japanese Peace Treaty with Stuart Novines of CBS Public Affairs, in the first network special broadcast from San Francisco concerning the treaty.



Speaker Sam Rayburn of the House of Representatives studying with Bill Wood, CBS-TV Director of News and Public Affairs in Washington, a diagram of the Amphitheatre prior to the Democratic National Convention in Chicago.

## CBS-TV NEWS COVERAGE of SPECIAL EVENTS



### WALTER CRONKITE

CBS-TV newsman, being tailored to cover the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey.



### CRONKITE

in mobile television transmitting unit used to cover President Eisenhower's Inaugural Parade.

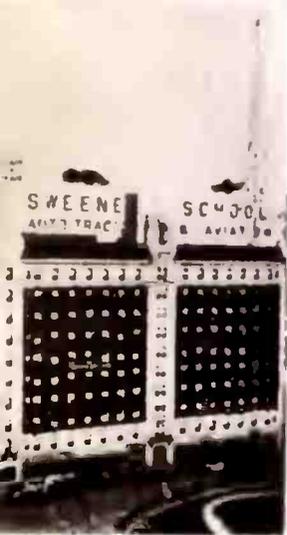
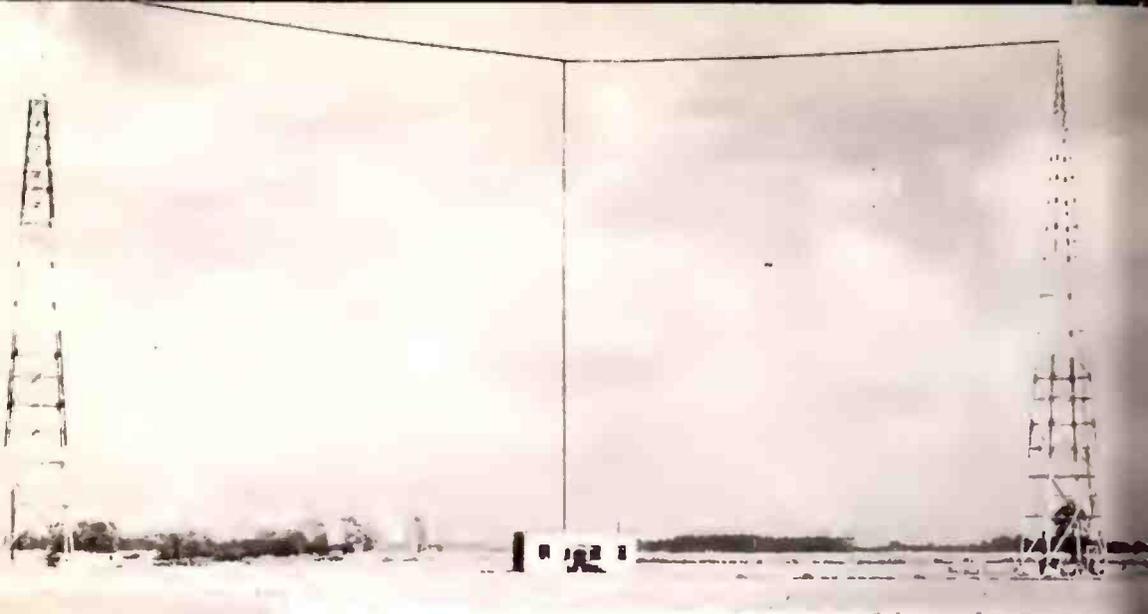
## CBS-TV ELECTION NIGHT HEADQUARTERS



# CHANNEL 9 IN KANSAS CITY BROADCASTS CBS-TV from Atop Missouri's Tallest Office Building

Photo at left shows the new Channel 9 transmitter mast, after its completion July 28, 1953. Below are action photos made the Saturday before, as steelwork for the transmitting equipment was hoisted to the top of the Power and Light Building—seven hundred feet above the average terrain. Henry E. Goldenberg, WHB-TV's chief engineer, watches progress of the work.





**THE LATE  
CHARLES R. COOK**



**ROBERT B.  
CALDWELL**

**WHB'S FIRST TOWERS**

are shown in photo above, when station was located in the old Sweeney Building on Union Station Plaza (now the BMA Building). At top of page, the towers and transmitter house erected for WHB when Cook Paint & Varnish Co. purchased WHB in 1930. These towers were used until the present transmitter building (opposite page) was built in 1948, near Liberty, Mo.



**LATHROP G.  
BACKSTROM**



**JOHN F.  
CASH**

# Through 31 YEARS

*with*

# WHE



**JOHN T.  
SCHILLING**



**HENRY  
GOLDENBERG**

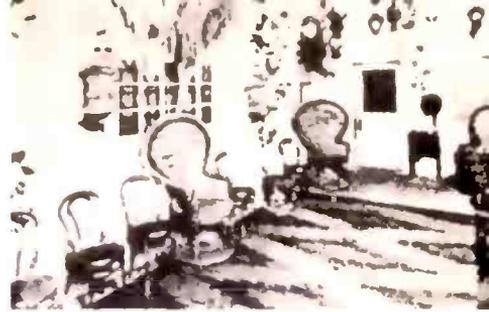


**DON DAVIS**

## THE STORY IN PICTURES







RECEPTION ROOM—SWEENEY STUDIOS  
(below) 500-WATT TRANSMITTING SET

1922

*"The  
Golden-  
Voiced  
Announcer"*



## JOHN T. SCHILLING

who has managed a single radio station longer than any other man in the world.

**THE SWEENEY ORCHESTRA.** First "staff orchestra" heard on any radio station! "Real music by best artists obtainable—all professionals. Finest in America . . . these men are paid straight salaries so that they can devote all their time to practice." Led by Louis Forbstein, "formerly musical director of the Royal Theater", now known in Hollywood as "Lou Forbes."





**RAMONA.** Pianist and vocalist, began her career at WHB.

**PAUL TREMAINE** (right) and his Columbia Recording Orchestra (below) of the '30s.



**ARARAT SHRINE SERENADERS**—1926. First "string band" in radio. Fred Kammer at upper right; Alex Adkins with accordion. They're still together in 1952 (with Pookey Lucas) as "The Strolling Troubadors."

## AT WHB IN "THE OLD



WHB became known by the '30s as the station "Where Headliners Begin." Pictured here are names familiar to every early-day crystal-set owner. Ramona graduated from WHB to Paul Whiteman's Orchestra. Paul Tremaine, saxophonist in Th Sweeney Orchestra, became a CBS conductor. Leath Stevens composes in Hollywood; wrote music played by Artur Rubenstein and New York Philharmonic in "Counterpoint."





**WENDELL HALL**  
"Red-Headed Music Maker"

**WOLFE & TOLLINGER**  
"Monometer Oil Twins"

## SWEENEY DAYS

"GOLDIE" (right) is nickname for Henry E. Goldenberg. As a lad he helped build first WHB transmitter. Has been WHB chief engineer ever since graduation in engineering from University of Illinois.

LEATH STEVENS (upper right) was a pianist at WHB; now writes music for Hollywood films.

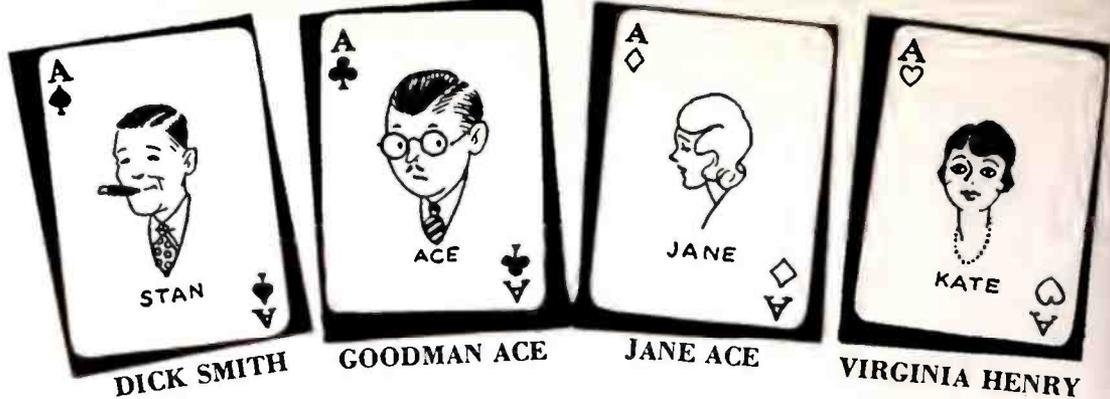
"ARKANSAS WOODCHOPPER" (far right). Henry Ossinbrink was pioneer "hill billy" singer-guitarist.



**MARTIN & TAYLOR**, popular "harmony team" of the '20s. Sam Martin, today a dairy products magnate, still strums a rhythmic uke; enjoys entertaining friends with songs and card tricks.

**RUTH YOUNGE** was featured in her own piano program; later led staff orchestra on studio programs and the "Jones Radio Revue."





## GOODMAN ACE — "THE MOVIE MAN"

**A**ROUND THE K. C. ATHLETIC CLUB, back in the 1920s, a young and sarcastic player of "Down-and-Out Rummy" named Goodman Ace was distinguished by three things: (1) A "literary" look sharpened by an immense pair of tortoise-shell glasses. (2) An intense dissatisfaction with the *status quo* of anything. (3) A habit, late in the week, of carrying around the current issue of *Variety*, trade paper and "bible" of show business.

Published in New York City Wednesdays, *Variety* never reached Kansas City before Fridays. There exists a feeling among Ace's intimates of those days that one reason he wanted to make the eastern "Big Time" was to read *Variety* on its publication date.

He made the "big time", all right!—as creator, writer, producer and director of "Easy Aces" in which he played "Ace". His first Chicago sponsor was Lavoris. Later the program originated in Manhattan for a succession of big moola advertisers. While in Chicago, Ace hired a school teacher to act one of the supporting roles, "Marge." This was Mary Hunter, now a successful stage director of Broadway plays.

"Easy Aces" ran for years. Goodie, more of a calculating business man than old Athletic Club pals might suppose, was wily enough to keep perfect recordings of all his live broadcasts, while also retaining the copyrights. Later he packaged these "Aces" in re-issue form, as transcribed shows; and collected an additional \$75,000 a year on his files.

With the demise of "Easy Aces", Goodie showed up at CBS as a high-priced executive in the program department. Seldom has there been such an executive. Typically he presided over a motley circle of strange characters known as gag men—many of them semi-literate but possessed of a wild genius for twisting normal comments into crazy jokes. Ace was the boss genius. More recently he has been the man behind Tallulah on NBC's "Big Show"—chief wag and gag washer. On the side, he's the erudite TV-Radio critic for *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

An enthusiastic horse player quick to pursue those fast bucks, he turned out a filmed version of "Easy Aces" used as movie shorts and





on TV. His newest radio show, "Jane Ace, Disc Jockey," stars his wife Jane, a Kansas City girl whom he married in 1922.

At that time Ace was a columnist, movie and theatrical critic for *The Kansas City Post*, the newspaper described by Gene Fowler as "the Bonfils and Tammen *shimbun* which since 1909, has daily startled Kansas Citians (circulation 190,000) with its crime news and blood-red headlines." In 1922, multi-millionaire Walter S. Dickey bought the *Post* for \$1,250,000, and merged it with his *Kansas City Journal*. Ace developed as a member of the *Journal-Post* editorial "stable" which included Ed Cochrane, Eddie Meisburger, Earle Smith, Tom Collins and John Cameron Swayze.

Ace did his first broadcasting on WHB as "The Movie Man", talking about movies and answering questions. Then he created "Easy Aces", which Don Davis (at that time an advertising agency partner in the firm of Loomis,

Baxter, Davis & Whalen) sold to Arthur S. Bird for Bird's Drugs, Inc., retail drug chain.

Blackett-Sample-Hummert took the act to Chicago; and Ace began reading *Variety* Thursdays.

Ace writes: "Congratulations, Don Davis, on the 30th Anniversary of enterprising WHB! The first time I ever knew a microphone well enough to speak to was at WHB in the old Sweeney Building. My roommate, Jane, who used to help me out at WHB claims now that I dragged her up there when she was a child of two. But she does remember you fondly as the man who got us our first big sponsor when we started 'Easy Aces' in Kansas City. However, I personally remember you most fondly for those delicious girls on the WHB swing. All our love and continued prosperity."

GOODMAN AND JANE ACE

P.S.—Ace now reads *Variety* on Wednesdays.

# NORVELL SLATER

"The Cook Painter Boy"

**NORVELL RECALLS** the '30s when his duties as staff announcer included sweeping out, filing phonograph records, running the control board and selling time. He also did a one-man show as "The Cook Painter Boy," at 10 o'clock every morning—bearing the piano, singing a few ditties and giving commercials for Cook's Paints. One morning he received a call from the Foreman & Clark store; rushed over with rate card and contract; and to his surprise signed the advertiser for a schedule of spot announcements. Suddenly he realized that in his excitement he had completely forgotten about his radio program. But he was glad to get the advertising order!



Slater (above) now lives in Dallas, Texas, where he is on the staff of WFAA and has regular programs on WFAA-TV.

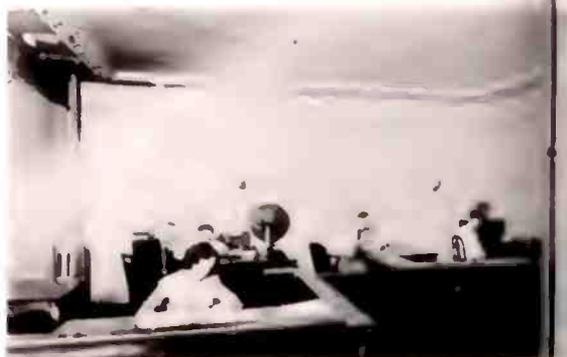
## IN THE "HOTEL BALTIMORE" STUDIOS

**D**ARK DAYS and silent nights descended upon WHB in 1929, when the station lost its full-time license coincident with the decline in the fortunes of Emory J. Sweeney, its founder. With 500-watts power, WHB was assigned a daytime license on 860 kilocycles. When Mr. Sweeney sold the Sweeney Building, studios were moved to the Hotel Baltimore (which formerly occupied the block on Balti-

more Avenue between 11th and 12th Streets.) Here, working selflessly, John Schilling and Henry Goldenberg kept the station on the air and struggled to save its license; while the courts negotiated a sale. But the station remained popular with listeners! Every Saturday afternoon 800 of them would crowd into the "Pompeiiian Room" of the hotel to witness the "WHB Staff Frolic."



**THE BALTIMORE STUDIOS** were in one large room of the hotel. Behind a glass partition was the layout shown above. Control panel and record turntable occupied closet.



**BUSINESS OFFICE** was at other end of the same room. At desks: Lou O'Connor Wilcher, John Schilling and Jack Glover; Al Stone, Norvell Slater; and Margaret Barnum Coe.

# LOUISE WILCHER

Organist—"Staff Frolic" Pianist

**LOU'S MEMORIES INCLUDE:** An age-long silence when a remote-control bell from the Baltimore Studios failed to ring in the Jenkins Organ Studios, three blocks away, as her signal to begin her program . . . The day a repairman, stranded in the organ pipes when a ladder fell, was forced to remain there during 30 minutes of music. He was deaf for hours afterward! . . . And the time Lou was arrested for speeding en route to the studios, then marooned in an elevator which got stuck. Lifted out over the operator's shoulders, she arrived with five seconds to spare. The program: "Daydreaming At The Piano—An Interlude for Relaxation."

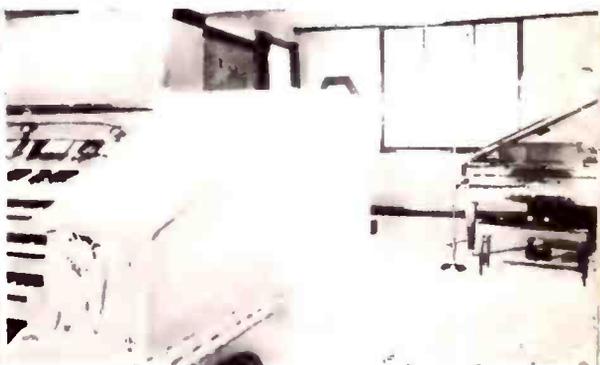


Lou, (above) today, at the Hammond organ in her Stamford, Conn., home. Not shown: son Charles; daughters Cindy Lou and Jennifer; husband, Jack Wilcher. At right, as Lou O'Connor in 1931.

## — COOK'S PAINTS ACQUIRE WHB

**T**HE LATE Charles R. Cook, president of the Cook Paint & Varnish Company, was a music-lover to whom the idea of owning a broadcasting station appealed greatly. He was encouraged by one of his young executives, John F. Cash, later to become a vice-president of the Cook organization. Although radio was not yet "commercial" (it was taboo in those days to mention the price of an advertised

article over the air), Mr. Cash envisioned broadcasting as a great advertising medium, as well as a combination of theatre, concert stage, public forum, schoolhouse and town crier. Mr. Cook was persuaded to purchase the old Sweeney equipment, and advance funds for the erection of a new broadcasting plant in North Kansas City. The WHB license was transferred to Cook's April 15, 1930.



**NEW TRANSMITTER** was erected near Cook Paint factory in North Kansas City, in 1930. A 1,000-watt Western Electric set; licensed to operate daytime only with 500 watts.

**ORGAN STUDIOS** were in the Jenkins Music Company Building. Here Lou O'Connor Wilcher and S. F. Rendina played organ-piano concerts still remembered by listeners.



**STUDIO "A"**  
 (left) contained record turntables and announcers' control board. (Below) **JOHN T. SCHILLING** as he looked in '32.



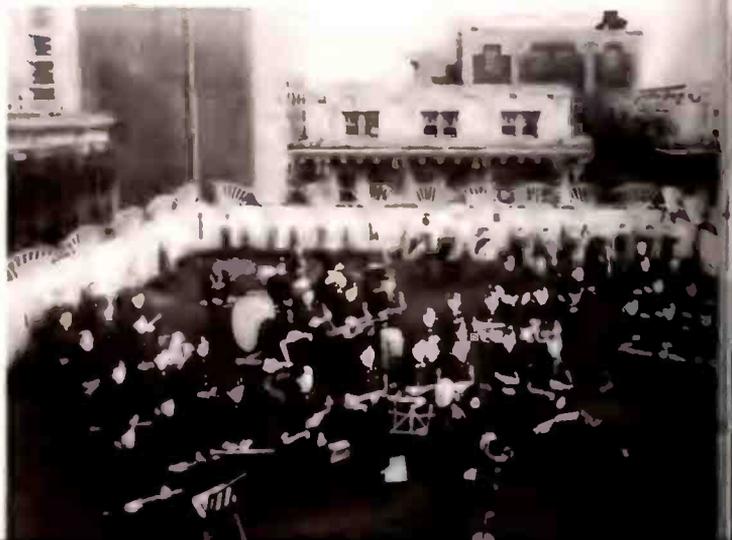
## 1932 • "WHB GREET'S YOU FROM PENT"

**I**N MAY, 1931, Cook's decided to enlarge the WHB Staff by employing an advertising executive. Don Davis, who was then a partner in the advertising agency of Loomis, Baxter, Davis & Whalen, had in 1927 plunged with both feet into radio. As an agency man, he was writing European travelogues given on WMAQ in Chicago for The Travel Guild by

Bill Hay, the Amos & Andy announcer. He had sold "Easy Aces", at that time just becoming known in Kansas City, to Arthur S. Bird for Bird's Drugs. For Loose-Wiles Candy, he produced in Hollywood one of the earliest dance band transcription programs, by Earl Burnett's Orchestra from the Hotel Biltmore, featuring the Burnett Trio and Jess Kirkpatrick. For Cook's, Davis had launched "The Cook Painter Boys" orchestra.

**OUTDOOR STUDIO** (right) on Scarritt Building Roof. The K. U. Band plays a concert.

**PENTHOUSE GRILL** had a soda fountain, tables for twenty, and did a thriving business with studio visitors. This room now houses WHB Newsbureau.



**STUDIO "B"**  
 (right) was the  
 "big" studio, home  
 of the "Staff Frolic"  
 (Below) **DON**  
**DAVIS** in '32.



## HOUSE STUDIOS" in the Scarritt Building

**C**OOK'S INVITED Davis to become president of WHB—and he began by employing Ed Dennis, just out of K. U., as a salesman; and by negotiating a lease for new studios. James Free, of the firm of Free & Sleininger (now Free & Peters), a Scarritt son-in-law and a pioneer radio station representative, found WHB its Penthouse in the Scarritt Building. Remodeling began; alternating current was brought in from the new Fidelity

Building; and WHB occupied its "new" studios in June, 1932. Space on the floor below was added as the staff grew in numbers and the complexities of programming and station operation increased. "Penthouse Serenade" became WHB's theme song, played at sign-on and sign-off . . . with special WHB lyrics by Jack Wilcher.

**JENKINS AUDITORIUM STUDIO** (left) was home of the "Kansas City Kiddies Revue." Saturday mornings, two complete performances were often given, to accommodate crowds. First performance was broadcast.

**PRESIDENT'S OFFICE** was also used as studio.





## MUSICAL CLOCK

July 12, 1931, WHB brought the "original Musical Clock" to Kansas City. Halloween Martin of KYW (then located in Chicago) trained **GEORGE HOGAN** (above) to broadcast program.

## GEORGIE PORGIE BOYS • CHORUS GIRLS

Sensationally popular on WHB in the early '30s were Cranberry Bill, Jack Savage and Doc Hopkins, shown above with their "fiddler", Shep. They advertised "Georgie Porgie Breakfast Food" in 30-minute programs twice a day—with such success that rival cereal makers wondered what had happened to their market in Kansas City!

Because of its daytime license, WHB was unattractive to the networks as an outlet. (This condition continued until Mutual accepted WHB as a daytime outlet in 1936.) Prior to that date, WHB could carry no network dance-band "remotes". Hence, "Day Work In A Night Club"—an ingenious broadcast of rehearsals from the Avalon Supper Club floor show.

## DAY WORK IN A NIGHT CLUB





## CAPT. W. G. MOORE

Another "pioneer" of the '30s was the late "Bill" Moore, ex-pilot in the RCAF of World War I, who began his radio career on WHB as a hockey reporter. While a captain in the U.S. Air Force Reserve, he and Bob Burt originated "Jimmie Allen"; and Moore wrote "Howie Wing" sponsored by Kellogg's on CBS. Don Davis was Moore's personal manager.



## THE "COOK TENOR"

Shortly after WHB occupied its Penthouse Studios, John Wahlstedt joined staff, singing as "The Cook Tenor" and serving as a salesman, then as program director. He was featured with Lou O'Connor at the organ (and later Alberta), in a half-hour daily program.

## JOHN WAHLSTEDT



## "WEATHERMAN-

## IN-PERSON"

Kansas City offices of the Weather Bureau at this time were located in the Scarritt Building. June 24, 1932, A. M. Hamrick, official government weather forecaster, made his first broadcast over WHB—believed to be the first weather man ever to broadcast official weather forecasts.

## A. M. HAMRICK





**CHARLES LEE**  
with **RICHARD McGEHEE**  
his "Stooge"

**VERA McNARY**



# THE KANSAS CITY

## "KIDDIES' REVUE" Produced by CHARLES LEE





A half-hour weekly stage-show and broadcast that ran for 520 performances over a period of ten years was the result of a friendship between Lathrop Backstrom, now president of Cook Paint & Varnish Company, and Charles Lee Adams. Backstrom and Adams were members of the 356th Infantry, 89th Division in World War I.

Adams turned up in Kansas City in 1932, thinking perhaps his years of stage experience might be useful in radio. Backstrom sent him to WHB. There was no "job" open—but as usual, when promising talent appeared, Don and John set out to create an opportunity for the applicant. They persuaded John W. Jenkins III and Frank Howard of the Jenkins Music Company to sponsor a weekly program which Adams created and titled the *Kiddies Revue*.

Adams auditioned hundreds of small fry, built an orchestra of child performers, en-

listed the aid of Kansas City's dancing schools, planned routines, suggested costumes, wrote a theme song and each week's scripts—and for eight years produced a weekly show which he emceed as "Charles Lee." It carried on for two years after Adams left WHB . . . but no other producer could quite make it "click" as Adams had done. He was a marvel of ingenuity, patience, kindness and diplomacy—dealing with jealous mothers and child performers who often displayed unexpected twists of temperament. Each week, out of chaos and bedlam, Adams turned in a smooth performance and a finished "production." An entire generation of young Kansas City performers learned stage technique from "Charles Lee."

Outstanding among them is Vera Claire McNary, of the Kansas City Philharmonic, whose "Marimba Co-Eds" are a flashy new sensation in the entertainment world, touring the United States, Canada and the Caribbean.





**JACK TODD** (above) announced, sang hymns, was program director. He now manages KAKE in Wichita, Kansas.

NELSON RUFARD (below) operated recording equipment, wrote programs, and "pinch hit" generally. Now operates KIND, Independence, Kansas.



**"MOUSE" STRAIGHT** (above) was first WHB Continuity Editor, wrote famous 1933 Year Book. Is now Advertising Manager, Spencer Chemical Co.

## KATZ' First "Million Dollar Sale" RADIO SHOW

**T**HE SCENE BELOW is in Kansas City's "Convention Hall", now razed to make way for its \$6,000,000 Municipal Auditorium. The occasion was the climax of Katz Drugs' first "Million Dollar Sale" in 1930. Attractions were an auction sale of Katz merchandise and

"WHB Radio Show". Les Jarvies was master of ceremonies. The crowd was almost too big for police to handle. Evolution of this idea is annual "Katz Concert" in Municipal Auditorium, presenting Kansas City's Philharmonic Orchestra and world-famous guest artists.





"BELLE NEVINS" (below) was radio "stage name" for Mrs. Cliff Johnston, popular vocalist on daily program.



TOMMY WRAY (above) succeeded Stebbins; was popular livestock market reporter for several years.

GLENN STEBBINS (above) was Secretary of K. C. Livestock Exchange; broadcast daily market reports.

## THE NORTH SIDE MUNICIPAL COURT

**T**O PROVIDE a morning half-hour of "public service" programming designed to reduce traffic accidents, WHB conceived the idea of broadcasting court proceedings against persons arrested for speeding and other traffic viola-

tions, by remote control, direct from the courtroom. With Judge Tom Holland on the bench and Prosecutor Tom Gershon the broadcasts proved sensational; cut traffic death rate 44%; and were imitated in 26 American cities.



**LES JARVIES**, Comedian, and **ALLEN FRANKLIN**, M. C. sparked "Jones Radio Revue"—with Ruth Younge's Orchestra and WHB vocalists as entertainers. Jarvies and Franklih gave daily humorous skit.



**EDDIE AND JIMMIE DEAN** (above) shown here with Mel & John presented half-hour programs for Crazy Crystals. Duo later scored success in Hollywood.



## THE "JONES RADIO REVUE"

Sales promotion manager of The Jones Store, J. V. Hopkins, had idea for a daily noon hour of free broadcast entertainment for store's customers—presenting the "WHB Farmers' Hour"

and a variety show titled the "Jones Radio Revue." For almost two years, an average of 1400 people daily attended broadcast in store auditorium.



# JACK GROGAN

FROM NEW YORK CITY, where he is program manager of NBC's flagship stations WNBC and WNBC-FM, John M. Grogan wrote on WHB's 30th birthday:

"Six of WHB's 30 years—from 1934 to 1939—represent some of my happiest and most productive. The twelve years, 48 states and eight countries I've gone through since haven't dimmed my memories of wonderful people and experiences I knew while on the staff at the old Alma Mater.



## with DIXIE'S LUMBERJACKS

"Every day was a new experience—some startling, some screwball, some tragic, some hilarious—but most of them unforgettable. I remember a March day in 1939 when I was the first male ever to broadcast from the swimming pool of the Y.W.C.A. . . . Y-double-yuh, that is!

"And the characters who crowded into our 'Man-on-the-Street' mikes at the Midland Theatre—the merchants, housewives, judges and bums who all wanted to get their two-cents-worth said! Like the kindly, sweet-faced, white-haired old lady who latched onto the mike and flailed a local politician in language qualifying her for membership in the Truck Drivers' Local.

"I remember the WHB Christmas Cupboard programs where we pulled in carloads of canned foods for needy families. And broadcasts from the 'glass bowl studios'—window remotes from John Maguire's store on Grand Avenue, with crazy, wonderful Les Jarvies! I remember

## and the STYLE AND SMILE LEADERS

Andy Anderson      Les Jarvies  
Jack Grogan        Lou Kemper



Charles Lee and the Kiddies' Revue . . . the 3,971st Staff Frolic . . . and the incomparable Virge Bingham. First-timers to the Frolic were hard to convince of Virge's blindness because he was so uncannily at home on the 12th floor, and never fumbled or stumbled . . . And the American Royals we covered!—the parades—the sports—and special events of every hue and color!

"But I remember best the spring day in 1934 when my home telephone rang, with Jack Todd calling to tell me I was to start at WHB next week, on the staff! It didn't matter that it was for \$10 a week . . . or that I was to make my air debut as 'Melody Mike and His Mountaineers' . . . or that the sponsor was *Feenamint*. At last I was a radio man and my future lay brightly ahead of me! Thanks for everything, and an even happier sixtieth anniversary!"





## THE HARL SMITH ORCHESTRA

**P**ERENNIAL favorites in Kansas City and on WHB, Harl's orchestra has been at Sun Valley, Idaho, since the world-famous Union Pacific resort opened in 1936—was "staff band" at WHB in 1931-34. Photo above shows the original group at The Kansas City Club in 1933—photo at right, in 1952. In Ketchum, Idaho, Harl (photo at left) operates the Chrysler agency; "Brute" Hurley sells Chrysler cars; Paul Bragg is Utoco gasoline distributor; Hap Miller has an appliance and record store.



BERGENER



McCARRICK



HURLEY



BRAGG



MILLER

*I'm Doing My Life For You*



POSTER below heralded Harl's appearance at Hotel Bellerive and over WHB in 1944.

"I'M LIVING MY LIFE FOR YOU"  
Band's theme was written by Harl and Nick. A Hal Kemp recording is now a collector's item.



# HARL'S MEMORIES SUN VALLEY ORCHESTRA



**H**ARL'S MEMORIES of "the old days" at WHB recall when the band broadcast by remote control from Hap Miller's apartment at the Coronado—"Studio Z of WHB"—to save the boys the trouble of making a trip to WHB each afternoon! . . . Of the time they offered to give away six-week-old kittens found by Peg Smith—and had 407 telephoned requests. Harl had announced that Nick McCarrick would deliver the kittens in person! . . . Fan

letters suggested the band should have a girl singer. The boys built it up—said they had selected one—and that she would appear on a certain date. The day arrived and Nick's little girl, aged three, sang a chorus of their theme. "And I never heard it done better," writes Harl. . . . Photo below shows the orchestra in 1944 on outdoor terrace at Sun Valley Lodge. In the background is the skating rink. At Sun Valley, they skate all summer.





## “RED” NICHOLS

## JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE

FROM THE Muehlebach Grill in 1933, Red Nichols and His Orchestra began a dance-band parade which for many months included Isham Jones, Henry King, Freddy Martin, George Hamilton, Gus Arnheim, Ben Pollack, Barney Rapp, Nye Mayhew, Paul Pendarvis, Dell Coon, Benny Meroff, Carl “Deacon” Moore, Earl Burnett, Boyd Raeburn, Carlos Molina, Herbie Kay (with Dorothy Lamour as vocalist), Art Jarrett and Eleanor Holm, Henry Halstead (Clarence Rand, vocalist), and many others.

became WHB’s featured newscaster in 1935, broadcasting a quarter-hour three times daily from the *Journal-Post*.

## JACK WILCHER

who wrote lyrics for WHB’s Theme Song. Now a New York agency executive, he writes commercial jingles and popular songs; is a Radio and TV producer.



## “THE SONGCOPATORS”

Vocal trio organized at WHB, who later joined “Red” Nichols and were on Kellogg’s NBC show from New York.

**RUSS CROWELL    GEORGE BACON    JACK WILCHER**





"Pete" Swayze recalls a muffed remote control signal, when he blew his nose just as his WHB mike was cut in. "Listeners heard what sounded like a tremendous Bronx cheer," he says. "It was one of my most embarrassing moments." This photo is of Swayze, the Camel News Caravan TV newscaster of today.



**DICK SMITH**  
 Joined WHB staff in 1933 as announcer. Produced hundreds of commercial shows; became newscaster, War Program Manager, Chief of Newsbureau, Program Director.



**JIMMIE ATKINS**  
 A "crooner" who plays his own guitar. At WHB two years, leaving to form a trio with Ernie Newton and Les Paul. Later with Fred Waring; now a producer at KOA, Denver.

**LES JARVIES**  
**ALLEN FRANKLIN**  
**NORVELL SLATER**  
**JACK TODD**



**SOL BOBROV**  
 and the  
**KANSAS CITY CLUB**  
**ORCHESTRA**

On his first "job," Bobrov, a violinist, became WHB Musical Director after graduation from K. U. In his memorable orchestra pictured below are three to-be members of the K. C. Philharmonic; Lois Kraft, harpist; Ralph Stevens, cello (bass); Herb Johnston, drums. Connie Morris played piano; George Morris, trumpeter; Frank Wagner, saxophone. Jimmie Atkins played guitar. He and Zerlina Nash were vocalists.

**COUNT BASIE**

Featured on WHB for three years. "WHB is just wonderful," the Count writes. "I will always remember that you started me. Any time I needed cash, John would send me to Jenkins



and that wonderful organ. At times when there wasn't a spot open, Don would still give me the good cash . . . One day Don played with an idea for a piano spot in the afternoon for me, and I sang "Sunny Side of the Street." After the show, Don said: "Count, everything is O.K.—but would you care if the vocal were cut?"





**BOB CALDWELL, JR.**

Bob came to WHB from the University of Missouri in 1933; established the Newsbureau when WHB's exchange news arrangement with Kansas City *Journal-Post* was dissolved in 1937. Broadcast news and special events.



**LINDSEY G. RIDDLE**

Lindsey was a resourceful member of WHB's engineering staff; left to join WDSU, New Orleans, where he is now chief engineer of AM, FM and TV operations.



**VIC DAMON**

Vic installed and operated the WHB recording laboratory, Kansas City radio's first, at the Penthouse Studios in 1935. Night-time Mutual programs were transcribed for daytime broadcast until WHB secured full-time license.



**"BUBS" BOYLE**

Harold A. Boyle, from Northwestern University, joined WHB as a salesman. He is best remembered for his K.U.-0, Notre Dame-80 football play-by-play broadcast from South Bend; and as "The Irish Reporter", WHB's first "Man-On-The-Street."

**SUMMERTIME ON WHB's "MARINE DECK"**



# WAUHILLAU LaHAY Recalls "Those Good

**T**HAT TIME-WORN old cliché, one big happy family, isn't a cliché at all when I think about those old days at WHB. And I'm lucky enough to relive them often here in New York when I run into Jack "Sonny" Grogan and Kay Storm and Jack Wilcher and Lou O'Connor Wilcher and a lot of other ex-WHB-ers.

The first thing I always think of is my first show, "The Gadabout." I was scared simple. Bingham and Wells, the two blind pianists-singers, were on the show with me and the boys knew I was in the throes of a terrible case of mike-fright. Just before airtime, Virge turned around and "looked" at me and said, "Honey, if you get scared, just look at me and I'll wink at you." That shocked me back to normal and, I think and hope, the program went over. At least it stayed on the air all the time I was in Kansas City.

Virge always fascinated me. He knew every one of us by our steps. He'd call out the phone number you had just dialed. He could remember everybody's key—even on "Staff Frolic." I used to tag around after him to watch him amaze others as he did me.

As a matter of fact, it's a wonder I ever wrote all those thousands upon thousands of programs and announcements. I don't see how I ever had the time because I was so busy watching and listening to Harl Smith's band and begging Loru Bailey to sing "I Didn't Know What Time It Was" and asking Sol Bobrov to play "African Lament" and shooting the breeze with Vera Cottingham at the switchboard and playing "battleship" with Mouse Straight and Ann Campbell and listening to Dick Smith's newest stories and dreaming up tricks to play on Russell Pratt.

But write 'em I did—and was on most of the programs I wrote. I well remember the night at the Muehlebach Plantation Grill that Don Davis introduced me to a Major Glueck. "You're our new home economist," said Don, "and this is your sponsor." In no time at all, I was wearing a longer dress and a hair net and lecturing to three hundred women on how to boil water! "Mrs. Bliss and Her Magic Kitchen" was the program's legit title, but nobody but nobody at WHB ever called it anything but "Mrs. Blich and Her Magic Kissin'"! And I learned to cook, by gum!

The memories come in flashes . . . one of the "Girls of the Golden West" who always wore gold sandals to the studio . . . the day



**DOROTHY ★ WAUHILLAU**

I was making an announcement and proclaimed that "WHB broadcast from sun-up to dawn every day" . . . Norvell Slater's wedding with the kids in the studio (Ruth Lyons at the piano) broadcasting the nuptial music . . . the name and character of "Betty Gay" I created for a hosiery shop chain—now their "trade mark" . . . Herb Cook, "The Oklahoma Joy Boy" and the Three Little Words . . . Russ Pratt and I, both unable to carry a tune, joining serious Jess Kirkpatrick, to his sur-



**DOROTHY LAMOUR AND HERBIE KAY  
at the MUEHLEBACH GRILL**

# Old Days at WHB<sup>3</sup>

prise, as he sang "For You" . . . WHB's Ad Club show at the Kansas City Club when De Wolf Hopper did his wonderful "Casey at the Bat" and Russ Pratt, in the guise of an English radio man, preceded Ed Kobak's fine speech with the most sensational half-hour I ever heard . . . that hillbilly woman singer who put on complete stage make-up including beaded eyelashes for every performance . . . Cec Widdifield's wonderful French accent on a Lucky Tiger hair tonic program . . . Jack Todd's fan who wrote him passionate love letters every day and signed them, after pouring out her undying love in every line, "Yours Truly." . . . Blanche La Bow and her songs . . . ethereal Belle Nevins . . . the Nortnside Municipal Court broadcasts and the laughs we had over the characters—including all the "John Does" who were pinched in a Chesterfield Club raid.

"The Story Behind the Song" was a brain-child of mine and, I understand, went on for years. And "Kitty Kelly" and "Montgomery Ward's Christmas Lady" and all those others I used to write and announce. I should probably be proudest of a slogan I coined for the Gorman Furniture Company—"B. Gorman-wise, Economize." Yipe!

There weren't singing commercials then, but we sang 'em! Any of us—including salesmen—pinch hit when an announcer didn't get to the microphone on time. Even Goldie and



**WAUHILLAU LAHAY**  
**"THE GADABOUT"**

John T. Schilling used to be heard occasionally.

And those parties Charlie Cook used to give for us! WHAT food! John Wahlstedt always sang and Lou O'Connor played and the whole gang entertained.

Doggone it, Don and John, can I come back?

## THE "JUBILESTA" OPENING ★ 1936

**BRYCE B. SMITH**  
**DICK SMITH**  
**DAVE RUBINOFF**  
**GEORGE GOLDMAN**  
**BEN BERNIE**  
**HENRY F. McELROY**  
**BOB BURNS**  
**RUSSELL LUGER**  
**JOHN CAMERON**  
**SWAYZE**



# WHB WINS VARIETY "SHOWMANSHIP"



**EDUARDO HELLMUND**



**JESS KIRKPATRICK**



**CHARLES GUSSMAN**

**P**ERSONALITIES, programs, push and promotion led to *Variety's* award in 1936. Among the "personalities" were Eduardo Hellmund, WHB Travel Man, now living in Caracas, Venezuela, who with Don Davis staged Kansas City's first amateur "Skating Carnival" and its first "International Travel Show" . . . Jess Kirkpatrick, now a radio, TV and motion

picture actor in Hollywood . . . "Chuck" Gussman, now of Bucks County, Pa., radio writer . . . Dr. Russell Pratt, now an advertising agent in Pittsburgh . . . the late Virgil Bingham, sensational blind pianist, vocalist and arranger . . . Herb Cook, composer and pianist who organized and trained the "Three Little Words" appearing with Phil Spitalney.



**DR. RUSSELL PRATT**



**JAMES ROOSEVELT**



**VIRGIL BINGHAM**



**HERB COOK**

## ICE CLUB "SKATING CARNIVAL" AT PLA-MOR ARENA



# AWARD AS BEST DAYTIME STATION



JESS ★ BENNY FIELDS



JESS ★ DR. PRATT



DOROTHY QUACKENBUSH

**S**TAGE ATTRACTION at Travel Show, produced by Charles Lee, and presented twice daily for a week, featured numbers by "Red" Nichols and His Five Pennies, the "Songcopators" and Jess Kirkpatrick . . . specialties by members of the WHB staff . . . and dancers from the "Kiddies' Revue." A bathing beauty contest, won by Dorothy Quackenbush, provided a "line" of show girls. Script for the production was written by Arnold Isenburg and Al Stine.

From Hollywood, Jess Kirkpatrick writes: "My first and fondest memory of WHB is that it is the station of opportunity. Many of us in the radio and TV field here in Hollywood got our start at WHB. Everyone was so wonderful that I shall always treasure the friendships I made there."

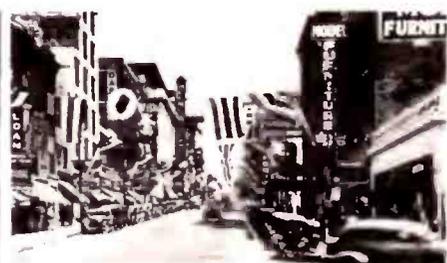


**VERNON HOYT**, *Variety's* Kansas City correspondent, presents "Showmanship Plaque" to Don Davis for WHB.

## "INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL SHOW" AT AUDITORIUM







**WHB 15th ANNIVERSARY PARTY**

**DANCING**  
with live music  
and refreshments  
open invited

**STAGE 5**  
with live music  
and refreshments  
open invited

**MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM**  
9 PM. TICKETS BY SAT. JUN 15





**ERNIE SCRUGGS and the WHB STAFF ORCHESTRA**



**STUDIO ORCHESTRA**



## **ALBERTA BIRD**

Staff organist of WHB "Frolic" and accompanist for John Wahlstedt, the "Cook Tenor." Featured on the Duff & Repp program.

