

NOVEMBER 1948

NIGHT

AMERICA'S PICTURE MAGAZINE OF ENTERTAINMENT

and DAY

25 cents

AMERICA'S PICTURE MAGAZINE OF ENTERTAINMENT

**27 WAYS
TO KISS
A WOMAN**





LOPERT FILMS INC.

Micheline Presle

as *Eve Charlier* in the French film version of JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S existentialist love story, *Les Jeux Sont Faits*, which will be released here this Autumn as "THE CHIPS ARE DOWN."

(Advertisement)

NIGHT *and* DAY

VOL. 1 NO. 1

NOVEMBER, 1948

AMERICA'S PICTURE MAGAZINE OF ENTERTAINMENT

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Editor, A. Lawrence Holmes; Art Director, Edith Powell; Business Manager, Raymond Walsh

Why Did You Buy This Magazine?

BECAUSE you're not a phoney. You are an intelligent person who is not afraid to admit that he actually likes to get unserious once in a while. A phoney, the term is clear, is a put up job. No public relaxation for him, or her. Believe it, he won't buy Night and Day because (this is confidential) he's afraid of *not* kidding himself.

The editors of Night and Day have all agreed to be at one and the same time somewhat frivolous, somewhat fabulous, never too serious, somewhat ingenious . . . a touch berserk. They will make no concerted effort to be stuffy. Their attitude towards their craft will be that of Kinseys in the publishing and entertainment world. Every photograph will be editorially and psychiatrically examined to determine why it's so good, and what to do to make it, if not better, at least more provoking.

Who doesn't like to see a curve walking? N&D can always be bought and read without embarrassment. You will never have to cover your copy with The Saturday Review of Literature.

Have we had enough of the inside of the other side of WHY? Night and Day's editors think not. When the real story is no longer appealing to one and normal all, then we will no longer be appealing to each other; that would be too bad. N&D will have, in every issue, a few words or pictures of very little interest to a talking crowd, but—!

Sports! The best entertainment of all, said Adam, before he met up with Eve. In N&D there will be plenty of sport.

Help? Criticism? Pictures? Letters? Ideas? We want 'em all. Every reader who takes the trouble to write us about anything will receive an appropriate answer. Honestly, to keep the magazine what we think you want it to be, it is essential that you contribute whatever pops into your head. You'll be paid for pictures accepted. Most of your letters will be published—a comment will follow where indicated.

Jump on Night and Day's bandwagon . . . and be entertained. You won't always laugh, but you'll mighty seldom cry. Get the dark side of life from other magazines and newspapers. No politics. Remember, however, what the world's greatest politician, the Roman satirist Juvenal, said, the people want "bread and *the circus*."

SEEING and HEARING

by Icon

The greatest radio news story of the year died a pauper's death in a little box in the April 24th issue of "Variety." Its only obit was the succinct statement that NBC had "drawn a blank" in the George Foster Peabody Awards for Outstanding Achievements in Radio. The National Broadcasting Company is the oldest, wealthiest, most experienced radio network in the world. How it could broadcast programs eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, for fifty-two weeks without achieving anything seems a mystery even the OSS will never solve, and one that I will never attempt.

But if the task of leading a major radio network toward ignominy were mine, I know how I would ward off the yellow peril of achievement. I would start with a meeting of the general staff, consisting of heads of Program Ideas, Script, Production, Publicity and Sales Departments. The room is lit by one light in its center; my staff sits in the shadows around its edge; I'm no fool—I sit in the deepest shadow. The staff immediately recognizes how important the occasion when they see I am sitting in a replica of the shell that won the Yale-Harvard classic in '04.

"Men," I say, "Men, the time is now." We all check our watches. It is exactly now. "Men, the word is getting around that our network is going to win a Peabody Award this year." I wait until the groan has subsided. I shout, "Are we going to let this happen and let them say that about us? Are we going to have our name dragged around in company with Tennessee Williams and Sherwood Anderson—just another award winner? Or are we going to strike another blow for mediocrity!" A growl of anger spreads through the room. I can tell that Joe Bigelow, Amherst '14, has brought his dachshund to the meeting. "All right, then, you know the enemy. You've fought him for years. The enemy," I shout, "is TALENT!" The repulsive word, with all its connotations of crime and Peabody Awards buzzes excitedly through the conference room. "And the enemy, gentlemen, is in our midst."

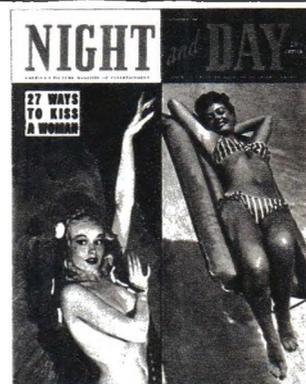
But the major item, as in all colossal campaigns, is manpower. Men are always the intangible factor, and, although over a period of years we have ruthlessly weeded out everyone who was sicklied over with the pale cast of thought, although we have no one in our organization who is not a direct descendant of a charter member of Psi U, although all creative activities have been confined to the Sales Department, still the subversive rash of a faint idea, from time to time, sweeps through the place like a wave of mercy. The enemy is indeed in our midst.

The tactics are less daring than the strategy. We continue the same tactical approaches we had used since our beginning, only we intensify them. For example, we had always made sure no original network program was ever developed by our Program Ideas Department that had not already been broadcast by someone else by 1936 at the latest. Now we move the frontier back to 1921. We had always concentrated on our effort not to broadcast sustaining programs in relationship to commercial programs in a higher ratio than that of one to ninety-nine. Now we race even closer to infinitude, and, in the final months of the campaign, close the gap entirely by discovering a sponsor who buys the last remaining block of time between the hours of two forty-five and three A.M. Lastly, we give a million dollar prize to the employee who offers the most repetitious idea for the advancement of the traditions of the network. It is won by a girl in the Stenographic Pool who suggested that we invent the vacuum tube.

I don't know what plans NBC has for the year 1949. It hardly seems possible that they will be audacious enough to strive to duplicate their existing record. But should this be the case, I'll be very glad to give them my plan or any parts of it that may be new to them.

NIGHT AND DAY COVER

The squaw in chief's clothing is Lili St. Cyr, burlesque deserter. Certainly the most exotic, and one of the most talented lovelies in a long line of clothesless performers, Lili has not only won over Hollywood night club goers but also the movie boys who have handed her a contract. Ramsey Ames, rapidly climbing to the top rung of the movie ladder, is the favorite of photographers and magazine editors, too. Pages of many national publications overflow with her numerous assets.



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ADVERTISING

A cooling shower and the lady rests on the floor. Not sun-burned yet. But tomorrow! Oh, no! She has her Tartan.



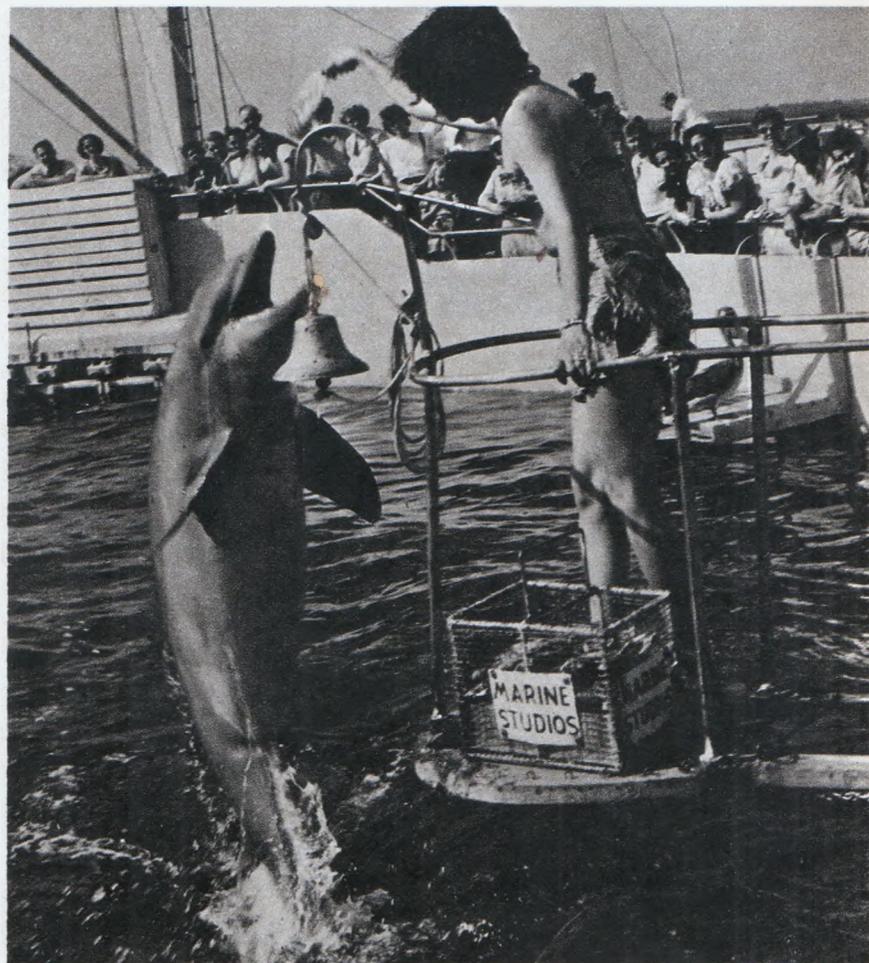
GOLD DUST

Government regulations require workers in U.S. Assay Office to leave gold behind by taking bath before quitting.



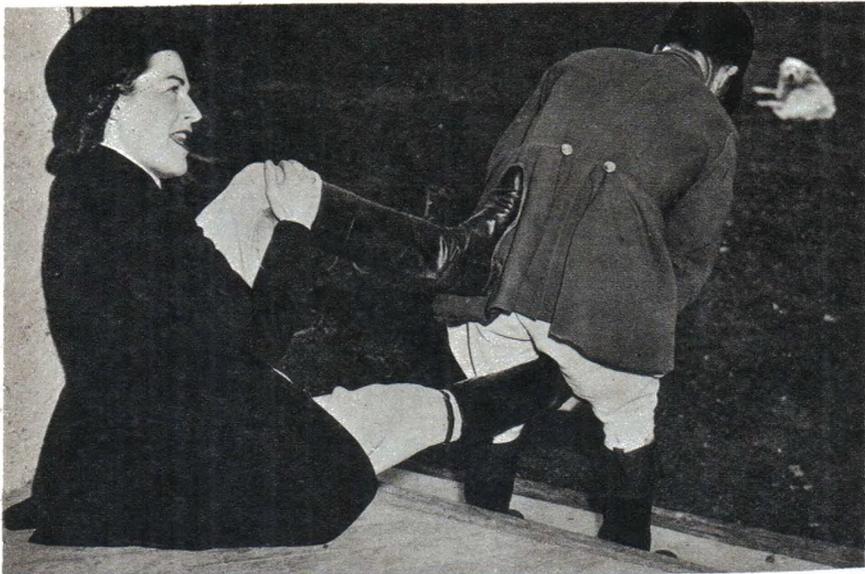
MAKE-UP

Readying an actress for the video cameras is one of the most pre-occupying and altogether fascinating jobs in show business.



SOUP'S ON

Looking as human as most of us when we pipe a T-bone on another's plate, porpoise rises to occasion and obliges mermaid.



THE HUNT The object of this hunt at the fashionable Potomac Hunt Club in Maryland, is undoubtedly my lady's suffocated foot.



DRESS BUSINESS A lot can go wrong in Germany. Hanover dress exhibitor and his manikin are at a loss for clothes.



14-YEAR-OLD Child's name is Joan Caton. Child's painter is Mozart, and her not so childish figure seasons many calendars.

After Dinner Conversation

More forest fires are started deliberately than any other way.

Two persons are buried in Grant's Tomb, Ulysses S. Grant and his wife.

In 1865 the Indian population of the continental United States was 294,574. Today it is 330,000.

One year, which we always thought was 365 days, is never less than 365.24 days and sometimes longer.

There are approximately 200,000 more women with a divorced status in the country than there are men.

There are no *National* holidays in the U. S. The States have sole jurisdiction over holidays to be observed.

If a new State be admitted to the Union it cannot be represented by a star on the flag until the next 4th of July.

Hostilities in World War II were officially terminated by President Truman less than two years ago—December 31, 1946.

A mere handful, 55 cities in the U. S., have a larger population than the estimated daily count of Rockefeller Center, New York.

All 48 States but one have a legislature of two Houses. Nebraska is the exception having a unicameral (one house) form of government.

The moon cannot take full credit for tides. The sun is in there fighting, although it is but half as effective at raising water levels.

Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, designed the Stars and Stripes flag—not Betsy Ross as most of our school children are romantically led to believe.

Only one man, George Dewey (1899), has received the permanent rank of Admiral of the Navy; and only one man, John Joseph Pershing, was commissioned General of the Armies—he was allowed to wear as many stars as he wished but never wore in excess of four.

The lone poisonous mammal in the world is the male duckbill platypus. This animal, famous for the very neatest trick of laying eggs and feeding young with milk from breast, is not the only such trickster. A poor relation, the Echidna or "spiny ant-eater" operates likewise.

Lowell Thomas during his teen-age youth was a prospector in the famous Crippled Creek gold mine fields of Colorado. There weren't enough nuggets to go around, so our miner departed. However, today Mr. Thomas has a gold mine named after him, also streets, places, mountains, children and a flower (rose).

