

THE *Harmonizer*®

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
BARBER SHOP QUARTET HARMONY

DECEMBER, 1951 VOL. XI No. 2



Seventh Annual PARADE of QUARTETS

Presenting

SCHMITT BROS. International Champions '51

BUFFALO BILLS International Champions '50

THE FOUR TEENS (Scott Air Force Base)

Central States District Champions 1951

ARISTOCRATS • GAMBOLERS • CROSSTOWNERS • HY-POWER'S
THE HAWKEYE FOUR • RISS RYTHMAIRES • RUDY FICK ROYALAIRES

FRANKS and DENNI—Piano Stylists

100 VOICE MALE CHORUS Directed by Don S. Stephens

MUSIC HALL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd, 8:15 P. M.
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Welcome to Kansas City INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION

SPEBSQSA

JUNE 11-12-13-14, 1952

Kansas City, the great dynamic metropolis of Mid-America invites you! Here you will receive both a warm Western hand-clasp and old Southern hospitality. You will enjoy our modern air-conditioned hotels, our restaurants noted for excellent cuisine, our beautiful boulevards, parks and nationally acclaimed residential developments.

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HEART OF AMERICA CHAPTER Welcomes SPEBSQSA Inc.



VOLUME XI NO. II

DECEMBER, 1951

SONGS FOR THE CHORUS

The new song book "Songs for the Chorus" should answer the never-ending discussion of what arrangements are best for chorus work. In the past some have argued that many of the arrangements appearing in the Society's song books and loose-leaf reproductions were beamed primarily at quartets and were too difficult for choruses to attempt.

The arrangements in this new work have been made with the limitations of the average chorus in mind. Arrangements were contributed by such well known Society arrangers as Phil Embury, Maurie Reagan, Dick Svanoe, Deac Martin, Ed Smith, Buzz Haeger, Nelson Howe, John Hill, Bill Diekema, Don Webster, Cec Rowe, Hal Boehler, Johnnie Means, Charlie Merrill, Paul Crane and Geoffrey O'Hara. In all, thirty-three songs appear in the book.

In addition to furnishing eight arrangements, Past Int'l President Frank H. Thorne, of Chicago, supervised the production of the entire book, a monumental task.

All Kinds of Songs

The selection of songs is wide enough to enable a chorus to prepare just about any type of program desired—religious, patriotic or straight.

Through a regrettable misunderstanding the lyrics of *Eternal Father Strong to Save*, arranged by Nelson T. Howe, Elyria, Ohio, chorus director, were credited to William Whiting. He wrote only the first verse as it appears in the book. Verses 2, 3, and 4 were written by Miss Marion Starkey, at the suggestion of Nelson Howe. Reception of "Songs for the Chorus" by the members who have seen it has been very gratifying. Copies may be obtained from Int'l Hq in Detroit—50c each in lots of 10 or more—less than 10—\$1.

"... ON A HORSE THAT IS SYNCOPATED-GAITED ..."



The Cactus Chords, of Phoenix, Arizona—LtoR—Bob Currie, tenor; Don Scholtz, lead; Everett Manning, bar; Bill Balsley, bass. Cartoonist Reg Manning originated the "horses".

LEARN THE WORDS

In his column in the September Harmonizer Founder O. C. Cash suggested that it would be a good idea if the words to "God Save the King" (always sung in conjunction with "America" at Society meetings) were to be printed in the Harmonizer so that U. S. Barbershoppers could learn them. It's a good notion and particularly so at this time when so many will be attending the Mid-Winter Meeting in Toronto in January. Here they are . . .

God save our gracious king
Long live our noble king
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us
God save the King.

REGISTRATION FOR KANSAS CITY CONVENTION

If you plan to attend the 1952 Contest and Convention, June 11th to 14th, 1952, it would be a good idea to check with Detroit Hq. and find out whether or not any more registrants can be accommodated. As this issue of the Harmonizer goes to press in early November, only 373 Registration Books are left out of 2600. It looks like a sell out by the first of the year. Those who have already sent in their \$7.50 to Detroit have received a postcard acknowledgment. Please note that Registration Books are not going to be mailed out until March 10, 1952.

Number of registrants is limited by the 2600 capacity of the Kansas City Music Hall, where all events, including the Saturday night Medalist Contest will be held.

TORONTO TO BE HOST TO INTERNATIONAL BOARD MEETING

Toronto, Ontario Chapter and the twenty-nine other chapters in Canada will attest to the growth of barbershopping in Canada, January 17th to 20th, when the International Board meets at the Royal York and King Edward Hotels. This is the first time a meeting of the Board has been held outside the United States.

The Mid-Winter Meeting is an Int'l Convention in miniature and always attracts a great number of the most ardent barbershoppers from every part of the U. S. and Canada. From San Francisco, where the 1951 meeting was held, to Toronto is a long hop, but many of the same faces will be seen and many of the same voices that harmonized from "The Top of the Mark" and on Fisherman's Wharf will be heard in and about King, Queen and Yonge Streets. Past Int'l President King Cole, of Manitowoc, Wisconsin, can try out the same "Spanish" that puzzled the Italian waiters of Fisherman's Wharf on the French waiters in La Chaumiere and other famous Toronto restaurants.

Present Two Shows

Saturday afternoon and evening in beautiful Massey Hall, Toronto Chapter will present a Parade of Quartets. The current champion Schmitt Brothers will sing, as will the 1950 Champion Buffalo Bills. This year's 2nd Place Keystone Quads, Sharon, Pa., and the 4th Place Four Chorders, London, Ontario, will be there. Other featured quartets—the Columbians, Washington, D. C., the Kord Kings, Hamilton, Ontario, and the yet-to-be-chosen Ontario District Champions. The Toronto Chapter Chorus will perform.

The Int'l Executive Committee will have its first meeting, Thursday night, continuing through Friday morning and afternoon when other Int'l Committees will also be assembling. First meeting of the Int'l Board will be Friday night, continuing through sessions Saturday morning and afternoon.

The Sunday Morning Glow at the King Edward Hotel will conclude the event.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Dan Jacobson, member of the Kansas City, Mo. Chapter, drew the front cover for this issue of the *Harmonizer*.

STAAB-HILL FOLIO OF SONGS SOON TO BE AVAILABLE

A new folio of songs arranged in the barbershop idiom will shortly be available to members with the publication of The Hal Staab Folio containing eight of the late Past Int'l Pres. Hal Staab's original compositions.

Hal Staab and John Hill of Lansing, Mich., met at the Buffalo Convention. Out of this meeting grew a mutually satisfactory composer-arranger relationship. Hal, a prolific spawner of lyrics and tunes, began feeding his new chord mechanic capacity meals. In the subsequent long distance (Northampton, Mass.-Lansing) exchange of thoughts they became well acquainted. During their brief relationship (June '49-November '49), Hal sent John eight original compositions which Hill arranged. Excepting "I Remember You," Staab checked and approved all the arrangements before his death. Here are the songs—

There's a Rose on Your Cheek
Close Your Lovely Eyes
I'm a Son of the U. S. A.
Mona From Barcelona
Indian Maid
Way Down in Georgia
Dream, Dream, Dream
I Remember You

Shortly after forwarding the number "I Remember You" to Hill, Hal wrote a note instructing him to tear up and forget the song; he had discovered that his memory had pulled a fast one on him. He'd stolen a Victor Herbert melody.

Both men felt that the fruit of their joint musical efforts should be offered to the Society. A vacation meeting between Hal and Int'l Pres. King Cole, well known for his interest in the "International Headquarters Building" project, inspired Hal to propose publication of a folio of fifteen or twenty songs, the profits to be turned over to the project most dear to King Cole's heart, "The Building Fund". Hill subscribed.

Hal's sudden departure from earthly barbershop brought these plans to a halt. The plans have been resurrected. The basis of the exhumation lies in Hill's contention that any folio con-

FACTS ABOUT TRAVEL TO KANSAS CITY

Chuck Schmid, Toledo Chapter, has again explored the main means of travel to the International at Kansas City, next June, and the following tabulations are his findings. Schmid calls attention to the possibility of changes in rates before June '52—but it is unlikely that they would seriously affect either cost or time. The opportunity for Westerners to make up a sectional party or parties converging into bigger parties at Ogden, Green River, or Cheyenne makes it a pleasant project to contemplate, and plan upon, as the date draws nearer. Many Easterners will be thrown together, almost automatically, as they converge toward the Big Show.

To Kansas City, Mo. and return From		Via Railroad		Via Plane		Via Bus		Auto One-way
	Time	In Pullman	Coach	Time	Fare	Time	Fare	Mileage
	(hrs.)	Fare	Berth	Fare	(hrs.)	Fare	(hrs.)	
Atlanta, Ga.	24	\$ 53.85	\$17.80	\$41.05	5½	\$ 88.00	30	\$28.20 805
Birmingham, Ala.	19½	43.95	15.20	33.55	8	74.30	24	25.25 729
Boston, Mass.	46½	115.26	27.60	81.63	8	148.20	50	50.60 1438
Chicago, Ill.	7½	26.80	9.40	20.70	2¼	47.80	16	14.80 505
Cleveland, Ohio	13	56.95	16.60	42.40	5½	83.90	25	27.30 790
Dallas, Texas	13	28.90	13.10	22.30	2	61.80	17	17.55 537
Fort Worth, Tex.	13	28.90	13.10	22.30	2	61.80	18	17.55 537
Denver, Colo.	22	36.90	13.10	28.50	2¼	66.50	16	21.80 641
Detroit, Mich.	11½	52.25	15.20	39.35	4½	76.80	23	25.15 754
Indianapolis, Ind.	10½	38.65	11.60	29.45	3	53.80	16	18.85 491
Los Angeles, Cal.	33	102.60	36.20	74.90	5	173.70	51	60.55 1622
San Diego, Cal.	35¾	102.60	36.20	74.90	6	173.70	55	60.55 1643
San Francisco	44½	102.60	36.20	74.90	6¾	173.70	52	60.55 1903
Louisville, Ky.	13	34.45	13.10	25.95	1½	58.10	17	18.00 519
Miami, Fla.	42	93.45	30.80	69.30	9	153.50	53	48.60 1477
			*6.00					
Minn'polis, Minn.	9¼	28.60	11.60	22.05	2	55.10	14	14.95 489
New York, N.Y.	28	104.50	25.60	72.95	6	131.60	40	45.85 1214
Oklahoma City	7	20.00	8.70	15.45	2	40.70	13	12.80 370
Omaha, Neb.	4½	11.65	8.10	9.00	1	21.30	6½	7.15 209
Phoenix, Ariz.	27	80.45	30.80	62.10	7	133.10	43½	48.35 1269
Pittsburgh, Pa.	19¾	67.30	17.80	48.20	4½	93.90	28	31.80 849
Portland, Ore.	47	95.70	36.20	68.05	9	190.00	57	63.75 1933
Seattle, Wash.	54	101.70	36.20	72.70	10½	205.80	62½	63.75 2010
Tacoma, Wash.	52½	101.70	36.20	72.70	10½	205.80	60	63.75 1960
St. Louis, Mo.	5	16.30	8.10	12.60	1½	26.90	7	9.85 255
Toronto, Ont.	19	68.20	19.90	50.00	6	104.60	31	36.10 986
Washington, D.C.	28¾	92.35	23.10	63.40	3½	113.20	35	39.60 1062
Baltimore, Md.	30	92.35	23.10	63.40	4	113.20	37	39.60 1065

*Parlor Car Seat.

The fares shown are round trip in each case, and do NOT include Federal tax which at this time is 15% on all rail, Pullman and bus lines.

The travel time represents number of elapsed hours for travel in one direction via direct routes, based on schedules which afford convenient departure and arrival times at origin and destination.

From most eastern cities the route to Kansas City is through Chicago and visitors have an opportunity to travel together from Chicago to Kansas City.

taining one number of universal interest is a sufficient basis to justify a folio's publication. Hill feels that every barbershopper will be "reached" by at least one of the numbers that wound up Hal Staab's last composing efforts. Florence Staab, Hal's wife, gladly cooperated in assigning the copyrights of Hal's songs to the Society.

To utilize Hal's lyrics of "I Remember You", Hill wrote a melody following as closely as possible Hal's definite style, with which he had become quite familiar in their association.

The folio will be priced at 60c each and will be sold only through SPEBSQSA, 20619 Fenkell Avenue, Detroit 23, Mich.

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President's Column

by James F. Knipe

In the June 1951 Harmonizer, page 19, Jim Moore, Philadelphia Chapter, wrote a provocative letter in which he said, "For a long time our boys thought that a good chorus (and we have a good one) would produce quartet material. This just ain't true. I believe the reverse is true."

This letter has stirred up considerable discussion and led to an exchange of letters between Carl Jones, Chairman of the Int'l Chorus Committee; Past Pres. Jerry Beeler, Chairman of the Int'l Quartet Committee, and this column. I asked both Chairmen to answer two questions—

- 1) Have choruses produced quartets?
- 2) Has chorus singing generally held back the formation of quartets?

Both Carl and Jerry answered "Yes" to No. 1 and "No" to Question 2.

Said Carl Jones who speaks from wide experience as a first class quartetter and chorus director of proven ability,

"With only two exceptions, every chorus that I know of has produced quartets.

I can see no possible reason why chorus singing should ever discourage formation of quartets.

Every chorus should sing at least a few arrangements that are a challenge to most quartets.

Every chorus director should work closely with the chapter's quartet promotion man and, either by selection, or some other means get groups of men to sing as quartets the numbers being rehearsed by the chorus.

Every chorus should hold intra-chorus quartet contests with appropriate prizes for the winners.

Every chorus director should be a member of a quartet.

Members of organized quartets owe it to their chapter to attend chorus rehearsals as often as possible. Their presence is a source of inspiration to the chorus.

Standoffishness, on the other hand, will likely stamp them as egotistical and selfish in the eyes of chorus members, a condition not conducive to the over-all good.

All of this indicates to me that quartet and chorus are, and should be, dependent upon each other and should work together very closely."

Both Jerry and I subscribe 100% to Carl's suggestions. I would be not at

all unhappy if every member would clip out this section of the column and put it some place where it will constantly serve as a reminder. Our choruses are tremendously worthwhile. They have done great service in introducing members to the intricacies of four part harmony. They have been and should be incubators of quartets, which in turn, by more intensive rehearsing and development of skill can make for a greater chorus.

Our Society will function best when every chapter sets up its programs to accommodate everybody—the organized quartet man, the woodshedder, the chorus singer, the last in many cases being the boondoggler and quartet man of the future.

One chapter I know of has what seems to me to be an ideal type of program:

- 7:30 to 8:30—Intensive Chorus Rehearsal
- 8:30 to 8:40—Business Meeting
- 8:40 to 9:30—Organized quartets (flexible)
- 9:30—Woodshedding and Social Hour

Everybody can contribute something and everybody can get something out of such a meeting.

Aid for Quartets

Our good and valued friend, John M. "Jiggs" Ward, baritone of the 1948 Int'l Champion Pittsburghers, who knows what he's talking about when it comes to quartets, raises an interesting question. John contends that starting new quartets is no problem. The toughie is keeping the quartet together after it's started. Jiggs thinks that in any one year more quartets are organized than we'd possibly know what to do with. Some last for one rehearsal, others for one to six months—then—WHA HOPPIN!

As President of Pittsburgh Chapter, Jiggs has appointed a *Quartet Aid Committee* whose function he made very clear was not to organize quartets, but to help and further the progress of quartets AFTER they have been organized. Drawing upon his experience, Jiggs has arrived at the conclusion that most quartets disband for some rather trivial reason. He feels the opportunity to discuss the situation with two or three men who have the respect of the members of the quartet would frequently result in a sensible and happy solution.

Invite Chapter Officers

We have all seen District Business Meetings which were well or sparsely attended by District Officers and Chapter Delegates while Chapter Presidents, Secretaries, and Veeps galore filled the lobby and lined the corridors of the hotel, boondoggling

and shooting the breeze. I realize that in some of our larger Districts attendance at District Meetings is very heavy and the meetings become a bit hard to control. Even so, and taking into account that the chapter officers would have no official voice, it seems to me that they could learn a lot about District affairs if they were invited to sit in on the Business Meeting. Relying on a single delegate to take back to his chapter a true and complete picture of what went on at the District Meeting may be a good idea, but I don't think so. Furthermore, anything that can bring home to chapter officers the fact that the District is *theirs*—is all to the good.

Mass Woodshedding

I attended the Warsaw, N. Y. Chapter meeting October 26th en route to the C.W.N.Y. District Contest at Bradford, Pa. It was good to see Past Int'l Pres. Phil Embury, Chapter Pres. Dr. Howard Foote, the O-At-Kans, Past Int'l B'd Member Bill Codding, from East Aurora, and other old friends. Most of all, it was good to see in action a fine bunch of barbershoppers from chapters in the area.

Particularly striking and a lot of fun was a stunt put on toward the end of the meeting. Phil Embury posted the O-At-Kans at the corners of a square about eight by eight. The leads grouped around John Hooker, the tenors with "Squeak" Finch, Bob Arnold corralled the baris, and Dave Grove the basses. Starting out with a couple of short, easy songs—Tell Me Why and Shine on Me, the group worked up into lengthier and tougher numbers. Mind you, there were many there from other chapters who were not familiar with the songs, or at least not with the O-At-Kans' arrangements.

Hooker would run through the melody once or twice. All the leads would sing it. Same with the other parts. Then Phil would take the four parts through a line or two at a time. The secret of the success of the thing is in keeping the volume of sound down so that everybody can hear what the leader of his section is singing and can also get at least a pretty fair idea of what the other three parts are doing.

It was nothing short of amazing to me and other visitors that in a very short time that group of fifty men was turning out harmony of a quality that few organized choruses would better. It only needs a cooperative quartet, a leader with at least a sense of four parts, and a bunch of males equipped for sound. It's fun. Try it.



DISTRICT CHAMPIONS

and RUNNERS-UP




CWNY Champs
COMPRESS AIRES, Painted Post, N. Y.
Hughes, Whitteer, Reynolds, Olmstead



For Western-2nd
UNCALLED FOUR, Berkeley, Cal.
McClavy, Dixon, Bumgarner, Christenson



Michigan Champs
MERRI MEN, Lansing
Bulock, Stephens, Bean, Hawkins



Illinois-2nd
MELODAIRES, Chicago No. 1
Reynolds, Lukas, Moluta, Crawford



CWNY-2nd
DEANS OF HARMONY, Buffalo, N. Y.
Keiner, Adams, Van Stone, Breidenstein



Central States-2nd
AIR CAPITAL QUARTET, Wichita, Kas
Robb, Chambers, Fahnestock, DeVoss



Indiana-K'y Champs
THREE KIDS AND A GOAT, Terre Haute, Ind.
Beeson, Jones, Denehie, Carl Jones



Michigan - 2nd
BEL-AIRES, Grosse Pointe
Burrell, Limburg, Winship, Den Broeder



For Western Champs
FOUR BITS OF HARMONY, Long Beach Calif.
Pursglove, Hopper, Montgomery, Nunez



Illinois Champs
VIKINGS, Rock Island
Mourus, Conover, Stuhr, Lindley



Indiana - K'y - 2nd
DIXIELINERS, Evansville, Ind.
Negley, McPhee, Evans, Viehe



Northeastern - 2nd
CURLY TOPS, Salem, Mass.
T. Spirito, Dobson, F. Spirito, Jr., Hayward



Northeastern Champs
ABERJONA MOANERS, Reading, Mass.
Mercer, E. Mackay, W. Mackay, West



Central States Champs
FOUR TEENS, Old Tynners, St. Louis
Lamont, Cahill, Steinmetz, Chinnock

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MEMBERS IN ARMED SERVICES

Occasionally the International Office receives queries from chapter officers who are unfamiliar with a practice which became established during World War II regarding maintaining the chapter membership of men who leave for active duty in the Armed Forces. Here is the procedure: The chapter waives dues of such members and remits their per capita tax from the chapter treasury, issues them paid-up pocket membership cards, and keeps the members on the mailing list to receive copies of The Harmonizer, official Society song folios, and chapter bulletins. It's a gesture that's deeply appreciated and one in which a chapter can take pride.

REAL AREA COLLABORATION

Collaboration between chapters in an area can pay big dividends. An outstanding example has just come to attention in the Annual Parade held on Saturday, October 14th in the Memorial Auditorium at Burlington, Iowa, where the combined chorus from chapters in Burlington, Iowa, Fort Madison, Iowa, and Monmouth, Illinois featured the show.

Incidentally, either President Harold Brueck of the Burlington Chapter has something on the newspaper editors in that locality or else the newspapers just plain like SPEBSQSA, because the amount of publicity given to the October 14th affair was *noteworthy*, plus.

QUARTET REGISTRATION

Thirty days in advance of the anniversary date of the registration of each Society quartet, a formal notice and reminder will be mailed out from the International Office so that each quartet will be given the opportunity of re-registering for the second year.

This is mighty important. Quartets already registered need not worry about forgetting the anniversary date because the reminder will reach them in plenty of time.

Society quartets which haven't yet registered should do so at once. The first step is to write to the International Office and ask for a blank and a copy of the Quartet Manual.

It is the plan of the Harmonizer Editorial Board to continue the policy started last year of listing once a year all officially registered SPEBSQSA quartets, and this will be done in the March issue which goes to press on January 25th.

TAX ON COMPS

Under the new U. S. Internal Revenue Code, effective November 1, 1951, "No tax shall be imposed in the case of admission free of charge of a member of the Armed Forces of the United States when in uniform".

E. WESLEY ENMAN

International Vice-President E. Wesley Enman of Boston, Mass., died of a heart attack at Worcester on October 9. Wes, accompanied by his wife, had been in Worcester for a speaking engagement at the local Kiwanis group. He suffered a heart attack on the evening of his appearance and died three days later. His death will be keenly felt by the Society. He was well-known also in insurance and Kiwanis circles.

Wes joined SPEBSQSA in 1947, helping to found the Boston Chapter. A close friend of the late Past Int'l Pres. Hal Staab, he worked with the latter in extending the Society in New England. He was active in the Boston Chapter and held the office of Vice-president in the Northeastern District. In 1949, Wes was elected a member of the International Board and became a Vice-president this year. Active in all phases of Society work, his principal contributions were in

the Armed Forces Collaboration and Community Service programs.

Wes is survived by his wife, a son John, and two daughters, Barbara and Isabelle.

EARL REAGAN

With the death of Earl Reagan of San Marino, Cal., on October 25, the Society lost its second International Board member within a period of weeks. Earl, affectionately known as "Four-Part", was one of the most active and ardent barbershoppers on the West Coast and through his enthusiastic leadership many chapters were founded. He had much to do with the growth of barbershopping in the Far West. Many members who attended the Int'l Mid-Winter Board Meeting in San Francisco last January had an opportunity to get to know Earl and will miss him greatly. He is survived by his widow, Loretta, and four sons.

PROFESSIONALISM—COMMERCIALISM

by John Z. Means, Chairman, Int'l Ethics Committee
and C. A. Ward, Chairman, Int'l Public Relations Committee

The great weight of opinion within the ranks of SPEBSQSA has always been on the side of amateurism as opposed to professionalism. By this is meant that far the majority of our members and our quartets are non-professional singers. This, not because we are afraid of comparisons unfavorable to us, but rather because the entire spirit of SPEBSQSA as conceived by O. C. Cash was and is music for the many—self created music.

In its continuing effort to resist the encroachments of professionalism — perhaps commercialism is the better word — the International Society at times may seem to lean over backward. It not only seems to, IT DOES.

For many years the Society has *prohibited* the use of its name in connection with commercially sponsored radio and television programs, except under unusual circumstances. By a ruling of the International Board of Directors, passed at Toledo in 1949, neither the Int'l, the Districts, nor Chapters may enter into a contract to engage in a commercially sponsored radio or television program.

All this has been done, at perhaps considerable sacrifice in potential revenue to the Society, so that no slightest touch of commercialism will become associated with the Society in the minds of the general public.

Continually, the Society is approached by professional promoters of every imaginable kind, each with a favorite (for him) get rich quick scheme. Invariably we turn them down.

One of the most recent "deals" was proposed by a major movie producing company and was presented to the International Board at Toledo last June. It was refused, with thanks. Not satisfied with that, the promoters moved into individual communities and approached various Society quartets through local theatre people. What was offered the quartets as bait? Nothing but a chance to win a so called "contest", a dinky prize, all for the purpose of promoting a movie that had no more to do with barbershop quartet singing than "Gone with the Wind". In a very few communities, some of our quartets fell for the gag — very few according to the information we have received.

Who stood to gain anything! You figure it out.

If anything were needed to convince us that the Society's policy is the right one, this recent experience does it.

DECEMBER, 1951

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GIRL I LOVED IN SUNNY

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KEEP POSTED Important International News Briefs

Clergymen in Terre Haute, Indiana, found a ready made sermon theme presented them through the promotion attached to the Indiana-Kentucky District Quartet and Chorus Contests. Several of them adopted "Harmony in Living" or a similar angle.

oOo

Sheboygan, Wisconsin had a big day September 29th. That was the date of the sixth annual Parade put on by the local chapter and also the homecoming of the Chordettes who were featured on the show.

oOo

A relative newcomer to the ranks of barbershopping got all excited recently when he thought he had discovered that Ed Easley was the only man to sing in two different Medalist quartets—(1951—3rd Place Clef Dwellers and 1949—5th Place Varsity Four). \$2.50 poorer, but much better informed about all things connected with SPEBSQSA, after purchasing a copy of "Keep America Singing", he now knows that George McCaslin and Harry Hall did it too—three times as members of the Bartlesville Barflies, Phillips 66 Barflies and Mainstreeters. Bert Phelps did it too as bari of the Kansas City Barberpole Cats and the Serenaders. In fact, quartets, with Bert singing bari, finished in 2nd Place five times.

Report has it that Arthur Godfrey got quite a kick out of the closing "Bari truly yours" on a letter some barbershopper sent him, (report came to the Eds. about fifth hand). Wonder how Arthur would like Nassau County, Long Island, Chapter Secretary Sam Beattie's closing—"Yours for singing ofTENOR".

oOo

Each year more barbershoppers trek to Charlevoix, Michigan, Labor Day weekend to attend what started nine years ago as a one night affair, became successively a two, three then four day event.

With the support of the Board of Commerce, the city has gone all out in welcoming barbershoppers to the Annual Jamboree. Hay rides and street parades are applauded by the citizens as they too enjoy the antics of the "visiting firemen" and listen to harmony resounding practically around the clock.

Climaxing the gala affair is a Costume Ball which is unique in barbershop circles—the costumes varying from picturesque to outlandish.

This year's Jamboree attracted guests from New York to Kansas City and points between, besides several Canadian visitors.

The Dixie District's new Bulletin *The Rebel Rouser* was christened by Bob Gamble, President of Charlotte Chapter. Bob wins a steak dinner—first prize in the christening contest. Among other items that came to light during the contest—Winston-Salem Chapter's own bulletin is called "Patoois." Int'l V. P. George Chamblin, Columbus, Ohio, says, "Do they sing only spit-tunes?"

oOo

Buckeye Capital (Columbus) Ohio Chapter has a new angle on the matter of approving new members. Usually this is handled by one or two individuals or a committee. Buckeye sends the list of applicants to all members of the chapter with the understanding that unless a "NO" is received by the secretary within three days all applicants will be accepted.

oOo

Question—How many people ordered a set of decals from the Meyercord Company, 5323 West Lake Street, Chicago 44, Ill. (plug), as advertised on page 31, September 1951 Harmonizer? Question—How many of those buyers noticed that though the lyrics of four famous old songs—Sweet Sixteen, Down by the Old Mill Stream, Let Me Call You Sweetheart, Give My Regards to Broadway—are reproduced, no copyright credit is given? All four of these songs are live copyrights. How come? Incidentally, those decals, with or without copyright notices, make swell decorations as any who have seen them in the Detroit Hq. and elsewhere can testify.

oOo

September, 1951, issue of the Armed Forces Song Folio, thousands of copies of which are distributed to military personnel all over the world each month, has "Jumbo" Smith's "Honey Gal". Many will recall the 1947 Int'l Champion Doctors of Harmony singing the song with composer "Jumbo" in the tenor spot.

oOo

Int'l Sec'y Carroll Adams, while dining at the Hillcrest Hotel, Toledo, this summer noted the patriotic theme of the menu cover which featured words and music of The Star Spangled Banner. Idly reading the words he stumbled at the line, "Thro' the perilous flight." All right, you patriots, what is the right word—"flight"—"night"—"fight"??? (For correct answer, see bottom of page).

oOo

In a recent issue of the house organ published by Mueller Electric Company, Cleveland, an acoustical engineer, Herb Erf, was quoted as fol-

(Continued on next page)

****Fight.

MICHIGAN CHAMPS AT CHARLEVOIX JAMBOREE



The Tune Vendors, Dowagiac, Mich. 1950 District Champions, appeared with their wives at the Charlevoix Jamboree. Had they worn these fearsome costumes in Society Contests they'd no doubt have gotten a lot farther, a lot sooner. What Judge would dare turn down these fierce braves!!! L. to R.—Grove, Mullen, Heppes, McGlynn.

Keep Posted (Continued)

lows, "Two pigs squealing under a fence are only 20% louder than one; a quartet is only 43% louder than a soloist; 27 additional singers are needed to sing twice as loudly as one." While grateful for this important information, a more complimentary comparison might have been made.

oOo

Inadvertently, the editors of the Harmonizer rechristened the Pipeliners of Wichita Falls, Texas, in September issue. At that, "Pipeliners" isn't such a bad idea. No less than five proofreaders(?) passed over it. (How many readers caught it? Eds.)

oOo

Pittsburgh, Pa. Chapter is planning to charter a plane to haul 28 people to Kansas City for the 1952 Contest and Convention. Ed Hanson, bass of the famed Westinghouse Quartet, suggested the idea and was promptly made Chairman of the project. Each of the members who signs up will pay Ed \$10.00 a month for eight months which covers transportation and All-Events Registration Books.

oOo

If you should have an emergency operation while in New York City, be sure word gets to Ken Williams of Manhattan Chapter. John Byron of Chicago's Southtown Chapter, rushed to St. Vincent's Hospital, was shortly visited by Ken and three other Manhattan members, Bill Milne, Bill Krivda, and John Gavan who put on an impromptu concert for the sick man.

oOo

Discussing quartets in competition, John Hill, Lansing, Michigan, used some picturesque language that struck some of his listeners as being rather to the point. Said John, "A quartet in competition has a better chance from a psychological standpoint to sing well and to win the top spot if they come in *hot* and *humble* than if they are *hot* and *haughty*".

oOo

The Four Teens from Scott Air Force Base, Illinois, members of the Olde Tymers Chapter, St. Louis, Mo., have made several appearances on network radio and TV shows, including the very popular Roberta Quinlan production out of N. Y. C. Many heard the Four Teens at the Jamboree in Toledo last June and around the hotels during the Convention.

oOo

This is too good to keep under cover. The Oshawa, Ontario Daily Times Gazette reported at length the local chapter's Parade. The reporter wrote, "... Master of Ceremonies for the evening, big, bluff and genial Alex Grabhorn, of Buffalo, New York is a member of the Int'l Board of the Society and *probably* got elected because of his fund of *corny* jokes, told in best barbershop style ..."

Two excellent books that should be in the library of every person interested in "The Old Songs" are available from Century House, Watkins Glen, New York. Dr. Larry Freeman's "The Melodies Linger on" and Jack Burton's "The Blue Book of Tin Pan Alley" contain a world of material about songs, composers and their backgrounds. So little *factual* material of this kind was available prior to Sigmund Spaeth's "History of Popular Music in America" and now these two books, that most information in circulation about songs and song writers was fictional or horribly distorted. Quartets and emcees could very profitably make use of some of the material in these books to add interest to their introductions, etc.

oOo

Painted Post, New York Chapter raised \$1300.00 by a variety of methods to equip its chorus with summer formal (white coat-black trousers) costumes. The Compress Aires quartet, who won the CWNV District Championship at Bradford, Pa., October 27th wore their chorus costumes effectively in the Finals Contest.

oOo

Sunday morning, October 28th, following the Indiana-Kentucky District Contest at Terre Haute, Int'l B'd Member Carl Jones led a delegation

of SPEBSQSA members out to the Federal Reformatory where five quartets put on a show for the inmates. In turn, the Reformatory Chorus, which Carl has been training two hours weekly for many months, sang two songs for the visitors.

oOo

Illinois District neatly solved the related problems of promotion of the District Contest — quartet entry blanks — order blanks for tickets — lapel identification tag — all in one small 3x4" four page folder. Page one plugged the Contest, date, place, etc., and had lines for name and chapter. Hole punched at top enabled it to be used as a lapel tag. Page two — more promotion. Page three, quartet entry blank — page four, ticket order. Perforation made it easy to separate the two sections.

oOo

Denver, Colorado Chapter made the newspapers in all parts of the country last August when the chapter sued in District Court to enjoin the rain-makers from operating their machinery on the day of the Chapter Parade. The Parade was held in the beautiful Red Rocks Theatre, a natural amphitheatre high in the Rockies. 4200 attended, despite threatening weather, enabling the chapter to donate \$500.00 to the Child's Clinic in Denver.

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The coat model shown is only one of several Shane styles appropriate for use by the SPEBSQSA. In stock at all times is a fine selection of white jackets and trousers with a variety of colored trims.

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The Old Songsters

by Sigmund Spaeth

WHILE this editor was listening to some of Europe's old songsters like Mozart and Wagner, during the past summer, guiding a group of tourists through the Music Festivals under auspices of the Institute for Intercontinental Studies, Mills Music, Inc. finally published the long awaited third folio of *Barber Shop Harmony*, identified by the adjective *New* at the start of the title. Unfortunately the printer overlooked an Introduction written before your correspondent's departure for foreign lands, so this important feature had to be inserted as a loose leaf in the first 10,000 copies. Anyone acquiring a copy of *New Barber Shop Harmony* without the Introduction can easily correct the oversight by writing to Mills Music, Inc., 1619 Broadway, New York. In fact, this Introduction is available on request even to those who have not yet ordered the book.

THE two oldest songsters represented in this latest volume of arrangements are Thomas Paine Westendorf and John F. Palmer. The former was responsible for the classic *I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen*, which our own Phil Embury has put into close harmony, while Palmer was the actual writer of *The Band Played On*, also treated by an ex-President of S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A., the Elastic basso, Frank Thorne. Both songs have a history which is not generally familiar.

Westendorf was a Virginian, but wrote his famous promise to Kathleen in Plainfield, Indiana (not Louisville, Kentucky, as has often been stated). The date of its composition was 1875, and the inspiration came from Westendorf's wife, whose real name was Jennie. But there is no truth in the widely circulated story that Mrs. Westendorf was ill and grieving over the death of a son when her husband wrote the song to comfort her. Actually she had merely gone on a visit to her home in Ogdensburg, N. Y., while Westendorf had to stay in Plainfield and stick to his job of teaching school. He really wrote the *Kathleen* number as an answer to another song called *Barnum, Take Me Home Again*, by Arthur French and George Brown. It was introduced in a concert at the Plainfield Town Hall and published in July, 1876, by John Church & Co. (These facts are the result of researches made by Richard S. Hill of the Library of Congress and first published in the musicological magazine, *Notes*.)

The Band Played On has generally been credited to Charles B. Ward, author of *Only a Bowery Boy*, *Picture 84* and *Strike Up the Band*, *Herc Comes a Sailor*. But Ward was actually its publisher, responsible only for a few alterations in the words. The real writer of both words and music of that lilting description of Casey and the "strawberry blonde" was an actor and occasional songwriter named John F. Palmer, whose sister Pauline suggested the idea while they were listening to a street band. The song was given special promotion by the *New York World* in 1895 and was featured not long ago in a motion picture by Jimmy Cagney.

I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen and *The Band Played On* are the only songs in the Public Domain (non-copyright) included in the Mills folio of *New Barber Shop Harmony*. The rest of the numbers are all either famous Mills copyrights or original contributions by members of S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. Among the latter is a practical greeting by the composer of *The Old Songs*, the Society's official theme, Geoffrey O'Hara. He calls this one *Sing a Song* ("of Friendship Binding") and it contains some of his best harmonies. Then comes a novelty by Saul Tepper, the illustrator (member of the Manhattan Chapter), *At Last I've Found the Kind of Girl I've Dreamed Of*, arranged in barbershop style by the composer.

THE late Steve Lynch, founder and first President of the Utica, N. Y., Chapter, is represented by two numbers, *Let's Pretend*, arranged by Phil Embury, and *That Barber Shop Quartet*, for which the editor supplied a musical setting. The same composer is responsible for the music and arrangement of *Be Fair and Warmer to Me*, a clever lyric by his fellow-Manhattanite, Fairfax Downey. Ed Belau, of Floral Park, N. Y., wrote both words and music of an effective ditty called *Funny Little Town*, with Frank Thorne appearing again as the practical arranger. Finally there is a nostalgic song by Bowdoin's Loring Pratt (also of New York), *College Days*, recommended to quartets looking for comparatively simple material.

THESE contemporary songsters are balanced by a strong list of experienced professionals already well represented in the Mills catalogue. The oldest of the lot is Joe E. Howard, who still holds forth with gusto at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe and elsewhere. His contribution is the familiar *Good-bye, My Lady Love*, whose melody reminds one of that

other old-timer, *Down South*. The date of the Howard song was 1904, and his earlier hits included *Hello, Ma Baby* (1899); he is also generally credited with *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now* (whose original creator has recently been recognized as Harold Orlob), a title used for the motion picture based on Joe Howard's life.