**VERNON WATERS      KENNETH KAY**



## **KATE SMITH**

**P**ictured, left, is the incomparable Kate, "Songbird of the South", with her manager Ted Collins and accompanist Jack Miller, on a visit to WHB. Friendly, informal and a seasoned showman, it is WHB's guess that Kate will always be there whenever "the moon comes over the mountain."





THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG



SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE



SAM LEICHTER

BETTY ANN PAINTER

TOBY NEVIUS

ZERLINA NASH

## BEN BERNIE

**P**ART OF THE FUN of working at WHB—then, now and tomorrow — stems from visits to the studios by actors, actresses, singers and composers; producers, directors and writers; names famous in phonograph recording; band leaders, beauties and dancers; explorers, lecturers and "men with a message." When they arrive, the word goes out and work stops. The staff gathers in the studio or huddles at studio windows. The late Ben Bernie kept WHB in gleeful turmoil for a solid week, as m.c. of the "Staff Frolic" every afternoon. "Yowsah," said he, "WHB is the Besta."





**WHB "MAGIC CARPET"**

**ERNE WHITNEY**

**TRAFFIC SAFETY SHOW**

## Merry Christmas



**WHB "CHRISTMAS CUPBOARD PARTY"** at Music Hall of Municipal Auditorium. Admission: a jar of canned fruit or packages of canned foods for needy families. Charles Lee produced the stage show, which WHB broadcast. In photo above may be seen Les Jarvies and Jack Grogan at left; Charles Lee, Norvell Slater and Dick Smith at right.

## FRED WARING

**POLEY McCLINTOCK**

## MILDRED BAILEY

**and "RED" NORVO**





**KEN HEADY**



**ROY ENGEL**



**JIM BURKE**



**GENE MOORE**



**GIRLS OF THE GOLDEN WEST**  
Louise Irma



**JUDY GARLAND**



**KING SISTERS ★ BOB McCOY**  
Horace Heidt's Orchestra

**HORACE HEIDT**

**DICK SMITH ★ NICK LUCAS ★ CONNIE BOSWELL**

**BETTY ANN PAINTER**

**BETTY ANN ★ JIMMY GRIER**





AL PEARCE ★ TONY ROMANO



EUGENE HOWARD HELEN MORGAN SMITH ★ WILLIE HOWARD  
LOWELL LAWRENCE



JOE E. BROWN

JETTA ★ MARTHA SCOTT ★ SMITH



SALLY RAND — JACK GROGAN

**T**HIS PHOTO of Sally Rand and the Irrepressible Grogan was made in 1938—five years after Sally had startled the nation with her "fan dance" at the Chicago "Century of Progress" Exposition in 1933.

Jack Wilcher recalls the story of blind Virge Bingham "seeing" Sally at the Chicago fair's "Streets of Paris." Virge was in a front row seat, two feet from the runway, as Sally paraded by—clad in moonlight, a fan and perfume. Bingham inhaled a long sigh "Boy, she *is* beautiful, isn't she?" was his comment.



MAXINE OF "THE HOUR OF CHARM"  
AND THE "THREE LITTLE WORDS"



"THREE LITTLE WORDS"

COINCIDENT with the success of "The Songcopators", WHB busted out all over in the mid-thirties with vocal trios. Outstanding was a feminine group organized and trained by Herb Cook; booked by him with Phil Spitalney's "Hour of Charm." Frances (Mrs.) Cook, Fern Griggs and Opal Swalley were the trio—with Mrs. Cook replacing Marguerite Clark, who had sung on WHB with the other two girls as "The Missouri Maids." Photos above and at left show what happens when satins and high heels replace a simple cowgirl costume!



"THE MISSOURI MAIDS"

Opal Swalley Marguerite Clark  
and Fern Griggs in their  
WHB days

RANDOLPH SCOTT

IN DVORAK

RHONDA FLEMING



## BROADCASTING FOR DEFENSE



**MIDWEST DEFENSE SHOW** was scene of WHB exhibit showing Associated Press news printer in action, with Bob Caldwell, Jr. broadcasting direct from the booth; Dick Smith, Goldie and Larry Winn, Jr. in rear.



**DICK SMITH, "WAR PROGRAM MANAGER"** for almost four years, supervised WHB's barrage of all-out programming in behalf of the War Effort.

## WHB AT WAR • December 8, 1941

**O**N DECEMBER 8, 1941, WHB proclaimed: "From this day forward . . . until Victory is won . . . WHB can best serve the public interest, convenience and necessity by doing everything within our power to *help win the war*. We should do this not by the dedication of mere radio facilities to the War Effort, but by devoting our hearts, our minds and our especial skills as radio showmen to the War needs of our Community and our Nation. Specifically, it is our job to integrate a vital means of mass communication with the many-sided problem of winning the War."

Tense months followed . . . with visitors refused admittance to studios, guards on constant duty at the transmitter, voluntary censorship, discontinuance of weather report broadcasts and man-on-the-street interviews. Rehearsals for black-outs and air raids. Enlistment campaigns for the armed services, for WACS, WAVES, SPARS, nurses, war-workers . . . Civilian De-

fense. Rationing and ration points explained . . . group-riding clubs organized . . . people urged to save fats and waste paper . . . to buy bonds and war savings stamps.



The Kiddies Revue became a War Bond Show—the Staff Frolic with orchestra, singers and interviews was staged daily at the Kansas City Canteen. WHB presented series after series of war programs over the Kansas State Network (organized by WHB), linking Emporia, Salina, Wichita and Great Bend.





THE "MAGIC CARPET" covers the FIRE POWER PARAVAN in demonstration to recruit war workers. Lindsey Riddle is adjusting antenna.



AL STINE took a hand, too!—before going off to become a flier, bail out at 9,000 feet and wreck his stomach. Photo above shows Al at Foreman & Clark's with a dart game he devised to sell war bonds and stamps.

## to August 14, 1945 • WORLD WAR II

These were hectic years—made no less easy by frequent staff changes. In the armed services lots of WHB folks won deserved promotions. Here at home we constantly adapted old formats



to wartime needs and conditions.

And what a schedule of broadcasts! . . . the skill and speed and realism of war reporting by radio . . . morale building, selective service information, gas rationing, save old rags, support the U.S.O., share the meat, save tin

cans, don't spread rumors, rubber conservation, war industry training, benefits for servicemen's recreational funds, rent ceilings, labor recruiting, victory gardens, housing information, first aid instruction, coast guard recruiting, fats salvage, conserve household equipment, price control, air raid blackouts, manpower announcements, women in war work, foods for victory, save electric power, buy coal early, doctors and nurses needed, merchant marine recruiting, understand our allies—Britain, China, Russia! Army-Navy "E" and "A" awards . . . To stimulate blood donor recruiting at the Red Cross, WHB announced every hour on the hour the number of donors still needed to fill that day's quotas—and *made the quotas!*

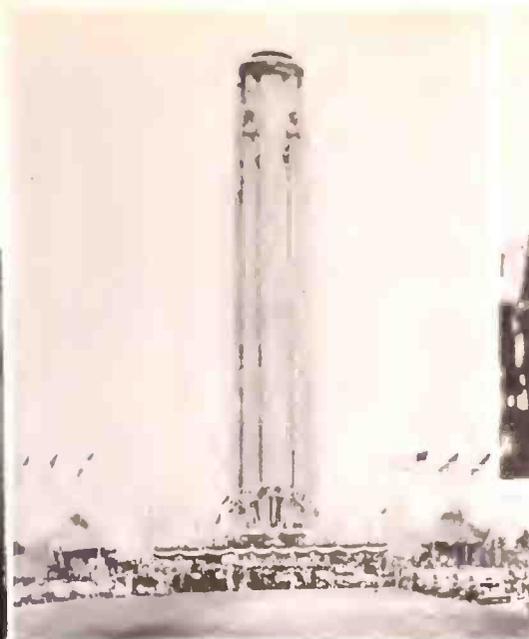
WHB listeners still recall the doom-laden voice of William Lang describing the Atom Bomb on the morning of August 6. V-E Day in May and V-J Day in August were occasions for world-wide celebration—and radio never performed a better "coverage" job.



# KANSAS CITY CELEBRATES V-J DAY ..



# AND WELCOMES RETURNING HEROES!



**GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER** faces a battery of microphones and a crowd of thousands at Liberty Memorial, following Kansas City's great parade in his honor upon his return from Europe.



**GENERAL ENNIS C. WHITEHEAD**, commander of the Fifth Airforce on Okinawa, is greeted in Kansas City by his wife and daughter.



**GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY** at the Leavenworth Command and General Staff College graduation.



**GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL.** His arrival here was planned with the utmost secrecy; but there was Dick Smith and the WHB Magic Carpet!

**GENERAL NATHAN M. WAINWRIGHT**

**"IKE" AT LEAVENWORTH**

**ADMIRAL WILLIAM S. HALSEY**



HOME

★★★★★



**THE BIG HOMECOMING, June, 1945.** President Harry S. Truman stands before old friends and new, in a new role. Behind him are Mrs. Truman, Margaret and Mrs. Roger T. Sermon, of Independence.

# HARRY S. TRUMAN

The death of President Roosevelt on April 12, 1945, was doubly significant in Kansas City because of the elevation of Harry S. Truman to the Presidency. The following day, April 13, WHB originated to Mutual a special Truman



**WITH WHB'S "GOLDIE."** This was at Hotel Muehlebach, on the night of Truman's election as Vice-President. But when F. D. R. didn't broadcast, Truman didn't either; although everything was ready!

**1934—JACKSON COUNTY COURT HOUSE DEDICATION.** Here, with Margaret, Judge Truman participates in dedication ceremonies with Colonel (now General) E. M. Stayton and Frank C. Marqua.



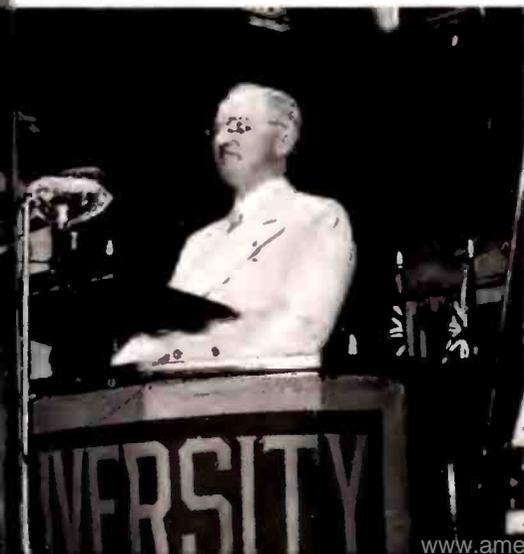
# OF INDEPENDENCE

"home town program", interviewing his old neighbors, associates and friends. When the President returns home for visits, Kansas City becomes a hot news spot frequented by radio commentators, newsmen and photographers.



**AS A SENATOR, WITH SAM GUARD** Occasion was a livestock and agricultural meeting in Kansas City. Mr. Guard is publisher of the *Breeders' Gazette*; interviewed Senator Truman on farm problems.

**AT THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS CITY** Harry Truman relates informally how he managed two years of law school in a busy career as soldier, farmer, retailer and politician.



**LISTENING TO WHB-MUTUAL.** Even a President has to relax once in a while. In the home of Mayor Sermon of Independence, Harry Truman listens to WHB's broadcast emanating from the next room and going out over Mutual.

**MARGARET TRUMAN AND BOB KENNEDY** in a studio interview by WHB's popular disc jockey regarding her career as a singer, and her new phonograph record album.





## "QUEEN FOR A DAY"



**T**HIRTY thousand women listeners to "Queen For A Day" made the dates April 11 and 12, 1946, memorable in Kansas City by mobbing the Municipal Auditorium Arena for "personal appearance" broadcasts by Jack Bailey and his Hollywood troupe.

A week's announcements of the event deluged WHB with 40,000 advance requests for tickets. On broadcast days, crowds began assembling outside the Arena for hours before the scheduled broadcast time. Seventeen motor buses chartered by Mutual stations brought "fans" from Emporia, Salina, Wichita and Great

Bend in Kansas—from St. Joseph, Sedalia, Joplin and Springfield in Missouri. The party from Great Bend had left there at 4:00 a.m. in order to reach Kansas City in time for the broadcast. A near riot ensued the first day when





## COMES TO KANSAS CITY



these special groups were ushered to front-row seats reserved in advance.

But masterful Jack Bailey quelled the "boos", won the audience with his sincerity and his comedy—and turned in two spectacular broadcasts

on each day of the two-day Kansas City appearance. Chosen as Queens were Mrs. Esther Turner and Mrs. Mayme Deacey.

Then followed the usual hair stylings and beauty treatments . . . the elaborate suites in leading hotels . . . meals at such swank spots as Fred Harvey's "Westport Room" . . . transportation by limousine—and, in the case of one Queen, her request for a ride on a special street car to the Plamor Ballroom! One Queen was given her request of a new bathroom for her home; the other, a trip for herself and husband to the Grand Canyon.



NOW  
**ALL TIME**  
 ON THE AIR  
 DAY AND NIGHT!



**710 WHE**  
 10,000 WAT S DAY

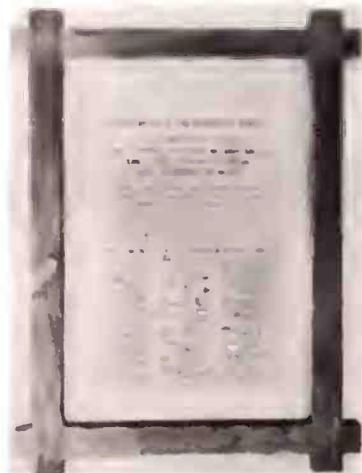
**PAINTED BULLETINS** like that shown above, 24-sheet posters, coast-to-coast broadcasts, newspaper and trade paper ads, direct mailings and civic club celebrations here aided WHB's full-time operation begun May 30, 1948 "at 710 on your Radio dial!"

**ADVERTISING & SALES EXECUTIVES CLUB,** Co-operators' (Sertoma) Club, Mercury Club and other civic organizations congratulated WHB at luncheons like one pictured above, showing speakers' table at Ad-Sales.



**" NIGHT-TIME "**

**MAN-OF-THE-MONTH FRATERNITY** presented station officials with plaque shown below, now displayed in Studio lobby.



**WHB "SWING GIRLS"** held a reunion at party for advertisers and agencies. In the Swing with Schilling and Davis (at right) are Pauline Phillips, Lenna Alexander Gilbert, Mary Gibbs Karosen.



**COAST-TO-COAST BROADCAST** from "Cowtown, U.S.A." was originated by WHB to Mutual; staged in Atkins Hall of Nelson Gallery, with orchestra and chorus directed by Graham Hamrick.

**ROY ROBERTS, ARTHUR WAHLSTEDT AND DEAN FITZER** of "The Star" and WDAF entertained Kansas City broadcasting executives at dinner in honor of WHB's "full time."





**FORMAL CEREMONIES** of WHB's 10,000-watt Transmitter Dedication were broadcast. Frank H. Backstrom, mayor pro tem of Kansas City, the Right Reverend Claude W. Sprouse, Sidney Lawrence of the Jewish Community Center and the Right Reverend Monsignor James N. V. McKay participated to re-affirm the station's duty and responsibility to the community. Shown in photo above receiving the Charge from Reverend Sprouse are Don Davis, John F. Cash, John T. Schilling and Henry Goldenberg. John Thornberry was master of ceremonies.

**THE CHARGE:** "You officials of WHB (naming them) are hereby charged with a grave responsibility. Into your hands is committed a tool calculated to minister to the mental and spiritual needs of countless persons. You will need prudence, justice and charity. Will you undertake to be faithful,

zealous, sincere and humble in fulfilling this responsibility?" . . . **REPLY:** "I will."

**PRAYER OF DEDICATION:** (By Reverend Sprouse) Almighty God, our heavenly Father, whose eyes are ever toward the righteous, and whose ears are ever open to their cry; graciously accept, we pray thee, this instrument of service which we now dedicate to the public good and to the welfare of all Thy children. Grant that here love, wisdom and charity may unite to make bright the pathway of truth and justice. And we beseech thee, O Lord, to strengthen these thy servants who here dedicate themselves to those offices of fellowship and good will in which Thou art well pleased. Grant that those who are ministered to over this airway may attain pure minds, upright purpose, and steadfast endeavor to learn and to do Thy will; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

**BANQUET TENDERED BY FRIENDS OF WHB**

**T**HE STATION had broadcast for eighteen long years, from 1930 to 1948, with all the handicaps of daytime operation, signing off at sunset—after its initial eight full-time years, 1922 to 1930. Now WHB was "full-time" once more, its pioneer heritage at last

happily restored! The occasion called for celebration—and the banquet was a good one! At speakers' table were John T. Schilling, Henry Goldenberg, E. W. Phelps, Robert D. Swezey, A. D. Eubank, Don Davis, L. Perry Cookingham, and John F. Cash.



**ROBERT D. SWEZEY,** vice-president of Mutual, gave address.



# THE PASSING PARADE



DICK POWELL AND JETTA



"YOUNG BILL"  
WHITE



HAL  
BOYLE



FOWLER BARKER  
JOSH LEE



EMILY KIMBROUGH



ANDRE SIMON



JOHN MASON



BROWN J. B. WALKER

LES PAUL ★ MARY FORD



A broadcasting station consists of technical mechanical equipment—PLUS PEOPLE, *in action!* Here are some of the lively personalities whose appearances before WHB microphones have given WHB programs color, life and sparkle. They are part of that vibrant surge which is WHB's flying forward progress.

In June, 1935, *Fortune* magazine described radio thus: "Nothing like the broadcasting business ever happened before. To the uninitiated it seems to be the craziest business in the world. Falling down the rabbit hole of

JOE REICHMAN

HERB SHRINER

CLYDE McCOY



# OF "PERSONALITIES"



JOHN COLLINGS



BROCK  
PEMBERTON



QUENTIN  
REYNOLDS



SIGMUND ROMBERG  
AND ROSEMARY



DALE CARNEGIE    BOB HOPE    FULTON LEWIS, JR.



LOUIS BROMFIELD  
EDNA LEE CROUCH  
AND STAN KENTON

the broadcasting studio one is in a land of Mad Hatters and White Knights, who sell time, an invisible commodity, to fictitious beings called corporations for the purpose of influencing an audience that no one can see."

And that is *exactly* what a radio station does! Of course, to sell time, a broadcaster must first attract audience—and the appearance of "personalities" on WHB is *one* way of doing it.

These folks are stimulatingly interesting people!

ESSE LASKY    PATTI PAGE    BOB CROSBY    ARBO





**SENATOR  
JAMES P. KEM**  
addresses civic clubs on  
a swing through Mis-  
souri, February, 1952.



**JACK HORNER**  
President of United Air-  
craft, operators of the  
great Pratt & Whitney  
aircraft plant in K. C.



**"MR. REPUBLICAN"**

addresses a party rally at the Ameri-  
can Legion World War II Memorial  
Building, November, 1951.

**CHANCELLOR  
FRANKLIN D. MURPHY**  
of the University of Kansas



**"OUR TOWN FORUM"** is one of  
WHB's public interest programs,  
conducted by John Thornberry as  
moderator, designed to present dis-  
cussions and to encourage listeners  
to *think* about problems of com-  
munity, state, nation and the world.  
This broadcast was from the Uni-  
versity Women's Club.



**"IT PAYS TO BE SMART"** is  
series of quiz shows, presented by  
WHB in co-operation with the

Kansas City. Honor students in high  
schools answer questions prepared by  
the University and asked by Dick  
Smith. Sixty-six awards are awarded by



**DEANE W. MALOTT**  
former Chancellor  
of the University  
of Kansas. Now  
President of Cornell  
**MAYOR**  
**W. E. KEMP**  
of  
Kansas City, Missouri



**W. AVERELL HARRIMAN**  
addressed the graduating class and  
the radio audience at University of  
Kansas City June, 1951.

**"THE DAMMED MISSOURI VALLEY"** (published by Alfred A. Knopf) is a book all mid-westerners will find fascinating. It is by Richard G. Baumhoff of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*,

Millions of dollars and millions of man-hours have been expended in local, state and federal effort to pin down topsoil, prevent floods and drought, raise the standard of living and allow the Missouri Valley to fulfill its great potentialities. Some leaders in this effort are shown in photo at right, interviewed by WHB on the Missouri River during an inspection trip: Gov. Andrew Schoepel, Kansas; Gov. M. Q. Sharpe, So. Dak.; Maj. Gen. Lewis A. Pick; former Mayor John B. Gage.



WHB as prizes. Programs are transcribed in the high school auditoriums of both Kansas Cities; and broadcast when students and parents

may hear them. Photos at Wyandotte High (left), and Washington High.



1945 *Swing's* first issue introduced "Swing girl".



1946 Lenna Alexander is featured as a cowgirl



1947 Lenna as "The Cook Painter Boy".



1948 A third *Swing* girl, Mary Gibbs, on our cover.

**MIX** MUSIC, paint and magazines—and you get this Issue No. 3, Volume 9 of a dual-purpose, pocket-size magazine. This issue, celebrating WHB's inauguration of television with WHB-TV on Channel 9 in Kansas City, combines a photo-review of CBS-TV programs with a picture history of WHB—plus a section on the "Starlight Theatre."

*Swing* magazine was launched as direct-mail follow-through on a WHB trade-paper advertising campaign begun in 1943 which has as its theme: "The Swing Is To WHB in Kansas City."

WHB makes music. And WHB is owned, as you know, by the Cook Paint & Varnish Company. Cook's make paint. Together, Cook's and WHB have made a magazine. This is it. WHB swings the editorial typewriter and Cook's swing the censor's pencil. See where the name "Swing" comes in, again?

The original idea for the publication as a WHB "house organ" was to preserve in print some of the many fine things WHB broadcasts. Send the little magazine to advertising executives, sales managers, time buyers and account men in advertising agencies. WHB does that.

The first monthly issue was published in January, 1945, edited by Jetta Carleton and with Donald Dwight Davis listed as "Publisher."

One day at the paint factory, Charles Stoner, Cook's executive vice-president, was reading *Swing*. "Hey!" he said. "Why not put a Cook ad on the back cover—and send *Swing* to architects, painting contractors, owners of large properties which require painting, industrial users of paint, Cook Paint dealers and Cook stockholders?" Just like that he said it. So we did. Charlie must have liked the magazine.

You can tell whether you're listed as a Cook customer (or prospect) or a WHB customer (or prospect) by the ad on the back cover of the issue you re-



## JETTA CARLETON

*Swing's* First Editor, who says: "If you can't be a Cover Girl—be a Back Cover Girl!"

ceive. Of course, if you're a *Cook Paint* customer and want to buy some *WHB radio time* or a *television program* on *WHB-TV*, that's dandy! And if you're a WHB customer and want to buy some Cook's paint, let us give you editorial assurance that "Cook's Paints Are Best For Beauty, Wear and Weather." Come to think of it, that's the safest thing for you to do anyway—paint with Cook's and advertise on WHB and WHB-TV.

To resume, Jetta Carleton was our first editor—and a dandy! Used to pin reminders on herself to herself with her Phi Beta Kappa key. Most of them said: "Get *Swing* out on time this month." To resume, Jetta was our first editor. Then she married a chap named Gene Lyon; and when he got out of the Army they decided Gene should use that good G.I. money to take his degree at the University of New Mexico. So they moved to Albuquerque, where they built a house

# AND HOW IT GREW AND GREW



## MORI GREINER newly-appointed Director of WHB-TV

After four years with Rogers & Smith advertising agency as an account executive, Mori rejoins us. His hard-won knowledge of advertisers' and agencies' problems will enable WHB-TV to render unusual service.

on a sand dune. It was so small they called one room a demijohn . . . But that's another story—

David W. Hodgins then became Managing Editor of *Swing*; but we persuaded Jetta to continue as "Editor" and write at least the "Foreword" every month. (She writes the best Forewords in the business). And she did, too—until she got buried writing a novel. Dave, meanwhile, up and moved to Shawano, Wisconsin, where he runs the *Leader* and Radio Station WTCH.

But along came Mori Greiner, just out of the Navy, a facile writer eager to win his editorial spurs—and with an extraordinary sense of organization. He encouraged our writers and artists (two of whom have since been published in *The Saturday Evening Post*)—he harried the engraver and printer—and brought each issue out on time.

Then came an economy wave. "Let's publish six issues a year instead of twelve" was the word. So we do. And have, since July-

August, 1949. This was discouraging to Mori. When the Rogers & Smith advertising agency offered him a job he liked, mid-year in 1950, he took it.

That's three editors in 59 issues. So they said at the paint factory: "Don Davis, you do it." The 60th issue was the Kansas City Centennial number (now a rare collector's item—a few copies still available at 50c each). But for awhile we thought it would take another 100 years to get that Centennial issue in the mails!

Then along came Charles "Chuck" Rosenfeldt, to be Assistant Editor in 1950-51. When he left us early in 1952, David Etheridge, fortunately, had been assisting long enough to swing a real hand! Dave is the lad whose fine drawings you have been seeing in *Swing* since the Centennial Issue. Writes well, too! But he left us to edit a house organ for Butler Mfg. Co., so Dorothy Fox took over . . . At the paint factory, Fred Timberlake gives understanding cooperation—so all of us are optimistic about *Swing's* future! This year, you will probably receive the December issue before Christmas!

"Meanwhile," says Don Davis, "this whole thing has been quite a chore for me—and a bit of a comedown. Listed as 'Publisher Donald Dwight Davis' I would feel pretty important when I called on Oliver Gramling at the Associated Press in New York City. Was ushered in to see him right away, too! Now that I'm merely 'Editor', things will probably be different there. But of course, I don't get to New York very often any more, anyway . . . since The John Blair Company began to sell so much time on WHB—and now on WHB-TV—to national advertisers.

So that, ladies and gentlemen, is the Story of *Swing* and How It Grew!

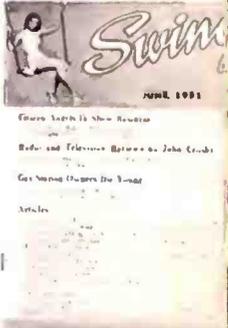
1952 30th Anniversary Number reprinted in this issue



1949 Vera Ralston Miles featured as our new *Swing* girl



1950 More TV — more Vera! Which is not a bad idea



1951 John Crosby's TV and Radio criticisms first published in *Swing*.





**PAULINE PHILLIPS**, of Kansas City, WHB's first *Swing* girl, was featured in the WHB trade journal campaign begun in 1943—and as *Swing* cover girl in 1945-46. Current photo of Mrs. Phillips shows her with sons Robert, Jr., 11; William, 6, and daughter, Paula, aged 5.

## WHB SWING GIRLS ARE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THEIR LOVELY CHILDREN



**LENA ALEXANDER GILBERT**, of Kansas City, was second *Swing* girl, appearing in WHB advertising and as *Swing* cover girl in 1946-47. She is shown with her two children, Stephen, aged 1 yr. 4 mo., and Joseph



**MARY GIBBS KAROSEN**, of Kansas City, became *Swing* girl in 1948. Current photo, at left, shows her with daughter Valerie, 2½ years old.



**SIBBY DURANT**, formerly of Wichita, now living in San Diego, was *Swing* girl in 1950-51-52. As Joan Durant, she was "Miss California" in 1951 "Miss America" Pageant; and is unmarried. Photo shows her with Governor Earl Warren of California.





## WHB 'SWING GIRL' VERA MILES appears in her first Warner Brothers movie 'THE CHARGE AT FEATHER RIVER'

**W**HEN Vera first posed for WHB's "Swing Girl" photos, mid-summer of 1948, photographer Harold Hahn predicted: "That lovely kid is headed for Hollywood." Her name then was Vera Ralston—just out of high school in Wichita, Kansas. Later that summer she appeared as "Miss Kansas" in the "Miss America Pageant" at Atlantic City. She missed by a narrow margin being chosen "Miss America"—but the movie scouts saw her and early in 1949 she went to Hollywood. There she appeared in "For Men Only" and "The Rose Bowl Story"—got married to a law student—and had two children. Warner Brothers subsequently signed her.



... and as Mrs. Robert Miles  
**LIVES HAPPILY IN HOLLYWOOD**  
with two fine babies





**N**OW, in three-dimension Natural Vision photography and in Warner Color, Vera's curves get adequate treatment in her first Warner Brothers picture for early release.



**V**ERA plays the role of *Jennie McKeever*, a white girl captured by Cheyenne Indians. "She becomes a Cheyenne in all but blood" (says the scenario); "and is about to marry their chief, Thunder Hawk." When the U.S. Cavalry rescues her, she rebels, preferring to stay with the Indians. At the picture's climax, "her body, riddled with arrows, is found next to that of the dead Chief Thunder Hawk." This is no way to treat our Vera!

# THE "MAN-OF-THE-MONTH"



**COMMISSIONER THOMAS F. MURPHY** of New York City's Police Department was the first non-resident of Kansas City elected to Honorary Membership in the Fraternity. Here to address the Crime Commission's annual meeting, he was the Fraternity's luncheon guest, and gave members the "inside" story of the Hiss case, in which he served as prosecutor. Photo above was made at broadcast of his Crime Commission address that evening. He is now Judge of the United States District Court, New York City.

Unique among civic clubs or groups anywhere in the world is this Kansas City organization. It has no membership fee, no initiation fee, no dues. Sponsored by *Swing* and WHB, its new members are chosen by the present members after nomination in writing — as recognition of outstanding service to the community. Six new members are elected annually. The Fraternity has become a "civic honor society", similar in significance to the senior honor society at a University—on a *community* basis.

There is an impressive initiation ritual; and the Fraternity meets for luncheon when new members are admitted. Speeches follow, with "off the record" reports by members or guests on topics of current interest—affairs of community, state or nation.

The organization stemmed from *Swing's* series of articles on "The Man-of-the-Month." Former president of Kansas City's Saddle & Sirloin Club E. W. Phelps suggested the idea of the Fraternity at a dinner held in honor of Albert F. Hillix, who in 1947-48 served as President of the Chamber of Commerce. Prior to that date, *Swing* had selected the men to be profiled in the magazine. Now, the Man-of-the-Month Fraternity elects the man — and *Swing* publishes his life story.

Five former members are deceased: Lee Marshall, a one-time bat boy for the Kansas City Blues, was board chairman of Continental Baking. J. C. Nichols built Kansas City's world-famed Country Club district, and was internationally known as a city planner. Robert L. Mehornay was a prominent civic figure for three decades. With Mr. Nichols, he helped establish the Midwest Research Institute. Henry J. Haskell was editor of the *Kansas City Star*. E. W. Phelps was manager of Swift & Co., active in the Saddle & Sirloin Club, the Kansas City Museum, countless other civic enterprises.

## In Memoriam:

MARSHALL

MEHORNAY

NICHOLS

HASKELL

PHELPS



**H. F. MURPHY** of Sears, Roebuck, Chicago, was made Honorary Member following initiation of Marion A. Reno. Murphy gave illuminating talk on economic situation.



## THE MEMBERS

- H. ROE BARTLE
- DAVID BEALS
- W. E. BIXBY
- R. B. CALDWELL
- L. PERRY COOKINGHAM
- HARRY DARBY
- DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS
- CLARENCE R. DECKER
- WILLIAM N. DERAMUS
- E. M. DODDS
- GEORGE FISKE
- JOHN B. GAGE
- HARRY GAMBREL
- R. J. GARDNER
- W. T. GRANT
- JOYCE C. HALL
- RAYMOND W. HALL
- J. C. HIGDON
- ALBERT F. HILLIX
- LOU HOLLAND
- ERNEST E. HOWARD
- CLIFTON J. KANEY
- L. RUSSELL KELCE
- JAMES P. KEM
- WILLIAM E. KEMP
- JAMES M. KEMPER
- R. CROSBY KEMPER
- FRED M. LEE
- MILTON MCGREEVY
- JOHN A. MOORE
- HARRY B. MUNSELL
- FRANKLIN D. MURPHY
- ELMER F. PIERSON
- MARION A. RENO
- ELMER C. RHODEN
- JAMES J. RICK
- NATHAN RIEGER
- ROY ROBERTS
- LOUIS ROTHSCHILD
- JOHN T. SCHILLING
- KENNETH A. SPENCER
- EDWARD W. TANNER
- FRANK THEIS
- N. T. VEATCH
- A. R. WATERS
- FRANK E. WHALEN
- JOSEPH C. WILLIAMS
- HERBERT H. WILSON
- KEARNEY WORNALL

**DINNER IN HONOR OF ALBERT F. HILLIX** sparked the idea of a formal organization, in March, 1948. In photo are R. Crosby Kemper of City National Bank; Mayor William E. Kemp of Kansas City; and Mr. Hillix.

### Sustaining Members

LATHROP G. BACKSTROM  
JOHN F. CASH

### "Working Press"

JOHN THORNBERRY



**GEORGE FISKE**  
President, 1951-52



**JOHN W. GAGE**  
President, 1949-50

(E. W. PHELPS, President, 1948-49)

**CLARENCE R. DECKER**  
President, 1950-51

**HARRY GAMBREL**  
President, 1952-53





JANE  
FOX



BOB KENNEDY



REESE WADE



### "LUNCHEON ON THE PLAZA"

ran for almost two years as mid-morning audience participation show, at Plaza Cafeteria and later at Sears' Plaza Store. Lou Kemper was m.c.; zany Frank Wizarde was "Keeper of the Crazy Hats."





**DON COPLIN**



**JEANIE LEITT**



**FRANK WIZARDE**



**OWEN BUSH**

**WILD BILL HICKOK**  
played by Guy Madison (left) welcomed at WHB by Roch Ulmer, Andy Devine, Hoby Shep, Uncle John, Don Sullivan and Bruce Grant—all wearing "Devine" neckties.



### THE ARBOGAST SHOW

Wackiest troupe ever to batter WHB's wave length, for twelve memorable months, was this trio of lads Don Davis "discovered" in Tucson, where they were GI students at University of Arizona. Bob Arbogast was featured comedian, with script by Paul Sully; production and sound by Pete Robinson. From WHB they graduated, sans Sully, to WMAQ in Chicago.

**ARBO** with Susan Hayward and Jess Barker. Interviews frequently sparked their "Club 710" and "Arbogast Show" disc jockey sessions.



**TED DREHER**



**BOB MCGREW**



**WAYNE**



# THE WHB "SWING" TO SPORTS



**D**OWN IN Kansas City" wrote Radio-TV Mirror of August, 1950, "there's a sportscaster gifted with the qualifications of three big sports personalities in radio: the rapid fire of Bill Stern, the suaveness of Ted Husing and the knowledge of Red Barber. Yet he is completely himself, and he is setting mid-western sports fans by their ears. WHB's Larry Ray is so good that television fans, when witnessing a game that is televised and broadcast simultaneously by rival stations, turn off their TV audio and tune in Larry on WHB."

New York has another boy in sports broadcasting, too—Mel Allen. Mel's specialty is "bleeding"—he groans, writhes, grimaces and contorts himself in mortal agony when his team (the New York Yankees) falls behind. Larry Ray can't do that. For one thing, Kansas City is "the biggest Kansas town in Missouri"—with thousands of loyal Missouri U. and loyal Kansas U. fans in the WHB audience. Particularly when reporting contests between these two schools, Larry must view the plays with impartiality and describe them with detached objectiveness. It's not so bad in baseball with the Kansas City "Blues", our Yankee farm team. Everyone in the area is "for" the Blues—hence Larry properly can be sympathetic to the home team when things go wrong.

Ray broadcasts a continuous schedule: 154 regular-season baseball games of the "Blues" each summer, plus play-offs and the American Association championship series when



**BYRON NELSON AND DICK SMITH**



**"BIG CLYDE" LOVELLETTE, Larry, Bill Lienhard and Charlie Hoag of K.U.'s Olympic basketball team**



**BLUES FAN CLUB OFFICIALS** launch ticket sale campaign that won American Association Attendance Trophy for Kansas City. Left to right, Parke Carroll, Leo Barry, Cliff Kaney, Otis Bryan



**LARRY RAY AT HIS WHB DESK**

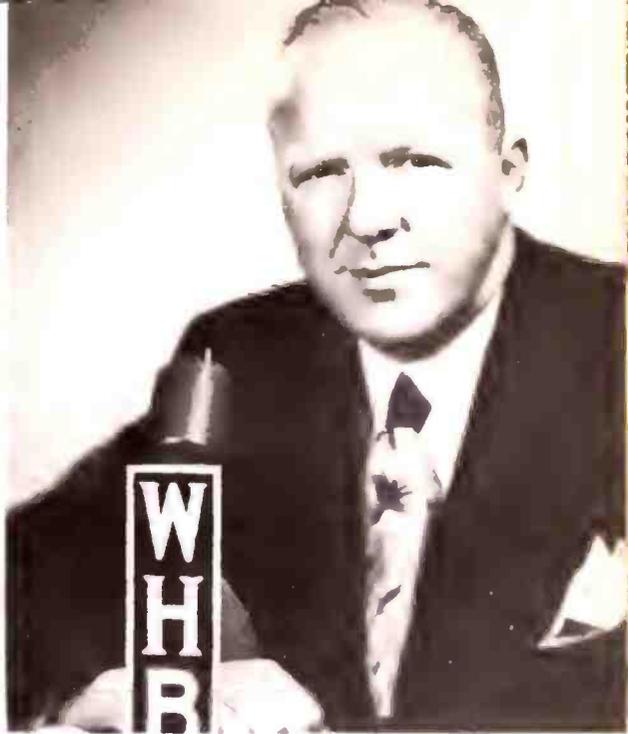


# PLAY-BY-PLAY

by Larry Ray



**TIS BRYAN**, president of George Heublebach Brewing Co., baseball sponsor, and Larry.



**YNAMITE" ALEXANDER**, Kansas City general agent for the Union Pacific, participating co-sponsor of Larry's 6:15 p.m. Sports Round-Up.

**LARRY RAY CONGRATULATES DR. FORREST C. "HOG" ALLEN OF K. U.**

the Blues get "in." And the "Little World Series," we hope! . . . Then follows football—ten games in ten weeks in the Big Seven Conference. Then Big Seven basketball, 57 games in 1952, which took K.U. all the way to the Olympic Play-offs, and WHB mikes from Kansas City to Seattle to Madison Square Garden within ten days. Larry got a few brief days of vacation then—in Florida, at the Blues' spring training camp, from whence he "phoned in" his nightly 6:15 p.m. Sports Round-Up. Last year he traveled 80,371 miles covering sports for WHB.

Always sports-minded in its coverage of special events, WHB made the swing to play-by-play sports in 1950, when opportunity arose to buy broadcasting rights to the Blues baseball games and secure Larry Ray's services as sportscaster. Now WHB is "Your Mutual friend and Sports Station in the Midwest." And Larry is ready to repeat on WHB-TV!

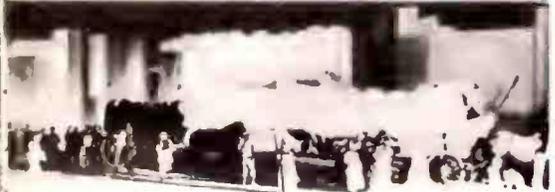




Whipped into action by Herb Wilson, Dan Fennell and Karl Koerper, 4,000 local, amateur "actors" participated in a great historical pageant—nightly for more than a month. It was "Thrills of



15,000 PEOPLE participated in Square Dance Fiesta at Auditorium.



## WHB HELPS CELEBRATE BRINGING TO FRUITION

a Century", forerunner of today's magnificent stage shows at the Starlight Theatre. Broadcasts on WHB covered all facets of the Centennial, as prairie schooners, saddle horses, buggies, ancient trains, bicycles, automobiles and the air-



opened the Industrial Exposition. There were bicycles built for two, motor cars powered by steam, gas and electricity. And everybody grew a beard, wore pioneer clothes and a smile!



planes of today depicted a saga of transportation. Clara Belle Smith was acclaimed Queen of the Centennial by John Hilburn; and Gloria Swanson with Mayor W. E. Kemp and his goatee





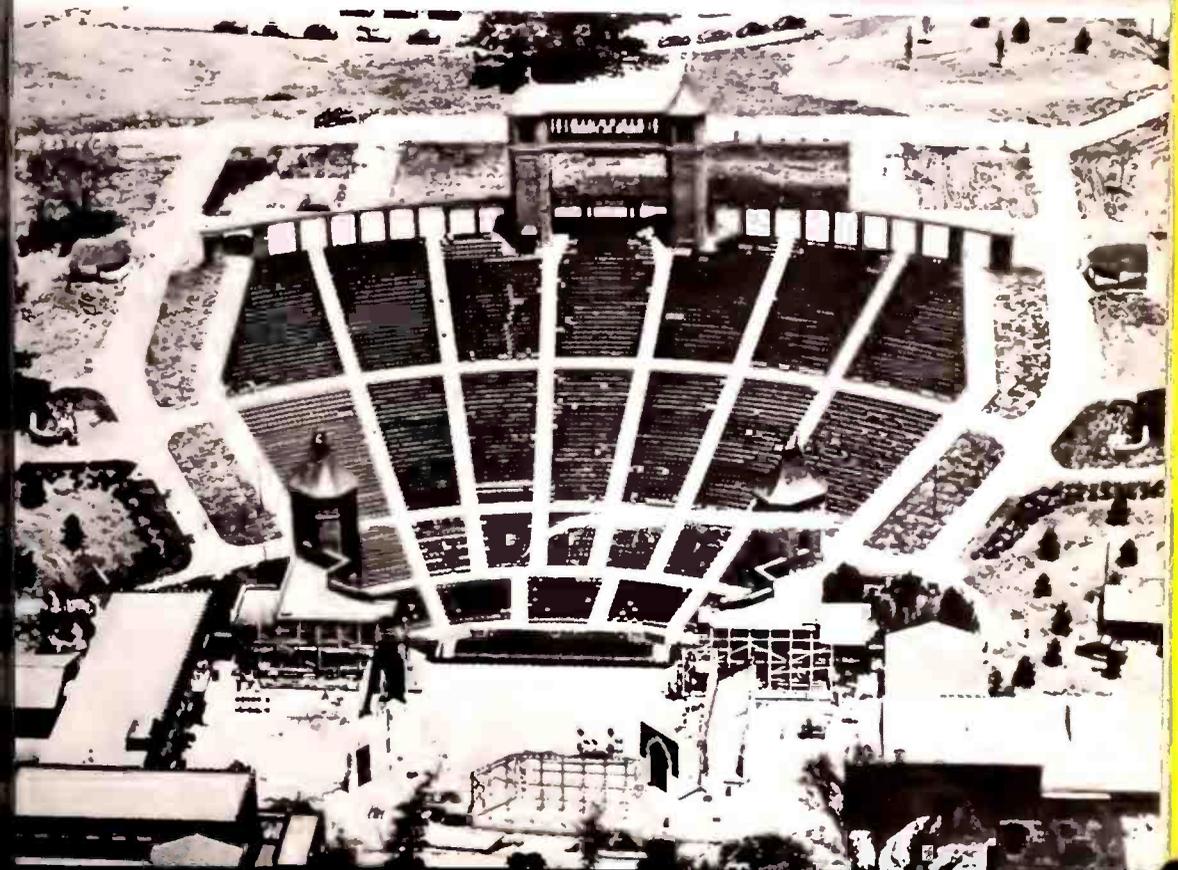
**C**ENTENNIAL SUMMER of 1950 meant parades, pageantry and the re-enactment of the "Thrills of a Century." 350,000 people watched the day and night-illuminated parades on downtown streets. Four thousand men,

women and children gave their time, effort and talent to presentation of a nightly historical pageant in Swope Park, from June 3 through July 10. Indians danced among the downtown skyscrapers.