The earth worm has no eyes yet can distinguish between light and darkness. Each worm is at once male and female, but eggs are fertilized by another worm. In winter worms hibernate under frost line. Either head or tail can be chopped off without serious effect—these fellows have ability to grow new ones.

Rose Louise and June Hovick, in other words Gypsy Rose Lee and June Havoc, reached the plush figure of \$1,250 per week as child actors. By the time Gypsy, the eldest, was nine, they had been in show business for five years. The zoological term, *ecdysis*, means to moult. A human who moults clothes is called an ecdysiast.

The Unknown Soldier is one of four unidentified American soldiers whose bodies were disinterred (1921) from four Army cemeteries in France. One was selected by World War I wounded, decorated veteran, Sgt. Edward F. Younger. The casket was brought from France and placed in the Capitol at Washington. It was removed on November 11, 1921, to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington, Va.

The Mason and Dixon Line which divided the North and South on the issue of slavery during the Civil War was the result of a survey of two Englishmen, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon (1763), to settle the unending disputes between the Lords of Baltimore and Penn, governors of Maryland and Pennsylvania respectively.

Abridged biography: He was a problem child. An expert swimmer, he worked one summer as a life guard. Ran away from home to become a baseball player. Played the traps in a college band he organized with another undergraduate, Al Rinker, brother of Mildred Bailey. Married Wilma Wyatt of Memphis. They have four children, two of them twins. His first name is Harry and his last is Crosby, affectionately known to millions as "Bing."

In 1939 Frank Sinatra was singing on 18 different radio shows without one penny of remuneration except for 70c carfare magnanimously allowed him by the Mutual Broadcasting Company. Apparently no one of importance heard his matinal song efforts, so he quit and took a job as headwaiter and master of ceremonies at a New Jersey roadhouse at \$15 per week. He was fired and decided to go back to an earlier vocation, sportswriting. A trumpeter, named Harry James, who sometime before had offered Sinatra a job when and if he organized his own band, popped up on the scene in the nick of time with his own band and an offer of \$75 per week. That was the beginning.



The "BAL

HIGH SPOT IN THE FLOOR SHOW AT THE TABARIN, A BRASSY FRENCH NITERY COMPLETE WITH CAN-CAN DANCING AND GIRLS AU NATUREL, IS A VERY DARING EQUESTRIAN ACT.

NIGHTLIFE IN PARIS

AFTER DARK GAIETY RETURNS TO FRENCH CAPITAL DESPITE GLOOM OF ALMOST DAILY RECONSTRUCTION CRISES

THE brightest news on a dark continent is that Paris is her old self again. Wine is flowing, girls are dancing, food is plentiful—for those who have the price—and considerably less expensive than in New York. Excellent meal costs from \$3 tip included to \$6 with wine or champagne. The French handle rationing in a characteristically Gallic manner. A certain amount of food per person is decreed by law. Whatever is left over can be sold for what the traffic will bear. Result: pressed duck, breast of guinea hen and similar delicacies are available—2000 (\$6.50) francs, Mon-



TABARIN"

THE PERFECT ACCORD NUMBER AT THE SAME CLUB, SO NAMED (NATCH) BECAUSE EACH GIRL REPRESENTS A MUSICAL NOTE AND ALL SEEM TO BLEND IN A GRACEFUL VISUAL HARMONY.

sieur. Wine and girls, of course, have never been rationed. As in New York and London, patrons of night life are not drawn from the native population but from the tourists, the underworld and particularly from the United States. The devaluation of the franc has naturally made cafe living substantially cheaper. So far as the average Frenchman is concerned, however, cafe prices

are strictly outrageous. As in the days of Parlez Vous and the dough boys of the first unpleasantness, entertainment is of a type calculated to lift the eyebrows and distend the eyeballs of the most jaded and sophisticated Yankee. The girls do not show any ill effects from malnutrition, and what to wear has never been a serious problem among the entertainers of Paris. Best shows in town are

almost exclusively American, but the chorus line in English. The photos on these pages were taken by Roger Coster at the Bal Tabarin night club near Paris's famous Montmartre district. Bal Tabarin comes closest to meeting the Hollywood conception of what a glamorous French production is like—but needless to add, it could not all be photographed for the sensitive eyes of America.

Continued on next page



ESTELLE DANFRAY, her beauty does not grow on trees, 21-year-old Paris fashion model, is shown enjoying herself at the Tabou in photos above, below and to left. Hollywood should take action. Note intemperate haircut of boy dancing partner.



THE "TABOU"

America is now hearing about France's latest wacky revival: Existentialism. Existentialism is surrealism with the New Look. Followers are mostly young French and Americans ready to adopt any doctrine which will give them an excuse to live freely after their lost years during the war. Most famous Paris hangout of these anti-traditionalists is Tabou (no tourists), a small jammed room where intellectuals, free-lovers and free-loaders meet nightly. Drinks are bad, air is stifling, piano strains tinny and pathetic, good time is had by all.

◀ **TYPICAL** of the pretty girls who flock to Paris's exclusive existentialists spots is confused Michele Jeanpigeon who likes to show off her beautiful legs, read palms and chain smoke.



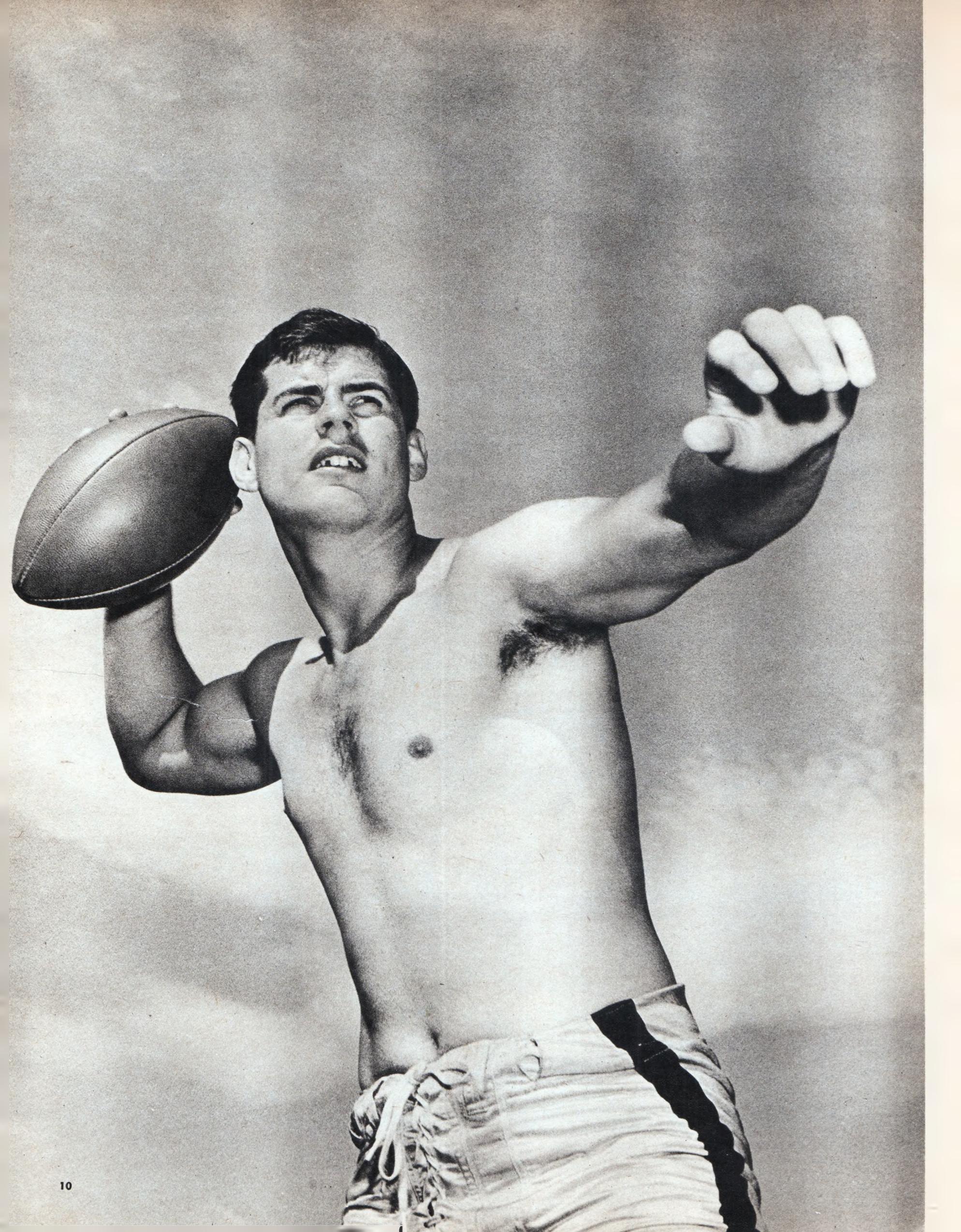
JULIETTE GRECO, 20, comes every night to the Tabou. A daughter of a wealthy French family, she was educated in a convent, joined the underground and was incarcerated by the Nazis. Miss Greco now earns her living playing small

parts on the stage, in radio and French films. She has a strange haunting beauty and enormous, irresistible, lovely brown eyes (see picture, right). Juliette never fails to defend her honor. Fights with her fists like a man. Lives alone.



AN EVENING in the subway-like Tabou. Smoke and strange humanity fill the room. Habitué Jacques Droy recently killed a black cat which obsessed him. Poet Cazalis, "I Laughed Behind A Coffin," says she will kill herself some day.





BOB CHAPPUIS

FORMER MICHIGAN GREAT ILLUSTRATES THE FOUR STANDARD FOOTBALL PASSES

OCCUPATION? Football player. Ambition? Radio announcing. And it is primarily for this reason that Bob Chappuis, unquestionably one of the greatest passers and all-around players to enter the ranks of prodom, is a member of the Brooklyn Football Dodgers. Salary, reported to be in the neighborhood of \$25,000. Pittsburgh was his destination but opportunities for a radio career in the Smoky City were not as bright as in New York.

Bob who hails from Toledo, Ohio, was small, almost a frail kid, and ran into his share of athletic disappointments when he entered Toledo's DeVilbiss high school weighing a feathery 128 pounds.

He failed to make the lightweight team—too small, they said!

Entering Michigan in 1941, he played freshman football. As a sophomore he had to be content with a stretch of bench warming as understudy to the power runner Tom Kuzma around whom Crisler had built his entire attack.

The break came. The day before the first game against the mighty Great Lakes aggregation, three deep in All-American and pro gridders, Kuzma injured his knee. Crisler had no choice. It would be Chappuis with his speed and passing filling in for Kuzma and his blasting drives. He broke away for a 50-yard run. He threw a touchdown pass and set up a place-kick with another. Michigan upset the highly touted Sailors. Bob Chappuis sold himself to Crisler who says of him today. "He's the finest passer I have worked with in sixteen years as a head coach."

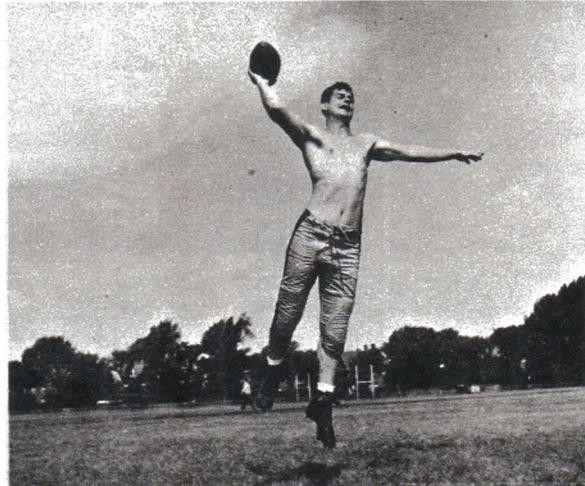
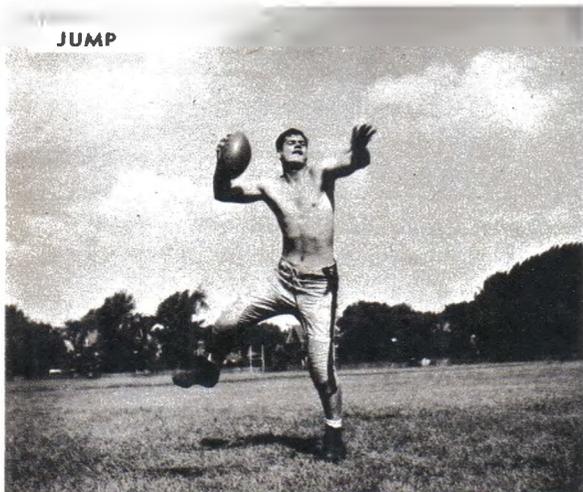
When the Service claimed him, Chap became an aerial gunner and radio operator. He was shot

down in March of 1945 on his 21st mission, a strike at the Brenner Pass. For over a year his family waited for a word about their son. He was given up for dead. From farm to farm, from village to village, with the help of the underground Chappuis finally ended up in the garret of a tailor shop at Asulo, Italy. With the end of the Italian campaign he walked to the British lines, and from there, home, and back to Michigan University.