For Me and My Gal, one of the most popular songs ever written, bears the names of three famous writers, Edgar Leslie, E. Ray Goetz and George W. Meyer. The first of these is still active as a director of ASCAP, of which the last named was for many years the efficient treasurer. (He never composed a better tune than *For Me and My Gal*, recently given the screen treatment by Judy Garland.) Goetz was the brother-in-law of Irving Berlin and husband of Irene Bordoni, with many song hits to his credit. Leslie's name appears once more in *New Barber Shop Harmony* as lyricist with Bert Kalmar for *Oh! What a Pal Was Mary*, set to music by Pete Wendling.

THE famous "torch song," *I Surrender, Dear*, was composed by Harry Barris, teamed with Bing Crosby as one of the Rhythm Boys in Paul Whiteman's original band. There is a similar mood in *Lone, some and Sorry*, by Benny Davis and Con Conrad, a great songwriting team of the past. The Mills copyright list for *New Barber Shop Harmony* is completed by *Sweet Lorraine*, which Cliff Burwell wrote to a lyric by Mitchell Parish. The latter supplied the words for that all-time hit, *Star Dust*, as well as for *Deep Purple* and other permanently popular numbers.

Incidentally, this columnist ran into Phil Embury and the Buffalo Bills in Munich, where they entertained our musical tourists with a superb demonstration of barbershop harmony at its best.

CHORUS FEATURED ON AIR

Each year Kiwanis International sponsors a 10-week series of weekly radio programs over the Mutual Network, featuring various outstanding musical units throughout the United States and Canada.

Reading, Mass. Chapter Chorus, together with the Aberjona Moaners, International Finalists in 1951, provided the 30-minute program on August 19th, and Kiwanis International reports that no program in the series received higher acclaim than did the SPEBSQSA presentation.



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 18 members T. V. Stannard,
 47 Oncida St., Cohoes, N. Y., Sec.

PANAMA CITY, C. Z. char-
 tered October 8, 1951 spon-
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 30 members Fred J. Gerhardt,
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EUCLID, OHIO chartered Oc-
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 Cleveland, Ohio 29 members
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 chartered October 25, 1951
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 16 members A. J. Berberich,
 284 McClure St., Dayton, Ohio.

NEWPORT, VERMONT char-
 tered October 26, 1951 spon-
 sored by Burlington, Vermont
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 Rooney, 12 Prospect St., Newport,
 Vt., Secretary.



Major H. H. Copeland

A large part of the success of the Society's Armed Forces Collaboration Program is unquestionably due to Major Copeland. Int'l B'd Member Dean Snyder and the Major met in 1947 at Ft. Knox and Dean introduced him to barbershoping at Louisville Chapter meetings. On his transfer to Washington, Major Copeland became active in the D.C. Chapter.



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By Chas. M. Merrill, Past Int'l Pres.
No. 31

To whom or what does the pronoun refer?

1. HE'd glide cross the floor with the girl HE adored.

2. Ah, hear, THEY are calling the young loves, the true loves that come from the sea.

3. No wind that blew dismayed HER crew or troubled the captain's mind.

4. I know every trail in the Lone Star State 'cause I ride the range in a Ford V-8.

5. 'Tis YOU who makes my friends and foes; 'tis YOU who makes me wear old clothes.

6. YOUR soul so pure and sweet makes my happiness complete; makes me falter at YOUR feet.

7. The thought of YOU, so good, so true, will fill my eyes with tears.

8. You may think SHE's happy and free from care; SHE's not though SHE seems to be.

9. IT goes down, down, down but nobody knows where IT goes.

10. Crown THY good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

(For the answers see page 15)

ALWAYS

look in the Chapter Reference Manual

FIRST

GOING—GOING—

As of October 25th there were only 384—1951 Medalist Albums left in stock at the International office. There will be no repressings. (See ad page 57.)

DAVID SILVERMAN

Music Librarian

WJR, The Good Will Station, Inc.
Detroit

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Title	Composer
SWEETHEART MAY	Leslie Stuart 1894
THEIR HEADS, NESTLE CLOSER TOGETHER	Pink-LeBrunn 1894
TIED TO MOTHER'S APRON STRINGS	Chas. Grohom 1894
TOUCHING STORY, A	Chas. Harwitz 1894
WE WERE SIMPLY FRIENDS	Dennis Mackin 1894
JOCKEY HAT AND FEATHER	Fred Wilson-W. H. Brockway
IF YOUR FOOT IS PRETTY, SHOW IT	
JENNY LIND MANIA, THE	W. H. C. West
SONG OF ALL SONGS, THE	Stephen C. Foster
ATTACHE, THE	John H. Hewitt 1845

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THE FOUR CHIPS of Evansville, Indiana

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OTHER FINE QUARTETS

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Ward

SHARE THE WEALTH

By Int'l Bd Member Charley Ward

AFTER READING (for the third time) O. C. Cash's "Founder's Column" in the September *Harmonizer*—that's where he enters a minority vote for an All-American Quartet—I finally reached the real "meat" of his article in the next-to-the-last sentence. He said: "...after all is said and done, there will always be more said than done." The man is a sage, no less!

WHY SHOULD THAT BE TRUE? Can't we both say it and do it? This Column is now one year old, during which time a lot of things have been said but with no way to tell how much has been done. Just as a self-check test on results—to see if "Share the Wealth" should become two years old—here is an offer . . .

A 216-PAGE BOOK which I guarantee will not only help you in your Chapter activities but in your daily work as well will be sent to the first member of any chapter who (1) tells of some stunt or idea obtained from "Share the Wealth" and used in his chapter; (2) explains when and how it was used and what were the results; and (3) encloses the details of some successful stunt which his Chapter has used but which has not appeared in this Column. This is NOT a gag. It is a bona fide offer to discover who has been helped and to obtain an additional wealth of ideas which we can share with other chapters.

A GOOD MEMBER from the East Coast (and he looks fine in his Naval-Officer's uniform) writes: "Have just been elected . . . one of my projects is to build chapter interest . . . do you have any material which you can send me?" Basically, for all-around general and specific information on chapter operation, initiation ceremonies, installations, conduct of meetings, and scores of other important topics, nothing could be finer than the "Chapter Reference Manual," obtainable from the Detroit office. The "Share the Wealth" columns in the last 4 issues of the *Harmonizer* have contained 16 specific and workable ideas plus many minor suggestions. These should serve as a starter, Sir.

LAFAYETTE, INDIANA reports excellent results from its membership contest. The Chapter is divided into two teams, the "Barbers" and the "Shoppers." Team-points are awarded for guests at meetings, for attendance, for quartet engagements, and for new members. High-point men get individual prizes. Losing team provides dinner for winners.

FROM NORTH OF THE BORDER comes a success story by "Kelly" Davies, Secretary of Guelph, Ontario, Chapter. Guelph invited six

nearby chapters to a Harmony Jubilee, furnished the meeting place, the emcee, the lunch, and the opening welcome song. Each chapter president, in turn, then presented the "talent" from his chapter. Everybody met everybody else. The Golphers Fore from Pump Handle Chapter, which thinks it is improving but sings only for its own chapter, gets a chance to try out on others. It was a great night for inter-chapter relations and will be repeated often.

Every chapter can and should exchange such visits, with only one other chapter if necessary but with several if possible. Area get-togethers help much in this direction. Three such Area affairs, just reported, had attendances running as high as 200 men and resulted in much greater chapter interest. Plan such an affair with your neighbors.

WHEN DEAN SNYDER, Int'l Bd. Member of Armed Forces Collaboration fame, says a chapter is making great strides, he's probably understating it. At least he was when he referred to the Alexandria, Virginia Chapter . . . they're going "great guns." How? By just doing most of the things that you and I already know about . . . only they DO them, and do them with pep and planning. The new chapter bulletin, *Barbershop Echoes*, makes you want to hop a train and attend one of the weekly meetings. It sees all, knows all, and HOW it tells all. Each meeting is inspiring and well-planned. Committees when appointed get written instructions as to their duties—no guesswork. Everybody gets a job and every job gets done. As with success everywhere, it is never an accident—it is planned. Congratulations, Alexandria! Thank you, Dean Snyder!

THE HARMONIZER is our International Bulletin. It is the ONLY medium which reaches each member . . . or does it? Recently, talking to a new Secretary of a Mid-west chapter, learned that his predecessor had turned over *unopened* packages of the two recent *Harmonizers* and one District Bulletin. The members had even overlooked the International Convention and had not been informed about the District Preliminaries. Passing out *Harmonizers* at Chapter meetings remains a vicious and totally inadequate method of distribution. MEMBERS, insist that *Harmonizers* be mailed to all members! You have paid for them with your dues, you should have this source of information and inspiration. A package of stamped, addressed envelopes sent to the publisher by your Secretary will assure prompt mailing direct to you.

WE HOPE TO GET many requests for the 216-page book, each request containing an idea of value to other chapters. If you don't qualify for the book, you can still write up the de-

tails of your chapter's most successful functions and spread the wealth of your experience along to other chapters. Do it today. Mail to this column c/o Carroll Adams.

Answers to Barbershop Bafflers

See page 14

1. Matt Casey
2. The Bells of St. Mary's
3. The Walloping Window Blind
4. The Old Cow Hand from the Rio Grande
5. Little Brown Jug
6. Sweet Marie
7. Heidelberg
8. The Bird in the Gilded Cage
9. The Wurzbarger
10. America the Beautiful

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INTER-CHAPTER RELATIONS

by Alex Grabhorn, Ch'm'n Int'l
Comm. on Inter-Chapter Relations

The International Committee on Inter-Chapter Relations has been receiving some very interesting reports from Districts throughout the country, telling us of activities to improve Inter-Chapter Relations.

The Detroit Chapter has a program for the year in which every meeting has guest chapters from the surrounding area. These chapters visit the Detroit Chapter on their monthly meeting, and provide good fellowship.

Area 8 of the Illinois District has formed what is called an Area 8 Assembly of the Illinois District. This area has what might be called a constitution, or "Articles of Procedure" that charts the operations in a definite manner.

Harold Bosworth, Secretary of the Southwestern District, and S.W. District Editor of the Harmonizer, reports on two excellent events in that section. In August, Roswell, N. M. Chapter was host to 148 barbershoppers, wives and friends at a "Mountain Glo" held in Clouderoft, N. M. O. C. Cash was present as well as most of the officers of the S.W. District and quartets from Tucson, Arizona, El Paso, and Lubbock, Texas, Tulsa and Oklahoma City, and Roswell. The meeting was so successful that it is probable it will become an annual affair.

FIRST INT'L PICNIC???



Above—combined choruses of Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada and Bellingham, Washington at International picnic held at Blaine Park.
Below—Vancouver's Totemland Four—LtoR—Ernie Edwards, tenor; Jim Taylor, lead; Gus Brown, baritone; Gordon Cousins, bass.

The other outstanding S.W. District affair was a meeting of Oklahoma City (100 strong) and Dallas, Texas at Lake Murray, a State Park. Both chapter choruses put on shows and the Dallasaires and Oke City's Southern Serenaders entertained.

In all of our correspondence there is one outstanding factor, and that is the importance of the Area Counselor. Without an active counselor who is willing to do some work, inter-chapter relations in his particular area will be ineffective. Inter-chapter relations

do not mean only a visitation to chapters for good fellowship and singing. It has a far more important feature if worked in the manner of Area 8, by having meetings from time to time with the delegates of each chapter in the area. At these meetings the problems of the particular area can be discussed. Assistance to weak chapters can be given. Promotion of parades and other affairs by the area chapters can be improved. Chorus contests, a very important part of the Society, can be promoted.

Central-Western New York has two area groups, one known as the Niagara Frontier Six, and the other as the Big Little Five. These groups arrange meetings with each chapter being a host during the year, all other chapters attending that meeting and providing a chorus or quartets.

We cannot too strongly impress on all district officers the fact that their area counselor is the key man for the success of Inter-Chapter Relations. He must be a man who is willing to work, to spend time with the chapters in visiting them, and to have some idea of good organization. Inter-Chapter Relations are the life blood of our Society. "No man can live by himself alone", and that is true of our chapters.

ALEX GRABHORN, *Chairman*
Int'l. Committee on Inter-Chapter Relations

Harold E. Podvin
Charles F. Ricketts
Matthew J. Wilson



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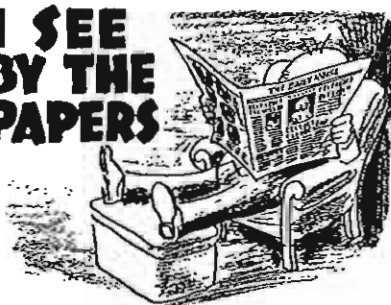
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I SEE BY THE PAPERS



WHO'S A Highbrow? Longhair?

Martin Bush is Music Critic of the Omaha World Herald, is one of Omaha's best known organists and a choir director of considerable fame. Recently, he wrote in his World-Herald column, "The terms highbrow and longhair seem to be rather firmly established . . . we can deduce they connote most everything in music that falls short of popularity. They also suggest exclusiveness, cultishness, and holier-than-thou tastes on the part of those so labeled."

"If one finds delight in Haydn's symphonies . . . the 'Love-death' music from 'Tristan' . . . Richard Strauss' 'Death and Transfiguration' he is a poser. He is a highbrow, a longhair."

"The user of the epithets generally . . . has never heard the music, has not heard it often enough, is utterly incapable of ever knowing it, or is the victim of a whole of an inferiority complex . . ."

"The Haydn-Wagner-Strauss boy hears name bands . . . He couldn't tell them apart. He has not heard them often enough . . . He lacks discernment . . . He is ignorant."

" . . . he listens most attentively and seriously to the barbershoppers. He has spent years of a long life acquainting himself with the chordal material making up the literature of music . . . He sees judges scoring a string of quartets and announcing winners. And to the Haydn boy all the quartets sounded pretty much alike. He is untutored; has not been educated up to that branch of musical expression."

"For him, following the fabricated definitions, the jazz hounds and the barbershoppers in turn become the last word in highbrows and longhairs."

"Why not throw both terms in the ashcan?"

OUTDO SOCIETY?

Doc Holst, writing in the Toledo, Ohio Times, mentions a group about to form an aviation society to be known as B.W.U.T.H.R.F.T.N.F.B.A. D.F.A.B.P.I.T.E.P.O.T.C.S., short for "Boys Who Used to Hold Ropes for Tony Nassr's First Balloon and Dirigible Flights at Bellevue Park in the Early Part of the Century Society."

BASEBALL TRAVEL NOT SO GLAMOROUS

Joe McGuff, member of the Sports Staff of the Kansas City Star, in one

of his columns discussed the troubles of the Kansas City Blues in their travels about the circuit. ". . . If a convention happens to be going on where the team is staying there may be no sleep at all. The Blues felt like a dice player who has thrown snake-eyes five straight times."

"During its wanderings . . . the team happened onto bowling and golf tournaments . . . a little extra noise and confusion. A convention of young choir singers was a different matter. They gave the hotel a good going over . . . until the early hours of the morning."

"The team's visit to Toledo happened to coincide with the Int'l Barbershop Quartet Championships. The barbershoppers weren't a bit temperamental. They sang any place and at any time. If anyone cleared his throat it was mistaken for someone sounding a chord and the nearest collection of four part harmonizers burst into song."

"The Blues called this the worst yet until they ran into the Legionnaires in Indianapolis . . . They roamed the halls most of the night pounding on doors and inviting everyone to join them. For the benefit of anyone who had dropped off to sleep, a drum and bugle corps paraded through the halls about 8 o'clock Sunday morning."

Commenting editorially on the local Chapter's Parade, the Oshawa, Ontario Daily Times Gazette said this in part, ". . . the singers show that they are enjoying themselves, that they love singing just for the sake of singing and that they are interested heart and soul in their hobby. . . . Thus while there may be people of great musical culture who will turn up their noses at the barbershop quartet style of music, the masses of the people like it much better than they do operatic or classical music."

SPARE THE AUDIENCE

When Jack Carlisle of the Detroit News came up with the following recently, it immediately met with a lot of favor among barbershoppers in the Detroit area:

"Surely it is time at public functions for masters of ceremonies to end for all time their gruesome habit of reading telegrams from those who don't bother to attend. This is something that these gatherings could do without forever. It is sheer nonsense for those who attend a function to sit in anonymity, while those absent get a blurb from the master of ceremonies over 30-cent telegrams filled with penny cliches. If a public functionary doesn't attend an affair at which he is expected, he should be forgotten. These self-important telegraph-bores deserve oblivion."

To the above might be very appropriately added the guys who rush backstage to ask the master of ceremonies to introduce some self-promoted, would-be.

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The Way I See It

by Deac Martin

"I disagree with what you say,
but I shall defend to the death
your right to say it."

Attributed to Voltaire, 1694-1778

Every so often a member backs me into a corner, "fixes me with his gleaming eye" (Ancient Mariner), and informs me that things ain't like they ought to be in his chapter. "Too much chorus" — or — "not enough catch-as-catch-can singing" — or — "not enough preservation of traditional barbershopping", some or all of them in varied combinations. President Jim Knipe tells me that he had a letter recently which added "too much stress on contests".

Me, I'm basically a woodshedder; don't give a darn about singing in a chorus; and in the Society's early days felt that contests might be the rock on which the Society's ship could flounder and probably would. I said so in this space, elsewhere in the Harmonizer, and from my soap box. So, proving what a prophet I am, the urge to sing in contests and engage in high level competition has proved to be the greatest stimulus we've had in improving the quality of our quartets. Beyond that, this improved quality has been the most powerful public relations asset we have had in establishing the Society internationally as a Capable Musical Organization.

"Too Much Chorus"

Though I do not enjoy singing in a chorus, the SPEB chorus is the nucleus, the core, the hub of the typical chapter. It is the chapter's one means of total self expression. It is also one of the most important elements in public entertainment.

On the other hand, when someone says "Too much chorus", I say "Can be", depending upon the chapter. There'll always be some of us who get more of a kick out of accidentally slithering into a harmony chord that rings, than we can possibly get out of being part of a chorus section which hits a written note right on the button, under direction. We too pay our dues.

As yet, I haven't seen any international or local rules that keep us from getting together before the regular meeting, during the regular meeting, or after the regular meeting to slither lavishly. The Chapter Chorus Manual suggests chorus rehearsals on off nights, or that they should be held *before regular* meeting time. That is surely a diplomatic tip to any who would devote the regular meeting entirely to chorus work. Actually, of course, it depends upon the chapter. Some chapters may prefer chorusing all evening.

"Too Many Notes"

The comment about too much note singing usually comes from someone who doesn't read notes. Observe, I did not say one who "can't" read notes. Most any normal child of ten can read notes. In spite of that, the Society was several years old before I could distinguish C in the upper clef from E in the lower one. Then, I learned out of a sense of shame and self-defense, after having sung what we fondly called harmony ever since "The Moon Has His Eyes on You" was the current hit.

We've got to have notes to Preserve and Encourage . . . AND Improve. The quality which has gone up and up until it seemed near the zenith at Toledo this year is tied pretty directly to little black dots. I'd rather not be bothered by them, but they are our only international language. Any member can learn them, if he *wants* to.

"Not Enough Woodshedding"

To prove that I feel strongly about woodshedding, I shall reveal a fact that is known to not more than half a dozen in the Society. The international Woodshed is the brainchild of one Charlie Merrill, ex-Pres. of our organization and a member by the name of Martin who were breakfasting together at a meeting in Omaha in 1947. There the Woodshed was conceived, developed, born, and christened with a third cup of coffee. The officers were hardly back at their hometown jobs until they received a bombardment from Reno and Cleveland. The Decrepits, and particularly Dick Sturges of Atlanta, carried it to its present popularity. I always say that it takes no brains to conceive a child, it takes brains to bring him up right. They did and are continuing to do a grand job of bringing up.

(When Carroll Adams read the above, he immediately informed me of a worthwhile bit of news. He said that Harold Gray, founder of Traverse City, Mich. chapter, suggested a woodshed for our international meetings at about the same time Merrill-Martin were promoting it. That's satisfying, to know that Nevada, Michigan, and Ohio all recognized the need and started something.)

Yes, I feel strongly about woodshedding. My idea of a perfect chapter would be 48 woodshedders who know each other by their first names, and who are divided into 12 Grade A quartets. Each man in each quartet would be capable of stepping into a gap in any of the others and faking

either of two parts acceptably, on 30 seconds notice.

Paragraph—we now come down to realities. Since the beginning this Society has included many who want to sing by ear. Heaven help the rest of you when some of us with that ear-urge let go. But we enjoy it. It is up to us, and nobody else to provide that which means most to us in our individual chapters. If we don't nobody will. Why *should* they?

The new Kick 'Em Around Club under the chairmanship of Cy Woodshed Perkins will give us standing. Cy had to have some names on his committee to start, but he considers them as just a front, and says that All Woodshedders Belong Automatically. Thus the Club is the second big recognition of those of us who operate by instinct rather than by rules of music.

"Not Enough Preservation"

I believe that Owen Cash, one of our members from Tulsa, will agree that the level of barbershop harmony quality in the typical chapter today is far above what it was in the late 30's and early '40s, as far beyond as a 1951 Convertible exceeds the attainments of a 1938 Sports Roadster. I, for one, don't particularly care to preserve the harmony that I and three others rendered under the gas lights in Heyward's barbershop in 1908. I believe we had three chord changes on "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie", certainly not more than 3½. It was a bari solo slightly accompanied by three others. I was the bari. Boy, did it sound good . . . to me!

Conclusion

(1) "The world does move". (2) forward . . . the way I see it.

ARMED FORCES COLLABORATION COMMITTEE

Chairman Dean Snyder of the Int'l Armed Forces Collaboration Committee has appointed a number of Associate Members to serve the balance of the Society's fiscal year. Their job is to cooperate with their opposite number in the Services.

Milt Plapinger, Philadelphia; George Woelfel, Annapolis, Md.; Rad. Severance, Silver Spring, Md.; Wilbur Schmidt, Alexandria, Va.; R. George Adams, Oak Park, Ill.; Harvey McDonald, San Antonio 9, Tex.; E. Putnam Head, Atlanta, Ga.; William Manthei, San Diego, Calif.; O. B. Falls, Seattle, Wash.; Wm. Merrill, Honolulu, T. H.; Al Maino, Providence, R. I.

J. Bailey "Oats" Harvey, Manhattan, N. Y., replaces the late E. Wesley Enman on the committee.



**AS REPORTED TO THE
INTERNATIONAL OFFICE
THROUGH OCTOBER 25
(All events are Parades unless
otherwise specified)**

1951
November 17—Louisville, Ky.; Roswell, N. M.;
Hartford, Conn.; Patterson, N. J.; Buffalo,
N. Y.; Sacramento, Calif.; Niles, Mich.;
Parkersburg, W. Va.; District Contest.
23—Hermann, Mo.; Savanna, Ill.; Holdrege,
Nebr.; Charter Night.
24—Brewster, N. Y.; Pioneer (Chicago), Ill.;
Ashtabula, Ohio; Scituate, Mass.; Charter
Night; Bellingham, Wash.; District Contest.
24-25—Spencer, Iowa.
30—Versailles, Ky.; Southbridge, Mass.;
Dixon, Ill.; Grosse Pointe, Mich.; Metro
Novice Quartet Contest.
December 1—Springfield, Mass.; Columbus,
Ind.; Mt. Rainier, Wash.; Champaign-Urbana,
Ill.; Pontiac, Mich.; Sparta, Wis.; Carlsbad,
N. M.; Buckeye Capital (Columbus), Ohio;
Painted Post, N. Y.; Mansfield, Ohio; West-
field, N. J.
1-2—Evansville, Ind.; Western Rural Rhythm.
2—LaSalle-Peru-Oglesby, Ill.
7—Oakland County, Mich.; 10th Anniversary
& Ladies Night.
7-8—Gastonia, N. C.; Benefit Show.
8—Conneaut, Ohio; Milwaukee, Wis.; Enid,
Okla.; Boston, Mass.; Detroit, Mich.; Metro
Chorus Choral Jamboree.
9—Janesville, Wis.
15—Bath, N. Y.
16—Amherstburg, Ont.; Christmas Community
Sing.
1952
January 6—Jackson, Mich.
12—York, Pa.; Belmont, Mass.
18-19—Houston, Texas; Minstrel.
19—Huntington Park, Calif.; Tampa, Fla.
25—St. Petersburg, Fla.
26—St. Petersburg, Fla.; District Contest;
Green Bay, Wis.
30—Elkhart, Ind.; Polio Benefit Show.
February 2—Jersey City, N. J.; Celina, Ohio;
Tulsa, Okla.
3—Bloomington, Ill.
9—Santa Monica, Calif.; Eden (Hayward),
Calif.; Penns Grove-Carneys Point, N. J.;
Minneapolis, Minn.; Kalamazoo, Mich.; Clarks-
burg, W. Va.; Massillon, Ohio.
10—Fort Madison, Iowa.
15—Charlestown, W. Va.; Philadelphia, Pa.
16—Glendale-Burbank, Calif.; Oklahoma City,
Okla.; Miami, Fla.; Scranton, Pa.; Dearborn,
Mich.; Dayton, Ohio; Kirkland, Wash.
20—Manitowoc, Wis.
22—Jefferson City, Mo.
23—Lakewood, Ohio; Phoenix, Ariz.; Kansas
City, Mo.; Quincy, Mass.
24—Springfield, Mo.
March 1—Defiance, Ohio; Abilene, Tex.; Ely-
ria, Ohio.
8—Lima, Ohio; Sharon, Pa.; Pasadena, Calif.;
Grosse Pointe, Mich.; Medina, Ohio; Ama-
rillo, Tex.; Luzerne County, Pa.
8-9—Southtown (Chicago), Ill.
9—Dwight, Ill.
14—Holland, Mich.
15—Michigan City, Ind.; Muskegon, Mich.;
Warren, Ohio; Woodbury, N. J.; Fairmont,
W. Va.
22—Steubenville, Ohio; Lubbock, Tex.; Wich-
ita, Kans.
29—Wichita Falls, Tex.; Pittsburgh, Pa.;
Boyne City, Mich.; Bush League Contest.
30—Crescent City, Cal.; Canton, Ohio.
April 4-6—Guelph, Ont.; Quincy, Mass.; Min-
strel.
4—Manhattan, N. Y.
5—Winnipeg, Man.; Des Moines, Iowa; Ak-
ron, Ohio; Charleston, W. Va.
6—Farmington, Ill.
12—Dallas, Tex.; Lorain, Ohio; Brockton,
Mass.
18—East Liverpool, Ohio.
18-19—Charlotte, N. C.; Regional Preliminary
Contest.
19—Columbus, Ohio; Palmsville, Ohio; El

CLARIFYING STATUS OF JUDGES

TO: ALL JUDGES & JUDGE CANDIDATES

Gentlemen:

There seems to be a question in the minds of some of you men concerning your status as a judge. This letter is written primarily for the purpose of clarifying the matter.

Presently the C & J Committee recognizes two groups which are classified as follows: (1) Certified Judges (Permanent Panel which at present comprises only Phil Embury, Frank Thorne, Richard Svane, James Knipe, Maurice Reagan, Don Webster, John Means, John Hill, Mark Roberts and Ed Smith) and (2) Judge Candidates.

A certified judge is one who has been certified by the C & J Committee as being qualified to judge a certain category or categories, in any Contest, which certification has the approval and ratification of the International Board.

A Judge Candidate is one who (1) has expressed a desire to become a judge, (2) has been recommended by the Associate Committee of his District as one who possesses judicial temperament, mental alertness and a sufficient knowledge of music and/or stage presence to warrant his enrollment and (3) has been accepted as a candidate by the Contests & Judging Committee.

The C & J Committee shall present to the International Board at both the Mid-Winter and the Annual Board meeting in June, a list of candidates it considers to be qualified for the permanent panel. Upon approval of the Board, certificates shall be issued to all members qualifying. The first of such certificates will be issued following the Mid-Winter meeting at Toronto in January.

The last bulletin which was sent out gave the list of candidates as well as the categories in which they have been enrolled. Because of the fine work of the Associate Committee members and the confidence of the C & J Committee in their choice of candidates, it was felt that all interests would best be served by declaring the Judge Candidates eligible for judging in the District Contests this Fall. This does not constitute any permanent eligibility but it should offer many of you an opportunity to test your skill and it will give the C & J Committee a good opportunity to observe your work.

Since the last bulletin, some of you have been enrolled in additional categories without your knowledge. Where this has occurred you will be informed immediately and I hope you will accept the responsibilities. There will be more going out to you soon.

Sincerely,

EDWIN S. SMITH, Chairman

International Committee on Contests and Judging

Paso, Tex.; Belleville, Ill.; Rneine, Wis.;
Findlay, Ohio; Reading, Pa.; Utten, N. Y.;
New Castle, Pa.; Rochester (Genesee), N. Y.;
Reading, Mass.; Marinette, Wis.; Brandon,
Man.; Waukegan, Ill.; San Jose, Calif.;
Grand Rapids, Mich.; Great Lakes Invitational;
Bartlesville, Okla.
20—Mexico, Mo.
26—Wausau, Wis.; Portland, Me.; New Bed-
ford, Mass.; Jamestown, N. Y.; Needham,
Mass.; Evansville, Ind.; Regional Preliminary
Contest; Mt. Clemens, Mich.; Regional Pre-
liminary Contest.
26-27—LaCrosse, Wis.; Peoria, Ill.
27—Canton, Ill.; Fort Dodge, Iowa.
May 3—Worcester, Mass.; Regional Prelim-
inary Contest; Hamilton, Ont.; Painted Post,
N. Y.; Regional Preliminary Contest.
10—Marlboro, Mass.; Gary, Ind.; Appleton,
Wis.; Bradford, Pa.; St. Paul, Minn.
17—Providence, R. I.; Middletown, Ohio;
Wauwatosa, Wis.
24—Fall River, Mass.
24-25—Pekin, Ill.
June 1—Jersey City, N. J.; Annual Dance &
Quartet Roundup.
11-15—Kansas City, Mo.; International Con-
vention & Quartet Contest.
August 29-30-31 & September 1—Charlevoix,
Mich.; 10th Annual Jamboree.
September 27—Housatonic (Derby) Conn.;
Gowanda, N. Y.
October 11—Quincy, Mass.; Plainfield, N. J.
18—Gardner, Mass.; Fond du Lac, Wis.
20—Grant County, Mich.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS OF EXTENSION AND MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

CENTRAL STATES — Bert Phelps,
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Salem, N. C.; Homer Porter, Jack-
son, Miss.; George Evans, Memphis,
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ett, Louisville, Ky.; Regis Schmitt,
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MICHIGAN — Loton V. Willson,
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MID-ATLANTIC STATES—John H.
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NORTHEASTERN — Merrill Luthe
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ONTARIO—Frank Gillespie, Sarnia,
Ont.; Jack Snyder, Oshawa, Ont.

PACIFIC-NORTHWEST — G. C.
Millington, Portland, Ore.; O. B.
Falls, Seattle, Wash.

SOUTHWESTERN — Pat Cunn-
ham, Lubbock, Tex.; W. A. Fitz-
hugh, Dallas, Tex.



Wilson

HOW TO ORGANIZE A QUARTET

by Prof. F. Stirling Wilson
Washington D. C. Chapter

Everybody wants to organize a barbershop quartet. What is worse, everybody wants to sing in a quartet. The Wilson laboratories have not yet completed research on how to sing in a quartet (that is Project 38-11-29 Series B), but extensive work has been done on the organization of quartets, and you can get the complete story by mailing a self-addressed envelope to this address, enclosing two baritones (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) and a thousand-dollar bill. For the benefit of those who are so fortunately situated as not to own one (the bits-and-pieces tax, you know), the rudiments of this exact science are set down here for our readers.

Now you don't go up to a new member of the chapter and just say: "Hey, buddy, wanna sing in a quartet?" There is always the risk that



he may say yes, and then where are you? Subtlety is called for in this situation. The best method is to sidle up to him, blow a few smoke rings, yawn and look at your Bulova. Then say, "What do you think of those can-can girls greeting the returning GI's in Seattle?" Even if he has heard of the famous can-can controversy, the chances are he has never heard of Seattle, and he is sure to ask you about it. When he finds that Seattle is in Washington, he will naturally want to talk about Toledo, which is in Tennessee, and the first thing you know the two of you are chatting away like two old masters of ceremonies.

Now is the time to size him up, ask a few searching questions and decide if he is the kind of guy you want to spend five nights a week with for the rest of your life, with time off for good behavior and vacations in the Ozarks. The important thing is not to ask him if he can sing, or what part he sings. These items are important, but not very. What you really need to know about him is reflected in the following questions. Note that some of these are trick questions, which we borrowed from the truth-serum people.

1. Which does your wife prefer—Canasta, hem-stitching, black-eyed peas, baritones or the Panama Canal? (If she prefers baritones, it indicates that he is a tenor, or that she doesn't like the Panama Canal.)

2. How many persons sing in the Mid-States Four? (This is a trick question.)

3. Do you mind driving nine miles out of your way to pick up an associate quartetter although it means you won't get home till 2 a.m.? (If he says he does mind it is useless to get him in a quartet split up between Cape Cod and Ogdensburg. If he says he doesn't mind, someone else is paying for his gas.)

4. Are you game to sing "one more song" eleven times when you know the last bus to your suburb leaves in five minutes from a corner three blocks away? (If he says yes it means he underestimates the length of the blocks or his watch is slow.)

5. What quartet reminds you of a reed in the wind, the one-horse shay and the fable about sour grapes? (Intellectual question, for Ph.D.'s.)

6. Are you tall enough to lean on the man next to you? If not, are you short enough for him to lean on you?



7. Do you catch cold when you open your mouth real wide?

8. Are you embarrassed at showing your bridgework to two thousand people? Have you ever bragged about your tonsillectomy?

9. Are you unnerved or nonchalant when you face a maddened water buffalo in an open field, or when you go in the cage with a petulant gorilla? (If he is nonchalant he will be able to stand up under the glare of the bass's wife who wishes they would all take a powder before Mrs. Carrigan next door phones for her son-in-law who is on the force and a weight lifter.)

10. Do you swallow your Adam's apple when a man standing next to you with a heavy book in his hand bellows: "You dummy, that was a natural, not a sharp."

11. Can you get along with four hours sleep a night for weeks on end, take long automobile trips twice a week, get away from the office at 2 p.m., memorize two songs a week, and keep your lawn mowed and the cellar cleaned out?

12. Can you go through an entire program without once saying: "You've heard the sweetest music this side of Heaven; now you are going to hear what's on the other side?"

13. Can you smile coyly at an audience and act as if you were a debonaire lad of 20, even though you know the audience is whispering, "What's holding that old man up?"

14. Can you assume the barbershop "posture,"—for instance, when you sing "So true" can you lean forward, stick out your lips, raise your eyebrows and leer at the people in the balcony?



15. Does your conscience hurt at night when you have stolen a quart of milk from the doorstep of the Orphans' Home? (If he says "No" he is just the man to swipe that new arrangement from another quartet and disguise it by spelling "fulfill" with four "l's" instead of three.)

16. Do you relish sixth chords for song endings? (If he says "Yes" and turns up missing, look for freshly laid cement in the cellar of Mark Bowsher, of the Washington chapter.)

17. Do you object to having lighted cigarettes laid on your piano (radio, bookcase, ashtray)?

18. Can you perform close order infantry drill on a small stage, while wearing a bowtie and carrying a pitchpipe?

19. Are you willing to try an arrangement of "Rollin Rufus on the Raritan" when you are itching to sing your own arrangement of "Mail Order Mamie"?

20. Can you keep your composure after you've really knocked a good song for a loop and hear some scorpion say: "There's a better arrangement of that, sung by the Gallowatin Ghoul of West Hokum, Iowa. It goes like this?"

21. Can you smite and hit a high note while your panicky lead is tearing a handful of flesh off your ribs just to quiet his nerves?

22. Will you sing a song straight now and then without sixths or moving parts just to prove nothing at all?

23. Will you abandon family, business, Rotary and the gang on the corner just to sing with your quartet twice a week? (If he says "Yes," hold him till I get there. I want him for my quartet.)

BUFFALO BILLS IN EUROPE

European Command (EUCOM) comprises all the posts in Western Germany which are under U. S. control. That's a lot of territory as you will see when you read the accompanying story, written by Past Int'l Pres. Phil Embury, Warsaw, New York, who accompanied the Buffalo Bills. Eds.

by Phil Embury

BUFFALO AIRPORT, JULY 1

A farewell to the Buffalo Bills by three hundred of their admirers from Buffalo, Warsaw, and other Western New York Chapters, gave the fivesome a lift as high as the plane that sped them aloft at 2:50 P.M. A tape recording was made at the Airport for broadcast over WEBR that evening.

WESTOVER AIR BASE, CHICOPEE FALLS

We met Lt. Pihera who with Sgt. Halpern set up arrangements for our evening's appearances. To our pleasant surprise, during dinner at the Officers' Club, in came a delegation of barbershoppers from Northampton, Holyoke and Springfield Chapters.

WESTOVER SERVICE CLUB

The combined Chapters' chorus, under the direction of Arthur LaPrade started our first show with ringing barbershop. Two quartets including the Melo-Chords, followed by the Bills roused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

NCO CLUB

A brief appearance by the Bills at the NCO Club held the audience for a few numbers but it was tough singing over the din of a crowd enjoying their night life.

OFFICERS CLUB

Back at the Officers Club for a final show the chorus and Bills entertained the late and thinning crowd. We began to feel at home performing for soldier groups.

JULY 2

Not until after we had processed in for the trip did we find out we would depart on MATS Flight A-123 at 4:00 P.M. for Frankfurt, Germany, via Washington, D. C., the Azores and Paris. Our ship, a C-97, Boeing Strato-cruiser, turned out to be a super plush job that assured a comfortable trip. Herman Hickman heading a party of football coaches also aboard.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL AIRPORT

Jean Boardman and Dean Snyder greeted us on arrival for a pleasant dinner-time stopover. While waiting for our departure, the arrival of his plane gave us the first and, unfortunately, last glimpse of Admiral Forrest Sherman.