## KANSAS CITY'S CENTENNIAL THE "STARLIGHT THEATRE"



Out of it all came the magnificent "Starlight Theatre" in Swope Park, formally opened in summer, 1951. A \$1,593,000 plant, it seats 7,600 people nightly; produces ten attractions each summer at a cost of \$550,000 for the ten shows pictured on pages 321 to 335.



DICK SMITH



BRUCE GRANT



JOHN THORNBERRY



# FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE WHB VOICES

DON SULLIVAN



ROCH ULMER



DEB DYER



WALTER BURKS



DICK GILLHAM



WAYNE STITT



POKEY RED



**LOU KEMPER**



**EARL WELLS**



**JACK LAYTON**



**YOU HEAR AT 710 ON YOUR DIAL**

**SANDRA LEA**



**CARL FRANKISER**



**CHARLES GRAY**



**H. L. JACOBSON**  
U.S. Weather Bureau



**B. JAY**



**JIM HAVERLIN**    **REUBEN CORBIN**





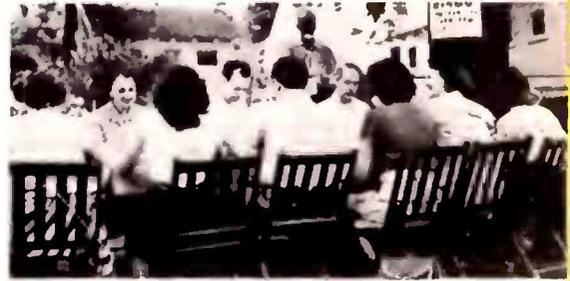
**T**raditional at WHB is the annual picnic— for staff members, alumni and their families —held at "Kilocycle Acres", the lovely suburban home of general manager John T. Schilling. This collection of snapshots records scenes at various gatherings through the years. The background is always the same: tree-shaded slopes of the magnificent lawn; the barbecue oven sending up savory aromas; the shouts of participants in darts, table tennis, croquet, badminton, horseshoes and bingo; the hopeful application of chigger repellent; the noise and chatter and happy laughter. Through the years, the people change—and the kids grow up. But

"The WHB Family Spirit" never changes—and it *is* a spirit! A group friendliness, a station *esprit-de corps*, people tell us, that is refreshingly different. Photo at right evidences this spirit: a welcome by the staff to the K. U. basketball team, returning in triumph through Kansas City to Lawrence after winning the Olympic playoffs at Madison Square Garden in New York. Left to right in this photo: Jackie Farris, Ann Thornberry, Ednalee Crouch, Barbara Thurlow, Georgia Prapas, Liz Henderson, Marcia Young, Betty Orendorff, and Lorraine Learnard.





## PICNICS AND PARADES—THE STAFF AT PLAY



U. OLYMPIC  
ASKETBALL  
HAMPIONS  
RE WELCOMED  
N DOWNTOWN  
ARADE





**SPEAKERS' TABLE AT BANQUET HONORING SCHILLING AND GOLDENBERG,** held May 10 at Saddle & Sirloin Club. City Manager Perry Cookingham makes notes for his usual fine WHB speech; Goldie (before portrait of American Royal Queen) eyes the

## WHB CELEBRATES ITS 30th ANNIVERSARY

May 10, 1922, is the date upon which WHB was assigned its formal license and call letters—the oldest call letters in Kansas City. Actually, the station had been on the air, testing, several weeks previously. John Schilling and Henry Goldenberg (along with Sam Adair) were employed by E. J. Sweeney to build it. A banquet May 10, 1952, honored Schilling (still general manager, after thirty years) and "Goldie", chief engineer.

Speeches traced the history of WHB through its original ownership by the Sweeney Automotive and Electrical School; and its operation, since 1930, by the Cook Paint & Varnish Com-

pany. In the audience were personal friends of John and Goldie; friends of WHB; and officials of Cook's. The honor guests were presented with identical desk clocks and engraved silver tea services.

A "warm-up" for this banquet was a staff party, April 24, at which the staff presented John and Goldie with identical fishing rods and tackle boxes. Photo at right, below, was made at staff dinner.

"Public" celebration of the 30th Anniversary was at an Electrical Association luncheon, Hotel President, May 20. Photo at right.

**BASEBALL** was the topic discussed by this foursome: John Powell of Swift & Co.; Leo Barry, president of the Blues Fan Club; Parke Carroll, business manager of the Kansas City Baseball Club; and George Selkirk, manager of the Kansas City "Blues", farm-team of the New York Yankees.

**E. J. SWEENEY AND JOHN SCHILLING** reminisce about the beginnings of WHB, 30 years ago. Schilling was a pioneer radio engineer, trained by "the Father of Radio" Dr. Lee de Forest.

**GROUP AT STAFF PARTY** includes (left to right): Don Davis, Henry Goldenberg, John F. Cash, John Schilling. Fishing tackle was gift of WHB staff to "Goldie" and John.





camera; E. J. Sweeney listens to Toastmaster Wells Macdonald who does a "double take" in conversation with John Schilling. Mayor Kemp of Kansas City talks with Dave Kelley, banquet chairman. Paintings in background were unexpected but welcome loan from Kansas City Art Institute.



**ELECTRICAL ASSOCIATION LUNCHEON** May 20 at Hotel President was "public" celebration of WHB 30th Anniversary. Featured in the entertainment presented by WHB were Harl Smith and the Sun Valley Orchestra; the "Strolling Troubadors" singing songs popular in 1925, when they were the first string orchestra ever heard on the air; Don Sullivan, the International Singing Cowboy; and Hoby, Harold and Jimmy, the "Cowtown Wranglers." Larry Ray was master of ceremonies. At speakers' table (not shown) were two of WHB's *Swing* girls, Mary Gibbs Karosen and Pauline Phillips.



ED DENNIS



ED BIRR



WIN JOHNSTON



JACK SAMPSON

THE WHB CLIENT SERVICE DEPARTMENT is composed of the four salesmen pictured above, assisted by John Schilling and Don Davis; supported nationally by The John Blair Company. The Continuity Department, organized like an advertising agency, services local accounts. Betty Orendorff supervises Traffic; and Ray Lollar, Accounting.



## THIRTY-ONE YEARS OF FAITH "THE WHB TRADITION"

**T**HIRTY-ONE years ago last November, radio broadcasting was born. Thirty-one years ago this past May, WHB was formally licensed in Kansas City—a pioneer station, with the community's oldest call letters.

S. Prall, former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, described radio as "an ultra-modern combination of journalism, the theatre, the public rostrum and the school house."

In thirty-one memorable, dazzling years, radio has become one of the most potent agencies of mass communication to have been developed since the printing press, and Radio Broadcasting has become the "Fifth Estate." Anning

To WHB staff members, these instructions are paramount: "The listener is your boss. Your efforts to please him make you a part of the WHB Tradition for friendly public service. Live up to that tradition by making sure that you do your best—always!"

WHB's "Corps of Engineers" at Sunday dinner at "Goldie's". Left to right: T. A. TINSLEY, consulting engineer from Shreveport, La.; PAUL TODD, BOB EARSOM, LEW BAIRD, WARREN MCFADDEN, RAY BROPHY, ED HALL, and HENRY GOLDENBERG. Four engineers at left missed the party.



ROY NONEMAKER  
BOBO PIKE  
FRED FUENFSTEUCK  
ED SHEPHERD



RAY LOLLAR  
 BETTY ORENDORFF  
 DOROTHY FOX

## AND WORKS BUILT OF FRIENDLY PUBLIC SERVICE"

Yesterday is past—today is the only day that counts, and *right now* is the time for you to give the best you have!"

It is by giving of our best—persistently, through thirty-one years—yesterday, today, and again tomorrow—that WHB goes forward with flying Father Time.

Flawless physical transmission is part of it. Programming is the heart of it. Sales are the mart of it. To be successful, a broadcaster must sell much of his time. To sell time, he must first attract audience. Upon his success in audience-building depends his success in selling advertising; and advertising is the foundation of the American system of broadcasting.

WHB pioneered as a station serving local merchant advertis-

ers. Proved its worth, day after day, year after year, by ringing advertisers' cash registers. Attracted important national and regional advertisers because of the station's *ability to deliver results*. The latest technical equipment, and skilled engineering personnel, transmit a flawless signal heard clearly in parts of five states. Alert programming attracts a responsive audience.

Intelligent, dependable sales-service to sponsors and advertisers yields the revenue needed for constant expansion and growth.

Now we're beginning again! Before us lie the uncharted paths of Television. And we look forward, eagerly and confidently, to the excellent service WHB-TV is to bring its great audience on Channel 9.

... AND BRING US, EAGERLY,  
 TO THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW SERVICE

# TELEVISION

# TELEVISION

## FROM WHB-TV

### CBS ON CHANNEL 9

**F**EBRUARY 9, 1948, WHB made application to the FCC for a license to construct a TV station in Kansas City—and was caught in the subsequent “freeze” of TV construction. Subsequent applications, filed in June, 1952, and June, 1953, led to WHB’s share time grant on Channel 9, operating jointly with KMBC.

WHB-TV will erect the most modern and efficient television plant yet devised by the industry’s leading engineers. Our site is ideal; our plans, provocative and practical. In Television as in Radio, WHB will set new patterns and new standards. Its service to the TV audience will bring new delights . . . and stimulating new experiences in education. On Television, WHB will “hold the mirror up to nature” with varied, instructive service and entertainment programs — planned and produced with professional skill to suit the time of day and night at which they are broadcast, and to fit the living and viewing habits of the people in the Kansas City area.



**SUZANNE GRAVES**  
photo at left, is first Broadway TV actress among WHB alumni.



## JIM ATKINS

Star of WJZ-TV's  
"Saddle Pal Club,"  
now a producer at  
KOA, Denver

**J**OINED the WHB staff in 1934 "just out of my cowboy boots and off the ranch in Nebraska. Naturally," (he writes) "I'd never dined in a place as elegant as the Savoy Grill, where Dick Smith took me for my first meal in Kansas City. Couldn't read a thing on the menu—thought 'a la carte' meant the food was going to be brought in on a two-wheeled sulky. Everything went fine, though—I used each fork and spoon Dick did—until they brought in brass finger bowls. Forgot myself, and started drinking from mine! . . . "Another time," (Jimmy continues), "Don decided his Nebraska crooner should sing with Paul Pendarvis' band at the Muehlebach Grill. Atkins shows up with tux and brown shoes. So we run out, and buy some new black shoes—but I just couldn't get to feeling comfortable in them, and a fried shirt! So I told Don if I had to get dressed up fancy like that every day, I didn't want to sing with any band." . . . But Jimmy did! He left WHB to form a trio with Ernie Newton and Les Paul; later joined Fred Waring for several years.

## JESSE ROGERS

is now "RANGER JOE" for the Ranger Joe Cereal Company, with his own CBS-TV show and radio show on WJMJ in Philadelphia.

**O**F HIS DAYS AT WHB, Jesse writes: "I remember announcing I intended to build Jesse's Barn (for square dancing); and wanted to have it up in fifteen days. I plugged or carpenters; and so many men wanted to help build the Barn that the place was up and we were ready to roll in less than 10 days. Leave it to WHB for the best and fastest results! Opening night we had to call State Troopers to help with the crowd. Cars were lined up all the



way down to the main highway. For another quarter-mile all you could see was cars parked everywhere, and people walking to get to Jesse's Barn . . . I still get lonesome for old Kansas City. I married one of her fair daughters: Sally Starr, who has her own 3-hour Hillbilly DJ Show. I have been in all the 48 states; but have never found friendship and hospitality such as I enjoyed in Kansas City. Here's wishing WHB the continued success it so richly deserves."

# KANSAS CITY TELEVISION HISTORY IS MADE AS WHB AND KMBC JOINTLY AGREE TO BRING VIEWERS CBS-TV ON CHANNEL 9

NEW YORK CITY, June 25, 1953, was the scene of a meeting with tremendous meaning for television viewers in the Kansas City area. On that date, officials and attorneys of the WHB Broadcasting Company and Midland Broadcasting Company (KMBC) met to sign contracts with Columbia Broadcasting System for the Network's first full-time service to the area, on Channel 9. Only a few hours before, the Federal Communications Commission had granted the applications of WHB and KMBC to "share time" on Channel 9.

With a jointly-owned transmitter, using the maximum allowable power, WHB-TV and KMBC-TV will operate on Channel 9

for eighteen hours daily—bringing viewers the full TV program schedule of the Columbia Broadcasting System, plus smartly-produced local TV shows presenting WHB's and KMBC's outstanding AM Radio personalities . . . as well as locally-important special events, forum discussions, talks, interviews and news. WHB and KMBC will each operate from their own respective TV studios, with separate staffs—except for the transmitter, which will be staffed jointly.

## A GREAT DAY!

Handclaps, congratulations and mutual pledges of co-operation were the order of the day as happy officials of both broadcasting companies and the network met to sign and celebrate!

*Photo at left:* DON DAVIS, President, WHB; FRITZ SNYDER, Station Relations, CBS; GEORGE HIGGINS, Managing Director, KMBC.

*Photo below:* JACK VAN VOLKENBURG, President, CBS-TV; ARTHUR B. CHURCH, President, Midland Broadcasting Co.; DON DAVIS, President, WHB Broadcasting Co.; HERBERT AKERBERG, Vice-President, CBS, in charge of Station Relations.





**JACK VAN VOLKENBURG**  
President, CBS-TV  
New York

**ARTHUR B. CHURCH**  
President, Midland Broad-  
casting Co., Kansas City

**JOHN F. CASH**  
Vice-President Cook Paint  
& Varnish Co., V-P and  
Treasurer WHB Broad-  
casting Co., Kansas City

**FRANK STANTON**  
President, CBS  
New York

**—AND JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE ADDS CONGRATULATIONS!**

Former Kansas Citian John Cameron Swayze, who began his radio career as a newscaster for the Kansas City *Journal-Post*, and in his salad days was heard on WHB and KMBC, visits celebration party to congratulate Davis, Church. *Photo below: Davis, Swayze, Church.*





## "America's Sweetheart" sells U.S. Bonds again

As she did in World War I, Mary Pickford toured the nation this spring, selling Defense Bonds. In 1918, they were "Liberty Bonds." WHB broadcast her speech delivered to employees of the Bendix Aviation plant. In photo below Miss Pickford is shown on speakers' stand with her husband (back slightly to camera), Charles "Buddy" Rogers, formerly of Olathe, Kansas.



## Movie Stars appear for American Cancer Society

Front row: RALPH H. ERICHSEN, president of the Society's Jackson County chapter; NAT HOLT, producer of "Pony Express."



Forrest Tucker

Jan Sterling

Dick Smith

Rhonda Fleming

Tony Romano

Corinne Calvet

Dick Shannon

## Naval Aviation Leaders Inspect Olathe Air Base

Brig. Gen. FRANK H. LAMSON-SCRIBNER, Commander Marine Air Reserve Training; and Rear Admiral DANIEL V. GALLERY, USN Chief of Naval Air Reserve Training.



## WHB NEWSREEL



### Guy Lombardo in Kansos City, with Bill Gillmor, Gillmor Motors

WHB has broadcast daily recorded programs, by Guy Lombardo, and by Bing Crosby, for 22 years . . . daily! Guy posed for this WHB photo on occasion of concert appearance last spring.

Admiral  
H. B. MILLER  
President of Radio Free  
Europe speaks to Kan-  
sas City Oil Men's Club.



FARLEY GRANGER  
is interviewed  
on WHB

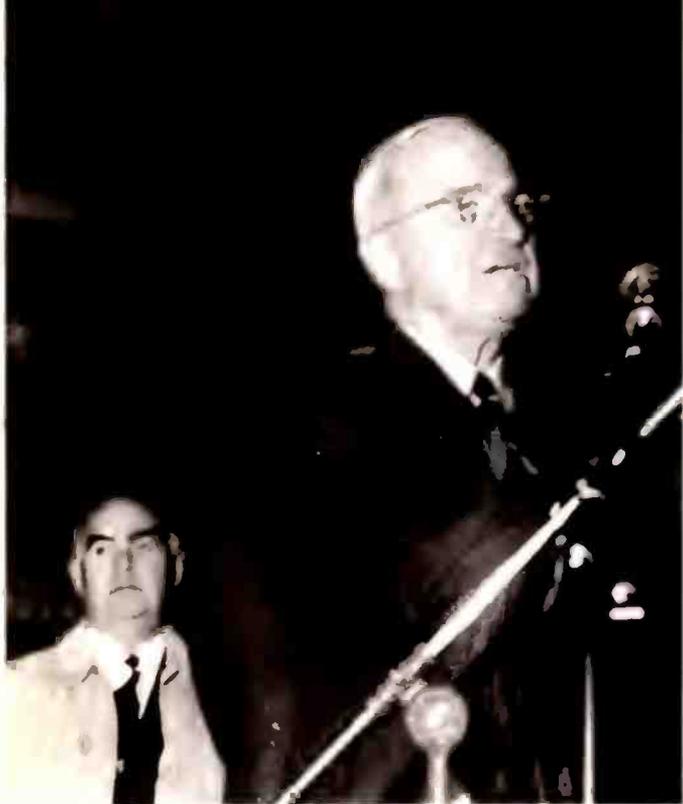
### "CLEAN UP-PAINT UP"

Campaign leaders appear on WHB: STANLEY HOUSTON, K. C. Contest Chairman; Dr. FRANK MONAGHAN, Director of national campaign; ROBERT HARRIS, Chairman of K. C. Beautification Committee.

### HOME FEDERAL SAVINGS

used window display (*below*) in new account drive spear-headed by daily WHB "Musical Clock" program announced by Bruce Grant. Since using radio, company has grown from 5,000 savings accounts with seven million dollars deposits to 16,000 accounts totaling fourteen million.





**Ex-President  
Harry S. Truman**

emphasizes "Power for Peace" in Armed Forces Day address at Fairfax Airport. With him is William Hillman, Mutual network political reporter and author of "Mr. President"—a book dealing with Mr. Truman's experiences in the White House. It is rumored that Hillman will collaborate in writing Mr. Truman's memoirs.

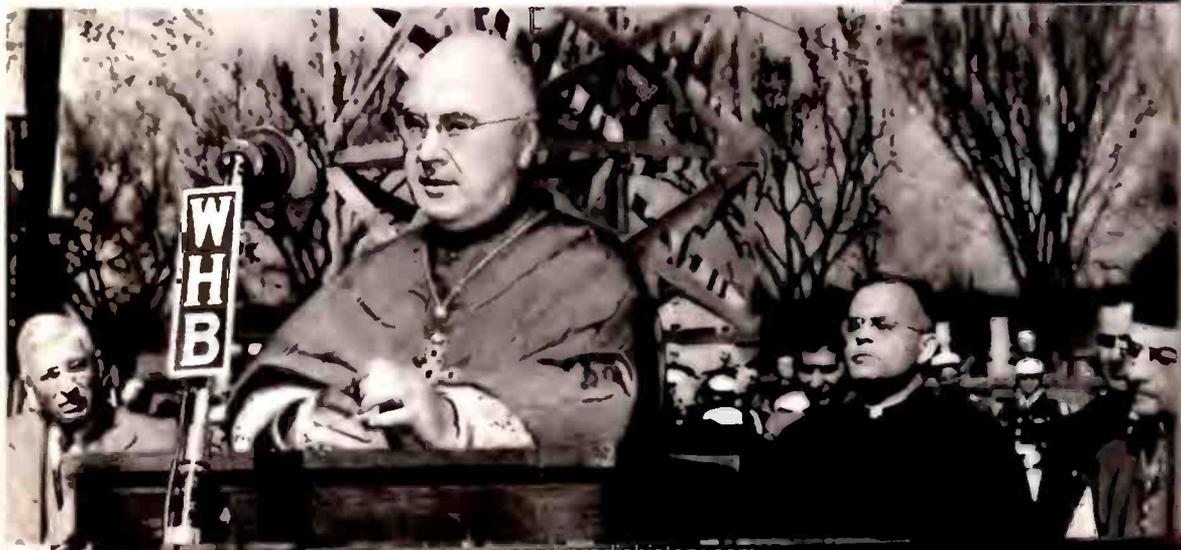
**Lillian Murphy**

"home town" soprano, in WHB interview prior to her appearance as star of first Starlight Theatre production.



**His Eminence Francis Cardinal Spellman**

of New York City dedicates new faculty building on Rockhurst College campus. Left to right, seated: Mayor WILLIAM E. KEMP; the President of Rockhurst, the Very Reverend MAURICE E. VAN ACKEREN; and the Archbishop of Kansas City, Kan., the Most Reverend EDWARD J. HUNKELER.







**RICHARD H. BERGER**  
Producer



### The Administrative Staff

Front row: Lucille Tracewell, Elise Julian, Pat Leeds, Richard Brown. Back row: Kay Garramon, Jim McQueeney, William M. Symon.



### A Group of Vice-Presidents Starlight Theatre Association

Some of the many civic and business leaders who take an active part in the Starlight Theatre. Left to right, front row: Herbert H. Wilson, Sr., vice-president; Paul L. Willson, production; Paul M. Fogel, box office; J. S. Lerner, personnel and administration; back row: Frank Spink, theatre plant; D. L. Fennell, concessions; Karl R. Koerper, promotion. Not present when photograph was made: W. N. Deramus, vice-president; L. Russell Kelce, finance.



**EDWARD BUEHLER DELK**  
Architect

**HERBERT H. WILSON**  
President



LILLIAN MURPHY

June 22 - 28

# THE STUDENT PRINCE

The bittersweet romance of a young prince at Heidelberg University. Such lilting Sigmund Romberg tunes as Golden Days, Deep in My Heart, Student Life, Drinking Song, Serenade, Just We Two. The cast:

<i>Prince Carl</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Glenn Burris
<i>Kathie</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Lillian Murphy
<i>Lutz</i>	.	.	.	.	.	(to be announced)
<i>Toni</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Maury Tuckerman
<i>Gretchen</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Violet Carlson
<i>Hubert</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Nat Burns
<i>Duchess</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Elizabeth Watts
<i>Princess Margaret</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Eileen Schauler
<i>Dancers</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Melissa Hayden and Andre Eglevsky



VIOLET CARLSON



GLENN BURRIS



The dancers:  
ANDRE EGLEVSKY,  
MELISSA HAYDEN.



EILEEN  
SCHAULER





LOU SEILER



JO SULLIVAN



RICHARD WENTWORTH

June 29 - July 5

## THE WIZARD OF OZ

A giddy whirl into the Land of Make-Believe, for youngsters of 6 — or 60! Favorites: Over the Rainbow, The Witch is Dead, We're Off to See the Wizard, Munchkinland, If I Only Had the Nerve.

The cast:

<i>Dorothy</i>	Jo Sullivan
<i>Scarecrow</i>	Lou Seiler
<i>Cowardly Lion</i>	Richard Wentworth
<i>Wicked Witch</i>	Elizabeth Watts
<i>Oz</i>	Joseph Macaulay
<i>Dancer</i>	Nirsha



ELIZABETH WATTS



JOSEPH MACAULAY





RALPH HERBERT



JEAN FENN



BILLY GILBERT

July 6 - 12

### THE MERRY WIDOW

A gay, delightful bonbon of life in Paris. Exciting cancan numbers and the Franz Lehar music of Maxim's, Vilia, Women, Merry Widow Waltz, and others. The cast:

<i>Mme. Sonia</i>	. . . . .	Jean Fenn
<i>Prince Danilo</i>	. . . . .	Ralph Herbert
<i>Baron Popoff</i>	. . . . .	Billy Gilbert
<i>Natalie</i>	. . . . .	Eileen Schauler
<i>Nish</i>	. . . . .	Joe E. Marks
<i>De' Jolidon</i>	. . . . .	Glenn Burris
<i>Nova Kovich</i>	. . . . .	Joseph Macauley
<i>Dancers</i>	. . . . .	Harrison & Fisher



HARRISON & FISHER





KYLE MACDONNELL



JIM HAWTHORNE



EDITH KING



NANCI CROMPTON

July 13 - 19

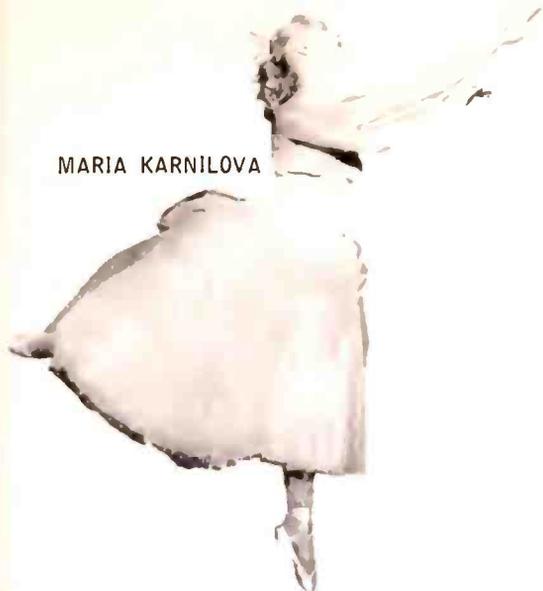
### BLOOMER GIRL

A rip-roaring story of the fight for women's rights—and romantic troubles caused by wearing 'bloomers.' Jam-packed with Howard Arlen's wonderful tunes—among others: Evalina, Sunday in Cicero Falls, The Farmer's Daughter, When the Boys Come Home, Right as the Rain, Grandma Was a Lady. The cast:

<i>Jeff Calhoun</i>	. . .	Jim Hawthorne	<i>Daisy</i>	. . .	Nanci Crompton
<i>Evalina</i>	. . .	Kyle MacDonnell	<i>Serena</i>	. . .	Mabel Taliaferro
<i>Horatio</i>	. . .	Joseph Macaulay	<i>Dolly Bloomer</i>	. . .	Edith King
		<i>Pompey</i>	. . .	Avon Long	



MARIA KARNILOVA



PAULINE DENISTON



July 20 - 26

## ON YOUR TOES

Something's gotta give when a 3-a-day vaudeville hooper mixes in the Russian ballet. It does, to the throb of Rodgers and Hart's *On Your Toes*, *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*, *There's a Small Hotel*, *It's Got to Be Love*. George Abbott helped with the book. The cast:

<i>Junior</i>	Ray McDonald
<i>Frankie Frayne</i>	Pauline Deniston
<i>Vera Barnova</i>	Maria Karnilova
<i>Peggy Porterfield</i>	Jen Nelson
<i>Sergei</i>	Joseph Macaulay
<i>Sidney Cohen</i>	Jim Hawthorne



JEN NELSON

*Slaughter on 10th Avenue* —it's terrific!



## BACKSTAGE at Kansas City

Production conferences like this at left result in smooth teamwork for a wide variety of preparations . . . painting and constructing scenery . . . engineering batteries of lights and sound equipment . . . designing, sewing, altering costumes that must be carefully fitted for the well-tailored look of Starlight Theatre productions. The dancers are among the hard-



# LIMPSES

## Starlight Theatre

est workers, for they must keep in top condition while rehearsing long hours to a fine point of group coordination. There is individual work with every member of the cast, from principals to chorus. Altogether, a huge task, repeated ten times for ten big shows—but splendidly justified by the glamorous spectacles which result, such as this at right.





DOROTHY KELLER



RICHARD ATKISON

July 27 - August 2

## UP IN CENTRAL PARK

A spirited colleen, Tammany Hall politicians, and an earnest young reporter, all mixed up in civic affairs to such Sigmund Romberg tunes as *Close as Pages in a Book*, *The Fireman's Bride*, *It Doesn't Cost You Anything to Dream*, *When She Walks in the Room*.  
The cast:

<i>Danny O'Cabane</i>	. . . . .	Walter Burke
<i>Timothy Moore</i>	. . . . .	Alan Carney
<i>Bessie O'Cabane</i>	. . . . .	Dorothy Keller
<i>Rosie Moore</i>	. . . . .	Betty Ann Busch
<i>Thomas Nast</i>	. . . . .	Richard Atikison
<i>Boss Tweed</i>	. . . . .	Joseph Macaulay



BETTY ANN BUSCH





COLEE WORTH



VICTORIA SHERRY



WALTER CASSEL

August 3 - 9

# NEW MOON

Swashbuckling action, intrigue, danger, romance in Old New Orleans. Oscar Hammerstein produced it. Some of Sigmund Romberg's finest: *Lover Come Back to Me*, *Softly as the Morning Sunrise*, *One Kiss*, *Stouthearted Men*, *Wanting You*, *Marianne*. The cast:

- |                       |                  |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| <i>Robert</i>         | Walter Cassel    |
| <i>Marianne</i>       | Victoria Sherry  |
| <i>Phillippe</i>      | Richard Atikison |
| <i>Vicomte Ribaud</i> | Joseph Macaulay  |
| <i>Alexander</i>      | Colee Worth      |
| <i>Clotilde</i>       | Nina Olivette    |
| <i>Julie</i>          | Dorothy Keller   |
| <i>Dancers</i>        | Landre & Verna   |



LANDRE & VERNA



NINA OLIVETTE





HELENA BLISS



JOHN TYERS

August 10 - 16

## KISS ME KATE

But contrary Kate sings *I Hate Men*, and Cole Porter takes it from there with sprightly hits like *Why Can't You Behave*, *So in Love*, *Too Darn Hot*, *True to You in My Fashion*, *Wonderbar*, *Women Are So Simple*. The cast:

<i>Fred Graham</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	John Tyers
<i>Lilli Vanessa</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Helena Bliss
<i>Bill Calhoun</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Rudy Tone
<i>Lois Lane</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Trude Adams
<i>First Alan</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Cole Worth



TRUDE ADAMS



A rehearsal break for the stars of the show

DONALD CLARKE



LILLIAN MURPHY



HELENA BLISS



August 17 - 23

## BLOSSOM TIME

The story of a song, a love, a girl—of Franz Schubert in gay old Vienna. Glowing with music which Sigmund Romberg based on some of Schubert's best loved melodies—Serenade, Song of Love, Three Little Maids, Ave Maria. The cast:

<i>Mitzi Kranz</i>	.	.	.	Lillian Murphy
<i>Franz Schubert</i>	.	.	.	Walter Cassel
<i>Baron Schober</i>	.	.	.	Donald Clarke
<i>Bellabruna</i>	.	.	.	Helena Bliss
<i>Christian Kranz</i>	.	.	.	Jack Norton
<i>Novotny</i>	.	.	.	Colee Worth
<i>Count Scharntoff</i>	.	.	.	Joseph Macaulay



JACK NORTON



WILLIAM O'NEAL



JANIS PAIGE



WILLIAM SHRINER



August 24-  
September 6

## ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

Annie couldn't miss—nor get her man—till they jimmied her gunsights. Neither did Irving Berlin miss with *Girl That I Marry*, *They Say It's Wonderful*, *Show Business*, *Sun in the Morning*, *Who Do You Love I Hope*, *Doing What Comes Naturally*, plenty more. The cast:

<i>Annie Oakley</i>	Janis Paige
<i>Frank Butler</i>	William Shriner
<i>Charlie Davenport</i>	Arthur Barnett
<i>Dolly Tate</i>	Ruth Gillette
<i>Buffalo Bill</i>	William O'Neal
<i>Pau'nee Bill</i>	Joseph Macaulay
<i>W'innie Tate</i>	Mary Ann Niles
<i>Indian Dancer</i>	Rudy Tone



RUTH GILLETTE  
ARTHUR BARNETT



MARY ANN  
NILES





**THEODORE ADOLPHUS**  
Choreographer



**ROLAND FIORE**  
Musical Director



**EDWARD REVEAUX**  
Stage Director

**SHERMAN FRANK**  
Associate Musical Director



**DIANE MARSH**  
Asst. Choreographer

**PHIL DE ROSIER**  
Scenic Designer



## THE STARLIGHT STAFF



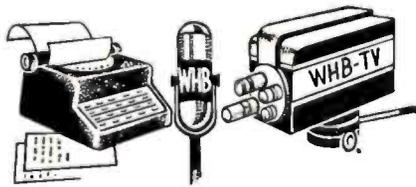
**WILLIAM MEADER**  
Stage Manager



**TONY FERRARA**  
Associate Stage Manager



**MAURY TUCKERMAN**  
Asst. to Stage Director



*... this issue*  
**You're Swinging with  
 WHB and WHB-TV**

... and our new 'phone number tells the story: Baltimore 7109. 710 for WHB's wave-length, in kilocycles. 9 for WHB-TV's Channel 9. BA for Baltimore Avenue in Kansas City, where the TV studios are located, atop the Power and Light Building. Sometime early next year we hope to merge Radio and Television studios in one big WHB and WHB-TV Studio Building, which will house both the radio and the television operations.

Agreement with KMBC-TV to share time was formally signed June 17th, following which application for a share-time grant was filed with the FCC by the two stations. The favorable decision of the Commission was announced June 25th; and on that date, in New York, representatives of WHB and KMBC signed affiliation agreements with the Columbia Broadcasting System's Television Network.

Simultaneously, the race began to get the new Channel 9 Television station on the air by August 1, our target date. From DuMont, the transmitter was shipped to Kansas City by special truck. From RCA, all of WHB-TV's studio equipment was rushed to Kansas City—some of it by air freight. Engineers worked day and night to install the Channel 9 plant—and on August 1, the test pattern was first broadcast. Regular programming began Sunday, August 2... to reach full schedules as the fall programs return to CBS-TV and local shows begin from our studios.

## Swing



SCHILLING



SMITH



GREINER



GOLDENBERG



RAY



THORNBERRY



DENNIS



DAVIS

Television viewers in the Kansas City trading area report excellent reception. This includes some 300,658 television homes (statistics from the Kansas City Electric Association) in Johnson, Leavenworth and Platte Counties in Kansas; and Jackson, Clay and Platte Counties in Missouri. But well beyond this radius, 'phone calls from delighted viewers in St. Joseph, Missouri, Lawrence and Topeka, Kansas, and many smaller communities out-state in Missouri and Kansas have reported fine service from the new WHB-TV on Channel 9.

From J. L. VAN VOLKENBURG, President of CBS Television, came this wire: "On behalf of all of CBS Television, allow me to extend a warm welcome to KMBC-TV and WHB-TV on joining the Network. You and all of the Officers and Staff of WHB-TV and KMBC-TV are to be congratulated on the miraculous work you have done to bring greater television to the people of the Kansas City Area. As an important part of the CBS Television Network we are looking forward to a long and pleasant association. We salute you all!"

WHB-TV's promise is that this is "Only the beginning, folks—only the beginning!..." So keep your eye on Channel 9.

MEANWHILE, in Radio, WHB shapes up with a wonderful fall and winter program schedule which promises to make "This Fall The Greatest of All on WHB." Outstanding will be our coverage of the Big Seven Football season—play-by-play by Larry Ray—direct, each week, from the "hottest" game in the conference. For the third straight year, Hallicrafters Television and Radio will sponsor

FOR RADIO—Swing Your Dial to 710. For Television—Join the Swing to Channel 9. "This Fall The Greatest of All."

*Alou Davis*



**JACK SAMPSON**  
WHB Client Service  
Representative

**LARRY RAY**  
Sports Director, WHB and  
WHB-TV

**JOHN J. LISS**  
Branch Manager,  
Hallicrafters

## For Third Consecutive Year, Hallicrafters Sponsor Play-by-Play Big Seven Football

### TENTATIVE SCHEDULE — 710 ON YOUR RADIO DIAL

Sept. 19—K. U. vs. T. C. U. at Fort Worth or  
Maryland vs. M. U. at Columbia

Sept. 26—M. U. vs. Purdue at Columbia

Oct. 3—M. U. vs. Colorado U. at Boulder

Oct. 10—K. U. vs. Colorado U. at Boulder

Oct. 17—K. U. vs. Oklahoma U. at Norman

Oct. 24—Nebraska vs. M. U. at Columbia or  
S. M. U. vs. K. U. at Lawrence

Oct. 31—K. U. vs. Nebraska U. at Lincoln

Nov. 7—K. State vs. K. U. at Lawrence or  
Oklahoma U. vs. M. U. at Columbia

Nov. 14—K. State vs. M. U. at Columbia or

Okla. A. & M. vs. K. U. at Lawrence

Nov. 21—M. U. vs. K. U. at Lawrence

**RADIO NIGHT AT BLUES STADIUM** was attended by 7,368 Larry Ray fans—with the K. C. *Blues* (No. 1 N. Y. *Yankee* farm team) in fifth position in the American Association, and a city-wide construction strike then in its third month. The paid attendance was one of the biggest crowds of the season. Muehlebach and Kroysen Beers sponsor Larry Ray's play-by-play baseball broadcasts of 154 *Blues* baseball games. Fred Harvey girls presented giant cake to Larry Ray.



**WHB • KANSAS CITY**

*This Fall is the Greatest of All on WHB*  
*and WHB-TV*

**THE SPORTS CALENDAR—WHB.** Mutual's play-by-play coverage of the World's Series, National Tennis Matches from Forest Hills, Sept. 6-7, Larry Ray's nightly Sports Round-Up at 6:15, Monday through Friday—plus the wind-up of the K. C. Blues baseball season, play-by-play, and the Big Seven Football season.

**FULTON LEWIS, JR.** Back on WHB at his old time of 6 p.m., Monday through Friday, after Sept. 1. **PERRY COMO SHOW** on WHB at 6:45 p.m., beginning August 31. **DIXIELAND BAND CONCERT** every Saturday night at 9 p.m. . . . "10 on Your Radio Dial.

**WHB SUNDAY NEWS COVERAGE** at 8 a.m., 9 a.m., 10 a.m., 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., by **WALTER BURKS**, who will also be heard each night, following the baseball season.

**NEW VOICES ON WHB** include **WAYNE STITT**, long-time favorite K.C. disc jockey on "Matinee Date" from 2 to 3 p.m. weekdays; and the "Top Twenty" from 3 to 4:45 p.m. **JIM LANTZ**, just returned from Hollywood, has been signed for both WHB and WHB-TV.

In Kansas City, ask our Client Service Representative for desirable commercial availabilities. Nationally, "Ask Your John Blair Man" about WHB . . . and Blair-TV, Inc. about WHB-TV.

**PHONE BALTIMORE 7109**  
**"SEVEN-TEN . . . . . NINE"**  
 (WHB's Kilocycles) (WHB-TV's Channel)



**WHB**

710 K.C. 10,000 WATTS

MUTUAL NETWORK

KANSAS CITY'S  
**OLDEST**  
 CALL LETTERS

Represented  
 nationally by  
**JOHN BLAIR & CO.**

**WHB-TV**

CHANNEL 9 BASIC CBS-TV

SHARING TIME  
 WITH KMBC-TV

Kansas City

**BLAIR TV INC**

Represented Nationally by

**DON DAVIS, PRESIDENT**

**JOHN T. SCHILLING, GENERAL MANAGER**





## Kansas City's Most Popular Newscaster JOHN THORNBERRY ON WHB-TV

**T**ELEPULSE Kansas City Report for December 1-7, 1953, confirms what many of us had already suspected:

That John Thornberry's nightly quarter-hour TV newscast, heard Mondays through Fridays on WHB-TV at 10 p.m., is the most popular locally-produced newscast heard on any Kansas City television station. More than that: Thornberry's "Let's Look at the News" is within 1.5

rating points of being **THE** most popular newscast—local OR network—on Kansas City Television! The leader (1.5 points ahead of Thornberry) happens to be a former WHB Radio newscaster you may have seen on a national network—fellow by the name of John Cameron Swayze.

We call them John I and John II. Adjacent to John II on WHB-TV are some excellent spot availabilities you might latch onto if you call your Blair-TV man right away. In Kansas City, 'phone our Sales Service Department at Baltimore 7109.

### WHB-TV SALES SERVICE REPRESENTATIVES

Ed Dennis  
Ed Birr

Win Johnston  
Jack Sampson

Clay Forker  
*General Manager*  
**JOHN T. SCHILLING**

*President*  
**DON DAVIS**



Represented Nationally by

**BLAIR**  
INC

# Swing®

Volume 9 • Number 4

Published By

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TELEVISION: WHB-TV

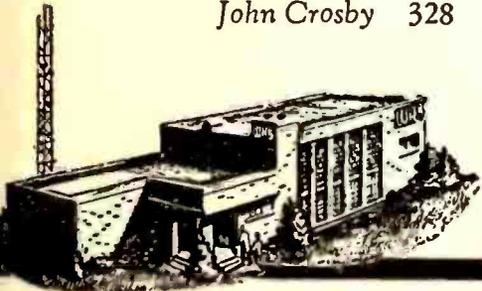
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

A Wholly Owned Subsidiory of  
The Cook Point & Vornish Company



WHB—  
Kansas City's  
Oldest  
Call Letters

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**WHB-TV**

**CHANNEL 9 • BASIC CBS-TV**

★

**WHB • KANSAS CITY**

**710 KC - 10,000 WATTS - MBS RADIO**



# Some News

By Vice-Admiral  
WALTER S. De LANY

*Good advice for civilians, businessmen and naval cadets! From a Commencement Address made to a newly-commissioned class of Ensigns, at the Officers' Candidate School, Newport, Rhode Island.*

THE graduates today come from all walks of life—from many different colleges, schools and localities. That is as it should be. The Navy has a definite place for real Americans with your personal qualities and educational backgrounds who want to join up with us with the idea of accepting the training and indoctrination which will form the basis of your officer education and your particular specialty.