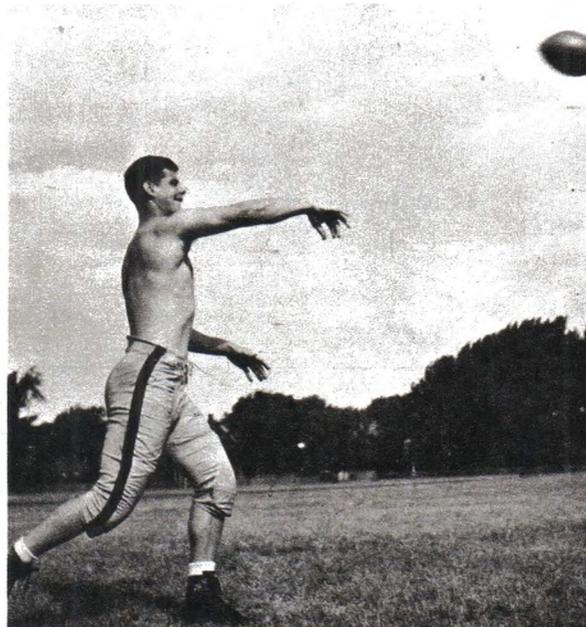
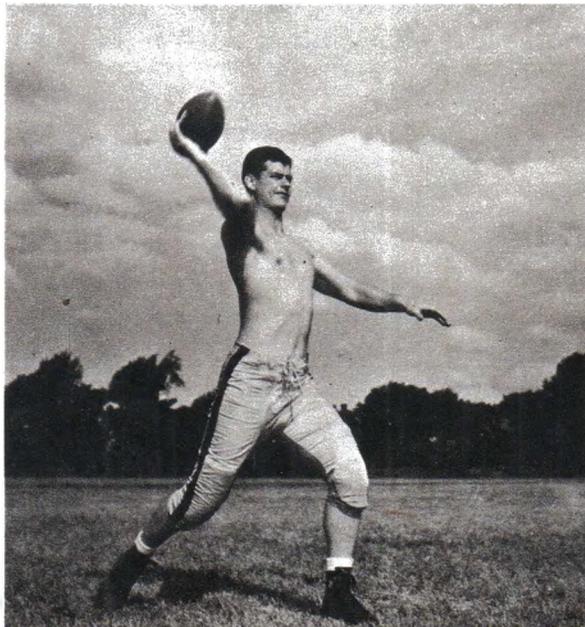
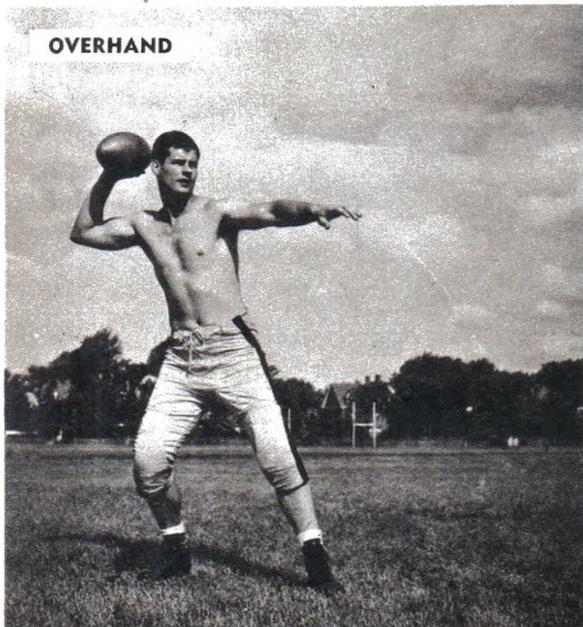
His last game as an amateur, the 49-0 Rose Bowl humiliation, when Michigan set half a dozen Bowl records, and Bob alone travelled 279 yds. of the total of 491 gained and completed 14 passes to surpass the previous mark made a storybook ending to an amazing football career.

On these pages Chappuis illustrates the four standard ways to pass a football. He says, "By far the most important thing in throwing a forward pass is deception. The further you pass the more you must cock the arm, use forward body motion (actually lean into ball) and arch path of ball."

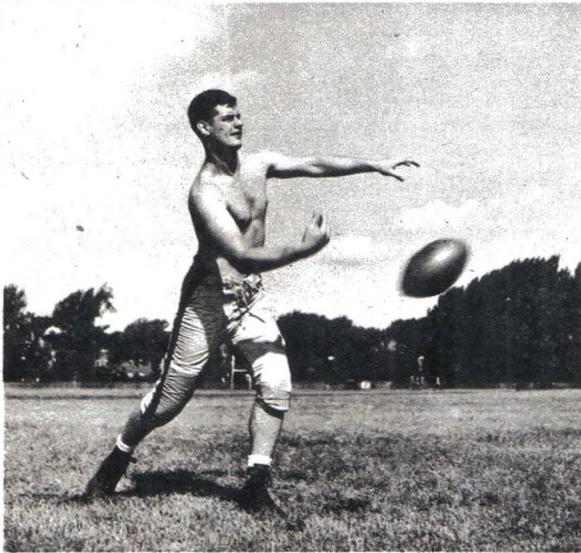
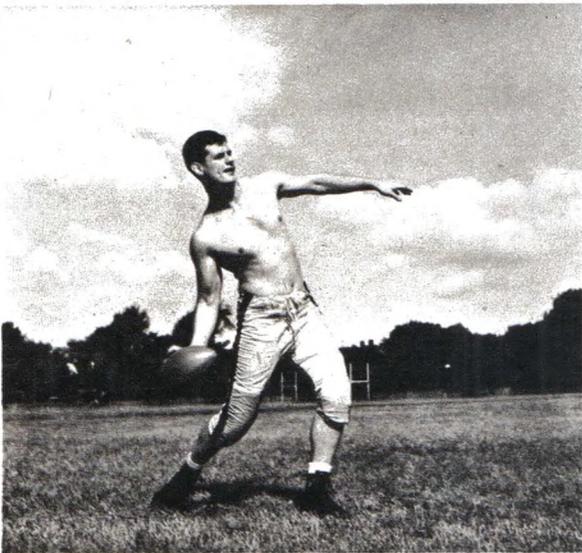
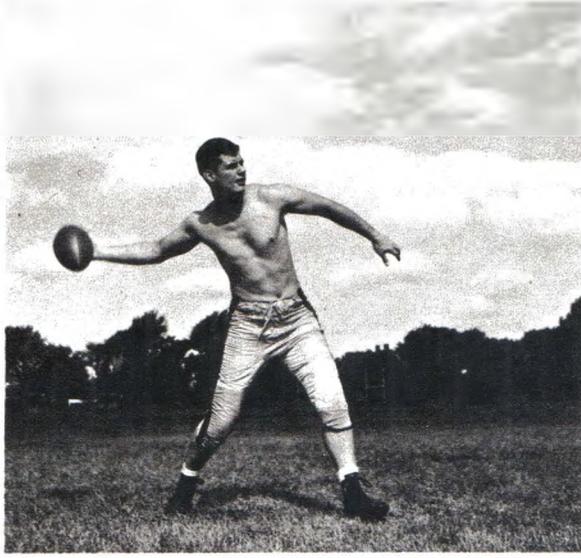
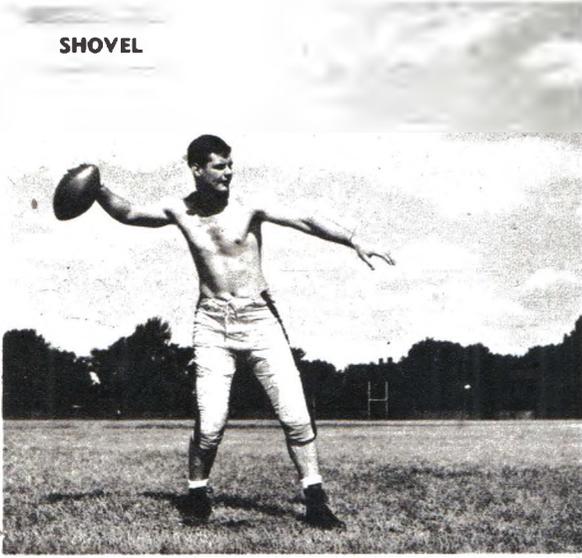
JUMP



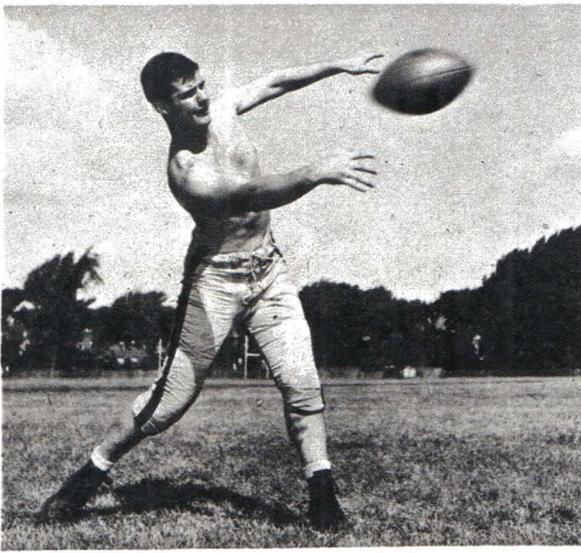
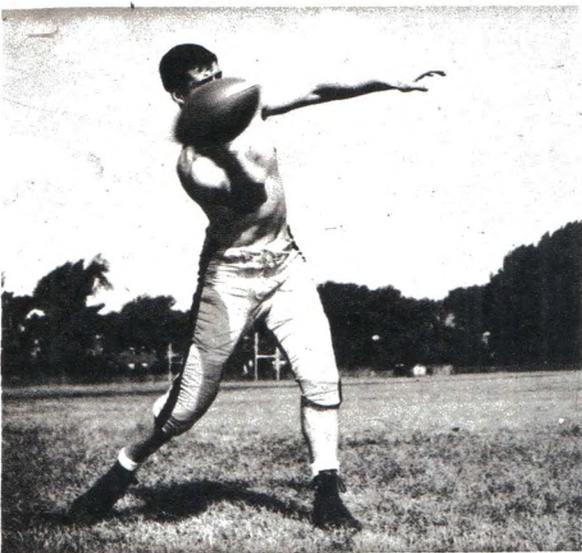
OVERHAND



SHOVEL



LATERAL



TALK ABOUT RECORDS

by NEBEL

I ran into an old friend of mine. We entered the nearest bar and cut up a few jackpots about what's new and what's old. Between swallows he tells me of a new picture magazine, *Night and Day*. And me a photographer! I am at once dreaming of the photo assignments he will throw my way. How fast my enthusiasm wilted when I learned he had no use for my advertised talents! How quickly it returned when he suggested I write a column on records, my first love, many thousands of negatives ago! After beer eleven I easily recognized his genius in selecting latent wizardry for a new publication.

Now that we've gotten through that tunnel we will settle right down and make the pitch for the month. Our record reviewing has been done through the medium of disc shows and listening to loud-speakers screeching outside Broadway music stores. Not the easy way, but at least it's a start. Heard a Decca of Dick Haymes. On one side, "It's You Or No One"—only fair for my money. However, on the reverse side he does "It's Magic" which is worth having if you're a Haymes fan. While we're on the subject of "It's Magic" I wish Petrillo would let Jane Froman and Percy Faith cut their arrangement of that number. Faith and Froman did it on the Coca Cola Show. A recording of this number would be an asset to any collection. . . . In general the bulk of the current records are from hunger. Much of the present crop were cut under adverse conditions. Every company was crowding in all the cutting time that was available before the Petrillo ban.

I saw him at a radio rehearsal. Not knowing who he was I pegged him as a new stagehand. A tall thin guy wearing a pair of cheaters which must have been made of plate glass. Buddy Weed is the name, pilot of The Buddy Weed Trio. The guy does more with a Steinway accidentally than most top men do on purpose. A sensational technique, at times he seems to underplay, and all of a sudden he out-Tatums Art. Get a chance to hear him and you'll agree. Has a style of selling a lyric; Coleish at times, but still original Weed.

Having recently become the father of a musical prodigy, age 2 months, I have developed a keen interest in kiddie records. Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp, with narrative by Turhan Bey and themes from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" is tops—easy for parents to take, too. This is an R.C.A. Victor platter.

Partial to vocals by Peggy Lee and her old man, Dave Barbour and his guitar makes their latest a must in my collection—Don't Smoke in Bed and Everybody Loves Somebody—made for Capitol.

At least there is one bright spot in the recording field. Columbia has announced a new type record immediately tagged an "LP." LP standing for *long playing*. Due to a newly patented process of Microgrooving, Columbia technicians are able to get up to 45 minutes on a 12 inch record. This recording technique gives the record buyer plenty for his money. Only drawback to the deal is the need for a new record player. Philco, however, has introduced a player with a two-speed motor which can use the long playing as well as your standard discs.

PICTURE CREDITS

COVER: BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD. CARLYLE BLACKWELL, JR. . . . 4—INF—GLOBE PHOTOS. . . . 5—INF. . . . 6, 7, 8, 9—RAPHU-GUILLETTE. . . . 10, 11, 12—L. M. UPLAND. . . . 13, 14, 15—DON ORNITZ. . . . 16—L. M. UPLAND. . . . 17—GLOBE. . . . 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23—CULVER SERVICE—PENGUIN PHOTOS. . . . 26, 27—LOPERT FILMS. . . . 28, 29, 30, 31—INF. . . . 32, 33—BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD. . . . 34, 35—INF. AM. MUS. OF NATURAL HISTORY. . . . 36, 37—INF. . . . 38, 39—GLOBE—INF.



