

# Chicago Hearst: A Strike Epic

Nine months of red ink. The heroic and well managed strike of the guildsmen. The "Herex" gets the vapors and the "American" faces a showdown. The first of two articles.

Chicago.

THE *Herald & Examiner*, Hearst's morning tabloid in Chicago, had been so thin for eight months that it looked like a racing form. Sporting gentlemen who bought it under that impression were disappointed, however, for Hank Simmons, the *Examiner's* expert on the races, is one of the five hundred members of the Chicago Newspaper Guild who, last December, went on strike against Hearst. Despite the strike, Hank Simmons and Dee Sparr of the *American* have continued to practice their profession, distributing *Strike Handicaps* at the race tracks round Chicago, giving the reasons for the strike and the horses they expect to win that day's races. They have picked more winners this season than any other handicappers in Chicago, far surpassing the strikebreaking experts on the *American* and the *Examiner*, who are willing enough but who evidently do not know much about horses.

The Hearst strike in Chicago was in its ninth month when the management two weeks ago suspended publication of the daily *Herald & Examiner*. The *Herex* was closed down three hours after guild negotiators had met with the management, whose representatives mentioned nothing about the coming move. The strikers immediately announced their determination to keep up the strike "no matter how they switch names or editions," and offered their "intense sympathy for their fellow members of legitimate organized labor—the printing, driving, and other craftsmen—whose interests have been sacrificed to years of Hearst mismanagement and fundamental opposition to all organized labor." In a few days strike headquarters had sent all guild locals a complete list of the scabs fired when the *Herex* collapsed, to keep these worthies isolated when they seek jobs elsewhere.

In a steel strike all a company has to do is move a crew of professional strikebreakers into its plant and face the public with a look of virtuous resignation. Of course there is always a drop in efficiency when the strikebreakers take over. On a newspaper the problem is more complicated. Late in November last year the *Examiner* put on a half-dozen new editorial employees at \$65 a week. At the time they had nothing of any importance to do, but everyone in the plant knew why they were hired.

Still, on the first day of the strike, the highly paid editors of the *Examiner* had no idea how they were going to get out the paper. They held a conference. They were willing, if it turned out to be necessary in the interests of the Chief and the organization, to do some work themselves. Fortunately it was not necessary. Publisher Meigs wired the other Hearst papers to send strike-

## Hearst Strike Story

IN 1936 the American Newspaper Guild rapidly organized the editorial departments of the two Chicago Hearst papers, the *Evening American* and the *Herald & Examiner*, and they reluctantly raised the pay of some of their employees and started working a five day week. But Hearst is stubborn. Through 1937 guild members were fired, in the arrogant Hearst fashion, forty or fifty at a time. On Jan. 20, 1938, the guild took a strike vote. Almost at once the papers signed an editorial contract. To represent the commercial departments the guild was obliged by the management to ask for a Labor Board election, though there was no other union in the field. On the first day of the hearings the other union appeared—an association which had no name but was soon christened Newspaper Commercial Associates by William Green. More guild leaders were fired. Leaders of the company union got raises and better jobs. The guild brought an unfair-practices case against the papers; and anyone who testified to the conditions of terrorism and intimidation under which Hearst has always believed newspapermen function most efficiently, was fired. The guild figured that the editorial contract had been violated eighty-seven times—the management had contracted to raise pay and had not done it, to pay overtime and had not paid it, to consult the guild on economy firings and had continued to fire guildsmen recklessly in quantity lots. All through the summer people were fired. On Thanksgiving forty branch circulation managers were fired. On December 2, twenty more were fired. On Christmas fifty more would be fired when the *American* cut an edition. The management intended to leave no guildsmen in the plant by the time of the Labor Board election. "This is a showdown," said Merrill C. Meigs, publisher of the *American*. On December 5, at four o'clock in the morning, the guild struck.

