

DAILY COLUMNISTS discovered long ago that the surest way to attract attention is to take out a hammer and start bopping people over the head with it. Every time a popular new victim is uncovered another paper signs up for syndication rights. In this particular line of endeavor the voice with the snarl wins. How many letters a day, for instance, do you imagine a professional sourpuss like Pegler gets? And he loves every stick and stone! Myself, I'm usually a push-over for every place I visit and almost everybody I meet, and for my pains get a nice note from about one out of every four people to whom I extend the good notices. But let me once run into something that rubs me the wrong way—be it the Pennsylvania Railroad or a region devastated by strip-coal mining operations—and the fur starts flying instant.

Some of the angry notes are very stimulating, too. There was the nice lady, for instance, who drew a beautiful map to prove to me that the Schuylkill River empties into the Delaware and not Chesapeake Bay. And the man who offered to take me through a modern coal mine to prove what a pleasant place it was in which to toil. And both J. B. Marriner, senior director of Lehigh Navigation Coal Co., and Charles Dorrance, president of West Virginia Coal & Coke Corp., who reminded me of numerous thoroughly sound arguments on management's side of the question in as good-humored and convincing a manner as possible. (A lot of convincing on that score an instinctive capitalist like myself needs—with a business of my own, a house and family, and a wad of International Paper and Texas & Pacific Land Trust stock to fret about!) The nicest gesture of all was a long-distance call from a reader in Southern Pennsylvania who suggested that I come down for a week as his guest to learn at first hand that there are fish to be found in the waters of the Keystone State—"speckled beauties that offer a challenge to the most expert angler," I think he called them.

Clearly, if I expect to extend the influence of *TRADE WINDS* I'll have to do considerably more grousing and giving-'em-what-for. What's your recipe for souring a disposition? . . .

ONCE A YEAR the Bond Club of New York perpetrates its parody *Bawl Street Journal*. The 1950 issue is way above par, thanks to Editor John

Straley and a bull market that has made all the contributors carefree and contented. The growing popularity of investment-trust shares (I even heard a publisher discussing "open-end trusts" and "leverage" the other day as though he knew what he was talking about) comes in for its full share of kidding, of course. J. P. Morgan & Co. advertises, "You don't have to be worth \$100,000,000 to open an account with us—but you may feel lonesome." A brassiere company claims, "We take care of deficiencies in any part of the globe." The American Bank Note Co. invites you to "send for booklet telling how to make money at home in your spare time." Merrill Lynch has adopted a two-platoon system: one to egg on customers in rising markets, another to soothe them when prices sag. The weather prediction is "Rain—followed by a bill for dry ice." The U. S. Playing Card Co. reminds you, "Maybe she will and maybe she won't but at least you canasta." The "Pic-

ture of the Month" shows a broker and his girl actually watching a movie at a drive-in theatre at Rutherford, N. J. And a report from Cairo claims that "Bennett Cerf, while exhuming items from a tomb for his next compendium of jokes, was bitten by a three-thousand-year-old gag." That WWarn't no gag, John. . . .

VERA K. LAWRENCE and Carol Lynn Gilmer, co-workers on the staff of *The Reader's Digest*, have parlayed a game they played for years on the beach at Fire Island into one of the brightest new quiz programs on the air today. It's called "The Cliché Club" and is broadcast every Wednesday evening from 8:30 to 9:00, Eastern Daylight Time, over the ABC network. We tried the game at a party at my house the other evening and, judging by the enthusiastic participation of everybody present, I can recommend it as a sure-fire device to enliven the evening next time you play host.

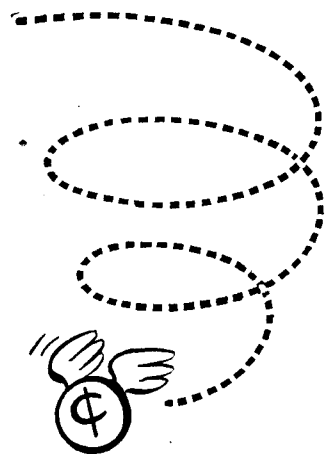
Here's how it works: The narrator tells a simple little story that should suggest a maxim or old saw or song title or slogan. The other guests present are a "panel" to work out the answer. Examples:

A trumpeter rendered "Summer-



"Psst! Hey, mister, here!"