LAGES FIELD, AZORES, JULY 3

We flew at 17,000 feet in good weather. The red glow of a sun not yet risen silhouetting a vast expanse of the eastern horizon and outlining its curvature, was a sight of memorable grandeur. The ship dropped us in at the Azores 11:40 A.M. (8:40 Buffalo time) for brunch at the Officers Club, atop hill overlooking Lages Field, 2100 miles out of Westover.

ORLY FIELD, PARIS

Nine hours more flying time brought us into Paris for a two hour stopover. Ham and eggs, s'il vous plait.

FRANKFURT, RHEIN-MAIN AIR BASE, JULY 4

In EUCOM (European Command) at 3:30 A.M. we were processed through, had cash converted to military scrip and proceeded by bus to the Baseler Hof Hotel in Frankfurt. No one seemed to expect us so we were sent out to the Park Sanitorium, an overflow hotel at Bad Homburg.



Ready for the take-off at Buffalo Airport. Lt. Boyle—Past Int'l Pres. Phil Embury, Vern Reed, tenor; Al Shea, lead; Dick Grapes, bar; Bill Spangenberg, bass; Int'l B'd Members Bob McFarren and Alex Grabhorn.

BAD HOMBURG

Sleep was our first necessity but we were up at noon for brunch. After several calls during afternoon we discovered that Lt. Boyle, our escort, had met every plane since June 30, except the one we were on. Our disappointment was keen on learning that Berlin shows scheduled for the first half of this week had to be cancelled. Special Services in EUCOM set up our schedule based on July 1st arrival.

DARMSTADT SERVICE CLUB

Lt. Boyle escorted us to Darmstadt where we arrived too late for the Bachman Band performance but in time for the Bills to make unscheduled appearance before a capacity audience of 500. Our routine was taking form and the show was a howling success. Club directors Mid Bissett and Jerry Siteman were on the job, located Bill Wheeler, former Warsaw barbershopper, and extended us the hospitality of late supper with the Bachman crowd at the Officers Club.

JULY 5

Our first day in Frankfurt gave us sufficient pause for laundry and pressing.

GELNHAUSEN POST THEATRE, JULY 6

Our second unscheduled appearance, this time with the Bachman Band, proved that the Bills could sell barbershop singing even in the midst of such top flight performance as that produced by Europe's outstanding dance band. Later in the evening the Bills scored again at the

(Continued)

EUROPE, (Continued)

Officers Club where they sang for and with the officers. We had the pleasure of meeting Capt. Vergil Hall of Special Services who, accompanying the Bills to Gelnhausen, reminisced on his travel with the Harmony Halls a year ago.

JULY 7

Evening trip by train to Bremerhaven, singing at stations en route, including serenading officer and bride on honeymoon.

BREMERHAVEN, JULY 8

Genial Major W. E. Wood of Special Services met us on arrival at 5:30 A.M., helped us get into quarters at the Dependents Hotel, took the boys out for a morning round of golf.

RADIO CITY SERVICE CLUB

Evening performance before 300 enthusiastic men. Audience too spread out for best results in community singing. From the group gathered around at conclusion of show we started a combination consisting of Price, Smith, Sawyer and Hays, that sang mighty sweet harmony.

WINDY CORNERS SERVICE CLUB, JULY 9

Afternoon inspection of hall with Major Wood enabled Club Directors Pat Dillon, Connie Cohen and Harlene Blue to arrange seating and set up stage, PA system and lighting to best advantage. Result was that the Bills quickly won over this reputedly cool audience—including the boys at card games—and presented a show that built up right to the end. We fraternized with the more ardent fans for another hour, woodshedding until train time.

FRANKFURT, JULY 10

Day was spent taking care of much needed laundry, cleaning and pressing needs.

JULY 11

We regretted losing our escort, Lt. Boyle, ordered back to his regular duty. Lt. Werner M. Paul, another fine fellow from Special Services Headquarters Nurnberg, took over not only as an escort but as the officer in charge of EUCOM's soldier singing program.

97th GENERAL HOSPITAL

Lt. Friedman, Special Services, and Dorothy Johnson, Red Cross, were on hand to greet the Bills for their afternoon show in theatre before upwards of 300 patients. Three of them from Buffalo got a big lift out of meeting fellow home towners. Lt. Friedman put the Bills in touch with Sgt. Watson, a ham radio operator who had picked up a message for the quartet.

FRIEDBERG SERVICE CLUB

Barbara Power, Club Director at this sub-post, was ready for the Bills' performance. Small lounge was filled to overflowing, about 200 soldiers, including Tom Beebe, former Olean Chapter member, Leon Carpenter, Toledo Chapter, Eric Ehrhardt of Paramount, Calif., and Glen Kuhn, Goshen, Indiana, who carries his lapel emblem in wallet and gets the Harmonizer. The few boys over here who receive their Harmonizers really appreciate them. (Hurray! Eds.)

After a week of giving the service men a lift, the Bills got a thrill for themselves. On return from Friedberg, Lt. Friedman took them out to Sgt. Bill Watson's where they tuned in on Buffalo ham station operated by Al Markwardt, neighbor of Bill Spangenberg, and talked with their families.

STATION AFN ARMED FORCES NETWORK, HOECHST, JULY 12

Devoted most of afternoon to recording two programs for EUCOM's "Take Ten" broadcast. Then we enjoyed a tour of AFN headquarters, the Von Brunning Castle, originally castle of the Bishop of Mainz.

"AIN'T SHE SWEET"

Miss Patricia Weeton, vivacious director of EUCOM soldier shows, Special Services Nurnberg, joined our

entourage to observe a couple of the Bills' performances. The observing was mutual.

GELNHAUSEN CASTLE LOUNGE

Back in Gelnhausen where the Bills put on another well received show. Pat Weeton sang a number and joined the Bills in an improvised novelty that went over big with the boys that filled the hall. Gave the names of ten soldiers who joined in the barbershopping after the show to Miss Frances DeBeukelaer, club director.

WIESBADEN, USAF

Sgt. Dave McKinley of the USAF picked us up at Frankfurt for trip to Wiesbaden, Air Force Headquarters, where we were warmly welcomed by Capt. Allsbrook, entertainment officer.

USAF HOSPITAL, JULY 13

Out to the hospital in the afternoon. The Bills sang in corridors of two wings and finished with a show in the Red Cross Recreation Lounge before a group of a hundred patients.

ROCKER CLUB

Delightful dinner at this NCO club with our host Sgt. Dave McKinley, then a show that rocked the Rocker Club. Later at Major Ferguson's home to join his party of commanding officers for the USAF Rescue squad in Europe.

Our Rhine trip between Wiesbaden and Coblenz on the Hitler yacht, arranged by Capt. Allsbrook and Lt. Paul, gave us a picture of German scenic splendor at its best. We were grateful for this treat.

Y 80 CLUB, JULY 14

A small group responded with great applause for the Bills at their show in this air base club.

EAGLE CLUB

Capacity crowd of 500 gave the Bills a tremendous ovation in this night club set-up.

NEROBERG CLUB

Late appearance in this Officers Club, one of EUCOM's most beautiful, followed by informal singing with the officers, concluded a full day of sight seeing and singing.

RHINE, KAISERSLAUTERN PICK & SHOVEL CLUB, JULY 15

Major John Carlson and Lt. Charles Hoefer of Rhine Post Special Services met us at Wiesbaden with two Opels and a pick-up truck for trip to Kaiserslautern in French Zone. At dinner in French Officers Club, Al and I ordered escargot (snails) and agreed we could get along without a repeat of this delicacy. The Bills appearance in the Pick & Shovel was the first live show in this basement club. Response was as enthusiastic as it was robust. Singing went over big despite limitations of poor ventilation, antiquated PA system and confusion.

BAUMHOLDER THEATRE, JULY 16

Still accompanied by Lt. Hoefer we continued the journey through beautiful country to Baumholder, said to be largest kaserne in Germany. Lt. Art Lathrop of Special Services assigned us to our barrack quarters. Show was scheduled between American and French movies at new theatre. Acoustics perfect. Audience, in addition to the American boys, consisted of French, Algerian, Moroccan, Egyptian, Swiss and Senegalese soldiers. An interpreter was at my side to translate introductory remarks into French. In the audience was Col. Soukehal who this day had been awarded the Order of the Commander of the Legion of Honor, making him the highest ranking Algerian in French Army. Attendance totalled about 800.

OFFICERS CLUB

Col. Adamson invited us to join his party of French Officers and their wives. Col. Veulliet interpreted my explanation of the SPEBSQA and the Bills' EUCOM trip to General Gillis, Commandant of the Artillery School.

(Continued)



Top Left—Park Sanatorium Hotel—Bad Homburg—with 1st Lieut. Bernard Doyle. Right—At Washington, D. C. Airport—Spangenberg, Embury, Past Int'l V.P. Jean Boardman, Grapes, Int'l B'd Member Dean Snyder. Part of the luggage being trundled through Frankfurt Bahnhof RR Station. Posing with American Airlines hostess at Springfield, Mass. Airport. Embury, standing in the entrance of the Roter Ochsen at Heidelberg University. Reed and Spangenberg with Major W. E.

Wood, Special Services Officer, Bremerhaven. Escort 1st Lieut. Max Paul in the Munich RR Station. The quartet and Phil Embury with Major John Carlson, Special Services Officer at Kaiserslautern, French Zone. (Al Shea made most of these pictures which explains why he appears so seldom. Eds.) With Pat Weeton, Director, Soldier Shows, FUCOM, Hoechst. Leaving the Europa Hotel, Heidelberg. With German tourists at top of Mt. Nebelhorn, Oberstdorf, Bavaria.

EUROPE, (Continued)

There was a genuine sense of appreciation among the officers, both French and American, for the opportunity to spend a singing evening with five fellows just over from the States.

Lt. Hoefer was with us right back into Wiesbaden where we headquartered the night of our final appearance in Rhine Post. Worms, en route, held our attention for an hour in and around its historic cathedral.

FINTHEN, JULY 17

Tent City at Finthen, out of Mainz, was one of our most thrilling experiences. The show was presented from stage improvised from planks thrown across two army trucks. The soldiers seated on blankets spread over the ground were anticipating their first live show, and demonstrated their approval by keeping the Bills singing over an hour and a half. The men took great delight in kidding their officers, Captains Al Lapinskas and Fred Miller who volunteered to make up an impromptu foursome with Lt. Hoefer and Embury. Many of the boys flocked around the Bills after the entertainment, happy for the opportunity to visit with American boys from back home.

HEIDELBERG, JULY 18

Bus trip Wiesbaden to Heidelberg gave us a shake-up that left the boys in no frame of mind to appreciate the lousy hotel to which we had been assigned. Lt. Paul went to work for us and with Lt. Andrews got us transferred to the Europa where comfortable quarters restored morale.

CAMP Y 79

Our performance at Camp Y 79 was another unique experience. We were greeted on arrival by Captains John Battle and Jim Washington, Special Services Officers, who took us to the assembly hall in a huge quonset that housed not only recreational facilities but also the PX. A crowd of 600 strained to hear the singing over the din of tanks that roared by the building at regular intervals. A number of boys came up to meet the Bills, get information on arrangements. Two of them, Maurice Stern and Fred Kaiser, in separate units, decided to organize quartets.

UNIVERSITY AND CASTLE

Through the courtesy of Special Services Lt. Paul arranged for tour of Heidelberg University and the ruins of Heidelberg Castle. The Bills sang "Halls of Ivy" for our conductor, Hans Reinemuth, in the beautiful auditorium of the University. A stop at the Roter Ochsen (Red Ox), favorite meeting place of Heidelberg students, where Sigmund Romberg was inspired with the idea of writing the "Student Prince" fittingly concluded the tour.

SERVICE CENTER, JULY 19

Our first appearance of the evening was at this downtown Service Center where Jean Aichele, Recreational Director, was on duty. The quartet put on a fine performance before an appreciative but all too small crowd.

TAYLOR BARRACKS SERVICE CLUB

Sheila Mahan and Alice Levan, directors in charge, had done a fine job rounding up the boys. At least 200 of them crowded the club room where the Bills sang in their midst, putting their songs across with telling effectiveness.

EUCOM CASINO

Late visit to this swank officers club brought a surprise. The Bills, anticipating just a brief appearance, following a night club show, found the response so terrific they went through their entire program. It was family night and both officers and wives were generous in their expressions of appreciation for the entertainment by boys from home. Our gang was just as grateful for their warm and friendly reception.

HAMMOND BARRACKS SERVICE CLUB, SECKINHEIM, JULY 20

Another well received show at this club where Marion Moore and Muriel Wright, Directors in charge, were ready for the Bills appearance.

On return to Heidelberg this evening Col. Schafer, old friend of Bill Spangenberg, met us at the hotel, took us to his home where we enjoyed the hospitality of the Colonel and his lovely wife who didn't bake us a cake but made us a pie—blueberry—and did we go for it!

STUTTGART, JULY 21

Travel by staff cars gave us a pleasant afternoon trip over the Auto Bahn to Stuttgart. Captain Wagner, Special Services Officer, met us at the Graf Zeppelin Hotel where we were comfortably billeted.

VAIHINGEN SERVICE CLUB

On our arrival Directors Jeanne Hamby and Nancy Millar rounded up a crowd of 100 fellows who made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in number. A good singing session with a small group after the show included a work-out on "Tell Me You'll Forgive Me," in one of the Armed Forces Song Folios.

OFFICERS CLUB

Put on a show at farewell party for General Collier, followed by enjoyable period of mixing among the officers and wives. One of the officers commented "this was the first time club members had really let down and had a good time for themselves."

STUTTGART, 11th FIELD HOSPITAL, JULY 22

Our meeting up with a group of medics from this hospital on the Rhine boat trip resulted in this addition to the schedule. A full house in Caduceus Theatre was generous in its applause.

CIRCLE ROOM, CROSSROADS SERVICE CLUB

Situation here called for night club style show which the Bills put on to delight of a packed house. Entrances were jammed from the time quartet started program, putting upwards of 500 in hearing range. Sgt. Seifing, who had enjoyed his activity with the Harmony Halls the year before, was the officer on duty, together with Sydney Moore and Joan Poe, assistant club directors.

AUGSBURG, SONTROFEN, JULY 23

Lt. Johnson of Special Services met our party on arrival by train, took us to the Burg, a kaserne Hitler had set up as a youth training center, now used as staging area for EUCOM troops. Plans were set up for the evening show before we proceeded to hotel in nearby Oberstdorf.

OBERSTDORF, MT. NEBELHORN

The weather cleared enough for afternoon trip by cable car and ski lift to the summit of Nebelhorn. At the summit the Bills gave out with "Sitting On Top of the World" for a group of German tourists. We were grateful to our escort, Lt. Max Paul, for another of Germany's spectacular sight seeing tours.

THE BURG, SONTROFEN

The eight hundred soldiers the Bills sang to here were terrific. Just over from stateside they were full of enthusiasm for everything the emcee or quartet offered. Community singing here, led by Lt. Paul, was a notable success. The Bills, despite vocal tiredness from the many shows of the past week, put on a long show. Many of the boys crowded around at the end to meet the quartet. Service Club directors Nell Bahrt, Gladys Day and Bernardino McCrudden were our hostesses for an enjoyable snack that brought a mighty interesting day to a close.

KAUFBEUREN SERVICE CLUB, JULY 24

Here everything was set for a beautiful show. Miss Crawford, director, had decorated the stage with barbershop background. Audience was predominantly Negro and re-

(Continued)

EUROPE, (Continued)

action was mixed, some applauding vociferously, others maintaining a bored silence.

Sgt. Elmer Sharp of Augsburg Special Services was very much on the job in meeting us at Kaufbeuren and later in the evening at Augsburg where we checked in at the Kaiserhof for the night.

LANDSBERG, AIR BASE THEATRE, JULY 25

Genuine boisterous applause was a welcome response for the Bills as they continued to give out generously despite the necessity of greater vocal effort. Sgt. Charles Hubbell, founder of the Flagstaff, Arizona Chapter, among the 400 who filled this beautiful theatre, came up on stage at the half way break for a few comments back and forth pertinent to barbershopping back home and in the service. Several boys expressed interest in quartet singing and were elated to learn more about the materials available.

OFFICERS CLUB

Lt. Harley of Special Services took us to Officers Club where we were treated to our first American style hamburgers as we visited further with Sgt. Hubbell and fellow officers.

GARMISCH, JULY 26

Lt. Paul went to bat in our behalf and lined up a couple of staff cars to replace a ten-passenger bus for our trip to the southern Bavarian city of Garmisch. It was here we had looked forward to two days complete relaxation to restore the voices, only to find events were scheduled as usual. We gave ourselves a pep talk, and further encouraged by gradual clearing weather, managed to rise above the situation.

Capt. DeMare of Special Services gave us a warm welcome on arrival and we quickly got into the spirit of this relaxing resort spot of EUROM.

BAVARIAN RETREAT SERVICE CLUB

Captain DeMare, Sgt. Gorlick, Miss Biersach, director, and Miss Enochian, assistant, were on hand as we arrived at the club, set up for typical night club style performance with audience seated around tables. Crowd of 300 went for the Bills in a big way. Among those who shook hands with the Bills was Major Pelton who had served as time-keeper at district Society contest in Harrisburg, Pa., couple of years ago.

CARIOCA CLUB

Capt. DeMare escorted us to the Carioca Club where we enjoyed as fine an ice show as could be seen any place in the world. At a table nearby was Earl Mason, Fire Chief of Garmisch Post and member of Binghamton, N.Y. Chapter.

Lt. Paul took us on another thrilling tour, to Lake Eibsee in the foothills of Zugspitze, highest mountain in Germany.

Thence to Linderhof, palace of King Ludwig II, and monument of German grandeur beyond compare, with a brief stop at Benedictine Abbey in Ettal.

HILL TOP LODGE, OBERAMMERGAU, JULY 27

Ardent crowd of soldiers again demonstrated the appeal of the Bills' brand of barbershop. Miss Moffatt, director, commented this sub-post had been neglected in not having been supplied with Army Song Folios since August 1950.

MUNICH, AMERICAN WAY SERVICE CLUB, JULY 28

Stopping in to get acquainted the day before show gave us an opportunity to meet Miss Frances Hurd, director, her assistant Lolly Noonan, and Imogene Henderson, Program Director, and to check with them such details as PA system (which we tested) lighting and seating.

FURSTENFELDBRUCK, SERVICE CLUB

Evening show at this Air Base was well attended and wildly applauded. The overflow audience listened through the open windows. About 400 within earshot.

OFFICERS CLUB

Sgt. Lyles escorted us through this club, one time Goering headquarters. The Bills sang a short program for a small group of officers and their wives and mingled awhile,

enjoying the relaxation after another fast moving week.

Munich, largest city of Bavaria, suffered much destruction during the war. It is a busy city, teeming with reconstruction, trade and commerce. From our point of view there was much of picture-taking interest. As Vern and I were looking for good shots on this beautiful Sunday, we soon had our cameras focused on none other than Sig Spaeth, ubiquitous man of music, whom we discovered as he alighted from bus with group of Americans in the vicinity of the Munich opera house.

MUNICH, AMERICAN WAY SERVICE CLUB, JULY 29

Excellent publicity and handling of advance preparations resulted in a full house for one of the Bills' best performances. Soldier enthusiasm stretched out the singing into another hour-plus show.

At Sig's request, we put in an appearance at his hotel where his group were finishing dinner following the opera. Being thus prepared for the better things in life the Bills demonstrated the fine art of barbershopping including their interpretation of Quartet from Rigoletto.

STRAUBING SERVICE CLUB, JULY 30

A three hour trip by staff cars, with dinner en route at the Landshut Officers Club, put us in Straubing, outlying sub-post of Munich, for the evening's performance. To our pleasant surprise Capt. Cameron of the Entertainment Branch, Special Services, Nurnberg Headquarters, was on hand to meet the Buffalo Bills. It was a fine show, well received, with brief remarks by Capt. Cameron, community singing led by Lt. Paul and a "Happy Birthday" harmonized by the Bills for Miss Jeanne Davis, Ass't. Director on duty.

WURZBURG, HANMELBURG THEATRE, JULY 31

Miss Clyburn, Ass't. Director, had the Service Club set up for the show, complete with revolving barber pole. But since most of the boys had come from the movie theatre, it was easier to have the quartet go to the audience still at the theatre. A humorous incident was Lt. Delaney's announcement to the crowd to remain seated for the "Buffalo Bills Wild West Show" that would start in five minutes. This was the final appearance scheduled in EUROM and the Bills gave generously.

FRANKFURT, BASELER HOF HOTEL, AUGUST 1

Back in Frankfurt after midnight, the circuit completed, we got out our travel orders once more and soon learned we could catch an early morning plane for the U.S.A. We proceeded to Rhein-Main Air Base to complete our processing, bid our grand escort Lt. Paul a fond farewell and await our flight on a C-97 cargo ship with bucket seats. Speed made up for the lack of comfort as we traveled via Azores, arriving Westover Field just after midnight.

WESTOVER AIR BASE, AUGUST 2

By the time we had processed out, checked through customs and arranged accommodations it was 2:15 A.M. before we got to bed in our Springfield hotel—our first sleep in 48 hours.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

We awoke to a beautiful day in high spirits. I arranged transportation details while the boys breakfasted. We took off on the last lap of the journey, satisfied and entirely happy about one of the finest experiences of a lifetime.

BUFFALO AIRPORT

Here was the crowd again, that fine gang of loyal supporters and families to welcome the boys home. A large placard held by Vern Reed's sons read WELCOME HOME BUFFALO BILLS. We experienced the same sort of lift that the Buffalo Bills, as home folks, had imparted to the soldier audiences in EUROM.

Phil W. Embury,
Manager
Buffalo Bills in EUROM

AL SHEA WRITES FOR THE BUFFALO BILLS

"After much delay and repeated attempts to get started on a letter to you after our European trip, I have at last a few hours in which to get it done.

"I have read Jerry Beeler's 'Saga' and enjoyed it so much that I laughed and practically cried in parts of it. I felt that I was personally there along with those fellows while reading his graphic and wonderful account. In fact I can honestly say that we could well sympathize with their attitudes upon occasion as we experienced in a much lesser degree the same hardships and were confronted with many of the same impressions of other countries. We heartily agree with Jerry that there is only one country in the world—and were we ever glad to get back to it.

The European trip should be an American "must" in order to gain perspective.

"Our transportation was varied and interesting—interesting from the standpoint that we wondered each morning by what method we were to have our teeth jarred loose that day. While German roads may be better than those in Korea, they nevertheless leave a lot to be desired.

"The much touted auto-bahn was at best just an average American road and every other road we traveled was of cobble stone construction and imitated the undulations of a very active snake. Our travel by converted trucks over these bumpy roads was a far cry from comfort and heavy duty springs and lack of upholstered seats dictated a firm grip by both hands and sometimes by both teeth too. When you ride a horse you post so that your bottom doesn't contact the saddle too violently. However there is a certain rhythm to the horse's gait to which you can adapt yourself. Not so with the heavy duty springs, the upholstered seats and the cobble stone roads. Suffice to say we had many a good laugh over this particular phase of the trip.

"We also had a good laugh when upon one occasion we were met by two volkswagons to carry the six of us and our 14 or more pieces of luggage. A volkswagen is about one size bigger than a kiddy-car and you can imagine the four of us, Phil and our escort plus the luggage in those two darn little things. Reminds you of that act in the circus. On other occasions we rode in Opels which are

much bigger, about the size of an English Austin—and luxury of luxuries—once we rode in full size Chevrolets. Boy what a thrill to ride in a real American car. Nothing like it.

"Our big problem was in getting laundry and our clothes cleaned and pressed. Being on the go, we never seemed to light long enough to get things done. We solved this problem by bribing the chamber-maids who would take our laundry home with them at night, wash and iron and bring it back in the morning in time for us to pack and leave.

"Our general impression of our singing job was that it was very gratifying to be so wonderfully accepted. The American boy's method of showing appreciation by whistling, hollering and clapping is sure our favorite too. I guess they were so glad to see and hear American people singing American songs in the real typical American way that they darn near killed us asking for more. We gave until our voices gave. We were almost wishing that we were a whispering quartet because after a month of pitching them high and hitting them hard, something is bound to give. Luckily nothing did and we were able to perform our entire schedule without breaking down. We sang our last show, drove to Frankfort, weighed in for our return trip, got on the plane and then quietly caved in.

"What little sight-seeing we were permitted by our strenuous schedule was well appreciated and highlighted by a trip up the Rhine river on Hitler's yacht, a trip through several ruined castles, a trip through one of Ludwigs palaces, a trip to the top of a mountain where we had a snowball fight in the middle of July. When we reached the top of the mountain, gained our breath, we sang 'I'm Sitting On Top of The World.'

"We were certainly grateful for the opportunity to make the trip and were needless to say gratified with the reception which greeted our humble efforts. We wish to make known our appreciation to all the people who were responsible for our being able to make the trip and hope that someday we may relate at greater length our experiences over there.—Gratefully, The Buffalo Bills."

ARMED FORCES COLLABORATION COMMITTEE REPORTS ON QUARTET FUND RAISED BY VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTIONS OF MEMBERS, CHAPTERS AND DISTRICTS LAST SPRING

As most members know it is very nearly impossible to find quartets, all of whose members could afford to sacrifice not only the time but the wages or salaries involved and be gone from the country for a lengthy period. For this reason and because there was little time to plan any other procedure, the plea for voluntary subscriptions was made last Spring. It was felt that each man should be reimbursed to the extent of \$100 weekly for lost earnings for the period he was away from home.

After the campaign was under way, a number of members wrote in to the President to say that they thought it only fair to reimburse the Harmony Halls who had done the same thing in 1950. After consultation with the Int'l Board at Toledo, it was agreed that any sum received over and above that necessary for the 1951 quartets should go to the Halls, up to \$1600.

A total of \$6089.41 was received and was distributed as follows:

Mid-States Four	\$2000.00 (5 weeks)
Buffalo Bills	\$1600.00 (4 weeks)
Cardinals	\$ 800.00 (2 weeks)
Harmony Halls	\$1600.00 (4 weeks)

The remaining \$89.41 is being held in a separate fund in the event that we are called upon by the Armed Forces in 1952.

The men who acted as quartet escorts, Jerry Beeler and Phil Embury, were specifically requested by the Army. Their purpose was to attempt to "sell" barbershopping to the troops since our units were regarded, not as entertainers primarily, but as instructors. Both Beeler and Embury, of course, financed themselves.

The Armed Forces Collaboration Committee is extremely pleased with the results of the quartet trips abroad. Immense good has been done in more ways than one. We want to offer our sincere thanks to all the members; districts and chapters who contributed to the Quartet Fund—especially thanks to the Mid-States, Buffalo Bills, Cardinals, Jerry Beeler, and Phil Embury. Well done!

ARMED FORCES COLLABORATION COMMITTEE

Dean Snyder, *Chairman*

Edw. G. Fahnestock
John McDonald

Carl C. Jones
E. Wesley Enman (deceased)

THE MID-STATES FOUR *in Korea*

Imm. Past Int'l Pres. Jerry Beeler, Evansville, Indiana, accompanied the Mid-States Four on their tour of Korea. Two hundred pound (plus) Jerry, whose "Life Began at Forty" some years ago, wrote a complete chronicle of the trip. For reasons of security, names of units and place names cannot be shown together so that in everything having to do with travel about Korea, place names have been omitted. Eds.

As told by Imm. Past Int'l Pres. J. D. Beeler

I departed on the C&EI sleeper the night of June 19 which put me in Chicago early enough to be the first at Chicago's Midway Airport. There was considerable confusion at the airport that morning because the United Airlines pilots were on strike and harassed passengers were trying to book passage on anything that was flying. The Mid-States, their families and friends, started to accumulate early however, so we had no difficulty in checking in with the 14 pieces of luggage that accompanied us and with loud farewells we took off with a full ship at 11:10 A. M.



At Chicago Airport—below—Imm. Past Int'l Pres. Jerry Beeler and Furrie Haynes, bari. Above—LtoR—Bob Mack, tenor; Marty Mendro, lead; Art Gracey, bass.

We flew at an altitude of 18,000 ft. with Forrest Haynes doing a lot of sleep in a seat in the main body of the ship while the rest of us occupied the front compartment. The trip was uneventful except that as we got over the Rockies a heavy snowstorm made it necessary for the pilot to leave the direct course and fly some 200 to 250 miles out of route. We arrived at San Francisco about an hour late at 6:35 P. M. where we were met by Mr. and Mrs. Al Boatwright, Pat O'Halloran, John McDonald, Casey Parker, Don Keefe and Larry Palmer of the San Francisco Chapter, Harry Mendro (Marty's brother) and Captain William Brett, Special Services officer of the 6th Army. We immediately contacted the Officer of the Day at Travis Air Base—some 65 miles from San Francisco. He had no information concerning us and suggested that instead of coming out to Travis we wait until the following morning. We divided up into cars and went into the St. Francis Hotel where the San Francisco boys had thoughtfully made reservations and, following one of San Francisco's typical seafood dinners at Bernstein's, we were taken to

the Marine Association Hall where the San Francisco Chapter was in session. Here the Mid-States put on their first show.

MORE "SHOTS"

We were up at 8:00 A.M., had breakfast at the St. Francis, and after the Mid-States had taken the cable car ride (which they could not resist), old faithful Al Boatwright showed up in his Ford pickup truck and Don Keefe in his Studebaker and we headed for Travis Air Base. We arrived at Travis at noon, checked in at the embarkation desk and found that no one was on the lookout for us so we were on our own. The people in charge were very cordial and insisted on giving us three more shots each, for tetanus, yellow fever and some Japanese special deal. Since we had the status of "V.I.P." (very important people) we were offered the privileges of the Officers' Club. There we killed time awaiting publication of our names on the "alert" list. As our names did not appear on the second "alert" list published for that date we arranged for a billet to spend the night.

We were "alerted" at 10:00 A.M. for flight number 351, scheduled for departure at 3:00 P.M. We actually departed at 5:38 P.M. and had a beautiful, smooth flight over the Pacific to Hawaii, landing at the John Rogers Municipal Airport, Honolulu at 6:42 A.M. our time (3:42 A.M. Hawaii time). Here they served us pineapple juice, scrambled eggs, toast and coffee and we departed at 5:22 A.M. Hawaiian time, arriving Wake Island at 2:40 P.M. Wake is just a spot in the huge Pacific and it must require marvelous navigation to pick it out. Seems that our boys never fail to find it. The trip over was a rather tough one due to the fact that we had a chartered plane of the Overseas Airlines which had previously been a cargo ship and into which they had installed so-called "jump seats" which are of steel frame construction, very narrow and not well padded. It was really a tough ride under these circumstances, but we did not realize until later that we had drawn a "turkey" and thus we enjoyed it more perhaps than we should have. Wake is a bleak sandy affair covered with wrecked Jap Zeros and other types of Army equipment, with just a few barracks buildings and a lot of heat. As we landed on the air strip we got an excellent view of a large Jap warship that had been sunk in the harbor. We lunched at the post cafeteria and then taxied out to the runway at 4:00 P.M., but something went wrong with one of the engines and we had to go back to the terminal for repairs and did not actually get away until 4:55 P.M. arriving Tokyo at 1:25 A.M. We encountered two rather heavy squalls enroute but otherwise sailing was smooth at 8,000 feet. We completely lost Sunday because of the change in the International Date Line at Wake.

JAPAN

We were met at the Haneda Air Base, Tokyo, by Edward Stephenson, Director and Bob Ahlstrom, Assistant of the Special Services Section to whom we had sent a wire from Wake or otherwise we would have been unmet and been perhaps in the soup because we would not have known where to go or what to do. They cleared us through customs, immigration, et cetera, and then took us to the accounting office where we had to change all of our U.S. \$\$\$ into Military Scrip. They had on hand one truck and two staff cars which were used to take us in to the Dai-Iti Hotel, some 18 miles distant. The Dai-Iti is a modern hotel taken over by the Far East Command, used for billeting officers, visitors, et cetera. The rooms were definitely singles and very small—the bathtub presenting a real problem for Bob Mack and me because it was so small

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KOREA, (Continued)

we had difficulty getting our enlarged carcasses into the thing—nevertheless a good hot bath felt awfully good after more than 39 hours of continuous air flight. I had completely overlooked the fact that the hotels in Japan do not supply towels or soap but I managed to get by and have a splendid sleep which was badly needed.

Arrangements were made for us to be picked up at 9:00 A.M. the following morning, but I failed to set my watch, got up two hours early and was out on the streets of Tokyo watching the passing multitude at an hour when they were all coming to work. This was a sight I shall never forget because the hotel is located at a point where an elevated railroad exactly similar to the electric railroads operated by the Illinois Central or Northwestern in Chicago goes overhead, and where a modern subway station belches forth the crowds from underground. It is hard to describe the heterogeneous methods of transportation used by the Japanese—hundreds of bicycles, motorcycles, three wheel autos, carts of all kinds and sizes—thousands of Japanese in all manner and kind of dress, hurrying in a manner similar to that seen in Chicago, New York and other metropolitan centers. As I watched this scene and walked up the street looking at the dinky little stores and the manner in which they were kept, I realized I was in an entirely different world. Little did I think at that time that three weeks later I would look upon Japan as *home*. At 9:00 A.M. we were picked up by Jimmy Fukusaki, an American-born Japanese, a special representative of the Special Services section, a particularly keen young man who, of course, could act as interpreter and knew the answers to everything. He took us first to the identification bureau where we were finger-printed and had our pictures taken for the purpose of issuing us an identification card. This card was valid if we were captured by the enemy and it explained that the bearer was a civilian non-combatant serving with the Armed Forces of the United States and entitled, under the rules of warfare, to be treated as a prisoner of war and be given the same treatment and afforded the same privileges as a Captain in the Army of the United States. Thank goodness we had no use for it.

FULL EQUIPMENT

We then went to the General Headquarters of the Far East Command for briefing—here we were told we were booked for 21 straight days in Korea and also told of the rigors ahead. Following that we were sent to the commissary where we were fitted in heavy Army boots and socks and thence to the Army Supply warehouse where the following equipment was issued to us:

- 1—Bag, sleeping, wool
- 1—Bar, insect, field
- 2—Blanket, wool O.D.
- 1—Case, water repellent, bag, sleeping
- 1—Headnet, mosquito
- 2—Jacket, H.B.T.
- 2—Trousers, H.B.T.
- 1—Poncho, lightweight
- 1—Cap, H.B.T.
- 1—Gloves, mosquito
- 1—Hood, jacket, and overcoat, field
- 1—Bag, canvas, field
- 1—Bag, clothing, waterproof
- 1—Bag, duffel
- 1—Belt, pistol and revolver
- 1—Can, Meat
- 1—Canteen, M-1910
- 1—Cover, canteen
- 1—Cup, canteen
- 1—Fork, M-1926
- 1—Helmet steel comp. w/liner band head and band neck
- 1—Knife, M-1926
- 1—Packet and pouch, first aid
- 1—Spoon, M-1926
- 1—Strap carrying, general purpose

We were told to leave all of our own clothes, bags, etc. in the hotel. These preparations took the balance of the day and we retired early because we would have a strenuous day.

We were up at 6:30 A.M. and after checking all of our valuables, etc., with the Special Services section, we were taken to the Haneda Air Base where with 37 other Army

personnel, including one WAC nurse, we took off at 9:08 A.M. in a C-54 with bucket seats. (DC-4) for our first stop in Korea which was at Taegu, a distance of approximately 600 miles. For the first time we were obliged to put on not only parachutes, but also the famous "Mae Wests" which are life preservers to be used in case we went down on the water. On this leg of the trip we were accompanied by quite a few people whom we later met at various points in Korea.

As we flew out over Japan we got our first glimpse of snow-capped Mount Fujiyama, rising up above the clouds. We flew at an altitude of 9,000 feet and were scheduled for a 4 hour and 20 minute trip, but we had something of a tail wind and arrived in Taegu at 12:35 P.M. At Taegu we were met by Lt. Colonel Martin W. Shrewsbury, Captain Leroy J. Stewart and Lt. Stewart N. Powell from Special Services. We jeeped into the compound where we were billeted in a barracks building and were given our first introduction to the cots upon which we were to sleep henceforth. The quarters here were pretty nice because they had wooden floors and there was a shower room right next door. Lt. Powell took us on a jeep ride through the streets of Taegu and it was certainly a sight. Taegu is situated in that part of Korea where no heavy fighting had ever occurred and hence it was a typical South Korean city as they existed prior to any fighting. It did not take us long to realize that there was as much difference between Korea and Japan as there was between Japan and the United States and believe me, these are some comparisons. It is utterly impossible to describe the filth, stench and generally impossible conditions that existed.

FIRST SHOW IN KOREA

Our first show was scheduled for 7:00 P.M. in the EUSAK (Eighth United States Army of Korea) Theater which was a small building seating perhaps 500 people located in the headquarters compound where they generally hold moving picture shows nightly. The show started at 7:10 P.M. and ended at 7:53 P.M. with attendance of about 350 and it was well received. The boys were trying out various songs to get reactions and we realized that it would take several performances before some kind of a pattern could be set up that would be most acceptable.

Again we were up at 6:30 A.M., and left at 9:00 A.M. for the airport where we boarded a C-47 exclusively assigned to us and with Lt. Stu Powell and Sgt. Don McCorkel (from Union City, Indiana), flew to the Seoul City air base, 150 miles distant. Here we were met by Lt. George Heiser, the Special Services representative and Sgt. Bill Roloff (from Terre Haute, Indiana) and jeeped 23 miles to —, Korea. Here we had some coffee and doughnuts and ran into a few members of the cast of the all Army show known as "Take Ten" which group included a quartet known as the "Three Little Shavers and a Mug." Our first show there was before the 25th Inf. Div., colored troops. The show was held in a grove of trees before approximately 350 boys who did not seem to be too enthusiastic at first, but who warmed up as the show went on. We had chow with the boys and then went back to Lt. Heiser's tent where we had more woodshedding prior to our going before the 24th Inf. of the 25th Reg. for a show at 7:00 P.M. before a crowd of approximately 1500. In this area they observed blackout at 10:00 P.M. so all lights had to be out and flaps of tents closed, this because of the frequent visits of a character known as "Bed Check Charlie."