Recently, after over eight months of strike, the Chicago *Herald & Examiner* quit publication as a daily. The printing, driving, and other craft workers were discharged and the paper combined with the Sunday Chicago *American* as in New York. The Hearst management still stalls on negotiations with the guild. The strikers reply with more pep and resolve to bring the strike to a quick, victorious end. On guild appeals, Pepsodent, former big advertiser in the struck Hearst papers, withdrew its copy.

breakers; the *American* would pay their plane fares. A few strikebreakers flew up from Atlanta, Ga. When the Milwaukee *News* folded, all the editors who were on contracts came down to Chicago. Several promotion men and advertising solicitors with literary ambi-

tions were transferred to the editorial department. One promotion man was the only help the *Examiner* sports editor had in getting out the sports page. College correspondents and copy boys were promoted to rewrite men. A Hearst man went through the bars on West Madison Street and stood drinks in a sociable way for the muddled ex-newspapermen who were hanging around hoping for something to turn up. The executives hysterically hired anyone in the first few days who showed up at the office and said he had experience. The Remington-Rand employment agency sent people over. At the end of the week both papers had more editorial employees than before the strike.

## THE TROUBLES OF THE SCABS

The inefficiency of the new staff was startling. Most of them were cynical enough not to work very hard, but even the conscientious scabs were disappointments. Except for copy off the International News Service and Associated Press wires the papers carried no news the first few days, not having anyone who knew how to get it. A few local stories were copied out of the other Chicago papers and awkwardly rewritten. Headlines and captions were preposterous. After a few days the papers restored their local columns, signed by scabs, in hopes of getting the columnists back to work out of a feeling of professional pride. Half a dozen sports columnists came back. Mr. Meigs put a bounty of \$50 on every striker a scab was able to get back to work.

After a while three or four striking photographers came in and assured Mr. Meigs that they had been misled. When Cardinal Mundelein had come back from Rome after the Papal election, neither of the Hearst papers had been able to get a picture, the other Chicago papers refusing to give them one they were not using. Even after the back-to-work movement they did not have much success in getting pictures. Newspaper cameramen dislike scabs. When all the papers were covering the same assignment the Hearst man would find his plates prematurely exposed, and somebody always got in the way when he wanted to take a picture.

Police reporting used to be an easy assignment on a paper. After the strike, when a story broke, one reporter would ask the Hearst man out to have a drink, and the Hearst man would be so delighted that someone was speaking to him that he would accept with pleasure. Meanwhile, everyone else would cover the story. Nobody telephoned the story in from the press room, but from out-of-the-way offices where the Hearst man could not hear.

One reporter who could not remain philo-

sophical in the face of such treatment got into a fight in the county building, and after that no Hearst man went on an assignment without two or three bodyguards. The Hearst reporter, with no way of knowing what was going on, would sit unhappily in the press room for a while, flanked by two heavy-set, placid bruisers, and then he would go back to the office and copy his story out of the *Daily News*. There was almost no one on the two papers who did not drink too much.

#### THE TROUBLES OF THE STOCKHOLDERS

For some years Hearst had wished he was not the owner of the *Examiner*. It was a headache. It leased its plant to the *American*, which was in faintly better financial shape, and with the rent the *American* paid it was just able to keep going. No one wanted to take it off Hearst's hands. Last fall, not very hopefully, he turned it into a tabloid. In January John Nance Garner pressed a button in Washington to set new *Examiner* tabloid presses running. Hearst had done his best on three occasions to elect Garner President, and Garner, though the guild strike was then going on, felt obligated. The new presses did not help the *Examiner*.