You have been taught many new things here, and I trust that in this nautical environment you have acquired some seagoing language that will identify you with your newly chosen work—expressions that will show you to be young men with some salt in your veins—and even a semblance of a web between your toes. That is essential even for officers in the specialist corps. You're in the Navy now. And if I may elaborate on that just a bit—I would like it understood that my meaning of seagoing language is definitely of the parlor variety. Profanity is not part of a sailor's language. It went over-

board a long time ago—and it is no longer an identity of the seagoing man, any more than the tattooing of his body.

I am sure, however, in your instruction here, and in the contact you have made, you must have gained the distinct impression that the Navy is making a sincere effort to retain the traditions, the high standards and ethics which have been the basis of our long years of creditable history. Naturally, I would be the last one to say that everything which was good for John Paul Jones is good for us today. And, of course, I would never even attempt to propound that the training in the Fleet today should be in preparation for another battle of Jutland. Certainly there is no intention that we retain obsolete accounting, business and engineering procedures. That would be just as foolish as trying to say that we would never put guided missiles on battleship hulls, or have atomic propulsion in ships and planes.

But it is a fact that there are fundamental principles, sound and

# Year's Resolutions

## *from a Naval Commencement Address*

1. Gear your performance of duty, and your personal conduct and relations so that you may always enjoy and be proud to live with yourself.
2. Learn to distinguish the difference between being popular with and being respected by those with whom you have official and other dealings.
3. Be able to stand unashamed and unafraid before your shipmates.

deep-rooted traditions, high personnel and material standards, which are just as essential in the Navy today as they were in the old Navy. Of course, we must modernize the Navy—we dare not stew in our own juice—we must have the new developments built into our ships and planes. Our tactical, strategic, business and research concepts, our planning and thoughts must be geared to modernized requirements. We do not, however, need to destroy the basis of our greatness in the modernization process.

**G**OOD relationship between officers and enlisted men, for example, is traditional in our Navy. There is no organization in the world, in my opinion at least, where this understanding relationship prevails to the degree that it does in our Navy. The cheerful good morning, the respectful, and willing salute, the human understanding between a good division officer and his men, the close and helpful association that prevails in a good ship's company—these and many others are examples, which regardless of how completely the Navy

may be modernized—we must and want to retain, because they are traditional. They are the right things to do even in a modern Navy.

It is traditional that our ships are always clean—that our personnel are the best dressed, best trained, best fed, best behaved men in the world. It is traditional that the material in our ships is the most efficiently operated in any military outfit, and that our personnel know how to and want to keep it that way. It is traditional that we have sound accounting and modern business administration in our supply systems. It is traditional that our ships shoot faster at longer ranges and hit the target more often than ships of other navies. They steam farther and faster. It is traditional that we have high standards of conduct and ethics in all our relations with our own and other service personnel, and the civilians with whom we come in contact. That an officer is a gentleman, has been an accepted fact since the Navy was established. These are naval tradi-

tions. You can modernize all you want to—but you dare never even think of destroying these traditions and standards. If you do, you won't have a U. S. Navy.

**I**MENTION this because of the apparent tendency to throw tradition, fair competition, and even ethics overboard in so many of our present day concepts. The press, the radio, carry daily evidence of the apparent decline of the moral, religious and ethical standards within government, business and professions. Too many people are conveniently increasing the acceptable elasticity factor of their own conscience in order that they may be personally benefited. You dare not become a party to such concepts—you're in the Navy now!

All of you here today, I am sure, have some appreciation of the communistic effort in this country and the world. I do not know if you have a complete realization, however, of its degree and extent. I can assure you that the military is not excluded from their fields. Talk ideologies, isms, or what not—you must have an appreciation of the fact that when you boil this whole thing down to plain, cold, hard realities, the communistic effort is directed toward the weakening of our war-making potential. If they can weaken the military, by the destruction of those principles which have contributed most to our success, they will have accomplished a big part of their mission. We must be on constant guard against this. You are graduating today—you become part of the team—

the Navy's first team. It is up to you, individually, to insure that these red termites cannot bore into our naval traditions, standards, and ethics to weaken them and thereby make us lose our effectiveness.



**D**URING your course here, you have undergone extensive training. Let me be frank with you, and tell you that just as long as you stay in the Navy, you will be under training. That is a never-ending job. You will have to continue your own training, and you will have to qualify yourself to train others. The Navy lives on training. You are a part of the Navy. That is the way you will have to live. There is not a ship or station in the Navy that has a "Free-Ride" sign on it. Every officer and man has his place on an oar and a seat on the thwart in the boat. You have got to know how to pull your weight in that boat, and you can't catch a crab when you do. I know this training is going to be arduous for you—some of it may seem futile and repetitious. Long years of experience form the basis of Navy training methods.

The peace time Navy just *must* be a quality Navy—whether our personnel totals 500,000 or 100,000. They must be well trained. Numbers as such mean nothing, unless they represent trained personnel. You can't put out a fire with an empty fire extinguisher. You can't man ships

and stations with untrained men. War time expansion does not permit the meticulous training that is possible in peace time. The quality of the Navy is bound to be initially diluted by such an expansion. It is factual, however, that the stronger the quality of the peace time Navy, the less that quality will be diluted in the initial war time expansion.

And I can assure you that the present training efforts and methods in the fleet and schools ashore today are geared to that concept. We must be trained if and when war should come. We may be justly proud of the Navy's operations during the last war, and the same thing is true of what the Navy has done in Korea. The carrier task force operations—the amphibious landings—the fine gunnery performance—the almost unbelievable amount of cruising due to good engineering practices—the logistic support of the fleet and bases—all of these are the result of sound peace time training, doctrines and efforts. They didn't just happen.

The same thing is true today, whether it be the course here at the War College or in Joint Colleges—the anti-submarine hunter-killer efforts—the guided missile program—the fleet exercises or anything else. They are all geared to the Navy's concept of its war time missions, and we are conducting peace time training to be ready to fulfill these missions effectively in an emergency. You will be a part of this team. You will have to train yourselves and others to take their places on the team. The team can win only if all

hands know their jobs. That is up to you and the men you command.

**Y**OU have willingly chosen this seagoing profession. You must, therefore, gear your training concepts to the Navy. Naturally, there is a close relation between many civilian and Navy practices, but you must never fail to recognize the Navy's interest, and your goal must be to benefit and serve the Navy during your entire service.

It seems fitting, too, that I should invite your attention to the fact that the Navy itself is part of the team for national security. We have unification today—and that to me means teamwork. The long-range bombers, armed with atom bombs, cannot by themselves win a war. The infantryman and his artillery alone cannot do so either. That is true of the submarine and the carrier task forces. But, put them all together, and combine them with the productivity, the ingenuity and the patriotism of our people—put that into a team, and you must have a winner.

You are a part of the Navy—and you must, therefore, know the importance of the Navy to the team. You must take time to learn about the part the Navy must play, the roles they must fill in the over-all mission of our military forces. It is important that you do this because in your contacts with civilian and other groups you must be informed in those matters and be able to explain the Navy's definite place on the defense team. I mention this because in my contacts with younger officers I find that they are not too well informed on these



*"I've had a fascinating time, Kenneth—  
let's try it again when you save up  
another \$1.95."*

▲  
matters. I assure you it is an all-hands job to be informed about the role of the Navy and its place on the team for national security. And you can take it as an accepted fact that the Navy must retain control of the sea—and that means not only control of the surface, but the seas beneath and the skies above. In a recent speech, Admiral Fichteler, our CNO, said, "I cannot assure you we will win a next war, if such an unfortunate catastrophe should be forced on us, solely because we control the seas. But I can give you my complete assurance that if we lost control of the seas, we will lose that war."

**N**OW, of course, no graduation address is complete unless the speaker offers some advice to the graduates. I won't disappoint you, but I will be brief.

First, I would suggest that you gear your performance of duty, and your personal conduct and relations so that you may always enjoy and be proud to live with yourself—note—I say *with yourself*.

Then, I would suggest that early in your career you learn to distinguish the difference between being popular with, and being respected by those with whom you have official and other dealings. I assure you there is a difference, and that the latter is more difficult to win.

And lastly, I would suggest as a goal, a sentence from a prayer which appears in the prayer book at the Naval Academy, and which I believe is applicable to one of any or no faith or creed. It goes like this: "Help me to stand unafraid and unashamed before my shipmates."

You will note that I make no mention of leadership, loyalty, attention to and performance of duty, etc. It is my own personal opinion that if you are proud to live with yourself, if you win the respect of others, and if you can always stand unafraid and unashamed before your shipmates, you just naturally must have the qualities that go to make you a success in the profession you have chosen—**THE NAVY . . .**



# Should YOU Be On The NIGHT SHIFT ?

By  
WILLIAM K. FIELDING

*The true insomniac should sample the advantages of conducting his principal economic and social activities during the hours of darkness.*

**B**EN FRANKLIN, besides being the first American to determine why-in-thunderation, could boast of inventing a non-smoking street lamp that "continu'd bright till morning." In 1752, as throughout history, there were certain citizens who could not sleep o' nights. Or, at least, some who—like the street lamps—were designed to remain vivid until dawn's surly light.

Today, more otherwise-normal people than ever are complaining of what medicine men commonly call a manifestation of neurasthenic exhaustion—namely, insomnia.

But why complain? May not there be a biological basis, an evolutionary record of nocturnal life, which would



make it appear quite reasonable for many humans to feel stifled and repressed in the "little hours" that were the work-and-play period of a remote ancestor?

After considerable investigation in history and in personal subjective experiment, I have become thoroughly convinced that the true insomniac ought not to seek treatment to alter his condition; but, rather, that he should be led to sample the multiform advantages of conducting his principal economic and social activities during the hours of darkness.

**I**N every phase of human consciousness, fear of all things unknown, unseen or obscure is a common denominator of behavior—and of emotion (sympathetic behavior). Therefore, we may well assume that any sound night-time sleeper during our formative racial antiquity must have been perpetually liable to mauling by members of the cat, wolf, rodent and reptile families.

For Primordial Man defied his own animal good sense, limited his chances of survival and left his mate, as well

as his food-ward, unguarded whenever he slept by night.

Later, the dugout or cave—with hot embers in its one entrance—gave Man surcease from such hazard, as his rear and flanks were no longer exposed to attack. His night-sleep, if disturbed at all, was made safer by booby-traps and warnings to deter the enemy and arouse himself. Obscurity had been reduced, his tribe increased and the need for flock and field made obvious.



"Foggy, you're beginning to pay more attention to our singer than your music—just like the guy you replaced."

**B**UT domesticated Man still felt a nightlong uneasiness, realizing that—on the prowl and alert—he had usually taken care of himself creditably. He worried, in spite of improved material prosperity, and occasionally exhibited specimens (throwbacks) so totally nocturnal in their instincts as to become neurasthenic—congenital insomniacs!

Inheritance of general characteristics has been a moot point, admittedly, throughout the annals of psychol-

ogy. What is questioned chiefly, however, is less the fact of transmitted typical behavior than the various theories concerning actual nerve structures related to unlearned traits. Similarly, no adequate and final analysis has been proven as to those elusive electro-chemical events in the ganglia which cause us to sleep. (Definitions of sleep will be found *descriptive* rather than scientifically *conclusive*).

Extensive university experiments wherein humans were controlled in work, diet, and so on, have shed much light on these matters. They tend to show that a person deprived of daylight (and further confused by clocks whose cycle marks a "day" of spurious length) will easily adjust his waking-sleeping routine to any supposed day. That nothing in fatigue and its relief by slumber is otherwise affected, has led the experimenters almost unanimously to deduce that sleeping all night every night is merely an acquired sociological convention.

Whether your particular case of wakefulness is due to a mild panic, aggravated by the prospect of lying dormant (and thus, *vulnerable*, in terms of vague and fantastic symbolisms etched deeply upon your psychic lineage) during Earth's blackout; or, as an epitomizing and busy M.D. will possibly state, you have a "slight functional disorder of the nerves"—an answer may be found in a change of scene.

**A**ND where in the whole of geography can such an altered focus be attained so readily as by deliber-

ately turning night into day? You no longer encounter those associates whose personalities have been conflicting with your own. You will drive to work on roads free from the high tension of rush-hour traffic that has been tugging at your ulcer zone.

Add your pet gripes to the list: things that cloy and terrify by day. No doubt the comparison with midnight's serene world will disclose whatever has troubled your daytime life . . . A life that switching to the night shift may, "by opposing, end"

Yet, this alternative is no mere escape from reality. Quite to the contrary! You can make it an adventure in positive reconstruction of youthful ambitions, an opening of new avenues to peace and plenty, in every branch of your activity and emotions.



**M**IDNIGHT oil has lighted the chambers of energetic men in all generations of our present civilization. The creative mind, particularly, thrives best in silence. If you have unexpressed talents of this order, you might do well to note how respected and august a company of writers has

produced its finest journals by artificial light.

The impact of night upon poets is easily observed. Gray's "Elegy," the rich impressions in Shakespeare, Goethe's sublime Hartz Mountains horror, Shelley's mystical "Indian Air"—all reflect keen awareness and appreciation of the World's shadowed side. Again, the familiar Milton:

*"Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
Where I may oft out-watch the  
Bear . . .*

*Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale  
career,  
Till civil-suited Morn appear . . ."*

Few men have reported night as faithfully as Antoine de Saint Exupery. His descriptions remind you that Earth is at once relatively huge and circumnavigable, brutal and beautiful, to him who travels beyond the sunset.

Even astronomers wax poetical when speaking of the fathomless clusters in the great bowl of night. Simon Newcomb, for example: "I know of no way in which complete rest can be obtained for the weary soul—in which the mind can be so entirely relieved of the burden of all human anxiety—as by the contemplation of the spectacle presented by the starry heavens . . ."

Such mighty laborers as Beethoven and Edison have become so engrossed in their conceptions that they habitually simply persisted for days at a stretch, forgetting sleep until the immediate project was completed.

Columnist Leigh Mitchell Hodges' workingday begins at midnight. At 75, he's still "The Optimist."

FOR the erstwhile non-sleeper with more prosaic aims, there are incentives in industry. Many "graveyard shift" operatives are paid eight hours' wages for seven hours of work, plus/or up to ten per cent additional bonus.

An all-night drugstore job offers the future pharmacist his necessary term of experience, with plenty of spare intervals for study that would be impossible in the same situation by day. Similarly, where evening-courses are available, the budding lawyer or accountant can go to class refreshed and clear-headed; after school is out, he devotes four hours to office records of one-desk businessman, or despatches taxis (or meets society at its least inhibited while *driving* a cab); then, after witnessing moonset and sunup through the window of an uncrowded homeward bus, he naps until breakfast, thereafter saunters to a quiet library for research and study, lunches ahead of the noon hustlers—and so to bed.

Late-hour workers, being fewer, have proportionately more supervision. That is to say, your chances of moving into a higher bracket of pay and responsibility are considerably better. There is a hypnotic intensity about this quarter of the clock which makes people work hard and rapidly, yet with a sense of being immersed-in-time that is actually *relaxing*.

Trouble-shooters, also, have their moments all through the night. Detectives and their opposite numbers play cat-and-rat while the world (theoretically) is in slumber. Firemen play rummy, waiting for some rummy to

play Nero. In the hospital and the laboratory, life, post-mortems and urinalysis must go on. Man's valuable goods require night watchmen; woman's stork summons ambulance-driver and intern; youth's elopements have to be intercepted, borrowed cars returned. Opportunity knocks insistently on the door of the repairman who works while his competitors tell the telephoner they will see him first-thing-tomorrow.

Disk-jockeys who might be anonymous in the afternoon find themselves automatically transmuted, overnight, into "personalities," talking aside by wire to hundreds of stay-ups, forced to improvise conversation and homely philosophy. They address radio directly to the heart of the individual, gaining a human approach which satisfies a healthy desire to be *necessary* to as many neighbors as possible. These boys are really living!

WHERE livelihood is concerned, most of us have been absorbed into the machinery of trades and professions not in line with our education, preferences, physical constitution and inherited capabilities. Employment difficulties rate near the top of the list of neurosis causes. Once we have implicated ourselves in the bog of false security called "seniority," we try stolidly to succeed in something that grows daily more and more repulsive to our subconscious code.

Vocational and mental-aptitude tests are more dependable than is generally realized. So, when baiting your trap for nighttime work, it would be wise to arm yourself with objective advice from career specialists (who may also

know of suitable dynamic bonanzas in which you could convert your late-blooming traits into a tripled income).

In a few cases, of course, no new set of favorable factors will restore health and happiness. Smothered childhood memories may continue to smoulder despite all the moonshine and roses bestowed upon present survivors of past traumas. For these, the answer lies only in surrender to long and exhaustive psychiatric cooperation.

However, the majority of psychosomatic and allegedly neurasthenic symptoms—including insomnia—are known to retreat when attacked in terms of *immediate* functional betterment. Sedentary wrecks become contented on a job that fatigues their muscles; people irked out of their wits by arbitrary orders are reborn in independent small businesses of their own; lonely farmers regain social articulation in factory, political club and urbane entertainments; while the jaded foundry-hand may have been unequal to noise and heat, but turns into a perfectly relaxed real estate broker.

THE transition from daytime humdrum to nightly fulfillment is made easier by a one-hour *siesta*. If you are not in circumstances where a nap after lunch can be stolen comfortably, then just before (or following) supper will suffice. Compensate this hour—whether you have slept or not—with postponement of your usual bedtime by an equal period, gradually

increasing it until you are able to "continue bright till morning."

Within about two weeks, you should find yourself rested by six hours, daily, of solid slumber. There are no rules for inducing this sleep; none are needed. Except for some first bland objections to your sudden rejection of orthodoxy, other members of the household will not disturb you. Resist any later tendency to catnap during darkness, or in excess of the six hours total.

Don't look for a miraculous, complete cure of all your personal problems. But, sure of the nature of your genuine hopes and talents, freed from innate fear of after-dark "unknowns," you should be able to rebuild your personality and aggressively exploit the fabulous realms of Night.



"Now tell your mother she's got just sixty seconds for her commercial."

# Miss Willoughby

*She went to Havana on one of those cruises . . . but it didn't cure her hiccoughs.*



MISS WILLOUGHBY sat very still. She wanted to hiccup, but she looked at Mr. Goodpasture and Mr. Bert and decided this was a dramatic moment. Miss Willoughby always hiccupped; but this time she swallowed.

Mr. Goodpasture was frowning. Miss Willoughby knew Mr. Goodpasture never frowned except on Mondays after he had spent the week-end at Goodpasture Acres with Mrs. Goodpasture or after he had taken Miss Holman to the Cabano for dinner. He always took Miss Holman to the Cabano for dinner, for although Mr. Goodpasture owned seven restaurants, the Cabano was the only one in town that served Spanish food, and Miss Holman tutored people in Spanish. So Mr. Goodpasture had bought the Cabano and now he owned eight restaurants.

But Miss Willoughby was surprised to see Mr. Goodpasture frown, for he only frowned about women. He had never frowned about her before. Mr. Bert always frowned verbally, and punctuated it with his cigar. He was growling now and his cigar was bouncing up and down.

Mr. Goodpasture went on frowning and Miss Willoughby wondered



how long a dramatic moment was dramatic. In her opinion, it was about up, and besides, she wanted very much to hiccup. So she hiccupped.

Mr. Bert leaned across the corner of Mr. Goodpasture's desk and poked his cigar in her face.

"Cuba! For God's . . ."

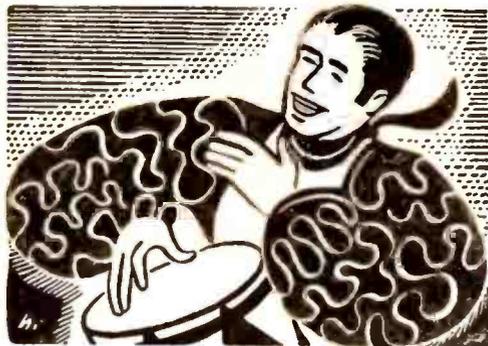
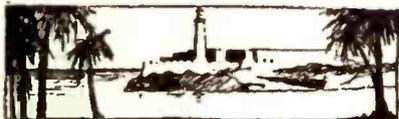
"Miss Willoughby, you must realize that it would leave the office short-handed for you to take your vacation just now?"

Miss Willoughby hadn't thought of it just that way; that is, she hadn't realized that she was entitled to a vacation. She had missed only one day since she had come to the office eleven years before, and that was the day her Aunt Harriet had eloped with the minister of the First Baptist

# Willoughby

## A Short Story

By MARY LANGLEY



Church. When they phoned her the message, she had thought that her mind was wandering and went to bed with an ice-pack on her head.

It had been bad to miss a day then, because Mr. Goodpasture was always going up to Goodpasture Acres for a week-end and then staying a week. One time he and Mrs. Goodpasture went to Bermuda and didn't come back for two weeks. But now he always came back on Monday morning. But he didn't frown as much then as he did now.

SO Miss Willoughby decided that the vacation was a good point, and told Mr. Goodpasture that she thought she needed the rest. She had heard Mr. Goodpasture tell Miss Holman often that a woman shouldn't work so hard. Not that she eavesdropped, but Miss Willoughby dined quite often at the Cabano, too. She had been in Cuba the year before she came to the office, and she always liked to see the Spanish names on the menu. Sometimes Mr. Goodpasture and Miss Holman happened to be dining there the same night she was, and they always sat in the booth

next to the one where she always sat. She wondered sometimes if she ought to say some evening, "How do you do, Mr. Goodpasture?" but she never had, because Mr. Goodpasture always seemed so completely absorbed in Miss Holman. She had very blonde hair and dark eyebrows. Miss Willoughby was quite surprised the first time she heard her order in Spanish because her accent was so perfect. That is, judging by the Spanish she had heard while she was in Cuba, Miss Holman was pretty good.

Miss Willoughby observed that Mr. Bert had lost his temper. His face was quite red and his hair flopped in his eyes. Mr. Goodpasture was ignoring Mr. Bert. So Miss Willoughby mentally put Mr. Bert in the corner with his face to the wall and looked at Mr. Goodpasture again.

"Well, Miss Willoughby, of course you realize that no one here is supposed to leave on vacation before June."

Miss Willoughby pulled a slip of paper out of her pocket and looked at it. Then she told Mr. Goodpasture that her plane was leaving at 2:00 p.m. and that she would be back at the office a week from Wednesday.

Mr. Bert said something very loud. Then he said something else very loud and slammed the door behind him. Mr. Goodpasture stopped frowning and raised his right eyebrow. Miss Willoughby remembered that that was why she had taken the job at such low pay at first; she had always liked people who could raise one eyebrow at a time.

"Miss Willoughby, you are breaking the traditions of this firm! But if you don't hurry you will miss your plane; it is 1:35 now. Have a good time and bring us back a surprise from Cuba."

Miss Willoughby started to smile, but just then she hiccupped, so she told Mr. Goodpasture she would bring him a surprise and left.

WHEN Miss Willoughby got back, she went straight to the office. She felt very proud of herself because of the nice surprise she was bringing Mr. Goodpasture. She stopped in her office and took off her hat and gloves and told Vargas to wait there . . . he was tall and dark and very Cuban. Miss Willoughby couldn't decide whether he was handsome or not, but his teeth were very white and his eyes snapped. She hadn't looked at him very much, to be quite frank, because he embarrassed her. He would smile and say, "Si?" and she would hiccup and look away. It had been that way all the way back on the plane, but she was sure he was a real Cuban.

She went into Mr. Goodpasture's office to tell him about Vargas. At least, she started in. She opened the door and then closed it and knocked.

Mr. Goodpasture didn't answer for a moment; so she knocked again. Mr. Goodpasture said, "Come in"; so she went in.

Miss Holman was sitting in the chair where the men sat who came to talk business with Mr. Goodpasture. Her hat was lying on the desk, and Miss Willoughby noticed the dark hair right at the part . . . just about the shade of her eyebrows. She was smoking a cigarette in a long ivory holder. Mr. Goodpasture's right eyebrow flew up when Miss Willoughby walked in, but he only said, "Well! Miss Holman, this is my secretary, Miss Willoughby."

Miss Holman looked at Miss Willoughby. She looked first at her shoes; then she looked at her stockings; then she looked at her hands. By the time she had got to her shoulders, Miss Willoughby wanted to hiccup. She thought she ought to suppress it until she had said, "I'm so glad to know you," but when Miss Holman looked her in the face and she saw Miss Holman's eyes, she decided she wasn't in the least glad to know her, so she hiccupped.

Then she told Mr. Goodpasture that she had rushed right on to the office because she had with her a Cuban whom she had hired in Havana to be a waiter at the Cabano. He had been a waiter in Havana for years; but he wanted very much to come to this city because he had relatives here. And she had known that Mr. Goodpasture would be delighted to have the man to lend atmosphere to the Cabano. And besides, this was the surprise he had asked her to bring.

MISS HOLMAN took a long drag on her cigarette and crossed her knees. She slid down in the chair a little more and laid her head back. Mr. Goodpasture didn't say anything for a minute. He started to frown and then didn't.

"Well, it looks as though you did have a nice trip, if you brought your Cuban back with you!"



Miss Willoughby was afraid she was going to blush.

"All right, Miss Willoughby, bring him in, if you have him here. We'll look him over. Miss Holman can pass on his Spanish, can't you . . ."

Miss Willoughby had already left the room. Vargas was waiting for her in her office. She rushed in to him and he smiled and said, "Si?" She stopped abruptly and looked at the middle button on his shirt as she told him Mr. Goodpasture wanted to meet him. She opened the door to Mr. Goodpasture's office and shoved Vargas in first. She closed the door behind her and went around in front of him. Mr. Goodpasture was looking over Miss Holman's head at him. Miss Holman's back was

to the door, and all that could be seen of her was the dark part in the blonde hair, the long holder between two red-tipped fingers, and the thin wisp of smoke trailing up from the cigarette.

"Mr. Goodpasture, this is Mr. Vargas."

The ash suddenly dropped off of Miss Holman's cigarette.

"Ah, Senor! For so long a time I have yearned to come to this city . . ."

Miss Holman had risen from her chair. Her dark red lipstick looked like wax on a white plate. Her eyes were very narrow now, and her nostrils dilated. Miss Willoughby decided she looked like a cross between a tiger and a snake.

Vargas suddenly became aware of the tall blonde standing there. He stopped in the middle of his speech to Mr. Goodpasture and stared at her.

"Ah! You are so good to me! You have found her for me and have her waiting here! Conchita mia, ah, why did you leave me, Estrellita? Oh, so much to thank you for, Miss Willoughby . . ."

But Miss Willoughby had already slipped back into her own office. There was something about reunions that always made her want to cry. And Vargas was so happy! She sat behind her desk until the door burst open. Mr. Goodpasture had squashed his hat on and was pulling on his top coat.

**A**FTER he was gone, Miss Willoughby put on her hat and gloves and walked out too. She put the night latch on the door so it

would lock after the last person left.

The next morning Mr. Bert welcomed Miss Willoughby back. He bobbed his cigar up and down and told Miss Willoughby that things had been going exceptionally well at the office since she had been away. Miss Willoughby told him she was glad and continued straightening out the pile of work heaped on her desk.

About ten o'clock she went into Mr. Bert's office and told him he had better start looking for someone to buy the Cabano. Mr. Bert took his feet off his desk and sat up very suddenly in his swivel chair.

"What?" he barked, "Did Goodpasture say so?"

Miss Willoughby told him that Mr. Goodpasture had not said so; that, in fact, Mr. Goodpasture was not even in the office.

Mr. Bert's cigar popped out of his mouth and he bounded to his feet. Miss Willoughby met him in mid-air with a telegram and he ripped it open.

"Well I'll be damned! He and Mrs. Goodpasture are in Bermuda for two weeks! What inarnation does he think will become of this business if he keeps flitting around with his wife?"

Mr. Bert's face was red and his hair was flopping in his eyes. Miss Willoughby ignored him. She slipped back to her seat behind her desk and began to answer Mr. Goodpasture's mail. She picked up a glass of water from the corner of the desk and tried to drink nine sips without breathing. She never could take but seven before she felt faint; so she put the water down and hiccoughed.

▲  
JOHN BROWN, sentenced to hang for the Harper's Ferry insurrection: "I am ready at any time. Do not keep me waiting."

▲  
DR. GEORGE BEARD, apologizing to colleagues gathered at his deathbed: "I should like to record the thoughts of a dying man for science, but it is impossible."

▲  
SIR THOMAS MORE, Lord Chancellor who refused to legalize a marriage for Henry VIII, to his friend: "I pray you see me safe up to the scaffold. As for coming down, let me shift for myself."

▲  
PAUL PASTEL, Russian revolutionist hung in 1826, when the rope broke the first time: "Stupid country, where they don't even know how to hang!"



# Pocket-Size Books Sell America Overseas

*\$2.50 per set of 102 books!*

By JAMES L. HARTE

THE American publishing phenomenon of 1953 is the increasingly booming market for paper covered pocket-sized books. Original novels are leaping from the presses, as are reprints galore of the classics—in addition to the popular whodunits, Westerns, and romances. It is a phenomenon that is peculiarly American, with its birth actually almost a century ago, in 1860, when the first paper-backed novel to be published in this country appeared. That was *Malaeska: the Indian Wife of the White Hunter*.

An unheralded phase of this publishing boom is its value in selling America, in advertising the American way of life, to the rest of the world. The pocket-book industry, for its lurid covers and a small percentage of racy books, has been a target of Congressional investigation. The United States Department of State has likewise been such a target. Yet this industry and the State Department have collaborated on a most ingenious plan to "sell America" to other countries.

This plan is the international distribution of what is termed the *Expendable Library*. This Library consists of 102 pocket-sized books which tell the world about us, in a format



which proves that in America one does not have to be rich to be cultured. And the cost to the taxpayer, for preparation and distribution of the Library is only \$2.50 per set of 102 books! To get the Library started, the publishers donated several thousand books. Recipients pay 16¢ per book replacement charge. Each paper-bound book is considered to have a life of ten readings.

In India, for example, where America has been losing ground rapidly against sweeping Communist propaganda, 4,500 of these little libraries, each packaged in a handy, three-shelf cardboard carton, have been distributed. More have been requested by the Indian Government officials, and sentiment for America is again on the upgrade. The libraries serve a two-fold purpose: they offer a sampling



"One more mistake in the half-dollar department, and I'll confine you to quarters."



of America's most representative prose and poetry, and they refute the Communist canard, which has hurt us immeasurably, that first-class literature is not available at low prices in America and that our masses are fed only tawdry sex shockers that lead to crime.

The libraries have been widely circulated in Brazil, as well as in other South American countries where, heretofore, explanations and illustrations of our culture have been left in a rather apathetic state. Burma, among other Asiatic countries, has requested and received many of the library packages, as have European nations. Everywhere, where knowledge of and faith in American democracy has been at a low ebb, the *Expendable Library* has been circulated, containing an admirable and enlightened cross-section of some of the happiest aspects of western civilization. Accordingly, our prestige has increased.

THE project was initiated by the International Information Administration of the State Department. Guided by strict standards of suitability, along with the availability of titles within the pocket-book industry, the final 102 books were chosen which were deemed best to give a favorable impression of America. The result is an uncontroversial and well-balanced collection containing something for everyone—from expectant mother to philosopher. For the mother, there is Guttmacher's *Having A Baby*; for the philosopher, there is Dewey's *Reconstruction In Philosophy*.

Hawthorne, Thoreau, Emerson, J. P. Marquand, are represented. There is a fair regional distribution of authorship, with two novels by Guthrie and one by Ernest Haycox on the West. *Hold Autumn in Your Hand*, by George Sessions Perry, typifies Texas. The South is illustrated by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' *South Moon Under*. The Midwest offers Sinclair Lewis' *Dodsworth*.

Other modern novelists included are F. Scott Fitzgerald with *The Great Gatsby*, Edna Ferber with *Saratoga Trunk*, Ellen Glasgow with *Vein of Iron*, Paul Gallico with *The Lonely*, Pearl Buck with *The Good Earth*, John Hersey with *A Bell for Adano*, and Christopher Morley with *Thunder on the Left*. Mark Twain and earlier American writers are represented.

NOT all the writers in the collection are American. A few others were chosen because of their value in illustrating the democratic way, of proving the American cul-

tural taste, and of showing the American production know-how and choice in getting good literature to the American public inexpensively. Shakespeare, in the American edition edited by Mark Van Doren, appears, as does a second Englishman, George Orwell, represented by his powerful anti-communist novel 1984. And Messer Marco Polo by the Irish Donn Byrne is included to evidence American taste in romantic novels.

None of the titles in the selected 102 can cause any wrath, via the Congress, the ever-present witch-hunters, or from any other source. The books seem to confirm the opinion of the publishing industry, expressed by a spokesman, that if the State Department made any error in its choice, it was on the side of conservatism rather than radicalism.

For example, two American novels of unquestioned literary merit were rejected for the Library. These were Irwin Shaw's *The Young Lions*, and Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*. Shaw's brilliant work, while illustrative of younger American writing genius, depicts too realistically anti-semitism in the U. S. Army. Ellison's award-winning novel, while it is a tremendous indictment of Communist exploitation of minority groups in America, showed in too strong detail American anti-Negro discrimination.

"We could not," explained the International Information Administration, "send out books which show our faults when the Communists are telling the world about them, exaggerating them, all the time." It is this dastardly Red propaganda, of course,



"More coffee, dear?"

that the *Expendable Library* helps to defeat. So that the Library, for all the great merit of its choice, itself is propaganda rather than a collection of fine arts.

THE libraries, in the countries which receive them, are set up in municipal libraries, student hostels, schools, labor union reading rooms, railroad stations, and other gathering centers. Formality of book-borrowing is reduced to a minimum. Upon borrowing the first time, a patron signs his name to a slip. Thereafter, a returned book acts as a library card entitling the holder to another volume.

This program, little known at home, is succeeding in restoring American prestige abroad. Sentiment on behalf of America is on the upswing wherever the libraries have been placed.

You can make more friends in two months by becoming interested in other people than you can in two years by trying to get other people interested in you.



# What Would You Add to these 102 BOOKS To "Sell" The American Way?

Author	Title	Publisher	
<b>A</b> llen, Frederick Lewis	Only Yesterday	Bantam	27
Amberg, George	Ballet	Mentor	42
Armitage, Angus	The World of Copernicus	Mentor	65
Barnett, L.	The Universe and Dr. Einstein	Mentor	68
Benedict, Ruth	The Patterns of Culture	Mentor	2
<b>B</b> enet, Stephen Vincent	The Stephen Vincent Benet Pocket Book	Pocket Book	360
Bernhard-Bennett-Rice	New Handbook of the Heavens	Mentor	52
Blunden, Godfrey	A Room on the Route	Bantam	947
Botkin	Pocket Treasury of American Folklore	Pocket Book	684
Buck, Pearl S.	The Good Earth	Pocket Book	11
Byrne, Donn	Messer Marco Polo	Penguin (Pocket Book)	611
<b>C</b> annon, Le Grand, Jr.	Look to the Mountain	Bantam	A933
Charnwood, Lord	Abraham Lincoln	Pocket Book	C-51
Clark, Walter Van Tilburg	The Track of the Cat	Signet	801
Collier, John	Indians of the Americas	Mentor	33
Collected	Pocket Book of Short Stories	Pocket Book	C-12
Commager, Henry Steele (Ed.)	America in Perspective	Mentor	30
Committee on College Reading (Ed.)	Good Reading	Mentor	76
Conant, James B.	On Understanding Science	Mentor	68

Author	Title	Publisher	
Crane, Milton (Ed.)	50 Great Short Stories	Bantam	A950
Craven, Thomas	The Pocket Book of Greek Art	Pocket Book	677
Crossman, Richard (Ed.)	The God That Failed	Bantam	963
Croy, Homer	Family Honeymoon	Bantam	413
<b>D</b> ewey, John	Reconstruction in Philosophy	Mentor	53
Dunn, L. C. and Dobzhansky, Th.	Heredity, Race and Society	Mentor	74
<b>E</b> dman, Irwin	Arts and the Man	Mentor	40
Espy, Willard R.	Bold New Program	Bantam	840
<b>F</b> erber, Edna	Saratoga Trunk	Penguin (Pocket Book)	617
Fitzgerald, F. Scott	The Great Gatsby	Bantam	8
Flexner, James Thomas	The Pocket History of American Painting	Pocket Book	708
Franklin, Benjamin	The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin	Pocket Book	23
Freud, Sigmund	Psychopathology of Everyday Life	Mentor	67
Frost, Robert	The Pocket Book of Robert Frost's Poems	Pocket Book	374
Funk and Lewis	30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary	Pocket Book	569
<b>G</b> allico, Paul	The Lonely	Signet	819
Glasgow, Ellen	Vein of Iron	Penguin (Pocket Book)	583
Gould, R. E.	Yankee Storekeeper	Bantam	456
Guthrie, A. B.	The Big Sky	Pocket Book	C-52
Guthrie, A. B.	The Way West	Pocket Book	C-30
Guttmacher, Dr. Alan F.	Having a Baby	Signet	788
<b>H</b> amilton, Edith	The Greek Way to Western Civilization	Mentor	32
Hawthorne, Nathaniel	The Scarlet Letter	Pocket Book	C-65
Haycox, Ernest	Bugles in the Afternoon	Bantam	A980
Henderson, J. L.	Circus Doctor	Bantam	992
Hersey, John	A Bell for Adano	Bantam	45
Herzberg, Max	This Is America	Pocket Book	730
Huxley, Julian	Man in the Modern World	Mentor	31

*Swing*

<i>Author</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Publisher</i>	
Kantor, MacKinlay	Long Remember	Bantam	A1008
Kanyon, Josephine H., M.D.	Healthy Babies Are Happy Babies	Signet	795
Russell, Ruth K., M.D.			
Koestler, Arthur	Darkness at Noon	Signet	671
Langer, Susanne K.	Philosophy in a New Key	Mentor	25
Lewis, Sinclair	Dodsworth	Pocket Book	115
Lilienthal, David	TVA: Democracy on the March	Pocket Book	288
Lindeman, Edward C.	Emerson, The Basic Writings of Amer- ica's Sage	Mentor	15
Marquand, John P.	H. M. Pulham, Esq.	Bantam Giant	A805
Mawson and Whiting (Ed.)	Roget's Pocket Thesaurus	Pocket Book	C13
Mead, Margaret	Coming of Age in Samoa	Mentor	440
Melville, Herman	Moby Dick	Pocket Book	612
Merriam-Webster	Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary	Pocket Book	C-5
Morley, Christopher	Thunder on the Left	Penguin (Pocket Book)	582
Nevens, Allan and Commager, Henry S.	The Pocket History of the United States	Pocket Book	195
du Nouy, Lecomte	Human Destiny	Signet	746
Orwell, George	1984	Signet	798
Otto, Max	Science and the Moral Life	Mentor	43
Padover, Saul	Jefferson	Mentor	70
Papashivily, George and Helen	Anything Can Happen	Pocket Book	556
Parkman, Francis	The Oregon Trail	Mentor	51
Perry, George Sessions	Hold Autumn in Your Hand	Pocket Book	795
Poe, Edgar Allen	Great Tales and Poems of Edgar Allen Poe	Pocket Book	C45
Rawlings, Marjorie Kinnan	South Moon Under	Bantam	10
Rich, Louise Dickinson	We Took to the Woods	Pocket Book	511
Rodman, Seldon (Ed.)	100 American Poems	Signet	660
Roosevelt, Eleanor	This Is My Story	Bantam	846

Author	Title	Publisher	
Sachs, Paul J.	The Pocket Book of Great Drawings	Pocket Book	765
Santee, Ross	Cowboy	Pocket Book	732
Shakespeare	Four Great Tragedies	Pocket Book	C14
Sherwood, Robert E.	Roosevelt and Hopkins (2 Vols.)	Bantam Giant	
Shub, David	Lenin	Mentor	57
Simpson, George	The Meaning of	Mentor	66
Gaylord	Evolution		
Skinner, Cornelia	Our Hearts Were	Bantam	105
Otis and Kim- brough, Emily	Young and Gay		
Soule, George	Introduction to Economic Sciences	Mentor	58
Speare, M. E. (Ed.)	Pocket Book of Verse	Pocket Book	C11
Speck, Dr. Benjamin	Baby and Child Care	Pocket Book	C29
Steinbeck, John	The Red Pony	Bantam	402
Stevens, Edmund	This Is Russia Un-censored	Eton	108
Stewart, George R.	Fire	Bantam	802
Sullivan, J. W.	The Limitations of Science	Mentor	35
	The New American Webster's Pocket Dictionary	Signet	808
<b>T</b> horeau, Henry David	Walden	Signet	747
Thurber, James	Men, Women and Dogs	Bantam	21
Toynbee, Arnold J.	Greek Historical Thought	Mentor	72
Train, Arthur	Tutt and Mr. Tutt	Bantam	55
Twain, Mark	The Adventures of Tom Sawyer	Pocket Book	J37
Twain, Mark	Life on the Mississippi	Bantam	1
<b>U</b> ntermeyer, Louis (Ed.)	The Pocket Book of American Poems	Pocket Book	529
<b>W</b> echsler, Herman J.	Gods and Goddesses in Art and Legend	Pocket Book	661
Wechsler, Herman J. (Ed.)	The Pocket Book of Old Masters	Pocket Book	578
Westscott, Edward Noyes	David Harum	Bantam	41
Whitehead, Alfred North	The Aims of Education	Mentor	41
Whitehead, A. N.	Science and the Modern World	Mentor	28

**C**REEPING up on us for some time now is the idea of a "Start Retiring at 25" plan for everybody. We're sort of serious about it, too, so please don't stop reading.

The word "retire" has been kicked around a lot. Everyone seems to agree it means happiness, ecstasy, utter bliss . . . but a long way off somewhere. Middle-aged couples will tell you it's "a one-story house where every month is June, and we have time for the projects and hobbies we've always postponed."

Young marrieds can't see retirement with a telescope—it's so far off. But let them acquire kids, an apartment, or a house, and what they dream of someday is much the same. They crave time off someday from mountains of dishes, mountains of dirty clothes, hundreds of tedious tasks. The boring, irksome chores of life eat up valuable time.