HER SCINTILLATING BEAUTY OUTSHINES GLEAM OF ALL THE GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

BANKERS' HOLIDAY

MEN LIKE FASHIONS—SEEM TO GO FOR LUSCIOUS FILLING

REAL CALIFORNIA WIND RUFFLES LOCKS OF MODEL, BRINGS OUT ELEMENTAL SEX APPEAL.



BANKERS, a race apart, are usually thought of as staid, dignified men whose only moment of gayety comes when they politely, but with inner delight, refuse your application for a loan. The breed in California seems obviously different! At famed Coronado Beach Hotel, on Coronado Island in San Diego Bay, the California Bankers' Association held an annual convention. The Program Chairman called on Hollywood fashion expert, Caroline Leonetti, to stage a fashion show. Presumably for benefit of attending wives the show proved that even bankers are humans after all.

NOT GALLANTRY—ONLY OBEYING BANKING DEPARTMENT RULE AGAINST FROZEN ASSETS.





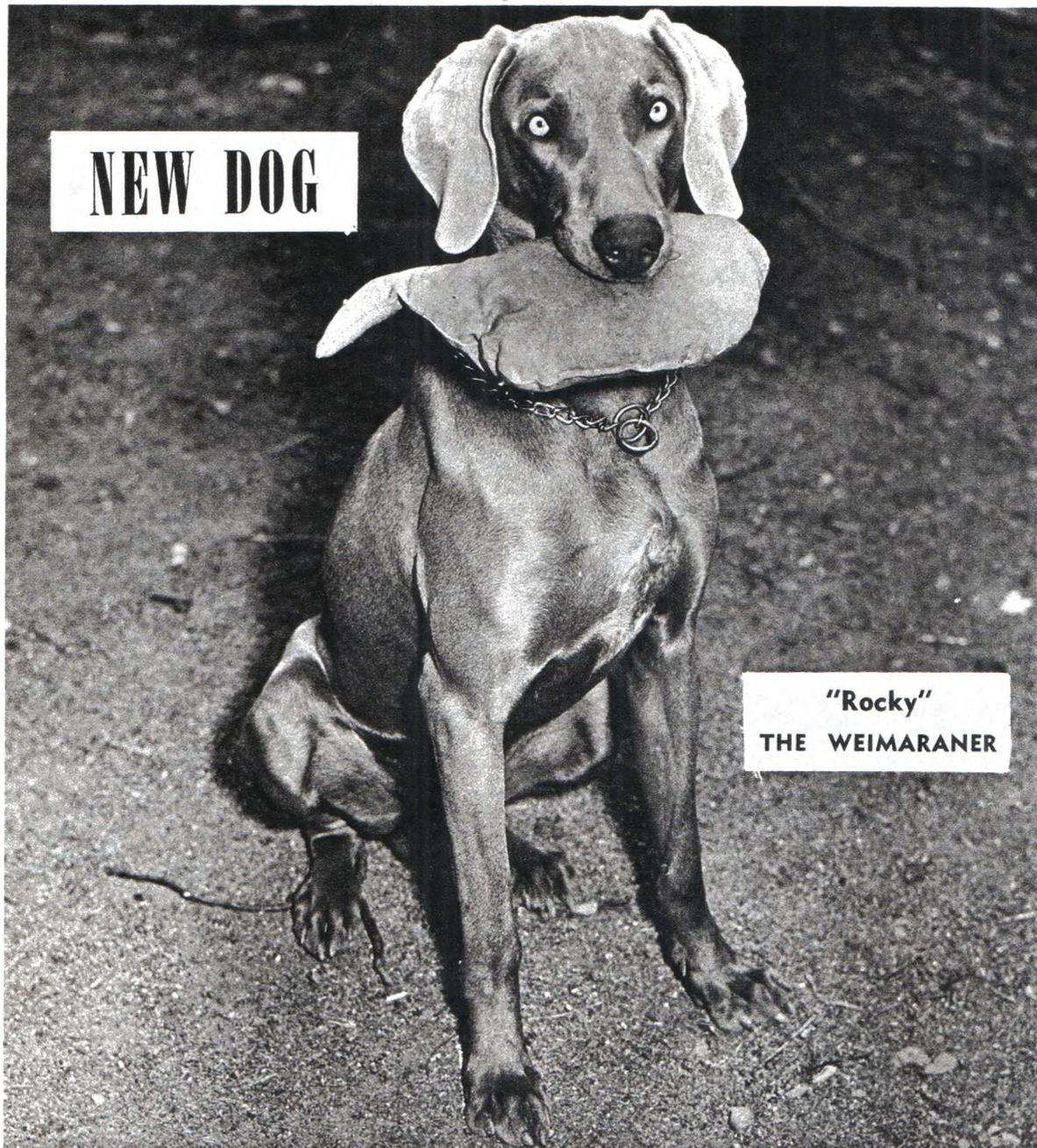
GLAMOROUS BETTY ARLEN models bewitching smile and tweed jacket as Bay breezes blow cold. Above, lucky banker takes amused and beautiful Blanche Ames on quick walk to restore her circulation while lovely Jan Berquist, with not a curl out of place, models swim suit. Judging by direction of spectators' eyes only interest was in her sandals. On opposite page banker poses hands as if contemplating gilt edged certificates while others just contemplate.

THE CAMERA DID NOT RECORD WHAT BETTY SAID BUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN FUNNY INDEED.



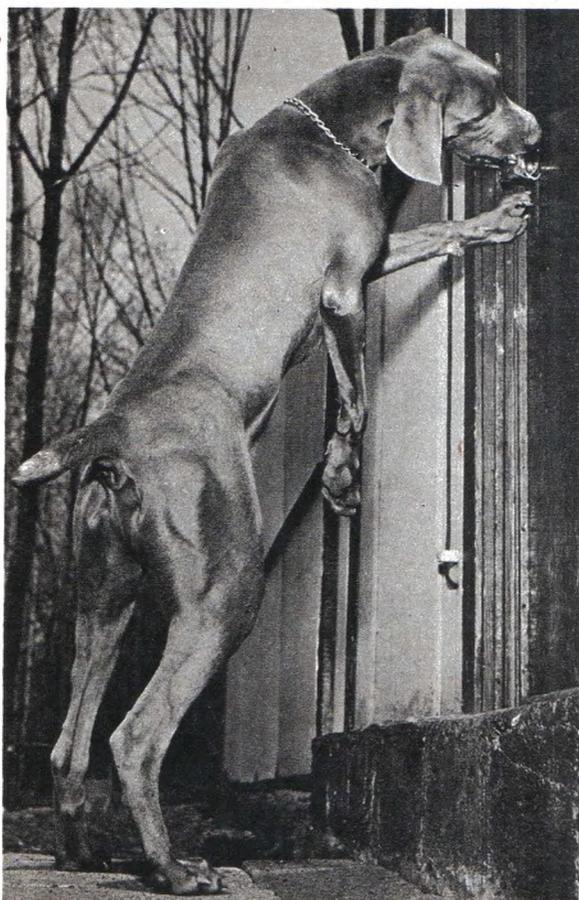


NEW DOG



"Rocky"
THE WEIMARANER

ROCKY'S OWNER, LEON ARPIN OF NEW JERSEY, SAYS, "SHOW HIM A TRICK ONCE AND HE WILL REMEMBER IT FOREVER."



DOWN through the centuries that men have lived with, loved, and been loved by dogs, man has frequently been amazed by the comprehension evidenced in their alert, bright eyes and wagging tails. And now comes to the attention of the Dog World in America the Weimaraner, whose owners claim its intelligence far transcends that of all other breeds.

Born with zebra like black stripes the coat of the Weimaraner turns solid grey in color within three days or the puppy dies. Born without the stripes at all the puppy will likewise die within three days. In the 138 years that the breed has been known no scientist has solved the mystery of the all important disappearing stripes. Nor has anyone definitely determined the origin of the breed though most authorities believe the Red Schweisshunde was the dominant stock.

Generally accepted story is that first Weimaraners were bred by a German nobleman in the ancient City of Weimar about 1810. The dogs proved such effective hunters they were widely sought after. The breeder, however, intent upon producing a super dog, gave the puppies only to close friends and on strict conditions. They were to be treated like humans and kept in owners' homes—never in kennels.

The Weimaraner, with its long ears and short tail, weighs up to 85 pounds and has a solid gray coat. Its amber eyes change color in varying lights. Gentle and obedient, it is a hunting dog capable of out-trailing a bloodhound since sense of smell is so keen it can follow a trail without coursing back and forth to renew the scent. It is a fast runner and seems to glide noiselessly at full speed. This has resulted in the Weimaraners being referred to as "gray ghosts."

But it is the display of intelligence by these dogs that causes the greatest interest. It is said to be common for them to learn to open doors by turning knobs or pressing down handles. Some have learned to turn electric lights on and off by use of push buttons. One has been trained to pick tomatoes off vines. That this I.Q. is born in the Weimaraner is illustrated by the story that some puppies are born housebroken.

Advertising executive Howard Knight of Providence, Rhode Island, brought the first Weimaraners to America. But the dogs had been sterilized before they left Germany. Having seen the cross-breeding and inbreeding in America of the German police dog the German Weimaraner Club was unwilling to take any chances on spoiling Weimaraner blood lines. It was not until 1938 that Knight was able to import a pair into America for breeding purposes and today it is estimated that there are fewer than 600 of them in the United States where their breeding is strictly controlled by the mutual efforts and agreements of their owners. Plans are being made to get additional animals out of war damaged Germany to insure against inbreeding. But the owner of one Weimaraner bitch is said to have a waiting list of 1200 people who want puppies.





BEYOND WORDS

Every husband, who married his wife with the intention of living with her happily for the rest of their days, should look at her, at least once a day, as Xavier Cugat is looking at Mrs. Cugat. A Night & Day pic of the month.



1. RELAX—LET HER KISS YOU. You are tired but not completely numb. This is the most difficult trick of all and will only succeed if lady's attention is directed at some-

thing else in room—such as a strange tapping on window. Suddenly she returns to reality and there you are ready to be kissed. Even if she's tired, too, it's not so bad.

27 WAYS TO KISS A WOMAN

"I'll find a way or make it" are words attributed to a wise and wizened ancient confronted with the kissable but headless stepdaughter of the Goddess of Misfortune. Ever since woman unfolded herself for man to scan, he and his imagination have been studiously devising ways to kiss her. Seeking the clearest pictures to illustrate a few of his direct and circuitous creations, the editors of *Night & Day* instinctively thought of Hollywood where a kiss costs as much as two tons of chicken feed—\$200 per foot of film. At this rate the demonstrations should not only be good, but technically perfect. In 1930 the movie companies adopted a code prohibiting among other things, "excessive kissing." One result: many love scenes in American films look as if they transpired before the entire student body.



2. THE WALL PRESS. Displeased with one-way kissing, non-gamblers usually pick out a wall (any immovable object will do), back the girl up to it, and that's that. If she doesn't cooperate she takes a bang on the noggin.



3. ELEVAT'ER. Unsatisfactory, as power which would normally be given off in kiss is spent in biceps and abdominal muscles. However, should woman be standing on a hot stove, in quicksand or a mud puddle lift her anyway.



4. THE FOOT OR "TOOTSIE" KISS is practically extinct, being tried today only by very easy-to-please gentlemen, and then only as a last resort. It died out for the simple reason that man discovered it was extremely easy to lose face when he got a woman's foot in it. **5. THE WET SMACK.** Underwater lip play is slobbery, even fish frown on it. It is inconceivable that any two people could be so bashful as to be forced to seek out a corner of the deep to indulge in this socially acceptable pastime. Think of the briny stuff swishing from one mouth to the other. Fancy two gasping fish making love on a dry old desert.

6. THE FINGER-DIG. Results of a unique survey conducted recently among 321 female baby sitters showed that 51% favored rough manual treatment during a kiss. 99% of the unwed sitters answered Yes, 99% of the married ones said No, and only 1% of those who drank milk appreciated this kissing extra. **7. EYES FRONT.** Experience prescribes that lids be shut tight to preclude possibility of thought transference. Imagine yourself kissing a lady when, for some inexplicable reason, you open your eyes and, lo and behold, there's her husband. Where are your thoughts now, Brer Wolf?



8. IVORY KISSING is a little known form of osculation brought to this country by an anonymous Spanish or Portuguese explorer in the late 1500's. It was excluded from

the art of love making when the early settlers were introduced to smoking by the Indians, but regained its popularity with the discovery of Dr. Lyon's toothpowder.

9. THE BACK-BITE KISS. Most girls were brought up to believe a dog's bark was worse than his bite. As a result this approach may so disillusion a daughter as to turn her against her parents for misrepresenting the facts of life. **10. SWAMP HER.** Men confronted with a girl who demands environment before even "one little kiss," can't do better than drag her down to the nearest swamp. There is something about stagnant water which reacts favorably on the basic instincts—especially after a dunking in the slime when a kiss will seem cheap compared to another bath with suckers, spiders and swamp muck.

11. THE COLLAPSE. This South Seas maiden has already decided that she'll never raise her boy to be a pretzel twister. Turning a woman inside out just to get at her mouth is inexcusable. The greatest lovers of all time gave with their best while the kissee was in a relatively vertical position. **12. THE SET-UP KISS** should be utilized by either first-timers or *pass* masters. The former, bobbing and weaving, will benefit from a stationary target. The latter know what they want from sweet experience, and since they do, might as well have it made to order. Never adjust a woman by her ear lobes.