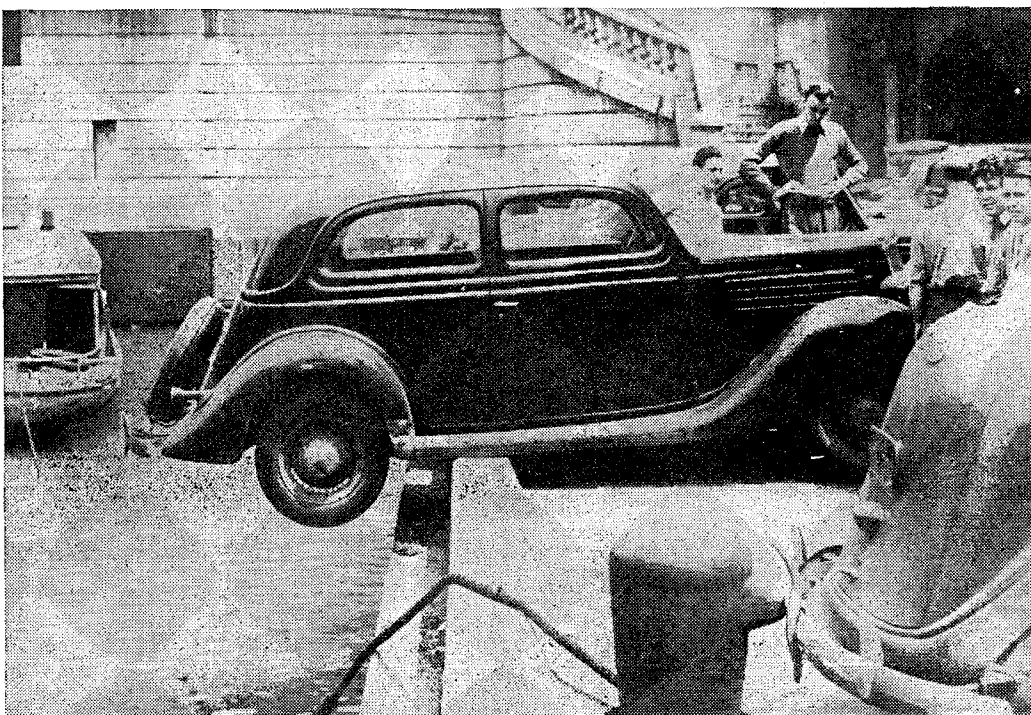
In July, to illustrate the *Examiner's* plight, the fourth issue of an eight-page strike tabloid, the *Hearst Strike News*, had more lines of advertising in it than the final edition of that day's paper. Hearst executives say that the guild strike, if anything, has helped their circulation, but whether or not the public as believed that, the advertisers have not accepted it. The small amount of advertising in the *Examiner* and the *American* has been testimony to the fact that the advertising agencies have not thought they were getting what they paid for. They were not paying much, for the advertising rates in the struck papers fell till they were about the lowest for metropolitan papers in the country.

The Hearst organization was in as bad shape for a strike last December as the Rome-Berlin axis was for war. Hearst, too, is short on raw materials and his credit is terrible. Recently the strikers got up a pamphlet for Hearst stockholders, to show them how much the Chicago strike had cost. It had cost \$5,000,000—about equal to the combined yearly salaries of the 150 executives of the Hearst enterprises. That was not including the fairly large sum the *Examiner* would have lost anyway. The *Examiner* at the time of the strike had three managing editors, five city editors, and the usual half-dozen Hearst executives who hold conferences every day to discuss their golf scores; the strike could have been averted by firing one or two of them and using their salaries to live up to the guild contract. But it was not such a simple question. The new Hearst owners were hardheaded business men, and they did not think the organization would ever make money again till the Newspaper Guild was smashed. Hearst has had two guild strikes before, one in Seattle, one in Milwaukee, and the guild was stronger at the end of them than it was at



Joseph Kordick (Striking Hearst Cameraman)

THE STRIKERS' "ATHENIA." Like the Nazis, the scabs used sinking tactics. A guild sound truck, dumped in the river by Hearst goons.