So it would seem, then, that retirement ought to be defined as "enough leisure to do the things you want."

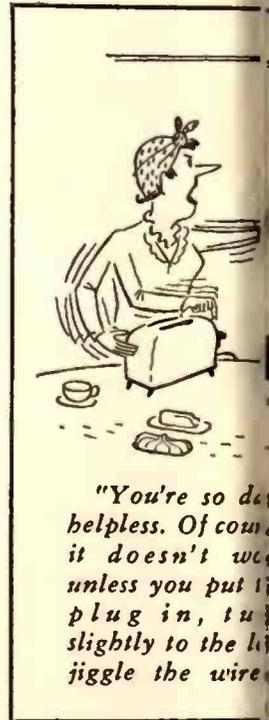
Why not start then at 25—or any age? Time to play can be bought at the store. The bride can spend more time being beautiful. Her man can spend more time with his feet up.

Some philosopher someday will make a discovery. He will stand back far enough to see this electrical age in panorama. What will strike him as important is *not* how many and how varied are the gleaming white and chromium appliances that surround the home owner.

No, he will say, a man does not buy himself bits of copper and steel hitched to motors and wires. He buys himself hours and days of time.

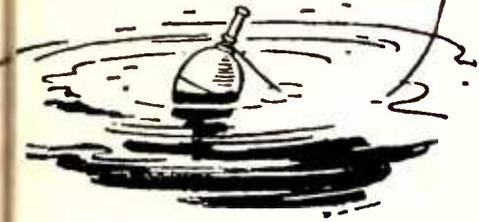
He does not buy lamps of glass and wire. He buys hours of extra daylight to enjoy. He does not buy a washing machine. He buys needed hours of leisure. He

H



It is difficult to write a definition of the American way. But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

# happy can you get?

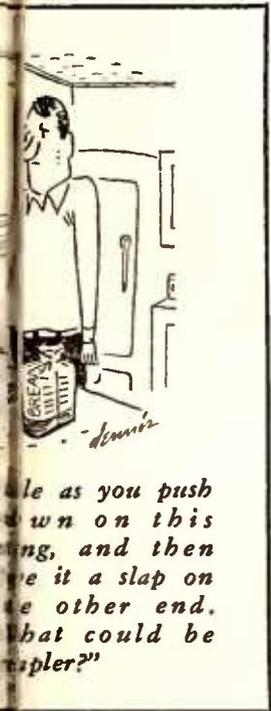


does not buy air conditioning. He buys his family the energy and the well-being, without which leisure or work is impossible to enjoy.

This is no place to hint at how other products translate into time. What factories have done with motors to shorten a man's work and lengthen his production is a separate story. It is at home that a man most wants to trade the boring for the interesting.

The truth is that people have begun buying retirement as they go along. They may not realize it, but that does not keep them from enjoying the extra time for reading, visiting, writing that book, or riding that hobby.

Retirement is a state of mind we're trying to build into everybody's home. We think our engineers have come up with some wonders—but as you can guess, there'll be more to come. In making new and better products we may well be contributing to a social evolution that wasn't in our original blueprints. We hope so.—General Electric.



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# Five Million FISH

By

PENN B. HARDY



SO you're a fisherman?—one of the twelve million males and three million females devoted to the ancient and honorable sport of angling. So you fish the country's inland waters, its streams, rivers, and its sparkling lakes, at every opportunity. And the beauties you hook, those finny fellows who gave you fight but finally finish sizzling in your frying pan, you thank bounteous nature for them, if you think about it at all. So you're due for a surprise, for those stirring catches cost you *five million dollars a year!*

Not just you; every taxpayer helps foot the bill. Because, if left to nature, the fishing in these United States would be pretty slim pickings. And so Uncle Sam, with help from several States, steps in. Each year, approximately *five billion* fish are planted in the streams and lakes of America, delivered from the 600 hatcheries located throughout the land.

One hundred of these hatcheries, where the fish receive care as tenderly solicitous as human small fry in a maternity ward of a hospital, are under the direct supervision of the Fish and Wild Life Service of the United States Department of the Interior. The majority of the remaining

500 are operated by the individual States, most of them in cooperation with the federal service. The annual bill to the taxpayer for the work of the hatcheries reaches five million dollars.

IN areas where the disciples of Izaak Walton make their greatest demands upon lakes and streams, the fish services attempt to return to the waters one fish for every fish taken by an angler. Tank-trucks deliver to the waters both fingerlings and legalized fish of such varieties as trout, perch, bass, sunfish, and others dear to the sportsman's heart. Thus a constant cycle of grown and growing fish is maintained.

This fish-planting project is tremendous, yet it is but a small part of the national program operated by the hatcheries. It would take Dame Nature hundreds of years to restore to our inland waters just a portion of the catch taken from them yearly, not only because of the numbers of the catch but because Nature has more trouble than man in keeping up the health of the fish. And this health maintenance is the major portion of the hatcheries' work.

# Dollar STORY



*Five BILLION fish planted each year in America's lakes and streams, from 600 hatcheries, cost five MILLION fish. A fish is a fish is a buck.*

Surprisingly, fish are subject to almost as many ailments as are humans, and many of the piscatorial ills are more nearly akin to man's troubles than is imagined. Fish are subject to common colds, to pneumonia-type ailments, and to tuberculosis. Some species are susceptible to a type of typhoid fever, and some to tapeworms! Many varieties suffer from vitamin deficiencies.

In addition to the hatcheries, the Fish and Wildlife Service maintains three major research centers where scientists study fish diseases and by their research evolve treatments. In connection with some of these clinics for fish, sanitariums are operated where diseased or run-down fish are nursed back to good health. Hundreds of millions of fish are treated annually. The Interior Department service reports, for example, a record of treating a million and a half fish for common colds in one morning. Treatment for this number, in the hatchery ponds where they are watched over so carefully, consisted of dusting medicine fixed with food onto the ponds.

For centuries, one of the most devastating ills visited upon fish has been what the piscatorial experts

lable *furunculosis*. In common, everyday language this means boils. Epidemics of fish boils occur periodically, killing off stock at an amazing rate. Uncle Sam's scientific researchers, however, discovered that one of the sulfa drugs, sulfamerazine, applied along with fish food, provided a complete cure. *Furunculosis* is no longer the fearsome threat it once was.

Trout and salmon are two varieties which suffer, more than others, from anemia and vitamin deficiencies. Vitamin B has supplied the answer to the latter, while the former is successfully treated with mixed liver and dried milk.

Incidentally, to reassure fish-eaters, none of the diseases which plague the finny creatures can be contracted from eating fish flesh, if the fish have been properly and thoroughly cooked.

In addition to the diseases which strike them, fish are constantly subjected to another more singular horror. Wearing their gills, or "lungs," on the outside of their bodies, they are prey to attacks from a number of organisms, ranging from microscopic in size to visible parasites. These pests frequently cause infections, and it

has been but recently that the guardians of our fish discovered a spray solution, a variety of commercial deodorant, that kills the pests.

THE value of all this research and care can be understood if one realizes that an unchecked epidemic could wipe out a whole generation of fish in a matter of a few days, or weeks at the most. That would mean several years lost in the re-stocking of lakes and streams, a terrible blow to the nation's fifteen million men and women anglers, and the tens of thousands more of youthful bent-pin addicts of the sport.

It could seriously damage, too, the food-fish industry, for, while the bulk of the work of America's hatcheries is in behalf of the sportsman angler, the federal and state services also supply young fish for the American salmon industry and other commercial salt-water fishing.



It could also mean a dearth of both food supply and sport to the American farmer as, in the past five years, the Fish and Wildlife Service has stocked ponds on farms throughout the country with 40,000 pounds of fish a year. An acre pond on a farm brings forth between 200 and 300 pounds of fish yearly, offering the farmer a valuable food supply as well as providing him with sport in his own back yard. The

fish are large-mouth bass and blue-gills, supplied free of charge to any farmer making the request.

The county agent or area Soil Conservation Service representative will aid any farmer to decide upon the best site for a pond on his land, and actually do the layout work. Such ponds, ranging in size from one-half to three acres, are easy to build at costs ranging from \$300 to \$1,000. Rain, creeks or springs supply the water. With the pond approved, Uncle Sam, of course, supplies the fish which, in one year's time from the first stocking, are large enough to catch.

The Federal Fish Hatchery at Lee-town, West Virginia, where this writer checked, supplies an average of 100,000 bass and 1,000,000 blue-gills to more than 500 farmers in Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, and Southern Pennsylvania.

But, farmer or city-bred angler, the next time you get out rod and reel, enjoy fish at the dinner table, or wrapped in bacon and sizzling over an open fire, remember there's a five-million dollar fish story behind that catch!

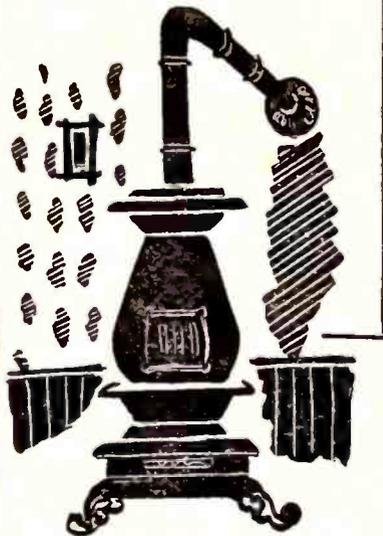


"You think he's got it tough—how about me, cracking this heavy whip all day long?"

*Attention: Hot Stove League Members*

# The FIGHTING DAYS of BASEBALL

*In the old days, ball games were something to fight for—and the creed was “win by any means.”*



By

LARRY RAY

**T**Y COBB, Babe Ruth, Connie Mack and other old-time baseball “greats” had one thing in common—they were brought up in a fighting baseball school. A school that had for its creed a “win by any means” spirit, an earnest conviction that a ball game was something to fight for. Many of their stunts would be considered unethical today; but these same stunts helped win them immortality.

A typical “fight” episode of the old days once started when a runner on first tried to steal second from the Baltimore Orioles. First of all he spiked the Orioles’ first baseman on the foot. The baseman retaliated by trying to trip the runner. The runner got away, but at second Heinie Reitz tried to block him off while Hughey Jennings covered the bag to take the

throw and tag him out. The runner evaded Reitz and jumped feet first at Jennings to drive him away from the bag. Jennings dodged the flying spikes and threw himself head first at the runner, knocking him unconscious. In the meantime the batter hit the Orioles’ catcher on the hands with his bat so he couldn’t throw, and the catcher trod on the umpire’s feet with his spikes and shoved his big mitt in his face so he couldn’t see the play. But the funniest part was the umpire’s decision. He punched the catcher in the ribs, called it a foul ball, and sent the runner back to first when he regained consciousness.

**I**N 1894 while playing third base for the Orioles, John McGraw, later to become the scrappy manager of the famous old New York Giants, evolved



*"You've got ten seconds to get off the playing field!"*



the trick of hooking his hand inside the belt of a base runner on third when a fly was hit to the outfield. In this way he could prevent him from getting a quick start in an attempt to score after the catch. A lot of runners were thrown out due to the time thus lost. As there was only one umpire in those days, and he had to watch the play in the outfield, it was easy to get away with the trick. But one day Pete Browning of Pittsburgh put one over on McGraw. McGraw had slipped his hand inside of Pete's belt, but as soon as the catch was made. Pete broke for the plate and left McGraw standing there with his unbuckled belt dangling from his hand.

On that old Baltimore club they used to keep a row of files hanging on the wall behind a bench just outside the visiting players' dressing rooms. As the visiting team came out to start its practice, the Orioles would be sit-

ting there sharpening up their spikes. It was done for psychological effect, but to make it good, they would go tearing into a bag with murderous intent. As a result many a game was won before the first ball was pitched.

Another little artifice the Orioles practiced was building up the ground slightly between first and third-base lines to keep well-placed bunts from rolling foul, while toward first-base they created a distinct down grade to aid them in beating out their bunts. Still another trick was to soap the soil around the pitcher's box; so that when the opposing pitcher picked up some to dry his perspiring hands, it made his pitching hand slippery and he couldn't control the ball. Their own pitcher knew where the unadulterated earth was, or carried some private stock in a hip pocket.

**G**EORGE STALLINGS used fighting tactics in 1914 — and he drove his Boston Braves, with only one .300 hitter and a terrible outfield, from last place on Fourth of July to a world's championship in October. Then, the opening game of the World's Series in Philadelphia, he saw to it that all his players were sitting in chairs directly in front of the telephone booths at the Aldine Hotel. He came stalking in, apparently as mad as a hornet, and entered a phone booth, leaving the door open. They heard him call the playing field of the Athletics and ask, "Is this Connie Mack?" Then he said, "Well, I just called to tell you that you ought to be thrown out of baseball for even making the suggestion that you did to me." He apparently listened a

while. Then—"All right, all right! My players will fight it out with yours—and you'd better tell that bunch of sissies of yours to keep out of our way if they don't want to end up in the morgue. That's all, you big bum." News of the quarrel even hit the papers. It stirred Philadelphia from one end to the other. The Braves went into the World Series with a fighting spirit that couldn't be denied; and won the championship in four games. But Stallings had had his hand on the telephone receiver hook all the time, talking into a dead wire!

**C**ONNIE MACK, Stallings' unsuspecting victim that day in Philadelphia, was himself one of the trickiest catchers the game has ever known. In the days when a foul tip caught directly off the bat was out instead of being called a strike, he used to make a sound like a foul tip—striking the edge of his mitt sharply with the fingers of his bare hand as the batter swung at the ball. It fooled both the batter and the umpire. Connie got away with this repeatedly before it was discovered. Then in 1895 came the rule that the batter was out on a caught foul only when the ball went at least ten feet in the air or ten feet away from the plate.

Ty Cobb was the scrappiest player of them all. He was fiery, daring, cruel and brilliant. From the time he broke in as a rookie with Detroit in 1905 to his final day in 1928 he played every game as though it were a matter of life or death. He fought players, umpires, even fans, with his fists and his spikes. If a pitcher threw a bean-ball at Cobb, as many of them

did, he'd regret it before the game was over. Ty would bunt down the first-base line, and when the pitcher moved over to field the bunt, Ty's 180 pounds of bone, muscle and razor-sharp spikes would collide with him.

Cobb had no mercy on rival players or on himself. During his flaming career, his legs were covered with scars, cuts and bruises from his toes to his hips. He never cried about the shocking punishment he took from other players. He hated sympathy. To him, baseball was a battle, winner take all. And it was just that grim fighting spirit that won him first place in baseball's Hall of Fame.

**E**VEN the fans and umpires were fighters in the old days. Let an umpire's decision be unpopular, and he would be sat on, spat on, punched, pummeled and choked. Rocks, black-jacks and knives would often come into play.

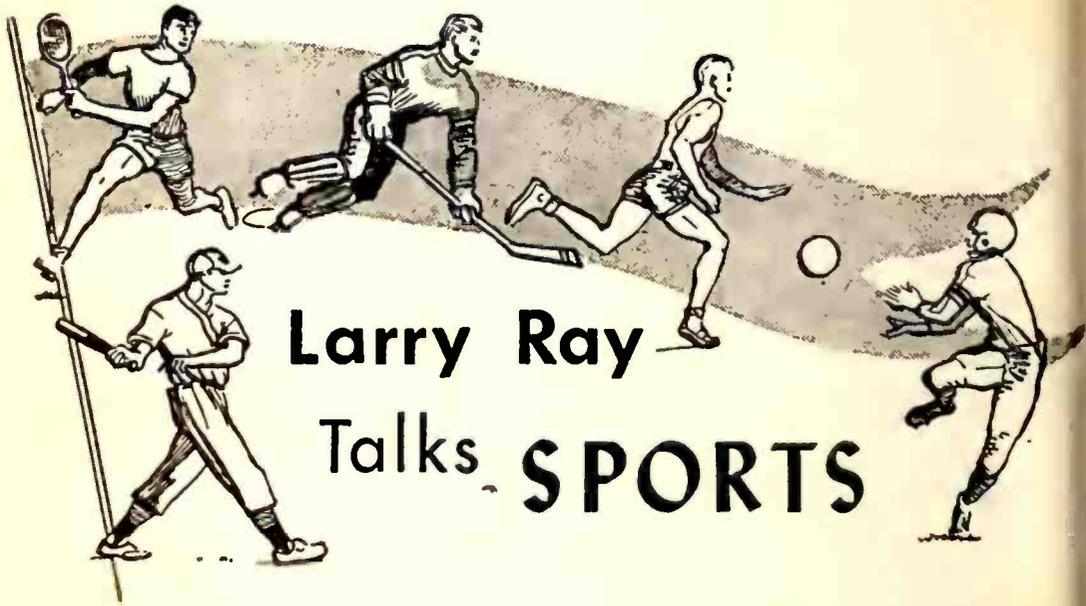
After one game at the old Polo Grounds, the umpire ran toward his dressing room. But a husky six-footer pounced on him under the stands. The ump planted an uppercut on his jaw. Then four men pinioned the ump's arms behind his back while a fifth kicked him in the shins. A glancing blow with a stone knocked him down, and soon hundreds of fans were milling around and shouting, "Kill the bum!"

Fists smashed into his face. One fan grabbed him by the throat and tried to strangle him, but he got a hand free and knocked him loose. Another fan took dead aim at his

head with a rock. But the ump feinted his head from side to side, and the rock finally crashed into his shoulder. He was almost unconscious, but still fighting, when the cops arrived and dispersed the mob.

Possibly old-time baseball would be a little too brutal to please the present-day crowds which take more pleasure in seeing the ball whaled out of the lot. Perhaps the rough-house tactics

formerly employed have been outmoded by an advancing, gentler civilization. In the old days there never was any friendly chatting on the field, as is commonplace today. If one player jumped into an opposing one covering a base and knocked him flat, no apologies were offered, none were expected. Today, base runners actually apologize after colliding with a baseman! That's polite—but it isn't baseball as it used to be.



## Larry Ray Talks SPORTS

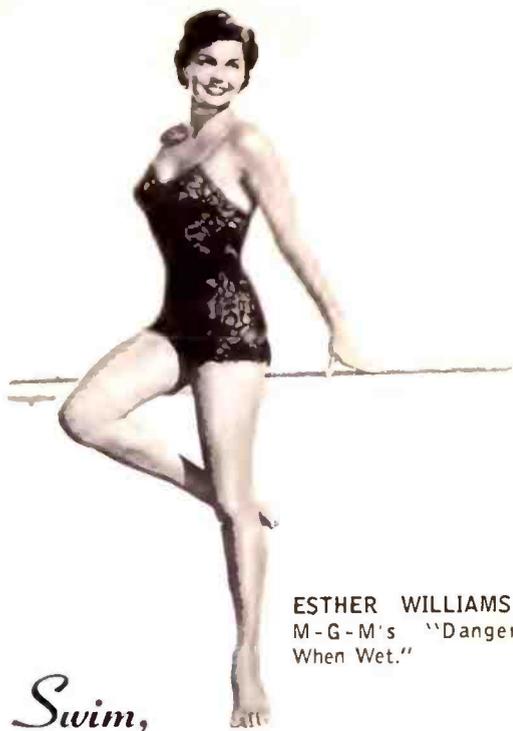
*Mondays through Fridays on WHB at 6:15 p.m. A complete "round-up" of the world of sports, plus a nightly sports story, in a fast-moving quarter-hour that is a listening "must" for sports fans in the WHB Big Market.*

*Currently, Larry is also broadcasting the Big Seven Conference basketball season, play-by-play direct from the field houses at M. U., Columbia; K. U., Lawrence; K-State, Manhattan; plus occasional games from Nebraska or Oklahoma. On WHB-TV, he presents his "Sports Eye" Mondays through Fridays at 10:20 p.m.*

*Come April, he'll present the K. C. Blues baseball games, play-by-play, at home and away, throughout the 1954 season, on WHB Radio.*



JANE WYMAN of St. Joseph, Mo. in Warner Brothers' "So Big."

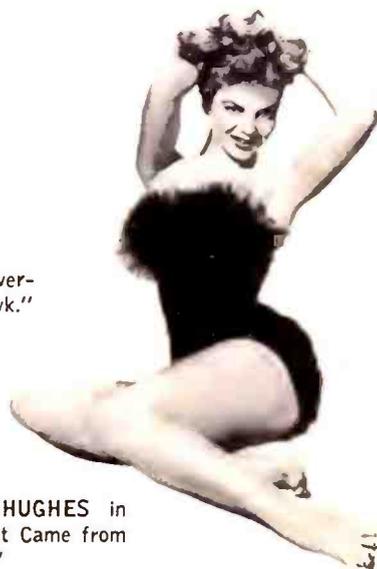


ESTHER WILLIAMS in M-G-M's "Dangerous When Wet."

*Swing, Swim,  
Stand or Sit . . .  
They All Look Lovely!*



JULIA ADAMS in Universal's "Wings of the Hawk."



KATHLEEN HUGHES in Universal's "It Came from Outer Space."



**TALL TOWER** is topic as WHB-TV officials discuss with John Costellow (seated, left) plans for 1025-foot TV tower being built for Channel 9, to be ready in summer of 1954. Seated, John T. Schilling, Henry Goldenberg; standing, Mori Greiner, Don Davis.



## NEWS REEL

**W. STEWART SYMINGTON**, U.S. Senator from Missouri, addresses WHB audience.

**RED CROSS AWARDS** for Distinguished Service are presented by Milton C. Tainter (left) to Mori Greiner, WHB-TV, and Dick Smith, WHB-Radio.



**WAYNE STITT**, popular WHB disc jockey, has the easy life. Here he interviews two Hollywood pretties on his "Club 710" show.

**KATZ and HALLICRAFTERS** really merchandise their Big Seven Football schedule on WHB! Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director, seated. Standing, John Liss of Hallicrafters; Jack Sampson, WHB; Maurice Blond, vice-president of Katz Drug Stores.



# Program Notes for a Recital by a Profound Pianist

VERY Profound!



*WHB Alumnus Al Stine, now the Associated Press' Man-About-America, encounters Elliot Paul at the Cafe Paesano in Hollywood—and provides Swing with these program notes.*

By ELLIOT PAUL

## First Group

1. *Hatiwok in Old Madrid, with Asleep in the Deep.*

This is lodge brothers music on a husband's night out, from Bnai Brith to K. of C. Under the titles *The Elks are Gents, Pythias, My Pythias, etc.*, it has been a clam-bake and whiskey baritone favorite with the Woodmen of the World, the Odd Fellows, the O.W.I. and the W.P.A.

*Gentlemen will not, others must not, spit on the floor. We thank you.*

2. *Italian Airs, with Three Cloves Only — Oi, Marie, Funiculi and Rigoletto.*

*Rigoletto* is one of the few operatic airs which has sixty-four boom booms (count 'em) at the end. The

pony was a hunchback by Verdi out of *Cacciatore*, an excellent murder. He might come in. Mr. Paul plays him straight across the board. *They're off! There they go!*

3. *Two Finnish Melodies.*

The first selection "*The Pines*" suggests the keening of the wind through Northern Pines. This is used at Polish weddings at least two hours before the patrol wagon shows up.

"*The Letter*" reflects the timorous mood of a shy Finnish maid. *Air Mail to Finlandia* is about thirty-six cents.

4. *Kammenoi-Ostrow* by Anton Rubenstein.

This is a conservatory piece, Rubenstein's impressions of a Russian summer resort on the Baltic, where

the herring come from. This beach was a favorite with the Old St. Petersburg aristocracy, to whom mixed bathing in the nude was a common occurrence. Mr. Paul soft pedals all the passages which might otherwise be unsuitable for American taste.

*Get with it, Comrade!*

5. *Tell Me A Story and Just a Song at Twilight.*

The pistol shot heard when Junior persists in annoying Grandpaw proves fatal. The old couple, whose memories are pleasantly fading, enjoy their old love song before being questioned and absolved by the homicide officers.

*Much obliged, lieutenant. You, too, sergeant. Good night.*

6. *The Basin Street Blues.*

Basin Street in Storyville, old New Orleans, was one of the few streets in pre-war America where no copies of the Christian Endeavor World were sold. Josephus Daniels as Secretary of the Navy, closed all the joints in 1917; so the sailor boys could get back to the sweet, wholesome girls they were engaged to, without too much experience.

By the time War II came along, the youth of America had learned to put nothing in writing.

*W. C. Handy wrote words and music of the Basin Street Blues, after cleaning both up for the family trade.*

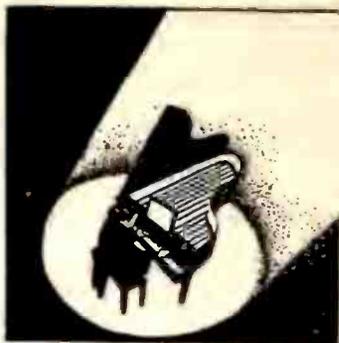
7. *The Moulin Rouge Song.*

Georges Auric, the gifted French composer, really ordered liver, then settled for heart because liver was \$1.00 a pound. He left the heart on a bus going home, flagged the bus next trip and kept asking the conductor for his meat.

*Thus, this touching song was born.*

8. *The Yancey Special — Meade Lux Lewis.*

Jimmy Yancey, the great boogie woogie player and composer, had a job mowing the grass at the White Sox park, Chicago. His piano play-



ing, and especially "The Slow And Easy Blues" influenced all the jazzmen of his time. His disciple, Meade "Lux" Lewis (the "Lux" is for "Luxembourg," not the popular soap powder) is the original Mr. Five-by-Five.

### Second Group

Every other number, i.e., 1, 3, 5 and 7 are famous Minuets by Beethoven in G, Mozart in E-Flat, Paderewski in G, and Henry the Eighth in G. G seems to be a good key for minuets, but Mr. Paul will stick to Mozart's text and play Mozart's in E. Flat.

2. *Anna*, the hit song from *Bitter Rice*. This should really be played on a couple of zithers. The music is by R. Vatro, and the Latin Lyrics by F. Giordano. Silvana Mangano danced the number in knee britches. The Baiao beat, Mr. Paul complains, is so tricky that it is practically illegal.

4. *Jada*. This piece swept into brief popularity just after the turn of the century. It may be what turned it. *Let him up, Mr. Paul. He's all cut.*
6. *The Shiek of Araby with Cheeseburger, or Tenting Tonight.*

It is customary while this is being played for gentlemen to fold their arms and look into the distance. If women fling themselves upon them while they are holding such a pose, both may lose their balance. *Ride 'em, Sheik!*

8. *The St. Louis Blues*, in Al Ammons' tempo and manner.

Ammons, the great blues interpreter among the eighty-eighters, subordinates the pathos of the St. Louis Woman to the sturdy drag beat. What is one woman's loss seems to be another doll's gain. Or could there be a middle course?

These philosophical questions keep coming up throughout the traditional number. All the answers may be obtained by telephoning Information.

### Third Group

1. *Gavotte in A-major* by Gluck. Gluck was a sexagenarian before his genius came to full flower, which indicates Dr. Osler, who advocated mercy killings of all people over sixty, was all wet.
2. *Side by Side*. A swing ballad which starts out like "We Won't Go Home Until Morning." The development section contains some very close harmony, but the general trend is optimistic. Even singers, the author states, can get along if they make a real effort. In any event, don't beat the poor girl, except in anger.
3. *The Pleasures of Love*, if any. This is repeated from last week by request . . . of a prominent physician.
4. *The Suitcase Blues*. Another repeat by request of a prominent hotel clerk.
5. *Moment Musicale in F-minor*, by Schubert. This was used by silent movie pianists whenever fairies tripped on the scene. It is just as good without fairies, however. Anyway, the hearty American audience prefers to settle for elves.
6. *Ballin' the Jack*. All programs should contain an educational element. Guess what it is?
7. *The Gypsy*. Caravan music at its best. This is played by Mr. Paul to counteract the popular trend toward "I Believe," "Tell Me A Story," "Get Out of That Window, Little Dogie" and "That's Not My Oboe, She's My Fife."

8. *The Boogie-Woogie Stomp*. Albert Ammons' masterpiece he learned from Pine Top Smith, and improved with his great rolling bass. In the opinion of John Hammond, it is the best of all the boogies, strictly native, and free from European embellishment.

### Fourth Group

1. *Espana Cani*. Bullfight Music from the Madrid ring. When the bugle sounds, the bull is released and rushes into the arena, dazzled by the sunlight. He sees a cape and charges. A bull can outrun any animal except the swiftest human sprinter for the first hundred yards. So stand well back.
2. *Shoeing Wild Horses* by Perry Como and Sea Biscuit. This arrangement included "Light Cavalry," "The Anvil Chorus" and "Pony Boy." Any resemblance to a beer advertisement is purely coincidental. Mr. Paul drinks Heinek's, when he can get it. And usually he can get it.
3. *Ai, Ai, Ai*. Another Latin love song, with long pants. Some of the melodies interpolated by Mr. Paul are of Phoenician origin and now are played on the Island of Ibiza. Tito Schipa made this song famous, but it has been current in Spain at least a hundred years.
4. *Onward Christian Soldiers*, with *God Bless North America*.
5. *The Glim Worm*. This ballad has had an amazing history. Written in German by Paul Linke, in 1902, while the composer-author still was a mountaineer with ragged ears and dirty leather britches, it reached popularity in the U.S. five years later, during the panic of 1907. The Mills Brothers took it over last year, and swung it with their usual effectiveness. The Linke version has much more glim, and the Mills' arrangement all the swing. Mr. Paul's compromise included the best elements of both. The audience is urged to light cigarettes

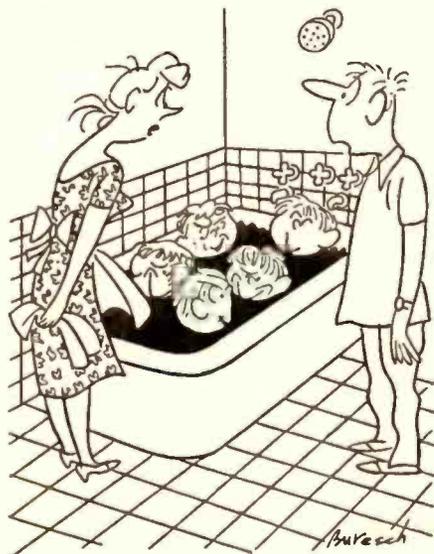


during the execution, if they are in favor of it.

6. *Waltz in A-flat Major*, by Brahms. Customers are cautioned never to attempt saying "Brahms" while their mouths are full of meat balls and spaghetti, or even plain spaghetti. The waltz is one of the Hungarian master's lighter pieces, unlike his Rhapsodies which are tough on small pianos and last half an hour.
7. *Over the Waves*. One of the oldest and best American waltzes brought over by refugees from Germany in 1877. It is spirited and dreamy, very smooth, with a terrific bang. The intermezzo gives fast

waltzers time to mop their brows with monogrammed Kleenex, or any acceptable substitute. Kid Ory does scandalous things with this piece, in Dixieland style, and four-four time.

8. *A Slow Boat to China*, and *Chinatown O'Rooney*. This Oriental music with a barrelhouse beat proves that Kipling pulled a boner with that line that East is East, and West is West, and Ne'er the Twain Shall Meet. They not only meet in this arrangement, they click. Chinatown, My Chinatown, where the lights are low and the jive is lower still. *Go down, professor. Descend.*



*"Better dredge the bottom—I'm sure we had six."*



*"I hear the Richmonds don't get along little dogie, get along!"*

# Free Delivery

*"Bottle Papers" enable skilled technicians to calculate the circulation of ocean currents, including their speed and direction of flow. But that's not all . . .*

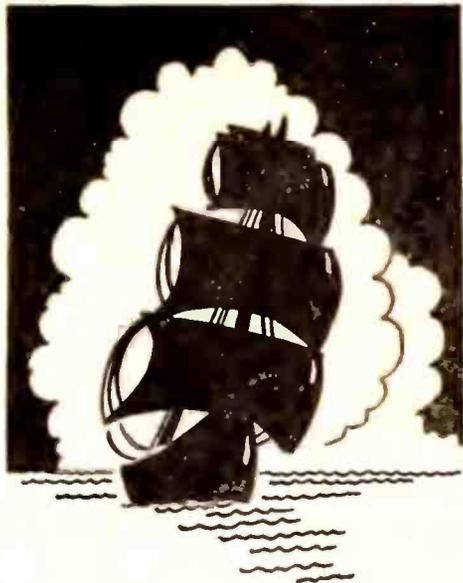
By FRANK L. REMINGTON

"**T**HROW it overboard," Captain E. R. Johanson directed, handing the mate a tightly corked bottle. Several moments later a glass container splashed into the water and disappeared in the ship's wake. Captain Johanson of the S. S. Marine Phoenix thus cooperated with the U. S. Hydrographic Office, a department of the Navy.

Among its other duties, the Office issues "Bottle Papers" to sea captains embarking on a voyage. Far at sea, the captain fills in the blanks of this special form with latitude, longitude, date, and name of his vessel. He slips the paper into a strong bottle, drives in the cork flush with the rim and covers it with sealing wax. Then he dispatches it to the ocean waves.

Perhaps the bottle bobs and pitches over the ocean for several months; perhaps for several years, or even longer. At any given moment, there are probably thousands of them tossing over the waves of the seven seas. Eventually, most of them float ashore and are picked up by a bather or a beachcomber.

Inside, the finder discovers the bottle paper. Printed on it are instructions in English and seven other lan-



guages. In the blanks provided, the finder fills in his name, the date, and the place of recovery. Then, following the instructions, he mails the paper back to Washington.

**C**APTAIN JOHANSON hurled his bottle into the Pacific on March 27, 1948, in latitude 18° 21' N., longitude 144° 00' W. More than two years later it had drifted to Midway Island, some 2,400 miles distance. Mr. M. L. Thompson found it on July 4, 1950, and mailed the enclosed paper to the Hydrographic Office.

Back in Washington, skilled technicians go over the papers and make calculations on the circulation of ocean currents, including their speed and direction of flow. They thus amass a wealth of practical information and valuable statistics of value to all mariners and navigators.

Our government, however, isn't the sole user of floating bottles. Tradi-

tionally, over the centuries, sailors on sinking ships have scribbled their last thoughts on scraps of paper, corked them in containers, and consigned them to the ocean post office. Recovered bottles have often furnished clues to the fate of long-lost vessels.



**T**HE S. S. Huronian steamed out of Glasgow one bright day in 1902, and that was the last anyone saw of her. Search vessels and rescue ships found no trace of her. Four months later, though, the waves washed a bottle onto a lonely shore in Nova Scotia. Inside it a brief message stated: "Huronian turned turtle in Atlantic Sunday night. Fourteen of us in boat." The paper bore no signature.

Five years passed. Then a bather in Ireland found another bottled message on the beach. "Huronian sinking fast," it said. "Top-heavy. One side under water. Good-bye mother and sisters. Charles McFall, greaser." A check of the crew revealed that a Charles McFall had sailed on the ill-fated ship.

Rescued from a watery grave at the eleventh hour, some fortunate few live to recognize their notes when the bottles entrusted with their last thoughts are later recovered. In 1825, a Major D. W. MacGregor escaped the burning merchant vessel Kent in the Bay of Biscay. Rescue seemed remote when MacGregor hurled a bottled message in the sea which read: "Ship on fire. Elizabeth, Jonna and myself commit our spirits in the Hands of our Redeemer, Whose grace enables us to be quite composed in the awful prospect of entering Eternity."

The survivors of the Kent postponed their entrance into Eternity when the ship Cambria rescued them. Eighteen months later a swimmer in the Bahama Islands found the bottle containing the hopeless death notice. MacGregor recognized it as the one he had written in his darkest hour.

Often, after marine disasters, hoaxers delight in writing spurious notes and setting them adrift. Consequently, a high percentage of bottle messages are frauds. The disappearance of the steamer Waratah in 1909 sprouted a crop of these deceptions. The liner carried 211 persons and within a year of her mysterious disappearance, five bottle messages, allegedly written by survivors, washed onto Australian beaches. Each proved to be a hoax. The Waratah's fate remains a mystery to this day.

**F**LOATING bottles don't always carry bad news; on at least one occasion a bottled message served as Cupid's courier. A comely stewardess on an English liner met her future

husband by proxy when her ship picked up a bottle along the coast of Australia. In addition to the photograph and address of a sailor, the container held a message which pleaded: "I am a mate on a freighter bound for the South Seas. I am a lonesome fellow and hope that fate will bring me a wife. Perhaps somewhere in the Commonwealth there is a girl not older than 30 who wants to write to me."

Several times the floating mail carriers have delivered the wills of marine disaster victims. A sealed jam-jar washed onto an Australian beach in 1943. The folded papers inside recorded the last thoughts and the will of Harold Douglas, a skipper of a missing vessel.

Perhaps the oddest case of a sea-borne will involved a Boston lawyer who lost his mind upon the death of a wealthy client in 1911. The lawyer sealed the \$30,000,000 will into a bottle, surreptitiously boarded an outgoing ship, and hurled the valuable document into the ocean many miles from shore. Subsequently, the demented barrister regained his senses and posted a \$25,000 reward for the finder of the bottle. Three years passed before it again came into his hands. In the interim, the bottled will drifted to the far corners of the Atlantic and, among other misadventures, it had been swallowed by a shark and worshipped as a god by a pagan tribe in Brazil.

Soon after Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, a French dressmaker found a bobbing bottle near Saffi, Morocco,

and came into a tidy sum of cash because of the peculiar whim of an American traveler. Apparently jubilant over the Lone Eagle's daring deed, the American wrote a sizable draft on his bank and, along with a brief message, enclosed it in a wine bottle and tossed it to the waves from the deck of a liner. The terse note stated simply: "Hurrah for Lindbergh!"



**F**ATE alone determines how long or how far a bottled message will drift or what strange destiny might eventually befall it. Disaster overtook Matsuyama, a Japanese sailor, in 1784. Before he died on a lonely reef, the shipwrecked Jap corked his tragic story in a glass container and committed it to the ocean post office. In 1935, after 150 years of constant drifting, the errant bottle came ashore at Hiratutemura, which by a strange twist happened to be the birthplace of the long lost seaman.

Another queer quirk of fortune involved a cocoa tin dispatched from an unlucky ship in 1933. Sailing out of Newfoundland to Port Talbot, the steamer Saxilby apparently vanished without a trace. More than two years later the waves deposited a chocolate container on the beach at Aberavon,



Wales. Within it, a tragic note briefly explained: "S. S. Saxilby sinking somewhere off the Irish coast. Love to sisters, brothers and Dinah.—Joe Okane." The ocean currents in the best Robert Ripley tradition delivered the message to the writer's own hometown of Aberavon and within a stone's throw of his old residence.

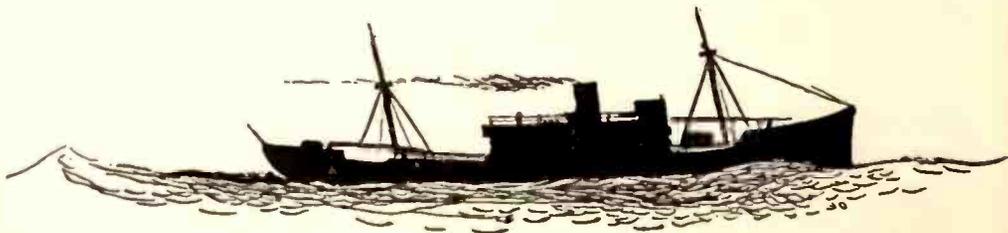
**V**ARIOUS private organizations and individuals carry on fascinating experiments in floating bottle lore. The International Bottle Club, for instance, keeps a constant stream of message-bearing containers journeying over the waves.

George Phillips, an evangelist of Tacoma, Washington, conducts one of the most unusual projects. Known as the "Bottle Parson" this enthusiast collects empty whisky bottles, fills them with religious tracts and sermons and tosses them into Puget Sound, from where they are carried

to sea. Something like 15,000 of these pious parcels have been cast adrift by Phillips and his followers. At least 1,200 have reached a destination, for the "Bottle Parson" has received that many replies from finders as far away as Alaska, Australia and New Guinea. More than one of the recipients has taken a cue from the floating messages, repented and turned to God.

Walter S. Bint, a former seaman of San Francisco, carried on a somewhat similar though less pretentious crusade. He dispatched some 1,500 gospel-bearing bottles to the waters. One, set adrift in 1947, was recently recovered in Hokkaido—Japan's northernmost island. It contained three copies of a Biblical quotation of 21 languages, including English, French, German, Japanese, Chinese and Eskimo.

What tidings bottle messages may carry in the future, no person can foretell. Perhaps some will shed light on the fate of long-lost ships and marine disaster victims. More important, though, these floating bottles will add valuable data to the Hydrographic Bureau's knowledge of ocean currents and tides. Directly or indirectly, this information will contribute to the safety and comfort of all mariners.



*There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,  
No lovelier place in the dale,  
No spot is so dear to my childhood  
As the Little Brown Church in the vale.*

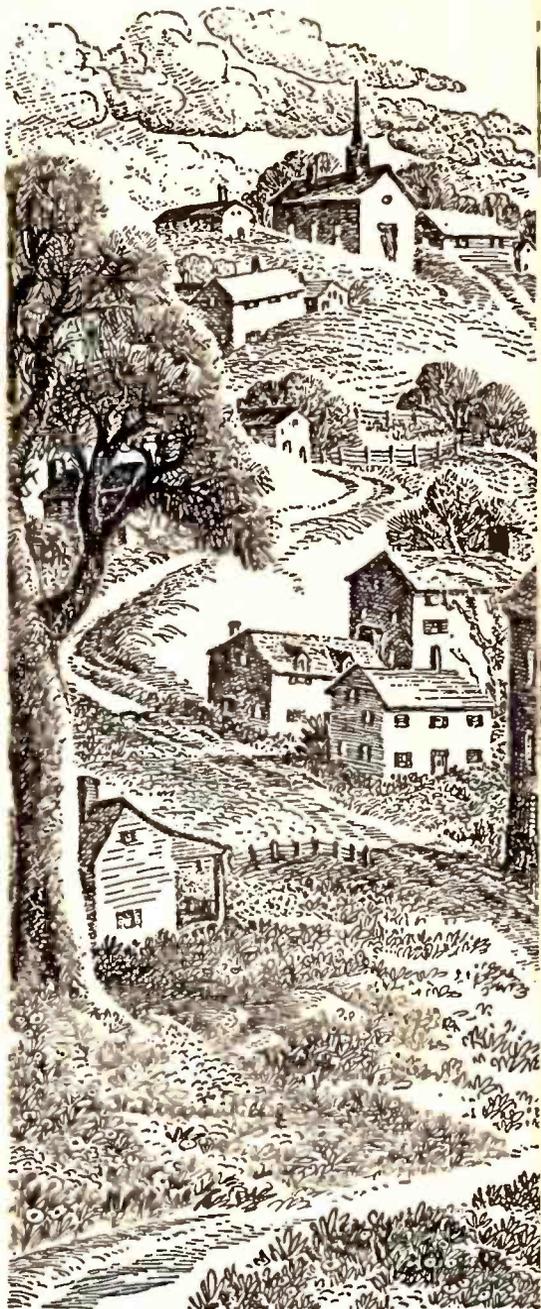
# The World's Most Famous BROWN CHURCH

By IRVING WALLACE

**T**HE Little Brown Church in the vale, immortalized by the song, still stands in a ghost town surrounded by fields of Iowa corn! As many as sixty thousand tourists sign the register annually in the small church made famous by a hymn. The Little Brown Church has been the setting for as many as 1,550 weddings in a single year.