13. **BY THE SEA.** The wind and the waves have always allowed man his deepest concentration. It's barely possible that these lovers are aware of the storm which is brewing—but not likely. In between gathering sea-shells by the sea-shore Australia's most beautiful actress, Betty Bryant, is tenderly and thoroughly kissed by star Grant Taylor.



14. **THE TURNTABLE KISS** involves the male playing hard to get. This is usually disastrous. In the first place, heaven forbid, she might get him down and plant one; secondly, she might not even try; and worst of all she might fail. Persevering men, on the brink of defeat, initiate this routine and effectively switch at the obvious moment.

15. **THE CAUTIOUS KISS** has its advantages as may be seen from this picture. Some might think the man was over-confident—he is *not* confident. He is, believe it or not, unnecessarily timid, the over-cautious type who, much as a mouse which has been trapped before, sneaks must suspiciously toward the luscious lure of Liederkraus.



16. **THE GOBBLE KISSER** should be man enough to recognize his failing and wear a muzzle. No woman's mouth is big enough for this fellow. She's probably thinking that her assailant has mistaken her for his last meal. A woman does not appreciate having most of her face stuffed down a man's throat—sorry, toothless men included.



17. **"TEACH NOT THY LIP** such scorn, for it was made for kissing, lady." W. S. A curse on women who prudishly sponsor the kissing of a knuckle on their left hand.



18. **THE LIP PRESS.** This gentleman is *not* suffering from oscu-lumbago, an affliction of the lips which, like the common variety of lumbago, worsens in damp weather. A stiff mouth is the fear of every would-be Romeo. However, those sporting double-jointed lips are potential gobblers and must beware of becoming so. See No. 16.



19. **THE BACK BEND.** Go ahead, break her back. The girl is putty in his hands, but even putty hardens when exposed to air. When released from her suffocating bondage she may never be the same again. In fact, she may end up with a curvature of the spine, a displaced vertebra, or in a horrible mess if the guy loses his balance.



20. **NO HANDS.** Absolutely terrific. The nonpareil in the self-control department. Without so much as switching a nerve, by simply standing there like a delicious red apple stuck atop a crowbar, the lady under her own steam, ravenously and surely, walks up and smacko! You haven't paid with even a pass. This is kissing on velvet.



A. EVELYN KNAPP—CHARLES BICKFORD



B. GRETA GARBO—CONRAD NAGEL
C. FAY WRAY—JOEL McCREA





KISSING METHODS A, B, C, D, E, F AND G HAVE RECEIVED THE SEAL OF APPROVAL FROM EXPERIENCED ROMEO'S THE WORLD OVER. BEGINNERS SHOULD NOTE THAT ALL HAVE TWO IMPORTANT QUALITIES IN COMMON, SIMPLICITY AND RESTRAINT.

D. LANA TURNER—ROBERT YOUNG



E. JEAN HARLOW—JAMES CAGNEY



F. LUPE VELEZ—JOHN HOLLAND

G. ROCHELLE HUDSON—WALTER BYRON



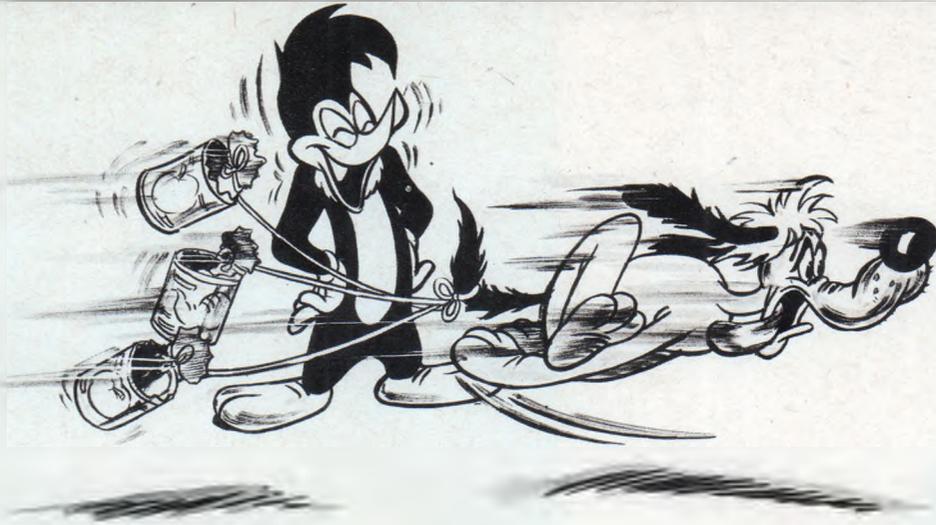
THOU SHALT NOT MR. WOODPECKER

ANIMATED CHARACTERS HAVE RIGID CODE, GET EDUCATORS ELUSIVE OKAY.

Copyright Walter Lantz Productions

BACK in November 1940, Walter Lantz created an aggressive bird-like character who was to match popularity strides with Disney's fabulous Donald. In 1948 the "Woody Woodpecker Song" broke all kinds of records as did parents who wouldn't care if they never heard the ditty again. However, Woody himself and Mr. Lantz were grateful; and the same parents, who were shy by a few bars of becoming raving things, are all behind the Woodpecker who has brought back to movie cartoons the originality and imagination once so prevalent, recently so scarce.

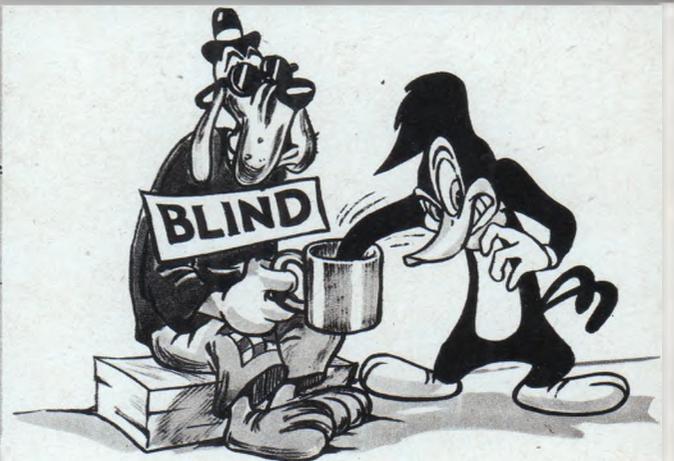
"Every breed to its own code," advised an insalubrious, simple censor. The movie industry (Hollywood division), is composed of many breeds. It just happens that the humans are in the majority; so their language is spoken, and they rule the roost. Not a self-trusting breed, they devised a code to limit their own promiscuous nature. The inanimates, if they were only capable of thinking and speaking for themselves, would surely have done everything they could to preserve their dignity by



THOU SHALT NOT—tie tin cans to Dizzy's tail. Woody is always kind to animals, says the censor.



THOU SHALT NOT—start a fire under Wally Walrus. No cartoon character is permitted to yell "fire" in a picture. Audiences might momentarily believe the cry to be the real thing.



THOU SHALT NOT—steal pennies from the blind man's cup. Woody may not indulge in this anti-social pastime.



THOU SHALT NOT—kill Andy Panda. Murder is out, and so is any attempt at it.



THOU SHALT NOT—drink anything stronger than root beer.



THOU SHALT NOT—kiss a gal. Censors will permit Woody to kiss another bird or animal, but not a human being.



THOU SHALT NOT—lie. Little Woody is designed to be a good influence on boys and girls and no tall tales are supposed to be allowed.

Copyright Walter Lantz Productions



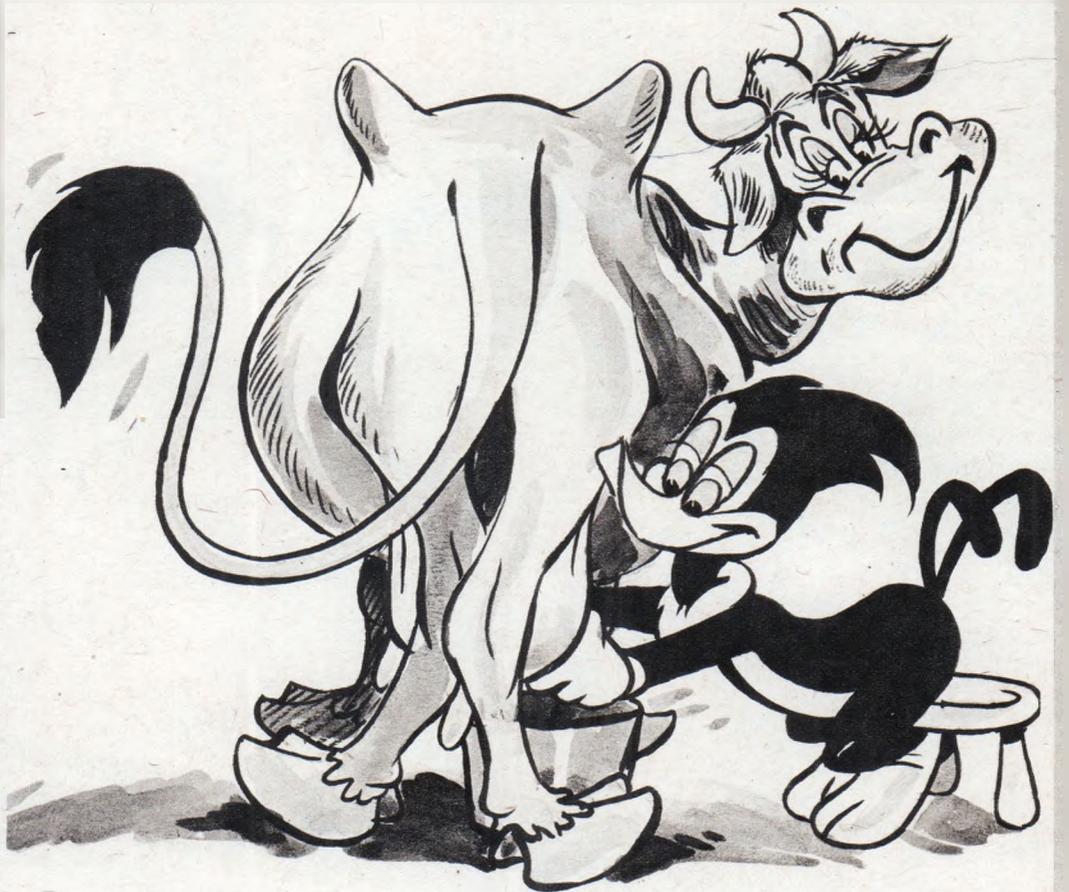
THOU SHALT NOT—be unkind to old people. Only time Woody is unkind is when the "heavy" starts trouble for him.

protesting to the last that censorship, self-imposed or otherwise, was a ridiculous, distasteful thing. In our opinion, Woody and other animated characters are capable of producing, day in and day out, decent, realistic, or fantastic comedies and tragedies without having to submit their products for an okay to anyone.

We hope that someday soon young children will not be prevented by censorship from learning that milk does not grow in bottles.



THOU SHALT NOT—aid a lawbreaker. If Buzz Buzzard wants gold, let him go out into the hills and dig it himself. No firearms or other deadly weapons are permitted.



THOU SHALT NOT—milk a cow! No kiddin'. The censor says all such scenes are absolutely out—taboo!



D-I-E-T-R-I-C-H

DELICATELY CHANGES HER CLOTHES IN "THE ROOM UPSTAIRS"

Martin Roumagnac (Jean Gabin), a construction engineer, meets Blanche Ferrand (Marlene Dietrich), a lady with not only a past but a rather dubious present. He doesn't know, and falls in love with her. At one of their rendezvous, the following scene occurs. Roumagnac, learning of Blanche's side-career as a high-class prostitute, is disillusioned, kills her in fit of rage, discovers at his trial for murder that she really loved him. Circumstantial evidence acquits him, but one of Blanche's rejected suitors sees that justice is fulfilled by killing Roumagnac. A French production, the film is properly realistic, ingenuous.





GIRL ARTIST RESTS ON TRASH PILE CONTEMPLATING EFFORTS OF OTHERS TO SQUEEZE THEIR EXHIBITS INTO THE 8 FOOT WIDE SPACE TO WHICH REGISTRATION ENTITLES THEM.

GREENWICH VILLAGE ART SHOW

**NEW YORK'S VERSION OF PARIS LEFT BANK OPENS SIDE-
WALKS TWICE YEARLY TO ARTISTS YOUNG AND OLD, GOOD
AND BAD, RICH AND POOR, FROM FAR AND NEAR.**



CONTEMPLATIVE ARTIST OR CRITIC?

WHEN Manhattan Island was captured by the British from the Dutch, the fertile acres west of Minetta Brook were purchased by Sir Peter Warren, then a young sea captain, later destined to be vice-admiral of the British Navy. Rumor has it that it was Sir Peter who named the little settlement within his lands "Greenwich Village" in honor of Greenwich, England, the center of the world for seafaring men since it is the place from which they measure time and distance. Today known familiarly to New Yorkers as "the Village" the section is generally thought of as the home of the "arty", the rendezvous of the "Bohemians". Actually, though some old families still live there in gracious mansions with an Old World flavor, bankers and brokers fill the tall apartment buildings encroaching on its edges. But its narrow and frequently

erratic streets, its gay tearooms and colorful night clubs will long constitute "the Village" as something unique. Before Memorial Day each year and again in mid-September, along MacDougal Street and the south side of Washington Square, appears a display of the works of artists and dabsters.