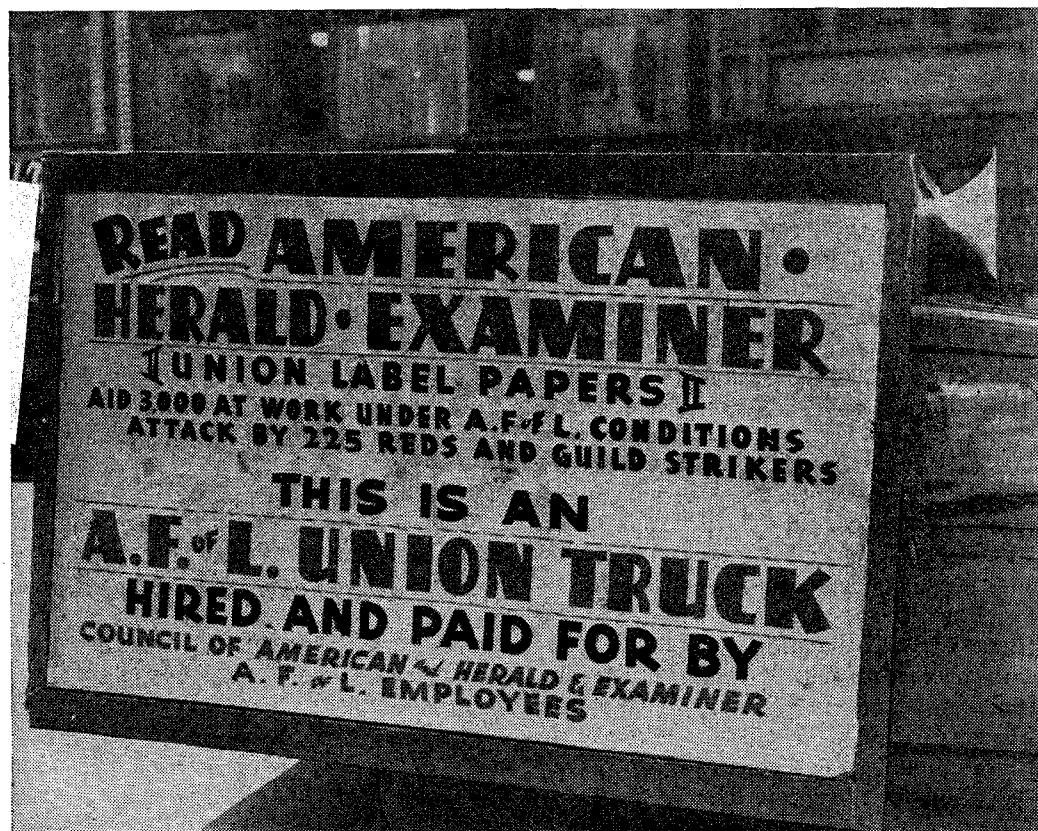


Lee Auld (Striking Hearst Cameraman)

AN ATTEMPT THAT FAILED. They tried the same thing on the car of a striking circulation man. Strikebreakers lammed before finishing the job.



THEY LIKE THEIR GOON. Although many AFL unions in Chicago have helped the strikers, those at the Hearst plants have played a disgraceful role. Ed Baker, shown being congratulated by employers in the main picture and as he and his crank handle charged the picket-line in the inset, suddenly became an AFL hero at the struck plants. The page is reproduced from the organ of the scabs, a paper put out to compete with the one put out by the guildsmen.



(Striking Hearst Cameraman)

NEW CIRCULATION TECHNIQUES. Those who remember how Hearst went after Chicago readers will be interested in this new approach.

the beginning. That the guild in Chicago, after \$5,000,000 has been spent to break it, is stronger now than when the strike started, is just one of those business blunders committed even by experienced institutions like the Chase National Bank.

#### BOTH SIDES

The *Hearst Strike News*, the little guild tabloid whose press run has become larger as the press run of the Chicago Hearst papers became smaller, so distressed the Hearst management that it had its company union get out two issues of a tabloid of its own: the *Labor Herald*, containing the information that the guild was communistically inclined, and that out of 3,108 union members in the plant there were only five hundred quitters (the 3,108 union members were members of printing trades unions, not involved in the guild strike). In the second issue a man in the Sunday department of the *Examiner*, Irwin St. John Tucker, wrote a poem called "The Gyp," with the refrain:

Tramp on then, tramp on in your gutters,  
Starvation is good for your soul!  
But not for Sapoznik and Weinberg,  
Alexkovsky, Yablonky, and Wohl!