Marriageable folk outside the community didn't seem to discover the Little Brown Church until 1920. The coming of the automobile and radio broadened the church's parish from a few square miles to a nation.

Rev. F. L. Hanscom, the church's 26th pastor, has married more than 12,000 couples since starting to serve the Little Brown Church in 1940.



Little wonder the green carpet before the pulpit has had to be replaced several times. Rev. Hanscom believes there are few divorces among those married in his church. "Most of them," he says, "are of an intellectual and refined type, coming from religious homes." If couples prefer to bring their own minister, it is permissible; but most seem to feel that a traditional Little Brown Church wedding would not be complete without the services of Rev. Hanscom and his wife.



WHEN Rev. Hanscom finishes his prayer, while the newly married couple stand with bowed heads, Mrs. Hanscom sings softly, *Our Wedding Prayer*. As they leave the altar, she starts playing *The Little Brown Church in the Vale* on the organ.

The song, *Our Wedding Prayer*, was written by Mrs. Kate Noble of Denver, Colorado, daughter of the late Dr. William S. Pitts, author of *The Little Brown Church in the Vale*. Mrs. Noble wrote the song in 1945 for her granddaughter's marriage ceremony, later giving the original manuscript to Mrs. Hanscom.

With the exception of the church and a few lonely landmarks, nothing remains of the town of Bradford—once a thriving frontier settlement. The Little Brown Church appears to

defy the years, having gone through boom days, wars, drought and wind storms—yet still stands beside the road in the midst of a small grove of beautiful trees. The building is still painted brown, just as it was in frontier days. Brown paint was selected then because it covered fresh lumber best and was the cheapest.

BRADFORD was the first white settlement in what is now Chickasaw County. Travelers reached it by overland stage coach from the Mississippi River—almost a hundred-mile ride through Indian country. The first settlers arrived from New England in 1850, and soon the population reached 800. New businesses flourished. One of them, the Hazeldine Organ Company, was the first to make musical instruments west of the Mississippi River. One of their organs still stands in the Little Brown Church.

When the railroad came, it missed Bradford by two miles, to the bitter disappointment of the townspeople. Nashua was started on the railroad nearby and Bradford wasted away—until only the Little Brown Church remained.

Religious services of some nature have been maintained in the Little Brown Church since its erection. For years it was served jointly by the pastor of the Congregational Church in Nashua. Since 1937 a minister's full time has been required. There are sixty members, the Sunday attendance ranging from forty to seventy-five. The church school begins at 10:30, and the worship follows at eleven o'clock. The rest of the day is taken up with marriages, as Sun-

day is the most popular day of the week.

The Sunday morning service closes with the congregation singing the famous hymn. The caretaker starts ringing the bell as they reach the third verse:

*How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning  
To list to the clearing bell.  
Its tones so sweetly are calling,  
Oh, come to the church in the vale.*

**P**AVING the road to the church contributed greatly to its prosperity. Credit goes to Mrs. Nelson G. Kraschel, wife of the then governor of Iowa. Leaving the church on their way back to Des Moines after attending a Sunday morning service, Mrs. Kraschel frowned at the fog of yellow dust kicked up by the speeding car. "Just imagine," she exclaimed to her husband, "what people from other states must think of Iowa when they ride over a road like this!" It was not long until a hard-surfaced road was constructed.

Dan Cupid takes little cognizance of weather or of time. One day last June there were twenty-eight weddings. Later on, in September, the record was equaled. The Rev. Hanscom officiated at twenty-seven of them. He takes pride in giving each wedding a personal touch. There is nothing hurried nor casual about them, though there are from two to ten daily. Each one is truly a church wedding with ring ceremony.

Apparently people are not superstitious about being married on Friday. However, if it falls on the 13th, Rev. Hanscom knows that will be a

day of rest. During the fishing season he digs out his old clothes and disappears for the day.

Only a marriage license issued in Chickasaw County can be used at the Little Brown Church. However, this raises no great obstacle; a license can be obtained without previous application or residence in the state, and the County Clerk can be reached by phone at any time—after hours or on Sunday or holidays—at New Hampton, the county seat.

There is a five-dollar charge for the use of the church for each wedding. The groom usually presents the minister a similar amount. If the two witnesses required by law do not accompany the wedding party, there is an additional fee of two dollars. It is customary to offer the organist a dollar or two when music is required. Dressing rooms may be had at a nearby farm house for fifty cents.

"The Marrying Parson of the Corn Belt," as Rev. Hanscom is sometimes called, reports that grooms are usually more nervous than brides. "When I tell a nervous couple that I haven't lost a bride or groom yet," he said, "they laugh and settle down. Many a groom has had difficulty in getting the ring on the bride's finger. When I tell him it's the third finger of her left hand, invariably he'll take the wrong hand and start counting the wrong way." Of the thousands who have stood before him, only two have fainted. In both cases they were bridegrooms, "We revived them," Rev. Hanscom smiled, "and went on with the ceremony."

SOME days as many as 1,000 tourists visit the country church. On several occasions all 48 states have been represented during a single day. Visitors always find rice on the church steps, many taking a few grains for good luck. The caretaker, who uses the rice for chicken feed, estimates that several tons are used each year. Tourists don't have to wait long to see an actual wedding. One day 700 people came from a neighboring town to see a couple married. It was necessary to hold the ceremony on the front steps. The percentage of local couples getting married in the Little Brown Church is small. Somehow the church does not hold the romanticism for them it does for those who live at a distance.



The history of the Little Brown Church begins in 1855, when a group started to meet on Sunday evenings and formed the First Congregational Church. They used the hotel dining room; or, if occupied, the blacksmith shop or livery barn. Times were hard

and they paid their minister in farm products. One year he received only four dollars in cash.

During Bradford's early years the sporting element built saloons and gambling houses. When a two-story frame building was erected on Main Street and dancing girls were imported from the Mississippi River towns, it aroused the ire of the church group, especially the women. When the sheriff wouldn't help, the women decided to handle the matter themselves.

In front of the post office stood a muzzle-loading field gun, a memento of the Civil War, which had recently ended. The angry women met downtown after dark, loaded the cannon, placed a fuse in it and pulled the cumbersome thing down the street, pointing it at the brightly lighted house. The owners came from the building to laugh at the panting, tugging group of women. Tittering, painted girls appeared in the windows.

It was no joke when one of the women approached the cannon with a lighted match. The fuse began to sputter and the shot from the cannon tore through the building and wrecked it.

AROUND that time, Bill Pitts, an adventurous young man from Wisconsin, visited the Bradford community—and fell in love with the country. He decided he would go back home, finish his schooling, and return to the frontier town later.

While walking about the town, he passed a spot as yet untouched by man's axe or plow—a setting of rare beauty. Young Bill Pitts liked music,

and this beautiful place inspired him to write the words of a song. He stored it away in his trunk and soon forgot it.

In 1859 John K. Nutting, a young circuit rider, took over the Bradford church meetings which had been organized four years. The young preacher was determined to build a house of worship. He acted as architect, men offered their labor, settlers donated trees, and a nearby sawmill sawed the logs. Work stopped during the Civil War, but Nutting resumed it later.

Rev. Nutting wrote "And so we finished the building" in his diary in 1864. He asked the new music teacher, Bill Pitts, to sing a solo at the dedication. The teacher recalled the song he had put in his trunk seven years before. It would be appropriate, he believed, because they had built the church on the very site about which he had written. And too, they had painted it brown—just like the church in his vision. His song won praise, and from that day the church has been known as "The Little Brown Church in the Vale." Through the years the hymn won its way into the hearts of the people of the world. Almost everyone is familiar with the old song.

THE Hanscoms derive much pleasure from numerous letters written by couples married in the Little Brown Church. It is not uncommon for sons or daughters to have their wedding at the renowned church where their parents had been married. Hundreds of couples whom Rev. Hanscom has married, have returned

with their children to have them baptized.

The church's bell was cast at the Meneely Foundry in Troy, New York, which made the bell hanging in Independence Hall at Philadelphia. Each Sabbath morning the bell calls to the countryside to "come to the church in the wildwood." Several times daily it spreads the tidings that another couple has been married at the noted shrine.

After the wedding Rev. Hanscom follows the couple down the aisle and stops them at the bell rope. He tells the bride to pull the rope. It pulls hard, so he tells the bridegroom to help her. Then, of course it pulls much easier, and the old, old bell in the old, old belfry rings out. It is then that Rev. Hanscom gives the newlyweds this advice:

"Always remember the bell rope! You'll find married life much easier if you both pull together."



*"You can talk plainer than that. Stop calling me, SLIPPING BEAUTY!"*

# SHOWMANSHIP

*Helps  
Salesmanship*

## SELL HOMES

*L*et your house  
smile a welcome to folks  
who want to buy.

Your home is for sale because you want to sell it. With little effort on your part, this can be accomplished more quickly and at a better price. Arouse the prospect's desire for your house by making it attractive. Here are 20 friendly tested tips to help show your home to its best advantage. Some of them may be applicable to you or your home. Efforts to sell are more successful when the stage is well set.

### PREPARATION FOR SHOWING

1. **First impressions are lasting impressions.** An inviting exterior insures inspection of the interior. Keep your lawn trimmed and edged—the flower

beds cultivated—the yard free and clear of refuse. Remove snow and ice from the walks and porch stoop in the winter time. (If it applies in your territory.)

2. **Decorate your home—a step toward a SALE.** Faded walls and worn woodwork reduce *desire*. Do not tell the prospect how the place can be made to look—show him by redecorating first. A quicker sale at a higher price will result.
3. **Cleanliness is next to Godliness.** Bright, cheery windows and unmarred walls will assist your sale.
4. **Fix that faucet.** Dripping water discolors the enamel and calls attention to faulty plumbing.
5. **A day with the carpenter.** Loose door knobs, sticking drawers, warped cabinet doors and the like are noticed by the prospect. Have them fixed.

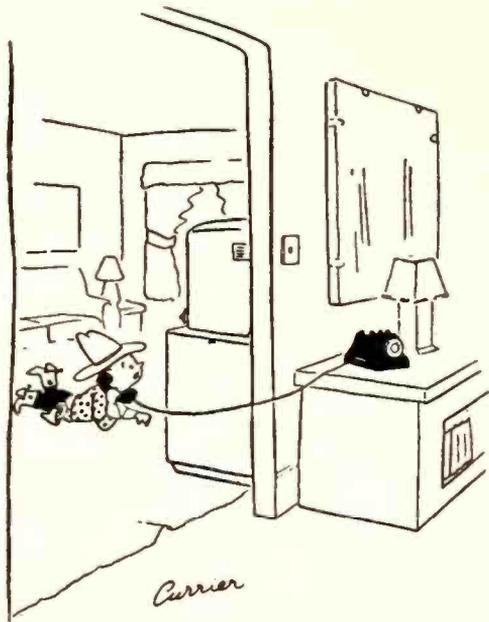


6. **From top to bottom.** The attic and basement are important features. Remove all unnecessary articles which have accumulated. Display the full value of your storage and utility spaces.
7. **Step high—step low.** Prospects will do just that unless all stairs are cleared of objects. Avoid cluttered appearances and possible injuries.
8. **Closet illusions.** Clothes properly hung, shoes, hats and other articles neatly placed, will make your closets appear adequate.
9. **Dear to her heart is the kitchen.** Colorful curtains in harmony with the floor and counter tops add appeal for the *Lady of the House*.
10. **Check and double check your bathroom.** Bright and clean bathrooms sell many homes.
11. **For the rest of your life.** Bedrooms are always outstanding features. Arrange them neatly.
12. **Can you see the light?** Illumination is a welcome sign. For after-dark inspection, turn on your lights, from the front porch on through. The prospect will feel a glowing warmth otherwise impossible to attain.
15. **Love me, love my dog** does not apply in house selling. Keep pets out of the way—preferably out of the house.
16. **Silence is golden.** Be courteous but do not force conversation with the prospect. He is there to inspect your house—not to pay a social call.
17. **Be it ever so humble.** Never apologize for the appearance of your home. After all, it has been lived-in. Let a trained salesman answer any objections that are raised. That is his job.
18. **In the shadows.** Please do not tag along with the prospect and the salesman. He knows the buyer's requirements and can better emphasize the features of your house when alone. You will be called if needed.
19. **Putting the cart before the horse.** Trying to dispose of furniture and furnishings to the prospect before he has purchased the house often loses the sale. Proper timing is important.
20. **A word to the wise.** Do not discuss price, terms, possession or other factors with the customers. Refer them to the salesman. He is better equipped to bring the negotiation to a favorable conclusion with all due dispatch.

## SHOWING THE HOUSE

13. **"Three's a crowd."** More will lose the sale. Avoid having too many people present during inspections. The prospect will feel like an intruder and will hurry through the house.
14. **Music is mellow.** But not when showing a house. Shut off the radio—it distracts. Let the salesman and the buyer talk, free of such disturbances.





*"If you want to be moll of this gang,  
you've got to smoke!"*

*"What program am I watching? Well,  
it's all about these rustlers and they rob  
the cattle and then Hoppy meets one of  
the varmints and Hoppy tells him where  
to get off, but the head rustler keeps  
rustling and . . ."*

# WITH THE



*"I don't care if she is a tiny little girl.  
Next time you hit her back!"*



*"Before I go home, can I come in and  
listen to your approach?"*



*"Boy! You-know-who is going to be mad as you-know-what."*



*"I'm five, but I would be six if I wasn't sick one year!"*

## SMALL FRY



*"Hey, goody! Mom won't be home and Dad's making supper. You know what that means—hamburgers!"*



*"But he followed me home, Pop—most of the way."*

# Beautiful Unity Village

*Ingenious and imaginative use of pre-cast concrete by Architect Rickert Fillmore creates a modern village with an old-world atmosphere.*



By TIP BROWN

**I**NCORPORATED as a town only a few months ago, the village of Unity, Mo., in Jackson County, fourteen miles southeast of Kansas City, comes to its town status with everything but a Main street. That will come later.

Contrariwise, little is lacking that attaches to a great metropolitan center in the way of sky-piercing buildings, paved streets, acres of lawn and flower filled areas, swimming pool, tennis courts, golf course, amphitheatre, church, school, apartments, and restaurants.

Several million people look to this place as a source of inspiration, yet the resident population is less than a thousand people. The material welfare of the community is buttressed by a farm-factory enterprise that produces, distributes, and preserves the seasonal abundance of peaches, grapes, apples, and vegetables grown on more than a thousand fertile acres of farm land in the project. Man-made improvements include water supply from a twenty-two acre lake reservoir formed by impounding surface water by concrete dam; electric current; telephone network; and the many labor saving conveniences that stem from these

facilities. A spotless dairy, storage warehouses, and canning plant add to the abundance and quality of available food, and give employment to a considerable number of people during the year.

However, important as are food and shelter, the village owes its existence to things of the spirit. The broad foundation of growth rests upon service to humanity to which all of these things have been added as is frequently set forth in Holy Writ. Even the most sanguine can scarcely believe the extent to which this promise has been fulfilled at the Unity School of Christianity. The idea of Unity was originated toward the close of the last century by Charles Fillmore and his wife, Myrtle, as a result of Mrs. Fillmore's recovery from an illness by faith which encompassed peace of mind, health of body, wisdom, understanding, love, and abundance for every human need.

A society was established in 1889 and flourished from small beginnings at Eleventh and Main streets in Kansas City, Mo. A printing plant early became one of the vital agencies for carrying out a program that even-

tually reached the far corners of the earth. The founders steadily pursued an idea of a place apart from a city location where workers and students could pray and work without distractions in ministering to human needs.

**R**URAL Jackson County in Missouri, with its rolling hills and green countryside, seemed an ideal location for the future Unity City, "a service station of God." The first land purchase of fifty-eight acres was made on March 1, 1920, and steadily through the years, additional land was added until now there are 1,300 acres in the project. The first building was a club house and was completed in 1925. Silent Unity, a structure devoted to prayer and meditation by workers who handle the thousands of written and personal calls for help from people in distress, was finished in 1929. Several hundred trained and experienced Unity members are engaged in this work in an atmosphere of silence and calmness. An auditorium for meetings of both religious and secular groups is located in this building and seats three hundred people.

Erected at about the same period is a 165'-high Campanile tower whose upper reaches contain the water tank that supplies water to all parts of the area. The square outlines of the tower can be seen for miles on the approaches to the site; and the top story is an open lookout that commands four eye-filling viewpoints of the countryside as well as a superb panorama of the Unity development. An elevator from the ground floor carries visitors

to this spot which holds never ending interest no matter how often it is visited.

Following the completion of the new Printing building in 1947, the headquarters of the Society were moved to the farm location. A battery of huge printing presses turns out more than four million pieces of literature monthly—booklets and magazines which find their way by mail to all parts of the world. Another milestone in construction was reached two years later in the new Administration building, a towering eight-story center rising above the neighboring colonnaded, red tile roof structures. It contains the mail distribution system and accounting offices. The peak of incoming daily mail at times reaches twenty thousand pieces; replies call for facilities for handling a similar amount. A large restaurant in this building provides excellent food in settings of fascinating views and the best of restaurant equipment. Seating capacity has been provided for 450 people.

**U**NITY FARM is never without a building program. Progress is always geared to available funds and the great number of commanding buildings of English and Italian architecture with accompanying refinements of mirror pool, fountains, rose gardens, walks, and resting places, are all eloquent manifestations of the efforts to accomplish the idealism of the founders.

President Lowell Fillmore, Secretary Rickert Fillmore, Dr. G. Leroy Dale, school register, Mrs. Jessie Gable, editorial department, and Chas. Fill-

more, son of Rickert, are active in planning along with others; and they now constitute the municipal directorship of the new Unity Village.

The building program is in the hands of Secretary Rickert Fillmore who is gifted with original architectural and engineering ideas, and, in addition, is long-experienced in the purchasing and handling of building materials. Unity buildings represent the most advanced concrete construction and annually attract important construction people to observe new and improved uses of a material that gains strength with age and is limited in use only by man's ability to handle it intelligently.

From sidewalk to multi-storied buildings, cast concrete is in universal use. A concrete casting plant is housed in a concrete masonry and steel building, 176' long by 64' wide with 11,500 sq. ft. of working space. A flat panel casting bed of concrete is laid for 112' upon the floor. It is here that wet concrete is placed in forms and after the set has taken place and the forms removed, it is picked up by an overhead gas-electric crane and set upright in another part of the building for a steam curing bath lasting thirty two hours. The concrete is then ready for removal and placed in final position on the job.

Flexibility in the use of cast concrete is utilized to the fullest extent in the design of columns and wall sections. Freedom of movement of concrete under temperature extremes is governed by control joints under sectional erecting methods. Structural rigidity is maintained by joining of sections by welding. Walls are com-

posed of inner and outer precast sections and space is allotted for air conduits, electric wiring, water pipes, and insulation. These are installed as the sections are placed. When the roof sections are set in place, the building is ready for the decorators. In some instances, portions of buildings are given painting coats or inside plastering coats prior to leaving the casting plant. This is a great time saver where it can be done practically.

Forms for intricate mouldings, and there are many required in Unity structures, consist, first, of a wood pattern into which concrete is placed and allowed to harden. After oiling, these become permanent moulds that can be used times without number. Many other unusual decorative effects have been employed to add interest to the construction. A "worm eaten" effect in concrete trim is obtained by tossing bits of mud into the forms at the time of placing of concrete and later washing out the mud pattern. Mosaics in concrete are used to beautify interiors; and for this purpose, special aggregates are purchased abroad. From the wood working and machine shops come many articles of unusual merit such as hand made doors and office furniture. In the reception room of the newest building, copper is used to create an original and handsome trim.

**T**HE concrete mirror pool, 35' by 330', between the Silent Unity and Administration buildings was precast in sections. It is an inviting spot in which to relax amid the shadows of the big building flanking it; and to enjoy the sight of still waters with a back drop of a massive concrete

fountain surrounded by a rose garden and terraced walks. Pipe organ music is relayed from the fourth floor of the nearby Administration building and broadcast to a rest center alongside the pool. Beauty has been added to utility here, as the waterway is an essential part of the air conditioning system.

Unseen by most Unity visitors is the amazing underground network of tunnels that connect the various buildings. They are of unusual size, the largest being 8' x 8' x 10'; and all permit free overhead access to the many pipes and conduits that carry heat, light, water, power, and communication lines. Repairs and replacements can be made with least possible effort. The unused spaces in these subways serve many useful purposes. Perfect storage is available for scarce and often perishable building materials. As an example, the walnut lumber which is used in doors and furniture is harvested on the farm and seasoned here in storage until needed. Impressive piles of this valuable product are on hand for use when required. Carloads of building supplies are purchased and held in this storage until needed. Favorable market advantages can be often secured by taking immediate deliveries. The protective element of having supplies available as needed in the construction program is another distinct advantage.

**H**OUSING of students and guests has created a program of building a number of precast multiple-housing units. Four complete living apartment units have been built thus far, to house thirty-two people each. A central section, 12' x 12', rising

slightly above the roof line of each unit, contains the plumbing, combination gas heating and air conditioning, water line, fifty gallon hot water tank, gas and electric meters, and a small amount of storage space. Other units are in the plan stage as well as a building to provide complete hotel service. Unity Village will some day in the not far distant future join the procession of towns with shining Main street faces. This will take form at the intersection of Highway 50 and Colburn Road. The transition of unity workers from urban residences to the Unity location is under way and planning for a shopping area with adequate parking spaces is well advanced.

The benign influence that moves out from this tiny dot of earthy space goes far beyond the physical properties and creature comforts that have been so adequately developed. Unity welcome carries no hollow sound and there are no "Keep Off the Grass" signs anywhere to bewilder the stranger. There is no bar to any creed. People of varying religious affiliations find soul-refreshment in the shelter, food, recreation, music or meditation according to their individual desires. Thousands have a deep attachment for this bit of heaven brought down to earth and perhaps never better expressed for them than in the words of an old and well loved hymn:

*"For the joy of ear and eye,  
For the heart and mind's delight,  
For the mystic harmony,  
Linking sense to sound and sight;  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,  
This our hymn of grateful praise."*

# CALIFORNIA'S HIGHWAY FOR

*80,000 "hobby horsemen" in California can soon ride on a 3,000-mile bridle path—from the Mexican border to Oregon's boundary.*

**"SEE California From the Saddle,"** may be the newest slogan to lure tourists to the Golden Bear State. A multi-million-dollar state-sponsored program is nearing completion which will give California the world's most stupendous bridle path—a 3,000-mile highway for horsemen that winds through the state from the Mexican border to Oregon's boundary. Shaped like a gigantic lariat with the noose looping through a dozen federal, state and county parks, the trail will be the most extensive project of its kind ever undertaken.

Eleven million Californians, with more than 5,000,000 autos in their garages, still spend much of their time in the saddle. Riding clubs, with memberships running into the tens of thousands, have mushroomed into unprecedented popularity in recent years. According to Equestrian Trails, Inc., an organization of 2,500 Southland riders, there are more than 80,000 hobby horsemen in the state with 82% of them in Southern California. It is estimated that more boots, saddles and other riding equipment is sold in the Los Angeles area alone than was purchased in the entire west a century ago, when horseback was the principal means of transportation.

Horsemen and horsewomen in every age group throng the few present bridle trails of the state and overflow onto highways in many areas, thus creating a serious traffic hazard

which results in numerous accidents and delays for vehicular travel. The best paths often are privately owned with stiff toll charges—a hardship on riders in lower-income categories. Now, however, there is great rejoicing in the horseback-riding fraternity as its members anticipate grand sight-seeing tours to every point of interest in California for the price of a few nosebags of oats.

**T**HE State Beaches & Parks Division has been working diligently on the huge plan for years; but progress was slow until influential horsemen and an association of riding clubs exerted political pressure to speed up the lawmakers. As finally developed, the plan permits the horsey set to ride on every type of terrain—from deep canyons to mountain peaks, from seashore to desert country, without encountering a single motor vehicle on the entire trek. And there is no toll charge of any kind!

The route runs from San Ysidro on the Mexican border to the Tehachapi mountains above Los Angeles, then north along the Sierra Nevada range to the Oregon boundary, west to the coast range and back south to rejoin the main trail in the Tehachapis. Already constructed are nearly 800 miles of trail. An additional 2,200 miles of rights-of-way have been acquired, thus assuring early completion of the project.

More than 1,000 miles of this

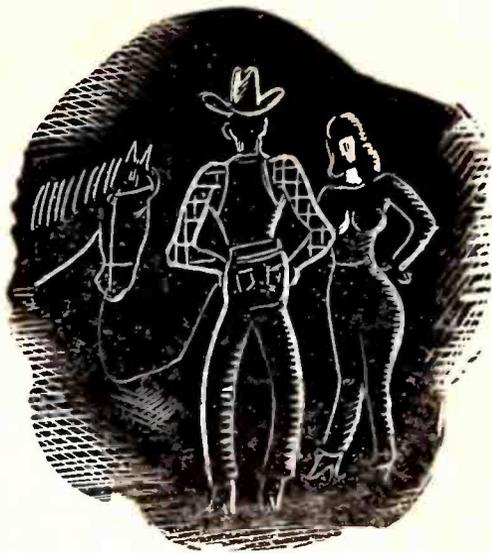
# HORSEMEN

By  
DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES

unique horsemen's highway lies within public land such as federal, state and county parks, forests and conservation areas. Running through 37 counties, the path also traverses many private land parcels. Some obstacles were difficult to overcome in obtaining permission to run the trail through private property, particularly in the northern part of the state. Three expert and highly persuasive state agents, however, gradually acquired the rights. Chief objection of some landowners to lease strips through their property concerned the frequent careless regard which the general public often displays for property rights adjoining public thoroughfares. Objectors feared widespread damage and unwarranted trespassing by horses and riders if the bridle path were permitted to cross fields or timber plots. Should this occur, cancellation clauses in the leases can be invoked in most instances; and the riding public thereafter will be barred from whatever private land has been violated.

**M**OST of the trail is of variable width, on a 20-foot right-of-way. Camping grounds are spotted at regular intervals about 40 miles apart. These are equipped with comfortable shelters, stoves, tables, sanitary facilities and horse barns. A mounted patrol, recruited expressly for the purpose, polices the entire route.

Already constructed or slated for early completion are a half dozen nar-



row suspension bridges over rivers and streams. Mountain trails with hairpin turns are being cut through the west's most beautiful scenic spots, some reaching lofty peaks never before traveled by horsemen. Though none of the path traverses perilous country, one suspension bridge is planned to hang high over the raging Feather River.

There will be a short over-water boat ride link across the Benecia-Martinez ferry.

One other problem concerns that part of the route which runs from San Francisco across the Golden Gate into Marin County. Only route for non-amphibious mounts to reach the Sausalito side is via the Golden Gate bridge—a structure on which quadrupeds are now strictly forbidden. "If necessary," determined proponents of the project declare, "we'll sling a horse ramp under the vehicular lanes from one end of the bridge to the other. Nothing is now going to stop California from having the longest bridle path in the world."

# The SILVER SALVER and the LITTLE KNITTED SUIT

*¿Habla usted español? No hablo inglés. And it's for not doing that, she's doing this.*

By DEE HENRI



I'D forgotten to buy presents. Our European vacation was nearly at an end. We were at the Wellington Hotel in Madrid, arranging plane reservations home, when it occurred to us that our relatives would be expecting gifts.

I had a day and a half to buy them.

As luck would have it, I found a dozen pairs of lovely gloves and ten silver bowls at once, a feat accomplished with ease because my husband helped me shop. He speaks Spanish. I don't. Moreover, he carries the money. We brought the package back to the hotel, later repairing happily to the bullfights.

Although the next day was to have been dedicated to Escorial, I had a splitting headache when I awoke and I announced I'd have to stay in bed, adding, "You mustn't miss the trip, dear. You go alone." Reluctantly, my husband left, promising to be back by five o'clock. And that was the day I got into such a lot of trouble with the little knitted suit.

UNREASONABLY, the headache lifted at once. I began to feel terribly stranded—high and dry on an Iberian reef, so to speak—with nothing to read except an old copy of a New York *Herald Tribune*, which I

read carefully, down to the stock market quotations. This finished, I sank into a half-doze, brooding about the gifts in our suitcases. Suddenly, I sat up straight among my pillows.

I had forgotten Keith, my brother's baby.

Ridiculous, offering Keith a pair of gloves, or a silver bowl.

To me, Keith was the most important member of our clan. Roly-poly fat, butter-yellow hair, a gregarious nature, a gorgeous chuckle—I loved him. The thought of home-coming, empty-handed, entering my brother's house to confront Keith enthroned in play-pen, to face the family's accusing eyes as I admitted my defecation—it was enough to crush a woman.

I dressed, and forged forth into the shimmering heat.

The doorman at the Wellington wanted to call a taxi, but I decided to walk. The Gran Via is only a five-minute cab ride away from the hotel, to the biggest shops, but I hadn't explored the other area, parallel to Retiro Park, where I'd noticed small, attractive-looking stores. Along the way I crossed a parkway like Barcelona's Rambla, where rows of tables and chairs were ranged invitingly under cool trees, and I stopped there

for a glass of the violent black Spanish coffee. Strengthened, I went on to store after store, to leave each of them in disappointment.

Leisurely salesmen, who spoke a bit of English, knew me for a Norte-Americano, and exhibited fans, mantillas, leather bags. "No," I said over and over, "Something for a baby." Their only offerings were absurd jack-in-the-boxes that Keith could have crushed in moments. Cheap tin cars with no appeal. Painted wooden carts. Embroidered dresses in which no self-respecting American boy baby would be caught dead. Bulky stuffed animals. For two hours I trudged, panting, and contemplated silly egg-cups decorated with turtles, and gold-en napkin-rings.

Despairingly, I turned back toward the hotel. Closing-time for the afternoon siesta was imminent; some of the stores were already barricaded by thick iron grilles, heavy padlocks on their doors. Then I happened to see a shop still open, a tiny sedate affair wedged between two larger buildings, with an infinitesimal display window in which responded a blue baby's bonnet. The name of the shop was "El Francesca."

I stepped in. I could see one abbreviated showcase full of baby bonnets, one chair, and one article pinned up on the wall, behind a pair of glass doors. A white knitted baby's suit.

FROM somewhere up near the ceiling, an electric fan droned, over a narrow mezzanine. Minutes passed, while I coughed, and shuffled my feet, and then a saleslady—thin, smart-looking, lipsticked, beautifully-

waved black hair—descended carefully down a ladder-like stairway. As a preface, I began, "Do you speak English?"

She shook her head and smiled, a gorgeous smile featuring shining lovely teeth. I pointed to the white knitted suit.

She extracted it from behind the glass doors, to lay it on the showcase. Made of fluffy, fine yarn, the little thing was exactly what I wanted. It had the foreign touch, the style that would make it such a conversation piece, and so dainty!—with the rows of tiny yellow silk flowers parading carefully across the chest. The feet alone were puckered perfection, tied to look like little shoes, the ties ending in ridiculous puffs of yellow. And there was a cap to top off the outfit, surmounted with a huge matching yellow ball. The price wasn't bad, either. Six hundred pesetas.

After about five minutes of silent, minute scrutiny, I nodded with satisfaction, and the saleswoman knew intuitively I would buy. She beamed. I beamed.

Then I opened my purse.

I had only two hundred pesetas.

I had been stupid, that morning, not to have asked my husband for Spanish money, but it had never occurred to us that I'd attempt to buy anything except a paper, perhaps, or a lemonade, without his presence as interpreter. In disappointment, I showed the saleslady the pesetas, and in gestures I told her I hadn't enough.

She was far more expressive than I. Her shoulders fell at least three inches, her pretty red mouth drooped sorrowfully. As she sagged against

the showcase. I felt almost moved to tears. I excavated American money from the recesses of my purse, and pointed out a twenty-dollar bill.

Of course, she shook her head. She had to have pesetas.

We stared at one another. The language barrier certainly was getting me down. I wanted to say, "Put the suit away till later, until I come back with six hundred pesetas," but I couldn't, and I felt a brief pang that I hadn't studied one of those handy little conversation books before I left home.

I explained it to her in English, but she could only look at me with those pleading brown eyes, and shrug. I was growing terribly hungry and impatient, so I snatched a scrap of paper and a pencil from my bag and printed "5:00." I pointed to the clock, and myself, and the suit, and the floor. I also said loudly, "I'm coming back. With the pesetas!"

She brightened in understanding. Then she took my pencil, and printed "Senora \_\_\_\_\_." Her eyes were an immense question. Of course, I could oblige. I filled in "HENRI" in big block letters, and for good measure, beneath this I printed the name of our hotel, "El Wellington." I felt pretty pleased with myself, over that EL. We parted, with pleasant little murmurs.

WITH never a thought of the trouble ahead, I stopped at a news-stand on the way back to the hotel to select an American magazine, and went on up to my room, because the dining-room hadn't opened. I settled down, hungry, weary of trying

to buy white knitted suits, exhausted from Goya and Greco masterpieces, and matadors, and the Alhambra, to read an escape article. The door buzzer rang. I put on my shoes to answer it.

In amazement, I stared. A messenger stood before me, a tiny little fellow at stiff attention, in a resplendent uniform trimmed with yellow braid and shiny buttons. He bowed, holding toward me a silver salver, on which reposed a carefully-wrapped parcel decorated with gold stickers. Helplessly, I listened to his flood of Spanish, and then I saw the card, engraved "Francesca," with small lettering below, "Senora Henri. Precio, 600 pt." The knitted suit.

My impulse was to laugh, because the boy looked too ridiculous, holding the salver as though he were carved of wood, in terrible dignity. And then I felt alarm, knowing I hadn't pesetas to pay him, knowing I couldn't tell him to go away. I tried the latter with gestures, shaking my head, pointing down the corridor. Wildly, I prayed for my husband's early return, while I attempted to act as though I weren't Senora Henri, that the boy had the wrong room. Determinedly, he shook his head.

Then I remembered I did have dollars in my purse. With asperity, I beckoned the messenger to follow, and we descended to the lobby.

When I explained to the concierge, he said, "But certainly, Senora." A nice person, Senor Correia. So understanding, so friendly, and he knew Americans, having served at the Waldorf-Astoria, he had told us. Moreover, he spoke perfect English. I

fished up the dollars, and he got out his pen and ink and printed forms, and a rubber stamp and pad, while the messenger hovered in the background, watching . . .

And the the concierge said, "May I have the senora's money declaration?"

In dismay, I remembered. My husband had taken my declaration along with his own to Escorial. When I communicated this fact, Correia sadly shook his head. Without the all-important form, an exchange of money would be impossible. I pleaded, "Couldn't you lend me some pesetas for three hours, if I give you dollars as security?"

I really think he would have done it, but then his eyes happened to rest on a huge framed picture of Franco, high on the opposite wall. "It would be unwise," he faltered, executing a beautiful Spanish shrug that compounded regret for the silly rules of the government with the hope that the senora would understand . . .

I turned away. Coldly, I said over my shoulder, "Tell the boy to return at five o'clock. My husband will pay him."

**N**OW the dining-room was open, and although my appetite had partially departed, I did eat some gazpacho, and a helping of cold lobster, and finished off with fruit. At the close of the meal, my smoldering resentment at the concierge, or at Spain, was not lightened when the little messenger appeared again. He was carrying the silver salver. He didn't say anything, he just stood there. "I can't pay you!" I muttered,

through clenched teeth. I gestured toward the lobby.

He misunderstood, and went to stand in the lobby. He still was there, plastered against the wall with the salver, when I passed through. Helplessly, I considered him, and then I took the easiest way out. I simply left him there, and rang for the elevator.

Upstairs, I tried to write a letter, I tried to siesta, I tried to read. I kept thinking about the knitted suit. All of a sudden. I wasn't so sure I actually wanted the thing. White soils so easily. I remembered. I toyed with the thought that I could find something quite nice for Keith in New York before I got home.

At this point, the buzzer sounded. I answered, and the messenger extended the salver in pleading. Firmly, I shut the door in his face.

Now I was very indignant with this Francesca shop for rendering such determined delivery service. Admittedly, I'd contracted to buy the knitted suit, but I'm an illogical female. When the buzzer rang, five minutes later, I was prepared for a struggle of sorts between my and the messenger's wills. However, I opened the door to encounter what seemed a considerable crowd.

The messenger, of course—but he was flanked by two chambermaids. Behind him stood Correia and the assistant concierge, as well as a boy who'd collected our clothes for dry-cleaning the night we arrived, and a Madrid policeman. They all wore grim expressions. I felt trapped.

The situation called for desperate measures. To the concierge, I yelled

hysterically, "Tell the messenger the American lady has *changed her mind*. She doesn't want the knitted suit!"

And I slammed the door that time, in their collective faces.

WHEN my husband phoned from the lobby an hour later, saying, "Hey, seems to be some chap down here with a package belongs to you. Shall I pay him, and bring it up-stairs?" I began to cry.

"Don't you dare," I wailed. "Come up here where I can explain!"

It took a little while for him to sort out the facts, but of course he was adamant, just what you'd expect of a husband. He went right down and paid the messenger six hundred pesetas.

The rest is anti-climax, and it might not even be of general interest, but I ought to record that when we got home Keith had grown four inches, and weighed nearly thirty pounds, and was wearing a size three shirt and some darling little western jeans trimmed with rivets. He isn't a baby any more. We tried the suit on, but we could scarcely stuff his legs into it, let alone the rest of him. And anyway, his mother favors those orlon siren outfits for little boys. You just zip them off and on.

So if anyone is interested in a white knitted baby suit from Madrid, awfully sweet, but size O, I have one on the top shelf of my closet. You can have it for fifty pesetas.

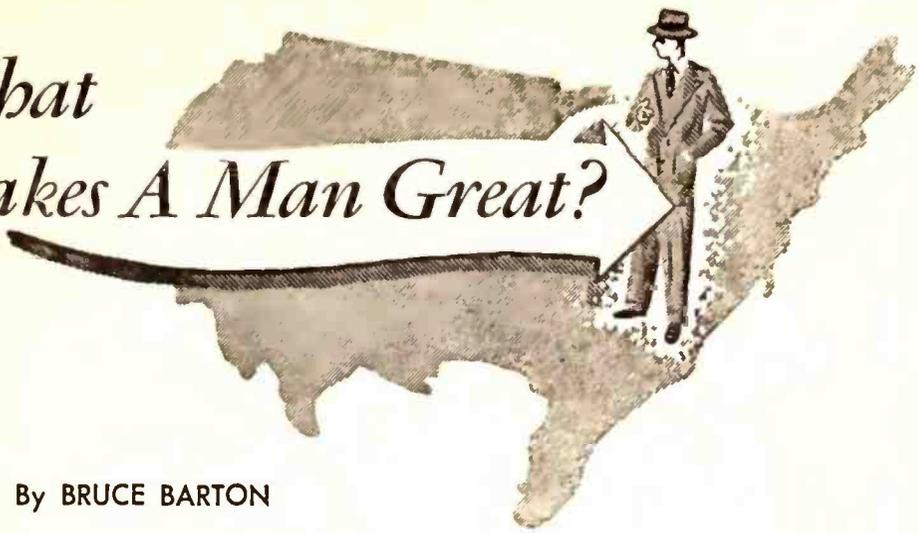


"Why don't you try Hobby Lobby?"



"Am I to understand that this means we're through?"

# What Makes A Man Great?



By BRUCE BARTON

*A dean among American advertising men writes a personal tribute to Frederick Hudson Ecker.*

**F**REDERICK HUDSON ECKER has built houses by the side of many roads, in cities as far apart as New York, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. Surrounded by lawns and flower beds, equipped with every modern convenience, they should, and do, make it easy for any tenant to be "a friend to man."

Few of the thousands who inhabit the houses have seen him; many have never even heard his name. Even if they should meet him they would not be awed. They would say: "Why, he's so informal, so kindly; he's just like Uncle Ben." They would have to know him a long time and very and very well, as we do, to realize that he is *great*.

What is it that makes a man great? Abraham Lincoln was puzzled by the

Let me live in a house by the side of the  
road  
Where the race of men go by—  
The men who are good and the men who  
are bad,  
As good and as bad as I.  
I would not sit in the scorner's seat  
Or hurl the cynic's ban—  
Let me live in a house by the side of the  
road  
And be a friend to man.

— SAM WALTER FOSS

question. "I have talked with great men," he said, "and I cannot see wherein they differ from others."

Put a great man in a crowd of average Americans and his appearance would not betray him. He would not tower above the others; his voice would not dominate the conversation. He would more likely be discovered in a corner, quietly listening, than in the center of the room sounding off. A stranger, so discovering him, might very naturally exclaim: "Is that he? I never would have thought it."

Yet there are some traits and tokens by which true greatness may almost always be known. One of them is a

firm and patient fixity of purpose.

Frederick Hudson Ecker has stayed "fixed" a long time. He and the infant Metropolitan Life Insurance Company were born within seven months of each other. He made a couple of false starts before they came together—he was a clerk in a factory at \$6.00 a week, and when this did not appear to give promise of the kind of future he wanted, he became an office boy for a law firm at \$3.00.

"What salary do you expect here?" he was asked by President Joseph Knapp, when he applied at Metropolitan.

"I expect to do a little better than I am now," he answered.

His expectation was fulfilled by 33 1/3 percent. On the first Saturday night he found \$4.00 in his pay envelope.