LIFE as it really is appeals to artist, L. J. Ambrose. Real people, maybe residents of the "Lost Weekend" area of the Village, maybe the woman who lives next door, maybe even you unless Fortune passed by and left you unworried, unconscious, and unreal



BURLY BICEPS of sketching artist are hardly in keeping with popular conception of the "arty" male. Interested passersby watch progress of work with rapt, even critical attention but are completely ignored by both artist and his demure "subject".





JUNE KNIGHT proves her loveliness is as real in the light of day as it appears behind footlights and that her artistic abilities are not limited to acting alone. Her presence also proves that the "Village" exhibit is a lure to the great as well as to the tyro. The sidewalk shows have been the start of success for many patient, ardent unknowns.



ADDED AMUSEMENT is given to one spectator by youngster who is about to be separated from that symbol of male dignity—his pants. The young man's deep interest in the artist's work under such trying circumstances would seem to be the apogee of praise. Neighborhood children are good onlookers, seldom damage canvas.

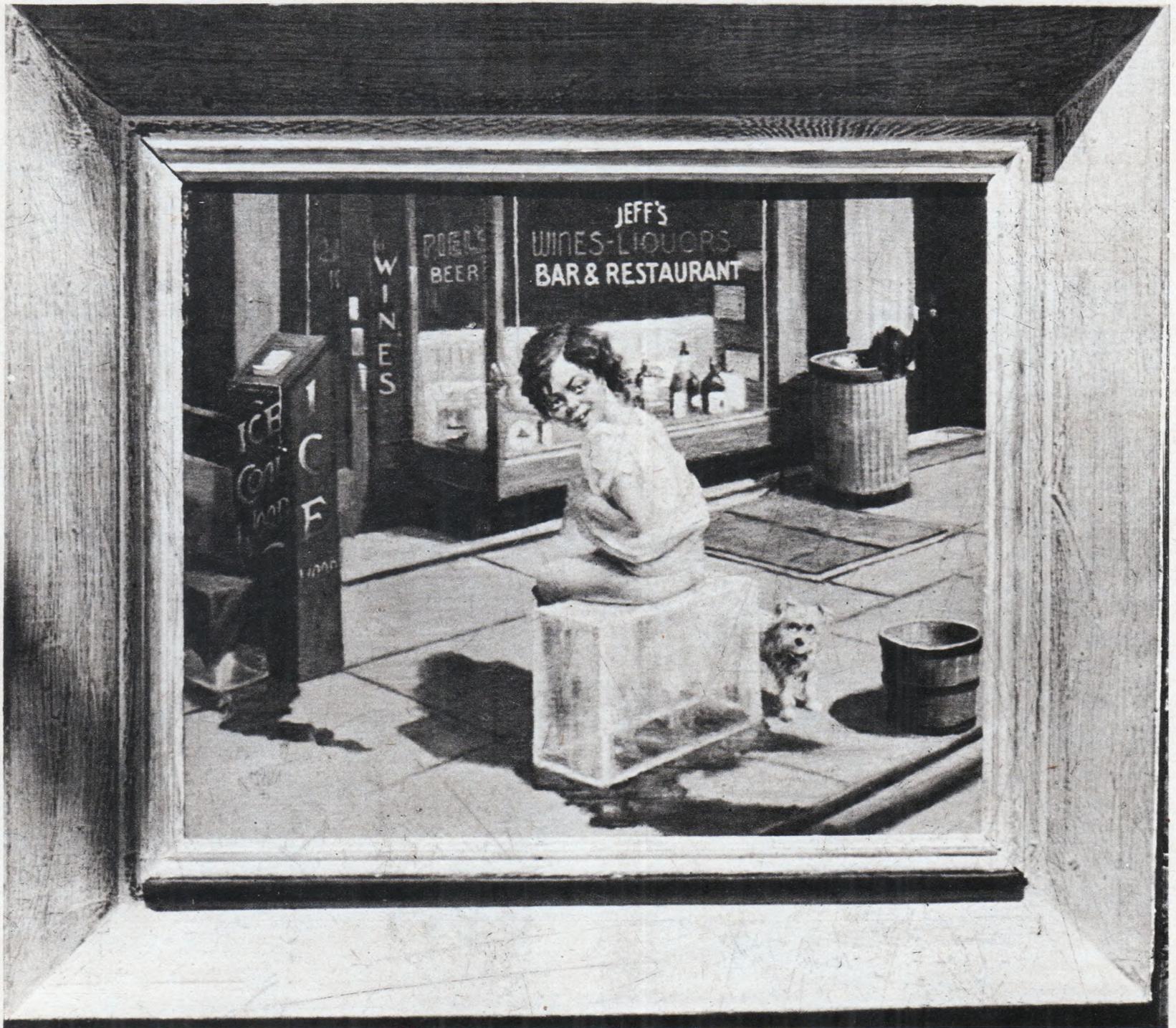
LEANING AGAINST "SANDWICH BOARD" EXHIBIT STAND ONE YOUNG ARTIST WHILES AWAY TIME BETWEEN SALES AND INQUIRIES BY SKETCHING ANOTHER LIKEWISE WAITING ARTIST.





THE VERSATILE JEEP helps out an exhibitor who couldn't find space along the sidewalk. This unusual art stand provides restful comfort for its owner and for spectators alike but its exhibit descends into mundane levels containing, if our eyes do not deceive, a bag of lunch and two beer bottles—both empty. Nude is a good buyer bait.

SUMMER IN NEW YORK often is hot and the Big City's dwellers admit it. But for them, hot or cold, it is the greatest place in the World. The child portrayed below on a typical Greenwich Village street has found a solution to New York's sometimes steaming summer temperature. She waves to you from the very coolest seat in town.



A STRIP WHICH REALLY TEASES

GEORGE WHITE CONCEIVES NEW DANCE ROUTINE. POSITIVELY MORTIFIES HUSBANDS, ALMOST EXHILARATES WIVES.

The strip-tease dance highlighted George White's latest edition of his famous scandals which played at the Florentine Gardens in Hollywood. None of the girls trained by the enterprising White danced before, to say nothing of having performed a strip-tease. However, the freshness which they bring to the act would be matched by few if any burlesque "queens." So while they may not be as proficient in disrobing as their more experienced sisters of the earthier circuit, they do manage to get a lot of their clothes off one way or another. Aside from this aspect of the dance, the real wrinkle comes at the end when the lovely creatures preserve their amateur status by virtue of a complete "covering up" in place of expected reverse.





SPEED

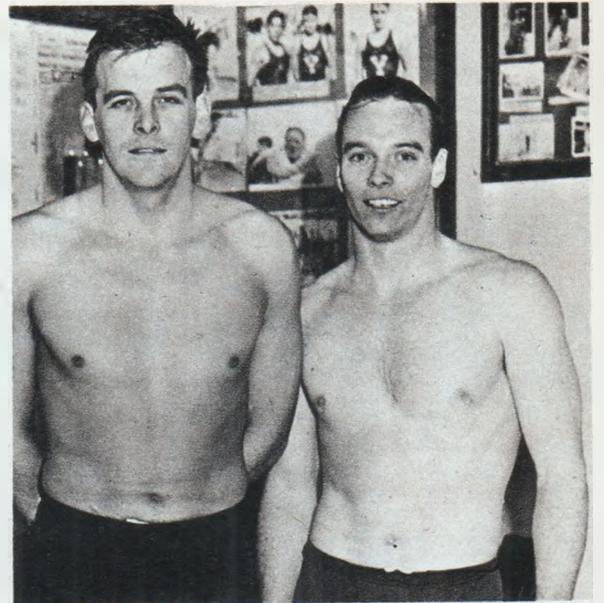
About 10 years ago the deer bot fly was thought the fastest living thing when an abacus brained man claimed this forest pest did 818 m.p.h. It wore its speed crown only until some aerodynamicist proved that, to attain such velocity, the tiny nuisance had to develop ½ horsepower. Man, helped by machines, is good for 600-800 m.p.h. But, on his own, he is pretty slow as shown by the chart below. We humans even have trouble with a common housefly which snails along at only 5 m.p.h. but which seldom seems to have been on the spot which we so surely hit with the swatter.

AGOUTI (The Fastest Mammal?) Figures unavailable

SPINE-TAILED SWIFT	200	mph
MERGANSE (FISH DUCK)	180	"
GOLDEN EAGLE	120	"
BASEBALL (BOB FELLER)	98.6	"
HOARY BAT	90	"
PORPOISE	80	"
CHEETAH	80	"
DRAGON FLY	75	"
BLACK BUCK	65	"
WAHOO	60	"
ANTELOPE	60	"
HARE	50	"
RED FOX	45	"
HORSE	43	"
MAN'S FIST (DEMPSEY)	40	"
SWORDFISH	40	"
GREYHOUND	36	"
RHINOCEROS	35	"
GRIZZLY BEAR	28	"
SKATER	25.3	"
BEE (DRONE)	25	"
ELEPHANT	24.5	"
RUNNER	22.16	"
WALKER	16.2	"
WASP	12	"
HOUSEFLY	5	"
SWIMMER	4.11	"
MOSQUITO	3.1	"



RUNNER. Lloyd La Beach's claimed 100 yds. in 9.3 seconds is rate of 21.9 m.p.h. His 20.2 for 200 meters—22.13 m.p.h. Jesse Owen's 20.3 seconds for 220 yds. equals rate of 22.16 m.p.h. Jesse is the "fastest human."



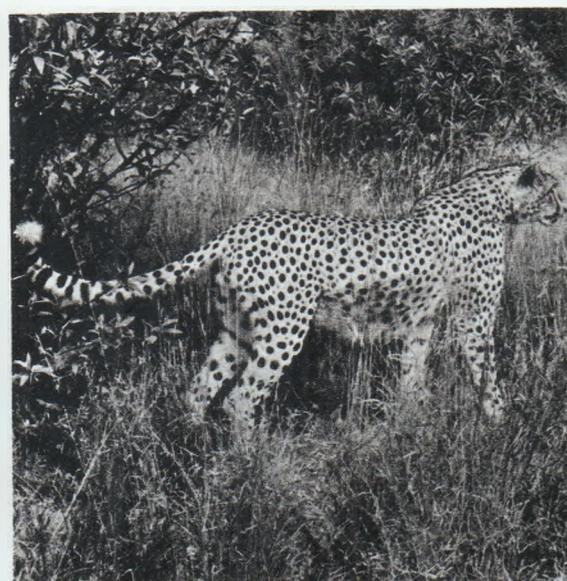
SWIMMER. Alan Ford (right) churned 100 yds. in 49.7 seconds. Although only 4.11 m.p.h. it is faster than normal speed of most fishes, not much slower than submerged, cruising submarine—quicker than mosquito.



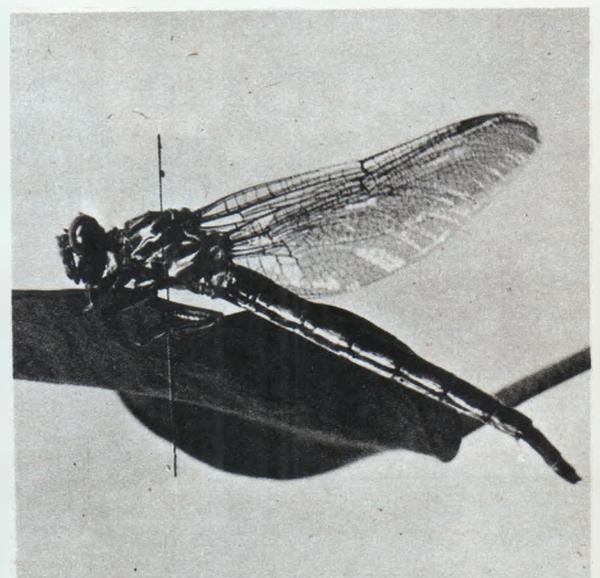
AGOUTI. South and Central American rodent on order of rabbit but slightly larger and with small ears. Never officially timed—too fast! Some authorities, watching him, believe he may be fastest of all land mammals—scurrying, a flash of super speed, at over 80 m.p.h.



SWIFT. Undisputed speed king of living creatures—200 m.p.h. Famous for gluey nest from which is made Oriental delicacy, bird's nest soup. Eats while on wing, disappears between fall and spring—nobody knows swift's secret place. Bird does not perch, clings to side of wall.



CHEETAH. A champion runner capable of reaching a maximum of 80 m.p.h. These animals are trained in India for both hunting (primarily the antelope) and racing. They travel at double the speed of the greyhound and whippet, make good pets for conspicuous maharajas.