The Meat Packer Works with a Small Net



Money may talk, as they say, but what does a buck ever say these days except good-bye?

Talk or not, the dollar is supposed to earn its keep before it takes wing. In business that "keep" is spelled p-r-o-f-i-t-s.



A side light on the
American meat industry

Meat packers largely depend on two things to earn a profit—top efficiency and fast turnover of a lot of dollars in buying livestock and selling it as meat and by-products.

The buck invested in the packing industry is turned over so many times a year that it gets dizzy.

Let's look at profits this way:

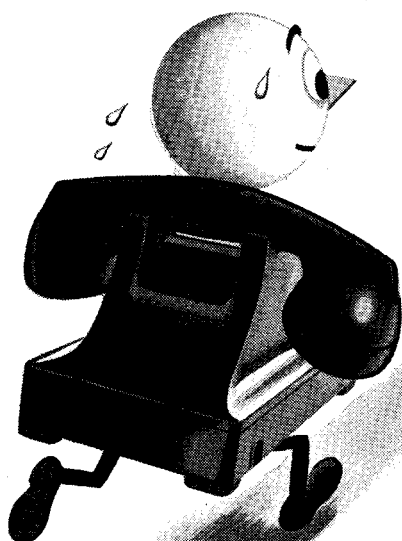
Over the past decade, yearly earnings of meat packing firms averaged just a little over seven cents on the invested dollar.

Look at profit as a per cent of what the packer receives from the sale of meat and by-products. Over the same ten-year period, it has averaged one and one-third cents per dollar. And meat packers were able to do this well only because they could find buyers for so many of the by-products of meat handling.

What does all this prove? That while the packing industry moves meat from farm to store at a lower service cost than almost any other food by reason of efficient methods and quick turnover, it manages to make the dollar earn its keep.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.



We're trying to catch up with costs

Increases in the price you pay for telephone service are far behind the increases in wages and other costs

THE PRICE of telephone service has gone up much less than the price of almost everything else you buy. It has gone up far less than the cost of providing the service. Take wages, which are the biggest item, as an example.

Rates Up Far Less Than Wages — The increases granted so far in rates for telephone service are only about half the increases of \$728,000,000 in telephone wages during the ten-year period through 1949.

In addition to wages, the costs of materials and almost everything else used in furnishing telephone service have risen substantially.

These things mean higher operating costs. They also mean higher construction costs and

hence increase the amount of investment for each new telephone that is added.

The Need for Adequate Rates — These are some of the reasons why telephone rate increases are so necessary. The Bell Telephone Companies, however, have not asked nor do they intend to ask for more than is needed to keep on giving you good telephone service — service that improves and expands and grows in its value to you.

Only a Penny or so a Call — Rate increases so far, plus those now requested, average only a penny or so per call — an exceedingly small amount compared to the value, security and convenience of telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



time" on his instrument and followed with "White Christmas." Answer: he blew hot and cold.

A famous war aviator fell into a well. Answer: ace in the hole.

A man and his partner owned a very successful saloon. The moment the man bought out his partner's interest, however, business went to pot and he went into bankruptcy. He found another partner and opened a new saloon. Again he prospered. Again he bought out the partner. And again business promptly collapsed and he had to suspend operations. Answer: it takes two to make a bargain.

A fellow was playing tennis on a court laid out next to the penthouse atop a great skyscraper. He scored a clean ace with a terrific serve but lost his balance in so doing, fell over the parapet, and crashed seventy-three storeys to the pavement below. Answer: good to the last drop.

The pretender to a throne sat at the head of the table at a swanky tea party, handing out the refreshments himself. Answer: it never reigns but it pours.