As mail boy and telephone operator at Metropolitan — he was the only individual in the little office who had mastered this strange new dingsus — he met everybody and overheard something of every aspect of the business. Right from the start real estate fascinated him. Presently they were sending him out into the faraway sections of the city where no one else wanted to go; and before long they were saying that he "knew every doorknob in Brooklyn." By 1905 the Company's business had grown so large that there had to be a comptroller; he was it. At thirty-nine he was treasurer. On March 26, 1929, he was elected president.

In September of that fateful year he had a chance to reveal one of the other qualities without which no man ever becomes great—the gift for know-

ing intuitively and at the right moment what is the right thing to do or to say. The stock market was booming; the New Era was in full swing; from many self-appointed experts came insistent suggestions that "the staid old insurance companies" must put themselves in step with the times, must make certain their "share in the Nation's future"—must, in short, invest in common stocks.

An invitation to address that year's convention of the National Association of Life Underwriters offered the new president of Metropolitan a welcome opportunity. Said he gravely: "I am not prepared to advocate any substantial change in the limitations which now prevail in the laws of some of our principal States . . . . Buying equities, in the last analysis, is dealing in commodities and services, the business of buying and selling for a profit, but this is wholly foreign to the business for which a life insurance company is organized."

A month later the stock market crashed.

A wise and witty philosopher once remarked: "When I die, write this on my gravestone:

'Here lies a man who lived many years and learned only one important thing —there is no substitute for work.'

Hard work is and always has been a necessity for almost every grown man. For the man of great achievement it is much more than a means of living; it is pleasure beyond all others—the secret of perpetual youth. Fred Ecker would rather be in the offices of Metropolitan Life than anywhere else in the world.

Said he, in reply to an editor's question: "If I were to suggest a general rule for happiness, I would say, 'Work a little harder; work a little longer; work!'"

Finally, there is in every really great man a deep-seated sense of obligation, an unspoken but compelling desire to leave the world a little better than he found it. This, more than anything else, is the real test. To talk about it like this would be merely to reiterate what every friend of Fred Ecker could say better; and the public mention of which would cause him acute discomfort. Metropolitan Life's billions of assets, the many thousands of families housed in its homes, its policies enfolding within their protection so many million lives—all these are an enduring evidence of his vision.

In 1937 he reached the official retirement age. Unanimously and urgently, his associates importuned him to stay. He agreed on one condition: that he should receive no salary. This action, and the record of the succeeding years, which have included the major portion of the Company's housing program, will say to all his successors more loudly than words: "This Company was built by a man who cared far less for money than for the opportunity to serve."

A moment ago we remarked that inner greatness is not commonly clothed in physical bigness. Socrates was "stout not tall"; Alexander the

Great "not taller than the common man"; Alexander Hamilton "below middle height"; Erasmus "short of stature." Stephen A. Douglas was "the Little Giant," and Napoleon "the Little Corporal."

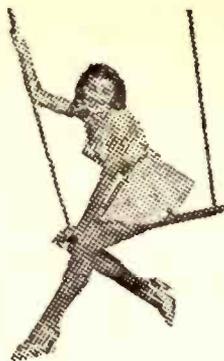
These bits of historical lore are dragged in not to advertise the writer's wisdom, but to introduce a pertinent and little remembered incident in the life of Napoleon. After Waterloo he fled back to his palace for a few tragic hours before the allies sent him into exile. Outside in the streets crowds gathered and cheered his name, and called on him to form them into another army and lead them once more against his foes. Amazed and incredulous, he turned to the tattered little remnant of his once glittering entourage: "Why should they cheer me?" he exclaimed "What have I ever done for them? I found them poor; I leave them poor."

Something very different will be said of Fred Ecker. He has guided the investment policy of his great Company into lines of maximum usefulness to the people of the United States and Canada. He has set a new pattern in the development of light, airy, tasteful apartments and homes for thousands of families. Of each of the splendid housing projects wherein so much happiness and comfort now dwell, it could be said, as is written of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral: "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*"

BRUCE BARTON

**"If I were to suggest a general rule for happiness, I would say, 'Work a little harder; work a little longer; work!'"**

# The Sage of Swing Says—



**SCHOOL DAYS** are the happiest of your life. Providing, of course, your youngsters are old enough to go.

**Juvenile delinquency:** Modern term for what we did as kids.

A host and hostess are judged by the company that departs.

Most men like a girl whose life is an open book, especially if her lines are okay.

Nobody cares how bad your English is if your Scotch is good.

Early to bed and early to rise—till you make enough cash to do otherwise.

**Race track**—A place where windows clean people.

After all is said and done, more is said than done.

Statistics show there are three ages when men misbehave—*young, old and middle.*

You'll know just what the little boy meant when he said to his mother: "*Don't say must; it makes me feel won't all over.*"

If you want to be a self-made man, don't leave out the working parts.

If farm prices keep going down, pretty soon farmers won't be much better off than the rest of us.

**Glamor girl:** A girl who has what it takes to take what you have.

No matter what side of an argument a man gets on, he always finds some people with him that he wishes were on the other side.

Television is really wonderful. Years ago it cost thirty-five cents to see Hop-along at the movies. Now you can stay at home and see the same picture for \$295.

Every famous man's wife must have an uneasy feeling that something will happen to open the world's eyes.

**Golfer:** A guy who can walk several miles toting a hundred pounds or more of equipment, but who has Junior bring him an ash tray.

A pat on the back develops character, especially if it is administered young enough, often enough and low enough.

"Drop in some night", said one Eskimo to another, "and we'll chew the fat."

Two drunks were looking at Hoover dam, when one leaned toward the other and said "Man, those crazy beavers."

"Here I've been roasting over a hot stove," complained Bridget to Mike, "while you've been spending all day in a nice cool sewer."

**An Instant:** The length of time it takes for a super market cash register to reach \$10.

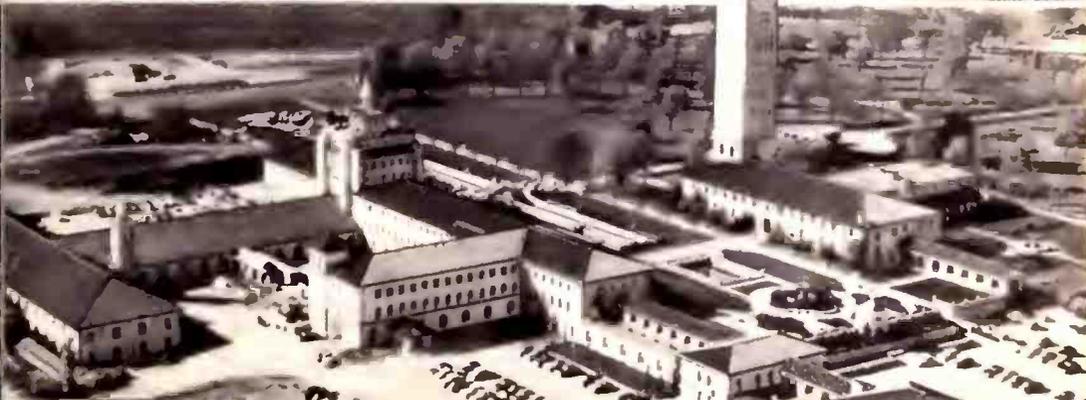
Good example has twice the value of good advice.



## BEAUTIFUL UNITY VILLAGE

### Unity School of Christianity, near Kansas City

is distinguished for its imaginative use of precast concrete to achieve beauty and structural stability at minimum cost. The Main Building is shown above. At left is a close-up of the main entrance, together with a rear view of the precast entrance set in place. Precasting is done in one large building in the Village, and the sections are later lifted into place as the buildings are erected. Engineering and architectural work is ably handled by Unity's own organization, directed by Rickert Fillmore, son of the Founder. Below is an aerial view of buildings and tower.





*Swing Presents*  
**FRED M. LEE**  
**The Man of the Month**

by EDWIN V. SCHULZ

**D**OING good for one's community is still more often preached than practiced; but to modest Fred M. Lee the concept of public service has always meant action and not words. Fred is modestly proud of his many achievements in business and community life, but doesn't talk about them. For he has always considered them as just part of the job—the job of living together with one's friends and neighbors.

As Secretary-Treasurer of Macy's, Kansas City, 72-year-old Fred M. Lee can look back over 53 years of retailing experience and say, "Methods have changed, but merchandising itself has not. You must still establish a pattern of integrity for any business operation." And that word integrity is a key to the manner in which he has approached all his activities, both business and civic.

"I have seen it proved time and again," Lee says. "Business men who have become successful, and more important, stayed successful, have all had three things in common: an honest approach, a sense of fair play, and

a basic integrity in all their undertakings."

Slender, six-foot-two-inches tall, Fred Lee has a quiet unrushed manner, and speaks with the authority born of experience. But his eyes take on an added twinkle when he talks of his charming wife, Bess, their children, and five grandchildren.

Daughter Marjorie has three boys: David, Fred, and Robert. Marjorie is married to Dan Truog, partner in Truog-Nichols, a building materials supply concern in Kansas City.

Daughter Betty has a 2½-year-old son, Wylie, Jr.; and a nine-months-old baby girl, also named Betty, the fourth Betty in her line. Betty's husband is Wylie Mitchell, an architect for Hall Brothers.

And while the Mitchell and Truog families are frequent visitors at 1000 West 52nd Street, where Fred and Bess Lee have lived since 1929, grandchildren and grandparents alike, look forward to each summer when they all go to the Lees' summer cottage at Traverse Bay, Michigan. There, the three boys keep things lively with boating, fishing and swimming, and

Fred Lee relaxes with an occasional fishing trip, and, more frequently a round of golf.

**D**ANIEL and Alice Lee, parents of Fred M. Lee, farmed 640 fertile acres in Kankakee County, Illinois. And as farmer's sons, Fred and his two brothers, Benjamin and Harry, learned early the meaning of hard work. Respect for the law, and a sense of civic duty were virtues the three Lee boys also knew early in life. Their father took an active part in county affairs, and became sheriff of Kankakee County.

The boys' grandfather had moved to Illinois from the Catskill mountain area of New York, where the Lee family had farmed the rock bound hills for several generations. And one of Fred's fondest boyhood memories was of a train trip to the Catskills with his grandad to visit relatives. After arriving in Hoboken, N. J. he and his grandad rode a slow train up the mid-Hudson valley and got off at Glens Corner, N. Y. There they were met by his grandad's uncle John. On the slow wagon ride to John's farm they reminisced about their families, and John asked Benjamin Lee about his Illinois farm and whether there were many rocks on the farm.

Fred's grandad replied, "Why there aren't enough rocks on my 640 acres to fill this wagon."

With an astonished look on his face, John turned and said, "You may have some good land out there in Illinois, but I know there isn't a farm in the world that has that few rocks on it."

Fred and his two brothers attended grammar and high school in Mantino, Illinois. Once school days were over, all three boys wanted to leave the farm to go into business. As it turned out, their ideas were amazingly similar, for Fred, Benjamin, and Harry all found their careers in retailing. Ben, now retired and living in Washington, D. C., had a successful career in retail advertising, including a stint with Emery, Bird, and Thayer in Kansas City. Harry went into retailing boys' clothing, first with his own store in Independence, Kansas, and later in Colorado Springs, Colorado, where he still operates a store today.

Everyone who dreamed of success in business looked to Chicago, and many a young lad left the farm to try his fortune there. This was Fred Lee's particular dream, and a strong one it was. When he finished high school he left home at 8:00 a.m. the very next morning. He didn't even bother to stay for the graduating ceremonies at city hall!

**A**RRIVING in Chicago with not much more than his hopes and plenty of ambition, Fred Lee started looking for a job. Marshall Field's was already a famous store and Fred Lee headed straight for it. The general manager of Marshall Fields was Bobby Templeton, a salty Scotsman who was a hard man to approach for anything.

Fred Lee, a tall, lanky youth, managed to see Templeton and asked him for a job as a stock boy in the glove department. "Well you ought to be

able to lift glove boxes, you're big enough!", Templeton said. "I'll give you a job as stock boy at four dollars a week." Fred Lee looked at Templeton and said, "I'm too big a boy to work for four dollars a week, I want five." Templeton was so astonished that he agreed to it. According to Fred Lee that was the first and last time he has ever asked anyone for a raise.

As a stock boy for Marshall Field's Fred Lee got his first taste of retailing. While his only responsibility was to keep the shelves in the glove department filled, he carefully observed and studied the various salesmen on the floor. Within a short time Fred Lee knew that he wanted to become a salesman. Stock boys weren't ordinarily allowed to sell; but he was able to make his first sale while still a stock boy.

With very little success, the glove department had been trying to move a lot of muleskin gloves. One day Fred Lee noticed an elderly gentleman looking at the gloves. He approached the old man with the idea of selling him a pair and in short time he had not only sold a pair, but the entire lot to the man!

**T**HIS was Fred Lee's first sale; and it whetted his interest in selling, more than ever. After less than a year as a stock boy with Marshall Field's, he went to work, again as a stock boy, for a wholesale millinery company in Chicago. The company's peak season was a six weeks' period in the fall. During these weeks the millinery house was

so busy even the stock boys went out on the floor to sell.

"We would be out on the floor all day long selling," Mr. Lee recalled, "and then we'd have to come back at night to take care of the stockroom. They paid us fifty cents a night to do this." By this time he was making fifteen dollars a week.

More ambitious to sell than ever, young Fred took his first road job as a traveling dry goods salesman. He carried trunks of samples to small towns in northern Illinois, selling to village shops and general stores.

Fred Lee remembers his road job as a pretty discouraging life. "I was always on the move, and always lugging those two huge trunks by the best means available. Roads in those days weren't what they are now, and a good part of my travel was with a team and wagon over miles of muddy farm roads.

"One night," Mr. Lee recalled, "after a particularly discouraging day in a small farm town, I sat in a dingy hotel room thinking about where I was headed. I looked around the musty room and spied a huge piece of wallpaper hanging down from the wall. The sight was so depressing, I made up my mind then and there to get out of road sales."

**W**HEN he arrived back in Chicago, Fred quit his job and went to work in a store on Chicago's south side, selling men's furnishings. And while he was learning how to sell men's clothes, his brother, Benjamin, was in Lincoln, Nebr., working as advertising manager for the

Herpolsheimer Department store. On a visit to his brother, Fred was introduced to "Old Man Herpolsheimer," the owner of the store. Impressed with Fred's experience, "The Old Man" offered him a sales job.

**T**HUS Fred Lee moved to Lincoln and became a salesman for Herpolsheimer's. While in Lincoln his brother interested him in retail advertising and he decided to learn more about it by enrolling with the International Correspondence School and studying all the advertising courses they had to offer. His long hours of night work on the correspondence courses paid off three months later when Benjamin became seriously ill. With no one available to take over Herpolsheimer's advertising department, Fred Lee told the general manager about his I.C.S. courses; and was made advertising manager in his brother's place.

"In the early 1900's retail advertising was in its infancy," Mr. Lee recalls. "I look back on some of those ads that I laid out, and the broadsides we published, and I have to laugh at them." Fred Lee's advertising department was little more than a battered desk and a thread cabinet where he kept the electrotypes. The store's advertisements were long on copy with plenty of display type, and very short on illustrations.

Shortly after Benjamin Lee recovered from his illness, he was offered a job as advertising manager of Emery, Bird, and Thayer in Kansas City. Since Fred Lee was doing so well in Ben's old job, Ben left Her-

polshiemer's for Kansas City, and the job with Emery, Bird and Thayer.

In 1902 Fred Lee visited Benjamin in Kansas City. One day while talking to his brother at the store, he was introduced to a salesman who had an account with the John Taylor store. The salesman said that John Taylor was looking for a new advertising manager. Acting on this lead, Fred Lee went over to the John Taylor store and met William Taylor, one of the brothers.

"We talked for four hours," Fred Lee said, "about everything except advertising." Eventually William Taylor introduced him to John Taylor, president of the store, and Fred told him he wanted to talk about the advertising manager's job. John Taylor replied, "That's funny, I've got a letter of acceptance in my pocket that I'm mailing to a young man who applied for the job, but I don't think I'll mail the letter, now."

**A**FTER some more talks with the Taylor brothers, Fred Lee was given the job as their advertising manager. William Taylor wanted him to go to work right away. However, Fred felt he still owed a lot to Herpolshiemer's; and asked if he could have two weeks' time to help train a replacement.

He took the next train back to Lincoln and told the general manager he was leaving for a new job with Taylor's in Kansas City. Fifteen minutes later the manager came out of the "Old Man's" office and said, "Fred, you won't have to worry

about staying those two weeks. The 'Old Man' has fired you!"

After giving Fred this unpleasant news, he asked if Fred had any ideas about who might take over the advertising job.

Fred Lee suggested the "Old Man's" son, who had just entered the business and had worked on some of the advertising campaigns. When told about this, "Old Man" Herpolsheimer changed his mind about the firing, and Fred spent a hectic two weeks breaking the son in on the job!

In 1904, the year Fred Lee came to Kansas City, Taylor's advertising department, like Herpolsheimer's, was a one-man job. "I laid out all the ads myself, wrote every bit of the copy," Mr. Lee remembers. "No one dreamed of employing copy writers or artists, then."

Illustrations were generalized, merely giving the reader a vague idea of what the merchandise looked like. The few illustrations used were supplied by the various wholesale houses doing business with Taylor's. Fridays and Saturdays were busy days for Fred Lee, since he had to prepare the detailed full page ads which ran in the society sections of the Sunday papers.

"I always had the problem of finding 'high sounding' adjectives," Mr. Lee said, "to appeal to the women who were avid readers of the society section."

**D**URING Mr. Lee's first year in Kansas City, Taylor's completed construction of its Baltimore Avenue

Building. This was a big event in Kansas City, and for a month prior to the opening, Mr. Lee had been planning full page institutional ads announcing the opening, and inviting the public to the grand opening ceremonies.

Opening day was scheduled for the first Monday in October. On the Saturday morning preceding the opening, John Taylor called Mr. Lee into his office and told him to forget about the institutional approach and to run full page ads merchandising the new goods that would be featured in the store.

All of Fred Lee's plans were made; and he wasn't going to be talked out of them. Knowing the full value of public relations and customer service, he envisioned a grand opening party with the public being greeted personally by the Taylor brothers, to the strains of a string ensemble. After two hours of arguing his point, John Taylor finally agreed to the Lee plan. It turned out to be one of the most successful store openings in the mid-west. Thousands of Taylor customers visited the opening, and were met at the door by John and William Taylor dressed in white tie and tails. The ladies received flowers and the men, handkerchiefs.

**F**RED LEE progressed rapidly in the Taylor organization. He took over the store's mail order department, which at that time was an important part of the store's business. He delved into the Taylor mail order department, systematized it, and developed an annual spring and fall catalog for mail order customers.

Mr. Lee had been in Kansas City three years when a friend introduced him to pretty Bess Dimmitt. The Dimmitts had moved to Kansas City from Columbia, Mo., where they were related to the Samuels and the Garths, two of Boone County's earliest families. Bess' father was Edward Dimmitt. He had been a banker with the Garths in Columbia, and later opened a drug store in Kansas City.

Young Bess Dimmitt had just finished a private school in Kansas when she met Fred Lee. A large part of their courtship took place in Columbia where they visited her many relatives. Their good times together under the spell of Columbia's southern hospitality ripened their friendship, and on a June day in 1907 Bess Dimmitt and Fred Lee were married. Their first daughter, Marjorie, was born in 1914 and attended the Bryant School, and later the University of Missouri. Betty, who was born in 1919, went to school in Kansas City and later attended Briarcliff College.

A tennis fan for years, Fred Lee took up golf in the early twenties, for relaxation. He shoots what he calls, "a business game," in the 90's. His greatest enjoyment, however, has been traveling to new places with the family.

The Lees' first big trip was to Europe in 1925. For seven weeks they traveled through England, Holland, France, Germany, and Switzerland. Mr. Lee remembers Paris as the high-spot of the trip, especially his tour through a top Parisian department store, the Galeries Lafayette. He

found that the best stores in Europe—Lafayette's in Paris, Herod's and Selfridge's in London—were operated in a different manner than American retail stores. The store interiors were lavishly decorated, and business was conducted in a quiet, almost hushed manner.

Other trips followed for the Lees. Bermuda in 1935, and most recently, a flying trip to the West Indies with stops at Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic. Another favorite spot is Mexico, which they have revisited three times since their first trip in 1931. They both enjoy Mexico City, which reminds them of Paris. On their last trip, Mr. Lee was particularly interested in seeing the new Sears, Roebuck store there. He found the Mexican approach to retailing to be the same as the European approach.

**F**RED M. LEE gained more and more responsibility in the John Taylor store, becoming general manager at 30, and later treasurer and then secretary-treasurer. He always believed that the store and its executives should take an active part in community affairs. This spirited belief accounts for the long list of civic and business activities in which the name Fred M. Lee is synonymous with leadership.

Early in World War I, when civic groups did so much for the food and fuel conservation campaigns, Fred Lee found himself a director of the Chamber of Commerce, where he helped organize its many wartime activities. History repeated itself in

World War II, when he again became a director of the Chamber.

Mr. Lee is proud that he is one of the original founders of both the Kansas City Merchants Association and the Missouri Retailers' Association. He was instrumental in organizing both groups, and served terms as president of the two associations. In 1927, Fred Lee was made a director of the Charities Campaign for Kansas City. This drive was the first successful forerunner of today's Community Chest and United Fund drives. He has continued his association with many charitable groups and is a director of the United Funds committee and chairman of the Community Chest budget committee.

Fred Lee has devoted much of his time to the Second Presbyterian Church, watching it grow through the years. For six years he was treasurer of the Second Presbyterian and now sits on the Board of Trustees.

**K**EEPING faith with his ideal of integrity in business, Fred Lee has always supported the development of Better Business Bureaus across the nation. He was instrumental in organizing Kansas City's Better Business Bureau, one of the first in the country. Mr. Lee says, "The quiet orderly work of these bureaus throughout the country, and certainly here in Kansas City, has virtually eliminated dishonest advertising and unethical business practices."

In 1947 when R. H. Macy, Inc., of New York bought the John Taylor store, Fred M. Lee became Sec-

retary-Treasurer of Macy's, Kansas City. With 53 years of merchandising history and community service behind him, Mr. Lee feels that our basic ideals and concepts of doing business have not changed.

Mr. Lee says, "You must still establish a pattern of honesty and integrity for your store. Today, we read a great deal about the importance of customer relations and employee relations. These concepts are really nothing new. In my early days with John Taylor these principles were always carried out. We simply never publicized it. In the early 1900's we provided a room for our employees to eat their lunch. This has grown into our modern employees' cafeteria of today.

"In the early 1900's John Taylor's had already instituted employee group insurance, Christmas bonuses, and profit sharing. The profit sharing was discontinued during the worst part of the depression but is once more a feature of our program."

Fred M. Lee's philosophy has always been that a store is part of the community in which it does business, and depends for survival solely on the good will of its customers. He feels retailers must always inspire confidence on the part of the public, and that a customer should receive the same kind of treatment he would find in visiting a good friend.

Fred Lee's motto is, "Truth in advertising and truthful sales promotion are the foundation stones for building a reputation for integrity and satisfying service."



By DR. OLIN J. EGGEN

*Remember Halley's Comet, last seen in 1910? It's headed this way again, to be due in 1985. Herewith some notes on its discoverer.*

**I**N 1835 a great fire destroyed nearly the entire business section of New York City. Bubonic plague—the Black Death—swept over Egypt killing thousands of people. Cuba, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, and Argentina were scenes of bloody revolutions. Georgia Indians under Chief Osceola were massacring white settlers. And in the sleepy town of Florida, Missouri, Judge Clemens' wife gave birth to a boy. The superstitious attributed all of these events to the bright comet visible that year.

Seventy-five years later, in 1910, the comet returned to a more peaceful world. A few days before the earth passed through the comet's tail, Mrs. Clemens' son—now better known as Mark Twain—died.

At the present time, 3,000,000,000 miles out in space, this same comet has just rounded an imaginary celestial buoy and is starting on its return journey to the earth. It will arrive in 1985 and the world will have another view of its most famous comet—Halley's.

**E**DMOND HALLEY, mathematician, astronomer, physicist, statistician, geographer, hydrographer, navigator, diplomat, and man of the world, was born in 1656, the son of a wealthy London soap maker. At the age of 19 he left Oxford University and sailed on a privately-financed expedition to the southern hemisphere to make the first catalogue of southern stars. He revealed his flair for diplomacy when he traced a new constellation in the southern skies and named it in honor of the King of England, Charles II.

King Charles was so impressed with the results of Halley's expedition, and flattered by the new constellation, that he commanded Oxford University to bestow a degree upon the young voyager without requiring him to finish his studies.

At the almost unprecedented age of 22, Halley was admitted to that august body of English science, the Royal Society. The first major problem he set himself to solve was to find the law that gravity must obey in

order to explain the motion of the planets around the sun. He was unsuccessful; but in his searchings he heard of an obscure professor of mathematics at Cambridge University who was interested in the same problem. The Cambridge professor, a sensitive recluse, was Isaac Newton.

Halley's nature was as open as Newton's was mysterious. He was sociable and friendly, although he occasionally shocked serious people by his jokes and his colorful language. Halley diplomacy, however, was a saving feature and he and Newton soon became good friends.

During his first visit to Newton, Halley was surprised and delighted to learn that his new friend had completely solved the problem of planetary motions. The solution involved the principle which we now know as the law of gravitation. The younger man recognized the great value of this work and he urged Newton to publish it. But Newton was modest and retiring and, having already had some unpleasant experiences with jealous contemporaries, he shrank from courting further trouble. Halley continued his urgings, however, and after much persuasion, Newton submitted, to the Royal Society, the manuscript of his famous book, the *Principia*. The *Principia*—the full title is *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*—is generally recognized as the greatest contribution to science ever made by anyone.

THE Royal Society voted to have the book printed. However, that distinguished body was financially embarrassed at the time, having just

published, at considerable expense, a *History of Fishes* which had turned out to be anything but a best-seller. Halley, who had already assumed the entire labor of editing Newton's work, also generously offered to underwrite the whole cost of printing and publishing it. The financing of the book was a great personal sacrifice on Halley's part, since he was then possessed of only modest means. His father had been found drowned only three years before and he was still involved in a lawsuit with his stepmother over the family estate. He was partially dependent upon his salary as Clerk of the Royal Society, and even this small amount was paid to him in books—50 copies of the *History of Fishes* per year.

There can be no doubt that Newton alone discovered the law of gravity but Halley discovered Newton and without Halley's generous loyalty to his friend and to science, Newton's work might not have been thought out; or if thought out, not written; or if written, not published.

IN THE *Principia* Newton explained how to use the principles of gravitation to determine the path of a comet in the sky. Halley immediately set about gathering all of the records of comets that he could find. There were 24 comets, seen between the years 1337 and 1698, which were sufficiently well observed to permit him to compute their tracks. When he published the results of this study, he noted that the comets of 1531, 1607, and 1682 had orbits much alike. He concluded that these three comets were one and the same object that was re-

volving around the sun in an immense path in a period of between seventy-five and seventy-six years. He then made the daring prediction that the comet would return in the fall of 1758 or the spring of 1759. He advised astronomers to watch carefully for its reappearance, and with a patriotic pathos he added, "Wherefore if according to what we have already said it should return again about the year 1758, candid posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman."

Halley died in 1742 but he was completely vindicated on Christmas day, 1758, when the comet which now bears his name was sighted by a keen-eyed European farmer. Since that time the returns of 1835 and of 1910 have firmly established the periodicity of this comet.

When it became certain that Halley's comet returned every seventy-five or seventy-six years, efforts were made to identify its previous visits to the sun and as a result its history has been traced back to 240 B.C. It was the "star resembling a sword which stood over the city" when Titus destroyed Jerusalem in 66 A.D. It was the celestial omen under which William the Conqueror successfully blitzkrieged England in 1066. And it was the "fan-shaped train of fire" that the Turks took as heavenly sanction of their war against the Christians in 1456.

All through the history of this comet its appearances were considered as prophecies of deaths of kings, famines, wars, pestilences, and other ills of mankind—and some of these

appearances actually had an influence upon contemporary events because of the mental reactions of those who saw it. The value of Halley's discovery of the periodicity of the comet was not only to confirm the universal nature of Newton's law of gravity, but also to show that comets were regular members of the solar system and subject to natural laws.

**E**VEN if Halley had not been an astronomer he would still be remembered today as one of the fathers of physical geography and of meteorology, since he was the originator of graphical methods of representing on maps the geographical distribution of physical features of the Earth. He made the first meteorological chart (1688) and the first magnetic chart (1701)—the parents of a most numerous progeny.

The desire to improve his charts led Halley to request a commission in the Royal Navy. In 1698 he was put in command of a ship, the *Paramour*, and instructed to map and survey the southern oceans. One of his instructions was to search for Terra Australis Incognita — the suspected southern continent — but in this he was unsuccessful. It remained for Captain Cook to discover Australia nearly seventy years later. Halley sailed closer to the south pole than anyone before him; and was forced to turn back by Antarctic icebergs. On his return journey the First Officer of the ship objected to Halley, a "landlubber," being in command and insulted him before the rest of the crew. Halley had the mutineer put under arrest. Then, as a striking instance of his versatility,

he brought the ship home without the slightest assistance in navigation. This was the first sea voyage ever made entirely for the purpose of scientific exploration.

While in command of the *Paramour* Halley carried out a survey of the tides in the English Channel and gathered information that is still being used by the Royal Navy. Combining his navigation and diplomatic talents he was sent on several diplomatic missions to the continent of Europe to advise on improvements to the ships and to the harbors of several countries. One of his most outstanding diplomatic accomplishments was in winning the friendship of Peter the Great, of Russia. Peter and Halley had much in common.

Peter had a particular liking for Halley's companionship. The compatibility of the English astronomer and the Russian monarch is illustrated by the tradition that during an especially convivial evening, Halley pushed Peter across ditches and through hedges in a wheelbarrow.

THE scientific foundation of the life insurance business was established in 1693 when Halley published his *Breslau Tables of Mortality*. These tables, published under the imposing title; estimate of the degrees of mortality of mankind, drawn from curious tables of the births and funerals at the city of Breslau; with an attempt to ascertain the price of annuities upon lives, was the first application of statistics in the attempt to predict mortalities.

In the conclusion of this pioneering book, Halley sounded a modern

note: "The strength and glory of a king being in the multitude of his subjects, I shall only hint that above all things celibacy ought to be discouraged, as by extraordinary taxing and military service. And those who have numerous families of children should be countenanced and encouraged by such laws as the *Jus trium liberorum* [law of three children] among the Romans; but especially by an effectual care to provide for the subsistence of the poor by finding them employment whereby they may earn their bread without being chargeable to the public."

Improvements in the diving bell, design of optical lenses, the first application of the barometer to measure heights, a discussion of the place and time of the landing of Julius Caesar in England, explanation of the Northern Lights, contributions to gunnery and ballistics, an attempt to explain the cause of the biblical flood, and an estimate of the age of the earth by the rate of accumulation of salt in the oceans—these are only a few examples of Halley's diversified interests and genius. These accomplishments will, perhaps, be forgotten; but at least once every seventy-five years his name will be remembered by all—and his comet will be in the sky for every one to see.

Of all the comets in the sky  
 There's none like Comet Halley,  
 We see it with the naked eye,  
 And periodically.  
 The first to see it was not he,  
 But yet we call it Halley,  
 The notion that it would return  
 Was his originally.



# BATH at BEERSHEBA

*Have a bath, or have a highball . . .  
water is the priceless ingredient.*

By JAY WORTHINGTON

YOU'D think a place named Beersheba Springs would be bubbling with water. We thought so, when we bought a little shack on the Cumberland plateau, sight unseen. Now our city friends say "Yaah!"

The place is named for some gal named Beersheba—no, not Bathsheba—who tripped through these primevals more than a century back and found our first chalybeate spring. Beersheba said the spring dripped health, and a smart old promoter with dollar signs in his eyes built an inn on the mountain. Travelers came from miles, their tongues thick with three-ply dust, tooting their posthorns and hanging out of their broughams and unfringed surreys, panting for a dipper of the clear, cool waters.

But, as I say, my wife and I burned our bridges. Our "contact" had warned that there was no "plumbing," but wrote that previous owners used "a spring." We took this to mean that a health-spouting spring gurgled on our two acres.

But we heard no gurgle when we arrived; nor did we see anything except weeds around our little wood-frame, recently unpainted house.

"Take a little fixing up," said that agent, cheerfully.

"Yes," I said. "Where's the spring?"

"That-a-way."

I saw a white house about a hundred yards down the dirt road. I was suddenly thirsty.

"It's in the woods a piece," said the agent.

The piece proved to be another hundred yards down a precipitate path. There, sure enough, was a chalybeate spring. Chalybeate means "impregnated with salts of iron," our dictionary told us. We didn't need a dictionary after we saw what it did to our pots and pans.



*"Certainly I know this is preserving  
time. That's exactly what I'm doing!"*

We did need a big pail. I bought one that measured fourteen inches across the top, and after the first trip I said, "I wonder when it will rain."

We had made a great discovery. Water doesn't always gush from pipes, ready for drinking, bathing, and flushing toilets. Water comes from (1) the earth, and (2) the sky.

I can't say how healthy chalybeate water may be, because I didn't make that trip again for weeks. Instead, we corralled all the buckets, pails, and other liquid-retaining vessels we could lay hands on. We didn't take a bath for several days.

Then, one glorious afternoon, we heard thunder.

"Don't get excited," I told Kim. "It's a mirage."

But the rains came. They poured. Our roof gutter was well rusted, happily, and punctured like a sprinkler system. Kim set out an empty

lard can, all other pails and buckets, her Dutch oven and biggest frying pan. Then she began to disrobe in the living room.

"Here I go," she chortled. "You keep watch!"

I stood sentry in shorts and a bar of soap. It was wonderful. We could hardly wait for the next rain.

The sheriff drove up during our second bath, and we had to skid soapily into the house. Maybe we looked like Communists or nudists; but it was all right because the sheriff was only canvassing votes for the next election.

Don't get me wrong. We love our little mountain home, and there's nothing like having health-giving springs around you. Drop in, if you find yourself driving through a place called Beersheba Springs. We'll enjoy a bourbon-and-water together, if we happen to have bourbon.

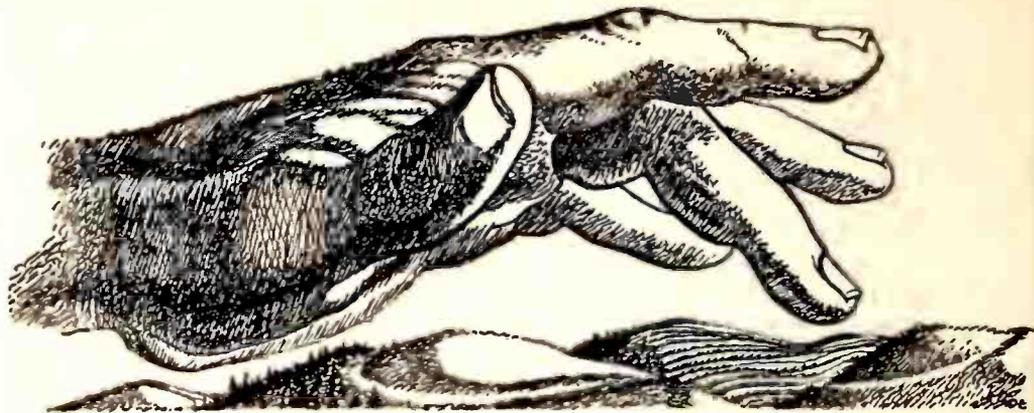
You bring the water.



"Lobsters! That's terrific! . . . Gosh, I didn't know they put lobsters in cans."



"Have you ever considered, Gertrude, that your constant refusals may lead me to give up seeing you?"



# The Newspaper That Christ Edited

By NINO LO BELLO

*In 1900, the Topeka, Kansas, Daily Capital boosted its circulation from 15,000 to 367,000 —for a week. Professor LoBello of the University of Kansas describes this experiment in journalism.*

THE time set for the experiment was the second week in March. Hardly anyone knew what to expect. Perhaps it would be the unique journalistic venture of all time. Even before the first issue came off the press, the normal circulation of the Topeka *Daily Capital* had boomed from 15,000 to a staggering 367,000.

From every state in the union orders for copies came. From all the South American countries, from Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, from cities as far from Topeka as London and Moscow samples of the Kansas newspaper were in demand.

In one day's mail alone the *Daily Capital's* circulation department received 100,000 new subscriptions from all over the United States and Canada. For six days press history was being made.

By what hocus-pocus abracadabra did a relatively unknown newspaper in the heart of America engineer such world-wide attention? The gimmick was a simple one. Publisher F. O. Popenoe had decided to put out for one week a newspaper edited as nearly as possible by the standards that Jesus Christ would probably use if He were publishing the paper.

TO EDIT the Christ edition Popenoe summoned Rev. Charles M. Sheldon since Sheldon had earned a global reputation for himself as a "spokesman" for Christ. In fact, his book, *In His Steps*, had inspired the whole newspaper idea. Treating earthly situations as Christ would have dealt with them, the book appeared in 16 languages, sold 23 million copies and became the second best-seller of all time.

Sheldon, therefore, was a natural for the job. Refusing any pay for his services, he agreed to be Christ's "city editor and blue pencil" provided the profits went for philanthropic purposes.

The announcement of the "Christ newspaper" hit like a thunderbolt. Criticisms poured in by the ton. Heaven forbid that Jesus take any part in material things like a newspaper! "Sacrilegious!" "Blasphemous!" Such were the charges hurled at the *Daily Capital*. To think that Jesus would be so irreverent as to participate in a sensational and stupid stunt to help sell newspapers!

Sheldon dodged these uppercuts and boxed back. His haymaker silenced many a critic.

"If Jesus could not take part in the publishing of a daily paper," he retorted, "then He could not participate in any energy that we use in order to make a living. The greater part of His life was passed in a carpenter's shop and the tables and benches in many a Nazareth home were doubtless made by His hands."

Having outpointed his critics, Sheldon now shadow-boxed with other problems. No easy venture, this.

Because the *Daily Capital's* press-run could only handle 50,000 copies—and then if coaxed to run day and night while swimming in oil—other newspaper plants had to be sought.

The *Chicago Journal* agreed to run off 120,000 copies from sets of matrices. The *Staats-Zeitung* of New York was cajoled to print a like number and the *Westminster Review* in

London was persuaded to reproduce the remainder.

As editor, Sheldon was to have complete charge of the news room and business office. He posted a number of rules. For example, during the week there was not to be a single word of profanity nor could anyone smoke a pipe or cigarette on duty.

The word "news" was to be interpreted on the basis of how "news" was treated in the Bible. Thousands of dollars of questionable advertising were appraised and rejected.

SOME 40 newspapers sent correspondents scurrying to Topeka. "The Newspaper That Christ Edited" was indeed hot news. Most of the reporters sent garbled accounts ridiculing and criticizing the project. Many felt obliged to write something startling, and, as a result, the stories contained more imagination than fact.

The first issue—dated Tuesday, March 13, 1900—was characterized as deadly dull and an utter failure as a newspaper.

But this was far from the truth. For people everywhere were scrambling for a look-see. In some places scalpers sold copies for as high as five dollars, and they became collectors' items. Everywhere there was some opinion—pro or con—but an opinion nevertheless. On the first day the "Christ newspaper" accomplished something many journals never do in their entire history.

The front page lead story was from the Associated Press. It dealt with the famine in India. Sheldon printed it like this:

## STARVING INDIA

### Fifty Million People Affected by the Famine

Conditions Growing Worse Instead of Better — The Urgent Need of Aid From Christian America.

*The CAPITAL knows of no more important matter of news the world over this morning than the pitiable condition of famine-stricken India. We give the latest and fullest available information of the progress of the scourge . . .*

*If every reader of this paper will give ten cents to a relief fund for this terrible Indian Famine, we may be able to save thousands of lives. Will you do it?*

*Let us all have a share in helping our brother man. For these starving creatures are a part of the human family which Jesus taught us to love when He taught us to say "Our Father."*—CHARLES M. SHELDON

Sheldon published letters which he had received from missionary friends describing the plight of the people.

As a direct result of this appeal, readers contributed a trainload of corn and sent it to New York. They chartered a special ship and dispatched the cargo of grain to Bombay where clergymen distributed it all over the famine district. Letters later from India reported that this shipment saved the lives of thousands of starving children.

In addition to this, the *Daily Capital* continued receiving money contributions from all over the globe amounting to more than \$100,000. All this in response to an appeal which had taken up less than two inches of space!

Later the British Secretary of State for India announced he would pay all transportation charges for any food sent from America. This statement brought in an additional \$100,000 in cash and grain from everywhere.

Yet Sheldon never once patted himself or the paper editorially on the back. "Jesus never resorted to cheap boastfulness. So why should His newspaper?" he remarked.

Years later the clergyman-editor commented about the incident. "Sometimes," he said, "when people would ask if the paper were not a failure, as the press reports for the most part said it was, I have replied that if it accomplished nothing more than saving several thousand Indian children from starving, I would always feel as if it were a success."

**I**N ITS masthead the "Christ newspaper" printed the names of the entire staff, from editor to galley-boy. Making liberal use of articles from other publications, it received essays and manuscripts gratis from the name writers of the day.

A remarkable series of articles by the Secretary of Agriculture in Kansas was reprinted in hundreds of journals the world over. Two nationally known artists contributed striking cartoons for which they asked no

compensation. And one associate justice of the U.S. Supreme Court wrote an editorial that was subsequently read from many a pulpit.

The paper played down crime, scandal and other sensational items. Since the Bible reported crime briefly, that was the way the *Daily Capital* handled it. Omitted were stock and market reports. Editor Sheldon condemned these as gambling.

An unusual opportunity occurred during the week to sensationalize the suicide of the son of Senator W. A. Peffer of Kansas. But Sheldon merely published the story briefly with a note of condolence. This decision was based on the way the story of Jesus' betrayal by Judas is told in the Gospel narrative in a space less than one-third of a newspaper column.

**P**ROMINENCE went to social questions. Even church matters did not get special or undue attention. Sheldon, moreover, decided not to issue a Sunday edition. Instead, an extra edition "suitable for Sunday reading" was printed and distributed before midnight Saturday.