BLACKOUTS AND BOMBS

"Bed Check Charlie" was the name given to Red pilots who in some manner got hold of light aircraft that fly low and slow—out of reach of radar—who have the habit of flying in at any hour of the night and dropping hand grenades or bombs into the encampments. A lot of our men have been lost in this manner and the rule is that if "Bed Check Charlie" makes a visit a siren is sounded and all hands roll out of their bunks in the tents and into fox holes alongside of each tent in the encampment. Fortunately for us, "Charlie" never showed up at any of the points we spent the night.

We were up at 6:30 A.M. the morning of the 28th and drove 32 terrific miles to the 7th Inf. of the 25th Div. where the show was out in the open with the Mid-States Four standing on rocks that had been piled as a platform.

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KOREA, (Continued)

The attendance here was 250 and the show was very well received, starting at 9:57 A.M. and ending at 10:42 A.M. Back we go the 32 terrific miles to —, from where we were flown by light aircraft to —, Korea. It required four planes to make this move as there were six of us and the planes used were L-17's (Ryan Navions) and L-19's (Cessna two-seaters)—that is pilot and one passenger in tandem. We left — at 1:55 P.M., arriving — at 2:25 P.M., where we were met by Captain King of Special Services and taken to a special tent that had been set up for us. In all of these moves, Cpl. Don McCorkel (now a Sgt.) was our personal aide who looked after the baggage, set up our loud speaker system where necessary and otherwise made all arrangements for our well being. Sgt. Roloff was the man who saw to it that our luggage and equipment were moved from spot to spot and he spent most of his time driving a truck. Lt. Powell left us to go back and pick up the Jack Benny show which was to be just a few days behind us. In some instances Sgt. Roloff had to drive from 6 to 8 hours in order to get to the spot where we had been transported by air in a matter of 20 to 30 minutes. It is impossible to average as much as 10 miles per hour over the Korean roads not only because of the condition of the roads themselves but because of the exceedingly heavy traffic that is almost bumper to tailgate and where in many instances traffic is one way.

SING FOR "BUFFALO BILLS"

In the — area our first show was before the 7th Div. outfit known as the Buffalo Bills—a jeep ride of 15 miles. Here we were delayed in starting because our truck with equipment was delayed but we started at 7:18 P.M. and were through at 7:50 P. M. before an estimated crowd of 1200 who were quite enthusiastic. The show was given from a wooden platform, following which we stopped for a chat with Col. "Wild" Bill Quinn, thence back the 15 miles to —.

We were up at 6:30 A.M. and jeeped 9 miles to the 31st Inf. at —, Korea, where the show was held on a truck starting at 10:12 A.M. and running until 10:50 A.M. before an attendance of 600 polar bears—Lt. Kelly being the Special Services officer. We were billeted in a special tent where we stayed until 3:30 P.M. and then jeeped some 20 odd miles to —, where the 32nd Inf. of the Queen's Own Regiment under Capt. Allerton of Kokomo, Indiana, were in reserve. This was probably the toughest jeep ride we had on the entire trip as we had to go over 2 ridges of mountains, through 2 entirely new passes where the engineers were still working on the roads. They literally carved these roads out of solid rock and at times we were stopped while they blasted, then they had to bulldoze the rock off the road in order for us to get by. Unfortunately, this show had not been properly advertised and there were only 600 in attendance, whereas there should have been as many as 5,000. We got started at 7:18 P.M. and were through at 7:55 P.M. and had to hurry our departure so that we could get back over those terrible roads before dark. Here was perhaps the most beautiful scenery of any that we saw.

Having spent the night at —, we were routed out at 6:30 A.M. when Don and Bill moved the beds right out from under us. We went out to the airport at 8:30 A.M. and had to wait until 10:00 A.M. for two L-17 planes which had to make several trips ferrying us over to —, where for the first time we flew over a famous reservoir and dam.

Here we were met by Major Strom and our first show was before the Special Units of the Command Post of the Ninth Inf. Div. The show was on a platform alongside which was a clubmobile truck with a loud speaker system before an audience of approximately 500 men. The show started at 3:08 P.M. and ended at 3:50 P.M. Marty Mendro met Major Charles Newman a neighbor in Glenview, Illinois.

A SWIM

After the show we went back to — where we found a swimming hole they would permit us to use and we had a little dip in the native waters. That evening before the 9th Inf. Battalion, 2nd Div., attendance of 1500, the show started at 7:28 P.M. and ended at 8:06 P.M.—very enthusiastically received.

On Sunday morning, July 1 we were up at 7:00 A.M. and drove 8 miles to the 38th Inf. Reg. where the show started at 10:30 A.M. and ended at 11:10 A.M. before an attendance of 300. The show was on a platform on a parade ground. Following the show we jeeped back to the Tank Battery which was in the neighborhood where Major Newman took us out in M-4's (General Sherman) and M-26 tanks. This was a most interesting experience because we found that riding in these tanks was more comfortable than riding in the jeeps or trucks. We had chow with Major Newman and then moved over to the X Corps where Lt. Col. C. E. Wiggins was the Special Services officer. Here we had what we called plush accommodations because there was a guest tent divided into rooms with a wooden floor and our bunks, blankets, et cetera were set up for us. There was a shower and we could exchange our dirty clothes for new. Also at this point, at mess, we had our first ice cream, the first touch of anything cold we had been able to find since we left Japan. The show was in the Al Jolson bowl, the best facility we had seen. This bowl had been cut out of the side of a hill and could accommodate probably 8 to 10,000 troops. The attendance here was 2,500—an excellent reception.

DAY OF REST?

Monday, July 2 was our day of rest—we were up at 7:30 A.M. and spent most of the morning in our tent writing cards, letters, etc. Marty's friend Major Newman picked us up at 12:00 o'clock and jeeped us to the 78th Tank Battalion where they were putting on a project for the benefit of Major General Ruffner.

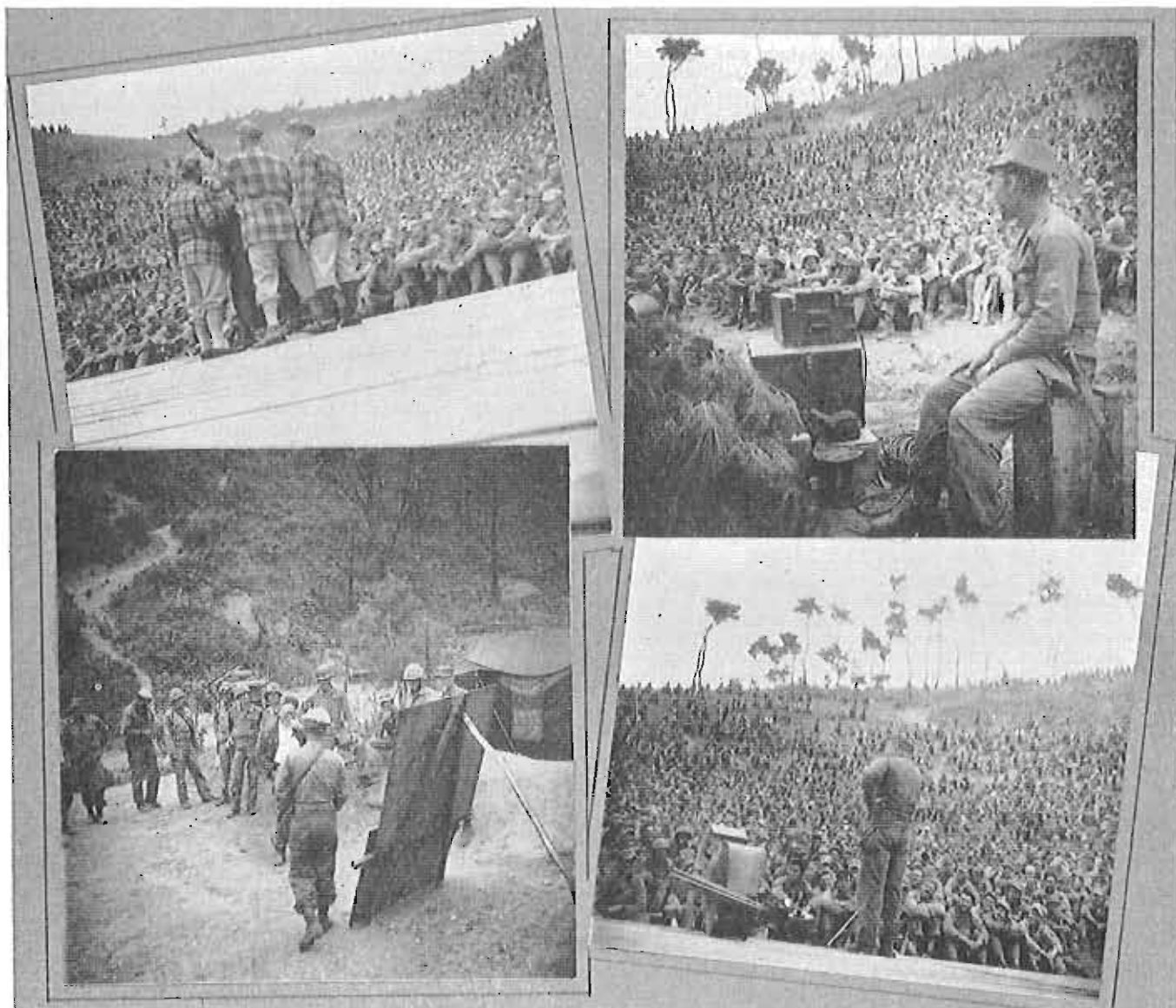
This was one of the most interesting demonstrations we had the opportunity to see. 12 large tanks were used in this maneuver, all of which had been camouflaged when we were taken to the top of the hill and which we later saw come out and go into action. Planted mines got two of the tanks and the ambulances were on hand to take the men out of the mined tanks, bring them back to the medical truck where they were treated, etc. The tanks were also supported by mortar fire that went right over our heads to the ridge beyond where targets had been placed for the maneuver. The infantry men came up the hill exactly as they would in regular warfare and from the ridge of the hill fired at the targets on the next hill, then went on down our hill across the valley, met up with the tanks, et cetera, and completed the maneuver which required something like two hours.

FLYING WINDMILLS

On Tuesday, we were up at 7:00 A.M. scheduled to depart via plane at 8:00 A.M. Here was our first introduction to helicopters. They put Bob Mack and me (the two big boys) into a Sikorsky and the other fellows in the smaller Bell helicopters and we all agreed that this was the best riding we had had. These windmills have bubbles out in front where you can see above, below and all around and you really get a beautiful view, to say nothing of the fact that they can fly low enough to enable you to see anything you want to see and, of course, all the Air Force pilots were accommodating and glad to cooperate. We flew low over the fox holed emplacements and were able to see exactly how they were dug and where they are spotted. Our helicopter stopped at the air strip in — for refueling and then we went on to the 1st Marines where we met Col. Brown and put on a show at 11:00 A.M. before some 4,000 Marines who were actually serving on the front line. By far this was the most enthusiastic group we had met and it was easy for us to see why the Marines enjoy the reputation they have. Their spirit, morale and general bearing are simply tops.

We then jeeped to the location of the 7th-11th Marines where we put on the first show ever to be put on in the so-called Ridge-Runners Theater. The show started at 3:00 P.M. and ran for an hour before 5,000 highly enthusiastic boys, probably due to the fact that we were the first live show of any sort these boys had seen in 11 months. Greeting us on arrival at this point was Dr. C. L. Kelso of Vincennes, Indiana, who sang in one of the Chapter quartets and has always been a very active member. Kelso had everything lined up for us—he took us over to Col. H. J. Nickerson, the youngest Marine Colonel in Korea—36 years of age—an outstanding officer who has established a considerable reputation. It developed that

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Top left—1st Marines, 6000 in the audience. Below left—1st Marines War Room—Col. Maynard in foreground, back to camera—Beeler in "undress" white undershirt. Top right—1st

Marines—Sgt. Bill Roloff in foreground. Below right—1st Marines—Jerry Beeler selling barbershop during intermission.

KOREA, (Continued)

they were having a party that night for four Majors who were being sent back to the United States and we joined in with them in a session that went on and on into the night. Before the evening was over we had them all singing and it was really a pleasure to work with such a fine group of fellows. The only complaint we could register here—and of course it was a good natured complaint—was that they had us sleeping in a tent that was to be the ladies latrine for the Jack Benny show which was to follow us. They forgot and left a sign on the tent and left the Chic Sale set-up inside which had to be removed in order for us to sleep on the stretchers which were provided here in lieu of cots. These stretchers were about 3 inches off the ground floor of the tent and were thoroughly uncomfortable.

UNDER FIRE

Nonetheless we were out at 7:30 A.M. and jeeped to an air strip where L-19's took us over to the 5th Marines who were actually on the fighting front. As we jeeped to the location where we were to meet Col. Hayward, we passed our heavy-artillery (105 howitzers), booming away as we drove by. All during the show these blasts were going over our heads toward the Chinese and blasts from the Chinese were coming back. Attendance was 4600—the show running for an hour.

Col. Hayward went to mess with us and we felt that here we were into the real thing and again we were impressed with the morale and spirit of these fighting Marines. We were jeeped back to the air strip and flown back to ———, in L-19's where we were to transfer ships and go again into the ——— vicinity.

While at the ——— air strip we had an opportunity to meet Jack Benny, Frank Remely and two girls who were with his show, Marjorie Reynolds and Benay Venuta. This was another ferrying process, so only Art Gracey and myself were on the air strip when these folks landed. I had an opportunity to talk to Benny for quite some time. He seems to be a real man's man and was very popular with the G.I.'s who were standing about. We did a lot of kidding before he was placed in an L-19 and was forced to put on a parachute for the first time. When he was placed in the tandem seat of the L-19, he was happy and kidding about it all but a few minutes later after several efforts had been made to get the engine of the plane started and it sputtered out, it was easy to see that Brother Benny was talking to himself and wondering why he ever permitted himself to get into such a mess. The thing did actually look bad because they had to raise the hood of the plane, do some work on its engine and it appeared that it might have been advisable to put him in another plane, but this did not happen. Finally the engine kicked off and

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KOREA, (Continued)

the last we saw of Jack was taxiing down the runway with a very odd look on his face.

The boys had a lot of trouble getting Marjorie Reynolds and Benay Venuta into one of the Bell helicopters—they were scared stiff and didn't want to go, but that isn't the way things are done over there, so eventually they got them in and the last we saw of Benay Venuta was a frightened gal with a shawl wrapped around her head so she wouldn't be able to see the take-off.

When our ferry ships got back we took off again over the ——— reservoir where we were to put on a show before the 19th Inf. Sgt. Roloff and our trucks were delayed some place and did not get in time for the show, so the boys had to work the show in their fatigue clothes and without props. A guitar was borrowed from one of the G.I.'s and the show went on.

BOB MACK UPSETS ARMY

Following the show, there was an opportunity to take a shower but the truck had still not arrived so there was nothing to change into. Consequently the boys, in going to the shower point, rode in jeeps sans fatigue shirts and as they went up the road in their T shirts, Bob Mack distinguished himself by waving his arms at what turned out to be a jeep carrying General Hoage who made it his business to inquire why everyone was flying around without shirts on. This resulted in a letter being received by Lt. Art Keeney, the Special Services officer in charge, calling for an explanation. When the General learned we were civilians and understood the circumstances, all was well.

We had a very interesting time in this location because Lt. Keeney is quite a musician in his own right and has written several excellent songs. One of the songs "I-Tsu-Mo" which is supposed to mean "Forever and a Day" was so impressive that the Mid-States scored it up and will make it a regular part of their repertoire. It is indeed an unusual song and one that we all believe will be very popular.

On Thursday, July 5, we found that it had rained all night. This gave us a chance to finish some correspondence and launder some clothes. It finally cleared up enough, however, for us to put on a show at 3:00 P.M. before the 44th Div. Command Post where we had a small crowd of some 200 who were not too enthusiastic—probably due to the rain and generally bad conditions.

In the evening at 7:30 P.M. we were before the 6th Medium Tank Battalion and a crowd of 550. The show was held in the open and was followed by an Officers party which we attended where we did some woodshedding.

Friday, July 6, a heavy fog prevented our early departure. The fog lifted at 9:00 A.M. and we departed by L-19's to the 3rd Div. Headquarters Command where we were met by Major Turnipseed and John Heldt of Evansville. Here again we had lush accommodations as we had a nice tent with wooden floor and mosquito netting and at this point air mattresses finally caught up with us. We then jeeped to a show before the 1st Battalion, 3rd Div. of the 15th Inf. at ———. The show was put on on a lowboy with a canvas top before a crowd of 4,500.

CLEAN CLOTHES AT LAST

On Saturday, the 7th, we put on a show before the 7th Inf. 3rd Div., before a crowd of 1,000 where again the lowboy truck was used as the platform. We here got an exchange of clothes and that evening put on a show at the 65th Inf. with its supporting units where again the lowboy was used before a crowd of about 2,500, largely Puerto Rican soldiers. The show was in an open field near (front line) and the Mid-States were pretty much flabbergasted at the reception, because while the Puerto Rican boys enjoyed the singing thoroughly they could not get any of Marty's jokes and there was a lot of chatting going back and forth which kind of upset the boys a bit. They did put on the complete show, however, and it was very well received. Then 16 miles back to our headquarters where there was exceedingly heavy bombardment through the entire night.

Sunday the weather was very hazy. The boys jeeped and trucked it over to ———, but they let me ride in the only plane that was available. It took the boys two hours to get over to the 1st Cavalry and it took me about 20 minutes to get over in the L-19. At this point we were met by Capt. Lunt, the Special Services officer, and had the poorest facilities of any on the entire trip. We had only one tent that could handle only 4 cots and it was necessary for me to sleep in a three-quarter ton trailer which was quite satisfactory to the Mid-States, however, because by this time they were fully aware of the fact that I had displaced Art Gracey as the top man on the totem pole when it comes to snoring. At 3:00 P.M. we put on a show before the 5th Cavalry in the vicinity of ———. The show was again on a lowboy and the attendance was 3,500—very well received. An attachment of English officers and soldiers were in the audience and they seemed to enjoy it immensely. Col. Harrison invited us to mess with him and we were joined by Col. Barlow and his staff of English officers. Our visit with them was most interesting.

From here we went up to the 1st Cavalry, 7th Battalion and attached group units where, before 2,000, the boys were exceedingly well received although the Greeks, who enjoyed the music very much, had to use an interpreter who was explaining the jokes and songs, *et cetera*, all during the performance. Here again we were actually on the front line and we could see the flash of our own 155 howitzers which were located not more than 300 yards from where we were performing and again the shells were overhead in both directions. At this location, Col. Gilmore seemed to have the most orderly set up we had encountered—his roadways were all well marked with rocks, his whole outfit carefully camouflaged and he had actual seats for the audience and a substantial permanent platform built for shows. About an hour and 30 minutes after we left this location, the Reds strafed the encampment and killed three of our soldiers.

HAYNES VIOLATES ORDERS

An amusing incident occurred at this point. Col. Gilmore is very particular about everything. A week or so before we got there some G.I. had gone to the show with his hand grenades hanging on him and they fell off and exploded and injured 14 men. The Colonel issued an edict that no firearms of any kind could be carried into the amphitheater. During our performance—as he did wherever the occasion offered—Forrest Haynes pulled out his blank pistol and fired back at the artillery when they cut loose their first blast after the boys got under way. This always got a tremendous laugh as did also Art Gracey's stunt of pulling out his gun that does not fire but drops a flag with a minute "Bang." Col. Gilmore was in a conference with his staff and when Forrie fired the gun, he came running out to find out what it was all about. Our explanation was satisfactory, however, and Forrie was not put in the brig. The drive to and from this location was one of the most interesting of the entire trip because we were up again at the front line where we had recently taken over and there were an exceptional number of pieces of Army equipment, etc., in the fields along the roadway. Also, the city of ———, a complete wreck, had to be traversed and it was most interesting to see the complete destruction of what was once something of an industrial city.

Monday, July 9 was supposed to be our day of rest and why they ever gave it to us in such a place as the location of the 1st Cavalry will never be explained. We could not get a jeep—there was no one to look after us, so we just shifted for ourselves. My son-in-law's brother—Lt. Billy Nicholas, who has been in the thick of the thing from the very beginning—came to visit us and we spent the day in talking about our experiences and then looking at two picture shows in the afternoon, which pictures were "I Can Get It For You Wholesale" and "Jennings of Oklahoma," operator Marty Mendro, doing the honors.

We were up at 8:00 A.M. and it was cloudy and raining so it was thought at first that our appearance before the 8th Battalion of the 1st Cavalry would be cancelled. Later, however, it was decided to go ahead with it and we jeeped up to their location some 12 miles distant where we found no one. They postponed it until 1:30 P.M. and finally before about 150 men, the boys put on a short show out on an open field.

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KOREA, (Continued)

We left immediately thereafter and since the weather was so bad we couldn't fly, they decided that we would jeep it down to the I Corps at ——. We arrived there at 4:00 P.M. and were located in two tents in the Officers section and were able to get a first class shower. The Officers were having a party for some departing Major and we joined in before putting on a show for our largest crowd, 6,000 people, including a group of British and Australian soldiers. In this crowd there were two nurses, the first we had seen since we left Taegu. We had an unusually fine reception here although the show was put on in thick



Shifting for themselves. LtoR—Haynes, Gracey, Mendro, Mack.

mud while it was raining. They had a canvas over the lowboy truck so the Mid-States were able to perform in their regular costumes but the crowd stood in the rain. We got a report a few days later that since the Jack Benny show was due they decided they had better sweep this particular field to make sure of its safety and they found six live block mines. Evidently luck was with us and the crowd.

On the morning of the 11th, we were picked up by 5th Air Force planes for movement to the — Air Base, the base for our propeller equipped jets. We saw two missions of 18 of these jets take off and it was a most interesting sight. The show was put on on an open platform with an attendance of about 500 and it was very well received. At this point the PIO officer wanted the boys to get a picture taken in a typical Korean barber shop so we took a bus and went up outside the limits of the base and had a picture taken.

HOSPITAL VISIT

From here we took a bus to the 121st Evacuation Hospital at —, a distance of about 18 miles where we were all billeted in one room on the second floor of the hospital which was formerly a University. The show was held in a courtyard between two wings of the building with a crowd of about 350 including quite a few American nurses and it was exceptionally well received. Following the show we were invited to the Colonel's office where we met a group of Norwegian medical officers that had just come over to establish a medical base somewhere in Korea, with whom we spent a most pleasant evening.

Up at 7:00 A.M. and jeeped from — to —, a distance of about 6 miles where, through the courtesy of Lt. Bill Stack, we were billeted in the only remaining hotel in Korea—the Chosen—which is now used as a rest home for the I Corps. This building was at one time a very fine hotel, well appointed and situated in the center of what would be a square block in this country, surrounded by a

wall, entry to which is through a huge gate. Here we actually had some conveniences because the twin bedded rooms were of normal hotel size and of course there were bathtubs available. All of the water for the hotel had to be brought in by truck, however, and this meant that water could be used only twice a day at certain hours, but things were arranged so that we could get the necessary water at 4:00 P.M. and you should have seen us scurrying to fill the bathtub with hot water so we could soak and really get ourselves cleaned up. The boys put on a show in the afternoon right in the hotel in a little theater-like place that was very comfortable and had a stage. Everyone in the hotel including the help crowded into the room. That evening we put on a show before the — Area Command Post and it was confined to the Post personnel so that only about 100 were in attendance on the 4th floor of a building that had been rehabilitated. The existence of this hotel was concrete evidence of the efficiency of our pinpoint bombing. The buildings on all four sides of this hotel were completely demolished, but the hotel stood practically undamaged—it seems that both the Koreans and our forces when they went back and forth for some reason elected to leave this building untouched as they likewise did the palace and courtyard of an ancient King of Korea and another building some 1500 years old in the heart of the city. In the evening we had a "jam session" in one of the hotel rooms on the lobby floor where there was a very dilapidated piano—all of the boys resting joined in this affair and seemed to enjoy it very much. We got a reasonably good sleep despite the fact that the fine looking beds turned out to be pretty hard and unyielding.

WAR DESTRUCTION

The following morning, Lt. Stack provided us with a truck, driver and guide who, with an official pass, showed us the city. This was once a thriving city of approximately two million people, with many fine modern buildings and large industrial operations—street cars, subways, good wide streets—now laid flat. The North Koreans came down through here, went back, came down again, and again went back and of course we did the same thing with our forces. From what we could determine, we did as much damage (probably more) than did they. When we first went through Seoul, on the main road and via jeep, it was completely deserted and all the more ghost like; this time the authorities had permitted some of the natives to return and some rehabilitation had started, but it was a most depressing sight.

To give you some idea of their confusion, we happened to pass at one time what looked like a modern fire house, with helmets and equipment hanging neatly in place. Just beyond this station we were caught up with by one of the fire wagons, traveling at the break neck speed of some thirty miles per hour with siren screeching, bells clanging, etc., but with the firemen hanging on sans helmets, or any fire fighting equipment. As we followed them we were surprised to see another such contraption coming from the opposite direction; when they met they stopped and held a conference to determine, evidently, the location of the fire. Finally, one of them decided to turn around and join the other, but they first had to stop the truck traffic which blithely was moving along as though nothing was up. They did get started in the same direction finally—heading the same as we—but at a "Y" point ahead one turned to the right and the other to the left. So evidently they were "off" again. That's the last we saw or heard of them.

The outstanding things we saw were the remains of the Emperor's (Japan) palace and bomb shelter, and an ancient King of Korea's palace. The Emperor's palace was on the top of a high hill that we reached by winding around the road, but which could be entered by a series of steps reaching from a zero level to probably 500 feet in height—thousands of steps probably 200 feet wide each, and terraced off on several levels going up. On the top were concrete walkways, balustraded, the same width as the steps, leading into a walled area where once stood the palace—now completely flat. Immediately behind this location was a cave entrance leading to steps going down twenty or more feet, where living room, library, bedrooms, kitchen, et cetera, were all provided and fully equipped. The Mid-States busted a number in this cavern and when we left we were still hearing the reverbera-

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KOREA, (Continued)

tions of the echoes. The cost of this, together with the millions of man hours of labor involved, simply could not be estimated.

JEEPS—HARD ON CONSTITUTIONS

The next morning we were scheduled to fly to the ——— Air Base, but the plane that was to depart from ——— to come get us could not get off the ground on account of weather conditions and we were forced to jeep the 29 miles over a miserably rough road, but one that was of more than passing interest because in this area they had permitted quite a few of the native Koreans to re-enter and they lined the roads and were seen by thousands in the rice paddies. As we passed through the city of ———, we noticed huge crowds of marchers with banners carried by the leaders—it reminded us of the boys on strike in the U. S. It developed that these people were carrying banners, written of course in Korean language, protesting against any settlement that would fix the line at the 38th parallel. We learned later that this same type of demonstration was put on all over the southern section of Korea. The ——— Air Base was located about 6 miles south of the city of ——— and it was in fine condition with a good theater where a crowd of 1200 enthusiastically received the program. All during the program, however, F-86's and F-80's were taking off and landing, the noise of which did not add too much to the boys' performance. The jets would roar two abreast down the runway and as they were jet assisted take-offs they threw a stream of smoke as they gained altitude. After a total of 18 jets had taken off, a 19th plane went up as a replacement in case one of the regulars had to fall out of formation. To see these 19 planes streaking through the air at 600 miles an hour throwing the tail of smoke was a most interesting sight. These planes were gone just about one hour and then we saw them come back in and land. Their mission is to go up to the front, try to entice the MIG's out, give them battle, if they do come out, or drop their bomb load, and come back. These fellows make a minimum of two and sometimes three missions per day.

At this point we saw our first automobile and were driven to the air strip in a Ford staff car. Here again we got to fields that could take C-47's so we had a special plane to air field K-13 which is near ——— where we were billeted in a tent right alongside the air field, the tent having a wooden floor and thus being what we called plush. We put on a show at 8:00 P.M. in an open air theater before 1,500 and this crowd was particularly enthusiastic. After the show they had a "jam session" in the Special Services tent where, from the ranks, there showed up two additional guitars, a cornet, a ukelele and a bass fiddle so that we had somewhat of an orchestra and the boys truly enjoyed it.

On Saturday morning, the 14th, we took off in a C-47 at 8:45 A.M. for air strip K-41 located near ———. Here we were met by an ambulance that took us to the 11th Evacuation Hospital where we had the show in the open on a platform just in front of the hospital before an enthusiastic crowd, mostly patients, totaling 600. This show was in the hot sun at about noon and it was a tough one for the boys.

We were still having weather trouble at ——— and the plane that was to take us still could not get off the ground, so through the courtesy of the Captain who had brought us down from ———, he told us that if we would go back to ——— with him he was going to take off for Japan via ——— (which was our next billed stop) so we decided to go with him. We therefore landed back at ———, took on some other passengers, and taxied out to the runway, saddled up with our parachutes, etc. Suddenly the motors stopped and the Captain came back and announced that there would be some delay. It seems that the air field had received a radio message from a T-6 (an observer plane of the Mosquito Fleet) that one of the planes was about to land and that the pilot had been hit, necessitating that the plane be landed by the observer who generally is not a pilot. Our plane was asked to stand by to wait and see the extent of the injury as it might have been necessary for us to take the pilot in our plane to an evacuation hospital for treatment.



7th AND 11th MARINES

CRACK-UP AVOIDED

We got out of the plane and stood by awaiting the arrival and noticed the crash equipment, the Colonel in charge and others collect around the field because it develops that as a rule the observers in these planes are not pilots and they were fearful that the observer trying to land the plane would crack it up and they wanted to have plenty of help on hand. As it was, the plane came down in a perfect landing and we could see as it passed us that the pilot in the front seat was lying in his straps but when the cockpit was opened it was found that this pilot had been on his last trip before check out for regular service as a pilot, and the observer in this instance was a pilot himself who was checking out the boy and hence the reason for the perfect landing. One small bullet had found its way through the cockpit and caught the boy in the front seat directly through the head. He was dead when they took him out.

We then proceeded on to ——— where the show was put on in a very nice theater building of the Ordnance Department, although the show was for the 518th Military Police Battalion. There was a very enthusiastic crowd of 750 and had we not been some two hours late, because of the delay at ———, they would have had a crowd of some 2,500 as that many were present at the time we were due. We were scheduled to depart for ——— at 5:15 P.M. and we drove back to the airstrip where we remained until 8:30 P.M. and still the plane could not take off from ——— so we were forced to spend the night in ———. The Officers there were quartered in real houses so we put our cots up in the living rooms of these houses and were pretty comfortably fixed. That night there was a big party being held at a building very close to where we were billeted, the party being put on for some 30 odd nurses that had moved in just that day for permanent residence at a hospital there. We went over to the party where we found the 30 nurses and about 150 Officers and a Korean orchestra who played hot music for dancing. The boys put on a show for this crowd and had a hard time getting away.

The next morning, Sunday, July 15th, we were scheduled to leave at 8:00 A.M. but again the weather delayed departure and we sat until 1:00 P.M. arriving in ——— at 1:50 P.M. We were billeted again in the same quarters that we had when we first hit Korea.

On the morning of Monday, July 16th, we put on a show before the 4th Field Hospital at ——— where approximately 400 were in attendance and where again the show was exceedingly well received.

SOFT SEATS AT LAST

We left ——— at 2:45 P.M. in a C-54 that was the best plane we had had on the entire trip—fine commercial type

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KOREA, (Continued)

padding seats and only 12 of us aboard where 30 seats were available. This enabled us to look out of either side of the plane at the Korean scenery, the Sea of Japan and then, of course, Japan itself as we flew back into Tokyo, arriving there at 6:30 P.M. Again we were able to see quite a bit of Japan as we passed over many cities including the passage just immediately over the top of one of the large volcanoes which was smoking and again with a perfect view of Mount Fujiyama. We were met again by Bob Ahlstrom of Special Services who had the two staff cars



Singing without benefit of stage on the edge of a rice paddy
—7th Infantry, 25th Division.

and a truck to convey us back to the Dai-Iti Hotel where we recovered our possessions and after another good hot bath in the tiny little tub we felt we were back in civilization again. By this time we all felt we were practically home again and Tokyo looked entirely different to us than it had before.

The following morning we were on our own until 2:00 P.M. when we reported back to the Special Services offices in the GHQ building and reviewed our trip with the officers there. We were told that we had followed a schedule they all considered to be man-killing and they expressed surprise that we were able to stand up under the punishment. Before we left, they had indicated that they would have us sing in some hospitals in Japan, but at this meeting they informed us that we had done more than our share and that we were through and free to do as we pleased in Tokyo or thereabouts until we were ready to leave. They put two staff cars at our disposal and assigned to us, from the Japan information and guide service a young Japanese by the name of Michio Omori who was instructed to see to it that we saw and did what we wanted to do. This young fellow was a very enthusiastic guide and interpreter and he proceeded to show us the sights of Tokyo, including the temples, parks, Emperor's palace, memorials, etc., and took us through a china manufacturing plant, a glass plant and by special arrangement, the plant of Nippon-Kogakuk (the Japan Optical Company, Ltd.) where Mr. M. Nagaoka, the President himself, gave us a personally conducted tour and wine and dined us to a fare-thee-well. Forrest Haynes, Art Gracey and Marty Mendro were particularly interested in this plant because they produce the very famous Nikkon lens which is said to be the finest in the world.

READY—GET SET—

The General Services people told us that they wanted to see us only once more and that was for a luncheon on Friday at noon and they had us state when we thought we would like to start back. Since the Mid-States had planned that they would get back on the 27th, due to an engagement they had on the 28th, and since we wanted to spend some time in Honolulu, we told them we were ready any time from then on and again we were placed on the "alert" list.

On Friday at noon the Special Services staff gave us a luncheon in the Union Club at Tokyo—a civilian set up

available to U. S. Army personnel only by invitation. It was attended by Col. R. W. Stephens, Col. Edward Sachs, Ed Stephenson, Bob Ahlstrom and one or two lesser lights in the Special Services Section. After the meal, Col. Stephens thanked us profusely for the job done and presented us individually with bronze medals. On behalf of the Society and the boys I responded.

They then gave us tickets for a Japanese show, which we had expressed a desire to see, a musical comedy in 46 scenes, known as "Madame Soda-Yacco Goes to America" and starring a famous Japanese actress Fubuki Koshiji. To say that it was entertaining is putting it mildly—we could not, of course, understand what it was all about, but the elaborate scenery and costumes made it a spectacle and the acting was good—Fubuki Koshiji would command crowds in any American theater, and if we permitted our "choruses" to appear as do these Japanese beauties sans costumes, there would be continuous stampedes at the box office. Here, incidentally, I believe the Mid-States picked up some clever ideas for use in their routines.

—GO—

On Saturday noon they advised us that we would get out at midnight that night, so we started pulling things together in preparation of departure. They picked us up at 10:30 P.M. Saturday night and we went again to Haneda Air Base. At 1:00 A.M. Sunday morning we took off in a well appointed C-54, flying 13 hours to Wake Island where we had lunch, then a 12 hour jump to Honolulu during which time, since we crossed the International Date Line again, we picked up a day and arrived in Honolulu at 5:20 A.M. Sunday morning. Here we had to clear customs because we were back in a United States possession and this meant that all of the baggage had to be put up on a counter and actually be inspected.

It happened that the John Rogers airport terminal was not too busy at that hour of the morning and the corporal who was in charge seemed to recognize us as a group that were somewhat different and on inquiry when he found that we were a barbershop quartet outfit he informed us that one of the boys in his office who came to work at 8:00 A.M. was an ardent barbershopper—this chap was "Gunner" Dunmire who sings in the "Tropichords" of the Honolulu Chapter.

Account of this we had more than the usual attention and this chap helped us get a bus and lug our baggage over to Hickham Field where we were scheduled to depart the following evening. On arrival at Hickam Field we started to check our baggage and the boys there informed us that if we wanted to see Honolulu it would be better for us to go into some hotel along Waikiki Beach rather than be billeted out on the field itself. Taking their advice we took with us only the stuff we would need and got a couple of cabs for Honolulu—some 8 or 10 miles distant. Here we hit a snag because it developed that all of the hotels were full and overflowing due largely to the fact that Brother Harry Bridges had the stevedores out on strike and the Matson Lines Steamers were not running; also to the fact that they were celebrating in Honolulu the completion of the Trans-Pacific Yacht Race which is an annual event and there were many visitors in town. After efforts at the Royal Hawaiian (which we later were glad we couldn't make because we found out that the rates were \$35.00 per day) and one or two other of the larger hotels, we got advice from one of the hotel clerks to call a small hotel called the Lan-Ulu and here we got spotted in very satisfactory quarters.

At 8:00 A.M. I called Gunner Dunmire who suggested that I immediately get in touch with Peter Chang, second President of the Honolulu Chapter. He gave me his 'phone number and when I called Peter he was surprised to death to hear that we were there and said he would come out immediately to look after us. He arrived within 30 minutes and it seems that he had called several other barbershoppers all of whom started to work and before we knew it—about 11:30 A.M.—we found ourselves at the Queen's Surf—a beautiful dining spot right on the ocean—where a radio program known as the "Crunch Hour" was being broadcast. Peter Chang had arranged for the boys to appear on the broadcast. In the meantime, he had corralled some 20 members of the Honolulu Chapter and their

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KOREA, (Continued)

wives and when we walked into the Queen's Surf each one of us was approached by a good looking wife who placed a lei around our neck and kissed us on the cheek—the typical Hawaiian greeting.