The names were chosen with care. Religious organizations called on the Hearst management to protest the anti-Semitism. Reverend Tucker, who over the weekend is pastor of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, the Little Church at the End of the Road, explained to *Editor and Publisher* that he never knew the paper was going to publish the poem; he had only written it for his own amusement. The Hearst management called in John Robinson, the editor of the paper. Mr. Robinson, who last year appeared with Fritz Kuhn in a Chicago rally of the Bund, said he had not seen anything wrong with it. From then on, said the management, he would submit his copy to Mr. Meigs before publication. In New York, the Hearst papers published a leaflet denying all imputations of anti-Semitism. In Chicago they filled their columns with Jewish news and the *American* bought Emil Ludwig's *Life of Hitler*. The *Examiner* sent a copy reader named Meyer Zolotareff around to all the Chicago Jewish organizations. To one Jewish leader Zolotareff said, "It is definitely not true that no Jews work on Hearst papers. I want you to meet Mr. Shainmark, our assistant managing editor." "How do you do, Mr. Shainmark," said the Jewish leader politely. "Are you a strike-breaker too?"

On Sunday morning I went to call on Rev. St. John Tucker at the Little Church at the End of the Road, in North Chicago. It is called the Artists and Writers Church, because of Reverend Tucker's verses in the Sunday *Examiner*, signed Friar Tuck. It is small and grotesque, the walls covered with mottoes, autographed photos, religious water colors, and framed copies of Friar Tuck's poems. After the service I asked Reverend Tucker, a tall, hairy man in a torn cassock, to tell me about the strike. "You want to talk

about the guild?" he said. "Those crazy lunatics. Come downstairs; I don't like to talk about those rabbits here. I don't like to get mad in front of the altar."

We went downstairs to his study, on the walls of which were more photographs and water colors. On the desk was a clay head of St. Francis whistling to the birds. Reverend Tucker let me sit at the desk and take notes while he walked up and down restlessly.

"As far as I know," he said, "I was the first member of the guild in Chicago. I stayed with it quite a while, till the CIO, in fact the Communist group, got in there. You know the difference between horizontal and vertical unions. I was very much in favor of vertical unions myself at one time, that was when the old gang was doing things, the old IWW. But I was disgusted with the way it worked out. The circulation crew and the copy boys who had just joined the union had an equal voice with the old hands, men who had been there for years and knew what they were talking about. Those youngsters—when some orator got those fellers whipped up they wouldn't listen to reason.

"This is what happened. Last December 5 they voted for this strike. But not everybody. The leaders of the guild—they're a wild bunch—called a secret meeting and only invited those members who were known to be belligerent. Wohl and that bunch, they push things through simply by shouting down anyone who doesn't like what they're doing. Strikes aren't won by yelling. I know. I've been in them.

"Last January the contract was signed, and it was a very fine contract. They should have stuck to it. But not them. In December this bitterness began again and the strike and the secret meeting was called after a feller named Harry Read, R-E-A-D, was fired for having stolen some photographs from the morgue and having them reproduced for his own profit. Those charges were subsequently proved. He could have had duplicates of those pictures by asking for them and paying a couple of dollars. He was chairman of the Hearst unit of the guild, he was one of that crowd that was going around circulating pamphlets and trying to start some excitement. His defense was that you can't fire a guild officer for stealing. They struck to defend the right of guild officers to steal. Well, that's not a strike! You don't strike when you're working under a contract! If you have a contract and the contract is broken you get damages under the law!

"Well, a lot of other fellers were pretty sick and disgusted when I was booed out of a meeting in February, and we got out of the guild. We didn't like the way it was being run by a bunch of Russians. Some of them, of course, are of American descent. Of course you might ask why some of us older fellers didn't stay in and clean up this condition, and maybe that's what we should have done.