A mother drop and a father drop taught their baby drop to become a worthy component of the boundless ocean. They showed it how to become part of the spray, how to embody itself in a wave, how to surge up onto a beach, and then recede—all the tricks of the trade, in fact. At the end of a fortnight the father drop remarked complacently, "Well, I think we've taught Junior everything a drop should know. I do believe he's now . . ." Answer: fit to be tide.

After a bitter contest a gentleman was elected president of a social club by a majority of exactly one vote over his competitor. In his acceptance speech he said, "I hope that those who were good enough to vote for me—and *only* those who voted for me—will join me in the bar and have a snifter with me to wish me luck." Answer: drink to me only with thine eyes.

All right, *you* try a few. Better still, listen to the next session of the Cliché Club. There are awards for problems used on the program. . . .

SEVERAL YEARS AGO when a song about an orange grove in California was featured in a Music Box Revue the resourceful Irving Berlin sprayed the theatre with a scent of orange blossoms and heightened the illusion no end. The idea languished until a bright fellow at the New York Museum of Natural History adapted it for *Natural History Magazine*. Subscribers were delighted to discover that a recent issue had the redolent and unmistakable fragrance of a Maine pine forest. The formula was

evolved by the Printing Ink Division of the Inter-Chemical Corp., which stands ready to work out something of a similar nature for other publishers so inclined. A couple of those torrid new twenty-five-cent numbers could stand a little dunking in a mixture of lavender water and tar soap. . . . Naomi Burton, an important and charming executive of the Curtis Brown agency, is honest enough to admit that when she first heard that their long-time client Thomas Merton had entered a Trappist monastery she grumbled, "Damnation! That means he'll never write again!" . . . Charles Lee interviewed a novelist from London who affected to be too, too bored with all the royalties he was collecting. "All this computing of taxes and checking statements irks a man of my temperament," he declared. Lee reminded him, "It's nice irk if you can get it." . . . And Pyke Johnson says that so many publishers are going abroad this summer there ought to be a weekly list of "best sailers." . . .

A COMPANY THAT publishes one of the great encyclopedias advertised for a male stenographer who could also answer routine inquiries. An applicant who arrived in America from Shanghai, after a long stopover in Honolulu, didn't quite get the job with this letter: "Me Chinese Bing Foy drive typewriter with hell of noise and my English is it. Last job left itself from me for simple reason big man was dead on account of not my fault. So what of it? If you same anxious like me I will arrive on day as you can guess."

—BENNETT CERF.

The Awakening

By Virginia Esterly Dunbar

SLEEP had dragged her like a wave,
S Had sucked her like a tide,
And now receding seas have thrown
The limp drowned girl aside.

The shafted sunlight fingers
The damp hair and the wrist
Where blood and dreams conspired
To succor her with mist.

The twisted sheets like shells
Fold the shadows in;
Now day strikes the slack legs,
The insentient skin.

Waking travels slow
Through the dull caves of grief,
And all her body on the bed
Is a blind boat wrecked on a reef.

NEW BOOKS on Today's Problems

American Labor Leaders

PERSONALITIES AND FORCES IN THE LABOR MOVEMENT

By Charles A. Madison, Author of "Critics and Crusaders"

"Far and away the ablest book of its kind in the literature of the American labor movement...fascinating as biography and rich with insights and wise judgments about labor as a whole."—*J. Raymond Walsh*. "One cannot avoid being impressed with the judiciousness of his analysis and the scholarly work that lies behind it."—*Sumner H. Slichter*. \$4.00

Unions Before the Bar

HISTORIC TRIALS SHOWING THE EVOLUTION
OF LABOR RIGHTS IN THE UNITED STATES

By Elias Lieberman, Author of "The Collective
Labor Agreement"

"...an exciting account of the leading courtroom battles in the history of American labor-management relations...indispensable for every student of labor problems, whether his approach is legal, economic or sociological."—*NEW YORK TIMES*. \$5.00

Communities for Better Living

CITIZEN ACHIEVEMENT IN ORGANIZATION, DESIGN
AND DEVELOPMENT

By James Dahir

How can we reverse the disturbing trend toward urban disorganization? Here is the only up-to-date survey of the many projects now going forward to create more livable communities. Emphasizing citizen action as basic to urban redevelopment, "this is good sociological reporting...a serviceable and admirable book."—*Lewis Mumford*. \$4.00

Science and the Goals of Man

A STUDY IN SEMANTIC ORIENTATION

By Anatol Rapoport, University of Chicago.