HAWAIIAN HOSPITALITY

At this function were Bill Merrill—brother of Charlie and Art Merrill—the founder and First President of the Honolulu Chapter, Admiral and Mrs. Louis Perkins (formerly of St. Louis) and very ardent barbershoppers—Bob Ryder, present President of the Chapter, and his charming wife, and several other members of the Honolulu Chapter and their wives. When the broadcast was over at 2:00 P.M. and we had enjoyed a splendid Hawaiian brunch, we repaired to the home of Admiral Perkins who lives about half way up "Diamond Head" alongside a lighthouse, commanding a remarkable view of the ocean. Here the boys sang some more, the Admiral's daughters danced the hula for us and we remained until the Admiral and Mrs. Perkins had to leave to go to another party which set us on the road in 4 cars for a trip over the island.

We stopped at the home of Peter Chang for a brief spell, then went up to the high mountain known as the "Pali" where you get a remarkable view of the island of "Oahu" and the City of Honolulu, then they drove us around and we finally ended up at the home of Bill Merrill where the entire Honolulu gang showed up for a full evening of music. Before the evening was over, several of the Honolulu quartets and a great deal of woodshedding had gone over the dam.

The following morning, Admiral Perkins was on the job again, along with others and we saw everything there was to see in Pearl Harbor. In the meantime, Bud Thompson, another barbershopper who owns a 40 ft. sailing vessel, suggested that we take a sail in the afternoon, so following luncheon with the Admiral at the Tropics, a gang of us got aboard the sloop and put out for a sail in the bay. We were particularly fortunate in that that night there was to be a banquet at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel put on by the Yacht Club in honor of the winners of the Trans-

Pacific Yacht Race. Through Bill Merrill and Admiral Perkins, we were invited. They had put the Mid-States on the program and when they sang they, as usual, took over the place. It was a spectacular setting and they did a spectacular job so that there was no question but that the leading lights of Honolulu know something more about barbershoppers than they did before.

We were booked to leave Honolulu at 1:00 P.M. on Tuesday, necessitating our being at the airport at 11:00 A.M. and these fine Honolulu Chapter members again came by, picked us up and took us to John Rogers field where Gunner Dunnire arranged that our baggage be moved for us, and upon arrival there the wives were on hand with leis and the traditional "Aloha".

It is difficult for me to find words to describe Honolulu and the reception we received from the barbershoppers there—I will simply say that their reception was out of this world and that Honolulu is everything it's cracked up to be. We have a remarkably fine bunch of men in our Chapter who conduct it on an exceedingly high plane and from whom I expect many things to come. None of us will ever forget our friends there and each of us would break our necks to get back again.

Our 13 hour flight from Honolulu to Travis Air Base was uneventful, being a very smooth, beautiful flight at 8,000 feet. We had a wonderful flight from San Francisco to Chicago, arriving on time at 5:30 P.M. Chicago time where the Mid-States families and friends were on hand to welcome the boys back to the greatest country in the world.

HOME

So endeth a trip that will never be forgotten by the five of us who made it. We are positive of the good done for the Society which will last over a long period of years. Most of the audiences to which we sang were composed of the finest young men in the world, whose memory of our appearances will never be dimmed. The cleanness of our show and the fact that they understood that we did this as amateurs and not professionals seemed to impress them very much. I'm sure we did a good job.



SOMEWHERE IN KOREA

What the well dressed barbershopper will wear. LtoR—Marty Mendro in the dark glasses; Captain Charles E. Cantley, 7th

Division Special Services Officer; Bob Mack crouching in front; Ari Gracey draped over the jeep; Jerry Beeler, Convict No. 97846 (even he agrees—Eds.) Farrest Haynes.

THE CARDINALS *in Alaska*

Bass Phil Davies of the Cardinals of Madison, Wisconsin, is a radio writer by vocation. His story of the Cardinals trip to Alaskan posts should really be appearing in some national magazine instead of before the limited circulation of the "Harmonizer." It's that good. (Eds.)

by Phil Davies

The Cardinals report a successful mission.

The trip was somewhat different from what we (and perhaps the Collaboration Committee) expected. In view of the enormous distances involved and the shortness of the time, we were scheduled only at seven major installations, and no more. At first we were disappointed. Later, we were ready to concede the wisdom of the arrangement.

In short, the trips we had visualized up above the Arctic Circle and over to Nome were out. Installations in the Aleutians were also out, even Kodiak, which is close and readily accessible. There was no chance to visit the Panhandle, where so much of Alaska's story was written. We didn't even see Juneau, the Capital.

We did visit seven key bases, including the largest in the Alaskan Command. At each place, a schedule was worked out to let as many men hear us as possible:

Ladd Field
Eielson Air Base
Big Delta Arctic Training Center
Elmendorf Air Base
Fort Richardson
Port of Whittier
Seward Recreation Center

Visiting other posts than these would have been roughly comparable to including Seattle and Los Angeles within a tour of St. Louis, Kansas City, and Omaha. Distances are as fabulous as the scenery.

We wish to report that we were treated with every consideration by Special Services, USARAL, and by the authorities of every post we visited. Our status was made strictly V.I.P. throughout, even to the use of special planes. We were dazzled by our treatment everywhere.

It was perhaps inevitable that there should be some misunderstandings regarding our mission. In some places, we were scheduled purely as "entertainment", where it was scarcely possible to explain what we were doing. In other places, we were scheduled so closely that we were unable to do more than exchange a sentence or two where we could have had a lively "woodshed" session.

Through another misunderstanding, the barbershop materials we were to hand out were already scattered all over the Alaskan Command by the time we arrived.

So we developed an "off the cuff" sales-talk for barbershop that we could adapt to each situation, built around the fact that a barbershop quartet contest had just been announced for the Alaskan Command—and that we were helping with the kick-off. This "localizing" stunt proved very successful. Whenever possible, we got post newspapers and radio stations to play up this news angle, and we never missed a chance to work on the post Special Services Officer for a promise of follow-up support.

We were fortunate to have detailed to us as project officer a young man named Capt. Jim Marks. He caught the idea, the spirit, and the purpose of the tour almost immediately. Thereafter, he acted as M.C. for us, telling part of our story before we appeared and winning a friendly response for us before we sang a note. The job he did was spectacular, as far as barbershop is concerned. And the job he did of smoothing the way and handling every confusing detail of the trip was simply miraculous. A good share of any credit we receive belongs to him.

Two observations here, for the use of the next quartets to make such a tour: Servicemen were impressed and warmed by Marks' explanation that these were no professional entertainers, but ordinary citizens who had given up their vacations, just to show servicemen how much fun they could get out of singing barbershop as a hobby. After that, each audience was a pushover. Servicemen were also



At Truax Air Field, Madison, Wisconsin—LtoR—Jerry Ripp, lead; Phil Davies, bass; Joe Ripp, tenor; Vaughn Liscum, bar; Herschel Smith, (former bar Buffalo Bills), President, Madison Chapter; Mayor George Forster of Madison.

much interested in the opening I used for my half-time spiel: that I had a quartet in the Army which never got better than "terrible", but which STILL did more to make my life liveable than anything else I found in the Army. Proof: I'm still at it.

You will note that through a series of "snafus", we did not leave Seattle until Tuesday morning, July 17. Through premature scheduling, our first Alaskan appearances had been set for July 15. When we arrived at Ladd Field, Fairbanks, we were already three days behind schedule. By Saturday, July 21, we were back on.

In 10 days in Alaska, we made 42 appearances before servicemen audiences, exclusive of "outside" appearances before civilians. Our minimum show was a half hour. As closely as we can calculate, we were seen by nearly 7000 men in uniform.

Happily, the Cardinals did not face a single unresponsive audience. As far as we could tell, we left enthusiasm for barbershop harmony with every group. I know we were good advertising for the Alaskan Command's quartet contest.

So the Cardinals report a successful mission by all known evidence, and submit the following chronicle.

LOG

Here begins the Alaskan Adventure of the Cardinals, who were sent to the Arctic with a job to do. This is the account of it, as completely as we can recall. Understandably, this is also an account of what we saw and absorbed.

JULY 14. To begin with, it was no ordinary take-off. We left at 10:00 AM from Madison's Truax Field, with a large crowd of friends and families to wave good-bye. Planeside ceremonies were broadcast by WIBA (Madison's NBC station), including speeches by Chapter President Herschel Smith (ex-Buffalo Bill) and Madison's Mayor Forster, with three songs from the Cardinals. The newspapers ran plentiful publicity.

(Continued)

ALASKA, (Continued)

At Minneapolis, we were met by a delegation including Doc and Mrs. Browne, Les Mikelson of the Atomic Bums, the Lienaus, and other good friends. We were feted luncheon guests of Capt. Howe, commandant of the field's naval air base and a member of the Minneapolis Chapter. It was fun singing for the group after lunch.

Then aboard the Stratocruiser for Seattle. The hostess, immediately curious about the identical costumes and the send-off party, discovered what we were. Next thing we knew, she was introducing us over the plane's P.A. system. Somewhere over the Dakotas, we sang several songs for the 60-odd passengers aboard. Later (in Anchorage) we met an Army colonel who heard us sing on this trip.

The flight took on added zip when we ran head-on into a thunder storm over the worst of the Rockies. A third of the passengers promptly dived for the paper bags under the seats.

High point of the flight was sailing close by Mt. Rainier, majestic and snow-topped and tinted gold in the setting sun. Few mountains have such marvelous symmetry.

At Seattle-Tacoma Airport, we were met on the ramp by a group from the Seattle Chapter and by a Transport

Sound for a wonderful woodshedding party that was over too soon—even though the evening was getting on. Dinner at the Washington Athletic Club downtown, as Joe Baker's guests. Dining room decorum was relaxed to the extent of letting us sing.

JULY 16. There was no word from the Port Authority by noon, so we took off for lunch with Seattle Chapter President Earl Berg at the dramatic Norselander Restaurant. On request, we sang two songs, and were rewarded with smiling compliments from our waitresses, who spoke with thick Scandinavian accents.

Returning to Ft. Lawton, we found ourselves scheduled to leave next morning, 10:00 A.M. That meant we could accept the invitation to appear at Seattle's chapter meeting.

Paul Richardson called for us, taking over for Ivan Cornwall and Elmer Grant, who had done most of our chauffeuring.

A record crowd attended the meeting, including members from Tacoma, Enumclaw, and other surrounding chapters. Cardinals sang a couple of demonstration "book numbers" at the meeting, and then sang several songs at the coffee session later. Tenor Joe Ripp guest-conducted a chorus number at the request of Gene Brown, chorus direc-

MINNEAPOLIS CHAPTER'S RECEPTION COMMITTEE FOR THE CARDINALS



L. to R.—front, kneeling—Chief Warrant Officer C. W. Ogilvie, U. S. N., Les Mikelson of the Atomic Bums, "Doc" Robert Browne
L. to R.—standing—Mrs. F. N. Howe, Captain Howe, U. S. N.,

Clair T. Lienau, Jerry Ripp, Phil Davies, Patricia Dougherty, Joe Ripp, Kathy Lienau, Mrs. Browne, Joann Haeblerlin, Didi Parks, Dr. E. H. Hamlet.

Corps major from Ft. Lawton, who had brought an Army bus for us.

The major reported that "everything was set" for us to take off next morning for Tokyo. For TOKYO! Great, we said, but we're supposed to go to Alaska. So the major promised to look into it next day, and offered to take our luggage to Ft. Lawton in the bus.

A sleepy clerk checked us in at Ft. Lawton's Hostess House early in the morning, after a busy day.

The Hostess House is a rambling series of narrow one-story buildings connected by corridors to a central building that was once the Post Infirmary. It is largely inhabited by civilians and families waiting for overseas transportation. To our dismay, we were given rooms in the Nursery Wing.

JULY 15. First business of the day was checking with the Transport Officer, who said no travel would be possible 'til Monday.

So early in the afternoon, we were rounded up and delivered to Joe Baker's beautiful home overlooking Puget

tor and bass of the former Queen City Four (you saw them at Omaha).

(Plug: Joe Ripp's Madison Chorus has won the Land O'Lakes District Contest four years in a row.)

After final hand-shakes, we returned at a reasonable hour to Ft. Lawton. The fog horns blew half the night.

JULY 17. The wheels finally started to turn at 10:00 A.M., when an army bus showed up to take us to McCord Air Base, Tacoma. After medical clearance with the Port Authority, we rode for what seemed like 50 miles to McCord.

Here's where poetic justice rewarded Jerry Ripp, our lead. Our orders called only for typhoid shots and vaccination, but when Jerry went out to Truax Field in Madison they also gave him tetanus. He felt pretty injured about this, especially when the rest of us thought it was a big joke. But when we were told at McCord that we couldn't ride military transport planes without tetanus shots, and had to go a couple of miles up to the hospital to get them while Jerry slept in an easy chair in the MATS office, it was hard to remember what we'd been laughing about.

(Continued)

ALASKA, (Continued)

Worse yet, baritone Vaughn Liscum forgot his shot slip, and had to take them ALL over again (believe it or not, he spent three years in the army).

We found that the transportation snafu had been in the Port Authority, and that we had actually had space on a plane the day before—right up till plane time!

At McCord we also drew Arctic clothing, required for flying over Alaskan terrain—everything from parkas to mukluks.

Finally, around 5 P.M. we climbed into bucket seats to begin the 8 hour flight to Anchorage. Almost as soon as we left Seattle, we found ourselves over thick clouds, with only an occasional glimpse of the famous "Inside Passage" we were flying over. But as we approached the rugged coastline of Alaska the clouds ran out, and we were privileged to see one of the great sights in the world—spectacular glacier scenery, the incredible beauty of Prince William Sound, and some of the toughest-looking mountains on earth. We hung on the windows for miles, looking down on the same terrain we were to see from the bottom up (it turned out later) in a few more days.

We circled and landed at Elmendorf Air Base about midnight Seattle time (9 P.M. Anchorage time) and were met by Major Hartley, chief of Special Services for the Alaskan Command—our boss for the two weeks to follow. The Major drove us to his quarters a few blocks away, and told us that we would take off in two hours for Fairbanks since we were already a day and a half behind schedule. In the meantime we were cordially entertained by the Major and his wife until plane time, giving us a chance to try out our program on the boss.

So at 10 P.M. we once again piled into a plane for a trip up through the celebrated Rainy Pass of the Alaskan Range. To our disappointment, the clouds closed in again and the promised excitements of the trip narrowed down to one—a big one—when we flew past Mt. McKinley, tallest mountain in North America, at what looked like a wing's length.

After three hours' flying, we came down through the clouds and sat down at Ladd Field farthest north U. S. air base. At the plane to meet us was Captain Marks, the project officer detailed to us by the Alaskan Command. We didn't know it then, but Marks was to become a firm friend and the greatest worker of minor miracles any of us had ever seen.

We stood on the ramp shaking hands with Jim Marks and looking around for our baggage when the truth hit us. It was 1:00 A.M. and the sun was shining brightly!

Marks told us that we would sing for the first time at 2:00 P.M., so we hit the sack at Ladd BOQ to sleep off a big day.

JULY 18. Needless to say, we slept late. After killing a few minutes before lunch proving to each other how much we had forgotten about the use of a billiard cue, we met for lunch with Captain Newman, Special Services Officer at Ladd Field, who had to tear up his posters and schedule for us the day before.

At 2 PM, we sang the first show of the tour at the Base Hospital—and I'll admit that we have probably never been more nervous. We sang in a big ward with bad acoustics, after a pretty vague introduction from Marks, who still had no idea what we had to offer. The performance was a little shaky, improving after we got started, and we were delighted to get a big hand. We then went downstairs and sang the other big ward, and to our pleasure most of the walking members of the first audience followed right along to hear the second show. Afterwards, we had a fine talk in the corridor with several of the boys, who swallowed our bait whole. As far as we could see, we were off to a perfect start.

At the suggestion of Marks, we then stole a couple of hours to see Fairbanks. Capt. Newman provided a car, so we not only had a chance to look over the town, but also to drive out and inspect the University of Alaska.

Although Fairbanks is on every Rand McNally map, it is a small town of about 7000, with unpaved and rocky streets. Here's the end of the Alaska Railroad, the end of the Alcan Highway, and the jump-off spot for all men whose

business takes them north. It is a busy, friendly, and incredibly dusty place.

Although this is the edge of Eskimo country (half of Alaska's population is Eskimo), we saw only a few in town. Lead Jerry Ripp snapped the picture of a grinning Eskimo boy selling newspapers on the corner; and at the entrance to an alley we saw a withered and ragged old Eskimo woman sitting on a box, staring drearily at passers-by. The narrow little Cheena River is full of float planes. Taking off around the bend is standard procedure. At Christmas time the street lights in Fairbanks burn until noon. After two hours of twilight, they go on again at 2:00 PM.

Driving out to the University, we passed the famous Kramer Dairy, "farthest north dairy farm in the world". We were impressed by the University, which is set on a hill overlooking miles of forested valley about three miles from town. New buildings are going up. Later, we found that we stood in front of Alaska's finest wild-life and historical museum without looking in.

Then we returned to Ladd Field Officers' Club, where it was Stag Night, and put on another (unscheduled) show before dinner.

Here we had our first display of the resourcefulness of Capt. Marks. We were refused entry to the dining room of the Club by the type of non-com we had a good term for in the Army. Ties were required, it seemed, even though we were wearing suit coats over our sport shirts. So Marks ducked around the corner and returned with four waiter's black bow ties. Protocol was satisfied, and we were seated. After dinner, back to work. We set off with Capt. Newman of Special Services and the only WAF officer we saw, Maj. Stiles, as escort. First stop was the big Service Club, where we sang to a middle-size audience that included Tenor Joe Ripp's "cousin-in-law," an employee of the Forestry Service based in Fairbanks. Here was our first real chance to tell our story and invite participation. And here, too, was the first of a number of times when too-tight scheduling forced us to walk away from a promising woodshed session, because we were far from through for the night.

Next stop was an isolated camp six miles out in the woods—oddly enough, called 6-mile Camp—where we sang to a small group of boys who were clearly starved for entertainment. Response was slow at first, then overwhelming. This show, we believe, was one of the most important of all. After talking with the boys who rushed up afterwards—and with the officers who walked us to the car—we were convinced we had left something of importance behind, in that little group of tarpaper buildings.

Back then to the big—almost lavish—NCO Club, where we sang to a crowd gathered for a special party. It was a big success.

To celebrate a busy day, we then accepted an invitation to visit the biggest night club in Fairbanks (there are dozens, because these Alaskans take their entertainment seriously). Maybe we should have expected it: in 15 minutes we were called out by the M.C. to take part in the floor show—and then told to order whatever we wanted "on the house." Where a drink costs a dollar and a sandwich 80 cents, that was a break.

So the day ended early in the morning, with the sun still shining. Tired? We had sung 6 half-hour shows, with a 3 song stint at the bistro on top of it. We got used to that later.

JULY 19. Next morning, we left by Air Force carry-all for Eielson Air Base, 26 miles down the Alaskan highway from Fairbanks and Ladd Field. We were leaving behind the northernmost point of the tour—only a hundred miles from the Arctic Circle. We hadn't seen more than four or five authentic-looking Eskimos, and here we were driving a modern highway (best part of the entire Alcan Highway) dressed as if on a week-end trip to Milwaukee. It was almost disappointing.

Except for the snow-capped mountains in the distance, the scenery could have been northern Wisconsin. There were more deciduous trees than we expected, mostly birch and aspens, and the evergreens were small. The road was lined for miles with some nameless lavender wild-flower.

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ALASKA, (Continued)

At the end, we rolled into Eileson Air Base, where we were to put in our most rugged days.

We lost little time getting started at Eileson, after we found Special Services Officer Lt. Walker, who used to lead an SPEBSQSA chorus in a Florida city. The first day was easy: performances in the post theater—in the infirmary, for the patients—and a before-dinner session at the Officers' Club. These were all sparsely attended, because we were still a day behind schedule, and all three appearances were set up with almost no advance notice.

After dinner, we ran into the only unpleasant incident on the whole tour. We were scheduled to appear the following night at the NCO Club, but since a special occasion was in progress there, it was suggested that we put in an appearance. We had barely cleared the door when a hot-headed non-com told Capt. Marks he'd have to leave—so we left with him, without argument. (Next day, the lid blew off: the Club's Board met, raised hell with the non-com on the door, and sent word that the red carpet would be rolled out for us—especially Capt. Marks, who had entered the club only as our official M.C.)

We finished up the evening back at the Officers' Club, which is important only because it ended in the weirdest woodshed session we'll ever see—outside, at MIDNIGHT, in broad daylight!

JULY 20. This was the day. The Cardinals will never see a tougher day than this one. Read and agree.

First, we sang at all gun batteries around the field. Here again, we had the same sudden sensation of doing something important by singing for small, isolated units that were actually starved for entertainment. Only a small percentage of these men are allowed outside the area at any one time, so they have a pretty rugged time of it.

Response to these shows was tremendous. Luckily, every performance was inside a mess hall or quonset or home-made day-room, so we didn't have to "blast". We rode from place to place in an Air Force (Chevrolet) carry-all—also lucky, in view of the famous Alaskan dust, inches thick on every road.

When we finally returned to the Officers' Club before dinner, we not only had to sing another show, but agreed to sing again later in the evening, when all the wives would be there.

Let us break off here long enough to pay tribute to the wives at Eileson and Big Delta (our next stop). No family quarters here—only little trailers huddled together on rocky, untillable ground, miles from stores, restaurants, dress shops, and all ordinary pleasures, trying to make a home life for husbands who have three years to serve before they are eligible for return to the States. This is peacetime life under wartime conditions—long, tough, and unrelieved. Tough enough in balmy summer weather, and worse when the temperature reaches 60 below, with 22 hours of darkness a day.

The sergeant who drove us all day brought his wife and two youngsters to meet us. He's from North Carolina, and he thinks the weather's "better" back home. His wife would like to walk on a sidewalk again.

After dinner (already hoarse) we went back to work. First we sang for another battery located at the field, then to a rather small crowd in a large mess-hall. Then back to the Officers' Club as promised, where we found our audience already seated in lounge chairs drawn up theater-style. Then to the NCO Club with some nervousness (after the incident of the night before). Here we faced a large crowd, and sang on a cafe-style dance floor to enthusiastic, friendly response—the hardest audience to leave, even after two encores, that we found north of the Alaska Range.

Club M.C. was a Sgt. Otto (formerly stationed at Truax Field in Madison), who identified himself as the man in charge of the radio station. At his insistence, we wound up the evening with a half-hour radio broadcast, drowned out by the rasping voice of the tower man whenever a plane came in.

So we did no less than eleven shows this day—approximately 5½ solid hours of singing, not counting the wood-

shedding we did at two batteries in the afternoon. And although the Cardinals are rarely impressed with the quality of their own singing, we admit to a bit of mutual admiration when we look at this day from the standpoint of endurance. We're tougher than we thought.

Here's a trick we learned. The infirmary gave us a little bottle of glycerin, which promptly became known as the "nitro" bottle. We found that by putting a drop at the back of the throat with a fingertip, we could sing with a minimum of huskiness for about half an hour. Before we left Alaska, we used up most of the bottle.

In every one of the isolated batteries, we saw half a dozen Husky or Malamute puppies. Each dog had different black-and-white or gray-and-white markings, all very striking. Eileson broke into the news recently as the place where the British plane landed after flying over the Pole from Iceland. It's ironic. Eileson pilots make longer flights (for weather information) several times a week, over uncharted and uninhabited country.

The difference between Ladd and Eileson is vast. Ladd is an established, city-type base, with sidewalks and lawns and paved streets and buildings set in a row. There are underground tunnels connecting key buildings, for winter comfort. Eileson is new and a-building and very unlovely. It is a maze of tar-paper buildings, bumpy and dusty roads, Janesway huts, and rocky ground without a single blade of grass.

We had no trouble getting to sleep this night, daylight or no daylight.

JULY 21. The day began with the arrival of another carry-all to take us 50 more miles down the Alaskan Highway to Big Delta Arctic Training Center. The road soon left the highway and climbed into the foothills of the surrounding mountains, where we rode for mile after uninhabited mile of travel-book scenery before dropping back into the valley at Big Delta.

This part of the Alaskan Highway is smooth-as-silk blacktop, poor only in the low, flat stretches where it is built across the "tundra" (frozen mud that thaws in summer heat), the big problem faced by highway builders here.

We arrived at Big Delta just in time to check in with Capt. Lacey, Special Services Officer, and still make lunch call. Then, when we found we had the whole afternoon off, we looked over the PX down at the airfield and returned to the BOQ for some much needed bunk fatigue. In the Officers' Club, we inspected the first Kodiak bearskin we had ever seen. Just a small one, they said—"only 20 inches between the ears"! The Alaskan or Kodiak brown bear is the largest carnivorous animal alive—and probably the toughest.

At dinnertime, we were treated to a strange sight—a formal dinner party, complete with candlelight, lace tablecloth, and white-coated waiters. It turned out to be a "graduation party" for officers who had finished their Arctic training course and were being returned to duty elsewhere. It's a little ritual that's observed for every graduation. Wives wear formal gowns, husbands dress up in their best uniforms, and the scene could easily be the Pump Room instead of a little frame building deep in the Alaskan wilderness.

Our first show was in the Service Club, where we sang to a disappointingly small crowd. But out of that crowd, we put together a complete quartet; and when we left for the Post Theater fifteen minutes later, they were already arranging their first rehearsal.

At the theater, we met a complication. The post radio station had a microphone on the stage, and explained that the program was going "live" on the air, with a Pfc who had never heard of barbershopping for an announcer. When we arrived, we found that our incredible Capt. Marks had already written a radio script for the announcer on the backs of three envelopes and was then coaching the engineer on how to ride gain for each of our numbers ("watch out for that last chord—it's loud"). We entered the stage down a flight of rickety stairs. Tenor Joe Ripp caught his heel on a nail-head, but after some of the most astonishing acrobatics ever performed without a trampoline, landed at the foot of the stairs on

(Continued)

ALASKA, (Continued)

his feet. I'd say it was the most eye-catching entrance we ever made.

The mike was a "button," and highly directional, so we sang what must have been a pretty dull spectator show into the mike. The show timed out to the second. And then came the blow—the relay to the transmitter had conked out, and we had sung a half hour into a dead mike. To make matters worse, we thought we had drawn a poor crowd. Later, Capt. Lacey told us we had set the post attendance record for shows in the theater. Only a "girlie" show the summer before, presented in the big hangar, had outdrawn us. Things like this were the real rewards.

By this time, too, our "pitch" for barbershopping was pretty well perfected. My little spiel in the middle of the show was drawing applause every time.

After the show, we had fifteen minutes to get down to the radio studio in the big hangar to try again. The same announcer, again almost paralyzed with excitement at putting on a "live" show, blew his lines at every opportunity, but we again were lucky enough to put on a show that timed perfectly!

My civilian job is radio, so I can't resist adding here that our three radio shows in Alaska still seem to me almost miraculous. The two half hours each timed out to 29:30 and the quarter hour to 14:30—perfect! Now if we could learn to *tune* our singing as well as *time* it, watch out in Kansas City!

Back at the Officers' Club, we sang a show for the graduation party, took a break, and then organized a woodshed session that lasted till midnight. They ate it up.

Between songs, we had fascinating conversations. The instructors at Big Delta know mountains and Arctic weather better than anybody alive. We learned more about glaciers, mountain equipment, and Arctic problems of survival than we'll learn in a lifetime from books and movies.

Every car in Alaska has a little gas heater for the motor—or it must be towed for hours before it starts. What's more, tires freeze flat, where they rest on the ground, and it takes miles of bumpy driving to round them out again. If you think zero weather is tough on your car, try it at 60 below!

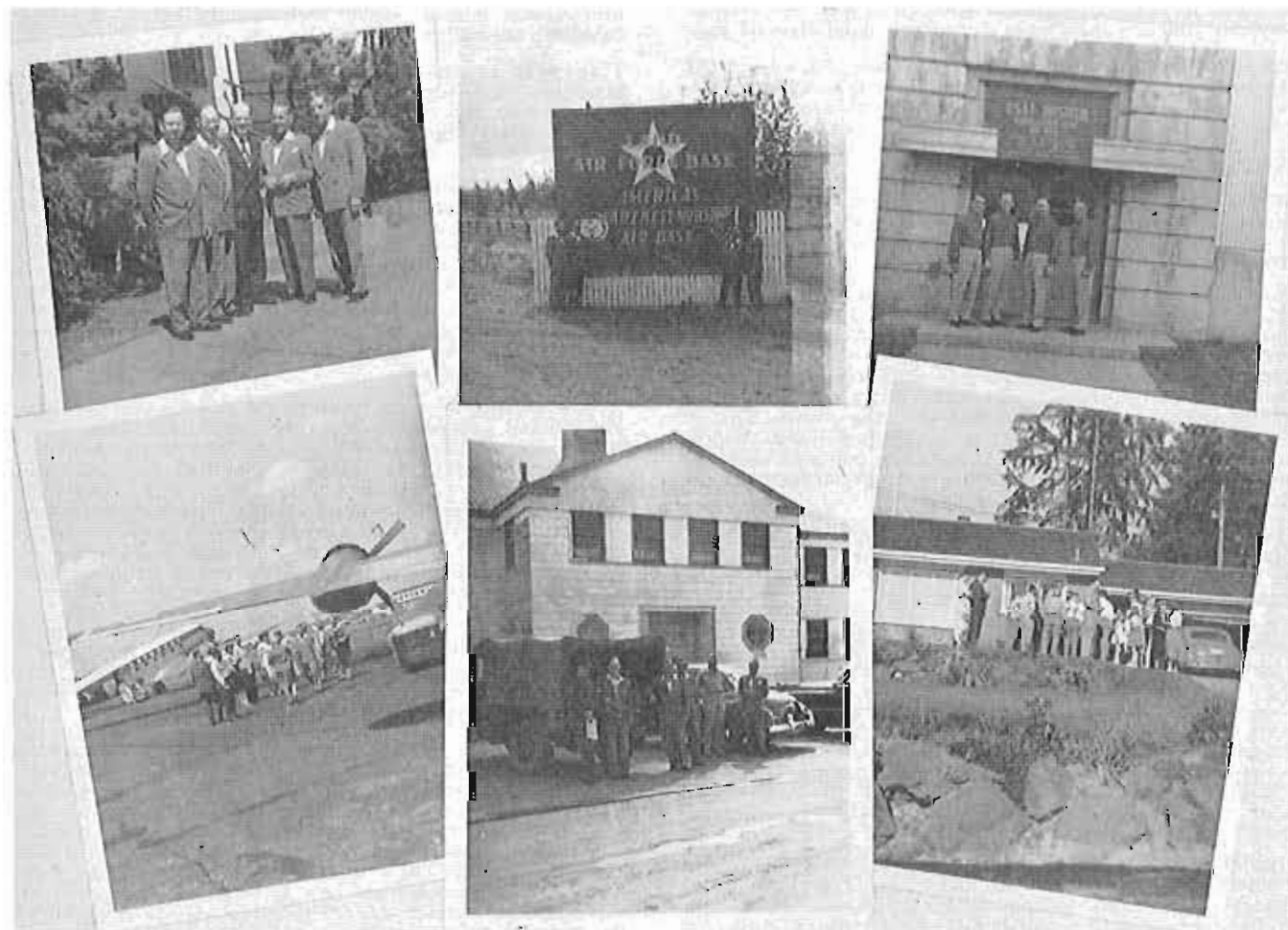
We got another eye-opener when the subject of construction costs came up. Big Delta's executive officer showed us a little 20x20 addition to a building—simple frame-and-siding type, with wallboard inside and a rough floor covered with masonite. Cost of this little shed-like structure was 28 THOUSAND DOLLARS!

We missed the Government herd of bison (buffalo to you), transplanted here from the States twenty years ago. A few weeks before, they were chasing them off the runways every day.

Next day, we were to fly back over the Range to Anchorage.

JULY 22. Capt. Marks woke us up to say that our (get this) *special C-47* would be in at 11:00. That meant we could keep our tentative "instruction" date at the Service Club. Our new quartet was there, with some others who had been at the theater. And although the boys were pretty timid about tackling a part (we found this usual), we managed to strong-arm several into reading simple parts from the book.

(Continued)



Top L. to R.—
Seattle Chapter Pres. Earl Berg in middle.
The Cardinals at Ladd Air Force Base.
At USAF Hospital, Elmendorf, Alaska

Below L. to R.—
Met at plane at Minneapolls.
Ready to leave Elmendorf for Ladd—Captain Marks at left
Woodshedding with Seattle members at home of Elmer Grant.

ALASKA, (Continued)

Then back to the BOQ for baggage, and down to the field just as our plane landed. Not only a special plane, but one with real seats in it! And each seat had a genuine parachute, which we promptly tried on. (All five of us had different theories about how the harness works. All were wrong.) Senior pilot of the ship was only a youngster—a captain who looked all of 24.

Soon as we started to gain altitude (it takes plenty over the Alaska Range) we saw that the clouds would beat us again. We flew across three hours of breath-taking scenery, and saw only a minute's worth. It was a heart-breaker, that trip.

By now, Elmendorf Air Base looked like home.

After taxiing up the ramp through a forest of airplanes, the plane pulled up near the big hangar. Capt. Marks disappeared to do his usual conjuring stunt of producing an automobile out of nowhere, while we carried the baggage off the strip.

The car showed up and took us to Elmendorf BOQ, which we found in a pretty primitive state—with about an inch of Alaskan topsoil on the floor and the beds. Marks took one look, snorted like a bull charging a picador, and started for the telephone.

Fifteen minutes later we were delivered to the "Chateau," reserved for colonels or better, and put up in a condition of sheer luxury. As I said, strictly V.I.P.

Elmendorf is a city in itself, with paved streets and acres of buildings. But standard accommodations were far more luxurious in the isolated posts of the north—testimony that the Army is concerned with the comfort and well-being of its men as it should be.

The big water-tower at Elmendorf carries the sign: "DANGER: FALLING ICE."

Lunch at Elmendorf Officers' Club, after hours (score one more for Capt. Marks). Then we checked with Maj. Hartley's office, to learn that we were scheduled for the afternoon at Ft. Richardson Hospital.

The hospital is probably Alaska's largest. At any rate, we followed a gushing Red Cross girl down a mile and a half of corridors to the big ward where we sang first.

Next stop, another mile, was the psycho ward, where we very nearly choked over our first song. It struck all of us at once that we could have chosen a more tactful opener than "I'm running wild, I've lost control!"

After still another performance (in the Officers' ward), we were led to the hospital's overheated theater, where we sang to an S.R.O. crowd from a stage that was steaming hot—hot as a reptile house. The show was well received, however, and what looked like half the audience passed up the movie to follow us outside, where we were fanning ourselves. We talked barbershop and answered questions for nearly half an hour.

Capt. Marks then promoted another car to take us over to Ft. Rich proper, for dinner at the Officers' Club.

This drive was our first chance to see the astonishing amount of military construction under way at this important post. The cost is fabulous. The village of family quarters, for example, is setting us back about a quarter-million dollars per unit at Alaskan building costs. The big concrete barracks run over a million dollars apiece.

At the Officers' Club, we ran into the post's executive officer, whose name we have lost, and were instantly commandeered for a performance at the tea dance then in progress. By this time, we were hungry enough to eat a side of beef apiece—which was fortunate, because Marks had engineered a dinner featuring filet mignons that were literally as big as pie plates (and supremely edible). Cost on the post: two dollars. Downtown in Anchorage, a hamburger costs 75 cents.

The evening was free, so we hit the sack early. We had an early train to catch.

JULY 23. Sleeping at the "Chateau" was lovely, so we rolled out without much enthusiasm to make our train to Whittier.

The trip was tremendous and colorful. The track runs for miles along the shore of the Turnagain Arm of Cook Inlet, with mountains piling up to the sky on the left and churning tidal currents on the right. I wish I had talent to vivify the riotous color that touched every inch of this strip—from the luminous blue-greens of glacier

ice to the quilted lavenders of the mountain meadows to the orange-red salmon, clearly visible as giant goldfish in every brown-bottomed stream we crossed. We were seeing, from the bottom up, the same scenery we had flown over coming into Alaska, and it was too much for the eye to grasp.

Even the people were colorful: a genuine-looking old sourdough in hip boots, half a dozen construction workers with metal helmets, and three exceedingly drunken Indians who were tumbled off the train at the first stop.

Finally, the train curved away from the shore, dived into a 2 mile tunnel, and emerged at the tiny Port of Whittier. Security regulations are rigid and numerous here, and the mood is unhappiness. I imagine that the mountains begin to lean in on this dismal little spot.

We heard that the week before, a soldier tried to drive a gasoline truck through the railway tunnel—reasoning, with a kind of fantastic logic that this much gasoline would get him all the way back to the States.

We were scheduled to sing three times here. We sang four. First one was the Service Club. Second one was the NCO Club, where we faced a glum and unsmiling audience that warmed up rapidly, though jammed into a dark, crowded room. Third one was the Officers' Club, where we found some ready-made woodshedders, led by the Post Fire Chief with a real "fireman's bass."

This, we all feel, was our most important single day. In all three groups, we were faced with unmistakable examples of the kind of morale and recreation problems Army barbershopping has set out to lick. Here was the actual unhappy result of the lack of outside entertainment and of a life of almost unrelieved monotony. We were overjoyed, believe me, to see how barbershop "took" with these fellows, and to see how attentively they followed my explanatory sales talk.

The Post Executive Officer, Col. Riker, who hails from a little town not forty miles from Madison, asked question after question, and then asked us to sing next morning to the port companies—with special emphasis on the sales talk. So we agreed, though it meant cancelling the trout fishing that Jerry and Vaughn had cooked up earlier in the evening with two sergeants at the NCO Club.

(Jerry also had his heart set on getting one of the incredible yard-wide king crabs that are found in these waters.)

JULY 24. Next morning at the dock, we found that all men had been called off their jobs to listen. Col. Riker obviously considered our message worth several hundred man hours—and if the idea behind the three quartet tours needs any proof, there you have it.