"The Editorial Employees Association that we formed is in no sense a company union. It's an American Federation of Labor union. We know all about company unions and what they are. I have always believed labor should

## The Guild Goes to Bat

THE Chicago Hearst strikers have a softball team with an enterprising press agent, Eddie Partridge. Brother Partridge noted a picture in the *Pilot*, National Maritime Union paper, showing some baseball bats recovered by New Orleans NMU strikers from waterfront scabs. He wrote to the NMU about them and soon got the following reply from A. L. Duffy, secretary of the Gulf District Committee of the NMU:

"Your letter was acted upon at the regular joint membership meeting here in New Orleans and the membership unanimously voted to send you the bats, and with them our heartiest wishes for success in your fight against Dirty Willie. We are only too glad to have the bats put to better use than whacking good union men over the head."

have the right to organize itself and I still do. We have everybody in our union—managing editors, well, not managing editors, they're ineligible, but news editors, copy desk men, reporters, in other words men who have been with the paper fifteen or twenty years. There are men who have been working there thirty-five or forty years. There's an example of job security for you. Most of those rabbits out on strike are copy boys.

"Those copy boys would get in there and yell their heads off for Wohl. Two hundred and seven went on strike originally; in the following week thirty-five returned to work. In the last two weeks there's been a steady dribble of strikers coming back and tearing up their guild cards. There are only fifteen or twenty still on strike now.

"It isn't a strike. I know what a strike is, and it isn't this breast-thumping business. If it were a straight-out issue of labor—what the thunder, this is what the issue was. Dick Seller announced that he was in this thing to Seattleize Chicago! You know what Seattle is—everything tied up whenever Dave Beck says the word.

"Why, Wohl was never in the labor movement before. All that gang, they think they're going to change everything—they have nothing to do with labor. Wohl, Yablonky, Alexovsky—well, you get an idea of their nationality. Wohl's of German parentage, but of Jewish stock, and Yablonky is a Russian.

"This is a hardfisted town. Chicago's had plenty of labor strife. I've been a member of the Socialist Party, joined the same week I was ordained in 1912 in St. John's Cathedral in New York. I know what strikes are. I was strong for organization in 1906 in New Orleans. But when a union gets into the hands of these wild-eyed lunatics, that's not a labor movement, that's mountebankery. They're just a bunch of yammerers. If Harry Wohl wants to sue me for libel I'd be only too delighted to get him up on a witness stand.

"So far as we're concerned you're perfectly welcome to talk to the guild officers and get their side. John Fitzpatrick at the AFL office will tell you what he thinks of this crazy outfit. Lewis is a man of great ability and I

don't say he's insincere because I'm convinced he is sincere. But he's underhanded. He obtained power by totally underhanded methods. Well, you can't pull the same type of thing on a bunch of editors as you can on a bunch of Bohemians and Slovaks and Lithuanians in a mining camp.

"You should go down and see a meeting of the Federation of Labor some Sunday afternoon. The headquarters down there is a beautiful place. Palatial!

"The Amalgamated Clothing headquarters is very fine too. When I was night assistant at St. Mark's in the Bowery back yonder in New York, Sidney Hillman and that bunch were just getting their start. I used to go on the picketlines a number of times in Union Square. I held funerals for strikers that got killed.

"I married three fellers that are on the picketline here. It makes me feel kind of bad every day when I go into the building and fellers I know and like come up and call me a scab. At the beginning of the strike, we took it all in good humor. I'd get up there and say, Come on, boys, let's yell in rhythm. And I'd lead them. But then the leaders decided they had to end all this good fellowship.

"The way the first trouble started, one of the circulation men was coming back to the office to leave the money he'd collected and they tried to keep him out. He pleaded with them, he said, Come on, let me in, I've got to leave this money. Then one of those pickets hit him over the head with one of those signs. They call them Hearst goons, but you know as well as I do that fellers that go around at night with money in their pockets got to defend themselves. They just carry a little piece of rubber hose inside here, and when this feller got hit with the sign he pulled out his rubber hose to protect himself. What did they expect, tackling a circulation gang of a large daily?