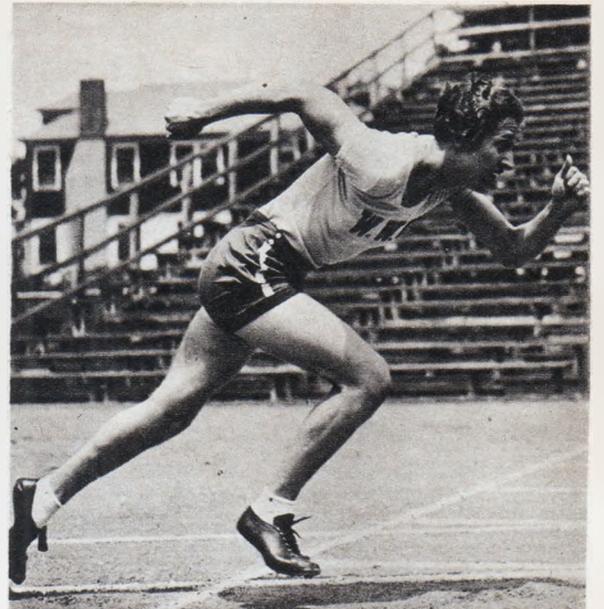
DRAGON FLY. Three times faster than its nearest insect competitor—75 m.p.h. The Bee can buzz along at 25 m.p.h. Terror of insect world. Each eye made up of 25,000 tiny eyes, creating a mighty powerful sight-speed combination. "Darning needles" won't sew up kids' ears.



SKATER. Charles Jewstrow holds 100 yd. record of 9.4 seconds. Over ¼ mile skaters get gliding C Gorman, K. Bartholomew and R. Fitzgerald hold quarter record—35.4 seconds, or 25.3 m.p.h. *Rhinoceurous is much faster.



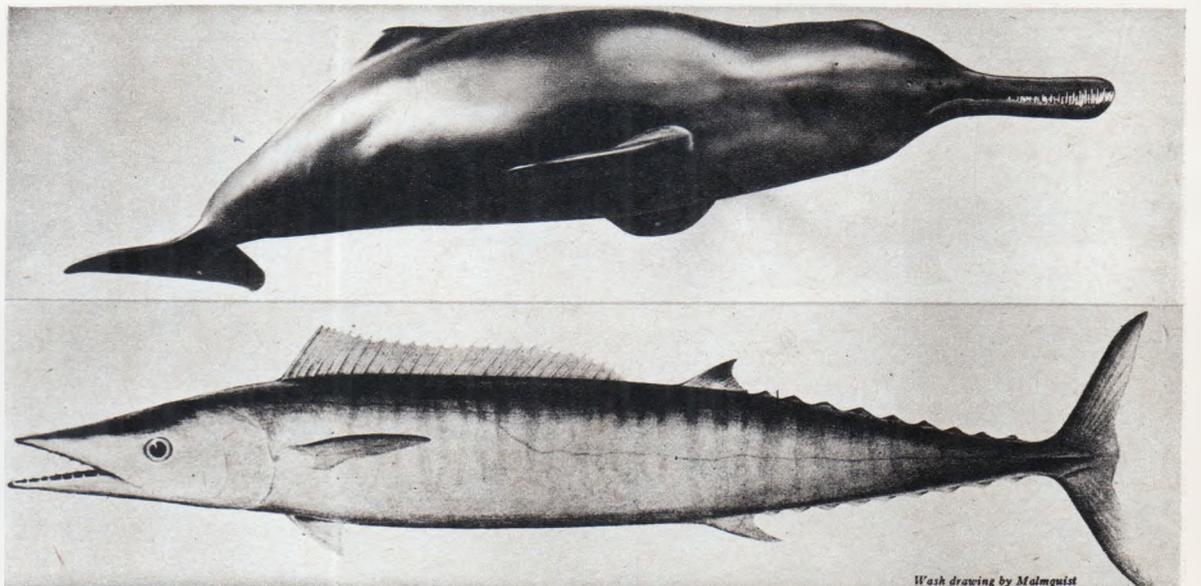
WALKER. Dr. Harry Klink, at 68, lowered own world's record for 100 yds. to 12¾ seconds—about 16 m.p.h. Werner Hardmo of Sweden holds 2 miles record. 12¾ minutes—rate of 9.4 m.p.h. Walking is a European sport.



WOMAN. Helen Stephens ran 100 meters in 11.5 seconds—19.4 m.p.h. Holland's Den Ouden swam 100 meters in 106 seconds—3.46 m.p.h. Maddy Horn skated 220 yds. in 20.2 seconds—22.2 m.p.h. Fortunately man wins.

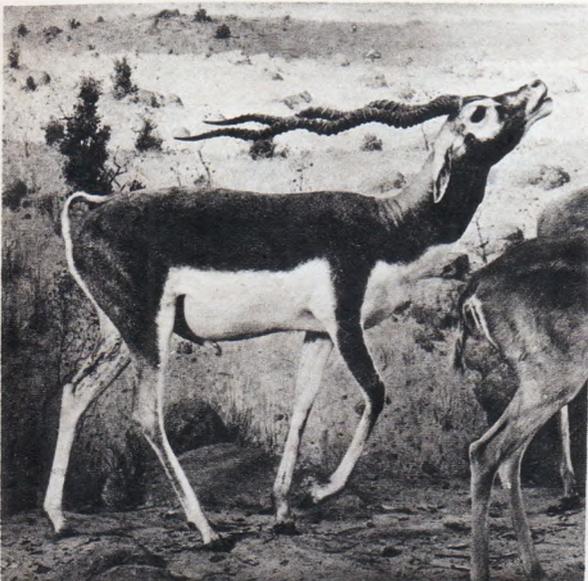


HOARY BAT. The speediest mammal. Can dive and bank at a creditable 90 m.p.h. Seldom alights on ground—can't take off without a glide. Perceives with wings. Eyes of little use even at night. Does not get tangled in women's hair. Facial expressions most human all animals.



PORPOISE. Not a fish, nurses young with milk. Swiftest water mammal. Lazily cavorting in wake of fastest steamships it has been timed by plane pilots at 80 m.p.h. Breathes through single nostril, "blow-hole," on top of head. Propelled by horizontal (unlike fish) tail.

WAHOO. Piscatorial speed king with estimated underwater record of 60 m.p.h. Inhabits tropical waters. Member of the mackerel family. Swishing competition comes from Swordfish, Marlin and Tuna, all of which are good for 40 m.p.h. Will not survive in aquarium waters.



BLACK BUCK. The real speed champion among animals. His competition is good for faster bursts but the graceful buck can maintain a pace of 65 m.p.h. for a mile or more. Even pronghorn antelope and gazelle would be left behind. This speedster is an Indian antelope—not a deer.



HORSE. Man O'War believed to have reached rate of 43 m.p.h. Bob Wade, Montana racehorse of late 19th century, ran ¼ mile in 21 ¼ seconds or rate of 42.35 m.p.h. Algasir did 4 ½ furlongs at Belmont in 51-4/5 seconds—rate of 39.1 m.p.h. That's fast, but too slow for our money.



DOG. The greyhound maintains speed of 36 m.p.h. over ¼ mile track. The wippet travelling at a rate of 35 m.p.h. is a good second. However, neither approaches the swiftness of either the hare, 50 m.p.h., or the red fox, 45 m.p.h., both of which, however, tire sooner, get caught.



MAYBE RELIGIOUS ASPECT has not been entirely removed from hazing after all. Candidate for Phi Sigma Delta was ordered to kneel and pray—for rain! Her prayer was answered by her sorority sisters and a hose full of H₂O my!

HAZING: HARMLESS HORSEPLAY

PRICE OF GROWING UP NO LONGER INCLUDES SWAT ON HEAD WITH OAR

JANE HUMMERS SEEMS TO BE GETTING A BIG BANG OUT OF THIS. INITIATORS EVIDENTLY DON'T PACK MUCH POWER.



SUBJECTION to hazing, a form of initiation, is the price one pays for being a freshman or for joining a sorority or fraternity.

Originally the processes of initiation were intended to symbolize the tenets of ancient religions. Though the Egyptians worshipped Osiris and the Greeks, Bacchus, their initiation rites were strangely similar in form to those practiced by the worshippers, in India, of the god Mahadeva. All such ancient rites began by placing the candidate in a Pastos, or place of darkness from whence he was, with sometimes terrifying scenic effects, conducted through long and gloomy caverns peopled, seemingly, by phantoms, by demons holding in blood smeared hands the skulls of the unfaithful, and by gigantic monsters. Frequently he was required to crawl on hands and knees among reptiles and over loathsome objects. All this tended to symbolize the dangers and temptations from which he was to be saved eventually. Practically without exception a plunge into water, to symbolize purification, was a part of the initiation. The rites of the Druids of Britain included a severe blow on the head with a boat oar after which the candidate was required, at midnight, to row across an open arm of the sea in a small boat—a journey frequently resulting in death.

The word "hazing" was first applied to imposition of excessively heavy or disagreeable tasks imposed upon seamen by way of punishment. It gradually replaced the term "initiation" with reference to the sometimes humiliating acts required to be performed by candidates for campus societies. At the turn of the century, hazing practices in some institutions of learning involved serious physical injury. They had degenerated to the point where they could, in many instances, have been regarded as linked to those ritualistic processes which Freud said were related to "factors recognized in pathology—to repression, to strivings for mastery . . . , and to the possibilities of gratification which are open to the primitive impulses."

Now controlled by responsible authorities in all American colleges and academies, hazing is today harmless horseplay usually (though not always) enjoyed as much by the lowly novice as by the lordly initiate. Blindfolded, the candidate of today finds him or her self, for all practical purposes, in a Pastos, and, thus deprived of sight, a piece of cold spaghetti drawn across one's bare skin feels very much the same as would a live worm. An illusion of height is created and the blindfolded candidate warned he is about to be shoved therefrom. His attempt to leap 8 feet when he is actually only 8 inches off the ground results in something far from graceful. Water is still much used in initiations but not for purification. The idea is simply to make the candidate "all wet." Grade A amusement is supposed to come from watching initiate swallow an oyster tied to string which, complete with oyster, is then pulled up and the process repeated several times until mollusk has had enough.

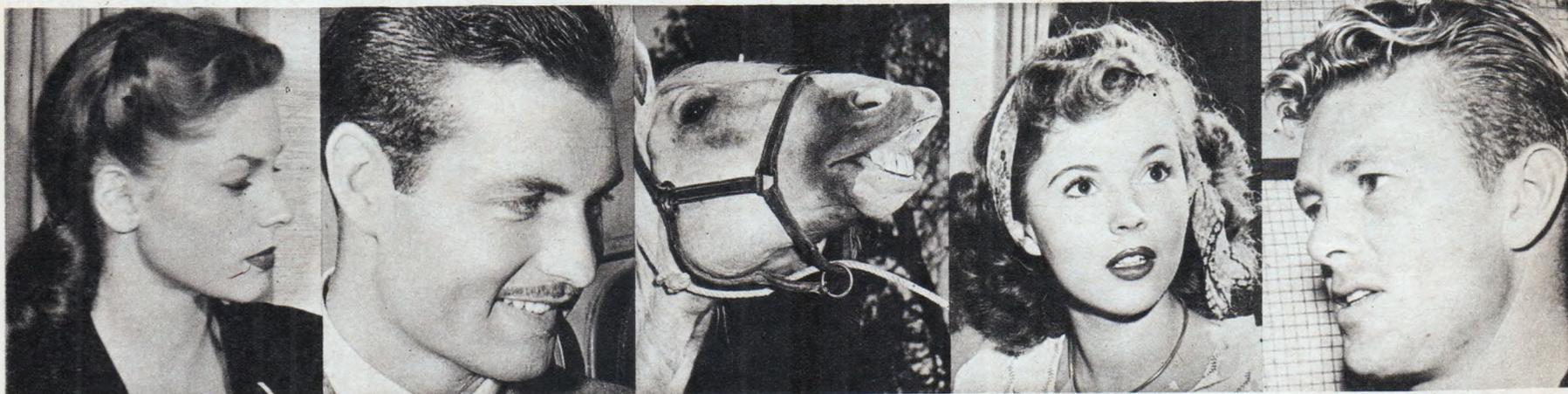
CARRYING PANDA PAPOOSE is less strenuous than resisting a ducking. Thus, Phi Sigma Delta pledgee at Bergen County Junior College appears luckier than the N.Y.U. freshman. Panda claims he is luckiest of all.



APPROXIMATELY STARS

HOLLYWOOD STAND-INS TEST MAKEUP, POSE FOR DEAD CAMERAS, EARN \$12.50 PER DAY

"Lights! Camera!" and our star with every lash of eye in place steps forward and replaces her stand-in before the cameras. An aptitude to play a stringless second fiddle, chess, bridge and gin rummy, plus coloring, figure and face resemblance are the chief qualifications for this work. Pay is small, but stars are generous—often send gifts. Close friendships are known to exist. Stars are below, their stand-ins on the opposite page. Can you pair them up? A score of zero indicates a serious mental deficiency. Answers page 42.