We sang in a make-shift gymnasium right on the dock, to the same grim faces we had seen everywhere at Whittier—and with the same rapid response, once we had started singing. It was a moving thing to watch.

No chance for woodshedding, or even conversation. We had barely finished when the men were on their way back to work. And we had barely time to make the one train a day that would take us back through the tunnel, away from Whittier. Our bags were already at the station, thanks to Capt. Marks.

There was a striking Eskimo girl on the train. Eskimo women have beautiful hair—lustrous and smooth and black, like polished ebony.

It was only a half hour's train ride to Portage, where we were met by a staff car and jeep sent up from Seward. The first warning of what came next was the dust inside the cars—like snowdrifts along the instrument panel and at the bottom of the windows. The Seward-Anchorage Highway is still under construction, though open to traffic from this point on until 6 p.m., when the blasting begins.

As an engineering job, this highway is a lulu. It winds for 80 miles up and down the sides of mountain valleys and across aspen swamps alleged to be full of moose (not one in sight!). Some stretches are already high grade black-top. Most are still covered only with Alaska's inches-deep, choking dust. All along the line, we threaded our way through blasting crews and around road grading equipment, so the trip took us better than four hours.

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ALASKA, (Continued)

We stopped at a place called Lawing, which is a little clump of battered buildings at the head of Lake Kenai, in a setting to rival Lake Louise. Here's where you see the celebrated "Alaska Nellie," a wrinkled and impossibly bowlegged old woman who smokes a corn-cob pipe as she shows you through her private museum of big-game trophies—all of which she claims to have shot herself. We inspected row after row of Kodiak brown and polar bear skins, heads of Alaska's Dahl mountain sheep and caribou (with the peculiar "shovel" antler that runs down the face), and a herd of mounted timber wolves and Arctic foxes. Through it all, we listened to the carnival-like monologue of Alaska Nellie, who has never been known to run out of colorful conversation.

Take Kenai Lake as an example of Alaska's possibilities. It's 54 miles long, almost without a dwelling place. Although surrounded by awesome mountains, it's located on a major highway and on the main line of the Alaska Railroad—and it's as close to Seattle by air as the Twin Cities. Here's a tourist's dream of a place to go, where the fish are story-book length and the scenery is even better than the post-cards. Moose are as common as Midwestern rabbits, and there's not a single modern convenience to spoil the view. Cripes, what a small resort here could offer!

Once we pulled up to watch salmon moving slowly up a yard-wide stream. It was the end of their run, and these were dying fish—great, gasping goldfish with only a tail-flick of life still in them. We were told that salmon undergo a physical change while they charge up stream, ending up their lives as inedible "dog salmon" with a head that's far different from the salmon caught at the river mouth. Is this a "fish story"?

Finally we rolled into Seward, tourist port and railhead for Anchorage. Here we were to get our "day of rest" at the Army Recreation Center for the Alaskan Command. It was relaxing and wonderful—a superb dinner, a practically up-to-date movie, and then a visit to Seward's little night club as guests of Capt. Bistany, Rec. Center Officer.

The piano player was terrible, so she makes only a lousy \$150 a week. Good ones get more.

We were spotted and introduced, so we put on a little floor show. By the time we left, the whole place was singing at an ear-splitting rate, led by a bald-headed construction foreman and a young surveyor's assistant, who used to sing in a quartet at St. Olaf's College in Minnesota.

We all slept 10 hours.

JULY 25. Jerry, Vaughn, and Joe took off after lunch on a deep-sea fishing trip, while Marks and I appraised the town.

Seward is a town of perhaps 3,000, backed up against the Kenai Mountains at the foot of the Harding Ice Field—and facing a gorgeous saw-tooth series of snow capped peaks across Resurrection Bay. The inhabitants of Seward were busting their buttons because Main Street was being black-topped for the first time.

Marks and I found again that Alaska's carved ivory has the distressing sameness of Woolworth souvenirs, but at prices nothing short of alarming. Most pieces are either crude or corny, and the good ones start at 20 bucks. None of us came home loaded down.

The boys showed up at dinner time, after catching (they say) a boat-load of silver salmon down the bay. If the one I saw was average, the fish ran over 30 inches long. We hurried through dinner, and then piled into a car to meet our scheduled date before the battalion of engineers stationed at the edge of town. We could have finished our coffee after all. The CO met us at the mess hall, to say that most of the men were out on maneuvers and only a dozen or so were available as audience. His suggestion was to skip it.

So we returned to the Rec. Center, sang for a polite little audience of Rec. Center personnel and specially-invited townspeople, sat through a Western movie, and adjourned once more to the Knobby Club.

Our fame had spread. We found the place jammed, with every seat taken and a crowd three-deep around the bar. When we sang, we got the kind of hand old vaudevillians

dream about. Sore throats or no sore throats, it was a joy to sing to an audience like that. These people are barbershop-mad.

Here's where we met one of Alaska's authentic characters. Some say "Flicker Red" is a little short on the intellectual side. But she's known and beloved by everyone in the Territory. She calls everyone in Alaska by name. And every year, she spends half her entire income on a star-spangled Christmas party with complete trimmings for the Government Orphans Home in Seward. In Alaska, it costs a fortune. As far as the little Eskimo and Indian kids in the Home are concerned, you can have your Santa Claus. A waitress named "Flicker Red" is far more real, far more kind, and far more bountiful than any be-whiskered, red suited sled driver from the other side of the Brooks Range.

JULY 26. If the Cardinals were to pick the bell-ringer of all our experiences on the trip, this morning might be it. Capt. Bistany (of the Rec. Center) and Maj. Cohen (of Special Services) walked in with plane tickets—not train tickets—for the hop back to Anchorage. That's how we missed the famous roller-coaster "Loop" on the Alaska Railroad between Anchorage and Seward. But that's how we got the chance to fly with "Chris" Christensen, one of the famed, original "bush pilots" who have changed the existence of the whole territory and re-directed its future.

We took off directly into the pass with several other passengers in a Widgeon and a Twin Cessna, weaving our way between towering mountains for an hour. This casual elbow-to-elbow flirtation with sky-high mountains is not what we get over Wisconsin. Looking down the throat of the Kenai Mountains from a few feet away, picking out bears and mountain goats and moose from almost shooting range, was a new high in thrills for us flat land fledglings. Once again, we were overwhelmed by the incredible grandeur of every mile.

We landed at the city airport in Anchorage, where Capt. Marks found a car for us in ten minutes, and within half an hour we set our bags down in the same, big, luxurious room at the Elmendorf "Chateau."

Checking with Maj. Hartley after lunch, we discovered a cross-service snafu. We had sung at Ft. Richardson Hospital for the *Air Force* on July 22. This came about because Ft. Richardson Hospital is actually located at Elmendorf Air Base. Now we found that the *Army* had scheduled us to sing at Ft. Richardson Hospital all over again! Instead of a treat, we were becoming a treatment. At Capt. Marks' suggestion, all parties agreed that a repeated dosage might actually be dangerous to the patients. So we found ourselves with at least three shows less to sing—and with a whole afternoon off to rest our blistered vocal cords. It helped.

We put the afternoon to one other completely satisfactory use. Somewhere along the line, Capt. Marks had remarked that his wife (still in the States) wanted a set of steak knives with Alaskan ivory handles. So we headed for Elmendorf's very complete P-X, and blew ourselves to a beauty.

(Jerry's little presentation speech was very effective. We are now building him up for ship launchings and dam dedications.)

Seriously, it was small reward to Capt. Jim Marks for what he had done for us. He had absorbed both the spirit and the purpose of our barbershop barnstorming, and managed to convey it to the audience before we even went on stage. He had removed every obstacle to smooth traveling and smooth singing. He checked our props, carried our "nitro" bottle, placed our mikes, and monitored the sound system. He answered foolish questions about Alaska. And through it all he remained interested, courteous, friendly, and helpful. At least half of any credit we earned in the Territory belongs to him.

After a couple of hours of bunk fatigue, we were back on the road. We had dinner at the Ft. Richardson Officers' Club, where we were recognized and called on to sing an impromptu show before dinner to a small but appreciative crowd in the lounge.

First appearance was at Post Theater No. 1, before the movie. We sang on a tiny 4x4 platform that turned out

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ALASKA, (Continued)

to be an instrument of torture. Not only were we cramped for space, but every movement of our feet stirred up a dust cloud that billowed up around us like smoke and made breathing an art. Yet the audience was marvelously responsive—one of the best we've ever faced. And with that stimulus, I think we did our best singing in Alaska this evening. For once, there was no conversation after the show. The whole crowd stayed for the movie.

That left nearly two hours before the next performance, between movies at Theater No. 2. First, we telegraphed home at the Signal Office. And then came one of the memorable experiences of the trip.

Fort Richardson is built across the entrance of the famed Matanuska Valley, the homesteading project that so thoroughly captured the imagination of the American press. Capt. Marks had the driver take us several miles up into the valley, so we could see the result.

Let me explain that the soil here has an almost fantastic fertility. Strawberries grow to the size of lemons, cabbages to the size of beach-balls. And crops come in with a staggering yield that would actually scare a Midwestern dirt farmer.

Yet the original homesteaders in the project have largely given up, we were told. Pioneering didn't suit them, and the winters froze them out. Now they have been replaced by Dakota and Minnesota farmers who understand cold weather. And it's no longer so rugged. Cities are growing, and the highway up the valley is a beauty.

Understand, in these lush farmlands lies the hope of a self-sustaining Alaska. Except for the Matanuska Valley and back-yard gardens, every peck of grain and vegetables would be imported from the States. Small wonder that "Matanuska" is a magical name here.

The valley also provided the biggest joke of the trip. None of us had more than a split-second view of a moose, so Jerry had carried his camera everywhere, even to the Men's Room, in hope of snapping one. Five minutes out of Ft. Richardson, on the only evening when we left all cameras behind, we saw our bull moose. He was chomping on a roadside bed of wild-flowers only twenty feet from the car, and enjoying the nine o'clock sunset with a splendid dignity that made him ignore us completely. Jerry stood by the car sputtering with rage until his own, *personal* moose wheeled and stalked off into the trees unphotographed. To make matters worse, on the return trip we saw the cow moose and her calf, directly across the road from where the bull had been. Next day in Anchorage, Jerry bought a colored postcard picture of a whole herd of moose.

Back at the post, we sang at Theater No. 2. While the first-show crowd held their seats, the second-show audience piled in, packing the aisles and the back of the house.

And here again, the same tremendous response exploded at the end of every song. They loved it. And for a better quartet than the Cardinals, I think they would have pulled the seats right up out of the concrete.

We expected to make some converts after the show, but we emerged into the first rainstorm we had seen. And rainstorms are death to red coats. We ran for the car.

Then came a flattering invitation. The master sergeant who runs the theaters leaned into the car, asking us to sing at the NCO Club. So we followed his jeep for a mile, waited in the doorway while he interrupted a "family night" Bingo game, and then sang to a crowd seated the length of an extremely long, extremely narrow building—like two railroad coaches end to end. Response was excellent, and a dozen non-coms left the game to ask us questions.

We turned in early, guessing correctly that the next would be a long day.

JULY 27. We had a look at Anchorage.

Your books and maps will tell you that Anchorage is approximately 15,000 in population. Actually, it's 30,000, and they say they can prove it.

Here's Alaska's biggest city, with department stores and bus service and dress shops and city ways. The main stem

starts at Ft. Richardson and runs into Cook Inlet at the other end, perhaps three miles altogether. Those three miles contain 104 bars.

Strangely enough (and in spite of the name), Anchorage is not a seaport. The tides here are enormous—rising and falling over twenty feet, we were told—so that docking is impossible. Ships land at Seward or at Whittier and deliver their contents to Anchorage by rail.

We had two hours of fun walking the streets, looking through gift shops and fur stores for something to take home. (Information: a polar bear rug costs \$600.) We had lunch at the Westward Hotel, where the plate lunches are reasonable. They start at two dollars.

Before returning to Elmendorf, we found Wells Irvin of the Anchorage Chapter at the Turnagain Arms, a swank apartment building to check with him on plans for the evening. Through Maj. Hartley, the Anchorage Chapter had arranged to entertain us at a special meeting. More about this later.

Curious name, Turnagain. Anchorage is forked between two arms of Y-shaped Cook Inlet, called the Knik and Turnagain Arms. Turnagain was named by the great Captain Cook, who charted the whole Pacific for the British, from Australia to Alaska. Here he thought he had found the legendary "Northwest Passage" and in disappointment he gave it its name.

On the way back to the post, we learned that taxi-drivers in Anchorage make a thousand dollars a month. Carpenters get ten dollars an hour.

First appearance was scheduled at Elmendorf's Chugach Theater (named for the mountain range lying west of the city). It's a big place, probably the largest service theater in Alaska. And every one of the more than 2500 seats was taken. So there was no question—as we were led down the dark right aisle at the end of the first feature—that this was to be our largest audience in the Territory.

Not only that. After Capt. Marks' short but flawless introduction, we had a taste of something new. The red coats drew a derisive chorus of cat-calls and whistles as soon as we hit the stage. Worse yet, we had to sing in front of the curtain, in a space about twelve inches deep. More laughter, when we backed into the curtain to get "on mike."

So it was more than a little gratifying (even surprising) to get fine applause. Even the wise guy in the second row took his feet down and started clapping. Capt. Marks shut us off after two encores, so the theater could keep its strictly regulated time schedule.

Afterwards, we got our most valued compliment of the tour. Marks said, "You have just handled the toughest audience in Alaska. These boys get up and walk out on ANYTHING—even 'girlie' shows—the minute they get bored. Now I can tell you that I really had my fingers crossed for you." We're still thankful that he said nothing till AFTER the show, especially when the theater non-coms pumped our hands and told us the same story.

We then ran half a block through a drizzling rain to the beautifully equipped, hotel size Service Club, where we sang our last official performance.

Now it was so late we had to skip our tentative (but unscheduled) appearance at the Ft. Rich Officers' Club dance, in order to keep our date with the Anchorage Chapter.

It was almost 10:00 p.m. when we walked into the penthouse at the Turnagain Arms, to be greeted by a lusty chorus of "The Old Songs" and a round of hand shaking. After formalities, we got into an absorbing question-and-answer bull session about stateside barbershopping, chorus work, and chapter methods. Anchorage barber-shoppers are highly curious about the procedures of other chapters, and anxious to compare their "by the book" activities with those they have read about.

Later, after a few words from Maj. Hartley, Capt. Marks gave a report on our tour that was a gem. After two weeks of talking with us, his insight into the authentic spirit and compelling experience of barbershopping was no less than astonishing. He summed up our performance

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ALASKA, (Continued)

in terms of purpose, and our mission in terms of its meaning—both intended and actual. It was a stunning job. There was nothing more to say. He should be writing this document.

The Cardinals then wheezed through a dozen songs with what was left of four voices, and then jumped into a woodshedding session with much more enthusiasm.

Actually, we were sung out. We all had chronic coughs and raw throats, and we were dipping into the "nitro" bottle steadily. What was worse, we were developing a violent hatred for every song we know. It was time to stop.

The hospitality of Anchorage members was wonderfully generous and cordial. We met too briefly to get names straight or even shake hands all around. But the warmth of their welcome could thaw anything in the Arctic. Our thanks go to a grand bunch of guys for this party-meeting. We're pleased and proud and grateful for everything.

Surprise of the meeting was running into Russ Milligan, who used to sing with a quartet on Madison's South Side. Only disappointment was that the fabulous Bob Reeve, probably the most famous of Alaska's "bush pilots" (and formerly of Madison), was unable to attend the meeting as planned.

To make sure we tasted the full flavor of Alaskan living, several of the Anchorage members took us to two of the celebrated all-night spots here, including the well known "Last Chance." We were called on during the floor show, and sang very badly.

Seems as though every city pub in Alaska offers entertainment, and it's really true that those on the edge of town never close. The notorious one at Anchorage is a spot called the "Green Lantern," a burlesque house off limits to servicemen. The boys call it (of course) the "Green Latrine."

At the end of the evening, we heard for the first time a little novelty tune called "The Squaws Along the Yukon Are Good Enough For Me." We have plans for that tune. It had been a big day, and it was already another. Even this far south (in Fairbanks they call this region the "banana belt") the sun rises at 3 a.m. in July. And we had to rise in about four more hours.

JULY 28. Marks woke us, to say that our flight would leave on time, and that we were expected to check in an hour early.

The MATS terminal (Military Air Transport Service) is also the Northwest Airlines terminal, and a busy place. We had a talk with a young officer on his way home from Tokyo, who showed us pictures of two-year-old twins he had never seen.

The field was alive with planes taking off in the search for the transport that had crashed in the Cape Spencer area of the Panhandle. One of the planes was the first Canadian Lancaster we had ever seen.

We finally climbed into our plane, still lugging the barracks bags full of Arctic clothing we had been carrying since we left the States. The plane had a full load of bucket-seat passengers, including Army nurses, a young mother with a crying baby, and two WAVE attendants. The sailors were on their way home from Kodiak.

A wave to Capt. Marks, and we took off, circling the field as we gained altitude. Last we saw of Alaska was right here—Anchorage fading into a small cross-hatch pattern between the shining arms of Cook Inlet. Then we were in thick, soupy clouds, with hardly a glimpse of the wing-tips for two hours. Our cleverness in grabbing seats behind the wing was almost wasted.

With nothing to see, it was a dull trip. First sight of the ground was somewhere along the British Columbia coast. At the end, however, we ran out of the clouds so that we had a good look at Victoria and had a 5-dollar gander at Seattle. Then we came over McCord Field at Tacoma,

where the tower sent us half way to California to circle for a maddening 30 minutes before they let us come in.

There was no transportation to Seattle. But we were getting smarter. Our orders CALLED FOR transportation to Seattle, and the major in charge admitted it. So he finally found an Air Force carry-all to drive us.

As we passed Seattle-Tacoma Airport, we stopped and checked plane times. On second thought, we called Earl Cook's motel down the road for a place to stay. No room, but there was a phone number for the Cardinals to call. The reservation desk had the same number.

It was O. B. Falls' number—and the whole Seattle Chapter was there waiting for us! It was the annual Chapter picnic at Falls' home, and the whole crowd had stuck around in case we showed up!

Understand, we had landed at 5:00 p.m. Anchorage time, which was 8:00 p.m. Seattle time. And by the time we met O. B. in downtown Seattle and checked in at a hotel, it was nearly 10:30. So we finally sang to the crowd in stage whisper fashion sometime well after 11:00. It was hardly worth waiting for, we thought, but they gave us a wonderful, heart-warming reception. We were so tired, I can't remember who drove us downtown.

JULY 29. After two hours of sleep, we piled into the airport bus. We barely had time to check baggage at the field before the plane was called. And we had to sit in the lounge until Spokane, because the plane was crowded. But then came (1) reclining seats, (2) breakfast, and (3) sleep all the way into Minneapolis. Sheer, unbelievable luxury.

At Minneapolis we were met by a tougher looking character than anything we had seen in Alaska—Doc Browne, who had driven a couple of hundred miles in from a fishing trip, because he had a hunch we'd be on this plane.

After straightening out a ticket error (Jerry's ticket said Seattle, not Madison, and they were ready to load his baggage on a westbound plane), Doc drove us out to the St. Paul Chapter picnic. All we had time to do was sing three songs, apologize for not shaking hands, and climb back into the car.

Then came the blow. Our flight was delayed two hours. It was the last leg of the trip, and it was the first hitch in transportation. So we drove over to the Air Base, shook hands with Capt. Howe, and attacked a plate of sandwiches.

When our flight finally took off, it dragged its wings (it seemed) all the way into Madison. At Truax Field we found our wives and two dozen friends pacing the ramp. All at once, the trip was over.

Last act: a solemn promise that the Cardinals would not meet, sing together, nor even speak to each other on the street for at least two weeks.

But don't misunderstand. For myself, I'd like to add a word about the three fellows I sing with.

They say the test of a friendship is traveling together. For the entire two weeks, I saw and heard nothing from them but courtesy, cooperativeness, and thoughtful consideration in every respect. Not a frayed nerve, not a sharp answer. Not an irritation of any sort. It's only possible when you travel with people like these three.

A special bow to Vaughn is in order. For the week preceding the trip, he was flat on his back with virus pneumonia. He had been on his feet only three days when we started. But he stuck it out for every note of a rugged schedule, in spite of inevitable voice trouble and near-exhaustion. I give you a barbershopper, gentlemen.

That's all, except to say that we did the very best we could. We hope it was good enough—and that we in some measure justified the confidence of the International Society in our limited talents. Thanks a thousand times for giving us the big chance to go.

Phil Davies

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| GMP 414—"Just to Think I Believed in You" | (Thorne) |
| GMP 415—"Those Days Are Gone, But Not Forgotten" | (Ingram) |
| GMP 416—"I'm Always Looking for Sunshine" | (Ingram) |
| GMP 417—"I Don't Wanna Wake Up When I'm Dreaming" | (Ingram) |
| GMP 418—"Linger Longer, Lucy" | (Ingram) |
| GMP 419—"Chick, Chick, Chick, Chicken" | (Ingram) |
| GMP 420—"Georgia Minstrel Band" | (Svanoe) |
| GMP 421—"Down the Road to Sunshine Land" | (Svanoe) |
| GMP 422—"I Love to Love You in My Dreams" | (Svanoe) |
| GMP 423—"By the Rolling Sea, In Brittany" | (Svanoe) |
| GMP 424—"Just a Smile, Just a Kiss From You" | (W. Hoeger) |
| GMP 425—"It's the Same Old Pattern of Love" | (W. Hoeger) |
| GMP 426—"My Heart's Achin', Nearly Breakin', Just to be In Macon, Ga." | (W. Hoeger) |
| GMP 427—"Dixieland Jamboree" | (W. Hoeger) |
| GMP 428—"Forgive Me" | (Mendro) |
| SB 601—"Play That Barber Shop Chord" | (Spaeth) |
| WR 101—"Don't You Remember The Time" | (Ingram) |
| WR 102—"Geel But There's Class To A Girl Like You" | (Ingram) |
| WR 103—"I'm Waiting In Dreamland For You" | (Ingram) |
| WR 104—"In The Land Where They Don't Say Goodbye" | (Ingram) |
| WR 105—"When The Moon Plays Peek-A-Boo" | (Svanoe) |
| WR 106—"You Haven't Changed" (A new song by the writer of "I'd Love To Live In Loveland") | (Hoeger) |
| AMC 201—"Troll To Sunset Valley" | (Spaeth) |
| AMC 202—"Waiting For The Robert E. Lee" | (Spaeth) |
| AMC 203—"Ragtime Cowboy Joe" | (Spaeth) |
| AMC 204—"Here Comes My Daddy Now" | (Spaeth) |
| AMC 205—"Hitchy Koo" | (Spaeth) |
| AMC 206—"Mommy Jinny's Jubilee" | (Spaeth) |

ORDER ALL ARRANGEMENTS BY SYMBOL NUMBER



FOR SALE TO CHAPTERS OR INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS BY INTERNATIONAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE

Number	ITEM	Price	Number	ITEM	Price
1	Manila Mailing Envelope for the Harmonizer.....	Per 100 \$ 1.25	8	Application (for Membership) Card.....	No Charge
2	Official Society Envelope, size No. 10 (with space for chapter or individual imprinting by your printer)—(Specify whether regular or open end envelopes are desired).....	each .15	9	Official Binder for Song Arrangements.....	each .15
	In lots of 100 to 499.....	Per 100 1.10	9A	Official Binder containing 47 SPEBSQSA songs (loose leaf).....	each .15
	In lots of 500 or more.....	Per 100 1.00		In lots of 10 or more.....	each 1.75
3	Official Society Letterhead (with space for chapter or individual imprinting by your printer)—(Available with or without names of Int'l Officers and Board Members—Specify which).....	each .20		In quantities less than 10.....	each 3.00
	In lots of 100 to 499.....	Per 100 1.40	10	Membership Certificate (suitable for framing).....	each .20
	In lots of 500 or more.....	Per 100 1.25	11	3" Square Pasteboard Identification Badge (with string).....	each .05
4	Official Bulletin Sheet—(Special Mimeograph Paper).....	Per 100 .80	12	Chapter Reference Manual.....	Deposit 3.00
5	Celluloid Identification Badge (Window type—1" diameter) for use at meetings—(name to be added by chapter).....	each .70	18	Official SPEBSQSA Program Cover (new design each year) very attractively printed in 3 colors.....	each .05
6	Pocket Membership Card.....	each .05		Each.....	24.00
7A	3-color Decal of Emblem—(suitable for windshield).....	each .25		In lots of 500.....	45.00
7B	3" diameter set of electros of Emblem (3-color).....	per set 12.00		In lots of 1000.....	60.00
7C	1" diameter set of electros of Emblem (3-color).....	per set 3.00		In lots of 2000.....	80.00
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7E	Official Lapel Button (3/8" diameter).....	each 1.50	21	Official SPEBSQSA Guest Register.....	each 3.50
7F	Pitch Pipe Emblem (to be attached to Kraft Chromatic Pitch Pipe) ..	1.00	22	Official SPEBSQSA Auto Plate.....	each 1.35
				In lots of 10 or more.....	each 1.50
				In quantities less than 10.....	each 3.50
			31	Pitch Pipe (with Society Emblem).....	each 2.50
				Pitch Pipe (without Society Emblem).....	each 2.50



FOR SALE TO CHAPTERS OR INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS BY INTERNATIONAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE

Number	ITEM	Price	Number	ITEM	Price
13	Official 1948-49 SPEBSQSA folio of 16 songs—"Songs for Men—No. 1"		19	Official 1951-52 SPEBSQSA folio of 16 songs—"Songs for Men—No. 4"	
	In lots of 10 or more.....each	.50		In lots of 10 or more.....each	.50
	In quantities less than 10.....each	1.00		In quantities less than 10.....each	1.00
14	Official 1949-50 SPEBSQSA folio of 18 songs—"Songs for Men—No. 2"		20	Wooden Barber Pole—12" high.....each	1.00
	In lots of 10 or more.....each	.50	23	Official SPEBSQSA Zippo Lighter.....each	3.00
	In quantities less than 10.....each	1.00	24	Form 101—Member's Application Sheet.....each	.03
15	Official 1950-51 SPEBSQSA folio of 14 songs—"Songs for Men—No. 3"		26	Form 102—Member's Record Sheet.....each	.03
	In lots of 10 or more.....each	.50	26	Invoice for Chapter Dues.....No Charge	
	In quantities less than 10.....each	1.00	27	"Keep America Singing"—(History of the Society).....each	2.50
16	Official SPEBSQSA Loose Leaf Songs—(choice of 47)		28	"Let's Harmonize"—(Story of SPEBSQSA in brief) 10 or more.....each	.10
	In lots of 10 or more of 1 song (1 or 2 pages).....each	.05	29	"Just What Is Barbershop Harmony"—(A treatise in booklet form)	
	In quantities less than 10 of 1 song (1 or 2 pages).....each	.10		In lots of 10 or more.....each	.05
	In lots of 10 or more of 1 song (3 or 4 pages).....each	.10	30	Photo Album—(with Society Emblem).....each	3.50
	In quantities less than 10 of 1 song (3 or 4 pages).....each	.20	32	Compact with Society Emblem.....each	3.75
17	Breast Pocket Badges (Tenor, Lead, Bari, Bass, Crow)		33	Cigarette Case with Society Emblem.....each	4.25
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	In quantities less than 100.....each	.05		In lots of 10 or more.....each	.50
				In quantities less than 10.....each	1.00

Over the Editor's Shoulder

A Public Forum for Constructive Criticism
as well as general Comment. Contributions
welcome. Keep'em telegraphic.

WILL BE IN THERE

Don Tobey, of the Muncie, Indiana Templairs, Semi-Finalists at Toledo, writes, "As a quartet we want to compliment everybody on the way the last Convention was handled. We had a swell time though we didn't place where we had hoped. After everybody complimented us on the way we sang in the morning, we kinda got our hopes up. Personally, I think a quartet makes a mistake listening to well wishers. Send us the tickets and we'll be in there pitching at Kansas City."

LIKED SEPTEMBER HARMONIZER

Former Int'l Treasurer Bob Irvine, Oak Park, Ill. "A splendid Harmonizer—this past issue." Int'l Board Member Dean Snyder, Washington, D. C., "Congratulations on the last Harmonizer. It gets better all the time." Former Int'l Board Member Clarence Marlowe, St. Louis, (current secretary of the brand new Ye Old Tymers Chapter), "Have been receiving a tremendous lot of compliments about the last issue. It is a beautiful magazine and will be read from cover to cover."

SEES FACE

Nate Berthoff, Flyria, Ohio, editor of the Johnny Applesed District Quarter Note, saw his picture, bottom page 18, September Harmonizer, and wrote, "The September Harmonizer was a thing of beauty and interest. I don't remember a photographer shooting that picture of us in the Perry lobby, but we certainly seem to be giving with enthusiasm. The necks facing camera belong to Bob Sommers of Cincinnati (bass of the Brimstone Four) and friend. We were trying "Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

"While I have your ear, why do so many of our Medalist quartets appear sans medals? It's probably an oversight. Certainly, any Medalist quartet should be sufficiently proud of their medals to wear them on every public appearance."

FOR CHARTER NIGHTS

Former Int'l Board Member Russ Stanton, San Gabriel, Cal., writes concerning the Charter Night of the new Torrance, Cal., Chapter, "... They invited several of the most entertaining quartets available and our San Gabriel Chorus. With their own choruses and quartets (imagine a newly organized chapter in the Far Western District having even one organized quartet—these guys have four), that gave them a full evening show. The big kick for me was the fact that "Mac" MacDonald and his crew had a planned program, knew what they were doing every minute, gave me the line and stuck to it. These fellows have a leaf or two in their book that could well be copied. They should go far."

WHY HAVE AN INT'L

The Four Orphans, Wichita, Kansas have the answer. Three of the men in the quartet came to Ft. Sheridan, Ill. for Reserve Officer Training. The fourth man evidently came for the ride. Let Bud Bigham take over. "We of the Four Orphans want to thank all your chapter (Chicago No. 1) for the grand time they showed us in Chicago. If it hadn't been for the organization our stay there would have been very dull. But, because we like to sing and because there is an organization that permits such goings on we undoubtedly had the most wonderful time of our lives. We are looking forward to seeing all of you again."

BUILDING FUND

Otto Nass, Pasadena, California writes, "I should like to suggest that chapters which put on Parades voluntarily contribute a percentage to the Society's Building Fund. It would not be long before our headquarters would be actual instead of a dream. It would raise our stature as an organization and I'm sure that most chapters would be happy to contribute if they knew that the rest were contributing their share."

VISITS INT'L HQ

W. W. Bartlett, Lombard, Ill. Chapter, recently visited Hq when in Detroit. On his return home he wrote as follows: "Thru such a visit one gets the feeling of belonging to an organization rather than an isolated chapter. It would be wonderful if more of our members had an opportunity to visit the office ... Mention of the map showing chapter locations to other members brings more questions than I can answer. Perhaps it might be a good idea to reproduce it in the Harmonizer."

SPEBSQSA-CULTURAL

At times, some people have accused the Society of being AGRI-cultural, especially when the "corn" is strewn about freely, but the Winston-Salem, North Carolina Chapter has now led the Society up the garden path and into the rarefied atmosphere of the cultural arts. Here is part of a letter from Secretary John Dawson explaining how it happened:

"... Here in Winston-Salem there are fourteen cultural organizations banded together in an Arts Council ... The Little Theatre, Symphony Association, Organists Guild, etc. We too are members ... so don't let anyone tell you we do not represent the arts ... A huge old home was made available for the member organizations. About that time the lessor of the Terrace Room at the Airport decided to start charging us for our rehearsals. The combination of the above decided us in favor of meeting in the Arts Center. We have pledged a monthly donation to the



Center in return for the use of the space."

MOVES—FINDS SPEBSQSA

Jess Mossgrrove, formerly of the Semm-A-Four Quartet, Aurora, Ill. Chapter, had to move to Philadelphia, when his business was transferred there. His experiences are interesting. In part he wrote, "... I had a few acquaintances, no close friends, in the Philadelphia area. First opportunity I attended the Philadelphia Chapter meeting and was made most welcome. The men of the chapter were most helpful in solving the usual problems—trying to find a home, etc. Soon after I arrived I started to work with a new quartet and we practice every Wednesday night."

"I feel that I have very much indeed for which to thank the Society and the Philadelphia Chapter. I belong to a number of fraternal organizations, but in my experience nothing can compare with the help, cooperation, assistance, and friendliness of these Philadelphia barbershoppers to a stranger from the Middle West."

75% ATTENDANCE

Secretary M. S. Brainard, Brookings, Oregon, writes, "Looking through Harmonizers it strikes me that the (probably) Most Western Chapter rates a mention for having passed its second annual Parade without less than 75% attendance every Monday night—plus interim section practices—plus scheduled quartet rehearsals—physical, domestic and temperamental factors notwithstanding."

JOE WHITE TAKES THE FLOOR

Many will recall Joe White who sang with the San Diego Serenaders and directed the chapter chorus. Joe is now in the employ of Uncle Sam. He writes, "... I did get to see the Mid-States (at San Diego, Eds.). An interesting coincidence occurred in connection with their appearance. While they were eating dinner two Marines came up and asked if they were the same quartet they'd heard in Korea. They brought the two Marines with them to the theater, introduced them to the audience and sat them right up on the stage while they went through their numbers. It made a tremendous hit with the audience."



EFER IFER

By W. Welsh Pierce

Remember sometime ago I told you about some inventions of mine that were intended to help quartets get into the big money bracket? Well, sir, I'll be darned if Ole Uncle Joe Stalin didn't pop up and claim that he invented every darn one of them, sixty-seven years ago. And, what with things the way they are 'round and about, I couldn't get anywheres with the State Department and so it looks like I lost out.

I got me another one, though, that will make up for all the others and I got it sewed up tight. I filed it myself in Moscow under the name of Efan Iverovitch. This here one has to do with getting quartets started off on the right pitch. Every quartet, before it starts a bellerin', has some one blow a single tone on a round, flat little tin horn and the rest of the boys is supposed to take it up from there. They gotta do this. The Union says they just can't start right off like they knew what they were doing. This would make it look too easy and pretty soon we would be up to here in quartets. So what they do is first blow this gadget and then all four guys make with the m-m-m-m's.

Where they go from there is nobody's business and that is where my invention is a boon and a salvation. All you gotta do is blow it like a regular pitch-pipe even selecting a certain note if you want, or if you have no particular choice then whatever is on the "pitch parade" at the moment. It's important, however, to make the right selection in WHO is to blow the pipe, as it is the feller with the most wind that does the best job. When the blowee has done his job, long and loud, all he does is hold up the "Efer Ifer Pitchereeno" and back will come the prettiest four chord m-m-m-m-m you ever heard in your life. (A simple attachment, slightly extra, will even make it a bell chord, up or down. It makes no difference to the Pitchereeno.)

A quartet has got to practice, however, because the chord may not fit the song they intend to sing and they might find themselves singing Coney Island Babe every third song for an entire season. In fact, some quartets have liked the chords from the Pitchereeno so much that they just stood there for twenty minutes and blew on the darned thing, taking turns from left to right so no one would be slighted.

Watch for my ad in Pravda, as on account of the metal shortage I may be able to sell them cheaper behind the Iron Curtain.

Long live the U. N. (which means "Good-bye" in Russia).

Sing-cereely yours,
EFER IFER

FUTURE CONVENTIONS

The location of the January, 1953 Mid-Winter Board Meeting will be decided on January 19th at the International Board Meeting in Toronto. The location of the June, 1954 International Convention will be picked at Kansas City on June 12th, 1952.

If your chapter is interested in hosting either of these events, be sure to have your proposal in Int'l Pres. Knipe's hands before the above dates.

TULSA (The Society's First Chapter)

presents

MID-STATES FOUR Chicago
HAWKEYE FOUR, Des Moines
DALLASAIRES, Dallas
AIR CAPITOL QUARTET, Wichita
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When You Were Sweet Sixteen • Carry Me Back To Old Virginny • Shine On Harvest Moon • I'd Love To Live In Loveland • When Day Is Done • Tell Me Why • Ballin' The Jack • Moonlight Bay

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Do You Remember

by J. George O'Brien, 303 State Office Building
Jefferson at Tuscola, Saginaw, Michigan

Hello My Coney Island Baby . . . here we go again!! Back in November, 1945, Ye Olde Editor wrote an article for the Harmonizer concerning the origination of *Goodbye, My Coney Island Baby* that brought forth a veritable avalanche of protests.

You will recall the fact that we had been searching for something concrete on this popular favorite for many moons until finally we received a letter from Les Applegate of Tulsa in which he claimed that he wrote the song in Muncie, Indiana, in 1924. This being the only information we ever had which named names and gave dates, we published Les' letter with the statement that until someone could prove otherwise, we were going to have to string along with Applegate!

Letters of protest poured in from all over the country and Olde Ed's face got very, very red. This fellow claimed he sang Coney Island . . . possibly with slightly different words . . . back in 1915. Another claimed 1916 . . . others '17, '19 and what have you, but no one could furnish any proof or give us anything definite as to who did, if Les didn't. A search of the Library of Congress disclosed the fact that no copyright had ever been issued on this number, and there we were.

There we were until we got Bob Perkins' letter dated August 15th. Bob who is Corresponding Secretary of the Ridgewood Chapter in New Jersey, and Paul Breen, of the same chapter, had just returned from rummaging through a flock of old songs at the home of Paul's aunt, and among them, they found a number written in 1911 by Joe Goodwyn and George W. Meyer, and published by F. B. Haviland, entitled, *We All Fall*. Remember, Les claimed that he wrote Coney Island Baby in 1924, but now comes an actual copy of a song published by a well known publisher in 1911, THE CHORUS of which goes like this. "We all fall for some girl that looks so sweet, Some girl that dresses neat, some girl that can't be beat, And then we join the army of married boobs, To the altar, just like lambs we're led to slaughter, When it's over my but we get it good, Batch'lor days we then recall, Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, Doctor, lawyer, Indian chief, We all are found to fall." Now, then, the sixty-four dollar question, who wrote *Goodbye, My Coney Island Baby*? Shall we go around again? Personally, we'll take vanilla.

