



the first thing all the clean-cut rural kids of America heard on our broadcast".

There were a couple of other stories, one of which reminded Don Bower of the early days of TV. "Those were the days before the cable, when we were desperately searching for anything visual to fill the time", he said.

"I remember those days", I said, making a rare contribution to their conversation. "One of our Cincinnati stations once focused on a goldfish bowl and let the viewers watch the fish swimming around while they played music".

"That was playing it safe", Bower said. "I remember one evening about ten o'clock sitting with my wife looking at our own program. I had gone to the kitchen to get a beer and when I came back I felt there was something disturbingly familiar on the screen. I knew that soldier. I had seen him go up that staircase before and leave his cigar on the newel post. When he emerged from a room, picked up the cigar and jammed it into his mouth, I was sure that I was seeing for the twentieth time the army training film on VD. As the soldier marched toward an approved army prophylactic station, I ran for the phone. No one answered. I knew what had happened. The men had picked up what they considered an innocuous government training film, put it on, and gone out for a cup of coffee. We did things like that in those days. I could do nothing but sit in horror and watch the soldier remove his pants and underpants and begin what seemed to me to be an endless washing scene. He seemed to me to be far more thorough - and clinical - than in my army days. Suddenly and mercifully, the tube went blank and I knew that the coffee break was over".

Bill Stern, a professor from the department of journalism at the University of Missouri said, "You fellows can laugh about those good old days, but at Missouri they're still with us. As part of our teaching program, we run the TV station for Columbia, Missouri, and every hour is amateur hour, I assure you. In addition to the normal low quality of our inexperienced performers, we have to contend with the normal high spirits of these same students. We have a weather

reporter at the school who considers himself far more professional than any of the other people on the staff. He holds the other students in contempt and takes no pains to hide his feelings. Last summer during our drought he was on the air announcing for the fiftieth time -- and with complete assurance -- that the chances of rain in the predictable future were nil. Just then the studio door quietly opened and a student tiptoed through wearing a raincoat dripping with water. Our weatherman really lost his cool."

"One of the worst experiences in my life", continued Stern, "was in that same studio. By prearrangement I terminated a faculty discussion program and announced that we would now present national news from the Columbia Broadcasting System. I smiled a winning smile and kept my eye on the red light. The camera continued pointing at me and the red light continued glowing. My smile hardened and finally froze. I must have sat there for a minute and a half, grinning at the camera and dying, before my eye flicked nervously to the monitor and saw the Columbia News broadcast going on. It then dawned on me that the students had rewired the camera so that they could switch programs and leave the light on".

Though I've never been in radio or television, the desire to play a joke on the authorities is certainly not limited to those media. I couldn't help thinking as I listened to his stories, of the time I had tried to add a few gray hairs to the editor of the magazine for which I worked. We were running a photograph of Henry Wallace to illustrate an article on his hybrid poultry breeding experiments. The picture showed Wallace standing in the entrance to a small breeding pen, holding two roosters. Just before page proofs were sent to the editor, I got one of the boys from the composing room to substitute the rather prosaic caption the editor had approved with the following: "With a cock in each hand, Henry Wallace contemplates a difficult program of cross breeding". My editor came close to having a stroke, but he got even with me. When my copy of the magazine reached my desk, he had neatly gummed into my copy the shocking page proof. My hair turned white overnight.

Before we finished lunch Stern had one final

story from his Missouri television station. The local Red Cross ladies had put considerable pressure on the station to do a series on the home care of the sick. The first two programs had gone very well and they had reached the third of the series which was to show the giving of the morning bath and the art of making the bed with patient still in it. "We needed a patient for this scene", Stern said, "and I was convinced the old biddy that had put so much pressure on me to run the series that she ought to be our patient. She finally agreed. The nurse who was doing the demonstration was great. She managed to slip off the nightgown without revealing more than the old girl's double chin. She sponged her off and kept herself between the camera and the patient, telling exactly what she was doing, cautioning against using too damp a cloth, and all the rest of the rigamorole. Then she demonstrated bed making. She showed how the patient is rolled to one side of the bed while the bottom sheet is folded off the mattress on that side and how the patient is then rolled on to the mattress in preparation for removing the bottom sheet. She then flicked off the bottom sheet. The only trouble was she had hold of both the top and the bottom sheets and there lay one of the public health leaders of Columbia, Missouri, stark naked before our camera. The student cameramen could think of nothing better to do than slowly pan the length of the torso. The student director stared in disbelief. Thirty seconds must have passed before anyone had the presence of mind to cut the program. I think those sheets were still in the air when we began getting telephone calls. From two until three thirty the line was never free. Finally, the complaints let up. Then, at about five thirty the calls picked up again. It was the husbands home from work, asking if we planned to do a re-run".

Grant Cannon

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"East Residential Complex of the University of Cincinnati"

Unfortunately, Mr. Garber did not have a prepared paper for his budget. He spoke extemporaneously with frequent reference to the copy of a brochure prepared by his firm and Hayden B. May, Designer. For further reference to this paper see the notes of the Secretary for November, 1961