1. LAUREN BACALL

2. GEORGE MONTGOMERY

3. TRIGGER

4. SHIRLEY TEMPLE

5. STERLING HAYDEN



6. ROBERT YOUNG

7. INGRID BERGMAN

8. RED SKELTON

9. DOROTHY LAMOUR

10. MARTHA STEWART



11. VERONICA LAKE

12. WILLIAM HOLDEN

13. RAY MILLAND

14. ERROL FLYNN

15. MAUREEN O'HARA



16. MARK STEVENS

17. BETTE DAVIS

18. ALAN LADD

19. MYRNA LOY

20. TYRONE POWER



1. HENRY WISE



2. SUE DALY



3. PAT MARLOW



4. JIM FLEMING



5. GANNELLE LYNN



6. BYRON FITZPATRICK



7. JEAN NASH



8. DOUGLAS SPENCER



9. RITA CAMPBELL



10. TOMMY NOONAN



11. MARY LOU ISLEIB



12. BOB WEGNER



13. BILL MCKINNON



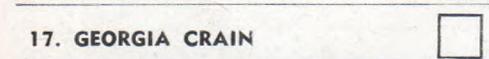
14. TOMMY SUMMERS



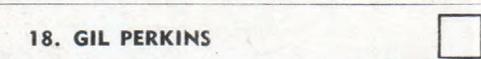
15. HAPPY



16. BARBARA CAIN



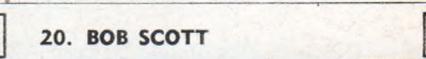
17. GEORGIA CRAIN



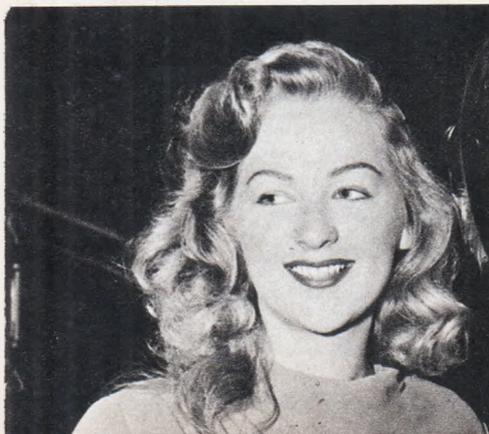
18. GIL PERKINS



19. MARTHA BURTIS



20. BOB SCOTT





OH, MURDER!

NOTORIOUS WORLD CRIMES
No. 1



THE WILLIAM MARSH RICE CASE

TAKE an eccentric old recluse, with a fortune of thirty million dollars; add a mystery apartment and a wierd killer, and you have the ingredients to make a number one murder drama. William Marsh Rice was cantankerous. He had a fortune that exceeded thirty million dollars, and although he was penurious and stingy, he must

have been something of an egomaniac. There is no other way to explain the fact that some years before his murder he gave two million dollars to found the Rice Institute at Houston, Texas. These generous moods apparently never were shown toward his wife. When she died, she willed her three million dollars to relatives to show her hatred for

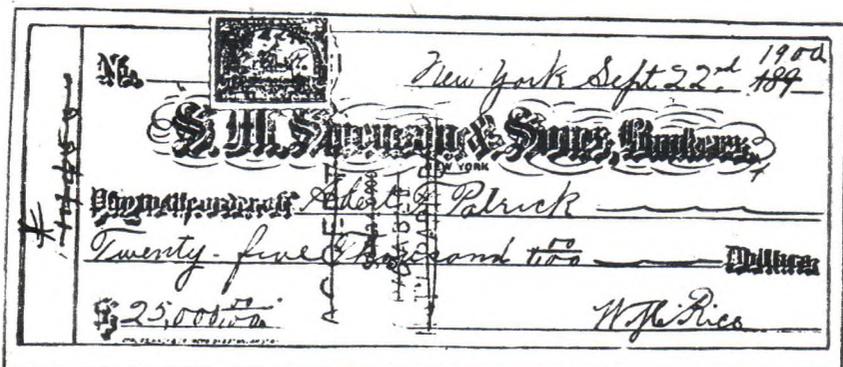
her husband. He contested the will, fought fiercely to gain control of this inheritance and finally lost. His defeat made him more surly, and he left Texas, moving to a New York apartment, where he cut himself off from his few friends and lived like a hermit. It was here that death came to him in a mysterious and wholly baffling manner.



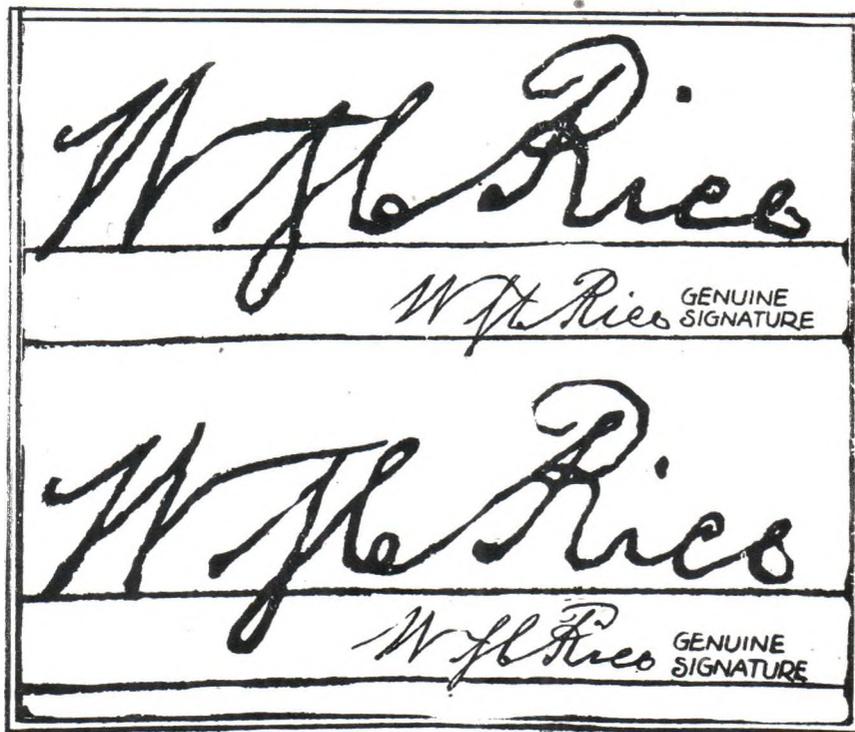
1. IT WAS IN THIS GLOOMY APARTMENT (above) at 500 Madison Avenue that William Marsh Rice (insert) lived with his Secretary, Charles Jones, refusing to see anyone or to talk over the phone. On September 24, 1900, Jones answered the phone and a teller at the banking firm of S. A. Swenson & Co. reported that a check signed by Rice had been presented for certification. It was made payable to Albert T. Patrick, an attorney in Wall Street. The "L" was missing from Albert.



2. CHARLES JONES (above), the secretary, assured the bank that the check was in order for certification. However, the teller was stubborn. He wanted to talk to Mr. Rice. Jones informed him with some anger that Mr. Rice refused to speak over the phone and certify the check. The teller hung up, but still was not satisfied with the check. He called back and demanded to talk personally with Mr. Rice. Jones blandly told him that Mr. Rice was dead, and that would be very, very difficult.



3. THE CHECK (above) probably would have been certified had not Albert Patrick appeared at the bank within a few minutes armed with letters giving him power of attorney over the Rice millions. His speed caused suspicion. While the signature looked correct, officials wanted to make sure and called in handwriting experts.



4. THE SIGNATURE on the check was enlarged (above) and compared to the genuine specimen of Rice's. The handwriting experts, after comparing angles in the writing, pronounced the signature a forgery. Their conclusion immediately brought the police into the case, and they went to the apartment to investigate the cause of the death of the eccentric multi-millionaire. They found the body in a bed, and were informed by Jones that Mr. Rice had died in his sleep some time that morning.



FORTUNE FOR PATRICK UNDER RICE'S WILL

Millionaire Made Numerous Testaments, and in What Is Said To Be the Latest Lawyer Is Reported To Be Beneficiary to Large Amount.

CONTENTS ASTONISH CAPTAIN BAKER, THE TEXAS ATTORNEY

Texas Court Appoin's Mr. Rice's Southern Legal Representative Temporary Administrator of Property in Lone Star State, Thus Precluding Move by Patrick.

PROLONGED AND TEDIOUS LITIGATION LIKELY TO FOLLOW

It was learned late last night from a high authority that Albert T. Patrick was a beneficiary for a large amount under what is supposed to be the last will and testament of William M. Rice.

Since the death of the eccentric millionaire, last Sunday night, under circumstances which caused an investigation by the authorities, many stories of a recent will of which Mr. Patrick was an executor have been in circulation.

There are at least two wills in existence and there is reason to believe that there are more. The will of the most recent date was drawn a few months ago by Mr. Patrick, and under it he is not only an executor, but a beneficiary to a large amount.

The Texas courts yesterday appointed Captain Baker

will ensue a general protest. The will believed to be the most recent is said to provide generously for Mr. Patrick, and as far as is known has been turned over to Mr. Baker. Mr. Patrick yesterday adopted a policy of silence. Those who went to his office expecting to hear him explain in his convincing, but in any eloquent way, were doomed to disappointment. All inquirers were referred to the following placard, which hung upon the door of the outer office:—

"September 23, 1900.
From this I shall neither deny nor affirm any statement concerning me, nor make any statement except in the form of a written statement handed out by me to the press. I do not contemplate making such statement."

"I am forced to this position on account of 'fake' statements heretofore imputed to me."

"I thank the members of the press for their courtesy to me, and trust they will not disturb me further by attempting to bring out

5. THE POLICE INVESTIGATION was interrupted abruptly when Patrick (above) walked into the apartment with a letter alleged to have been signed by William Marsh Rice, ordering that his body be cremated at once. It also quickly developed that Patrick, a lawyer who didn't even have a passing acquaintance with Rice, was the one and only beneficiary in the will of the Croesus-wealthy oil man. The police didn't cremate the body. They ordered it taken to the morgue where an autopsy was performed. The report on the autopsy was that Rice had died of a peculiar congestion of the lungs, but the doctors got in an argument over the cause. Some claimed chloroform was the cause, and others said frankly that they didn't know.

6. THE FAILURE of the doctors to come to an agreement didn't make the job of the detectives any easier. The news that William Marsh Rice had left his fortune to Patrick caused a sensation in the New York papers (above). While Rice was known to have made many wills, and had peculiar ideas of how he wished to dispose of his millions, the will produced by Patrick not only named him the main beneficiary but also made him the sole executor. Patrick adopted the safe policy of making no statements, despite the persistent questioning of reporters. He finally announced that the only statement he would make would be in written form and handed to the press. The reporters waited but no such statement was forthcoming.



7. IN THE MEANTIME the detectives were working on Charley Jones, the now very frightened secretary. He held up well under the barrage of questions for some time, but finally broke and confessed that he had forged the check for \$25,000.00 under the advice of Patrick. The detectives, however, at this point were not so much interested in the forged check, which had become a small matter, as they were in the death of William Marsh Rice. Jones said that the elderly recluse had been bedridden for some weeks and had died from a weak heart. He stuck to this story for two days and then broke and admitted that he had given Rice some medicine supplied by Patrick, and after that, to make sure the millionaire would die, he chloroformed him two hours before the forged check had been presented for certification.

8. PATRICK WAS ARRESTED and charged with murder. He was supremely cocky and announced that he would defend himself in court. He proved to be a brilliant and daring lawyer, and his trial is one of the most famous in criminal jurisprudence. It began on January 20, 1902, and lasted until March 26th. Jones was the state's ace witness, the only link to establish the fact that murder had been committed. Jones testified that he and Patrick planned to loot the vast fortune of the recluse and had not only forged the check but also the will and the letters giving Patrick the power of attorney. The public was divided on the guilt of Patrick, but unfortunately for him, the jury wasn't. After one of the most brilliant pleas on his own behalf ever heard in court, he was found guilty of murder in the first degree.



9. PATRICK WAS SENTENCED to die in the electric chair (above). He received the sentence with a smile and announced that he would appeal the case. The Court of Appeal, in a 4 to 3 vote, upheld the lower court's verdict, and Patrick was scheduled to die on the night of April 10, 1903. On April 7th he was granted a stay.



10. HE CELEBRATED his reprieve by marrying Mrs. Addie Francis (above) in the death house. Then started the twelve-year fight for his freedom. His wife travelled over the country making personal appearances in an attempt to collect funds to fight for his pardon. His death sentence was commuted to life by Governor Higgins.



11. WHEN PATRICK WAS MOVED from Sing-Sing to another prison (above) great crowds followed the carriage. The bulk of the money used for his fight for freedom was supplied by Patrick's brother-in-law, John Miliken (below, right). It is estimated that Miliken put up well over a million dollars. Patrick refused to accept the commuted sentence. He demanded either death or a full pardon. In 1912 Governor John Dix (below) granted him the latter. When Patrick walked out of the prison, he had aged greatly and had lost much of his famous self confidence.



12. AFTER LEAVING PRISON Patrick (above) went West. During his twelve years behind the bars, he spent most of his time making a study of the effect of embalming fluid on the congestion of lungs. The purpose of his work was to prove that Rice had not been chloroformed, but that the congestion was due to embalming fluid. Jones had not been tried because of his testimony, and he disappeared and was never heard of again. Whether Patrick proved anything with his study of embalming fluid was never brought out, but some claim that this work had more to do with his pardon than his brother-in-law's millions. On February 11th, 1938, Patrick died in Tulsa, Oklahoma where it was reported he had become wealthy as manager of his brother-in-law's oil interests. The fortune of William Marsh Rice went to the Rice Institute in Houston.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 38—standin's number given first. 1-5, 2-15, 3-7, 4-14, 5-17, 6-12, 7-19, 8-13, 9-9, 10-20, 11-4, 12-2, 13-16, 14-18, 15-3, 16-11, 17-10, 18-8, 19-1, 20-6.



Mama Hanson is the central character of a book, a play, and a movie starring Irene Dunne.

The wonderful thing about the Hanson family was the way they faced the future with confidence. That confidence was all due to Mama. "If anything goes wrong," she'd say, "there's always my Bank Account to pull us through."

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AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING - U.S. SAVINGS BONDS



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by the
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