Incidentally, Bob Perkins who has a wonderful collection of old records and is now concentrating on old songs has been a great help to the You Name 'Em, We Dig 'Em Up Department on some real toughies lately. In addition to his contribution to the confusion about *Coney Island*, He found *When You Come To The End Of The Day* and one called, *My Pretty Eileen Goodnight*, which but for Bob's uncanny memory we probably never would have located.

Bill Otis, who wanted this one for the Ashland Applechords, sent us the title *As I Count the Moments And The Hours*, which happens to be the first line of the chorus, the last line of which reads *My Pretty Eileen Goodnight*, and carries the title. All of which leads up to the fact that we've got to have ALL THE INFORMATION if you expect us to find your songs. Don't just send what you think is the title . . . send words, to the verse, words to the chorus, words . . . words . . . words.

It Is With Deep Regret that we learn of the passing of Oscar F. Jones of Dallas, Texas. Oscar, you will remember, in collaboration with Martin Peake gave the music world that lovely ballad, *Sweet Roses of Morn*. In a letter to Carroll Adams, his wife, Louise, has this to say, "We will all miss him, but I bet he's already organizing a chapter up there, 'cause he loved barbershop so much . . ." Yes, Mrs. Jones . . . and barbershoppers loved him, too. His *Sweet Roses of Morn* will outlast the granite and stone mementos that are sometimes erected to us ordinary individuals and will stand as a living monument to his memory long after those of us who thrill to the sweetness of his masterpiece are gone and forgotten.

Wanna Give The Society A Christmas Present? Then dig up some old songs and send them to headquarters in Detroit for the library.

Thanks To J. George Gummer . . . you can't seem to beat these J. Georges . . . we located the bee song that King Cole was so anxious to have and through the fine cooperation of Dan McNamara of ASCAP, King now has a copy. Here's a number that really has possibilities and before King is through with it, don't be surprised if it becomes an International favorite.

Russ Cole in His Articles on the good old days, has this to say about an old favorite among barbershoppers. "Charles N. Daniels had been a 'classical' accompanist with a distaste for Tin Pan Alley music when someone induced him to enter a popular song contest. His entry won first prize and considerable acclaim." No

wonder . . . the song, "You Tell Me Your Dream, I'll Tell You Mine". Little wonder either that Daniels went on from there to write many of our popular songs of the, what Russ calls, "Gibson Girl Days".

She's A Mean Job reviewed in the last issue darn near turned out to be meaner than we thought. We listed Selby and Landas as the writers and Harry Denni sent us a clipping from the *Kansas City Star* stating that this number was written by George Bowles, a local newspaper man, we immediately applied for a padded cell in the local hoosegow. When Harry explained that George wrote under the names of Selby and Landas, these being a combination of his mother's maiden name and his father's middle name, we breathed again. No wonder these old songs have us cutting out paper dolls. Boy, are we confused.

George F. Hines of the District of Columbia Chapter in a recent letter to Carroll Adams tells about an outfit in Boston back in 1906-10 called the "Morgue Club" which he thinks might possibly be one of the first amateur barbershop singing groups in the country. There were about forty-five of the best amateur voices in Greater Boston. George was the accompanist and states that they had no written arrangements, but sang in true barbershop style, strictly by ear. The title "Morgue Club" was adopted because the group had its origin in the back of an undertaking establishment. The group, which included judges, doctors, laymen, and even a few of the local "non-working fraternity", had some trick arrangements which might be interesting to some of our chapter choruses, such as:

- (1) A powerful second tenor carrying the lead alone and the whole chorus harmonizing softly.
- (2) Building a quartet around a high contra-tenor and pitching the whole arrangement up about five full tones. "A marvelous effect", he adds, "which almost broke up the opening of Filene's store in Boston when we sang there."
- (3) Odd effects obtained by six or seven part singing . . . high baritone and basses, low tenors, etc. "That was really something" says George, and he adds, "Piano accompaniment was used primarily to get the whole group on perfect pitch and only being inserted when someone was slightly off."

Since Our Last Report your busy little beavers found *My Pretty Eileen Goodnight* and *On A Chinese Honey-*
(Continued on next page)

Do You Remember?

Continued

moon for Bill Otis. Also, Always Be Honey To Me for King Cole and The Girl I Left In Sunny Tennessee for Ken Cotton, but we lost Ken's address, and a letter to him at Huntington Park came back. We told R. H. Severance how to get a copy of I Wish You Were Jealous Of Me and "Little Joe" Juday about When It's Darkness On The Delta for his girls' quartet, which he claims is another Chordettes. That's pretty big claiming, Joe, for in our book, you're flirting with perfection. We found Pals, Just Pals and Sally's Not The Same Old Sally for Bob Perkins, When The Bell in the Lighthouse Rings for Harold Cobb, and When You Come To The End Of The Day for Art Tyng. We didn't find Anna From Indiana for Paul DuBois, but until we do, maybe he'll settle for Hannah From Savannah, which is included in the current list.

Your Grandpappy Yodeled Nicodemus Johnson which was written in 1865 by J. B. Murphy and in case you don't remember quite that far back, it went like this: "I just arrived in town today, and here I is before you, to sing about my name and occupation. I come from old Virginny State, de best in all de nation, O, ho! O, ho! To Nicodemus Johnson." Do you remember?

APPOINTMENT

Int'l Board Member Warren W. Zinsmaster, Miami, has been appointed Chairman of the Int'l Community Service Committee, succeeding the late E. Wesley Enman of Boston.

JOHNNY APPLESEED DISTRICT CHORUS CONTEST



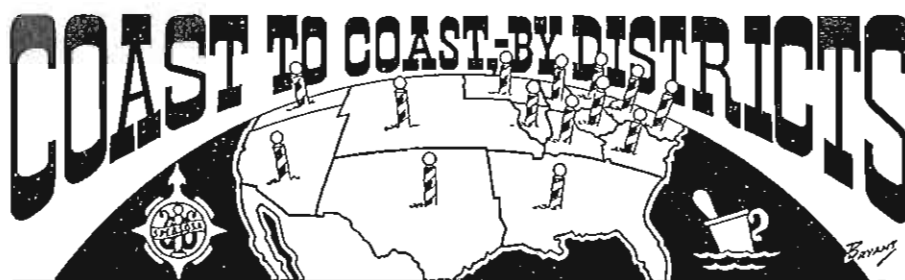
Held at Oak Park, just outside Columbus, Ohio on Labor Day, the Contest drew eight choruses. Picture shows the winning chorus from Middletown, Ohio, directed by Jack Round, now a resident of Detroit. Lower picture shows part of the 600 crowd of barbershoppers, wives and families who came from every part of Ohio, Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia to enjoy the all-day festivities. In the foreground are the Judges (seated at table)—In cap, Bernie Harmelink, Massillon, Ohio, Jiggs Ward and Maurie Reagan, Pittsburgh—back to camera, Nate Berthoff, Elyria, Ohio. Hard working man in the derby is Akron's Ed Duplaga who acted as Secretary. Canton, Ohio Chorus came in second. Other competing choruses were Toledo, Dayton, Columbus, Buckeye Capital (Columbus), Millersburg, Sharon, Pa. The two Columbus Chapters sponsored the entire event.

INFORMATION YOU WANT

Each issue carries information on 25 songs. To lighten the load of the Old Songs Committee, members are urged to refer to back numbers of the Harmonizer before asking the Committee for aid.

TITLE	YEAR	COMPOSER	PUBLISHER
Always Be Honey To Me	1915	Branen, Lange, Prival	Joe Morris Music Company
And They Called It Dixieland	1916	Egan & Whiting	Jerome H. Remick & Co.
By The Light Of The Moon	1903	Brown & Doyle	Dowling-Sutton Music Co.
California Sue	1915	Freese, Wilson, Ashton	Ashton Freese Company
Chloe (Song of the Swamp)	1927	Kahn, Meret	Villa Meret, Inc.
Day Dreams, Visions of Bliss	1909	Smith, Reinhardt	Jos. W. Stern & Co., (Edw. B. Marks)
Eliza	1924	Kahn, Florito	Leo Feist, Inc.
Flow Along River Tennessee	1913	Bryan, Gamble, Wells	Jerome H. Remick & Co.
For You Bright Eyes	1909	Hauerbach, Hoschna	M. Witmark & Sons
Gee, But I'm Lonesome Tonight	1927	Grossman, Harris, Shaw	Milton Weil Music Co.
Hannah From Savannah	1902	Sterling, Steinberg	Syndicate Pub. Co.
Honey Boy	1907	Norworth, VonTilzer	York Music Co.
I Wish You Were Jealous of Me	1926	Haubrich, Rowel	Ted Browne Music Co.
June Moon	1921	Lyons, Magine, Straight	Broadway Music Corp.
Just Like a Gypsy	1919	Simons, Bayes	Jerome H. Remick & Co.
Let's Talk About My Sweetie	1926	Kahn, Donaldson	Leo Feist, Inc.
Liberty Bell (It's Time To Ring Again)	1917	Goodwin, Mohr	Shapiro, Bernstein & Co.
Mary Lou	1926	Lyman, Waggoner, Robinson	Henry Waterson, Inc.
On A Chinese Honeymoon	1930	Shockley, Hausman	Paul-Pioneer Music Co.
Pals, Just Pals	1928	Dreyer and Ruby	Irving Berlin, Inc.
Sally's Not The Same Old Sally (I Left On the Ozark Trail)	1925	Bernard & Stept	Joe Morris Music Company
Rose I Call Sweetheart, The	1920	Johnson, Burkhart	Leo Feist, Inc.
We All Fall	1911	Goodwin, Meyer	F. B. Haviland
When The Bell In the Lighthouse Rings	1905	Lamb, Solman	J. W. Stern & Co. (Marks)
When You Come To The End Of The Day	1929	Kahn, Westphal	Irving Berlin, Inc. (Bourne, Inc.)

NOTE: The publishers listed may not be present publisher, as songs can change owners several times over a period of years. The listing, however, will enable your dealer to locate the number for you.



FAR WESTERN

Fall business meeting was held in Bakersfield, Calif., October 13. A full day of meetings was held starting with separate meetings for Chapter Presidents and Vice-Presidents and one for Chapter Secretaries and Treasurers. A large attendance was present at both meetings. Then the two meetings were thrown together for a general Chapter Officers meeting. All agreed that these meetings are a must for future conclaves as a lot was accomplished. At the District Board meeting there was not much in the nature of new business to come up. It was voted to increase the number of Vice-Presidents from two to four to allow us to have capable men in charge of each division of needed activities. Vice-President Allen presented his preliminary draft of a plan to increase extension by taking the story to service clubs and other groups.

The Annual District Contest was held in the new Harvey Auditorium with practically a full house of 1700. From the showing of hands fully 75% of the audience were new to barbershop and we hope that the District will be able to develop more chapters in that Area. The Contest was very capably emceed by District President Reddie Wright. On the judges panel were Chairman Russell Stanton, Dayton Colville, J. O. Blethen, Jerry Nyhan and Hatch Graham, Secretary of Judges was Marvin Brower. After a very closely contested contest The Four Bits Of Harmony of the Long Beach, Calif. Chapter were declared the District Champions of 1951. The Uncalled Four of Berkeley, Calif., took second place and The Travelairs of San Jose, Calif., were in the third spot. Out of an entry list of 21 quartets, 18 were on hand to try for the coveted crown and The San Diego Serenaders past Champions awarded the trophies. Another feature was the singing on stage of a portion of the Southern Calif. Chorus, with 100 men participating.

All barbershoppers were quartered at one large motel. All meetings were held at this place and as a result many made comments that the meeting was a miniature Int'l Convention because of the better fellowship evident by having all visitors at one place. The representation of chapters at all meetings was the largest ever. 34 Chapters were represented by delegates with several having to travel about 550 miles to get there.

ILLINOIS

The semi-annual meeting of the Board of Directors of the Illinois District convened in Macomb, Sunday, October 7, 1951. All six members of the Executive Board were present. Of the 64 Chapters in the District, 32 were represented by delegates. There was strong emphasis on Area activities and discussion pointed out the benefits that could be achieved through Area organization. One big advantage was the selection of more capable men to serve as Area Counselors. In Area No. 8 each chapter is represented by three members. With seven Chapters, this makes an Area Committee of 21 members. This Committee selects its own Chairman and he in turn is recommended to the District President as an acceptable candidate for Area Counselor. Chorus Contests on an Area basis were discussed with an eye toward furthering state wide competition. A Committee was appointed to investigate the possibilities and to report back at the annual meeting next Spring. In connection with the ever present problem of selecting the right candidate for Chapter offices, one of the delegates explained a plan used by his Chapter. At each meeting of the Chapter Board, two regular members of the Chapter are invited to sit in and watch the proceedings. The advantages of this seems rather obvious and it is hoped that other Chapters will seize upon this as a possible way for training officer material.

NORTHEASTERN

Several matters of general importance were brought up at the District Meeting, October 6th at Portland, Maine. Included among these was a plan to have an issue of the Harmonizer devoted to the District, the particular issue to be decided upon later.

Each Area Counselor was instructed to solicit help from each of his chapters to enable him to help the chapters work together and build up his particular area. The District Delegate from each chapter was suggested as perhaps being the logical man to work with him.

It was suggested that a method be created in each chapter to enable emergency contacting of each member if the need arises. Reading, Mass. Chapter is using a "Pyramid Club"

approach where each member contacted in turn contacts two others.

The District Secretary agreed to publish a District Bulletin providing each chapter secretary will co-operate and furnish him with material which is of interest to the other members in the District.

No quartet in future may enter a District Contest any later than two weeks prior to the date of the event. The Northeastern District remains open for a bid from one of its chapters to hold the District Contest next Fall. Action was taken so that the Chorus Contests will be handled the same as the District Contest, financially, 50% of the proceeds of the Chorus Contest are to be given to the District, the balance remaining with the sponsoring chapter.

MICHIGAN

President Jack Dollenmaier of Bay City called the meeting to order in the American Room of the Bancroft Hotel in Saginaw at 11:00 A. M. Saturday, October 13th, with 30 delegates and International Officers present—including International First Vice President Ed Smith of Wayne, Michigan; Assoc. Int'l Sec. Bob Hafer; and International Secretary Carroll Adams. The Manistee Chapter's invitation for the 1952 District Contest to be held October 11th was unanimously accepted by the Board. Most of the two and one-half hours of the Board meeting was consumed by highly interesting discussions of Extension and Membership activities and Armed Forces Collaboration. It was decided that the District President would notify each Area Counselor of the military installations in his area which he would be responsible for contacting, with the Area Counselors authorized to delegate chapters or individual members to follow up arrangements for chorus and quartet demonstration.

Considerable stress was placed on the importance of holding regular monthly chapter executive committee meetings between meetings of the chapters. Also discussed, was the value of adding "newer" members to chapter executive committees to better acquaint them with Society, district and chapter operation and to develop them as future leaders.

INDIANA-KENTUCKY

District Officers present at the Indiana-Kentucky District Meeting, October 28th at Terre Haute, Indiana, were:

President Clem DeRose
Secretary Fred Goodrich
Vice-President Regis Schmitt
Imm. Past President Hal Purdy

Twenty-two of the 43 chapters in the District were represented by official delegates. Nine area counselors were

(Continued on next page)

COAST-TO-COAST (Continued)

present. Total attendance of official delegates and other chapter officers who sat in as guests was approximately 45.

Visiting International Officers were: Frank Thorne, Past International President, and Carroll P. Adams, International Secretary, both of whom talked on the general subject of Chapter and District problems. Final plans were discussed and adopted for the issuance every other month of an official District Bulletin to go by mail to every member of each chapter. "In-Ky Notes." It was voted to recommend to the International Board that the 1952 Regional Preliminary be awarded to Evansville, Indiana, to be held April 26th. Invitations for the 1952 District Contest were received from several chapters, but no decision was made because it was felt that it was quite likely that other invitations would be received between now and the Board Meeting in the spring.

The schedule of the weekend consisted of the Eliminations in the District Quartet Contest, Saturday afternoon, the finals of the District Quartet Contest in the evening and the District Chorus Contest, Sunday afternoon, with the District Board Meeting Sunday forenoon.

Five of the District's seven former champions were on hand, and filled in on all of the programs.

C. W. N. Y.

The Central Western New York District conducted its sixth annual Quartet contest in Bradford, Pa. on October 27th and 28th. Highly successful from all points of view . . . the weekend produced a wealth of information and suggestions of value to all delegates in attendance, as well as a new district champion quartet. The COMPRESS-AIRES of Painted Post, N.Y. are champions for 1951-52 with the DEANS OF HARMONY of Buffalo, N.Y. and the METRONOMES of Dansville, N.Y., second and third respectively. International President Jim Knipe opened the district board meeting with the recommendation that chapters use the Society's suggestions for conducting more interesting meetings which in turn would help to keep the present members happier and also interest new ones. District President Pat McPhillips of Olean, then called on Past Int'l Pres. Phil Embury, Chuck Glover, Associate Chairman, Int'l Comm. on Extension and Membership and Alex Grabhorn, Int'l Board Member, for their suggestions on Community Service, Membership and Interchapter Relations. The most important new business discussed was the choosing of a new name for the district. November 15, 1951 was set as the deadline for suggestions, so look for a new name for CWNKY. New York State's NUMBER 1 Chapter, Warsaw, was assigned to the keeping of district records not in current use

HOW ABOUT THE NEXT PASTURE?

"Grass is always greener in the next pasture", they say. Anyway, that is why there are fences for cows and horses.

But, as Barbershoppers, let's take a look into the next pasture. Let's visit a few minutes about Extension, the sponsoring of new Chapters.

Does your Chapter have an Extension Committee? If so, is it functioning? It leads right to the door of Inter-Chapter Relations (and that means a healthy Chapter). Get your lead and send the name and address to Carroll Adams—he will send complete information to all interested parties.

Let's afford any community of sufficient size the opportunity of having a Chapter. But, let us be sure the desire is there and then demonstrate by a Chapter Chorus or Quartet visit, the fun and fellowship they too can enjoy.

As for Membership, the addition of new members to our existing Chapters, why not adopt the slogan suggested by President Jim Knipe, "Every member bring a singing guest to the next meeting".

Bring your prospective members, preferably on a night set aside and planned for visitors. Make your evening so enjoyable for the visitors that they will want to come again. Keep business to a minimum—have plenty of chorus and quartet singing.

So, develop a roving eye for green fields beyond the fence, try starting a new Chapter or getting new members. It will assure contentment for you and bring pleasure and enjoyment to others.

Sell it boys—and be proud to sell it—but let's not risk quality for quantity.

Ray C. Niblo, Chairman
Int'l. Extension and Membership Committee

. . . to preserve same for reference and historical use. The date for the CWNKY Regionals was set, namely April 26, 1952. Everyone agreed that under President Pat's guidance, CWNKY is "on the move".

CENTRAL STATES

'Tis said that everything 'King-size' comes from Texas excepting, we now realize, quartets. You had to attend the 1951 CSA District Contest at Great Bend, Kansas, October 20th to see and believe, but it took six (6) men to win the championship, and win they did. We are speaking of the St. Louis Olde Tymers Chapter representatives, The FOUR TEENS, who had with them their own private Master-of-Ceremonies, Corp. Mike Egan, who in turn had his own private Master-of-Ceremonies, Dr. Norman Rathert, former Int'l President.

This idea of a four-man line with two men in the backfield produces a running attack that is hard to beat. Chairman of Judges Edwin S. Smith, from Wayne, Mich., and Master-of-Ceremonies (3rd Grade, of course) Carroll P. Adams, of Detroit, Mich., admit that although distances between whistle stops out here in Central States are exceptionally great, life, especially in our contests, is never dull. The others on the judging panel were 'Buzz' Haege, Dick Means, Ray Jones, Floyd Strong. Russ Gentzler acted as Secretary.

Our congratulations to The FOUR TEENS, and Egan, and Rathert, and Scott Field.

The District Meeting was held Saturday morning in the Parrish Hotel with Pres. Ed Fahnestock presiding. Reports were made by V.P. Bert Phelps, Kansas City, Mo., V.P. Ray Jones, Des Moines, and Treas. Bob Sandifer, Wichita. Int'l B'd Member Ray Niblo, Chairman of the Int'l Comm. on Ex-

tension and Membership, addressed the meeting.

The District Executive Committee, in a meeting following the District Meeting, passed a resolution recommending to the Int'l B'd that the 1952 Int'l Preliminary Contest be awarded to St. Louis Chapter — the event to be the weekend of April 26th.

ENID Oklahoma CHAPTER

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THE FOUR CHIPS
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ENID'S OUTSTANDING
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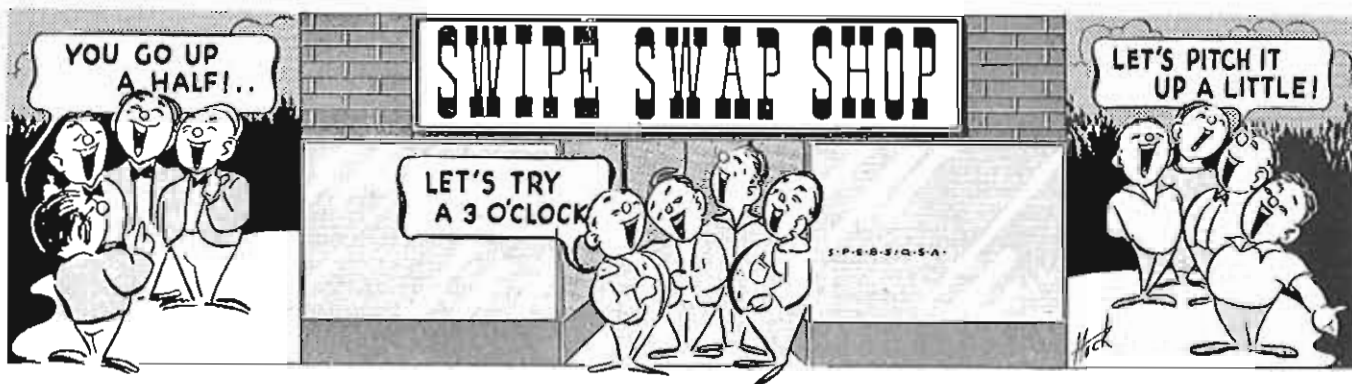
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The material in this column will be divided into three departments to reach the specific interests represented by each group. But it is the editors' hope that many readers will find the entire article of sufficient interest to merit careful perusal. Questions, comments, suggestions, and contributions of pertinent material from readers will always be welcomed. Send them to Swipe Swap Shop, care of the International Office at Detroit.

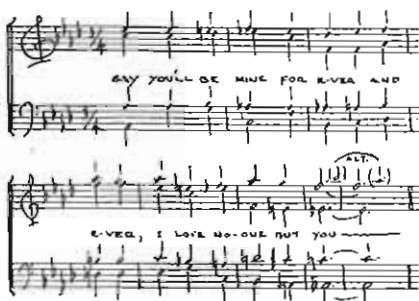
The extent of the interest you display will determine the extent to which this page can be successfully developed.

Woodsheddors

Here is a tag for a well-known chestnut, schemed up by John Hill of Lansing, Michigan.

Hill reports that he has shown this deal on a number of occasions to woodsheddors, here and yonder, and that it never fails to "take".

Don't give up if you find this a bit tough to handle at first reading. It's really singable, and you'll find the kicks well worth the little effort that may be involved.



Quartets

So your quartet needs a good coach? So why not put four pairs of ears to work and do some coaching of your own?

Certainly, you can't do a job of really critical listening while you're singing. But you can record your stuff and then study the play-back to your

heart's content. Make your own recordings on tape if you want to hear how you actually sound. Wire or discs won't really tell you.

Now you can check on your attacks and releases. And you can tell how you stack up in the matter of balance (volume).

Further, should you discover that someone is not blending, you can usually correct the situation by employing the trial and error method. Simply have the non-blender make adjustments in volume and in tone quality until you are satisfied with the recorded results.

As you listen to yourselves you may be inspired to fill up some gaps in your arrangement, or perhaps to delete some small deals in order that the big ones may seem bigger yet.

Should your quartet be so fortunate as to be closely associated with a competent critic, have him serve as a clearing house for beefs. Tell him about the guy you think is not "doing right". Then, if he thinks the gripe is legitimate, ask him to pass it on to the offending member—as his own observation.

This method will help your chances of fixing up bad deals without endangering quartet morale. Of course, it makes your critic the fall guy. Ten to one he'll love it.

Arrangers

Every arranger knows that when a man's part is melodic he learns it quickly and he sings it confidently. Certainly his finished performance is characterized with a high degree of accuracy.

Yet all too many of the pen men, when the ink won't flow freely, are guilty of using a convenient old barbershop dodge that was never written officially into anybody's rule book. It's what's known as "leaving it for the bari".

The idea is to dump into the baritone's mouth whatever is left of a chord after the three choice cuts have been served on platters. This is dandy only if the baritone is able to thrive on a diet of gristle and bone.

Barbershop-wise it too often succeeds in producing a weird succession of unrelated tones which could pass for chamber music of the men from Mars. It strains all the concepts of human decency to think of handing this tonal monstrosity to a baritone with the dead pan comment: "Here's your part. Now learn it!" This shouldn't happen to a fellow barbershopper. A dog, maybe, might handle it.

Thing to do, of course, is for the arranger to bestir himself and rework, revise and revoice, until he has *everybody* moving easily and naturally through his part. He should strive constantly and consciously to make all four parts melodic in character.

To achieve this he may wind up with no alternative but to sacrifice a pet chord or two. "Better I should put tobacco in my pitch pipe!" he wails. Not so! Better he should be Simon-simple, if that's what's needed, in order to make a passage or a whole number singable and solid. Only when it becomes fun to sing will it stand much chance of being fun to listen to. Indeed, painful though the act may be, the results gained from making your arrangement singable, and therefore fundamentally simple, may vastly increase its total effectiveness. Remember, always, that bright spots or kicks depend almost entirely on just one element for dramatic impact: the element of *contrast*.

If you milk every tone of the melody dry as you progress through your arrangement, you will be hard pressed finding a way to do right by the two or three spots in the song where the words, the music, the quartet, and the audience demand that you give out with your biggest and best deals.

TELEPHONE DIRECTORY LISTINGS

TO CHAPTER PRESIDENTS:

We suggest that in listing your Chapter Secretary's number in your local 'phone directory, you use the complete name of the Society instead of just the initials. We are anxious to make this a standard practice throughout the Society and we feel that more people will look in the 'phone directory for the word "Society" than will look for the initials.

Carroll P. Adams,
International Secretary

THE LAND O'LAKES DISTRICT

SALUTES

ITS NEW 1951 DISTRICT CHAMPIONS



♪ THE SING-COPATES ♪
APPLETON, WIS.

Left to Right: Reich, Tenor, Hammond, Lead, Stammer, Baritone, Faas, Bass

and the host

EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN CHAPTER

"Beehive of the Indian Head Country"

SEVENTH ANNUAL DISTRICT QUARTET CONTEST

S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A.

November 3rd, 1951

S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A.

Serving Our Communities

Chapters at Work on the Home Front

by W. L. OTTO, Community Service Editor

Community Service for the Summer months continued at a steady pace but the character of service during the warm weather changes to more of the out-door type of activity. There are numerous instances of active chorus and quartet participation at State and County Fairs, Municipal Band Concerts, Community Sing Concerts and such. The Summer Season also was enlivened in the matter of inter-chapter relations and community service by chapter area picnics, summer cruises, out-door park and grove "back yard" meetings, fish fries, weiner roasts and baseball games. Chapter activity reporters are enthusiastic about the vast interest created and the good fellowship generated by these affairs. In sharp contrast, are a few reports of chapters who apparently limit activities during the Summer. Many reports indicate that summer activities equal, and sometimes excel, those of the Fall and Winter. Don't miss out on three months of good fellowship and fun—KEEP THE POT BOILING THE YEAR ROUND.

On The Ball!

Reports from the North Shore, Illinois chapter indicate an exceptionally fine spirit of community service among its members, who reside in several suburban communities north of Chicago. The chapter is rapidly becoming known as an outstanding community service organization in that area, and has gained wide recognition for its good deeds.

Climaxing a series of programs for community service and inter-chapter relations, the chapter put on what they termed "THE BIG SHOW"—a parade, at the Northwestern University Technological Hall. The entire proceeds of this show, amounting to over \$2000.00, is to be used by the North Shore Association for Retarded Children to provide for construction of special school training and recreation facilities. Most of these children are not admissible to the public schools. This is the first time any organization has given this group a helping hand and the wide publicity given our chapter by their service, would indicate that other organizations will give proper recognition to this cause.

North Shore chapter's service is an example of what can be done if we only WILL. A great job, well done.

Good Foreign Relations

On September 9th, following the signing of the Japanese Peace Treaty, the Press and Union League Club of San Francisco entertained Foreign Press delegates on a six hour boat trip on San Francisco Bay. The San Francisco chapter, assisted by other Bay area chapters, San Carlos, Berkeley, Sacramento and Oakland, contributed to the joy of the occasion and quartet and chorus singing was held throughout every part of the ship.

The San Francisco chapter took the occasion to receive into membership Will Aubrey, the "Bard of the Byways" a highly regarded man in the entertainment world and an ardent booster of barbershop harmony.

For Future Generations

In the laying of the cornerstone of the new Junior High School in Lombard, Ill., our chapter was requested

to deposit in the cornerstone, together with other civic and social groups, a statement as to how the building would aid the community and the long range plans of each group. The statement now reposing in the cornerstone of this building follows:

Greetings:

The Lombard Chapter of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America, Inc. was born as a direct result of a Parent Teachers Association Men's Night Program in February, 1948. Our organization is pledged to the encouragement of harmony — harmony in fellowship, in fun, and in our daily relations with our fellow men. We believe that this can find its fulfillment through the medium of the barbershop style of singing. In this new Junior High School Building and its facilities, we see the means for

accomplishing these ideals and for projecting them to the community. We hope our work will be so well done that it will be an inspiration to the young men of our village to perpetuate barbershop harmony and "Keep America Singing".

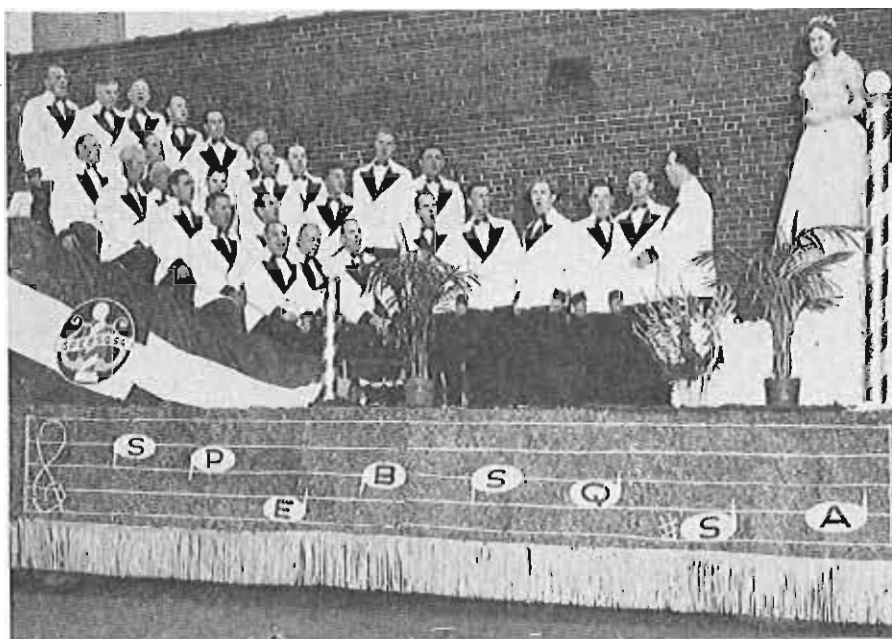
Chord - ially,
Officers and Members
Lombard, Ill. Chapter No. 521
S P E B S Q S A, Inc.

Houston, Texas Sets Goal

Following up on their special fund raising project for Hedgecroft Polio Clinic, for which they raised \$2600.00 in the January Minstrel Show, their goal this year is to raise between \$10,000 and \$12,000.00 for this fine worthy institution. This will be accomplished largely by selling advance tickets at premium prices, an idea that could well be adopted by other

(Continued on next page)

PLUG TOBACCO



Hartford, Connecticut Chapter entered a float in the Harvest Festival Program put on annually by the Connecticut Valley Tobacco Growers. J. Frank Daly, Director of the Chapter Chorus is at right. The "queen" (a "Lucky Strike" Eds.)—Miss Jeanne Egnat.

Community Service (Continued)

chapters. Our Texas brothers do things in a really "BIG" way.

Real Giving

Kansas City, Missouri chapter who had set aside \$200.00 for their annual picnic pleasure, voted to donate this fund to the Red Cross Flood Relief. A basket picnic was held however with each member furnishing his share of the expenses.

You Can't Start 'Em Too Young

The Neenah-Menasha, Wisconsin chapter devised a summer activity in co-operation with Recreation Department and added barbershop chorus singing for children during summer vacation. Chapter reports enthusiastic turnout throughout the summer months — ages ranged from fourth graders to high school seniors. Only difficulty reported was surplus of tenors and lack of basses at times. Program was climaxed at end of season with radio broadcast and singing at annual hobby show. The experiment, highly successful, will be planned again next summer season.

Where The "Tall" Grows

Oskaloosa, Iowa chapter received some very fine publicity on the occasion of their part in Freedom Week at the Southern Iowa Fair Grounds. The chorus and the chapter's "Cornfield Canaries" quartet put on the program.

All Safe and Sound

Newhall, California reports Show for inmates at Honor Farm enjoyed by all. Chapter Secretary expresses wonder that they were released after the program. Also comments "we don't make any money, but we do have fun". One does not necessarily have to make money to render worthwhile community service.

Rare "Bowlers"

Ottawa, Illinois chapter needing some derby hats, appealed to local paper. Publicity resulted in donation of 25, all shapes and sizes — an idea for anyone needing some of these museum items.

Red Cross Appreciates

A letter from American Red Cross, Pittsburgh, Pa. chapter, expresses heartfelt appreciation for an outstanding service by Pittsburgh Chapter Chorus, and four quartets, for providing program for Red Cross Flood Relief. Also expresses thanks that the program was suggested by a member of the chapter. The Pittsburgh chapter chorus and quartets are doing an outstanding job in community service and they do not wait to be asked to contribute their talent but (as we all should) offer it freely for all such worthy causes.

Veterans Administration also Grateful
A splendid letter from Veterans Administration, Ft. Wayne, Indiana expresses appreciation to Ft. Wayne, Indiana and Huntington, Indiana Chapters for a fine evening's entertainment at Veterans Hospital. A repeat performance is assured.

Definite Plans for Community Service
St. Paul, Minnesota chapter has joined the ranks of the many chapters who have developed a definite schedule each month of community service

INTERSTATE SERVICE



Members of Escanaba, Michigan Chapter sailed to Washington Island, Wisconsin to put on a benefit show in conjunction with the Lions Club of the Island.

activities. A special activities committee is making arrangements. When community service activities follow a set schedule, there is never a lack of interest.

Echoes of the Past

Hornell, New York chapter's part in Centennial observance was to furnish background music for the entire pageant, singing the old songs appropriate throughout the one hundred years. Newspaper articles attest the success of their participation.

Another successful Centennial at West Seneca, New York where 394 barbershoppers, from twenty chapters, sang in a massed chorus for 10,000 people. A terrific demonstration!

Music Under The Stars

Toledo, Ohio chapter chorus, and quartets, staged a regular Sunday

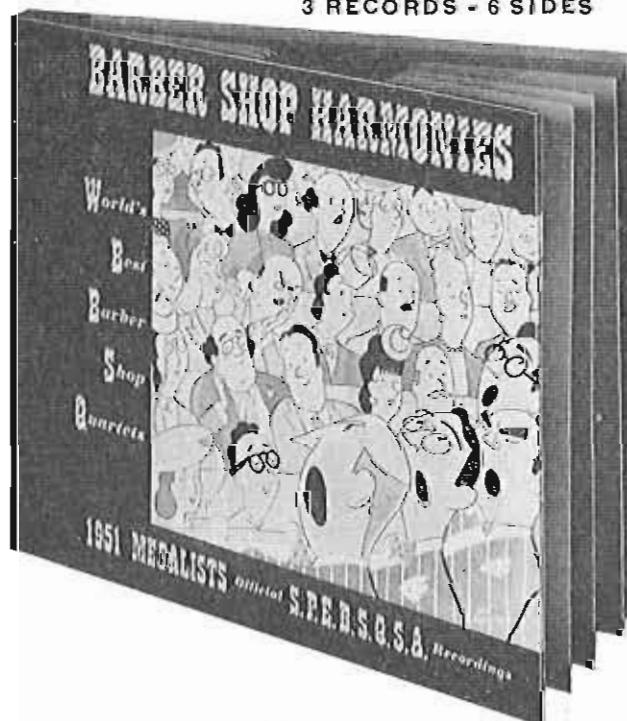
Nite program promoted by Recreation Department at Zoo Amphitheater, seating 4200 persons. Chapter carried entire program.