"The shop is AFL from top to bottom. We haven't got a closed shop, but we do insist that to get the benefits of the contract a man must join the union. Why don't you talk to Larry Kelly? He's the president of the Editorial Association. I'll get him on the phone.

"Well, that bunch is crazy for publicity. You know the picture of the short little feller they call the Hearst thug? I forget his name, but he was a Jew. Actually. Funny, isn't it? Well, when that picture was taken, coming toward the camera, with the crank in his hand, he was coming to the defense of his pal. He'd just picked up the first thing he found.

"You saw the pictures of that car, that sound truck Hearst thugs were supposed to have dumped in the river. If you were going to dump a car in the river, you'd dump it so it was in the river, wouldn't you? They didn't even disconnect the batteries of the sound system. You tell me anyone who wanted to destroy a truck would do that? It's kid stuff. If you want to wreck a union truck you wreck it. I know that. Not that I've ever done it myself, but I've seen plenty of violence back yonder. Those fellers who are running this show don't know what a fight is."

ROBERT TERRALL.

# All Is Not Fair

Why Grover Whalen's big show has not brought full support from the public. Some false notions about the Fair.

**W**HEN I was only a boy, I visited a carnival out at Sodus Point on Irondequoit Bay in upstate New York. Twelve tents lined a muddy street back from the water. In seven of them hoochie-coochie girls did their stuff. In five, wheels spun.

What I am getting at is that the carnival was jammed with customers. And I had a heck of a time.

But that was in 1907 and I doubt if the same show even in the same spot would be as popular today. But if, by rubbing Grover A. Whalen's magic lamp, you could transfer any one of the magnificent, stupendous, educational, inspiring, and thrilling exhibits of the 1939 New York World's Fair to the middle of the Mojave Desert, you'd get a crowd.

The former police commissioner, former executive of John Wanamaker's department store, assumed direction of the great show on Flushing Meadows. It was his baby. He organized it, ballyhooed the sale of its bonds, poked his finger into every nook and cranny of it. He succeeded in creating a spectacle which in many respects is the greatest on earth.

## FALSE NOTIONS

Nevertheless, it has met with disappointing support from the public. A curious psychological attitude toward the Fair grew up in the public mind; not until the last month was it possible to overcome the effect of certain errors, responsibility for which rests in part on the Fair administration, partly upon circumstances beyond control.

Many of the false notions about the Fair are the result of weaknesses in the promotion campaign. Despite the fact that Mr. Whalen is best known for his ability to project his own personality into newspaper columns, his staff of promotion experts have proved to be poor students of the mass mind.

The Fair's bad press at the May opening was variously caused. Many of the exhibits were unfinished. Restaurants catering to the masses were invisible. Transportation within the Fair grounds was unsatisfactory and expensive. As a result, three popular objections grew. "Let's wait until they finish the damn thing," said the cautious. "I can't afford to pay \$7 for dinner," ruefully smiled the underprivileged. "My arches are weak," said the elderly. If you combine these three classes of potential customers, you have a sizeable composite of millions.

The expensive corps of bright publicity boys did nothing to correct this situation until it was pretty late. They permitted a story to escape which blamed the unfinished condition of the buildings upon the labor unions, which, it was said, were stalling for overtime. This was a rumor invented at the time of the Paris Exposition—and by the same clique. In fact,

it was voiced by a foreign representative who undoubtedly learned this trick of discrediting trade unions from the French fascist leader de la Rocque. As for the second point, food was and is relatively cheap in many good restaurants. Weeks passed before facts were assembled to prove this, with the result that would-be Fair visitors in moderate circumstances stayed home or went to Coney Island for a day of cheap fun.

Internal transportation facilities make it possible to travel from one end of the Fair to the other for 10 cents. This omnibus skirts the Fair grounds. But the visitor, especially the elderly person, footsore and weary, may find a day's transportation on this bus will cost 50 cents. The price should be a nickel. Newcomers to the Fair are likely to drop into the roaming bus, which penetrates streets and byways at 25 cents a head, a figure entirely too high for the average change pocket.