Foreword by S. I. Hayakawa.

Is scientific method neutral to ethical questions, or does it reveal a sound, helpful morality of its own? Affirming, in layman's language, the important role of science in human affairs, this book is "a model of clarity... Science emerges, not as a by-product of a particular culture, but as the essence of a culture only now in the process of formation."—*AMERICAN SCIENTIST*. \$3.50

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This is a building in Drayneflete,
home town of the Parsley-Ffidgets, as
it was in the



15th century

and the



17th century

and the



20th century

Now for the first time the archives
of Drayneflete, enriched by the con-
tributions of Miss Dracula Parsley-
Ffidget, have been made public.

The town is not to be found on any
map, and tourism is the poorer for it.
But the reader is the richer for no
legendary locale has ever been cele-
brated in a richer vein of folly than
Lancaster's unreasonably witty history.

There'll Always Be a Drayneflete

by Osbert Lancaster

At all bookstores \$2.25.

Just Published

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Are Movies "Better Than Ever"?

ARTHUR MAYER



Arthur Mayer

A FEW DAYS ago an experienced motion-picture exhibitor of my acquaintance said to me, "Most of our features this year have been stinkers but next season's crop will be out of this world." He and

some 15,000 more of my fellow showmen have been making the same blithe prediction for the past twenty years. Our faith in the future is not one adjective diminished by recollections of mendacious publicity handouts, elaborate brochures eulogizing attractions which never materialized, and all-night sessions with salesmen far more gifted fictionally than the authors whose canned stepchildren they misrepresented. We excoriate the producers while we enthuse sight unseen over their coming productions.

At one phase in the Government's long protracted legal proceedings against the major film companies the courts, seeking to establish some degree of security for theatre owners, decreed that all pictures must be screened by the distributors prior to national release. These screenings, however, served only to establish how insecure are the judgments of reasonable folk like jurists when they prejudge the reactions of unreasonable folk like exhibitors. With few exceptions, we shunned these screenings as we would a delegation from the ladies' local temperance society: we were running no unnecessary risks of sapping our superlatives. Frequently, to comply with the law, pictures had to be projected to protect exhibitors, not a single one of whom was present to be protected.

The current manifestation of this occupational disease of show business

is the newly adopted slogan "Movies Are Better than Ever." Skeptics might suggest that we shout our new battle cry tongue in cheek but this would be a grave misapprehension of the sawdust tradition, which still stuffs our shirts, now white instead of pink. However floppo this week's business we have no doubt that the coming attraction will have them lined around the corner. Although we are at present plagued with more torments than Job, we are convinced that television, the inroads of other competitive amusements, the restrictions on foreign markets, the unfavorable critical comments on Hollywood pictures, the fading of the famous stars of yesterday, the success of the Government lawsuits, and all our other apparent afflictions will help rather than hinder the progress of the industry. Today we may be deep in the red but

the future is rosy. As Nicholas Schenck, president of Loew's, Inc., remarked during a previous depression, "Nothing is wrong with the picture business that good pictures can't cure," and good pictures are coming.

TO AVOID misunderstanding, it should be borne in mind that when an exhibitor speaks of "good" pictures he means those which attract more than the usual number of patrons. He unhesitatingly would rate "Samson and Delilah" as the best film of the current season. On the other hand, a competent movie reviewer like Bosley Crowther of *The New York Times* shudders as he thinks of "Samson and Delilah" and writes: "If you're looking for historical drama, for poetic tragedy—no. But if you'll settle for gold-plated pageants, for muscular episodes, and



—Paramount Pictures, Inc.

"Samson and Delilah"—"graphic inducements to wolf-whistling."