Among many chapters reporting open air public concerts during the summer season are: Glendale-Burbank, Calif., San Gabriel, Calif., Arcadia, Calif., Pasadena, Calif., Alton, Ill., Bloomington, Ill., Teaneck, N.J., Fremont, Ohio, Middletown, Ohio, Tulsa, Okla., Reading, Pa., Houston, Texas, Sheboygan, Wisc., Menomonie, Wisc., Santa Ana, Calif., Downers Grove, Ill., Ft. Madison, Ia., Clear Lake, Ia., Traverse City, Mich., Schenectady, N.Y., East Liverpool, Ohio, St. Catharines, Ont., Allentown-Bethlehem, Pa., LaCrosse, Wisc., Madison, Wisc., Jerseyville, Ill., Peoria, Ill.,

(Continued on next page)

1951-52 MEDALIST ALBUM

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I Love The Way You Roll
Your Eyes*

KEYSTONE QUADS

*Lovely Are Your Deep
Blue Eyes*

CLEF DWELLERS

*I Wish You Were Jealous
Of Me*

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NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT



The Highway Men, Norwood, Ill. Chapter, LtoR—Earl Zerfass, tenor; Bob Talbot, lead; Ed Kross, bar; Joe Peterson, bass, took part in a civic celebration serenading Adrienne Falcon (Miss Chicago) on the eve of her departure for the Beauty Contest at Atlantic City.

Community Service (Continued)

Burlington, Ia., Minneapolis, Minn., Oneonta, N.Y., Eau Claire, Wisc., Wichita Falls, Texas, Racine, Wisc. consin.

Why Do They?

Several chapter secretaries reporting break-up of quartets and weakening of chorus sections by Uncle Sam's "Greetings", make the query "why do they always take the tenors"?

Corydon, Indiana chapter secretary suggests a paraphrase on a good old barbershop number — "Bugle Calls Are Breaking Up Those Old Quartets Of Ours".

For Those Who Hear But Do Not See Manhattan, N. Y. chapter's quartet, "Manhattan Village Four" entertained an enthusiastic and appreciative audience of the Associated Blind. The organization's President (who is totally blind), says: "The blind would like and appreciate information concerning all of your concerts. Barbershop music is particularly appealing to our members".

The Manhattan chapter's chorus is planning a concert in November for the members of the "Lighthouse", an institution for the blind. Groups from this organization have been in attendance at recent chapter meetings. Other planned community service activities of Manhattan chapter include additional concerts for such as these who need entertainment most.

Baby Gets It's Feet Wet
The Good Way

The Lynn, Mass. chapter has been chartered only a few months and yet, during this time, has done an outstanding job on community service and has received an amazing amount of publicity for their fine work. Their community is thoroughly conscious,

thru their efforts in this short time, of the real aims and purposes of our grand Society. The age and experience of chapters makes no difference — it is the will to do that breeds success.

Oxford, Miss. chapter reports probably the most distracting environment a quartet ever had. On the occasion of appearance at "Miss Mississippi" contest — 15 or 20 lovely girls in bathing suits on the stage at the same time! Belleville, Ont. chapter members, 19 strong, paid surprise visit to four members of East Liverpool, Ohio

chapter vacationing near Belleville. Good international relations!

Benefit Shows and Performances
There were many outstanding benefits reported for the quarter, such as: Denver, Colo.—Following Red Rocks Carnival of Harmony, donated \$500.00 to benefit Child Welfare Clinic.

El Paso, Texas — Presented Kiwanis with check for \$1850 for underprivileged children. Proceeds of their Spring Show.

Peoria, Ill.—Assisted Elks Club in crippled children's project.

Corydon, Ind.—Assisted in benefit for County Hospital.

Chisholm, Minn. — On very short notice, sponsored benefit with co-operation of Virginia, Minn. For baby seriously ill with spinal meningitis. \$275 donated.

Jackson, Miss.—Benefit performance for playground equipment.

Toronto & East York (Toronto, Ont.) — Staged benefit for young man who had lost sight of eye.

Racine, Wisc.—Assisted in benefit for Missouri Flood victims.

Morrison, Ill.—Assisted benefit show for Hospital.

Pioneer (Chicago) Ill.—Picnic project to raise funds for needy children. Also worked with Kiwanis for rose selling campaign for underprivileged children.

Gardner, Mass.—Benefit for college scholarship fund.

Oscoda County, Mich.—Parade benefited local High School Bands.

Elyria, Ohio—Quartets had benefit show for County Orphanage.

New Bedford, Mass.—Part in Annual Pops Concert at Marion. \$1800 raised for local church.

Waukesha, Wisc.—Donated \$157 to Youth Center.

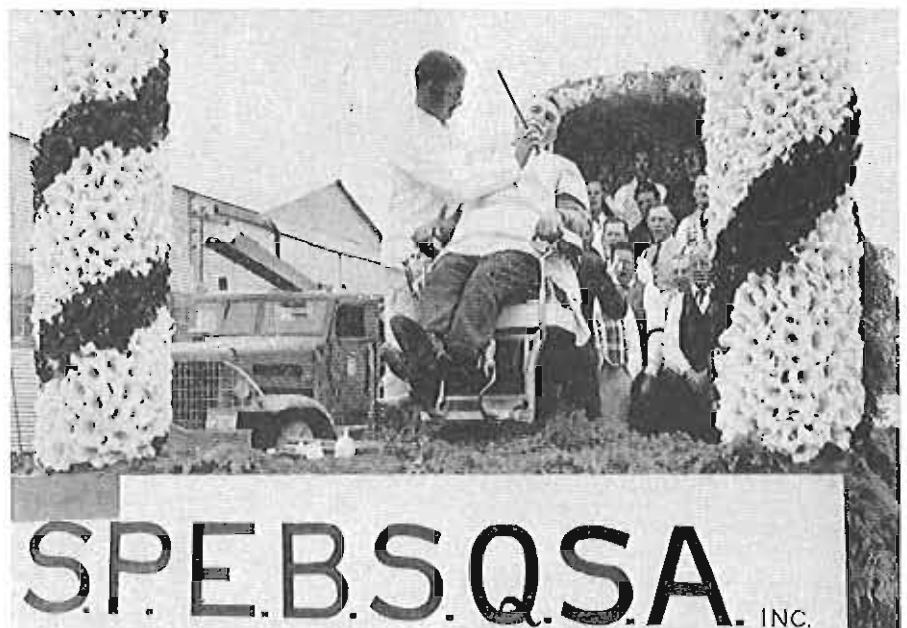
Olean, N. Y.—Benefit show at Emporium, Pa.

Oshawa, Ont.—For Church parsonage.

Parkersburg, W. Va.—Quartets made numerous appearances for variety of fund raising campaigns. Total real-

(Continued on next page)

BROOKINGS, ORE. LILY BLOSSOM PARADE



Brookings and Crescent City Chapters cooperated to present this float in the Annual Lily Blossom Parade.

Community Service (Continued)

ized, \$500. Also benefit for Band Mothers. Raised \$250.
 Menomonie, Wisc.—Variety Show — benefit children orphaned by auto accident. Realized \$630.
 Windsor, Ont. — Promoted Optimist Club minstrel show.
 Steubenville, Ohio — Went to Cadiz, Ohio. Raised funds to purchase pews for Church. Also assisted benefit dance for disabled veterans.
 San Diego, Calif.—Quartets in benefit for injured High School athlete. Also furnished entertainment for underprivileged groups in County.
 Colorado Springs, Colo.—To benefit Cerebral Palsy Clinic.
 Huron Valley (Milford) Mich.—Donated scholarship to Interlochen Music Camp for High School student.
 Worcester, Mass.—Assisted P.T.A. in benefit program.
 Shreveport, La. — Benefit Show at Carthage, Texas for underprivileged children.
 Frankfort, Ky.—Assisted benefit for American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps.
 Heart of Illinois (Peoria)—Assisted benefit for School.
 Brazil, Ind.—Assisted P.T.A. minstrel for school improvements.
 Ridgewood, N. J.—Donated \$300 musical scholarship.
 West Bend-Barton, Wisc. — Donated movie projector to Old Folks County Home.
 Springfield, Mass.—Sent \$25 to Kansas City, Mo. chapter for benefit of member who had lost all in flood.
 Ashland, Wisc.—Donated \$50 to help send High School band to Chicago-Land Music Festival.
 Paterson, N. J.—Sent \$25 to Philharmonic Orchestra fund.
 Muskegon, Mich.—Sold 1000 tickets to ballgame for share of proceeds which is donated to the Perey Jones Hospital Service Fund.

Vets Hospitals

Many chapters are continuing visits to Veterans' Hospitals. Among those reporting this splendid much needed activity are: Holly-Fenton, Mich., Terre Haute, Ind., Santa Ana, Calif., Dearborn, Mich., Independence, Mo., St. Paul, Minn., Newark, N. J., Buffalo, N. Y., West Seneca, N. Y., Cincinnati, Ohio, Asheville, N. C., Vancouver, B. C., Berkeley, Calif., Brockton, Mass., Eden, (Hayward) Calif., Salem, Mass., Rock Island, Ill., Goshen, Ind., Akron, Ohio, Penn Yan, N. Y., Huntington, Indiana.

Armed Forces Collaboration

Visits to Armed Forces installations for entertainment of service men were reported by: Sarasota, Fla., Leominster, Mass., Staten Island, N.Y., London, Ont., Easton, Pa., Providence, R.I., New Bedford, Mass., Kiel, Wisc., Phoenix, Ariz., Westfield, N.J., Burlington, Vt., East York (Toronto), Ont., Lake Charles, La., Tucson, Ariz., Oklahoma City, Okla., Memphis, Tenn., Eden, Cal., Harrisburg, Pa., Shreveport, La., San Diego, Cal., Birmingham, Ala. Elizabeth City, N.C. chapter not only entertains service men, but succeeds in getting them on the chapter roster. At the present time, chapter has 10 members stationed at either the Coast Guard Station or Naval Air Base.

SOCIETY GETS BOND SELLING FLAG



Michigan's Senator Blair Moody, second from left, a member of Northwest, (Detroit) Chapter, accepts a U.S. Treasury Defense Bond Flag for future delivery to Detroit Hq of SPEBSQSA. Extreme left is Ed Place, bass of the D.C. Keys, Washington, D.C. Chapter and Assoc. Chairman of the Int'l Public Relations Committee.

Institutions

Many chapters report visitations for entertainment for various institutions, such as, Homes for Aged, Children's Homes, Penal Institutions, Home for the Blind, Boys' Farm and Schools, Soldier's Home, T.B. Sanitariums, Hospitals for Contagious Diseases, etc. Among chapters reporting this activity are: Appleton, Wisc., Paterson, N.J., Belleville, Ont., Whitewater, Wisc., Reading, Pa., Vancouver, B.C., Milwaukee, Wisc., Lafayette, Ind., Bridgeport, Conn., Woodridge, N.J., Kulm, N.D., Wauwatosa, Wisc., Sturgis, Mich., Lynn, Mass., Union City, N.J., St. Louis, Mo., Ashland, Wisc., Harrisburg, Pa., Newhall, Cal., Jacksonville, Ill., Salem, Mass., Lombard, Ill., Gowanda, N. Y., Ottawa, Ill., Painesville, Ohio, Green Bay, Wisconsin, Orlando, Fla.

In addition to the community service activities mentioned, a total of 175 additional chapters reported a wide variety of local community service activities and participation in local benefits, far too numerous to mention. A large number of chapters reported that plans were in the making for community service activities during the Fall and Winter season.

All in all, it would appear that SPEB is headed for its biggest year in community service activities.

DETROIT'S 250th BIRTHDAY

Further enhancing the community spirit which has prevailed in the city of Detroit this year in the celebration of its 250th Birthday Festival, the chapters in the Metropolitan Detroit area provided an open air concert for several thousand people in the high-lighted setting of the "Birthday Cake" in Grand Circus Park, July 17th in downtown Detroit. The evening was designated as "Barbershop Harmony" night and the performance was a huge success. Acting as M.C. was genial Bill Favinger, Past President of the Detroit Chapter and of the Metropolitan Detroit Association of Chapters; the Metropolitan Detroit Chorus under the direction of Tom Needham performed in its usual effective manner and also furnished the background for the solo work of Howard (Old Man River) Tubbs. Quartets who had a part in this outstanding demonstration of community service were—The CLIPPERETTES, a Detroit girls' quartet—the CLEF DWELLERS and the NOTE BLENDERS of the Oakland County Chapter—the HOBBY CHORDS of the Detroit Chapter and the PROGRESSIVE FOUR of the Grosse Pointe Chapter.

AWARD OF MERIT TO SOUTH TOWN (CHICAGO)



Chicago Park District presented an Award of Merit to South Town Chapter for summertime help in creating interest in music. LtoR—Ken Carrington, Park District Music Supervisor; Billy Hannon, Associate Supervisor; The Pitchblenders—Jim Large, Jim Passarella, Charlie Maier, Howie Moore; Harold Baxter, Chapter Pres., Erwin Beyer and Charley Ward, past Chapter Presidents.



DIRECTORY OF CHAPTERS



(Names listed are Chapter Secretaries as of record in International Office unless otherwise specified.)

This directory is for convenience of traveling members and those needing it in conducting SPEBSQSA contacts. Any other use violates our Code of Ethics—"We shall not use our membership in the Society for personal gain"

ALABAMA

Birmingham—Wallace D. Schulstad
c/o Southern Service, Inc.
600 No. 18th St.
Decatur—James P. Henney
423 Sherman St.
Fairhope—John Baker
Tuscaloosa—Fred C. Williamson
Glendale Gardens

ALASKA

Anchorage—Don Jacobs
Box 720 or 1429-12th Ave.

ALBERTA

Calgary—Ray Payne
3204 - 4A St. N.W.
Lethbridge—V. M. Rodgers
611A-5th St. So.

ARIZONA

Chandler (San Marcos)—George King
219 N. Hartford St.
Phoenix—Dayton Shipley
215 E. Indianola Ave.
Tempe—W. J. Haddock
911 Maple Ave.
Tucson—C. Clark Leydie, Jr., M.D.
521 E. 3rd St.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Vancouver—E. Edwards
820 Anderson Road
Lulu Island, Vancouver, B.C.

CALIFORNIA

Arcadia—A. E. Graham
1933 Wardell Ave.
Duarte
Bakersfield—James Murray
421 Truxton Ave.
Berkeley—Eliot Wirt
7221 Central Ave.
El Cerrito
Colton—Kenneth R. Hines
352 East "C"
Crescent City—Noel LaCombe
1170-9th St.
Culver City—Fred A. Kempshill
11927 Junette St.
Eden (Hayward)—Robert A. Stewart
17112 Via Flores
San Lorenzo
El Cajon Valley—Ed. A. Scorr
7546 Cuyamaca St.
Lemon Grove
El Centro—Leo Magee
462 Holt Ave.
Glendale-Burbank—C. E. Boyd
434 So. Griffith Park Dr.
Burbank
Hollywood—Tom Moffett
2117 See Drive
Whittier
Huntington Park—Ralph F. Seyb
1800 W. 43rd Place
Los Angeles 37
Inglewood—Earl W. Richards
455 Edgewood St.
La Canada—L. W. Battin
2821 Prospect Ave.
La Crescenta
Long Beach—Bill McHolm
442 E. 63rd St.
Los Angeles—Austin Finkenbinder
571 So. Coronado St., Apt. 615
Martinez—John F. Roorda
720 Talbair St.
Newhall—Charles Brown
15017 Roxford St.
San Fernando
Oakland—Philip N. Pinos
2160-47th Ave.
Orinda—Oakley Brndley
456½-38th St.
Oakland
Pasadena—Otto F. Nass
2401 Galbreth Rd.
Sacramento—W. W. "Bill" Elkins
2001 N St.
San Carlos Peninsula—
Robert N. Lindenberger
948 East Grant Place
San Mateo
San Diego—James O. Blethen
1320-31st St.
San Francisco—Frank K. Walsh
381 Chestnut St.

San Gabriel—Richard N. Schenck
5265 East Garibaldi Ave.
San Jose—Jean R. La Mur
1085 Thornton Wny
Santa Ana—William L. Young
1004 W. 8th St., Apt. 4
Santa Monica—John Young
125 Brooks Ave.
Venice

Torrance—Howard E. Foster
523 S. Helberta
Redondo Beach

Van Nuys—Frank Finnegan
5649 Katherine

Whittier—R. K. Ersland
9508 Armley Ave.

CANAL ZONE

Panama City—Fred J. Gerhardt
Box 82
Balboa

COLORADO

Boulder—Paul G. Steinfurth
1012 Spruce St.
Colorado Springs—Harry Sparrow
749 E. Platte
Denver—Lloyd Parker
4186 So. Fox
Englewood
Longmont—Dr. R. A. Barnes
324 Sumner
Loveland—E. W. Borland
610 Jefferson St.
Sterling—Earl R. Hayden
230 No. 4th St.

CONNECTICUT

Bridgewater—Herbert A. Appleby
1388 North Ave.
Enfield—Harold G. Neelms
30 Franklin St.
Thompsonville
Hartford—James F. Cunningham, Jr.
119 St. Augustine St.
West Hartford
Housatonic (Dorby)—Harold Houlihan
9 Westfield Ave.
Ansonia
Meriden—John W. Fortin
60 Cottage St.
Naugatuck—Seymour Squires
100 Park Ave.
New Britain—Edward F. McNamara
82 Ellis St.
New Haven—John P. Mulligan
550 Thompson Ave.
E. Haven
Norwalk—Martin J. Shaughnessy
Morningside Apts. No. 26
Norwich—Lawrence Pouch
40 N.W. London Tpk.
Rockville—Roger J. Tansey
18 Elizabeth St.
Terryville—Ray P. North
Seymour Road
Waterbury—John Schweizer
Roaring Brook Rd.
Williamsville—Frank B. Bodurtha
11 Valley St. Extension

DELAWARE

Wilmington—T. J. Hnley, Jr.
3308 Washington St.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—Jean Boardman
Shoreham Bldg.

FLORIDA

Clearwater—Bill Hargraves
901 Pine St.
Daytona Beach—Wister R. Burns
Box 314
Ormond
Fort Lauderdale—G. F. Bauer
1208 N.E. 3rd St.
Indian River (Fort Pierce)—Jack Mc-
Elfresh
Box 127
Jensen Beach
Lakeland—T. M. Van Meter
514 So. Florida, Apt. 7
Miami—Roy W. Swinnborg
435 Sunset Drive, South Miami
Orlando—Ira J. McJimans
331 Donnelly St., Mt. Dora

Sarasota—Dr. Henry J. Vomacka
555 Golf St.
St. Petersburg—George Mook
4339-57 Ave. N.
Tampa—Keith Sperry
3714 Obispo Ave.
West Palm Beach—Howard Ripper
P. O. Box 442, Lake Worth

GEORGIA

Decatur—Al Ostuni
59 Simpson St., N. W., Atlanta

HAWAII

Honolulu—George Hollowell
138 Minkua St., Kailua, Oahu, T. H.

ILLINOIS

Alton—Leo T. Jun
837 Spruce St.
Arlington Heights—George A. Glow
603 S. Belmont
Aurora—Wm. M. Henderson
67 S. Anderson St.
Barrington—Jack D. Buchanan
542 Grovo Ave.
Beardstown—Albert Logsdon
701 Main
Belleville—Sam C. Schmulbach
710 East "D" St.
Blyvidere—Jack Coomhes
504 S. Main St.
Bloomington—Forrest C. Stahly
605 East Walnut St.
Canton—Richard Nebergall
335 N. 11th
Centralia—Wm. C. Stephens
101 S. Locust St.
Champaign-Urbana—Harold E. High-
land
1112 S. Pine St., Champaign
Charleston—Harold Temple
421 N. 11th
Chicago No. 1—Pnt Forsyth
625 Yale Court, Des Plaines
Chillicothe—Donald Thompson
201 Sunnyside
Danville—J. I. McConnell
911 N. Gilbert St.
Decatur—Lee Clark
52 Enries Park
Dixon—Walter H. Wilson
Lee Center
Downers Grove—P. S. Keeler
5240 Grand Ave.
Dundee—Kleth Egerton
439 Illinois St.
Dwight—John Allison
Gardner
Elgin—Donald R. Lowe
59 So. Crystal St.
Farmington—Thomas Anderson
Freeport—O. DeVore Hiltner
1260½ So. Oak Ave.
Galesburg—F. H. Tucker
1087 E. Main St.
Geneva—Ken Hnack
323 Arbor Ave., West Chicago
Havana—Clem Haxton
614 N. Broadway
Heart of Illinois (Peoria)—Les Jones
1916 N. Jefferson
Homewood—Frank Whnley
1955 Ridge Road
Highland Park—Carl Howard
261 Lakeside Place
Jacksonville—Wilbur Abornathy
Concord
Jerseyville—Joel M. Murrie
507 N. Washington
Joliet—Wayne Barber
026 Jasper St.
Kankakee—Clarence J. Hayden
Post Office Bldg., Mnteno
La Grange (Q Suburban)—
George Zelnick
602 N. Winola
La Salle—Donald Dingler
P. O. Box 431
Lincoln—William S. Ellis
Court House
Lombard—Charles A. Snyder
438 Crescent Blvd.

Macomb—S. C. Burnham
Hickory Grove
Mattoon—R. W. Noll
611 South 15th
Monmouth—Omle R. Wise
P. O. Box 93
Morrison—James W. Potter
207 W. Morris St.
Northbrook—Franklin C. Tyson
2225 Oak St.
North Shore—R. E. Schmidt
1217 Forest Ave., Evanston
Norwood (Chicago)—Robert B. Talbot
6818 W. Palatine Ave., Chicago 31
Oak Park—Glenn W. Carlson
618 S. 24th Ave., Bellwood
Ottawa—Russell Moore
Box 115, Wedron
Palos Heights—Roy Ball
12233 Richard
Park Ridge—Ernest Rezeau
2295 Oak Tree Lane
Pekin—Harold Strickfaden
R. D. 5, Peoria
Peoria—Herbert L. Baumgartner
827 Ellis St.
Pioneer (Chicago)—A. B. Johnson
902 N. 16th Ave., Melrose Park
Princeton—C. E. Gleason
P. O. Box 246
Rockford—Frank T. Beck
320 South Rockford Ave.
Rock Island—Grover W. Nelson
804-24th St.
Savanna—E. D. Cantert
30 Main St.
Skokie—Charles Emrich
6040 Winthrop Ave., Chicago
South Town (Chicago)—G. W. Glasgon
7203 Champlain Ave., Chicago 19
Springfield—Earl McK. Guy
1728 Spring St.
Sterling-Rock Falls—DeWayne Murphy
1515-1st Ave., Rock Falls
Streator—Richard Mohan
112 S. Park St.
Tuscola—Charles R. Moss
Washburn—John Konwinski
802 N. Chestnut, Minonk
Waukegan—L. J. Wilmot
Court House
Wheaton—Glen Ellyn—Oscar Mathison
447 Taylor Ave., Glen Ellyn
Woodstock—Warren L. Anderson
110 E. Jackson

INDIANA

Brazil—Howard Ellis
Jasonville
Broad Ripple (Indianapolis)—
Walter Salmon
1031 N. Penn St.
Indianapolis
Columbus—George Chandler
621 California St.
Connersville—Robert Thompson
2056 Vermont
Corydon—Kean Irwin
Dearborn County—John E. Cooley
536 Elm St., Lawrenceburg
Edwardsport (White River Valley)—
W. F. Nelson
Elkhart—Wm. Brundage
1506 Benham Ave.
Evansville—Florenz W. Gehlhausen
602 N. Sherman St.
Fort Wayne—Herbert Krull
4214 Tacoma Ave.
Franklin—Noble Belts
230 N. Water St.
Gary—Richard D. Anderson
3303 Edison Ave., East Gary
Goshen—Max Alheim
614 N. Second St.
Huntington—Bill Roberts
554½ Crescent Ave.
Indianapolis—Carrroll W. Gregg
1320 E. Vermont St.
Jasper—V. J. Bohnert
R. R. No. 6
Kendallville—Jack Ehlers
Road No. 3 South

Kokomo—Robert East
1520½ N. Courtland St.
Lafayette (Tippecanoe)—
Robert L. Andrews
217 S. Grant St., West Lafayette
La Porte—Roy Palmer
810 Kingsport Ave.
Logansport—John E. Gillman
1611 North St.
Marion—Paul McKeever
1562 So. Galatin
Michigan City—Charles Holtz
801 Elston
Mishawaka—Lawrence Qulek
396 E. Mishawaka Ave.
Muncie—Robert Klopfenstein
Box 308, Yorktown
Richmond—Virgil Tice
413 S. W. 17th St.
Seymour—Marion Reinbold
620 N. Pine
South Bend—Roger G. O'Malley
828 Park Ave.
Sullivan—Clyde Hux
507 W. Washington St.
Tell City—Al Gordon Dauby
739 Main St.
Terre Haute—Cecil I. Elliott
R. R. No. 5, Robinwood Ave.
Vincennes—Joe Yosowitz
214 Main St.
Wabash—Orville Butts
135 Manchester Ave.
Washington—Frank M. Potts
1091 E. Grove

IOWA

Burlington—George E. Wulz
1763 S. Central Ave.
Cedar Rapids—Bob Davis
330 - 20th St. Dr. S.E.
Clear Lake—L. C. Stuart
215 Main Ave.
Clinton—Walter Fuchssteiner
407 Myra Place
Des Moines—Jerry L. Pike
921 Titus St.
Dubuque—Duane Pearson
515 Pickett St.
Elkader—John J. Miller
Fort Dodge—Herb L. Diek
11 North 11th St.
Fort Madison—W. L. Hawhaker
1509 Ave. H.
Newton—Richard Toedt
914 S. 5th Ave. W.
Oskaloosa—G. Paul Hickman
Y.M.C.A.
Sioux City—Clarence Lloyd
3819 Orchard
Spencer—Vernie G. Hofsommer
322½ East 1st
Storm Lake—Karl H. Nicholas
308 Grand Ave.

KANSAS

Abilene—Bob Wilson
Box 508
Arkansas City—Roy Woodard
Dodge City—George Col
Fort Dodge
Emporia—G. E. Anderson
424 Commercial St.
Great Bend—H. Lee Uden
1303 Adams St.
Hutchinson—Alfred German
209 Reformatory Ave.
Junction City—Fred Perry
c/o J. C. Motors, N. Washington St.
Kansas City—Lee Sorrells
323 North 15th
Kingman—Louis Cutler
100 N. Main St.
Kiowa—DeWitt Stevens
544½ Main
Lincoln County—Saul Curtis
Lincoln
Newton—George Ware
134 E. 8th St.
Osborne County—Emmett Kissell
Pottis
Pittsburg—Joe Buche
1707 S. Olive
Pratt—R. W. Edwands, MD
519 Lawrence St.
Rice County (Lyons)—Ed Smith
Lyons
Russell—Harold L. Dumlér
Box 44
Salina—Roy E. Rogers
205 S. 11th St.
Seneca—Gordon Alvis
Smith Center—Art Tucker
Topoka—John Gannon
626 Nat'l. Bank Bldg.
Wichita—Clyde E. Cox
117 N. Mosley

KENTUCKY

Frankfort—Rev Darrel J. Norwood
R. R. 2
Lexington—Robert Reeder
1637 S. Limestone
Louisville—Henry C. Weber
414 Gwendolyn St.
Owensboro—James Vestal
603 Frederica St.

Paducah—W. A. Blair
Box 1123
Versailles—Fred Malott, Jr.
112 Elm St.

LOUISIANA

Lake Charles—Van H. Schmutz
2732 Fiske Ave.
Shreveport—M. Nelson Jones
206 E. Fairview Blvd.

MAINE

Portland—Casper Cowan
192 Middle St.
Presque Isle—Larry Crockett
9 Cook St.
Waterville—Glendon Coffey
133 Main St.

MANITOBA

Brandon—Stanley S. Anderson
258 - 12th St.
Portage La Prairie—A. R. Skinner
160 Garland St.
Winnipeg—J. L. Donndt
171 Birchdale Ave., Norwood

MARYLAND

Annapolis—Arch Harrison
49 College Ave.
Baltimore—John V. Kinney
904 E St., Apt. 10.
Sparrows Pt. 19

MASSACHUSETTS

Belmont—Louis Di Luzio
63 Cushing Ave.
Berkley—Sheldon E. Phillips
Elm Street, R. No. 1
Boston—Donald Born
40 Arlington St., Cambridge
Brookton—Wallace Winnett
162 Forest Ave.
Chicopee—Oscar Gilpatrick
655 McKinstry Ave., Chicopee Falls
Conway—Alvin J. Murphy
Fall River—Donndt L. MacDonald
21 Hnnover St.
Falmouth—Howard J. Cummings
Falmouth Heights Rd.
Gardner—Neri A. Goguen
319 Pleasant St.
Holyoke—Frank N. Fowler
7 Montgomery Ave.
Hyannis—William Doyle
219 Main St.
Leominster—Charles F. Harrington, Sr.
Wildewood Ave., Fitchburg
Lynn—J. R. Neet
15 Count Rnd., Marblehead
Marlboro—Henry F. Monnette
154 Mechanic St.
Needham—C. William Frykberg
18 Lindbergh Ave.,
Needham Heights 21
New Bedford—Kenneth Bastien
74 Division St.
Northampton—James F. Fitzgerald
9 Corticelli St., Florence
Pittsfield—M. A. Danforth
192 Brown St.
Quincy—Francis Sheehan
137 Greene St., Wollaston
Reading—Stanley West
156 Bedford Rd., Woburn
Salem—Phil Ream
9 Thorndike St., Peabody
Scituate—James J. Kileoyne
9 Pond Road, Minot
Springfield—H. A. Buzzell
115 State St.
Southbridge—George A. Auderson
c/o The News
Westfield—David M. Kellogg
66 So. Maple St.
Worcester—Anthony P. Benudry
7 Pemberton St.

MICHIGAN

Albion—Norman L. Murray
Gale Mfg. Co.
Ann Arbor—Kenneth Owens
P.O. Box 314, 1733 Calvin
Bay City—William Mayhew
1101 Woodside Ave., Essexville
Benton Harbor—St. Joseph—
Edward Menclinger
1620 Lake View, St. Joseph
Beulah—Royal Call
Bozette City—Bernie Briedenstein
Bozette City Hardware
Cadillac—Willis B. Houtenga
517 E. Garfield St.
Charlerolx—Jerry F. Scudder
P.O. Box 71, Ironton
Copper Country (Houghton)—
Wesley Williams
85 School St., Ahmeek
Dearborn—Frank C. Trittle
22113 Michigan
Detroit—Ralph Delaney
804 Penobscot Bldg.
Dowagiac—Jim Mosher
Airport Road
East Detroit—Frank Lozzi
14001 Park Grove, Detroit 5
Escanaba—Keneth Thompson
1018 6th Ave. So.

Flint—Fred Jock
2650 Sloan St.
Grand Rapids—Robert D. Hnzenberg
1153 Alto Ave. S.E.
Gratiot County—R. Stuart Morrison
917 River Ave., Alma
Grosse Pointe—James L. Davenport
7263 Artesian, Detroit 23
Hamtramck—Louis R. Harrington
2222 National Bank Bldg., Detroit 26
Hart—Pat Houghaling
8 Courtland St.
Holland—Wayne Smith
161 East 18th St.
Holly—Phillip C. Jackson
Hudson—Edward Potter
c/o Hudson Post Gazette
Huron Valley—Ray Embrce
General Motors Proving Ground,
Milford
Ionia—R. G. Van Deusen
315 Rich St.
Iron Mountain—Amil Johnson
1006 W. "A"
Jackson—Theo. N. King
111 Third St.
Kalamazoo—G. H. Bugh
925 Dnvs St.
Lansing—Roger Huntington
322 E. Greenlawn Ave.
Lowell—Orvin Sterken
212 Broadway
Ludington—Arthur Dewey
601½ S. Madison St.
Marcellus—Carroll B. Jones
Manistee County—Arnold Tice
423 River St., Manistee
Marquette—William S. Cooley
350½ East Ridge St.
Mt. Clemens—Willis Hathaway
119 Canfield Dr.
Mt. Pleasant—Phillip R. Kune
433 S. Mission
Muskegon—Herbert Allen
1771 Schuyler St.
Niles—Don Kessler
1402 Sheridann
Northville—Kalin S. Johnson
22045 Novi Road
Northwest Area (Detroit)—
Robert Toupin
c/o Standard Tool & Mfg. Co.,
2500 Meldrum
Oakland County—Charles Rowcu
1407 Longfellow, Royal Oak
Oscoda County—Alfred Scheller, Mio
Pontiac—Charles V. Barker
147 Hudson Ave.
Portland—Irveu Burgess
R. No. 1
Redford Area—Arthur Waite
15455 Centralia, Detroit 23
Sage Lake—Guy L. Stonnert
1326 W. Dartmouth, Flint 4
Saginaw—Wm. R. Oursler
Veterans Housing Bldg., 7-11, Apt. 1
Sault Ste. Marie—Charles M. Kabke
120 Park Place
Shlawassee County—N. Harold Damm
317 W. Mack St., Corunna
South Haven—Royal D. Zerbe
204 Clinton St.
Sturgis—Cluster Cone
702 E. Hatch St.
Three Rivers—Chas. Daugherty
518 West St.
Traverse City—Melvin Gee
220 - 7th St.
Wayne—Edwin S. Smith
34680 Michigan Ave.
Whitehall—Montague -
Lawrence A. Pelon
319 S. Livingston St., Whitehall
Ypsilanti—Wm. Lucht
c/o Dr. M. D. Wilcox
26 N. Washington

MINNESOTA

Chisholm—H. S. Hedmann
201 Second St. S.W.
Minneapolis—Alvin M. Dahl
4437 - 16th Ave. So.
New Ulm—Robert Kemske
1066 S. Minnesota St.
Owatonna—Edwin B. Darby
516 East Academy St.
St. Paul—Clifford Lien
420 Hamline Ave. So.
Virginia—Henry H. McKenzie
416½ S. Third
Waseca—Bob Hudson
721 N. State St.

MISSISSIPPI

Jackson—George E. Tucker
P. O. Box 134
Oxford—Henry Spragens
University, Miss.
Yazoo City—Lee Gibbs, Jr.
365 N. Monroe St.

MISSOURI

Centralia—Lawrence Burson
610 E. Head St.
Clynton—Kiug G. Harle
337 N. McKnight Rd.,
University City 5

Columbia—F. B. Elliott
2201 E. Walnut
Cuba—Earl Forbes
Fulton—O'Neal Powers
S. W. Bell Tel. Co.
Hermann—Harry Kallmeyer
309 Schiller
Independence—Wm. Stone
31st & Santa Fe
Jefferson City—Harry Smith
118 W. Miller St.
Kansas City—Clarence Moyer
8638 Miniden Lane
Mexico—F. Howard Peck
1113 North Olive
Maherly—Donald E. Barnes
505 S. Williams, P.O. Box 443
Neosho—Allen Ursprung
413 S. Ripley
Poplar Bluff—W. C. Croy
320 N. Main
Springfield—Frank Dawes
1517 E. Catlin
St. Louis—W. L. Pullen
1318 Hamilton Ave.
Union—Russell S. Eschbach
Windsor—Louis Greife
Ye Olde Tymers (St. Louis)—
Clarence R. Marlowe
10 N. Bemiston, Clayton 5

MONTANA

Glasgow—Tom Coghlan
305½ Third Ave. No.

NEBRASKA

Beatrice—Olen Brucke
1205 Jackson St.
Franklin—Dr. L. A. Clopine
Fremont—L. J. Rowe
1421 North Broad St.
Grand Island—Don Willey
1008 W. 11th St.
Hastings—Don A. Yetman
c/o Nash-Finch Co.
Holdrege—Del C. Leffler
Kearney—John J. Smith
Box 467
Lexington—Ernest W. Cooper
Box 94
Lincoln—A. B. Gorman
c/o Lincoln Telephone Co.
North Platte—Robert W. Tucker
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Top left—Visit to Walter Reed Hospital by U. S. Navy's Anchors and quartet of members of Congress. L to R—Sen. A. Willis Robertson, Virginia; John McDevitt, Lee Montanus, Norman Coggins, Idaho's Sen. Herman Welker, Sandy Welschaupt, Rep. Leslie C. Arends, member Bloomington, Ill. Chapter; Rep. Tohy Morris, member Okla. City Chapter.

Not a printer's error. Not an optical illusion. Schenectady Art Merrill's interpretation of how the "All Night Four" looked to him at Toledo after nine straight hours of singing.

Miami member in hospital with members of his quartet. L to R—Officer Jesse J. Dean, Sgt. Glenn E. Sudduth, Lt. Delton T.

Dollar, Detective R. C. Patterson—all of Miami Chapter and Miami's Police Department. Dollar was hurt in an auto accident on his way to a safety conference.

Below—left—Bill Hineckley, President, Northeastern District, sprays his throat in preparation for the District Contest at Portland, Me., while Mrs. H. looks on.

Tulsa Police Quartet — L to R — Choe Phillips, tenor; Eddie Chambers, lead; Bob Myers, bar; Les Applegate, bass.

Mt. Clemens, Michigan's Little Shavers—L to R—Nick Nicholson, Grandon Dahm, Frank Gooley, Noble Taylor—all barbers by profession. Chapter Pres. Ed Schwoppe is in the chair.

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2—of the Buffalo Bills with "MY GAL SAL" on one side and "GOODBYE OLD DIXIE, GOODBYE" on the other.

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KOREA MOVIE READY

The film of the tour of KOREA and JAPAN by the Mid-States Four and Jerry Beeler last summer will be ready for distribution November 15th. The rental fee has been set at \$25.00 per showing and chapters are urged to schedule the film not only for their own chapter meetings but for meetings of civic groups as well. The movies will have tremendous public information value and such showings will enable the Society to recover a portion of the approximate \$3,000 outlay for the producing of the film.

If your chapter wishes to show the film (40 minutes in length), please send your first, second and third choice of dates to Detroit Hq. so that schedules can be set to best advantage. Equipment required, 16 mm sound projector and a suitable screen, both of which can be rented from most camera shops at prices ranging from \$5.00 to \$12.00 per day.

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