But it was the unexpected indifference and hostility of many newspapermen which brought down the press on the Fair. To many New York journalists, Whalen was an old story of gardenias and "WELCOME TO OUR CITY," confetti-strewn parades. Ballyhoo methods of the tempestuous twenties, today crude and oldfashioned, were carried into the Fair's preliminary publicity, which featured the old glad-hand, Rotarian, do-it-for-dear-old-Yale method. Lacking was the geniality, the penetrating warmth and foresight which must mark the public relations genius in this latter day of economic complexity. The saluting guards, the yacht out in the bay, the big business principle involved in creating a picture of administrative infallibility, was not to the liking of the contemporary politically minded newsmen. What was needed was less promotion and more hospitality. A Chicago newspaperman tells me that much of the success of the Chicago extravaganza of 1933 was due to the fact that the Midwest Fair belonged to the visiting newspaperman. He could pass the gate with himself and village. He could eat and drink *ad lib*. Wife and kiddies were treated like royalty on tour. There was no gardenia, no mood of City Hall circa 1928.

At Whalen's Wharf, reporters get a pass. And that's all. They must shell out 75 cents for wife and the regular gate fee for each and every kid. Result—"What the hell kind of a joint is this?"

But the outland yokelery, yokelery thanks be no longer, was also kept away in millions by the fantastically bad press which resulted from the New York Hotel Association's policy of raising hotel rates and of giving notice to permanent guests who, last spring, were enjoying a low rental. This story hit the press amidpage. Of course, Mr. Whalen had nothing to do with this policy. But he should have

learned from the Chicago experience. The Chicago Fair advertised far and wide that room rates were to be maintained at normal throughout the Fair by agreement with landlords. New York's Fair executives never thought of this trick.

## TRADE UNION POLICY

On the other hand, the essentially progressive nature of the Fair and the manner in which it cooperated with trade unions won the support of the forces fighting for liberal democracy and for the emancipation of labor. True, there were many labor disputes, because of the fact that the principle of collective bargaining was generously applied throughout. Its very application served to rouse the antagonism of anti-labor employers and diplomatic representatives of foreign nations who in their homelands prefer to ignore the demands of the workingman. Mr. Whalen showed an unexpectedly liberal coloration in his handling of these affairs, going so far as to parade the trade unionists as a public expression of this point of view.

However, he came a cropper on the question of hiring Negro workers in proportion to their ratio in the population of New York City. A long campaign against Negro discrimination, which involved picketing, created a poor impression upon that section of the public which has learned the importance of protecting the rights of all citizens, no matter what their race, creed, or color.

Another error was reliance upon a type of publicity which is outworn in metropolitan New York. I refer to the "nude" gag. The Fair administration publicly maintains a policy of underplaying the G-string. All of which is quite all right. But the *Daily News* conducted a large and specious campaign pretending that Rosita Royce's body was a sight worth coming miles to see. Fact of the matter is that New Yorkers, educated in anatomy by Professor Minsky, are bored by the feminine chassis. The unofficial publicity was a dud, which failed to titillate the ears of the wise guys. To make things worse, protests from reformers and notoriety seekers resulted in an announcement that brassieres were *de rigueur*, but bare bosoms taboo. The result was to keep away the adolescents and the senile—and to make the Funzone anything but a funny place for concessionaires.

And this leads us to the question of why the Funzone is a flop. For several months after the opening, prices for shows of the midway type were as high as 40 cents and averaged more than 25 cents, including rides and other mechanical amusements. Tabloid musicals, such as N. T. G.'s Congress of Beauty, had little more to offer than what anyone may view in any number of Broadway night clubs, so they folded. Concessionaires blame the high prices on high costs, which include such charges by Mr. Whalen as \$40 a week for water used in sprinkling lawns or flushing toilets, \$136 rental for turnstiles, \$35 rental for change-making machines, and \$1 a day for garbage removal.