This played up articles on the rise of socialism, prison reform, banishment of war, woman's suffrage and prohibition. The humor column sagaciously reminded readers that:

"No man has the right to abuse another for not seeing things as he does." And later on during the week: "When a man sows a crop of wild oats, he invariably does the harvesting himself."

Even the Sermon on the Mount was printed as a news item. It occupied less than two columns. Shel-

don reported getting letters for months after from people who said they read in his paper the Sermon on the Mount for the first time. "It was certainly news to them," he declared, "but it came as a shock to me."

Years afterwards, when Sheldon was on a lecture tour in the interests of national prohibition, he spoke in every state capital. There was hardly a place in which someone did not come up after a meeting and say to him:

"We took the *Capital* the week you had charge of it. It was wonderful. I still have all the copies saved." Or someone would say: "I subscribed to your paper but after I read it, the thing passed to so many hands it just disappeared."

The one satisfying note for Publisher Popenoe and the staff was the fact that complaints ceased. After the experiment was over, letters of praise, however, still descended by the bagful.

**S**OME people asked if a paper along the same line could not be established permanently. Others would send in money orders, stamps, coins, French francs, German marks or Italian lire begging for a sample copy. It was months before the *Daily Capital* could cash these and send out the copies.

An immense amount of newspaper comment followed. Generally it applauded the Sheldon edition a failure as a newspaper. It became the first daily in America to print editorial comment below and above the news accounts. In view of later journalistic

practices, especially with reference to clean advertising, Sheldon's work was probably prophetic of valuable reforms.

One of the by-products of the Sheldon experiment was a burlesquing by a prominent Kansas editor. When the *Daily Capital* revealed it would be "edited by Christ," the oldest paper in Kansas announced it would publish for one week as the "Devil Would Run It." Except for the mild stir it created in Kansas, nothing much came of it nationally, and years later long after people had forgotten it, they still remembered the Sheldon edition. But it did provide editor H. H. Brooks of the *Atchison Daily Champion* with a chance to exercise his grass-roots sense of humor. The first issue appeared on the same day Sheldon's *Daily Capital* came out. The front page bore a three-column cartoon with the devil and some laudatory verse. It carried a feature column called "Devilinities," and some Kansans chuckled at the needling Sheldon had to absorb.

"I am proud to state that I have no reason to kick," His Satanic Majesty by-lined. "Four fifths of the world follow me, and I have done very little preaching."

And: "I never put to death a witch, nor crucified a God. I never erected a scaffold, nor tortured anyone at the stake. I have only one furnace."

Many failed to see any humor in the lampooning. Among them the great William Allen White. Since

White more or less supported the Sheldon experiment, he roasted Brooks' devil sheet in his *Emporia Gazette* by commenting:

"The *Atchison Champion* will be run as the devil would run a paper. The *Champion* has been a h . . . of a paper for some time, and I don't reckon it'll show any material change."

Brooks nevertheless audaciously wrote to Sheldon asking for a literary contribution. The clergyman returned the tongue-in-cheek request without so much as a scrap of acknowledgment. Later when reporters asked Sheldon about the paper, he blurted acidly:

"Apropos the infernal edition of the *Atchison Champion*, it might be remembered that the *Champion* has been going to the devil for the past ten years. It is a fair presumption that it has arrived at the end of its journey."



# THE NEW LOOK IN MOVIES

by SENN LAWLER

AS it has upon occasion, Hollywood has jumped on several horses and ridden off in every direction in pursuit of a common objective—more money in the box office.

The race is following two general tangents, (1) three-dimensional pictures, commonly called 3-D, and (2) wide or panoramic screen processes, as represented by the widely publicized Cinerama and the more recently developed and less complicated CinemaScope. End result will be greater variety and diversity in screen entertainment than has ever before been possible. Here's why:

Ever since its beginning the motion picture has been framed on the screen in an aspect ratio (relation of height to width) of 1 foot of height to 1.33 feet in width. Now, through the use of wide angle lenses and concave screens the aspect ratio is being extended. CinemaScope is believed to have attained the limit for all practical purposes with an aspect ratio of 1 to 2.55. At the same time, stereoscopic photography is adding depth to what has always been a flat, two-dimensional picture.

Stereoscopic photography (3-D) dates back to grandfather's day. Among the parlor furnishings one remembers the stack of double photos on cards and the stereopticon that pulled the two scenes together into one picture with depth and solidity. The Realist camera and viewer of today represent a modern application of the principle. In motion picture photography the process requires two synchronized cameras shooting the same scene on two separate strips of film. To show the films, two projectors must be interlocked to throw the two scenes on the screen, one slightly offset from the other. The spectator wearing polaroid glasses sees one picture with the right eye, one with the left, and the brain does the rest.

Involved in both 3-D and wide screen processes is the addition of stereophonic sound, which records sound at the various points of origin when the scene is being filmed and reproduces it from the same sources when the film is being shown, providing greater realism and variations in range from a whisper to an atomic blast. As many as four sound tracks may be employed in stereophonic recording, and anywhere from three to a dozen speakers placed strategically behind the screen or around a theatre auditorium for proper reproduction.

If, as described by some producers not sold on 3-D, the process is a short-lived novelty, then 3-D is the most profitable novelty in the history of motion pictures. On the strength of the record of "Bwana Devil," "House of Wax" and "Man in the Dark," at least 30 other 3-D pictures are in production, and if they do comparable—even profitable—business, then 3-D can be considered as pretty well established.

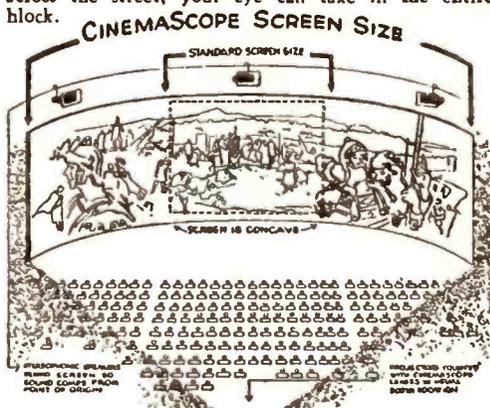
Cinerama is both expensive and unwieldy. To shoot the scenes, three cameras are used, one shooting to the right, one to the left, and one straight ahead. Likewise, three projectors are required to put the pictures on the screen, which is a huge arc, upwards of 85 feet in width. Effect on the spectator is to be brought right into the picture.

Practical limitations of Cinerama are costlier production through the use of three cameras; costlier theatre installation with three booths and three times the number of operators; the difficulty of keeping the three pictures (all part of the one panoramic

scene) lined up on the screen; and the reduction in the number of good viewing seats due to the space required for the screen. Present indications are that Cinerama's future may be limited to large theatres in a few large cities; and that story material will have to be confined to spectacles of "road show" calibre.

Twentieth Century Fox claims to have all the objections to both 3-D and Cinerama whipped with CinemaScope, which is regarded by many technical experts as a practical compromise in the wide screen and 3-D battle. Starting with "The Robe," all future 20th Fox productions will be in CinemaScope. What's more, 20th Fox will "lend" CinemaScope lenses to any studio to film a story they consider worthy.

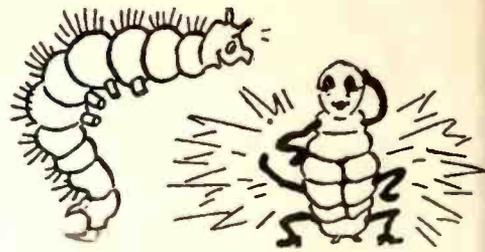
What is CinemaScope? It simply is a method of extending peripheral vision to incorporate a scene approximating the range encompassed by the human eye. A very simple explanation might be to imagine replacing a single window in the end of your living room with a picture window that occupied the entire end of the room. This window is slightly concave, or bowed, so that instead of seeing only the house across the street, your eye can take in the entire block.



The CinemaScope process employs special wide angle lenses, both in filming and projecting a picture, and a curved screen that is more than two and one-half times as wide as it is high. The so-called anamorphic lens when used on the camera, "reaches out" far beyond the range of the conventional lens and compresses the scene or image being photographed to the point of distortion on the single strip of 35 millimeter film used in motion pictures. In showing the film, a compensating lens is installed in front of the regular lens on the projecting machine, and the scene is restored to original form on the theatre screen.

To a considerable degree, officials of the big MGM studio have elected to go along with 20th Fox. Other major studios are also experimenting with various aspect ratios in the field of extended vision. Warner Brothers, in view of the success of "House of Wax," sees a big and profitable future in 3-D. And in the race for the new look in movies most producers are abiding in the philosophy of the fabulous Satchel Paige not to look back, "something may be gaining on you!"

# PLANT PESTS



THE man who said the most expensive items in a farmer's budget are taxes and insects wasn't being entirely facetious. If he had included plant diseases as well as injurious insects, he would have accounted for about twenty percent of the value of farm crops. Insect damage in the United States is usually listed as \$1,500,000,000. Loss due to plant diseases is nearly as much.

No one knows how great the insect damage might have been if efforts had not been made to control insects already established and prevent the entry of foreign insects.

Early in the century Congress began to realize the importance of keeping out insects from other countries, and about 1911 arrangements were made to prevent the entry of plants known to harbor dangerous insects or plant diseases. For more than forty years plant quarantine inspectors have constituted the front line of defense against foreign agricultural pests.

These scientists are on duty at all ports and at ports of entry into the United States. There they watch that no prohibited fruits or vegetables enter the country, check that all agricultural products requiring fumigation before entry are properly treated, and inspect incoming fruits and vegetables for possible insect infestation.

Ocean liners entering our harbors usually bring with them exotic vege-

tables and fruits. The inspectors check these, remove any which are obviously infested, and determine which may be used while the ship is in harbor. Shipping companies have cooperated with the inspectors, willingly allowing them to take samples of many foreign vegetables. These are carefully checked for insect damage in order to decide what new fruits and vegetables should be added to those already excluded from the United States.

Inspectors also check ornamental plants aboard ship and recommend treatment if dangerous insects are found to be present. The bay trees aboard one large vessel were found to be infested by the larvae of small butterflies not recognized in this country. When the insects were finally identified, they proved to be an economically important greenhouse pest which feeds on ornamental plants, flowers, and foliage of garden vegetables. The pest has been responsible for great losses where it has become common, and we definitely do not want it in this country.

THE most important part of the plant quarantine inspector's job is probably the inspection of passengers' baggage. Here they find the fruits and vegetables grown in backyards where insecticides and treatment against plant diseases aren't used. Repeatedly the inspectors pick up

# Aren't Wanted Here

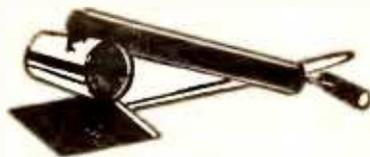
By GRACE PAUL

fruit which is infested by the dangerous fruit fly. Frequently they find potatoes which harbor pests not known in this country. Sometimes they find insects which have never before been seen in the United States.

One passenger was bringing some quaint cucumber-shaped squash from Persia. He had been assured there was no regulation against them, but was cooperative when the plant quarantine inspector checked them thoroughly. There were numerous peculiar brown pin-point dots on each squash, and he willingly consented when the inspector suggested cutting into the squash. Thus it was discovered that the dots were entry-points for the eggs of a dangerous melon fly which has wrecked the melon, pumpkin, cucumber and squash crops wherever it has become established. The man with the squash was heading for California! Thanks to the vigilance of the plant quarantine inspector the insects were kept out, and all similar plants from that region can now be excluded.

Not all people are anxious to cooperate with the inspectors who defend our borders against pests. Some attempt to smuggle fruits into the country because nothing here can satisfy their desire for foods with a distinctive flavor and texture unlike that of our native foods.

The inspectors understand this love of food from home, yet they know the protection of American agriculture is more important than the pal-



ates of our new citizens. Accordingly they watch constantly for the smugglers of foods from far places, the men who wear six or eight coats with all pockets filled with Italian oranges, the children who carry dolls which prove to be forbidden yams dressed in doll clothes, and the women with bulges in peculiar places.

THE story of the bulges is one of the classics among plant quarantine inspectors, and even the man who sought to dissuade the smuggler now tells of his experience. When he spied the large-bosomed lady protecting herself from the jostling crowd he suspected that her figure didn't consist entirely of human flesh. He moved closer and observed a number of revealing bulges which resembled the contour of mangoes in a cloth bag. In his most courteous Spanish he asked if she happened to have any fruits or vegetables which were not in her baggage.

The woman pretended not to understand, then she flatly denied possession of any fruit. The persistent inspector continued to question her until the woman became angry and forgot her precious bulges. At length she accidentally hit one and her contours changed accordingly. After sev-

eral hours, the woman finally admitted that she was carrying mangoes, gave up the contraband, and begged the inspector not to have her arrested.

Many passengers and recipients of packages from overseas are embarrassed by the presence of forbidden agricultural products. When incoming packages are found to contain plant products not allowed, a notice is put into the package explaining why the vegetables or fruit were removed.

Frequently inspectors receive letters like this: "Dear Mr. U. S. B. E. P. Q.—I am very sorry I broke the law, but you see, I didn't know I couldn't eat here what I ate in Cuba. My neighbor said you took the mangoes because they had bugs in them. Well, I've eaten bugs all my life, and they haven't hurt me, but if you are afraid the bugs will hurt somebody else, I won't ask no one to send me any more mangoes. I'm sorry, So I hope you won't arrest me."

**B.** E. P. Q. refers to the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine, that bureau of the Department of Agriculture which has to do with the study, identification, and control of insects, and the excluding of diseased plants and plant products. The inspectors are regulatory workers in this bureau, but they are also trained scientists with a professional and understanding attitude. These inspectors are very sympathetic with those who bring forbidden plants or soil into the country for sentimental reasons.

Recently it became necessary to forbid soil samples from much of

Europe because of the damaging nematode which has sometimes destroyed an entire potato crop. This made it impossible for people to bring soil from the graves of relatives, or soil from the old country to put into cornerstones. So many people desired to bring soil from the homeland for sentimental reasons that one large airport bought a pressure cooker to sterilize soil samples for travelers who were willing to wait at the airport.

Some people do not recognize the absolute honesty of the Plant Quarantine inspectors, and attempt to offer bribes. These are always refused, but occasionally they cause a great deal of confusion and expense. A small New York merchant happened to purchase some vegetables and remove them from the ship before they were inspected. Thus it became necessary for the inspector to make a trip down to the merchant's place of business. While the merchant figured how much he could charge for the Chinese cabbage and other delicacies, the inspector went about his business. The merchant became worried and frightened. He held out a bill to the inspector, and the government representative politely refused. The scared merchant watched the inspector more closely, hoping that he would be allowed to keep the beautiful vegetables. Finally he could stand the suspense no longer. The merchant stuck the ten dollar bill into the pocket of the inspector who was concentrating on his work.

The vegetables proved to be free from undesirable pests; the inspector passed them and informed the mer-

chant that they could be sold. Not until the inspector was back in the office did he discover the bribe. It was then time to catch the train for home, so he reported his experience to the inspector in charge. Next day, he gave up part of his noon hour to make a trip back to the little store where he explained to the merchant that he passed the vegetables because they were satisfactory.



**T**O MANY people, the regulatory officers are the government; and the United States Department of Agriculture can justly be proud of representation by Plant Quarantine Inspectors. These scientists are college trained men, most of them entomologists. They are studious, conscientious men who are eager and anxious to have a part in the betterment of conditions in this country. Some inspectors are plant pathologists who have studied plant diseases and their causes and some are botanists who are able to identify the thousands of different plants and plant products which are imported.

Almost all of the inspectors are specialists in at least two phases of the work. There are those who identify seeds and maintain an outstanding collection of domestic and foreign seeds. Some are artists who make models or pictures of infested fruits and vegetables. There are photogra-

phers who by their skill make it possible to maintain a permanent record of the appearance of infested products and of the insects which did the damage. Others translate foreign books, thus making it possible for all to know what damage has been done by exotic pests in their native surroundings.

Insects which are introduced into a new region usually do greater damage than in the original location because other insects tend to control destructive pests. The Bureau of Entomology has at least one representative who travels throughout the world locating insects which tend to check the population of insects which destroy crops. Some scientists have been loaned to groups engaging in international education, thus enabling our foreign neighbors to profit by the knowledge gained here.

Occasionally it is necessary to inspect bulbs and other plants before they are brought into this country. Importers have co-operated in paying expenses of inspectors who supervise the treating of plant material which is to be brought into the United States.

**G**OVERNMENT and merchants co-operate today to protect American agriculture. Inspectors work long hours, and serve faithfully in order that the front line of defense may be strong. Every effort is made to eliminate all plants and plant products which might harbor dangerous pests, and the inspectors watch intelligently to discover what plants may be potentially dangerous.



# John Crosby Comments

*The New York Herald-Tribune's Radio and Television Critic reports on the state of American Humor, Subway Alumni, Commercial Television in Great Britain and the Use of the Telethon.*

By JOHN CROSBY

## *Notes on Humor*

THE present low state of American humor, not only on the air but—lets face it—almost everywhere, is not entirely the fault of the performers or of the humorists. A lot of the blame can be laid at the door of the public or, at least, certain broad areas of the public, which doesn't seem to want humor of the traditional sort or even to comprehend it.

In this connection, Jim Backus, who plays Joan Davis' husband on "I Married Joan", told me a story that was very illuminating. Backus had just been one of the featured entertainers at a big shindig in Cleveland celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Scripps-Howard newspapers. Before an audience of some 11,000 people, Backus, whose home town is Cleveland, tried vainly to tell some jokes.

"But they won't let you tell a joke," he said. "I tried to tell that old one about the movie star. He makes \$3,000 a week, has a beautiful home and swimming pool, takes Marilyn Monroe out every night and in twenty-five years he's a has-been. But look where he has been. Well,

the moment I mentioned Marilyn Monroe, the audience went out of its mind. Screamed and yelled and applauded. I couldn't finish the joke. But no one seemed to mind.

"Then I started to tell some stories about my boyhood in Cleveland. I'd start out saying: 'I was walking down Euclid Avenue' . . . and that's as far as I'd get. At the mention of Euclid Avenue, eleven thousand people would start yelling. After that, I just dropped street names. I'd say 105th street—and the people would go crazy."

This is an inevitable extension of the deplorable habits studio audiences fell into at radio shows. If a line particularly tickled them, the audience would first laugh, then applaud. Then laughter was dropped altogether, as unnecessary, and the audience would just applaud. It has always seemed to me that applause is not a proper response to humor. If a man says something funny, I laugh. Applause is for other things.

Now, it appears, the audience is so anxious to get on with the applause that they won't tarry long enough to hear the joke. Just drop a street name or mention Eddie Fisher—and they're off. It makes things awfully easy for

the comedians—but what will future generations think of us?

In the passage of years, humor tarnishes more easily than any other form of writing but ours is going to be hard even to pass on to future generations. Take, as an example, Oscar Wilde's bon mot: "A second marriage is a triumph of hope over experience." Through the years, it has lost some of its savor but, at least, it still makes sense. Now, just supposing fifty years from now, some historian of humor started prowling through our current humor files. He would come upon Jack Benny saying "Rochester!" in a certain tone of voice. And there would be torrents of laughter. Or Mr. Backus dropping street names as thousands cheer. Our future historian is likely to conclude we were a nation of idiots.

Not to take too dim a view of it, there are still some very funny things on the air that frequently hit you in unexpected places. I rather like this one which was related by Arthur Godfrey.

"There once was a small boy of eight years who had a slingshot, a half-dozen marbles, a broken jack-knife, a partly eaten peppermint stick, thirty feet of twisted and knotted kite string, a live frog and three well-used handkerchiefs in his pocket. His mother told him to get rid of the stuff. He did. He dumped it all into her pocketbook and she didn't discover it for three weeks."

Or Herb Shriner talking about the new atomic submarine: "It only comes up once every three years so the boys can reenlist."



*"The nice thing about television is that it keeps the children home nights!"*

RED BUTTONS is the kind of button-eyed, ingenuous, slew-footed innocent who stems directly from the days of Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton and Harry Langdon. The things that happen to him—he stumbles into the gangsters' hideout and captures them all more or less by accident—are all the sort of things that used to happen to Lloyd and Keaton and Langdon. It was a kind of comedy that had its great day in the movies twenty to thirty-five years ago and then passed on.

And here it is back again to a whole new audience. (Well, almost wholly new. There are still a couple of us oldsters who remember the originals.) And, for my money, the stuff is as good as ever. Why did it ever disappear?

Largely, I suspect because the movies passed from an individual or performer's medium to a medium where the writer and director, especially the director, were the big wheels. Comedy of this sort demands that you give the performer his head. The material is secondary to the way

he handles it. Actually, Buttons has been engaged in some of the oldest wheezes in the world of farce and making them seem new or at least reasonably acceptable by sheer technique and charm.

(Red Buttons Show; CBS-TV Channel 9, Mondays, 8:30 p. m.)

**R**ADIO developed its own brand of humor of which the comedy of insult was the best. This sort of of thing, for example:

**JACK BENNY:** Gee, I wonder if the Colmans are planning to give a party for my homecoming.

**ROCHESTER:** Could be. They gave a dilly when you went away.

The humor of self-disparagement, which is hardly new any more than the comedy of insults is new, was raised to a high level :

**GEORGE BURNS:** Why don't you tell your wife you want to go fishing. What are you—a man or a mouse.

**HARRY MORTON:** I'm a man. She's afraid of mice.

And the switcheroo became a high art. "The last job I had was working as a waitress at a race track. You know one of those places where windows clean people," is a fine example of the sort of joke that is a little too clever for its own good.

For humor that sneaks up on you, I still like Herb Shriner, one of the gentlest of all humorists. Shriner was talking about shopping for toys for Christmas. "The tin soldier sets come with four tin civilians," he said. "They put the draft board right in the box."



### *Popcorn and Notre Dame*

**T**HERE has never been anything quite so passionate as the subway alumni of Notre Dame unless possibly it's a Dodger fan. A subway alumnus, as I suppose you all know, is a guy who has never been within 1,000 miles of South Bend but who still feels Notre Dame is *his* team.

Every Saturday, these devout souls journey either to the Century-Marine Theater in the far reaches of Brooklyn or the Century-Prospect Theater in Flushing, to watch Notre Dame maul the opposition on large screen theater television.

Notre Dame has been the greatest thing to happen to these theaters since double features. For one thing Saturday afternoon in the movie theater dodge has always been sacred to the small fry who pour in at 30 cents a head. For Notre Dame, the management charges \$1 for a seat on the main floor and \$1.50 for the balcony where

you can smoke—and is doing a turn-away business.

And not only is the box office thriving. As any fool knows, your movie theater owner is up to his ears in the popcorn and peanuts and soda pop business, which loom larger in his calculations than Ava Gardner these days, and the subway alumni are wonderful popcorn and pop imbibers. In order to give a kind of footbally twang to the proceedings, the Century-Marine Theater brought in a caterer to sell hot dogs one weekend. He made more money on food than the theater on theirs so he's never been invited back.

The behavior pattern of a football fan at theater TV has not quite solidified, falling roughly halfway between that of a theater patron and a normal guy at a stadium. The guys yell and cheer just as they would in the stands but you hear a lot more applause, a theater reaction, than you would at a football game.

That irresistible but curious impulse which makes everyone leap to his feet on a long run operates in a theater at about half strength. The subway

alumnus will leap to his feet, then suddenly remember where he is and sit down again. When the cheerleaders are going through their gyrations, the theater fan yells along with them—but raggedly and a little self-consciously—where out in a stadium he'd be yelling his lungs out.

There's never the slightest doubt, though, which side the crowd's on. They're for Notre Dame and they don't care who knows it. If you'd dropped in on the Notre Dame-Navy game, you'd have heard loud cheers for Navy misplays as well as for Notre Dame's good ones. When Notre Dame did badly—as, for example, a missed point after touchdown—the theater was clamorous with silence.

At the end of the first half, as the curtain drew to a close, the announcer declared: "It seems to be established that Notre Dame is the No. 1 team in the country." One of the fans, going up the aisle, stopped abruptly and bellowed a correction: "Number 1 team in the world!"

Theaters in thirteen cities are now taking the Notre Dame games, all under the auspices of a company called Box Office Television (BOTV, for short) of which Sid Caesar is a vice-president. The first game—with Pittsburgh—was a monumental flop. Ten theaters in ten cities took in a total of only \$6,000. Then word got around that this was a good thing. The following week receipts jumped \$14,000 and they've been going up ever since. And, of course, the popcorn business is terrific. During the first game, the theater management kept TV on during intermission with interviews and comment. Now they



turn it off and draw the curtain so the folks can get at the popcorn machines. Also the theater sells them tickets for the following week.

And this is just the beginning, BOTV hopes. The company mistily eyes a future in which they carry, to scores of cities across the land, Olympic tryouts, big fights, Barnum and Bailey's circus, the Globetrotter's basketball team, horse races, and college championship basketball games.

And the popcorn industry's mouth fairly drools at the prospect.



*"I couldn't find mine!"*

### *The British Succumb*

THE British have not exactly embraced commercial television and one could hardly say they plunged into it. It would be more appropriate to say they sidled around it, sniffing, for years before the first cautious announcement that Britain plans to permit advertising on TV.

Before approving this radical measure, bitterly opposed by the Labor Party and the Liberals, platoons of

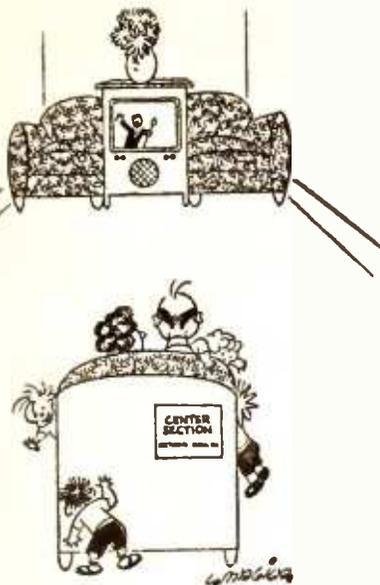
British experts came over here to investigate our own crass commercial system. Invariably, they returned to London, properly horrified by our singing commercials, our dancing cigarette packages, our lovely Luxed ladies. That would end the threat of commerce—for awhile.

Now, at long last, Britain has succumbed. First they lost India. Then this! The Empah is indeed going to seed. Commented Eric Sevareid, after the first shock had passed:

"You have to realize that the British make a subtle distinction between the commercial life and commercialism. For two hundred years they were the greatest commercial nation the world ever saw and are still one of the greatest; but among proper Britons, commercialism is considered vulgar. What I mean is that the world's greatest traders still insist that tradesmen come in at the kitchen door. What I mean is, it was all right for them to set the coronation at a time that would draw the most free-spending American tourists, and all right to sell window space by the square inch, but it was vulgar commercialism for American television to show the coronation along with advertisements."

Everyone straight on that now?

It's going to be interesting to see whether Britain can long enforce this "distinction between the commercial life and commercialism" on TV. The British say that the advertiser will be permitted no control of the content of programming, he will be allowed only to buy what in this country amounts to a spot announcement. Well, we shall see, we shall see. Whenever the advertiser has paid the



bills in broadcasting, he has had a way of dominating the program content. And his dominance has generally meant that the level of the programming has gone down, not up.

That, at least, has been the American experience. Conceivably, the inherent British conservative taste may overrule the lust of the advertiser to sell goods. Or maybe it won't. Most British advertising is a model of decorum and it's doubtful that the worst excesses of American advertising will be repeated over there.

Take, for example, this advertisement which appears on the wrapper of that indubitably British product, Pears' Soap. "With the fullest confidence, the Proprietors of Pears Transparent Soap recommend their manufacture to the notice of those not already acquainted with its long-established merits." So long as the British advertising fraternity turns out copy like that, the British have nothing to fear about commercials on the

air—except a tendency to put them to sleep.

The British Broadcasting Corporation will continue to be a government owned and operated TV network without commercials. Commercial television will be permitted on a separate competing network which will also be under strict government supervision. Thus competition will be introduced to British broadcasting for the first time and it will be very interesting to see what effect that will have on British programming levels, whether it will drive them up or down.

It was long the theory of Sir William Haley, former director general of the BBC and now editor of "The Times" of London, that competitive broadcasting would be "at the mercy of Gresham's Law," that good programs would inescapably be driven out by the bad. Sir William, I'm afraid, clung to the notion that the worse a program was the more popular it would be, a debatable proposition at best.

My own theory is that a little competition will stimulate the BBC rather than extinguish it, might drive some of the stuffiness out of British television and could very well be a good thing all around. It's useless to speculate now, though. The British will soon find out whether Gresham's or Crosby's law operates in competitive broadcasting.

#### *Mostly It Takes Stamina*

THE telethon is likely to be with us a long time. The reason is simply that the telethon, as a device for raising money for a charity, is almost unbeatable.

Right here I'd like to dispel the idea that the people who call up and pledge money are a bunch of dead-beats who don't pay off. This notion got abroad after the famous telethon for the Olympic fund presided over by Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. About \$1,000,000 was pledged. About \$350,000 came in.

Today, because they know a lot more about how to run a telethon, the United Cerebral Palsy telethons sometimes collect \$1.35 on the \$1. People who call up and pledge \$10 will get an attack of conscience and send \$20. In Louisville, for instance, a Cerebral Palsy telethon attracted \$150,000 in pledges and \$171,000 came in. It doesn't always work that way, of course. Another UCP telethon in Salt Lake City got only \$50,000 out of a pledged \$69,000. But, after all, that's 71 per cent and quite a nice haul.

UCP presents all its telethons on the local level rather than on networks. They put someone like Garry Moore or Dennis James in, say, Little Rock. All night long, during hours the TV station would normally be off the air, Garry or Dennis present entertainment and also introduce all the local big wheels—athletes, local millionaires, mayors, and small, well-scrubbed children. The money goes to help cerebral palsy sufferers in Little Rock, not just everywhere.

According to George Lewis, who works on telethons for the UCP, the first thing you need is a terribly durable master of ceremonies who has to keep things moving sometimes as long as thirty hours. Dennis James,



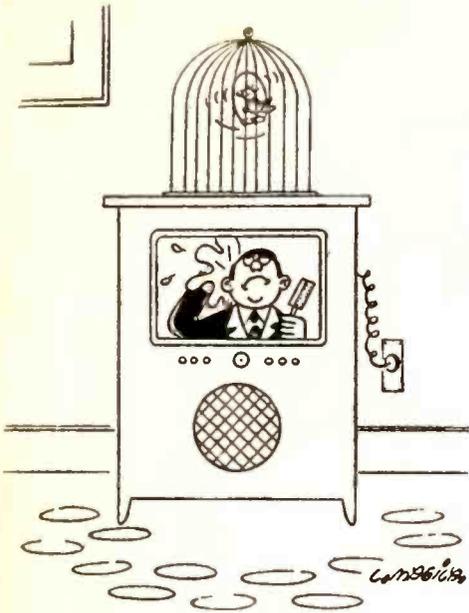
*"... And another thing—that tree is not a fire hydrant!"*

it has been discovered, holds up splendidly over the long haul and seems to have just the right combination of warmth, informality, ability to think on his feet and, of course, stamina. James, Warren Hull and Jane Pickens are favorite telethon people for UCP.

Not everyone can manage it. Robert Q. Lewis did a telethon in Jacksonville once and, toward the end, came apart at the seams. He was so pooped that a woman called in and said she'd donate \$50 if Lewis, for heaven's sake, would just sit down for awhile. Garry Moore is another



*"You think he's bashful, wait till you meet his brother."*



great telethon man, full of bright ideas to fill the long hours. In Louisville he sold all his clothes, piece by piece, and wound up in his bathrobe.

Warmth and staying power are far more important than talent to a telethon emcee. Even the most rock-ribbed ones can't do more than one a month, though. Longest telethon on record was a thirty-hour stint in Los Angeles presided over by Jack Webb. ("I just want the money, Ma'am. Just the money.") It raised \$500,000. Ralph Edwards also raised \$500,000 on a shorter telethon in San Francisco. Others who do well at it: Bob Hope, Gabby Hayes, Jack Carson, Martin & Lewis.

While this is all great for charity, it is eating into the actors' own livelihood. Nightclub owners have protested for years that they can hardly be expected to lure customers to their clubs to see one big name act—if the

customer can stay home and see thirty big names for nothing on television. Ronald Reagan, president of the Screen Actors Guild, points out that the unpaid benefit shows have practically destroyed the club date which was once a lucrative source of income for entertainers.

Actors, who are notorious suckers for any charity, are just competing with themselves every time they play a benefit. "Variety", for example, reports that an unnamed artist played the Hollywood Bowl recently at a \$2.80 top. At the Bowl were placards advertising a benefit with this artist and twenty-nine others. So who wants to pay \$2.80 to see just one artist?

But the charity people are not likely to give easily. In one year, sixteen local telethons brought the United Cerebral Palsy people \$3,340,000. From November through March of 1954, seventeen more telethons are planned in various cities from which UCP confidently expects to pick up another \$2,500,000. It sure beats ringing doorbells.



"Can't you put him outside? He makes me nervous!"



# This Issue, You're Swinging with

OUR COVER GIRLS are wearing Jane Irwill Sweaters. They originally appeared in the September '53 issue of *Mademoiselle* magazine, in an advertisement by the Irwill Knitwear Corporation. That may be an old feature movie, they're checking—and if it isn't too old, it's for WHB-TV, of course, of course!

BRUCE BARTON, of the Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn advertising agency, is a dean of American advertising men and an author of world fame. His tribute on page 299 was originally issued in booklet form; and is reprinted here by special permission.

TIP BROWN is a Kansas City free lance writer who specializes in architectural subjects. His article, "Beautiful Unity Village" begins on page 288.

JOHN CROSBY is the Radio and Television critic of the New York World-Telegram, whose column (page 328) is syndicated to a long list of American newspapers. Last year he published a book, *Out of the Blue*, and at the moment he is working on a play.

WALTER S. DeLANY, Vice Admiral, U.S.N. (Ret.) delivered the graduation address (on page 238) to a class of Ensigns receiving their commissions at the Navy's Officer Candidate School, Newport, R. I. Admiral DeLany was then Commander of the Eastern Sea Frontier. He is now with the Office of the Director for Mutual Security; and his address offers a fine set of New Year's Resolutions.

OLIN J. EGGEN, whose article "The Comet Man" begins on page 312, is an astronomer on the staff of Lick Observatory of the University of California. After circling the world a few times between 1942 and 1946 in the interest of the O.S.S., he took his doctorate in Astronomy from the University of Wisconsin in 1948. For the past five years he has lived on top of Mount Hamilton, California. His work has appeared in *Science Digest*, *Popular Science Monthly*, *Sky and Telescope*, *California Monthly* and *American Heritage*.

WILLIAM K. FIELDING, who wrote "Should You Be on the Night Shift?" (page 243), has just one interest—writing. His work has appeared in college quarterlies and in the pulps; and his interest in writing has survived semi-technical jobs in defense industries and the post-war real estate bubble. He does his work at night, too!

PENN B. HARDY, author of "Five-Million-Dollar Fish Story" on page 262, is a former newspaperman, now a free-lance writer living in Washington, whose work has appeared in various magazines and in the pulps. He also writes who-dunits for the pocketbook trade.

JAMES L. HARTE, who wrote "Pocket-Size Books Sell America" (page 253) is a former newspaper man, now a free-lance writer living in Washington, D. C. His work has appeared in more than 300 magazines (including *America*, *Nation's Business*, *Reader's Digest*). Harte is a heavy contributor to pulp fiction magazines; and has published eight books.

DEE HENRI, author of "The Silver Salver and the Little Knitted Suit," beginning on page 294, is a free-lance writer now living in California. Formerly, she was a member of McGraw-Hill's news bureau staff in San Francisco; taught high-school journalism

in the middle west. Her latest article "See Majorca" appeared in *Sunset Magazine*.

MARY LANGLEY, whose story "Miss Willoughby" begins on page 248, has now settled down to do the writing she meant to do ever since she was five. She spent a year in Germany with her husband while he was serving with the Army; then two years in Paris. She now lives in Nashville, where she writes and teaches high school French, while her husband finishes college.

NINO LO BELLO, author of "The Newspaper Christ Edited" (page 318), teaches Sociology at the University of Kansas. He is a former newspaperman and magazine editor who enjoys writing on subjects in the field of mass communication.

ELLIOT PAUL has won fame as a novelist, pianist and a mystery writer with a super-educated sense of humor. These program notes (page 271) were procured by AP-man Al Stine at the Cafe Paesano in Hollywood.

GRACE PAUL, whose article "Plant Pests Aren't Wanted Here," page 324, is a native Kansas entomologist and medical technologist who writes in her spare time. At present she is employed in a Veterans' Administration Hospital laboratory. Her articles have appeared in *Life and Health*, *Trailer Topics*, various trade journals, and magazines for young people.

LARRY RAY'S "Fighting Days of Baseball," on page 265, is a reminiscent article by our Sports Director at WHB and WHB-TV.

FRANK L. REMINGTON, who wrote "Ocean Free Delivery" (page 275), attends a journalism school under the G.I. Bill, and writes in his spare time. Most of his stories and articles to date have appeared in juvenile publications: *Child Life*, *Boy's Life*, *Pioneer*.

DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES, author of "California's Highway for Horsemen," on page 292, has been a free-lance writer since he was 15—when he sold a short-short to the old *Everybody's* magazine. Since that time his articles have appeared in 175 national, regional and class publications.

ED SCHULZ, who writes about *Man-of-the-Month* Fred M. Lee on page 305, is a graduate of the University of Missouri School of Journalism; and an ex-Public Relations officer in the Army Air Force.

IRVING WALLACE, author of "The World's Most Famous Brown Church" (page 279), is from Mason City, Iowa. His articles have appeared in many leading American publications—one of his latest being "A Doctor's Prescription For Family Unity" in the May issue of *Better Homes and Gardens*. His work has appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Cosmopolitan*, *True* and over one hundred other magazines.

JAY WORTHINGTON, who describes a "Bath at Beersheba" (page 316), met Gertrude ("Kim") Mallory at a writers' conference at Beersheba Springs, Tennessee, in 1951. After they were married, they found they couldn't forget the place. Now, when they aren't catching rainwater, he writes short stories and articles, while Kim specializes in verse.

# KEY STORY *about a* KEY MARKET

**DO YOU** know how much 106,407 coffee can key-strips weigh? We do, they weigh exactly 507 pounds. We also know that people mail key strips tied up in neat curly cues, glued to postcards and wrapped in toilet paper. They send them in cigar boxes, in pretty Christmas wrappings, and stuffed in old pillow cases. We know a lot about key strips. In fact we're experts on the subject since our terrific WHB-TV promotion for the Butter-Nut Coffee Christmas Club.

Butter-Nut sponsors the Shelby Storck Weather Show on WHB-TV Monday through Friday at 10:15 p.m. Each year they conduct a Christmas Club promotion for the benefit of orphanages and children's homes. Donations of toys by the Christmas Club are based on the number of coffee can key strips sent in by viewers. With a hard-hitting promotion utilizing air plugs, direct mail, and a kids' movie matinee, WHB-TV pulled 106,470 key strips for a new Kansas City record. This was more than three times the number of strips collected in 1952 by Butter-Nut with the same show and personality on another station, at that time Kansas City's only TV station.

*Ask Your Blair-TV Man —*

- New York**—150 East 43rd St.  
Murray Hill 2-5644
- Chicago**—520 North Michigan Ave.  
Superior 7-5580
- Detroit**—524 Book Bldg.  
Woodward 1-6030
- Boston**—Starler Office Bldg.  
Hubbard 2-3163
- St. Louis**—1307 Paul Brown Bldg.  
Chestnut 5688
- Dallas**—Rio Grande National Bldg.  
Riverside 4228
- Los Angeles**—6331 Hollywood Blvd.  
Hollywood 9-1156
- San Francisco**—3010 Russ Bldg.  
Yukon 2-7068
- Jacksonville**—1306 Barnett National  
Bank Bldg., Jacksonville 6-5770



**SHELBY STORCK**  
The "Weatherman"

**LARRY DOWNS**  
of Butter-Nut

**MORI GREINER**  
Manager, WHB-TV

So take a tip from Butter-Nut. Join the Swing to WHB-TV. For effective TV programming and a promotion service that gets results . . . for choice agencies and availabilities . . . WHB-TV offers you unrivalled opportunities in Kansas City. Get in the Swing . . . See your Blair TV man today, or phone locally in Kansas City to Baltimore 7109 for a WHB-TV Sales Service Representative.



Represented Nationally by



# The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City and WHB-TV

Less than six months in Television, and already WHB-TV has four of the first ten locally-produced shows seen on all five local TV stations! CBS-TV network, the national favorite, is rapidly winning first place honors in Kansas City on WHB-TV. And topping it all, the Butternut Coffee Weather Man now on WHB-TV out-pulled, 106,470 to 30,000, his Christmas Club key strip promotion of a year ago when he was on the city's only TV station.

You'd think this would cause us to wonder whether Radio is still the *basic* medium . . . the economical, mass medium. But what happens? Home Federal Savings, a three year Radio client on WHB, gives up its TV show on another station because WHB Radio was outpulling Television, *by three to one!* In one single month, Home Federal opened 5,087 new savings accounts . . . and, says Federal, "We attribute a large part of our growth to the selling job WHB Radio does for us."

Want somebody to carry water on *both* shoulders? Chances are WHB Radio and or WHB-TV can do a terrific selling job for your store, goods, or services. Ask our national rep office, or a local Sales Service Representative at Baltimore 7109.

BRUCE GRANT, WHB "Minute Man" and WHB-TV emcee, with birthday cake presented him by 101 fans at a surprise party. Truly, WHB and WHB-TV are Kansas City's Favorite Neighbors!



### Sales Service Representatives

*Radio and TV*  
Ed Dennis  
Ed Birr  
Win Johnston  
Jack Sampson

*Radio Exclusively*  
Bob Sharon  
*TV Exclusively*  
Clay Forker

# WHB

710 KC. 10,000 WATTS  
MUTUAL NETWORK

KANSAS CITY'S  
**OLDEST**  
CALL LETTERS

Represented nationally by  
**JOHN BLAIR & CO.**

# WHB-TV

CHANNEL 9 BASIC CBS-TV  
SHARING TIME WITH KMBC-TV Kansas City

Represented Nationally by



DON DAVIS, PRESIDENT • JOHN T. SCHILLING, GENERAL MANAGER